



Changed

Change

13

Changing

Poems for The 13

THE ORDER MATERIAL

**“The One Hill climbed. The One Will obeyed.
The One Celebration!”**

Bubbles, filmy, evanescent,
Never a moment quite quiescent
Save when day's ethereal breath
Darks their rainbow hues in death.

Bubbles, surface ebullitions,
Born of alien attritions
Rocks at bed and shores at side,
Jealous of the far-off tide.

Spirit, thy many Spirits elusive
Sphere the outer life obtrusive:
Films diaphanous emerge
Where frets hinder, small things urge.

Seek the large Life, quintessential,
Holding self all reverential!
Seek thy sea, majestic, vast,
Where the steady stars are glassed.

Sea? Thou art the sea, ne'er river

Poems for The 13 - The One Hill climbed . . .

Power within is thy Life's giver;
Peace be thine on stormless deeps
Peace whose Power thy selfhood keeps.

I asked of these revelation of my Need:
The Seas, the Hills, the Starry Vault, and Life.
The First cried "Action, thou art Spirit freed;"
The Second, "Poise, defeat is bred of strife;"
The Third Galactic, "Power in the Deed!"

To war I went with sounding drum and fife,
To faith I turned, with moods receptive rife,
At last stood awed where human empires breed.

But ne'er the thing I urged these Matters taught,
How Act? How Stand? What Power, and how gain - and
have pain?
Seas, Hills, and Stars, War, Faith, and World in vain!

Then up spoke Life: "Oh, simple and distraught!
Poise, Actions, Powers, for they Rule Complain:
Those art the King, thyself the King's Domain!"

What sees thou? Anything?
The gracious light, in semi-sphere
Created by the Living Spirit,

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Encompasses the vision's Whole
of worlds, Earths afar, and atoms near.

The vault of space, the Kingdom gemmed
and perhaps deep
To Truth's ideal and Beauty's Grace
With Understanding ever fresh.

Yet must the Wider Life emerge
Within the lesser, welling up,
If living spirit's wine-filled cup
Reflect the drama's drift and urge.

What seest thou? Thyself alone:
Thou art the world and all its parts
And this is being's Arts of Arts'
To know the faster Life thine own

To know me and my heart,
But who knows me?

Who Reads?
Reads "Witless One"
Behold him run
The race of prose of rhyme!
Reading's an art

Poems for The 13 - The One Hill climbed . . .

Of head and heart
Never a thief of time.

Love's "thought" the pause
On trenchant clause;
'Tis matter him engages,
The first has speed
and verbal greed,
Devouring countless pages.

In Browning's book
or Saturn's nook
Hides God, the Question Mark.
Goes spirit all in?
All, my Friend, all, spirit must Win!
Goes less? The thing is dark.

The Truth's old fashion
To answer passion;
Tis spirit's, to grow by giving.
Now if you read
At a mystic's bleed,
You Know - then - glorious Living!

When the true-self works, thought,
In the nooks and crannies of the brain,

Poems for The 13 - The One Hill climbed . . .

And the matter with meaning is fraught,
Like the gift to the Wisdom of Nain,
Or the war cry of Marathon's Plain.
Tell me, what has any miracle wrought?

Except, of course, to tear my thought.
And of what is it fashioned, this thing
That upsprings like a ghost in the night,
That evolves like a Saturnine Ring
This mysterious Symbol of might,
born as well to a god or a wight!
Tell me, what is that sign of a king?

In the faith-haunted seasons of old,
When this Life was diffusively great,
I was claimant, exuberant, bold,
Of the Power of thought, its fate;
and I dreamed in the folly, elate,
That myself was its essence unrolled.

Gone the fancy! The Power Abides,
Yet the mystery grows on apace:
For the thinker's the spirit that hides,
And the thought is his unrevealed face.
Can a person outrun "self" in the race?
Can the sea compass more than its tides?

I think not.

In ancient days when hearts were bold,
And Courage burned to meet the foe,
The wandering bard his story told
To most eager listeners, young and old,
Of deeds heroic, Life Sublime,
And gods and humans mighty All,
Till swept by passion's fiery flow
His spirit became lost in space or time
And theirs in valor's clarion call.

We wonder not the leaping words
The syllables that lilted sweet,
Or the fierce breath that red blood curds
Or the One Name dark awe engirds,
Should bind all to Singer's Will,
Resounding through the windy hall,
Or answered from the Wolf's retreat:
The singer lost in Passion's skill,
The listeners swept by valor's call.

The song was like to gold a-melt;
The voice a diamond pen to write;
And lives were wax, the story felt,
It burned, and left, then, scar and welt

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For love and altar, home and friend.
Oh, log the singer's woven thrall!
And high the story's growing might!
His heart in Iliad or in Zend
And theirs a-lost in valor's call.

This is the Tale of Memory.
The Living Scroll of Timeless earths,
Sung to the air, wrii facilely
In spirits eager thrilled to be
By love and battle, Home and Book;
Responsive ever to the worth
Of LIFE and of Life, our bard,
All hail its thrall!
For in his passions, voice and look
We learn, we hear high clarions Call.

How came imagination to the brain?
Stirring the fibered cells till nerves Alert
Sped messages of Life to flesh inert,
And all the marvelous things of Joy and Pain
Filled mind and Body? Came it by the main
Method and Law old Nature must assert,
As the blue lotus, or the ruby's stain
Or, by some unknown, law failed to avert.

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Came it that blue might fear and fearless die.

Came it that blood might steal Promethean fires.

Came it that thought might drain the fount, the Well of Truth.

Came it that true-self, the spirit might fly.

With the great sun, and sing as night expires

Came it that we might Know and Go,

And win immortal Youth.

I leave such questions and answers to the Order, that group!

Your most humble servant,

I Paul_z.

Note: See *Power of Will* by Frank Channing Haddock

**Thoughts About the Will that Wills Above All Wills
and the impact upon my own will, which is not mine.
It's something I owe!**

*“O Living Will, thou shalt endure when all
that seems shall suffer shock.”*

Tennyson.

The Will is God, the will is man,
The Will is Power loosed in thought;
In Will unfathomed Truth began,
In Will the lesser mind is wrought:
Nothing is Will-less entity:
All one-to Act, to will, to be.
He only is who wills to live
The best his nature prophesies:
Master of Karma, executive
of True-Self - a sovereign strong and wise.
Art thou a pygmy? Courage, Spirit!
For thee, as all, the Kingly goal.

Full waves, full tides, swing in from out the vast,
Lapping and dashing, breasting up the marge;
Yet ever gently turned, or backward cast
In sullen wrath. The steadfast shore comes large.

Poems for The 13 - Thoughts About The Will that Wills . . .

Here meet two infinities, equal, Face to Face,
In Ways Titanic for all time and space.

To Urge Right onward, Upward -

This the Will's High Course;

And this - to stand, a spirit.

Adamant.

The sea recedes: Force triumphs over force;

Crumbles the short: The waves their victory chant.

Lo, at the heart of Powers war untimed

Emerges spirit - undaunted and sublimed.

To see not with a gladsome eye,

Nor own the vibrant ear;

To sense no fragrance drifting by,

To feel no Lover near:

Of such dread loss, oh what choose I

Were either loss my fear!

Now all these gifts of Life a-thrill,

With taste for bread and wine,

And one good servant, Master Will,

And the Wide Earths, are mine!

Lo, Riches vast my coffers fill,

And Life's a Joy Divine.

Be Master! Of thy work: Mayhap twill irk

Poems for The 13 - Thoughts About The Will that Wills . . .

Or nerve or bone To couple Crown and Thorn;
Still, Master be Splendidly!

Be Master! Of thy place: In sooth, the case
Must test thy "soul" Ne-er weakling wins the Goal;
Still - bankrupt go Lord "Power" to know.

Be Master! Of one art: Twill strain thy heart
And drift Life's best To prove this Kingly quest;
Still - court the Dream Stand thou Supreme!

When tyrant moods their meshes gossamer,
Belied as steely bonds no slave may rend,
Fling o'er thy spirit, my friend,
And ill portend where dreams all goods over,
Call thou Lord Will: Confess and yet demur;
Moods fickle from the phantom world ascend,
And ever to that Master-Servant bend.
Shall Will on films a cable's strength confer?

The clamorous flesh breeds fantasies unreal;
E'en psychic states deceive the abiding "Soul."
The things which seem, the eternal things conceal.
And Life is this: To find the deeper whole,
Thy changeless self, the heart of being's wheel,
And in God's silence make all Way thy weal.

See I in fields our dandelions yellow,
And lights in forest vistas warm and mellow,
Flowers of sun on leafage tapestry?
See I the heavenly ships sail lazily
Above huge shadow-flowers blessed with motion,
and the white lilies of the restless ocean?
See I in poet's words the efflorescence
Beautiful of spirit, thought's quintessence?
See I illumination in the human face,
Eternal Truth's fair flower in time and space?

See I all this and count my life a clod,
Less than the blooms of sky, or sea, or sod?
Behold yon cloud-bank drifting toward the West
Its form is but material force Compressed,
Symbol of that vast cloud, the Universe,
Through which, in which, the Eternal streams and stirs
And I, the dust, am also form and shape of Him,
But more, a psychic Star-Self on the rim
Of being deathless, Count I soul-form least
Among near suns or new worlds beyond the East?

The mighty Cosmos is one Psychic Flower,
Bloom of the Infinite's exhaustless Power.
One Life expands in Atom or in Mind,

Poems for The 13 - Thoughts About The Will that Wills . . .

I see, I know, I feel, the undefined
And thrilled, as willed, life, power, unfoldment, wealth
Inherent, inherit, from all this, the Real Health.

What ho! Sir Watchman of the Inner Eye.

Aloft amid the brain,
Denote to me the mighty sky
All round the tumbling main;
Report the Vision far and by,
Nought from the Truth refrain.
'Tis as the captain saith,' quoth eye
"All round the mighty sky,
No more, No less, See I!"

Now captain, pray the riddle clear;
Is this great eye a Knave?
"Tis as she holds," states captain dear,
"All round the tumbling wave;
And that's the Secret full, I fear
Of many a good ship's grave."
"I am the captain's self," quoth eye;
"Who scans the mighty sky
No more, No less, See I!"

I pluck an apple from the tree
And taste its perfect meat;

Poems for The 13 - Thoughts About The Will that Wills . . .

Lo, in the Act, Reality
Crosses the gulf of mystery
My self to greet.

The budding nerves upon the tongue
Link brain with realms unseen:
Mind leaps the void around it flung
And stands a king a kings among,
Equal, serene.

The Truth of Life is true-self matured;
The World is but my thought;
And self comes great, as self is lured
From Self in lower self immured:
All's mine as sought.

Across the fields of time and space
Old flowery perfumes drift and beat
Upon my spirit's eager face
With waves of subtle, sensuous grace,
Heavily sweet.

A farmhouse doorway all aglow
In colors loved by simple eyes,
Restores dear memory's passing show,
Which life a-Now can never know

Of fields and skies.

So near to sense is Life divine,
So quick am I to pierce the veil:
A lilac's fragrance is like sweet wine,
Of youth's lost trail.

The Nature-World, a mighty rose
Borne on the Tree of Chaos vast,
Into my True-Self its nerve life throws,
Till I am all that round me grows
Made One at Last.

If you could touch the outer rim
Of LIFE's great Inner Circle of being,
Lo, Knowledge would still seem so dim,
As now, forever fleeing.
And if your thought could penetrate,
Below the last existence,
Still, ignorance would be your fate;
In vain all such insistence.

The primrose by the river's brim,
This is the Circle of being's rim;
Love it: All Life you penetrate;
Love's boundless Knowledge then your Fate.

Poems for The 13 - Thoughts About The Will that Wills . . .

You touch in Self the farthest bound
Of matter and of Spirit:
When the last glory here you've found,
Self only will insphere it,

For Mind's below the Self, you see,
And Mind's below the flower;
And in Love's touch of harmony
All knowing finds its Power.
Great Nature, they say, is the outer Rim,
But True Self the deepest inner Rim, so dim;
If you will, but, farther Penetrate,
Knowledge your goal, but Love and Truth your Fate!

Ah, but Listen.
The mighty whirl of suns and stars
With infinite Complexity
Goes ever on, Inflexibly
Law crushes discord's evil wars,

Inflexibly (no less) law links
The water movements and the small
Together in harmonic thrall:
Thus evil into welfare shrinks.

Obey! Not as the slave who hates,

Poems for The 13 - Thoughts About The Will that Wills . . .

But as the One who Loves the sire,
So shall the Cosmos Life inspire
Worthy high tail - Wolfs trail, and higher fates.

Wisdom designed It,
Struggle divined It,
Ages shall refine It.

Low Life refused It,
Brute Life abused It,
Spirit Life will Use It.

Reason restrained It,
Discipline will Train It,
Truth, the King, will gain It.

Put then, thy Volition into It,
Show the Minds still in It,
Selfhood fulfil in It.

How marvelous the “great within”
Of Mind! From Life’s incessant din
It chooses as it will,
With a clever weaver’s skill,
Sounds for its Needs, and builds a Scheme
Of use, or thought, or, in a dream

Of simple motion
Of a vast ocean
Unseen around us, breaks on the sands
Of Spirit - and Now we Understand!

We Understand, for we are
Life's hearing, or love or war.
All knowing's Truly Self-made. What Self hears
Self is in concentric spheres
Outrunning on the larger tide;
Nay, giving this its being wide.
The ear but adds ethereal beats,
The Self reality completes:
Building a hut in the forest of jarring Sound,
A prison set with discord round,
A Palace Royal fit for Kings,
A Temple meet for worshippings,
Aye, God's great Universe of Truth,
Of beauty, Life and deathless youth,
Wherein huge organs thunder,
Filling with Wonder
Spirit for that it surely is
One with, Master of, this:

The Will that Wills above all Wills

Poems for The 13 - Thoughts About The Will that Wills . . .

And the Volition that must rise above
All Volitions, if one wishes to climb the Great Hill.

In All Love, For Unity and Peace
Your brother and Servant

I Paul.

Mystic of the Message of I Paul
and most humble Servant and Slave
to the LIGHT OF LIFE.

Note: See *Power of Will* by Frank Channing Haddock

And Now the Post Script, the Facts!

- Who hath Wisdom? -

Said a king, one day, to his sober fool
“Your name, good friend, is far from fit;
Fling cap and bell into yonder pool,
And say me naught of your dead-man’s Wit
For a sober fool is a Devil’s skit.”

Said the grinning fool to the sober king,
“Your name, good friend, is quite misnamed;
Doff sword and sceptre, stand and sing,
And say me nought of your kingcraft famed.”

Now a fool is king when a fool complete,
But a king all fool is a madman’s freak;
I would rather be this world’s great jest
Then a grinning Ape in Purple dressed.
Yet a saner choice of plan or dream
Is the spirit that’s king by worth Supreme.

Sit not side by side with “Sis” or brother
And be unable to talk to each other
If dark secrets in you closet be

Poems for The 13 - Who Hath the Wisdom . . .

Open your heart, cleanse thy mind and
Share these mysteries
For that too, is where Wisdom lies.

-- Speak! For speech, correct, is Also Wisdom --

All objects of creative Power have speech;
Else how its laws might the Earths her children teach
How might the vaster Father-Mother Universe,
Their ancient Vedas with great time and space rehearse,
Till psyche waked and dared Life's endless reach?
The countless atoms threaten or beseech,
In forest, mountain, ocean, valley, or beach,
All objects speak in language clear and terse.
Such speech is aye for Better, ne'er for worse,
Till mankinds evolve their blessing or their curse.
Yet man with heart and mind afire may truth and beauty
teach
To them the gift of eloquence in speech!
The words of kings do largesses disburse,
The gifts of Kings do but their kingdoms nurse:
Let not unmeet thy sovereign word impeach!
Is this Eloquence? Of which we speak!

With Self the spirit companions through the night,
Mayhap with friends beyond etheric sight,

Poems for The 13 - Who Hath the Wisdom . . .

Nor holds the speech of Earth in lust and might,
But message language born for Service and Delight!

Now when the World returns to day and toil,
And Life is huge and activity and moil,
Our very words betray our blindness, and the soil,
And so we fain must ape them or recoil!

Supreme the task to utter gracious thought,
Diviner yet to have it, nobly taught,
And only when high passion, swiftly wrought,
Sublime the spirit, is power's Secret caught!

From Labor Patient comes the god-like art
Of Thought's conveyance, but the burning heart
In eloquence of Life plays the Chiefest part
The Master eye of stall or of mart.

Who craves the golden tongue must lift and climb,
Know liars of Eagles, and the look sublime,
Yet first that purge, the valley's dust and grime,
Vast solitudes and yet the mob of time.

With Self must he companion through the night,
And with High Friends who know and own the larger Sight,
Drink Youth's eternal waters of delight,

Poems for The 13 - Who Hath the Wisdom . . .

And wind our spirit for Truth and Right.

Now how shall I bring all of this into the Light?

Shall I, Paul, of all people, Knight some one - Am I Royal?

-- Knighted --

Oh, Life's perennial Knight, Sir any man, or excuse, me,
oh, any woman,

Trust then opportunity, not fate:

The one a mere detail in Nature's fate, its Plan,

The Other, mine, my love, my best estate.

Complainer! Knowest not the oath "I Can,"

Shall win brave Kingdom to thy Volition Elate

If good spirit do but scorn their wizard ban?

On thee, the Master see they structure and form, and wait!

I sing no song of Accident or Birth,

No gift of fortune by Divine Decree.

I sing the Call of Courage,

I Dance the only dance, Honor, Worth,

The Universe Call of our Creator,

Our Mother-Father Earth.

Heed thou, Sirs, Mrs., this Golden and Silver Prophecy:

The Throne to those who Force Destiny!

And what now shall I speak of -
Should I not speak of the child?
It would be, for me, the very first time!

O, the will of a child is the wings of a bird,
And the fragrance and color of flowers,
And the light of a star, and the one song heard
In a life's most beautiful hours.
Would you banish from air all the wonders of flight?
Would you exile all beautiful things?
Would you make of youth's morning a stygian night?
Would you plunder Love's crystalline springs?

O, the will of a child is a god in the soul,
And a woe to the world if you vanquish;
When the gods that are human surrender control
All that's human in living shall languish.
Woe the deity well your effort, your love and truth,
Give it Freedom to Come to its own,
And the Adult shall have power's perennial youth,
And all honor her throne.
Where the children sit and wonder
And sing the only song there is Alone.
And dance the only dance like thunder.
They sing no law of Accident or Birth

Poems for The 13 - Who Hath the Wisdom . . .

No gift of Fortune by Divine Decree

As they grow they sing the Song of Courage, of Worth!

The worldwide call of what we cite as Mother Earth

And they dance the only dance there is - The Dance of
Mirth.

And there dear friends I end this poem, for what it is
Worth.

In all Love, for Peace and Unity
Your brother and Servant in All Humility.

I Paul_z.

Note: See *Power of Will* by Frank Channing Haddock