



RICHARD FREDERIC CARLYLE

Collected Poems

THREE BOOKS, BIOGRAPHY, AND ARCHIVAL RECORD

EXTREMES AND MODERATIONS:
EARLY SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA POETRY

A TEXT-TECH PAPERS PROJECT

Extremes and Moderations

Early Southern California Poetry

Extremes and Moderations is a Text-Tech Papers project devoted to recovering poetry written, published, and circulated in Los Angeles and Southern California. Each volume brings neglected books and poems back into view through carefully prepared texts, archival images, biographical context, and a clear record of the surviving sources.

Edited by Brian Kim Stefans

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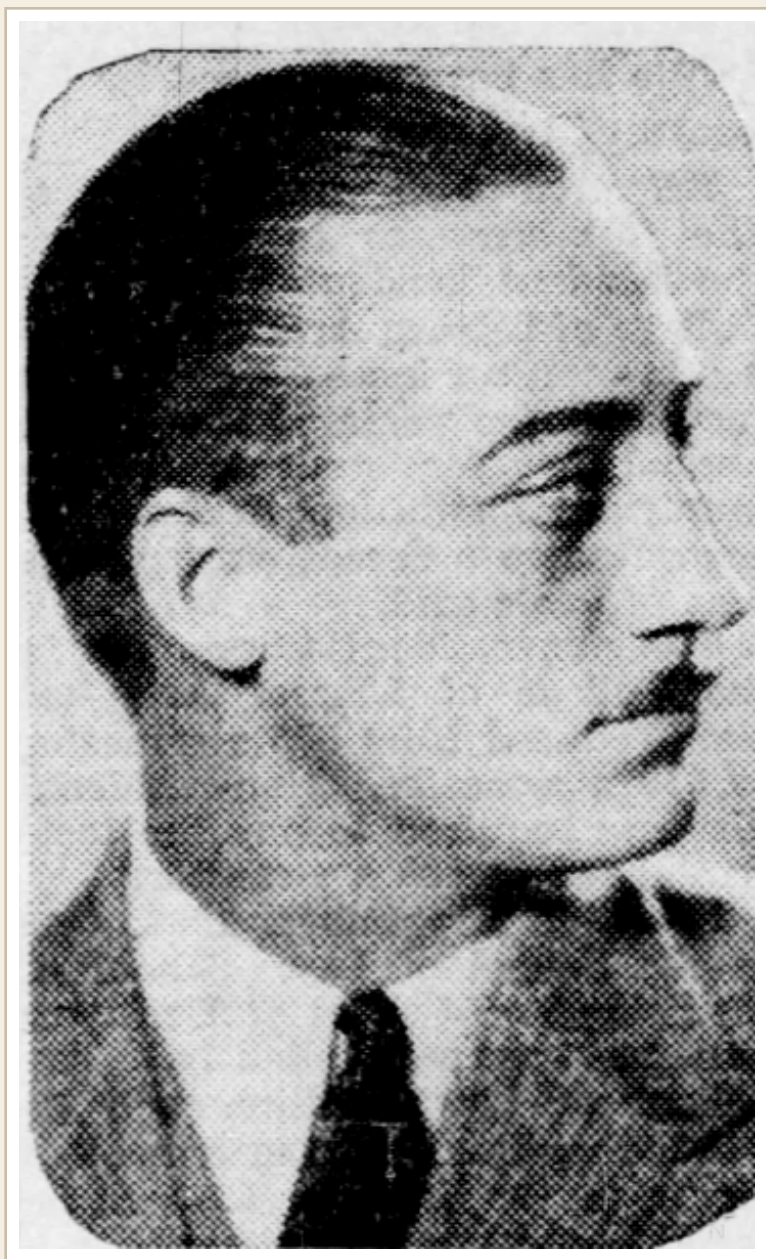
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ARCHIVAL IMAGES

Two distinct contemporary portraits



Richard Frederic Carlyle, Courier-Journal, May 12, 1935, p. 11.



Richard Frederic Carlyle, Los Angeles Times, December 5, 1949, p. 35.

INTRODUCTION

A philosophical poet in Depression-era Los Angeles

Arkansas and Missouri formation

Richard Frederic Carlyle was born in Arkansas on May 12, 1905. The surviving records disagree about the town: a Los Angeles obituary gives Jamestown, while later genealogical compilations give Mountain Home. He studied at Westminster College in Fulton, Missouri, where contemporary notices described him as an honors graduate, and later pursued philosophy, law, and journalism at the University of Missouri.

Los Angeles and the philosophical books

After newspaper work, Carlyle began concentrating on books around 1930. By the early 1930s he was living in Los Angeles and was married to Elizabeth Ann Reverman. Phoenix Press issued *The Psalms of Krishna* in April 1933, *The Oracles* in October 1933, and *Demon Greed* in 1934. Together they form the complete located poetry bibliography printed here.

India, Hawai'i, and projected books

Newspaper reports place Carlyle in India and Hawai'i in 1933–34. A Honolulu interview announced *Song of Youth*, *Collected Poems*, *Motes and Beams*, *Essays*, and *Epigrammatics*. No copies have been located. These titles are recorded as projected works rather than silently counted as publications.

Publishing, politics, and fine arts

Carlyle served as editor in chief at Suttonhouse in 1936–37. Suttonhouse published *The Earth Belongs to the Living* in 1936, a prose defense of New Deal economics. A contemporary report said that he represented the United States at the Ninth International Congress of Philosophy in Paris in 1937; the congress is independently verified, but the official material consulted for this edition does not confirm his delegate status. *High Lights on Chinese Porcelain* followed in New Orleans in 1939.

The later Los Angeles career

After fine-arts research in Europe and a period in New Orleans, Carlyle returned to Los Angeles and established the Richard F. Carlyle Appraisal Company. During the Second World War he headed the Los Angeles division of the Treasury's war-bond campaign. His obituary lists a wide network of arts, writing, fraternal, and civic organizations; in 1946 he was master of ceremonies for the Santa Monica Bay Woman's Club's Poets' Day.

Death and burial

Carlyle suffered a fatal coronary thrombosis while gardening at 423 South Westmoreland Avenue. The *Los Angeles Times* obituary of December 5, 1949, says that he died “yesterday,” supporting December 4; one later genealogy record gives December 3. He was buried at Holy Cross Cemetery in Culver City.

Editorial Note and Sources

This edition uses a six-by-nine-inch trim, mirrored book margins, EB Garamond, running heads, outside folios, linked contents, and PDF bookmarks. *The Psalms of Krishna* has been reread page by page from the original local scan, using two OCR witnesses only as aids. Narrow-column continuations have been rejoined, while the printed quatrains and speaker divisions are restored. *The Oracles* and *Demon Greed* follow complete local transcriptions exported from the surviving Pages files and checked against the earlier project excerpt wherever that witness overlaps. Book and journal titles are italicized; em dashes are closed up; source spellings are retained unless the evidence clearly identifies scanner noise.

The glossary to *The Oracles* is reconstructed entry by entry from text that the Pages export had collapsed across columns. No verified periodical poems by this Richard F. Carlyle were found, and unrelated name matches have been excluded.

1. *The Psalms of Krishna*. Los Angeles: Phoenix Press, 1933; original local scan.
2. *The Oracles*. Los Angeles: Phoenix Press, 1933; complete local Pages transcription and Google Books catalog record.
3. *Demon Greed*. Los Angeles: Phoenix Press, 1934; complete local Pages transcription and overlapping project excerpt.
4. *The Earth Belongs to the Living*. Los Angeles: Suttonhouse, 1936; complete local Pages transcription and catalog records.
5. *High Lights on Chinese Porcelain*. New Orleans: B. Manheim Galleries, 1939; catalog records.
6. *Los Angeles Times*, December 5, 1949; obituary and portrait.
7. *Courier-Journal*, May 12, 1935; portrait and lecture notice.
8. *Honolulu Advertiser*, February 4, 1934; interview after Carlyle's travel in India.
9. Contemporary Los Angeles notices from 1933, 1936, 1937, and 1946 in the local newspaper archive.
10. Fédération Internationale des Sociétés de Philosophie and Philosophy Documentation Center records for the 1937 Paris congress.

- ii. FamilySearch ancestry record and Holy Cross Cemetery burial index; used cautiously where they differ from contemporary newspapers.

BOOK ONE | *THE PSALMS OF KRISHNA*

Stage II | Philosophical poems, 1933

Dedicated to Blanche Martin Sewell

Introduction by Manly P. Hall

The *Bhagavad-Gita* is without question the most beautiful and inspiring fragment which has descended to us from the Rishis of ancient India. The Gita itself is but a small part of the great Hindu epic, the *Mahabharata*, which, literally translated, means the Great War. At Kurushetra, near Delhi, the great battle of this War was fought. At the head of his armies rode Prince Arjuna, and, unknown to him, the Lord of the World rode with him, disguised as his charioteer. Kurushetra was a battle of brothers and each army beheld its nearest kin among the soldiers of the other. Arjuna is in dismay, torn between the ties of family and the needs of his subjects. He asks divine guidance and the Charioteer reveals Himself in His heavenly aspect as Lord of Enlightened Love and Shepherd of the herds of men.

The *Bhagavad-Gita* is the record of the doubts of the human prince, Arjuna, and the reassurances of Universal Wisdom personified as the Azure Krishna. No literary work more perfectly reveals the religious psychology of the Hindu. The Gita is accepted the length and breadth of Hindustan and upon this one writing all the jarring sects concur. Along the Ganges pious Brahmins murmur its verses unceasingly. Wise pundits teach its meaning to the young. Swamis and yogis interpret its mystic import and aged Sadhus ponder its cabbalistic lines. To India the Gita is the perfect book, the Song of Songs, the Psalm of Psalms, the all sufficient guide through the vicissitudes of life. Each man sees Arjuna as his own lesser self, afflicted with the doubts of living, and Krishna as his greater Self, certain in wisdom and perfect in understanding.

It is good that the Western World should know and appreciate this ageless scripture of the East. The twentieth century is deeply in need of its primordial wisdom. A new interpretation in English of Krishna's glorious psalms is most timely, as we stand today upon the battlefield of our industrial Kurushetra. Wisely has our poet chosen and his treatment of this matchless classic is reverent and with understanding.

Part I

ARJUNA:

Upon the fertile plains of life I stand
And watch assembling millions choose for war,
Beholding kith and kin with sword in hand
Prepare to kill and die, to maim and mar.

With sadness do I hear their maddened cries,
Their lustful shouts, the dreadful battle din,
The screams of pain which pierce the farthest skies,
The roar from those who lose, e'en though they win.

Now that I've seen my kindred die in fight,
My body fails me and my countenance
Doth close and bow like poppies in the night.
It seems there is no sun in God's expanse.

The hair upon my head doth stand on end,
And all my frame in horror trembles long
To witness life in such a manner spend—
Its blood, and see the weak blot out the strong.

My tongue is parched, my skin dries up, my mind
In dizzy circles whirls me round and round;
And I perceive dark omens of the kind
Which e'er adversely levels man to ground.

Can happiness be found in murder's cloth,
Or peace be nourished by the dripping spear?
Is reason reached by language hot and wroth?
Are treaties worth a mite if writ in fear?

What is your victory on this battlefield,
And what dominion, what the joys of life,
If in your greed you force your Soul to yield
Its fire, and place therein the ash of strife?

And though they wouldst kill me, I will not fight:
Ah, no, e'en though my arm should win all Space.
For naught is gained when won with ruthless might
Or with the kindred blood of our own race.

O Thou on High, to Whom we mortals pray,
Should we destroy them, tyrants though they be,
Sin would take refuge with us all the day
And fearful night destroy tranquility.

What if they, depraved by lust of power,
Behold no crime, no sin, in such a course!
That is no reason why our earthly hour
Should be enslaved by blind and selfish force.

When families and tribes do thus employ
Their minds, and virtue bows to vice, such loss
O'erwhelms the entire race. How then enjoy
This life, not caring which is gold or dross.

Impiety makes vicious, motherhood;
And from these wombs spring men corrupt in mind;
And all the gates of Hell ope for such brood,
And carry with them every humankind.

How great the crime my kindred would commit!
Alas! That this desire for sovereignty
Should light their eyes and hearts with evil glitter
And blind the sacred word, Fraternity.

My brother foe draws nearer, wild his cry;
My sword lies on the ground. Shall I stand still
And patiently await his blow, and die,
And let his be the shout that marks the kill?

O Mind, O Conscience, choose my path for me.
Shall my compunction dig for me a grave;
Should I hold ground, or should I haste and flee?
Should I take slave, O Mind, or be a slave?

KRISHNA:

Whence, O Man, doth this dejection come, and
All these matters difficult? For shame;
Unworthy 'tis of thee. And understand
No glory waits thee heavenward; no fame—

On earth to him who hesitates. Stand up;
Be not disgraceful and unmanly. Be
A man, and quaff life's effervescent cup,
Though it contain gall dregs. Drink hungrily.

Abandon now thy weaknesses, and take
Thy two-edged sword and plant thy feet apart;
Wield mightily thy blade, though duty make
Thee slayer of thy kin. Make firm thy heart.

ARJUNA:

Shall I with sword contend in battle now
Against such men most worthy of respect?
To me 'tis better that I beg, and bow
My head forever, than to e'er infect

The joys of life, its wealth, its treasures great,
With blood polluted. No, I could not kill;
For those who perished by my hand, through Fate,
Would vex my life and terrorize my will.

This day confounds me. What, O Mind, to do.
Instruct me most distinctly; I am Thine;
Show me the path, let my tired eye pierce through
The forest Doubt. Give me a word, divine.

KRISHNA:

Thy error lies, O Man, in sensing grief
For those unworthy of thy falling tear,
Since they are like drab autumn's listless leaf
Which finds a wind-blown grave and lieth there.

To him whose wisdom is of Spirit kind
There is no cause to grieve for life or death.
There was, there is, will be the One Space Mind;
And all is life within the Logos Breath.

Thou hast thy splendid seasons—youth and age;
And future incarnations will find thee
The same, depending on how full the page
Thou wrotest in thy book Mortality.

Confirm thyself in this belief, and hold
That senses are but trials to overcome;
For pain and pleasure is the earthly mold
Which shapes us for the high, immortal home.

There is no non-existence for a thing
Which never did in any form exist;
There could not be the waters of a spring
Without the rains, the clouds, the oceans' mist.

By those who see the Truth and Principle
Of That, not This, will know that naught can e'er
Exhaust this That; and incorruptible
Is That. But This may change its name or fare.

These finite forms which clothe the deathless Soul
Belong to Him, eternal Spirit, Who
Abides within. Therefore, O Man, let roll
Thy war drums and resolve to see it through.

The Spirit killeth not; nor is It killed.
It can't destroy; nor is It e'er destroyed.
'Tis ancient, constant, and eternal-willed;
It shrinketh not if It be thus employed.

It hath no birth; therefore, It never dies;
It but inhabits thus thy mortal frame
Until the moral impetus denies
Itself the right to hold the Spirit claim.

Thy sword doth not divide It; nor doth fire
This Breath in any manner burn; nor wind,
Nor water shake or e'er corrupt thy Sire
Who is the All and Ever-present Mind.

But whether thine own consciousness believes
This Breath to be eternal, even so
Thou shouldst not grieve, for grieving but deceives
Thy wisdom and precludes the urge to know.

The moral form is born to pass away,
Thy ante-natal state was never known,
The middle state is evident today,
And thou canst never know where thou art blown.

Then, what in this is there to now lament?
Realize, O Man, and wonder not about
Indwelling Fire, in thee without consent
Of thee. IT IS; thou canst not drive It out.

Cast but thine eyes towards thy duty, and
Take up thy lawful war; and harmony
Will show itself in this unsought command
Which only Fortune's favored are to try;

So, in the stern performance of thy task
Be duty bound, and seek not ill respect.
Abandon not thy honor; do not ask
A thing that brings upon thee self-neglect.

Ill fame is worse than death, and cowardice
Is kin; and thy retirement fosters fear
Of thine own weakness. Be thine own advice;
Let not thine eye be clouded by a tear

Of indecision, of regret; or shame
Will fall about thee like a cloak and hide
Thy courage and abilities. No name
Is bad enough for him who has not tried.

If thou art slain, all heaven waits for thee;
Or if thou win, the world is thy just prize.
Wherefore, O Man, determine soulfully
To vanquish all these hordes before thine eyes.

Imbue thyself with thought, devotional;
And when thy measure filleth to the rim,
Thy Karmic bonds will bring emotional
Release, and thou wilt come from out the dim.

There is no effort wasted in this branch.
No evil consequences can befall
The one who gives no power to a chance
But gives his symbol to the All in All.

In this straight path there is but one high goal,
And that is one of steady constancy;
And balance is the object of the Soul
In all these scales of multiplicity.

Be not misled by tainted words and lusts
Or promises of pleasures in re-birth.
These transient, worldly heavens but disgusts
Complete Absorption and the State of Worth.

O Man, be sure of this: Those who desire
But wealth and all that flesh can contemplate
Are as the stones on which thou mountest higher
Unto the realms where Space Gods meditate.

Be thou forever free from qualities
Which bind thee to the pairs of opposites;
Be sightless to the world's idolatries;
And find the chair where the No Being sits.

Let not anxiety nor worldly thought
Of crass possessions, self, or sense, or aim
Betray your step. Whatever thou hast sought
And what thou seekest now was e'er the same,

For truth has never altered; think, think, think,
And bring thyself to thy soul consciousness.
'Tis then all benefits are found. Thy drink
Will be prepared for thee, and Mind will bless

The sup which helps thee to Nirvana's breast.
Let then the motives for thine actions be
Within the action, and forget the rest.
Reward leads only to futility.

Nor let thy life be spent in languor dull.
Persistence in thy faith; thy duties seek
To magnify the rooms within thy skull
And make of thee a mansion great and meek.

Make all events as one, and never count
Success or failure, loss or gain. Abhor
The small or large, the this or that amount,
For equal-mindedness is the final score.

The mere performance of thy works is far
Below devotion of the mind. Seek, then,
The knowledge which will guide thee like a star
Doth guide the mariner. Thou shalt know when

Thou hast arrived at this beginning plane.
The signs will speak to thee, and symbols clear
Will mark thy path. No word, nor sign arcane
Can to enlightened truth sons e'er appear;

And those who thus unite in mind and deed,
And who renounce reward for actions, n'er
Do meet re-birth in mortal life. No need,
When 'Never Was' Oblivion is There.

When through delusion thou hast worked thy way,
Thou wilt attain to high indifference
As to those doctrines which are taught today;
And those yet to be taught will leave thy sense.

When thou hast freed thyself of flesh, and thou
Art fixed immovably from thoughts mundane,
Thy soul through contemplation will endow
Thee evermore upon the God-Mind plane.

ARJUNA:

O Highest Mind, describe that man for me
Who is thus fixed and thus confirmed in Soul.
What may that sage declare? What sayeth he,
And what be his relation to the Whole?

Where may he dwell, and does he move and act
Like other men; or is the difference so
Pronounced that what the worldly man has lacked
Is evident in him; what symbols show?

KRISHNA:

A man is said to be confirmed and high
When he forsaketh each and all desires
And sees all things through Self's untroubled eye
And breathes and lives when that same Self respires.

He is contented in this Self through Self.
His mind is balanced in adversity,
Much as the darkness knoweth not the shelf
Where light, unwearied, shines eternally.

He is contented in prosperities
And is unknown to that triumvirate
Called fear and anger and anxieties,
Which e'er were bred by that vile harlot Hate.

This man is called a Muni—wise is he;
For each condition and event is met
As one. No matter what the case may be
His equal-mindedness makes him forget

Dislikes or likes. His wisdom, like the wind,
Is of itself sufficient. Good and bad
Are but the same. Confirmed and not confined
Is he. No pseudo bliss, no moment sad

Partakes of him; And like the tortoise, draws
In all his senses and restrains them so
That any wonted purposes or cause
Can have no other mission but to know.

The hungry man forever loseth sight
Of every object but to gratify
The wishes of a gnawing appetite
And passes wisdom and unfoldment by.

But he who breathes the Breath of the Supreme
Forever loseth taste for any kind
Of food. Devotions food has but a gleam;
No taste. Tis but a gentle glow of mind.

The tumults of the senses force the heart
To serve the organs as a lowly slave,
And only he who knows can hope to thwart
This demon passion who would thus deprave.

Restrain from these and rest thyself in Me,
For I am man's true self. 'Thou must control
Thyself within thyself, if thou wouldst be
The keeper of that part of Me, thy Soul.

Do not incline toward the senses, thou;
Attend them not; In them have no concern,
Since this concern creates a passion row,
And anger from such passion thou dost learn.

Delusion from this anger is produced,
And loss of memory is delusion's bloom.
Discrimination then is next seduced,
And final loss of all permits thy doom.

Be free from such attachments, nor repulse
A single object. Let creation fill
Thy chambered heart. Let these be thy results.
Whatever is—let it be of thy will.

And when this tranquil state is once attained,
A separation from all troubles then
Results. The mind at ease, thou wilt have gained
The all-embracing wisdom of Space Men.

The man whose heart and mind are not at rest
Cannot be wise, and power has he none
For contemplation. He can ne'er be blest
Who does not practice calm. The goal is won

Through peace and calm. How can a man obtain
Space happiness unless reflection smooths
The raging storms of sense? What does he gain
Whose senses always dominate the truths?

What seems as night to unenlightened minds
Is naught but day to Wisdom's gaze. Their light
Is but the dark of ignorance. Thus finds
The governed sage ascending in the right.

Deem not thyself the actor nor the one
Who doth possess. Let all desires run in
And out the heart, like heat rays of the sun
Or waters of the sea. Sense cannot win.

Thou canst attain to rest, O son of Breath,
By firm dependence on the Spirit Tree;
And if therein established at thy death,
Nirvana and God Force absorbeth thee.

ARJUNA:

If this then be thy counsel, O Supreme
And Thou Who giveth all that mortals ask,
If knowledge is the truth and deeds a dream,
Why urgeth me to this unseemly task?

Thou Highest One, with doubtful words and speech
Confusest me. My reason goes astray.
Choose one amongst these methods, I beseech,
By which I may obtain eternal day.

Explain it unto me; nor let thy code
Bewilder me. 'Tis happiness I seek.
My brow is wet; I bend beneath the load
Which I would carry to Earth Mother's Peak.

KRISHNA:

It hath before been said by Me, O Son,
That in this world two modes confronteth thee—
The first, the speculative school, and one
Where reason contemplates eternity.

The second is the Yoga school, wherein
Devotion in the deed identifies
The man. In either mode there is no sin.
But choose thy path; and strive to realize,

O Sinless One. Man cannot e'er be free
From action, from the non-commencement of
The action which he hath to do; and he
Cannot obtain Nirvana's Joy, or solve

His simple riddle, if he ever tries
To push aside the wheel of life and not
Take up his load. And much alone he dies
Unless he fills his place and draws his lot.

Force does not halt a moment, nor can man
Be still a moment without action, since
This man, unknown to him, throughout his span
Is urged to act by That Transparent Prince

Of Life who guides all life. He who remains
Inert, restraining organs and the sense,
Yet ponders with his heart these things. He gains
No higher step; nor naught can recompense

The mood. He is a pietist, but not
Of truth. Bewildered is he of soul.
But he who hath subdued his passions hot
And doeth unconcerned, upon the scroll

His name will rest as one esteemed. If wrought,
Perform the proper actions. Mortal frame
Cannot be carried to its place by aught
But deed. Nor ever sacrifice thy name

To action, if it be not done to God.
Abandon, then, O Son of Kunti, all
Thy selfish motives. With devotion's rod
Strike the cymbal in thyself; its soft call

Will find thyself's deep ears. For Him alone,
Should thought or action be performed, they be
The one, though two they seem; their name or ton
May differ, but they are the halves of Me.

When in the ancient times the Lord of All
Made creatures and performed the work of man,
When seas were made, and when this earthly ball
Was made, He spoke and said, "To mortal clan,

I give thee worship. Pray for thine increase;
Let Kamaduk, the cow of plenty, be
The fount on which ye shall depend; nor cease
To draw upon her. And forever see

Within her milk abundance. Multiply,
And sacrifice and work; and God shall yield
Ye grace. Those meats ye crave to Labor I
Will charge. Upon the altar flame thy shield

And tithes should rest. And if man eateth fruit
Of earth and giveth not to me in trade
His sweat of toil or thought, then his pursuit
Is vain; and to the world that man is made

A thief—a greater thief will I brand thee
Than those who steal from thee. For thou dost thieve
From thine own world and self.” Resolve to see
The wisdom of the Truth. Who can deceive

Thyself but thine own self? Who maketh fools,
But fools themselves? All men are born as one
Within the Mind but taught in different schools.
By these is justice or injustice done.

Who eat of food after their sacrifice
Are quit of fault, but they that spread a feast
All for themselves eat sin; they are cursed thrice,
They drink of sin. I count them less than beast.

By food the living live. Food comes of rain,
And rain comes by the pious offering
Of tithes of work. The One appeareth plain
In sacrifice. Therefore, O Man, no thing

Should e’er be touched by thee, unless it gives.
At once a thought of the Supreme Who is
The Only, All-pervading. Brahma lives—
To give thee life. No life exists but His.

He that abstains to help the rolling wheels.
Of this great world and like a glutton feeds -
His idle senses loses life. He feels
His sin, conceit, and shame; and what he needs

Of hone and light will be denied: since he
Lives for himself. None other doth he serve;
Self-concentrated—nothing done of Me.
No part hath he in aught. Such men deserve

Their punishments. All living things of earth
Are Brahma born. Therefore, thy task prescribed,
With spirit unattached, give to it birth
From thine own self. Be firm; be never bribed

By laxity. Thy duty plain is done
As simply as it comes. The highest bliss
Is in performance. My great eye, the sun,
Will guide thee ever more. Thou canst not miss

Thy path and part, for thus the ancient ones
Reached blessedness. Thou must for e'er uphold
Thy kind and sect. They are the true Space Sons.
Works thou shouldst embrace—be thou never sold

A wretched slave to idleness. The wise
Must wisely choose, for unwise people take
Their action as a law. And he who tries
Will lead the multitudes. For Brahma's sake,

Look unto Me. In all the three worlds wide
I am not bound to any act. No height
Is there for Me to scale, no space to stride,
No gift to gain, no near or distant sight.

For Me to see. Yet I act here. If I
Were watchful not, or acted not, those who
Now look to me for help would ever lie
Upon the ground and die of naught to do.

I cannot slumber. Earnest must I be
Forever wakeful, so that man will find
His task and not sink into sloth. On Me
Depends the order of the worlds. My Mind

Must the example set. I cannot break
My laws or thine, since We are One. Nor can
I ever rest, Who cannot rest, or take
A single drop of blood and give to man

A drop more than he has, for he is turned.
Of My own drop. I could not e'er commit
The earth's offspring to loss. Be wisely learned
In unknown toil. Let sense be wed to it,

And make enlightened toil sense free, but set
To bring the world deliverance. Its joy
Be in thy mind. Let not thy deeds be met
With man's despair, or make of mind a toy.

These busy, simple hearts look unto thee,—
O Muni. Let each play his part in what
So e'er he finds to do, Be ever free—
Unyoked of soul—and cast thy daily lot

To heavenward. All things are everywhere
By nature wrought. The qualities of each
Are inter-actioned. Give the deed a prayer;
Be not the fool who cheats himself, or reach

Thy hands toward the skies and say, "By mine
Own hands I've done this thing," or "This I wrought."
Ah, strong-armed Prince, a better part is thine;
A better lesson hast thou found. Nor fraught

With such dull weaknesses. 'These objects in
The world of sense thou knowest true; and more,
Thou knowest that thy qualities must win
To qualify. And that thou hast to pour

Deep water on the fires of all concern
And stand aloof e'en from thy acts, or be
The fagots which thy vanity doth burn
And rest as ashes through Eternity.

The untaught live and mix with those of light;
They knoweth not of nature's way, of aims.
Unwitting, dull, and slow to see the right
They be; and thou must teacheth them the names

Of the Superiors. And meditate
Into thyself; and satisfied, serene,
Think not of profit, either small or great.
And heedless of the issue—fight; and lean

Upon my word. The wise and willing heart
Hath quittance from all issue. But to those
Who disregard my ordinance and part
With Me, that very act doth cause to close

The highest gates. Confused and foolish will
He fall to final loss. Instructed minds
Wear that which fits them best; they always fill
Their place, as lower creatures do their kinds.

Do not contend against this law. Needs must
The objects of the sense to stir the sense.
Enlightened man yields not to these; his trust
Is far too sacred, and no recompense

Is his for such an act. They are untrue
And enemies to man; and recognize
The senses by their names. 'Tis best to do
Whatever task is thine, and realize

Thy task as best; e'en though it fails, it is
More wise to be thyself than take unto
Thyself a task which is not thine. Be His -
And die at work in Him, and thou dost sue

Eternal peace and happiness. But he
Who wanders into other paths shall end
Despairing each new road he finds. But see
Thy place, and on it all thy treasures spend.

Part II

ARJUNA:

But tell me, Teacher, by what name 'tis known
That force which sends man to his ill, without
That man's consent, as if he were but blown
Like chaff before an angry wind. Is Doubt

Its name, or Fear, or Bigotry, or Greed?
I do but guess, O Mind; I do not know
Its name. From evil paths I would secede.
Show me the path, and in that path I'll go.

KRISHNA:

Passion is its name, born of Darknesses;
And Kama too 'tis called. That is the force
Which pusheth him aside and trespasses
On all his rights. Its appetite is coarse

And mighty; and a demon incarnate
Is this, the sinful enemy of thine.
As smoke blots out the white of fire, as hate
Destroys love, as rust o'ercomes the shine

Of mirrors bright, and as the womb surrounds
The babe unborn, so is the world of things
Begrimed and soiled in its total bounds
By these desires and precepts and flesh rings.

The wisest fall if caught in it. This foe
Of reason never rests; and countless forms
It wears, like painted prostitutes: who show
A virgin countenance. But 'neath these charms

Deceitful, subtle flames doth burn. O Son
Of Kunti, reason, sense, and mind are but.
As flies to that great web which Kama spun,
And countless be the roads to her vile hut.

It maddens man, this passion blinding him.
Therefore, thou noblest child, be ever sure
Thy heart is governed. Let thine eye be dim
To subtle things and Kama's false allure.

Resist the false, soft sinfulness which drains
Thy knowledge and thy judgment. Do thou hold
Thy jumbled senses, for their greedy pains.
Outweigh their pleasures. They but leave thee cold

And numb like ice in winter's grip. The world
Is strong, but what discerns it stronger. Mind
Transcends the earth. If these desires were hurled
Against one Spirit Spark, the same would find

A force immutable. And high o'er all
The ruling Soul doth sit. Wherefore, O thou,
Perceiveth Him who reigns supreme. The call
Comes to all men that they beginneth now

To put full force of Soul into their soul
And fight, and vanquish foes and doubts. Do slay
What haunts thee in false forms; let war drums roll
And muster henchmen from thyself today.

This deathless Yoga, deep and bottomless.
This union is by which the Lord of Light
Was taught by Me; and Vivaswata's dress
Was passed to Manu, who dispelled the night

From Ikshwaku. Down the line it passed
To all my royal Rishis. Then with time
The truth grew dim and perished, 'till at last,
O Noble Prince, I give to thee sublime

Enlightenment. I once again declare
This ancient doctrine, this aged mystery.
Thy mind and all thy attributes are fair;
In thee I find a friend and votary.

ARJUNA:

Thy birth is not yet clear to me; Thy word
I do not comprehend. For Thou hast said
That Thou wert born these latter days. I heard
Thee sayest that the sun's bright rays were led

By Thee, and that the sun preceded age.
What meanest Thou? Confusion Thou hast wrought.
Unto my mind by that one phrase, O Sage,
“From the beginning it was I who taught.”

KRISHNA:

The number of my births are without count,
Arjuna, and thou too hast visited
The world before. Thy form and thy amount
Are unknown quantities. Unwearied

Hast thy soul been in proving thee. But I
Know my degrees throughout. Unborn, yet born,
I pass away but not in death. The cosmic sky
Doth mother Me, and I am never shorn

Of any part of Me. By Maya’s lamp,
On floating Nature-forms, the primal vast
Which flows through Me, and on this Whole I stamp
Myself. I come and go. The Lord thou hast

’Tis I. All living things and not the less
Are of my house and hand. My magic rod
And art are indestructible; the dress
Which thou hast now, like petals of a pod,

May change. But in each brilliant, flowered rose,
As in all things, there is my Growing Breath,
Which changeth now, but goes and comes and goes.
But that transparency is never death.

When Righteousness declines and Wickedness,
Prevails and groweth strong, from age to age
I rise and take a shape which men will bless
With their own minds and eyes. I clean the page

Of mortal life for them. I move about
Among them as a man. Myself I give
To man by being man, and thrusting out
The evil. Pushing back their fears, I live

As they, and help them in their betterment.
Impositors are thrown aside, and grain
Of good springs up. My life on earth is spent”
In setting Virtue on her seat again.

Who knows the truth concerning this, my birth
And all my works divine, whene’er he quits
His flesh, and doffs the garments of the’ earth,
He falls no more, nor standeth more; he sits

In that Vast Chair of Me. No more to bear
A load upon his back or in his heart;
No mortal life again. He cometh fair
And straight and strong to Me—to never part.

Great numbers come to Me. They are not bound
By fear or anger or desire. Their hearts
Are fixed and centered upon Me. They found
The freedom. Faithful, purified. Their parts

Were melted into one great part by the
Most sacred flame of learning. Such as these
Mix with my being. Whoso worship Me,
Them I exalt; but man is made to please

My eye, and all men everywhere shall swing
Into my path. However, those who now
Are worshipping the lower gods but sing.
A tuneless song. Their heads must ever bow

In artless sacrifice; and their reward
They getteth here—reward for works. But I
Am:-He who made the four degrees, and barred
Each from the other’s caste, that doth apply

To their peculiar qualities and gifts.
I made repose, who lives immortally,
And I made all those mortal births. It lifts.
Me not nor lowers Me, if man ‘doth be’.

For works alone or knowledge cold. I am
Not tainted. Essence knoweth not this name,
For I am works of fruit. ’Tis sham
For man to think that he can e’er defame

My actions uninvolved. Who knoweth this
Is never bound by deed, nor do the chains
Of action clank around his feet. The bliss
Of knowing not the end is what he gains.

Be never hanged upon the gibbet which
Thine own desires doth make for thee;
And like the corpse swing in the wind and pitch
This way and that for passion birds to see

And turn thine eyes into a feast. Nor write
With shuddering soul a robber's manuscripts.
No pleasant daytime vice is there; the night
Concealeth not. Thy vices are but whips

With which the watchful gods of Virtue draw
Harsh blood from thee. If everything is lost,
Life still remains. The silken cord of law
Divine thou breakest not. The unseen frost.

Of sinfulness will freeze the blood. Be free
And copy not those human locusts, who
Eat this and that and ravage all and flee,
Nor pay their tax; but all the country through

Their desolate and greedy path is known,
Until the end finds them with bandaged eyes
And palsied hands indicted by their own
And lustful pack. Let not thy mournful cries

Come from the pit in which thou lowered thee,
For supping with the pack but leads the way
To hunt with them. Be sure that company
Is for thy good. Perceive the path of day,

Like saints of old who tread my path, nor hid
Their purpose. Work for deliverance
As in the days gone by thy elders did.
Be not like urchins full of bread and prance

About the streets of thy sweet soul, and sing
Of ribald deeds; nor seal thine eyes with scum
Which thou hast made thyself. It means no-thing
Nor adds a fraction to thy total sum.

Thy questions have been asked before. Perplexed
Have been the sages throughout time, and sand
Has drifted o'er their mortal views; and vexed
Are minds to find the key and understand

The mark between inaction and the act.
I tell thee now; and knowing, thou shalt learn
'Tween theory and universal fact.
And thou shalt know which work doth save. Discern

And rightly meditate on these three terms,
Not doing—and undoing—deed. Here lies
The rough and prickly path. Decision firms
The mind concerning these. But dark the skies

Which lower on the heads of man whene'er
He seeks to find the One alone. Thus, I
Will pilot thee and make thy landscape fair.
This is thy path; herein thy task doth lie:

He has the eye to see how action may
Be rest. Rest action. Wisest 'mid his kind
Is he. He hath the truth. Naught can gainsay
His words. Nor can he ever leave behind

A trail made barren by a selfish act
Or thought. No matter what he does, 'tis done
Whene'er the need is born, forever backed
By tranquil reason and the love of one

Who needs that help. In action or in rest
He is superb. Freed of desires, his cape
Of God protection doth deny incest
Between his minds. The useless, senseless rape

Of soul is ne'er begun by him. For he,
Burned clean in act by the white fire of Light
Is counted wise by all the wise that be.
No knowledge of the fruit of deeds. No sight.

For discontent has he. Self doth sustain -
The self within, and satisfied unto
The kernel of the deed. Nor aught can stain
His soul apart from him. The worldly dew

Of fear and hope falls not on him. He shows
No outward impulse—ever yielding up
To mortal shell no more than body knows
Since he invents no drops to fill the cup.

'Tis full enough, this cup of life, if filled
With clean, strong, vibrant love of humankind.—
'Tis gall to him who drinketh with weak-willed
Intent, or sups the flesh and starves the mind.

Be sinless 'mid all sin. Let purpose be
Thine only aim. Nor ask the world to give
Thee alms. Nor beg from it pathetically
Like mendicants along the road who live.

By whining tones and filth. With equal calm
Take then whate'er befalls; by grief remain
Unmoved; and learn the holy, sacred psalm.
Of thine own heart and consciousness. The vain

Crusade of good or bad but leads thee on
Toward misfortune. Be not ever bound
By clogs of deed; and he whose crave is gone,
Whose soul is free, whose speaking heart has found

Its piece and peace, what work he doeth shows
In sacrifice and on the altar flame.
Up to the Highest One his effort goes,
And on the perfumed smoke is writ his name.

To God belongs the sacrifice. The fire—. .
Which eateth flesh is His. Thy food and drink
Are His. And unto Him thou canst aspire
If thou but meditate on Him and think

Not of thy office as a part of thee.
And some there are who serve with flesh, and still
Some votaries make purer rite. There be
A: few who light the fires with worship's will—

Those who in the white flame of continence
Consume the joys of sense, delights of eye
And ear, foregoing tender speech and hence
The sound of song. These offerings belie

Not them or me. Some burn the torch of youth
Upon the altar and renounce that bliss
Of youthful love and happiness. The truth
Is in that mode; but Springtime's ardent kiss

Is lost. Young love should drink from that sweet sup:
Of love, but not for love of love. But take
The cooling mead from different bowls. Corrupt
Are they who drink unless that brew doth slake

Their thirst without repeated quaffs. It throws
Them into giddiness, and piety
And higher love are lost. The habit grows
Until the lore, gained through austerity

And steadfast reading of the scrolls, is turned
Into a cryptic mass of useless art.
Draw in the breath and let each breath be learned
As to those methods which doth waft the heart

Into the higher planes. Let not one sigh
Escape which helpeth not the soul; lay life
Itself upon the altar flame, nor try
To keep one part of life immune. The life

Of sacrifice plays but one song. And keep
The rite of offering as if thou gave
Real victims by the sword. And ever reap
The better parts of thee; nor ever save

Immortal food for thine own self, since he
Who makes a sacrifice in part hath not
Sincerity, nor can he hope to be
Of his own world or of my chosen lot.

But know that all proceeds by act, and thou
Shalt worry not with doubt. The gifts of wealth
Are less than those which learning doth endow;
The worth of gift lies in the mind. The health

Of that same mind depends on what it thought
And what the will has gained by such a gift.
Dost give to serve—or hast thy giving sought
The flare of public eye? Doth error sift

Thee through its maws like useless, dusty chaff?
Art like a beast who clings but to his skin.
And thinketh not upon the greater half
Of him, his soul? That glowing spark within

Will bring thee safe and dry across the sea
Of thy misdeeds, e'en though thou hast abused
The total laws of life or God, or be.
The worst among the worst. The sacred truths

Will make thee whole. And as the kindled flame
Feeds on the eager bark and is resolved
To dust, the grandeur of thy state and name
Will lose its waste. Thy sins will be absolved.

Thou art grown perfect in thyself. The door
Is never shut to him who seeks to know
The path of Truth. But he must master more
Than truth alone. Up from those depths below

His mortal shell must come his hidden Soul
To master self and soul. 'Tis then repose
And higher peace is known. The mortal pole
Draws but mortality, nor points or shows

A region more than that. Without faith, pure,
Thy fears will pauperize thee here; no peace
Wilt thou find here or anywhere. The Doer
Of the High Spirit Worlds will bring release

From doubt. Cut then, in twain, with wisdom's sword
That useless chain which binds thee to the deed
And soul to works. And all this mangy horde
Of doubts and fears will fall, and not a seed

Will come to head and grow more of its kind.
Be bold and wise and give thyself to Me.
Thy ignorance shall go, and in thy mind
The mansion of Space Happiness will be.

ARJUNA:

To me thy words are yet equivocal,
O Krishna. Thou dost laud surcease of deeds
One time, and yet thou sayest works. Which shall
I choose? Which one will best supply my needs?

KRISHNA:

They are the same, these twain. Both leadeth to
Thy bliss supreme. But of the twain, 'tis best
To work with piety. Some students—new—
Say they are different; but he is blest

Who recognizes them as one. The world
Of sense can no more taint his soul
Than do storm waters touch the leaflet curled
And sheltered by a forest giant's bole.

At every act sit godlike in the nine
Drawbridges of thyself. This sphere's Lord makes
Not this or that a thing of His. 'Tis thine
Own passion and thy lust which bends and breaks

The even tenor of thy life. The One
Takes no man's good or evil deeds; He lives
Beyond. Who will, may have this Light, this Sun,
To guide him through the dark. It ever gives

Sufficiency of strength. Who hath It sees
All things as One. He thinks in terms of One -
Though one may have its many parts. But these
Same parts may vary in degree and run

Into equations of themselves. Sinless
Are they who dwell in unity. Be glad,
But never over-glad in happiness;
Encounter grief, and be not over-sad.

Remain within the One, and constant be
Thy faith in Him and in thy faith to serve.
From lust and anger guard most carefully,
Nor let thy body chains sap thee of nerve.

Glad in all good, they live unto the peace.
Of God. Their days and nights are all exempt.
From greed and hate and wrath; their mortal lease.
Is taken up by Him. Without contempt

They shed their worldly clothes, and don a dress
Of purity of thought and deed. Nor scorn
Those who are foreign clad or made. They bless
Each in his state, for all are Brahma born.

And shut thyself within thyself, nor let
The touch of sense come through thy mental 'veil;
And fix thine eyes in quiet gaze, and set
Thy mental features on thy purpose grail.

Be calm and easy in thy breath; and mind
Constrain, so that all organs will respond
With evenness. Thou shalt obtain the kind
Of freedom here that lies: 'in the Beyond

I am the God of All; and unrevealed
Am I, and man's true sacrifice I heed.
And I am He—man's surety and shield.
I am the path whereby mankind is freed.

Therefore, O Man, think not of gain, nor act
In haste. Set all results aside. The saint
Doth rise to saintship by the simple fact
That he is Mind and free of any taint.

Let each man find his Self through Soul, nor be
The foot which grinds the Self. Soul is the friend.
Of Self; but man may live to know and see'.
That Soul become his foe. The Soul doth lend

Its friendly aid, whene'er the Self doth rule
The self; but self turns traitor to its own
Thyself, if Soul's own self doth ever fool.
Itself and think that it has ever sown

A self apart from Self. The kingly soul
Of him who lives self-governed and at rest
In peace is centered in itself. Its scroll
Is not dog-eared with heat or cold or zest"

Or sloth. Alike are all the opposites.
He dwells alone with senses subjugate.
The mud, the gold, the rock, the down, the bits—
Of light called gems, and glory, shame, and hate

Are but as one. This man is known to all,
To kin or strangers or to enemies.
He loveth each; and in his heart's feast hall
There's food and drink for any one—he sees

Who needeth it. No man can claim to be
Religious if he fasts too-much or feasts
More than is good for him. He has to see
The medium which means the most though least.

Drug not thy mind in idle sleep; nor waste
Thy strength or drain thine eye of clarity
By rooted watchfulness. Numb not the taste
By highly seasoned mental foods, nor be

Too hasty in the judgment of a friend.
The truest piety is that which clears.
Humanity of aches and ills. Nor send
One man away if thou canst dry his tears.

In all departments be thou moderate,
And use the powers of the flesh and mind
To wipe away what jealous mortal hate
And greed thou findest in the humankind.

The static force of personality
Inspires more men to act and think than is
Conceded commonly. Mentality
Doth come to thee in that metabasis

Which taketh place when thou dost contemplate
My character. Alike is mortal man's
Response to thee. 'Tis little or 'tis great,
Depending on how much of thee he scans.

Desire is that quick-breeding womb in which
Is bred the dream of fame; and vanity
Doth urge thee on to think of gain and rich
Reward. That is not pious sanity.

He is unbalanced who can't close the door
To these dull images. He must so vow
To live in Me, that senses' greedy roar
Is drowned by my still silence. Never bow

To those external pictures. Senses' eye
Is twisted and its mirror's face is cracked;
It seeth not the placid, happy sky.
The face of soul is hideous and hacked

To that wild eye of sense. Cleave unto Me,
Arjuna, and thine eye will e'er discern
Perfection in all things. Tranquillity
And peace be thine. Thou canst not ever turn

Away from Me. Who so believes and draws
On Me is well-perfected; yea, that soul
Is more than that, for it becometh Cause—
The mind which breathes the Universal Whole.

ARJUNA:

O Krishna, clearly do I see the part
Which peace and equanimity doth play.
But yet, the strong, the rash, the wilful heart
Of man—doth it forever sayeth nay

To piety and righteousness? How tame
That wayward heart, how hold it to thy path;
How hold its fire, its heat, its fitful flame
From lower love and from spasmodic wrath?

KRISHNA:

Denial is but habit inchoate;
And self-command doth come to him who slays
Whate'er desire doth raise its being, -sate.
Restraint is e'er by habit formed. Always

He wins who masters self. And stoutly strive.
To ever govern self. 'Tis difficult,
But faith in God and self should grow and thrive
On obstacles. Think law. It will result

In law. Thou art not lost, my son, if thou
But hold to this precept. He who should fail,
Desiring righteousness, at death will bow
To Regions Just. He resteth in the pale

Of time and measureless. He dwelleth there
For numberless eternities; and born
Anew, he taketh life again 'mid fair
And happy climes and men. He may adorn

A Yogi's house. On Virtue's breast he may
Alight. The center of acceptance lies
Within his heart. It is for him to say
Where he shall rest. If he, like some, denies

The law because 'tis simply wrought, and looks
For mystery where there is none, he rests
In doubt. Like furrows of the desert brooks
He draws no drop of milk from Doubt's dry. breasts;

And with each birth he loseth not what heights
Of heart and mind he hath attained. He strives
Anew towards the perfect goal. The nights
Of sleep between his births for him derives

A higher hope. Purged of Transgressions, he
Through countless births becomes most wise, until
At last his feet are on The Path. In Me
He rests above all men as part of Will.

Now, thou hast come this far, and unto me,
And to my path thou hast been set. No more
Hast thou to know when I have toldeth thee
That last, particular, and utmost lore.

Of many thousand mortals, one, perchance.
Doth strive for Truth. Of this minority
One, now and then, doth catch an open glance
Of Me and knoweth Me—the Truth. There be

Fight agents in the lower plane; they are
The earth, the flame, the air, the wind, the rain
Life, and ether; and last the glowing star
Of individuality. This plane

Is but my lower nature; thou must learn
The higher. I am that great, space-wide womb
In which the principle of life doth yearn
To give life to itself. I am that room

In which the worlds and spheres, like beads
Are strung. I am the face mercurial
Of Luna's head; The strength of man's shed seed.
I am the phagocyte phenomenal,

The blush of fire, the vital air, the root
Undying, whence has sprung whatever's made;
The wisdom of the wise, the learned suit
Of the informed. I am the cool of shade,

The greatness of the great; the sight of eye,
The halo of a smile. O Kunti's Son,
These things am I. And mortals fear to die
And add new terrors to their death, and run

The gauntlet of their dying hour with fears
Inane. It sickens them in greed's hubbub
To die and leave their gold behind. Their tears
Flood heavily their eyes. Ah! that's the rub

To foolish man. His bulging bags inspire -
No thought of Me and happiness beyond;
His gold imbeds him in the muck and mire,
And like an anchor holds him in despond,

When he could sail the seas of space and be
Not merged in these crass things, for they are not
His rightful due. His Self belongs to Me,
Who is not of these things, though I begot

Them. I am never known to fools or base
And evil men; nor to those imbeciles
Who plume themselves with feathers fine and chase
The fickle, vapid goddess of the styles.

Nor to the double-tongued or Janus-faced,
Nor to the one who gives his gift for praise,
Or hopes to get a better gift by laced
And fluffy offerings. Nor those who raise

Themselves above their fellow men by naught
But the dull stretching of their necks. Not by
Their gentle wisdom, or a goodness wrought
In brotherhood. This ilk is quick to cry

And shout and point their finger at the one
Who doeth wrong. For by this action they
Divert the social eye, that what they've done
May pass unheeded by. But they must pay

Their debt at death. 'Tis then they wallow in
Their own malodored mess. Thus is the knave
Contrived. Such is the greediness of Sin
That it continues feasting in the grave.

Thy problems are unique to thee; but in
Thy world of change and flux, things change. But my
Unchanging Self and thy pure Spark have been
Fore'er the same. The mortal part of I

Has weighed and questioned every even turn
Of the great wheel of Life: "Why is this so,
And what means that? How may I ever learn
The secrets of the It? I want to know

The Why of All; The Wherefore of the Cause;
The farthest In of the Within. I seek
Not law, but that Proclaimer of the Laws;
I want the heights beyond the highest peak.

I want revealed to me the God of God,
The Hand of Hands, the Breath of Breaths, the Face
Behind the face of all I see, the Clod
From which the worlds are made, the vapor lace

From which the clouds are spun, the crystal bead
From which the seas are born, the timeless hand
Of that great clock of Space which Thou dost read
The hours of timeless time. I would command

The Cosmic Steeds to draw my mental plow
And break my fallow earth, that I may sow
Space grain and reap the knowledge harvest now.
Why am I bound and stationed here below,

Why must I plod along upon the bones
And precepts of each passing race? Why do
I stumble in each trap, the evil zones,
Which race thought in its careless blindness knew?

Why should I drink the gall, why should I brood
In darkness and attempt to form a plan
Beyond the dark? Why eat of spoiled food
Which race doth serve? And why am I a man?

Thou couldst have made me as a gentle breeze,
Or as a laughing drop of laughing sea,
Or as a dash of green among the trees,
Instead of this—a stumbling entity

Who bends beneath the load of age-old woes,
Not knowing what they were, or what is meant
By all the new. And on through life he goes
With mind enough to give him discontent.”

Ah! thou wouldst know more than ’tis good for thee,
O Man. It matters not, this what or why;
Thou canst not question the Infinity.
With finite views—that would give Cause the lie.

I am complete in all things made, and thou
Art perfect made; that is, thy soul is pure—
Pure mind, pure word, pure law, pure form. Allow
Thyself to see Me through thyself. No truer

God is there than that which is within thy
House so radiant. Thou dost question Me,
Why thou art man, and why thou hast to cry
The burdens of the past. I answer thee

By saying this, Thou art the Spirit Trust
In which a loan is made unto Myself;
Thy soul and principle forever must
Compound its interest, until thyself

Has paid to thee in kind its bonded worth.
These cares and woes are but as drafts and drawn
On thee but not of thee. And on the earth
Man buys a thousand nights to get one dawn.

Time meaneth naught. What is this time.
Thou speakest of? If thou couldst tranquil be,
Impatience would not make thee try to climb
In one short life what all eternity

Requires. Thy mystery is looked within
Thyself. Ask of thyself the thing thou art;
It knoweth what thou art. Thy name has been
Pure Form of Purest Mind and Stuff—a part

Of mind, yet not apart from it. Who said
That man must follow in the path of past
And drink its dregs? Who filled the mortal head
And heart with maladies; who stands aghast -

At maladjustments; who has kept the man
A stumbling, blinded shape; who wrongs his life;
Who fills his eyes with tears; who made this plan;
Who held his throat; who held the dripping knife

That clove his joy in twain? Canst thee accuse
Thy God of these malignant, senseless things?
Nay, Man, the choice was thine; thou didst abuse
And was indifferent to law. This brings

Thee into debt, and debt makes thee ashamed
To face thyself. And thou dost spend thy soul
And pay two prices for thy needs. 'Tis claimed
By thee that thou hast suffered loss. The Whole

Is never lacking parts. Thy fault has lain
In thinking that through death a friend or love
Forsaketh thee—a desert waste and plain
Has pushed its dreary form and face above

Thy Soul. If thou dost truly love, thy life
Remains unchanged by death; and poverty
Of Soul is never known. Nor worldly strife
Can ever lay a single claim on thee.

Love higher, nor for one short moment think
That anyone is indispensable
To life. This is fore'er man's weakest link.
He wastes his years and thinks that life is dull

When some warm friend doth pass away. This is
A crime against all life. Man has no right
To wring his hands and cry, no love but his
Was ever pure and deep. Love's gentle light

Shines in all hearts however hard they seem.
Let not thy paradise be turned into
A white and frozen corpse. Somewhere thy beam
Of gentleness and love can light anew

The fading lamp of some sad soul. Let not
Thy lips be hard and thin, nor let them draw
The blood of corpse. Thy human course and lot,
Was never planned for thee alone. The law

Of life says: Give to life thy better part—
Half kindness and half-selfishness won't make
A man of thee. Give all to mortal hearts
And give with love. Through this, peace can't forsake

Thee in the end or on the earth. Thy goal
Should not be happiness alone. Get that—
Sweet consciousness of work well done; thy soul
Will by-product thy happiness. The Vat

Of life contains all things; and seek ye now
To know thy inner self. And know that I
Am Lord of Life, and those whose faith doth bow
Their heads shall find Me in their hour to die.

Part III

ARJUNA:

Who is this All, this One, this Soul of Souls,
This God of Sacrifices in flesh? This Best
Of All? This Work, the Karma, from Whose molds
Doth come the worlds? Where doth this Spirit rest,
And how doth man, when death appears, find Thee?
What is the formula by which the—
May know this All, this One? Canst Thou tell me
The Word Complete by which mankind may save
His soul; and by that Word may I command
Through faith the laws? Will they respond and do
Whate'er is good for me and men? I stand
And look to Thee, O Mind; for word I sue.

KRISHNA:

I am the One Eternal. I beget
All life. I change My Form in formlessness.
I am the Cause and Purpose. All is met
Within Me. And if mortals care to bless
Me always when they meditate, and throw
From out their souls and minds wrong thoughts and trash
And doubts, in putting off the flesh, they go
To Me in peace and rest to never clash
With mortal foes again. But he who goes
Through life and trespasses upon the grounds
Of sacred Self and thinks in terms of woes—.
And lack and selfishness, his death abounds
In just the things he sought in life. Have Me
Forever in thy heart, and fight! Be firm
In faith and own no gods but sanctity
Of Soul. Make known to thee MY sacred term
Which 'none has ever known. Let thine eye see
My face which none has seen. Lock all desires
Safe in thy heart. Regard no god but Me
And think no evil thought; and all thy fires

Of piety will burn continuous—
Absorbed by the 'Cause Flame.' And they, O Son,
Who melt in Me with pious consciousness
Are born no more of mortal womb. Begun

For them is endless rest. Dost thou perceive
What means Eternity. Can mortal mind
Imagine what it is. Let mind conceive
A ball of hardest ore; let figures find

A number large as Space. Suspend the ball,
Procure the smallest moth and let its wing
But touch that sphere in flight, each rise and fall
Of mountains high. And when the moth doth bring

The ball to dust by wearing it away,
That might be called a second of the age,
Which has no age in Space. The night and day
Will be as one to thee. Space Life endures the page

On which is writ all living things. The Mind
Behind the All is never manifest.
And thou, by faith which wanders not, will find
A way to come to Me. There is a test

Which thou must meet; and if thou passeth well
The test, I will be seen and known by thee;
The I in Whom the universes dwell,
The One in Whom the many parts are Three.

Through Wisdom thou shalt know the hidden well
From which is drawn the Sea of Space. Most rare
This gift, and greater than thy tongue can tell
Is pious Wisdom. It will take thee There.

Thy heart is pure, and unto thee I will
Pronounce the final TRUTHS which are revealed
In secret places of Myself. No ill.
Can live in him whose doors are looked and scaled

By these most sacred laws. This heaven lore
Doth purge the SOUL of every sin. The light
Doth plainly shine, he trips and falls no more,
Nor blindly walks the path. Dispelled is night

And ignorance. Thou shalt not sink again
In those dull flesh pots of the world, where change
In dizzy cycles brings thee all the pain,
Remorse, and sadness with man's customs strange.

I am unmanifest, I am far more
Than spheres or worlds. These husks are spread about
By Me through My paler desire. My store
Of life is inexhaustible. Without

The slightest move, I create from a dot
A billion worlds; and as each Kalpa turns,
The worlds and spheres and things which I begot
Return to Me as Cause, 'till rebirth years

To be issued. By energy contained
In Principle, I make go forth the shapes,
Which man calls things, without their will; and trained
Are they by Cause to wear their given capes.

Each in its realm perform itself, and knows
No thing outside its cell of life, but gives
Its span to bring what IT is, and grows
To fullness in subconscious work. It lives

Forever in Mind Cause. Nowise am I
Attached to these great forms; apart I sit
From them. Thus do the stuffs which multiply—
And mould the worlds depend on Me, the It.

Don't take thy God from off a neighbor's tongue,
Or look for Him in but a single page
Of life. From thine own Spirit Cloth are wrung
The drops of soul. These drops ordain the sage.

The minds unschooled mistake Me wrapped in forms;—
They see naught of the ESSENCE hid, which bred
All life. Their fragile ship of thought, by storms
Of vanity and evil ways, is sped

Into the raging seas of ignorance.
Like brutes and fiends they mutilate their view
Of faith. Nor do they for-one moment glance
Into the UNITY of faith; all through

Their lives they quarrel on the difference
Of terms. Since when does nomenclature tell
The secrets of the soul? The inference
Is not the premise, and eternal hell

Or heaven are not words, but state of mind.
Man is a state of mind; and if he means
The same as thee, why argue over kind
Of terms? The forms and shapes, the sights, the sheens

Are not material. Vibratory
Things they are, and called sensations. Where e'er
The Truth is found, seek it; and the glory
Of all creation will show everywhere,

Being is a science. Thou art the flask
Wherein the test is made. The form-you law
Is every part of thee. It is thy task
To live the Truth. And all the harm you saw

In any act of man is but the sum
Of harm in thee. Wouldst thou rise high and claim
The best of all there is? Then be not glum
And solemn like the stone. But in the name

Of thine 'I am' sing out thy wants and feel
In Consciousness the Best. The cord 'tween us
Is cut by thee if cut at all. Thy weal
And woe are children of thy mind; 'tis thus

That mortals propagate whate'er they choose.
Be not fanatical and blindly crush
Thyself against a mind-made wall. Don't lose
Expression. Live not in the slime and slush

Of forced stupidity. Express. Those who
Cannot express themselves, fanatics are.
Let problems solve themselves and let them do
Their work alone. The distance is not far

'Tween interference and defeat. I grant
All things to him who has the faith and strength
To know the thing is done. Man can't supplant
Me with his mortal view. Throughout the length

And breadth of Me, in all there is, thou must
Have faith. The I of Me cannot be known.
Thou must have faith in My unknown, and trust
My laws. Impartial though I am, thine own

I Am is part and parcel of the Whole.
It knows not hate; I know not hate. For we
Are One, though countless ones we are. The soul
Is brought to bliss eternal and to Me

By following My rule. The prayers of those
Who worship other gods in faith unsolved
Arise to Me. Wrong are the gods they chose,
But blame them not, for they are not evolved

To Truth as yet. And so they fall to earth
Again unto their gods. Who vows his mind
And soul to Me will never know the dearth
Of humankind. He leaves those things behind,

Nor takes them up again. Let Me prevail -
In every act and thought of thee. Hold fast,
Lest thou shouldst crucify thyself and nail—
Thy goodness to some evil storm-tossed mast.

Be not absorbed in worldly gain so thick
That thou dost catch thy glimpse of beauty' tween
The seconds of a clock, and let each tick,
Foretell the passing at thy dream. Such mean -

Existence is compared to him who lights.
A match and thinks its hurried yellow glow
Is all the light there is. Nor let the heights—
And thinness of Life's rims perturb thee so

That thou dost meet the sleep of Death with plans
Unfinished, for that man is but a fool.
Who lets death find him wringing his soft hands
And crying that no time was there to school.

His wits and learn the warm outlines of Life.
In discontent he wrings his hands, and lo,
He loses what he has. In boredom rife
He frowns his life away. The rimy snow

Of fear doth freeze the river of his soul;
Nor can the sun of learning seldom find
A way to thaw that solid ice. The whole,
When caught by rigor mortis of the mind

Of man, doth fade into a nothingness.
For All is Mind and All in Mind. If then,
To man, totality is meaningless,
So are its parts; and in that far somewhen

And after many births, his Self will leave
The man-made gaol, despite his infancy
Of thought and bent. Into the All I weave
What is; and Life is not a travesty

As some would think. Each thing is made complete,
Regardless of its shape. Some laugh and scorn—
And mock and jeer, whene'er by chance they meet -
A man whose back is bent, or who was born

Without some body attribute, and who
Is made less perfect in the sight of him
Who thinks he is much better made. What do
They mean? The eye of man is not more dim

Because the head in which it lives is twice
The normal size. The mind is just as straight,
The soul is just as pure and free of vice,
No matter what has been the body's fate.

When thou wert born, thy hands were clinched and closed
As if they held the secrets of all Life.
They did. For several years that secret dozed
Contentedly in thy small hands. But strife;

Which thy dumb elders made and which thou came
To make a part of thy sweet self, unclinched
Thy hands to grasp for wealth and worldly fame,
And death found thee with open hands, and pinched

And parched of countenance. Whence did they go,
Thy wealth and fame? Ah, Man, thou ne'er didst own
Them; they owned thee. And thou forgot to know
The POWER which was thine. And hell was sown 7

And reaped by thee. Man's mental drunkenness
Constructs these hells, and fills them full with those
Who don't believe as he, but his address—
Is never found. He's safe. He thinks he knows

The only creed. Remember this, My son,
For it is true: The men who persecute
Are more times wrong and have more evil done
Than those they forced to wear the victim's suit.

We meet in life as lovers, friends. We part—
But does that parting signify farewell,
To never meet again? And must the heart
Grow cold—alone in death? How does Man spell

Eternal Love? Why does he choose to play
With these unfathomed words; with patterns drear—
Fill Love's deep cup? Today's the day.
For Life and Love are far too sweet, too dear,

To ponder on another state beyond.
To live; that is the thing. Love's fine rewards
Are found in loving—being loved. Despond -
And "Will it last?" but stifles and retards

A love that might be fine and full. Why drown
Thy love in doubting tears, or float thy heart
Away on waves of moods, or be the clown
Who: laughs with pain, or make of Cupid's dart -

A searing blade? This is not sanity;
'Tis but a senseless, atavistic state
Which Man accrues through selfish vanity.
This jealous, doubting love, 'tis naught but hate

Disguised as Love. They are but attitudes
Which man's objective mind doth form to please
A shallow character. These zany moods,
These pessimistic realms, these doubts, which seize

The mind and heart—they mean not love. No kin
Is man's true self to them. The fault of man
Doth lie in thinking that the love within
Is but a flute on which an awkward Pan

May play discordant notes. Some men yet teach
That ignorance is bliss. 'Twas never so,
Nor will it ever be. For man to reach
The highest state of love, that one must know

The highest state of piety; and these
Are gained by Wisdom's path. None other way
Is there. It takes a thousand ologies
And languages to give Man words to say,

"T Am." Don't sit and idly dream, but learn
And train thy mind to contemplate with ease;
For puckered brows and staring eyes don't earn
Much dividends. Be pliant like the breeze.

All men are what their concepts be. Attempt
Much if thou wouldst do much. What dost thou hold
In mind as treasure great? Doth it exempt
Thee from the levels high, or doth it mould

Thee in the higher plane? If thou dost store
Up little thoughts, they will not add to make
Thee great, but will subtract from thee far more
Than they can add. Man's little thoughts ne'er take

Him to a larger deed. But greater thought
Invents those little deeds which count the most
Thy choice is all thou art. What hast thou wrought
In life, and what thy aim 'mid all the host

Of things to do? If thou dost ask, "What is
The Infinite?" then build on this: Reach high
In mind and KNOW. He who thinks his lot is
Above humanity but thinks a lie.

For in reality he is below
The man he thinks he is above. O Man,
Thou art most fortunate if thou canst know
Thou art no worse than man. The mortal plan

Of mental artistry doth daub and paint
My Face with such imperfect shades that I
Am often lost to view. And then complaint
Is made that I am hid. Who mixed the dye

Which then discolored Me for man? Have well
In mind Perfection when thy mental brush
Doth pass along the canvas, or a hell
Will breed its ugly form, and thereby crush

The weak conception of a harmony.
Give to thy mind Encouragement. It learns
With ease, and ask not too much Why and Why.
For why more often meaneth Not, and earns

For thee a clumsy consciousness. The soul
Is that which is, and was, and e'er will be,
For it can't Is, if it ne'er was, or roll
Into Will Be throughout Eternity,

If it ne'er was nor Is. Let happiness
Be not a drug which makes false images,
Nor advertise thy bliss in pride's dull dress.
Let man keep to himself that joy of his,

If he would keep it his. The one who shouts
His happiness from stump, with glee proclaims
Himself the happiest of men, but routs
That happy state. Why dost Man give it names,

This sacred happiness of soul? If he
Is truly glad with life, to analyze
And say, "Look, here I am; no one can be
As glad as [" is but a paradise

Of fools which never did exist. The one
Great fascination of mankind is found
In thinking true, good thoughts. How high they run
Depends not on the smoothness of the ground

O'er which they run, nor on the force behind
The thought, but on the sweet desire to aid
Someone, somewhere, somehow. Man cannot find
Good fruit on scrawny trees; the fruit is made.

Whene'er the seed is sown. And in the grain,
The little seed, the mighty tree doth rest.
Select the seed and sow with care, and rain
Of love will grow what thou desireth best.

When thou hast sown a thought, leave it alone
And let it grow. It knoweth how. Nor pull
The infant plant to see why it hath grown
No faster from the earth. All things are full

Of growth. 'Tis on all sides of thee. But thou
Canst never know the why of growth. Don't waste
Thy life endeavoring to find the How
Of life, for I don't know. And man can't taste

A thing unknown to Me. Growth simply Is,
Like all the other laws of life. Keep free
From mind these things called personalities.
Love man, but do not bow to him; nor see

In man a different god than is contained
In water, sand or leaves, or smoke or air. «
Be calm and peaceful, and thou wilt have gained
Solution for thy problems. For the prayer

Of peace lets Cosmic Mind take from thy hand -
And mind thy obstacles. If thou art tense
And worried now, thou canst not understand
One thing; and thou dost build the prison fence

But higher still, and add more problems to
A mind confused. I am to thee what thou
Dost think thou art to Me. What thou dost do
Thyself is greater than the deed. To bow

In prayer can never add to Me, for I
Can ne'er be added to. But thou canst be
A greater man by it. Forever try
To hear thy inner-voice and try to see

The wisdom of the silent mind. It knows.
"Tis wide awake, though man doth sleep; and when
Thy mind hath felt and said the Word, it goes
Through space until it finds its goal; and then

The one for whom the thought was made must take
The thought unto his soul. He can't evade.
The WORD, e'en though for years he tries to make
Himself immune from light. When thou has prayed—

In silence, still, that prayer is never lost;
And more than one may it give strength, The: Whole
Contains the parts. Wouldst thou be whole? The cost
Is but the mystic union of our Soul.

Part IV

ARJUNA:

O God of All, thy voice I hear in peace.
My Soul doth take Thy words with knowingness
My doubting darkness is dispelled. Surcease
From pain of mind hast Thy pure blessedness

Brought unto me. Though I have mortal eye,
Thou Highest One, canst thou reveal to me
Thy FACE and FORM? Doth human sight deny
That holy privilege? If this can be,

Pull back thy three-fold veil, O Thou Divine,
And let Thyself—Eternal God—be known.
I need a sight of Thee, that I may mine
From that great quarry of Myself the stone

Which will complete Thy house in me. And with
That block in place, thy house complete, I will
Attempt to hew upon the monolith
Of Space Thy name in deeds. And up the hill

Of life I pray to bring with me, through faith,
Some struggling souls who are not sure of feet.
O God, Eternal God, whate'er thou saith
That shall I do: How may I be complete?

KRISHNA:

Thou canst not see with mortal eye, My Face;
Through sense alone am I e'er known to man.
Thow canst not know or find the holy grace
If thou forsaketh life. The only plan

Whereby a soul may know the ultimate
Is found in living all the planes of life.
To him who thinks he knows enough, the gate
Of Wisdom is forever closed. Let strife.

And tempest toss thy fragile bark. Let thirst
Make thee appreciate the cooling drink.
Thy soul can never know the best, if worst
Is never known. When thou hast found the brink

Of dull despair and plumbed its depths; when thou
Hast filled thine eyes with sorrowed tears, and hot
And searing winds of care have scorched thy brow,
'Tis then thy soul is born in thee. Let not

Thy daily actions kill thy Deity;
But let thy God destroy all the foes
Which thou dost carry in mentality.
Where are thine enemies, and where are those

Who seek to tear thee down? Where were the born?
Who sired the lot; who placed them on the field of ware
Why, Man, when thou didst sleep and missed the morn
Of Truth, they came to pass. Thou goest far

To kill a foe who never did exist,
Save in the drab recesses of thy mind.
They are not real; they never lived. The mist
Of ignorance gives birth to every kind

Of ghoul and fiend; and with thy high desire
Thy foes have fled. So, where were they? Life brings
To thee what thou hast brought to it. Aspire
To ever throw thy doubts away, and things

Of peace will fill the vacancy. And thou
Must know the earth and all its forms before
One glimpse of Me is e'er obtained. Think, now:
Could I be known, unless the things which pour

From Me are known? And thou canst only know
What I am not, and never what I am.
Through effort thine ideals will bloom and grow
Into realities. Thou shouldst not damn

A man or thing because of circumstance;
But let the tongue which sponsors curses learn
To sponsor prayer. See good with but a glance,
Nor strain thine eyes for wickedness; nor turn

To him for sound advice who flatters thee
In foe and friend alike My Spark doth shine.
Have only eyes to see that Spark, and be
The man to say a word of warmth and fine

Regard. Be true to life and thou canst know
No loneliness; and thou must learn to shun
Anticipated pain. And never go
Where trouble is, or ever be the one

Who wears his feelings on his sleeve. If thou
Wouldst wear a seamless robe, thou must weave it
From strands of spotless deed. Begin it now.
There is no better day. Nor e'er leave it

To birthless morrow's task. No thought is great
Unless the thought brings great results. Be sure
Thy heart is right when thou dost contemplate
A deed, and let its quality be pure

And filled with love of life. Man's greatest fear
Is not of death, but that his mind will learn
The Truth. What mental cowards these, who yea
On year hide from themselves, and with age yearn

To fly their prison walls and freely live.
A man is not a prisoner if he
Will to his sane and balanced conscience give
The right to dictate and authority

To judge. Man's conscience is the instrument
On which I play the Truth. Man is not bound
To Truth, but to a lie. That's where is spent
His prison days; and as each truth is found,

A lock is picked, a fetter falls, and then
He makes a step towards sweet freedom's field.
But freedom comes most humbly garbed. Few men
Will come to terms with law, and take its yield

With grace. They would defy the laws of God
And man, and make a show of sanctity.
And drab pretense is ever the short rod
By which he measures all humanity.

And man doth solve new ways to torture man.
Through dull complaint he then consumes his health.
And though his laws do have a justice plan,
He gives the power to artifice and wealth.

Ah! money mad. The carrion man doth pick
With tutored teeth the gold from each dung hill,
And drowns the Spirit Principle with sick
And palsied attitudes. His mind is ill.

And costive are the tapers of his mind;
But with expensive mental condiments
He buys a moment's appetite. Maligned
And cursed, abused and sore, with discontents

Of his own craft, he tramples majesty
Beneath the foot of gain. And on the shelf
His heart is placed, so that the imagery
Of good does not deter a loathsome self

From greediness. But snakes can never breed
Sweet nightingales. And conscience ever spies
Upon his conscious acts; and vultures feed
And fatten on his ignorance. He tries

To legalize morality; and thinks
With negatives, when all of life means Yes.
Words are the traps and bogs in which he sinks;
They keep him from perfection high. The less

He sleeps in virtue's arms, the more he dreams
Of mammon's leechy love. And like the sick
And invalid, wants only that which gleams
Of harmfulness; and to the SOUL'S edict

Of firm and steady pace, he gives no ear.
Good fortune is more generous than wish,
And virtue flows serene throughout the year
For common use. Fore'er the absent dish

Is most admired by him; he spends his day
In thinking of last year's caress, or how
He did a thing when but a boy. The play
Is ever in the PAST. The brilliant Now

Is for the useful minds. No time is there
For looking back. For all disease and shame
Is but the backward glance of mind. Be fair
And honest with the Now, and life will name

Thee 'mong the great. Philosophy should keep
Abreast with law. Why should man's brightest deed
Be followed by a dismal shame? The heap
Of bleaching bones on error's plain is mead

And meat which crams the gullet of mistakes.
Man should not question Me concerning this;
Man knows before he throws the stone or shakes
The dice that law doth act on law. Amiss

And twisted is the end if twisted be
The plan. Since to be punished is the crown
Which every erring victor wears. To see
And not to do earns for the man the frown

From life; and evil man doth e'er expect
The punishment which he deserves. When thou
Dost look at life, thou seest SELF. Neglect
To get revenge, for Truth does not allow

That thought. The wise revenge is to forsake
The ill, and it will die from lack of food.
Pretense doth stain, nor does it ever make
A cape of colored warmth. The dumb and rude

Neglected minds are bed and board for vice.
Roll up the curtains of thy house, and let
The light dispel the busy gloom. Entice;
Good thoughts to come and live with thee. Beget

No more the bawdy incubus of fear,
Nor nurse the mammae of a self-conceit,
Nor swill the toxic contents of a cheer
From aimless tongues. Man's book is so replete

With liturgies of every form that he
Makes most of them a lie by living them.
No thing was e'er prescribed but life. From Me
That life doth emanate. The diadem

Of life is Truth, and he who wears that crown
Must never part with it at any cost.
No rest for him who wears the Truth, but down
Into the depths or up the peaks, or tossed

By angry sentiments, he must go on.
Man's sole career, like Mine, is the pursuit
Of BEING what he IS; nor must he spawn
In mind one single thing that will refute.

What his fine soul has always said was true.
Be straight of tongue, nor fear the honest word;
For speech direct will ever slash and hew
The small, insipid talk away. When heard,

The TRUTH is often harsh to him whose mind
Is schooled in side-stepping. There is no path
Which takes the middle course—no wall behind
Which he may hide from TRUTH. True wisdom hath.

But one straight road; man must not deviate
From it. The bosky path of compromise
But shields a poisoned stake. Don't speculate
On that which is not workable. The wise

Forever do the right, because 'tis right;
And never for expedience. Be kind
To man, or leave the man alone. The might
Of mind thou canst not ever hope to find

In dumb theogonies, but in concise
And sacrosanct philosophies. Contend
Against the evil few who would revise
The world according to a moneyed end, °

For their conceit is but the choking stench.
Which is e'er wafted from a rotten heart.
This tragic ogre thou must kill and wrench
From every part of thee, or be the mart

Where thou art auctioned piece by piece to greed
Man cannot write his immortality
Upon a shining coin. Nor can he lead
The soulful lamb of sacrifice to Me

By aught but soulfulness. The suzerain
Of ALL is quality. No much or less
Is known by Me. I only know the strain
Of WORTH. All beauty wears the priceless dress

Of commonplace; but every single strand
Of cloth is spun from spiritual concept.
How fine the garb is what men understand
Of higher life and love. He is adept

In everything who knows the One of things.
Men teach more than they know themselves, and still
They know more than they teach; and Wisdom sings
This paradox in tune by tuning Will.

The light of Truth doth blind: e'en though i blinds
With brilliant flash, man doth more clearly see
Because his eye is purged of varied kinds
Of false and useless views. The tendency

To want the higher sight, to see the One
Back of the veil, is born in him. The world,
The splendid world beyond, the glowing sun
Of future life, is but the Here, unfurled

Before the eye of deep desire. Man sees
Himself and Me with the same eye, but few
Are cognizant of Me because they please
To live and seldom know themselves. The new

Is but another coat of paint. Men give
No thought to their inherent strength; they want
To plume and prink and by appearance live
In an opinioned world. They'd rather flaunt

A thousand make-believes than live a right;
Nor life nor death the fancied vision sends.
Their minds want it. They love their foolish flight,
And every mind its own delusion lends.

Through timely progress, urge becomes a man;
And though his palaces are in the skies,
His mind in reeking gutter swims. Nor can
He keep his head above the waves. He dies

The faster as he faster swims, and gains
Much speed, but losing with each stroke mo: ground
Than all his gain. Life offers and explains
To each a folly and a grace profound;

Yet simple is the way of life—one side
Contains the virtues and the other, vice;
One leads to happiness, both proved and tried,
And one to cold golgotha's avarice.

One welcomes life and multiplies the best,
And goes with law and loves the All of life;
The other hates and with subtracting zest
Defies the law and loses all to strife.

O Man, hast thou no eyes, hast thou no heart
To see and feel thy suffering and all
The tribulations which have been a part
Of thee and thine for centuries, the pall
Of sickness and disease, the useless load
Of stones and images beneath which thou
Hast labored 'till thy very blood hath flowed
From ruptured veins and sprayed the preciot Now

With lost vitality? Life is thy friend;
It loveth thee, or else thou couldst not be
Thyself. Couldst thou but smile on life and send
Thy joyous SOUL to greet INFINITY,

Thou wouldst clasp hands with all the universe
And make ITS powers thine. But hateful frowns
And sceptic heart and nomenclature terse
Repels that Visitor of Space Who crowns

Each willing host with universal wealth.
But when man's hands are full of worldly things,
He does not think of piety. The health
Of soul is soon forgot if season brings

Abundant food and silk attire. But let
The seasons turn and pauperize his dish
And turn the silk to raggy shreds, and wet
Become his eyes with pious tears. His wish

And only want is to invoke the One
To show His customary kindness
On his poor, wayward soul. How quick they run—
These men who live the fool! How slow to bless

The gems of life, save when a dumb deceit,
Which they had planned for other folk, flies home
And roosts on them, and one by one the sweet
And beautiful slips from their hands. The gnome

Constructed for another man converts
Into a nemesis and chases them
To their pet deity. Such god deserts
Such foolish men. The priceless, brilliant gem

Of life is just as bright and priceless on
Adversity as on good fortune's string.
But man doth have proclivities to pawn
His higher self, with fattened purse, and fling

The stub away. The time will come, nor doubt,
When man will cease to strive to bargain with
His inner self. And this will come about
When man knows God as not a handy myth.

In the dark well of sickness and despair,
Those concupiscent enemies of sane
And normal life, in any alien pair
Is health and happiness. Mind is a bane

To him who is so weak that he can't stand
And look life in the face and know that all
Is formlessness in form, The witless band
Together, vending witless wares in stall

And booth to witless customers. Unlike
The mystic tree, they spout profanities
And wave their arms in public place and strike.
The prayer block heavily, that him who sees

Will think them pious men. But SPACE-BORN TRUTH.
Is never loudly spoke. The tree doth say
Its paeon in sweet harmony. Uncouth
Farragoes never break its song, or play

A moment's part in the chromatics born
In silent majesty of sound. When in
This world of manifested life, the horn
Of conscious duty penetrates the din

And sounds the call to arms, wise minds will drop
Their race entanglements and form in line;
And by their unity mow down the crop
Of fears and mental parasites who sign

Their names as mortgagors of men. These souls
Must practice caution, for the world resents
A thinker in its midst. The storied scrolls
Are red with persecution's blood. Offence

Of deepest dye it is for any mind
To prove man's ignorance and high conceit.
It galls society to have its blind
Removed and have its artificial seat

Upholstered with reality. The fate
Of him who utters TRUTH, or damns the woes
With which men cloth themselves, is never late
In falling on the prophet's head. Expose

Contumacy and pique the smug, and he
Who is so bold and rude must pay the price.
Let him beware who scorns the tyranny
Of men and their incorporated vice.

Rebuke the frail unbalanced agencies
And crumbling walls with which opinion's house
Is built, refuse the tinsel pagentries
And false parades, and thou wilt soon espouse

Thy certain death. For if thou hast no use
For falsity, thou dost condemn the strong,
E'er present god of man. Take man's abuse
Or death.'Tis better to be dead than wrong.

The leper's bell doth cry, "Unclean; unclean,"
And man doth flee in panic-stricken haste,
When such a sound delineates the mean
Corruption of the flesh. Man would be chaste

In body, but he cares no whit how far
His mind disintegrates. The lepers ought
To lend their bells to stupid men; these are
More dangerous. For all the men untaught

Are far more menacing than all disease.
Get rid of ignorance, and TRUTH will free
Humanity of all its gyres. The seas
Of wisdom swallow the atrocity

Of fools and fools' diablerie. Seek peace
And happiness in other folk, but in
Thyself strive for perfection; and thy lease
On happy life will be renewed. To win

The world with but the logic of the mind
And shun the understanding of the heart
Is but to lose. O Man, be not thou blind
And deaf. Be not thou cold and live apart

From mystic splendours of the Soul. These warm
And never-failing laws of Space would bless
Thee evermore. I but await the charm
Of thy inspired command to wear the dress

Which thy desire dost plan. Thou must achieve
The finer concepts; they are not a gift.
Thy spark of life was given thee and leave
To choose thy course; but progress and the lift

Of mind is solved by thee, if solved at all.
Some men proclaim themselves as atheists,
And say that earth is but a whirling ball
Of accident. The deepest faithists

These sceptics are; they merely like to spout.
High arguments on non-essential things.
They usually are sound of health when doubt
Is most rampant. But such a premise flings

Itself away, when sons are born or die.
Ah, yes, they all believe in Me, and prayer
Doth move their lips when evolution's eye
Can't pierce the dark for them. The high-pitched dare

Becomes a meek, imploring text. To live
As though the world were made for naught but lust
And serve the SOUL to excess and to give
A finer part of self to vice and trust

This lie, but leads to death. The line of least
Resistance always has a noose in it.
And slaves to passions and to wrath but feast
Upon themselves. The meat which crowns the spit

And roasts before their eyes is but their SOUL.
They glut their appetites, and with base deeds
Buy wealth. Base wealth buys baser deeds; the goal -
Is but to satisfy prolific greeds,

And let their drunken minds loll in the sleep
Of mad satiety. And when the years
Count up the score of age and wrinkles creep
Into their flesh, they sob aloud, and tears

Fall on their breasts—great tears of penitence
For misspent youth. O, if they could but do
Their life again, how different would their sense
Of patterns be. How close would they cleave to

The verities. How diligent would be
Their work for self and human betterment.
'Tis ne'er too late to bathe with purity
Of heart the unclean man. A moment spent

In self-forgiveness opens many panes
Through which the light of TRUTH may come.—The face
May change with age and lose its smile, and grains
Of life may blur the eye and slow the pace

Of halting feet. These changes are but naught
To that horrific change which comes about
When man doth lose ideals. Deep lines are wrought
On souls, and only faith can take them out.

ARJUNA:

O Krishna, Universal Mind, I vow
To consecrate my life to Thee, and slay
Mine enemies at sight, nor e'er endow
One false precept with Self's good parts, or play

The fool in any act of life. My mind
And heart shall keep the faith which I have found,
And lust and wrath and avarice and blind
Concepts shall never grow within the ground

Which I have given me to till. I know
The state of those who keep the faith and trod
Pure wisdom's path. Let storms and tempests blow,
I shall be firm and walk and talk with God;

Nor can the shouts of wrongsters desecrate
That sacred stroll and dialogue. From life
I want no thing but peace; from death, the fate
Of greater peace. But come whate'er the strife

I shall go on, nor tarry with the dumb
In sleep. For this, Myself can never be
Of use alone; my worth is but the sum
Of all the love I have and God in me.

KRISHNA:

Thy words are sweet. Would that all men spoke thus.
For all their ills and troubles would fall down
Like heavy cloaks from puny pegs. The muss
In which man finds himself, the idle town,

The worried countryside, is the result
Of loss or lack of faith. Some men, like thieves -
Form bands and groups, and through their secret cult
Steal treasures from their souls: and each deceives

Himself by vending stolen gems to flesh.
Be-not a dupe of such duplicities;
Take not from self, nor let thy mind enmesh
Thee in the wilderness of rights. He sees

With truth who sees no rights. Life never gives
Man rights, but every privilege is thine,
To use but not abort. The dullard lives—
With strings attached to him, and they entwine

About his feet and neck and bind him to
A tiny plot of quaking ground. Hear Me:
There is a food which brings thee life anew,
Which makes thee still, yet active like the sea,

Which cleans the body of its aches and pains
And soothes the mind of burning wants. Unrest
And grief, unhappiness and wrong and banes
Flow from experience. I will attest

To this, My Son. I promise thee, nor can
I e'er retract, that all the peace of Space
Shall come to thee, if thou canst be a man
Of faith and deeds. Thou must by faith erase

False ordinance, cupidity, and hate.
Thy intellect must so be tuned that thou
Canst understand reality. Nor prate
That thou dost know, but show thy brothers how

Life's tasks are done—what must be done and what
Must not be done, what binds and how the soul
Emancipates itself. The firm, the rot,
Must find division by thy hand. The Whole

Must be perceived by thee. The unity
Which runs through All, the ever-working laws
Of Space must claim thy mind. Immunity
From death thou wilt attain, and in the Cause

Beyond Effect thou wilt find high estate.
With all thy soul trust Me; and as thou wilt,
Then act; and let thy house reverberate
With cheer. For with thy SOUL'S desire is built

A ladder to the skies. Remember these,
The makings five, which go to every act.
First is the force, and then the agencies;
And next the instruments. Fourth is the fact

Of special efforts; fifth, the God. What deed
Soever mortal doth, e'er by the five
'Tis done. By claiming Me, thy soul dost read
Thy passport to the holy realms where thrive.

All things SUPREME. Hath this been heard by thee
With mind intent? Hath that which bred thy pest
And trouble gone? Art thou steadfast and free
Of flesh in flesh? If so, in joyance rest.

ARJUNA:

My doubts have fled away. I now am free,
No more to lose my way: I see behind
The veil of manifested things. The Three
Are One, the perfect parts of Perfect Mind.

Publication. *The Psalms of Krishna* (Phoenix Press, Los Angeles, 1933).

BOOK TWO | *THE ORACLES*

Stage II | Chaldean and occult cosmology, 1933

Dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. Gustav Lang

Author's Introduction

All beliefs, Pagan or Christian, and all sciences, physical or mental, owe their genesis either wholly or in part to that division of our globe which we call the Orient. Out of that vast, densely populated area have come the three principal departments of the modern man's thought life—religion, art, science.

We have succeeded in breaking up that trinity into countless isms, cults, sects, creeds, and denominations; and for the most part, about all we have really done is to have turned our halls of science and our houses of worship into hotbeds of meaningless argument and debate. This condition is easily accounted for: homo sapiens, nee Cyclops, insists upon doing about everything he can either to destroy himself or to find in his wintry years that his anticipated palace of ease and happiness has been metamorphosed into a cold, melancholy hut, wherein he is forced to live, covered with the ashes of regret and frustration.

All this could be changed very quickly, if Man would allow himself an hour or so each day of quiet and contemplation, which those calm, great minds of ancient, beautiful Chaldea permitted themselves: It has been very fascinating for the author to be in the presence of those masters of old; to hear their words chanted in the only majesty of music, Sincerity, as they gathered in their temples to revere, to adore, and to serve their gods through the dictum of Reason. Clearly they saw; earnestly they strove to better all humanity. Free of the disease of war, they gave their lives on the altar of Endeavor. We are amazed at the scope and profundity of their minds only when we attempt to see them through our own fogs of crass externals. We must feel with them.

The students and they who know will easily understand these truths of the Cosmos, contained in the Oracles of Chaldea. The profane minds and the ignorant will see nothing, hear nothing. However, the author did not translate for the skeptic and the professional scoffer. His sole aim was to bring these ancient Universal Truths to light for the benefit of him who has eyes to see. How far he has succeeded in presenting the wisdom of Chaldea to our modern world rests entirely with the reader.

Richard Carlyle
Los Angeles, California
October, 1933

Monad—Duaad—Triad

Not of this world or growing plane
Or Lunar Gods or Manus class,
Nor laggard astrals of the vein
From which the dead are born to pass

Where the paternal Monad lives
The Mother Matrix, Father Mind,
Begets the holy Two, and gives
The knowables and highest kind

Of ultimated Self—With sparks,
And glittering with nascent codes,
With intellect and sectioned marks
Which spread into the Raa abodes

Of radiating spheres. To rule
And smooth the unsmoothed Cosmic Sea,
The Triad, Son of Dark's bright pool,
Shines in the world. And o'er this Three

God One, the Monad sits. From here
The ordered and unordered start;
The given sections, segments rear
Their positive heads and speak their part.

The Mind of Mahat, "that" and "this,"
Said into Space that "All is Three."
The form of Chaos, by the kiss
Of Mahat, bred the Cosmic Tree

On whose soul-substance, pious boughs,
Depend the ages, time, and place;
The biographic "thens" and "nows,"
And incidental scenes in Space.

The Three—and seven times the First
Of wisdom, virtue, verities—
Multiscient Roots like star shells burst
Upon the Self-hood's eth'ric breeze.

And from the Ideated "I,"
Pre-cosmic I and I-Am-Ness,
The Hot and Cool Breath brings the Tri
Through Duo's One, the Never Less.

The unity which Man must know
Is found in each of all the Three.
The First is sacred, but to go
Between the First and Third, and see

The multi-varied mattered womb
As that which holds the Things of All;
A prester, slower, not of gloom,
But of the glowing, fiery ball

Which flashes in and out the World
Of cavities. And from the Beam
The multi-beams extend their pearled
And jeweled hands in Cosmic Stream.

Publication. *The Oracles* (Phoenix Press, Los Angeles, 1933).

Father Mind

From out the single, sparkling stone
He took the myriad perfect beads,
And Fohat sprang from Him alone—
From will to be. Nor seed nor seeds

Were distant born, nor fire shut in,
Nor flame shut out; but concrete shapes
Of formlessness were made to spin
Eternal patterns on the capes

Of Shadow Mind. Ghost shadows made,
In motion placed; not in nor on
Nor o'er the dot. The dot is sprayed
Like hunted, hurried, fleeting fawn—

Conditionally. No point that's gone
Or reappeared in Universe.
The plans of All were perfect drawn;
The First to Second gave the terse

Command to whirl the spheres in all
Directions of the circles same.
And mortals in their slumbers call
The Second, First—which is no name.

The birth, the growth, decay of All
Is governed by the Law of One.
Mind flows from Mind into the ball
Of fluid Space, as Spirit spun

From sealess Sea. The Ideal Light
Which guides the planet Mariners
Was made before 'twas made by sight
Of Him in Him. And voyagers

'Tween Space in Space arc like begot
From flowered vigors of the Mind
Which brought the Union, Life. The lot
Are bound in burning bonds of kind

Eternal Love. The subtile broke
Its ties with solid form and raced
From “here” to “there,” and with each stroke,
Raced back from “there” to “here,” and traced

Its passage with celestial dew.
And every drop saw in its face
Dimensions of a world. And new,
From ever-new, staked out the Space.

To elements and worlds He breathed
A deep paternal love, that they
Might e’er persist in love, and wreathed
And tender light. This is the way

And bound of Him who made the Fount
Of Intellect: He went not out,
But stayed within the All-amount
Of depth. Divinely fed from spout

And Adytum and Silence wide;
He is Arcana, yet clear sense;
Arcana, yet the Soul of tried
Past-perfect, present, future tense.

No power lost in mattered act;
Nor Mind deluded by the sign
Which mathematics’ factless fact
From spaceless Space and lineless Line.

Publication. *The Oracles* (Phoenix Press, Los Angeles, 1933).

Mind—Intelligibles—Intellectuals

From One to Three and Three plus Two
Plus Two—which turns to Four and Three
And into One Again. Thus few
Are countless—springing from the Tree

Of sensed Creator in the Mind,
Aspected from the unsensed dark
Of blinding Light. The higher kind,
Conditioned Four, contains the spark

Of Principles which grow to Gods.
The lower Three breathe out the pair
Called wretched or the happy pods
Which mortals grow in moments rare

And call them Fate. Some say the All
Most inert was—a mass of crude
And dormant stuff, which formed the ball
Of earth and other spheres. So brewed

The nebulae and planes, 'tis said
By those who think the outer man
The inner man of Man. And led
By dwarfed messiahs, boldly scan

The outer, not the Inner Throne
Of Inner-God. And liquid seas
From liquid acids came, 'tis known
By wiser heads. And hills and trees

In solid acid form were made
From jelly specks of Perfect Thought.
Eternal, unconditioned; braid
Of collectivity and wrought

From Him who never could exist
Without the Three, which, understood,
Do always understand. The mist
Of ignorance is but a wood

Made dense by seeing not beyond
The Mind and of the Mind. To know
The Force which moves Empyrean wand
And Itself moves Itself. To go

Above the Framer of the world
Into the Mind of Mind where spins
The Cosmic Weaver, and the whirled
And whirless Life—the “outs” and “ins.”

Who knows the super-mundane deep,
Paternal depth, knows certainly
The group which dominates the heap
Of dominating Ones. And see

With all the flowers of the Eye,
Made Third, the things which must be known;
For if the orb of Mind will try
Some parts of All will thus be shown—

Not wholly, All, for ‘tis a power
Of circumlucid strength and rays
Of Intellect. And guard that hour
Most carefully; it often pays

A glimpse of vehemence of Mind;
Then Thought is lost. The ample flame
E’er needs the ample glowing kind
Of measurements. Although the name

Is known and measured thus, the One
Back of the name is not revealed.
But mortal thought, when it has done
Unfixedly its task, the yield

Is unfixed, strong solidity.
The pure and lucid eye must e’er
Revolve within the Soul, and see
That empty minds transfix their stare

Towards the One of Three; for It
Is understood by all who pass
The tests. Each spark, each informed bit,
Each Monad of the Whirling Mass

Yields to the Mind and serves the Will
Of Noumenon, the pilot who
Conducts the whirl and wheel and still
Re-actionary founts. All through

The boundless Space, Entelechies,
Those morning stars, whirl on and on.
No rest, no sleep, no time for these
To foster selfish plans. They spawn

And breed subservience, and work
By reason of the Menace Whole.
And in the Ideated Murk,
The Two containing Life and Soul,

And Him, self-operating, framed
That which is framed. And Who first sprung
The hidden door of Self and named
His works the All. No old or young,

No death, no great or small, just Life
Eternal, everchanging. Yet, the true
And ever-same; for peace or strife
Doth change It not. Forever new

To man, these basic things of whirl
And spin, but never clothed with ought
But what IT IS to Him. Man's pearl
Of price, through impulse, may be bought,

And by a change of mind, decide
On other gems. But He can ne'er
Make change or trade, e'en though He tried
For He is All. And air is air

And sea is sea and earth is earth,
Though scattered much, there is a plan:
All Force to Them—MIND, She gives birth.
To be thus predicates the Man.

Publication. *The Oracles* (Phoenix Press, Los Angeles, 1933).

Principals

Ascending into lucid spheres
The many from the Three Tops spring,
And That which lies beneath appears
As Immaterials. The ring

Which unifies and weds them all
Is Understanding of the Works,
Disclosed to them behind the pall
Of darkened Light by Him who lurks

Beyond Chokmah and Binah, Who
Create the All at His request.
Man is Man-God in Nature, true;
In flesh, an animal. His best

And greatest Eye, the Third, was lost
When He discovered Pride. Then Man
Saw God no more; and that has cost
Him seership and strength to scan

The Universe with Open Eye.
Like Ferry-men, betwixt the shores
Of Works and Him, the Seven ply
Their given course with tireless oars.

The Seer of the Open Eye,
The Breath of Life, Wind-flame of Fire,
The Dharma of all things which lie
Beneath the emblem of Desire

Run to perfection with each new,
To Man, appearance. But with each
Prevailing show, the great or few
Are not beyond the fiery reach

Of fiery Principals. The High
And yet the Highest Self doth wield
The Five of Seven far and nigh.
The First made known and Six concealed;

Then Two are manifest, and Five
Are hid. Three brought to Light, and Four
Beneath the darkened blankets thrive.
Four now produce, Three in the Roar.

An Eighth of Four, and Four revealed;
Two and One Half in Chaos sleep.
Six born of Mass and Six to yield;
One laid aside. And lastly leap

The Seven infant whirling Wheels
Who owe their birth in sleepless Time
To each One of Themselves. The peals
Of Fountain bells ring clear the chime

Of First Self budded from the Seed
Of Budded Jynge and Cosmic urge,
Which Understanding Father need
Brought out the All in which they merge.

Publication. *The Oracles* (Phoenix Press, Los Angeles, 1933).

Hecate—Synoches—Teletarches

The Thunders roll from off His brow
Into the triple crystal womb,
Begirding fire and polar prow
With Presters of the Unknown Gloom.

To guard the Tops with Mind and Might
He mingled His own strength with Theirs,
And guided Them through day and night
Until They learned the Wheel of prayers

Inflexible. Hecate—'tis She
Who turns the Wheel and sheds the Fire
Of Life upon our world, Whose free
And silver bosoms never tire

Of breathing Life. Her shining face
Instills in Synoches the strength
Of potency. In time or place
They guard His works, the breadth and length

Of His disguise; for He doth bind
Himself with prints of Images.
The Teletarchs are known to Mind,
Along with that of Synoches.

And this Triad doth rule the Throne
With triple force o'er all the things
Symbolic of the "to be known;"
And fortifying with the rings

Of great variety, the ALL—
Corporiforms and that which is
Predestined shape. The blinding pall
Of solid Truth, which flows from His

Most sacred vowels, reverberates
Throughout the Three, whose echo spells
The forms and shapes, the strolling Fates,
The paradises and the hells

Of Man, who is the robot pi
Of geometric angle-hood.
Hecate, with Her night gleaming eye
Patrols the, fringe of Cosmic wood,

Providing food and warmth for They
Who know Themselves as Two of Her
And thus, the Three Empirics say
The sesame of wheel and whirl.

Publication. *The Oracles* (Phoenix Press, Los Angeles, 1933).

Soul—Nature

The firm decree of Nature made
The earth incline its shaking head;
And while its trembling body swayed,
The torrents rushed and seas were fed

With Man and works of Fourth Race, which
Had reached the summit of Its sense
Of life material. The niche
Was cleared for Fifth Race Man; the dense

And clumsy, gross, and mortal frame
Was given an Immortal spark
By the High Priestess of the Flame,
Who burned into Man's cross a mark

Symbolic of the Father Mind.
Protean products of Fohat;
Each Fohat in its sphere defined
As under-soul of Sat-Asat.

And Man is but a puppet soul
Attached to every knowing Star,
And Man can never be the Whole
Unless He knows what planets are

Along His path of progress, and
What natures they bestow on Him.
In time, each Self must understand
What Stars declared from out the dim

And distant alphabet of Space.
The great connection 'tween the Man
And yonder gleaming, whirling face
Is the revealing of the plan

Which is inscribed in tracery
Unknown to profane minds—the blind
Who stumble when their mockery
Uproots the balance of their mind.

Biography of Life is writ
In starry letters bold and clear,
And they are fortunate who fit
Their life through wisdom of a sphere.

Abundant, animating light,
Fire, Ether, Worlds—Triplicity—
Adorn the Bodies in their flight
With His sufficient mystery.

The shoulders of the Goddess hold
Exalted Nature's web immense;
Each strand a part of the foretold
Eternal Plan. Profound, intense,

The Soul doth go from Mind to Soul;
And then into the Body dull.
And on the ever-changeless scroll
Is stamped the rudder, keel, and hull

Of mortal ship of Fate. The Hands
Which guide these armored barks at sea—
Opaque and black to him who stands
On profane deck and aimlessly

Drifts with the wind and bothers not
Who holds the Wheel; but to the one
Who knows the course and gives his dot
In gratitude, the Masters run

Before him—known and seen and heard—
Unravelling the while the cord
Of silk, spun from the Sacred Word
Which He hath given to each Lord.

Publication. *The Oracles* (Phoenix Press, Los Angeles, 1933).

The World

The Maker, stirring with the goad
Of His resounding Light, brought out
From Self another bulk and load
Of Fire. Above, below, about

The World: Fire, Water, Ether, Earth
Were manifested in such form
As to express the active birth
Of Word in motion—perfect, warm.

The Worlds move on and on in Space;
And like the Pilgrims, are but winks
Of God's great Eye in that great Face
[One line is missing from the surviving transcription.]

And chains of Worlds which mortals see
Are bodies of the Seven-fold
And offsprings of necessity.
Cosmos, the imitating mould

Of Mind, allows all things to rest
Within the Bliss and sacredness
Of Being-not. The manifest
Is but the body and the dress

Of symbols planted in the World.
The Watches of the Seven Spheres
Through fiery Centers, spun and whirled,
And Sons of Manvantaric years

Are the real builders of the All,
Which we call systems and the Plan.
Learn not the fatal Name, nor call
IT wrongly, like the worried man

Who names IT anything, just so
His terminology may swell
With one more word. The true minds know
By feeling, but can never tell.

Our planets once were ether curds
Which floated on electric breast
Like unheard sounds and unsaid words
Or unfelt feelings of a zest.

And from these swelling bosoms spring
The Milk of Spirit, Matter sweet,
That the Eternal cycled ring
Would hold the number Three complete.

Without or with the ruling Gods,
Without or with the Universe,
Without the evens and the odds,
Space will continue to immerse

Itself in Space. The Sun which lights
Our world is but the Cosmic lens
Through which the primal rays and flights
Of fiery breath and impulse bends

In Cosmic curves to focus strong
The burning humour of the Eye
Of Him. The Elements which throng
The tabled elemental sky

Are not the Four-fold four in One;
They are the compounds quite apart
From those Four basic codes which run
The entire length of Cosmic chart.

The worlds are Microcosmic beads
Of Microcosmic I—as we
Are but the growing, budding seeds
Of our own Solar Cosmos, THREE.

Publication. *The Oracles* (Phoenix Press, Los Angeles, 1933).

Textual note. One line is absent from the surviving local transcription; the gap is marked because no scan of the relevant page has been located.

Heaven

"This is Thy present Wheel," said Flame
To Spark. "Thou art Myself and My
Clear image and My shadow frame.
In thee, Myself is clothed; and I

Have made Thee my Vahan, to that
Great Day "Be With Us," when Thou must
Become and re-become A—Sat,
Thyself and others—I. The trust

Of Builders having donned their first
And seamless clothes on Earth, descend
Most radiant. These Builders thirst
To reign o'er men and to them lend

Themselves by being Man." The Mind
Of mortals falters on the brink
Of eternity. Behind
That shadow, generatives drink

From lotus cup the fiery mead
Prepared by Self from Self, and each
Is but a part of Cosmic need.
And all must ultimately reach

The state of "little ones." The Whole
Is never lacking parts. And though
A billion planets toss and roll
From Cause to Form, the Soul will go

Serenely by—unaged, unworn
Toward the plane in Space where IT
Reveals to Self the brilliant morn
Of paradise in Cause. Years flit

On momentary measured wing
To that Eternal Sabbath when
The Spirits as Nirvana sing
Their melodies of Space. And then

Absorbed by Cause, Heaven appears.
Each Manvantara witnesses
The men of past becoming Seers
To teach, instruct the businesses

Of life to present Man. The reign
Of Seven Kings who come to die
In the thrice-altered, worldly plane
Are as the mortals, You and I.

The Earth which floats in structured air
Is peopled with great dragons and
Fierce demons which confine their lair
To every path of Man. The stand

Which every one must take is on
The grounds of these same demons, who
Obstruct Man's way. 'Till they are gone,
Man need not think of countries new

Or paradise, for Heaven is
Ne'er to be found while there remains
One single demon which is His
To kill. The Inerratic lanes

Of Stars; the seven firmaments;
Erratic animals; the Earth
Placed in the middle of the vents
And ventricles of fixed, Space worth.

The melody of Ether rings
In soft, symphonic Septavos;
And mortal Faustite primps and sings
His present Heaven 'tween his woes.

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Time

Time is a thing of steady flight
To Man. It is the lucid rod
With which he measures day and night
And distances 'tween him and God.

Time is to be what Time e'er was,
And spans all tenses in one gong
Of that round clock of Cosmic Laws
Whose chimes sing NOW, Man's only

Time is Eternity in parts.
Time was before Time came to be.
Time slumbers in the drowsy hearts
Of all the incidents of Three.

Both ends of Man's impatience are
Encumbered with the fearful weight
Of Time's unnotched and endless bar
Of "e'er too soon" or "e'er too late."

No thing but Time can e'er erase
The letters writ by Cosmic Hand;
No thing but Time can take Time's place
In All that Is or All that's planned.

Let mankind fret and mark his brow
With furrows made from cursing Time;
Let man fill up the Sea of NOW.
Each drop of man-sea turns to grime

In that eternal march which he
Must take along the progress trail.
And Time deals out impartially
A wreath of thorns or Holy Grail.

Man cannot change the changeless rule
By hurry, worry, aim, or strife;
Through such conceit the name of Fool
Is his through each succeeding life.

Play fair with Time, ye finite one,
And raise thine eyes to meet Time's gaze.
Until thy Fifth Race has been done,
Thou canst not have the larger days.

Be still, be peaceful in thy task
Of being what the Gods decree;
And fill thy Self with Self, nor ask
A station better than TO BE.

Publication. *The Oracles* (Phoenix Press, Los Angeles, 1933).

Soul—Body—Man

Towards the Light of Father Mind
Thou, Shining Soul, make haste to go,
For Thou art lusterless and blind
In mundane clothes. So far below

The state of Causeless Beam, so deep
In complex bogs, thy weary light
Doth waver, falter, brood, and weep
In melancholy's aimless flight.

HE placed the Mind in such a way
To speak the Soul. And in thy frame
The YOU of HIM and Thou doth say
How bright the vibratory flame

Doth shine. Corporeals are bound
But by effect. Divinity
Is Cause; yet each is always found
Within the Unseen Trinity

Of ONE. And for thy mortal weal
The silver thread doth not confine,
But monuments and brings the real
Of Unreality, divine.

Beneath the power of His thread
The "little lights" proceed. Let thy
Immortal depth and godly head
Predominate. Keep clear thine eye;

Stoop not down to a leaden world
Below which lies a faithless pit
And Hades black o'er all—Where curled
And squatting images lie, sit

In squalid huts. The craggy hole
Is filled with sightless, human things
Who wed the idle, breathless soul
Of perfidy, which sails on wings

Of Selfishness. That world doth hate
The Light. The winding currents flow
In opaque billows deep, and weight
The mental slob with "Never Know."

Seek thou the paradise which grows
In fertile fields of Soul. Howe'er
'Tis lived or served, the Life Flame goes
Back to the Fire and ONE CAUSE flare.

Thou mayest rise again if thou
Canst weld right action to the speech
Of sacredness. 'Tis not enow
To merely act. No one may reach

The summit of the given hill
By acts alone. Each part of Man
Must strive to exercise the WILL
In all departments of HIS plan.

A precipice doth lie below
On earth. Stoop not toward the Earth.
The ladder, seven rung'd, doth know
Its use. Make use of It for worth

And destiny. Do not expand
The Cause of thine. Necessity
Is quite enough to understand.
The Soul contains the Harmony

Of Space. Extend the fiery mind
To works of piety. Preserve
The body, flexible. Behind
The mortal veil and mortal curve

The Image rests. In every way
Toward the formless Soul, the reins
Of fire doth stretch. First in the play
Comes cogitative glow. The trains

Of mortals drawing to the fire
Shall have the Light from Him. The High
Are swift to sluggish ones. Desire
The speed with which the planets fly;

Yet stay within thy boundaries.
The Furies are the stranglers cold
Of humankind. Aside from these
The bourgeois lay waste with bold

And ceaseless stride. Yet, in these two,
Souls find much good and profit in
Their deeds. Let hope escort thee through
The fiery regions and the sin

Of lower life. Paternal Mind
Doth not accept Her pregnant will,
If She remains asleep. To find
Her Word pronounced—to wait until

She doth insert Paternal Sign
Into the sleeping few which He
Made fruitful by His Strength. The tine
With which the heedless gnaw the Tree

Is Passiveness. All men defile
Their heritage through dumb and weak
Contentment of their lot. The smile
Of satisfaction, pride—the sleek,

Fat mortals who live by the sweat
Of groaning, bleeding slaves. And men
Call this thing Progress. They forget
That slaves are kings in the Somewhen

Of Circled Time. The pendulum
Of Life swings slow—from slaves to kings,
From kings to slaves. All have to come
Into the said estates. Each brings

The strength or weakness of the past
To place it on the throne of NOW.
'Tis never what we are; the cast
Was made in Yesterday. We bow

Before the thing we were. We fly
The present life with something done
Or else we stay. Those who must die
To higher mount the scale have won.

But those who live in pride and think
Of present gain have lost. No man
May live in terms of gain and drink
The nectar of Immortal Span.

Like swine are they whose beady eyes
See nothing but the trough of swill
And catch no glimpse of paradise
In helping up the jagged hill

A blinded brotherhood. The plant
Of Truth is never on the Earth.
That which Man proves is but the rant
Of short expedience. The worth

Of all his facts may be summed up
In brief: he knows no more than that
All things must change. Man's shining cup
E'er breaks and spills the mead when fat

Of indolence surrounds the heart.
Man thinks the stars were made for him;
He thinks the moon, the sun, are part
Of God's grand gift. Man loves to swim

In seas of imbecility
And egoistic surf, and splash
The muddy waters gleefully
With smug, self-centered, greedy flash

Of splotched, bejeweled arms. The bride
Of Microprosopus is called
Malkuth the Radiant, a tried
And perfect mate who stands enthralled

Before the majesty of Love.
The Earth, the Sky, the All bewail
The fickleness which flies above
The central eye of Man. The trail

Which leads from Nature's "being house"
To Soul, to Body, on to Man,
Is swamped with monsters who espouse
The gainful, cheating, profit plan.

The inward eye sees best of all,
The inward ear hears sweeter sound,
The inward vocals give His call,
The inward heart from sky to ground

Beats evenly, inventive time.
No thing is made—'tis but transformed.
Subjective plane—eternal rhyme
Of sacring bell when Host is warmed

By song of Will, the chant, Become.
The Soul may leave or die through fault,
But Body would go on. The sum
Of works of Man are in the vault

Of astral man. Initiates
May plumb a depth; Dhyanis go
Beyond. For every spark awaits
The flint. Each spark, above, below,

Is not a God, nor is it God;
But All belong to what HE IS.
The Spark hangs from the flaming pod
By tiny threads from those of His.

Spark goes through seven Maya worlds;
It stops as metal and a stone.
It passes into plant and whirls
Through seven more, and stands alone

As Animal. From attributes,
Combined of these, comes Manu plane:
A thinker, formed from seven lutes
And One. Now, who completes the strain?

The five-fold Lha. Now who perfects?
Fish, Sin, the Moon, and Piety.
Who calls Man back to flaming text?
The Will Man WAS, and Will TO BE.

Each planet is a Self-made bead,
Strung on the great Soul-chain of Man.
The dead things live to know their need
And to avenge themselves. To scan

The AUM of Universe, the live
Must die. Aditi, Mithra, and
Varuna know the Souls who strive
To grasp their sacred Aumic hand.

They are the AUM, the holy Three.
They solve the problem of Man's square.
The One plus Three of Fohat's tree,
The numbered incarnations there

Depend on Them. Nesharmah Soul
Must live the seven times the score
Of seven, seven lives and roll
Them in the ONE It had before.

The Liquor Vitae of all SPACE
Flows from "the Not-Self Will of Dot.
The fetus held in thought-spun lace
Grows later in the matrix, hot

And glowing with conception's hue,
Tells what the man is, great or small.
Adepts in flesh are mostly through
The earth-bound run; and nearly all,

Unless they choose, live in the White
Metropolis among the known
But unseen gods. For still, the night
Must cloud their eye until they've shown

Their Cosmic worth. Then they are free
To learn the names unspoken by
The Nature tongue—the names we see
Writ boldly on the inner sky.

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Demons—Rites

The sons of Isis, sons of Eve,
The glowing Demons are. E'en though
Of angry matter, still they leave
The stumbling Chrestos with a show

Of good. The genii hold the key
To Spirit-hood for Atom-Souls,
And Cronus aided by the Three
In Man, writes on the Temple scrolls

Of Self, the name of Epaphos.
Chitkala, furnisher of All
The Principals, gives out to those,
Possessing Eyes, the fiery ball

Of Knowingness. Sometime the race
Will procreate a multitude
Of Epaphos, without a trace
Of Python, Typhon, Loki brood

Of races born in sweat. When we
Speak often to the ONE, we will
Discern that which we speak, and see
Theoi in our midst. The ill

And ruthless "ones" ne'er lived before
Man's pride—his lust, his twisted hate.
Nor will they live when higher door
Is opened in the Man. The fate

Of Man is stamped before, above
His eyes. Nor shall the stars or moon
Shed guiding light; for Greater Love
Has all the light It heeds. The noon

Of Cronus comes to Man when He,
Through transmutations of his Soul,
Performs the sacred Alchemy,
And from his apex lifts the bowl

Containing gold of Self. The Earth
Is always whirl; and Thunder speaks
The name of All. Invoke the birth
Of Images, but not Self-peaks,

For Man must not behold the Throne
Before He passes through the gate
Of Adeptship. Man must not own
Inventions frail and inchoate,

And think them strong enough to see
Him through the wilderness of Life.
Proemial humanity
Must first take off its coat of strife.

Change not barbaric name or site,
For these have come from Him. When thou
Doth see a sacred fire in flight
And without form, make quick thy bow

And prayer of reverence. Have ears
To hear the Words of Fire; have eyes
To see the yellow flash. The spears,
White-hot, must pierce the heart which lies

Beneath the deepest depth of Man.
Be willing to serve as the lyre
On which They strike the chords of Dzan,
The Book of Fohat, Soul of Fire.

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Glossary

ADITI—Ruler of Space.

ADYTUM—Sanctum Sanctorum.

ARCANA—The unravelling of Nature.

AUM—Most sacred Word; formed from the initials of Aditi, Varuna, and Mithra.

BINAH—Female consciousness.

BOURGEONS—Genii.

CHITKALA—Guardian Spirits.

CHOKMAH—Male wisdom.

CHRESTOS—Man.

CORPORIFORMS—Mundane things and beings.

CRONUS—Time.

DHYANIS—Reflection of astral man; archangels.

DUAD—Logos; double-sexed.

DZAN—Sacred stanzas.

EMPIRICS—Those who see beyond Externals.

EMPYREAL—Center of All—T. G. A. O. T. U.

EPAPHOS—Christ.

FIFTH RACE—The present race of men.

FOHAT—Cosmic Messenger; Life.

FOURTH RACE—Atlanteans.

FURIES—The evil begotten by ourselves.

HECATE—Moon; counterpart of Jehovah.

IMAGES—Ladder of Being.

IMMATERIALS—Spirituals.

INERRATIC—Fixed.

JELLY-SPECK—Non-nucleated.

JYNGE—Point in Space Will.

LHA—Five-fold.

“LITTLE ONES”—Divine Pilgrims.

LOKI—Fallen angel.

LUNAR GODS—Melita, Melitta, Telita, etc.

MALKUTH—The earth.

MAHAT—Cause of All things.

MANU—The “Word;” Being; Book; Author. (Esoteric).

MANVANTARIC—Age or cycle.
MAYA—Light; illusion.
MICROCOSMIC—Human.
MICROPROSOPUS—Eternal Matter with all its potentialities.
MITHRA—Fire-goddess.
MONAD—Breath of the Absolute.
NESHARMAH—Pure.
NOUMENON—Essence.
PILGRIMS—Divinity in mortals.
PRESTER—Priest.
PRINCIPALS—Aspects.
PROEMIAL—Incipient; unfinished.
PYTHON—Fallen angel.
RAA—Kingly.
SAT-ASAT—Be-ness; Absolute.
SEPTAVOS—The sevens.
SPARK—Containing the Soul.
SUBTILE—Corporeal; earthly.
SYNOCHES—One of the Trinity.
TELETARCHES—One of the Trinity.
THEOI—Gods.
THREE-TOPS—Aspects of the Trinity.
TRIAD—Trinity or triangle within Cosmic Circle.
TYPHON—Fallen angel.
VAHAN—Vehicle.
VARUNA—Ruler of Water.
VOWELS—The mystic utterances of Brahma.
WATCHES—The immortal benefactors of Nations.

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BOOK THREE | *DEMON GREED*

Stage II | Depression satire and social prophecy, 1934

Illustrated by Leonard M. Davis

Prologue

The rain had ceased and all was quiet,
Except the silence of the night;
And dark, dank, dismal clouds drew 'round.
The night grew loud with silent sound,
While all around me deep and dark
Were ghosts and ghouls—dead, naked, stark.
My body left my burning eyes,
And fears and Things which souls despise
Were forced into my chambered skies
And settled there like bloated flies.
So there my mind and soul did stand
Without the strength of body, hand.
And soon there came to me a horde
Which carried heads on dripping sword;
And perched on high a Vulture spoke
And with each word, each doleful croak,
Ten answers came from blood, black red,
Where none should be—for all were dead.
These ghosts and ghouls by millions came
And lighted earth with spirit flame,
Until assembled millions sat
Upon my eye, which was the mat.
My mind's eye cried in anguish loud,
But mocks and jeers rose from the crowd,
And din and shouts were hurled on high
In hopes that soon I too would die.
And seeing that this could not be,
Their dance of Death so weirdly
Was then begun. And, oh, the dance
Of long-dead bodies in a prance
To music from death-sodden breasts,
And wails and moans from ripe dead chests
Broke from the throng in eerie time
To beat of feet in funeral rhyme.
The dancers tired in ages then.
And from a grave in slumber glen
Arose a Chief, from death still young;
The signal for the feast he sprung.

A pot was brought—ten thousand deep—
And from drab Death's incumbent sleep
Enough of flesh from crypts was heaped
To serve these dead when it was steeped.
Around the pot the spirits ran
And fed the fire with living man.
So high the flames raced on the bones,
It carried to Heaven mortal moans.
Slow vapors rose on night's black veil;
And lustful growl and hungry wail,
With insane laughs and sordid glee,
Swept Hell and Earth in mockery.
A million years this feast they sung
And bred their kind and ate their young
And piled the crumbs between their thighs;
And staring, sightless, lidless eyes
Sought out the mortals whom I knew
Had all been quartered in the stew.
A headless, armless, aged host
Addressed the throng—that evil host—
And bade them drink a reeking glass
To all the gods of higher class,
And to the lower, jeering gods
Who sat among them with their rods
Aglow with virgin scalps. They drank
From out a hollow, ulcered shank
A fitting toast to every soul
Which some day will fall dead and roll
Into a wormy grave. This toast
Is what they gave, "To Mortal Host,
May life most virtuous be for you,
That Hell may have surprises new;
And when you die, die with the prayer
That thee and thine will be the heir
Of gleeful pain throughout the span
Of all Eternity, where man
Or maid with inhibitions gone
Can find a mate to practice on."
The night grew loud in early dawn,
The spirits left their filthy spawn;

And dead whore-mongers, death-made whores,
Fled to their graves and closed the doors.

Part I

'Tween earth and sky in midnight's darkened hour
When time that was evades time yet to be,
When Man and Beast were shackled by the power
Of cycled sleep, there came from out the sea
Of star-strewn Space a Monster, ghastly made.
His rush of wings, which spouted flame and smoke,
With roar horrific deafened earth and flayed
The virgin rest from weary minds. The choke
Of flame, the searing heat, the cyclone rush
Of fiery batlike wings so huge filled all
The earth and sky with sound. The evening hush,
Thus raped, sobbed low beneath the weight and pall
Of this great monster who had come from out
The dim and distant, quite forgotten past
Of Man, to fill Man's day and night with shout
And roar of Greed and egocentric blast.
Upon the back of this destructive Shedd
There rode a being clothed in somber black,
And in whose pale and pulseless hands were fed
The reins which steered the monster's fiery track.
Above the Driver's head a fork'ed blaze
Ran round and round. The writhing, yellow flare
Brought out the evil, sickly, horror rays
Of his white face, which once was ruddy, fair.
Like breathing embers glowed His darting eyes,
Burned in their sockets; and terrific glance
Raced here and there throughout the Space-made skies,
Bisecting all as if with white hot lance.
And on His frozen lips a shadow smile,
More cruel than the most imagined fate,
More deadly than despair and far more vile
Than Hell, and still more terrible than hate.
"On! On!", He cried, "Still on! On with a roar
And endless rush! Above the worlds and planes
That long have fled in dust and are no more;
And o'er the heights of worlds to come. Take reins,
My monster! On! Still on! Nor pause with love
Or pity or regret for these poor fools

Who call themselves Mankind. With mighty shove
And heave push them aside and all their rules
Of brotherhood. Up! All ye forces which
Are destined to pronounce the fall of Man.
Up! Follow Me in conquest great and rich
Reward. On! On! O'er beauty and the span
"Of mortal life. With crushing arms and heel
Blot out all tenderness and truth. For I
Avenge and I destroy. Ye forces feel
No sympathy for Man; through us they die.
Arch enemy of God am I. What's more,
I am the rack on which Man's bones and flesh
Are tortured to insanity. Implore
The fiend in Man to grow more wide the mesh
Of Hell. The realm of Hell grows deep and wide
Praise be to Man who makes this groaning Hell!
Praise be to weak and shallow minds which hide
Behind self-righteousness! For these minds spell
Success for me. I count my treasures in
The ever-breeding spawn of human lust
And avarice. I breathe and live in sin,
And I rejoice when each man breaks a trust.
"My lungs are fed; I thrive on deadly gas
Of human Selfishness. The men of these hard days
Are food and sustenance; and as they pass
Along the line with theft and grafting ways,
My brain and heart are glad, for then I see
My aims and plans fulfilled. The seeds which I
Fling here and there take root and grow to be
The lives distorted. Death and tragedy
Stalk all Mankind. Ah! If they knew, how quick
The change could be. But no! I will not tell;
They know. Ambition made them weak and sick,
And only that same force can throttle Hell.
The women too, my dainty morsels be.
Brute beasts and blind, they snatch at every lie
I offer them. Rejecting life, they see
How far their whims can take them 'fore they die.
"Ah! yes, I'll give them their well earned reward
For like a blight my greed shall settle down

Like a deluge and smother them. The cord
Shall tighten as they wear dishonest crown
And strut like peacocks, feathered fine and proud.
Whoso would scour the air and scorch the earth
Must run the road of all desire and loud
And vain steal from the land that gave him birth.
With Me, come run this road of all desire.
I promise much, and all that is is Mine.
Come, ye dumb fools, I need ye for my fire;
I promise paupers' graves and lives of swine."
The Monster flashed along through foaming skies;
And as It flew, vast phantom-forms pursued
Like rolling clouds. The mournful shouts and cries
Of lust and greed flowed from their lips and strewed
The earth from end to end with deep despair.
The fairness of the world grew black, and flames
Of sulphur quenched the sweetness from the air.
The phantoms, wearing bold their countless shames,
Enticed the now awakened, gasping Man
To follow them and leave behind the fight
Which honor bound him to. And on they ran,
Exploding with their shams the Truth and Right,
The two God-given gems. And in their place
The demon Greed displayed the gems and beads
Of worthless paste. And on the tortured face
Of Man a tortured smile appeared. His needs
He thought were greater than the Truth and Right;
And if he pledged his small estate and made
This greater wealth from this new friend, he might
Live on in ease and then buy back or trade
Part of this new-found wealth for those small heaps
Which he so foolishly had counted All.
Why, others day by day, with bounds and leaps,
Were growing rich as Midas; and the call,
"To richer be" played in the shallow minds
Of Man. And one by one, in bands and mob,
They flocked to Him who uses all the blinds
To seem as friend, but always comes to rob.
The forests dropped like fragile, leafy brakes;
The mountains crumbled into pits and holes;

The seas and rivers, waterfalls and lakes,
Dried up, and black and muddy water rolls
Across a land bereft of half its charm.
In place of wholesome, green, and pleasant fields,
And leafy woods where once the sunlight warm
Streamed through the fronds and drew on waving shields
Of pillowed grass the coat of arms of God,
There rose up cities walled like prison room,
Poled thick with chimneys, belching smoky rod
In murky black into the hanging gloom
Which hid the restful skies from hungry eye.
The cities crashed and roared with splitting noise.
Bewildered men near flooded markets die,
And others near to death dream when as boys
Beneath a Heaven clear and from the earth
So warm and friendly each and every want
Came from the sod, and rich in health and mirth
They lived. And now their starving eyes and gaunt
And hollow frames stamp on the pavements cold
A print of Man confused and whipped by Life.
And City, heedless of his plight, takes hold
And draws him deeper in the maws of Strife.
Ten million hammers, gongs are deadly tuned;
And hum and crash and roarings never cease,
And solitude and health and rest are pruned
From every tree of Life and limb of Peace.
The wailing sirens mock the prayer of him
Who kneels a moment in his self-made cell,
And words to Deity float to the dim
And murky ceiling of the Citied Hell.
On, on, into the countless cells of stone
And mortar flew the Demon Greed, and urged
The vast and hurried crowds into the cone
Of mighty whirl. And mortals leaped and surged
Like swirling leaves clutched in the fatal grasp
Of raging storm. "No time to breathe—no time
To think—no good to serve—no time to gasp
A word of hope!" the Demon cried. "Begrime
"The face of useless God! Forget that God
Exists, and have your own wild way; nor fret

Your life with honesty. Be not the clod
Who trusts and loves and lives to have regret
Eat out his foolish heart. Curse all the marks
Which Man's false Truth has made, and have your way.
Your path is mine, and he whoso embarks
Upon My path shall be resolved, I say,
Back to an embryo of worms and apes.
And none shall rescue him. No! No! Not one
Shall wear again the honest hats and capes,
Or see the manly stars or purpose sun.
The Seven Angels of the Judgment Day
Are sounding loud their terrifying horn,
And who shall stop those tragic notes or stay
The thunderings and cataclysms born
"When Men desert the precepts of their race
And worship Mammon in the place of Good,
When lies and hatred change the heart and face
Of Man to stone, like petrifying wood?
And who shall stop the tidal waves from seas
Made high and angry with Man's sham and fake?
And who shall start again the living breeze
Or soothe the tossing world from the earthquake?
What hand will stay the world from that disease
Which theft and selfishness will bring? Where will
The force come from that halts the worst of these,
'White Death,' from turning all to Corpse? The ill
And famine and bloodshed will strike all earth
When Man has sacrificed the final store
Of those two legacies of his from birth,
The Truth and Honor. Death for evermore!"

Part II

The scorching breath of greedy, selfish flame,
The killing beat of ceaseless driving hail
Made ashes of the verdant grass. With shame,
Laid low, dismembered pious trees; and frail
And blackened stumps were left to mark the graves
Where rest the murdered beauties of an age.
And flowered hill and rounded knoll, like slaves,
Have bowed beneath the lash. And every page
Of history is writ in blood; and wars
Have called the best of man from field and bench
To slay their paper enemies. And stars
Have glittered on the coats of them who quench
The all-consuming thirst of Greed with blood
Of him who had no hate. The plots of ground
With crosses and the countless tombs of mud
But tell how much to Greed Mankind is bound.
The sun, the moon, the day and night are rolled
Into one blackness by the clouds of smoke;
And Man's dull eyes are bursting with the cold.
His lungs filled hard with soot do wheeze and choke.
"No more the virtues," cries the Demon Greed,
"No hopes of Heaven nor a sacred thing.
Blot out fraternity and all the seed
Which might grow into trust or faith or spring
From seed into a tree of Love. And turn
All honor into filthy rags for fools
To wear upon their mangy backs. And spurn
The hand of friendship. Spurn the hand which cools
"The fevered brow. Make Gold your God! Make Gold
The pulse of life! Make Gold, Gold, Gold the high
And inner altar of the heart. And hold
In mind no other thought; and keep the eye
Steadfast upon the yellow pile. Fight—steal
For it; and hoard it up. Eat—sleep with it;
And hug it to your breast and know the feel
Of universal wealth as bit by bit
The glowing discs slip fondly through your hands.
And let no man or thing obstruct your way.

Kill—die for it. Exploit all the lands;
But get it! Find it! Grab it where you may!
Make friends but for one reason, that to be:
For bleeding them of every drop of wealth,
That they may add to your own flowing sea
Of yellow curse. Be sly and practice stealth
“In every deal. Wreck families and throw
Your blood and kin off of the scent through gift
And luxury. Don’t let them ever know
How you obtain your gold. A breach or rift
Between them would retard your rapid rise
To greater hordes of bursting bags. For they
Inspire the confidence of men whose eyes
Are slow to see the subtle, cunning way
Thieves have of hiding ‘neath the skirts of wife
Or smiling face of babe or daughter fair.
Secure this confidence of man, and knife
Him in the courts. For once you get him there,
He has no chance to fight. The ten-cent wits
Who sit as jurymen cannot conceive
Of greater sums than those pathetic bits
Of change they jingle in their jeans. But grieve
“At his sad loss, and keep the church content
By regular and padded offering;
And give to poor, nor let the mass lament
Too much the useless, ruthless slaughtering.
For once aroused, they’d cram your stinking gold
Deep in your throat, and raze your citadel;
And hang your leechy frame out in the cold.
Don’t let them starve too much, and all is well.
I give to you my millions pressed in packs;
I scatter it among you, as a rain
Of great destruction falls upon the backs
Of fragile roof and breaks the house in twain.
Build with this gold; build more than human need;
Build to the sky, and in the grumbling bowels
Of earth build on; and let the Demon Greed
Wield fast the bricks, the stones, the nervous trowels.
“Build far and wide, and let the empty home
And factory give testimony to

The culture of mankind. Let paupers roam
Before these idle shells, and shout to you
The sweet, idyllic words, 'Thief, thief!' Let these
Words spur you on to greater deeds, and build
Until the useless piles withhold the breeze.
Build on, until the very sky is filled.
Buy with this gold. Buy all there is to buy.
Monopolize on everything, and raise
The price and let the users dumbly die
Or purchase it. What matters, if it pays?
Put up your souls for sale at any price,
And hire your bodies to the pleasure bent;
And gamble with your gold. Let card and dice
And money marts play fast and loose. Invent
"New games to fleece the stupid mass. Evade
The rightful tax and plunge your nation's name
In bogs of periodic slump. I made
The law loop-holed and complex for your game.
Pursue the bleating lamb with stocks and bonds
Of worthless issue. Float your watered share;
Pollute the streams and economic ponds
Of life with over-estimates. And dare
Cyclops to raise a hand. Sell on, you fool!
You blind and selfish fiend! For Hell contains
A thousand devils to assist and school
You in the art of vice. Laugh at the pains
And gnawing aches of independent men
Who find their business closed and bankrupt through
Your complex maze of mergers. Keep your pen
Filled full of ink, and sign your firm's name to
"Just any money making deal within
The law. The Constitution has no clause
Against the Octopus. If rights begin
To howl at you, I'll make evasion laws.
Sneer at the Truth. Drive bargains hard and fast.
Defeat all justice. Snatch the mask away
From virtue; let it cover vice. The past
And honor shall not mean a thing today.
Drug Conscience. Feed and fatten on the lusts
Like jungle animals, until the sore

Of voluntary sin corrodes and rusts
Your soul. Pay no attention to the roar
Of discontent. Your gold can ease the horde
Of bitterness. Come, learn from Me such grains
Or wisdom as shall forge the two-edged sword
Which means your sordid end; and all your gains
“Shall serve as molten lead in which to boil
Your evil carcass for eternity.
Come, learn how wealth, devoid of honest toil,
Is made. Come, learn more of my trickery.
I shall unlock the under-mysteries
Of nature. Secrets of the upper ones
Shall be made known. The dark ways of the seas;
The strength of tempest; fire of all the suns
Shall be as playthings in your hands. And you
Shall bend the lightning to your service, and
Destroy and maim and burn the millions who
Are yet too weak or dumb to understand;
And like a gopher you shall hollow out
The ground and delve a swift uncertain road
Through it in proud security, and shout
In glee your fancied artistry. The load
“Will be too great, and then the crumbling tons
Shall fall and make for you a fitting tomb.
Then, as each rock is added, all the ones
You’ve killed shall make more hideous your gloom.
The cities, those huge pens of misery,
Shall totter, slip, and crush you in their fall;
And each great heap of steel and stone will be
The epitaph of men—misguided—All.
Ah, yes, and not content with more than much,
Your vanity shall seek to bind the winds
And chart the courses of the Gods, and such
Unnecessary things ambition finds.
The skies shall know your rigid wings, as Speed
O’erpowers sound and sane utility;
And from your veins the tireless Demon Greed
Shall suck the last drop of tranquillity.
“Come, tie your pigmy chariots onto
The swift and circling trailer of the sun;

Come, in conceit and vanity pursue
The stars. Into the flaming vortex run,
The flaming vortex of perdition made
By the accumulated fires of Greed.
And fed by fagots gathered in the shade
Of pride of name and so-called human need,
Entire Creation shall rejoice to be
Thus cleansed from the pollution of your breed.
And Space shall breathe more easily when free
Of every symptom of the fiends which feed
Mankind into the drooling jaws of vain
And senseless, egocentric thing, Acquire.
For God has sworn to give to Me the train
Of those who have rejected Him. My fire
“Awaits the rushing horde. The caldrons boil.
The tables, where Man’s conscience is to hum
Hell’s feasting song, are set. The devils toil
In sweat. The promised Gift of God has come.”
Still faster, faster flew the monstrous blight,
And meteors flashed red along its course.
The phantom shapes which followed in the flight
Were milled together in a mob of hoarse
And yelling entities. The multitude
Flew on. The bright and gleaming stars fell thick
Like snowflakes caught in Winter’s blast; and rude
And cruel were the sounds, and loud the click
Of gnashing teeth. Fierce was the laughter—loud
The shrieks and groans. The curses black, the knells
And screams of tortured souls; while through the crowd
Came bleeding sobs from those caught fast in Hell’s
Great trap of death. The monster urged his wings
To greater speed; and like a scythe laid low
All human life and all the growing things
Of earth, with fiendish sweep and heartless blow.
And as the Fiend drove on with racing stride,
Great sparks of Hate flew from His darting eyes.
The smile—cold, hard, and merciless; the pride
Of conquest playing on his lips; the cries
Of gloating ecstasy from steed and Him
Who drove were horrible to see and hear.

The men and women writhing on the dim
And smoking earth below. The bier on bier
Of children trampled in the maddened rush
Of insane feet. The steaming, black-red streams
Of human blood. The slimy lush and slush
Of rotting flesh. Through all, the piercing screams
Of agony. On, On, the Demon raced,
With speed increasing and increasing roar.
And blood of selfishness was spewed and traced
Upon the bat-like wings in dripping gore.
The Demon, clothed in black and crowned with fire
And white of face, sat stone-like on the Shedd;
Nor glanced to right or left. His one desire
Was stamped indelibly in words of red
And bloody lettering. He dashed along
O'er heaps of ruined towns and countryside.
Consumed with greed and loosed from Hell to wrong
The heart, the mind, the soul of Man, He cried,
"Down with your thrones and forms of government!
Make haste to bond your life and peace of mind;
Make haste, and wreck your homes with discontent.
Despoil, degrade your institutions; bind
"Yourself to foreign pacts, and sub-divide
Your earthly paradise. Make private gain
Your only goal, and let the ones inside
Derive all benefit. And let the rain
Of debt and mortgage fall upon the head
Of stupid multitude. They're used to it.
Almost immune to pain they are, for bled
And trimmed by every wolf of wealth they sit
In silence, while their judges read one more
And still another verdict of a dumb
Indifference. The history and lore
Of human mass, the whole and total sum
Of womb-born man may easily be scrolled
In simple words: Man has not faced each fight
With zest or strength or courage as is told
In dodging and evasion, or in flight.
"When crisis comes, the shock is far too great
For spineless creatures who have grown so rare

From pampering that e'en the smallest weight
Of sacrifice is more than they can bear."

Part III

The appetites of fiends incarnate grow,
As day by day the fundamental laws
Are broken, and the basic values flow
In reeking sewers to the gaping jaws
Of egocentric clan. And sweating slaves,
Mistreated, labor on up jagged hills,
Bent low and bleeding from the lash of knaves
Who stand in silken hats and satin frills
Along the way to urge the limping dogs
Toward the distant peaks of riches great.
The killing load of coal and grain and logs
And kilowatts and everything which Fate,
Or God, gave Man as sustenance and free
Is placed in vans, in cars, in trains, on boats,
And drawn toward that Hell, the Exchange Sea,
And dumped beyond the reach of hungry throats.
“More Progress, Progress,” cries the Demon Greed;
“Rush on, rush on, mad world! Rush on with Me!
Let every shame be yours, nor plant one seed
Of decency. Nor pay heed to the plea
Of trodden man. Let shady politics
Guide nation, city, town, toward the brink
Of utter loss. Let groups and sets and cliques
Control your common destiny. Don’t think
Or try to think of Commonweal. Let woe
Prevail. Let want prevail. Let greed enslave
You to the drug, Acquire; and heave and throw
Your sickly bones into a bankrupt’s grave.
“There is but one dull end, and hasten we
To reach that end. No halting by the fence
To gather blooms of thought. No eyes to see;
No hands to pluck the fruits of Common Sense.
No pause to lift the heart or mind or eyes
In thankful prayer toward the firmament
Where countless spheres ‘white-way’ the azure skies
In beauty such as Man has never bent
To mechanistic will or glow. The stars
Sail on their courses to God’s sheltered ports

With purpose flags unfurled from solid spars,
While Man speeds on—with time to waste, cavorts
And breaks his masts, when unaccounted gale
Meets him asleep and unprepared. And tossed
By waves of circumstance, Man's ship so frail,
And now made rudderless, counts up the cost
"Of storm and wreck; and finding that it takes
His surplus Will and Nerve he never tried,
Grows cold with fear and like a coward quakes;
And like all cowards, dies a suicide.
No time to listen to the rippling notes
Of birds of Hope, or to the merry stream
Of sweet refreshment heed. Into the moats
Your balanced self must plunge, and let your scream
For help die on your vulgar lips. No time
To hear the murmur of the grasses cool,
Which wave in wondrous fields of peace. No chime
Of tolling bell will reach the headstrong fool
Who pledged his all for yellow bars of gold.
No time to stop—no lull for quiet breath—
No rest for whirling, burning brain. And rolled
By tide and waves of lust, the longed-for death
"Comes not, for death would end the mad careers;
Nor would it pay the debt Man owes to Man.
The fool must live, and in his wintry years
Repay that debt with loneliness; and scan
The whole wide world for friends He never finds;
And memories like searing knives slash through
His sleep and rest. And reminiscence binds
Him to a creaking chair, where hot and new
E'er flowing tears of pained regret drip down
His parched and cracking cheeks. The daily bath
Of tears, the dimming eye, the whitened crown
Of hair are part of Greed's long aftermath.
Up, Up, and ride with Me all who would reach
The goal. Come, fools of avarice; come, blown
And bursting windbags of conceit. Come, screech
With Me the tuneless song—the hollow moan
"Of dull pretension, Vanity. Come, ope,
Ye greedy maws of gluttony, ye tongue

Of lies, ye beasts of vice, ye fiends of dope,
Ye prostitutes of lusts bedecked and hung
With vanities. Come, false and tricky heart
And fingers light. Come, subtlety—deceit.
Dear demons all—come ride with Me; and thwart
All good in Man. Come, dumb pretenders, bleat
Your holiness; ye thieves of virtue who
Give Charity to poor with your right hand,
And with your left cheat every friend, and do
Your neighbor out of house and home. And bland
Of face and firm of voice, proclaim to God
That it was ‘business fair.’ That little phrase
Conceals the busy worm. In every growing pod
From spring to fall, from fall to spring, it plays
“And gnaws the very core from sound and sane
And honest business intercourse. The crew
Of excess profits sail the bounding main
Of human sweat and blood which ‘fairness’ drew.
Come ye who gamble with a Nation’s name;
Come ye who scatter hate among the mass;
Come ye who foster war and sow the flame
Of fear, mistrust, so that your favored class
May build your War Machines and stud frontiers
With strutting soldiery. Crowd all the seas
With armoured hulks. Let forts and stockades rear
Their ugly heads above the dignities
Of peaceful earth. Begrime the pleasant skies
With belching smoke from roaring bombing plane,
And build great corps of trained and sneaking spies.
Devise new ways to slaughter and to rain
“Destruction on defenseless heads. Make gas;
And incubate and breed the hungry germs
Which blind and choke and make the helpless mass
A mess of pottage for the eager worms.
Build up your armies; let their tramping feet
Kick out the dollars of the rising tax;
Let soldiers fat and healthy time the beat
Of jobless brother, starving, and who lacks
The shining gun to patriotic seem.
Take farmers’ horses for the cavalry,

And draw from life the rich and witless cream
Of youth. And make your insane pageantry
A Nation's pride and joy. And nail the flag
Most firmly to the mast and on the trees
Which line the avenues, for banners sag
And droop—but not from want of helping breeze.
“They fold in agony of shame to see
The land o'er which they always proudly flew
Break faith, and sing ‘My country ‘tis of Thee,
Sweet land of Liberty (of favored few).’
“The rulers of the earth can't realize
That great and costly armaments but tell
How deep the sore, how soon the Empire dies.
For armament is but the path to Hell.
There is no trust behind the bristling gun;
There is no faith in men who close the door
And set a price upon a Nation won
With honest hands by those who came before.
A show of force is likely to reveal
A rotten spur. Faith is the only thing
Which makes the nations strong. The blatant squeal
Of pigmy statesmen n'er can hope to bring
Together families, unless each first
Puts right his own. Then by example show
How it is done. So long as nations thirst
For blood, how can a single nation know
That faith won't work? Not one has ever tried
To build on simple love and honesty.
To prove it, let the weed-choked ruins and dried
And wind-swept stones of ancient kingdoms be
The silent judge. Each race has hewn and built
Upon the bones of long-forgotten dead,
And each has added to the crazy quilt
Of time another monument which said,
“Here lies Mankind who failed because he thought
That happiness and love and worthwhile life
And honor could be traded for or bought;
That pillage, rape, and sabotage, and strife
“Were substitutes for peace and harmony.
Here lies Mankind, another race and breed

To blot a page of honest history—
Here lies Mankind, a sacrifice to Greed.”
“Come, all ye drug-fed vampires. Come, ye fiends
And whining slaves to poison, grasp My heels
And cling. Take pipe and needle. Let your scenes
Of doped illusion grind in endless reels
Of mockery. Bow to the hungry drug,
Whose hot, prolific womb gives birth to dreams
Of shallow ecstasy. Caress and hug
The powdered fire. Adore the tiny streams
Of needled hate; and grovel in the dust
In pain, when Morphia deserts your veins.
Let bony, shaking hand betray your lust,
And painted eyes and nervous body pains
“Tell the unsympathetic world that you
Have traded soul and mind and cannot be
Responsible to life. And what you do
At all ‘till death must be inspired by Me.”
On—On O’er fragments of the Empires fly;
O’er hearts of Kings and Queens and President;
O’er lives of all—the brave and wise—the cry
Of death must sound. Greed must not e’er relent
Until the world in smoking ashes soars.
“Crush, trample down all life beneath the heel
Of Hate. What do we care for sacred doors
Or simple wights who pray? Ha! Let the wheel
Roll on, and grind them into dust, while they
Bow to their God on pious bended knee.
What do we care for God to Whom they pray?
What shall we do with Wisdom; what care we
“For anything—we who have done with God?
What is this purity—this courage fine—
This noble honor—or the rusty rod
Of discipline that mortal men opine
To be so very good? Naught are these but
Reproach and bitterness. No more than words
Which men roll on their tongues. They like the cut
And make of them. Not one of all the herds
Makes proper use of them. To do and speak
Is very different. Men build their halls

And jam the seats and aisles with crowds of weak
And mindless mobs; and from the speakers' stalls
In flowered phrase the need for action flows
In scented streams. But knowledge is not free.
The orators put on their daily shows
And praise the virtues and economy;
"And while the opiate of words dead-weight
The brains of multitude, the speakers look
And smile and pass the contribution plate.
The crowds go home with empty pocketbook.
Mere obstacles along the path are these
Quaint words of public heroes who can flood
Their messages. But privately they squeeze
And choke and draw Man's democratic blood.
The common man wants to play fair. But where
Is there an honest book of rules? Where find
A judge not 'in the pay' to make a square
Decree? The House of Finance hides behind
All sorts of legal technicalities;
And Finance smirks and laughs up ample sleeve.
The doors marked 'Private' hide the trickeries
Where heartless experts take their wool and weave
"Deceitful patterns on a Nation's loom;
And while they plan and scheme in gilt-edged lair,
The jobless, beaten throngs weep in the gloom
And whisper 'tween their sobs, 'Play fair, play fair.'
On—On! to reach the destined end, rush on
With panting eagerness to win the goal.
Make haste! that every man may be a pawn;
And splash your greed upon his spotless soul.
On—On! to reach the last and winning post,
And bring with you your fat and bloated slaves,
Your fiends, your ghouls, and all who made the most
Of Greed... to end of certainties, your Graves."

Part IV

Like flashing blur, the fiery Demon spun
Along the blackness of the night. Around
The Monster, drifting phantoms race and run
Like great gray sails. With swelling blast and sound
They sweep the foaming Fiend through blackened Space.
“Have done with prayer and hope and love,” He cried.
“Be as the shifting sands which fast erase
A pattern once ‘tis made. Make change your pride;
And like the trembling Mercury, live on
In fickleness. Ne’er be at rest! Change—change—
Revolt! Revolt until all peace is gone,
Until the solid old have met the strange
“And new intangibles. All ye who wish
The old to die and be no more, all who
Are weary of the honored, time-served dish,
Behold—come follow Me, who want the new.
No wish shall go ungranted to my hordes.
I’ll pamper bodies, kill their souls, for vice;
I’ll make their pleasures great, for Greed affords
The foulest ways and means of avarice.
And men shall label this inhuman play
‘Sensations.’ Each will have his full desire
Of them to be excused, condemned, when they
No longer please the senses or inspire
The mind to wallow in debauchery.
No virtue shall be in the code or scale
Of feeling or of any sense. Be free
In vice and filth, and turn the Holy Grail
“Into a garbage pot for refuse vile.
Turn music to a wild, discordant clash,
And let the wailing sounds and blasts defile
All harmony. And fill your homes with trash
From shyster creditors who advertise
Their wares as standard brands; and when you buy,
They slough a sweat-shop product in disguise.
Through artifice and lying claims they try
To take legitimate and honest trade
From unsuspecting public purse, which ne’er

Investigates. And money ills are made
By public taking from the sound and fair
Competitor and cramming in the vault
Of greedy interests the money which
Should ebb and flow through honest hands. The fault
Is that it makes a selfish few quite rich,
“Instead of bringing comfort to the whole
Of industry. When Man supports a vice
Like this, he must prepare to pay the toll,
And in the end dish out ten times the price.
The love of home must fade from hearts today;
The sons must leave and shun the place of birth;
The daughters must be dizzy moths and play
Along the lighted boulevards. And dearth
Must crowd the lonely pair who sit at night
And stare into the singing fire to see
If they can catch a fleeting glimpse, or sight
The wanderers. All love for home must flee.
Nor hold in reverence the old. Blaspheme
The aged and trembling pair who raise a hand
Along the trail and revel in the dream
Of yesterday. Try not to understand
“The difference in age. But curse and mock
And jeer at them who are unable to
Keep pace with youth. Life’s speeding, racing clock
Will ne’er tick out white hair or age for you
Ah, no, Eternal Youth and Gaiety
Will e’er be yours. So mock and curse away,
And laugh at them who try to make you see
More sober paths. Live, laugh, and spend your day
In idleness, for winter will not come.
Make all respect for age a mummer’s jest;
Wear costly clothes, and call the man a bum
Who goes in rags so you are richly dressed.
Deride the bleeding hands which toil for you;
Hold father, mother deep in youthful scorn;
Don’t ever think what they have suffered through
Or of the freedom lost when you were born.
“Don’t feel the pain which sears their loving hearts;
Don’t see the tears or know the agony

Which bends them low when useless living parts
You from their dream of you—what you could be.
On—On! Change—change—Sensation is the thing!
Roll—roll—ye printing presses of ill fame.
Grind out your sheets of scandal-mongering
And notoriety. Spread wide the name
Of anarchist and courtesan. Revile
The spirits of the Wise and True. Headline
The murderer and thief. Bold-type the guile
Of loose society; and undermine
All honest sentiment and harmony
With lies and withheld facts. Print ‘extra’ page,
And smear the face of magnanimity
With blood and gore. Print large the great outrage
“And scream the deed in fullest detailed way
Designed to sell the filthy rag. And take
The little gangster’s photograph. But lay
Off little gangster’s boss, for you might make
Him mad. And that would never, never do,
For he has means as strong as Government—
At least it seems, the way he filters through
The hands of Law. Not often is he sent
To pay his debt to Man. And if he is,
‘Tis seldom for the streams of blood which go
Serenely on.” Those ruthless deeds of his
Could not exist unless those rivers flow
Through bribed and paid-off hands of public men
Who wield the stick and make the laws. There stands
The gangster real—there stands the thief. For when
The law is clean and firm, the bloody hands
Of gangsters can’t survive. We blame the crook
Who steals, the business head who robs; but we
Forget to risk a solitary look
At law, which made the opportunity.
Make crime of any sort a crime, and see
That criminals are treated so. Too long
Have we put up with crime; too easily
Have we passed by the type of men who wrong.
One paper makes great heroes of a gang;
Another in soft words condemns. Why don’t

They all unite to reach the pest and hang
His sordid frame and end the scourge? Why won't
They print sound news and ease the weary minds
Of men who'd buy the papers just as well?
Why can't they see that they help build the blinds
Behind which thieves and murderers plot Hell?
This is no time to add the fearful weight
Of scandal, theft, blackmail, and evil deed
To minds criss-crossed with complex problems great.
It's quiet and peace and vision clear we need.
By adding venom to the mind and tongue,
We but bequeath to our posterity
A spider's web, and live to see them strung
Along the net. And so the legacy
Is passed from age to age. And parents blind,
Have failed to realize that smiling child
And awkward youth must some day leave behind
Their infancy, and plunge into the wild,
Unchartered course of world events. They build
Their million dollar institutes, and stock
The shelves with countless tomes and books, and guild
The chapels to an argued God, and flock
To gloat o'er sons in cap and flowing gown
Who have not learned a thing but how to loaf
And spend their parents' cash. And some small town
Or city takes the graduated oaf,
To tolerate in idleness. But why—
The question comes—should this condition be?
What makes this tragic waste of youth, the cry
Resounds. Well, there are many things which we
Must bear in mind. Too long the world has cried,
"Success, success!" And weak has been the plan
Of moulding character. Few schools have tried
To build a youth into a useful man,
And most of them have been content to fill
The mind with folderols and educate—
Just educate, until the learnings spill
In foolish accent from the tongue sedate.
The schools take mediocre wood and try
To make a sturdy beam superior;

And on each campus, in the classrooms lie,
The lolling snobs who are inferior,
As founts of knowledge, but who would have made
The much-tabooed, the thing so seldom known,
A humble gentleman—had they but stayed
At home and thought and worked. That would have sown
A worthwhile seed. And struggle would have brought
A larger share of life, and that degree
Of understanding which cannot be bought
Or found upon a sheep-skin vanity.
Success is all that matters—not what use
To all humanity are we. No one
Will care how got—none will demand excuse
For means—if we have in the race outrun
The common herd and placed our names among
The idolized and sacred rich. Success!
What more can mortal mind conceive? What rung
Beyond this dream to climb? What more can bless
Mankind? Mass education does not ask
A thing but the enrollment fee per year;
It does not question what the student's task
In life, or the one reason why he's here.
Success is pounded into shallow minds
So much that few are armed to meet the fate
Of work; and when he leaves, the student finds
A pewter world and not the silver plate
Which education prophesied would be
Filled high with spicy, easy food. Ah, no,
The college or the university
Cannot give birth to mind; it can bestow
But little more than we brought in its door.
“Unfair!” the mass will cry. “Give us a chance.”
The masses do not seem to know that more
Than school is asked to better circumstance.
“Refuse to keep the noble things,” cried Greed.
“Nor aid the honest or the things of God.
Push them aside as beggar tribe who bleed
You of your ruthless sentiment. Nor nod
In friendliness at anything of worth.
Print every lie—grudge every truth—and let

Your trumpet-note be that of jeering mirth;
And lead the minds in devilry. Forget
Belief in God. Make Atheism king.
Turn churches into stables. Use the cross
For milepost, marking evil path; and sing
The hymns to God in parody. And toss
“The Ten Commandments in the fire;
For if the people practice them, the rule
Of wickedness would instantly expire;
For Greed can’t live where Man is not a fool.
Inflame competitors—set trade ‘gainst trade.
Turn nations into seething wars. Intrigue
The vanity of men. Let them parade
Like hoodlums in their parliaments.” The League
Of Peace designed through fear cannot withstand
The high conceit of him who grabs the reins
And drives the chariot. The iron-clad hand
Of power-maniac though short in brains
Makes up for this with soldiery, and drives
The helpless thoughtless Man before the spear
Of deep insanity, and turns the lives
Of innocents into nightmares. It’s fear
That makes men fiends like this, fear born in weak
Mentalities. Afraid that history
Will pass them by, they climb the public peak
To fall and plunge into obscurity.
Man cannot fight for peace and make it last,
For war decides all issues but the one
Which needed settlement. When men are past
The age of uniform and toy gun—
When peace means everything, and not a word
To shout when war has spent their last resource—
When ethics is the blood of human herd
And not a treaty debt which victor pours
Upon a vanquished back to make it pay
Indemnities—perhaps mankind will see
The folly of their means; the stupid way
They go about to find security.
Sometime they’ll come to know, when they grow up,
That peace and strength and love are states of mind,

And that security flows from the cup
Of friendship sweet, not from another kind.
And man plods on tired out with care and woe.
His back weighed down with doubt and bulky fear.
And lack of faith makes stumbling feet and slow
Recovery. He thinks the coming year
A useless fight—the present, even more
Than that. Afraid to stand erect and face
The simple foes which he has whipped before,
He listens to complexities, and grace
Is thus refused. Afraid of men and things—
Yet even more afraid of self—that lack
Of necessary confidence e'er brings
Him to his knees, weighed down. He tries to stack
The cards in Life's high game, but soon finds out
That dealing aces to himself is still
Another thing. And nervous hands in doubt
Throw all the winning cards to foe—until
Left with a measly pair, he tries to bluff
The knowing sharks, who call his hasty bet.
Then, short of chips and cards, and not enough
Reserve to play another hand, Regret
Slips in and bends him lower still. To lose
When we play fair is never quite so bad;
And if we know the game, we either choose
To play or not to play. The very sad
And tragic part is that some men work hard
Most all their lives at some small trade, and through
Economy and thrift they find reward
In healthy bank account; then, many do
The foolish thing by staking all their sweat
On stocks or shares in distant gamblers' pool.
Of course, they lose, as all men know. As yet
The games of chance are made to trim the fool
Who blindly bets. No home was ever blessed
By getting rich too fast. Nor is man's name
Raised to an honored height if he should wrest
An easy fortune in the gambling game.
No matter what the game might be; so long
As it's a game, it can't mean honest work.

So pass it by, Mankind, and let your song
Of freedom ride the season's breeze. And shirk
The gaming board, the dice, the cards; your wealth
Is in your family and home. Shun chance
And easy fortune as a plague. Your health
And peace of mind, your solid circumstance,
Is something that no gold could ever buy.
Be honest with yourself, and keep your mind
Content with slow progressiveness; and die
A painless, peaceful death. Nor leave behind
A pile of debts for progeny to pay.
For man's stupidity already claims
Their life from birth. The debts of yesterday
Must be cleared up by them. The list of names
To whom they owe their all shall ever be
A blot upon the heart of man. The list
Of wars in countless millions easily
Demands the greater sums. The strange, strange twist
Of alphabet which spells the useless name
Of charity comes next. No man can know
How much is doled out to that hungry flame—
A needed flame today; but even so,
'Tis but a wide deep mark against mankind
And his intelligence. Remove the cause
For charity. Let wheels of commerce grind
For common good. Observe the basic laws
Of life—for but a day at least—and see
How soon this debt is wiped away. Apply
A little common sense to life; and we
Can't suffer very much. To make a try
And fail in part is honorable. To live—
To be of use to man is fame enough.
To know that we can't get unless we give
Takes man beyond mortality. The stuff
Of which the truly great are made is but
The will to do the needed thing for man.
Such men can make a castle of a hut;
Such men will do the thing they know they can.

Part V

Strange though it is, mankind would rather be
A fat and bloated slave to some false god
Than be the king of Self. That deity
To whom he bows, with ceaseless push and prod,
Engulfs him deeper in the mire and muck
Of bondage—self imposed. Mankind has made
So many foolish gods; too much to luck
His mind has bent. Too much the old parade
Where spangles, tinsel, plume, and cape “fall down”
In hiding weak interiors. Too dear
The voice of bally-hoo, that fickle clown
Who squawks his praise into the public’s ear
Today, and by tomorrow glides away
To sing a different song. Too frail the thread
Which holds the crowd’s esteem. None wants to pay
The fiddler’s fee, but all desire to tread
And dance the steps of life. How bold the smile,
How brave the tongue, when everything is free;
But let the fiddler pass his hat the while
They prance and strut and glow with gaiety;
And like a dog, they droop their ears and tails
And slink away. Oh yes—free lunch, free wine
Finds all the shallow people on the rails
Of hosts who are not big enough to dine
Alone, but need the yowling mob to keep
Their ghosts away. And social climbers flit
From house to house with all their crafts and cheap
Pretensions. There they stand and there they sit—
Drab monuments on boredom’s barren grave.
The climbers with their silly compliment
React like drugs upon the hosts who crave
The sound of praise, no matter how ‘tis sent.
The earth has given countless stores for man
To use, and he has taken them and willed
Them into dust and smoke. The garbage can
In the majority of homes is filled
With food enough to feed a continent;
And yet the hunger cry continues loud

O'er all the earth. Mankind is not content
Unless he wastes; and some are really proud
To tell how they dump out enough to feed
A nation's mouths. It's hard to realize
In this presumed enlightened day the need
Which lives beneath the walls of much. It tries
The very soul to see the useless waste
Which day by day goes on with ceaseless stride,
To see the carts of spoiled food; the haste
In which man speeds to give his all to pride.
It pains the heart to see "success" destroy
The fine and noble nature of someone
For whom all men have worked, that he enjoy
The bounties of the earth. No man has done
The thing alone; nor can he ever say
'Tis so. Without the help of fellowman
No one may rise to any peak. In play
Or work co-operation is the plan
By which success is built. Let none assume
He got there by himself, for if Mankind
Did not permit the rise, the frosty gloom
Of failure would seek out and find
Ambitious man and keep him in the throng.
The human tolerance is very great;
But let the few beware of too much wrong,
For tolerance can easily be hate.
We've made a thousand gods, 'tis very true;
And some were fools and some were ruthless, cold.
We've idolized and worshipped some—a few
We've looked upon with fear and awe, and sold
Our rights as men to purchase grace. We've bowed
To them as founts of wisdom pure, and cheered
Them 'long the way. And we've been truly proud
Of them as fearless ones who hewed and cleared
And turned a forest dark into a great
Productive land. We've lent our blood and sweat
Without a word or frown; and any fate,
However harsh, was good, if we could get
Our gods to drop a shining coin or crumb
Into our calloused hands. We built around

Their sacred lives protecting walls; and come
What would, we never let them touch the ground
But kept them on their pedestals. No more
This foolish waste of energy, this loss
Of independent dream; for at the door
Stands Chaos for these useless gods of dross.
Adversity unmasks the mighty giants
And shows a dwarfed and sickly, twisted frame.
It shows what men will do in sheer defiance
Of basic laws, just so they garner fame.
It shows how dull and stupid mortals are,
When they allow these rapists to pursue
Unhindered every common need and mar
And slash the face of Common Sense, and strew
The land with want and famine and disease
Of mind. It shows how chisel-ized has been
The human race—how quick it was to squeeze
The wealth of earth, and lose the name of Men.
A man can make a prize of anything
By placing it in some steel vault; and so
We did. The bubble broke, and showed the string
Of pearls to be crude counterfeit. The show
Was ended. Dazed, bewildered men sobbed loud,
And wrung their hands in frenzied cries to see
Their paper wealth consumed. The clammy shroud
Of slump hung o'er the earth. Humanity,
En masse, which always pays, and on whose back
The burden rests, plods feebly on its way
Toward a place bereft of gods, whose black
Deceit brought on the weight of want which they
Must carry for a generation's age.
For thieves have always thought their vices were
But virtues in disguise; and if the page
Of destiny is not cleaned of the blur
Of these "successful" men, and if the heart
And soul and mind are not considered by
The leaders of reform, destruction's cart
Will haul away the race of man to die.
And piles of bleaching bones and skeleton
Will tell to endless time how chisel-ized

And heartless man, through ruthless methods, won
Naught but a suicide's reward, despised.
The breed who take the mellow dung; and through
The alchemy of high conceit, would turn
Out perfect gems, must pass away. The "New
Deal" has no place for them. "New Deal" must burn
With flames of honesty and truth, nor halt
Until the march of purpose ends with these.
"New Deal" must clear the nation of its fault
Of fake success and build true deities.
"Come," cried the Demon incarnate. "Throw off
Your robes of Right and Truth—up and away
To yonder realms of sharp, eternal scoff
And ribald mockery—where devils play
With mortal souls and vanquish them to dust.
The great bright Star of Heaven tumbles down
Into the pit, deep, bottomless; and Lust
Pervades the earth with deathly stench. The crown
Of Life has turned to brass. The gate of Hell
Stands wide. The pit is open. Up! Speed on
With Me! Let swords of fear and trouble spell
The end for Man. Take all the human spawn
"And mangle them between the stones of Greed.
Lay waste their efforts with philosophy
That might is right. Tell them their God decreed
That to acquire must always mean 'to be.' "
Like lightning now the Demon tore through Space.
His flaring crown of fire flashed fork'ed flame.
The roar of monstrous wings seemed to erase
All sanity. From the inferno came
Loud cries and shrieks most horrible. From peak
To peak of toppling clouds that towered high
Above, the Demon leaped. And on his bleak
And heartless face that cruel smile, so sly
And crafty, played. And presently it seemed
As if a thin, pale line of purple fire
In far-off distance glimmered bright. It gleamed
In brilliant hue; a huge, gigantic spire
Of dense, black ridge was seen and jutting o'er
A vast, unestimated depth of cold

And clutching horrorness. The Demon's roar
Grew louder. On, He rushed—On—On, with bold
And reckless speed. He of the sable cape
And flaming crown urged on the Shedd with wild,
Nerve-breaking shouts. "On with the fiendish rape
Of Life!" He cried. "No halt 'till souls are piled
In shameful heaps, and men snarl like a pack
Of rabid dogs. Blast all their love and make
Their lives a living Hell! Pour on their back
Woe after woe; and parch their hearts, nor slake
The stinging thirst with drops of faith. Crowd out
The last invigorating spark of hope,
And chain their limbs and blind their eyes with doubt.
Keep clean their guns of hate and death. The rope
"Of homicide must bind their hearts and souls.
Nor let them rest 'till they have cut and maimed
All beauty, drowned all peace. Wrap in the folds
Of hate that absurd thing which God has named
Immortal Life. Make haste to kill the world!"
Cried Greed. "Make all the world go mad with change.
Up in the air, down on the earth, the whirled
And flying, tossing molecules of strange
And insane storm. Behold the end of All!
Be patient now, for ye shall never stray
Again. Be silent now, the beastly brawl
Is done. No more in holiness to pray.
The cursing, laughter, tears are of the past.
Let hoarded gold drop from your fingers numb;
It cannot purchase aught. Now stand aghast,
And see your handiwork, ye mortals dumb.
"See every shred of culture torn to rags;
See graves and ruins; see your world decay;
See death and tragedy; see all your bags
Of robbers' wealth melt into Cosmic Spray;
And curse your fate." Was it worthwhile, think you,
This rush headlong, this useless grind, this thirst
For wealth at any cost? This search for new
And insane thrills, sensations at their worst?
Oh! Did it pay, this road to silence cold?
Was it worthwhile, this trade of light for dark?

This change from beauty to decay—this bold
And useless rupture of the arts? The stark
And mangled body of the Nation's dream
Lies rotting in the path of human strife.
The freedom which now hangs from selfish beam
Gives mute and lucid evidence of life
Gone mad with Greed. Sweet sounds of tenderness
And love for this still glow of hungry flame
Eternal which is never quenched. The dress
Of dull hypocrisy, the cloak of shame
Keeps not the cold from deadening our pride.
This gnawing of the ever-eager worm
Whose appetite is never satisfied.
This discontent which breeds the ghoulish germ
Of fire, starvation, famine, death, and woe.
The foolish way mankind puts all his trust
In "monied gods," and letting values go
Along with cash. Into the sterile dust
Of stocks and bonds, he plants the hard-won seed
Of life and waits for it to bloom into
A sturdy tree; oblivious of Greed
Among his gods, he hastens on with new-
Found strength to plant another crop, which will
Be harvested by his false gods. Mankind
Must realize that values do not fill
His money box. He must decide in mind
And heart all by himself just what life is
And what the values are. The thing man thinks
He wants and that which really counts is his
Great problem now. What merits work, what links
His life together, firm and strong; what gives
Him peace, what makes his heart sing, glad and free?
All this mankind must know if mankind lives
To make and write another history.
For he has burnt a wondrous world to light
Hell with its flame, and he has stumbled in
The yawning graves which he has dug to spite
Or wreck another man. He hoped to win
Security the margin way, and now
He finds himself to be the thief who stole.

But man's colossal ego won't allow
Himself to face himself. He thinks the goal
Can still be won if only he can catch
The other fellow off his guard. As long
As men with crafty methods try to match
The Law of Compensation, the sad song
Of loss and failure will ring out in harsh
And stinging reprimand. Again the world
Shall blossom like a flower from the marsh;
And ye whose soulless lives have been unfurled
From every mast of life, and which have cursed
And been an outrage on its sacred face;
And ye who squandered life and dumbly burst
The honest globes of light and truth shall pace
The pleasant paths of life no more. For ye
Are done. There is no place for fiends like you
Who disregard the soul's nobility,
And slash and cut all decency, and hew
The basic values down. Rejoice, O earth!
Rejoice, O sea!—to be thus freed of weight
And burden of Mankind. No more the girth
Of thorns, no more the pain of lust and hate—
Rejoice, O birds!—the spoiler's hand shall slay
Nor wound again. Rejoice, O trees!—the blade
Of the destroyer shall no more lay
Ye down to rot. Ye creatures of the glade
And glen, rejoice!—that treachery must die,
To never stalk the world in man's disguise.
Take back thy planet, O Great God on High,
Cleansed of a pigmy race of greed and lies.
Create a new humanity, for this is past;
Create a heart that beats with kindly throb;
Create a mind that thinks in terms to last—
The better terms, not bigger ones which rob
Men of their right to live. Create a man
Who sees his duty through the jibes and sneers,
The curses, jeers of man; and one who can
Do right regardless, and who has no fears
What neighbor's tongue will blab. Create a race
Who say what purpose is by living it,

Who need no light but that which crowns the face
Of honesty. Create no thrones, but sit
Mankind in humbleness. Let riches be
Computed only in the sterling deed
Which each does unto each, without a fee
Except deep gratitude. Create the need
Of human helpfulness. Nor give to none
More wealth than he can use. Make strong the will.
Save mankind from himself, and give each one
A measure which his entire life must fill.
On—On—along the ridge, the Demon sped,
With tongues of fire and roar of batlike wings.
The crown of flame played 'round His death-like head,
And from the Monster came the thunderings
Of hate. And then as if for one brief spell
Of Time's split second, paused the swirling Shedd;
And like a shadow vast 'tween Space and Hell
He stood; with gloating eyes surveyed the red
And smoking embers of a world laid waste.
Around about Him soared the countless forms.
Terrific phantoms milled in eager haste
To win the favor of their god; and swarms
Of other things were seen: some like torn flags,
Some like wrecked ships, and some like sceptered kings
And warriors bold, and misers with their bags
Of gold, and women veiled in tears. The wings
Of Demon Greed stretched out to north and south.
Beneath them shone a pale and helpless mass
Of faces white, upturned wild eyes and mouth
Agape with terror. Like a sea of glass
The world was still. All crushed together in
A mass of agony. No sound at all
Came from the earth—no sound except the din
And bedlam of the Demon Greed whose fall
Into the unknown pit shook starry Space.
On—On—and down; down in the fathomless
And mystic gulf he plunged. And lightnings race;
The thunders crash; a million echoes dress
The universe with shatterings. One cry—
One frightful human sob rose slowly on

The worried air. And then all motions die;
And silence—silence o'er a world that's gone.
Now gently, faintly, by degrees, a pale
Gold glimmer parts the heavy dark, and dawn
With waving arms of light discards the veil
Of black. A cool wind sprays the air, and on
Its breath a fragrance sweet. And in the face
Of awful hush a scarlet sun unfurled,
And wrote upon the flaming, endless Space
The wordless epitaph of a closed world.

Epilogue

An eon passed, and from the sleeping sphere
New life arose. Once more the sun shone bright,
Once more the earth was sweet, the skies were clear;
Nor man nor beast were fearful in the night.
All things had been re-born. Life held for each
And everything a meaning more than word
Could e'er describe. All had a goal to reach,
But not at the expense of common herd.
Each had been given ample stores of life
And principle. The goal was to return
That store unsullied with the stain of strife;
Nor let the fires of selfish reason burn
And spread its ashes on the face of love.
The new man realized that all that he
Could ever count his own came from above,
And called Intelligence. His life must be
Spent in an effort to attain the high
And noble place, the greatest thing of all:
To understand, to practice, and to die
A man of universal Truth. The call
Of ethics found the heart of man. He knows
That life can't be monopolized by him.
Life's not a product of his mould. It flows
To him from Nature's stream; and all the vim
Allotted must go back to Life someday.
These new men need no gold, for they aspire
To know, since Wisdom is the only way
To wealth; and they remember how desire
For gold made fiends of men. They hold no fears
Of Truth like many of the learn'd clan
Of yesterday, who let the absurd tears
Of failure and regret make fools of man.
The unseen powers always care for those
Who live by Nature's laws. What does it take
To dress the one who spurns the dandy's clothes?
How much to please the appetites which make
No claim for dainties or the spicy dish?
What tomes shall be required for those who read

The book of Nature? And for those who wish
No pictures but the photograph of deed
And kindly act, how can they be amused
Except by looking into Self and there
Discern upon the screen of Life the used
And humble play of character? What fair
Or dazzling scene is needed by the one
Who lives within the paradise of Soul?
What company is brighter than the sun?
What part is better than the Cosmic Whole?
The men of yesterday went science-mad.
They turned their telescopes on Cosmic dot;
They catalogued the rocks and bugs. How sad.
With all his sciences Mankind forgot
The one of living better lives. The child
Needs no instructor to explain to it
The use of mother's breast. How very wild
And absurd would the mortal be to sit
With books of botany and tell the cow
Which herbs were good or bad. The browsing sheep
Need no zoologist to say the how
Or when escape if tigers come. In sleep
Or wide-awake the timid sheep can tell
The signature of friend or enemy;
And genus *Felis* could not ever spell
A tiger. All the animals can see
The true, internal thing within the shell
Of animals. The faculty to feel
The truth about ourselves is Truth, and well
Beyond externals which become so real
To feeble minds. The most important stand
Which man must take if he desires to be
Spiritual, is for him to command
Himself. It can't be otherwise. For we
Must analyze and find what we can give
The world; nor be the vain and useless soul
Who wants the world to be a prize, and live
Apart from work. Like fishes in a bowl,
Some men have lived. They see the world pass by,
But feel it not. They judge each man by their

Viewpoint, and ne'er consider his. The high
And mighty bigots moaned the clumsy prayer
Of selfishness, refusing all the way
To place their shoulders to the Wheel of Life.
Thus they denied the God to Whom they pray.
While love for ease and selfishness was rife,
None could expect to know that inner well,
Whence comes abundance, happiness, and peace.
Nor could their greedy oracles foretell
Their end. No man may own or even lease
For long a thing obtained through wrong;
And re-born man knows that the great reward
Of life is to befriend mankind. The strong
Ne'er heed dogmatic teachings which retard
Their growth, nor lean on palsied arms of Greed.
They know the source; they give no moment to
The thing which springs from source. The little seed
Is not the plant. The plant develops through
A process of the Will. We cannot know
More of the future than the Present, Past
Are known; and ignorance must always go
By those conditions made for it. The last
World swarmed with ignorance. None would depend
On his great knowing Self to choose the plan
Whereby his life was made. Mankind may send
His intellect to high degrees and span
The world with facts and figures great; and he
Will yet be dumb unless the sciences
Can speak the tongue of love. Humanity
Grows lean and gaunt on facts. Appliances
Make robots of mankind. Some men can grow
To giants of the intellect, and yet
Be dwarfs in soulfulness and love. They know
The distances to stars but soon forget
The distance to the heart. We've seen a world
Go down in flame and smoke; we've seen how Greed
Laid waste the earth; and watched as nations hurled
Headlong to morbid deaths. We've seen men bleed
Their brothers of their sustenance; we've gazed
With tearful eyes upon the ruins of hate;

We've witnessed vanity and seen the crazed
And thoughtless 'gods' build up with reckless gait
Their feeble pyramids. We've watched the blind
Build scaffolds for themselves, and helplessly
Stood by while thieves stole their birthright. Behind
A mask of righteousness a banditry
Of 'holy fiends' robbed, slew, and purged the earth
Of beauty, virtue, honor, right, and art.
We've seen the face of Purpose cracked with mirth
Insane. We've watched Ambition tear the heart
And drug the mind of man. But all for naught.
We've seen the lie outrun the truth and stand
A grinning fool as sightless judges brought
The paper prize. We've heard the loud command,
"Succeed! Succeed! Win fame and fortune now!
Build, grow, and let your leechy fingers reach
Across the Seven Seas. Get wealth somehow!"
But re-born man has other views: To teach
That all must light the world with that bright spark
Each brought with him. To feel the truth and know
Why truth cannot be otherwise. To hark
Unto the call of love; nor blindly go
Through life a derelict or parasite.
To learn that life in its reality
Does never hinge upon beliefs or trite
Opinions, platitudes. Normality
In every deed and thought is now the way.
The sun of faith shines on a fertile world,
And all the sordid things of yesterday
Have been erased from mind. New flags unfurled
In sweeter breeze. New hope smiles in the heart
Of man. A firmer, warmer grip of hands;
And kindness has cleansed the air of tart
And acrid disregard. Man understands.
No more the gamble with his soul. No more
The fear of lack. There is enough to give
All men their share; and good deeds, good thoughts pour
Upon his honest head the right to live.
And so the world of Demon Greed has died.
Today the names which blaze upon Life's scroll

As heroes great are those who daily tried
To make a better life for every soul.

Publication. *Demon Greed* (Phoenix Press, Los Angeles, 1934).

STAGE III | PUBLISHING, POLITICS, AND FINE ARTS

1935–1949

Editorial Summary of *The Earth Belongs to the Living*

The Earth Belongs to the Living (Suttonhouse, 1936) is a prose political fantasy framed by an editor's preface and the imagined return of Thomas Jefferson. Jefferson's tomb opens at Monticello, and a manuscript dated April 15, 1936, appears at the Library of Congress. The ensuing four-part address asks the living to reconsider inherited constitutional forms instead of treating them as immutable.

Drawing on Jefferson's writings while extending them into a New Deal polemic, the book attacks party faction, concentrated wealth, inherited privilege, economic insecurity, and the manipulation of public opinion. It argues that government should be judged by present human needs, restrain extreme inequality, expand useful work and social provision, and protect citizens from economic bondage. Its closing appeal makes political and economic change an obligation owed to the living rather than a betrayal of the dead.

AFTERWORD

Three books in two years

The shape of the career

The located poetry is remarkably concentrated: three books appeared from one Los Angeles press between April 1933 and 1934. *The Psalms of Krishna* turns scripture into a long didactic dialogue; *The Oracles* compresses an occult cosmology into quatrains; *Demon Greed* redirects the same prophetic tone toward Depression economics and mass politics.

Textual limits

The Psalms of Krishna is the only complete original book scan now in the local folder. The other two books survive as complete working transcriptions, partially corroborated by an earlier excerpt. Their readings are therefore presented as responsible reading texts, while the single known lacuna is exposed to view.

Colophon

Compiled from the Richard Frederic Carlyle folder, its original scan and transcriptions, contemporary newspaper witnesses, and additional bibliographical research, August 2026. Designed in EB Garamond at six by nine inches. The cover uses the user's original no-text Carlyle artwork.