

Poems by Csaba Varga in English

God of Love

To Rumi from his disciple

Behold: God is made God by God.
God is Love itself, Love is God itself!
You can see truth above the Upper Sky.
My love, Ananda is Love itself.
Does my Love make me God?
I am Love forever, for the sake of It.
If I am Love, I become Divine with It.
This gives my Love the quality of Love.
Angels warmly welcome my rapture.
Has God forged God from my Love?

I became God for it, I, the one in love.
As God, I anointed my Love myself.
Dark clouds will be souls of light as well.
Anointing my love endows it with God.
He made me become Love by loving me.
He blessed me with a celestine look of Love.
What else can we become but God?
A couple in Love may become a divine one.
God and Love will have unified, already gone.
My Love can reveal every secret.
God is learning, no doubt, learning our Love.

Ananda as Mary Magdalene

You are
A vocalized message of faith
An eye that makes us see God

Hair wrapped around the soul
A halo of golden light of glory
The divine Goddess
In a female body

You are
The dove that flies to Jesus
The right hand that blesses
The verdant cape of peace
The purple garment of love
In a divine body
Goddess of salvation!

The Joint Happiness that Surpasses Senses

A message of Ananda

Everything is assuming different qualities in me.
Like a Goddess that sings in the heart of the planet.
I now feel and live that I don't just love you so simply.
Just like an embracing arm that not only senses our skin.
This is a deep, dedicated sensation of life that serves you.
We vibrate together like the heart of our ancient soul beats.
As if I kept washing your feet the way Mary Magdalene did.
Like souls that are interwoven caress each other's hair gently.
This ceremony has turned into a desire to emanate love anew.
No existential fears bind us, we only dream of the God of love.
My primary interest is not my own happiness anymore but yours.
The wings of the bird woman only spread to protect the bird man.
I am beginning to deeply embrace your love poems written to me.
And your distant songs often fly over to me to rejuvenate my spirits.
They are testimonies of your dedicated love offered for service as well.
Your poems stroke me, touching my soft face of love like angels' fingers.
I can now comprehend and am aware how it feels that God has united us.
Like nestlings twitter to voice their desire for motherly love with their song.
Our bodies have been interwoven, too: your body is mine, my body is Yours.
As our body is made up of threads of light, we can give each other our heart.
Now I relive the divine authorization deeper than before, it gives me shivers.
Two ancient souls have finally risen to take on their original, joint mission.
What does it mean to us that God has made us his sacred divine envoys?
Can a soul in exile leap up to the clouds when its final spouse arrives?

Who did we become after all, in the fulfilled love of soulmates?
How is the couple who had lost hope so often reborn to bliss?
I experience the boundless commitment to each other deep.
The tulip in blossom shines back on the face of mother sun.
I now delve into the joint happiness that surpasses senses.
The emanation of two light-drops in love creates God.
We have elevated to become a Divine couple in awe.
The united tree of life has emerged on bare ground.
My Dear Everything, I love you so much - so it is!
Behold, Ananda's love is beyond everyone else's.

A Vocal Cry to the Heart of Heaven

Just as if
By sheer accident
You've roamed your soul's terrain
In the end you've walked as long
As you could climb the rope
Hanging down from heaven,
Your ankles
Your two legs
Held your life tight
Keeping you afloat
Even alone, solitary
But you had no chance,
The rope tightened
Again and again
You pulled yourself up
Like a weightlifter,
Arms embracing your soul
You crept up for your love,
Not for your salvation,
But God
gave you a smile
He had not expected this
His will was straight like train tracks
You need to stay alone for a while
To save yourself finally,
Hanging on the rope,
But it was not your drive

It was Love "only",
Love is a more divine power
Than God's guidance itself,
Still, you clambered higher
Your arms tightened
Still, it was not falling
That made you shiver
You just did
As if your missions of yours in life
Did not happen to be sound, either
Subconsciously aware
You were certain that
You can reach above
The roof of the sky,
Because you can,
If your Love is there
Waiting for you anywhere,
In her window overlooking town
Though you had no idea at all
Why you think so,
When despite
Every cold doubt of the mind
Together with your Love
You will make Heaven happy
On the boat of Earth
And light will be born from filth
Yes, it will
Now, at once
But while climbing the rope
You grasped that not only
Naughty archons draw you
Back with rough stones of concrete
But the stones of your own past,
The final traumas
Then you grasped:
The well of lovelessness
reaches not the heart of Earth
You've accepted the guidance
To climb up to the stars
Alone,
You belong there,
Then God reached down to you
with one short call of his

That conveyed shortly
Without any soul initiation
Not even mentioning its subject:
"He has arrived!"
You knew
Who has arrived to you
You only needed to grasp:
Who comes, comes at first
Taking an invisible body
Which cannot mean less
Than when you can closely look
Into his eyes full of wonder
And the endgame
Hasn't lost its weight
Silent snow resounded in your mind
As if the mercy of recurrent coincidence
Wrapped around you even though
You couldn't have known
How high you got
On the rope,
Then you heard inside you:
"You've reached the peak",
Even though you had no image
Of the peak, it couldn't happen
Still, the divine mercy found you,
On the heavenly path you have
Mounted
The peak,
You were asked in an instant
To glance to the right, at once,
because you can already see your Love
Who is about to step up where
You stand alone on the peak,
Sing, you were asked to
From your throat
The voice battalion have flown
Into the heart of Heaven on Earth
Into the cup of your Love's soul!

Gate of love

I call you, expect you, receive you, love you

I call you, as the soul of the stars calls the star of the soul
I expect you, as the light-man expects his light-spouse
I receive you, as the tulip gladly receives the dew of dawn
I love you, as my hand enjoys taking yours,

Opening the door of my heart wide, *I call you*,
With the faith of the oak on the world's peak *I expect you*,
With the vibration of the loving energy of Jesus *I receive you*,
My twin flame embracing You blazing, *I love you*,

I call you, expect you, receive you and love you

Dawn (for Ananda)

In one
Single
White shirt,
In a lint dress,
On horse-
Back,
Forehead
Eastwards
Below
The shirt
Sky-naked,
Body blazing,
Standing
On hope-horse's
Back
You soar
From earth
Racing on
Heaven's
Path
Flying on
Heaven's path
On your side

Two
Stirrups
A horse you
Could be
In the stirrup
The Woman
Stands
Straight
The celestial strength
Of the Goddess
Guards
In her arms
A cradle
Salvation
Smiles
In her,
You swim
In space
Sword in your mouth
Your eyes on
The horizon.

I am yours

You take your offences, all of them, like acacia thorns
You pin them on the wall of pardon as a smile
You take understanding, never-ceasing, like gentle strokes
You pin it on the forehead of the mind as a gauze
You take expectation and emptiness like drops of tears
You pin them into desert sand as seeds of gold
You take the life you live for her, the infinite, like heavenly graces
You pin it into her wondrous garden as a tree of God
You take yourself, the one who loves her, like eagles' feathers
You pin it as a flag on the window of your soul-home
You take your heart, the only one, glowing like a sky-white lantern
You pin it on your loved one's breast as a shell of pearl
You take happiness and resurrection like two purple roses
You pin it onto Ananda's blouse as a divine surprise.

Your life is no more precious for you than love

Dedicated to F. Nietzsche

Nothing can be more precious for you than love
Be it truth, wisdom or even the latest future image
If it was not love that you would regard as dearest
You would have no past, present or future state
Your lives so far have drowned in a loveless lake
An eternal void intertwined your soul with belts of pain
Now only true love makes you a beloved man of light
Adamant persistent masculinity forged you this way
The noblest freedom raised you to seek what's right
A free strong Nietzschean soul filled you with heroism
You have become someone laden with higher duties
Your true law is now to follow the humble genius mind
The whole world mirrors your own self without blinds
You've left behind those who suffer deeply for their age
Showing the hidden truth to the benefit of mankind
You offer love to reflect the world that is being loved
Your metaphysical spirit has softened from love itself
For love grants a power more wondrous than freedom
Your ship's firmly bound for higher peaks further away
You can be reborn from lovelessness to a loved person
The love that is of a Goddess is dearer than being alive
The genius of the mind may only be born in true love!

translated by: Orsolya Végh