



KIRTANA

*Unseen Grace*

WWW.KIRTANA.NL

Dit zijn de songteksten van de cd *Unseen Grace* van Kirtana.

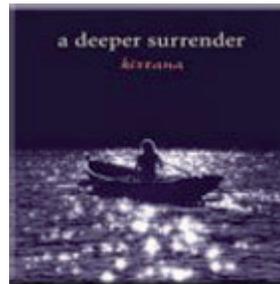
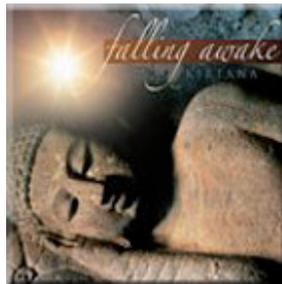
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Andere cd's van Kirtana:



# THAT'S MY STORY

A long time ago—even before time  
when there was no time but now,  
silence got stirred, set into motion  
like waves on an ocean somehow.

I guess a restlessness to know  
just who I am began to grow.

And so I called out:  
'Can anyone hear me?  
Is anyone near me out there?'

But no one replied—  
and I felt frightened.  
I think it was right then and there  
that I created time and space  
to hold a mirror to my face.

That's my story of creation  
That's how worlds are born,  
how from naught,  
a thought becomes a form.

I had to pretend  
that Oneness could shatter  
then down into matter I came.  
And ten thousand forms  
burst into being—  
no two exactly the same...  
but for as far as I could see,  
nothing but images of me.

And for a while,  
I found it all thrilling,

but then the game went awry  
Parts of my Self fell into grieving  
and started believing the lie,  
and feeling lost began to roam  
And so it's time to call them home.

That's my tale of separation—  
call it what you will.  
This I sing for those  
who wander still.

That's my story of creation  
That's how worlds are born,  
how from naught,  
a thought becomes a form.

A long time ago—even before time  
when there was no time but now,  
silence got stirred, set into motion  
like waves on an ocean somehow.

# RIGHT HERE, RIGHT NOW

Sometimes we claim to seek God,  
but cling to a concept of grace  
so rigidly that we fail to see  
what's staring us right in the face.

Sometimes we pray with our mouth.  
I say pray with your ears  
and unclench that fist  
with your shopping list  
And see what's here—  
what's already here.

Right here,  
in the middle of your lap  
wrapped without ribbons and bows.  
It may not be  
what you thought you'd see,  
but do you suppose...  
if you look a little closer...?  
mmmhhmmh

Some people hunger for love,  
but the kind of love they can control.  
Well, we all want the kiss,  
not the vast abyss.  
Ah, but love wants  
to swallow us whole.

If love is truly your goal,  
why would you settle for part?  
If you can bear the pain  
of love's terrain  
she'll take you straight to her heart.

Right here, where you already are  
with your hurt or your hope  
or your fear,  
or your broken dream,  
as strange as it may seem—  
even here,  
love will find you here.

Here now,  
where you never thought to look  
wrapped without ribbons or bows.  
It may not be  
what you thought you'd see  
(It rarely is you know)

What if you open up what is—  
this gift your Beloved chose.  
It may not look  
like the picture in your book,  
but do you suppose  
if you peek inside....  
you might be surprised....?

# CHURCH OF THE PINES

I bow my head  
with love and awe today  
for the Maker  
and this mandala at play—  
the colored sand,  
the sleight of hand  
that shapes,  
then wipes it all away.

I bow to the sky,  
seamless and blue,  
the mystical sunlight  
filtering through  
my church in the pines  
here by this creek  
with rocks that can sing  
and devas that speak  
a secret language beyond sound  
in praise of hallowed ground.

Gloria .....  
in Excelsis Deo.

I bow my head with gratitude today  
for everything that did  
and didn't come my way.  
The hidden cost  
of all I've lost,  
and all I've gained, I gladly pay.

Here's to this life,  
eyes that can see,  
a heart that can feel this reverie,  
that can be slain by beauty or pain,

humbled and pummeled  
like a stone by unknown streams,  
tumbled and washed clean.

Gloria.....  
in excelsis Deo.

Wasn't I  
the one who told you:  
You can shake me  
if you need to?

Today I praise the play  
that I once panned,  
this vast conspiracy  
to force my hand,  
the poker face of unseen grace  
that leaves my mind  
no place to land...

But here in my heart—  
here I allow  
the wafer and wine  
of what is right now.  
And I join the choir,  
this baptismal creek  
of rocks that can sing  
and devas that speak  
a secret language beyond sound  
in praise of hallowed ground.

Gloria.....  
in excelsis Deo

Gloria, Gloria, Gloria, Gloria

# I SAID THAT I WOULD SING

I first heard about this place,  
this little lump of clay  
on a message board in space,  
about a billion stars away.

The ad read:  
'Floating garden orb circling a sun.  
Help us build a heaven here.  
We need one more volunteer'.  
So I said that I would come.

I was asked when I applied  
to name some service I could bring.  
I think service should be joyous,  
so I said that I would sing.

Well, I guess I got the job.  
And I don't mean to complain.  
But it's not like they described  
in that little classified  
that I read before I came.

Had I somehow missed a turn?  
Was this even the right place?  
Had I fallen for a scam—  
or was it more a fall from grace?

Oh, it's beautiful alright—  
how I love the desert sky.  
And a quiet mountain lake  
is enough to make me cry.  
But I did not come prepared  
for the density or strife,  
for the cruel and inhumane  
injustices and pain

that can pass here for a life.

So from a very early age,  
I grew restless here because  
of this longing to go home,  
though I could not say  
where home was.

Then in answer to my prayer  
or more truthfully my scream,  
my beloved self appeared,  
come to wake me from this dream.

And with a diamond voice declared:  
"Home is not some distant star,  
or some heavenly reward  
that your days are marching toward  
but the truth of who you are—

An awareness so immense  
it holds all of this inside..."  
As she spoke my mind fell still  
but my tears would not subside.

And from the arms of grace, I knew  
that all suffering would cease  
if we could yield to this embrace,  
if we just trusted in this peace.

To even try to find the words  
can be a sacrilegious thing:  
So I'd just as soon be silent—

...but I said that I would sing.

# IK ZEI DAT IK ZOU ZINGEN

Ik hoorde voor het eerst over deze plek,  
deze kleine klomp klei,  
op een prikbord in de ruimte,  
een miljard sterren verwijfd

De advertentie sprak:  
'Zwevende boltuin, draaiend om een zon.  
Help ons hier een hemel te bouwen.  
We hebben nog een vrijwilliger nodig.  
Dus zei ik dat ik zou komen.

Toen ik me inschreef vroeg men mij  
op welke manier ik zou dienen.  
Ik vind dat dienen vrolijk moet zijn,  
dus ik zei dat ik zou zingen.

Nou, ik denk dat ik het baantje kreeg.  
En ik wil er ook niet over klagen.  
Maar het is niet zoals ze beschreven,  
in dat kleine advertentietje waarin ze naar  
vrijwilligers vragen.

Had ik misschien een afslag gemist?  
Was dit eigenlijk wel het juiste plaatsje?  
Was ik in een val getrapt,  
of was het een val uit Hemel's gratie?

Oh, het is wel prachtig hoor —  
de lichtval en de regenbogen.  
En een stil moment aan een bergmeer,  
brengt de tranen in mijn ogen.

Maar ik was niet voorbereid,  
op de dichtheid of de tweedracht,  
op de wrede en onmenselijke onrechtvaar-

digheid en pijn  
wat hier als leven wordt geacht.

Dus vanaf slechts een paar jaar oud,  
werd ik rusteloos vanwege,  
het verlangen naar huis te gaan,  
hoewel ik niet wist waar thuis was gele-  
gen.

Toen, in antwoord op mijn gebed,  
of eerlijker, op mijn geslaak,  
verscheen mijn geliefde zelf,  
en zei me: uit deze droom, ontwaak.

En met een diamanten stem sprak zij,  
"Thuis is niet een verre ster, ongekend,  
noch een hemelse beloning waar je naartoe  
beweegt,  
maar de waarheid van wie jij bent —

Een bewustzijn zo immens  
dat het al wat is bevat..."  
Terwijl ze sprak zweeg mijn hoofd  
maar de tranen maakten mijn wangen nat.

En uit deze omhelzing van genade, wist ik  
al het lijden zou verdwijnen  
als we konden toegeven aan deze omhel-  
zing  
als we vrede door lieten schijnen.

Om zelfs maar te proberen de woorden te  
vinden  
Zijn wellicht heiligschennende dingen:  
Daarom zwijg ik net zo lief —

...maar ik zei dat ik zou zingen.

(vertaling: Edith Hagenaar)

# PURNAMADAH PURNAMIDAM

Kali Durge namo namah  
Kali Durge namo namah  
Chitti Kundalini namo namah  
Chitti Kundalini namo namah  
Kali Durge namo namah

I knelt on a precipice  
watching the moonrise  
and felt a chill of truth  
go through me.  
No matter how far I fall,  
I'm still in the lap of God;  
Only God is coming to me.

And it's all right—  
even in my soul's dark night.  
It's all right—  
I know I'll find my way  
And some day,  
I'll look back on this and say  
It was just a dream I had.

Though there are things I'd change  
if I could go back in time—  
hearts I'd touch  
and doors I'd open,  
it's every choice I made  
that led me to this place—  
the twisted path,  
the words unspoken.

But it's all right—  
neither black, nor white.  
It's all right.

You do the best you can  
and let it go.  
It's comforting to know  
everything goes back to light.

One light calling—in you, in me.  
I am only following  
as best I can  
from where I am,  
the light I see.

Imagine a billion worlds,  
born of the one light  
each with galaxies in motion—  
souls that are surging forth,  
souls that are merging back  
like rivers to the ocean...

And it's all right—  
birth and death and life.  
It's all right—  
we just go on and on,  
on and on.  
Purnamadah, purnamidam.  
Everything goes back to light.

One light calling  
Ekam, vimalam, achalam  
We are only following....

## AND So

I wouldn't underestimate the power  
of a tiny, tender impulse  
from the heart.  
An impulse that's that small  
can rock and soothe us all,  
or tear our safe, complacent lives apart.

But I've learned to trust  
those tiny, tender waves,  
despite my fear or habits of defense,  
though they lead me, in some cases,  
to unexpected places  
that at the time,  
frankly make no sense...

Like now....  
but I'm following through  
with this song that wants to come  
and give itself to you.

I can't say that I know  
where this dance leads  
or why I tug your sleeve  
when you let go  
or where to put my feet,  
but the invitation's sweet.  
And anyway,  
I'm willing not to know

Clearly we can't trust  
the world of form  
to guard our hearts  
or nurture every dream  
But we can still trust this,

this flow of grace, this kiss  
that moves through us  
like currents through a stream.

And so.... I go out on a limb  
like a mourning dove at dusk  
offering her hymn.

It's delicate—and dangerous  
and beautiful, so beautiful—  
and tenuous...

This quivering that's calling  
from within,  
but my loyalty is not to me or you,  
so my ear is to the ground,  
absorbing every sound  
between our hearts.  
I hope you're listening too.

## SAKE OF THE SELF

Yes, the Self is all that is,  
but in this dream of consciousness,  
some reflections  
still stand out from the rest—  
and shake the mirror  
when they appear,  
leave a mark in your chest.

So yes, I love you,  
but you don't need to  
be concerned unnecessarily.  
I'm well aware  
this love affair  
is just between my Self and me.

And that it's not for the sake  
of a lover that a lover is dear.  
And it's not for the sake  
of a friend, that a friend is dear.  
It's for the sake of the Self.

I would have shared this with you  
long ago  
but you left too soon.  
And all my gestures  
seemed to aggravate  
some ancient wound.

So forgive my imperfections,  
attachment, and projections.  
Love is all I wanted to impart.  
And it's ok  
if you walk away.  
See if you can leave my heart.

It's not for the sake of a lover  
that a lover is dear.  
And it's not for the sake  
of a friend, that a friend is dear.  
It's for the sake of the Self.

# OM SHANTI

Beloved Source, sacred fire  
that indwells my heart,  
hear this prayer, this desire  
that I take my part—  
that suffering may cease,  
all beings live in peace

Om shanti shanti  
Om shanti shanti  
Om shanti shanti  
Om shanti shanti

Let this world be my mirror,  
give me eyes to see  
that what I judge, shun, or fear  
may be met in me.  
If I turn the outside in,  
healing may begin.

Om shanti shanti  
Om shanti shanti  
Om shanti shanti  
Om shanti shanti

Send the rain, send the sun  
that I need to bloom.  
Burn my barns—every one—  
if they block the moon  
or obfuscate the sight  
of your ever-present light.

Om shanti shanti  
Om shanti shanti  
Om shanti shanti

Om shanti shanti

Beloved Force  
that gives me breath,  
that pumps my blood,  
that spins these stars,  
that dreams this dream,  
that sings this love,  
may thy will be done—  
may thine and mine be one.

Om shanti shanti  
Om shanti shanti  
Om shanti shanti  
Om shanti shanti

# I INVITE LOVE HERE

(A Ho'Oponopono Prayer)

Forgive me, I'm sorry.  
I love you.  
Thank you for what you reveal—  
the part of this I share —  
the false belief I bear  
the memory,  
the wound that wants to heal...

Forgive me, I'm sorry.  
I love you.  
Thank you for showing your face.  
By challenging my peace,  
you help me to release  
this notion that I'm  
separate from Grace.

Knowing peace begins with me,  
I stand before your mirror.  
And bowing to my Self in you,  
I invite Love,  
I invite Love here.

Forgive me, I'm sorry.  
I love you.  
Thank you for helping me see  
the part of this I share —  
I know there's no "out there,"  
so I can clear the dissonance  
in me.

Forgive me, I'm sorry.  
I love you.  
Forgive all my ancestors too.

However this began,  
forgive us if you can.  
Forgive us for  
we know not what we do.

Knowing peace begins with me,  
I stand before your mirror.  
And bowing to my Self in you,  
I invite Love,  
I invite Love here.

# ALREADY HOME, ALREADY FREE

Nothing to seek.  
Nothing to gain.  
Nothing to know.

Nothing to lose.  
Nothing to do,  
but let go.

Let's rest here  
where the future  
and the past disappear...  
Here—  
in the sanctity of Now.

Nothing to prove.  
Nothing to own.  
No one to be.

Nowhere to move.  
Already home.  
Already Free.

Let's just stay  
in the cave of the heart today  
and bask  
in this ever-present love.

Nothing to fix.  
Nothing to change.  
Nothing to fight.

Only what is.  
What if what is  
is just right.

Why not trust  
this Mystery living us  
and rest  
in the refuge of the Self.

Nothing to judge.  
No one to blame or fear.  
Only my face  
greeting me in the mirror.

Nowhere to turn.  
Nowhere to hide.  
Nobody else.

Nothing outside  
that isn't inside  
myself.

Let's just see,  
Is anyone here but me? —  
Here—  
in the present moment now.

Nothing to know.  
Nothing to do.  
No one to be.

Nowhere to go.  
Already home.  
Already free.

Nowhere to go.

Already home.  
Already free.

Nowhere to go.  
Already home.  
Already free.

# FLOW OF GRACE

Feelings, states of consciousness  
and circumstances change.  
Everything that comes to be  
will go and leave no trace.  
All things shall pass—  
all things, alas,  
but this  
unbroken flow of grace.

May this flow forever be  
like a river from the sea.  
May I not try to own or reject it,  
postpone or redirect it—  
but just let it be.

As every actor on my stage  
parades before me now,  
wearing masks and bearing gifts,  
I can't help thinking of  
the Face behind the mirror,  
the one who sent them here  
in this  
unbroken flow of love.

May this flow forever be  
with no interference from me.  
May I not try  
to move or prevent it,  
improve or circumvent it,  
but just let it be

As it was in the beginning,  
is now and ever shall be -  
world without end.

As it was in the beginning,  
is now and ever shall be.  
Amen.

This dream of consciousness  
can seem to wield such force,  
but the River Ganga  
is never far behind,  
nourishing the thirsty  
as she winds along her course,  
then ravages  
whole villages of mind.

May her Grace forever flow  
every place she needs to go.  
May I not try  
to tame or suppress her,  
disclaim or second guess her.

And may I be blessed to see—  
forever see—  
she is not separate,  
she is not separate  
from me.

## AMEN

As it was in the beginning,  
is now and ever shall be -  
world without end.  
As it was in the beginning,  
is now and ever shall be.  
Amen.

# KIRTANA

