

ODE TO YOGI-JI

(who will be remembered as The Great One)

Fritz Perlberg (Datar Singh)

His nerves were quite steady, His spine unbent,
He said he was ready, So off he was sent,
To the shores of the doors and the Angels in Hell,
Too much energy to ignore, Time for the West to hear a bell.
The bell became a chime, And the chime became a gong,
The sound vibration climbed, Sat Nam became the song.

Stop searching for the God he said, Make God come search out you,
He's given all the tools you need, I'll teach you what to do,
Then you go teach and spread the word,
It's there in the air waiting to be heard,
Waiting to be passed around and around,
Nothing is lost if it can be found,
Nothing is a mystery, once there is mastery
Nothing is a history
When you're living in infinity.

So take a breath, hold out your limbs and let the flow begin
But you've got to learn what keep-up means, and to pull in your chin.
The yoga of awareness is quite a treat,
It starts in your head, goes down to your feet,
Back from your feet and out through your gate,
With a little bit of practise, you'll start to radiate,
But whatever you do, don't believe me,
I may have an axe to grind, or be somewhat delirious,
Believe in yourself, trust in God, open up your mind
To the kundalini experience.

Ready or not, the show hits the road

Where you'll be playing, only God knows
And he's not telling, just giving clues
A little in a book, A little in the news
A little in your mind, A little in your heart
A little in the wind as it blows some things apart,
A little in the smile shining on your beloved's face,
A little in the stars at night that twinkle out in space,
A little in the dream you see that dances across the sky,
A little in the beam you see that gleams straight through your eye.
All is Sat Nam, the vibrational glue,
So don't look for answers, as something separate from you,
You can be cunning, or you can live a life as true
It's all in the intention, and how you do the things you do,
So onward to the journey, Like a camel through the sand,
A ride full of lumps and bumps, Take a hold of my hand.

Without a plan there is no path, Without a path there is no way,
Without a way there is no will, Without a will you will be killed.
And that can never serve the light, even if you're right,
'Cause the right must fight for the weak and the lame,
So speak the truth bold, make this life the heart of flame,
And help the human race reach its place of timeless glory,
It's the karma of the dharma and the earth rebirth story.
Liberated from all fear, Our presence is a blessing,
Infinite space is all right here, The window needs no dressing.
Don't play it small and don't play it safe, Don't be afraid or insecure,
The time is here, the time is now, The knock is on your door.