

**Classic Poetry Series**

**Francis Brabazon**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2012

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## Francis Brabazon(24 January 1907 - 24 June 1984)

Francis Brabazon was an Australian poet and a member of Meher Baba's mandali.

Brabazon was born in London, but moved to Australia with his family when he was still a boy. At the age of 21, Francis Brabazon embarked on a quest to discover the relationship between beauty and truth. He studied music and painting and finally found his niche in poetry. In the 1940s, Brabazon became interested in Eastern spirituality and soon became a student of the Australian Sufi leader Baron Friedrich von Frankenberg.

With the death of his Sufi teacher in 1950, Brabazon became the head of one part of the split Sufi Movement in Australia. He met Meher Baba on a trip to America in 1952 and later described Baba as "the very personification of truth and the very embodiment of beauty." After returning to Australia, Francis and a party of helpers managed to complete "Beacon Hill house" near Sydney in time for Baba's first visit to Australia in August 1956. It was later renamed "Meher House".

### <b>Avatar's Abode</b>

The idea to establish a place dedicated to Meher Baba in Queensland grew out of a letter from Meher Baba's sister and disciple, Mani Irani. On the 11th January 1958, she wrote to Bill Le Page and the Australian group of followers, indicating that Meher Baba wished to give his Sahavas, company, in Australia at one place only, and that Baba would "like Queensland if the climate is good during June, and if the place is practical." Previously over the years Bill Le Page and Francis Brabazon had discussed setting up a permanent centre north of Sydney and had explored New South Wales in Le Page's car several times, the longest trip was 350 miles north, during which they slept under the stars by night. Now they looked to Queensland. In 1958 using money willed by the Australian Sufi leader Baron Von Frankenburg Brabazon bought a Pineapple farm on Kiel Mountain, Woombye, Queensland to host Meher Baba on his second visit in 1958. Meher Baba's telegraphed approval of the site. While he was there, Meher Baba named the area Avatar's Abode and said it would become a place of world pilgrimage.

Francis Brabazon lived in India for ten years with Meher Baba from 1959 to 1969. After returning to Australia he resided at Avatar's Abode until he passed. Francis' grave is on Avatar's Abode overlooking the ocean.

# Dawn Is A Friend

Dawn is a friend who comes to rouse the lover from grief,  
And enemy, for from his pain he wants no relief.

Without separation's pain how can he be aware  
Of the Beloved's presence in the perfumed air?

The deep night breathes quietly as a woman sleeping;  
In the silence of its song's harvest spirit is reaping.

With the rising of the sun the world's day begins,  
The day of the market and gossip - the sowing of sins.

In the daylight of the world the lover is like a fish  
Hooked and thrown up on the burning sand to writhe and perish.

He longs for the ocean of night with its islands of stars,  
And the white hand of his Beloved that heals the day's scars.

In the silence continues the siege of the Beloved's beauty;  
And his soul's sigh steals out and goes on sentry duty.

Francis Brabazon

# Once God, That Great Being (From Stay With God)

Once God, that Great Being,  
Whose nature is Existence, Knowledge and Bliss, slept.  
He was like a man in deep sleep  
Who is, but does not know that he is.  
He had no knowledge of His knowledge nor experience of His bliss.  
he was like a still, shoreless Ocean which no wind or wave  
Moved upon. There was nothing but Him.  
There were no stars nor sun nor earth nor anything.  
All things were within Him; but since He slept,  
They also were asleep, unformed and unmanifest.

All knowledge of Himself and of all things were in Him,  
But He did not know that He knew.  
Then there surged within Him the desire (Whim) to know  
Who He was; and He spoke within Himself the First Speech,  
'WHO AM I?' And with the utterance of this First Speech  
All things in their potentiality came forth from Him.  
But all things are Nothing; and so the universe of stars and suns  
Is nothing. Nothing is included in His Everything  
But is nothing in itself. But at this time, since He did not know  
His knowledge, He did not know that Nothing was nothing at all.

Each thing He brought forth out of Nothing and caused to exist  
In seemingness he, great Only Being, thought He was!  
He created stone; thought He was stone; lived as stone  
Millions of years, and then said, 'Something other am I.'  
He created vegetation; though He was vegetation; lived as vegetation  
Millions of years, and then said, 'Something other am I.'  
He created in turn worms and reptiles, fishes, birds and animals,  
And in turn thought He was, and lived as each, of these.  
Then He created Man, and said, 'This is sufficient for all My requirements.  
I know Myself who I am, because this is in My own Image, Myself.'

Francis Brabazon

# Our Dropp Souls Are Of The Ocean Of Truth

Our dropp souls are of the ocean of Truth, their bubbles are bright snares  
Which keep us in the sea of illusion playing 'musical chairs.'

Dear Soul, says one bubble to another, you are all I adore.  
Curl me up in your arms and I'll ask of heaven nothing more.

Good luck, brother! But it won't take you to where you're going - because  
The fly in that ointment is, every 'It is' becomes an 'it was'.

Distance ever grows longer; it never becomes shorter.  
The mirage stretches on and on but it never becomes water.

The distance between any two pebbles equals the circumference of Space.  
No matter how great our love, union is conditioned by time and place.

Come dearest Droplet, let us together seek the Beloved's door;  
Let us leave this wave which will separate us, and come up on the shore.

I hear his beautiful voice calling deep in my soul:  
    'The lover is nothing, the Beloved is all in all.'

Francis Brabazon

# People

People are man and man is people.

Their bones are the structure of the Universe.

Their tongues are the harps of the stars.

Their hearts are nets which can capture God...

The Sun rises each day only to light their world,

The Sun rises each day only to light their world,

And the night comes down just to cover their secret wanderings.

Only people give the day and the night significance.

Although it took millions of years for them to appear,

People were present in the act of Creation.

Each one burst out of the Word

As a flaming Sun to burn into a man.

And when each one dies, a whole world dies with him.

Each one is born twice. From his first kiss,

and when he bursts the limitations of the stars

which cling to him.

People build cities and monuments

Of music and poetry and song,

To tame the nomad in them,

To celebrate their eternal journeying.

People are the reason for the Creation.

There will never be an end to people.

Wars and earthquakes and tidal waves

Will wipe out cities and waste the farmland.

The ice will creep down shearing off civilization,

But people will come up again.

The earth will grow cold,

But it will be replaced by another.

For there must always be a place for people.

A place on which to stand and sing.

Francis Brabazon

# The Dawn-Song Of His Mouth (From Stay With God)

But it is no good talking to you, Baba - you are just too-much love.  
Whatever we say, you just smile with your smile of divine kindness  
as much as to say, 'Ho, these children of mine, Myself, -  
why did I ever wake up and start singing?' This singing of your smile  
stretching out and supporting the nothingness of us-of-the-Nothing.  
Oh, and the Dawn-song of His mouth. - I only hope I am still around then.

It's no good talking to One who is the SAYING of the say which one says,  
because he doesn't listen because he knows exactly what he is going to say. -  
Tired and tired am I of myself. For the wide expanse of the sky  
of your bosom I cry. Awake in my heart that I may love you with service -  
or else be dust before your feet: anything but this not-even-nothing,  
nor a place in your Everything; something, O my Child and my Father.

Francis Brabazon



# The Love Song Of John Kerry

(Illusion singing to Reality)

Back in Australia, the most East of the West,  
John Kerry continued the exile he had begun so and so  
many millions of lives ago through his own act of waking up  
and wanting to know exactly who he was  
a musical question which turned out to be  
a fugal proposition of infinite possible development.

Sunbeat and rainbeat, veil upon veil- day-veil of brightness, night-veil  
of dark; face-veils and form-veils gossamer spun, crowded close and  
thickly; sail-veils and flag-veil hoisted  
over veil of sea - veil-voyage and returning; rain-veil of weeping and a  
place he hoped where none knew of ships and journeying and the  
far-shadowing spear of His glance - Baba thou Beloved.

Nursing his wound never healing, but widening  
because the spearhead remained in it - widening and love-festering,  
sloughing off veil-flesh; widening cleanly and the spearhead of bliss  
entering more deeply into the flesh-veils ever more hungrily and  
healingly, as the sun into the earth when the farmer sets his plough  
more deeply into the sour subsoil where no sun has been before:

Each day of day-drag or day-flight curtained  
within the three curtains of sleep-veil and dream-veil and  
awake-veilsleep the forgetter and dream the distortioner and wakefulness  
the cruel concretizer who sets the dreams in solid forms, the painter  
whose brushstrokes are the bones, and whose colour  
is the teeming flesh squeezed out of tubes of nerves:

Nursing the wound nursing the wound, gazing with admiration  
on the face of the lovely Spearman, he was saying to himself:  
Small wonder and great wonder things are as they are  
and this business of Everything and Nothing. This business  
of being nothing and somebody, nobody feeling he is hing,  
something in your hand, Baba, or else nothing before your  
feet.

Patience, patience fool, he was telling himself. Yap-yap

of nothing about something which turns out to be nothing  
yap-nowt of piddle-pool-puddling, instead of sitting quiet  
by the crystal stream gold-flecked of His love. Two advantage when you  
sit still: you don't feel the kick in the bones so much - and you give  
him a chance to do something - Baba thou beloved - you Baba

Stop wanting, when you are lying down, to raise yourself onto your  
knees, and stop wanting to lie down and cover your head with a blanket  
when you are standing up; stop wanting a job, a job with dry land  
and with lovely rivers. Leave it to Him - He knows the time of seed-time  
and growth-time and fruit-time both in space-time and continent-time  
- Baba, thou sun of the gold of the spear and its widening and healing.

Turn in yourself, John - bring back your eyes fond man  
from restless visioning. What is it to you that an eye is furtive,  
a lip derisive? that speech is ruined and no eyes' lightning  
indites the pages of books in lovely verse? Become in your seeing,  
blind; in your hearing, deaf - or ever the lovely tide of spring will  
find you lip-clinging to a clod of earth and your eyes stretched in an  
empty sky.

Only a deep Cloud of a Man can rain rains over parched earth. My gods  
are diminishing... Since you are a jealous God, one lovely in vanity  
of Alone-selfness, let the Mill-of-you grind this to flour for the  
hungry-of-you - or let their hunger grow into a crop of hunger so that  
they  
will the more seek you, and cast this as dust to the wind.

Or, when the grinding is done either to flour or dust, give me a word a  
lovely singing word in my mouth, some honey-word, some wine-word to  
utter in singing - not for many but for thou in my ear  
to delight in; so that my ear may aid mine eyes to fix themselves only  
on your dear Form: a singiness of a word  
the lovely word of your Name, thou beloved One, you.

Become unstuck, God, in your entrancement in this which is called me so  
that your own love for yourself may be released in a clear stream. Why  
do you allow yourself to fall into error, attaching yourself  
to everything you see through these eyes? You are the ever-free blissful  
One - I am the veil between yourself and you. Tear this veil which is  
between us - but if you cannot, ask BABA to do it for you.

Ho, the nothingness of the Nothing which is the things of thingness contained in the Everything! Nothing am I, and Everything art Thou my beloved, lovely, and loveliness itself. Ho, what a Box of tricks you are, Krishna-Baba! Ho, but you are the compassionate One himself, Buddha-Baba; the most-Shepherd of the flocks of the world, Jesus-Baba; the long shadowing spear and singing bow One, Rama-Achilles-Baba.

But I would like to be the most-least of a nothing of your servant and dither about cleaning shoes and carrying water in the ambrosial dawn hours - by God I would, Baba! It gets a bit irksome waiting for your word, for you to SAY something, and this blasted mirk of a black pitch of a night which is not a dark night but just, as said, a black bitch of a night.

Ho, the nothingness of the Nothing which is the things of thingness in everything! Nothing am I, but Everything art thou my beloved, lovely and loveliness itself - you, Lord and dear Child of yourself, Zeus-Bambino-Baba. But a little love, a little love injected into us could not altogether be frowned upon as miracle-making, although it would be a miracle if the injection 'took'.

But it is no good talking to you, Baba - you are just too-much love. Whatever we say, you just smile with your smile of divine kindness as much as to say, 'Ho, these children of mine, Myself, why did I ever wake up and start singing? ' This singing of your smile stretching out and supporting the nothingness of us-of-the-Nothing. Oh, and the Dawn-song of His mouth.-I only hope I am still around then.

It's no good talking to One who is the SAYING of the say which one says, because he doesn't listen because he knows exactly what he is going to say.

Tired and tired am I of myself. For the wide expanse of the sky of your bosom I cry. Awake in my heart that I may love you with service or else be dust before your feet: anything but this not-even-nothing, nor a place in your Everything; something, O my Child and my Father.

The stars weep, and you have compassion on them in their dew to the grass and the wheatfields; the sun sinks in his shame, and you cover him with hiding night; but my tears laugh at me and my shame is naked

before me.

The prayers of the ant and the flame-loving moth are you answering,  
and the heavy earth-turning are you guiding with infinite care.

A song in your praise, or a mute adoration, is not much of an asking.  
And there will come the time of your lovely Speaking and your Leaving,  
and my going and returning and waiting and emptiness and unlovely  
earth under my feet, and wide, wide sky Somewhere you will be.-  
And the mother will be answering her child and the loved one her lover  
with moon and star glint of love-eyes, BabaBaba - God - Sun of earth and  
Rains of all growing.

Not only can I not sing of you, my beloved, but I have no place  
in your work. A lame cur around the streets and backdoors of houses am I  
who was once a cattle dog whose teeth were respected. Dog  
I would be, but at your heels, Baba, to trot in your dust,  
and at camp-fire at night lie a little way off watching your every move,  
and when you lay down, myself to follow you again in dream.

But I remember your 'Am I not enough' to Abu Sa'id, both at the time  
when the people praised him, and when they voided their filth on him.  
I remember your utter kindnesses and the hem of your dress in my hand  
and your saying, 'I am always with you,' and your own always-rejection.  
The well set mill grinds the wheat small- and you  
are the King and the King's Son on earth who pays for us all.

But no - it is not any that reject me: myself rejects me that I may  
become acceptable to Him. And just as dog I had to be on my way up to  
man, so dog I must become on my way back to myself - Baba, Thou sower  
and reaper and grinder! Thou sifter and again-ear-grower  
in each speck of flour! Surely you are in your loving-kindness  
tying up my tongue with the same cords you are cutting away from my  
heart.

You are the great Undoer, so that what shall be done shall be done. The  
Remover who brings forward, the Stupifier who makes intelligent. The  
Wind that levels the young wheat that the stalks may grow strong in the  
sun; while you during the days of its growing  
attend other else, and whet with your eyes the scythe of its reaping Thou  
lovely one! Thou faithless one of all faith!

Thou stonecutter and gemcutter I Thou potter and breaker of pots I Thou

upturner and returner I Thou upheavaller and leveller J Thou bender of  
what is straight, and Thou straightener of the bent! Thou Baba! Thou  
lovely-Woman and glory-Man and Child! Thou  
moon-night,  
Thou star-night, Thou dawn swept of stars, Thou morning of sun! Thou  
alone-doer, Thou adorable and adored - Thou us, Thou  
only-alone-Self!

Thus was John Kerry complaining and praising - for complaint is praise  
inasmuch as complaint is attachment, and praise is complaint  
because praise is separation. And he was recognizing that this  
was the beginning of those subtractions, the sum-total of which would be  
the subtraction of him from himself. 'When the five sheaths are  
subtracted Atman alone remains. Sivoham,Sivoham-I am  
EXISTENCEKNOWLEDGEBLISS.

Cease, cease  
'Swallow Thy Breath Every Moment.'

Francis Brabazon

# The World Is Being Run On Time

The world is being run on time, by time, for time, and at no time are we free  
Just to sit and enjoy even the outward forms of the Beloved's beauty.

Each drop-bubble in time is a sphere bounded, but infinite;  
So fragile, yet the whole of creation is in it.

It is a mirror, never reflecting truth, but the drop-soul's desires  
No matter how deep one dives in the truth-quest or how high one aspires.

Good man, bad man - economy-tailored or king-sized -  
Each gazes in his bubble-mirror self-hypnotized.

Since the blows of my will are too feeble to break my looking-glass,  
At least, Beloved, let it reflect only your beloved face.

Then, though still in time, I will no longer be a fool  
Under time's tyranny, but under your benign rule.

The amazing universe and this beautiful earth will vanish, leaving not a trace  
behind,  
When your glance shatters this so-unbreakable mirror of my mind.

Francis Brabazon

# We Have Waited All Night For You, And Now The Dawn Is Come

We have waited all night for you, and now the dawn is come.  
From distant places we came — there can be no returning home.

We know it is the morning because of the dawn's cool fingers  
Upon our hot eyelids, and we can hear her sweet singers.

We cannot be sure now whether it was our own yearning  
That expected you, or you promised — it matters not in this burning.

Neither have we your brightness, nor will we behold the new day —  
We lost our eyes in the darkness and are adrift on tears' waves' way.

Blind witless wretches whose song the wind carries with the seagull's cry;  
Bold fellows brave enough to leave home, but not daring enough to die.

Still, we are wrapped in a glory to all other men denied;  
We once touched the hem of your dress — that is our spirits pride.

What is it to us that somewhere the world's sun will presently rise —  
Sometime this darkness of nowhere will be lit by the light of your eyes”.

Francis Brabazon