

THE INDIAN MYSTIC AND THE JAZZ MUSICIAN

This is the season for dying in.
It is February.
The ice-cold jostles
Against the window blade.
It is high time I got up from my bed.

Two have died so far, this week.
The one, Meher Baba, was already a part of infinite consciousness.
He may indeed have been infinite consciousness itself
So for him there really are no problems.
He dropped his body, but his smile remains.

For the other, a young jazz musician, there were problems.
And there are problems still that remain to be sorted out.
'He had no future,' someone said
So the news of his death is curiously irrelevant.
What happened to his spirit while he was alive is altogether another matter.

Somewhere in his life
May be at birth
He had been literally struck down in his tracks.
It was as if they had cut off his legs
As a child, before he'd been ready to walk.

I'm speaking metaphorically, of course.
The effect of what they did to him was far, far worse
Than if they had actually cut off his legs from beneath him.
You could see it all in his eyes.
They were doomed. Numb. Struck dumb.

And we who saw him while he was alive
Would pause for a moment when he entered the room
And started, rather restlessly, playing at the piano.
But we did not fully grasp what had happened to him
Until after he'd died. Doomed, numb, struck dumb.

The words still don't convey the multitude of confusion
That was going on deep down in his soul.
As for the other, Meher Baba, light flowed from beneath him.
The lives of the two strangely contrasted. Poles apart.
Infinite consciousness contrasting as it does with a state of permanent dis-ease.

John Horder