

Jan Martin

# DAKINI



DAKINI 6

NOVEMBER 77

A news-sheet for women Order members, mitras and Friends, produced at Amaravati, 30 Cambridge Park, London E11 2PR. Telephone 989 5083

EDITORIAL - ANOMA

DAKINI 6 has contributions from Kay Roberts and Helen Johnson of Amaravati, (Helen having just returned from India) Moreen Scott who now lives at Mandarava, Anne Rowlands from Brighton and Eve Gill from Christchurch, New Zealand. I've also included an extract from Dhammadinna's last letter from India.

Kay has written about writer Anais Nin, whom she finds very inspiring (so do I). Perhaps if anyone else has been inspired by a particular writer, they might like to write to DAKINI about them.

It was very good to hear from Eve in Christchurch and we'd welcome hearing from anyone else in New Zealand. In fact, we'd love to hear from any reader of DAKINI anywhere! Next issue will be the First Anniversary edition so it'd be really good to make it a bumper one. But that depends on people sending in articles, poems etc. So please do write in. We can only get a genuine 'feel' of whats happening with the women in the Movement everywhere if lots of people contribute.

Thanks to Jan Martin for typing DAKINIS 5 and 6.

Next Dakini - January. Copy date DECEMBER 15th

## RETREATS

The last long women's retreat was held almost a year ago. The reason why it's been so long is that women Order members have been involved in the setting up of communities and a lot of work is being done on buildings. However, it is now possible to hold a two week women's mitra retreat at Mandarava from 23rd December to 6th January. Application forms have already been sent out for this but if for any reason you haven't received one and would like to go, please get in touch with Malini at:

Mandarava,  
Street Farm, The Street,  
Aslacton,  
Nr. Norwich, Norfolk.  
Tel: Tivetshall 344.



From now on there will be regular weekend and longer women's retreats, both for Mitras and for Friends in general. These will either be advertised in DAKINI or through Centres, depending on when they are arranged. So there should be more and more opportunities to meet and practice with other women involved in the Movement.

### SUBSCRIPTIONS

If you have been receiving DAKINI since the first issue, you are due to pay a further subscription of £1 for the next six copies. I'd be grateful if you could send this as soon as possible, or if you don't wish to continue receiving it, could you let me know so that we don't waste time and money sending it needlessly. However, I hope you will wish to continue receiving DAKINI and look forward to receiving subscriptions. In future, as and when you have received six copies of DAKINI, perhaps you'd be good enough to send a further year's subscription. The money barely covers the cost of production and mailing the magazine and so keeping up to date with subscriptions is important. Thanks.

### AMARAVATI (AND OTHER THINGS) - ANOMA

The only trouble is I want to write about so much! I'm full of enthusiasms and energies etc. and somehow I must try and collect them enough to put on this piece of paper. I find it quite difficult to do this - I'm always writing articles for DAKINI in my head but actually transferring them onto paper and still retaining the energy that was in my head and my guts is something else! My best time to attempt this kind of thing is late at night, so it's at 1pm on a rainy Wednesday morning that I'm writing this, (at the risk of tomorrow's morning meditation!).

Firstly, Amaravati - you know, "the very thought of which fills one with bliss". Well, as far as I'm concerned, anyway, this is genuinely the case. It's not that at every moment of the day I'm going around singing with a big grin on my face (although sometimes I am), but my overall feeling is one of real happiness at being here.

Amaravati has been through lots of changes since the last issue of DAKINI. First let me tell you about what work we've done on the house. We now have electricity throughout the house, our main shrine room is completely decorated, plus a small second shrine room. Our guest rooms are now finished (previously stables at the back of the house by the garden) and when we spent an evening in them, celebrating the completion of the work there, we just kept looking around us in amazement that it was done and we done it! It had turned out to be quite a long job and in the last few days it all came together almost without us noticing. Anne Rowlands from Brighton was one of our first visitors to stay there and she's written about it later in this issue. In the house itself we've put in more windows, a back door and are now working on two basement rooms and a ground floor room which will be people's bedrooms. The two basement rooms were damp and so quite a lot of preparatory work is having to be done. We've just had a working weekend retreat which we all enjoyed and got lots of work done. There were three women from Aryatara for the whole weekend plus a couple of 'day helpers' on Sunday. One of these was Jenny Roche who brought her two children, Rosy (nearly 3) and Rebecca (8). The community has been quite small lately and so it was good to have some extra energy to help us out.

Besides working on the house, we've also got Kusa Cushions operating properly again with Joan Graham and Anne Farnham at the helm with occasional help from other members of the community when there's a lot of cushions to stuff etc. We're also about to take on a big typing job for FWBO Publications - the Bodhicaryavatara transcript.



The day after Sangha Day, Dhammadinna and Helen flew off to India. Dhammadinna was due to go on a yoga course with Mr. Iyengar (together with Annie Leigh from Mandarava, Dawn Mastin from Beulah and several men Order members and Nitrás) in November and they went a month in advance so that they could travel around and see something of India. I'll be including an extract from Dhammadinna's most recent letter from India a little later on. Helen, who had gone out just to see India (not to do yoga), has now returned and you can read something of her impressions later on. When she returned she told us with glee that when flying back to Heathrow she could see Wanstead Park out of the window! Also, since DAKINI 5, Moreen Scott has moved from here to Mandarava and seems very happy there.

Bhante came to visit us a couple of weeks ago and it was really good to have him here. He had supper with us and then we retired to the guest rooms for tea and Indian Sweets (Bhante brought us a huge bag full of them). We showed him all round the house and then asked him to take a puja, which he did. We all hope he'll come again before too long and maybe stay for a bit longer.

What else is there to tell you about Amaravati. Ah yes. We have a beautiful new rupa made by Chintamani. The body and the face are finished in gold leaf and the robes and hair are painted. I don't know that I can say much more about it as one would really have to see it for oneself to know what it was like. We've raised the shrine and bought new vases and candle holders and I think it looks really beautiful now.

Life at Amaravati is constantly deepening and yet expanding. You can never say 'that's how it is' because then it isn't anymore! People are getting to know each other on deeper and deeper levels and everyone is changing and growing and blossoming all the time. Sometimes the place seems like a lunatic asylum and at others it's quiet and quite refined. Personally I feel more free to be myself than I've ever done. I'm just experiencing myself in a much more real way, more spontaneously. I think there's a basic feeling of trust and respect for each other here and so if you're in a bad mood sometimes, or you're leaping about with joy or whatever else you might be, it's okay, everyone accepts it.

So...life at Amaravati continues well. We've had lots of visitors and if you'd like to come, just let Sanghadevi or I know. We'll be pleased to see you.

Besides Amaravati itself, I feel happy about the state of women in the movement generally. There's Mandarava, of course, our country retreat centre and then there's Beulah, a women's community in Bethnal Green where Marichi and four other women live. The whole of Amaravat went to a party at Beulah recently and the whole of Beulah came to supper here a few days later. Then there's Anjali (previously Dawn Inkster), Diana and Marguerita living together in Brighton and Shrimala and Dominique in Norwich. There's talk of a women's community being set up in Finland by Lisa and Ulla and so on others. It's not just the communities themselves but a feeling of energy moving, something positive happening with the women in the friends. I've felt it from women who aren't in communities as well as those in them.

I hope things are good where you are and if they aren't feeling so good at the moment, battle on! It's worth it because life only has a meaning when you're aiming high and you're stuck in and you're open to changing and to the 'spiritual' forces around you. Let go! Tune in and there they are to help you. Let Vajrapani help you smash through those blocks, Manjushri cut through your ignorance, Tara open up your compassion..and go to the Buddha, Dharma and Sangha for refuge!



Extract from a recent letter from Dhammaninna in India

"...Annie and I arrived in Poona at 6.00am. We've been on a train for - 36 hours. We staggered around trying to find a road going all the way out of town to the address which we've been given to find it deserted and the people unfriendly (uncommon in India). It was a ghastly morning but it eventually ended up at the Hotel Tourist where we sank gratefully asleep in a luxury double room with own bath and room service (provided by 2 crazy, very endearing waiters). We thought we were going to hate Poona because it's very Westernised and seemed rather boring after the other places we've been. I can't remember where we were when I last wrote - to recap we went from Delhi to Benares to Sarnath - back to Benares, by this time having lost all the men (Lokamitra, Surata etc - Anoma). From there Helen, Annie and I went to Gaya (nice place) to Buddhagaya (horrible, plastic rupas - very commercial) back to Gaya, back to Benares (we couldn't book a train from Gaya to Poona for another week).....We left for Poona on the Dadar Express. Actually the train journeys are really okay. We travelled three tier 2nd class sleeper - which means you have a bunk and a seat - a conductor who keeps the unreserved seat people out. The carriage is open so you get to know your fellow travellers. The Indians are used to long, slow journeys and really know how to look after themselves. You get really good vegetarian meals provided, tea vendors at every stop, banana vendors etc. come along by the carriage and you buy what you want. The meals come from the station restaurant and are brought to your seat. The Indians seem to know how to enjoy themselves in a very simple way. Our neighbours for the first half of the journey were a family (6 brothers, 1 sister) of S. Indian Hindus who've been on pilgrimage to Benares. They were really lovely. Bought us nuts - tea - stole our map and they were so nice to each other, they are really physically warm with each other - nice to their sister, buying her bananas, sandals and baskets at different stops. They had a ball all the way.....I think Westernisation contact with Europeans changes the Indians and removes their charm. It's best where they're not used to white people at all. It's okay to walk around here (Poona) on your own - no hassles. In fact, to be a Western woman in India is very good - you have the freedom to go - do as you please, which Indian girls don't, but you get treated like a lady. Anyway, Poona is looking up. First of all we got directed to the Western shopping area which is okay but we managed to find a really good market and even a dreadful second-hand rag and scrap market which was fascinating. We're now living much nearer the Institute (for the yoga course - Anoma), though not finally settled. The area we are staying in is nice - good, clean, restaurants, beautiful food - lots of bookshops - in the University area. Last night we discovered a really good bangle shop run by a bangle guru who sells large enough sizes for big Western hands, so Annie is happy. Am enjoying myself lots - think staying in Poona will be good - especially when we get our bikes!"

Love, Dhammaninna.

IMAGES OF INDIA - HELEN JOHNSON

It is irrelevant to speak of 'liking' or 'disliking' India. India is a creature so vast, so complex as to be altogether beyond personal judgements or preferences, so ancient as to make one feel like an atom compared with the universe or as a fleeting second against eternity.

India is a mass of pictures and images, noises and smells; a playground for the senses, but a treacherous playground where one encounters the ugly with the beautiful, where sickness and disease intermingle with pleasure and vitality; where one could find one's heart or lose one's mind.

The heat, enfolding like a blanket is all around. It's haze makes the horizon shimmer and it's brilliance causes colours already living to



dance more vigorously before the eyes. The endless motion of the train as it rattles on and on, endlessly through the flat lands of India. Dust billowing red through the open windows, and a woman in the corner wears a saree the same striking shades of green as the crops in the fields which we pass.

A railway station somewhere at night. Sleeping bodies lie all about, piles of boxes and bundles, each a family's wealth and home. Flickering flames from hurricane lanterns and the red glow of charcoal stoves where tea is brewed or nuts roasted. Sellers of every conceivable item walk up and down, calling their wares: tea, sweetmeats, cigarettes little wooden toys, beads and bangles. Beggars rattle metal bowls at windows of the waiting train and whine or cry out their requests, holding up a severed stump or rotting limb for you to see, or clutching a dirty ragged child with big, appealing wide open eyes.

Flocks of beautiful Indian women, with graceful multicoloured plumage. Each one an island of self respect and security. Indian womanhood - so different from the west, so proud, so self assured, such dignity. Every woman, be she young and beautiful, or a matron, old and getting fat. Be she from a wealthy family or living as a labourer by the side of the road, each carries her femininity like a jewel. But a jewel to illuminate her own being, not just a gaudy trinket to attract a mate. Not a glittering bait or bargaining point but an essence, born of woman, to be used by woman. For her own enrichment, to give her strength.

Benares; the holy city. A myriad of tiny streets, filthy and stinking yet enticing with their mystery, their dark doorways and wayside shrines. The smell of incense and the red of daubed vermillion. Bazaars cramed full of glittering, waving trinkets; fluttering with gorgeous silks. The Ganges at dawn; buzzards spiralling lazily over the burning grounds, the sun rising over the sacred waters - a flaming orange ball.

#### SOME NOTES ON ANAIS NIN

- KAY ROBERTS

Opening a book by Anais Nin is like climbing into a boat at night, pushing off from the shore, lying down on your back, and drifting silently down the river, through the night life of the city, the vast sky and all the billions of stars and universes opening out above you, and the city alive and humming all around you.

As a writer, she expresses herself so freely, so fluently - you feel that she gives herself in all that she writes, that she empties herself out onto the page, seemingly holding nothing back. After reading most of her novels and diaries, I feel that I know her, intimately. She is like a strange and beautiful flower, continually growing and opening out, and changing, revealing her tender secrets to the world, her vulnerable inner self; like the face of a flower, smiling out to the world, giving itself, at once so very delicate and fragile and vulnerable, and yet so strong in its communication of itself, in its giving of itself.

What Anais Nin is really doing in all her books, is looking - looking closely, with a great attempt at clarity and truthfulness. You are aware at times of certain areas rather neglected by her, or areas in which she is rather fearful and self-defensive, but you feel that she is always trying to face these areas, to be brave and walk into them, through them.

She writes as a woman, as herself, Anais. With awareness and with incredible understanding. I find her deeply inspiring. She sees so clearly all that goes in to make a human being - all the different facets of a character, the weaknesses, the needs, the wants, the



cruelties, the loves, the generosityes; but she never condemns. She see the whole person, usually made up of such fragmented and dispersed selves, and loves this person, accepts this person, supports and gives herself to this person.

She writes mainly of relationships, of people. She goes way beneath the surface, and sees and describes so much detail. She says of herself: 'What was left for one to do? To go where Henry cannot go, into the Myth, into June's dreams, fantasies, into the poetry of June. To write as a woman, and as a woman only, I begin with dreams, hers and mine. It is taking a symbolic shape, closer to Rimbaud than to a novel.' (She is referring to "House of Incest" here). And again, "The phrase which fired me, and made me begin to write on June, was Jung's: 'To proceed from the dream outward.....'".

She is subterranean. Her writing is like poetry, flowing poetry. Very subtle, and very vivid, so descriptive. As I think Henry Miller says of her, she is like water flowing, finding its way into every nook and cranny, so that you feel eventually nothing will be left unknown, uncharted, undiscovered. And yet she does it so gently, so sensitively, nothing is destroyed as she reveals it and examines it. She does not tear things apart and analyse brutally to arrive at the truth. But rather she works on an intuitive level, the mystery and wonder remain, and you feel rather that things have been enriched, made 'even more so' by her close examination.

Sometimes I feel she is almost too much, too tangled, too complicated, there is too much going on - I get lost in the complications, in the intricacies, and I rebel. But really, she is just poetry - she writes of the poetry of life - samsaric life! Change, continual change. Variations. She writes the way life itself flows and unfolds. Sometimes it seems life itself is too complicated, there seems to be just too much to work out, too many things to think about. And one gets bogged down in the detail, and cannot see beyond that, to the wider perspective: as to a dance. Seeing the dance as a whole, a moving, changing, flowing pattern, one dance made up of so many different steps and dancers. Anais Nin's books are like ballets to me, and in the same way, as a child I used to be drawn into and enveloped by the fantasy world upon the stage, I am drawn into Anais Nin's worlds. It didn't surprise me to learn that she had studied dancing when a young woman!

Especially in her earlier work, she writes in this very poetic, colourful way. Some mistake it purely for brocade, for beautiful imaginative language, and nothing more. But it is more - it is her manner of expressing herself, of expressing her vision. It is as if she works on such an intuitive level that her perceptions can only be caught, and expressed, in this flowing poetic language, which is sometimes more like a piece of orchestration, a painting, or, as I said, a ballet, than a novel. For her words not only convey meaning, but colour and sound and movement as well. They leap and sing and pirouette their message. I feel that especially when she was younger, she herself was so sensitive that this was the only way she could actually look at things and describe and analyse and get to the bottom of things. One feels it would have felt harsh to her, even hurtful, to describe someone or something factually, plainly, without enrichening it by her power to see and express beauty and magic in everything - like a bright neon light being turned on in a candle-lit room. She loved the mystery to remain. She passes from dream to reality as easily as one closes one's eyes - in fact it often seems she is more at home in the dream than in reality.

"I see the symbolism of our lives. I live on two levels, the human and the poetic. I see the parables, the allegories. I felt that he (ie. Henry Miller) was doing the realism, and that I could go up in my stratosphere and survey the mythology of June. I sought to describe



overtones. All the facts about June are useless to my visionary perception of her unconscious self. This was a distillation. But it was not more brocade; it was full of meaning."

I also felt that this lucid, fluid, poetic form of writing is a natural expression of an energy, as if she were brimming with this particular energy, and it overflowed and poured out into her life, and probably into everything she touched and was in contact with - certainly into her writing.

In reading Anais Nin's diaries, you can actually watch her grow, change - it feels like a very different woman who wrote the first published diary (1931-1934) and the fourth one (1944-45). Quite a profound change begins to take place in her in the first diary when she begins visiting the psychoanalyst, Dr. Allendy. She writes "Today I began to think of an escape. Writing the poem, the myth, was not enough. I began to think of Allendy's teachings. His ideas have been underlying many of my actions. It is he who has taught me the world is vast, that I need not be the slave of a childhood curse, of devotion to whoever plays, partly or wholly, the role of a much needed father. I do not need to be a selfless child, or a woman giving to the point of self-annihilation."

As she grows older, and changes, and matures, her style changes noticeable also. It becomes somehow simpler, there is less need of adornment, of decoration - as if she were more confident, and no longer had the need to present everything as if it were Christmas, or some special occasion, wrapped in beautiful paper with lots of tinsel and ribbon and flowers - which is very lovely, very beautiful and enjoyable and enriching, but in a way not always necessary. Her writing becomes more down to earth, and you can feel that she is just more 'experienced', more complete, more centred.

It is just very inspiring to be allowed to enter the heart and mind of another individual who aspires to grow, to change, to transcend what she has become through conditioning, life. At times, when she describes experiences, things she has been through, that I relate to and that are real to me at the time I am reading, I feel so deeply touched, joyful - here is yet another human being with whom I can relate, who can experience as I experience, who can feel as I feel! Especially if I have been feeling isolated and alone in a feeling, it is like a door being opened, and sunshine pouring in, to discover someone else who has gone through the same thing, even if it is only through a book that I discover it - it still feels like a communication, and something in me can open to the world again.

"She was weeping over the end of a cycle. How one must be thrust out of a finished cycle in life, and that leap the most difficult to make - to part with one's faith, one's love, when one would prefer to renew the faith and re-create the passion. The struggle to emerge out of the past, clean of memories; the inadequacy of our hearts to cut life into separate and fixed portions; the pain of this constant ambivalence and inter-relation of emotions; the hunger for frontiers against which we might lean as upon closed doors before we proceed forward; the struggle against diffusion, new beginnings, against finality in acts without finality or end, in our cursedly repercussive being....."

As you can probably see, I have been really inspired by Anais Nin, both as a writer and as a woman. I feel she has given me, personally, a lot, and I feel overwhelmed with gratitude and joy in her, and hope that others too will discover her and gain from their contact with her.



THIS IS WHAT I'M THINKING TODAY - SANGHA DAY - MOREEN SCOTT

What is this spiritual life that we have all embarked on? what was the Buddha's example?

I have to admit that I spent the first five months of my contact with the Friends, living with Kay in Balmore Street, assiduously meditating - as much as five hours some days and waiting for the spiral path to unfold in front of my eyes, great dhyanic states to manifest themselves. I had found what I was looking for and with great joy I waited for it all to happen. And it was happening. I was becoming more human. I even started to like people. More than that I started to care for them. But you see I was only living with Kay, and my Sangha really consisted of only one person.

Another five months have passed since then; five months in which I have felt tossed and blown, crushed and thrown but phew! I think I can see a little spark of that golden light shining again. Maybe I spent a while chasing a dead star.

The Sangha has become much more important and it comes to me that the importance of the Sangha as the place or the emphasis on which one becomes happy, healthy and human cannot be overestimated. And it also comes to mind that until and unless we do become happy, healthy and human we are not going to be able to climb very far up that spiral path.

What have we taken on then?

Right away I am confronted by the fact that what I have to write will be so limited. Limited to my own feelings and experiences but who knows, maybe some of you may feel similar and anyway I am enjoying writing.

Two things immediately came up with a bump. Firstly I have spent most of my life trying to escape from other people. They were considered silly, useless and not to be trusted. Secondly my feelings have had such a battering. They were all caused by wrong views, from a conditioned point of view. I think to an extent I still valued them, but oh! to express them to another human being. Labels of crazy, strange and eccentric do have their way of creeping in and causing a certain amount of self doubt; strength starts to wane and even if one still trusts one's inner voice it can become so fragile that like Granny's best china, it only comes out when very special people come to tea.

I think what I am beginning to realise is that the sangha is full of very special people. Bhante says you can only trust someone as much as they are integrated and this is true, but what we have to do is try and make sure we do trust someone as far as they are integrated. Thus giving them more confidence in themselves and us more confidence to go out to people. From these little buds of integration that we all possess we can strengthen each other. And should perchance we come up against something we hadn't bargained for - a reaction from someone we had not expected then we must have the courage to speak up about it and have it out. Get rid of the energy of hate or mistrust or whatever it has created. If we don't speak up we hold on to that energy and like a seed it too grows. It's coming to mind writing these words that I'm writing about things I'm not very good at doing. It's like an embryo, realising what one must do and bit by bit expressing it.

Another thing that I feel a great deal of emphasis should be put on is we must stop trying to Be Good. We must stop trying to Be Spiritual. I think this is where a bit of faith helps. We all have different



karmas, different backgrounds, experiences, different ways of working so if anyone thinks that they can pick up a little A-Z on how to reach enlightenment they'll probably be helping the treadmill of Samsara to keep grinding for aeons to come. Obviously there are certain things like meditation and trying to follow the Eightfold Path and understanding the four noble truths which really help. Reading about Milarepa can be inspiring. Associating with Friends who know they are on a similar journey helpful. It seems to me these are the Big things, the Foundations. But little things creep in. Maybe we are not ready to give something up but we've read somewhere than an Enlightened person does not do such a thing so we too try and give it up. Sometimes it works. We're ready to let go anyway. It's not much of a problem. But if it's a real wrench then I suggest we look to see if we really are ready, if we really are integrated into giving it up. Seems to me it's hard giving something up unless there is something to take its place. That something should be inside you, more and more growing inside so it seems it's best to encourage the only satisfying "possession" that of an integrated individual full of strength to defeat Mara; but not to think that other worldly pursuits are necessarily wrong or unskilful.

So to all followers of the Dharma, of whatever temperament, on whatever level, I hope to meet you through the Sangha, hope we can show each other ourselves and meet again and again throughout our journey, and to .....Enlightenment.

Lots of Metta - Loreen.

WRITTEN ON A RECENT VISIT TO AMARAVATI - ANNE ROWLANDS

What an improvement  
there has been  
since my last  
visit to Amaravati

The guest house -  
(Or 'Bhante's Pad  
in the trade) -  
is a good  
example to take.  
From a state  
of acute dis(re)pair  
the converted garage  
at the back  
of the house  
is now a  
bright comfortable abode.  
With new roof  
and varnished ceiling  
and a skylight:  
With glazed windows  
and concrete floor,  
running water,  
fuel stove,  
electric light,  
carpet,  
bed,  
chair,  
table,  
re-pointed and  
painted walls,  
looking out at the  
roses and Mrs  
Baggins, the cat.



AN ARTICLE FOR DAKINI BY EVE GILL

I sit in front of this typewriter and think what to say.  
I look out of the window at the trees in the park, at the cars racing home, yet nothing seems to come into this mind. Its life. For ever I am searching for words to capture the present, which becomes stored for the future, from the past. Why? Do I not want this moment to go by? In so many words I try to communicate the feeling of being but the being becomes obscured by these words of non-sense.

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At present in Christchurch we are getting together a community. It is larger than the one at England Street. We have a larger building so there are usually more people together. We are fixing up the building which was a mess when we moved in. That in itself is proving to be quite a task. The community is a mixed one.

I feel we have started something very positive and hopefully we will be able to set up a place which will offer people a peaceful refuge from the hum-drum of the city. The noise may filter through the walls but hopefully the atmosphere will be one of giving. That is of giving the Three Jewels to the best of our capabilities.

At the moment I've got lots of ideas floating around in my mind and hopefully I can start putting them into practise, which is very hard work. This is why I am grateful to be involved in Ratnaloka although sometimes I can forget the creativeness of this community.

Amaravati has got my moral support as that is all I can give at the present.

OH TARA!

Anema

(a song)

Your right hand opens out to me  
You only want to set me free  
Born out of a lake of tears  
To save us from a sea of fears

Oh Tara!

How could I lost sight of you?

Oh Tara!

How could I lose sight of you

You came when I was on my own  
Looking down from your lotus throne  
Reached into my very soul  
Bowed to you and I felt whole

Oh Tara!

How could I lose sight of you?

Oh Tara!

How could I lose sight of you?

I'm sorry for what I've done wrong  
And offer you this humble song  
May I see you as you are  
I bow to you, oh shining star

Oh Tara!

How could I lose sight of you?

Oh Tara!

How could I lose sight of you?

Oh Tara....Tara.....Tara.....