

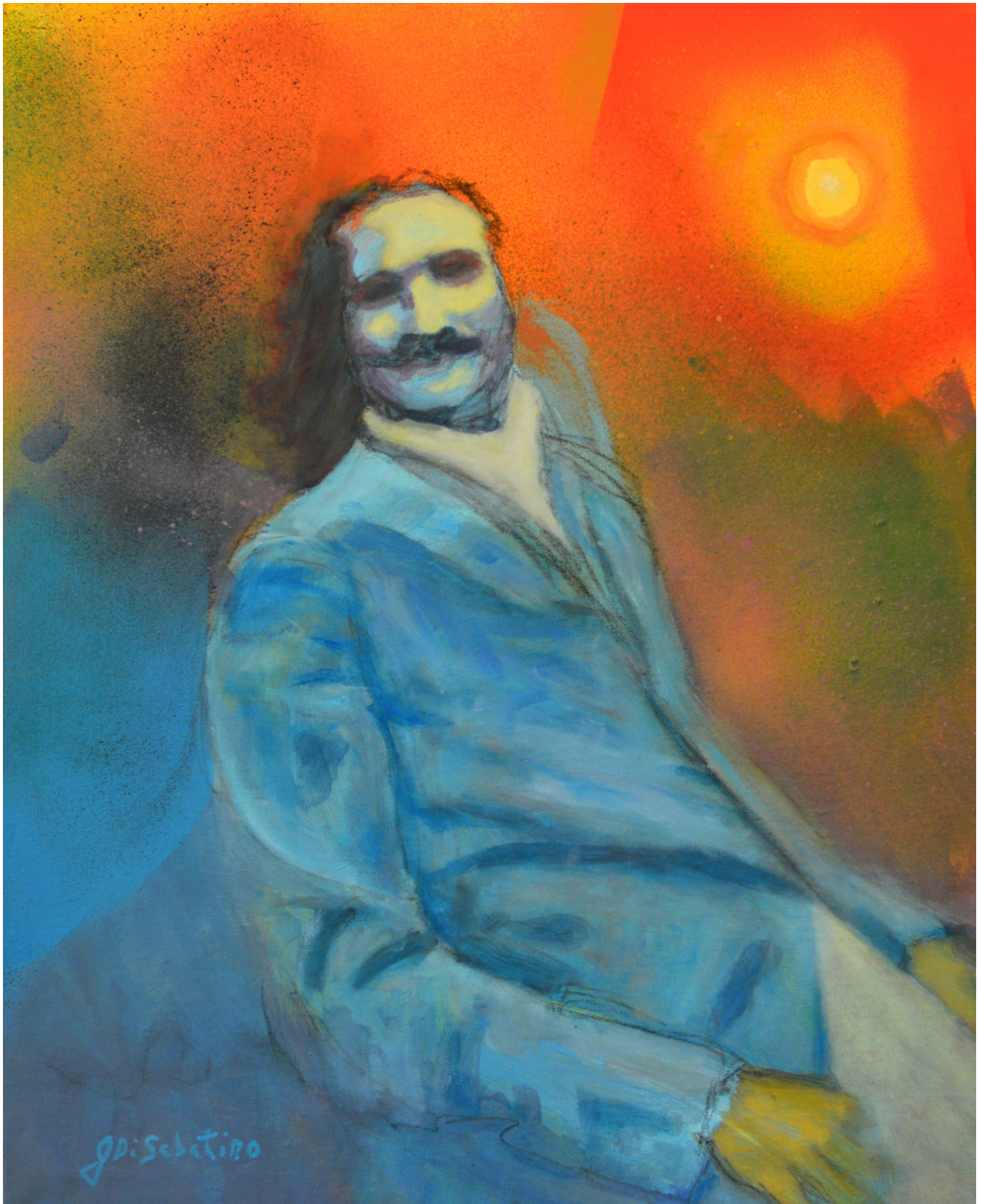
More Haiku for the Beloved (Meher Baba)



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With illustrations by Joe DiSabatino

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Here Comes the Sun

Baba's birthday
seven squawking geese
rip across Long Lake

Gnawing blackness
eclipsing the moon
my desire for You brightens

Orange half-moon
on the ocean's rim
embers of the heart glowing

Bitter wind off the ocean
cold sand, blowing litter
where have You gone?

Pulsing energy on the ocean's
far horizon—Your face
best glimpsed with soft eyes

Tonight, inside the Lagoon Cabin,
the whirling of galaxies,
Venus and Mars Argentine tango

Flat on the boathouse deck
devouring the noon sun of You
in the reeds a blue heron

Moon in the water
fish in the sky
this ache inside never subsides

Another Silence Day
and still my hypocrisy:
quiet tongue, jabbering mind

If I painted my heart
bright pink as Your coat
would you hide it on Your sleeve?

My heart turns and still turns—
facing the world, then
facing Your face

Full moon over the boathouse
the milky way in the lake
shimmerings of Your silence

I walk the trail
to Your house
for so many briar-torn lifetimes

Lovers surround Your bed
outside the window
a jealous angel

A blue heron wings
low over Long Lake
over your great Silence soars my heart

Crescent moon cradles
a star—may my life
be lived from inside Your embrace

Still fluttering, the moth
snared in a silken web
"I" takes so long to die

Meher, I smell
Your mysterious name
deep inside this oak

Last autumn I planted
Your name in my windowbox
when will spring arrive?

An ant carries
a dead beetle. Beloved,
walk my sorrow to Your nest

Transfixed on the footbridge
forever,
the evening sun never setting

The implicate order of
eternity imbues
every leaf on Your Center

My every cell saxophonizing
blue and gold notes
jazzing Your name

Barefooted, I sizzle
the snow—the tips
of my toes branding Your name



Bamboo Baba

As I remember
my heart
longs to remember

The ocean floods
the beach pool
where heart becomes soul

As I stare at
Your golden face
I long to see You

Evening arti
in the distance a cow's bell
when will You call me home?

Even inside your Samadhi
my heart longs
for Your Samadhi

We bow at
Your threshold
but we don't dive in

Anyone can kiss
Your threshold
few dare step inside

The woods of Your Center—
Great Mystery Forest
Great Mystery Lake

Scrub pines so dry
so brittle

sometimes the heart a desert

Sometimes I face the highway
sometimes the Ocean
the heart is that which turns

A sand crab scuttles
inside its hole
flood me with Your waves

No more sand dollars
on this beach
I am a poor man without Your love

An Angel Falls of love
cascaded into my being
when you accepted my grief

I drank the poison
of longing for You
there is no antidote

A cataract clouds

the eye of my heart
I grope my way to Your home

I found the Master Tree
on Your Center
a poem as beautiful as a tree

Fairies on retreat
in Great Mystery Forest
all night You frolick

The atoms of my body
in nuclear fusion
Your enriched Name the fuel rod

In April wisteria blossoms
send me sniffing
the path still hot with You

The sea's first light
a rose-sword from sun to shore
the burning of the heart

All night, a gentle snow
All morning, your melting breath
My footprints disappearing

You surprise us
With snow last night
On the lake two white swans

Deep within Your Center
Hides another Center
We search the trails for it

Lagoon Cabin steps—
Worn sneakers, torn laces
How many lifetimes of wandering?

The clarity of light
Inside the Lagoon Cabin
Outside, the darkened sun

I sleep all day, nights
Spent sipping Your Being
In the Open Heart Café

Two people in the boathouse
A turtle's nose
Peeks through Your Silence

I've become a bum
In Your Open Eye Café
Addicted to the Unseen

And You, the Butcher
And we, the turtle's heart
That keeps on beating

climb the brick stairs
Slowly, mindfully
Twenty-eight stations of the heart

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