

**Poetry from**  
*Pathways Through to Space*

**by Franklin Merrell-Wolff**

***MYSELF***  
(August 26, 1936)

What GREATER THING is there than this Mystery that is Myself?

All things else I am able to comprehend, if not at this moment, then in time I can do so, and this is why I am able to give them names. And that which I have named is in thrall to ME. So all serve Me from the most elemental to the highest Gods.

I comprehend all, but am comprehended by none.

I sustain all, yet need no support.

All creatures are but revelations of Me; for in Me abides their very existence, yet though they were not, I AM.

This space I produce that My Glory may be revealed; yet I alone Realize that Revelation.

Upon this space I cast My Shadow in numberless variations, yet ever remain One – apart.

I AM the theme of all melodies and reveal portions of MY endless Richness in symphonic elaborations. I lead all scientists to Me as they seek for the Truth, which is none other than Myself.

The devotee seeks Me through the raiment of My Being, yet I abide in that devotee.

He who does violence but seeks Me in ignorance.

I AM the Love of all lovers, and I also am the Lover and the Beloved.

Beside Me there is none other.

***SEEK ME FIRST***  
(August 27, 1936)

The Joy is not the end-in-itself to be sought.

Seek Me first, and My Knowledge and My Joy will be thine.

Seek Me for My own sake and not any ulterior motive.

I and I alone am the worthy end of all endeavor.

So lay down all for Me, and My Wealth will be thy wealth, My Power thy power,  
My Joy thy joy, My Wisdom thy wisdom.

This universe is but a part of My Treasure, and it, with vastly greater Riches, shall  
be the portion of the Inheritance of all those who come to Me.

Long have ye lingered in the desert of Ignorance.

I desire not thy continued suffering.

Come unto Me. The Way is not so hard.

## ***THE GRAND ADVENTURE***

(August 28, 1936)

I have a sense of a Grand Adventure, the most glorious of all.

A veritable World looms before my inner gaze unfolding hour by hour, and day by day, so that I cannot begin to record on paper what is being unfolded within the mind by the shorthand of thought.

Such Joy and Freedom shed their luster about that even this remaining bondage of action is losing, progressively, the sense of restriction.

Within the Grand Abstraction, which is the one Concrete Reality, there is a silent Communion, wordless, thoughtless, utterly formless; yet within it I barely discern, like the dim paling that heralds a new dawn, the silent Voices of Others, separated here by both space and time—even distant time.

There are other Communities beyond this.

There are far more satisfying Companionships than are possible within the veil of gross matter.

The Silence is Full and Pregnant, and out of It flows the Stream of all formations in endless variety: symphonies, philosophies, governments, sciences, arts, societies, and so on and on and on.

## ***THE DRAMA OF THE TRIUNE MAN***

(August 29, 1936)

### **PERSONALITY:**

This Space is too large. Where are the comforting bars of my cage? I would like to return to the world that I know so well. I would like to move, inconspicuous, in the domain where I know my way. Release me from the Fire.

### **INTELLECTUAL MAN:**

Be still, thou foolish one. Those pastures and encircling walls thou cravest are barren and small before this Largeness. Be not like the canary bird that refuses the offered freedom, but come on with Me.

### **REAL MAN:**

Be patient, child, thou shalt be guarded and shalt find again all thou dost love. For this small travail, thou too shalt drink of the Waters of Immortality, which I AM. The limits of thy strength will not be forgotten.

As for Thee, MY mediator to the world and all things that stand below, let not Thy restlessness and greater power lead Thee to forget the limited strength of the child. Once, Thou too were a child and had to be aided over the difficult places. Extend, therefore, Thy aid to those who are weaker than Thou art.

***I WHO SPEAK***  
(August 31, 1936)

Sometimes as I write, the 'I' becomes 'We' and yet remains 'I'.

There is a Consciousness which, while It remains One, is a symphony of harmoniously blended parts.

I write, and I watch myself writing.

I Know, and yet I wonder at the knowing.

I am the student and, at the same time, I am the Teacher.

As Teacher, I stand in Majesty looking upon the world below.

As student, I look up, humbly and amazed.

I speak and, presently, there blends with my voice the melodious Voices of Others.

One Meaning in many tones is unfolded.

So the tones of the seven-stringed Lyre are all sounded; one here, another there,  
in groups and, finally, all together.

And before this Melody I sit entranced, filled to the brim and more.

I who Speak none ever will know until, on that final Day he finds Himself, when I  
will appear in all My Glory.

***THE GREATNESS OF MAN***

(September 1, 1936)

There is a greatness within every human soul.

I sense this greatness in growing degree.

Something there is in every man to which I offer the gesture of respect.

As men become truly sane they reveal to Me new facets of Myself, and I feel a kind of wonder before these.

These Brothers enrich Me by revealing Myself to Myself and myself.

***COMMUNION IN THE COMPANY OF THE REALIZED***

(September 3, 1936)

The vista ahead grows more interesting.

There is coming a new and more intimate companionship with the new and old philosophic masters; Spinoza, Kant, Hegel, Plato, among others.

What names of real charm are these! What artificers of great Beauty are these Men!

With rare skill do They reflect the Glory of My Eternal Thought.

How greatly do They reveal to Me how much I Know!



***BY MANY PATHS***  
(September 3, 1936)

By many paths they come to Me.

I care not what the Path may be, just so they come.

I am in all, but not yet are all within Me.

I desire that none shall linger in the outer darkness.

I desire that no man should suffer this travail he himself has produced.

There are Ways to Me that are short and direct; others long and painful.

Is it not well to choose the shorter Route, rather than the Way that is long and weary?

Yet, until the last is gathered in, I shall wait.

***THE WELL OF IGNORANCE***

(September 8, 1936)

I dip into the well of Ignorance and pull forth toads, slugs, and blind fish.

I offer them Light, and quickly they slither back into the slimy darkness.

I pour acid into the pool and hold tempting baits above its rim.

Goaded, they come forth and glimpse the bait.

I lead them to a cleaner pool and a darkness not quite so dense;

And then on to a greater cleanliness and a clearer Light.

In time, slowly they build the strength to endure the Light and a desire for cleaner waters.

Finally, one here and one there ventures out of the pool into the Brilliance.

It is a long and slow labor, but in the end I will win.

*A POETIC INTERLUDE*

(September 11, 1936)

Am I a man? Yet also I am a god,  
For I am that which comprehends both gods and men.  
I move among men in the form of a man,  
Fallible, more or less good, like the rest.  
Yet, also I shine with the gods in Glory.  
I compress Myself in the mineral,  
Inert and long-enduring.  
Ceaselessly I grow as a plant,  
And am driven by desire as animal.  
I am in all, yet ever Beyond all.  
A flame am I that nowhere remains;  
I consume all.

\* \* \* \* \*

As I write I am sitting on a pavement of cement.  
A tree grows near, its roots, soft and brittle, beneath that pavement.  
Ceaselessly, slowly, but inevitably, those roots expand.  
The cement gives way, its resistance impotent.  
So, too, I expand, inevitably, remorselessly, in this world.  
Before Me no crystallization can stand.  
In the end, all other powers fail;  
My own, once more, return to Me.

\* \* \* \* \*

What matters health, sickness or death,  
Passing modes in the endless Stream of Life?

In health I go forth, perchance to forget;  
In sickness I look within and remember.  
Which is the greater blessing?  
I know not.  
Men seek health. I seek not at all.  
I give health and accept the blessing of sickness  
Yet, beyond all these, AM I—Unbound.

\* \* \* \* \*

Do I look for faults in men?  
Then surely I will find them;  
Dishonesty, lust, greed, hatred, and all the rest.  
All these come with immense fecundity.  
Do I look beyond to the good?  
Then what a glorious paragon is man!  
Generous, kind, and fair-dealing.  
Which of these is the real?  
Neither and both. Man reflects just what I seek.

***THE CURRENT OF NUMBERLESS DIMENSIONS***

(September 16, 1936)

Before Me there streams a Great Current of unnumbered dimensions.

This is the High Indifference of All in all,

Producing, sustaining, and consuming all;

Utter and eternal Completeness, the End and the Beginning and the Mid-point.

Within this Current, eddies, swirls, and grand sweeps, blended together.

These, the worlds, the stars, and systems manifold, yet continuous.

Within their midst, a few vortices hard-cased, seemingly separate.

Therein, consciousness bound in separateness and misery.

There also, this world, forlorn orphan, sick and weary;

Snare of Mara, who, triumphant for a season,

Makes the unreal seem the real, meshing in bondage.

But Time! and the shell will crack,

Flowing on in the eternal gyrations;

Sorrow becoming Joy, and Ignorance transformed into Wisdom.

*COMPASSION*  
(September 21, 1936)

O Compassion! More than the other loves of men, less than the High Indifference;  
Calmly standing by and waiting; years, centuries, millennia;  
Taking to Thyself the suffering of all; transforming toward Joy;  
With Light restraining Darkness; with good, evil;  
Refusing release while others are bound; melting differences;  
Accepting impurity, giving purity,  
Bound by no law, yet acquiescing in bondage;  
Available for all as the light of the sun, yet forced on no man against his will;  
Needing nought for Thyself, though giving to all need;  
The Base of all hope for this humanity so low;  
Pure Radiance Divine.

Sweet art Thou, unutterably sweet; melting within me all hardness;  
Stirring inclusion of the low as the high; the evil as the good; the weak as the  
strong; the unclean as the pure; the violent as the considerate; none left out;  
Awaking new understanding and patience beyond Time;  
Arousing forgetfulness of the petty in the grand sweep of the noble;  
Equalizing regard, yet exalting true worth;  
Reaching beyond all contradiction.

To Thee I sing, glorious Spirit; grandest God mankind can know.

*THE ATLANTEAN SAGE*

(October 4, 1936)

Thou art Divine, yet also human, most comfortably human;  
Knowing the breadth and the depth and the weakness of man,  
Ever remembering the God within the mask;  
Trusting with certainty that God,  
Regarding not too seriously the mask;  
Speaking most often the word of encouragement and comfort,  
Yet not neglecting needed rebuke;  
Fearing no enjoyment, here below,  
Intrigued to forgetfulness by none;  
Living in unbroken Joy, balanced by sage judgment;  
Wise Teacher ever, yet One who never ceases to learn;  
Ancient ruler of men, wise in the ways of men,  
Knowing them better than they themselves;  
Not scorning convenience, yet ready preference to forego,  
Once need makes demand;  
With touch tender as a woman's ministering to pain,  
Stern, also, meeting enthroned perverseness;  
Beyond discouragement, certain of triumph,  
Freed from the tyranny of Time;  
Ever expecting the best, accepting what is;  
Unbounded in nameless majesty,

Beyond the entanglements of earthly man;  
One who makes more easy the Path, seemingly so hard,  
Discovering unsuspected alleviations of difficulty;  
Master of the Inner Powers, melting Darkness with Light.  
Transforming enemy-victories into defeat,  
Thou Artist of strategy supreme, High Commander on the Staff Divine,  
How greatly dost Thou awaken the love of those who come near Thee,  
And confidence in a wise strength;  
How greatly dost Thou remove the sting of dread austerity,  
Brining the Beyond with the compass of reasonable achievement.  
Honored, I feel, that I should have known Thee,  
And count most precious our days of communion.  
Ever will I remember that day, on a northern mount,  
Crested with pines, mantled with white sternness of winter;  
Below us the deep carving streams;  
In a little house, remnant of the days of the argonauts,  
Now humble and decaying, but rich in memory of great adventure,  
Ah, ever will I remember that day when first Thou earnest!  
I knew Thee, not knowing quite how I knew,  
And recognized Authority to countermand the old pronouncements.  
Saidst Thou: "In this new day in a newer land,  
With customs and perspectives also new,  
Old Realities needst must be, in new garments, clothed.



Balancing the strength and weakness of old, there is now another  
strength and another frailty.

It is but Wisdom's part to adapt effort to these.

Underlying is the unchanging Truth,

The Way to Recognition manifold.

“Be not attached to the method, but to the End.”

With much hesitation, I finally learned,

If not largely, still considerable store

Of this new, yet old, Wisdom.

Upon Thy promise I dared and found Thee ever true.

A blessing art Thou to this mankind;

Unknown, save to the few.

May a monument be built to Thee,

Not of inert stone, so easily the victim of Time's ceaseless wearing,

But of the living, growing hearts of men.

In Thee abides a Presence Divine, yet also a man.

***THE NAMELESS***  
(October 7, 1936)

Above, below, to right, to left, all-encompassing,  
Before and after and all between,  
Within and without, at once everywhere,  
Transforming and stable, ceaselessly;  
Uncaused, while fathering all causes,  
The Reason behind all reasoning,  
Needing nought, yet ever supplying,  
The One and Only, sustaining all variety,  
The Source of all qualities, possessing no attributes,  
Ever continuous, appearing discrete,  
Inexpressible, the base of all expression,  
Without number, making possible all number,  
Containing the lover and the beloved as one,  
Doing nought, remaining the Field of all action—  
The actor and the action not different—  
Indifferent in utter completion;  
Diffused through all space, yet in the Point concentrated,  
Beyond time, containing all time,  
Without bounds, making bounds possible,  
Knowing no change;  
Inconceivable, yet through It all conceiving becoming;  
Nameless ever and unmastered;  
THAT am I, and so art Thou.

**SANGSARA**  
(October 28,1936)

Thou monster, spawned of Ignorance impregnated by human ideation;  
Appearing glamorous, promising all,  
Yet deceiving ever, rewarding fidelity with empty cups.  
Like a beautiful lake thou appearest,  
Offering rest and refreshment to the traveler weary;  
But a mirage thou art, ever receding,  
Leading on and on to desert barrenness.  
Appearing again as multi-colored rainbow,  
Promising the gold never to be found.  
Intriguing with a seeming joy and victory,  
Jeering at thy victims as they,  
Compounding sorrow and defeat, die disillusioned.  
Empty art thou, void of all value,  
Ghost of that which might have been;  
Beguiling all onward till, caught in thy web,  
They struggle, helpless and forlorn;  
Demanding full loyalty, rewarding with illusion's drug,  
Dream-stuff, turning to ashes on the morrow of waking.  
Binding in ceaseless travail thy victims,  
Draining the substance of the soul,  
Leaving man ever poorer and poorer and poorer.  
Thee, I challenge to mortal combat,  
To a war that knows no quarter,  
Thou vampire, draining the life of the Great Orphan.  
In that battle may there be no truce,  
No end, until the Day of Victory Absolute.  
Thou reduced shalt be, to a dream utterly forgotten.  
Then man, once more Free,  
Shall journey to his Destiny.

## *NIRVANA*

(October 28, 1936)

Felt dimly in the soul, by world-man unconceived;  
Unknown Goal of all yearning;  
The Fullness that fills the inner void,  
Completing the half-forms of outer life;  
The Eternal Beloved, veiled in the objects of human desire;  
Undying, Timeless, Everlasting;  
Old as Infinity, yet ever new as upspringing youth;  
Pearl beyond price, Peace all-enveloping;  
Divinity spreading through all.  
'Blown-out' in the grand conflagration of Eternity.  
Death destroyed as a dream no longer remembered.  
Life below but a living death,  
Nirvana the ever-living Reality.  
Divine Elixir, the Breath of all creatures;  
The Bliss of full Satisfaction;  
Uncreated, though ceaseless Creativeness;  
Ecstasy of ecstasies, thrilling through and through,  
Freed from the price of ignoble pleasure;  
The Rest of immeasurable refreshment,  
Sustaining the labors embodied;  
The one Meaning giving worth to all effort;  
Destroying forever all sorrow;  
Balancing the emptiness of living death,  
With values beyond conceiving.  
The Goal of all searching, little understood,  
By few yet attained, though free to all.  
Sought afar, but never found,

For closer IT lies than all possession;  
Closer than home, country or race,  
Closer than friend, companion or Guide,  
Closer than body, feeling or thought,  
For closest of all IT lies,  
Thine own true SELF.

## ***THE SUPREME ADVENTURE***

(November 16, 1936)

At long last the forest lay behind,  
Before stretched a desert, bleak and empty,  
Beyond, a mountain, dim in the dancing haze,  
Reaching upward, defeating all measure.  
I sat resting in the shade of the forest-rim,  
The last cool stream at my feet.  
Deeply I drank refreshment and pondered:  
Long had the journey been and weary  
In the maze and the dark of the forest,  
Oft had I drifted down false lanes,  
Oft had courage been shaken,  
Yet I never quite failed to try again  
And at last the dim trails were finished.  
Behind lay desires, vain and incomplete,  
Ambitions inadequate, yearnings now stilled;  
Before, reaching all but endlessly,  
A dreary waste, trail-less and void of sign.  
It seemed I beheld the Goal, dim in the distance,  
But, again, It seemed not there.  
Was uncertain possibility worth the effort?  
Could anything be worth the cost  
Paid, and yet remaining to be paid?  
Oh I for the rest without ending,  
If not the rest of Victory,

Then the surcease of defeat,  
But in any case rest.  
Thus I pondered while a new strength grew  
And resolution again was born  
Of the ashes of burned desires and yearnings.  
Methought: "Better onward continue,  
Else all this effort uncompleted  
Useless would lie in the void of vain endeavor.  
If thought of achievement thrills no longer,  
Yet 'twere better to complete the half-finished.  
Behind lie values exhausted and lost,  
No longer potent to 'rouse the soul  
That, in vision, a Beyond hath glimpsed.  
Onward alone lieth hope  
To fill the void."  
At last I arose, resolution firm,  
Gathered my staff and compass—  
Sole possessions of the final hour—  
And strode me forth beyond visible trail.  
Ere long the forest behind me vanished,  
Consumed in refracting desert haze;  
Then all about the emptiness of burning waste.  
On I journeyed in time-expanding void,  
Unafraid, but weary with the seeming endlessness;  
On I journeyed o'er rock and sand and thorn,  
Alone in the stillness that is not Peace;

On I journeyed, thirsting ever more and more  
For refreshing waters of the forest past recall;  
Yet on I journeyed as thirst grew numb,  
The mountain, haze consumed, as the forest.  
And time, my tread less resolute became;  
The void without became likewise a void within,  
All endeavor unavailing.  
I sank me down upon a rock,  
Caring nought, accepting what might be.  
Then spoke the VOICE,  
In accents strong, cheering, comforting,  
Calling from out the Beyond,  
Telling of the Glory There,  
Recalling the need of forest wanderers.  
Within me a new courage grew, a new determination.  
Once more I 'rose, onward moving,  
Feeling more clear, though not yet seeing  
The ancient Mount of untellable Majesty.  
The desert journey, all but finished,  
Now lay behind.  
Already the slopes, mounting in steeper gradient,  
Promise of final fulfillment offered.  
Steeper grew the Way, but easier,  
Strange paradox of a World, inverting former values.  
Quickly I ascended, filled with strength  
Born downward from Beyond.



The haze grew thin and vanished.  
Then, before me, immeasurable Largeness,  
Buttresses of the ancient Mountain;  
Height rising on height, beyond all vision.  
Filled anew with cheer and rich assurance,  
Fast I climbed, until at last  
Above me stretched the awful cliff,  
Transcending the final reach of thought.  
Here I lingered but briefest hour,  
Extracting from thought its inmost core,  
Seeking the Power above all powers.  
Success crowned effort beyond all hope  
And, as it were, in Time's briefest instant,  
Outreaching time and space and cause, I rose  
To unthinkable heights beyond unthinkable heights,  
Finding at last the ancient Home,  
Long forgotten, yet Known so well.  
Gone was the forest-world, a new World mine;  
Joy untellable, Knowledge all-consuming,  
Eternity stretching everywhere;  
Not anywhere aught but I  
Sustaining all universes,  
Their origin and consummation.  
Darkness of ineffable LIGHT  
Enveloping all.

## II

Darkness, Silence, Voidness, utter,  
At once, Fullness in every sense;  
Deeps beyond seeing, beyond feeling, beyond thought;  
At the inmost Core of all I AM,  
Sustaining all, not different from all.  
Untellable ages, a moment of time,  
All time, but one moment there.  
From the inmost Core, descending—downward, outward—  
Distances immeasurable I came,  
'Till finding the Thought unutterable,  
Here, lingering, I dwelt for a season,  
Thinking what I could not say,  
Understanding transcending human conceiving,  
Pure Meaning close-packed and overflowing,  
Containing of libraries the substance all  
and more, ne'er told.  
Filled to the brim, I descended, down through the haze,  
Which, ever enclosing the world below,  
Holds apart the Mountain Top  
From the nether world of outer life.  
Gone was the desert and forest-maze,  
Scenes of age-old wanderings.  
The Way to Heights ineffable a mystery no more,  
A new mystery spread below.  
Seething multitudes rushing to and fro

O'er far-reaching plane;  
Bent over, searching the earth,  
Grubbing here and there, ne'er still,  
Driven as slaves, joyless and dull,  
Seeking the Gold, finding dross.  
One here, one there, standing in pause  
Looking upward, eyes dim with pain,  
Yearning, questioning, searching,  
Not Knowing, yet hungering.  
These, aliens all in a foreign land;  
"Thou would'st of this harvest share,  
Of souls drawn Home to Peace and Joy?  
Then seek again the way  
In yon fields below.  
None knows the final secret of human soul,  
So ever We try and try again,  
In every way, old memory to 'rouse.  
Go forth and try thy way."  
So again I pondered the trails I knew,  
The effort wasted, endeavor fruitless,  
The final Success, the Key thereto.  
Methought:  
"Tis needless, the journey so hard should be.  
A little turn here, another there,  
And many a barrier and morass deep,  
Easily surmounted will be.

I shall tell of the Way  
Which at last I found,  
That others in a clearer Light may See.”  
So I drew a chart, the best I knew,  
And here it is for all  
Who, wandering in forest and desert drear,  
Wish that a clearer Way might revealed be.