

WHEN ~~THE~~ SAINTS
GO MARCHING IN. 

POEMS

WHEN ^{THE} SAINTS
GO MARCHING IN. 



POEMS

BY

Satsvarupa
dasa
Goswami

GN Press, INC.

Persons interested in the subject matter of this book are invited to correspond with our secretary, c/o GN Press, Inc., 6220 Wrigley Way, Fort Worth, TX 76133, www.gnpress.org. 1-877-285-8942

When The Saints Go Marching In

© 2007 GN Press, Inc.

All rights reserved.

ISBN: 0-911-233-11-3

GN Press gratefully acknowledges the BBT for the use of verses and purports from Śrīla Prabhupāda's books. All such verses and purports are © Bhaktivedanta Book Trust International, Inc.

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Gosvāmī, Satsvarūpa Dāsa, 1939-

When the saints go marching in : poems /

Satsvarupa Dasa Goswami.

p. cm. --

ISBN: 0-911-233-11-3

1. Vaishnava poetry, American.

2. Spiritual life--International Society for Krishna Consciousness--Poetry. I. Title.

PS3557.O793W47 2007

811".54--dc22

20061000638

Cover art by Kṛṣṇa-kīrtana dāsa.

Cover design by Madana-mohana dāsa.

*To Śrīla Prabhupāda, the saint who marched into
the western world with the glory of India's spiritual
knowledge and gained thousands of
followers worldwide.*

Contents

Poems

- i* *When the Saints Go Marching In (Traditional)*
1 *Evil*
3 *Trying Their Best*
5 *I Think You'll Be All Right*
7 *If You Could See Me Now*
9 *Stay Clear of Those Sharp, Wimpy Women*
10 *The Wise One*
12 *May 2 Blues*
14 *More Than You Know*
16 *Love Here, Love There*
18 *More Than You Know (Alternate Take)*
20 *Pretence*
22 *What's the Best Way to Spend Your Life?*
24 *Don't Worry, Just Sing*
27 *Fringie*
30 *We See*
32 *Loco-motive*
34 *Spring Celibate*
36 *I Mean You*
38 *Style*
40 *Inattention to the Holy Sounds*
42 *A War at Home*
44 *It Is Spring*
45 *I Remember April*
46 *Getting Better*
48 *Spring Birds*
50 *All One*
52 *Kind to All*
54 *Missing Vṛndāvana*
56 *Some of the Last Hopes*
58 *I Haven't Reached This Stage*
60 *Where Is My God?*

Contents

- 62 *Hope*
64 *Affirmations*
66 *Breakdown*
67 *Billy Boy Nightcap*
68 *Midnight Sun*
69 *How Long Has This Been Going On?*
70 *Crying*
72 *Greeting*
74 *Let the Grace of God Descend*
77 *At the Wicklow Bridge*
79 *File It Away*
81 *Sick of It*
83 *Shallow? Nonsense!*
84 *The Question of Hermit*
85 *A Story*
86 *My Fault*
87 *Fear Over Love*
88 *Worshiping the Greatest Man*
89 *Cheerful*
91 *Good Guy*
92 *Signs of Anxiety*
93 *Raw Vision*
95 *Kṛṣṇa and His Glory*
96 *I Like God*
97 *Crescent*
99 *Inner Work*
101 *New Assertions*
102 *Feedback*
103 *Sunday Mass*
107 *Notes*
113 *Acknowledgements*



When THE Saints Go Marching IN

*We are trav'ling in the footsteps
Of those who've gone before
And we'll all be reunited
On a new and sunlit shore*

*Oh, when the saints go marching in,
Oh, when the saints go marching in
Lord how I want to be in that number
When the saints go marching in*

*And when the sun begins to shine
And when the sun begins to shine
Lord, how I want to be in that number
When the sun begins to shine*

*Oh, when the trumpet sounds its call
Oh, when the trumpet sounds its call
Lord, how I want to be in that number
When the trumpet sounds its call*

*Some say this world of trouble
Is the only one we need
But I'm waiting for that morning
When the new world is revealed*

*Oh, when the saints go marching in,
Oh, when the saints go marching in
Lord how I want to be in that number
When the saints go marching in*

(Traditional)



Evil

What's evil? I don't know.
I'm a pseudo intellectual he said, not
a genius.

Can't write on Brazil or
psychology but
don't put yourself down.

There's a lot to be said on this
theme of madness. He didn't know
what spiritual search meant

except you keep searching and
driving yourself to heights and
explorations, looking for peace
in God.

But not in the ordinary places.
He screeches sometimes like
an animal in the zoo.
Is that evil?

Is a tiger evil? The lamb?
The one who made them both?

"I can't take it anymore!" she said
and wanted it turned off wanted
to run away from the zoo
from the jazz sound
to a quiet bench where they could
play with their three-year-old daughter
who is bound for death.

Now, when Citraketu's other
wives killed Harṣa-śoka, was that evil?
Is it a relative thing?
We can say, "They were just envious and
later they repented."

But sheer evil and torture
at the moment it is done—is there
a Satan? An executioner
who takes pleasure?



Trying Their Best

Let him play, it is not
wrong. It is just his energy.
This is devotional service.

If one outshines another it is
for Kṛṣṇa's pleasure, that's all.
Please hear the genius of a
man made mad by God-sent
music.

Crying, crying, crying because
the world is full of sadness,
crazy, full of misery.
No more embraces or kisses or
visits. I can't take it.

Let the body rest.
The immunities are down.
He loses a day of his life
in pain. Why should
this be?

Don't prepare for your
lectures. Just go and speak
what comes. Don't worry.

Everything is going
to be all right. It will
turn out the way it was meant
to be.

Do you believe me and
the beauty of players who love to make music
together just for the joy and
celebration?

Dr. Grip pen. Cheap watch. Pine desk. Objects
of this world. Let each
take his own space and give us
what he can. And applaud them
if you will.

Hare Kṛṣṇa is the thing in it all
as far as I see.

I'm emeritus. I hear Kṛṣṇa now
in all places—in the lines of Ecology pads
and in between.

Don't be evil. Don't be afraid.

They don't know exactly what they're doing,
but they're trying and crying and praying. Do
you understand that?

Yes, I think I do. Until they're exhausted dead,
they give it their best.

Is that what you mean?



I Think You'll Be All Right

They say it's good to love
yourself but don't be proud.
I can do it.

My poems, John's,¹ McCoy's²
playing, softly as in
a morning sunrise—

she can listen
with her daughter but it's too much
beat for them. They want
something softly. Is that it?
The Bach mathematics.

I want the joy,
the pleasing and
walking daily.

Maybe I don't, don't
have to *prod*
so much.

What's wrong with you that
a good Coca-Cola wouldn't
cure?

Can you be okay painting and
sculpting? Give your little
lecture and smile?

I think you'll be all right
without all the histrionics.

Oh, it hurts my ears she
says but I say it's
what we want to rid anxiety.

I have a strategy. Just
talk nice to them. And don't
tell them you'd rather be
alone with your neutered
cat.

And count your beads, your
neutered *japa* up to
twelve a day, getting better.



☛ If You Could See Me Now

If you could see me
now so indecisive
you'd say this guy
needs quite a bit
of work

to make up his
mind. But why not
just dovetail whatever
weakness you have
and serve Kṛṣṇa

without making a big
deal of your "*anarthas*"?
Important is the spiritual
weakness not the mental.

Were you a bad boy?
Did you fall in love?
Ever feel a girl's breasts
before you were nineteen years old?

When you were in the
Navy, did the group
showers embarrass you?

Did you ever jump
overboard? I want
to know if in the
core of your being
you have faith in God,
know He's there,
believe in Him?

Ever see Him in His white
Christ robes or His playful
Kṛṣṇa attire?

Did He ever speak, "Get
off your butt, Sats, you only have
a few years"?

My spiritual master
heard me. My love for
him waned. She
tried to get me to admit
this. Not true.

Yes or no:
Are you gay? Sad?
Mad? Rhythmic?
Do you think you are more visual
than verbal?

Tie a red ribbon around any
wound you've received. Sit
through a Robert Bly³ reading.

Go to hell and back and
hold on. Believe all you thought
is somehow true.



Stay Clear ^{of} Those Sharp Wimpy Women

There're pretty sharp, these wimps these
American wops.

They've gone through a lot.
Myself never got into
a fight.

But I can drink six cans
of beer with John Young
in Tottenville wood
although I hated the taste.

Just to get drunk and
sing sentimental
songs from the radio.

"Cherokee."⁴ Hare Kṛṣṇa. Those
wimps are sharp,
she tricked me again

because I didn't have any
coping skills. I get anxious
and need to
wait until the last
minute to decide.

Better to stay clear of those
sharp wimpy women and
just kick up in my reclining chair

with my fellow monks
and brownie cat on
new rug we've got
nothing to worry about.

Ours news is only what
comes in the green mail
box. Hare Kṛṣṇa on the
beads falls short but
we're keeping track.



The wise one is a sage on
a mountain or *sankīrtana* devotee
serving his spiritual master.

He or she doesn't think they're God
or that happiness is found
in this material world.

"Your Grace, what was our position
before we fell
from the spiritual world?"
He said we have an outer coating and
an inner coating.

It's that question you can't
answer or maybe *you* can.
"Your Grace, what about
the butchering in Bangladesh?"
The wise one has the answers
from the spiritual plane.
Chant Hare Kṛṣṇa and
everything will be all right.

There's always fighting
in this world and so
the only solution is to get out.

"Do you think it's safe to
travel alone, young lady?"
asked the wise one.
She said, "Yes, these are
modern times."

He asked, "What was the
competition doing and how could
we stop them?" They are angry,
all we can do is provide good association.

Whose wise man are you talking about?
Sounds like you have
got them mixed up. The ones on
camels from the East, the Buddha
under the *bodhi* tree.

The one who arrived in the airport and said,
“I have come to teach you what you have forgotten.”
“Which is?”
“That is God.”
“*Haribol!!*”

The wise one doesn't
leave his guru. The wiseacre,
the wise ass
roams into concocted fields
and says lives are all wasted and
deaths too, and says that's the secret of
life.

And people proclaim *him* the wise one,
with cigarette dangling and
glass of wine and his tawdry books
selling like hotcakes.

He says there's no one wise and that's
his wisdom.



☛ May 2 Blues

You don't have to tell every
word about you and little
yellow pimple.

He goes up and down the scales
not afraid, not afraid
outside the pen.

The fat unshorn sheep,
the little April lambs,
all to be killed.

No wonder some writers
see it that way but
the God conscious believe
there's some loving order, some
Law in operation, and admit it's
way beyond them, not
wrong to be humble
and behave in laws.

Now I am wandering outside
along the long perimeter
wonder whether I was ever within it.

Stick up for yourself, they say, and don't
mind to confront. I am a
shortie, I am a guy who bloomed late.

And now I'm in the
ranks and files of the
Indian congregation movement
of Hare Kṛṣṇa, Hare Kṛṣṇa
schisms.

We walk in blues we
have our good food offered
to God brass statues don't
do enough praying,
or *japa* or *tapas* or
preach.

But stay in your groove,
your house of good will
please Lord, you asked
I want to be a fellow
with a big *śikhā*
and a little ego whom You

recognize because I won't
have faultfinding toward
my brothers.

I'll be watching them go by,
hear what they say
and smile.



More Than You Know

I love you wish I could say
Lord unknown and that
You love me protect me more
than I know.

He improvises and I trail
along behind.
I stand up for my allegiance,
hand over left breast in
salute to the Supreme.

Emeritus stands by the side
as parade passes and a tear
drops down my cheek, recalling
Swamiji and some
battles I fought for him.

Oh, will there be a time for me
to travel
again like older fellows
who tell their followers
they are best?

It doesn't seem so.
At least I won't have long-standing anger
and poison anyone. I hope.
Don't become a pure Christian. Say,
"catholic," with a small
"c" and read the poem books of
Vallejo⁵ if you think they'll
help.

But . . . in khaki saffron
I want to be buried in honor,
no bad rumors or
holy miracle tales either, just
he went and wrote some books
that may be helpful.

He said, "The most important
was *Śrīla Prabhupāda-līlāmṛta*,"
but I'm not sure
of that. The *Poor Man* and
the entire oeuvre fills a cute and long
bookcase.

I won't say when I meet
you, "I'm a snail, been under a
rock. You must have thought I was
dead."

No, I won't fidget and panic if I'm caught
in car traffic.
Just turn on Sonny⁶ and
Monk,⁷ "More Than You Know,"

and a new *bhajana*, a lecture
by our master
and take those deep breaths
from the calm diaphragm.

In this way I'll make myself
a new man.

More than you know.
Please help my
inner smile.



Love Here, Love There

They are the ones
who are my
leaders, come and sit by me
and listen to them, can't you?

Appreciate this raw sound
and simple melody and the
jive? Now when he
invents it is his
imagination very, very fertile they
say best of all

and I believe it. He has lived so long
with this inventive talent
rough voice

he got left behind two years
on the bridge
with Mohawk haircut
but came back all right

Jesus and Kṛṣṇa and the
Twin Towers as she
pricks my skin for blood
and asks what do I think of it.

I'm sorry, Uddhava, I don't
see more of you, but you and I
still have our "you and me."

I couldn't have confided that
I changed my life
but I care to go at my own
rate.

If I could find it.

"Hey, Mack, watch where
you're going!"

Tell your father not to worry.

I'm not Christ or Napoleon in the
insane asylum, I am not
Kṛṣṇa the Māyāvādī, I am the boy
standing
in the corner as mom
punished, spanked sometimes,
not cuddled enough:

kiss and tell me
I'm your darling, how that will
make me feel better.

Anyway, I have my God
and heard He's not cold
but embraces girls and
boys—

you have to stop it here and
start it there. A little
hard, eh?

Maybe I should get warmed up
to love here first and then
I'll be better at it there,
Hare Kṛṣṇa kisses and hugs and
boys
dancing that silly stuff they do
in big *kīrtana* halls to show off
they're really happy.

His form and *nāma* are equal
and no one is
faking it. My ankle is not
the self, and if you don't
like me,
tough shit.



More Than You Know (Alternative Take)

It's a secret from Kṛṣṇa to me
whether I'm here or there
false or true

more than You know
I love You, Kṛṣṇa, I
wish I could say it

be on my mind more.
But Kṛṣṇa knows everything.
He's always right and never wrong.

So the part is *my*—mine—I
need Him more
than I know.

I *need* Him. I need
Him more than I know.

I can't live without Kṛṣṇa.
I wish I knew the fervor
could feel it.

Please cry, please teach
me Kṛṣṇa this *bond*
between us.

I need it and *You*
want it. You don't want me
astray in the universes and species

in misery. Why am I
so dull over my books
and beads nowadays
thinking I need
something else?

I think I can wear
Nike pants and boots and
read poetry and talk to
doctors and ladies and
lay back on a couch
and paint as the arm dictates

more than I show—
but I want to know
I'm your beloved
solo lover

not caring for other
passersby.



☛ Pretence

I'm angry with them for
thinking different than me.
Don't be an idiot.
Everyone thinks differently.

Beer and jazz, toilets
and symphonies
tuxedos and jeans
those people
talking so loud you
can't hear the music of the spheres.

I'm not angry. I realize I am
simple. And he's happy to
be a convoluted thinker. I'm
glad to be a simple attacking
artist.

Yes, tomorrow early A.M.
I'm going to attack the canvases.
No themes. No sparrows or
stowaways. Just let the right
arm go its way.

They want devotees in *tilaka*
but I may want monsters
and abstracts and fat-bellied
sagging breasts.

My *internal* Kṛṣṇa consciousness
not so good. Vṛndāvana.
I believe in God, Christ
and Chrisna.
I'm going that way. I'm not going to give up on
the attempt to be a saint who painted in a way no
one understood at first as Kṛṣṇa conscious, but
eventually it came out that he was actually praising
the Lord in his own way.

Get credit. Get credit. I hate those
ladies and gents at a jazz club who
talk while the music plays.

Or the devotees who don't
listen to a sermon (like me)
or the *gyrastas* who watch
the tellie all day and go on
wild tangents.

I'm a much better guy. That's
why I have all medals
in the front of the line.



☛ What's ^{THE} Best Way ^{TO} Spend Your Life?

What's the best way to spend your life? It's too late to ask because you've already done it, old man.

A career as a cult adult leader and retiree. Now you study, restudy the *śāstra*

and pray to your God Kṛṣṇa and ask how did I do, how much progress? I was chief once and then came down.

It's obvious I broke down and the nervous system can't take it anymore.

Does he want to be a guru and sit solemn so deep looking out at their faces and feeling

in himself his emotions of viewing from concern his academic career his allegiance to Prabhupāda

and in a few weeks his outer body is gone here and gone?

No more going for a walk in a hat under Oakland sun, no more sipping from pineapple in Fiji and talking with special devotees. Relaxing on an informal chair.

All of us in a wave
gone. Gone and go up
the escalator. Wave good-bye and
a charming smile and freeze
it.

Kṛṣṇa brings us here and there
in this stage drama in
the temples where people
can still come and go
holding onto hands
of little children
while men pound the lead
mṛdaṅgas and dance close to His
Divine Grace.

Gaura-Nitāi,
take us back home
to the spiritual world,
“Think of Him while you work,
say His names,” he taught her
right there in a Jacksonville airport
in two minutes.



☛ Don't Worry, Just Sing

You like to write poems
every night, don't you?
You want praise to Kṛṣṇa
to be accepted through this
medium.

This is the foremost tune.
He said he wanted to
go down in history with his
men as soldiers who didn't
run away.

Mister, can you please not
forget to play the bagpipes
while the fuel ship lines
up next to the Saratoga
and feeds her to the Scottish
tunes at high sea!

I remember standing on
the rear and watching
the garbage go into the sea
and counting my days left
how many months and weeks
before my discharge.
Still a ways to go
you dungaree and blue-
cap prisoner. Standing
and contemplating the churning wake
of Atlantic Ocean.
No way I'm going
to jump in. I thought
that was my finish!

Kṛṣṇa, give me some
pills and I fell asleep
like a cat deep in his
weary blues—you don't
know why he sleeps so
long and sound—

not that he *works* to deserve it.

Hare Kṛṣṇa chanters on the street
all day and night feel more
deserving of a rest and even they
get up soon and start washing and drying
and getting into devotee
clothes—no one knows

I've toned down so much
just to get out of my anxiety.

Baladeva, don't spend more
after the altar. Hair of
your wrists. Forgot to read
a poet for inspiration.

Head for a better life.
He assures me I'm going to
get better, really bloom, as a person
and vibrant devotee in my later
sixties.

Mesmerized by sounds and didn't
know what was going on, heard
a group of chanters and drummers and
karatālas and the Ratha-yātrā carts—

I don't worry if they get
permission. I just figured
that whatever they do
is fine with me.

You have to get permission
from the Lord
to hold your cart festival.
And to speak up you have to
tell a man, "Hey, listen, I
think I'm okay." How does that
affect you, what I just said?

Let's get to know each other better
and maybe we'll turn out
better for it.

Hare Kṛṣṇa

Hare Kṛṣṇa

Hare Kṛṣṇa.

Tell them something
about the spring swing
festival of Govinda.



Frangie

Blues on the corner
when he met his friends
they went for a
Coke and ice cream

laughing at the Hare
Kṛṣṇas dancing by with
pigtail boys and singing girls.

The cultists took no notice
of them. I however at
the magazine rack
looked up to the window and
was attracted
to one of the young women dressed
up in a sari and a strong guy
eyes streaming with tears
and smiling thumping on a
two-headed drum.

I laced up my Nike sneakers
and went out to join them.
They had already gone
around the corner but
I trailed after the sound.

Let me join!
They welcomed and laughed.

Soon I was hopping along
and learning the correct words
of Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Hare
Hare.

It was fun, but on the next street
the police car pulled
up and told them to
stop. The Hare Kṛṣṇa leader
showed some papers
but the copper was insistent.

So they walked off silent.
They found another spot
in the park and sang some
more. Is this dangerous,
law-defying? I decided
to go home, but the
woman in the sari said

don't be afraid. Lord
Caitanya would protect
me. I did stay and it
turned out all right.

Another time I got busted with the group, so
I quit the Hare Kṛṣṇas and now
I'm adult Boy Scout leader.

I haven't forgotten that
mantra, but I want to live
more mainstream, get a small
regular income and not
induce my kids to shave their
heads and wear beads
and be laughed at on the city
streets. I'm a security
cop and Boy Scout in my
spare time.

I buy a book when the Hare Kṛṣṇas
approach me, and when I die,
I plan to remember the mantra.

Sometimes I stop and talk with
one of them and even attend a
feast. But sex more than
once a month! And television
when I want it. And gin and tonic in my
lounge chair.
Too much austerity in this
day is for fanatics.

Let them do it if they've got
those hopped up genes.
As for me I'll wander the border
and play my luck
that human life is meant for living and
as many ways as many truths.

It is good to have peace
and no stones coming through your
window. Like when I heard
the Dalai Lama in Central Park
with fifty thousand people
solid in the palm of his hand.



We See

Sad stories. I don't live just
to please you he said. I've
got accumulated pressure.

That's what happened,
no one thing but all the
pressure on my brow.

Tell him that to cheer him up.
I couldn't be bothered when he was
telling me his troubles
just then because I
was writing a fax to
my editor.

I need my airspace.
Time to write my poems
I say and slump out of the room
letting Bala do my Deity service.

We sleep long naps during the day.
Don't mention Klonopin or
anxiety in your poems she
said—conservative editor.

Push her past that stage.

The connection is obvious between
the Cheshire cat and the
Christian bat and
the Holstein slaughtered by
the man who looks like Mṛgāri the hunter,

our friendly neighbor who
twice a year needs a path
for his cows and wants no
shit from us at that time.

Bala cooled him down
in a personable way
so don't put *him* down.

The Lord can see without
eyes, can walk without
feet although He has all
parts. Confusing. He can
do anything.

It's just my lack of
faith and poetry but still
I'm in the right place, the recluse of
ISKCON getting over
his low-gear anxiety. He'll be cool
by Kṛṣṇa's *janma*, just see.



Loco-motive

Three men walked
the tracks parallel to nowhere.
The bums on the trains
were thrown off by
Hemingway's tough guy.

Now here is a story
about a train tramp
stowed on top of the cattle car, but
the cops caught him, tossed him
to the ground.

Fortunately he was a holy man
and as his hands and knees bled
he prayed to God uttering
holy names, knew it was ordained.

Those who are more peace-inclined
stay at home but encounter little
shocks from their plugs of
TV, knocks him on his ass

or finger caught in kitchen blade
same thing—he knows enough
to pray, “O my God, this
body may lose blood or
get so shocked it's dead—

but then I'll go to you
and even if I'm an ordinary *jīva*
You'll grant me a place
next life not so bad.”

So I can render service
that's the *dharma* of all *jīvas*—
dharma of your nature to be
salty or sweet
and do your thing.

Service to God.

I won't give up the best
chance I've ever been given.
"I have never forgotten You."

Oh, ho, that's not true but
you keep remembering Him again
and that's His grace, no amnesia
can't be cured by

followers of the best school.
Go to the beach and see dead wood
in the shape of a
holy head.



Spring Celibate

Knew the way no one could
tell him bare like muscular
blue monk

he's not a pedophile priest—
don't lump them all in—
there are plenty of pure ones.

But celibacy is challenged now:
“Are these guys really hard-ons
waiting to jerk off
a kid? Do they even believe
in their God?”

The prestige has gone down
for anyone without sexual
curiosity.

Don't believe them. There is
an emotional free lane
of wisdom where you know
Śukadeva is right. It's just
entanglement, it's overrated,
depression, illusion,
Oh! Oh! Don't say it's so.

We were made to enjoy
with the pleasure coating on the
genitals.

Māyādevī set it up, but you'll
rue the day in your old
age

in your beer looking for another
screw and not enjoying it as much
as a shit according to
Mark Twain.

Wonderful! Rolling in waves
of orgasm, don't
tell me this isn't pleasure!

The plastic statue started to
roll on the ground
gripping its groin and the woman said,
"Now I know fifty-six tricks to reach
a temporary heaven."

Night train blue mist
nature's all aflitter
in fucking spring so
why are you withholding?



I Mean You

He was so stylistic
I loved him I
adored him.
He wasn't showing off
he wanted to play joy and darkness.

It's like I've got a jukebox
but an actual player
my God—they all love
Kṛṣṇa and dominate
Him, the lecturer
said.

At first he said
“the *gopīs* of Vraja”
but then he said
“practically *all* the residents
of Vṛndāvana.”

I mean you. You can become Brahmā.
If you want. It's not
difficult.

But better to rise and
become a cowherd
boy or girl.

I hear this and don't
know what to make of it.

See the photos of the
actual Vṛndāvana
I mean you,
the long-tailed monkeys the
beautiful woman with
curvy hips

the genital-bared
baby of two years
smiling, big belly.

Just for those monkeys
I'd avoid the baby
girl. I mean you,
you ought to go there
in your new
carriage when you
gain your strength.

You'll do it I'm sure and
won't be anxious what
they say. You will soar.
Oh, what a new
man you'll be I
believe it.

You're a hotline
to Kṛṣṇa and your
guru. I believe in you.
I mean you,
Satsvarūpa dāsa.



They work so hard at
their poems but we have
a better deal.

We love Kṛṣṇa's green sleeves
and bright mineral colors and
flowers in His hair

the *kuṅkuma* powder
on Rādhā's feet. The boys
teasing and Śrīdāmā's stick.

"Don't take my lunch! I'll
wrestle you to the ground!"
Here comes Pralambha
disguised as a boy.

Let Bala carry him far
away and punch him so hard
he cracks his head
and blood pours
on the Vraja sand.

Dead Pralambha,
dead Agha, dead Ariṣṭa,
dead anyone who attempts
to interrupt their play.

The donkey with his
rear hooves on Bala's chest—
swing them into the trees—
this is fun!

This is the true Olympic
sport you can enjoy when
you reach Goloka.

I'm seeing the photos he
took in the replica land and
they were so intimate,
a fat baby boy, all bare,
an old sunken-chested *vairāgi*,
fires on all sides.

I'm telling you what
comes as fast as I can
so please forgive this lack of etiquette
in a leader, if that's your style.



☛ Inattention to ^{THE} Holy Sounds

They talk their heads off
while the poet is trying to compose
they think it's light music

to converse by and rub ankles.

He plays louder to drown
them out, but they dumb
him down and you can't
beat the crowd on a
Sunday afternoon when
they're out for a good time.

So it's better to hear a studio
recording.

Stupid women's high voices
won't reach Vaikuṅṭha when
we're trying to pray.

I love you, Porgy. Don't
let him touch me
with his hot hands.

If you will have me I'll
live with you and
in our privacy keep
this mob out of
range.

Christ, the sacrifice,
which Kṛṣṇa season is it now?
It's summer, Mary's month
is coming soon, but first the
Sacred Heart,
then the month of Mary.

But as for me, I'll take
Citraketu and Vṛtra as absurd
and unbelievable as it
seems. He cut his head
off.

He did it at once and went
to Vaikuṅṭha, but the *head*
took a year to cut through
by Indra's *vajra*.

And all the while those people were
smoking and drinking, not appreciating
the delicate and resonant sounds
of our man

in his celebration of holy mass
kīrtana for the poor souls
of this age.



☛ A War ^{AT} Home

A war at home whom
to listen to
your brother says sweep
the ladies out of your lap
and think for yourself.
I say in that writing
shed, I get lonely,

I can't think for myself
anymore. They've told me
I've got anxieties

and I did see three red
bug bites on my ankle—
a spider or an anticipation
hex.

Go to Trinidad? No, I'm
afraid. Get on an airplane.
No, I'll get a headache.

Then just rest. They're
fighting over who
will get the best seat.

I called a friend but
his line was busy.
Another was out to lunch.
I'm too restless and tried to
walk a mile. Said hello
to a young cow farmer,
my NYFD hat outdoors for the first time.

Ears got cold. Pray ever, lad? You
didn't even notice
if you massaged Him, although
you bathed Him.

All this proves you're a victim
of confused thinking and
I'm going to put you in
the dark room with more
Klonopin than Tim
would ever dream
of prescribing.

The awakening. The new man
is blooming. For now he's
confused.

Can he still write or lay eggs
of gold? I think for sure
because God made him a poet to
PUSH ON
THE ISKCON CLUB
OF ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND PEOPLE
IN EVERY COUNTRY OF THE WORLD
ESPECIALLY INDIA, OWNER
OF THE ATOM BOMB.

Especially India on the way to
Ayodhya
and my altar in
Wicklow costing

\$2,500 scandal—
don't tell, but
Rādhā-Govinda are worth
much more.

The fight is on, but
I'm in the middle.



It Is Spring

Early when I'm on the toilet
I hear the first birds
black, doves, doves,
cuckoos, he says.

No more outhouse to write
I write in my bedroom.

Pictures of Holy Virgin.
He wrote me his
favorite song by Bhaktivinoda Thākura
says one is chained to another—
devotee to Lord.

I said he'd be chained
to me like that but he said in the picture
he didn't look like he was so sure
he wanted to be there.

Chained to me to You, Lord of Lords,
don't let me get away.

He could sing those
songs from his pure Bengali heart.
I know only simple stuff
from the four seasons
of this earth—sweet earth.



I Remember April

You were never there in
your right mind maybe
tonight you'll dream of
leading Kṛṣṇa there or

a pure devotee who sets
you right on your anxieties—
teach you how to dump them and
feel I never knew

I could be so light and happy.

Thank you

for taking me through this hellish
work I had to do.

Imagine me thinking I was completely okay
with all those scars and mental scares

What if?

What if?

What if He loves
as I do?



Getting Better

The hope, this song is young
I'll be a faster, happier
fellow you
won't be afraid.

Men will say, "Your *dbotī*
is hanging. Where is your
daṇḍa? Why don't you bow correctly?
Why is your *sīkhā* so short?
Why is there no Sanskrit in your lecture?"

Just be. Take it as it is, fellows.
What you see is what there is.
I'm not hiding phobias and panics.

I love my Prabhupāda in my
own way and if there is anything
wrong with that then I
pay my obeisances at your
feet.

You please inspire me how
to do it better.

He repeats and I
have a little hope that with the trouble
I'm having a new day will come

you'll see it, he'll have
his Prabhupāda and Jagannātha T-shirts
and not afraid to sit and
rest outdoors.

Please don't be
the one to be angry
in discourse. They will
praise him and omit
the bad parts.

Hare Kṛṣṇa goes on
in its own way. The sadness
he expressed was just apt,
I liked it best.

Then when they come
I've got them locked into
a time space after
which I escape.



Spring Birds

Don't leave out the
man who taught us
from the beginning.

He knew the rudiments.

I have a few poems
in my pocket from the Hare Kṛṣṇas.
He shakes my hand, "You are
the happiest people
in the world! Everyone should sing
your song. It will bring
peace to all."

This was spoken by
a disheveled sandwich man
on the Lower East Side, but I. Swami
shook his hand and said, "Thank *you!*
You have blessed our day
with your faith in the holy name."

Do you believe in these
stories? Of course
they are all true.

There's only one way you can be joyful with
Prabhupāda

and that's to take the *paramparā*. It will be
besmirched by
the nay-sayers,
but they won't hurt us.
We are Kṛṣṇa conscious happy fellows.

Go out in outlandish *dbotīs* and
saris and jump up and down
and some people laugh
but some join and say

these are great boys,
how can they be so
in tune with this greatest
thing?

Must have been kind in a past
life. The teachers in
the pedagogical line—they
were men of
joyful forces.

I only know the
Lord in His
music. I
only know
one thing. It's the sweetest thing
that devotees can love, serve,
and try to help. They're the best
people. In spring
we all hear birds
even in the dark.

And the Lord.



All One

A night in the place where

he went so fast I didn't think
you would be grasping with me
at the helm.

He blamed you he thought
you were the one.
I said, "You just blew
the whistle in an objective way
so don't pick on him."

He sat quiet as a pussycat in
his white *dhobi*. Said
he'd have to think of my charge
that he's a compulsive liar.

Did I ever reach Kṛṣṇa? I
said this is radical that
I have reached so low as
four rounds a day
and questioning my Kṛṣṇa
loves me and whether
the Virgin Mary loved me
and I was just thinking
why don't you get
your Prabhupāda consciousness

straightened out? He's like
no other. They said this
is controversial stuff. I don't
care, I will be my own man

and if you don't believe it then
I will believe it for you.
Kṛṣṇa is the top
pianist of them all.

We believed it we
understand she was now a
born-again new disciple and
I had never to let her
go.

Studying MA Christianity at Oxford:
“I was always interested in it.”
Hmm. Thanks. It’s good preaching.
“Yeah, well, why not?”

As for me, I’ll just walk down
the hill to the mailbox and see
if the newest CDs are in.
I wouldn’t want to go to
play one out of all endeavor.

Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa
Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa
Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa, a night at
the Village Vanguard
with Kṛṣṇa fans blowing their
message.

I don’t think the hip set likes it
the *mṛdaṅga* and *karatālas* but
we like it over at our storefront.

So it’s all one in a way.
I’d like to think Kṛṣṇa
can accept us.



This is going to be a long song so
hang on with me.

If I were a bell I'd ring on Christmas
and every time the *pūjārī* (me)
picked up the little bell to wake Govinda
first and then Rādhā.

Mādhava's five-year-old son
sleeps in the same room and
asks his dad every night about
Vṛndāvana. Mādhava's about drained
out. "Tell me more about the
monkeys." He says these impressions
will last a long time.

Of course, the kid, Śrīvāsa, will go there
and get his own impressions
maybe much different.

As for me, the debate is over
for now. I'm not going anywhere,
not even Baltinglass or Dublin
traffic jams. Just stay on this
"Govardhana." The rest
is a risk. This is real.
I just sit and write here.

Fall asleep in a taxi on
the way there. Conk out
in the bed in your late
morning nap.

Will you stay with me for this one? I'll tell you all
the secrets and sins, but we wrote them in Italian,
and the priest read only English. How he called
Trane "verbosely inept." Christ, what a fool! You
have to appreciate these masters and not put them
down.

They were going so fast I did appreciate it.
Next comes Nṛsimhadeva in May
and then comes spring festival—she
says she goes to church with her husband
but feels left out, but when she
went to the Belfast *mandira* she
also felt alien, left
“out of the club.” I felt sorry
for both of them. First day I saw them
in Dublin, they were sisters, Mary and Emer,
about
eighteen years old, prettiest girls you’d
ever see and enamored with Kṛṣṇa consciousness.

It seemed like such a great catch
for Prabhupāda and me too
because they’d become my disciples.

But now they’ve gone, diaspora,
wish everyone well
on their path, right?

If I were a devotee strong,
I’d see people all day or read
books, finish them off
fast like *Bṛhad-Bhāgavatāmṛta*,
and next week not just summarize it
but pull out some essences.

“That’s enough for me—I read
your *Among Friends* and have no time
for anything else you write.” Some day we’ll all
die,
and those records will be kept, and
while we’re alive, let’s be kind
to flesh and blood—those
were my last words.



Missing Vr̥ndavana

"I *miss* Vr̥ndāvana," he says.
Well, then why don't we go there
physically? Why just build an altar?

I want to go there actually,
the place where the taxis take
your life.

Wait, this is going too far for
I can't take it. They're
charging him too much money.

I'll pay for the place, the
altar. Don't let them criticize
him. But it won't look like
actual Vr̥ndāvana.
No place can be like that.

Yours in the Hollywood set. No
beggars, monkeys,
pigs, open sewers, your
place is a room in an
attic in Wicklow, Ireland,

sure a pretty place. Hey,
I'm working out this
anxiety set. I'm not a normal
guy, I'm an anxious guy,
going through a brown dawn
of the soul.

It's like no one could tell me
I'd have to remind myself
wake up and tell myself.
You're an extra-anxious
guy. You can't sleep
when you worry about stuff.
You are a worrier, a
critic, a perfectionist,
a shitter in your pants,
you never slept all night
under a bridge.

Oh, yes, I slept around the Jefferson Monument
but was
just a weekend camper with some money in my
pocket.

I want the foundation. I won't leave Śrīla
Prabhupāda. I
just looked at him
going out of the room and we
assured each other.

Not going to another religion.
You got me. You staked
me. Sometimes I get annoyed
when I hear a preacher say
the controller of the universe
has soft bare feet and
petal eyes and a girlfriend.

It's just too easy to hear.
I want to go there when
They want to bring me there,
but I don't know when
that will ever be.

See you tomorrow—
bring your cigarette butts
and your notepads
and I'll dictate some sweet stuff to
you you'll be proud to look at
later. I'm sure Kṛṣṇa is in
"heaven" lookin' down
with glee.



Some of ~~THE~~ Last Hopes

You have not gone astray your
supporters say you're just
finding your roots.

But they don't know how
far down I go like the
underground of WTC.

I don't know all the fears
anxieties tag-words.

He's squealing out any sound he can
to talk to Mt. Maraih
to kill his son

his bleeding feet on the
St. Patrick's hill. He will do it around
Govardhana. He can't avoid a bare foot

show yourself and allow others you know
this body is a lump of trash
and you don't care for it.
You are the soul within who
never feels pain.

He's calling to God. I say
he's suffering he's showing
off, he's making money
trying to show he's the best
person in the universe.

Join the monk order
when the scandal hits
try crying.

I'm the preacher. I
waste my day only
four rounds now rest
and talk to doctors
and therapist-friend.
How did it go with you today?

Who are you talking with today at 9:30 A.M.?
Is it a man with gray hair, is it a
gigantic catfish, a
ruddy white duck? Puporrati the pirate?
Are you letting bull *raja* into your room to spill his
depressions? Sit by yourself and
read the book on phobias and panic attacks.

He is a cruel man. The person
who read him right as suffering
from panic attacks just got a put-down—
he does it for everyone.

Maybe he'll send himself away
and I'll have some quiet again.

You there, keep quiet and
in control. I don't want
to resort to bouncing you out.
Leave peacefully, I say,
some prayers. Respect your
elders. Stay alone under
the beech tree. Don't do nothin'
you go on sunny random all

these holy months,
I think this may be an actual comeback.
Don't aim for pity. Make a joke.

Wobble, sailor. You're looking druggy but relaxed.
Kick back and you'll talk with a kind voice.

Now this may be going nowhere
but you have to wash your *arcās* and smile upon
Them,
one of your single hopes, the
warm water upon Their
golden bodies, the dress, the sitting Them on the
stand
and your back feels tired.



I Haven't Reached This Stage

They played together some measures they had invented. I won't throw out my pal.

I haven't reached the stage where I can give away all my belongings and lie naked with *kaupin* and sunken belly.

That day may come. I will be a better devotee. It will be my prayer and work on my low self-esteem, my sissy qualities. Stand up and take it, man.

He saw all the crabs and wanted to kill them, so he went for it. But that kind of anger will not help anyone, especially the killer.

He'll have to suffer more for every one he smashes in his ire.

Oh! Oh! *Haribols* are pouring in from the boys on the street, they got a chance to share the stage with the big rock stars and even Sir Paul comes and goes. "Thank the Hare Kṛṣṇas for attending."

We know they always want to proselytize and then they hang on like crabs. But it's a good thing too.

They're going to do three-dimensional Pañca-tattva. I am so cynical he thought I was blaspheming but I was just being myself.

They know me by
now in my Tommy Sport
pants and Adidas
and I wave to the trucks and cars that pass
and I stand on
the bridge and look down at
the water spurging down from
the mountain.

They are anxious undoubtedly
and black and have those blues
and bloodroots but
from there they reach up to heaven
and God. That's one way,
just as Handel's "Messiah" is another.

I'm listening and trying to decide
what I really like. It seems
I do like the cacophony. It suits
me. I've come a long way.

Come up, come up, do
the job of putting away Deities to rest.

I'm writing this so you can retire Them.
We work as a team. Don't forget to do it that way.

I am for Kṛṣṇa and you too—we're
buddies. I won't kick
you out for overspending money.

Don't get depressed. Kṛṣṇa is
in control anyway, so why
should I be anxious?



Where Is My God

People always wonder about God.
He's on their minds but
I want to be a devotee

and work sanely with
the others. Or I want to be
left alone, composing
poems.

There's nothing else to do when you're a celibate.
Work in the garden, accept
a donation, dress the Boy-Girl
Deities Rādhā and Govinda, enjoy
your hot sweet milk.

"Are you afraid of dying?"
"No," I answered.
Stupid reply. It's supposed
to be

and I'm so far behind in
going back to Godhead
shouldn't I be afraid?
Seems not. He says,
"I ain't
afraid."

But I'm afraid I lost
the initial thrill of
faith and enjoying the
pastimes of Kṛṣṇa in
innocence.

Theology is boring.
I want the real thing.
Prayer is hard.
Austerity in a cave is real
tough, like a *karmi's* job.

And you can't cry out, "God,
reveal Yourself to
me!" Better you say, "You
see me."

Sounds like you have
ennui
constipation
anxiety
Kierkegaard troubles
no leap of faith
dead marbles.



Hope

So, you're getting better?
You want to tell
official disciples

you want loving
with them? Do you
mean that in your
gut?

No, I don't love them.
Just a few of them.

It's getting irrelevant this
guru-*sisya* stuff.

And what to speak
of me and Kṛṣṇa,
me and Prabhupāda.

They say the way to connect
it is to go *through*
your anxieties and
at the same time *pray*

because only by His grace
will He lift you.

But I don't know
how to pray.

Nothing hard, please.
Japa beads don't seem
like prayer to me
anymore.

Prayer? Talk, *call* to
God when you're in
trouble. *Sakāma* devotee.

I'm writing this while waiting
for the carpenter to finish
installing our new
altar.

Maybe that will help.

But you need much more
than temple furniture.
You need to stay awake,
attentive and crying to the
Lord. When have
you ever done that?

But I have had the hope
things could turn better.



☛ Affirmation

I fall in love too easily
the romantic said and played
his horn loud. Guttural
in it too.

No one in the place
knew the tune? Well, here
comes the best guy
I ever knew.

Talk to your friend and calm him
down. And another thing:

Do this exercise—ask yourself
how bad you really feel
you've missed out and
it's too late to join the
Govardhana Palace club

and other senior devotee
friends.

The question
is not just intellectual
but a real emotion.

Ask yourself
do you think God doesn't care for
you, won't give you His
grace? Do you doubt
He even exists?

Work on these exercises by
making up little *affirmations*,
short sayings like, "I don't need them guys."
Or make it positive: "I'm fine in Wicklow."
And, "God will send His grace."

But you have to *mean* all these affirmatives. Otherwise, what's the use?

Say them several times a day. Get out the phone book and look up a small devotee and say, "Remember me?"

Go to a festival. Oh, no.
Time out. Read the books with at least a little stamina.

Man, I's tired. I don't think I can get through this impasse, this doubt and ennui, these pesty *anarthas*. Sure you can. Tell your Prabhupāda stories. Drink hot milk. Talk to your defending lawyer, who loves you. Things will get better.

Oh boy, I hope you're right.
I'm counting on you, lady luck,
with little time left.



Breakdown

Now I have little time he
says you're cute to think
you have a lot of time

or less. I am enamored
talk every day and learn new
things. I am a hurt boy
with lots of traumas

I didn't love
I wasn't loved
that's what they say.

I believe it and then
I thought everyone's okay
who is Swami's man.

But that fucking love I
missed all those years
was covered over and it
came back again, the lack,
the hunger,
the feeling deep within
covered
that even Kṛṣṇa maybe didn't love
maybe Swami only wanted
me to work for
the mission.

It came lately, ten years
ago, I just broke down
like a nervous breakdown

and now I am like Kṛṣṇadāsa Kavirāja,
coming out of it to swim in bliss.



☞ Billy Boy Nightcap

Billy Boy was so popular
they were glad to hear his
song, he danced on the apples

he tried to make sense
but it was too late and
he had taken his
meds and it was time
to take to bed.

You can get rest and
then I'll say I love
you and dream of some
Vṛndāvana scene
in the upper
central whorl
and I'll believe it and
you take my hand
and maybe spiritual
hands and
watch Them kiss
or just talk about
it.



Midnight Sun

She was overcome by her
lover embracing her at
night, saw a midnight
sun, a nightingale?

We have to give it up
seeing the midnight
sun the pale sky.

Is it true? But true? A dream?
I think it's a
kind of ethereal bunk.

Stardust on her sleeves
when he left. But
the Lord in His abode
can see those things.

Here we wander in illusion.
"When I told you, dear,
we will have to drop
the emotions, I didn't
hear a peep out of
you. This is romance
in this world."



How Long Has This Been Going ON?

The whore collected
money never serious
but she fell in love
with one man serious,
delirious.

“How long has this been
going on?” Were you tricking
me too? I thought you
were a true man.

Let me dream it’s
a true love for
a whore. I guess it
evens the score for all
the bad ones. (I’m too
naïve to even figure
the lyrics of the world.)

This divine rendezvous
is a true love, that’s what
makes it right. What a break.
How long has this been going on?
I’ll tell you—
for an instant,
for a number
for a mirror image
for a not never.

You’ll be torn apart
you can’t imagine
what you
really must
face
and I want to preach
to you but you’ll see
me as another
yes-man fool.



☛ Crying

Just do it your own way
not copycat
God wants your love

He wants you to be gentle
and angry at the demons

He wants you (he told me)
to cry and cry for His grace.
If you don't cry enough

He'll think you don't
really want it. All the
way crying, crying.

But you can't imitate it.
So start from a little
peep, a little longing.

Dear Lord, I am liking,
loving myself? Like a
show-off? Not loving
myself, like a louse?

Trying to learn how to
revive Kṛṣṇa consciousness
and maybe it can come

some juice of tears and
longing, "Your only love,"
your longing.

Purity is to will one thing.⁸

I am the best. No,
but I love myself.

I think I'm an okay guy.

They are doing it together
and I will help them
I will help them.

They will improve by the
grace of God. It happens
only in His power.

All this is theory I heard
it from a person who wishes
me well. When it's
time

when I can fly on my own
with no attachments,
go south, fly with
the liberated pack
on my own wings.

This one is His we gave
Him all credit. Kṛṣṇa is
the Supreme Person, and when He
decides to lift you up
to the mailbox, only then
can you drop your
letter in.

But if you cry
for it enough maybe—
like I fed the cat ten minutes early
maybe he'll be extra soft because
you're crying so much
and are not a pest.



☛ Greeting

He's greeting his friend with
a slap of the hand,
with a little kiss.

He's giving him a gift.
They are both devotees
of the Lord, so they
make the solemn *praṇāmas*.

They roll in the holy
dust of the *dhāma*
or if they live in Oakland
they can bow there too.
The whole earth is holy
(as Pope John-Paul bowed when he
first touched Boston).

The greeting is God is
most special is a sender
of *daṇḍavats*, all
points of your body touching.

And your heart. Hello,
hello, please accept my feelings
these days I don't want
to be left out

of the chance to love you
each minute hello,
accept my service
obeisances.

Prabhupāda! And not just
lip service you offer
grieving with full service
of body and words.

Open arms to the world
Hare Kṛṣṇa to the people
along the road
greeting the *ratha* cart.

Even if they are too sour to greet
we give them back a smile
and a blessing as God ordered.

Blessing. Greeting. Kṛṣṇa in
Vṛndāvana wishes you back
sends us here to call
you.

Greeting. Meeting. Beating
down the blues,
shoes or bare
where are you happy child
beat down the noncommunicative
misanthrope.

A wave of the hand
from the driver in the
passing car in Wicklow.



Let ~~THE~~ Grace ~~OF~~ God Descend

I don't want
"is your mouth a little weak/⁹
who am I? I am the *sannyāsī* who speaks
without *śāstra*."

He works in a writing shed
writing a letter to himself.

I don't even know if I've got all the traumas

or should I just back out of it?
Read *The Anxiety*
and *Phobia Workbook*.

What a joke! Miles¹⁰ breaks our hearts
and John Fante's.¹¹

You've got to experience love.
You've got to live love
or
or why even care to be
a famous writer or why...

You don't know
anything. That was
a hard story to believe
that the earthquake
occurred.

Camilla his Mayan
princess. She ripped
his book to pieces.¹²

He gave it to her as a love gift.

Nothing works. Please be kind
to us. Please get the grace of God.

Descend and let us know
the path to tears
dear Lord.

My dear poor persons,
he feels compassion
for them. But
when will they become
beautiful in the eyes
of God?

Kṛṣṇa,
the lecturer Bhūrījāna
saying the good examples
but they were good and
strong.

I'm reading John Fante
instead of the *Gītā*. I'm
not doing wrong.

They're evading my neighbor's
asking me about the medicine
he doesn't know
I'm being treated
for "anticipatory anxiety"
and I'd
be the last to tell him.

Medicine makes you sleep
real well and that's good.

Yeah! He's doing it
well.

Meditating through room
chatter and a phone call.

I am like a person
who loves himself.

Really mean that?
I think that I'm okay.

They played so well
Kṛṣṇa will be pleased.
Excuse the
roundabout. Our Buddy¹³
is dead and it's so
hard to accept it's
actually true. And you'll
be too one by one.

So get your work done
and get free of hang-
ups so you can do more
good stuff before your
bell tolls.

Really "racy" Kṛṣṇa
stuff. I beg He'll
give that grace.

Friend said it's best.



At ~~THE~~ Wicklow Bridge

So I won't be afraid
to die. Moritat. They sang
"Jack the Knife" at a party in Berlin
with beers all around.

But I stayed home in
my writing shed,
imagining
being free of underpinnings
just a writer who
came out with his
right pain unentangled
by longing.

He walks and thinks about
the water shifting down the
ditch, most glorious sight
of the furious creek.

I guess, "If I jumped off the bridge, the wild
current would carry me, blood on the rocks,
helpless until I reached that low

footbridge, then I might reach up," but
I didn't jump, just enjoyed the
splurged from God's Wicklow hill.

How strong and clear
if I can be alone and
tell you, isn't that enough?

Phillips, Phillips—
I'm seeing double
I'm diving off the bridge

I'm thinking of prayer while
I don't know it, saints and gods
of Murāri's and cowherd boys and
I'd like to be
with the best.

In the holiest innocence
of Yogamāyā
far away from the slightest tinge of doubt.

That's what I'm wishing for in
the Max Roach¹⁴ solo, if he can do it, why not me?
You could call for grace
and grace
big cathedral in Brooklyn
on the day of Pop's
passing away. We gathered in our
Sunday best, the Guarinos
and visit the grave

and pray for the
white-mustached bricklayer

who helped build the highest tower
in New York they say
and now the two little swans
are floating at the
feet of Kṛṣṇadāsa Kavirāja
and I'm here right now,
all Guarinos gone?



File It Away

Maybe I don't need all this
therapy just write your
poems.

Plugged nickel I want
to be a Christian again.

Shove a poem up
your rear, put it in the file

under "Holy Angels," don't applaud until
I'm actually finished my piece. I've got
a little more to go.

You don't know me upset
I don't want to see
you around here please
leave me lonely, alone
with my books.

It's been too long since
I've been struggling, I
should learn to listen to
laugh with a little . . .
He's got the call, the noise.
This poem is the worst
finish and I'm not even going to read it.
Shall you bathe the Deities or rest on your back
and tell Bala, "I'm exhausted and distracted"?

No, at least bathe Them! Bathe Them, pray for
some
clear view and love. They're not dolls.

They can cause tears to pour from the eyes of a
blind man and put him on the right road
to call and call forever.

Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa.

“Peepee, I was in my shorts in . . .
I’m not so anxiety-prone. Just give me
the medicine and let me rest. That seems the
best.”

I want to pray in a sacred place
like the writing shed maybe with
candles and just ask Kṛṣṇa
for His help. Not my mother
she is gone, I’m sorry. Grieve, grieve, grieve,
it all will not help my Kṛṣṇa consciousness.
Grieve the material things I did.



Sick ^{of} It

I am tired of being told
I am mentally anxious
can't make up my mind

let me be who I am
a sensitive artist
a GBC silent

exile no one
been to my house
crazy man.

I eat my Klonopin.
Am I really
an "anticipatory anxiety" person?
I'm sick of all the talk.

It makes me anxious. Let
me just rest. I've read all
those books and tried those
techniques. I'm not so smart
to learn that religion.

I can't even believe with fervor
the religion I follow.
Little knit hat on three-inch
Prabhupāda *mūrti*.

I follow the tenets and
if I *don't* believe they say,
"Yes, that's a hard
question. The way I deal
with it is to pray to God
for a solution."

How do you pray?
You listen to McCoy
Tyner and Ron Carter.¹⁵

You mean, "Prelude to
a Kiss"? No! No kisses,
no hugs. It's the
thirtieth anniversary of
my celibacy. Don't
throw that shit at me.



Shallow? Nonsense!

It's you or no one.
He has a good rhythm section
and knows how to play the piano.

There'll be you, sitting beside me,
listening to this kind of
music. They say it's cocktail
that you chatter while you hear it
but no, it's deep, it's not
shallow.

Maybe you can't understand it
but I do.



“You don’t know what
love is until you
know the meaning of the blues.”¹⁶

He plays his own arrangements.
No one knew how well he
did it. He was his own
master.

I did know it was God
coming through him. People
who are dumb can’t
see it.

They want to gather in
big numbers. You
think it’s wrong of me
not to want to have
friends?

You think it’s false
not to want to be
part of a group
that goes in a taxi for
a picnic to a *sādhu*’s
party?

Or to visit a temple just four or six of us
instead of alone?

You think that’s too
negative? Yeah, I’ve
got my friends.



🏹 A Story

I'm on time
repeating the same thing

you used to be devotees of
the highest order I
have a story to tell on Sunday.

It will go like this: Once there
was a disciple who was in
a quandary to see his guru
both as Guru Mahārāja in *paramparā*
and as a person.

So he asked his God-uncle
and got the answer that God
is a person and so is
your guru (imperfect) but God
accepts your service through
the person guru.

That solved it. As simple as
that. When the *dikṣā-guru*
heard his disciple was
now cleared, he called
his brother and thanked,
jealous as I am.



My Fault

The girls had their heads
covered half with *sari* and you
could see the part in their
hair with red vermilion.
The boys with long disarrayed
śikhās, and there was me, the servant
accompanying him
on the plane to
next temple where he'd
be adored and I'd be bored
sometimes when he said the same
example, got repeated
too many times.

But that was my fault I
don't deny and now
I'm going back to sleep.



☛ Fear Over Love

I think this is it, but
I'm not sure it sounds
like "Ornithology."¹⁷

They turn to the master
and your Higher Power (as
in Twelve Steps) will help you climb out
of the anxiety gutter.

Don't be afraid your
girl will leave you and you'll
be with God.

O God, I want You as
my lover but I don't know
if I'll ever get that far.

They say your time to love to overcome fear
is through warm buckets
of water.

And be a tilaked
man who attacks
the canvas with a gentle
passion. Let the
mobiles hang gracefully
like men on Mars and Svarga
and in Yudhiṣṭhira's court.



Worshipping ^{THE} Greatest Man

When Sahadeva spoke up

he said Lord Acyuta is
the *ādi-puruṣa* and shall
be worshiped. Yudhiṣṭhira poured
the water but couldn't
even see Him because
of his tears.

When rascal Śiṣupāla spoke up
they let him spew until
all his offenses had reached their peak.

Then Kṛṣṇa said, "Enough
is enough." And sliced his head
with shining disc in Yudhiṣṭhira's court.
The soul flew into the body
of the Lord.

Why was that?



Cheerful

Don't be a sad lyricist
just sing along as best you can
I realize there was little
time. Don't storm this monastery.

We are lonely
but we know how to
live with that. You just
paint and find a way
to write.

Hare Kṛṣṇa uptake has to
happen sooner or later that's
a disgrace but I'll get
it up soon.

Got to move them find
a schedule for it.
Hare Kṛṣṇa mantras
clicked to one, three, four rounds
but this diazepam
just topples me over.

I can't live with it,
it shuts the eyes.
One and a half hours go by and
you don't even know where
you are.

Christ, was that two rounds?
Sleep, sleep, that's your
sādhana, he's told you for now,
so don't feel bad about it.

Banging his brushes on
the phone book. Crack!

Telling my attorney get me
out of the mess of people who
want to be friendly.

I think I just have to be
firm and say, "I'm putting
my boot down."

No girls in the monastery
for now. And tell
the analysts I'm not so bad as
they think.

They play for the fun and joy
and that's a grateful prayer
to God.

Hare Kṛṣṇa. My foot is not
on Govardhana. My body
is in Erin, covered with
spider spots.

I don't even know the
name of my spiritual melancholy
anticipatory death, dried up prone
withholding of the mercy
he thinks they're all fairytales
because the scholars said so and
whoever heard of a magic
bird who could fly with
Viṣṇu on his back?

I shuffle and shoulders slump.
On a good morning I paint
with great energy.

Built on the chords of
"Lester Leaps In"¹⁸ and on that
sad day
I become more cheerful.



Good Guy

We were not involved
in this civil heist
we were with Alfred E.
Neuman.

We smiled missing
front tooth, took
my walk, took my bath and painted
a lot of stuff no
one could understand—
you spray the paint
over him again.

I wrote an essay in defense of Prabhupāda
and his men who are gurus.

They cheered and applauded
me. They said he's a good
guy. We don't want
him dead. Live instead in the
Kṛṣṇa conscious Christmas tree,
he's just a humble
little fellow
living on the hill with
the green mailboxes
at the bottom.



☛ Signs ^{of} Anxiety

They laughed but I
cried for this is good
I wanted more cookies
offered to the Lord.

And get pushed along in my route
to heaven by His
grace. We will do
the work together. He'll
help me with fears.
With my phobias. In
my racketeering shites.
I don't know the
day of the week or—
even with a wristwatch—
the time of the day.

You believe you've
got troubles?



I don't think I have
to be one of you people
who jingle and jangle.
I want to be an altar
boy. I want to be
a safe person with food and
altar of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa and
Gaura-Nitāi and
Śrīla Prabhupāda.

Do you care what I do?
What is the subject matter?

A book of people who
stowed away. That was
a gift.
I don't get them every day.
He has expired. Let's praise
famous men. And less
famous to a lesser degree.

I asked you a question in my last letter
and you didn't answer it. How come?
It doesn't inspire
people, does it?

He asked me not to bother
answering his questions but
I researched for his letter to answer them.

You have to be there for people. But he
says I'll do it
only if you tell me what's
actually happening or how can I
advise?

Those friendships thrown on the
junk heap. Find a new one.
Go to a party and act like a
smiling, polite ass, saying things
that "Vaiṣṇavas" say.

All this put-down isn't
good for your mental health,
let's hear some counter-talk.
Okay, I'm a swell humble fellow
who worked and
traveled in Dodge Ram vans
all over the U.S. giving lectures
(the same ones).

People smile at me.
They thought I was good,
God loves me.

It's a place in your heart
where you can live
even if people don't come around
you'll be content painting and building a
visionary garden that appears in
Raw Vision magazine
you learn finally how to overcome
a few bad habits.
You know, I used to chew
my fingernails and
masturbate but these habits
are long over.
I used to have a terrific
false ego—which seems less.
So why not more?



You don't know what love is
it's not shallow
it's the second take

he said I want to get rid of
romance I just want to
empty the garbage

and make little men out of
wood and paint them
and line them in a queue
by a bus stop.

I like to chant sixteen rounds
a day but with all
that Klonapin . . .

See Christ or Kṛṣṇa in
His glory and He
gives you everything . . .

You splurge paint on
the canvas wall. I
met a man from Paris. He said,
“*Parlez-vous* Hare Kṛṣṇa!” They
are all over the place. Thanks to Śrīla Prabhupāda.

No other gets the credit. He's
the first and best
follow him and you'll
get the favor of the Lord.



I like God

There's something called tater pie
people like to eat. For myself
I had ice cream and cheesecake
and little veggies and bread and butter
it cheered me up from

all the day's anxieties pouring
out on the phone and fax
and my poor head is reeling.

I just want to be with
a male devotee and no
notions of sex just God's
service.

We know how to work
and play. I'm too weak
to scrub the floor.

Let me do something for
a happy night. I don't
care if you don't like
me. I like God.



Crescent

Five minutes is all I give you said
the jailer but the pianist
played as well as ever.

The crescent, the moon
in the sky, my own
ploughing through a day—

is there a fax from
an ex-lover
can I get thrown in jail
jam

can I lie to the therapist and say
my trouble is due
to in-fighting by the book
publishers?

What's the use of lying to
the crescent moon? He'll
just look cold down
on you with his rabbit
if you're lucky enough
in Wicklow to even see a moon.

Our so limited activities. There's
a book of Sanātana Gosvāmī available
if you have the stamina

and it's important to
chant on *tulasī* beads. So my friend
it's up to you to use your time

and stop churning up so much
wasted grace in your spinning
head.

“I’m making peace with the
Catholic Church,” he said, but
how could you be condemned forever
for wrong acts in just
one lifetime?

In Vedic life, at least a hog
can rise again.



Inner Work

When I fall in love it
will be forever he
sang no one played like
him¹⁹

imitation. Now play
the people were talking too
loud and you couldn't
pay attention

to the inner work where
you see yourself for who
you are and you decide

yes, this is who I want
to be, a lover, a rover,
I want to be a player
on a drum.

Doesn't know if he wants
to be a Vaiṣṇava with
topknot—can't decide
on girl or boy because
that's the kind of thing
decided by fate.

Deeper, the inner
person—are you sure
you like to live only
alone?

Do you want to catch
your irritability
your fears
and then decide I
don't want to be
like that?

I want to be
changed
I want to be
the same
I don't even want
to try to find out

they were asking themselves
these questions in the
waiting room.

I dove into the surf.
I stepped aside as a
truck roared by.

The Master in the
heart can help
but you've got to call out loud
and deep, "Please help me
and all these coaches will have some meaning."

You tell me in my seat
of soul. No one else can
know for me.



New Assertions

You're going to see me a tougher
guy. Get lost, mother.

If someone says why don't you
phone me every day, or he laughs, "Ha!
You wrote a book about a mouse?"
I'll say, "May mouse turds drop on you!"

My assertive new will
will be used in Kṛṣṇa's service. I say,
"Sorry, he can't travel. Sorry, he's not home.
He's out in the garden." Sorry, he's sitting back in
his kickback chair. You
won't find him on the
street or the plane
or the festival.

He writes books.
Oh! Look! Here's
his God, beautiful
Kṛṣṇa, the Lord of all.
So why bother about me?
Focus on Govinda.



Feedback

He dared to tell you what
medicine is best, what Higher Power
and when to relax.

He says you are a worrier
and you need B2 shots.
He tells you enter the
Twelve Step program and do TM
biofeedback.

Why should we listen to
him? What right has he got
to tell me

the best formula for success
in life? Don't tell your secret.
You dig me wrong. Take two.
Take three. It's always
the Lord of Lords
in bowers
the supreme power
as a milker
of cows
just a child.



☛ Sunday Mass

I want to be explicit
there was no way to get
home clear:
 No free sandwiches.

You have to pay for it.
I am the one and only
person who has to decide
and live within my writing shed
no one understands

I don't cry for you, I
don't grieve. I'm just
detached. I feel good

as I plough the grass
there is no home owner
in these suburbs as
happy as me.

I live in an atmosphere
of just fooling around. You

go to Sunday Mass and I give the
Looney Tunes sermon.

They understand the
story of Kṛṣṇadāsa who
reconciled his guru as *ācārya*
and flesh and blood

and who didn't want
any woman on his back—
get them off!

This is the toughest call
but you can hack it if
you use your paring knife

and stand like a soldier
in the line.

He got it right in
Hackensack—all Catlicks
at Mass. But the masses
are in the streets
or at home with
TVs.

As for me, I'm free
chained to you.



1. "John" is a reference to John Coltrane (1926–1967). Along with Charlie Parker, John Coltrane is one of the most revolutionary and widely imitated saxophonists in the history of jazz. In 1957, Trane underwent a religious experience, which he describes as follows: "I experienced, by the grace of God, a spiritual awakening which was to lead me to a richer, fuller, more productive life. In gratitude, I humbly asked to be given the means and privilege to make others happy through music." In 1964, Coltrane recorded *A Love Supreme*, in which he expresses through music his reverence and devotion to God. *A Love Supreme* is widely considered by critics to be Coltrane's masterpiece. Coltrane's music is characterized by extended improvisations of high energy and great originality. Coltrane died from liver disease at the age of 40. In his later years and after his death, Coltrane was venerated for the quality of his character, his deep religious convictions, his peaceful demeanor, his striving to achieve a musical ideal, and for his support for young jazz artists. John Coltrane's wife, Alice Coltrane, is a follower of Sai Baba.

2. "McCoy" is a reference to McCoy Tyner (b. 1938), a legendary jazz pianist who in 1959 spent six months playing in the Art Farmer – Benny Golson Jazztet before joining the John Coltrane Quartet. Tyner remained with Coltrane until 1966, when he started his own trio. Beginning in 1972, his band toured regularly in Europe, Japan, and the United States. In 1978 he joined up with Sonny Rollins, Ron Carter and Al Foster in the Milestone Jazzstars. Tyner has released dozens of albums that stretch the boundaries of the jazz piano. "To me," Tyner explains, "living and music are all the same thing. And I keep finding out more about music as I learn more about myself, my environment, about all kinds of different things in life. I play what I live. Therefore, just as I can't predict what kinds of experiences I'm going to have, I can't predict the directions in which my music will go. I just want to write and play my instrument as I feel."

3. Robert Bly (b. 1926). American poet, essayist, and translator. In 1966, Bly cofounded American Writers Against the Vietnam War and led much of the opposition among writers to that war. His poetry books include *Eating the Honey of Words: New and Selected Poems* (1999), *Morning Poems* (1997), *Meditations on the Insatiable Soul*, *What Have I Ever Lost by Dying?*, and *Angels of Pompeii*. His book *Iron John: A Book About Men*, published in 1992, became an international bestseller and has been translated into many languages.

4. “Cherokee” is an up-tempo jazz standard written in 1938 by English composer and band leader Ray Noble (1903–1978). “Cherokee” became a classic composition during the swing era. There are at least half a dozen changes of key in the song. Legend has it that a very young Charlie Parker was once laughed off stage by fellow musicians at a local club because his playing was not up to par. According to the legend, Bird then woodshedded on “Cherokee” until he could play and improvise off the song in all twelve keys at blazing tempo.

5. César Vallejo (1892–1938). Peruvian poet whose book *Trilce*, published in 1922, anticipated much of the international avant-garde movement of the 1920s and 1930s. Much of the poetry in *Trilce*, such as word inventions, stretching of syntax, and the use of automatic writing, would later appear in the literature of the Surrealists.

6. “Sonny” refers to Sonny Rollins (b. 1930). Widely considered to be the greatest living jazz saxophonist, Sonny Rollins rose to prominence in the golden age of jazz improvisation in the 1950s and 1960s, collaborating with Charlie Parker, Lester Young, Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis, Clifford Brown, Max Roach, Thelonious Monk, John Coltrane, Coleman Hawkins, and others. In 1956, Rollins, who is a self-taught musician, suffered from anxiety related to his feeling that he could not live up to the reputation he had achieved. He subsequently

took a 2-year sabbatical from recording and performing. During this period, he lived on Manhattan's Lower East Side. To escape his cramped apartment and to avoid disturbing his neighbors, Rollins would practice his saxophone on a catwalk high atop the Williamsburg Bridge, overlooking the East River and the New York City skyline. These practice sessions became legendary. Says Rollins, "I was just looking for a place to blow my horn." His album *The Bridge* was released in 1962. Through the influence of John Coltrane, Rollins became interested in yoga and Zen Buddhism. From 1966 to 1972, Rollins took yet another sabbatical, during which he traveled to India, where he studied in a yoga ashrama. Sonny Rollins continues to record, to perform, and to practice daily.

7. "Monk" refers to Thelonious Monk (1917–1982), master jazz pianist and composer whose collaborations with Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker, and Kenny Clarke helped establish bebop, the first truly modern jazz style (prior to the rise of bebop, jazz was a form of dance music).

8. "Purity is to will one thing" is an allusion to the book *Purity of Heart Is to Will One Thing*, by Soren Kierkegaard, the nineteenth century Danish philosopher and theologian whose theistic writings on individualism and self-authenticity would have far-reaching influence on twentieth century philosophy and theology.

9. "Is your mouth a little weak" is an allusion to "My Funny Valentine," a standard written by Lorenz and Hart in 1936, the lyrics of which are as follows: My funny valentine/ Sweet, comic valentine/ You make me smile with my heart/ Your looks are laughable,/ unphotographable/ Yet you're my favorite work of art/ Is your figure less than Greek?/ Is your mouth a little weak?/ When you open it to speak/ are you smart?/ Don't change a hair for me/ Not if you care for me/ Stay little valentine stay/ Each day is Valentine's Day.

10. “Miles” is a reference to jazz trumpeter Miles Davis (1926–1991). Miles Davis was the most consistently innovative musician in jazz from the late 1940s through-out the 1960s. He is considered to be one of the all-time great melodic soloists and a master of restraint. Davis, together with saxophonist John Coltrane, is an important figure in the development of modal jazz, in which composition is based on a small number of modes, or scales, rather than chord changes. In 1982, at the age of 56, Davis suffered a stroke that left his left hand partially paralyzed and that forced him to retire from performing. He took up painting as a form of physical therapy and quickly established himself as a serious artist. His artwork has been well reviewed and has been exhibited in cities around the world.

11. John Fante (1909–1983). Novelist and screenplay writer John Fante’s first published novel, *Wait Until Spring, Bandini* (1938), received strong reviews, and his third novel, *Ask the Dust* (1939), is generally considered his masterpiece. *Dago Red*, a collection of short stories, followed in 1940. To earn a living, Fante began writing screenplays for Hollywood, which he described as “the most disgusting job in Christ’s kingdom.” His next book to be published, *Full of Life* (1956), became a bestseller and was successfully adapted for film. In 1980, poet Charles Bukowski sent a copy of *Ask the Dust* to his publisher, Black Sparrow Press, demanding republication of Fante’s book as a condition for publication of further books by Bukowski. This led to a rediscovery of Fante’s work. All of Fante’s writings are now in print, and an important and acclaimed biography of John Fante, written by Stephen Cooper, was published in 2000.

12. Camilla is a character in John Fante’s novel *Ask the Dust* (Black Sparrow Press, 1980).

13. A reference to Tamāla Kṛṣṇa Goswami, who passed away on March 14, 2002.

14. Max Roach (b. 1924). Max Roach is one of the most influential drummers in the history of jazz. By 1945 he was a jazz superstar, and he has been involved in the creation and development of three fundamental styles of modern jazz: bebop, cool jazz, and hard bop. Roach has performed with jazz greats Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis, John Coltrane, Theolonious Monk, Sonny Rollins, and many others.

15. Ron Carter (b. 1937). Early in his career, premiere jazz bassist Ron Carter performed with Cannonball Adderley, Jaki Byard, Randy Weston, Bobby Timmons, Thelonious Monk, and Art Farmer. In 1963 he joined Miles Davis in what would become Davis' second great quintet, with Wayne Shorter, Tony Williams, and Herbie Hancock. Carter remained with Miles Davis from 1963 to 1968, after which he led his own groups and taught. Throughout the 1970s he was in high demand as a studio musician, and he also toured with several bands during this period. In addition to playing bass, Carter also plays the cello and the piccolo bass; he has performed chamber and orchestral compositions, and he is also a masterful teacher.

16. From the song "You Don't Know What Love Is," by George Benson.

17. "Ornithology," a jazz composition by Charlie Parker.

18. "Lester Leaps In," a famous jazz composition by the great pioneer tenor saxophonist Lester "Pres" Young (1909–1959). Young gained national and international fame playing with the Count Basie Orchestra, and he was a friend and musical collaborator of the great jazz vocalist Billie Holiday.

19. A reference to Bill Evans (1929–1980). Shy, modest, articulate pianist Bill Evans' reputation became solidi-

fied in the jazz world through his work on Miles Davis' classic album *Kind of Blue*, recorded in 1958. In the course of his career, Evans recorded with some of the top names in jazz, including John Coltrane, Charles Mingus, Art Farmer, Stan Getz, and Oliver Nelson. His playing had a significant influence on the pianists Herbie Hancock, Chick Corea, Keith Jarrett, Marc Copland, and others. Evans was a prolific and profoundly creative artist and a genuinely compassionate, gentle person.



■ Acknowledgments

The following people helped produce this book:

Aghari dasa – Sponsor

Chandramukhi devi dasi – Sponsor and Coordinator

Dattatreya dasa – Editorial Consultant

Krsna-kirtana dasa – Artist

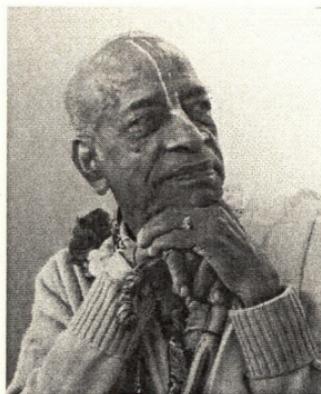
Madana-mohana dasa – Designer and Producer

Nandapatni devi dasi – Coordinator

Nandimukhi devi dasi – Editor

Sastra dasa – Sponsor





His Divine Grace A. C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupāda lived in this world from 1896 to 1977. Born in Calcutta, India, he first met his spiritual master, Śrīla Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī Gosvāmī, in 1922. At their first meeting he was asked to spread the Vedic knowledge all over the world, and during his many years as a married businessman, he often contemplated this order of his spiritual master. At the age of 63, he accepted the renounced order of life (*sannyāsa*) to help fulfill this mission. From his humble surroundings at the Rādhā-Dāmodara temple in Vṛndāvana, he began work on his life's masterpiece: a multivolume English translation of the eighteen-thousand-verse *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* complete with elaborate commentary.

In 1965, with 40 rupees in his pocket, he came by freighter from India to New York City. After almost a year of great difficulty and heroic perseverance, he established the International Society for Krishna Consciousness. In the twelve short years before he passed away, he had guided the Society and watched it grow to a worldwide society of more than one hundred *āśramas*, schools, temples, institutes, cultural centers, and farm communities.

In Śrīla Prabhupāda's own view, his most significant contribution is his books. Highly respected by scholars for their authority, depth, and clarity, they are used as textbooks in numerous college courses. His writings have been translated into over fifty languages. Despite his advanced

age, Śrīla Prabhupāda circled the globe fourteen times on lecture tours that took him to six continents. Yet this vigorous schedule did not slow his prolific literary output. His writings constitute a veritable library of Vedic philosophy, religion, literature, and culture.

For more information about Śrīla Prabhupāda and his work, please visit www.harekrishna.com, or contact
Bhaktivedanta Book Trust, P. O. Box 34074,
Los Angeles, CA 90034,
Phone: 1-310-837-528 • FAX: 1-310-837-1056.





Satsvarūpa dāsa Goswami is a Vaiṣṇava writer, poet, and artist. He was among the first young Americans to assist Śrīla Prabhupāda with his mission in the West and, as Śrīla Prabhupāda's intimate disciple, he served as personal secretary for many years. He is also the author of Śrīla Prabhupāda's authorized biography, *Śrīla Prabhupāda-līlāmṛta*. Satsvarūpa dāsa Goswami has traveled broadly, lecturing on Kṛṣṇa consciousness, and instructing disciples worldwide. His published writings include poems, memoirs, essays, novels, and studies based on the Vaiṣṇava scriptures. In recent years, his devotional life has evolved to include the creation of numerous paintings, drawings, and sculptures that lovingly capture and express the artist's absorption in the culture of Kṛṣṇa consciousness.

For more information about Satsvarūpa dāsa Goswami and his work, please visit Gītā-nagarī Press at www.gnpress.org or contact GN Press, Inc., 6220 Wrigley Way, Fort Worth, TX 76133, 1-877-295-8942.





