

Fountain of Smiles

By Paramahansa Yogananda

Behold not the sarcastic smiles
Born from the dark womb of hate.
Welcome not the bandit smiles
Which rob thy trueness.
Wear not serpent smiles
Which hide their venom
Behind the sting of laughter.
Banish the volcanic smiles
Of subterranean wrath.
Bedim not the mirror of soul -
Thy face - with shades of pitying smiles.
Let no witless, noisy, muscle-contorting laughs,
Like rowdies, echo the emptiness of thy soul.

A fountain of joy
Must gush out of the soil of thy mind
And spread sprays of fine smiles
Running in all directions,
Spreading their vital veins
Through laugh-thirsty hearts.
Let the lake of thy smiles break its embankment
And spread to territories of infinitude.
Let thy smiles
Rush through lonely stars
To brighten their twinkles.
The flood of thy laughter
Will inundate the drought of dry minds,
Sweeping away the barriers of cold formalities.

Spread thy smile like the dawn
To vanish the gloom of minds.
Paint thy golden smiles on every dark spot,
Brightening cloudy days.
Command thy smiles to resurrect life
Into the walking dead.
Smile for the dead,
For their grim peace bespeaks their victory o'er pain.
Let thy smiles
Pulverize the rocks of sorrow to atoms.
Let thy smiles meander
Through desert-souls and oasis-hearts alike.
Let the deluge of thy fearless smiles
Sweep through all minds and every place,

Drowning, washing away
All barriers for miles and miles.

When God smiles through the soul,
And the soul smiles through the heart,
And the heart smiles through the eyes,
Then the prince of smiles
Is enthroned beneath the canopy of thy celestial brow.
Protect thy prince of smiles in the castle of sincerity.
Let no rebel hypocrisy lurk to destroy it.
Spread the torch of smiles,
Purify all homes with thy healthful smiles,
Let loose the wild fire of thy smile
And blaze the thickets of melancholia.
Open the long-bottled-up musk of smile,
Scattering its perfume in all directions.
Intoxicate all with thy smiles.
Take the rich smiles from every joyous soul,
And from the mine of all true mirth.
North, south, east, west, wherever thou goest,
Thou smile-millionaire,
Scatter thy golden smiles—
Freely, freely, everywhere.