

PENTECOST

Poem dissimilar to its predecessor. Will it lead somewhere this time? Reflections on the weather, proper to beginning a conversation in English.

TO-DAY thrice halves the lunar week
 Since you, indignant, heard me speak
 Indignant. Then I seemed to be
 So far from Christianity !
 Now, other celebrations fit
 The time, another song shall flit
 Responsive to another tune.
 September's shadow falls on June,
 But dull November's darkest day
 Is lighted by the sun of May.

5

10

Autobiography of bard.
 Lehrjahre.
 Wanderjahre.
 "The magician of Paris."

Here's now I got a better learning.
 It's a long lane that has no turning !
 Mad as a woman-hunted Urning,
 The lie-chased aletheophilist : *
 Sorcery's maw gulps the beginner :
 In Pain's mill neophytes are grist :
 Disciples ache upon the rack.
 Five years I sought : I miss and lack ;
 Agony hounds lagoan twist ;
 I peak and struggle and grow thinner,
 And get to hate the sight of dinner.
 With sacred thirst, I, soul-hydroptic,¹
 Read Levi² and the cryptic Coptic ;³
 With ANET' HER-K UAA EN RA,⁴

15

20

How clever I am !

And **כפרה רצניעיהא**
 While good MacGregor⁵ (who taught freely us)
 Bade us investigate Cornelius
 Agrippa and the sorceries black
 Of grim Honorius and Abramelin ;⁶
 While, fertile as the teeming spawn
 Of pickled lax or stickleback,
 Came ancient rituals,⁷ whack ! whack !
 Of Rosy Cross and Golden Dawn.⁸

25

30

* Truth-lover.

35 I lived, Elijah-like, Mt. Carmel in :
All gave me nothing. I slid back
To common sense, as reason bids,
And "hence," my friend, "the Pyramids."

40 At last I met a maniac
With mild eyes full of love, and tresses
Blanched in those lonely wildernesses
Where he found wisdom, and long hands
Gentle, pale olive 'gainst the sand's
Amber and gold. At sight, I knew him ;
Swifter than light I flashed, ran to him,
45 And at his holy feet prostrated
My head ; then, all my being sated
With love, cried "Master ! I must know.
Already I can love." E'en so.

50 The sage saluted me राम । राम ।⁹
लमबा पडाव की बडी दाम ।
जानी यह सब से मुशकिल काम
है । वाह शावाश । तुमहार नाम
सितारों में सीने से लिखा है ।
हमारे पास आप चेले । हम दवाई
55 चित्ता के वास्ते देंगे ॥ हां , said I :
"I'm game to work through all eternity,
Your holiness the Guru Swami !"* Thus
I studied with him till he told me बस ॥¹⁰
He taught the A B C of Yoga :
60 I asked कि वास्ते ।¹¹ क्या होगा ॥¹²
In strange and painful attitude,¹³
I sat while he was very rude.¹⁴
With eyes well fixed on my proboscis¹⁵
I soon absorbed the Yogi Gnosis.
65 He taught me to steer clear of vices
The giddy waltz, the tuneful aria,
Those fatal foes of Brahma-charya;¹⁶
And said, "How very mild and nice is
One's luck to lop out truth in slices,
70 And chance to chop up cosmic crises !"

My Mahatma.
What price
Kut Humi ?

?????? Oh,
how wise
Grampa must
have been,
Bobbie !

* The correct form of address from a pupil to his teacher. See Sabhapaty Swami's pamphlet on Yoga.

	He taught me A, he taught me B, He stopped my baccy ¹⁷ and my tea. He taught me Y, he taught me Z, He made strange noises in my head. He taught me that, he taught me this, 75 He spoke of knowledge, life, and bliss. He taught me this, he taught me that, He grew me mangoes in his hat ¹⁸ I brought him corn : he made good grist of it :— And here, my Christian friend, 's the gist of it ! 80
The philo- sophical im- passe. Practi- cal advice. Advice to poet's fat friend.	First, here's philosophy's despair The cynic scorn of self. I think At times the search is worth no worry, And hasten earthward in a hurry, Close spirit's eyes, or bid them blink, 85 Go back to Swinburne's ¹⁹ counsel rare, Kissing the universe its rod, As thus he sings "For this is God ; Be man with might, at any rate, In strength of spirit growing straight 90 And life as light a-lving out !" So Swinburne doth sublimely state, And he is right beyond a doubt. So, I'm a poet or a rhymer ; A mountaineer or mountain climber. 95 So much for Crowley's vital primer. The inward life of soul and heart, That is a thing occult, apart : But yet his metier or his kismet As much as these you have of his met. 100 So—you be butcher ; you be baker ; You, Plymouth Brother, and you, Quaker ; You, Mountebank, you, corset-maker :— While for you, my big beauty, ²⁰ (Chicago packs pork) I'll teach you the trick to be hen-of-the-walk. 105 Shrick a music-hall song with a double ong-tong ! Dance a sprightly can-can at Paree or Bolong ! Or the dance of Algiers—try your stomach at that ! It's quite in your line, and would bring down your fat. You've a very fine voice—could you only control it ! 110 And an emerald ring—and I know where you stole it ! But for goodness sake give up attemptiing Brünnhilde; Try a boarding-house cook, or a coster's Matilda !

Still you're young yet, scarce forty—we'll hope at three score
You'll be more of a singer, and less of a whore.

115

Each to his trade ! live out your life !
Fondle your child, and buss your wife !
Trust not, fear not, street straight and strong !
Don't worry, but just get along.
I used to envy all my Balti coolies²¹

120

In an inverse kind of religious hysteria,
Though every one a perfect fool is,
To judge by philosophic criteria,
My Lord Archbishop. The name of Winchester,
Harrow, or Eton²² makes them not two inches stir. 125

125

They know not Trinity, Merton, or Christchurch ;
They worshi p, but not at y our back-pews-hi gh-priced
Church.

I've seen them at twenty thousand feet
On the ice, in a snow-storm, at night fall, repeat
Their prayer²³—will your Grace do as much for your Three

130

As they do for their One ? I have seen—may you see !
They sleep and know not what a mat is ;
Seem to enjoy their cold chapaties ;*
Are healthy, strong—and some are old.
They do not care a damn²⁴ for cold,

135

Behave like children, trust in Allah ;
(Flies in Mohammed's spider-parlour !)
They may not think : at least they dare
Live out their lives, and little care
Worries their souls—worse fools they seem

140

Than even Christians. Do I dream ?
Probing philosophy to marrow,
What thought darts in its poisoned arrow
But this ? (my wisdom, even to me,
Seems folly) may their folly be

145

True Wisdom ? O esteemed Tahuti !²⁵
You are, you are, you are a beauty !
If after all these years of worship
You hail Ra²⁶ his bark or Nuit²⁷ her ship

Live out thy
life ! Charac-
ter of Balti.
His religious
sincerity. Re-
lations of poet
and the Egyp-
tian God of
Wisdom.
Crowley dis-
missed with a
jest.

* A flat cake of unleavened bread. As a matter of fact they do not enjoy and indeed will not eat them, preferring "dok," a paste of coarse flour and water, wrapped round a hot stone. It cooks gradually, and remains warm all day.

190 Why, in a word, I seek to gain
 A different knowledge. Why retain
 The husk of flesh, yet seek to merit
 The influx of the Holy Spirit ?
 And, swift as caddies pat and cap a tee,
 Gain the great prize all mortals snap at, he-
 195 Roic guerdon of Srotapatti ?³⁵

200 With calm and philsoptic mind,
 No fears, no hopes, devotions blind
 To hamper, soberly we'll state
 The problem, and investigate
 In purely scientific mood
 The sheer Ananke of the mind,
 A temper for our steel to find
 Whereby those brazen nails subdued
 205 Against our door-post may in vain
 Ring. We'll examine, to be plain,
 By logic's intellectual prism
 The spiritual Syllogism.

Our logical
 method. Clas-
 sical allusion,
 demonstrating
 erudition of
 poet.

210 We know what fools (only) call
 Divine and Supernatural
 And what they name material
 Are really one, not two, the line
 By which divide they and define
 Being a shadowy sort of test ;
 A verbal lusus at the best,
 215 At worst a wicked lie devised
 To bind men's thoughts ; but we must work
 With our own instruments, nor shirk
 Discarding what we erstwhile prized ;
 Should we perceive it disagree
 220 With the first-born necessity.

Whether or
 not spirit and
 matter are dis-
 tinct, let us in-
 vestigate the
 fundamental
 necessities of
 thought.

225 I come to tell you why I shun
 The sight of men, the life and fun
 You know I can enjoy so well,
 The Nature that I love as none
 (I think) before me ever loved.
 You know I scorn the fear of Hell,
 By worship and all else unmoved

Impermanence
 of the soul.

	<p>You know for me the soul is nought³⁶ Save a mere phantom in the thought, That thought itself impermanent, Save as a casual element With such another may combine To form now water and now wine ; The element itself may be Changeless to all eternity, But compounds ever fluctuate With time or space or various state. (Ask chemists else !) So I must claim Spirit and matter are the same³⁷ Or else the prey of putrefaction. This matters to the present action Little or nothing. Here's your theories ! Think if you like : I find it wearies !</p>	<p>230</p> <p>235</p> <p>240</p>
<p>Recapitulation of principal cos- mic theories.</p>	<p>It matters little whether we With Fichte and the Brahmins preach That Ego-Atman sole must be ; With Schelling and the Buddha own No-Ego-Skandhas are alone ; With Hegel and the—Christian ? teach That which compels, includes, absorbs Both mighty unrevolving orbs In one informing masterless Master-idea of consciousness— All differences as these indeed Are chess play, conjuring. “Proceed !” Nay ! I'll go back. The exposition Above, has points. But simple fission Has reproduced a different bliss, At last a heterogenesis !</p>	<p>245</p> <p>250</p> <p>255</p>
<p>Bard check- mates himself. Consciousness and Christi- anity. Dhyana and Hinduism. Sammasa- madhi and Buddhism.</p>	<p>The metaphysics of these verses Is perfectly absurd. My curse is No sooner in an iron word I formulate my thought than I Perceive the same to be absurd (Tannhäuser). So for this, Sir, why ! Your metaphysics in your teeth ! Confer A. Crowley, “Berashith.” But hear ! The Christian is a Dualist ;</p>	<p>260</p> <p>265</p>

- 270 Such view our normal consciousness
Tells us. I'll quote now if you list
From Tennyson. It isn't much ;
(Skip this and 'twill be even less)
He say : "I am not what I see,³⁸
And other than the things I touch."*
- 275 How lucid is our Alfred T. !
The Hindu, an Advaitist,
Crosses off Maya from the list ;
Believes in one—exactly so,
Dhyana-consciousness, you know !
- 280 May it not be that one step further
"This lotused Buddha roaring murther !" ?³⁹
Nibbana is the state above you
Christians and them Hindus—Lord love you !—
Where Nothing is perceived as such.
- 285 This clever thought doth please me much. Bard is pleased
with himself.
But if das Essen ist das Nichts—
Ha ! Hegel's window ! Ancient Lichts !
And two is one and one is two—
"Bother this nonsense ! Go on, do !"
- 290 My wandering thoughts you well recall !
I focus logic's perfect prism :
Lo ! the informing syllogism !
- 295 The premiss major. Life at best
Is but a sorry sort of jest ;
At worst, a play of fiends uncouth,
Mocking the soul foredoomed to pain.
In any case, its run must range
Through countless miseries of change.
So far, no farther, gentle youth !
- 300 The mind can see. So much, no more.
So runs the premiss major plain ;
Identical, the Noble truth
First of the Buddha's Noble Four!
- 305 The premiss minor. I deplore
These limitations of the mind
I strain my eyes until they're blind,
And cannot pierce the awful veil Beyond
thought, is
there hope ?
Maya again.
Vision of the

* *In Memoriam* † All is Sorrow

350 Of thought ! How ends the brave B.D.,
 Summarising Ontology ?
 “This talk of ‘Real’ is a wraith.
 Our minds are lost in war of word ;
 The whole affair is quite absurd—
 Behold ! the righteous claims of Faith !”
 355 (He does not rhyme you quite so neatly ;
 But that’s the sense of it, completely.)

I do not feel myself inclined
 In spit of my irrevent mind,
 So lightly to pass by the schemes
 260 Of Fichte, Schelling, Hegel (one,
 Small though the apparent unison),
 As if they were mere drunken dreams ;
 For the first word in India here
 From Koromandl to Kashmir
 365 Says the same thing these Germans said :
 “Ekam Advaita !”⁴⁴ one, not two !
 Thus East and West from A to Z
 Agree—Alas ! so do not you ?
 (It matters nothing—you, I find,
 370 Are but a mode of my own mind.)

The Advaitist
 position.

As far as normal reasoning goes,
 I must admit my concepts close
 Exactly where my worthy friend,
 375 Great Mansel, says they ought to end.
 But here’s the whole thing in a word :
 Olympus in a nutshell ! I
 Have a superior faculty
 To reasoning, which makes absurd,
 Unthinkable and wicked too,
 380 A great deal that I know is true !
 In short, the mind is capable,
 Besides mere ratiocination,
 Of twenty other things as well,
 The first of which is concentration !

Mind’s superior
 functions.

385 Here most philosoehers agree ;
 Claim that the truth must so intend,
 Explain at once all agony
 Of doubt, make people comprehend

Does truth
 make itself in-
 stantly appa-
 rent ? Not
 reason.

So still and cold, a frost so chill,
 That all the glaciers be still ?
 430 Yet in its peace no frost.
 Arise !
 Over the mountains steady stand,
 O sun of glory, in the skies
 Alone, above, unmoving ! Brand
 435 Thy sigil, thy resistless might,
 The abundant imminence of light !
 Ah !
 O in the silence, in the dark,
 In the intangible, unperfumed,
 440 In gust abyss, abide and mark
 The mind's magnificence assumed
 In the soul's splendour ! Hear is peace ;
 Here earnest of assured release.
 Here is the formless all-pervading
 445 Spirit of the World, rising, fading
 Into a glory subtler still.
 Here the intense abode of Will
 Closes its gates, and in the hall
 Is solemn sleep of festival.
 450 Peace ! Peace ! Silence of peace !
 O visionless abode ! Cease ! Cease !
 Through the dark veil press on ! The veil
 Is rent asunder, the stars pale,
 The suns vanish, the moon drops,
 455 The chorus of the spirit stops,
 But one note swells. Mightiest souls
 Of bard and music maker, rolls
 Over your loftiest crowns the wheel
 Of that abiding bliss. Life flees
 460 Down corridors of centuries
 Pillar by pillar, and is lost.
 Life after life in wild appeal
 Cries to the master ; he remains
 And thinks not.
 465 Th e polluting tides
 Of sense roll shoreward. Arid plains
 Of wave-swept sea confront me. Nay !
 Looms yet the glory through the grey,
 And in the darkest hours of youth
 470 I yet perceive the essential truth,

	Known as I know my consciousness, That all divisons hosts confess A master, for I know and see The absolute identity Of the beholder and the vision.	475
Fact replacing folklore, the Christian snig- gers. Let him beware.	How easy to excite derision In the man's mind ! Why, fool, I think I am as clever as yourself, At least as skilled to wake the elf Of jest and mockery in a wink. I can dismiss with sneers as cheap As your this fabric of mine own, One banner of my mind o'erthrown Just at my will. How true and deep Is Carroll ⁴⁷ when his Alice cries : "It's nothing but a pack of cards !" There's the true refuge of the wise ; To overthrow the temple guards, Deny reality.	480
		485
		490
For I speak subtly.	And now (I'll quote you scripture anyhow) What did the Sage mean when he wrote (I am the Devil when I quote) "The mere terrestrial-minded man Knows not the Things of God, nor can Their subtle meaning understand ?" A sage, I say, although he mentions Perhaps the best of his inventions, God.	495
		500
Results of prac- tice. The poet abandons all to find Truth.	For at first this practice tends To holy thoughts (the holy deeds Precede success) and reverent gaze Upon the Ancient One of Days, Beyond which fancy lies the Truth. To find which I have left my youth, All I held dear, and sit alone Still meditating, on my throne Of Kusha-grass, ⁴⁸ and count my beads, Murmer my mantra, ⁴⁹ till recedes The world of sense and thought—I sink	505
		510

To—what abyss's dizzy brink ?
 And fall ! And I have ceased to think !
 That is, have conquered and made still
 Mind's lower powers by utter Will.

515 It may be that pure Nought will fail
 Quite to assuage the needs of thought ;
 But—who can tell me whether Nought
 Untried, will or will not avail ?

Nothing. The
 Apotheosis of
 Realism and
 Idealism alike

520 Aum ! Let us meditate aright⁵⁰
 On that adorable One Light,
 Divine Savitri ! So may She
 Illume our minds ! So mote it be !

Gayatri.

525 I find some folks think me (for one)
 So great a fool that I disclaim
 Indeed Jehovah's hate for shame
 That man to-day should not be weaned
 Of worshipping so foul a fiend
 In presence of the living Sun,
 And yet replace him oiled and cleaned
 530 By the Egyptian Pantheon,
 The same thing by another name.
 Thus when of late Egyptian Gods
 Evoked ecstatic periods
 In verse of mine, you thought I praised
 535 Or worshipped them—I stand amazed.
 I merely wished to chant in verse
 Some aspects of the Universe,
 Summed up these subtle forces finely,
 And sang of them (I think divinely)
 540 In name and form : a fault perhaps—
 Reviewers are such funny chaps !
 I think that ordinary folk,
 Though, understood the things I spoke.
 For Gods, and devils too, I find
 545 Are merely modes of my own mind !
 The poet needs enthusiasm !
 Vese-making is a sort of spasm,
 Degeneration of the mind,
 And things of that unpleasant kind.

Is "The Soul
 of Osiris" a
 Hymn Book ?
 How verse is
 written.
 Prayer.

An explanation different
 For this particular event.
 Though surely I may find it queer
 That you should talk of self-hypnosis,
 595 When your own faith so very close is
 To similar experience ;
 Lies, in a word, beneath suspicion
 To ordinary common sense
 And logic's emery attrition.
 600 I take, however, as before
 Your own opinion, and demand
 Some test by which to understand
 Huxley's piano-talk,* and find
 If my hypnosis may not score
 605 A point against the normal mind.
 (As you are please to term it, though !
 I gather that you do not know ;
 Merely infer it.)

Here's a test !

610 What in your whole life is the best
 Of all your memories ? They say
 You paint—I think you should one day
 Take me to seek your Studio—
 Tell me, when all your work goes right,
 615 Painted to match some inner light,
 What of the outer world you know !
 Surely, your best work always finds
 Itself sole object of the mind's.
 In vain you ply the brush, distracted
 620 By something you have heard or acted.
 Expect some tedious visitor—
 Your eye runs furtive to the door ;
 Your hand refuses to obey ;
 You throw the useless brush away.
 625 I think I hear the Word you say !

A test. The
 artist's concentration on his
 work.

I practice then, with conscious power
 Watching my mind, each thought controlling,
 Hurling to nothingness, while rolling
 The thunders after lightning's flower.

Yogi but a more
 vigorous artist.
 Indignation of
 poet suppressed
 by Yogi and
 philosopher
 alike.

* See his remarks upon the Rational piano, and the conclusions to which the evidence of its senses would lead it.

	<p>Destroying passion, feeling, thought, 630 The very practice you have sought Unconscious, when you work the best, I carry on one step firm-pressed Further than you the path, and you For all my trouble, comment : “True ! 635 “Auto-hypnosis. Very quaint !”⁵³ No one supposes me a Saint—⁵⁴ Some Saints to wrath would be inclined With such a provocation pecked ! But I remember and reflect 640 That anger makes a person blind, And my own “Chittam” I’d neglect. Besides, it’s you, and you, I find, Are but a mode of my own mind.</p>
Objectivity of universe not discussed.	<p>But then you argue, and with sense; 645 “I have this worthy evidence That things are real, since I cease The painter’s ecstasy of peace, And find them all unchanged.” To-day I cannot brush that doubt away ; 650 It leads to tedious argument Uncertain, in the best event : Unless, indeed, I should invoke The fourth dimension, clear the smoke Psychology still leaves. This question 655 Needs a more adequate digestion. Yet I may answer that the universe Of meditation suffers less From time’s insufferable stress Than that of matter. On, thou puny verse ! 660 Weak tide of rhyme ! Another argument Will block the railway train of blague you meant To run me over with. This world Or that ? We’ll keep the question furled.</p>
Preferability of concentration- state to the normal.	<p>But, surely, (let me corner you !) <i>You wish the painter-mood were true!</i> 666 To leave the hateful world, and see Perish the whole Academy ; So you remain for ever sated, On your own picture concentrated ! 670</p>

But as for me I have a test
 Of better than the very best.
Respice finem ! Judge the end ;
 The man, and not the child, my friend !
 675 First ecstasy of Pentecost,
 (You now perceive my sermon's text.)
 First leap to Sunward flings you vexed
 By glory of its own riposte
 Back to your mind. But gathering strength
 680 And never, you come (ah light !) at length
 To dwell awhile in the caress
 Of that strange super-consciousness.
 After one memory—O abide !
 Vivid Savitri lightning-eyed !—
 685 Nothing is worth a thought beside.
 One hint of Amrita⁵⁵ to taste
 And all earth's wine may run to waste !
 For by this very means Christ gained⁵⁶
 His glimpse into that world above
 690 Which he denominated "Love."
 Indeed I think the man attained
 By some such means—I have not strained
 Out mind by chance of sense or sex
 To find a way less iron-brained
 695 Determining direction x ;⁵⁷
 I know not if these Hindu methods
 Be best ('tis no such life and death odds,
 Since suffering souls to save or damn
 Never existed). So I fall
 700 Confessing : Well, perchance I am
 Myself a Christian after all !

So far at least. I must concede
 Christ did attain in every deed ;
 Yet, being an illiterate man,
 705 Not his to balance or to scan,
 To call God stupid or unjust !
 He took the universe on trust :
 He reconciled the world below
 With that above ; rolled eloquence
 710 Steel-tired⁵⁸ o'er reason's "why?" and "whence?"
 Discarded all proportion just
 And thundered in our ears "I know,"
 And bellowed in our brains "ye must."

Fifty years of
 Europe worth
 a cycle of
 Cathay.
 Method of
 Christ. The
 poet a Christian.

With reservations. Deus in machinâ. Pontious Pilate as a Surry Magistrate.

Mystic mean-ing o Pente-cost.	f	Such reservations—and I class Myself a Christian : let us pass Back to the text whose thread we lost, And see what means this “Pentecost.”	715
Super-con- sciousness is the gift of the Holy Ghost.		This, then, is what I seem occurred According to our Saviour’s word) That all the Saints at Pentecost Received the gift—the Holy Ghost ; Such gift implying, as I guess This very super-consciousness. ⁵⁹ Miracles follow as a dower ; But ah ! they used that fatal power And lost the Spirit in the act. This may be fancy or a fact ; At least it squares with super-sense Or “spiritual experience.”	720 725
Poet not a materialist. Mohammed’s ideas.		You do not well to swell the list Of horrid things to me imputed By calling me “materialist.” At least this thought is better suited To Western minds than is embalmed Among the doctrines of Mohammed, The dogma parthenogenetic * As told me by a fat ascetic. He said : “Your worthy friends may lack you late, But learn how Mary was immaculate !” I sat in vague expectant bliss.	730 735 740
Verbatim re- port of Moslem account of the Annunciation.		The story as it runs is thus : (I quote my Eastern friend ⁶⁰ verbatim !) <i>The Virgin, going to the bath,</i> <i>Found a young fellow in her path,</i> <i>And turned, prepared to scold and rate him !</i> <i>“How dare you be on me encroaching ?”</i> <i>The beautiful young gentleman,</i> <i>With perfect courtesy approaching,</i> <i>Bowed deeply, and at once began :</i> <i>“Fear nothing, Mary ! All is well !</i> <i>I am the angel Gabriel.”</i> <i>She bared her right breast ; (query why ?)</i> <i>The angel Gabriel let fly</i>	745 750

* Concerning conception of a virgin.

755	<p><i>Out of a silver Tube a Dart</i> <i>Shooting God's Spirit to her heart—</i>⁶¹ This beats the orthodox Dove-Suitor ! What explanation could be cuter Than—Gabriel with a pea-shooter ?</p>	
760	<p>In such a conflict I stand neuter. But oh ! mistake not gold for pewter ! The plain fact is : materialise What spiritual fact you choose, And all such turn to folly—lose The subtle splendour, and the wise</p>	<p>Degradation of symbols. Es- sential identity of all forms of existence.</p>
765	<p>Love and dear bliss of truth. Beware Lest your lewd laughter set a snare For any ! Thus and only thus Will I admit a difference 'Twixt spirit and the things of sense.</p>	
770	<p>What is the quarrel between us ? Why do our thoughts so idly clatter ? I do not care one jot for matter, One jot for spirit, while you say One is pure ether, one pure clay.</p>	<p>Practical advice.</p>
775	<p>I've talked too long : you're very good— I only hope you've understood ! Remember that "conversion" lurks Nowhere behind my words and works. Go home and think ! my talk refined</p>	
780	<p>To the sheer needs of your own mind. You cannot bring God in the compass Of human thought ? Up stick and thump ass ! Let human thought itself expand— Bright Sun of Knowledge, in me rise !</p>	
785	<p>Lead me to these exalted skies To live and love and understand ! Paying no price, accepting nought— The Giver and the Gift are one With the Receiver—O thou Sun</p>	
790	<p>Of thought, of bliss transcending thought, Rise where divison dies ! Absorb In glory of the glowing orb Self and its shadow !</p>	

