

"In the Name of Allah, the Most Merciful and Compassionate!"

The Prophets Return

Breathes there in this sordid world today
The spirit of the prophets of the past?
Who feared not man at all but God alone,
And is whose hearts dwelt that inspiring fire,
Which both through words they spake and lives they led
Roused men and nations to such mighty acts,
Their names are fixed upon the scrolls of history.
What made the prophet? what the sage? the seer?
How did they differ from their fellow men?
In this vast controversy twixt group and group,
The Fundamentalist and Modernist
Alike forget the Scriptures, "Ye are gods!"
Not worms abased nor simians glorified.
And if in some far land there dwells a soul
Whose habits and whose dress have drawn about him
Mythy tales and rumors of miracles,
Then comes the realistic scribe and shows
That he is mad; exposes all his acts
As but the deeds of some depraved neurotic,
His admirers victims of a strange hypnosis.

Our 'cademies are full of analysts;
They delve into the secrets of all Nature.
Physiology sees the body and its parts,
Psychology the mind and the emotions,
But do they see **Man**? the Life within? the Real?
The Force that is the Cause of all our actions?

The mind sees this, the mind sees that. It knows
The constitution of these very rocks
It knows the best to eat, to drink, to wear;
It sees or thinks it sees the death of disease
(It refuses to admit itself the cause.)
One day it sayeth "Peace," the next day "War."
And woe to him who sayeth "Peace" in time

Of war, or sayeth "War" in time of peace.
"This is another victory for Science,"
And if the morrow bring complete reverse,
"Another victory!" is still the cry—
"Defeat we won't admit, we do not know."
One day the world is full of witches, the next
There is no witch nor ghost nor elf nor troll.
Lead into gold were supreme foolishness,
Last night proclaim it and you were mad sans doute,
Today 'tis the greatest miracle of all.
How often are our learning and degrees
But words upon paper and an honored name!
We differ from our ancestors in this:
They fixed their titles fore their names needs be,
Post scribing offices or lands they held;
We put our titles after it initiated,
Exchange and barter them and then we say,
"This is Democracy, the great ideal,
All other systems are but false and vain."

Arise! Arise before the world and speak!
You are a charlatan, a Bolshevik.
(In Russia they call you "Benighted Bourgeoisie.")
No matter where you stand they throw words at you.
You are a quack, and your "experiences"
Hallucinations of a diseased brain.
Throw a word; that's all the argument that's needed.
Throw a word; they hide their petty thoughts—
A Grecian one's preferred, it's scientific,
It solves the problem, ends perplexity.
You'll then be classified or crucified
Thus were the prophets treated, thus was Christ,
And thus Mahomet, Jeremy and Saint Joan.

Flow with the stream, turn right, turn left or forward!
Move on today, the mob wildly applauds,
Tomorrow give an inch and you're a martyr.

Tell me, Science, can you see your face?
O Mind, that seeth all, have you seen yourself?
You grasp the finite, but what the infinite?
You analyze and categorize and classify,
Thought belongs to you, but what of Love?

O Love, that movest e'en the foundations of the world!
Whence springest Thou and where Thy dwelling place?

In the beginning was Love, with God was Love,
For God is Love and through Love all is made;
Nothing is made save that which comes from Love.
Before the deed, the thought; before the thought,
The wish; no wish without desire, no desire
But comes from Love. Though that Love be abased,
Though that Love be exalted, only through Love
Can we create, we build or bring to being
Our works of Art, our prodigies of Science.
Procreated offspring are not alone our children,
The course that Love doth run determining
The form of our creation—Divine Art.
The Scriptures say God made man in His image,
The Infinite in myriad forms enfolding,
So man creates in microcosmic form
By the same Law that God Himself doth use—
The Law of Love if Love may have a Law.
True Love is above all Law and yet obeys
The Law of Harmony, the Rule of Selflessness.
If ye have wealth and have not Love, what matter?
If ye have knowledge and lacketh Love, what gain?
If ye have rank and possess not Love, what peace?
If ye have fame but without Love doth that
Bring happiness and health and inner joy?

But yesterday the brain was all and now
The ductless glands do govern every act,
Tomorrow the lungs and breath shall sit enthroned,
(Or even the vile stomach usurp the place)
But then shall come a time, a time indeed,
When the heart, true monarch and high priest shall rise
And we shall see the fount of all our power;
Humanity shall come unto its own.
The boatman losing breath, whence comes his strength?
The weak young mother rescues her babes in peril,
The lovers without food or quieting sleep,
E'en now proclaim the majesty of the heart.
Tomorrow the curt will rise and we shall know,
And by that knowledge evermore be freed.

The intuition points the way to Truth,
We know and know not why and yet we know,
The evidence of the senses stands discounted.
Whence comes our major premises still unproved
And yet believed or felt without cold Reason.
The woman feels and what she's felt proves true;
A flash comes to the scientist when at rest,
A great law is discovered! Look and see,
'Twas always thus and still we worship Reason
That needs must follow Newton's Law and go
Forever onward in its path straightway,
Or ever round and round in cyclic orb,
Unless 'tis rescued from that endless round
Like Siegfried dashing through the Magic Fire
And seizing sleeping Brunnhilde departs.
Thus Intuition lends its guiding hand
And joined with Logic forms a magic team.
The one who holds the reins will have the key,
The secret of the Ancients, "Know thyself."
Yet Intuition is the child of Love,
Her smallest babe who, if but nourished,
Grows into electric Inspiration,
The secret of the poets and the artists,
To prophets' and to mystics' ecstasy.
If Love's the master Inspiration comes;
If self's forgot that inspiration guides
Love's pupils through this dusky veil of tears
To heights unrealized by sensuous slaves,
To realms unheard by Reason's icy offspring;

To Mount Neru and to the court of Indra
(Or perhaps if thou art like Islam's great Prophet,
The mountain may perchance then come to thee.)
As Moses stood upon the mount in Moab,
As Christian saw the city far away,
Or Dante climbed up Purgatory's steeps
And came into the Terrestrial Paradise,
Thou'rt guided to the Promised Land of Love.
And Christ Himself proved this by His life,
The mightiest secret of them all is this:
Forget thy self, meditating in thy heart.
In rest and peace doth true Wisdom come,
From Silence the world was created by a Word.

Arise for thy light will shine! The day is here
When prophets return, proclaiming to the world
As in the days of old; ready to suffer,
Ready to do, to dare, to teach, to lead;
Showing the way to the humble, low and meek.
The scientist may frown upon the mystic;
The mystic replies, "Brother, come and see."—
"What you have found is true yet is but little,
A drop of water in a mighty sea.
Disdain me not, here is a hand to help you,
Let us advance in friendly company,
The heart and mind work in cooperation,
That freedom come, and peace and brotherhood.
Let us look without for outward understanding,
But look within for Wisdom and for Love.
Disdain me not, though dark the night surrounding,
The day doth come, the sun arises in thy heart."