

A Modern Gita (Dedicated to Professor Barnes)

When voices from men's sullied lips
Rend the frigid atmosphere,
Crying in accented tones: "There is no God,
Or if there is, He is unknowable;"
I do not weep, but laugh at questing souls,
Who in their sternest moments of denial
Seek for the everlasting Truth, and cease not,
Denying Me, they strive the more,
And on and on in their insatiable quest,
They sit like Blunders on the Wishing Gate,
With blinded eyes.

I am the Reality behind phenomena,
I am the Substance of Matter and Force;
Whenever one seeks a Cause, he hunts for Me;
Whenever one looks for a substratum,
Though he knows not what he is after,
It is Me that he is striving to find.
It is Me within men that urges them on,
And Me outside of men that they desire.
Whosoever delves into the Molecule,
And within the Molecule investigates the Atom,
And within the Atom studies the Electron,
It is Me he is approaching step by step.
Whosoever gazes beyond the sun to the fixed stars,
And beyond the fixed stars into the unfathomed,
It is I Who am the Object of his search.
Whether he moves out into the vast universe,
Or gazes deep into the infinitesimal,
Whether he deals with the world of form,
Or transfers his curiosity to the life
Animating those forms;
the Search is One.

I am the Power in the Electron and Proton,
I am the Source of Light and the Light itself,
I am the Vitality in every cell,
And the Force which controls that Vitality.
What is unknown in Instinct—it is I;
What is undetermined in Heredity—it is I;
What is puzzling in Environment—it is I.
Know the world of phenomena to be eternal change,
And the world of Reality beyond phenomena to be Me.
Call it Tropism, call it Catalysis,
Call it Cohesion or Adhesion or any other name—
It is Me manifesting in things.

A Modern Gita

When beyond the sensuous sphere man turns his eyes,
It is the same—I am the reward.
I am the Noumenon of every form,
And the Reality in every Noumenon.
Whether man spends his hours in the laboratory,
Or wanders through the mazes of Philosophy,
Whether he uses the norms of Logic,
Or listens to the voice of his Intuition....
I am the Thinker and the Thought,
I am the Seeker and the Sought,
I am the Knower and the Known,
And man is seeking for Me alone.

Those whose lives are fed with Beauty—
They feed on Me;
Those whose souls are enraptured by Music—
It is My Voice they hear.
Whatever is beautiful in line or form,
Whatever is lovely in picture or statue,
Whatever is magnificent in edifice or carving,
It is My Nature which is portrayed.
Whosoever has an artistic soul,
Whosoever finds pleasure in flower and tree and shrub,
Whosoever has an ideal in heart or mind,
It is me within him that has given this Love.
Whether it is the Mind on its long pilgrimage,
Or appreciative Emotion seeking its own,
Or Heart bent on Love—all is Me.

I am the Love of the mother for her children,
I am the Solicitude of the father for his little ones,
I am the friendship of friends,
And the mutual attraction of hearts.
Whenever one looks for sympathy without,
In parent or friend or bird or beast—
It is Me Whom he needs;
Whenever one looks for solace within,
In prayer or devotion or meditation,
I alone can suffice his want.

I am the reverie of the Artist and the dream of the Poet,
I am behind the concepts of the Mathematician,
I am beyond the schemes of the Inventor and Scientist.
Whenever one climbs the mountains of his own imagination,
I am the goal; I am the end; I the "Esperanto."
As the sun rises daily in the East,
And brightens the Earth,

A Modern Gita

So I rise within the hearts of men—
If they could but see.

I am the Ideal, the Idealizer and Ideation;
I am the Adored, the Adorer and Adoration;
Know that every process, every effort, every move
For betterment, for human welfare, for perfection
Is Me working within My creatures,
Whose beings I vitalize with every breath.
Without Me the rocks would disintegrate,
Without Me the plants would cease,
Without Me the animal could not bring forth,
No man could create, no society be bound together.
Without Me, the whole Universe would dissolve to nothingness.

In Matter or Spirit, in Mind or Emotion,
In hill or on tree, on land or in ocean,
Naught is, naught is, save Me.
In Cohesion, Solution, in Friendship or Love,
In the bowels of the Earth, in nebula above,
Naught is, naught is, save Me.
I am the Timeless Beginning and the Eternal End,
The Infinite Now, the Forever and Always,
Creation, Creating and Creature am I,
The Who and the What, the Where and the Why....

Seek! Seek that you may find Me, but look not without thy Self.