Poetry from the City of Dawn – proceeds go to A4A for the land!

“50 Poems from Auroville” was released as a tribute to Auroville to celebrate its 50th birthday and to raise funds for the purchase of land to continue Auroville’s growth. It showcases the wealth of poetic talent by writers in the English language in the emerging township.

“50 More Poems from Auroville” carries on where the first compilation finished, casting the net wider to include poems by those who do not reside in Auroville but who feel its heartbeat and share its aspirations. Both volumes are evidence of a true gift for poetry which the practice of yoga enhances. The books are available at Auroville’s Visitors Centre and via the Auroville Online Store.

Proceeds go to the Acres for Auroville campaign for securing the still-missing land. A4A sincerely thanks Vikas for creating these books and AVI-UK for the support it provided.

50 MORE POEMS FROM AUROVILLE - https://www.auroville.com/50-more-poems-from-auroville.html €4.28 / Rs. 350


Below are some examples of the beauty and depth in each of the two volumes:
Evening Illumination

Grey upon grey the troubled cloud-race
Racked through with flickers of impending storm
Breaks open to reveal a sudden space
Intensely blue … and one calm star.
Steady behind these veils of shifting form,
Smiling, insistent, serene and far,
Unwavering it calls me to behold
All Heaven opening beyond that speck of gold!

Shraddhavan

Jesus In The Minster

I sat on a pew in the Minster
The beautiful Minster, brimful with man’s offerings to the Lord:
The soaring vaults, the intricate carvings.

And the circus.

Sarah had gone off to look for a tour group.
All around me the tourists processed
Searching for splendid settings for selfies,
Their moronic gestures, little victory signs, two fingers and a grin.
Clearly, they had indeed conquered.
Conquered God’s place,
Sealed with smiles, captured for all eternity,
To share with family and friends back home,
Who surely could not wait.
To signal that this was still God’s place, on the hour
A priest, attired in the finery of his worthy position
Mounted to the pulpit and uttered some brief good words.

I sensed Jesus had sat down next to me.
“All I sought for was simple.” He said.
“Love one another.
Be ye as little children.
But all this?”

Later, when the tour had finished,
The guide asked, “Are there any questions”.
There were none and everyone dispersed
I asked, “What would Jesus make of all this?”
“He would be appalled” said the man
Smiling, with unwept tears.

Vikas Vickers 08.08.18
Void

Isn’t this what we fear most?
Not death, but absence of being.

But, oh, to shed lifetimes
of the smaller self,
draws me, inexorably,
to its margin.

Alan Herbert

Early One Morning

The sun got up; so did I,
slow and cosy, half in sleep.
Stumbling out, I sat upon the step :
receiving nothing from the night,
I expected nothing from the day.
There was a tree in flower,
A scratching dog,
the sun was shining on the sea.
But then, at half-past by the clock,
the world turned over….flip!…
and changed all that.
And when it had settled down, resplendently I saw:
a tree in flower, a scratching dog, and the sun O shining on the sea.

Navoditte (Norman Thomas)