

*O My
Beloved*

WHISPERINGS FROM THE DIVINE
HEARD BY KALIDAS

Lawrence Edwards, PhD

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Foreword

To read these poems is to enter holy ground, the sacred precincts of those who have read, thought, and lived sacred truth throughout a lifetime of dedication and practice. The speaker here is that rarity, a wise man in an age of triviality, a calm voice in a time of confusion. Lawrence has indeed been a lifetime seeker, and in these poems we are given the distillation of that search as he “brings the gift back home” (Joseph Campbell). Each poem reflects a sacred truth that we are reminded of with gratitude. Terms that may have seemed obscure are suddenly clear, old truths reaffirmed, and new perspectives revealed. As we move deeper into the collection, the verses more and more resemble the tone and texture of the ancient prophets, and we are reminded of those eras when truth speakers were not shy and listeners offered respectful attention.

Lawrence’s basic message is the affirmation of Love as the essential necessity, and the Oneness of All as the ultimate realization. We are indeed fortunate to receive the wisdom here presented. Lawrence has invited us into his own prayer chamber, and there we are allowed not merely to witness but to participate in his own journey into transcendence. Savor each poem as a precious offering, a treasure to be prized. His language is replete with images and concepts drawn from his own long immersion in both Buddhist and Kashmiri Shaivite traditions. We are now the beneficiaries of his journey. Read them and find that your own journey is thereby enriched and abetted. Thank you, Lawrence, for this remarkable gift you have brought to us.

—Dorothy Walters, PhD

Dr. Walters is a poet and author of

The Goddess Speaks: Poems of Ecstasy and Transfiguration;

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Preface

Please know, I'm not a poet! At best I'm a scribe, and a poor one at that! These writings are my effort as a scribe to put into words the gifts which Maa (Mahadevi, the Great Goddess, the Divine Mother) has metaphorically whispered or, at times, shouted in my ear!

My Beloved, known by so many names, though Kali and Tara are forms She frequently wears when visiting me, also delights in Being naked Awareness, pure Presence, Shiva—the Auspicious One, about which no one can ever truly speak or write. She is the source of these poems and writings, just as She is the source of the earlier collection, *Kali's Bazaar, Penned by Kalidas*. These are Her treasures that one of Her servants offers to you. Remember: Giver, Receiver, Gifts—all One, always, all One.

Some of Her gifts are wisdom instructions, some flow straight from Her all-embracing heart of Love, and others are incantations or proclamations of the Truth! “All is One! Shivo’ham!” resounds throughout the universe! Shivo’ham is an ancient Sanskrit mantra throbbing with the consciousness of “I Am the Auspicious One.” The experience of that in the moment is one of the pure Awareness of that Reality, the whole universe, all space, all galaxies, all of creation down to the tiniest filaments of energy, throbbing with the Awareness of All is One, Shivo’ham. No words there, just unimaginably vast Awareness encompassing all, Being All, rapturously, ecstatically Being. The words came later as the poor little mind attempts to point to the infinite expanse of Reality with such pathetically limited symbols as words—words desperately trying to point beyond themselves to the Truth they can barely hint at. They are like a little sign a child may plant in their back yard, pointing up at the sky, saying, “Pluto—that way.” The words are hinting at qualities of boundless Awareness that are *your very nature*. Go beyond the words to their Source!

Others of Her gifts invoke contemplation, blessings, Zen-like clarity, but most of all Love. Her call to freedom is Love. Her Love melts all boundaries, all pain, all separation, all . . .

May you receive the fullness of grace that She offers in every moment.

“There’s never a time,
there’s never a place,
that you’re not in
the Divine’s embrace!”

May you know that fully
with every thought in your mind
and every cell in your body.

May that direct knowledge inspire all your actions.

May we serve all with love, compassion and joy.

In Love and Service,
Lawrence



You Love The Masks

My friend,
You love the masks
But have yet to see
the faceless one.

You love the celestial choirs
But have yet to dissolve
in divine silence.

You love the dance of light and shadow,
the wind driven clouds,
But have yet to know the
Absolute stillness of resting
in the Beloved's embrace.

Come, She will show you the way
beyond the way.

Do You Know My Beloved?

Her fabric of life, so finely woven . . .
Threads of Herself made into cloth . . .
What's this thread to do
But quiver in Love.

She Drew Me Into

She drew me into
Her womb,
all time and space,
innumerable universes,
infinite beings,
all held in Her
as Her.
Yet,
all,
all this,
the enormity of it all—
annihilating self—
all this
is but a speck
within Her!

Seek this with an adoring heart
only if you want to
cease to exist
as you.