

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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