A VISION OF ONENESS

I am vast
I am gold, silver
I am the forest
I am invisible
I am the storm
in the world
in the fire

Je suis vaste
je suis or, argent
je suis la forêt
je suis invisible
je suis la tempête
je suis la mer
je suis le feu

child,
12 years old
Brahmānda or The Cosmic Egg
The first embryo and symbol of all pervasive reality
(Banaras, Natural stone with flash patterns)
This is the Complete
And that is the Complete
Subtract the Complete
from the Complete
The Complete is the remainder.

The Upanishads

THE INDWELLING UNIVERSAL

I contain the whole world in my soul's embrace:
In me Arcturus and Belphegor burn.
To whatsoever living form I turn
I see my own body with another face.
All eyes that look on me are my sole eyes;
The one heart that beats within all breasts is mine.
The world's happiness flows through me like wine,
Its million sorrows are my agonies.
Yet all its acts are only waves that pass
Upon my surface; inly for ever still,
Unborn I sit, timeless, intangible:
All things are shadows in my tranquil glass.
My vast transcendence holds the cosmic whirl;
I am hid in it as in the sea a pearl.

Sri Aurobindo
Last Poems 15.7.1938
There is but one thing in the world, not two, as the modern physicists and mathematicians have begun to realise, and as a child well knows as he smiles at the waves on a sun-swept beach where the foam seems to have rolled in since the beginning of time, recalling a great rhythm that wells up out of ancient memory and weaves days and sorrows into a single story, so old it feels like an unchanging presence, so encompassing in its immensity it even embraces the glides of the sea-gull. And everything is contained in one second, the sum of all ages, and all souls, all within one simple little point glistening for an instance on the wild foam.

But we have lost that point, and that smile, and the singing second. So we have tried to restore that Oneness by addition: 1+1+1... like our computers, as if adding up all possible knowledge from every conceivable direction would finally yield the right note, the one note that brings forth song and moves the worlds, and the heart of a forgotten child. We have tried to manufacture that simplicity for every pocket book, but the more we multiplied our clever push buttons to simplify life, the further away the bird flew, and the smile - even the sparkling foam is polluted by our equations. We are not even entirely sure our body is still ours - the beautiful machine has devoured everything.

Yet that one thing is also the one and only Power, because what shines in one point shines also in all other points. Once that is understood, all the rest is understood; there is but one power in the world, not two. Even a child knows this: he is king, he is vulnerable. But the child grows up; he forgets. And men have grown up, and nations and civilisations, each in its own way seeking the great secret, the simple secret - through war and conquest, through meditation or magic, through beauty, religion or science. And we still have not found our magic, the point, the potent little point.

"There are no miracles. There is a vast harmony which governs the world with a precision and delicacy as faultless as the meeting of atoms; and the cycle of flowering and return of migration birds."

Satprem

‘On the way to Supermanhood’
The Whirlpool Galaxy
The first galaxy found to have spiral structure.
As I looked down, I saw a large river meandering slowly along for miles. Passing from one country to another without stopping! also saw huge forests, extending across several borders. And I watched the extent of one ocean touch the shores of separate continents. Two words leaped to mind as I looked down on all this: commonality and interdependency. We are one World.

John-David Barto
Astronaut U.S.A.

In this universe a tiny planet
Tiny like a grain of sand.
Tiny blue planet nestling in its secrets.
The men who live there
Pray, call for something to happen
But in their way
Yet the entire universe
all the other planets,
all the other worlds
are turned towards her.

All are waiting for the work to be real...
visible
tangible.

Dans cet univers une petite planète
petite comme un grain de sable.
Petite planète bleue nichée dans ses secrets.
Les hommes qui habitent là,
rient, appellent pour que quelque chose se passe.
Mais à leur façon.
Pourant l’univers entier,
toutes less planètes,
tous les autres mondes
sont tournes vers elle.

Tous attendent que le travail soit concret.

child,
13 years old

August 1996
THE DIVINE HEARING

All sounds, all voices have become Thy voice:
    Music and thunder and the cry of birds,
Life's babble of her sorrows and her joys,
    Cadence of human speech and murmured words,
The laughter of the sea's enormous mirth,
The winged plane purring through the conquered air,
    The auto's trumpet-song of speed to earth,
The machine's reluctant drone, the siren's blare
    Blowing upon the windy horn of Space
    A call of distance and mystery,
Memories of sun-bright lands and ocean-ways,
    All now are wonder-tones and themes of Thee.
A secret harmony steals through the blind heart
    And all grows beautiful because Thou art.

Sri Aurobindo
Last Poems, 24.10.1937
La musique puissante éternelle
eporte l’humanité le cime d’une falaise.
Les corps grandissent pareils à un arbre
élançé dans sa note.
Les cellules chantent la naissance d’un autre cri
qui dans un éclair changera le monde.

Powerful, eternal music
carries humanity to the heights of a cliff.
Bodies grow like a tree
Soaring high into its note.
Cells sing the birth of another cry
which in a flash of lightning will change the world.

child,
13 years old

August 1996
The world is ONE; it is a single global unity, even the Scientists tell us so. And they are trying to find that equation. But to restore this oneness, they have divided and subdivided matter to infinity, or almost. They have come upon an infinitesimal existence and a smaller infinitesimal existence, a vastness and an even greater vastness. But this oneness is neither an addition nor a reduction to the microscopic level, any more that eternity is an infinite number of years or immensity so many miles plus one. This Oneness is there, totally, in each point in space and at each second of time, as much as in all infinitudes put together and all the vastness added up. Each point contains the whole; each second is eternity looking at itself. And we who stand at this point at this second are eternal and complete, and all the earths and all the galaxies meet in our essential point; an eternal lotus shines in our heart - only we do not know it. We know it little by little. And it is not enough to know it in our heads and in our hearts - we have to know it in our body. Then the marvel will be truly complete and the eternal lotus on the summits of the Spirit will shine forever in our matter an in each second.

Satprem

‘On the way to Supermanhood’