

## THE CRY OF THE SOUL

*The Third Conference of World Religions, of which Sant Kirpal Singh Ji was the President, was held in Delhi in 1965. It was for that occasion that this poem was composed and recited.*

Listen Ye to the piteous cry of the soul  
Writhing in agony and wailing for union with Thee.  
Pain and pestilence are prevailing,  
And clouds of distress have dampened the spirit of Man.  
The rushing gales are putting out the lamp  
That hitherto lighted man's path in the dark.  
The world is engaged in reaching the planets,  
But no one discovers a balm that soothes.  
No one shares the misery of the other man,  
None to heal the human heart.  
The powerful atom has bewitched the world,  
But the soul has lost its halo, its glory.  
The earth is afire with the cold flame of war;  
Rubble and rot descend from every side.  
The spirit of Man is shrivelling in a deadly grip of steel,  
And is reduced to a bundle of cracking bones.  
On Thee, O Gracious God, the world casts its eyes;  
Save it from extinction at this critical hour.  
Let unity and love prevail on all planes of creation,  
And Thy chosen Messengers preach the love divine.  
It is love that enraptures all hearts wherever they may be,  
As fragrance exudes from the flowers in all gardens.  
All peoples of this earth weigh equal,  
Heading as they are toward one goal, common to all.  
It is one Master Who serves the vintage to all:  
All eyes gain Light from Him.  
All rivers spring from one common fount,  
But look as different as surging, struggling waves.  
So we being nurslings of the same mother earth,  
Owe allegiance to the divine Father above.  
We are His scions, and He is our Lord,  
He is the Lord of all, and we worship Him, and Him alone.  
Tiplers of the same divine wine, let us be knit in love;  
Our colorful exteriors vary but we are one in heart.  
All firestones, despite their different shapes, strike  
the same fire;  
All cows - white, brown, black or brindle - give

the same white milk.  
Everyone holds a different measure in his hand,  
But is equal in the tavern of life.  
Let all come forth and march in loving union;  
The greater the trials, the more united we shall be.  
Together we shall overpower the onslaught of time,  
And learn to light the torch of love in one and all.  
Let us all unite in the name of God,  
And save mankind from spiritual fall.  
Let us find the remedy which raises us from the  
wheel of life,  
Fills our whole being with love, and alchemizes us  
into the divine.  
This hope of union kindles our hearts,  
But we know not the way.  
O God, lead us aright; give us courage,  
Help us to live up to the Great Masters' ideals.  
Unite us in a love which surges into our life-stream,  
Making our lives a symphony, soft and sweet.  
The soul cries for the dawn that smiles at the weary  
wayfarer,  
And for the divine Light to embrace the whole cosmos.