

Passion-songs
&
Plums

Volume 1

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Dedication

This book is free to any soul who will love it, share it and benefit from it. For everything written here is written in joy and peace and is to develop these states around the world. If you have enjoyed this offering and feel moved to pay for the privilege, please send a donation to www.peacexpeace.org and spread the word.

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For many years I was
Angry that God had
Not blessed me
With the fairest face and figure.
And then one day
I was silent
And God said:
'I blessed you with
Melodious voice and
Sweet words
These are your talents.
With these you will speak of Love
To the hearts and souls
Of man
And all will be touched
By your Beauty whether
They acknowledge it or not.
Remember each soul has

Come to Earth for a
Specific purpose
Do not waste your time
Coveting other's talents
Each of you is blessed
With plenty of your own.
When you use them
You honour Me.'

Today let me practise
Presence
Now in the moment
And each moment forward
Until everything in
Front of me
Is acknowledged
As Love
And we shall be
One.

Let my stringed heart
Be as the Lute
Sweet, mellow
And filled with Love
And let God sing His
Songs through me.

All this time
You spend working
Watching, learning
Accruing what?
Wealth?
Ah yes!
But greater than any money
Is the wealth of
Experience
In loving you....
Accrue as you walk from
Child to adult
For what is money
If you have no
Love to share
With the world *and*
Your God?

It is not the few
Who are blessed
By Allah
It is all who understand
He is found within.
From this moment
Of recognition
Everything changes
And you are willing
To bless others
As Allah does you.

Life's tourist
Arrives, visits, devours
And buys things
He covets
For they are different
From what he knows
He takes them home
And they fill his closets.

Life's traveller
Arrives, passes through
Buying only what he
Needs
Wishing to find what
He has left behind
And cursing the
Strangeness he sees.

Life's refugee
Arrives to stay
For as long as it is
Safe to do so
Yearning for what he perceives
He has lost willing to
Create his old world
Here in this new space.

Life's lover arrives
With curious eyes
Willing to learn, to explore
To exchange and give
Him back to those he has
Learned to Love
Leaving the world
A better place.

Who are you, Beloved?

On my pathway
I have seen
Those who would abstain
From Love
From pleasure
From God
From happiness
From eating
From living
From sex
From life
And yet I never saw
Joy or peace
Within them.
Which suggests to me
Abstaining from anything
May not bring peace or joy
Within!

If one looks at what
Is lost, spoiled, destroyed
Or taken
For longer than it takes
To acknowledge its loss
It becomes the devil that
Rides your back.
Intent on finding more
Of what it sees outside
Forgetting what is
Still good, wholesome
Beautiful and true
That continues to grow
Within you.
You know Beloved, Love
Only Love.

It is in the present that
The truth of
You emerges,
Illuminating the world
With who you are.
Love Beloved, Love.

Fight long enough
To release all your
Past cares and woes.
Be vigilant enough
To clear the pathway
For your vision to ride upon.
Sit in the stillness of Now
And love will illuminate
Your direction
And your God will
Show you the way.

It is love not fear
That lights our path
Beloved
Only Love.

**We are all in this
Together.**

How can you see you are a
Facet of the multifaceted
Crystal sphere
Yet not realise the other
Facets are
Your brothers and sisters?

Marriage is good for
Your soul
It is the learning space
To marry Love
To marry respect
To marry forgiveness
When you marry these
Three partners
Your marriage is a safe
Haven to explore Love
And joy.

Others ask:-

‘Have you seen God?’

‘Oh yes!’ I cry

‘I see him in your eyes

In a young child’s laughter

In the old woman’s smile

In the lily, orchid and buttercup

In the pine, oak and gum tree.

In the mountains, rivers and deserts!’

‘No! That is the glory of God’ you say

‘Have you seen Him?’

‘God is present in all

How can you *not* see Him?’

I ask puzzled.

The sun sinks
Gracefully into
The night's petticoats
Pretty in chiffon hues
And night rises in
Indigo silk, the perfect foil
Allowing the starlight
To twinkle mesmerizingly
How can God not be present?

In smudged hues of
Damson, red and black
These firmly
Rounded plums
Offer their ripe
Sweet flesh
Willing you to find
Love in every bite.

When God through nature
Creates
There is lush, luminous Love
In every creation
Until the earth needs it
No more.
Only man destroys
Love before it is time
For God to do so.

Only man sees
The wildness of nature
And wishes to tame and prune it

Why is that?

In everything there is
God's smile
Even the aspects of
Life you have
Chosen to deny
Revile and reject
The prostitute, the murderer
The terrorist
All is God
In His name
Remember that, please.

You are too careful
With Life, Beloved!
How can you know it
Unless you are
Willing to immerse
Yourself in Life?

You are like the clean potter
Who wishes to make
Beautiful pots
Yet not get his hands dirty!

When I was a baby
It was considered okay
For me to get
My face dirty
My hands covered in food.
With each year that passes
I am expected to
Eat cleanly and perfectly
Until I realised that
The best meals were those
That splashed and dropped
In their eagerness
For me to enjoy them.

Now I worry less of my
Clean clothes, face
And more about seeing
God's Love in
Every mouthful...

We yearn deeply
For union
For love
In the other
We seek earnestly
For all we believe
We are not.
When if we stopped
Just long enough
To breathe
We would understand
We are one
We are Love
With God
And all yearning
And seeking
Would simply stop
And we would dance in
Ecstasy on light's wing!

I am so in love with life

That the plum

Dances off my plate

Eagerly

Wishing me to savour it

And acknowledge

It's reason for life.

Frenetically we chase life
Hoping that it will
Deliver to us
All we most crave.

And what do we crave Beloved?

Why Love of course
Unconditional and absolute!

The young girl smiles
Indulgently
As the man postures and struts
Just as the young boy
He used to be.
Even though the young girl
In not yet a Mother
She recognises the role
She will play
In offering praise and comfort
As if the young boy-man
Has yelled
'Hey Mum, Look at me!'

There will come a time
When the pain of your
Heart's longing
Will silence your thoughts
And mind long enough
To hear what your
Heart desires above all else.

Only then will you be
Ready to listen
To your Beloved
Love.

It is only when
Our heart has been stripped
Of everything we believe
We want, need or desire
That we are finally
Ready to listen
To what is!
To whom we truly are
And be filled with
Overwhelming gratitude
For the perfection of Life.

Ironically
We beat ourselves up
With perfection....
I have come to think
That we do this
Because we unconsciously
Recognise the perfection
Of God's magnificent world
And fear we are
Less than all He has created.

God, Allah, Mohammed

Buddha, Shiva

All recognise the sanctity of life

And the thread that

Pulls it all together?

Love Beloved, Love.

I see God in all
His creatures
I see God in all
His plants
I see God in all
His wondrous world...

How is it that I am so
Reluctant
To see Him
In me?

No one steals what
God has given
For these treasures
Are self multiplying
If you feel
Robbed of love
And delight in living
You have agreed to give
And forgotten your
Agreement.

You have forgotten to
Behold the eyes of God
In all you do and see.
And your gifts have
Drained away from you
Unconsciously
Till you feel your
Cupboard is bare.

You need do nothing
More than
Be with Love
Beloved
And your treasure chest
Will be replenished
One thousand fold.

In each still moment
You contemplate
Communion with
Your God
You are filled to
Overflowing,
Ecstatically
In Love.

All the many words
I write
All the many thoughts
I think
All the many feelings
I feel
All are my meagre way
To contemplate
The exquisite pleasure
Found in the
One.

I could write

One

One

One

One

But where in this word

Can I express

My overwhelming

Love and delight

At knowing

You

Dear Beloved?

The plum knows
The joy of being
Its true self
And asks nothing more
Than to be its best.
The plum knows
The delight of being
Its unique self
And asks nothing more
Than to be what it is.
We with all our
Intelligence
Our creative expression
Still question
These intrinsic
Traits of being
Why is this?

We are

We can fear life and God

And shrink to

Less than ourselves

Or

We can

Take who we are

Fill us with Love and God

And become

More magnificent

Than we have ever

Dreamed possible

The choice is simple.

It is ours.

Why is it we have
Infinite patience
When we watch a child
Take their first steps -
Yet we refuse to
Give ourselves
The time and patience to learn
From the experiences of
Our lives?

Today for no other
Reason than
You are part of God
Give thanks and smile.

I have.