

# Poetry from *Pathways Through to Space*<sup>1</sup>

Franklin Merrell-Wolff  
January 1980

## *Myself*

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 that is why I am able to give them names. And that which I have named is in thralldom to Me. So all creatures serve Me from the most elemental up to the highest Gods. But the SELF that I AM has no name, for no word that points toward Me comprehends Me. Names mean forms, whether gross or subtle, but I AM without form and, therefore, eternally nameless.

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.<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Franklin Merrell-Wolff: “These are some readings of the material in poetic form in *Pathways Through to Space* done by the author of that work.” Wolff does not read all of the poems in this volume here; one may hear Wolff read “The Supreme Adventure” on the audio recording, “Abstract of the Philosophy,” part 12.

<sup>2</sup> Franklin Merrell-Wolff, *Pathways Through to Space* (New York: Richard R. Smith, 1944), 17.

## *Concerning the Spontaneity of the Self*

I, Spirit, deny none of My children.  
Such is not My Nature.  
Ever waiting, above forgiveness,  
I pour Myself in through the opened doors.<sup>3</sup>

## *Seek Me First*

The Joy is not the end-in-itself to be sought.  
Seek Me first, and then My Knowledge and My Joy will also be  
thine.  
Seek Me for My own sake and not for 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.<sup>4</sup>

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<sup>3</sup> Ibid., 23.

<sup>4</sup> Ibid., 24.

## *The Drama of the Triune Man*

### 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.

And 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 wert a child and had to be aided over the difficult places. Extend, therefore, Thy aid to those who are weaker than Thou art.<sup>5</sup>

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<sup>5</sup> Ibid., 42.

## *I Who Speak*

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.<sup>6</sup>

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<sup>6</sup> Ibid., 55.