

On Far Horizons: Seven Poems

By Barry McDonald

The Highest Ground

In memory of Martin Lings

In this eleventh hour prophets warn
Delusion threatens like a rising storm;
Now in the mind the devil spins a wheel,
Few wise men concentrate upon the Real.

We walk in prayer and quietly pass by—
Like ripples on a pool we cannot stay.
Why fear the shifting shadows of the day
When only in the dream of time we die?

In this brief life we seek to rise above,
To stand upon the highest ground of love.
Leaving behind all sorrow and discord,
The soul takes flight remembering the Lord.

The Alchemy

Awakening in God, we live and die—
The here below seen through an eagle's eye.

No matter what we suffer in this day,
Deep in the alchemy of Truth we pray;

And through each trial our destiny reveals,
We praise the fate that brings us to the Real.

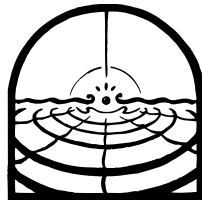
On Far Horizons

In timeless Truth, primordial and free,
By vision of the heart we learn to see.
On far horizons and within ourselves
We seek the signs of God, and nothing else.

In this Eternal Moment we pass through
With every breath creation is renewed;
And through each veil, affirming God alone,
We find a world where prayers are at home.

And while on pilgrim roads we travel far,
We find the Truth we seek is who we are.

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