

Master's Eyes...



Master's eyes
Were truly the windows of his soul.
Master's forehead was broad and well-formed,
With perfectly arched brows
That framed a beautiful nose,
And two large, dark lotus expressive eyes,
That would change expression
According to the different moods
Or roles that he played
At any particular time.

Mischievous when playful;
Fire when he became the disciplinarian;
Reason when he took the part of a father;
Tenderness when that of a mother;
Sadness and tears when sympathetic;
Wisdom when he taught;
Distant when his mind was beyond this planet.

Eyes that would magnetically heal
The body of disease,
The mind of psychological knots,
The soul of ignorance.
Eyes that could see even
What our words could not say.
Eyes that went beyond the physical
And penetrated through
The individual's mind and soul,
To see what even we did not know
or see for ourselves.

Eyes that sparkled with Will
When he concentrated for SRF's progress.
Eyes that saw the beauty in all nature.
Eyes that were ever on the alert
For souls that God wanted him to help.

Eyes that were capable of seeing
The darker side of our nature,
But refused to look at them,
To only concentrate on our good qualities.
Eyes of determination
That could overcome any obstacles.
Eyes that sent out flames
To burn out the draught of delusion
And dryness of the soul.

And above all,
Eyes that had only sight and love
For his only Father, Mother,
Beloved God.

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