

Most Beloved Baba,

Cast in Your Loveness  
I seek to re-form my self  
To better fit Your mould.  
Man is the conscious expansion of Love,  
So to mySelf I must return,  
As that is Your Way to You.  
Suffering is the Path to Love  
—all pain is bliss.

You suffer for our ignorance;  
Rather, have us suffer all the more  
That Your burden be diminished.  
May our hearts, heavy with dreams,  
Be Awakened to Your Love.  
To say "I Love You" implies two  
—that 'Baba is' is 'I am'  
In the Now that is always.

You, the nameless One,  
Have taken Name  
That we may sing Your glories.  
You, the formless One,  
Have taken Form  
That in the reflection of Your eyes  
We may see our own Reality,  
Radiant in Your effulgence.

I stumble round these words  
To tell You of Yourself,  
—one cannot write Reality  
Or transcribe Love.  
I sat down to write You a poem  
And all the time  
You have been writing to Yourself.  
I am glad that God has an address.

Bless me that I may serve Your Love  
To illumine the hearts of others  
To the Oneness that is You.  
Beloved, I write You a continuous letter  
In my heart, in the language  
That only the heart understands:  
The eloquent silence of Love.  
I bathe in the bliss of Your Love, may I drown.

All in BABA,

*Robert Dreyfuss*  
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