


THE GARDEN OF PYTHAGORAS.

BY WAY OF APOLOGUE.

*The Gateway of Remembrance lies
Deeplier hid than thought or sense,
Where the Third Eye behind the eyes
Directs the eyes' intelligence.
There the Eye knows how chance and change,
Success and failure, turn and pass,
Meeting and greeting oft: to range
The Garden of Pythagoras.*

THE GARDEN OF PYTHAGORAS.

 *s the little winds blow through the ivy, so blows the wind of memory through the lives upon the wall of life: children of the Sun, every breeze is a messenger, an angelos. Were it not so we should cease to be, for being is becoming: and the End of becoming is unknown to man.*

Understanding is a gift of the Sun; memory a gift of the wind. Æons ago we were motes of dust dancing in a primeval

*storm; now we are stars moving in a
heaven of thought and dream: impinging;
refracting; responding: dust still; but dust
Informed.*

*The Garden I found was enclosed
by an old wall, and veined by seven rivers:
it was understanding of separation to be
there. Time failed me, and time again
was born. I was there for no time; yet
was everything plain to me in my sojourning.
When I left I forgot; remembering only at
intervals, at odd times, I know not why.*

*Now the wind shifted to the east;
and from the Sun-gates a golden eagle flew
through the Inane: he was the messenger of
Jove. This was his message:*

A King lay sleeping in his garden;

kisses were upon his lips, wine was in his heart, upon his brow was understanding. It was Summer, and in his dreams he heard the singing of bees, the growing of grass. And it seemed to him that the Reason of life was plain to him; he was in a gold sphere, spinning, spinning: and each thread was a kind of life, and each strand was a part of an whole tapestry. He weaved at random; at length he weaved the great gold eagle before him, and I was that eagle, and I was there in the garden, and I was that King.

And I remembered, for I was in the Garden: when I passed through the Gate I passed as King and as an eagle, the messenger of a King: so I explained it to my Self, But my Self was silent, for He knew all; and all memory was to him as a mockery: for was He not beyond time,

having been in the garden?

An old poet told me of his craft. He said: I too have seen the eagle; I too have become him; but I knew only when I was far hence: but you know now. What else is there indeed? I was silent. He went on: That was the true Pythagoras, who carried his garden with him: for he was himself a garden; enclosed; contained; nourished by the Sun.

Greece, he said, was known to him once; but Pythagoras told him to forget it. For only so, he said, can Greece be reborn; for we seek not what we remember; only what we forget. Hence man quaffs before birth the waters of Lethe, of forgetfulness. But we who remember, are we not poets and artists and dreamers? The world hates

us; but then how rare is understanding! Kings can not come at it; and if they could they would lose all joy in life.

The old poet left me, and I pondered upon his identification with life. I had once a friend who had written forty books of wisdom, and knew no more of love than an amœba. So I turned to write of simple things; but like a lamp in a shrine my invitation shone through, and I had to write, whether I would or no, of the illumination that is the motive of all sensient life.

A bramble-bush became the World-Tree; a herd of cows one of the hairs upon the head of the Great Bull of the Universe. I could not escape, therefore, the spell of Eden and of Horus. All had become divine; and men charged me with obscurity

when all life lay before me as an open book, to be read at my own will. They talked of sheep whilst I was communing with Horus: they chaffered timber when I was kissing the Great Mother. They hated me for hating their stupid rivalries and their low vision: but as for me, I loved them, for that eventually they would attain to understanding.

So I retired beneath the olive-trees in the garden of Pythagoras, and the eagle dropped a wreath of myrtle upon me: and again I was the King; for my maidens brought me their kisses, and my friends their wine; and I sang to them and loved them all.

And I was crowned King until the End of the Æon.