

The American Arti

By Hank Mindlin

How can one fathom your Fathomless being?
How can we know you we see with gross eyes?
A glimpse of your shadow has blinded our seeing;
How can your Glory ever be realized.

Consumed is my mind in your fire and flame;
Accept it O Meher, in Oneness.
Consumed is my heart in the sound your name.
Accept, O Meher, my Arti;
Accept, O Meher, my song.

Thoughts cannot reach you and words cannot speak you,
Infinite ocean of unending bliss.
Though we beseech you, how can we seek you?
How can the finite know limitlessness?

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Consumed is my heart in the sound your name.
Accept, O Meher, my Arti;
Accept, O Meher, my song.

At your command, suns and stars give their light;
What in the worlds can I offer as mine?
Even my gift of love would be naught in your sight,
But veiled reflections of your Love Divine.

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Consumed is my heart in the sound your name.
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Accept, O Meher, my song.

You are the Ancient One, Lord of Creation,
How can we measure your true majesty?
You are the Christ, the Divine Incarnation,
Dear Lord, please don't be indifferent to me.

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Consumed is my heart in the sound your name.
Accept, O Meher, my Arti;
Accept, O Meher, my song.

You are the beginning and end of all things;
'Tis you alone who assumes every role.
Sinners and saints, beggars and kings,
You are the Source and you are the Goal.

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