

His Legacy: A Poetic Call to Higher Consciousness

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Abstract

In this brief, poetic, writeup the author issues a call for mundane consciousness to seek out its higher counterpart.

Come, come, O man! do come to Me.

Reach out for Me, try and get to Me.

I am here, no, I am there.

Here and there, I am everywhere.

See for yourself, open your eyes,

See for yourself, how he who dies,

Comes to Me, yes, comes to Me.

I then direct where he has to be.

Shut your eyes, and you shall see,

Darkness, yes, you shall see,

Darkness, horror, fear and rage,

Yes, you shall feel trapped in a cage.

You know the way, it is in your heart,

Reach out to it, tear your heart apart,

Search for it, down deep in your heart,
When you find it, keep strict on the path.
Keep on the path, yes, strict on the path,
For if you falter on this path,
You have to begin, yes, once again start,
Search for it, search for it, down deep inside your heart.
No turning around, no looking behind,
Nothing to fear, nothing to hide,
None of the laws you can't abide by,
For here I am the Mastermind.
This is the way, man, this is the way,
This is the way, don't go astray!
This is the road down to My heart,
Yes, this is the road down to My heart. – *dated* August 24, 1996.