
The Fourth Turning (of Bucolica)



World Citizens of Gaia! I now will sing
On nobler themes. Not all of us embrace
Rainforest and mangroves; with joy we sing:
Let them be saved for humanity's sake.
Now dawns the last age of Sapiens song!
Once more the spiral centuries begin -
Mother Nature reappears and Oneness reigns:
From heaven descends a novel progeny;

The children in whom the material race
Throughout the world shall cease and turn within,
Extend your aid, Maria, chaste and kind,
For Pure Consciousness will reign. This glorious age,
Jumanah, will dignify your birth certificate;
Engagement shall commence their wondrous course
Under its rule what trace may yet remain,
Our ignorance shall vanish from the earth
Leaving it free forever from alarm.
Humanity will thrive into Oneness ever more,
Which Kosmic Citizens mingle to the edge;
The whole world they will serve, now set at peace
By the power of their deeds: therefor shall bring
All our children their daily small offerings:
Creeping wild ivy at schools, arums in the hospitals,
Foxgloves too to the fields and factories,
Smiling acanthus with bright polished leaves
For a safe, just, free and sound society.
The teeming she-goats, without call come Home.
The flocks shall be scared of lions no more,
No more of serpents and poisonous plants;
Over all the land sweet spicy balsams will grow.
When you learn to live in glorious Oneness,

Understand what Duty of Life and Virtue mean.
Golden the plains will slowly turn with soft
And bearded ears of corn, as we secure biodiversity.
Blushing grapes shall hang from wild-briar boughs
As we shall fight the poisonous chemicals.
Hard oaks shall drip with sweetest honey,
As we shall take care of our climate, land and water.
There will linger yet some traces of wrath;
Tempted men will cross the rising sea in ships,
Conquering grid towns with walls to keep
All the strangers out and delve deep furrows in
The fertile earth for corporate gains.
Maharshi must come again; Aurobindo once more
Shall bear the chosen heroes; Kosmic War will rise,
Great Gandalf go anew through the mines of Mordor
But in Time's course humanity has gained its dignity
No more shall men in tall ships cross the sea,
So we can live vividly, peacefully and free,
Nor merchandise be carried in the same:
All countries shall produce all good things;
No ballot box need rigged, no voice muffled;
The news shall lose his toxins from the yoke.
No citizen need dyeing its truth with false hues,

For justice make their fleeces glow
With lovely purpose melting into gold;
The grazing lambs with crimson shall be taught.
The Fates harmonious to the children sing-
“Run on, there are happy ages in your course”-
Dear offspring of the Gods - the time is come,
Start on your road, your mighty fruit of Consciousness!
Behold the world that sways her wondrous course,
Lands, ocean wide, and the deep heaven above
All things are gladdened by the coming age;
May my last span of life - this falling breath,
Be yet sufficient to recount your deeds.
Not Thracian Orpheus, Not Troy Winston Ono
Can conquer me in song; Petrus be Judge.
Begin, O! child, to greet her with your smiles,
Whose ten months’ burden caused her weary pain:
Begin, Kosmic Child; no nurture has been thine
From parents, nor from gods, nor goddess’ love.
Wake up to Her fertility, joy and immortality,
Bring Her fruit and enjoy Her milk and honey.