

Winds of Time

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WINDS OF TIME

Straggly thrashed raggedy by the winds of fall
 That will not rest till all
 The leafing trees stand bare
Once pulsing branches and twigs
 Birthed buds that grew and grew
 To foliate their hosts anew
We, too, were buds hidden from view
 Born to grow in varying strengths and beauty
 Till
Straggly thrashed raggedy by the winds of time
 Finally lain bare of me and mine
 What purpose this endless budding to bloom and fall?
To rise?
 Our life's Eros
 Pressing beyond this circling dimension
 A consummate ascension
 Embracing All

Ah, Now

Ah Now, anonymous in my grayness
 No more to turn a head
 Or desired after
Like the flowers we gather
 For their beauty and their fragrance
 But when their petals fall
And their fragrance sours
 We put them out of sight
 What we are is what we want
 Not lost but found
Beneath the fleeting covers
 Of That Light

Let's Dance

Moving, moving, moving
Patterning of moving
On level over level
Until at And on the human stage
We see
What is on every level
The dancing
Of a pas de deux

The graceful rising, bending, turning
Of outline
At the same time inline
Of the Spirit moving on the waters
Dividing to dance as two
Exquisite balancing of pulsing
Pressing
Outgoing loving
At the boundary

Waves of joyful moving
Poetry in motion in division
Until outline-inline
Now dissolving in the Waters
The moving Spirit boundless
Ecstasy of Beatific union

Indictment

I indict
An undercover glomming
Of what's inside our heads
With what is outside
With an is
Unconscious use of language
With messages secreted in assumptions
I call the prima-facie medium
And convict it
Of an insidiousness that blinds
Aristotelian logic with its law: A is A
Translated bluntly
It is the word that is the thing
It seems to me a frightful manipulation
When words each with its connotation
Are laid over the message, unspoken
Of the Mystery of being

The Christ to Me

Flesh of our flesh
 Bone of our bones
 Mind of our minds
 Heart of our hearts
The very air we breathe
 Our food and drink
 Are You
Where we stand or walk or lye
 Where they roam or crawl or fly
 You are there
“Closer than hands and feet”
 Or hoof or paw or talon
 Of these myriad forms of life and stuff
You said
 “‘This is my Body”
 You declared:
“You will know the Truth
 And the Truth will set you free”
 To rise oh world
 To see in glory
 What You have always been

Search For More

“There is more than meets the eye
The scientist moved by curiosity
The spiritual aspirant by his longing
Would breach the frontiers of the ‘more’
But before
Either of them can fruitfully explore
That ‘more’
They need first to reverse a ‘paranoid’ reversal
We have that delusive sense
Of being bombarded by sensual stimuli
As though we are being attacked
And so feeling victimized
We block out our hearing
And close our eyes with fear or boredom
This ‘paranoid’ reversal is the opposite of the facts
That life’s energies reach out through eye and ear
To pierce through to what is ‘more’
But being fearful with what we presume as
As coming in from the outside

We escape into minds' closet to daydream and fantasize
About some happier 'more'
Perls' refutes Reich's "character armor"
Not as an armoring of tightened muscles
As a defense against an encroaching world
But a holding back to protect ourselves
From our own out-going longing for that 'More'
We needs be mindful that our senses have their limitations
And of the reducing valve of brain
Become aware of the phenomena of projecting
And those layers of verbalizing can obscure
Direct perceptions of what's going on
And the knowing that we're not just passive receivers
But co-creators of the world we live in
From a teeny, weenie bit of what is out there
And realize that we may turn it all around
Reverse the 'paranoid' reversal
With optical lenses our astigmatism or myopia
Are corrected and we see more
What to speak of telescopes and microscopes
With these the scientists probe deeper
For the basis of the universe
And mystic contemplators realizing they are imprisoned
In minds secretions and projected images of brain and ego
Meditate to peel off these accretions
Or to make them transparent to the 'more'
The scientist and the spiritual aspirants
Feel the need to wise up!
With enlightenment come to know the Spirit
Or whatever we want to call the 'More'
The scientist comes to abandon his concept of materiality
And is closer to exclaiming with the mystics
Of the great mystery and glory of the 'More'
It's kind of fun
To see these contestants for the 'more'
Delight in their meeting far out there
In the 'More' that is Reality

What I Say I Am; I Am Not

“I”

‘This pronoun conjures up
My three dimensional, solid shape in space
Fixed
In a timelessness
A separate entity
The subject of all doing
A vessel filled
With all man deems worthwhile

“Sticks and stones and stones may break my bones”
But words can never hurt me

Well
Let someone call me “liar!”
I ignore my fibs, and the times I’ve lied
Flinch with pain
Am outraged, hurt
Strike back
As though words did hurt me
Or the one who spoke them
Not
The uncorroborated picture
Of my “honesty”

The real cause of pain
My imaginings of a perfect self
I’d do better to attack
By confronting the truth of
“I”

“Ego is born of ignorance” quote unquote
Incapable of loving
Only selfish in enterprise
And a clinging to an “I”
Made up of a thousand pictures, painted with
A thousand lies
I live within a gallery of my mind
It’s and inner self-portrait
That I would see
Reflected in the mirror
What doesn’t fit the ‘portrait’ I ignore
Or try to fix it

With make-up
Clothes
The doing of my hair until I'm pleased
With the reflection of my
"I"

Ignorance or ignoring is the basis of my problem
Brain and senses
Are created to ignore
How much of light's spectrum
Can I translate as colors
Or vibrations in the air
Make sounds?
So very, very little, as I abstract, leave out
At different levels
Till I come up
With objects and the phantasm
I label
"I"

I cling to the pinnacle of ignoring
Self-enclosed
In a tiny circle
That's within a circle
Seldom entered
Within yet another circle
And that within that can't be circumscribed
My contracted view
Is the product of pour 'eye-sight'
And the stupidity of identifying
With the pronoun
"I"

And all it stands for in my head
To say the least
I've been misled

It is the Now that turns awareness back around
To what is sensed
Experienced as always changing
A keeping track of what is happening in time
The foundation of self-image
Shaken
An inner sight is opened up
To widened vistas
Of the greater whole I'm part of

A tiny dancing pattern in a cosmic choreography

As I circle down
I awaken
To more and more
Of what I've been leaving out, ignoring
Until there is no thing
No words to conjure up
A fixed and separate
"I"

Ever And Anon

"Ever and anon a trumpet sounds from the hid
Battlements of eternity
Amiya's ringing voice
And English accent
Did full justice to Thomson's "Hound of Heaven"
I was young and callow
Listened spellbound as she intoned the poem
Through passing time I'm moved
By a remembered imagery
Of "those shaken mists a space unsettled"
I suspect that everyone has had a glimpse
Been startled into joy by the sun's rays
Breaking suddenly through the clouds
Not heralded by sounding trumpets
But there's that haunting impact
A knowing without seeing
An experience that eludes description
Even to one's own self

I was twelve
It was one of those gray and rainy days
And I was feeling bored
Reaching idly for a book
And opening it at random
Read:
"Seek ye first the kingdom of Heaven"
I felt an up rush
Of a supernal joy and unseen light
As though the words
Like some celestial pick
Had burst through the crust of somnolence

To uncover an inner spring
I knew, I knew
With a certainty of knowledge
Of what it meant
And that That was what my life
Was to be about
“Then round the half glimpses turrets the mists slowly
Washed again
My experience was totally forgotten
And some teenage years were lived
In blissful thoughtlessness
Until I suffered pain
From the oh-so-serious disappointment
Of first love and loss
I was torn
Between trying to win him back
Or find meaning in the newly awakened search for God

I’d come home from school
And lying exhausted on my bed
Felt each arm being yanked from either side
Such was my wrenching conflict
But the pull toward God won out
I became a nun and hounded Him
“Down the days and down the nights
Down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind
For years

Alas, Poor Mankind

Sitting
Face buried in my hands
The very picture of desperation
Or so it would appear
But no
It’s a kind of tactile contemplation
Skin felt slipping over bony hardness
Exploring rims of sockets
Still filled with rounded softness
Not like St Francis brooding on an empty skull
In a Monazite’s painting

Then there’s Hamlet’s soliloquy as I remember it

“Alas, poor Yorik
I knew him well
Here hung those lips
I’ve kissed I know not how oft
Where now are your jests?
That was wont to set the table on a roar
Get thee to my lady’s chamber
Tell her
Let her paint an inch thick
Yet to this favor she must come”

It is with more than ‘cover girl’
That we would hide the face of death
Either in the back room of a funeral home
Or seated at the bedroom vanity
Once I saw a clever drawing
At twenty feet one saw a grinning death s-head
Up close it was a pretty woman
Admiring her reflection in a mirror

Again, it takes more than seeing what is dead
To get it through our living skulls
That we must die
There’s that bit of Hamlet in us
That sees death for others
Not I, oh, not I shall die
What accounts for such conviction of our immortality?
Its wonder

But back to my contemplation’s—
Beneath the seeming hardness
And resistance of the flesh is
Thirteen trillion cells or so
Under these I visualize a microcosm of dancing atoms
Deeper still, a world of energies
Defies minds eye
Appearing out of and disappearing into
A Mystery some call God or Self
And it is no arrangement of energies,
Atoms, cells, or depth of skin
That attracts us to a face
But that Self
My Self, your Self, it’s Self
The forms of you and it and me
As ever changing, always dying
We’d deny

But though we paint an inch thick
 With our minds
In making masks to cover
The frailty of bone and flesh
 And our personas
Yet finally, it is to the favor
 Of Self-knowing
 That we would come

All That Exists Is Now

Live one day at a time
 Or even from moment to moment
 That's a radical suggestion
But what about providing for the future?
 This has to be a must!
That depends on what you're counting on
 It's a joke of course
 That the U.S. dollar
Has the printed motto "In God we trust"

 But seriously
 "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God
And all else shall be added unto you"
 There are other sayings
About not taking thought to the morrow
 Of what we'll have to eat

 And with what we'll dress ourselves
Solomon could not clothe the lily in more glory
 And there are treasures in Heaven to be sought

The more we "hear " Christ's teachings
 And messengers of that other Way
 Either they've got it right
And we've go the whole thing topsy-turvy
 A squirrel will stash some acorns
Has no imaginings of the future to plague him
 This creature is living in the now
 Just following his allotted instincts
Nor is he burdened with the misused gift
 Of conceptualizing

That's mans' lot
A cause for feeling that he is the target
At the mercy of an impinging universe
So he fights for his survival
And not just to live another day
But as though he's here forever!
But he's not
Our life is but a flick of wave and spray
In the ocean of existence
Having no end and no beginning
There are other words to describe the underlying Reality
Not to be sought for far away
But as the basis of our Being

We need to get below the persistent sense of "I"
And the worry about preserving me
Then from the depths
Right-wiseness, energy, love and creativity
Surging up through the peaking wave
We call our self
In a manifesting of beauty through every act
In a painting, the preparing of a meal
A song
A moving with life's breathing at every step
A returning to our out-going Love
As above, so is below
But if we work and create for money
To make certain our future is secure
We're living in a nowhere
For all that exists is
NOW

HE-SHE

And may the creative
Healing
Loving force
Descend upon you
In enlightening flames
Or the oceanic depths of Awareness-Power
Well up
Through everyone of you in waves
Breaking
Splashing
Coalescing in joyful Lila

Let your lives
 Be that of blissful gods
On this plane to love and play
 Between scintillating galaxies above
And the whirling dervish dance of atoms
 Beneath your feet

Less of quiet contemplation's that had their use
 To break the spell
Of Awareness-Power ensnared in ego
 With its bag of memories and illusions

Like a god transfixed as self or jiva
 And given name to
But when the atoms that make up self's' form
 Reassembled in yet other shapes
The "I" of Awareness-Power again reborn
 To cling once more to ego's bag of tricks
 Then, at last, lets go

The "I" of Power, Queen of Heaven
 Appears no more a 'bag lady'
The "I" of Awareness, King of kings
 Now in crystal clarity
 Fallen as Adam-Eve
 Risen as Jesus-Mary
 As Shiva-Shakti of the Hindus

And the eternal yin and yang of Awareness-Power
 He-She in whatever forms you may conceive
Let yourselves and living symbolize
 The significance of their encounter
See the universe itself as their disguise
 And realize the reality that you are they
 Even beyond forever

Of Saiths

Of luminaries I am the sun
Of bodies of water I am the ocean
 Saith Sri Krishna
What shall I make of this?
Bow down to the sun?
Make obeisance to the sea?
 It's been done
There are a lot of Saiths to be dealt with

But

The whole business of saying
Take first place with me
Not who says it
The semantics or the grammar

“Words, words, words” mused the moody Dane
Words are pointing fingers, not the moon
With a passion I would have us see
How we pervert a pointing finger to a gun

“This is my body”

The “Ocean” and the “Bread”
Someone is trying to tell us something
More through our senses
Than taking literally what is said
Can we feel our existence, like a wave,
Rise and fall
Back into some vast expanse of moving waters
Connected to every other wave and ripple
Then we got the message

We have this “gift of tongues” to guide our steps
Back down or up a “Jacobs ladder”
Through many layered silence of experiencing
Not to build a tower of Babel
A world of mind to live in
Of verbal concepts, fantasies of definitions
And self-image
To paraphrase how Aldous put it
We’ve concretized in words
What is an already brain reduced, measly trickle of reality
As though to fixate and separate
A ripple from a wave
As though an I or it
A you or me were not united
In that great body of the sea

Words can point the Way
Or hide the greatest Fact
Symbolized by the luminary of the sun
We live on the brink of tragedy
The death of truth
When we make of language
A loaded gun

Conundrum

Here's an odd conundrum
Its "seeing is believing" in our seeing
As what we're looking at
The world is exactly what we see -- in sum
I cannot but agree
That what we see
Is and overlay
Ninety percent memory in fact

Take a man who gains the vision he never had
He swims in a world of colors
Until he learns to see like you and me
And a Hindu becomes a 'seer'
When he discovers That
That he is looking at

About Gratitude

There can be no front without a back
That's a fact that we can handle
Physically we can say, "I see"
But if one says we can't see good
 Without seeing bad
We have a problem, maybe
I saw something on TV
A plea to help the poor
 "You call it rags
 She calls it clothes
 You call it scraps
 She calls it dinner
What's good for her is bad for you and me
We needn't look too far
For the cause of such a different view
She lives in a slum town of Brazil
I grew up in Beverly Hills
Where I went to school, of course
I recall Miss Atherton,
 my 7th grade teacher at Horace Mann
She was tall, elegant and old, with silver marcelled hair
She intoned "what's butter on the plate is dirt on the floor"
It was in her long maroon-red dress

That she swept down the hall
That's all I remember of her
Or of her class in 34

Wherever there are groups of people
Be they small or large in numbers
They have their laws and rules of conduct
For the roles their members play
They have a whole panoply of shoulds and oughts
To protect themselves and their status in society
The Jones's and the Smiths are likely to agree
To starve or beat a child or anyone is bad
The Jones's and the Smiths are alarmed to hear
Of religious groups, of their fasts and flagellation's
On themselves or one another
That can't be "good" they say
 But speaking of religion
There's an epistle of St. Paul's
Exhorting Christians to be grateful for everything
 Yes, everything
I would venture to remark
That we feel grateful for what we perceive as good
If this were true then "everything" needs be seen as good
Even if it be labeled bad

Now that presents a thorny problem
Speaking of thorns---there was a Hindu saint
Who gave us a simple way to solve it
Take a thorn to remove a thorn then throw them both away
But we are taught to see what's good, what's bad
The shoulds and oughts are hammered home
That all would be well if life fulfills our expectations
If pain teaches us the folly of our expectations
If, through pain, we come to see a 'shouldn't or a 'should'
As self imposed not from the cosmos
We wake-up and can be grateful for the 'bad'
As old Fritz would say
We are healed when resentment turns to gratitude

We have a Choice, Rejoice

We decry attachment to the flesh
 By quoting
"Man does not live by bread alone"

We eat to live
And God forbid we ever live to eat
We say piously
Yet
Considering the daily bread
We ask for in our prayer
And the bread, as consecrated Host,
We eat devoutly
Eating becomes an act of consummation
A union with Christ's body
And is therefore holy

Partaking of our daily bread as bread
Can be a meditation
"Flame of life in all I consume the many foods
Turning them to strength that upholds the body"
Eating is participation in the whole of living
Man as spirit-flesh, does live by bread alone
Now
Say we work from nine to five
To buy the food we need to stay alive
That
We may work another day
Then there's shopping, cooking, cleaning up
And
We need sleep and the time left over is for pleasure

Some weary of this city round
And turn to farming
Sow seeds and harvest crops
Milk the cow
And work from dawn to dusk
That
They may work another day

These rituals of daily living can be a means
As much as prayer and fasting
A Hindu chant before taking food
"Brahman is the ritual
Brahman is the offering
Brahman is he who offers
To the fire of Brahman
He who sees Brahman in every action
Finds Brahman"
To me this comes close to a description
Of what is happening at the altar table

In celebration of the Mass

Let us celebrate in our eating
 For He or That is food
Let our work be a celebration
 Let us live to eat!
Enjoying Him or Her or That in every way as food
 Through our sense of touch, nose and eye
For God or That is all we really want
 The very "bread of life"
Let's delight in this great Mystery
 Through every guise

Your Self, Your God

You need no eye to see
No ear to hear for you to know
Need no tongue to speak to us
Or hand to touch and heal
You need no arms to embrace with love
Or organs to beget the new
Nor any other limbs or sense of man
 Need You

 And yet
You walked among us saying
"I am from above
You are from below"
We've come up through darkness
You brought down the Light
We met
On common ground
"Children of eternal bliss"
Hear my call
I am God
The only Self that is
Love my Self
Your God
With all your heart
With all your mind
With all your will
And love your neighbor
As Yourself, Your God
 On Death and Resurrection

I look, sometimes spending longtime
As I gaze
At a painting on the wall
Rather it is a photographic poster
Of a painting
A portrait of Jesus Christ
I forget at times, in contemplating the beauty of
His face
That I painted it and hung the poster there
To set my own self up to be reminded
Of His living Presence
But I couldn't do all this alone
What nameless persons can I thank
For creating paints and pigments, for brushes,
Thinner, varnish, linseed oil and canvas?
And it took an expert to take the photograph
Another expert to develop that
And what geniuses unknown to me
Invented the camera?
And I can clearly see
A long line of white-coated Japanese
Putting parts together
Which in turn
Were manufactured in other factories
Pressing plastic into molds, grinding lenses
With machinery invented by other men
Made from the metals mined from earth---
And so it spread from every tiny part
Horizontally in space and vertically in time
To this incredible inventiveness and handy-work of man
We take for granted this fine-meshed net
Of man's creation we are caught in
By our desire for more and more and better---

But following my thoughts back in time
To the simplicity of water, air and mountains
To the marvels of ancient birds and mammals
Of crawling creatures, and of men
At first huddling round a fire
And hunting for their food
Then came tools, utensils, weapons, and clothes of skins
The planting of crops, the wheel and housing
Refinement of cutlery, garments
And of course of weaponry
Then in the middle ages

The burgeoning of the arts and craftsmanship
To the greater glory of God and Christ
Whose image I recreated and look on now
He is almost over-looked in the world
Of computers, lasers, supersonic planes
Satellites, ovens cooking with microwaves—
Everywhere, under every touch, and sight and step
Is the stamp of man's insignia
But, then, man shares God's power to create
Still, it is difficult to believe
How creative we really are
Still harder to conceive that we all as artists
Paint upon the canvas of what is out there
The very world we live in and take as given

We start our painting from our birth
With strokes of color without perspective
We can, then, be called Abstractionists
As vague forms emerge, important to our needs
We become Impressionists
And as we're taught to draw the outlines
Of these forms in words
We're full-grown Realists
The irony is that now we live a fiction
Of ego playing roles with other egos
We've cast ourselves in soap operas
That Tibetan Buddhists call the 'realms'—
Struggling for money, things, and fame so prized by men
We are the 'jealous gods'
For but a moment we enjoy the 'heaven'
Of satisfied desire
But the death of a cherished love
Or loss of money, things or status
Plunges us into the 'hell' of pain
Groveling we emerge to pine for what we want
As 'hungry ghosts'
Then settle in to grub for the satisfactions
Of a meal or sleep just like an 'animal'
Thus we circle round in these mental states
But it is in the 'human' realm alone
That man appreciates the coming of a Christ
Here He comes into our world
So we can see in Him the Reality
Hidden by our unconscious art
But that's the purpose of our conscious art!
The painted portrait of a Jesus Christ

Is not an icon to be worshipped
But an avenue to His Imminence
To be loved as That transcending
The names and forms that we've created

When we go to the movies
We enjoy being brought to tears and laughter
By what we see projected on the screen
We know that we are watching actors
Act out scenarios with a director and a camera crew
But if I'd lived in Jerusalem
And followed in his steps
He'd have walked in my imaginings
And of my following Him the same is true
The mystery and beauty of Christ's love
Is that He chose to enter our human movie
And play a dramatic part
Including death and resurrection
That we would die to the ego fiction we've produced
Create no more backdrops and scenarios
That supports this mock-up that would replace the Real
He'd have us behold the eternal Screen of Godhead
To be merged with Him in Him
To rise again and live!
Enjoying the creativity we share with God
Nothing really lost
Everything is gained
This is our resurrection

I-Thou

I Thy servant
Thou my Master-Teacher
Thou my Son
I Thy Mother
And we are Friends
Thou my Beloved
I Thy Lover
I Thy Beloved
Thou my Lover
Yet neither I nor Thou
There is only One

The Banner

Where can we plant this flag of I?
Not, surely in the bodies flux of cells
That are but to die
Nor can we fix an I
In the seething caldron of memories
And thoughts of many things

We may
Plant this banner in the Nameless
Or God, the Spirit, Suchness, Sat-chit-ananda, That
And yet
Whatever designation that we choose
Be sure to let
It point in depth to what we are
And what we all can say
I AM

Search For That

The Self bores holes trough skull-bone
To reach out and see
Sends filaments of nerve to every millimeter
Of skin for touching That
Brain computes that mystery
As color and solidity
Am with centrifugal force the sounds and sights
Are thrown out-there
This creative out-put is it's ever changing body
Expressed uniquely in every sentient being
To veil and reveal that Self
In a game of hide and seek
But a centripetal power had made this Self
Seem small and separate
A kind of breaking of the branches from the vine
In a vain small-self idolatry
Still Love calls
From the abyss of hidden being
Till the Seeker and the Sought unite
In a cry of Olli Olli Oxen Free

The Medium Is the Message

I'd heard this statement thrown about
But it remained obscure to me
A niggling in my brain
Until I had the experience of an aha!

I use a medium to mix my paints
A spiritualist gets in touch with one
The newspapers, radio and TV
Are called the media

I glean that McLuhan
Could mean
The message that comes over
Exists in the 'in-between'
An influence we're not aware of

We may be warned of being manipulated
Advertisers will do anything to get
Our patronage and money
Politicians to win our minds
And so on

The fact of messages unsuspected
That might incite our feelings that lead to actions
To me is scary
It is a 'good' thing or 'bad'
He is a communist, a Jew, a Black
The messages hidden in such concepts
Under this up front labeling
Conveys a perverted sense of what is out there

It could go undetected
That a melange of such images
Could stir up disruptive reactions
What to speak of false hopes and expectations
So let's be wary that "The Medium Is Not the Message"

Praise

To everywhere to see you're
Doing hand
Even through the hand of man
To applaud your genius

In wing and feather
In the eye of the hawk
In incandescent sun
And mysterious quark
Seeing in awe all this you've done
And how astride
Your many layered worlds you stand
Yet come to us
En earth
To walk

Devotion

Jesus where are thou?
Ah yes, thou are here
Only here, in the here and now
Come let us go to him
Through the gate that is straight
On the way that is narrow
He is not to be found
In the day that is past
Nor in the morrow

A section of poems on the cult experience:

You Once Said

That the difference between you and me
Was that you had a special Mission
And therefore was given
 Super-normal powers
But that we all had our God-given
 Thing to do
But I was so accustomed to putting
 My own self down
I wasn't ready for accepting that
That you alone deserved a crown
 In time
As I experienced being given
The least and worst of everything
And you taking all the best
I grew angry with you

I began to fight
Screaming and pounding on that door
That locked me in or out
These were natural instincts
That I made a scene about
And in the acting learned a thing or two
That I can't put my real self down
So no more mock fighting
Or false humility
Of a love-hate relationship
My feet now on the ground
With an emerging sense of my God-given thing to do
I can rejoice in what was a freedom won
Whether or not it was your intent that it was done

Moment of Truth

Suddenly surprised and caught up
In a surging anger and dislike
A reaction of resentment toward certain persons
For the way they behaved toward me
And that was some time ago
Now, living in virtual retreat
Why, still, these memories to perturb me?
We were supposed to say that we were Christians
But what about "Even as I have loved you
Do you love one another"
Had this holy teaching been turned to bullshit?
I say aloud with bitterness
They weren't even playing by the social rules
That reflects the Christian virtues
I argue to myself in useless turmoil

I began to look for my unaware projections
Of what in myself I hate and hide
I had liked to think that I followed social expectations
Of being courteous, polite, and showed consideration
Aha, covertly, to "Win friends and influence people"
That they will like me and give me what I want
With these uncovered perspectives come insight
Of what I was learning in the situation there
I could describe it as a space
Where each could be a mirror to the other
To perceive their own true face
And to acknowledge the motivations

In pursuing their ego trip
However, it was not a matter of long habit
Of appearing to be generous and caring
But a pretense and ruse
Ingrained through many years
With a honing of their use
To make sure of being accepted
And if, in need, be cared for
It took suffering, anger, tears
Before this awful truth I could admit to
I thank each of them
For what seemed, then, as acts of meanness
And in a social sense they were
And I thank them for the moment, now, of truth
That I might not of faced
Without their ungraciousness!

We're aware of the fanatical dedication
Of some men and women
To an heroic revolutionary leader
Of their willingness to sacrifice themselves and others
For the Cause
And even more so
Of the devotion to the charismatic leader
The devotees will do anything
To win the favor of their Master
A desperate search for meaning and identity

But if the religious leader
Implies promises of what we want
Even if the promises recede into the future
The devotee will gladly step beyond the social mores
And then, I reflect, there was the vying
To be the most devoted to his health and Mission
Rich with putdowns of one another

He, the adored, the Center
The source of security and being 'somebody'
In this world and in the next
What need of dependence on others
Who cared if they weren't liked by 'them'
And so dispense with social amenities!
A barefaced attitude and feeling justified
In the name of carrying out some mission
For the religious leader
I reacted then, and now, with anger

But I can see how this somehow orchestrated
How I came to know eventually how I 'operated'

You might ask "but aren't religious groups
Made up of goody two shoes?
And the holy leader oozing sweetness and compassion?
Usually, but that's the very worst of cover-ups
The face of ego, the cause of our malaise
Hidden deeper in the illusion
That others or I can do or give or care
Better to strip away the mask of piety and manners
And get it all out there in the open

And it is time for me to face it
Do I really want to give and share?
Do I really care about the problems of another?
Fritz Perls once asked me, "Do you care about me?"
And he added, "You care about your hair."
What could I say? In that moment I saw
That I did not care
Except that he was useful in helping me in some way
But I can only come to care
In seeing the 'other' as my Self
Beyond a 'you' and 'me'