

O son of Spirit, I created thee rich

O son of spirit I created thee rich, why dost thou bring
thyself down .. down to poverty? Noble I made thee,
Wherewith dost thou abase thyself? Out of the essence of
knowledge I gave thee being,
why seekest thou enlightenment from anyone .. anyone beside me
Out of the clay of love I molded thee, how dost thou
busy thyself with another? Turn thy sight
unto thyself, that thou mayest, mayest find me
standing within, within thee,
mighty, power..ful and self-subsisting .. self-subsisting