

My Law

The Sun may be clouded, yet ever the Sun
Will sweep on its course till the cycle is run.
And when into chaos the system is hurled
Again shall the builder reshape a new World.

Your path may be clouded, uncertain your goal,
Move on - for your orbit is fixed to your soul.
And though it may lead into darkness of night
The torch of the builder shall give it new light.

You were. You will be! Know this while you are:
Your spirit has traveled both long and afar.
It came from the Source, to the Source it returns,
The spark which has lighted eternally burns.

It slept in a jewel - it leapt in a wave.
It roamed in the forest. It rose from the grave.
It took on strange garbs for long eons of years,
And now in the soul of yourself it appears.

From body to body your spirit speeds on
It seeks a new form when the old one has gone.
And the form that it finds is the fabric you wrought,
On the loom of the Mind, from the fiber of Thought.

As dew is drawn upwards, in rain to descend,
Your thoughts drift away and in destiny blend,
You cannot escape them, for petty or great,
Or evil or noble, they fashion your fate.

Somewhere on some planet, sometime and somehow,
Your life will reflect your thoughts of your Now,
My Law is unerring, no blood can atone,
The structure you built you will live in - alone.
From cycle to cycle, through time and through space,
Your lives with your longings will ever keep pace.
And all that you ask for, and all you desire,
must come at your bidding, as flame out of fire.

Once listened to that Voice and all tumult is done,
Your life is the life of the Infinite one.
In the hurrying race you are conscious of pause,
With love for the purpose, and love for the Cause.

You are your own Devil, you are your own God,
You fashioned the paths your footsteps have trod,
And no one can save you from error or sin,
Until you have harked to the Spirit within.

Maori Poem

