



THE CONFERENCE OF THE BIRDS
(PART 1 – TO BE OR NOT TO BE)

To be is better than to exist, and the reason for the Being to be, is to be the Being itself.

- Samael Aun Weor, *Cosmic Teachings of a Lama*, The Homogeneous Basis





The world's birds gathered for their conference
And said: 'Our constitution makes no sense.

All nations in the world require a king;
How is it we alone have no such thing?

Only a kingdom can be justly run;
We need a king and must inquire for one.'

They argued how to set about their quest.
The hoopoe fluttered forward; on his breast

There shone the symbol of the Spirit's Way
And on his head Truth's crown, a feathered spray.

Discerning, righteous and intelligent,
He spoke: 'My purposes are heaven-sent;

I keep God's secrets, mundane and divine,
In proof of which behold the holy sign

Bismillah etched for ever on my beak.

No one can share the grief with which I seek

Our longed-for Lord, and quickened by my haste
My wits find water in the trackless waste.

...



I know our king – but how can I alone
Endure the journey to His distant throne?

Join me, and when at last we end our quest
Our king will greet you as His honoured guest.

How long will you persist in blasphemy?
Escape your self-hood's vicious tyranny –

Whoever can evade the Self transcends
This world and as a lover he ascends.

Set free your soul; impatient of delay,
Step out along our sovereign's royal Way:

We have a king; beyond Kaf's mountain peak
The Simorgh lives, the sovereign whom you seek,
And He is always near to us, though we
Live far from His transcendent majesty.

A hundred thousand veils of dark and light
Withdraw His presence from our mortal sight,

And in both worlds no being shares the throne
That marks the Simorgh's power and His alone –

He reigns in undisturbed omnipotence,
Bathed in the light of His magnificence –



No mind, no intellect can penetrate
The mystery of His unending state:

How many countless hundred thousands pray
For patience and true knowledge of the Way

That leads to Him whom reason cannot claim,
Nor mortal purity describe or name;

There soul and mind bewildered miss the mark
And, faced by Him, like dazzled eyes, are dark –

No sage could understand His perfect grace,
Nor seer discern the beauty of His face.

His creatures strive to find a path to Him,
Deluded by each new, deceitful whim,

But fancy cannot work as she would wish;
You cannot weigh the moon like so much fish!

How many search for Him whose heads are sent
Like polo-balls in some great tournament

From side to giddy side – how many cries,
How many countless groans assail the skies!



Do not imagine that the Way is short;
Vast seas and deserts lie before His court.

Consider carefully before you start;
The journey asks of you a lion's heart.

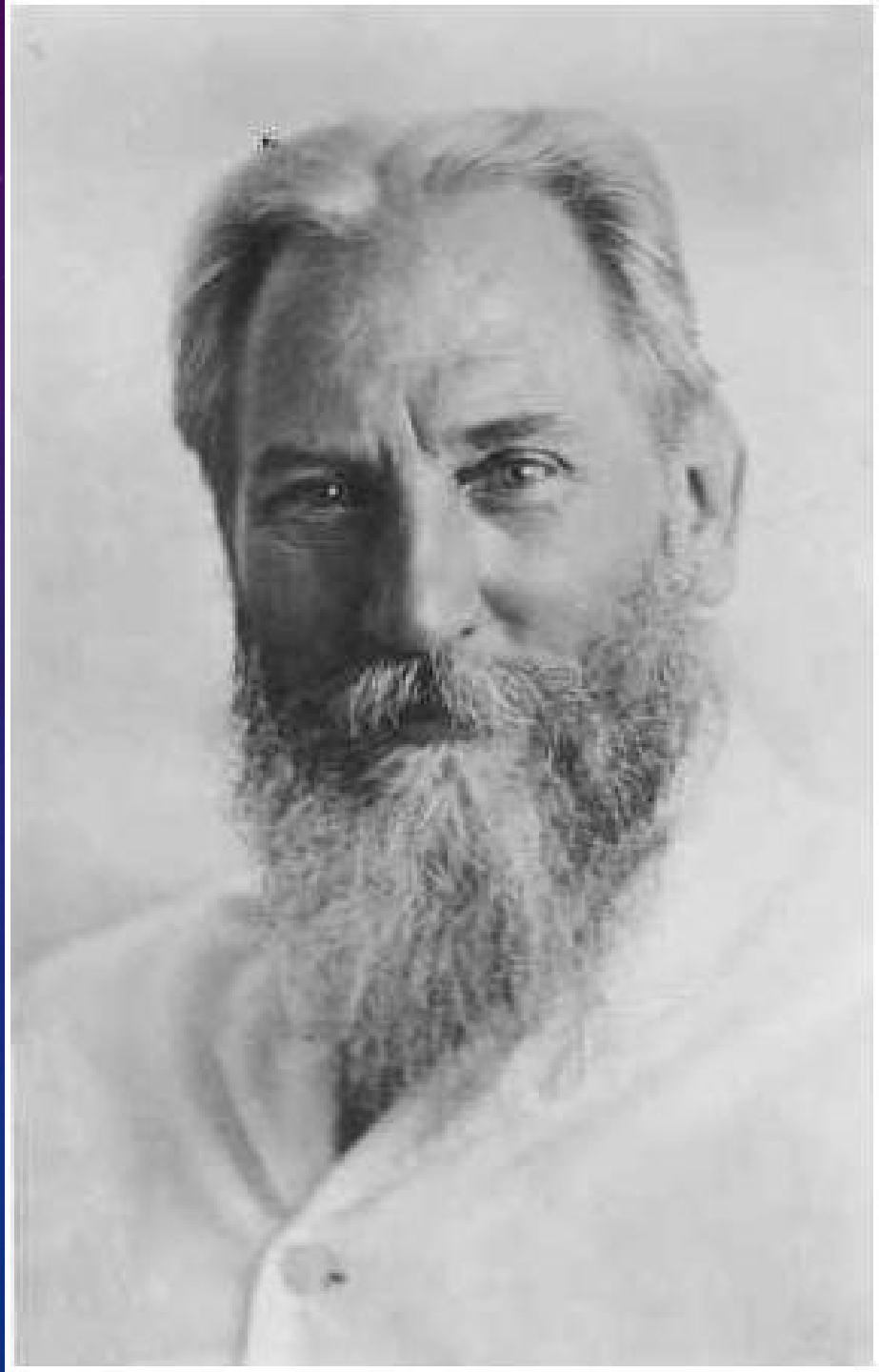
The road is long, the sea is deep – one flies
First buffeted by joy and then by sighs;

If you desire this quest, give up your soul
And make our sovereign's court your only goal.

First wash your hands of life if you would say:
"I am a pilgrim of our sovereign's Way";

Renounce your soul for love; He you pursue
Will sacrifice His inmost soul for you.

“It is one of the commonest of our mistakes to consider that the limit of our power of perception is also the limit of all that there is to perceive.”
– C.W. Leadbeater, *Man Visible and Invisible*, “Clairvoyant Sight”



The great emanations of Barbelo, the abode of the Light, can never be comprehended by the intellectual light.

The Uncreated Light is distinct from the intellect, as water is from oil.

- Samael Aun Weor, *Pistis Sophia Unveiled*, Book I, Chapter 32

To know authentic happiness, true wisdom, we must get out from within the mind and live in the world of the Being. This is what is important.

We do not deny the creative power of the mind. It is clear that all that exists is condensed mind. But what do we have to gain with this? Has the mind perhaps given us happiness? We can do marvels with the mind; create for ourselves many things in life.

The great inventions are condensed mind. However, these types of creations have not made us happy.

What we need is to become independent, to come out of that dungeon of matter, because the mind is matter. We have to come out of matter, live in the role of spirits, as beings, as happy creatures beyond matter. Matter does not make anyone happy. Matter is always gross even when it assumes beautiful forms.

If we search for authentic happiness, we will not find it in the matter but in the spirit. Therefore, we need to free ourselves of the mind, because true happiness comes to us when we come out of the dungeon of the mind. Again, we do not deny that the mind can be the creator of many things, of inventions, of marvels and of prodigious things. However, do any of those things give us happiness? Who is the happy one among us?

Consequently, if the mind has not given us happiness, we have to come out of the mind and find happiness somewhere else. Obviously, we will find it in the World of the Spirit.

- Samael Aun Weor, *The Revolution of the Dialectic*, "The Dominion of the Mind"

