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I

The world wheel turns, and thou art the center
Because thou carriest the Spirit which contains the universe
And which is divine, without beginning, without end;
Where the point is, there is the whole world.

II

The first thing is
Piously to remember the Real; then, to accept
Whatever happens to thee as coming from God;
And then to know that thy destiny blossoms in God's hands.

III

The inward and the outward.
Creator and Creation, garment of our Lord.
Soul and body; Spirit and Word;
The world-wheel's center and rotation's rim.

Think not that the outward is small and insignificant —
The form must be the expression of its content.

IV

Content, container: the latter is sacred
Through the former. So despise not
What is mere vehicle. Whatever expresses
The Divine is God's Countenance.

The soul should thus become what the Spirit
Has received from God. Everything is Divine
Which manifests God's Nature through its form.

V

What justifies the repetition of things
Already said? Not the new form,
But the deep richness of the Mystery;
Hence the gift of a new accentuation —

The True which shifts its emphasis.
Just as, in a new abode, one loves with the same heart
But in a new way, what one has loved before.

VI

Firstly: Truth is Peace —
This is what every heart must carry within itself.
Secondly: God's wise providence is here —
Thou shouldst trust and shouldst not ask.

VII

"The Lord made women dear to me,"
Mohammed said. Ibn 'Arabð explains:
This is because the whole loves its half;
Because, in loving, wisdom turns to beauty.

As Plato said: "The beautiful is the splendor
Of the true" — the two mysteries have gone hand in hand
Ever since world and life began.

VIII

In India some say that men of genius,
If they are good, are *jivan-muktas* —
"Delivered in this life." One should not take
This literally; but one can easily see
That great creators, such as Beethoven,
In their art often walk with the angels.

IX

I heard it preached that faith
Is unnecessary, if we are good people.
What does one call goodness? If a man boasts,
All his good actions are lost in the wind.

X

Heresy is a shifting concept —
It is heretical to deny what saves us.
Also heretical is a limited viewpoint
That is suitable only for certain souls;
And likewise the opinion that only color is light:
That only one form of faith can be the Truth.

But if one measures with the measure of Truth,
Only Primordial Wisdom is orthodox.

XI

Everything on earth has an end.
When a poem comes, I think it is the last;
Maybe it would be better if, before God,
I replaced it with some other act.

I have often thought I would lay down my pen,
As I have already said everything.
But I am not the Master of my songs;
I cannot withhold God's gift.

Certainly, whatever is useful should reach the world —
And may it be received with an open mind.

XII

Every woman who is beautiful and noble
Brings something of Shrī Lakshmī to this earth —
Something that blesses it; so that the world,
Through Heaven's nearness, becomes purer and better.

XIII

What reminds us of God? Not beauty alone,
But also greatness: majesty, dignity, strength,
And great deeds; greatness bears witness to the Lord,
As do all the wonders the Most High creates —
As does also love, our life's star.

XIV

The basilica in Rome was magnificent.
The Renaissance destroyed this splendor
And replaced it with oppressive ostentation;
It stabbed the Church in the heart,
Unleashed the whole deceit and lie of modern times,
And thus made the whole world sick.

The Renaissance — in German called "neo-Antiquity";
A better expression would be "neo-paganism."

XV

The wooden buildings of Japan. How wonderful is the idea
Of ceaselessly rebuilding the same buildings —
And entrusting the indestructibility of the shrines of the gods
To the priests and the faithful.

XVI

Shrī RÞdhÞ, lonely in VrindÞvan's forest:
"Divine Flute Player, come soon —
I thirst after Heaven's melodies."

For beauty tells us that God has forgiven us.

XVII

Let no one say that man does not need
The beautiful; for all religions
Lived in beauty, while they still bloomed freely —
Something they no longer do in this time of sick epigones;
Rome was falsified from the Cinquecento onwards —
The "greatness" of the art-destroyers was a mania.

In our age of ugliness we more than ever
Need the beautiful in order to live
As men should live.
In order to lift the soul
From the din of the world, up to Heaven.

XVIII

The agreeable has two aspects:
One that is harmful, and another that is uplifting;
Mysticism sees only the harmful side;
Gnosis sees that in which Divinity lives.

XIX

God-remembrance — the Prophet said —
Is not only thinking of the Most High;
It is also all noble things that lead the soul
To that remembrance, and to salvation.

XX

Some do what they read in the law;
For others the law is the nature of things.
The pious call good what the Most High loves;
The wise call good what derives from Being.

Not everyone is a penitent in the desert,
Nor a Krishna who kissed the *gopis*.
There are diverse viewpoints in the Spirit's realm —
The paths that God blesses are of equal value.

XXI

Someone asked an Australian aboriginal:
"Why do you shut your ears to what is new,
To our progress, and to our religion?"
He replied: "You ought not to disturb our peace —
What alone counts for us is That which is, and never was not;
It is invisible, and it is wondrous."

XXII

God is not man; thou art not only an I;
The will is not everything, nor is sentiment.
Within thee is the pure Intellect; in it dwells God.
Whoever loves the Truth is in God's Will.

XXIII

God deep in the heart — chatter all around;
Blessèd repose in the midst of human agitation.
The fate of man, and the life of the wise —
Nothing other could destiny weave for thee.

XXIV

A monk from Mount Athos once told me
That only as Trinity is God understandable.
I say: God possesses Trinity; Trinity does not
Possess God; the Most High is infinite.

XXV

Shankaracharya praised that man as blessed
Who, as an ascetic, sings: *Tat Tvam Asi;*
But also the *jivan-mukta*, the delivered one,
When a child or a woman brings him delight;
He mourns with the one who suffers,
And rejoices with him who trembles with love.

Whatever be his joy and suffering —
The freedom of the delivered one dwells in his heart.

XXVI

Beauty of the Void: it sounds like a contradiction,
Yet is understandable; for Heaven's vault
Is beautiful in its silence; as is also the snow
When, as if in blessing, it falls on the land.

And likewise the soul, when it has forgotten
All triviality, because God's fullness has come.

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