

## The Writing Lesson

Music by Robert Edgar and Shuba  
Parthasarathy, Lyrics by Robert Edgar

### Additional text from the Bagahavad Gita

In the night of all beings, the wise man  
Sees only the radiance of the Self;  
but the sense-world where all beings wake  
for him is as dark as night.

Stumbling through the door, crumbling  
Troubadour

Coat black like a nun, eyes like cardamom

His goal's a mountain to climb down

His ink's a fountain underground.

His paper's Kon-Tiki icebound.

The whole world becomes a slave

to its own activity, Arjuna;

if you want to be truly free,

perform all actions as worship.

Cast another line, alcohol and brine

Taste the chanterelle, rusty vesper bells

Next door are newlyweds quarreling

Candle-flame shadows are whirling

Eels in a fish tank are swirling

Marble-slab tables are curling...

Crowned with fire, wrapped

in pure light, with celestial fragrance,

he stood forth as the infinite

God, composed of all wonders,

If a thousand suns were to rise,

fixed high in the noon sky, blazing,

the brilliance of that cruel bloom

would appear as Khrishna's being..

This evening will have been solved

Perspective will have been evolved

Tension will have been dissolved...

Grace...

A draft through the window finds  
his moist forehead

Fingernails reflect in a plastic  
bedstead

The Troubadour swears in sleep,

and falls from dream to dream.

I am the beginning and the end,  
origin and dissolution,  
refuge, home, soul's friend,  
womb and indestructable seed.

I am atom heat from the sun.

I withhold the rain and let showers come;

I am the dead, and the deathless,  
and all that is or is not, Arjuna!.