

The Sword of Renewal

Wednesday, 05 April 2006

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Sent in by Mar Cel

OM SVASTI.

Yet the night of winter is not ready to change.

But in one moonhair she is able

To hide the greater sun:

The black midst of the universe.

Faith surmounts the sorrow.

Watch how the archer's arrow hits!

Saturn, the lead of the past,

Goes west and finally sets.

What a compassion he is accompanied by!

So luckily do you strip off your karma

And worship the mercurial south

As the crystal of immortality,

Which is now offered to you for your long wait.

Let fall the cross together with the anchor of lie

And lift the Father's sword at the blazing hilt.

There transform that guard,

By means of which ill death artily and

Double-dealingly grasps for itself,

Into the gentle wings of living simplicity.

Boundlessly radiating the Universal Might of Love:

Horizon of all oceans, stranding on all shores.

A wave-like song, that appeases the estranged

Energies and atoms, stars and sands -

Oh, elevates up to a new five-fold being,

In order to once for all alloy

Matter, energy, space and time.

Thus the blade points in direction

Of your void naked self.

It writes the new pattern of heaven

And vents an old world

That is losing its power.

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