



QUEST FOR GOLD

By Wayne Visser

I

The Way

The sky stretched up before his gaze
To a future place in time
The clouds conspired to form a ladder
He knew that he must climb
For to escape the mire of his birth
The curse of being poor
This tender youth would have to learn
The way of Tooth and Claw

In a jungle made of towering stone
And sinew of the mind
He would have to learn to eat
Or be eaten by his kind
And there could be no mercy spared
Upon his upward flight
His head would have to rule his heart
In the battle for money and might

And passing time, as oft' it does
Rewarded victory well:
His empire all around did rise
Wealth cast its siren spell
He closed his eyes and turned his back
On the place from whence he came
All that connected with his roots
He treated with disdain





At last, the god of Justice stirred
And woke up from his sleep
He sounded out his warning cry:
"What ye sow, so shall ye reap!"
But the goddess Grace, she intervened
And made a gentle plea:
"Give him one more chance, I pray
His harmful ways to see"

So one more chance was granted
Under the veil of night
For a dream to act upon the tycoon's
Stage of inner sight
And if its tale could change his heart
Into a heart that cared
Justice would rethink his fate
And his life be spared

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The Dream

A swirling mist, a rising moon
A simple house of stone
Set upon a mountain ledge
Naked and alone
An inner pulse, a flickering
A strange and mystic light
Emanating from within
To tease the dark of night

Within, all is a-bustle
Amidst the flasks and phials
Molten metals, greenish gas
Gauges, clocks and dials
Men in flowing robes of white
Beards and dancing eyes
Expressions of inspired delight
Auras pure and wise





All at once, they cease their work
Not a word was spoken
And turning to their wide-eyed guest
Their arms in greeting open:
"Welcome friend who comes to us
From distant moon-times hence
We will try to serve you well
Our gift is your defence"

"For in your waking life, my friend
You have been mislead
Power, in its seductive ways
Has rendered your heart dead
And the mammon which you worship
Has failed to buy you joy
You have spun yourself a tragic web
A self-deceiving ploy"

"And so your dream has brought you to
This time and place of old
To learn from us our sacred science -
The art of making gold
And if you heed our lessons well
The teachings we shall give
Your prize will be a grand reprieve
A second chance to live"

III

The Teaching

"Seeker behold, the way of Gold
Which is from iron wrought
If gold be the treasure of your quest
Your search will come to nought
For to enter upon the Gold-maker's Path
For your mission to succeed
Your heart must be rid of a longing for wealth -
The temptations of power and greed"





"Seeker behold, the Glories of Gold -
Fame, fortune and mirth
These are the masks beneath which lies
The value of gold, its true worth
The richness of symbol, the power of myth
The wealth of allegory
These are the secrets of wisdom and life
And gold is the mystical key"

"Seeker, behold, we Makers of Gold
From metals crude and base
Though chemistry would seem our trade
In fact, this is not the case
For as we toil with flask and wick
Powder, flame and grime
We change what is base within ourselves
Into qualities divine."

"Seeker, behold, the Lesson of Gold
In work and labour and trade
Judge your success by the growth of the spirit
Not by the things you have made
Let your motto be 'caring', your reason be 'love'
And 'service' your ultimate goal
For your purpose, choose 'wholeness' - the joining together
Of body, mind and soul"

"Seeker, behold, to be a Master of Gold
These teachings you must heed
The secret to wealth in your Earthly domain
Is service of those who are in need
To be a master, become a servant
And you shall surely find
The alchemical secret of transformation
Is love of humankind."





IV

The Waking

The glint of gold within his dream
Merged to shining ray
As the worldly leader woke to face
The dawn of a strange new day
Rising up, he felt the weight
Of future years and past
He knew his time of reckoning
Had come to him at last

The dream still lingered, real as life
Etched upon his soul
Pointing toward divergent paths -
Each portrayed a different goal
The choice could not be made with ease
With everything to lose
To win the game or change the rules?
Which option should he choose?

A flood of childhood memories
Helped him to decide
The plastic world of skyscrapers
Became his village tribe
Clean air filled his thirsty lungs
Green hills melt' his eyes
The legends of his ancestors
Echoed 'round the fireside

He remembered sacred stories ...
Of Mother Goddess Earth
Who, courted by the Tree of Life
Unleashed creation's birth
Others told of man and beast
Joined by silver thread
Partners in a tight-rope dance
Upon the spider's web





Still other tales were warning words
Of worlds falling apart
From war and strife, hate and greed
The failures of the heart
But coming back to haunt him now
Were yarns of slaves and gold
And he realised the time had come
For a new myth to unfold

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The Changes

The instant that his mind was made
A shadow disappeared
Before a blaze of consciousness
Were all the things he feared
He realised he'd built his life
On shifting, shallow shores
Of buried insecurities
And not some noble cause

Now he had to re-conceive
A motive to inspire
Profit lost its lusty lure
He found a new desire:
To serve the planet and its kin
To blur what's yours and mine
To create value in our lives
A love-led bottom line

Next his notion had to change
Of needing to compete
He saw the inefficiencies
Of victory and defeat
Much more progress could be had
If partnerships were found
The win-win world of synergy
Saw creativity abound





Money's meaning transmuted too
No longer stockpiled worth
But rather energy in flow
Used to heal or hurt
In giving he could multiply
The blessings he'd been fed
Not charity but seeds to grow
And so the abundance spread

The changes reaped a just reward
With bountiful returns
But now he measures his success
By what he loves and learns
The business elder turns and winks
His story has been told
An alchemy of rags to riches
Take heed - the way of Gold

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