

THE SON OF MAN IS THE SUPERMAN

Messiah

For

HIRE

Poems from Inner Space 1966 ~ 1982

BRUCE ROBERT TRAVIS

Publisher's Cataloging-in-Publication

(Provided by Quality Books, Inc.)

Travis, Bruce Robert.

Messiah for Hire: Poems From Inner Space, 1966-1982

/ by Bruce Robert Travis, - 1st ed

p. cm.

1. Love poetry, American. 2. Spirituality-Poetry.
 3. Metaphysics-Poetry. 4. Reincarnation-Christianity
- Poetry. L Title.

PS3620.R385M47 2002 813\6

QBI01-701247

COVER DESIGN SYMBOLISM

Messiah For Hire-Poems From Inner Space 1966-1982 chronicles the spiritual awakening process of the author in his journey into the discovery of his past life as Jesus in poetic form. This book is meant to be read in conjunction with *I Am Back - How A Soul Reincarnates*.

We have all returned to earth to learn the lessons of love. Planet earth is a correctional facility for our souls and until we learn the spiritual implication of these lessons we will keep reincarnating to earth over and over again until we get those lessons right.

The Hebrew letters between the wings translate to Y'shua or Jesus.

The *Son of Man* and the “S” in the center of the Star of David relates to the angelic structure of the universe as used in *Acts 7:56* in respect to Jesus as the direct descendant of King David through his second born son Nathan and the tribe of Judah. Jesus is related to the angelic hierarchy as a spiritual Son of the angel Gabri-El which means “Man of God.” Thus, Jesus was the SON OF MAN of God which is why he referred to himself primarily as the Son of Man and not as the Son of God. A complete explanation of the Star of David is in *My Past Life As Jesus-An Autobiography of Two Lifetimes* pages 132 and 133. “And then the man who bears the pitcher of water will walk forth across an arc of heaven; the sign and signet of the Son of Man will stand forth in the eastern sky. The wise will lift up their heads and know that the redemption of the earth is near.” *The Aquarian Gospel of Jesus the Christ of the Piscean Age* by Levi. 1895. Chapter 157:29,30.

Superman refers to the Sun's passage into the constellation of Aquarius after its precessional journey through the sign of Pisces and the rise of Christianity. Aquarius represents the up-lift-ment of hu-man as the SON OF MAN in the attainment of the Christ/love conscious spirit that dwells within us all to become children of God. *Mark 14:3* reveals this secret. Aquarius is represented by a man carrying a pitcher of water. The “Last Supper” was the **Passover** dinner describing this celestial event. Jesus was telling us when he “comes again” the Sun will have **passed over** from the

constellation of Pisces into the constellation of Aquarius. With God all things are possible and we become the Superman/Hu-man. Jesus came after the Age of Aries ended. Aries is the I AM of the zodiac signs and represented by the ram/lamb. Jesus was considered the “great shepherd.”

Messiah For Hire: We are all here NOW in the Age of Aquarius to save ourselves and then empower others with truth and unconditional love. It's our job. We are all the Messiah. Collectively humanity can save itself.

The *Wings of Hope* represent our up-lift-ment, ascension and transcendence to our higher soul self and the “Kingdom of God” which is eternal life and not having to reincarnate to earth anymore unless it is voluntary. The “Kingdom of Heaven” is not the final destination. It is another material dimension.

The *Interlocking Triangles of the Star of David* symbolizes this process. The lower triangle represents the soul imprisoned in the material worlds of illusion and duality. When the soul turns towards God and to unconditional Love the upper triangle representing this up-lift-ment of the higher self raises the lower self with it on the *Wings of Hope*.

The *Horns* of the Aries ram, the I AM as the sacrificial lamb spoken of by the prophet Isaiah. Jesus said, “Before Abraham was I AM” establishing his identity and Oneness with the Father/God.

The *Cornucopia* is the abundance, the fullness that is Christ/ Love, that is God, because Love brings Completeness, Oneness, Inter-connectedness and Unity.

The *Arabic letters* below *Poems From Inner Space-1966-1982* are from the *Koran Surah XLII 13*. The entire verse reads: “He hath **ordained** for you that religion which he **commanded** unto Noah, and that which we **inspire** in thee [Muhammad] and that which we **commended** unto Abraham and Moses and Jesus, saying, Establish the religion and BE NOT DIVIDED THEREIN.”

The key to world peace and unity is the recognition that we are all inter-connected in

the universe and that we are One humanity. One human race. God “ordained” for Muhammad to “establish the religion” of Unity and for humanity to “be not divided.” There can be no unity when there is division. Any true Muslim must follow the word of God to their prophet. God is clear. The “religion” God “ordained” for Muhammad is the same one that he “commanded unto Noah” and “commended unto Abraham, Moses and Jesus.”

I encourage the reader to look up the definitions of the words bolded above for a better understanding of what God was instructing Muhammad to do. I will give the definition of the most important one, “ORDAINED” which means “confer holy orders upon, to enact or establish by law or edict; to decree.” How can any true Muslim go against that which God “ordained” for Muhammad? This puts all true Muslims, Jews and Christians, in fact, all of humanity in a unique position. Which God do you pledge your allegiance to? The God of darkness, violence, terror, hatred, death and division? Or the God of Love, Light, Unity and Oneness? Since God “ordained” the “holy order” upon Muhammad all true Muslims must abide by that holy decree. It cannot be otherwise.

To whom you pledge your allegiance is resolved in the *New Testament* Book of *John* 8:44,45 if you do not choose the God of Love, Oneness and Light. Jesus says: “You belong to your father the devil, and you want to carry out your father's desires. He was a murderer from the beginning, not holding to the truth, for there is no truth in him. When he lies, he speaks his native language, for he is a liar and the father of lies. And because I tell you the truth, you believe me not.” The choice is clear. Jesus made it clear. “If you are not with me you are against me.”

John 8:42,43. “If God were your Father, you would love me, for I proceeded forth and have come from God. For I have not even come on my own initiative, but He sent me. Why do you not understand what I am saying? **It is because you cannot hear my word.**” “...That which we inspire in thee Muhammad and that which we commended unto Abraham and Moses and Jesus.”
“BE NOT DIVIDED..”

“MESSIAH FOR HIRE - POEMS FROM INNER SPACE 1966 -1982

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POEMS FROM INNER SPACE
1966 to 1982

I Dreamed of Peace (song) - 1966

*In their blindness they can only see
all the hatred and animosity:
but I wasn't blind and I could clearly see
all that existed was hypocrisy.
Then I took a trip... all the world seemed good;
I saw the world in peace and brotherhood,
but I wasn't blind and could clearly see
all that existed was hypocrisy.*

Breaking Through (song) - 1967

*Sitting in my mind's crowded corridor
My embryonic journey to my being...
Engulfed in the tissues and the currents of my thoughts,
I'm left to be alone with me.
I'm afraid of myself and the weakness of my mind
I've lost my way... I've lost reality.
Will I ever get back... will I ever find my way?
I've lost my mind... I've lost my sanity!
The passageways are dark. There is no light to see.
I'm searching for some signs of liberty –
I value my freedom, but I love my peace of mind
That comes from love, that stems from security.
I think I've found myself; I believe I know my kind.
I will never lose myself in the confines of my mind...
The long hard journey's ended and the light is bright to see
I'm reaching out to someone... come share my life with me!*

**Dedicated to Hunter Leggett - From his resignation letter
to the Unitarian Church - 1969**

I valued and cherished the friendship of six years
of those I've known and grown to love in grief, in want, in cheer;
a monument of meaning, accomplishments in time;
because of love and family needs, by these I must resign.
The making of the parting, a decision hard to make,
a force so strong reflecting wants, by these I must relate.
I ask for your forgiveness and understanding too
I have my pride for things I've done in love, in want, in truth.
The guilt I have with you I'll share, for I am not to blame,
but share with me my feelings of a better state of change.
So give your love and faith and hope to that monument of mine,
and with it grow in love and peace to share with all mankind.

I Came Into the Universe - March 1971

*I came into the Universe so powerful and strong
like a fury smashing through fields of blue and seas of green,
by a force that ruled and controlled my love and captured my soul
all at once like a whirlpool of rapture leading me to a world
never seen before; drowned, but not lost, in love
my feelings once again restored.*

*Being sucked into the whirling, swirling fury of tortuous love
I was reaching the end, like the gyrating top about to topple.*

*Almost there, I saw white stars on black in the cold emptiness of space,
yet the sun's warmth reflected in my gaze and left me warm.*

Quickly now, a thunderous pace, rising tides –

Oh God

You do exist, but in the womb of wondrous love.

It was then, I came into the Universe,

Maniacal Ragings – 1971

Maniacal ragings... when will it end?

The world's damned crazy, but it's always been:

We must accept that as life -

Love is God

And that is something attainable for

forever anyway.

Compared to Antiquity - Summer 1971

Compared to antiquity

*my first segment is but a grain of sand on an endless beach
reaching into a vast never-ending sea of forgotten memories.*

At Melvin's - 1971

*Railing culture overlooking countless stares
of looking for something somethings.
Incandescent hues of white bright lobes
on searching souls staring out into night's stifled sounds:
Choking not, but breathing life's life-styles.*

*Nature 's green shrouds earthen flesh
Helpless, seemingly helpless, in the throes
of innocence prevailing in the world.
Evil abounds so strong, but God's gentle touch
emanates love into our world of woe,
Overcoming the evil hapless menacing
the very existence of our souls.
Only the happy, carefree souls
knowing not what transpires in this life
shall go forth fearless, head-long into life's endless oblivion.*

Unfinished Ode to a Water Fountain - Summer 1971

*Seemingly silent crescendos that never reach their peak,
audible only to those who happen to be walking by;
recognized most by small children
who make their otherwise dull existence an exciting happening,
enabled by pushing fingers and thumbs, to escape the inevitable –
that which we, too, must realize.*

A Myriad of Gold — September 1971

*A Myriad of gold reflected in the grey and damp September night
Faintly glowing, suspended like dying suns in twilight hour;
A borning, but not quite warmth in my glowing heart -
What I feel is like a child's joy of a new and wondrous thing...
Contained not, for a joy is a short-lived lifetime
of a feeling felt now.*

Foraging Through World's Travails - 1972

*Foraging through world's travails
I can't bring myself to face
the simplistic obstacles of mundane everyday existence;
It seems futile that at such an early age
I worry about my end
that seems infinitesimal yet miniscule
compared to the passage of Time...
Worry not, dear friend,
for your passage shall endure forever.*

Life is Too Soon to Tell - 1972

Life is too soon to tell.

Sunny Skies (song) – Mexico, Fall of 1971

Sunny skies shining their light on me
thinking of you I clearly see
the joy and the happiness that can be
shared between us forever.

Can you imagine the times to be had
our moments together both happy and sad...
Oh, Can't you see us, can't you see us
being together, forever?

My soul is glowing, my eyes are smiling:
my heart is filled with the love I am trying
to hide from you... it's too soon to show you.
what I'm feeling it's real.

And we'll walk along the sands of time.
We'll count our moments and we'll count our times
of the days past and nights gone by
our moments that were shared together.
And those sunny skies will shine their light on me
I'll think of you and I'll clearly see

the joy and the happiness that will be
shared between us together... forever.

Know From Whence You Come... and Where You Shall Go -

August 1972

Flowing forward like a newly formed stream
Pressing further on led only in the direction by the force
By which you are ruled, you know not by which path
Or direction you shall go; but you go hoping
That your churning, swirling desires lead you not endless
But into a vast beautiful open sea of everything you hoped life to be.

The storm shall subside, the flood waters will ebb
And only a twinkle of a seemingly tempestuous past
Shall, too, erode into oblivion.

New rivers form and waves are made
Some... like gentle rolls on a windless pond
Others like the mountainous fury of an angry sea.

ONLY WE
ARE OUR
OWN VAST OCEANS.
WE... SHAPE... AND FORM
OUR DESTINIES.
WE... FORGE... LIFE'S DAMS... WE... CAN... CONTROL THOSE

THUNDEROUS WAVES

Or make gentle ripples... IT IS OUR CHOOSING.

Guide that rushing torrent

But guide it gently...

FOLLOW ITS NATURAL COURSE... but...

Observe its direction.

KNOW FROM WHENCE YOU COME... AND WHERE YOU SHALL GO.

If I Had But One Love - 1972

If I had but one love to spend in my whole entire life

I would spend it on you.

Most loves, like lovers, diminish in time

like a vanishing species.

And love today seems to diminish as does the

passage of time.

If I had but one love to spend in my whole entire life

I would spend it on you.

I would be like Scrooge or Howard Hughes

I would treasure my love but I would never

give it up...

Spend it? Yes! Spend it all, give it away

to you!

If I had but one love to spend in my whole entire life

I would spend it all... on you.

My Love For You -

September 29, 1972 7:50 P.M.

My love for you is like

bagels, lox and cream cheese.

If I have it, I want to have the whole thing,
and not have a part of you separate from the rest.

Dishes

Fall 1972

I WISH you WOULDN'T
You KNOW you SHOULDN'T
And it would be my wishes
If you DIDN'T do
My GODDAMN DISHES!

A Gentle Splash of Spring

1972

It came like the ferocity of a violent storm
a thunderbolt striking the first recognizable
yet unidentifiable object...

Seeking out the proverbial "needle in the haystack"
the storm was felt.

Then the rains came and it was like all the world
was pouring from my soul into a warm earth
that acted as my loving receptacle -

My storming fury will never harm you
as a flash flood does leaving victims in its wake.

My aftermath is a gentle splash of spring
with an obvious trail of tell-tale love.

Looking in Your Eyes

September 20, 1972

Looking in your eyes...

Images mirrored reflected in my gaze;

Confusion sets the pace, yet peace is just around the corner -

Let yourself go... fly with the breeze.

I see myself some time ago-

lost... no way out... like a mouse in a maze:

I know the way - follow me,

we won't get lost... we won't get lost.

You Make the Sun Shine in My Heart

September 12, 1972

You make the sun shine in my heart
when the clouds hide the bright rays
and I'm kept warm by my thoughts of you.

Leave Your Blues Behind (song) - 1972

How I pictured you envisioned in my mind
a faint recall of beauty... who's that girl, what's her name?

I'd like to get to know her I need someone to love
she looks damn good and I'm alone. I'd take her if I could.

So come out today, Baby,

leave your blues behind

forget the things that made you sad

and play with me a while.

I'll help you to forget the past and send bad thoughts away;

the time for you to change has come

the time is here today.

I'd like to get to know you, something keeps us apart

it makes me sad knowing you're alone

come on, let's make a start.

CHORUS

We've been together ten long weeks
we've had our ups and downs,
we laugh and love most all the time.
yet still you always frown,
you take life so damned seriously and not let live today,
the time for you to change has come...
the time is here today.

CHORUS

That Which

April, 1973

That which is beautiful is not necessarily
that which is real and what we see;
that which is real is not necessarily beautiful
but that which we perceive;
that which we perceive is not necessarily beautiful or real
and that which is
is not necessarily real at all.

I Would Sooner Be Late

1973

I would sooner be late and be remembered
than to have been on time and been forgotten.*

* And, behold, there are last which shall be first, and there are first which
shall be last. *Luke 13:30*

I Mean... What the Fuck! – 1973

I mean... what the fuck!!!

Possessed February 1973

A possessive man I am not.
And I thought I to have a mind as wide as a sea
Stretched between two shores
And as deep as the deepest sea is deep.

But... I have neither
And I am shocked by the sudden frailty
And child-like weakness of a jealous mind.
Possessed by selfish thoughts of denial
From what I love most.

Obsessed by the thought of rage
At whom?... At Myself.

For WHO AM I to possess THAT WHICH I have not.
And be obsessed by THAT WHICH is not.

Where Our Love Grows

April. 1973

Supposing we liken the growing of a garden to the rake and hoe
and to the movement of our legs to our feet and toes;
a garden of love has special seeds to grow
and the implements and conditions for sowing is the love I have for you.
No rakes or hoes in my tender garden growing;
only love, sweet caress and tenderness are spawning this budding love
that's growing -
for you. my sweet our love will grow;
spring's sweet rains and warm earth glowing, sun's gentle rays, soft
breezes blowing
shall kiss this place where our love grows...
in my garden of love where our love grows.

Reflections of a Childhood Past

April. 1973

I'm saddened by the realization that only in my fading thoughts can I go back;

I forget most, but if I pry hard enough, I can unseal and let escape
enough of the past to make me laugh with anger and cry with delight.

At 25 my fleeting mind is as stable as a child's;

Who was I when I was 5? Was I me?

Or at 6, 7, or 8? - was I loved as a child should be loved?

I'm sure I was... or was I?

I was cared for and fed, had warm clean clothes to wear,

but was I loved for being me?

If love existed I would be what I was, for that is love -

letting me be what I was.

Number 54

June 4, 1973

I try to love, but I try too hard... it seems that way, you make me
believe it so.

At an age as mine, I cannot love too much and feel it wrong.
I try to love but you take it not saying, "Hug me close, but let me go."
My passion is my torment and my love seems to dig its own grave
deeper.

My headstone shall be inscribed:

*"Here lies a man who loved too much,
and at such an early age. his passion laid to rest
for one who truly loved but loved too much."*

Away with fatal thoughts and scorn for myself;
my love shall never die. for a blazing star shall not be doused by feeble
rain.

Raise yourself up: the love you have as strong as this
is a sacred love not often found.

Feel sorry not that your fire always burns for the one you love;
be scorned not that your woman feels not that torch which burns
within your heart at every meeting.

Love and affection are the keys to the lock opening the door
and become the principles of union, the essential key to relatedness for all
mankind.

And most of all, an affection sparked by no previous plans or
premeditation;
spontaneous combustion is the zenith, the paramount combination for the
perfect union.

The Twin Star

July 23, 1973- 3:30 A.M.

Looking for the twin star may just well take me
To eternity
And that profound revelation that my perfection
My twin star
May be disguised in the image of a flowering earth
And not in the robes of a blazing sun.
Need my fire rage fiercer by another consumed
In flame?
Why this belief of a twin star?
A life consumed in endless flame, a raging fire
Fed by other fire and the air, which too,
It also feeds.
A well kindled fire can be contained by earth
And water and still burn as hot and bright

Without harming that which surrounds it...
Earth and water so too receive from the
Guiding light of the Flame, the warmth from
Its fire.

So do not believe the thought and the false
Guiding light of others, that peace shall be
Found in one as thyself and in no other.

The twin star we seek is not the image of me
But dressed in the guise of some other.

Distance Makes No Matter - October 6, 1973

Why can't we spend our time alone
together, apart?

Distance makes no matter!

And, in true love, absence makes the

Heart grow fonder...

I know that now.

The two that we are apart

have a right to be ONE in love,

And the ONE that we are,

Has a right to remain two... in love.

Yet still apart,

I see that now.

Distance makes no matter!

The inner peace that comes from

Being alone as ONE is most beautiful.

But the inner peace that comes from

Being alone as two is most divine

I feel that now.

Distance makes no matter!

My Night Is Dawning - October 7. 1973

It takes time to see the light of day
Adjustment to see the black of night
But the night comes and so brings forth
Another day -

MY NIGHT IS DAWNING and the light of day
Shows me the path to follow out of
The black of night...

I see things now by the light of day
That I could not see in the black of night.

The Ultimate Contest - November, 1973

Individual self expression, an assertion of one's being,
To establish identity and obviate anonymity, For whom?

For ourselves. For doing so we establish ourselves in
such a manner that we become worthwhile to others in the
process; thus this one to one cycle reinforces itself.

Being able to “cope” so to speak with one's self and this
new found self expression, we are ready for the ultimate
contest: maintaining the sacred and inviolable individual
self-expression in a man woman relationship,
a compatibility on all levels.

Spiritual, mental, physical and sexual. All paramount
for a peaceful and meaningful co-existence. A beautiful relationship
is one of calm and tranquility spiced with the exhilaration
of doing things together, or apart, never losing that
self-expression or identity and not feeling
separate or apart when not together.

The ultimate joy of doing things with one you love.

Somehow I Just See - January 11, 1974, 1:40 A.M.

Somehow I just see,
I don't know why
It's easy for me
No great gift.
Just a feeling.
I feel.
It's nice to feel
It makes me free
It sets me apart from myself
And at times
I'm just standing there
Staring at myself
And it's nice
To get away
Once in a while.

My Mind is Streaking - March 10. 1974, 1:30 A.M.

My mind is streaking
what a relief
to have shed
my cocoon
I've metamorphosed
into my naked self
no longer clothed
in the robes
of linen insecurities
I too shall dance free
like a butterfly
skating on the sky
dancing on the clouds
and being free
with the hope
that some day
the butterflies that we are
will have a right... to be.

Radiance From Without and From Within

August 1, 1974- 1:08 A.M.

A radiance from without

And from within.

This one's for us.

Energy?

There is more than meets the eye.

We can only see what we want

And

We can only see what we want to see.

Why, when it's right in front of us

Are we blind to the most obvious?

Aloneness Cannot Be Said to Be Loneliness

August 2, 1974

It is better to be ONE

And alone.

Than to be two

And unhappy.

Aloneness cannot be said to be loneliness...

At Least A Thousand Lives Before -

December 2, 1974, 5:00 A.M.

At least a thousand lives before!
Yet today, we've met, not the first time.
Since time and space do not exist
I'm sure we've known each other before.

And here we are, no difference, not apart
United once again; this time, maybe
The last time... it does not matter –
We're here now.

Disharmony Is the Root of All Our Evils - December 7, 1974

I say to you that I AM GOD
And so too are you
If you so choose to be.
WE ARE the power
And the glory!
When WE shine
GOD shines
When we shine...
WE ARE the universal ALL-In-ALL.
God, our Father, is that extreme power
Of intelligence and force
That dwells in us all.
The force for good
That knows no evil.
The force for truth
That is
Universal truth.
To BECOME one with GOD
We must first fall into harmony
And BECOME one with OURSELVES
To become united with God
With ourselves,
We must unite again
In perfect harmony.
So what is evil?
Anything that is
Not in harmony.
Being one with God
Birds sing, the heavens ring
And we soon learn the most obvious of all
The cosmic truths.

Disharmony is the
Root Of All Our Evils.

Wake Up - December 9, 1974, Mexicana Airlines

WAKE UP!

Your are falling down. Uh oh. watch out.
Too late. You hurt yourself... that's too bad
You're down, might as well enjoy the pain
Because that is what you are conscious of now.
The pain.
It hurts. I know.
It's very real.

WAKE UP!

Enjoy that pain, understand why you fell.
Oh, you weren't paying attention.
You mean you were unconscious.
I was awake!!
Then why did you fall?
Because I wasn't paying attention.
You mean you were unconscious.

WAKE UP!

It seems the first thing you do
When you wake up is become unconscious.
How absurd this must sound.
But it's true.
When you wake up the first thing to do
Is wake up. I'm awake. I'm alive. I'm conscious.

WAKE UP!

Be like the gyrating whirling maple SEED
Falling
To
The
Earth.
We have a purpose, a function.
A duty to perform.
We are the seeds.
And seeds must grow.
As we grow, our duty performed
Our mission accomplished
To give other seeds.

WAKE UP!

There are thousands of other seeds

Floating

Down

With

You,

But only one, maybe two

Maybe none at all

Will

Get

Down

To the business of living.

The seed is not enough.

It will not become realized

Or noticed

IN THIS WORLD

Until it is a tree.

Simple, isn't it?

Pay attention.

WAKE UP?

We are all seeds

Floating

Down.

But most of us just lie... Dormant.

Never growing and

RETURN TO THE EARTH

We're born, we die.

We return to the source

From... which... we... came.

Never realized, our duty, our purpose.

Not fulfilled.

Well, maybe NEXT TIME.

Next time?

What did you say?

-I said,

WAKE UP!

We get another chance.

We're born. we die

but

We are like the seed from the tree.

Many are born.

But only a few grow.

Such an abundance from nature.
Even a surplus.
Possibly a waste.
But only a glimmer of possibility.
What did you say? I said.

WAKE UP!

Pay attention.
To become the tree
You must first realize
That you are first the seed

And

That

You

Are

Falling.

Before you reach earth you know your mission.

WAKE UP

It's not too late.
Open your eyes
Your falling fast
Spinning out of control.
Oh my God!
I'm going to... Die.
Don't worry son.
You are already dead!

WAKE UP!

Man is born and re-born.
And never really grows.
But. the possibility to grow is there.
Nature gives to man.
We must make an effort.
Staying awake all the time
is an effort.
But look at the reward.

If you were awake

You

Would

Never

Have

Fallen.

WAKE UP!

WAKE UP!

The Awakening - December 19, 1974 10:30 A. M.

The whole process of realization or the reality of understanding or the understanding of reality. The "awakening" is like a vast whirlpool. Once inside we are pulled closer and closer to the center, and soon the centrifugal force becomes so strong it is impossible to turn back. Each gyration closer to the center is like a stage of development; each step along the way, this spinning towards the center is the one constant in life. Change.

This change
is the moment,
the now.

Being part of the whirlpool and its motion is this constant we call change. This change is reality. Knowing this we become more aware, thus becoming more conscious; this whirlpool leads us to the center which is understanding. When one gets to the center one understands; thus we can see that at the center of the whirlpool, which some call the end, is the constant moment, constant experience. Understanding coupled with experience is the action of consciousness, realization, reality.

When we get to the center of the whirlpool we can say we have returned to the center of our "Being," both as our existence and our existence in relation

to life as a constant
conscious experience
a life of knowing, of
understanding.

At the Beginning - December 20, 1974

Living, a raga, flowing up and
down.
Spontaneous, alive,
Explosions in sound...abound...
In being
In knowing
In understanding.
Men understand not the abstract
which is the ultimate expression.
Oneness of being
at the moment
knowing,
understanding
living.
We are forever seeking and we always seem
To finish... at the beginning...
Only to start our seeking
Once again
at the beginning.
Maybe there is something to the beginning
We always wind up there after each leaving.
I'm home now.
Once again,
this time for good.
I've been set free.
It's funny, I never really left.
I was here all the time
and never knew it.
This knowing, this understanding.

Such freedom... no seeking.
Reality
Living
The most beautiful raga of them all.

Life is a "Mis" Understanding - December 23, 1974, 11:30 A.M.

LIFE, is a "miss" understanding... and somehow
we keep missing the point.

We're born, we die,

For most, a one way ticket to the grave.

It's sad, it really is.

People 'Live' a whole life never really knowing

What it is to truly understand.

One foot in the past,

One foot in the future.

No feet left for the present.

A race of 'Living' non-existence!

What is it that really exists?

I'll tell you! - What time is it?

THE TIME IS NOW!

That which really is.

Once you realize this

You are on your way

To... understanding.

Now, I'll make my point.

The only CONSTANT

In life is... CHANGE

...ETERNAL CHANGE

LIFE is now a continuous one way ticket

To... being.

And, "BEING " IS the only way to LIVING

Love is the Key (song) - 1974

Understanding is the key to living
Rest your love inside of your heart
Come Outside of yourself for a while
To see you've been living in the dark.

Once you've seen the light you've been forgiven
Turning back's the wrong thing to do
Set your sights upon the mountain of Love
And everything will be all right to choose.

Love is the key
Understand Me.

Being here and now is the best thing
Then love is such an easy thing to do
Open up your heart let yourself enter through
Because happiness will be inside for you.

You've found yourself and everything's worth living
The Sun still shines even on cloudy days
You've seen the light and you'll sure spread THE NEWS
Cause loving is the only thing to do.

Love is the key
Understand Me.

Now we go to conscious understanding
Aware of almost everything you do
Enter in take a look at yourself
What dwells inside is peace and love for you.

Christmas Eve Reflections - 1974, 11:15 P.M.

What a cosmic joke.
I search and search looking
For some answers.
Here I am, alone, at Harlow's
A nightclub, the center of it
All, so they say.
We're closed.
No Christmas trees, no tinsel.
Not strings of popcorn,
Just these thoughts
And myself.
The answer IS here.
Just live friend.
One day at a time.
Moment by moment,
Hang on.
You're almost there.
Where?
Here! ...confused?
Yes, a little... why?
I mean, what's it all about?
A woman? Yes, maybe

I'm ready to share
My secrets... and laugh... once again.
I just love cosmic jokes.

Ralph, The Resident Snail - January 2, 1975

Ralph, the resident snail
knows not where it's at
2,000 miles traveling,
not by his choice or will I'm sure.
Wrapped and insulated in aluminum over-wear,
on a verdant carriage of green,
tourist class, ticket free,
from the lowlands
to the summit.

South to north, east to west,
It's all the same;
Now -
Ralph's here, he's cool, he's a snail.
Traveling, now unraveling,
he's here
not by choice, not by will,
but by his fate
that he's a snail.
Not in control, "let the chips fall where they may."
Most of us, at one time,
are like Ralph,
a third class letter
lost in the mail,
and the chances are slim that we'll be found.

Cast off your shell,
be like the boat
on the wind,
and sail, sail, sail.

Matter - January 3, 1975

One... solitary... ray... of... sunlight
Beaming through a tightly knit blanket of clouds.
Life, as we know it.
A reflection in reverse
Luminous shafts of light we are
Trying to penetrate inwards
As if upwards through the earthly
Mire of materialism and desire
That clouds our way.

To get within, to the light source.
We must go without,
To get back in.
It is not the giving up that matters.
That does not matter.
What is the matter
Is being controlled
By matter.
When it doesn't matter
All this matter
Then it matters.

Take the reins and take control
The path forward leads to light
The tunnel is long and dark.
Keep your eyes trained
On that speck of light

In the far distance
And don't look back.

What Has a Beginning Must Have and End - January 12. 1975

Loving God is to know God.
Knowing God is loving others.
Loving others is knowing thyself.
In knowing and loving thyself
We pay the highest tribute to God,

Denying God is to know nothing
Disbelief in God breeds disbelief in others
Believing in nothing is not believing in self.
Denying self is denying existence exists.

Not believing is to deny loving
Not loving is denying existence.
Denying life.
No longer living we slip on the cloak
Of eternal night and loneliness
And partake of the elixir that
Destroys the soul.

By denying the existence of God
We deny the existence of ourselves.
By denying the existence of ourselves.
We cease to be,
We are... alone... absolute loneliness.
By ceasing to be.
We can only float eternally alone
In the coal black vacuum of space.
What has a beginning must have an end.

But how long is eternity?
And where does infinity end?

Reflections of Like Mind and Soul (song for guitar and orchestra)

February 2, 1975

Looking in your eyes I see calmness and serenity
Reflections of like mind and soul
It's love I see, you've told me so.

Speak no words, you speak my mind
We'll sit entranced
Our souls combined
In love we'll be
T 'was meant to be
Sojourning thru eternity.

Oh... Oh... Oh...

(Break)

We've met again just like before
2,000 years or maybe more
The times we've lived being apart
Hold my hands, take my heart.
We'll travel on to far away places
The sun will set into our faces
Sending down a million rays of sunlight
It's bright, the light, new sight
Oh... Oh... Oh...

(Break)

Yes. I see the light it's bright enough to find
The path that leads into our minds
Sending down a million rays of sunlight

It's bright, the light, new sight,

(Repeat first verse)

Hello... Nice to Know You Once Again - February 4, 1975, 12:30 a.m.

So! It has been spoken.
There are many ways and words.
That puts one on the path
That leads to the light.
Love! There is nothing more sacred and divine.
The communion of two souls fulfills
the mission.
Two halves to make a whole,
As left is to right,
As day is to night.
One's reflection in the
Stillness of a pond.
Yin and Yang!
Cause and effect.

All love.
A reminder of God's constant presence.
Love!
Perfect balance.
Harmony
The coming together of the universal principles
Love!
A thought
A force.
An ideal.

Elise
That radiance shining light and love
And warmth.
A lot like the sun.
A lot like me.
Like souls do attract.

Hello... nice to know you once again.

In The Desert - February 4, 1975

Sitting,

Alone

I

Listen

to the

Silence and the Quietude

And Silence became the ultimate

sound of all.

In

Silence,

One

Hears

Everything

TRILOGY FOR ELISE

Night Flight to Tucson - February 6, 1975. 1:20 A.M..

Say it chance our first breaths
Were drawn at the same source?
And say it chance
On the night of our meeting
The race had run its course?
No, not quite yet.
I thought last chance
Or was it fat chance
That I could meet you
Someway, somehow,
The question was... when?
Why not tomorrow,
On a night flight to Tucson.
Ah! I can see it now...
Lovers meet,
Romance over Oklahoma City.
But wait
One small problem,
Who made all those arrangements?
I didn't think that,
I just wrote it now,
I hardly knew your name.
And... there you were.
The object of my thoughts,
On a night flight to Tucson.
"Fancy meeting you here."
Chance?

Ha!

I can only smile.

Don't Speak It's Understood - February 6. 1975, 1:55 A.M.

It's very funny
Sitting here thinking of you.
I'm smiling!
I'm looking into your eyes
And I can laugh.
Don't speak. It's understood.
Your there.
I'm here.
It does not matter.
That sparkle in your eye.
Like a child's.
Take my hands and we will lead each other.
Look into my eyes.
What do you see?
A reflection of yourself?
Yes, there are two ways to take that.
The secret echoes throughout the universe.
It is no secret.
Don't speak, it's understood.

How Does One Measure Time? - February 6, 1975, 2:35 A.M.

How does one measure time?
I'll put mine in a spoon.
It fits nicely there.
All of eternity wouldn't even fill a glass.
Time? Try to grasp it...
Better yet, catch your shadow.
How does one understand something that does not exist?
Easy!
Understand its non-existence.
And existence becomes relative to it.
What's relative?
Nothing, really!
Life just is.
And that is everything.
Relating to no one thing,
Just being a part of it all.

How does one measure Love?
I'll put mine in the infinite universe.
It fits nicely there,
And even then it would overflow.
Love? Take hold of it.
Better yet, take hold of yourself and
Look within.
How does one understand something that is everything?
Easy!
Understand its total existence and experience.
And existence becomes relative to it.
What's relative?
Everything really!

That is life.
Relating to everything,
Not being a part of any one thing.

You've Got My Heart - February 13, 1975, 1:40 A.M.

You've got my
heart. What more could I
ask for except that I have yours
in return. Some give this or that,
I give you that which is holy –
my spirit to join yours.
Let us join our forces and
power and conquer
the world
together.

Go Gently Into the Forest - February 27, 1975, 4:00 A.M.

Go

gently into the forest. Step
lightly and do not make a sound. For
the snapping of one twig shall reverberate
around the world. I have found with you
the peace of fields and streams flowing
through me, a continuous rush of love.

Only the animals could understand

What I feel. For
lacking in
logic and
reason.

only
what is
true to the

senses makes
sense at all.

Only that which
abounds in the
small of my heart.

There is a River - February 17, 1975, 4:45 A.M.

There is a river
That has no beginning
And no end.

There is a force
That has no bounds
Makes no amends.

There is an intelligence
That knows it all
And with it sends

Total love
That makes you my sister
Makes you my friend.

For All Are One and
One Is All.

Flow back to the Source
And... heed the call.

I'm Kissed By Your Presence - March 9, 1975

Lord

I'm kissed by your presence

I'm blessed by your smile

Too Much Is Not Enough - April 29, 1975, Harlow's, 10:56 P.M.

Stillness? No a longing –
I am impatient for your constant love,
I cannot be with you enough.
Too much is not enough.
Joy can not be fulfilled without you.
Love can not be if you are absent from
My heart.
Still my quivering soul, yet quicken
My spirit.
My life began when we met.

The Love Junkie - February 14, 1976, Valentine's Day

The Prince of Peace is here to stay
make no mistake about it.
My Love for you is so damn strong
I cannot live without it.
It's like a drug, I'll need a fix,
Each day and then forever,
A shot of Love each day for life
From that I'll never sever
"He's the Love Junkie," they'll whisper,
Shot up, strung out, a mainline through his veins
His Love's the stuff, the high's the best,
It's rushing to his brains.
What a rush, I'm hooked for life
There's nothing to replace it.
The Junkie of Love, I'm flying high
This time I know I'm wasted.

The Wedding - February, 1976

Ah, the indwelling spirit manifests in the

Temple of flesh.

T'is the wedding of love supreme and

Intellect sublime that wisdom be born.

The resultant son is the light and

Sheds his radiance upon thee.

It's Love! Cheers! I'll Drink to That - January 14, 1976

It's the glittering of the diamond
The facets are us all.
Perfection paramount tri-angled.
The power in us all.
Look into the diamond.
What is it that you see?

Perfection in reflection?
Yes! The love I have for thee.
The Love is One, the One is All.
It's All the same to me.
"No" matter how I cut the ice
One in the same, the same in one
The One in us all. "Who" cares anyway?

It's Love! Cheers; I'll drink to that.
To the occasion?
Let's have a ball.

Messiah For Hire - March 1 1976, 1:30 A.M.

He's in training you know, his stars told him so

To teach, to love, and to counsel.

The sacrificial lamb, has returned to this land

To destroy what has caused her to sin so.

This world's lost her way in deepening decay

Her powers have all become rivals.

Only eight years more to even the score

Or Armageddon will surely survive us.

We've still got the time to balance this rhyme

With logic. with love, and with reason

To even the score we've got to love more

Or the Lord will condemn us for treason.

I've Borne My Cross Long Enough - April 22, 1976

I've borne my cross long enough, I cannot hang around
The thorns are digging deeper and I've seemed to lost
My crown

The pain and the suffering, the last things I shall feel
I've been betrayed, I'm all alone
It all seems so unreal.

My love's not enough, nor my understanding, too
You've stripped me of my birthright
You mock me,
Oh you fools.

So, I'd better make my exit, I'd better soon expire
For Gods on hand to take my love, to take me
Up much higher.

But I say to you and I make this vow
I'll tell you why they made me die
I knew the truth and they knew lies
The people loved but they despised
The things I know I'll tell you now
It's in the stars
I'll show you how
I'll show you how.

It's prophesied I shall return
It's written in the holy word
I've been reborn I'll love again
The Christ is here, the Christ
Within
The Christ is love,

Each man in himself has God within his heart
To start again, be born anew
You've got to make a start
You've got to make a start.

Love Is Surely The King - August 16, 1976, 9:00 A.M.

The 28th of July marked a time in the sky
A very auspicious occasion.
The Sun and the Moon, Venus and Mercury too.
and Saturn all in liaison.
Here's what it means
Begin listening
To the words
To the rhyme
To the reason
The Christ has arrived delivered on time
To begin a new type of season
He is 28 now and wants to show how
This world can laugh, and Love and sing
The Christ* has arrived,
And Christ is the Love And Love is surely the King.

* "...For one thing, we must acknowledge that when the document refers to Christ it does not mean Jesus, as we have pointed out in a previous chapter, the word that in English we pronounce Christ, is a translation of the Greek word Christos, which in turn is a translation of the Hebrew word that we call Messiah. As we have previously emphasized, the word is not the name of a person but the title of an office..."

The Meaning of The Dead Sea Scrolls by A. Powell Davies. p. 103. 1956

The Great Cosmic Plan - June 7, 1978, 9:30 a. m.

Things were fine in the garden at Eden
Loving life, walking naked and doing no thinking:

But Adam got taken by Eve's picking and eating
So their time in the garden would soon be a fleeting.

So their first evil deed caused a change in the speed
Of God's plan for the earth's redemption,
A new thought in his mind to bind up in time

So here will I make of its mention;
A new MASTER PLAN soon devised by the man
ADAM KADMON

To whom we owe our creation
With a quick zip and a zap a bim and a bang
A new thought for man's re-elevation.

YOU SEE?

Adam fell from his grace and must return to this place
We call the Garden of Eden

Where dwells peace of mind and where lovers are kind.
And where no races are running for freedom.

SO!

A MESSIAH was needed and there was only ONE
To whom it was dedeed

The blueprint to this new master plan
Look to the stars to Venus and Mars.

It is there... The great COSMIC PLAN

READ

Revelation twenty two sixteen
The great clue to this scheme

For the ROOT and OFFSPRING of David.
The BRIGHT and MORNING STAR is Venus, not Mars

And reincarnation is the key to this theme.

He Comes Quickly - Onearth Gathering. Maui, Hawaii. 1981

The Messiah is likened unto an orgasm;

When he comes,

He comes quickly.*

** Matthew 25:1-13*

The Story Wasn't Exciting Enough - 1982