

Hymn of Asia

Am I Metteyya?

If you see me dead I will then
live forever.

I come to you in Peace.

I come to you as a
Teacher

I do not come as an
officer of Church or Sect

I come to you as a
Man.

I do not come as a
God.

I come to bring you
wisdom

I come to bring you
all that Lord Buddha
would have you know
of life, Earth and Man.

I come to you with
Freedom

I come to you with
science

I come to teach you
I come to help you.

With complete attention
With arduous study
With interest and
love

You will all
In very few years
Some in months
Become Bodhi.

What I say has to do
With Self
It has no concourse
With the political.
He who would rule
Support him.
He who would govern
Assist him
Those who would have
Political Philosophy,
Applaud them, for they
are at least

Not Beasts

If a ruler rules
Well assist him
If he rules with violence
Do not assist him
And let that be
his penalty.

Give Sanctuary
To those
Who Having Ruled
Now fail
And are oppressed
By Peoples
Or the governments
Of other lands.
And rule no more
But flee
For this is but
The chance of rulers
All. Give Sanctuary so.

Give Sanctuary too
To those
Who have been ruled
Unjustly and
Oppressed
Judge not their crime
But if they reach
The confines of your place
Or Even touch your robe
Secure for them
A peace.

Deliver them
Not
But by the wisdom
Which I give
Bring to them then
An honesty
They have not known.
In such a way
Handle then
The problems of
Politics
And go no further
In.

Today a piece of Asia Swings

With a Troubled Mind
To Politics
Now let that be the
Asian Mind, not yours.

It is to minds
I speak.
We are not Communist
We are not warlords
We are not a democratic
We are not political
You are Buddhists
Am I Metteyya?
I am of the self
And your own heart
And eyes.

If you did not
Create me
You would not see me.
If you create me dead
Behold I live forever
If you create me live
Behold I live.

If you see me here
Not at all
If you cannot hear
the sound made
By my voice
And only feel
My words
You do not want me
You do not want Freedom
You cannot be Bodhi

Then I say then
Let this be the first test
Do you see me here?
Is this platform
Occupied?
Do you hear my voice?
Do I sop the sunlight?
Am I white?
Do I have Golden Hair?
Is this what you agree?

Then see me
Hear me
Study the wisdom

That I have to
say and you will
Be Bodhi
Agree amongst you now
How I look
Agree I am here
Agree I am solid
And can be heard.

Can I be seen?
Can I be heard?
Then see and hear.
Am I Metteyya?

Upon the wall
There will be
Placed
In many tongues
The wisdom that
Lord Buddha then
And I
would have
You know.

See me dead
Then I will live forever
But you will
See
An Earth in flames
So deadly that
Not one will live

Fail once to stem
A hand that smites
Against me and
I die.

Answer!
Is it safe for me to live?
Then I live
And am a Man
Amongst you
And can die
And also
Live
And as a Man
Then I can have
Good appetite
For food
for Women

And for Sleep
Do you then see me so?
Do you accord me this?

Do you as well
Accord me past
So that the
Blind can account me here?
Do you give me a past in
The Western World?
Do you create for me
In yesterday
My books and wisdom
So that you can read?
Am I real?

Am I alive?
Do I stand here?
Will you study what
I have to tell?
Am I before you?
Am I Metteyya?

See how like
A Man
I go
To be amongst you now
A Mortal span
And you,
You now remember
That I walked here
And you remember too
I spoke

And you recall as well
I have a past
And you can find it.
And you can
Speak with me
And I with you.

Soon there will appear
The Great Lessons
For all Man in East
And West
Upon the walls
For you to write
And you will feel
And see them as
Real

If you doubt, ask
The brother at
Your side
if he can see as well.
And if he can
The Great Lessons
Are Real.

I give you
Certainty
Of such a kind
That you can doubt.
I ask no faith.
For such I give
Is Real enough
To suffer every doubt.
Am I Metteyya?

Everywhere you are
I can be addressed
But in our temples best
Address me and you address
Lord Buddha
And you then address
Metteyya.

A name, Maitreya
Metteyya
A magic name
For which all
Faithful waiting
Then was done.
I am the beginning
I am the end
I am real enough
To be doubted
And you can doubt.

No blasphemy
Can mar my name
So blaspheme if you will
So pure it is that
Name that no
Speakingness can soil it.

Appoint Amongst you
Some small few
To tell about me lies
And invent wicked Things

And spread out infamy
Abroad and Within
And to stand before
Our altars
And insult and
Lie and tell
Evil rumors about us all.

For all is Life
To Buddha.
All is Life.

No blasphemy
Now can mar
The name of
Buddha, Lord.
Each revilement
Is a prayer
For just the mention
O the name
Then Cleanses all.

Mention the Name
And do not worry
If you think
Some stray
Condemning thought
Or doubt.
Mention the name
Its holiness is
Such it can
Withstand all bludgeoning
Consult with prayer
Be calm
And you will know.

You could know
Of yourselves
All that
Of which I speak
And so
Don't argue or dispute
When some come up to you
And say other things
For if they knew all truly
They would then
Say what I say
And what
Lord Buddha said.

Be attentive now.
You have preserved
Only a bit
Of what
Lord Buddha
Said.
He said much more
But then there came
Men who said
Other things
And changed
A piece of this
A bit of that
And so we strayed.

Censor not free speech
And censor not free thought
But recall
In all these
Twenty-five centuries
None came
And Spoke
The Great Lessons Again
Nor added to them
Then to make
You free.
I speak then
So you can agree.

So speak and think
Whatever you will
But come again to these Lessons
If you stray
And become lost
And slaves as you have been.

With these
And your agreement to
We can now build
The Eastern
And the Western worlds
Into one great
Brotherhood of Man.

We can civilize
the Barbarian
We can make lawful
the criminal
We can make sane
the insane

We can ourselves
be free.

We can make just
The ruler
We can make
Merciful the strong
We can make well
The sick
We can make intelligent
The dull person.
We can make social
The unsocial.

We can make kind
The cruel.
We can reach
Men's minds
And change them.

By single persons
Or large throngs
We can do this.
You can do this
Swiftly
O slowly
And the time
You take
Will depend
Entirely upon
Your skill
And understanding of
The Great Lessons.

These you will discuss
About these you can argue
But the wisest man
And the one
Who will do things best
For others
And reach most quickly
Buddha for himself
Will come at last
To the Lessons themselves
And their exact meaning
And processes.

This is a road
This is a broad highway
This is an easily seen

Route
And only those
Obsessed to be different
Will stray.
The easy path
Is the best path here.

There is assistance for you.
I will undertake
To give you Golden placques
That do attest
Not your status (for that can
 be done only by your
 society) but
Your skill
And these you then can show
And reach more
Quickly to your goals
For even if you do
Attain Bodhi

And yet wish to help the rest
There are still so
Many who are blind
To all else but
A plaque.
There are ways
To do things right
And ways to do them wrong
And I will help you as I can.

Two months of study
For the bright
Will place one's
Foot upon the way
To help the rest.
A week of help
From such a student
Can make a Bodhi
Of the best.
Gone are your
 decades
 of study
To attain
A Light.

Preserve amongst you
And follow them
Your leaders and
Your holy men

Revere their word
Their order and
Their skill already won.
I will not bless your studies
If you do not have
Peace and permission
From your leaders.

I confirm their authority
Their customs and their laws
And change them not
unless they wish themselves
To change.

Your leaders are your
 staffs and guides.
All titles that they have
And all their holdings
These are theirs
And the possession of
Their orders.

For this is no revolt
No revolution for the malcontent
We follow newly taught
In a path so old
It starts with Time
Which has no end or start
And on which Buddha
Shone to give us light.
I confirm all honors won
And heights obtained
And confirm them
even more firmly
Than they were.

For your leaders
Are your leaders
Your orders (societies)
Are your orders.
Your positions (ranks)
Are your positions
Here on Earth.
And in the sky
From which I speak
Well behind the
Body that you see
And in another world
There are orders (ranks)
As well.

I am but a teacher
I bring you word
Of Lessons you have lost
And here will win again
And Lessons new
That were reserved
For time until
You were organized
As you are
And spread your
Priests across
The width of the world
As you now do.

But to all I give these Lessons
And all may have them
But the exact Teaching
Without dispute
Must then be kept
Inviolable in Each place
And under charge of your leaders,
Open to inspection always
Open to violation never.

Study then
Be worked with then
Become Bodhi
As little as you know
Of these Lessons
Use them.
As much as you know
Use them.
But use them
For good
Not evil

Use them for love
Not hate
Conquer all with
Knowledge and with skill
Use no war.

These Lessons are
For Woman as for Man
Unless your customs
cry out otherwise.
But be admonished
That without women
Knowing too

You are but half.

Place woman at your side
And let her study
Let her speak
But do not do this
If it disturbs your orders or
Your quiet.
In this you be the judge
Except for this
Let woman read here too.

Obey your leaders
For these are reasonable men
Obey your district's
Political chief
For he has force.
You are organized
And poised
For the spiritual
Conquest of Man
Do not let disorder
Amongst yourselves
Or petty pride
Impede your progress.

Your empire is
The Empire of
The Spirit
You own all lands
If you own this.
Your strength on Earth
Is your understanding
Your good order
And your tolerant behavior.

You have power and dignity
Gained in these
Past Centuries.
All that has become great
Can be greater.
All that has been beautiful
Can become more beautiful.

Bid political leaders
To come and speak
Before they strike
For we can assist them

Bid the people

To continue to work
And to produce more
And to come to our
Temples for we can
Bring them calmness
And Peace and Health.

We enter into a
Golden Age.
We are Golden Men.
We are the New Men
The new spiritual
Leaders of Earth.

We will prosper
To that degree
That we work
We will become
Rich in peace
And palaces to
The degree that
We maintain good order
And reasonable conduct
And preserve or
even create
The Sanity of Man.

You have waited
For Centuries Past
For the Lessons
Your freedom
And Man's freedom
Awaits
Your study
And your
Skill.

And for your dues
And tax
I bid you please
No longer beg.
For begging days
Are past and the
Lord Buddha
Has such
Power now
Throughout the lands,
Achieved by
His Wisdom
And your efforts

That you can

And must demand
Your tax
From all the countryside
And rulers too
Sufficient to sustain
Your societies and selves
For good you do
And by our
Great Lessons
Service you
will render all
And so from each
As he can pay
Obtain your dues

But I forewarn
Do not with greed collect
And take no more
Than you do need.
And hoard not
But spend as freely
As you take and
Build not idle
ornaments but
Places for the use
Of men
Demanding only
That they bow
To Buddha.

And too I warn you
Do not take
That which is given grudgingly.
Your tax must come to you
With love
Or it brings hate
Into the land.
So do good works
And cultivate
The love of giving you
For good of all.

Persuasion is the best demand
Good purpose is the finest argument.
But beg no more
And fill the coffers full
And buy with this
Such hospitals

And Palaces for rest
Such Buddhas
As the world has
Never seen.

To profit then
Add Industry to Ideas
Work well and
Eschew sloth
Never interrupt
Commerce or
The enterprise
Of Men
For all that on
Which you trade
Is willingness to do.
When that is gone
Why then you have killed the race.

And in your places
And monasteries and shrines
Be clean, be bright
And polish everything
And let no filth accumulate.

Let none be idle
Within your gates
But work with them all
In vineyards, orchards
 pastures and fields
For idleness on excuse of study
Begets sloth and poverty
And these beget
Disease of doctrine
And of mind.

Let each support the rest
And none be parasite.
Thus we shall prosper.

In the wilderness
Clear out the deadly things
In the bare mountain
And where no crop is grown
Plant trees and punish those who
Waste them.

On the plain
Study to plow
To save the land

Not scar it.
In every possible fertile place
Plant crops to make
Land more fertile still
And waste no land
For vanity of death
But plant and reap it all.

Restore to Asia now
Her beauty and her skill
For you as priests
Are leaders of all men
Not skulkers in the dark
Persuade into a
Paradise your country
And tax it as your
Due.

You are the Creators
Of new country
And new wealth
New people and
New Life
Begin!

I bring
Great Lessons.
I have written them
In an orderly way.
I have written them first
In a tongue of science
Which was stolen
Long ago from the
East.
From this tongue
You can translate
Into your many
Tongues
For each of you
Have among you
Scholars who can
Speak this tongue.

There is no other
tongue spoken in
Common by your
Scholars.
These lessons
Were composed
In the Western World.

This had to be so
Because of the
Disorders in the
East since
Vaishakha 2453.* (*Buddhist date for February 1910)
Even your own prophesies
Centuries Old
Said I would appear
In the Western World.
I appeared.

You will forgive
And understand.
It is the West
Which Threatens
Earth. There I
have been to
learn of it and
Study it and
Save us all.
Let me come home.
Let me come away
From the barbarians
To live in your hearts.
I walked amongst
You as a mortal boy.
I sat at your feet
And you did not know,

Except some
few amongst you
And these kept
The Secret well.
I am ready now.
I am ready to come home
To my people.
Please accept me so.
Forgive the body
That I bear
I need it now
To Speak.
Forgive the tongue
With which I
Speak. I would
rather it were Pali
But you comprehend it not.

And if I come
Be sure that
while I myself,

In contact with
Mortal flesh,
Can err,
These Lessons
Do not.
If you reject me
And bid me not
Then do not fear.
For I, bereft
From you,
Will only weep.
Such is my love.

I give you now
(Before I go
And leave a
Vacuum here)
The lesson first of all

There can be love
for self

There can be love
for woman
or man
There can be love
for children
and the family

There can be love
for groups
and sects

There can be love
for Mankind

There can be love
for animals
trees and grass
And insects too

There can be love
for earth and
Sun and Moon and
All the Stars

There can be love
for spirits,
demons and
the soul

There can be
love for Gods

And these Eight parts
Are love
And love is all.

But there be more
And this
You soon will see
And seeing then
And understanding too
You will be Buddhas
All
This I promise you.

When you have studied the
Great Lessons
And years from now
Grow expert
In this Wisdom and
This skill,
If you have still
A distance yet to go
And you are ready then
And if all things
Have gone well

And I live still
As mortal man
Why then I'll
Give you more
To carry you afar.
But let this be my secret
Until time comes
And I see how
You've carried out
the Lessons

For know that
These must be
Achieved
And first and that
They do so many
Things you will be
Amazed for years
Just viewing them.
Let me see how you do
And how you behave

And then
Lord Buddha
willing too
And me alive
And mortal still
I'll tell quite all.
Behave Obey
Be Courteous
To gods
Lord Buddha

And myself
And to your leaders
And to your priests
And even to your
Governments
And study hard
And practice well
And prosper all.

I go
You have
created me again
who was created before.

I give an amnesty
To Evil deeds and doers all
I give to all a
Freedom now
From demons
And the Dark.

I forgive your
many failures to
Lord Buddha
I thank you for
Your deeds and
Hope.
I compliment you
for your steadiness
And worship.

In 25 Centuries
You have
Brought Civilization
To the World
Both East and West.
Before
Lord Buddha came

All was wilderness
And men were
Beasts of prey.

And with your
Working and your
Faith
Has come
Hope for man
And civilization
Everywhere.

I compliment
You all
For him
Whom I have
Met

And who I am.

Today mighty
Weapons exist
And if we work
Poorly now
Or disbelieve
Or quarrel
Amongst ourselves
The whole wide
World of Mankind
Then will die.
But behold it is
Not dead.

So answer here
This call.
If it is your will
That I be exiled
Then I will stay away.
Shadows shall fall.
If you desire me,
 speak and I
 will come.

It is your choice.
And if I come
Then all things
Written here will
Then be true.

And if I come to you
You must set a place aside

For Wisdom
To be taught
And put upon the
Walls the scrolls
O the Great Lessons
I was taught
In another place
And time.

We have a
Mission to perform.
We must work
to save ourselves
And save all Men.
Thank you for being here.
Thank you for
Having kept alive
The flame of Life
On Earth.

And know
That if you do
Not labor yet
And even more
That Earth will
Die within
A few years' time.
Hence I am here.
Hence we must waste no time
In argument
Or petty fights.
We can win.

We can win
Because our work
Will hold in Check
The Forces That Destroy.
You cannot lose
By following here.
Your Destiny Awaits.

I go
I am amongst you
As a mortal Man
I can appear
To you in
Day or sleep.
I love you.

Am I Metteyya?

I have spoken to you.
You will study soon.
Meanwhile
Good-bye.