

LA714 920219 BALANCE THE MIND #4

These are the four poems I wrote. People will love them in the future, you may hate them now.
The American Dream

America is America. Fifty two stars spangled banner. Super power of the world. Proud of human manor. It lives for human rights which makes us very uptight. Untruth gives it a chill. And for its own truth it will make a kill. It is a country of the atom and hydrogen bomb. With four trillion in national debt it lost its calm. America is America. It loves its dream. Americans are sweet toothed they love ice cream. They eat the dog which is hot. In their puritan duality they are caught. They are friendly, not deep. They love their lifestyle which they love to keep. America is a melting pot. Sixty percent of worlds' drugs they consume. America is stress. How they day they resume. Bumper to bumper they drive in and out. Divorce to divorce they live. They love their clout. Girlfriend, boyfriend, they brand every friendship. Without relating to the soul they always slip. They have tons of love but it never rains. With all their strengths they have a lot of pain. It is a beautiful America. God made it well. But in two hundred years we have turned into hell. There is nuclear waste. Every life is in haste. Skies drop acid rain, people caught in pain. Millions of children run away, millions of people are gay. All get messy, never carry to any end. Because Americans do not know how to bend. It is a wonderful country and there is a lot of wonder. Everybody is shocked and they are going under. But America is great, it has a great tomorrow. Hard working people taking care of their sorrow. It is a time of fax and phone. They have become a chatterbox. The music is high, it rolls the rock. They are trendy, they make up. They wear a mask. They imagine they believe, never ask. America is a world. In God they trust. America is people, love is a must. But with all good and bad and right and wrong, every American is great when they sing Star Spangled Banner Song. America is a prayer. America is a hope. America is a love with alot of scope. America is a dream of heaven, power. America is an ego like sky as a cover. Ocean to ocean from California to New York, from Alaskan glaciers and winter skies to Florida's Everglades and its Keys. America is people from everywhere. But every American loves do care. America is a prayer. America is a care. America is a love and loves to share. Still they love their great flag of freedom, their human rights and their constitution. They love their redwood trees, desert bush. Americans love to talk and love to push. They are only calm when they lick their ice cream. Are very happy when they think of another dream. God bless America. America is great. America is love nobody can hate. America has a flag, star spangled banner. America is free with beauty and manners. America gives you all and never asks, make America great. Nothing to ask. Fly its flag high, the symbol of freedom. God's own country, powerful redeemer. Land of plenty, land of hope. Land of human rights and great scope. America is America with power and grace. Hope for the human race. One whisper, one thought, one dream, one sight, all is the outcome of your light. It may be God, it may be you. It may be a combination of both two. But that I know what made me to love you took away from me. To hear, to see, but to deal, that is infinite life's wheel. In your eyes you see me but in my eyes I see myself. In your words you express your love. In my words I hear myself. In your thoughts you think about me. In my thoughts I experience ecstasy. But your one touch is warmer than all my coldness. Your one kiss is stronger than all my boldness. I am God, I am all and I am seeking to love today and tomorrow. Through happiness and sorrow. Through the light and its flights, through the wrong and through the right. I am still all prevailing God, trying to be a man, to get the experience if I can. The beauty, the blossom, the bliss and the brave. I created it all to create the craze. In my touch there is life and that is adi, like Ad sach. The sense of touch unshivers in my skin. Take my soul out and in. In my dealing and my feeling the difference is much like Jugad sach. As a God I live a life to satisfy my

itch like Haibhee sach. But still I am wonder and truth, still like infinity. With my brightest dignity, nothing more, nothing less, like Nanak's Hosee Bhee Sach. Though I am infinite. Though I am God, still I am seeking love. Without love I am not complete. I know it in my every heart's beat. As a God I am seeking love all the time. I am seeking in you to find out what is mine. One day mine and thine, I and thou will go. Life will flow in the bliss of ecstasy, peace will come with infinite flow. My little two eyes can see and can see and I can feel. They see and I can feel the vastness of the sea. The infinite sea, the body of water, the stock of life and power, deep blue, with no end, with no clue. My little eyes can see. As all is contained in small, my small sight can see all. When candle is lit, there is no darkness and when life is in love there is no harshness. As breath of life flows, so the life goes. Deeply breathe to find your depth. Be in love you will find your truth. Be yourself you will find God. Merge in me you will become an ally. We both will lose if we choose. We will become one. We will become God. My soul wandered through 8.4 million lives and it experienced every strife and I wonder and I ponder. Become a human and I wonder. What is life. What is light? Where is the glow? Why some are fast and some are slow. Why some are rich and some are poor. Why some are crazy and some are sure. What all I went through was it a waste. I couldn't find in me in all that haste. It took me so long to become a human and then why am I getting tacked as a demon. Save me my God, save me my Guru, come through me my teacher and see me through. I don't want to go back and be a rock. Rock and roll like a garbage sack. I don't want to go for my life. I don't want to waste my time and space. I want to find my being and grace. I know my life is a breath of life. If I breathe deep it will give me death. If I hold it in I experience the breath. That experience will give me self. From my self I will merge in all. From that strength I shall call, wahe guru and Sat nam. Wahe guru the ecstasy, Sat Nam the inner call. Through my chakras I will penetrate, through Sodarshan kriya I whll open the tenth gate. Then I will see what the nine gates do. I will be happy and make others happy too. Life is to know, to know is knowledge. Difficulty is in living in life's college. Universe is me and in me is in ecstasy and experience is in life's university. Life without love, love without depth. Life a human body without breath. So my soul, don't worry or hurry but keep awake. If not for me, for your own sake. You come here soul, for love, for grace. Awaken and awaken and awaken the human race so I can feel I can touch, I can bring the heat of your breath like ad sach, jugad sach. This is from Guru Nanak, the ten stages of man and man through ages of ten and ninety. In man's first stage he loveth the milk of his mother's breast. In his second he recognizes his father and mother. In his third his brother, his brother's wife, and his own sister. In the fourth a love of play ariseth in him. In the fifth he runneth after food and drink. In the sixth he inquireth not a woman 's caste in his lust. In the seventh he collecteth things for a house to live in. In the eighth his body is wasted by wrath. In the ninth he groweth grey and his breathing is difficult. In the tenth he is burneth and becometh ashes. His companions accompany him to his pyre with loud lamintations. The soul flyeth away showing the road of departure to others. He came, he died, he departed, leaving only a name. After his death his relations offer food on leaves and call the crows. Nanak the preverse love mental darkness. Without a Guru the world is lost. At ten a child, at twenty a rake, at thirty a man callest himself handsome. At forty he is in his prime. At fifty his feet halt. At sixty old age cometh on. At seventy he loseth his intellect. At eighty he cannot perform his duties. At ninety he reclineth on his couch and feeleth no strength whatever in himself. I Nanak have sought and searched and seen that the world is a mansion of smoke. This poem is by one of the Siri Singh Sahib's favorite poets, T.S. Eliot and it is about getting old as well. The Love song of J. Alfred Proofrock. Let us go then you and I, When the evening is spread out against the sky. Like a patient etherized upon a table. Let us go through certain half deserted streets. The muttering retreats of restless nights in one night cheap hotels. And sawdust restaurants with oyster shells. Streets that follow like a tediuous argument of insidious intent. To lead you to an overwhelming

question. Oh do not ask what is it. Let us go and make our visit. In the room the women come and go. Talking of Michelangelo. The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window panes. The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window panes. Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening. Lingered upon the pools that stand and drains. Let fall upon its back the soot that falls from chimneys. Slipped by the terrace made a sudden leap and seeing that it was soft October night curled once about the house and fell asleep. And indeed there will be time for the yellow smoke that slides along the street. Rubbing its back against the window panes. There will be time, there will be time. To prepare a face to meet the faces that you meet. There will be time to murder and create. And time for all the works and days and hands. That lift and drop a question on your plate. Time for you and time for me And time yet for a hundred indecisions and a hundred visions and revisions. Before the taking of toast and tea. In the room the women come and go talking of Michaelangelo. And indeed there will be time to wonder. Do I dare and do I dare. Time to turn back and descend the stair. With a bald spot in the middle of my hair. They will say, "How his hair is growing thin." My morning coat, my collar, mounting firmly to the chin. My necktie rich and modest. But asserted by a simple pin. They will say, "But how his arms and legs are thin." Do I dare disturb the universe. In a minute there is time for decisions and revisions. Which a minute will reverse. For I have known them all already. Known them all. Have known the evenings, mornings, afternoons. I have measured out my life with coffee spoons. I know the voices dying with a dying fall. Beneath the music from a farther room. So how should I presume. I have known the eyes already, known them all. The eyes that fix you in a formulated phrase. And when I am formulated sprawling on a pin. When I am pinned and wriggling on the wall. Then how should I begin to spit out all the butt ends of my days and ways. And how should I presume. And I have known the arms already. Known them all. Arms that are braceleted and white and bare. But in the lamplight downed with light brown hair. It is perfume from a dress that makes me so digress. Arms that lie along a table or wrap about a shawl. And should I then presume and how should I begin? Shall I say I have gone at dusk through narrow streets. And watch the smoke that rises from the pipes of lonely men In shirtsleeves leaning out of windows. I should have been a pair of ragged claws scuttling across the floor of silent thieves. And the afternoon, the evening, sleeps so peacefully. Smoothed by long fingers, asleep, tired or it malingers. Stretched on the floor, here beside you and me. Should I after tea and cakes and ices. Have the strength to force the moment to its crisis. But though I have wept and fasted. Wept and prayed. Though I have seen my head grown slightly bald. Brought upon a platter. I am no prophet. And here is no great matter. I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker. And I have seen the eternal footman hold my coat and snicker. And in short I was afraid. And would it have been worth it after all. After the cups, the marmalade, the tea. Among the porcelin. Among some talk of you and me. Would it have been worthwhile to have bitten off the matter with a smile. To have squeezed the universe into a ball. To roll it towards some overwhelming question. To say, "I am Lazarus, come from the dead, come back to tell you all. I shall tell you all." If one settling a pillow by her head should say, "This is not what I meant at all. This is not it at all." And would it have been worth it after all. Would it have been worthwhile after the sunsets and the dooryards and the sprinkled streets. After the novels, after the teacups, after the skirts that trail along the floor. And this and so much more. It is impossible to say just what I mean. But as if magic lanterns through the nerves in patterns on the screens. Would it have been worthwhile if one settling a pillow or throwing off a shawl. And turning toward the window should say. That is not it at all. This is not what I meant at all. No, I am not Prince Hamlet. Nor was I meant to be. Am an attendant Lord. One that will do. To swell or progress. Start a scene or two. Advise the prince no doubt an easy tool. Differential, glad to be of use. Politic, cautious and meticulous. Fool of high sentence but a bit obtuse. At times indeed almost ridiculous. Almost at times the fool. I grow old, I grow

old. I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled. Shall I part my hair behind. Do I dare eat a peach? I shall wear white flannel trousers and walk upon the beach. I have heard the mermaids singing each to each. I do not think that they will sing to me. I have seen them riding seaward on the waves. Combing the white hair of the waves blown back. When the wind blows the water white and black. We have lingered in the chambers of the sea. By sea girls weaved with seaweed red and brown. Till human voices wake us and we drown.

Question is very simple. When you take a route and you are caught in a routine, everything for which you exist is blinded you have not seen. It looks like a poetry. But there is one fact. You have to act. Time is very precious. You are not. You can make it heavens or you are caught. It is up to you. If I am yelling and screaming and you are dreaming, somebody has to wake up. Somebody has to make up. The art of life. Otherwise you all will live in strife. Isn't it a poem by itself. But anyway. Fact. I can dictate two hundred poems in a minute. I am so good for it. When I come to the class after taking good cold shower it is a funny. However the fact of life is, I have to speak from an extreme. There is no man who is wrong. There is no man who wants to be wrong. There is no man who intentionally planned to be wrong. There is no man who will end up as wrong. That story of fear is hopelessly useless. What it is. Some will make it now. Some will make it tomorrow and some will make it through their sorrows. But the purpose of life is to make it. And rightful thing is to shake it. You know you don't have not to sin. One day sin will leave you. Call anything sin. Hindu takes a beef it is a sin. Muslim takes a pork it is a sin. Christian takes both it is a virtue. Someone I was talking today and she said, "I need salami and a lot of it. I am under pressure." I said, "What salami has to do with pressure?" But the idea is ingrained by the meat lobby. If you take meat your pressure will be off. Yeah, it is true. If you take meat uric acid does you in. And everything is off. Now pressure is not off, you are off. When you eat preservatives you are preserved forever. You are Egyptian mummy. Forget about saying anything. Your sensuality and sexuality. Your communication is nothing but a hunters language. Sometimes you shoot well and make a kill, Sometimes you shoot wrong and you become ill. Because life is not yours and you do not know life. Living is a skill. Without vitality you can't enjoy the virtues. If somebody gives you thirty six course meal and you have a cavity in your tooth and you are in pain, entire food preparation is in vain. You have to know certain things. And my problem is between me and you to be very frank is, I know the art, but it can be only done as a science. You want to do the art as an art. I can't be your teacher. If a truth cannot be explained, if a God cannot be experienced, to me they are worthless, useless, demagogy. I don't believe in it. If purpose of life is not total inner fulfillment and happiness then life is not lived. If relationship does not believe in total understanding and come to that point then relationship is just an exploitation. All these love and kisses and hugs and sex and whatever you want to call it is just a biological necessity. And for that, you have puritans, rules and sixties freedom. All that doesn't make any sense. What makes is, can you honor your word or can you forget about it. That is the deciding factor. Forget about God, guru. Go after death, see God, say hello. He will say, "Get out, you are naughty green, you are yellow." What do you care. Doesn't matter. These are all your gimmicks. You will go to God. Where to go to God, he is here. When you sit in the bathroom on that seat and you answer the call of nature or you go in a temple and you do the prayer to answer the call of nature what is the difference. Simply your social standard. If you are constipated, you cannot meditate. If you are meditating you cannot be constipated. They are interrelated folks. So don't try to make fool of yourself with the Piscean religion and Piscean thoughts. Try to rise above it. Tonight is a very special night. I have brought you. I am going to give you a very simple exercise. It is not difficult but you are going to cry for it. I am not saying it is difficult. A child can do it better than all of you. It will show you your impurities and how shallow you are. It is all your gold gym macho stuff. You know you always talk big. I am going to tell you how absolutely arrogantly weak and sick

you are. And you are going to feel it. That will consume a lot of elements and one of these things which is going to be consumed tonight is a lot of zinc and all six metals combination. That is why we brought you a cantaloupe tonight and asked you. And some people might have a generous **1° kriya 27'** because I am seeing a cantaloupe for myself. That is a good news. Bad news is you have



to eat it all. And normally you don't. So let us please start. You can be emotional or factual. These three fingers will go together and these **three fingers** will go separate and the hands will go exact bend of elbow as perpendicular. And hands will be parallel to the ground, not high, not low. It is three and three. It is going to balance your total inner self. It looks stupidly simple but technically it is very heavy thing and you look at the tip of your nose and you will absolutely **press your back molars tight**. And you go into deep silence. As three fingers have to be kept together and those three fingers and other two fingers including thumb will have to be totally split. And that is the end of your cooperation. Hands must not be any degree up or down. They should be

parallel to the ground. Please understand it is an art, it is a science, it is not joke or a jerk. And the hands have to be just exact solid as you press it against a wall and wall is just unseen by God. Some of you can bend properly. Some of you can't. And those who can bend the elbow exact ninety degree are still young. Others are in their middle age hung. And there is nothing I can do. It is your body. How you maintain yourself. You are perfect in many fields. In this kriya you have the perfect by your flexibility. There is nothing else to do. Stay steady. Nothing is happening. You are becoming you. Nothing is happening. And what you have lost as you is coming back to you. This is the first primary exercise. It is not for the senior graduation. It is a kindergarten exercise. Keep the split perfect. Parallel to the ground. The tension you are feeling you are burning garbage in the body and you are changing the molecular structure from sickness to health. I want you to break through this damn misery. You have made yourself sick, get out of it. I didn't ask you to do. Split your fingers properly and keep the union perfect. Mercury, sun and saturn must go together with Jupiter and Id. That is all it is. Your body cannot take heavenly power. How you are going to survive. By your spaghetti and salad. When it doesn't rain the land goes dry. When you do not do your sadhana you go dry. Remember those days when you used to do it for hours and never used to even shake. Now you are nothing but a milk shake. This is a self healing. You must conquer. Without conquering pain life is in vain. It makes us insane. Pain is terrible. Pain is the beginning and the end of insanity. It takes us away from reality. We are God and God is us. Your body has to produce strength to make you healthy. It is not going to come from outside. Ready.

2° Kriya 11' Put your hands on the shoulders. Cross and catch the shoulders tight. Stay straight up and pull by the force of elbows downwards and create a pull push pressure and keep doing. Eyes continue at the tip of the nose. The spine must keep the shoulders up and your hands must pull them down. Tug of war. It will kill the total tension in the body if you do it right. It is a fight between two parts of the body, the rib cage and the arms.



3° kriya 6' Like a wave of the ocean please as back as forward, tight, fingers locked behind your hand, your neck. Move as one unit on your base. You will be surprised soon. Angle as you go backwards, angle as you go forward should be the same. Whole trunk of the body has to move, neck, rib cage and pelvic area.



4° kriya 9' Lock your hands up straight and move like a big circle. With the strength of the fist of the hand which you have on top. You are moving on the orbit of your psyche. You are dealing with your auric body. The base movement. Free will be your both hips. That is the bearing is. Make the both sides of the hips, the ball bearing move. Come on folks, somewhere we have to be honest for a change. If you have no relationship

with your own body, what relationship you are having. Who is lying who? Now you can't complete your circle. You can't make your hips as a ball bearing. You can't take a full circle. What a joke is that? What angels should do it for you and you should get the result. You spend so much money on health and when it is available you don't care. Isn't song of seventies so beautiful? You don't want to be old. Do the kundalini energy. Your own energy will save you, nobody else. Don't believe in lies. Body heals. Everything is a health.

5° kriya 9' Keep your hands up straight. Don't cheat. On the ball bearing of your hips as a one solid trunk of the body. Put your hands straight up please. Make them wide open separate like two and touch the ground and bring them down and touch the ground and bring them up and touch the ground. As you are calling in a prayer to almighty God. It is the first elementary way of prayer of the man on this planet. It belongs to the cave age. Well recorded, documented. Up straight touch the ground, up straight, touch the ground. It is the first elementary prayer of the man, between man and God. Pray, pray, nobody will pray as you. First prayer man couldn't speak then. No words. But man prayed. He learned. Wide open hands, don't meet them. They come straight from the shoulders down to the earth, go up straight. Neither they meet up nor they meet down. First time the cave men man couldn't speak, that is what they were talking, they knew how to pray and you can't do it. What wrong is gone with us. Plastic people. That is no fun. Straight elbows come down straight. Up now and steel your body. All the tension you can create.



6 Kriya 3' Now dance. Get up and dance. It has to be that Jewish dance where your feet must move. It is like that kosak dance. Feet, feet the holy feet. That is good. Get into a very prayerful mood of ecstasy, joy and happiness. Move your bone and feet. Sit and become solid. Get into state of mind that you are you now. Meditate on yourself. I am me within me. I am me around me. I am me all me is. I am the sick, I am the healer. I am the God. I am the demon. I am nothing. I am everything. I am right. I am wrong. I am tears. I am song. Just go through it. I am the beauty. I am the painful duty. I am a creature. I am a teacher. Whatever you want to say. I am human.



Just keep on saying something to yourself. I am brave, I am slave. Let me find myself within myself. Let me be myself within. Let me understand the universe of mine within my universe, my beauty within my beauty, my grace within my grace. My royal self within my royalty. My divine

self in my divinity and in my identity may I find it all here and hereafter as all is me. Sat Nam. Now eat. Wait one minute. You are not doing the right thing. If you are all doing sadhana there is no reason the miserable thing you represent. Well, what to do. Saturday three o'clock in this place. We will do a workshop. We have no promise when we will end but we will end when we feel like. So come along and bring your sandwiches. Three o'clock Saturday here. Eat your cantalope. Eat, eat, chew it, put in your body quick. Replace your elements. That is all you need. Don't try to become naughty right now. One slice or two won't do. That is why I asked you to bring the whole lot. Chew them chew them, don't gobble them. It is not spaghetti. Mix some saliva also.