

The Principles of Man

By John H. Drais

Once upon a time, in the long, long ago,
Not only long by the measure of men,
But long by the races and ages of elves,
There was a planet, by name called Sin.

This planet had fled through vast spread of time
The clutches of Sol, with whom she's entwined.
There was among her lives a race of men that she loved most,
Who dared approach the being of the starry host.

As their planet faded into night,
Their collective consciousness receded out of sight,
And slipped into the shining sea,
Into supernal bliss of *parasamadhi*.

Yet, its integrity endured,
Though absolutely silent was their peacefulness of mind,
Until a spark awakened them to action once again;
And then -- vanished from that plane.

Thus they reemerged from whence they had withdrawn,
And as their home was old and worn and dead in its course,
They balanced their thought in a point close at hand,
For a new planet they made their demand.

Ever so slowly, collecting their forces and imaging clearer,
Their planet took form and sank into matter;
The shell of old Sin, which sought to lie nearer,
Took note of this body and stirred up its lust.

"It's mine," it cried, "and have it I must!"
So it brought to this world its influence, both lethal and sweet,
And directed their work to its pleasures,
It so fervently sought to repeat.

Though its men has lost attraction to old Sin,
Its lesser beings had no memory
That would protect them from attack
And bring their selves beyond the throes of matter and its lack.

As soon as they had locked its place in time and space,
By fending off these fetid aims,
Sin's lifeless corpse, adjusting its old course,
Revolved about the body it had caused and claims.

As Sol's breath of life blew by,
Sin's matter, gross and pale and decadent,
Showered its effects on Terra's growing sky
And touched the peacefulness of angels once its men.

Corruption and unrest, as well as blindness and distrust unto this world was borne;
Unable to sustain itself, when distant from its Sol, it grows and flows in cycles from full orb to
sharpened horn.

Just as our moon does wax and wane, our Sin encircles Terra, as a mother does her babe,
And as a fiend its precious medium into this world of sense and pain.

Terra's seven sisters are compelled to go about old Sol
In paths that tell their nature.
Five are found, with some still young and others old,
But two we can not find at all.

Sweet Eros, lost to those of us with eyes,
Cycling with Earth's mother, close to whom she lies,
Auras holding form intact, her violet commands,
And channels *pranas* into Terra, through Scarab, we call Crab.

Swift Mercury has intuition keen;
This chariot of the god's is seen
In brilliant yellow, east or west, close on to Sol;
She passes overhead, invisible to all.

Deep blue, in abstract thought, does Venus rise beyond horizon morn or eve;
She even twinkles in the blinding sun sometimes, for those who know her ways.
At zenith high she won't unveil to mortal men till eyes so sensitive to light are shed;
To see her as she really is, in Libra must the passions cold and hot be wed.

Fourth flies Vulcan, we call Sun,
To tell her place can not be done;
Through her pumps the sun life pure in radiance of gold;
The Leo summer solstice was her own of old.

With passion red and flaring, sometimes bright and sometimes far, as in vicissitudes of war,
She controls the fate of those who Ares worship and adore;
The star we call Antares, in the heart of Scorpionis, connected as through Hermes
With the Virgin's spike of blue, is her star of even hue.

The eldest of these gods is dressed in daylight sky,
And all the other sisters in her aura lie;
Meditation on bright Jupiter brings freedom from all care,
And being without form to those of her's who dare.

So seventh in our heaven turns Saturn slowly round,
And binds the thoughts of men to *Ea** and its ground;
Within her shades of earthen green,
Stern old Jehovah can be seen.

If these seven planets seem remote to you at night,
Then bear in mind your fortune lies within their astral light,
For all our solar system is arranged by careful plan,
And all their several natures are the principles of man.

* *Ea* is the personalized consciousness of the physical plane.