

Praise the King of Glory

New and Selected Poems

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Foreword

The poems you will find here express the yearnings of a heart and mind on a spiritual quest for closeness with the "King of Glory" and the "Traceless Friend," references to the Manifestation of God for this age, as well as God. Depicting both the wonders and the vicissitudes of the spiritual journey and calling, they remind us of the importance of this quest—the joy and radiance of it, the hope of fulfillment, the questions, the choices, the sacrifices, the agony of separation. Woven through the poet's words are quotations from the Bahá'í Revelation, showing how close he is on the path of daily seeking, of hoping to attain "the Distant Shore." Metaphorically, the scent of rose petals wafts from these pages, and one admires the certitude of the poet's convictions. The final affirmation, "I die content," is a hope we all share, and the poems may well help us to achieve that goal as we contemplate their meaning and strive to live more fully in awareness of spirit.

Many of these poems, for instance about the stone in the hand of the woman, bring events to life in an effective way. I cried as I read some of these poems. It is important to connect personally with the lives of the Messengers of God and feel them deeply. We need more such poems!

Anne Perry, Ph.D.
2020

Introduction:

This volume of new and selected poems has been published to celebrate the bicentennial of the birth of Bahá'u'lláh, Prophet-Founder of the Bahá'í Faith. Many of the poems refer to events in the life of Bahá'u'lláh. For this reason, a brief sketch of His life can be found in the back of this volume.

The Guardian of the Bahá'í Faith encouraged Bahá'ís to include poetry in their meetings. He specifically mentioned poems based on the Holy Words, or inspired by them. Such poems can elevate the hearts. Many of the poems here have some connection to Bahá'í Sacred Texts, even quoting from them. It is hoped that this collection may contribute toward that aspiration.

TO THE ENDS...

Searching high and low –
in field and forest,
over plains and seas,
over marsh and mountain,
where is that
which will fill my soul?
“...if thou searchest the universe
forever more,
thy quest
will be in vain.”

What...
will make me whole?
“...thou mayest find Me
standing within thee,
mighty, powerful
and self-subsisting.”

Within my heart
all this time!

BAHÁ'U'LLÁH

Oh, Bahá'u'lláh,
Oh, Bahá'u'lláh,
my heart sings...

Oh, Bahá'u'lláh,
Oh, Bahá'u'lláh
my soul rejoices...

When I behold Thy Love –
When I contemplate Thy Beauty –
When I realize Thy Mercy –

Thy Light shines,
illumines life
and makes me whole.

Oh, Bahá'u'lláh,
Oh, Bahá'u'lláh,
I can say no more...

Oh, Bahá'u'lláh...

Thy Glory...

Bahá...

THE YEAR HIN

In darkness, rustling
 moaning silence,
captives locked in chains
 sit in filth.

Holy Chanting rings
 echoes up and out:
"God is sufficient unto me,
 He verily is the All-sufficing."
and response:
 "In Him let the trusting trust."

Terror to the king
 who hears and reigns.

Amidst the darkness stench
 Angel's vision shines:
Awake!!
 Man like no other.
Precious Being, now:
 the ages have arrived.

And all the atoms cry aloud:
 the universe renewed,
realities concealed are manifest.
 Gloryannas ring.

>

The world passed away
in slumber and in death.
Patience, patience,
for the Year Hin –

the World will begin.

Note p.114

THE STONE'S ACCOUNT

I am a simple stone:
 rough and dull,
no color to note,
 but fit for a hand.
I had an honor,
 once,
to touch a holy
 precious being.
He was walking,
 under guard,
and a woman cried
 for them to stop.
Love personified,
 he stood for her.
I was in her hand
 and she threw me.
For just a moment
 I touched Glory!

THAT JOURNEY

That winter journey
in the pain of cold
wind tearing through
thin clothes
one can never forget –
and no one will.
That epic journey
resounds and will continue:
howdahs crude, primitive,
no match
for modern transportation.
Yet that journey
is the one remembered
when all others,
but that of Abraham,
are forgotten.

Forever stumbling
over ice;
freezing wind
continuous howling
through the ages,
and we try
and stumble our way
to perfection
in echo
of that journey
forever through time.

GUARD DUTY

Day after day
watching waves
hit the seawall of the fort,
the most boring post
in the world,
the most desolate of cities,
far, far from home
and life and hope and love.
Waves crash in
water recedes
and the sea is flat forever.
Yesterday arrived here
God of the Persians,
the population cried
and reviled them
with garbage and with screaming.
But strangely,
He shone with Glory.

GENESIS II

Neutrons explode!
Electrons dance in ecstasy
and dissolve!
Protons expire in bliss.

All of creation
is re-created in an instant.
Omnipotence unleashed:
Genesis again,
through the power of the word:
"BE!"
and it is done.

THIS is Riḍván!!
Paradise and Divine Springtime.

Mere mortals move
if they perceive
the blinding knowledge:
Omnipotent NOW
invoking new beings
to sustain the Mighty Word
unleashed
to ravage the universe,
destroy and rebuild.

>

Oneness is the basis,
unity and peace result.

Riḍván: Dawn
of the maturity
of the human race.

SHRILL VOICE

The shrill voice
of the holy pen
calls betwixt
earth and heaven.

Who will listen?

Clerics?

In their rites performing
say words they don't believe,
not deeply.

Kings?

On their proud and fragile
thrones and pomp.

Ordinary people?

With oppression all around,
yearning for freedom
and their full potential
as growing, powerful
spiritual beings.

SOUL MONARCH

The King of Glory
reigns
through chaos, confusion
and transformation.

Weak lives –
Shattered cultures –
Broken hearts –
are all transmuted
into new creations.

Inward real,
to the heart
changes penetrate;
Rearranging molecules
and atoms of the soul.

There is no end
to maelstrom matrix,
outside our power –
comprehension.

Fortunate are they
who fling themselves
into process:
"Gold! Here I come –
through the fiery furnace."
Alchemy of souls
complete.

THE WORD IS ONE

Giving His sermon on the mount
Muhammad took a breath
and uttered timeless words.

Jesus stood in command
at the head of His army
to fight the true, inner jihad.

Jerusalem rang its bells
as Krishna rode the stallion
on the first of Ramadan.

The Gate of Glory opened
while drums and symbols
praised the Lord of Hosts.

Minarets of Byzantium sang
as Buddha raised his pen
and wrote immortal hymns.

Zoroaster strode the water
to launch Salvations Ark
upon the Sea of Self.

IN THE DARKNESS SHINES

What manner of light,
in the darkness shines
unearthly and unreal?

Transcendent
and awe-spiring,
it glances on our lives.

In the darkness surely,
when the soul is tried.
We see the light most real.

This LIGHT,
illumination,
shows the way to grow.

In the darkness shines
the Light Divine
into the depths of pain.

For if we see,
we will transcend
the limits –
of our selves.

“And they have made their dwelling,
in the shadow of the Essence.”

STEADFASTNESS

Toward the building of a world
that no one knows
and cannot see,
not even you or me.

A world beyond our farthest dreams –
but dreams can clash
and so can we.

A world beyond description –
but still our goal and aim;
we falter on

One step at a time
and we stumble and spill
yet we try
against all odds

Toward the building of a world
that no one knows
and cannot see,
not even you, or me.