

Introduction to *Nirtaya Gita*

(fragment of 1 page)

(To be dedicated especially to Margaret Kraske)

When the One, awakening, sought to embrace the One,
The sparkling waves of love filled the Everywhere,
Dancing through the unfathomable Aditi,
To form that brilliant Aureole of light upon light,
Whose brightness far outshines the imagination.
Every flickering speck of primal light vibrated,
Pulsation marked the course in all the directions,
Marking the nodes which through established patterns,
Wherewith the Universe was conceived and focused and born,
All the while the vibrations fanning themselves,
And being fanned by the incessant heart beat of God.
The Beyond the Beyond so established the Oneness,
And then the Six Planes came into purported being,
Themselves nothing but the mirror for the One,
Who ceaselessly has been gazing into His handiwork,
Permitting consciousness to identify itself with all aspects,
So that Maya finds a root and grows and seeds itself,
The Law of Cause and Effect assumes a fancied command
While all the flickering of primal light continue to gaze,
And in their awesome wonder with their own reflections
Cause these atoms to appear and assume varied forms,
Then imagination sets up its fancied power
Within the various planes; the rootless becomes rooted.
So there is manifestation in opposition to God,
Apart from its real source, its life, its being,
While multitudes of light-specks enter the mirror,
Magnify the time-space, enliven it, then return to the Source,
Out from the Source and into the pool of reflections,
With its seemingly interminable perturbations,
Where the sun may never stand still, nor the moon be calmed,
For there is the endless movement of life and form,
While from love's endless womb, the Tathagata-garba,
The whole play of Essence-being and reflected non-being
Erects the temple of Maya for unit-beings,
And self-shadows atoms and entities and souls,
Mindless of their reality and enjoy the worship,
Bow before Maya; these children of cosmic heart-being
Bow before Maya, each shaped and formed and delineated
By rhythm, by music, by movement, by the heart-beat of God.

Hail to thee, Saraswati, Goddess of Sublimity,
Personification of the spirit of divinity,

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Whose womb havens the wisdom of the universe,
Whence every art and science and moral perfection,
Born from the embrace of God with God,
Brings all the wonder and beauty and harmony
Which bless the world, which sustain the entire creation,
From the eternity of eternities to the eternity of the now.
Hail to thee, Saraswati, Goddess of Music and Dance,
Inspirer of hearts of devas and geniuses and men,
Guardian of the inspired, awakener of the less favored in all the ages.