

Salem (Or "World Peace Through Religion.")

In the Name of God Who is Mercy and Compassion

I

Trace in the Immortal Silence the words enscrivened in the Book of Life.
A camel's-hair brush dipped in centuries' blood
Relates the history of the world;
But the tale of Heaven—
Ah! the tale of Heaven—
Written by the hand of man,
Read by the heart of man,
Look! The new Revelation! Day is come.
I heard a Voice at dawn cry:
"Shanti! Shanti! Shanti!"
Kotis of Bodhisattvas in adoration gathered around the Arsh-throne.
Music, breathe in my ears those rhapsodies from lumen atmospheres;
Burst these mortal bonds, accordion of flame!
With the passionate pourings from Krishna's pipe.
Come to me, raga divine, come!

.....
The sama of the Sufis! the sama of the Sufis!
Angels tremble as the dervishes whirl,
And the Universe accompanies a passionata.

I stood upon the summit of Meru.
They come! they come!
Rama with his giant bow,
Rudra with his fiery steeds,
Jamshid with his crystal cup,
Buddha with his sacred bowl.
They come! they come to the summit of Meru!
Moses with the tablets of the Law,
Solomon with his magic seal,
Jesus with his healing divine,
Mohammed with his sword of might.
They come! they come to the summit of Meru!
From north, from south, from east, from west,

Arisen from nadir descended from zenith,
To the summit of Meru, they come, they come!

Hail, Zardusht of the holy Aryas!
Zardusht with golden crown and radiant countenance,
Zardusht at the summit of Meru
Gathers them all in dance celestial,
The holy ones, the holy ones together.
Enrapt in cosmic whirl the mountain finds deliverance,
In ecstasial mergence with Divinity's Self.
A lotus blossomed from its heart,
And thereon stood a prophet, crying at Zardusht's nod:
"Son of man, see these Messengers Divine joined in Brotherhood!
Who follows one, needs follow all."

Kneeling at Zardusht's feet in prayer, I cried:
"Mighty Lotus of the World, undone am I, thy slave!"
And then that Holy Touch;
Who can describe that Holy Touch?
Nor word nor pen nor feeling nor gesture.
That Holy Touch and all was Light.

II.

Hail the new born day in the light of all the prophets!
The sons of earth together shall sing with the morning stars.
Color of skin shall not hinder their coming,
Neither position nor power enter them in;
Love alone shall open the portals of joy.
From jungle and parched land, from marsh land and veldt,
From city and tundra and forest and field,
From desert and mountain and valley and seaside,
Gather them all, gather them all in symphony,
The sons of earth together shall sing with the morning stars.

Assemble on the mountain the leaders of mankind;
Peace shall be their watchword, **Peace** their goal.
Neither will they contend nor strive:
Their hearts will be open, their visions will be keen,
Laying opinions aside, traditions to the winds
And purging hatred from their souls.

Once the Bodhisattva was a king;
A blinded beggar came, demanding his eyes.
He gave, and lo! Samsara's veil was lifted;
With the Eye of Delight he saw forevermore.
Thus, if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out,
If thy doctrines confound thee, throw them away;
Cast off these choking dogmas,
And let the Truth shine down on all.
Christian and Hebrew with the scions of Aryavarta,
The followers of Islam joining with Zardusht's kin,
Those that bow to Sakya Muni and so-called unbelievers,
Shall congregate together on the mountain of the Lord;
The sons of earth together shall sing with the morning stars.
Then shall the Triumph be, **Peace on earth to men of Right Will.**
Let that light shine forth! Let that Light shine forth!
Om!.....Hari Om!.....

III.

High above the Himalayan peaks stood I,
Vanishing the world before me.
Out of phantom mists the ghosts of munis appears,
And from the imperturbable Silence,
Sounds, oceans of sounds.
The Soul of the World was addressing the lordly company:
"Hearken, men of good family, to the voice of Sakya the Sage.
Hearken to the Blessed One, the Wholly Enlightened One.
Then shall ye receive Sutras from the Heaven of Amitabha,
And Wisdom from the Holy Ones at its Source."

Then troops of munis came marching by: Om! Om! Om!
The sages of ages, prophets of old: Om! Om! Om!
Each step paced to breath, each heart raised in praise,
Chanting in unison: "**Om!**"

Then from the midst of the Silence, Adam Cadmon,
Who blessed his servant saying:
"Speak to the children of men,
Unto the earth-born betake thyself and be thou unafraid,
Prophecy whatsoever the Holy Ones teach thee,
And honor the Lord, thy God, forever.

Once more the munis came marching by: Om! Om! Om!
One with the Soul of the World was I: Om! Om! Om!
There, Sound was Light and Light was Sound,
Life and Love and Wisdom profound,
And all was One, One, **One!**
The Glory of God On High.

IV.

O, for the Night of Power!
O, for the Day of Gladness!
When that Night comes shall all woe disperse,
When that Day comes, shall the tides of joy run high.
Thou are the praised one, Mohammed, Prophet of God!

Through the ocean of Night to the Palace of Dawn,
Heigho, lead on, Buraq!
Patriarchs await the coming messenger,
And the Heavens declare the Glory of God.

Into that Palace, into that exalted Palace:
Light upon Light and Light upon Light!
There the Heavenly Qur'an,
A single page stretching from Beyond to Beyond,
A single paragraph seven miles high,
Written with the fineness of a camel's-hair brush;
In English and Arabic and Hebrew was it enscribed,
According to the language of the soul.

Nearer came the Heavenly Qur'an,
And I saw that it was written in the language of the Heart.
Then a wonder:
In the Heart,
Bible and Vedas, Sutras and Gathas, Upanishads and Kings.

Then was the breast opened and the Word spoken thereon,
Mathra Spenta, that Holy Word of Truth,
The message of the King of Kings.

Heigho, Buraq, away! away to earth!
To Jerusalem, lead thou to Jerusalem,

To the further temple from the Palace on high,
Tidings of Peace shall we carry from the King:
Cease your turmoil, children of Father Abraham,
Listen to the news from your Lord;
Hear ye, scions of Ishmael and Isaac, for thus it is said:
“Let all men worship together;
Then shall the Lord be One and His Name be One.”

Rest thou, faithful steed.
Temples to the Glory of God will be built upon the earth,
And in the worlds unseen,
And shall shout His praises all creation.
The peoples of the earth shall congregate about the mountain of the Lord,
Beating the swords of their minds into plowshares,
Purifying their thoughts till they become
Fresh as the mountain streamlets.
Let all worship together—then will Peace come.

V.

In the days of old came the Word of the Lord to Isaiah,
It came in the days of old,
It will be fulfilled in the days to come:
“For My house shall be called
A house of prayer for all peoples.”
No race, but may enter therein,
No class, but will come there for worship,

No man, unwelcome at prayer;
The saint not invited because of his virtues,
The sinner withheld for his misdeeds.
“For My house shall be called
A house of prayer for all peoples.”

Who is then to be called Unbeliever?
Who is there to be known as Idolator?
Who the Heathen, who the Atheist?
Who shall say to his fellow: “Thou art a heretic.”
Come, Buddhist from the East and Christian from the West;
Come, Moslem from the South and Hebrew from the North;
Come, ye that follow the sastras and the dharma,

Who read the pages of the Granths
And study the teachings of Tirthankas,
“For My house shall be called
A house of prayer for all peoples.”

Enter the temple and worship as ye will,
Enter freely and pray,
Enter freely and meditate.
Join in fraternity in the sacred edifice:
Render puja unto Siva and lay flowers on Krishna's altar,
Burn incense before Buddha Gautama,
Bow down before Lord Christ,
Render thanksgiving to Ahura Mazda.
For who is there in Heaven save Allah?
And to whom will worship be offered but Adonai?
Come from the ends of the earth,
In the congregations in the day,
Or alone in the watches of the night.
Come to the temple, the holy edifice,
“For My house shall be called
A house of prayer for all peoples.”

This from the lips of Isaiah in the days of old,
“And this shall be fulfilled,” saith the Lord,
“In the days that are to come.”

VI.

Is God,
And Infinite is God.
Nothing in the world is there in which God is not,
And nothing in the world is there which is not in God.
Infinite Good and Infinite Evil alike is He,
Both heavenly Father and Mother of the Universe,
Yet above all attributes,
Above all names and forms.

Is God.
Nor can He be defined, but for ourselves alone:
Whatsoever our definitions, are for ourselves alone,
Whatsoever our beliefs, are for ourselves alone.

No code or book or church or creed,
No concept or theory or the mind of man contains the Lord.
Divine Mind you say He is, and it is true;
Divine Matter you think He be, it is not false.

Is God.
Call Him Brahma or Adonai,
Name Him Allah or Vairochana,
Vishnu or Ahura or Amida or Tao,
Bhutathata or Heavenly Father.
Look to the Absolute, the unknowable, Nirvana,
For all is One, the Unity Profound.
In that Infinite Oneness, realize thyself a part,
A part containing the Essence of the Whole.
Ever He reveals Himself to His creatures,
For all exist in God, and all
Is God.

VII.

Whence this kindling in the human heart?
This note of sympathy within the breast?
This strong response when other beings suffer?
Wherefrom this vital impulse to adore?
To love, to worship and to idealize?
Analyze the infinitesimal, it is not found;
Study the plasmic cell, it is not there;
Seek through the atoms and electrons, there is no answer.

Whence this kindling in the human heart?
The Muni meditated beneath the Bo-tree:
And sculptors carve great walls at Borobudur.
At eventide, was Christ raised in crucifixion:
And Raphael sketches his murals in sacred chapels.
Mohammed gave the Arabs his holy Message:
The sultan of Cairo rears mosques of luxuriant splendor.
A Voice from the burning bush once beckoned to Moses:
A race learns to suffer for those noble ideals.

Whence this kindling in the human heart?
The blood of martyrs,

The liberators thrown into dungeons,
The sacrifices of saints,
The long vigils of holy men,
Temples and churches and stupas and shrines,
The sempiternal urge ...
Whence this kindling in the human heart?

VIII.

Place your books on the library shelves
And listen to the Voice of Truth.
Enter the chambers of the heart;
Knock, and it shall be opened to you,
Where stands the Silent God.

Lift up ye gates, and raise your heads, ye everlasting doors,
That the Lord of Hosts may enter in.
Who is this Lord of Hosts?
The Lord of Peace, the Lord of Mercy and Compassion,
The Lord of Wisdom, the Lord of Love and Truth.

Comes the hour when the Message shall travel far and wide,
Hear ye, my people;
Open your ears who stand in far away places,
This is the dawn of Peace,
The day of the Message is at hand.
Open the chambers of the heart,
That the Lord of Hosts may enter therein.
Who is this Lord of Hosts?
The Lord of Peace, the Lord of Mercy and Compassion,
The Lord of Wisdom, the Lord of Love and Truth,

IX.

Out of thy mouth shall go the Message,
And from thy tongue the Word of thy Lord,
For thou hast opened the doors of thy heart.
Hear ye the clashing and the clamoring,
It is the whirlwind of the Lord!

The Lord is coming! the Lord is coming!
It is He who will reign on earth,
It is His word that shall guide men aright.
The Message will rise from the heart,
Like a guiding beacon it shall lead the way over the ocean,
To the Orient and the Occident shall it lead,
And thou shalt speak it forth.

Has the Lord ever departed from His children?
Or the Eternal Watcher deserted His chosen ones?
Open thine ear and hear His Call!
The Message rises from the breath,
The Message enlightens the mind,
The Message guides the tongue,
The Message elevates the personality,
The Message keeps the hands from going astray,
The Message brings its blessing to every one;
The Message is calling, the Message is rising, the Message is coming onward.

The chariot of the Lord shall come from Heaven,
And His Glory manifest upon the earth.
The Lord shall speak again unto his children,
Through the mouths of prophets as in days of old.
“For whatsoever was spoken through My servants,
Whatsoever was stated by Isaiah and Jeremiah and Ezekiel,
By the greater prophets and the lesser prophets,
By the holy men of Israel and Ishmael and Aryavarta,
By the guiding Messengers of humanity,
By My chosen saints who have appeared—
Hear ye, My peoples, all shall be fulfilled;
In that hour ye think the least, shall it be fulfilled.”
For captains and kings depart,
And nations rise and fall,
The mighty will be no more and the heroes all forgotten,
But the Lord abides forever.
He will show mercy unto whom He will show mercy,
And be gracious unto whom is deserving of His Grace;
His Light shall illuminate the whole earth,
And His every Word shall not go unfulfilled.

X.

I passed a church wherein they prayed:
"Lord Christ, come to earth, that we may be saved."
The depths of degradations showed before me,
With poverty and suffering on every hand,
While opposite those walls a hanging placard:
"Jews and Dogs Are Not Permitted Here."
And still the prayers within the church kept calling:
"Lord Christ, come to earth, that we may be saved."
And so I joined that suppliant congregation:
"O Lord Christ, come to earth, that **they** be saved."

A miracle! appeared the Lordly Christ;
The kneeling people shouted loud hosannas.
The people cried: "Lord, we worshipped Thee."
Christ answered: "Love I commanded, hate ye sowed."
The people cried: "Lord, we worshipped thee."
Christ answered: "As ye did to the least of My brethren, That also did ye to Me."
The people cried: "Lord, we worshiped thee."
Christ answered: "Who can count the starving for Truth and Light?"
The people cried: "Lord, we built Thee temples."
Christ answered: And Starved them that builded."
The people cried: "Lord, we built Thee altars,"
Christ answered: "Knew not the Son of man whereon to lay His head."
The people cried: "We worshipped in Thy temples."
Christ answered: "God dwelleth not in the work of human hands."
The people cried: "Lord, we spread Thy teachings."
Christ answered: "By fire and sword, the Word of the Prince of Peace."
The people cried: "Lord, we worship Thee."
Christ answered: "As thou forgivest others, so shall I forgive thee."
The people cried: "Lord, we worship Thee."
Christ answered: "As thou dost unto others, so I shall do to thee."
The people cried: "Lord, we worship Thee."
Christ answered: "Not by tongues which gossip,
But by hearts which love;
Go! and sin no more!"

Then Christ harangued the people:
"I have been a Negro, beaten and oppressed,
I have been a coolie, subject to taunt and jest,
I have been a beggar, driven from post to post,
I have been a peon, admired when I cowered most,
I have been toiler, earning little fare,
I have worked as a servant, admonished everywhere,

I have lived as a neighbor, subject to ridicule,
I, your Lord, Who came to earth to teach the Golden Rule."

And then another vision: **Christ upon the cross.**
For twenty passing centuries, **Christ upon the cross.**
The sweat of a billion peasants, and **Christ upon the cross.**
The Jews, His people, bathed in blood, and **Christ upon the cross.**
Ignorance seated on lofty thrones, and **Christ upon the cross.**
Children slaving in factories, and **Christ upon the cross.**
Bishops sleek and lords in plenty, and **Christ upon the cross.**
Peonage, poverty and dirt, with **Christ upon the cross.**
"Heaven and earth may pass away,
But My Word abides forever," saith the Lord.

XI.

Hail the day when aviators fly over the earth,
The day when cosmic elements are mastered,
When humanity has come into its own.
O valiant flyer, look upon the ground!
Tell me the small, the great, the meek, the proud,
Point out who is the servant and the master,
Distinguish between the learned and the fools,
Measure those nearest to heaven and give answer.

Hail the day when minds fly over the earth,
And learn the secret of man's smallness,
And also learn the secret of man's greatness,
And then descend to earth in realization,
Considering all humanity as kindred.

XII.

On subtler planes, unseen by eye,
The Parliament of Holy men is gathering.
Rabbis and munis, fakirs and priests,
Tirthankas and mobeds and sanyasins.
Wearers of the triple cord, and silent devotees,
They that bind phylacteries and cowled monks in prayer,

Candles and prayer books and rosaries mingling,
Incense of lavender, rosewood and pine.
Who can distinguish them, one from the other,
Rapt as they all are in supreme devotion?

The dream of Akbar fulfilling, all the devout are there,
Chanting hymns of joy toward the Throne of Light,
Where all is Love and Harmony and Peace.
The dream of Akbar fulfilling,
May His Will be done on earth as it is in Heaven,
And may the blessings of the saints rain down on earth.

XIII.

The trumpet sounds, the trumpet sounds!
The gong summons all to prayer;
High on the rock the muezzin is calling:
“Come to Allah, Ye faithful, come to Allah.”
The Lord of the East brings them from the East,
And the Lord of the West brings them from the West;
And the Lord of the South brings them from the South,
And the Lord of the North brings them from the North—
Even from the four corners of the earth brings He them.

Behold, a wonder! a woman mounts the rock to speak;
The multitudes bow before the Prophetess,
For the Lord is speaking through His chosen one.
Shout it from the mountain tops!
Reecho it in the valleys!
The Lord is speaking from the rock.
From the whole world gather they in brotherhood,
From every land are they come in pilgrimage,
From every race are they amid the throng.
Shout and sing praises to the Glory of the Lord:
His Love encompasses the whole world,
His Light travels across the earth,
His Message has been uttered to all peoples.
Now they have come together, to worship have they come,
In pilgrimage have they come, in humility have they come.

Buddha and Christ and Moses and Zardusht,

Mohammed and Rama and Lao-Tse and Krishna,
Nanak and Confucius and Abraham and Siva,
And many more Messengers unknown to mankind.
Even from the mightiest Heaven,
Even from the Throne of Allah have they come.
The Glory of the Lord shines upon His chosen one,
And all exult for the jubilant day of Alast.

May the Message of God Illuminate every heart,
May the Message of God be spread to every land,
May God cause His Face to shine upon every soul,
May He keep and guide thy steps on the path of Peace.
Praise ye the Name of the Lord forevermore. Amen.

XIV. L'Envoi

Come, brethren, sanctify this assembly,
Forgive the past and begin anew.
For Catholics killed by Buddhist monks we clean the slate away,
For Catholics killing heretics, we clean the slate away,
For Brahmins killing Buddhist monks, we clean the slate away,
For Muslims killing sanyasins, we clean the slate away,
For Crusaders slaughtering Jews like sheep, we clean the slate away,
For Hebrews exploiting Christian men, we clean the slate away,
For Christian and Muslim steeped in blood, we clean the slate away,
For Tartar and Uzbeg ravages, we clean the slate away.
While Christians hate, can Christ be King?
While caste continues, can Dharma be,
With brotherhood but a mockery,
Concealing the greatest mystery:
That from One Source and to One Goal,
We come, we go, we live.
Amen. **Om**.....