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# THE MAYANS

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VADE MECUM, VOLVENTIBUS ANNIS

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**TEXAS**

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The  
Poetry  
of  
Reincarnation

# The Twenty-fifth Revelation




ELOVED COMPANION:

Our Love and Blessings Be With You In 

During this interval while you complete your preparation for the more advanced Degrees to be bestowed upon you, it is our earnest wish that you will exercise fully your present office of MAYAN LECTOR. One learns by teaching others. At the same time, he spreads the benefits of that which he has received. He is like the Sower, sowing wheat. If he sows his good seed in fertile fields, he receives back unto himself manyfold.

To assist you in Your Lector's Office and as a further preparation for your 5th Degree Instruction, we give you, in this Revelation, material which you may show to others and discuss with them. In doing so, remember that your purpose is to instruct them by helping them toward Self-Revelation. Do not permit yourself to be drawn into arguments, for arguments are useless and unproductive. Instead, gently lead their thoughts toward the Light of Understanding. Be Patient. Remember—you are the possessor of much secret knowledge which they do not have and of which you may not tell them. Therefore be very patient and very gentle, else you may turn them from the proper path instead of leading them toward it.

You, our Beloved Companion, who have shown worthiness in  and who demonstrate that you are tried and true, would find extra joy in leading another into the Blessed Companionship. While we do not seek large numbers in our Order, yet we do desire that the Order perpetuate itself and grow ever stronger in worthy members.

For this reason and purpose, you are urged as a Mayan Lector to find someone worthy of Membership to take your place in the first Three Degrees as you advance to the higher grades. If you find a soul who is eager for knowledge of his Maker and of his being, do all you can to encourage him to enter his application in The Mayan Order. You, as a Member and as a Mayan Lector, have the privilege of recommending anyone you consider worthy and your recommendations will carry as much weight in the deliberations of the Board of Trustees as though you were actually present, pleading his or her case.

We are sure that you sense our very real Companionship in Spirit and mentality; yet, we know too that it is only human that there are times when you long for actual discussion in person with Companions in the Order. This is rarely possible except in the case of THOSE WHOM YOU LEAD INTO THE FOLD. Each member has his place to fill, his work to do, his duties to accomplish and, as those who compose our Companionship are drawn from all over North America, you can see the difficulty. Those whom you bring into the Companionship naturally will turn to you as their preceptor and this too will add to your enjoyment of MAYAN COMPANIONSHIP.

You are now asked to examine the poetry accepted by Mayanry, expressing the thoughts and beliefs of some of the modern world's noblest men and women on the subject of REBIRTH . . . here on Earth. Biblical statements of it are given in later Revelations.



## The Poetry of Reincarnation



**I**N THE LIGHT of immortal poetry lie some of the greatest truths ever conceived by the human mind, for the true poet is a seer to whom the spiritual world has become an open book. In poetic beauty, we envision some of the more profound truths that in all ages have intrigued mankind. In this lesson let us trace one of Mayanry's outstanding teachings as recorded by poets of every age and clime.

A poet is not merely a writer of verse but, rather, is one who writes with beauty, grace and genius. He or she is gifted with rare literary visions, imagination, intuition, idealism and creative power. The creed of the true poet can well be summed up in the words of Young, "Too low they build, who build beneath the stars."

As students of Mayanry, we too seek the secret of the poet and to rise to that sublime height of creative ecstasy that must have possessed the soul of the immortal Shelley in his writing of PROMETHEUS UNBOUND. We seek to enter the many-colored lands of which the great Irish poet and philosopher, George Russell, wrote so vividly.

In an occult sense, the true poet is a prophet and it is in this truth that we discover the relative merits of poetry in the unveiling of natural law respecting the relationship of man to the world around and the Universe above.

In every age, prophecy has exercised a fascination over the human mind. From early Chaldean time, when the learned Magi guided the great civilization of the Mesopotamia, until today, prophetic art has been regarded as the highest form of science. Among its adepts we find the bards and Rishis of ancient India; the mysterious priests of Egypt and ancient Guatemala, of Yucatan and Quintana Roo; the prophets of Israel; the astrologers of Chaldea, and the institution of the Oracles at Delphi.

The rationale of prophecy, regardless of its manifestations in poetry or science, lies buried in the depths of what the ancients called "the pool of Silence" and what modern psychology terms the "unconscious" of man. Prophecy numbers among its methods the higher functions of the soul expressed in poetry, clairvoyance, intuition, true dreaming, enlightened reason and spiritual insight. Its more scientific aspects were fully understood by the ancient Mayan priests of old America.

The practice of prophecy requires a deep knowledge of human character and of the laws of Being or Nature. The one fundamental key to its understanding could well be summed up in the phrase—THE UNITY OF NATURE AND MAN. If the One Life did not ensoul all manifestation, there could be no prophecy.

The old Atlantean scientists and their descendants, the Mayan philosophers, combined clairvoyant insight into the invisible though substantial etheric planes of Beings with the ancient scientific procedure of Astrology. They studied the forces or powers which stimulate the racial mind for good or evil and, possessing an exact knowledge of human nature, they were able to predict the working out of the law.

Great prophets, like Apollonius of Tyana, were said to be able to view "the present and the future as in a clear mirror" by exercising the spiritual powers which are latent in all men but active in the true poet and sage.

In his remarkable book on the origins of poetry, "Song and Its Fountain", George Russell writes:

"I look upon the poet as a prophet. I think, indeed, that almost the only oracles which have been delivered to humanity for centuries have come through the poets, though too often they have not kept faith with the invisible and have been guilty of the sins of simony. But at times they still receive the oracles, as did the sybils of old, because in the practice of their art they preserve the ancient tradition of inspiration and they wait for it with airy up-lifted minds. They know, as Corot knew about painting, that you must go a little beyond yourself and whatever revelation of beauty of the spirit has been in Europe for many centuries has come not from the churches who told they already have truth but from the poets who are still the seekers and who at times have that lordly utterance as if the God was speaking through His prophets."

It is thus that a great poet defines the origins of true poetry and gives us a key to the deeper mysteries hidden in the poetry of Reincarnation.

In their remarkable work, "Meet Yourself", Prince Leopold Lowenstein and William Gerhardt write of the psychology of the true poet:

"It is probable that you are conscious of being more sensitive to joy and sorrow than your fellows, that perhaps you suffer more because you feel more intensely. Only the artist knows to what depths man can sink, to what heights he may climb. You know it but you are afraid of falling and being unable to rise again. You are suspended half way between the summit and the abyss and when you turn your face in horror away from the chasm beneath you it is only to realize the inaccessibility of those heights towering above you, bathed in the mystic light of supernatural beauty and whose image you alone, may behold. You are Prometheus; you have dared to take the fire from the Deity and you must pay for it, chained to the rock of suffering. This is the artist's destiny and vocation; to take on the torments and yearnings of others and, by expressing them with his own, to liberate himself and others. Thus the artist's work becomes a fresh source of life for all of us who, enmeshed in the indignities of life, have grown insensible and weary."

Having striven to understand the Spirit, inspiration and psychology of the true poet, let us learn what the world's greatest interpreters of the glory and beauty, the meanness and sorrow — the drama that is man — have written.

For countless ages, the East has been a source of spiritual and scientific enlightenment. Out of the East has come the world's great religions including modern Christianity as well as the sources of our present-day science. It is, therefore, only fitting that we turn back the pages of history and learn what the ancient Hindus had to say on this age-old question of the immortality of man. We read in the BHAGAVAD GITA, a book written many thousands of years ago, the following reference to Reincarnation:

"As the Lord of this mortal frame experienceth therein infancy, youth and old age, so in future incarnations will it meet the same."

"Death is certain to all things which are born and rebirth to all mortals; wherefore it doth not behove thee to grieve about the inevitable."

From the lips of one of India's greatest sages of ancient times, BHARATA, we hear this prayer:

"And may the purple self-existing god (Siva)  
Whose vital energy pervades all space,  
From future transmigrations save my soul."

Expressing the beauty of Persian poetry and of esoteric Mohammedan thoughts, let us read the poem of Hafiz who symbolizes the soul as the Phoenix alighting on Tuba, the Tree of Life:

"My phoenix long ago secured  
His nest in the sky-vault's cope  
In the body's cage inured  
He was weary of life's hope.

"Round and round this heap of ashes  
Now flies the bird aman,  
But in that odorous niche of heaven  
Nestles the bird again.

"Once flies he upward he will perch  
On Tuba's golden bough  
His home is on that fruited arch  
Which cools the blest below.

"If over this sad world of ours  
His wings my phoenix spread,  
How gracious falls on land and sea  
The soul-refreshing shade!

"Either world inhabits he,  
Sees oft below him planets roll  
His body is all of air compact  
Of Allah's love, his soul."

In Western literature we find many poetic allusions to the ancient truth of the cyclic manifestation of the soul. In his INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY, William Wordsworth has written:

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:  
The Soul that rises with us, our life's star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting  
And cometh from afar  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God, who is our home:  
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!

"Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
Upon the growing Boy,  
But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,  
He sees it in his joy;  
The Youth, who daily farther from the east  
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,  
And by the vision splendid  
Is on his way attended  
At length the Man perceives it die away,  
And fade into the light of common day."

Throughout all esoteric religious thought this theme appears to run:

"To the deep, to the deep, Down, Down! Through the shade of sleep, Through the cloudy strife, Of death and of Life, Through the veil and the bar Of things which seem and are Even to the steps of the remotest throne, Down, Down!	"While the sound whirls around Down, Down! As the fawn draws the hound, As the lightning the vapor, As a weak moth the taper; Death, despair; love, sorrow; Time both; today, tomorrow; As steels obey the spirit of the stone, Down, Down!
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"In the Depths of the deep,  
Down, Down!  
Like the veiled lightning asleep,  
Like the spark nursed in embers,  
The last look Love remembers,  
Like a diamond which shines,  
On the dark wealth of mines,  
A spell is treasured for thee alone,  
Down, Down!"

The last stanza of THE CLOUD reveals to us Shelley's belief in the old Mayan conception of immortality as taught by Plato:

"I am the daughter of earth and water  
And the nursling of the sky;  
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;  
I change, but I cannot die.  
For after the rain when with never a stain  
The pavilion of heaven is bare,  
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams  
Build up the blue dome of air,  
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,  
And out of the caverns of rain,  
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,  
I arise and unbuild it again."

In Philosophy, the name Ralph Waldo Emerson, the American scholar, poet and philosopher, will long be remembered. In his THRENODY upon the death of his young son, he wrote:

"They could not feed him, and he died,  
And wandered backward as in scorn  
To wait an Aeon to be born . . . .  
Tomorrow, when the masks shall fall  
That dizen nature's carnival,  
The pure shall see, by their own will,  
What overflowing love shall fill—  
'Tis not within the force of fate  
The fate-conjoined to separate  
. . . . . What is excellent  
As God lives, is permanent,  
Heart's are dust, heart's loves remain  
Heart's love will meet thee again."

And in LEAVES OF GRASS, by the great American poet, Walt Whitman, an interpreter of the New Age, we find these lines:

"I know I am deathless  
I know this orbit of mine cannot be swept by a carpenter's compass,  
And whether I come to my own today or in ten thousand or ten million years,  
I can cheerfully take it now, or with equal cheerfulness I can wait.  
  
And as to you, Life, I reckon you are the leavings of many deaths,  
(No doubt I have died myself ten thousand times before.)  
  
Believing I shall come again upon the earth after five thousand years.  
  
Births have brought us richness and variety.  
And other births have brought us richness and variety."

In an early poem, Alfred Tennyson has written:

"And when with down cast eyes we muse and brood  
And ebb into a former life, or seem  
To lapse far back into some confused dream  
To states of mystical similitude;  
If one but speaks or hems or stirs his chair,  
Ever the wonder waxeth more and more  
So that we say, 'All this hath been before  
All this hath been, I know not when or where.'  
So, friend, when first I look'd upon your face  
Our thoughts gave answer each to each, so true—  
Opposed mirrors each reflecting each—  
That tho' I knew not in what time or place  
Methought that I had often met with you,  
And either lived in either's heart and speech."

Also in his DE PROFUNDIS we read:

"Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,  
Where all that was to be, in all that was,  
Whirled for a million eons thro' the vast  
Waste dawn of multitudinous-eddying light;  
Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep.  
Thro' all this changing world of changeless law,  
And every phase of ever-heightening life,  
And nine long months of antenatal gloom  
. . . . THOU COMEST!"

In his PROMETHEUS UNBOUND, the immortal Shelley graphically describes the ancient conception of the soul's descent into the gloom of this physical universe. To appreciate the true meaning of his words, we must first understand that the ancients regarded physical man or the embodied man, in comparison with the disembodied man, or the spirit, as the dead.



Throughout the works of Browning do we find mention of this ancient truth. From ONE WORD MORE we read:

"I shall never, in the years remaining,  
Paint you pictures, no, nor carve you statues,  
This of verse alone, one life allows me;  
Other heights in other lives, God willing."



By no means have we exhausted the poetry of Reincarnation, for from every culture, religion, philosophy or system of thought could be garnered countless references to this ancient and persistent belief in the inherent immortality of man. We have garnered but a nosegay of poetic flowers designed by their fragrance to reawaken your intuitions. Beloved Companion. Through Mayan thought and practice you too may brave the ills of mortal life and FINALLY REACH THE SUPREME INITIATION . . . . OF SOULS. As the Mayans and Greeks of old taught and as Swinburne sang of those who conquered Being in this age-old struggle:

"Immortal honor is on them, having passed  
Through splendid life and death desirable  
To the clear seat and remote throne of souls.  
Lord undiscoverable in the unheard-of-west,  
Round which the strong stream of a sacred sea  
Rolls without wind forever, and the snow  
There shows not her white wings and windy feet  
Nor thunder, nor swift rain saith anything,  
Nor the sun burns, but all things rest and thrive."



Even the period of Earthly Rebirths also has its time of change. The Nirvana of Buddha, the Paradise of the Egyptians, the Heaven of the Christians, the Happy Hunting Grounds of the Indian—all are the same conception. They are but a memory, vague, not clear, of that Perfection and Joy that awaits as a reward when we have worked out all Karma—mastered all error—at the end of many "Another chance". The path may be long or it may be short, all depending on how many "Another chance" we may require.

But there are rewards all along the way too. While the path may seem hard, yet it may prove to be a shorter, more direct way, but the key and watchword is always DO RIGHT. The Illumination for your path is within. It always guides you right if you but follow it and are not confused with second choices. With the attainment of perfection, we go not out again.

This ancient promise we find in the occult literature of every race. In the Apocalypse (Revelation III:12) we read:

"HE THAT OVERCOMETH I WILL MAKE HIM A PILLAR IN THE TEMPLE OF MY GOD, AND HE SHALL GO THENCE NO MORE."

He shall go no more—where? Out into physical re-embodiment of reincarnation for he has conquered and risen above the necessity of rebirth.

In letters of fire, this ancient promise to the sons of man assures us of a superior evolution, a happier realization—beyond—beyond the cycle of births.

Yet as we contemplate these truths and survey our present work in life, let us repeat with Oliver Wendell Holmes:

“BUILD thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low-vaulted past  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life’s unresting sea.”



BLESSINGS BELOVED

The Mayans

. . . . Your Companions