The Lost Memories
The Supreme Master Ching Hai

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Biography of the Supreme Master Ching Hai

The Supreme Master Ching Hai was born in Central Au Lac (Vietnam). During Her adolescence, She studied in Europe where She also worked as a volunteer for the International Red Cross. Later, She married a German scientist and doctor and settled in Germany. After two years of marriage, and with Her husband's consent, Master Ching Hai left to pursue Her childhood dream of enlightenment. Thus began a time of arduous pilgrimages to many different countries that ended only when She met a perfect living Master in the Himalayas. From Her Teacher, Master Ching Hai received the divine transmission and learned a method of meditation on the Inner Light and Sound, which She later called the Quan Yin Method. After a period of diligent practice, She attained Perfect Enlightenment.

To satisfy the sincere longing of Truth seekers, the Supreme Master Ching Hai initiates people into the Quan Yin Method of meditation. Today, Her followers include people from different nationalities, religions, and cultural backgrounds. Her message of love and peace brings hope to people throughout the world, reminding them to live in Truth, Virtue, and Beauty.

Apart from setting a noble example, Supreme Master Ching Hai also encourages others to beautify the world through spiritual practice. Expressing Her inner joy through diverse media such as painting, poetry, jewelry and clothing designs, and musical compositions, Master Ching Hai seeks to enhance the outer as well as the inner beauty of all people with whom She comes in contact. Her artistic creations, displayed at exhibitions throughout the world, remind us of the inner spiritual realms. Her poems, published in national and international magazines and newspapers, have served as a source of inspiration for many renowned Aulacese and Hollywood musicians, who subsequently adapted the poems to music and performed the compositions to worldwide acclaim.

At a banquet honoring the Supreme Master Ching Hai in 1993, Mr. Frank Fasi, Mayor of the city of Honolulu, Hawaii proclaimed: "The Supreme Master Ching Hai brings love to places around the world still plagued with hatred. She brings hope where there is despair, and She brings understanding where there is misunderstanding. She is the light of a great person, an angel of mercy for all of us."

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Note : *(Original in Aulacese - Translated by Author Herself)

Preface

The Lost Memories is a collection of romantic poetry written by the Supreme Master Ching Hai during the 1970s while She was living in Europe. This time for Her was one of love and loss, ecstasy and heartbreak, longing and satiation, searching and discovering.

The journey within this volume travels the road of Love, encompassing its spectrum – from effervescent passion to contemplative reflection. Each poem is filled with rich imagery and melody, resonating with the many thoughts, emotions and experiences common to us all. The longing for a loved one, sweet memories rekindled with each falling leaf, a lost bird finding its way home, the sound of raindrops – all are conveyed with utmost simplicity and tenderness.

Woven into the wide range of emotions is a consistent theme, one that forms a gentle backdrop for each poem: the silhouette of Divine Love, which has been the source of inspiration throughout Master Ching Hai's lifelong journey. This journey to embrace True Love not only invites a passionate delving into the depths of our life experience, it also provides the potent reminder that in our own Lost Memories lies the key to self-discovery and, ultimately, our self-realization.

We are deeply grateful to Supreme Master Ching Hai for allowing us to compile this collection from Her early years. While the obvious beauty of this poetry springs forth from the innocent heart of youth, its inner beauty takes equal form by sparking the spiritual yearning deep within all of us.

We hope that ***The Lost Memories*** helps you find peace and love on your journey.

^ *Editorial Staff*

Hans Frühling

To the musician in Sendlinger Tower

He sat there, beautiful from toe to forehead!
Golden hair and eyes of tropical sea,
And last summer's tan, and rosa lips
And crystal voice, and guitar, and magic fingers!

Me, lying still, hypnotized in worship,
Drinking in every note of melody,
Feeling every inch of loveliness flowing through my blood,
O me, o mein, what a breathless beauty!

Du bist so schon, schon wie der Frühling!
Ich fuhle mich wohl nur Dich an zu schauen
So ein wie du, ich kent oft nicht
Ich will die Zeit hier oh... stehen bleiben.

But I think I will have to flee
Before night falls and my heart weakens with fever!
For such a rare precious stone I shouldn't and can't possess:
It must be in the sunlight, and shine through the whole world!

München
1980

*** Translation from German:

You are so beautiful, beautiful like the spring!
Just looking at you makes me feel so elated.
I have never known such a refined one as you.
Oh how I wish that time would stand still!

For the Afternoon Walk

Thanks for the hours
Thanks for the days
Thanks for the seconds
Thanks for the nights.

All the times we spent together
Are still in my mind,
Mountains and rivers
Were our paradise!

We were with the fall
Beautiful golden wood
Picking raspberries
Happy like in childhood.

We were with nature
Walking miles along
Far away is the future
In horizon unknown.

How long will it last?
We're asking ourselves,
The answer is there
Somewhere I can't tell.

München
January 9, 1979

Silent Love

Passion burns within,
Glances vibrating,
Earthquakes under still autumn lake!
Winds cry and clouds sobbing,
... With the rain
All washed into nothingness!...

Branenburg
1979

The Star of My Heart

You are like a star in the evening sky
So remote
Yet so bright!
How can I be the lucky neighboring cloud,
Embracing the galaxies with love?

Now I just look
From afar, at you — my beloved star,
Regretting that time flies so fast.

Whenever we are
Together
It seems the world
No longer exists.

Can I forever keep it,
This wonderful fleeting moment?

Whenever I see you
My dream appears to be true,
But tomorrow brings fateful loneliness.
Even just for a split second
It's eternal yearning
For the heart.

Yesterday went fast!
Today flies!
Tomorrow — already
Prepared to say good-bye.

Where is the chance,
Where is the space,
For union and togetherness?
Oh God!
Pity the waiting time.
Why must one suffer
The longing in darkness!
Bring back to me
The one I so much love.

The whole universe
Awaits only this phenomenon;
You created so many stars,
Send me this one
From afar!
Amen

Innocent Kind

Beloved!
Hold my hand.
Hear you not the trembling heartbeats?
The musique of Nature
Will play forever
For you and for me
By this side of the river
Tender
Do re mi

Branenburg
Fall, 1978

Since Ive Loved You

Since I've loved you,
This country's become
The most beautiful place on the planet!
The birds sing joyously
In my garden.
Why haven't I heard them
Before?

Since I've loved you,
In no other city do I want to be;
What's pollution and habitat density?
Who cares in the least?

Anywhere without you
Would be a desert
Anyhow.
How can I ever breathe
Even with all the quietude
And fresh air?

Now I know the best place
Is where
Your beloved and you share
Deep feelings and tenderness!

Though you are no longer by my side
I live here with hope!
— No choice anyway —
Wherever you are is my paradise!
Just to be nearer to you is enough.
I can't go away!
My feet and feelings are rooted
Like the trees and plants in my garden,
Cannot move by their own will.
Perhaps one day
Someone or something will replant them.

But for now
I can see that future is too remote!

Or?!...
I dare not think —
But perhaps you'll return
One glorious evening!

Togetherness

One day beside you,
Forest green and sky blue.
Clouds caress the mountains,
Autumn wind singing love poems...

Two days together,
Yet dreams of forever.
Take wings, yesterday-loneliness,
Tomorrow, fly with the birds!

Branenburg
December 8, 1978

Since We Knew Each Other

In your silent manner I found myself,
In your quiet style is reborn my peace:
Many dark nights, soft and tranquil,
Your voice tender calms my madness!

O lover of grand amour!
From reincarnation and a thousand promises!
Do you still remember,
Our love lives before?...

... There were boring love affairs, weary adventures,
While I was hurriedly sailing to true happiness.
So many times in the chaotic world
I was lost and perplexed.

But gone now are the stormy days:
Your love like spring water cools my burning heart!
It's over, the long voyage,
Here I've arrived to stay.

Calmbach
1979

Wieder-Angst *

Next weekend, I cannot see you.
Worried and lonesome,
I will nurse my soul!
Seems like we are at the end of autumn.
It will be two seasons,
Till summer comes!...

München
Autumn 1979

* Worried Again

Before and After I Met You

Before I met you
I thought I was wrong
To show my feeling
My burning passion!...
After I met you
I know it was right
To love and to be loved
As one would so desire.

Weekend Thoughts

I missed you already this morning
When I woke up in your arms,
The last day of the weekend!

I think already
Of the days ahead
When we will be "together...
But in two places" again!

... And when I am far away from you
Doubts and loneliness fly in through the window!
I just can't think of anything else
But throw everything away and run to you.
But do you ever
Ever want me to?...

Allach
August, 1979

A Day Like Today

A day like today I want no friends,
No chocolate, no television,
Only you, my beloved,
And your arms to curl in!

O my Frühling!*
How I long to be with you.
Every night I think
I'm no longer living.

A day like today I want to go
Somewhere far away where the sun glows
With only you, my beloved,
And no one we know...

O my very own!
How I long to be with you,
Comb your silk-like hair through my fingers,
Feel my dreams come true.

A day like today everything seems gray.
Will you still love me
When others have run away?
O I am so lonely
As one could never be.
I am so verzweifelt ⁎⁎
As one could never believe.

For Rudolf
Allach – Spring
August 10, 1979

⁎ Spring
⁎⁎ Doubtful

It Would Be Better

Sitting alone in the bureau,
Waiting impatiently
For the postman
Who brings me your letters,
Which makes you nearer
to me.

Since the last few days
I am in a cloud:
Crazy like a fool,
Happy as a child!
What did you do to make me feel ...
... so wild?

It would have been better,
If you'd posted yourself
With the letters
By express delivery
Flying through miles ...
to me!

Allach
August, 1979

Your Pullover

Tonight I sleep with your pullover,
Smelling the scent of your dear body,
Imagining your tender touch,
While leaning my head on your shoulder!

***

And hear you whisper softly:
— Du! Ich bin Glücklich mit dir *

For Rudolf
Allach
1979

* German translation: "I'm happy with you."

Autumn

See you golden trees,
Crying red leaves,
With trembling long branches
Waving good-bye...

Hear you lonely paths,
Carpeted with dried flowers,
Sobbing under footsteps
Wailing when the wind blows...

See you the rain,
Slipping on mossy roofs,
Chasing a lonely bird
Dancing on the country lane.

Hear you the longing hearts,
Calling for each other,
And the weary August
Running to September...

München
Autumn 1979

If Only There Isn't

There is a black bird
Lonely on the roof.
There is a stone
Weighing down my heart!

There is a feeling
Cold as winter night.
There is a drop of snow
Falling softly in my mind!

There is memory
Refusing to fade;
Restless all the days,
Sleepless all the nights.

There is a far place
Where I want to go,
But there is a pride,
Which stops me from doing so...

München
1979

The Invalid

*I am wrapped away in the old badmantel**
Wounded again in my heart!
Come cry to Buddha
Come cry to God...

I am walking now in the dark
Relying on my feelings:
For if one is so blind
One can't see a thing!

I've lain in bed one-day-and-one-night
Mourning my own death,
Dumb to every sound
Deaf to all musique!

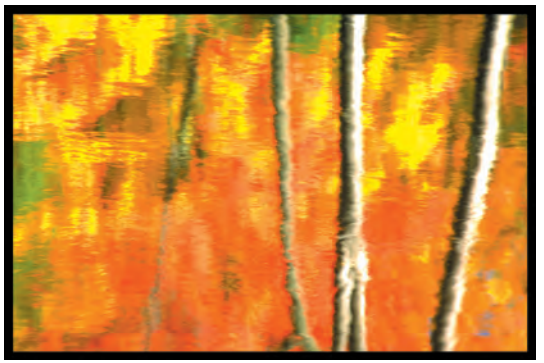
Tried to nurse myself
With all motherings
With all healthy thoughts
But my soul keeps bleeding!

Come cry with me!
Come heal my pain!
Don't let our beautiful hours
Run through fingers like sand!

Ismanning
1979

* bath robe

Only Wishes



I wish we'd known each other before,
When Eden was still full of fruit,
Like Adam and Eve,
With no one else in the world.

I wish I'd known you before,
Gone to the same school,
Spoken the same language,
Spent the same childhood,
And grown up in the same town.

We'd have much more to talk about,
Like the friends, boys and girls, you had.

But I'm all alone!
With the vague memories of my mad youth,
My imperfect accent,
And my overwhelming passion,
And my poor heart,
Which you don't want to own!

Branenburg
1977

If I were a queen
I'd surely leave my throne,
All royal luxuries and magnificent palace!
Come to you, barefooted and hair undone.

To show you how relevant it is
To be in love and loved by you,
Like air for all living things
Like sunshine and water for the rose.

But if I run to you today
Empty hands and burning heart,
It might scare you away
For you are not accustomed
To such an unusual passion.

If . . .

So I'll just stay here and miss you,
Don't know how long can this go!
Till you ask me to come back,
Will you ever do so?

Allach
August, 1979

Equality of Love

You are the master
Of your world.
I am just a fool
Enslaving my own soul!

You are the millionaire,
I am just an "au-pair,"
Nursing after your dreams,
Chasing away nightmares!

You are upper-class,
I am an underling.
You are vice-president,
I am vice-citizen.

You go by limousine,
I go by second-class train.
We never meet at the end,
For we never began...

But darling, I love you!
Let's just be man and girl.
Forget your money,
Leave behind your rich world.

We'll all arrive together,
By train or by car.
And that day won't be far,
When we all live together,
In the same world...

München
February, 1979

As Long As You Live

If you live ten thousand years
To wear out the carpets,
To wear out the furniture,
And all these paintings, all these antiques!
And anything that you so treasured
Then you will see how my love lasts,
Above and beyond any that endures!

If you live five thousand years
To see upheavals,
To see earthquakes
Level mountains to become oceans
You will see how my love lasts,
Never changing, never changing.

If you live just till five hundred,
It will be enough to see
That anything outside one's heart
Never lasts till eternity.

But if you live within one hundred,
Like often a human's life,
You will know soon, one day the last page
Turns over and death arrives!

However, bring my love with you;
That's the only thing of any value!
For others are subject to damage
Long before one rests one's soul.

But I wish you will live only one year,
For I can't bear anymore tears,
For I can't bear anymore heartbreaks,
And the loneliness in the years!...

You will not live, not one more day!
I buried you, yesternight...
In memories with the blue soul, red heart.
Take them: Presents for another life!

To G.P. without sending
München
January, 1979

Love Melody 1

Original version in Aulacese:
"Tình Ca 1"
Translated by: Author

Bitter fruit nourishing the stunted heart!
Sore passion changed red blood to white,
Since you left, never once looked back,
Me, and winter, and faded fire!...

And a stranger, on this foreign earth,
Walking twilight, hear winds call summer,
Western sun now fragile, rain so soft,
Like the sailing day on Pacific waters.

Tender hair, swinging pine forest,
Deep eyes travel through tropical dreams...
Why drowning in ocean of grief?
Come, come home to the sweet silk arms.

We shall hail, and adorn the universe,
We shall dance and sing, unite the world,
We shall light golden fires on hilltops,
Warming the sky of wintry future.

München
February, 1979

Love Melody 2

Original version in Aulacese:
"Tình Ca 2"
Translated by: Author

There were nights refusing my sleep;
Poems didn't come, and wine glasses empty,
And lonely stones piled up in my heart,
Tears falling with candle drops silently!...

Who has stopped here long ago, then took off
To thousands of stations, and hundreds of waters?...
I'm so young and growing with hopes,
Day after day, the foolish widow.

Will you return, or never come back?
Am I forgotten? Or should I stop yearning?
I wish to follow you on thousands of strange roads,
Like silky moonlight — never ceases shining!....

For G.P.
München
February, 1979

Love Melody 4

Original version in Aulacese:
"Tình Ca 4"
Translated by: Author

Yellow flowers, blue flowers,
Walking summer in wild dream,
Counting flowers, calling your name...
Horizon far, rainbow stream...

How many miles to the West side,
How many miles to paradise?
How many miles to your heart?
How many miles to mine?

Spring flowers, May flowers,
Blend four seasons together.
Weave all dried leaves in August,
Sending to you in lieu of letters...

Lonely river, lonely stream,
Walking winter in daydream.
Counting snowfalls, calling your name
Sun died on the hill for night Queen...

How many miles to summer?
How many miles to spring?
How many months for one Golden August?
How many days for one Glorious Second?

Lonely mountain, lonely hills...
Finding autumn in the chill!
Sending the wind to Branenburg...
Bring memories of August the twelfth.

Rosenheim train, Rosenheim train!
Bring me away from my pain
Bring me home to red wood.
Bring me home to the autumn rain,
Bring me home, where my heart belongs.

München
February, 1979

Winter Night in Iserlohn

On such a night like tonight,
When snow wails and the wind weeps outside,
When friends are gone and the hours asleep,
I miss you more than ever.
Oh! I could die!

I went to pick up the phone,
But what for? The distance is too long,
It's not measured in kilometers,
And Branenburg is not so far away,
From Iserlohn.

Iserlohn, Iserlohn!
I have just lost my lover,
What have you here to offer...
For the abandoned?

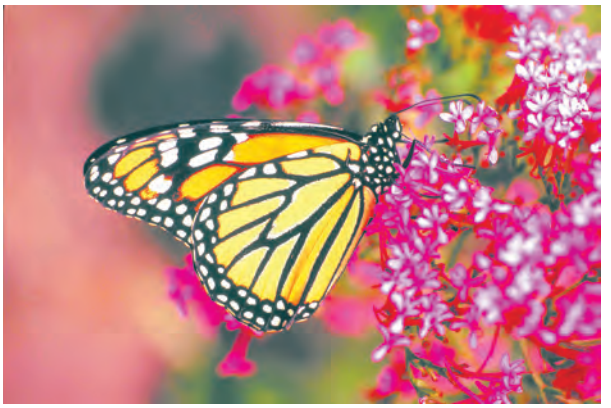
Iserlohn, Iserlohn!
The house is empty, I am all alone,
Waiting for a call, from anyone,
Is this how life is
When love has gone?

Iserlohn, Iserlohn!
Sounds like a lonely island,
I came to know you,
Through the loss of my lover.

I drifted to one island,
And he to another.

For G.P.
Iserlohn
January 9, 1979

Melody Blue



Just like all the others,
You promised the moon, you promised the world!
And me, the innocent soul
Believed, believed, believed you!...

Just like a butterfly
You get the stamen, and fly, fly away...
And me, old-fashioned girl
Alone, alone in this world!...

I told myself to learn my lessons,
I told myself love is not relevant.
I told myself time after time (hundred-dozens):
Never, never, never fall in love again.

But why am I so blue?
Since you've gone long ago, long ago,
... Long after we were through.
I miss you, I miss you, I miss you!...

I know now my passion,
Undying, undying, undying...
I know now my passion,
Undying, undying, undying...

To G.P.
Rosenheim
Summer 1978

Tears for the New Year

People reunite to celebrate
And we are parting!
Tears drop in the wine glass,
I wish you a good year coming.

There was nothing we could do.
You don't want to share a life for two.
We parted on New Year's Eve,
An odd day to choose!

Oh tears, and wine, and candlelight
Which for old romance, which for new days?

Which for lonely nights
That come after party time?

The wine went to red heart
The tears would dry.
Only then remains the candlelight.

Shadows on the wall,
Empty glasses on the table
Bed and pillows,
And dreams of yesternights...

München
New Year 1978 - 1979

It's Not Easy to Go

I was leaving for the door,
But wonder why I looked back once more!
It's not that easy ...
It's not that easy ...
to go!

I have been trying, before,
To run away from you (whom) I adore.
It's not that easy ...
It's not that easy ...
you know!

I want my freedom!
But I love you so!
I want to stay,
But I am just too bored!

What can I do?
What can I do?
Oh! I am so blue!
You want just a housewife.
But I couldn't stay out of
the ... light!

It's not that easy ...
It's not that easy ...
to decide!

To G.P. with love!
Branenburg
June 12, 1978

Instead of Saying Good-Bye!...

Have to leave you now, my "adored"
Feel too young to be a widow,
To bury passion within my heart,
And imprison my love behind closed doors!

Day after day, I've waited for you,
Tears have dampened lonely pillows...
Just to hear you making fun of love and marriage,
Just to see you depart encore!...

I wondered if I loved the right one,
Kept trying and giving more chances.
But I am now tired of gambling,
Tired of the run!...

It breaks my heart to walk away.
(I have been crying every day.)
But it would break my heart slowly,
If I stay.

I would like to die at once,
And come back to life newly born!
But nothing is so easy,
And far away is the reincarnation.

So I work, sleep and keep praying,
Share the pain in my writing,
Give my love to my people, who need it,
Give my time to these lost children.

And hope time will heal, and I'll forget you,
And like everything, love comes and goes.
I'll find someone who returns my love,
Someone, who'd like your place in my soul...

To G.P.
München
August 7, 1979

What Shall I Do?

Mother told me:
— You must play "hard to get"
And the boys will run after you.
But I went around freely,
Tattooed my heart on my forehead,
Opened wide my every move!

Father told me:
— You must play "hard to get"
All the boys don't like easy girls!
But I went around freely,
Carrying my heart on my shoulder!

It's not an easy thing to do!
It's not an easy thing to do!
Hiding feelings within you
It's a hard thing to hide:
The smoke from the fire!

Darling, please don't go away!
I'm no easy girl as they might say,
It's just that my love for you
Is like the sunshine.
It gives warm rays,
I just cannot hide
And why should I?

But all the same, I'm old-fashioned,
I'd like to marry and have children.
Tell me you still love me,
Tell me we'll marry!

... But by now, you are not so sure
If we are for each other anymore,
Or if we should stay together
Forever or so...

How could I really understand
What you said and what you meant?
But I know one thing —
That I am leaving
I know also the pain
Will stay for many a lonely evening!

Iserlohn
1978

I Don't Know

I sit at the end of town,
And you, where are you right now?
It was funny how we parted,
No kiss, no wave, no adieu!

And we were even going to marry.
It might have been better, you see?
But it's too late now to regret —
I left without saying good-bye.

To hell with love, to hell with marriage,
To hell with men, to hell with me,
To hell with everything that does not last!
I'll live alone, from today!!!

Maybe I was born to live alone,
My love is too much for another person!!!
I asked for the thing they cannot give.
All my relations never lasted long.

But sad and miserable I'll always be
When you are no longer with me!
Life's not fulfilling with studies and work.
Something's missing; I don't know why!!!

It May Be Too Late Then...

Lying alone in my bed tonight,
Thinking of things that gone by...
I know you'll be sorry
One day, remembering me.

No one will think of you
The way that I do,
No one will love you madly
Like me!...

Running to the last night train
In all weather, shine or rain,
To be with you one night
To stay by your side,
And see you smiling
And hear you talking!

Running to the last night train
Bringing me to the other end:
We were so far away
Like night and day!

I love to be with you,
Forever and more,
But you take things for granted,
As most people do.

Walking alone on the street today
Watching lovers passing by,
I know you'll be sorry
One day, remembering me.

Let's hope it won't be too late then
For you and for me.

München
1978

To Myself on New Year's Eve

It's alright! It's only a New Year!
There is no reason to be so restless.
Just do the things that you always do,
Say your prayers and go to bed.

Yeh! I know, he is not with you.
You have no family and in no mood to celebrate.
You feel so lonely and you are blue.
Ah so... There are millions of others too!

... But it's the day of reunion,
Of family circle and togetherness.
I am restless like a child
Who finds it difficult to go to bed
While outside is full of happy noise,
Crackers firing with laughter on the streets.
Even small children don't go to sleep.
Oh how uneasy to be alone tonight.

München
New Year 1978

My Will

If I die tomorrow,
All my properties become yours.
You are my next of kin,
No one else in the whole world!

Here I write my will,
My hands trembling, my heart thrilled!
Mr. So and So... by this name
Heir of the inheritance.
Fingerprints on everything I possess,
Left behind with anguished passion.

Here is a list of my property:
A few decent clothes, a safe empty,
Poems and books, never once published,
No diamond, less any jewelry!

But important are my poems!
Please darling, keep all of them.
It's for you that they are made,
From sleepless nights and broken dreams!

You can be sure then, I am happy.
This world has nothing to offer me,
Since the day you left;
Life, crawling toward death valley.

I know, it's crazy and useless,
It's nonsense and foolish, I know!
But my heart, my very heart,
Also belongs to you!...

You can keep it with the inheritance,
If I die tomorrow, if I die soon,
What's the difference, one day more or one year less?
Who cares if I die tomorrow or if I die soon?...

Je Ne Crois Pas!...

Staring at your picture,
I could hardly believe,
How far away it seemed to me!

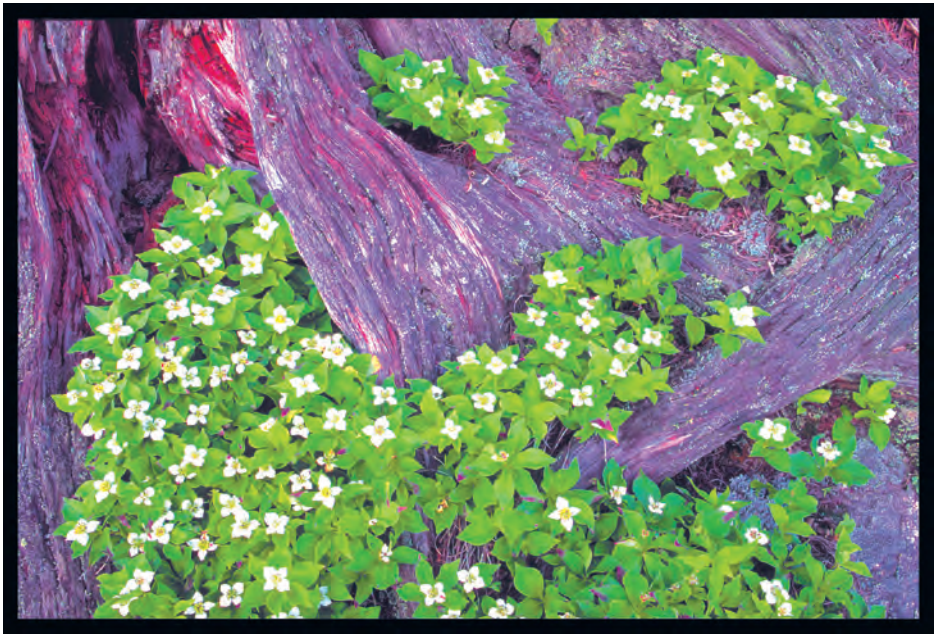
This man in the photo,
Did I ever hold him before?
Did I ever share with him my bed?
Did we ever make love, and more?...

Withered with flowers in May,
Fell with dried leaves in August,
Our love yesterday!

Why am I still waiting,
For your footsteps every night!

It's not all ended,
I cannot believe!
"Je ne crois pas,
Que tout est fini!"

München
One of those nights



Old Town, Past Love!

Original version in Aulacese:
"Phố Cũ Tình Xưa"
Translated by: Author

Back to the old city,
Heard the waking of first love,
But the bird in the cage could no longer fly;
Mixing tears with ink on the page,
Wrote love songs of golden days!

Gardens full of shadows of ghosts.
Didn't fade away through wintry rain!
One day I stopped between voyages,
Wondered how much passion left in vain?!...

When You Kissed Me This Morning!

You came back to kiss me!

... I felt like a baby,
Learning to talk,
Learning to walk again.
And to comprehend, the words:
"I love you"
As its very truth.

I was a clumsy soldier,
An experienced amateur!
Learning to combat,
Learning to master the art of
... killing!
Of all other things,
That invade my territory of love.

I was a young doctor,
With no practice, whatsoever!
Learning to diagnose
The root of jealousy,
Which is sapping my heart!
Like an incurable disease!

Yet, I am just another human,
And above all, a woman!
With raw pain, with fresh blood!
The erotic gate of all feelings,
Let the devil in!
And destroy often the thing
I treasured and cherished most!

For R.W.
München
Mid-September, 1978

I come to you
Because love is hard to find
Because pride
Is such a small price
To offer
For sacrifice.

I come to learn
To live
The experience
Of a true human
Of unconditional love.

Final

I'll be humble
I'll be smart
I'll be diligent
I'll relax
But above all
I'll be in happiness
And in contentment!

If There Wasn't You in Life

If there wasn't you in life
I would have gone to the moon,
Sitting there miserable
Like a dog without bones!

If there wasn't you in life
I would have been so lonesome;
Think of the sunflower
Without the shining sun!

If there wasn't you in life
Where to would I have gone?
Maybe to a monastery
But there I must be so lonely
Like a nun without a monk!

München
Autumn 1979

The Lost Memories

AUTHOR:
The Supreme Master Ching Hai

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The American Bureau

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Tel: 886-2-23759688
Fax: 886-2-23757689

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Supreme Master Ching Hai is a world renowned philanthropist, artist, and spiritual teacher. Gifted as a poet from an early age, She has long used Her unique creative powers to fashion beautiful and profoundly moving verses, which have been collected and published in numerous languages and set to music by some of America's finest composers.

She expresses both universal Truths and touchingly human feelings in Her writings, and through them has inspired countless souls to greater inner peace and spiritual understanding. Since Her earliest years, She has striven to alleviate the suffering of humankind through Her words and deeds, and Her poems reveal the wisdom gained through Her spiritual enlightenment and Her tireless devotion to the education and upliftment of others.

As the distinguished American music director John Barron states, "Supreme Master Ching Hai's life is an inspiration to the people of the world, especially those who have seen life's darkness. Her beautiful poetry, writings and wisdom bring joy and peace to those whose spirits cry out for sustenance."