

CHAPTER 7

Anthology of Angel Poems
by the Seven Archangels

Eternity

by Gabriel

Stones lie scattered along the roadside. Among them,
Those dyed in red clay look like red stones.
Those scattered in black earth look black,
And those hidden in white sand, even they look white.
As stones remain silent and do not utter a word,
They hide within themselves thousand of years of history.

In the same manner
People who stay silent and do not speak have inside their hearts
The many colors of their surroundings,
Each holds his own heart. Each has his own thoughts.
The more one does not speak,
The less one rolls about, the less one loses one's colors.
But this is only a surface matter.

Stones are
Unmoving things.

Those seen through the water grouped on the riverbed,
Are white, or covered with green moss.
Thus they tell the story of their past.
Stones are stained, And they are washed,
Their surfaces change in many ways,
But this is only a surface matter.
In the same manner, the *Shoho* is and it is.

Whether gathered or broken apart,
Things with their base in an unswerving heart
Are stones of duty.
They live for eternity.
The soul of man is also eternal.
They are the soul of the *Shoho*.
It is eternal.

An Angel's Pledge

by Gabriel

Becoming the fire of the blast furnace
The spirit of an angel
Reduces evil spirits to ashes.
Who is it who defiles the inviolate
Sacred Kingdom of Heaven?
The heart that ravages the ninth dimension in the name of Satan
And finds pride in the memory of such sacrilege

Even if our father Jehovah
Were to extend his compassion and grant forgiveness
Shall not be forgiven.

Tasting hardships, memories of millions of years
Close our hearts.

Compared to this, far far more
Is there good found in Lucifer's soul.

From Veh-erde he came
He came to make this earth his kingdom.
Oh, Satan, manipulator of good spirits!

Now thou art dead to the universe,
Where to thou aimeth thy thoughts and care?

In our land, the heavenly Kingdom of Light
Thy evil soul wilt never more be allowed
Nor granted the right to speak again.

Even if thou wert to make thyself into a seed or break into dust
To try to take revenge,

Such thoughts, by our souls'
Eternal energy will destroy.

As warriors in battle
The wings of the archangels will search out thy thoughts
We destroy thee.

Know thee that my pledge is for all eternity.

Oh, how thou sacrificed

Thousands of good people and spirits!

Our just anger

Will become a soul like a blast furnace flame,

To pursue thee,

To the ends of the universe. To discover thy intrigues.

Untitled

by Panuel

Often the morning breeze, upon the water surface

makes gentle waves

And makes gentle waves again.

When a scene from nature invades my heart,

Heaven enters a time of peaceful rest.

Farmers till their fields,

Merchants rush to fill their storehouses.

Just about the time people on earth begin to open their eyes,

Heaven enters a time of peaceful rest.

Merely two hours of rest.

When flocks of cherubs chase the wind and dance their dance,

164 *The Witness of the Kingdom of Heaven*

It is the time for us, the exhausted messengers of heaven
To lie down between the clouds.

When a daydream is disturbed by the ringing
Of the bells of a flock of sheep,
Flocks of Bodhisattvas come with tiny children
In groups of threes and fives
To listen to the *Nyorai* speak.

But the work of the messengers of heaven
Leaves no time for rest,

Protecting on earth, guarding in heaven,
For peace on earth and order in heaven,
Thus days pass in great number,
Destroying evil spirits who trouble the dead,
To carry out the plans of heaven,
To drive out those who stumble,
To close bothersome thoughts out of people's hearts,
To chase away the evil spirits flying about overhead,

The work of the messengers of heaven
Leaves no time for rest.

Those who know peace and rest of soul and heart
Are only the *Nyorais* and the Bodhisattvas.

The universe and the ninth dimension are light.

All else is one part of heaven.

Even those who have their own work.

Light

by Panuel

Light overflows

Like a spring of water, light overflows and falls

That is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Other kingdoms

Where the light does not reach

People wander in the kingdoms where the light does not reach.

The air is clear

The air wells up as in a lake

That is the kingdom of Heaven.

The kingdom of earth

Is a dry kingdom

Hearts are lost in the dry soul kingdom.

Clouds flow by

Like waves in the sea, clouds flow by

That is the house of the angels.

The houses of people who live on earth

sink

Their houses sink into a muddy fog.

Rainbows glitter and shine

They color the sky

That is the bridge to heaven.

166 *The Witness of the Kingdom of Heaven*

The bridges on earth
Lose their colors in the sand and the dust
Life breaks down and the bridges of people are tilted.

Let us seek after
The just laws that link heaven and earth
Where all people may come and cling.

The kingdom of heaven is a beautiful land.

The kingdom of the earth is a cursed land.
It is a land of sinking bells.

Sundial

by Uriel

In heaven sundials and flowerdials are the same.
Flowers make shadows. Time is learned from their shadows.
Flowers are planted thickly in long, long rows,
When the wind blows, they all whisper together.
This only happens in the *Nyorai* world,
So only the *Nyorais* know what time it is.
The time there is the same as that of the human world.
Set by the time of the human world,
The celestial world decides on many things.
Everything in the third dimension
Is included in the plans of the fourth dimension,
The guardian spirits always send back messages,
Thanks to which,

The happenings in the homes of all men and women,
What will happen there tomorrow, and the day after that,
Are all decided by us in our plans for the future and
granted to them.

These are not merely generalities
But are all carefully determined detailed things,
And changes are made in them in accordance with changes
in environment and situation.

Even without sundials or flowerdials
We know many things through our awareness,
But to make Heaven more pleasant
We make flowers and we measure time.
We make rivers of clouds, and bridges of rainbows
All for the purpose of making the world of spirits beautiful.

The Canary

by Uriel

The fragrance of the peach colored plum blossoms
Fills the air,
And along with the arrival of spring,
Baby birds hatch from their shells.

The tiny birds
Tiny, can hide on a palm,
Their naked red skins tremble with life.

One of them grew up
Tended with loving care.
Lemon is the name it was given,

168 *The Witness of the Kingdom of Heaven*

As it is covered with pale yellow feathers.
Yuko Chino's canary.

All alone in its cage,

 This male canary

Praises the heavens with lovely song

 With which it always calmed our hearts.

 And it comforted the messengers of heaven that

 protected the Chino home.

Finally we messengers from heaven had to fight with evil spirits

 To protect heaven we became exhausted.

Tormented by Satan,

 We wandered on the borders of death.

And in the midst of all of this

 It was I who protected the canary.

 It was I who protected the sick dog.

The one who protected the animals and birds of the Chino home

 From the hands of the cruel demons

Was me.

Satan went away.

 He was destroyed forever by the power of heaven,

And he disappeared from the universe.

The only way to know that this is true

 Is to observe the sacrifice of the canary.

Lemon's left leg was broken, and death entered through
 his ankle.

 The flesh was torn all the way to the top of his leg,

And all that remained was the death and the battle
That such a little bird could not withstand.

The pathetic marks of the claws of Satan were left behind
After the storm in the Chino home.

The only one who fell and did not rise
Was the pitiful canary named Lemon.

The birdcage is now empty,
And the beautiful song of comfort
Is no more.

The messengers of heaven love little birds.
Satan's blade cut away that happiness.

Why does Satan
Take the lives of the beautiful and the lovely?

Why does he steal the things we love?

Reflections

by Raphael

The time is full,
All great souls arise and the sons of men follow.
The coming of the kingdom prophesied by Jesus Christ
is at hand,
And the building of the Buddhist kingdom of Utopia
preached by Shakamuni is at hand as well.
And the promise has been given for the resurrection of the
Garden of Eden.

170 *The Witness of the Kingdom of Heaven*

The ancient Phoenicians set sail with dreams of gold,
And the eternal blue of the sky and sea of the land of Greece
Passes on the brilliance of the Aegean Sea.

The capital of China appears before my eyes even now

It's ferment over the culture of east and west,

I recall Li Po and the ladies playing the *kokyu** fiddle.

America was once full of freedom and youth,

It was born of Puritan vitality

And the frontier spirit with dreams of tomorrow,

Thus its page of history was opened.

The French revolution burned with equality,

Napoleon led his army on horseback for the recognition
of human dignity.

Do you remember the brave fighters in the Meiji Restoration?

Those powerful human images in that cataclysm, the numerous
tragedies?

That great human endeavor colored by the tragic blood of the
past?

Never forget that spirit.

It has come down through the ages desiring only

Happiness and freedom for all of you.

You young people who receive these blessings!

Be free as your ancestors were!

Seek not after licentious living!

Be gentle, but not as a result of your weakness!

Be wise, but keep your hearts indigent!

The heart of desire will become the heart of giving,

The heart of love will become a heart that is loved.

Stretch, you young branches, until you reach Heaven!

If you reach out your hands, you can touch the stars,
And you can take the very sun in the palm of your hand.
Lift up your head without stopping,
Fill your breast with hope, and walk forward firmly one step
at a time.
The road goes on limitlessly into the universe, even as far as
the horizon,
It is joined to Mother Earth,
It is joined to the Heavenly Father.

* a Chinese fiddle

A Hymn to Michael the Great
—*The Sign of Glory Shines in Seven Colors*—

by Raphael

Oh, you of the seven colored light
That became the sun once in the far ancient past!
The seven lights that radiate from your head
Melt into nature
To become the staff of life for all living things.

Your eyes stare at the seven seas and the five hills with love
for mankind.
Infants are held in your arms,
And in one hand you hold the sword of peace,
While your silver wings shine with justice.
Love is carved on your white forehead, framed in your
golden hair,
The words that issue from your lips take wing and fly
as strong as the hawk

172 *The Witness of the Kingdom of Heaven*

To give courage and comfort to all living things.
Glory is with you.

Scatter flowers at your feet, and crown your head with laurel.
You are eternal and beyond limit.

Your single step is a revelation and a starting point for us.

Oh, Michael, child of the sun! Almighty Michael!

Grant us happiness.

Allow your seven colored light to shine down on me.

Vision

by Michael

Washed by the great sea, the land dozes
in the morning, in the evening,

Those once rent boulders.

Magma flows between the basalt mountains, and
into the valleys of granite.

Shimmering mica, green peridot, and bright augite

Reflect the light of the heavenly stars

Resting in the arms of the sleeping igneous rock mother.

Suddenly a bright light flashes,

And Venus is born from the foam on the waves,

Golden drops fall

From her long rich locks as they rest on
her white shoulders,

And she croons a song of the sea.

The human race has come from the white mermaid.

Brother comets dash through the universe,
Racing through the heavens on a two million
light year journey.
They come and speak to our Father Jehovah, saying,
"Oh, God, on the new water star
A lovely living thing has been born."

Father Jehovah lifts his sleepy head
From his resting place on the star Andromeda
and answers,
"Oh, Billa, I know of that already,
For it has been brought to me
At the speed of light that is ten times faster by
the messenger of heaven."

"Ye must go and look at it during your next, the nineteenth
cycle,
And ye will see on that new water star
Manmade stars that fly about belching flame,
With other stars that do not spit flames, but fly freely,
Like fish so many as covering the earth's surface."

"Oh, Billa, if ye return to Andromeda
Once again at that time,
Ye must tell me all there is to know
About every corner of the history of civilization."
—Unfortunately, the Billa Brothers died in the
universe.

But our Father Jehovah
Knows the earth.
For just now

174 *The Witness of the Kingdom of Heaven*

He has come here to visit this planet,
And he rules its sky and its land.

The Twenty-First Century

by Michael

Along with the arrival of morning with its beams of golden light
The world welcomes a radiant new century.
How long, how many cons of time has the world waited!
Everything seen or heard while man waited was mere falsehood.

It was not a new age,
But only false hosannas
Raised for the coming of a false savior.
But amidst all this, the true savior also appeared,
And he saw the curtain fall on the end of the false drama.
The human race saw not salvation, but a drama.

Time after time, mankind tasted disappointment,
With the taste of disappointment in their mouths,
they again waited with hope.

Wondering when the end of the decadent world would come,
When the coming of the Kingdom of God close at hand.
The human race did not know true inner hope.

In spite of this, history went on thoughtlessly
Calling down rain and wind, calling down storms,
Calling down wars to harm mankind.
Even those who pray were sent out to the battlefields
To join the bands of murderers.

Science became a lethal weapon to kill mankind,
And politics became a desire for power.

The dull hearts of mankind heed not the distress of heaven,
They forget the passage of time in evil temptations and
The godless pleasures

Thinking only of these things

They ignore god and drown in pleasures.

They knew not that this was the true degradation of the soul,
And they sunk deeper and deeper into the drowning depths.

But Satan did not love mankind in this state.

In fact he despised them.

He had no need for men

Who allowed themselves to be confused

And to simply hand themselves over

To the temptations of evil.

It is, rather, those of strong principles,

Who live with good, justice, and love,

And who are loved by heaven that he aims for.

This is because Satan has no creed,

And no love, and he only finds joy in

Destruction, confusion, and degradation.

It is only those who fall victim to his evil who are to be pitied.

It is those who turn away their eyes from our helping

Hands and go away

To be deceived by Satan's ugly hands into believing

That they will bring

Salvation and joy. These are to be pitied.
It is those who cannot distinguish
Between the signs of heaven and the signs of Satan
And who continue in a state of confusion.
These are to be pitied.

Though it is what they sought,
Those people live where our voices cannot reach,
They live in darkness.
Those who are arrogant with pride, believing they live in light
Are the ones who live in hell.

Oh, ye men who know not the depths
Of our father's plan for you
Ye who are being so simple and completely deceived!
Satan was by the side of our father,
But he had made even the true light of salvation slide
Into the road of destruction
And finally fall under its rule.
This one who rejected our father's love
and compassion is also to be pitied.
The one who was confused by Satan and dreamt of
false glory is also to be pitied.
His life is sad indeed.

But the human race can only wait for salvation and
the Kingdom of God,
And for those who are chosen by God
To become citizens of that kingdom.
True hope and love and light always descend from heaven,
And those who search and come near these things
Will receive that light and be purified.

It is only those who have been purified who will be
welcomed into our Kingdom of God
Where new land and new sky have been formed,
And there they will abide.
The new century begins with our blessings.

The Shepherd of Heaven

by Teriel

I am the shepherd of heaven.
I descend into Hades every day
To separate the dead
Into the good and the bad.
At present heaven does not allow us to play alone.
Each and every one of us must work
To preach the law of heaven.
We must battle against the evil spirits that gather daily
from the dead
To save the people on the earth.
The good spirits return home at the end of the day
With heads bowed low in exhaustion
And the evening sun sheds it consoling rays upon their heads.
Many good spirits cry out
Asking why this road of thorns
Must be tread for the glory of heaven.

178 *The Witness of the Kingdom of Heaven*

I teach each one of them with tender care
In place of the archangels.
What is the law? What is Utopia?
What is heaven? What is hell?
What is heaven striving for,
And what direction is it headed?

The pitiful spirits of the celestial world
Gain understanding and pause to rest.
I give them my angel compassion, my love
And my energy,
In order to help these heavenly spirits to recover from
exhaustion.

As a shepherd of heaven
When I have finished my work,
I gaze up at the dark sky of night,
And I commune with the millions and billions
Of beautifully twinkling stars.
When, oh, when will the peace and the rest,
The almost boring days of yore,
Return to the celestial world?

Salvation

by Raguel

Now that the wandering spirit
Has shed its restricting shell

And lost its memory of living in darkness,
It wears a white robe
And gathers with others in the world of light
Flying here and there
Never such during life on earth, one first sees after death
The unfolding before the eyes,
The beautiful flower garden of the world,
As though awakening from a long dream,
One embraces the heart,
And see the garden of bliss
Never seen before,
And one is welcomed with smiles and gentle words
By the heavenly spirits gathering.
After the judgement is over
And the few souls are saved
And raise their voices in joy
Tears stream down both cheeks.

Return to Life

by Teriel

Trailing purple skirts
As the dawn appears
Flocks of white birds fly through the skies.

Looking like a flock of birds in a dream
The heavenly messengers fly together.

The world is beginning to awaken

180 *The Witness of the Kingdom of Heaven*

Sound your trumpets, sing your songs,
Oh, ye maidens of heaven, ye infant maidens,
ye angels!

Now the heavenly messengers pass by
Spreading the gospel of salvation.

Play your tambourines,
Ye maidens of earth! Dance!

Dance, ye flocks of birds!
Fly through the waves, ye great schools of fishes!

Hope is coming to life in the world.
It is the promised time.

The world is waiting for salvation, for the rising of the sun.
Play the lute, and sing!

Oh, ye maidens of heaven, ye infant maidens,
ye angels!

Play your castanets!
Ye maidens of earth! Dance!

Hope is coming to life in the world.
It is the promised time!

Words of Encouragement for the Young

by Raphael

Oh, tiny and weak little sister, little brother!
Your steps are uncertain,
But ye know the day to come that is wrapped in mist.
Your green eyes that have not yet seen the truth,
Know the direction of the light.

One step forward may bring you face to face with
disappointment.
A hand stretched out may be the hand of despair.
All your days may well be days of pain and suffering.
But come what may, ye must not shed tears.
Keep your eyes on your feet as ye plant the seeds of flowers,
And always look in the direction of the sun,
Walking with care so as not to lose the path that leads to
heaven.

Grass that is the shade will not grow but will wither,
Grass in the light of the sun will bear fruit, and there will be
another season.

These things ye must never forget.

If ye press on through all these tribulations,
And if what ye believe is the truth,
The flowers at your feet will bloom, and the mist will clear,
And ye will be able to stand firmly on the earth.