

bees
of the
invisible world
vol 2

POEMS FOR WORK

We are the bees of the invisible world....
We perpetually gather the honey of the visible
world in order to store it in the great golden
hive of the invisible one.

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55.

READING BUDDHIST CLASSICS WITH ZHAO AT HIS TEMPLE IN THE EARLY MORNING

I clean my teeth in water drawn from a cold well;
And while I brush my clothes, I purify my mind;
Then, slowly turning pages in the Tree-Leaf Book,
I recite, along the path to the eastern shelter.
...The world has forgotten the true fountain of this teaching
And people enslave themselves to miracles and fables.
Under the given words I want the essential meaning,
I look for the simplest way to sow and reap my nature.
Here in the quiet of the priest's temple courtyard,
Mosses add their climbing color to the thick bamboo;
And now comes the sun, out of mist and fog,
And pines that seem to be new-bathed;
And everything is gone from me, speech goes, and reading,
Leaving the single unison.

Liu Zongyuan

56.

JIASHENG

When the Emperor sought guidance from wise men, from exiles,
He found no calmer wisdom than that of young Jia
And assigned him the foremost council-seat at midnight,
Yet asked him about gods, instead of about people.

Li Shangyin

57.

WHILE VISITING ON THE SOUTH STREAM
THE TAOIST priest CHANG

Walking along a little path,
I find a footprint on the moss,
A white cloud low on the quiet lake,
Grasses that sweeten an idle door,
A pine grown greener with the rain,
A brook that comes from a mountain source --
And, mingling with Truth among the flowers,
I have forgotten what to say.

Liu Changing

58.

**FAREWELL TO A JAPANESE BUDDHIST priest
BOUND HOMEWARD**

You were foreordained to find the source.
Now, tracing your way as in a dream
There where the sea floats up the sky,
You wane from the world in your fragile boat....
The water and the moon are as calm as your faith,
Fishes and dragons follow your chanting,
And the eye still watches beyond the horizon
The holy light of your single lantern.

Qian Qi

59.

A CERTAIN MAN

A certain man wishes to be a prince
Of this earth; he also wants to be
A saint and master of the being-world.
Conscience cannot exist in the first.:
The second cannot exist without conscience
To be disturbed but not enough to be
Compelled, can neither reject the one
Nor follow the other...

Jean Toomer

60.

IF ALL THE HURT

If all the hurt
Of all the years
Were on the scale
It would not balance
Now
this moment of
Indifference

Delia Blythe

61.

29

He whom I enclose with my name is weeping in this dungeon. I am ever busy building this wall all around; and as this wall goes up into the sky day by day I lose sight of my true being in its dark shadow.

I take pride in this great wall, and I plaster it with dust and sand lest a least hole should be left in this name; and for all the care I take I lose sight of my true being.

Rabindranath Tagore

62.

Louise Welch

The keen attention of your blue eyes penetrates time,
Like the sunburst pin you wear on your royal blue shoulder.
It stabs my flesh like the beam of my own conscience
Stirring up dust in the cellars of my soul.

Martha Heyneman

63.

Even after all this time

Even

after all this time

the sun never says to the earth,

"You owe me"

Look

what happens

with a love like that-

It lights the whole

world.

Hafiz

64.

Between the conscious and the unconscious

Between the conscious and the unconscious, the mind has put up a swing:
all earth creatures, even the supernovas, sway between these two trees,
and it never winds down.

Angels, animals, humans, insects by the million, also the wheeling sun and moon;
ages go by, and it goes on

Everything is swinging: heaven, earth, water, fire,
and the secret one slowly growing a body.

Kabir saw that for fifteen seconds, and it made him a servant for life.

Kabir

65.

The Atheist's Prayer

Here my petition you, God who do not exist
And into your nothingness gather these my griefs
again
You who never abandoned unhappy men
Without the consolation of illusion. Do not resist

Our petition; may our longing by you be dressed
When you remove yourself furthest from my sight,
The fairy-tales to sweeten my sad night
Told by my soul, I then remember best.

How great you are my God! So great you are
That you are not, except as an idea.
How narrow the reality, though it expands so far

In order to include you. I suffer from your mere
Non-existence, God, since if it were that you
Were to exist, then I would really too

Miguel de Unamuno y Jugo

66.

i thank You God

i thank You God for most this amazing
day: for the leaping greenly spirits of trees
and a blue true dream of sky; and for everything
which is natural which is infinite which is yes

(i who have died am alive again today,
and this s the sun's birthday; this is the birth
day of life and of love and wings: and of the gay
great happening illimitably earth)

how should tasting touching hearing seeing
breathing any -- lifted from the no
of all nothing -- human merely being
doubt unimaginable You?

(now the ears of my eyes awake and
now the eyes of my eyes are opened)

e. e. cummings

67.

PRAYING

It doesn't have to be
the blue iris, it could be
weeds in a vacant lot, or a few
small stones; just
pay attention, then patch

a few words together and don't try
to make them elaborate, this isn't
a contest but the doorway

into thanks, and a silence in which
another voice may speak.

Mary Oliver

68.

THE DIAMOND TAKES SHAPE

Some parrots
Have become so skilled with
The human voice

They could give a brilliant discourse
About freedom and God

And an unsighted man nearby might
Even begin applauding with
The thought:

I just heard jewels fall from a
Great saint's mouth,

Though my Master used to say,

"The diamond takes shape slowly
With integrity's great force,

And from

The profound courage to never relinquish love."

Some parrots have become so skilled
With words,

The blind turn over their gold
And lives to caged

Feathers.

Hafiz

69.

The Doppler Effect

WOW!
Until a second ago
I heard nothing.
Felt nothing.

And now --
Dogs are barking angrily,
Grasshoppers are happily chirping.
(How happy can a grasshopper get?)
The sound of a train whistle
A high sound and t h e n l o w
As the train approaches, then recedes.
Why?

This was clearly explained
By Herr Professor Doktor Doppler
In 1842.

These days
We apply the effect
Even to light spectra
Of galaxies and stars

But I digress.

Let us go back
To dogs and grasshoppers,
To approaching and receding trains;
Even to the sound
Of the words
"Herr professor Doktor Doppler."

Delicious.

Shimon Malin

70.

God's Grandeur

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.
It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;
It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil
Crushed. Why do men then now not reck his rod?
Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;
And all is seared with trade; Bleared, smeared with toil;
And wears man's smudge and shares man's smell: the soil
Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.

And for all this, nature is never spent;
There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;
And though the last lights off the black West went
Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs —
Because the Holy Ghost over the bent
World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

71.

Nativity

In the dark, a child might ask, What is the world?
just to hear his sister
promise, An unfinished wing of heaven,
just to hear his brother say,
A house inside a house,
but most of all to hear his mother answer,
One more song, then you go to sleep.

How could anyone in that bed guess
the question finds its beginning
in the answer long growing
inside the one who asked, that restless boy,
the night's darling?

Later, a man lying awake,
he might ask it again,
just to hear the silence
charge him, This night
arching over your sleepless wondering,

this night, the near ground
every reaching-out-to overreaches,

just to remind himself
out of what little earth and duration,
out of what immense good-bye,

each must make a safe place of his heart,
before so strange and wild a guest
as God approaches.

Li-Young Lee

72.

A Story

Sad is the man who is asked for a story and can't come up with one.

His five-year-old son waits in his lap. *Not the same story, Baba. A new one.* The man rubs his chin, scratches his ear.

In a room full of books in a world of stories, he can recall not one, and soon, he thinks, the boy will give up on his father.

Already the man lives far ahead, he sees the day this boy will go. *Don't go! Hear the alligator story! The angel story once more! You love the spider story. You laugh at the spider. Let me tell it!*

But the boy is packing his shirts, he is looking for his keys. *Are you a god, the man screams, that I sit mute before you? Am I a god that I should never disappoint?*

But the boy is here. *Please, Baba, a story?* It is an emotional rather than logical equation, an earthly rather than heavenly one, which posits that a boy's supplications and a father's love add up to silence.

Li-Young Lee,

73.

Tiger, tiger

TIGER, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

William Blake

THE WORLD

I SAW Eternity the other night,
 Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
 All calm, as it was bright ;
 And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years
 Driv'n by the spheres
 Like a vast shadow mov'd ; in which the world
 And all her train were hurl'd.
 The doting lover in his quaintest strain
 Did there complain ;
 Near him, his lute, his fancy, and his flights,
 Wit's sour delights ;
 With gloves, and knots, the silly snares of pleasure,
 Yet his dear treasure,
 All scatter'd lay, while he his eyes did pour
 Upon a flow'r.

The darksome statesman, hung with weights and woe,
 Like a thick midnight-fog, mov'd there so slow,
 He did nor stay, nor go ;
 Condemning thoughts—like sad eclipses—scowl
 Upon his soul,
 And clouds of crying witnesses without
 Pursued him with one shout.
 Yet digg'd the mole, and lest his ways be found,
 Work'd under ground,
 Where he did clutch his prey ; but one did see
 That policy :
 Churches and altars fed him ; perjuries
 Were gnats and flies ;
 It rain'd about him blood and tears, but he
 Drank them as free.

The fearful miser on a heap of rust
 Sate pining all his life there, did scarce trust
 His own hands with the dust,
 Yet would not place one piece above, but lives

In fear of thieves.
Thousands there were as frantic as himself,
 And hugg'd each one his pelf ;
The downright epicure plac'd heav'n in sense,
 And scorn'd pretence ;
While others, slipp'd into a wide excess
 Said little less ;
The weaker sort slight, trivial wares enslave,
 Who think them brave ;
And poor, despisèd Truth sate counting by
 Their victory.

Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,
And sing, and weep, soar'd up into the ring ;
 But most would use no wing.
O fools—said I—thus to prefer dark night
 Before true light !
To live in grotts and caves, and hate the day
 Because it shows the way ;
The way, which from this dead and dark abode
 Leads up to God ;
A way where you might tread the sun, and be
 More bright than he !
But as I did their madness so discuss,
 One whisper'd thus,
“This ring the Bridegroom did for none provide,
 But for His bride.”

Henry Vaughan

75.

It's Just The Same To Me

Through all my youth
I followed my lusts;
Therefrom, full of gloom
Pain and Sorrow ensued.

Pain and lust are now
Wholly kin and part of me,
Bringing joy or hurt
Both are intertwined.

Whether God through screaming hell
Or sunny heaven guides me,
Both are just the same to me
Fell I but his hand.

Hermann Hesse

76.

Dying Stupid

My name is written in heaven and so is yours.
Heaven above is heaven below.
But what do I know?

It's possible I never lived
and might die stupid, never knowing
if being born is good or bad.
And is death worse or better than what?
And is each person's death the same?
How can that be if every life is different?

"All being tends toward fire," says the fire.
"All being tends toward water," says water.
"Light," says the light.
"wings," say the birds.
"Voice," says the voiceless.

And to the mysteries of appearance add Song.
And to the mysteries of disappearance
add-world-creating, world-destroying Time.
But what do I mean by "world"?
Worlds? Each a world? Worlds within a world?
What do I mean when I say, "The world
and I are imperfect friends?"

What do I mean when I say, "The voices of children
shepherding noon signals thunder
and springtime at large among the glyphs?"

Have I clung too long to notions i arrived at
playing alone as a boy;
sentences my father said to copy
a hundred times each night into a notebook?
What can I say I know for sure?

Days grow old, but Day? Never.
Nights are broken by days, a thread skipping,
but Night? Never.

And in the shadow of our human dream of falling,
human voices are Creation's most recent flowers,
mere buds of fire
nodding on their stalks.

Li-Young Lee

THE TASK

To a Buffalo GURDJIEFF WORK Group,
a task was given for the summer 2005:

“Locate poetry that expresses Work Ideas.”

The original selection is in volume 1, since that time we have found more.

accounts, making & keeping	group work	"real I"
accumulator (batteries)	habits	reciprocal feeding
aim	hanbledzoin	remorse
as above, so below	hasnamuss help	responsibility
associations	hopefulness	scale
attention	idée fixée	schools (super effort)
attitudes, right	identification	self-calming
automatism and intention	identification, non-	self-observation
Beginning, return to	imagination	self-pity
bodies	imagination, negative	self-remembering
buffers	impressions	self-study
carriage, horse, driver, master	influences	separation of myself from myself
center, instinctive	intention	sensation, thought, feelings
centered work, one-	in the moment	service
centers, wrong work	in the moment, work	serving the higher
conscience	Law of Seven	shocks
conscious love	Law of Three	silence
considering, external	like what it does not like	sincerity
considering, internal	lying	sitting
cosmoses	movements	sleep and awakening
crystallization	multiplicity of i's	small i's
desires and non-desires (likes and dislikes)	negative emotions	stopping thoughts
disease of tomorrow	obedience (allowing direction of another's will)	striving
efforts	personality	struggle
ego	preparation	two rivers
egoist, conscious	proportion, sense of	unnecessary talking
essence		valuation
		world maintenance

We would like to thank Mrs. Martha Heyneman.
for her contribution and advice.

The title of this collection comes from an adaptation by
Mrs. Heyneman of Rilke's *Letters on Life*, as quoted
in *Parabola 30:3 – Body and Soul*



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REFERENCES for volume 2

"Everywhere transience is plunging into the depths of Being... It is our task to imprint this temporary, perishable earth into ourselves so deeply, so painfully and passionately, that its essence can rise again, invisible, inside us. We are the bees of the invisible. We wildly collect the honey of the invisible, to store it in the great golden hive of the invisible."

- Rainer Maria Rilke, from a letter to Halewicz, *Duinio Elegies*, from *Letters on Life*.

55. Reading Buddhist Classics With Zhao
At His Temple In The Early Morning
Liu Zongyuan

China, from the Tang period (618-907). *Tang Shi San Bai Shou* is a compilation of poems from this period made around 1763 by Heng-tang-tui-shi [Sun Zhu] of the Qing dynasty.

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59. A Certain Man
Jean Toomer

The Lives of Jean Toomer, pg. 180

60. If All The Hurt

Delia Blythe

A Journal of Our Time #4, pg. 71

61. 29

Rabindranath Tagore

Gitanjali (song offerings), pg. 22

62. Louise Welch

Martha Heyneman

<http://www.gurdjieff.org/heyne2.htm>

63. Even after all this time

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65. The Atheist's Prayer

Miguel de Unamuno y Jugo

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66. i thank You God

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67. Praying

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68. The Diamond Takes Shape

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69. The Doppler Effect

Shimon Malin

70. God's Grandeur

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74. THE WORLD
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75. It's Just The Same To Me
Hermann Hesse
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76. Dying Stupid
Li-Young Lee
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