

To Meher Baba

July 6, 1952

I am the white eagle of the skies,
I am the messenger for Kukulcan;
I fly downwards from the heavens,
I fly upward from the earth,
I bring you blessings, I return with gifts.

When I first came
There were men on earth who resembled gods,
There were gods on earth who resembled men,
And the people were starving—
A terrific cataclysm had struck the earth,
And Atzlan was no more.
The people had migrated, the people were in want,
The people were homeless, the people wore in terror,
And Kukulcan came.

From the grass he brought them the corn of maize,
From the grass he gave them the food for their stomachs,
From the Grass he gave them clothing and houses,
From the grass.
Not thousands of years of evolution turns grass into food,
But the quickening of the pulse of life,
But jumped and sports and sudden turnings,
And a great gap in the activity of species,
The substance of life into the seed,
The substance of seed into the food.
So man planted and sowed and ate,
And there was much rejoicing.

The high gods do not come with formularized ethics,
The high gods do not propound verbal golden rules,
The high gods do not establish prohibitions and inhibitions.
The stomachs were starving,
The bodies were fragile,
The work of the high gods was nearly in vain,
Lest the creation of humanity be a failure.

The high gods did not said, "Man, be industrious."
The high gods showed man how to plant the seeds,
The high gods said, "We take care of you, you take care of the seeds."
The high gods, with Kukulcan at their head.
There was no interdiction, "Be not slothful";
Rather, if you would eat, take care of the corn,
Regard the corn as living,
The sun was its father, the earth is its mother,
The Golden rays of the sun can be seen in the heart of the seed.

To Meher Baba

The seed-corn loves its father, see it grow,
The sand-corn's mother loves it, see it anchored,
You cannot understand our language,
But you can learn our wisdom thorough the corn.

The high gods did not teach "Be cooperative."
The high gods showed how to clear the land,
How to dig trenches, how to plant,
How to avail of the water, how to avail of the sun,
And even more,
How to avail of the harvest
So men could reap, and eat and build their thatches.
In the single blessing of the maize
Went the wisdom of heaven into the earth;
In the single blessing of maize
A wonderful community was established;
In the single blessing of maize
A whole civilization was founded,
for then there were gods on earth who resembled men,
And men on earth who were much like gods.

So there was a community,
So there was understanding,
For a poor people who knew not the essence of logic,
Whose minds had not reached a certain pitch,
Well they understood the wisdom of the stomach,
Well they understood the essence of sacrifice for the stomach,
Well they understood the needs of the body.

Patient were the people,
More patient were those among the people who were like gods,
Still more patient the gods among them who resembled men,
And even higher in patience the high-gods,
Supreme among whom was **Kukulcan**.