



FROM THE VALLEY
TO THE MOUNTAIN

Mary L. Payne

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By

Mary L. Payne

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*To all the people
who believed in me*

These inspirational writings and poems were written over many years through Mary Payne's involvement in the Yoga way of life.

A crisis in her life brought Mary to the discipline of Yoga, and so began her journey towards wholeness.

The writings speak for themselves, for commitment to the truth within will inspire and encourage all on the path to enlightenment.

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Foreword

Many grateful people have been lifted ‘from the valley to the mountain’ after contact with Mary Payne, whether it be personal or through her writings and poems. The selection included in this book depicts her deep understanding of human nature and her realistic philosophical approach.

All the pages hold comfort for someone whatever their need, be it trivial thoughts or deep sorrow. The reader will find that sensitivity and commitment are also part of life.

Representing her friends who have been blessed with her teachings, I feel privileged to have been involved with her literary work.

Finally to the reason for this publication. Mary’s greatest desire is to enable her verses and prose to reach and therefore inspire a wider audience. She has been given this chance.

This is a book to keep at hand, for its contents never fail to solve a problem.

Margaret Smith

On Wings of Thought

My Thoughts

The soul's journey begins every single second. Every precious moment is a string of pearls linking us for ever to the source of all life. Every breath we draw, every move we make is a tribute to our creator. The breath is God's very breath. All we ever aspire to be is God's expression on the canvas of life. At this very moment these words are a tribute to this declaration.

Glory be to God

Our Children

Just a very little time
We hold them in our hand.
Then we let them fly away,
On firmer ground to stand.
Their very own experience
On life's canvas they must weave,
A very different pattern,
A path we can't conceive.
But love holds steady in the hearts
Of parents everywhere,
Not seeking of perfection,
But tenderness and care.
Knowing just how painful
It is to stand alone.
Until within their own true self
Of knowledge they have grown.

(inspired by Julie)

Memories

Soft and silent in the night
Snowflakes fell to my delight;
Secret dreams of long ago;
Childhood joys of winter snow;
Magic nights, dark and still;
Snow piled thick on window sill;
A fairyland, frosty bright
Thrilled my soul, eyes alight;
Footsteps deep on virgin snow;
Frozen hands and cheeks aglow;
A realm of silence, deep, profound
Transformed the world without a sound.

Games

A waiting game I seem to play,
The central player me.
I wait upon my useless self,
Await the strength, to be
As if the world were going to give me
All the strength to fly
On silent wings across the bridge
Between my love and I.

There is no bridge, there is no space,
The air between is free.
The barrier my guilt and pain.
These are of mind,
For soul is ever free.

Steadfast

Hold on while forces round you sweep,
Be still amidst the storm.
Hold fast to what you know is true,
Be still, at peace, be calm.
Be unafraid, be brave and just,
For one stands by who sees,
Beyond the turmoil, wind and fire,
The ceaseless, endless peace.

Gifts

Eyes were meant for looking up,
Not for casting down,
A brow to hold up proudly,
Not wrinkled in a frown.
Lips were made for smiling,
A cheery word to say,
To help another face his life,
Chase grey skies far away.
Hands were made for holding,
A gesture warm and true,
Holds the promise of a caring heart,
Or someone's faith in you.
Love was meant for giving,
The healing force within,
The tender banisher of pain,
Our weapon against sin.
Two eyes, two hands, two lips, one heart,
One mind that's pure and strong.
Use all these gifts towards what's right,
And you will ne'er go wrong.

The Vision

I saw the shadow of my Lord
In a garden place of peace.
His radiant love bore from his soul.
My earthly pains did cease.
I did not gaze upon his face.
That joy had yet to be,
But felt the glory of his love.
Compassion spread o'er me.
I bent my head, I watched me kneel,
I witnessed human pain,
And love poured from my spirit freed.
I'd never fear again.
Oh, shadows come and shadows pass
Like pictures on a screen
And only thoughts live on to grow
In minds like seeds unseen.
Oh, water mine with wisdom's love,
And like a plant to sow
I'll send my seeds of love to all,
And watch God's wisdom grow.

The Other Side of Me

I'd like to think I'm all the things
I'd really love to be.
Calm and poised and confident,
Sophisticate and free.
To handle each eruption
In a kind and patient way.
I do inside, but as I age
Something's gone awry.
My body creaks and groans a lot,
My temper's getting thin.
I moan and nag, complain a lot,
I'm really full of sin.
My patience's cracking at the edge,
This really can't be me.
So what! I'm only human,
A saint I'll never be.
So all you mums, I sympathize,
No matter how we care,
Don't spread yourself so very thin,
That there's nothing left to spare.
Johnny wants a video,
Morning, noon and night.
Don't give in, a clout will do,
He'll grow and turn out right.
Lucy is a model,
Drapes around all day.
Use her as a dish mop,
She'll turn out okay.
Don't waste your time in dreaming
Of all the things they'll be.
Life never goes the way we think.
Today is all I see.

Miracles

'I do believe in miracles,'
A dear friend said to me.
And I too believed in miracles,
And the mystery
Of dreams and hopes and wishes
Born within the mind,
Loved and seen and nourished
'Til the purpose here we find.
And I believe in loving,
Fantasy and play,
To rise above the ugliness,
Sadness and decay.
And I believe a man can be
A prisoner of his mind,
And doesn't know the glory
Just a thought away can find.
Yes, I believe in miracles,
Every day I see
The miracles that love transforms
In everything to me.

(inspired by Margaret)

Reflections

Would you try to change in another
That which has yet to be transformed in yourself?

.....

Weakness in others that irritates us, only reflects OUR
inability to conquer OUR irritability.

.....

How we juggle with words, trying to
understand their truth,
As if words could take us,
lift us to reality.

Words - abandon them when you understand
their meaning.

.....

The least said, the more known.

.....

Reflections

I feel,
 would you have my wisdom,
Then feel also,
 would you share my peace.
Then create it within you.
Yours is the choice.
You are the keeper at the gates
 of your mind.
You, by choice, select what shall
 be your company in thought.
Make sure the visiting thoughts are
 warm and comfortable to live with.

.....

Do not be afraid at my silence.
It is because I have seen your soul,
And far greater is the love of your soul
 than your argument.

Self Portrait

If I could paint a picture,
A masterpiece of art.
To hold the brush within my hand,
And not know where to start.
If I could cap the wings of doves,
Of freedom's flight across the sky,
And paint what's burning in my soul,
And know the reason why.
I have a masterpiece of love,
My canvas, me this frame.
Within this mind, all I have lived,
The ecstasy and pain.
The valleys and the mountains,
The rivers and the streams,
The hopes and sorrows, pains and joys,
Of journeys I have been.
My masterpiece will have to be
The framework of my mind,
The unseen brush, my very self,
To paint the picture from behind.
To bring the glory of my soul,
To dance like sunbeams in my eyes,
To lighten burdens of this world,
With brightness of my smile.
I want my masterpiece to be,
A pure expression of love ... to thee.

Poplar Tree

A poplar tree is a praying tree,
With branches pointing to the sky.
Forever offering up its love
Its glorious branches reaching high
Inspires my soul no matter what.
I only have to see
The waving graceful tall and true,
The ever praying poplar tree.

Peace River

The ravages of time and space
On the surface scream,
But deep beyond the burning flesh
The tranquil waters stream.
Hold fast dear friend, it will not last,
For all things pass away.
The good, the bad, the beautiful
Have all to have their day.
But come a morn a dawn will break
Unlike you've ever seen,
Where naught of earth shall touch your soul,
And heaven's gate's no dream.

Pauline's Peace

We came in friendship just to pray,
Our worldly cares to melt away.
In silence, prayer became so true,
We entered peace, were born anew.
The room became a swirl of light,
Angels laughed in sweet delight.
Angel faces kind and pure,
Held us close forever more.
Flowers were placed about our feet,
Colours danced and vibrant grew,
Love was all forever new.
Endless music soft and clear
Rang around my listening ear.
Whispered voices spoke of love,
Inspired my soul to look above.
But one alone above this throng
Entranced my soul beyond all thought.
My Saviour's love was all I sought.
'Twas then I knew beyond all doubt
My soul it loved to sing and shout.
But no, I held my breath in prayer
And gave my soul into His care.

My life is like an empty page,
The past is long behind.
I meet this whole new chapter, Lord,
With only you to guide.
It's narrow, Lord, I cannot see
Beyond the moment now,
And yet you tell me just to be,
For love is here and now.
Lord, grant me grace to walk this road,
With head and heart held high,
To walk this measured tread with thee,
And never ask the reason why.

Sharing

How can I begin to know you,
How to share your pain?
Will I ever see you smile,
Begin to live again?
Dare I venture in your mind,
Your inner self to see?
Will you trust it to my love,
That wells from deep in me?
Come, hold my hand
And let me share your pain.
Together we will walk through life,
Don't feel alone again.
There's nothing we can't face,
If we will all unite and find,
The common bond that binds all men.
That bond is love divine.

Autumn

Autumn leaves a heritage,
Her trees in radiance bloom
Of glorious shades of brown and gold
To brighten winter's gloom.
So raise your eyes and witness
The glory of a tree
And know life teaches as we grow
More radiant we must be.
For now like autumn's leaves must fall
When youth is left behind
The glow of wisdom's voice within
Will forever shine.
So hope that as the years go by
And autumn dawns for me
That I shall find the grace to grow
In wisdom's warmth,
'With peace and dignity'.

One Day at a Time

Take each day as it is sent,
Take it gracefully.
Living quietly through what is sent
In peace and dignity.
Be true unto your inner self,
And sure it is you'll find
A quiet strong contentment
Will rest within your mind.
Troubles come to test us,
Tragedies and strife.
But happiness and sunlit days
Are also part of life.
Remember much in life is free,
The sunshine and the flowers,
Breathing deep of frosty air,
Quiet peaceful hours.
Don't let fretting push you
Beyond the daily span.
Have faith, look up, keep dreaming
Of all that's best in man.

Truths

Truth wears a crown that naught can dim.
One holds it in one's heart.
One turns away from things that pass
But from the truth can't part.
When shadows come to test us,
To bear us down with pain,
The gentle truth of love still holds us,
Brings us through again.
How fragile is the heart of man,
That only love will heal,
And breaks the iron will of self,
So the heart can feel.

Corners

Corners are turnings, in life this is true,
And corners are always happening to you.
Sometimes they take you from darkness to light,

Pushing you onwards into the fight.
Others can lead you to places of grace,
Peaceful and calming, islands of space.

Wherever your dreams are, no matter how far
They're linked to your future, so follow your star.
No one can stop you or alter that plan,
'Til the heart knows its home, and the heart's home is
man.

Feelings

Feelings are special -
 - they come from within.
They're shrouded in mystery -
 - come without thought.
They're haunting and tender -
 - can never be caught.
They flash through the body -
 - can leave it as fast.
Yet linger like perfume -
 - they come from the past.
They're good or they're bad -
 - they're part of the plan.
They build up the structure -
 - they're part of each man.
Without them we're nothing -
 - just empty we'd be -
So cherish your feelings -
 - remember they're free.

To Sarah

You're going to be a mother,
And that's a sacred thing.
You'll know sometimes of heartache,
And times your heart will sing.
But you will have a purpose,
A very special place.
For it's the greatest honour
To the human race,
To guide and love this little soul
Given to your care.
In its very precious life
Its growing you will share.
One day to see it blossom
In a setting of its own,
Strong and true and loving –
In your mother LOVE has grown.

- Mum -

Peace of Mind

Words that lift, inspire and carry
All the wealth a mind can hold.
Words that reach the sick and lonely
Hold a soul close to your own.
A mind that sees beyond the hate,
Despair in every face.
One who dares to see the holy
In each and all the human race.
One who fears not trial or strife,
Knows struggle is a part of life.
One who drinks his cup of sorrow
Knowing wine awaits tomorrow.
One who prays for all mankind
Leaving not one soul behind.
This one finds his peace of mind.

Letting Go is Loving

A true family is one that has grown, one that embraces each member as an individual, respects each other's point of view, knows the needs of each other for space, allows for this and does not feel threatened or annihilated.

That true love is not undermined by distance, or the need to constantly impose their will or ways on each other. It is so sad that parents see their children's failings as a slight on them. We should want our children's happiness for their sake and not to fulfil our own unrealized dreams.

What we see as best for them, is far removed from their dreams for themselves. We forget so quickly our young dreams of freedom and success. I remember so well the old saying, 'You can't put old heads on young shoulders.' I wish we all would give this a good meditation, for you can't force the seasons to come before their time, or a rose to bloom out of season.

Whatever age we are, we should never stop growing, opening our minds to embrace greater truths, letting go of old worn out ideas. We have no right to manipulate each other. The freedom we wish for is ours when we let go. We can never know what is best for anyone else, only ourselves; and the finest thought ever, is on our journey through life. Which and whatever path we choose, let us pray that what we so desire for ourselves others will find also.

My Soul Awakes

Free

Into the silent place in my heart,
Through the breath I hold the key.
I flow with the gentle air of life,
For a while my spirit's free.
Free to roam where it seeks its rest,
Unfettered by sense or flesh.
Free to seek my glorious self,
Review my life afresh.
Free, be free from soul,
No more the life of slaves;
Ride on, I shall not chain you;
Ride on the crest of life's waves.
Feel peace to pass all understanding,
Spread your wings, young soul.
Drink wine of the Gods, your heritage,
Let contentment be your goal.

God

Chaos reigns when we can't see
The works of God in ev'ry tree;
The hand of God in ev'ry plan;
The workings out of God in man;
The spirit fire that melts the pain
To mould man's soul to feel again,
To heed once more that voice within
That leads a man away from sin.
God grant us grace someday to see
That spirit lead us home to thee.

Into Soul

The singing music of my soul
In silence meets my mind.
I swim within its holy void;
Leave cares of world behind.
The inner sounds are peace and love;
A harmony for all.
This is, and will be evermore
The silent wisdom of my soul.
I enter through the gates of sense,
To move through tangled thought,
And with the rhythm of my breath
This harmony is sought.
I place myself in quiet repose,
A humble being that I be;
Yet seek with burning love divine
A glimpse, my God, of thee.

Peace

How crystal clear the pool of thought;
Within the mind I dive.
No ripples mar that surface pure
Of wisdom I've contrived.
Each life I've lived quite unaware
Of that which burned in me.
Yet this time round I've felt its needs;
Its longing to be free.
The birth was slow and hurtful;
I writhed in tender pain,
As if each earthly bondage
Was like a prisoner's chain.
But gradually I cut the bonds;
Of sense, I am no part.
I dwell now with the silent peace
Of wisdom in my heart.

I Walk

I walk this earth,
But where am I?
The real immortal me drifts off,
And blends in spiritual sky.
To learn, I must;
So much that I must do.
Patience is a virtue
I must continue to pursue.
My one desire is
To arrest this careless tongue.
Damage enough
It certainly has done.
Oh spirit, raise,
Take charge and curb it well.
Let peace and love devour all sense,
And peace within me dwell.

My Mortal Mind

To be myself,
Complete in every part;
To finally tear away my sin,
Be pure and clean of heart;
To see this glorious truth revealed;
To gaze upon its face
Is to glimpse a vision of eternal peace,
Of God's own glorious grace.
I stand now at the portal;
Myself is clear to view,
And yet the greatest rift of all
Stands between myself, my Lord, and You.
We both know there's no parting;
We know we're one in heart.
'Tis mortal mind that holds the key,
And with it will not part.
'Tis only a matter of waiting;
Of the terrible pain within.
I'll bear it, hold my head up high
And ward myself from sin.
The picture's all around me
Of folly I have wrought;
Of anguish, pain and torment
I've caused in every part.
The strength to bear is what I ask
Until my debt is paid;
Until, redeemed in sight of God,
My final ghost is laid.

Awareness

Eyes that never see the sky,
A sunset, or a bird fly by,
A thunderstorm - its power and might,
The stillness of a starlit night.
This turmoil of an anxious mind,
Coiled so tight it won't unwind,
Can find release - the heart can soar
And find the peace it's searching for.

Running

Running, running, on we go,
Here and there we roam.
The heart forever seeking
That peace, that spot, that home.
Then the day arrives, my friend,
When we can run no more.
So turn within for guidance,
The place we're looking for.
Alone within this sanctuary,
This space of tender pain
Where we're reborn, where we can live.
No more alone again.

Searching

Love forgives, forgives, forgives
The ever burning pains.
We stumble through this way of life
With losses and with gains.
With highs and lows we walk our way.
Its treasures for to find.
And of this treasure, most we seek
The grace of peace of mind.

Dawn

Beloved friend, the night,
Who speaks her wisdom through my quietened brain,
Who takes my spirit far on feathered wings
And bursts her glory through my writing hand again.
All God's children have this heritage.
Our maker left not one without his plan.
No ignorance can blot this glorious truth.
The pure divine in each and every man.
Oh, gentle angel, who would guide my pen,
As within me vistas come in view,
Through glorious words that lift, inspire, enlighten,
Because of love - and love is you.

Life

I suffer thus another's pain,
For he is part of me,
But blind yet to his inner eye,
For yet he cannot see.
Walk on, for knowing that if thus he search,
The truth this soul shall find.
Gone on before, or past, know this,
All has to be in mind.
No glory grows until a man
Becomes aware, to see
Within himself a prisoner dwells,
Who wishes to be free.
Man thinks and feels in outer world
Yet wonders why apart,
Still cries within, 'Where be my place,
What's passing through my heart?'
Man, blind to the truth
With dogma marches on.
Blind faith his rod
For which to lean upon.
His crutches symbols,
Rituals and prayer.
He seeks his God in heavenly skies
Yet can't perceive he's everywhere.
He never stops to listen;
He never turns within;

He thinks by God's dear grace alone
He'll wipe away all sin;
He never thinks to turn the key
That lies within his mind.
The riches God has stored within
Are there, for man to find.
No need to move from where you stand.
Don't search in buildings tall,
For God is deep within you.
He hears your every call.
In rooms, in towns, in countryside,
In church, or city street;
In flowers, in trees, in everything
And everyone you meet.
Don't think of God apart from you.
His spirit dwells within.
Even in the greatest saint,
The murderer rent with sin.
Yes, God dwells deep in everyone.
We're all part of His plan,
So trust in truth, faith and love
To bring God back to man.

Reflections

If my need in life must be to lead,
 let it be to save others from stumbling.
If my way be to stand back,
 let it be because I have learnt to accept
 that mine is but another pathway.

.....

What is an instrument of God?
The one who is patient enough to wait
Until God plays the tune.

My Praying Friends

I feel so very privileged,
For every single day
I know I'm held within the light,
So cannot go astray;
And yes, I know I stumble
And sometimes I can't see,
But still my loving, praying friends
Are there to comfort me.
The years may come and quickly go,
But constant, kind and true,
I feel the prayers of loving minds
That hold and comfort you.
God works through those whose love runs deep,
Who judge not, nor condemn.
They hold the flame of truth for Him
Who died to live again.

Eternity

‘I’ll be waiting,’ said the sun,
‘With my golden glow.
I will touch with magic,
Watch the flowers grow.’
‘I’ll be waiting,’ said the moon,
‘With my silvery light.
I will guide the creatures
Through the darkest night.’
‘We’ll be watching,’ said the stars,
‘Blinking, twinkling in the sky.
Thrown as stardust, long we shine
In our billions, way on high.
We’re the dreams of dreamers
Who gaze on us and pray;
Who see the vast unconquerable,
For humble hearts we stay.’

The Path

How lonely is the one
Who has not seen the light;
Who thinks 'tis in the world of things
He'll find his heart's delight.
How fleeting is the joy of one
Who gathers wealth in store;
Who never grows in wisdom;
Keeps truth outside his door.
How poor the one who hesitates
To seek the treasures of the mind.
Who dare not look within himself
Through fear of what he'll find.
Peace can't be bought at any price,
Until we look within
And wipe away the inner veils
Of greed and lust and sin.
There is no easy path
When searching for one's soul.
Yet wealth untold and peace of mind
Await there at that goal.

Tender

Tender Lord, thou watches o'er us,
Children playing, every one;
Laughter, shouting, lusty voices;
Hear the music, Lord, thy song.
Man would place you far away,
But I know that you are near.
Lord, my father, dwell in me,
Yet dwell in those not here.

Ocean of Power

I was at the bed of the ocean
With the weight of despair on my head.
The pressure was almost passed bearing,
But I struck out to surface ahead.
Oh, the whirlpools and currents
that tore at my frame,
Distracted me on the ascent;
But something kept driving me upward;
Then just when I thought I was spent,
I broke through the surface, and gasped in the light.
All my struggles had not been in vain.
The surface was calm as a mill-pond.
I need never return to the depths of despair - no never, not
ever again.
For now I know' where
the source of life lies;
In the depth of my being to shine.
Eternal, immortal, forever.
An ocean of power, so great and divine.

The Web

I spun a spider's web of thought;
The pattern strong and true.
A delicate web, of strength unknown;
Woven myself, round you.
An intricate pattern, of infinite love;
Each thread was woven with care
To resist the forces that tear at my web;
To reveal my soul laid bare.
A pearl at the centre; an ocean of calm;
The flame to light the way;
A spider's web, woven of thought;
In a moment all melted away.

Soul

The lilting music of my soul
Has whispered to my mind,
Mysteries that clothe man's birth,
Within himself to find;
A treasure rich in gold of thought;
The fabric pure and strong,
Woven from his earlier births;
His pain effect from wrong.
His soul looks out from frosted glass
Of eyes that cannot see;
Yet deep within is born the urge
To set his spirit free.

Lessons

Walk on; all is;
But this too shall pass away.
Think not that you halt karma's path,
You're one along life's way.
This too will pass; these simple words
Express life's pattern true.
New paths, new trials, new joys and pains;
All these await for you.
How rich the pattern of life's cloth;
Its colours, many hues.
All interwoven gold of joy,
Of heartaches, greys and blues.
Take courage in your joy and pain,
And learn life's lessons well.
They'll teach you how to rise to heaven
From self-created hell.

Thoughts of You

Sometimes in the valley
Of sickness and of pain,
There comes a lovely healing
Of a different strain.
We have time to ponder
On what we truly need;
On slowly seeing beauty
At a different speed.
In the quietness of our pain
And when in fear and doubt,
Take strength from nature's beauty;
She doesn't rush about.
Look, absorb and wonder;
Time to stand and stare.
Healing comes in stillness,
For the spirit's always there.

Warmth

A cosy fire, a warming glow,
From the hearth and heart must flow.
Giving, loving endlessly
'Til the soul at last is free.
Then the life at last begins,
Freed of ignorance and sins.

Your Servant

Into your keeping now I come;
The battle fought, the victory won;
The armour taken down at last;
My soul revealed; my only task
To be thy instrument divine.
Now, Lord, forever and all time.

Rebirth

There is no law can bind me,
No chains to hold my soul.
Through seeking I am finding
I've reached my inner goal.
Man's bound from birth by manmade laws.
He questions not his role,
But through his life repression stings,
And slowly takes its toll.
I've slipped the chains of office,
Of conditioning I am free.
Beyond, reborn in glorious truth,
The real unfettered me.

Journey's End

Power of light, love and glory,
Ages tell your glorious story.
Seasons of my soul have taught;
Love is all that we have sought.
Pain has bent us; fear has stalked us;
Onward up that long ascent;
Seeking, ever ardent seeking;
Love again our own intent.
Bent and weary, sad and sore;
No place else to go.
Only searching, only wond'ring;
Will we ever know?
The mystery of life unfolding
As we come to see;
Nowhere need we ever look, Lord,
Only unto thee.

My Open Heart

Dear Lord, come into my heart.
I've prepared a place for you.
I've cleared my mind of cobwebs
from the past, replaced criticism
and dogma with tolerance and
understanding. I have learnt
patience with myself so that I can
walk beside others. I'm learning
to adjust my steps to each and
every one who comes my way.

I'm looking, Lord, and I'm finding
something of you in every face I see.
Yes, even in those who don't
know their spiritual heritage.
It's so wonderful to know you love
them, and wait until they are ready.

Lord, my tongue is still wayward
at times, and keeps out of step
with my heart. But at least I am
aware of it. The most mischievous
yet dangerous instrument to tame
can be so destructive to our
relationships with others.

Lord, come into my life, not for my sake, but for all mankind that in all ways I reflect only you and not self. Please come, Lord. My heart waits.

My Thanks

Thanks for this day, passed now, yet in each hour so much was given me. For the thousand smiles from friends I am richer.

Thanks for closer harmony with my children and the lessons they continue to teach me.

Lord of the hours, master of the singing silences, sculptor and painter of lives and living scenery, thanks for this day.

For the moments when I was tried and tested, I thank thee. Only when I raise myself above my weaknesses do I come to know my strengths.

Thanks for the heavens and star
spangled nights, to remind me of
humility, yet also urge me to look
up and be inspired by their
radiance.

For friends I also thank thee. In
no way could I dwell closer to
thee, Lord, than through harmony
with my fellow beings.

I turn now and seek the unseen
arms that shall hold me safe, and
carry me into another day, and as
I wake let the first prayer on my lips be:

‘Thanks for this day.’

The Language of Love

The Language of Love

‘The Language of Love’ is a humble offering to those who search for truth. May that which has spoken through me kindle and encourage that which is in all men. For the truth lies in all, waiting to be awakened.

This is not just my journey, it is the journey of mankind; the evolution of the soul through its many stages to perfection in God. It is the story to Christhood, Buddhahood and the path of all saints and sinners as children of God.

It is for all mankind. For those with the eye of discrimination it will be a joy. To the blind in spirit it will be but a mystery. To the seeker it will be a guide. To the hungry in soul it will be a meal of the Gods.

It was written by grace and it will find its place in eternity, for that is where it came from. It belongs to no man’s pen, yet dwells within in all mankind.

Our heritage - The key to the kingdom - Freedom and liberation
In God.

To Those in my Life

Who are the people in my life?
Who are the ones who walk with me?
These are the ones who've taught me to love.
These are the ones who've set me free.
How can I leave a fortune of love?
Where do I lay the prize?
What can I give? How can I live?
This is the jewel without a price.

Love is the jewel in my heart,
Burning strong and true.
Unbroken the light, the warmth and prayers
Given to all of you.
Eternal the lamp that forever will shine
Into the vast unknown.
Unafraid into that night I'll walk,
Knowing I'm never alone.

Into the valleys of unseen dreams
Of love and unity.
Where all who love the greatest One
Will meet in eternity.
Let my guiding light
As long as we all may live,
Be the warmth of the Lord
As peace to the world I give.

Power of Silence

There is no greater power than the power of silence, for from man's inner centre of spirituality comes forth all that is most powerful in man's human form.

In silence man communicates with the very source of his being. He passes beyond words, knowing that it is only in silence, that the voice of truth can be heard.

Therefore still your senses, lift your thoughts and doubts to place your whole being in quiet faith. There is nothing to seek, for we are ever in the presence of the divine will. Only the veils of man's ignorance hide him from the all-embracing love of the universal spirit.

Love is the universal language of this world and the hereafter.

Let not your emotions cloud your vision for you know this to be forever.

There

Where good and bad rise up in one great glorious sound.
Where light and darkness reign no more, within the one
we're bound...

- and all is one -

Where all live out expressions from that well, and man
decides his own sweet heaven or damns himself to hell,
- but there still am I -

My Bird

She lay, feathers mottled green and shining blue,
Caressed with jewels of early morning dew.
Her wings in span that flew the morning air,
Her crest erect, her eyes that looked, yet knew not where.

A distance spoke aloud that moment when, freed from the
beauteous shell, her spirit knew. Maybe a higher realm to
fly, a greater, wider view.

In death I fully saw life's message bare, naked truth my
aching soul could share.
With her I fly, no mortal tear to flow.
For freedom's song whispered only an echo here below.

Discrimination

Make my spirit my will, a sentinel at the gates of my mind, that I may perceive and discriminate between the visiting thoughts that come and go on the cosmic ether.

A strong will now becomes master. The weaknesses of rampant destructive emotions are not allowed to take up residence in these sacred corners of my mind.

Candles

A candle flame depicts to me
All a shining soul should be,
Giving of a warmth and glow,
Lights the way for us to go.
Help me light my soul for thee,
So all other souls may see.
Through the darkness of despair
Like a candle I'll be there.
Ever willing, bright and true,
Blaze a path of truth for you.
May my soul be constant, bright,
A candle shining in the night.
That all who seek the self within
May dwell in peace and free from sin.

Life

I felt life this morning into the form of a breeze that
brushed my cheek.
I felt warmth this morning as the sun blew me a kiss from
a cloudless sky.
I felt strength as my feet trod the solid immovable earth.
I felt peace as I realized that come what may, in the
changeable world of man, God remains unchangeable.
Always mornings, nights to sleep;
Wind, rain and sun to warm and succour,
unquestioning, forever, timeless, safe and sure.
So I felt God, and in feeling 'was'.

A Smile

Thank you for that smile
That spans a thousand years.
Around us spun the ignorance of anger spent
- a thousand tears.
And yet we knew a quiet understanding
Born of long, so long ago.
A quiet understanding
No one else will know.
We love a love far greater
Than a temper's flare,
That recognised a truth

Within a loving glare.
We rose above in wordless glory,
Spirits knew the score.
Undivided in their truth,
It was for evermore.

Thought Seeds

The thought fell in an empty mind and became a dream;
The dream stretched and became reality;
Reality became truth and the truth - was.

Unending Source

Oh, unending source of love and glory, deep fathomless well of wisdom, ever I reach deep into my being and find solace.

In all humility what can I have done to deserve this glimpse of the divine will, this infinite wisdom?

Shall I ever grow to be that which those art ever pointing me towards?

An empty vessel I have become. How can I ignore your truth, even in the pain of the world turning away from me.

I am never alone, for does not the light of the world wield even this pen that takes strides across this page, bringing it to life with the love of the soul?

One particle is wending its way over the mountains of truth, ever seeking the shores of eternal peace.

May I do justice to this wisdom, carry others along with me, riding the tides of life's karma, bound in spirit to walk side by side on towards the light of the world, and home.

To Love

When at last the body's sense is spent, the quietness stills the need. When all is calm, and deep within desire at last is quenched and I within am freed from body's urge, we part, my love. One sweet journey more is this. Then all that we should know is fire that wells from deep within, only to burst in one gigantic burst. A flame just spent, an ember burns below.

Who is the master when you turn to me? Who do you see? Does sense know sense and urges, flesh to flesh? Oh, short the journey of my body's sweet desire. But long my loneliness when, from deep within, my longing is for your words from whence you lit my inner fire.

Should I leave and quietly walk away, 'tis not from you but from the sense's play. If no more I choose to be a slave to that which partly satisfies, but yearn for greater freedom, souls to blend; be not dismayed, for more than this, my love, I need my true companion, my spiritual friend.

I may share from lofty heights with you, my love, that moment when the purest love a soul could ever know. The unity of self in God, is ours to know.

So you know me. The surface of my body you have

played, calling forth a music I have sung. Soon this melody must die, yet I shall sing it on for I just used my senses, joy to give. I am slave to them no more. My song shall journey on, seeking you on some far distant shore.

To you my love, where does your fire lie, trapped in desire with one sweet note to play? Life is a lute. I'll learn to play it well, and freedom burst her ecstasy with your touch, my love, and all is well.

Houses

I feel sadness for this house which I shall one day leave. Here I gave birth to my soul. Within these walls were imprisoned my pain, anguish and despair. The atmosphere was filled with my longings.

These walls held me. Each room knew my pain, yet like a shell cushioned me until my birth was complete.

Now, with this new found knowledge deep within me my soul has found peace in this heart, in the house of my flesh. Let the thoughts, love and joy now fill each room with this, the house of my spiritual birth. Let these bricks and mortar be forever immortalised in divine love for others who shall know its shelter.

My Friend

Ride with me, my friend. Shall we share each and every rise and fall? Shall you follow me as I wipe the floor of despair? Shall you be able to lift me so I may be there when your day dawns to know despair?

Shall we ride our emotions? Shall we know the glory of sometimes reaching those heights? Even our anger needs no justification. Come, let me show you that there is no joy or sorrow we cannot share.

Is it not the flight of the great mind that moves even our anger? In the few beautiful moments between, our spirits join and ride the wave of eternal peace.

Shall we share even the moments of pain we are still able to inflict on each other, sharing the knowledge that what is true and beautiful in each other is forever unchangeable? How my heart sings in this knowledge even in the midst of what my senses inflict on this.

Oh, how sweet this truth, so fly with me, dear companion of many births. The knowledge of our soul is ours forever.

No words of pain or joy can disturb this self, this immortal soul. When, one day, we walk side by side,

unfettered by this our chosen heritage,
... and if, in this truth, two more shadows shall merge out
of the shadows, to walk together to a peace and love, ...
then we shall have truly learned.

Life is Love

Where are we going to?
How shall we know?
The whole of the glory
Is there to bestow.
Delve where you will;
Unearth and confine;
Direct or inhibit
But love you won't bind.
For love is the essence
Of all you survey,
The unseen yet all seen,
The night yet the day.
The scent, the emotion,
The feeling, the pain,
The sorrow, the joy
Are love's to explain.
The spirit that binds us,
The breath and the wave,
The power that directs it
Gives life to the grave.

Nowhere can you wander;
No place can you find
That leaves you alone
With love left behind.
You are what you are
By the breath of love's flow,
And deep in your soul
Is all you need know.

Self, the Teacher

Look unto your greatest teacher, yourself, for herein lies all you would require to know. Deep within the mortal form the breath of life evolves, immovable in its immensity and indestructible as time immortal.

The flame of self burns ever brighter as it tears away layers of ignorance. Man is all ignorance until he turns and seeks his inner teacher, the giver of eternal life, dispelling the evils of mankind.

There is a darkness incomparable to the darkness of nature's night. It is the darkness of man unable to perceive the light of the world that dwells within him.

Seek and you shall find yourself, and know it will help light the way for others making the same journey, for it is

only together that we shall know the ultimate unity. Thus liberation and peace for mankind.

Pauses

May there always be pauses in your wanderings.
May you always gaze around in wonder. The great artist of life designed all things.

Know your life and you shall know your creator, for even as you shall know yourself you shall know your maker.

Seek always the silent places of your heart, for here beats the rhythm of all life. Even in its vast silence all sounds and movement beat. For life is the moving breath which feeds and brings forth all life.

Storm

The storm has passed, the raging tempest calm, and so, my soul, she knows with quiet recognition all is well.

These eyes that once were blind can see. The inner eye is open now to life, and sees the pain and grief I bore were chosen now by me.

Apart I stand yet body moves in quiet obedience to my will; hand, tongue and mind obedient servants of my soul. So walk I, like gentle servant of my God; one day His will to soon be mine.

Silence

Silence is the only true form of prayer. Within the womb of silence the embryo of self is nurtured, fed and born. Within its depth God is born man. Only in silence is man shorn of sense and clothed in the raiments of spirit.

As a rose unfolds into perfection through the unseen, so man, in silent communion with God, is born again.

Man cannot be taught of God until he has disciplined all sense before God. This is the spirit of life within all.

Through silence man is taught to reach for the stars, yet walk this earth and show forth the glory of life now.

There is a silent dream that slumbers in all mankind. Those who reach for it dream it for all, for that which a man dreams for himself is the heritage of man. Thus when you dream, you dream not alone but with God.

I

I, the breathless hush before the storm.
I, the beat of wings that sweep the morning air.

I, the light of a smile in hours of darkness.
I, the tears falling in quiet despair.

I, who laugh in the face of myself and
my torment.

I, all that is good, bad, ugly and beautiful.
I, the unrest when that I seek is beyond
my understanding.

I, the wish for the unattainable.

I, that which beyond even I can truly
perceive.

I, the unchained, the unconditioned, the
unafraid, the free,

I, so beautiful, so ageless, as of sunlight
and joy.

Me, oh, elusive me.

I, with the wisdom of all life encompassed
within me.

Do I laugh in the face of so much, or cry? Then it is only
for a world unable to perceive its vast potential.

The soul of the world's reflection, the universe and the
whole of life - that is 'I'.

Laugh, say I. Laugh, say I.

Love

We were created by LOVE, for LOVE, to live by LOVE.

There is no ache not healed by LOVE.

LOVE is kindness, compassion, patience and tolerance.

LOVE is being strong for others when they are feeling
weak.

LOVE is acceptance of others as individuals who
experience life differently.

LOVE is humility that all men are equal in the eyes of
God, whatever you conceive God to be.

Life is a living urgency to know deep abiding LOVE that passeth all understanding.

LOVE is our need. It has many faces but also many disguises.

The so-called bad person is crying out for LOVE but the unwise see this as evil.

LOVE in action needs no words to describe it.
It embraces without words.

LOVE is strength to know that all is well and will be.

LOVE is faith in oneself and others, like one great family striving towards world peace and harmony.

Meditations

Essence

In words I speak of unknown things;
In flights of fancy Soul has wings;
It speaks of joys and realms of thought
Beyond the knowledge study brought.
'Twas when the eye could not perceive
Of meanings wrapped in words and phrases
I began like child to see
The essence, not the form, of daisies.
Then the two like weave of gold
Told me of truth, and I was whole.

Peace

When I have taught myself to see
With inner vision vast and wide
And harnessed this outward gaze
To inward tranquil skies;
When I have joined my searching soul
To waters whence my passions dwell;
Then I shall truly know God's grace
And rest in peace 'twixt heaven and hell.

Unity

Let all people join hands
And without words let our true self
Link with that of our partners
So making us one in spirit.
In this strength of spirit
We will now send forth
Our healing love of the Divine light
To all those in need of our love and strength.

Self

Self revealed, oh, self revealed,
What be the food that makes thee yield?
Bend as the swaying, dancing corn,
Eager for birth, eager for dawn.
Dawn of the growing to inward light,
Start of the battle, the hill, the fight.
Warrior now but stood alone,
You shall decide your inner throne.
Devil or God, his place shall take
Within your body, sinner or saint.
Poised between two ways to go
And only the will decides it so.

Freedom

There's a page in a book and it's naked and white,
And it bears not a stain I can see.

The soul of mankind is as pure as that page
But man stains his own soul with his deeds.

He wields at his self with his greed and desire
And his want of material gain.

Then wonders in awe why the pain in his heart
Is the one he just cannot erase.

But the needs of the soul can't be bought by the coin.
In its cage, how it sighs to be free.

Yet man holds the key to his happiness now -
Through the power of his mind he can set his self free.

True Self

The Voice spoke,
That of the mind became alert and listened.
It had a new master.
The Self had been awakened after a long sleep.
No more despairing wanderings of a demented soul.
Now the good rider guided the reins
Of the untamed mind.
Slowly and surely the winding road became straighter,
The goal became clearer.
Only effort now until journey's end.
Self-realisation.
God realisation.

Why?

Why do I live in the moment beyond
When the moment I have is not past?
Why does my mind live in what might have been
When the mould of my making is cast?
Why do we live in perpetual ifs
For the past or what might have been?
Like falling asleep to reality now
And living in faraway dreams.
Wake up to your moment, wake up to your now,
Hold on to the present and live.
Wake up to this joy, don't let life pass you by,
Wake up, it is now we must live.

Song of Your Soul

I have sung in the voice of the wind.
Warm, I have nestled against your flesh,
A sunbeam.

I have fallen in tears soft upon your cheeks.
You have not known me in your loneliness,
Yet have called to me in your despair.

Would that you could have seen.
I was your happiness and your darkness.
I was your light.
Your mood passed like a shadow over the sun.
I was the grass brushing your summer bare legs.

The shade you sought, the heat of the sun,
Your comings and goings were mine.
Yet you seek me as if I were a thousand light years away.
Would that you could turn and seek me in the silence of
your heart, or hear me in the murmurings of nature.

Would that you could see me in all things
Knowing I am part of you, you of me.
Surely harmony would come.

Know you then the joy of unity with yourself
And know me your maker and saviour.

Birth of the Soul

The voice of the soul moves in many forms, whispers in nature's winds, voiceless in her hills and valleys.

Oh, how my soul too rises and falls, laughs and cries as in her seasons she too must grow.

I love thee, gentle soul. Painful was thy birth. Would that I could lift thee and place thee once again in the arms of thy maker.

Tender flower, ever seeking to escape life's shadows created by thy own movement, be still. Know the force of thy eternal mother pulls thee ever closer to her loving arms.

Be brave, young soul. Stand tall whilst the forces thou has created for thyself wear thin and dissolve into the eternal night.

Thou art free, young soul. The mountains of truth reach high, beyond the view of thy mortal eyes but not beyond the realms of thy soul. Soul knows no boundaries. His is the limitless skies of God's universe. Reach up young soul, ever upwards until thou feel no more the chains of sense.

Lift me, gentle winds, and help me make it home.

Love

I cannot hold it in my hand
Nor clutch it to my breast.
I can give it away and receive it.
It shines in the darkest room
And warms the deepest sorrow.
It comes in unexpected places;
In a stranger's ready smile;
The squeeze of the hand.
Not of the mind is love, but of the soul.

Each and every one has a store house full of love,
Yet dishes it out so sparingly.
Some want more yet cannot give any.
What price to be loved!
The greatest gift of all, to love.

Awakening

Awaken, self, asleep in dormant form.
Arise, strike out and make for home.

Be strong and burn from embers long gone cold.
Arise, the time has come, the time is ripe.
'Tis time to journey home.

Long have you lain beneath the nature of the mind,
Wrapped in a blanket, deep in idleness of thought.

Arise and lay your inner soul to bare
And see in truth the self you really are.

Meditation

You would know the meaning of Yoga? It's the discipline that reveals you to yourself; that gives you the reward of true living; that reveals to you your Oneness in each other; that to hurt yourself is to hurt another.

Yoga is life and all that it would teach us. Yoga is to be here now; is to know God; is beyond the arguments of the dogmatic bigoted thinker. Yoga is unity, universal love, tolerance to all.

Yoga is to grow slowly to one's own potential yet retain humility towards all mankind. Yoga - a small word which embraces the whole purpose of life within its meaning.

Yoga - the Soul's flight home.

Turn Within

Turn within and seek the light
That's burning in your soul.
The light of truth and love and joy
Within you to behold.
Be not worried by the chaos
In your troubled mind.
Take it to your inner God.
Leave cares of world behind.
There you will find the strength
To face the burdens of each day.
For he will love and nurture you
Till karmas pass away.

The Gift

God gave us many differing colours of skin and languages;

Many different ideas and ideals.

But one thing he gave to all and no one more than another.

That was love.

Only when we realise this and learn to love each other, shall we know that great peace within; the inner serenity that takes us through life, no matter what befalls us.

To know God within is our defence against all evil.

All is surmountable when we are at one with source.

Visions

In visions born of solitude
My searching soul doth find
The freedom granted to the self,
The body cannot bind.
Alone within this void of space
The Master guides my hand.
He moves my mind to greater realms
To make me understand.
He is my only teacher;
He moves within my soul;
Unfolds me to the greater truths
Until he makes me whole
The Master bends and shapes my will
Until my will be thine.
With joy the purpose of my life unfolds
Before my inner eye.
And so I kneel before thee, Lord,
The inner teacher of my soul,
Until thy sheep made pure by love
Once more return unto the fold.

Understanding

You and you alone decide and choose the words which shall grace or mar your speech.

Yours alone is the choice of thoughts you harbour in your mind.

Do you harbour a grudge? How sad.

To harbour unforgiving thoughts is more painful than a broken limb.

Are you still concerned with others' faults more than your own?

Far better to turn this waste of energy into a more positive action, like working towards a greater forgiveness of yourself.

Then you will find it much easier to forgive your fellow beings.

Be in no doubt as to this one great truth - whosoever shall turn in distrust from one of his kind, surely in great despair turns away from himself - but whosoever shall yearn and grow towards greater unity with others shall know the great love of the universal spirit.

For he who uses his share of the cosmic energy for good shall also be blessed and freed from his own mental wanderings.

For it can be no other way.

In one's innermost being one sees already this great truth.

Knowing

What is the difference between the wise man and the ignorant?

One knows he suffers at his own hands;
The other thinks he suffers by another's.

What then be the distance between their thinking
The level of their thinking, no more.

The ignorant has but the same choice.
'Tis his free will which once recognised for what it is will
decide his heaven or hell.

Such a small, simple knowing, which
took a mountain of knowledge to reach.

Acceptance

Please accept me for what I am
And not what you want me to be.
I am what I am in my own special way
And I have to be true to me.
Please accept that I'm sometimes wrong
And sometimes more than right;
That I don't see the world through your eyes
And to me it's unique and right.
For there's one thing for sure
Through this battle of life;
In our growing and learning to be –
In the end we're all answerable to the One,
So please will you just accept me?

The Search

We search for truth from the first seeds which are sown in
our mind.

We struggle through a maze of thoughts, trying to sort out
and build something which is real and abiding to believe
in.

We sift and sort through our emotions until realisation
dawns. There is nothing to look for, no place to go.

Quietly but surely the thought dawns.
We create our own troubles.
We create our own despair.

No, it's no use running away from it.
Face it, you, as you stand.
You, with a grouse against the world.
You, who is always right and never wrong.

Yes, as unbearable as it is to face,
wake up and start to live.

Be once again in control and know that
you alone govern whether you are happy or sad.

There is no easy way to happiness - just a steady growth
towards your own liberation.

Be of good heart, and quietly, with courage go about your
inner transformation.

Tear down the veils of ignorance
and reveal the real you.

The Soul's Flight Home

I'm going home -
It's been a long hard climb.
I didn't think I'd make it.
I kept slipping all the time.

Sometimes I didn't even know
What made me carry on.
It seemed so dark and fearsome
As I sang my lonesome song.

I had to know myself.
It seemed the only thing to do.
So here I'm on the threshold.
Now I think I'm almost through.

Even though it's only a glimpse,
I've seen my soul's light shine.
I know it's there, I feel its glow,
It's forever and all time.

It's not in fancy words and prose –
It's in all my eyes can see.
I found the truth when I saw this truth
In simple humility.

I'm going home -
It's been a long hard climb.
I didn't think I'd make it.
I kept slipping all the time.

For the author Yoga provided a release from a period of profound mental turmoil. In this soothing and reflective collection of poems and other writings, we share in her journey of self discovery and enlightenment.

With spiritual truths framed in simple stanzas and carefully chosen words of wisdom, Mary L Payne's work betrays a deep concern for humanity and an overwhelming compassion for her fellow traveller's on the path to inner peace.

Accessible to the casual reader, but with a style that repays close study and deeper meditation, this is the book that could open the door to even higher levels of consciousness and may make us look at the discipline of Yoga in an entirely new light.

Mary Payne has been a member and 'teacher' with the British Wheel of Yoga for twenty-five years. These writings were inspired by the friends and pupils that she has helped over the years. Now a mother and a grandmother, she is still actively involved in Yoga and continues to write in her spare time.



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