

**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*



~o~

## 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/heyneman2.htm>

63. Even after all this time

Hafiz

<http://www.gurdjieff.org/heyneman2.htm>

64. Between the conscious and the unconscious

Kabir

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65. The Atheist's Prayer

Miguel de Unamuno y Jugo

*In Love With Love, 100 of the Greatest Mystical Poems* (ed. Fremantle & Fremantle) pg. 154

66. i thank You God

e. e. cummings

*In Love With Love, 100 of the Greatest Mystical Poems* (ed. Fremantle & Fremantle) pg. 166

67. Praying

Mary Oliver

68. The Diamond Takes Shape

Hafiz (The Gift)

69. The Doppler Effect

Shimon Malin

70. God's Grandeur

Gerard Manley Hopkins

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71. Nativity

Li-Young Lee

*The City in Which I Love You*, pg.

72. A Story,  
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*The City in Which I Love You*, pg..

73. Tiger, tiger  
William Blake  
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74. THE WORLD  
Henry Vaughan  
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75. It's Just The Same To Me  
Hermann Hesse  
*In Love With Love, 100 of the Greatest Mystical Poems* (ed. Fremantle & Fremantle) pg. 158

76. Dying Stupid  
Li-Young Lee  
*Behind My Eyes*, pg. 102

