

**Seven Songs of Ecstasy
to Enlightened Master Osho**

by
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Thank you for respecting the creativity and vision of this author.

Welcome!

I am an Osho sannyasin, a neo-disciple in the happiest sense of the word discipleship. More accurately, I am a lover of Osho and his oceanic being which I have tasted through grace.

It is my heartfelt wish that everyone could experience the freedom, the joy, and the profound ecstasy of Osho who is more alive than ever before, thanks to his eternal spirit, and the grace of his long-time sannyasins--bodhisattvas, healers, and creatives--who were with him from the start. I am forever grateful to my Enlightened Master Osho and Swami Anand Arun, Swami Satya Vedant (author Dr. Vasant Joshi), Swami Chaitanya Keerti, and musician healer Milarepa. I am forever grateful to the Osho Laxmi Meditation center of Atlanta and Zorba Studio of Dallas, and the individuals who have made long-time endeavors and personal sacrifices to bring Osho back to America with love, grace, and dignity. Through Osho celebrations, love and grace, we can all be filled with Divine bliss and a new wave of living in totality and respect for life.

Spontaneously arising from a grateful soul, song and poetry are the closest approximations of Divine that human language can reach for, but rarely if ever touch. Like the full moon, Divine enralls us, always out of reach, yet galvanizing the one looking. It is through grace that I offer these outpourings to my Master. May they spark your spirit and surround you with a love that remembers all of time, the Alpha and the Omega, for He was there, and you were there, and I was there, too.

In His Love,

Ma Prem Geet

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Song of Inner Stars

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On my heart so long ago,
Sung to me by winds,
Glazed in me like stars
On the night. Master,
I am surrendered now
Your love the sweetest
River of hot joy tears,
spontaneous. I know you
as my own Soul. Master,
I am a listening,
And only that. I am a listening
For you, Your Yes. Master.
The ocean inside
Is you. The fire
Inside, you. Master,
The very elements are your love.
Formless love, the mystic's food.

O Master

O Master You

Have caught my full-moon

Heart in your branches.

O Master, I

Cannot escape your love,

Your firm grasp.

Your infinite sky.

O Master I

Am not going anywhere

May the earth turn without me.

I am stuck in your branches

Forever.

O Master I long to merge

With you.

O Master your branches are purple and violet.

O Master you have

Sprouted flowers from your branches

Perennial spring.

O Master,

Silk ribbons blow from your branches
Singing in the joy wind
Of your love. O Master
Near to thee, captured, caught,
Trapped in your tree hands,

I can sacrifice
My anger for the glorious
Good of love.

Song for Bhagwan

What have you done to my heart?
Have you made it a sky
For lovers only?
What have you done
To my trampoline heart?
A play pen for outrageous
Colors of joy?
Bhagwan, what have you done to my
Soul, a large bouncing ball
For children?
Bhagwan, what have you done to my
Mind? I never use it any more.

Surrender Play

O Master I am so surrendered

At your feet,

my heart is your stepping stone,

your carpet of stars.

Be careful

That I am not any more surrendered

Otherwise you might

Fall in a hole.

Song for the Beloved

Beloved,

where are

You hiding? In the dove's

Third eye? In the flower's

Throat. Just once

Is not enough. How to flow

In the violent rape

Of this mad world? Pick

Jewels out of broken glass.

No stain, no purity,
Said Buddha. Evil
and good merging.
It's all good,
Even my lethargy,
A dam holding back tears.
Dirty sheets, greasy clothes
On the floor, dissipative
Structures sounds
So much nicer.
Wash the dishes,
Forget hope or otherwise.
opposites merge into
Just washing dishes and rinsing them
Consciously, cleverly, wasting
Water like clear, glorious
Paint. My dreams down the
Drain. Everything is ok.
The dirt, the cobwebs,
The sticky humid air in here.
Objectless sad is fine for now.
Soul stirs.

Tantra Song

Two souls click.

Eyes full of vast sky

Startle the ocean within.

We are here now,

no longer separate or alone.

You drink me.

Witnessing pleasure,

You let me

in

your sky. I let you

in

many lifetimes ago. Oh

Lover, spontaneous rose

opens my heart, raining tears,

joy tears, gratitude river.

I have been seen

Through your soul

pleasure, now I can only

sing and dance across time,

shout continuously I am love.

Loving love itself,

All cells celebrate

In your gaze, deleting

the past.

Full and whole and new.

Song for Osho

Who else would want you to be free?

Who loves you individually?

Who else would want you to explore?

Osho, Osho.

Who else would want you to rebel?

Turn the system upside down

To find an ocean in your heart?

Osho, Osho.

So be the lion not the lamb

There's a way through cosmic doors

As you fill with trust and soar

Osho, Osho.

In the beginning was Love

And Love is all there was.

In the beginning was Love

And Love is all there was.

Who says that thoughts are clouds?

Who speaks of roots and inner skies?

Who says it's time to drop the mind?

Osho, Osho.

Who is present even now?

Osho, Osho.

Osho, Osho.