

Rumi

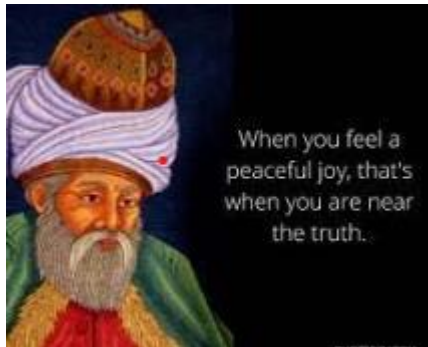
Fletcher Soul Traveler

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Intro



Welcome to my new book. This book will be a story within a story within a story. But first, take a look at the slide show.

This might give you an insight into the work I'm doing. I believe we are all on the same boat sailing home today.

I take a look at beauty in all walks of life. Even the so-called weeds like the dandelions have incredible health benefits. I've been thinking for the last two years that I wanted to tackle the Muslim point of view on life.

My daughter is a devoted Muslim. Her husband is from Egypt. They have three incredible children. I have seen the transformation of my daughter from a child to a beautiful adult and Mom. It brings tears to my eyes.

This journey in life is a combination of having your feet on the ground and your head in heaven. It's extremely practical.

This is the beginning of the story. This is the first step. Come with us on this journey. Each day a new story will come alive. If you are in any way interested in Rumi watch the story unfold.

I can't say everything will be 100% accurate. Well, that wouldn't be a story, would it? The essence is how the story brings inspiration to you. This is what a story is truly about.

The definition of inspiration is as follows.

- 1.the process of being mentally stimulated to do or feel something, especially to do something creative.
2. a sudden brilliant, creative, or timely idea.

This book came from my inner inspiration a week ago. I always wanted to hear more about the life of Rumi and here goes.

-Author

-Rumi



If you have seen Star Trek you have seen how Spock can do a mind-meld with another person. People think that it's science fiction yet it is not.

Your body is hard-wired for this experience. The author quite frequently says that when you are born you have the operating system, hardware, and software put into place. How elegantly said.

Your scientist discovered the quantum field over a century ago. Imagine a field that is beyond time and space. It exists for eternity. Universes are created and destroyed. Behind the scene and unseen lies the source of life. Just think your body is wired for this experience.

You have unlimited potential. The universe is keeping you alive. The author uses that a lot. Anyway anybody can tap into that. It's a great way to have a phone connection with your loved ones on the other side.

Sometimes the author has an uncanny ability to tap into a person who has died and receive a message from them. Note this is not like receiving words but symbols and feelings.



These come from the subconscious mind. Many people when they hear about channeling say it is just the subconscious mind. Well exactly.

That is precisely what it is. The subconscious mind is directly connected to the quantum soup or source of life. The subconscious mind governs over 95% of your actions. The intelligence and wisdom of the entire universe lie inside your subconscious mind.

Humankind subconscious is united. Take a look at Carl Yung and his work. This will give you a better understanding.



This is how the author communicates with me. It used to be common among mankind. The ingenious people all around the world still have this capability today.

The author just finished a book called Dreamtime which talks about the Aboriginal ways of melding heaven and earth in your everyday life.

This will not be perfect. Both the author and I laugh at this. People will scoff at such ideas. People laughed at me when I

was alive. You could say my life was outside of the box. But my poetry is still alive today. People are inspired to read and listen to it. It is more popular today than when I was alive. There are rumors that I'm the number one poet in the world. If Allah says so.

I'm just a humble servant. I do not need recognition. When one is united with Allah it's all his glory. Anyway, come on this incredible storytelling journey. You will laugh and cry at the same time.

This is just as much as your story. We are all united. Stop and think about your particular journey on this road of life. The author uses the word ponder quite frequently in his works.

It was only in the last 10 years he used this. Pondering is a way to discover your essence. All ancient civilizations used this. So welcome. This is the first step. Let the storytelling begin.

[John Franklin Fletcher - Songs - Divine Poetry](#)



Rumi



Rumi
1207–1273

Jalāl ad-Dīn Muhammad Rūmī, also known as Jalāl ad-Dīn Muhammad Balkhī, Mevlânâ/Mawlānā, Mevlevî/Mawlawī, and more popularly simply as Rumi, was a 13th-century Persian poet, faqih, Islamic scholar, theologian, and Sufi mystic originally from Greater Khorasan. Wikipedia

Born: September 30, 1207, Balkh, Afghanistan



Died: December 17, 1273, Konya, Turkey



Full name: Jalāl ad-Dīn Muhammad Balkhī

Title: Mevlânâ, Mawlānā, Mevlevî, Mawlawī

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From The Academy of American Poets:

Mowlānā Jalāloddin Balkhi, known in Persia as Jalāl ad-Dīn Muhammad Balkhī and in the West simply as Rumi, was born on September 30, 1207, C. E. in Balkh Province, Afghanistan, then on the eastern edge of the Persian Empire. Rumi descended from a long line of Islamic jurists, theologians, and mystics, including his father, who was known by followers of Rumi as “Sultan of the Scholars.”

When Rumi was still a young man, his father led their family more than 2,000 miles west to avoid the invasion of Genghis Khan’s armies. They settled in present-day Turkey, where Rumi lived and wrote most of his life.

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As a teenager, Rumi was recognized as a great spirit by the poet and teacher Fariduddin Attar, who gave him a copy of his own Ilahinama (The Book of God). When his father died in 1231, Rumi became head of the madrasah, or spiritual learning community.

The school reportedly had over ten thousand students, including masons, grocers, weavers, hatmakers, carpenters, tailors, and bookbinders.

Rumi’s oldest son, Sultan Velad, managed to save 147 of Rumi’s intimate letters, which provide insights about the poet and how he lived. Rumi often involved himself in the lives of his community members, solving disputes and facilitating

¹ http://www.rumi.org.uk/love_poems/

² http://www.rumi.org.uk/mystical_poems/

³ <http://www.rumi.org.uk/poems/>

⁴ <https://rumiscaravan.com/rumi/>

loans between nobles and students. The letters are described as having lines of poetry scattered throughout.



Rumi meeting Shams-i Tabrizi for the First Time [Persian Manuscript]

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There are many versions of the legendary first encounter between Maulana Jalaluddin Rumi and his spiritual mentor Shams of Tabriz.

Most describe the moment as Rumi, the religious scholar, sitting by a pond, immersed in his scholarly reading, when Shams, a stranger to him, comes by and asks him what he is doing. “You will not understand,”

Rumi is reported to have replied, upon which Shams throws all of Rumi's books in the pond. But the books spring back up dry, defying the laws of physics. At this point, Shams is reported to have said, “But you do not understand.”

Another version

One version of the famous meeting that Mawlana Rumi had with Hazrat Shams Tabrez , was that once Mawlana Rumi was teaching a group of his students and referring to his handwritten books & notes while Hazrat Shams Tabrez happened to come along and asked him about those notes.

Mawlana Rumi replied that the books and notes were beyond the understanding of Hazrat Shams Tabrez. Then Mawlana Rumi continued his class, meanwhile, Hazrat Shams Tabrez threw all the books into a nearby pond of water.

⁵ <https://www.thedailystar.net/star-weekend/culture/reunifying-rumi-1465639>

The students noticed this and started beating him. This caught the attention of Mawlana Rumi who complained about losing his knowledge. Hazrat Shams Tabrez replied that he could return the books, so he recited 'Bismillah' and retrieved the books from the water, which to everyone's surprise, were still intact. Seeing this,

Mawlana Rumi was amazed and asked how this was possible – to which Hazrat Shams Tabrez replied that such knowledge was beyond that of an external scholar.

Thus began the relationship between Mawlana Rumi R.A and Hazrat Shams Tabrez R.A. At this stage, Mawlana Rumi R.A is reported to have mostly retired from his public life and spent a lot of time with Hazrat Shams Tabrez .

They would spend days discussing divine issues and Sufi thoughts, to the extent that Mawlana Rumi would not teach his classes or visit his family for long periods.

This was the moment, then, when Rumi began fathoming Allah not just with the mind but also with the heart. In a world of sharp binaries, Rumi's admirers seem bent upon separating Rumi the man of knowledge, from Rumi the mystic poet. In reality, the two are not mutually exclusive; in reality, both are the same person.

Here's another version

In 1244, Rumi met Shams Tabriz, a dervish "God-man" who had taken a vow of poverty. Their meeting is considered a central event in Rumi's life.

Though accounts of their meeting differ, one story claims that Rumi was teaching by a fountain, and Shams walked up through the crowd of students and pushed Rumi's books into the water, including his father's spiritual diary. "You must now live what you have been reading about,"

Shams told Rumi. Rumi believed both his real life and his real poetry began when he met Shams. "What I had thought of before as God," Rumi said, "I met today in a human being."

Shams and Rumi were close friends for about four years. Throughout that time, Shams was repeatedly driven away by Rumi's jealous disciples, including one of Rumi's sons, Ala al-Din. I

In December of 1248, Shams again disappeared; it is believed that he was either driven away or killed. Rumi left the madrasah in search of his friend, traveling to Damascus and elsewhere.

Eventually, Rumi made peace with his loss, returning to his home believing Shams to be a part of him: "His essence speaks through me."

Rumi's mourning for the loss of his friend led to the outpouring of more than 40,000 lyric verses, including odes, eulogies, quatrains, and other styles of Eastern-Islamic poetry.

The resulting collection, *Divan-e Shams-e Tabrizi* or *The Works of Shams Tabriz*, is considered one of Rumi's masterpieces and one of the greatest works of Persian literature.

In his introduction to his translation of Rumi's *The Shams*, Coleman Barks has written: "Rumi is one of the great souls, and one of the great spiritual teachers. He shows us our glory. He wants us to be more alive, to wake up... He wants us to see our beauty, in the mirror and each other."

For the last twelve years of his life, beginning in 1262, Rumi dictated a single, six-volume poem to his scribe, Husam Chelebi.

The resulting masterwork, the *Masnavi-ye Ma'navi* (*Spiritual Verses*), consists of sixty-four thousand lines and is considered Rumi's most personal work of spiritual teaching. Rumi described the *Masnavi* as "the roots of the roots of the roots of the (Islamic) Religion," and the text has come to be regarded by some Sufis as the Persian-language Koran.

In his introduction to an English edition of *Spiritual Verses*, translator Alan Williams wrote: "Rumi is both a poet and a mystic, but he is a teacher first, trying to communicate what he knows to his audience.

Like all good teachers, he trusts that ultimately, when the means to go any further fail him and his voice falls silent, his students will have learned to understand on their own."

Rumi fell ill and died on December 17, 1273, C. E., in Konya, Turkey. His remains were interred adjacent to his father's, and the Yeşil Türbe (Green Tomb) was erected above their final resting place.

Now the Mevlâna museum, the site includes a mosque, dance hall, and dervish living quarters. Thousands of visitors, of all faiths, visit his tomb each month, honoring the poet of legendary spiritual understanding.

Childhood



Author – Please tell me about your childhood.

Hum. You would say it was quite interesting. My father was considered a Sultan, We had over 10,000 students. This was at the height of our glory. We were highly cultured. We had a deep understanding of all topics of life.

I started my learning and training at a young age. You could say I had the best of the best teachers at my disposal. Fortunately, I wasn't spoiled. I learned at a young age we are no better nor worse than anybody else.

Humility must be first in life. Here's an example of what humility is not. During this same period, Genghis Khan was alive. He was a mastermind of violence and destruction.

At a young age even before he could walk he learned how to ride a horse. He learned how to conquer at a young age. Nobody since then conquered as much as he did. We lived completely different lives.

Mine was of learning and dwelling on the mystical side of life. Genghis was all about slaughtering thousands of innocent people with no regard for their lives. Wherever he went there was a sea of destruction.

They had no compassion at all for their fellow man. It didn't matter your race, color, or creed. If they came upon your path you were fair game.

In the meantime, I was trained to have my feet on the ground and my head in heaven. I was extremely well versed in all areas of life. You could say I was endowed with treasuring wisdom both internally and externally.



I was taught to bring harmony to any given situation. At a young age, I learned that through silence one gains wisdom and intelligence. One learns how to control the mind. Genghis Khan clearly didn't have these values. He listened solely to his mind and ego which leads to the

endless pursuit of violence and conquering. He was never satisfied.

Unfortunately, we crossed paths when I was about twelve years old. You see he and his vast army of marauders entered the Khyber Pass which goes from present-day Pakistan to Afghanistan.

This is the gateway to the Middle East. It is the only route from the east to the west. During better days this was the Silk Road trade route used to cultivate civilization with trade from the east and west.

It was quite sophisticated and refined. To make a long story short we had to flee for our lives. If we were captured they would have chopped off our heads and ransacked our belongings and rape our women.

They would eventually destroy all we had. Even the great city of Bagdad was ransacked by them. This was the beginning of the downfall of once the greatest civilizations in human history.

Years later you were on the Khyber Pass. It didn't change much from back then. You took a bus instead of a horse or traveled by foot. Yet the same dusty road existed. We ended up in Kona Turkey where we lived.

We were all refugees like what happens during any war. Yet fortunately, we had great wealth and so began rebuilding our great university and community. We were a great asset to Kona.

We had the greatest teachers in the land. Learning is the foundation of life and we had teachers who refined teaching to a subtle level. We believed that learning was the foundation. The greater your society treasures learning the greater it will be. As I said this was the Muslim's golden age of learning. We had the best teacher in all areas of life.

Fortunately, my training never stopped. I learned at a young age I had a talent for writing poetry. It brought me so much joy. I wasn't just writing poetry only about everyday life.

I learned how to write from my soul. This is a huge difference. The silence contains infinite wisdom and knowledge. It brings the mind, body, and soul closer to Allah. Mind you a mystic is beyond religion.

As you can see my poetry resounds more today than when I was alive. It doesn't matter what walk of life you are on. It brings inspiration to all. You see inspiration never dies.

The author dies but the essence of the poem is eternal. Words are very powerful. Genghis Khan said to kill and many people got killed. I said to discover the jewel within and it brings hope and inspiration to the world.

Different words came out of our mouths and different manifestations occur. One of beauty and the other utter destruction. This is why words are so powerful. One can cultivate wisdom and kindness in their life.

This life is sacred and has deep meanings. We all have this sacred poet inside of us. Unfortunately, there is dust covering the inner mirror of life. I was fortunate to yearn for my beloved at a young age.

Many young children rebel when their Father takes up a spiritual path. You saw that first hand when you were a child. Your neighbors whose Father was a minister of the church you went to both sons who had a difficult life. They went in the opposite direction.

No judgment is made. We all have our unique precious lessons to learn. Fortunately, I learned this years ago. So I wrote thousands of poems. It was like diving into an infinite well and bringing back sacred water.

Water is the source of life. Wisdom and kindness are the sources of life. Wisdom and kindness need each other. You can have great wisdom but without kindness all your wisdom is worthless.

One must cultivate both to truly communicate with Allah. The same goes for whatever you name the creative source. The universe does not give out its secrets to those who are arrogant and full of ego.

Fortunately, when one reads my poetry it is from a humble person. Probably the greatest blessing that occurred is when we had to flee Afghanistan. Your Dalai Lama said the same thing when he had to flee his homeland.

Everything is a blessing in disguise. Just think if Genghis Khan didn't attack Afghanistan my life might have been different. I might have become arrogant which would lead to my self-destruction.

You have plenty of evidence in your modern-day world. You have leaders who cheat, lie and steal to get to the top. They have no morals or ethics. They mock their fellow man.

Truth is fiction and fiction is truth. I could have become this monster. So sometimes even during tragedy, there is a precious lesson to learn. That my friend is acquiring wisdom even during traumatic events in one's life.

I call this a gift from Allah. This is what I want to share about my childhood. We could get into the details but I think this is the essence of who I am. This is what I want to convey and inspire humanity even today. We can change the world and we must first change ourselves. Inner peace to all.



Meeting his teacher Shams of Tabriz



Author- Please tell me the first time you saw your teacher.

Rumi- That was quite the auspicious moment. Words truly can't convey the experience that I had. I find it funny and humorous at the same time. I recognized my master and the majority of my students couldn't see what I saw.

You would think when a great master appears that the world would recognize one. Yet your Christ died on the cross because many people couldn't see who he was.

Many people think it was a miracle when Shams threw my precious books into the pond. He brought them back and not even a drop was on them. Yes, that is a miracle and people love a good story.

Yet the greatest miracle is having the eyes to see. If my inner eye wasn't open I couldn't recognize my teacher. Mind you I had over 10,000 students at this time. I took over when my Father died.

I could have been arrogant. I could have been lost in my ego. I have over 10,000 students. How many do you have as if the quantity is the deciding point? Mind you I was the head of this thing.

I had the most incredible students and teachers of the time under my guidance. I could have thought who do you think you are? Yet Allah taught me to be humble even despite what I had. You could say that grace protected me. All praise goes to Allah.

What happens next was both an auspicious moment and a moment of incredible sorrow. Many of my followers saw what I saw while many did not or care to see it. I find it amazing that our beliefs cause one to see or not to see. This is still carried out in your world today.

Millions of people don't want to know the truth while millions of people do. Just think we have free will. With that free will, one can go towards the light and one can walk deeper into darkness.

This is what happened to me. I spent around two incredible years with my master. Many of my students couldn't or wouldn't understand this precious relationship.

You see the life of a Mystic is quite out of the ordinary. We tend to think outside of the box. Yet I still had my feet on the ground. I had a huge organization to run. Yet that doesn't mean one can't be mystical at the same time.

Being a mystic is probably the most practical way of existence. The Cabbalistic have that expression feet on the ground and your head in heaven. You see the mystics never fight with each other.

We are not governed by religion or beliefs. Our unique experiences unite us all. The author has a wonderful way of expressing this in present-day terms. You were born with a unique operating system, hardware, and software from Allah.

Call it any name you want. Yet each person is customized design by God. This means that you will have completely different experiences of your true nature. Isn't that wonderful?

What a blessing that is! You were created in the image of the creative source. You are majestic. This is what any mystics understand. We all have our connections. What infinite love that is.

Each one of us has our own completely different way of dancing and singing in life. My dance with Allah is different than yours. A Mystic transcends politics, beliefs, and customs. He sees the glory of Allah in all.

That is a sight to see. No words can describe that state of being. I wrote thousands of poems yet not a single one can capture that. Words are limited. They can take you so far.

Those two years took me to inner states of awareness that the world has simply forgotten. So many of my followers were blind to that. They could only see the inside of the box.

This box would be their idea of what it means to be a Mystic. One can just go through the motions and not have a single ounce of awareness. You see without awareness we are left with only our concepts and beliefs on this incredible journey of life.

These will ultimately never take us anywhere. One must be humble to enter the inner kingdom. This has been talked about for eternity. One must have the innocence of a child.

All great scriptures talk about this. Intellectual knowledge won't take one far in understanding inner wisdom. It will take you so far yet without being humble the inner door is closed. So my life was blessed yet constantly in a state of turmoil. We will go over that in the next chapter.

Wonderful Years With My Master



I spent only a few years with my beloved master. It was sweet and also at the same time bittersweet. Many of my students and teacher didn't understand what I was immersing myself in.

My Master represents heaven on earth. He lived in that place all the time. I was learning how to dwell there myself. Honestly, it was tough. It was the biggest challenge I ever faced.

Why didn't they understand? We were all walking the same path together. Concepts and misconceptions at times cause havoc in life. I never knew I need a beloved Master. I thought I had everything.

Yet Allah had other plans for me. Sometimes Allah's plans are different than our plans. I learned over time to become more and more humble and kind. The more the turmoil became the kinder I become.

Today is Easter Sunday. Your Christ had the same sort of events that I went through. If you don't have the eyes to see one will never understand a great teacher. Days with my Master were spent meditating and discoursing with each other.

Each day was an incredible learning experience. I was growing in leaps and bounds. At the same time, the turmoil even got worse. It seems like darkness was all around. Yet inside of me was the Divine Light showing me the way.

One day my Teacher left. He was driven out by my jealous devotees. He was gone for two years. Rumors existed that he was in Damascus Syria. I sent my son there to see if that was true.

Well, my son found him and brought him back to me. Once again we reunited and life was incredible. Unfortunately behind the scenes, an evil plot was being planned.

One day my master heard a knock on the door and that was the last time I ever heard from him. Who can explain these mysteries? Life can be such a tragedy outside but internally one can be in heaven.

I learned over time to see my Master everywhere. Even with my so-called enemies behind their eyes was my beloved Master.

It was a long road for me. My poems expressed my yearning to dance with my master again. I learned that the universe is always dancing with us. We must learn how to dance with the universe.

Whirling Dervishes



I was never again to see my Master in flesh. I spent time in mourning.

One day I was holding on to a column and then I started to swirl around the column. I have never done this before.

Do you remember as a kid how much fun you had twirling in circles? It was so much fun. All the kids would giggle with delight.

Well to my amazement my Master existed inside of me. Allah existed inside of my Master. Words can't describe the feeling I had inside of me. I learned we can dance with Allah.

Allah always has an open hand. This dance is not only when one is whirling but a dance in every moment in life. We are never alone. Of course, I missed my Master yet the Master exists inside of me.

Everyone gets born and everyone ultimately leaves this world to enter another room in the mansion of life. This started a sacred ritual practiced by all Sufis around the world. The Whirling Dervishes.

From my Master's death sewed the seed of sacred dancing to Allah. You see when a tragedy occurs like when people murdered my Master came this sacred dance of life.

Blessing to Allah. I'm extremely blessed. Today this sacred dance is performed all around the world. With eyes closed, one enters heaven above. The hands rise towards heaven.

The body gets absorbed by the heavenly light. One takes a shower from the sweet waters of divinity. The body didn't get wet but the soul is drenched. The one who dances understands this.

This is sacred beauty in motion. Many people don't understand this. Many people didn't understand me at my time. Even my students and great teachers didn't understand me.

Yet Allah gave me this gift in a time of deep mourning. How blessed we are. This is many different forms of the dance of life. All religions have some sort of sacred dance. All is sacred and beautiful.

All celebrate the dance of life. The universe is dancing. Come and dance with it. You will not be sorry. Open up to new horizons. Don't get stuck in your little box. Come and dance with me.

You are never alone. Come and rest your shoulder on Allah. Get rid of the huge boulders in your life. How you react to any given situation becomes your habit. Your habits become your personality.

Your personality becomes how you act in life. This is not your true nature. This is not your true home. It doesn't matter your religion. Just learn the inner dance.

This will give you relief from the troubles of the world it will bring a sweet smile to your face at all times. Ask any dancer and they will tell you this. Even if you have no legs you can dance within.

Even if you have lost your external eyesight you can see the light of Allah within. You can feel the blanket of love sounding you. You are held in the arms of your beloved.

Sweet perfume is in the air. Jasmine, roses, and the essence of life. Sweet wine is drunk. The soul gets intoxicated yet this is sacred medicine to the soul. All trauma is soon forgotten and erased from your body and mind. This is called sacred healing. Only a mystic understands.

Come. Come. Come. Let's dance together. Tomorrow is a new day.

Rumi On love



Author Tell me about Love.

Rumi – Ah love. Love is the mysterious force in the universe. Everything comes and derives from love. It is hidden yet is only a heartbeat away.

Man strives for it yet at the same time striving will never reach the goal. What a paradox. Look at a newborn child. This child is drenched in love.

It's not striving at all. Just think love created this universe yet we are so focused externally. This external focus leads us astray from our true nature. We can't even enjoy the sweet sounds of nature without being annoyed.

A lover must slow down and not be in a hurry. In your hurried life people work so hard they can hardly find time to focus on their children and mates. Love is reciprocal. Love never hides but we hide from love.

How many times have you rejoiced by looking at the sun in the sky? It brings such warmth to all. Many people never look up in their lives. How do you think we can find love inside if we can't appreciate this earth?

True love is both external and internal. It's the same thing. External love comes from internal love. Without internal love, love is just a word. The creator of love basks inside of you. It never says 'hey look at me'.

It is humble and innocent. Your worldly lifestyles are not in harmony at this time. Many people pray to God yet their actions and words are so far apart. Anger has become mainstream in the world today. It is a pandemic.

Yet this disease seems like the right kind of action to take place. We seem to get uplifted by our anger. I have a right to be angry. The world did this to me. We all have our ways to reinforce this.

Love doesn't need any reinforcement. Love just is. One who loves this silence becomes drenched in love. This is the wave of life. Surfers know how to ride

ocean waves. Mystics know how to ride the internal wave. If you have never surfed before one can't truly understand riding a wave.

In the same way, the majority of people don't understand the value of silence. Only in silence can you catch the wave. The language of love has no words. It can't be taught. It must be found.

Many people think you have to give up your life and sacrifice it to God. That is not the case. One must learn to enter into the silence and love will naturally flow from you. If you want peace on earth it begins with you.

This has been said so many times that the words seem trite. The mind says not me. It has to begin with someone else. I'm too busy for that. So society is waiting for someone else to start.

When someone else starts to change, the world mocks them. The cycle goes on and on. We all are waiting for someone to start and at the same time, we say how dare you try to start and do your part.

This is the dilemma in life. This COVID-19 event could have been a golden opportunity to unite the world. You had a whole year of the world shutting down.

Mankind could have used this time to learn ways to go within. We could use silence as a practical tool to discover the jewel within. So many people got so bored.

They had no idea of the opportunity at hand. Instead, people didn't see the opportunity at hand. The entire world shut down. As the author said Mother Nature sent us to our rooms and think things over. Most people never thought things over.

You are the custodians of all the creatures on earth. You are custodians of the land not just consumers. A true lover doesn't just consume. A true lover gives and receives.

A true lover celebrates life in every moment. A true lover cherishes his mother earth. Society is so far removed from that. Just think you have an ocean of plastic the size of Texas and we don't do anything about it.

You must change your ways. Apathy will never get you anywhere. A true celebration of life comes from within. How do you think I got my endless inspiration?

This same inspiration exists inside of you. I'm no different from you. The same attributes of love exist inside of you and me. I just opened the door within. It's as easy as that.

No magic tricks are involved here. No slight of hands. In my daily life, I had the door of love opened. It wasn't easy. I had a complicated lifestyle. Yet my Master helped showed me the way inside.

I learned when the world gives you trouble just get kinder. It seems bizarre yet all the great masters said the same thing. Kindness and love come directly from God.

In your society, today kindness is considered a weakness. You had a President who mocked, insulted, and was revengeful and your people love him for that.

How do you think the world can ever solve its problems this way? Society is putting gasoline on the fire of life. At times it brings tears to my eyes. Someday peace will come on earth.

It may take a million years. Many seeds were planted a long time ago. Peace will come upon this earth when you decide enough is enough.

Poems

Like this

If anyone asks you
how the perfect satisfaction
of all our sexual wanting
will look, lift your face
and say,

Like this.

When someone mentions the gracefulness
of the night sky, climb up on the roof
and dance and say,

Like this.

If anyone wants to know what “spirit” is,
or what “God’s fragrance” means,
lean your head toward him or her.
Keep your face there close.

Like this.

When someone quotes the old poetic image
about clouds gradually uncovering the moon,
slowly loosen knot by knot the strings
of your robe.

Like this.

If anyone wonders how Jesus raised the dead,
don’t try to explain the miracle.
Kiss me on the lips.

Like this. Like this.

When someone asks what it means
to “die for love,” point
here.

If someone asks how tall I am, frown
and measure with your fingers the space
between the creases on your forehead.

This tall.

The soul sometimes leaves the body, the returns.
When someone doesn’t believe that,
walk back into my house.

Like this.

When lovers moan,
they’re telling our story.

Like this.

I am a sky where spirits live.
Stare into this deepening blue,
while the breeze says a secret.

Like this.

When someone asks what there is to do,
light the candle in his hand.

Like this.

How did Joseph’s scent come to Jacob?

Huuuuu.

How did Jacob’s sight return?

Huuuu.

A little wind cleans the eyes.

Like this.

When Shams comes back from Tabriz,
he'll put just his head around the edge
of the door to surprise us

Like this.

Love is the Water of Life

Love is the Water of Life

Everything other than love for the most beautiful God
though it be sugar- eating.

What is agony of the spirit?

To advance toward death without seizing
hold of the Water of Life.

A moment of happiness

A moment of happiness,
you and I sitting on the verandah,
apparently two, but one in soul, you and I.

We feel the flowing water of life here,
you and I, with the garden's beauty
and the birds singing.

The stars will be watching us,
and we will show them
what it is to be a thin crescent moon.

You and I unselfed, will be together,
indifferent to idle speculation, you and I.

The parrots of heaven will be cracking sugar
as we laugh together, you and I.

In one form upon this earth,
and in another form in a timeless sweet land.

Lovers

Lovers

O lovers, lovers it is time
to set out from the world.
I hear a drum in my soul's ear
coming from the depths of the stars.
Our camel driver is at work;
the caravan is being readied.
He asks that we forgive him
for the disturbance, he has caused us,
He asks why we travelers are asleep.

Everywhere the murmur of departure;
the stars, like candles
thrust at us from behind blue veils,
and as if to make the invisible plain,
a wondrous people have come forth.

All through eternity

All through eternity

Beauty unveils His exquisite form

in the solitude of nothingness;

He holds a mirror to His Face

and beholds His own beauty.

he is the knower and the known,

the seer and the seen;

No eye but His own

has ever looked upon this Universe.

His every quality finds an expression:

Eternity becomes the verdant field of Time and Space;

Love, the life-giving garden of this world.

Every branch and leaf and fruit

Reveals an aspect of His perfection-

They cypress give a hint of His majesty,

The rose gives tidings of His beauty.

Whenever Beauty looks,

Love is also there;

Whenever beauty shows a rosy cheek

Love lights Her fire from that flame.

When beauty dwells in the dark folds of night

Love comes and finds a heart

entangled in tresses.

Beauty and Love are as body and soul.

Beauty is the mine, Love is the diamond.

They have together

since the beginning of time-

Side by side, step by step.

I swear, since seeing Your face,

the whole world is fraud and fantasy

The garden is bewildered as to what is a leaf

or blossom. The distracted birds

can't distinguish the birdseed from the snare.

A house of love with no limits,

a presence more beautiful than venus or the moon,

a beauty whose image fills the mirror of the heart.

Let go of your worries

Let go of your worries

and be completely clear-hearted,

like the face of a mirror

that contains no images.

If you want a clear mirror,

behold yourself

and see the shameless truth,

which the mirror reflects.

If metal can be polished

to a mirror-like finish,

what polishing might the mirror

of the heart require?

Between the mirror and the heart

is this single difference:

the heart conceals secrets,

while the mirror does not.

This is love: to fly toward a secret sky

This is love: to fly toward a secret sky,
to cause a hundred veils to fall each moment.

First, to let go of life.

In the end, to take a step without feet;
to regard this world as invisible,
and to disregard what appears to be the self.

Heart, I said, what a gift it has been
to enter this circle of lovers,
to see beyond seeing itself,
to reach and feel within the breast.

Love is reckless

Love is reckless; not reason.

Reason seeks a profit.

Love comes on strong,

consuming herself, unabashed.

Yet, in the midst of suffering,

Love proceeds like a millstone,

hard-surfaced and straightforward.

Having died of self-interest,

she risks everything and asks for nothing.

Love gambles away every gift God bestows.

Without cause God gave us Being;

without cause, give it back again.

I am a sculptor, a molder of form

I am a sculptor, a molder of form.

In every moment I shape an idol.

But then, in front of you, I melt them down

I can rouse a hundred forms

and fill them with spirit,

but when I look into your face,

I want to throw them in the fire.

My souls spill into yours and are blended.

Because my soul has absorbed your fragrance,

I cherish it.

Every drop of blood I spill

informs the earth,

I merge with my Beloved

when I participate in love.

In this house of mud and water,

my heart has fallen to ruins.

Enter this house, my Love, or let me leave.

Passion makes the old medicine new:

Passion makes the old medicine new:

Passion lops off the bough of weariness.

Passion is the elixir that renews:

how can there be weariness

when passion is present?

Oh, don't sigh heavily from fatigue:

seek passion, seek passion, seek passion!

The beauty of the heart

The beauty of the heart

is the lasting beauty:

its lips give to drink

of the water of life.

Truly it is the water,

that which pours,

and the one who drinks.

All three become one when

your talisman is shattered.

That oneness you can't know

by reasoning.

I am only the house of your beloved

“I am only the house of your beloved,

not the beloved herself:

true love is for the treasure,

not for the coffer that contains it.”

The real beloved is that one who is unique,

who is your beginning and your end?

When you find that one,

you’ll no longer expect anything else:

that is both the manifest and the mystery.

That one is the lord of states of feeling,

dependent on none;

month and year are slaves to that moon.

When he bids the “state,”

it does His bidding;

when that one will, bodies become spirit.

The springtime of Lovers has come

The springtime of Lovers has come,
that this dust bowl may become a garden;
the proclamation of heaven has come,
that the bird of the soul may rise in flight.

The sea becomes full of pearls,
the salt marsh becomes sweet as kauthar,
the stone becomes a ruby from the mine,
the body becomes wholly soul.

The intellectual is always showing off,
the lover is always getting lost.

The intellectual runs away.

afraid of drowning;
the whole business of love
is to drown in the sea.

Intellectuals plan their repose;
lovers are ashamed to rest.

The lover is always alone.
even surrounded by people;
like water and oil, he remains apart.

The man who goes to the trouble

of giving advice to a lover

gets nothing. He's mocked by passion.

Love is like musk. It attracts attention.

Love is a tree, and the lovers are its shade.

Love has nothing to do with

Love has nothing to do with

the five senses and the six directions:

its goal is only to experience

the attraction exerted by the Beloved.

Afterward, perhaps, permission

will come from God:

the secrets that ought to be told will be told

with an eloquence nearer to the understanding

that these subtle confusing allusions.

The secret is a partner with none

but the knower of the secret:

in the skeptic's ear

the secret is no secret at all.

When the rose is gone

When the rose is gone and the garden faded
you will no longer hear the nightingale's song.
The Beloved is all; the lover just a veil.
The Beloved is living; the lover a dead thing.
If love withholds its strengthening care,
the lover is left like a bird without care,
the lover is left like a bird without wings.
How will I be awake and aware
if the light of the Beloved is absent?
Love wills that this Word is brought forth.

Because I cannot sleep

Because I cannot sleep

I make music at night.

I am troubled by the one

whose face e has the color of spring flowers.

I have neither sleep nor patience,

neither a good reputation nor a disgrace.

A thousand robes of wisdom are gone.

All my good manners have moved a thousand miles away.

The heart and the mind are left angry with each other.

The stars and the moon are envious of each other.

Because of this alienation the physical universe
is getting tighter and tighter.

The moon says, "How long will I remain
suspended without a sun?"

Without Love's jewel inside of me,

let the bazaar of my existence be destroyed stone by stone.

O Love, You who have been called by a thousand names,

You who know how to pour the wine
into the chalice of the body,

You who give culture to a thousand cultures,

You who are faceless but have a thousand faces,

O Love, You who shape the faces

of Turks, Europeans, and Zanzibaris,

give me a glass from Your bottle,

or a handful of bheng from Your Branch.

Remove the cork once more.

Then we'll see a thousand chiefs prostrate themselves,
and a circle of ecstatic troubadours will play.

Then the addict will be a breed of craving.

and will be resurrected,

and stand in awe till Judgement Day.

Ode 314

Those who don't feel this Love
pulling them like a river,
those who don't drink dawn
like a cup of spring water
or take in sunset like supper,
those who don't want to change,

let them sleep.

This Love is beyond the study of theology,
that old trickery and hypocrisy.
I you want to improve your mind that way,

sleep on.

I've given up on my brain.
I've torn the cloth to shreds
and thrown it away.

If you're not completely naked,
wrap your beautiful robe of words
around you,

and sleep.

Who is at my door?

Who is at my door?

He said, "Who is at my door?"

I said, "Your humble servant."

He said, "What business do you have?"

I said, "To greet you, O Lord."

He said, "How long will you journey on?"

I said, "Until you stop me."

He said, "How long will you boil in the fire?"

I said, "Until I am pure."

"This is my oath of love.

For the sake of love

I gave up wealth and position."

He said, "You have pleaded your case
but you have no witness."

I said, "My tears are my witness;
the pallor of my face is my proof."

He said, "Your witness has no credibility;
your eyes are too wet to see."

I said, "By the splendor of your justice
my eyes are clear and faultless."

He said, "What do you seek?"

I said, "To have you as my constant friend."

He said, "What do you want from me?"

I said, "Your abundant grace."

He said, "Who was your companion on the 'journey?"

I said, "The thought of you, O King."

He said, "What called you here?"

I said, "The fragrance of your wine."

He said, "What brings you the most fulfillment?"

I said, "The company of the Emperor."

He said, "What do you find there?"
I said, "A hundred miracles."
He said, "Why is the palace deserted?"
I said, "They all fear the thief."
He said, "Who is the thief?"
I said, "The one who keeps me from -you."

He said, "Where is there safety?"
I said, "In service and renunciation."
He said, "What is there to renounce?"
I said, "The hope of salvation."

He said, "Where is there calamity?"
I said, "In the presence of your love."
He said, "How do you benefit from this life?"
I said, "By keeping true to myself"

Now it is time for silence.
If I told you about His true essence
You would fly from your self and be gone,
and neither door nor roof could hold you back!

Don't go anywhere without me.

Don't go anywhere without me
Let nothing happen in the sky apart from me,
or on the ground, in this world or that world,
without my being in its happening.
Vision, see nothing I don't see.
Language, say nothing.
The way the night knows itself with the moon,
be that with me. Be the rose
nearest to the thorn that I am.

I want to feel myself in you when you taste the food,
in the arc of your mallet when you work,
when you visit friends, when you go
up on the roof by yourself at night.

There's nothing worse than to walk out along the street
without you. I don't know where I'm going.
You're the road and the knower of roads,
more than maps, more than love.

Confused and distraught

Again I am raging, I am in such a state by your soul that every
bond you bind, I break, by your soul.

I am like heaven, like the moon, like a candle by your glow; I am all
reason, all love, all soul, by your soul.

My joy is of your doing, my hangover of your thorn; whatever
side you turn your face, I turn mine, by your soul.

I spoke in error; it is not surprising to speak in error in this
state, for this moment I cannot tell a cup from wine, by your soul.

I am that madman in bonds who binds the "divs"; I, the madman,
am a Solomon with the "divs", by your soul.

Whatever form other than love raises up its head from my
heart, forthwith I drive it out of the court of my heart, by your soul.

Come, you who have departed, for the thing that departs
comes back; neither you are that, by my soul, nor I am that, by your soul.

Disbeliever, do not conceal disbelief in your soul, for I will recite
the secret of your destiny, by your soul.

Out of love of Sham-e Tabrizi, through wakefulness or
night rising, like a spinning mote I am distraught, by your soul.

I will beguile him with the tongue

Reason says, "I will beguile him with the tongue;"
Love says, "Be silent. I will beguile him with the soul."
The soul says to the heart, "Go, do not laugh at me
and yourself. What is there that is not his, that I may beguile him thereby?"
He is not sorrowful and anxious and seeking oblivion
that I may beguile him with wine and a heavy measure.
The arrow of his glance needs not a bow that I should
beguile the shaft of his gaze with a bow.
He is not a prisoner of the world, fettered to this world
of earth, that I should beguile him with the gold of the kingdom of the world.
He is an angel, though in a form he is a man; he is not
lustful that I should beguile him with women.
Angels start away from the house wherein this form
is, so how should I beguile him with such a form and likeness?
He does not take a flock of horses since he flies on wings;
his food is light, so how should I beguile him with bread?
He is not a merchant and trafficker in the market of the
world that I should beguile him with the enchantment of gain and loss.
He is not veiled that I should make myself out sick and
utter sighs, to beguile him with lamentation.
I will bind my head and bow my head, for I have got out
of hand; I will not beguile his compassion with sickness or fluttering.
Hair by hair he sees my crookedness and feigning; what's
hidden from him that I should beguile him with anything hidden.
He is not a seeker of fame, a prince addicted to poets,
that I should beguile him with verses and lyrics and flowing poetry.
The glory of the unseen form is too great for me to
beguile it with blessing or Paradise.
Shams-e Tabriz, who is his chosen and beloved – perchance
I will beguile him with this same pole of the age.

I have come so that, tugging your ear

I have come so that, tugging your ear, I may draw you to me,
unheart and unself you, plant you in my heart and soul.

Rosebush, I have come a sweet springtide unto you, to seize
you very gently in my embrace and squeeze you.

I have come to adorn you in this worldly abode, to convey you
above the skies like lovers' prayers.

I have come because you stole a kiss from an idol fair; give it
back with a glad heart, master, for I will seize you back.

What is a mere rose? You are the All¹, you are the speaker of
the command "Say"². If no one else knows you, since you are I, I know you.

You are my soul and spirit, you are my Fatiha-chanter, be-
come altogether the Fatiha, so that I may chant you in my heart.

You are my quarry and game, though you have sprung from
the snare; return to the snare, and if you will not, I will drive you.

The lion said to me, "You are a wonderous deer; be gone! Why
do you run in my wake so swiftly? I will tear you to pieces."

Accept my blow, and advance like a hero's shield;

give your ear to naught but the bowstring, that I may bend you like a bow.

So many thousand stages there are from earth's bounds to
man; I have brought you from city to city, I will not leave you by the roadside.

Say nothing, froth not, do not raise the lid of the cauldron;
simmer well, and be patient, for I am cooking you.

No, for you are a lion's whelp hidden in a deer's body: I will
cause you suddenly to transcend the deer's veil.

You are my ball, and you run in the curved mallet of my
decree; though I am making you to run, I am still running in your track.

A New Rule

It is the rule with drunkards to fall upon each other,
to quarrel, become violent, and make a scene.
The lover is even worse than a drunkard.
I will tell you what love is: to enter a mine of gold.
And what is that gold?

The lover is a king above all kings,
unafraid of death, not at all interested in a golden crown.
The dervish has a pearl concealed under his patched cloak.
Why should he go begging door to door?

Last night that moon came along,
drunk, dropping clothes in the street.
“Get up,” I told my heart, “Give the soul a glass of wine.
The moment has come to join the nightingale in the garden,
to taste sugar with the soul-parrot.”

I have fallen, with my heart shattered –
where else but on your path? And I
broke your bowl, drunk, my idol, so drunk,
don't let me be harmed, take my hand.

A new rule, a new law has been born:
break all the glasses and fall toward the glassblower.

Ode 2180

From these depths depart towards heaven;
may your soul be happy, journey joyfully?
You have escaped from the city full of fear and trembling;
happily become a resident of the Abode of Security.
If the body's image has gone, await the image-maker; if the
the body is utterly ruined, become all soul.
If your face has become saffron pale through death, become a
dweller among tulip beds and Judas trees.
If the doors of repose have been barred to you, come, depart
by way of the roof and the ladder.
If you are alone from Friends and companions, by the help of
God becomes a saheb-qeran⁵ [lord of happy circumstance].
If you have been secluded from water and bread, like bread
become the food of the souls, and so become!

This is love to fly to heaven

This is love: to fly to heaven, every moment to rend a hundred veils;
At first, instance, to break away from breath — first step, to renounce feet;
To disregard this world, to see only that which you yourself have seen.
I said, “Heart, congratulations on entering the circle of lovers,
“On gazing beyond the range of the eye, on running into the alley of the breasts.”
Whence came this breath, O heart? Whence came this throbbing, O heart?
Bird, speak the tongue of birds: I can heed your cipher!
The heart said, “I was in the factory whilst the home of water and clay was baking.
“I was flying from the workshop whilst the workshop was being created.
“When I could no more resist, they dragged me; how shall I
tell the manner of that dragging?”

Sweetly parading you go my soul of soul,

Sweetly parading you go my soul of soul, go not without me;
life of your friends, enter not the garden without me.
Sky, revolve not without me; moon, shine not without me;
earth travel not without me, and time, go not without me.
With you this world is joyous, and with you that world is joyous;
in this world dwell not without me, and to that world depart not without me.
Vision, know not without me, and tongue, recite not without
me; glance behold not without me, and soul, go not without me.
The night through the moon's light sees its face white; I am
light, you are my moon, go not to heaven without me.
The thorn is secure from the fire in the shelter of the roses
face: you are the rose, I your thorn; go not into the rose garden without me.
I run in the curve of your mallet when your eye is with me;
even so gaze upon me, drive not without me, go not without me.
When, joy, you are companion of the king, drink not without
me; when, watchman, you go to the king's roof, go not without me.
Alas for him who goes on this road without your sign; since
you, O signless one, are my sign, go not without me.
Alas for him who goes on the road without my knowledge;
you are the knowledge of the road for me; O road-knower, go not without me.
Others call you love, I call you the king of love; O you who are
higher than the imagination of this and that, go not without me.

Be Lost in the Call

Be Lost in the Call

Lord, said David since you do not need us,
why did you create these two worlds?

Reality replied: O prisoner of time,
I was a secret treasure of kindness and generosity,
and I wished this treasure to be known,
so I created a mirror: its shining face, the heart;
its darkened back, the world;
The back would please you if you've never seen the face.

Has anyone ever produced a mirror out of mud and straw?
Yet clean away the mud and straw,
and a mirror might be revealed.

Until the juice ferments a while in the cask,
it isn't wine. If you wish your heart to be bright,
you must do a little work.

My King addressed the soul of my flesh:
You return just as you left.
Where are the traces of my gifts?

We know that alchemy transforms copper into gold.
This Sun doesn't want a crown or robe from God's grace.
He is a hat to a hundred bald men,
a covering for ten who were naked.

Jesus sat humbly on the back of an ass, my child!
How could a zephyr ride an ass?
Spirit, find your way, in seeking lowness like a stream.
Reason, tread the path of selflessness into eternity.

Remember God so much that you are forgotten.
Let the caller and the called disappear;
be lost in the Call.

O you who've gone on pilgrimage

O you who've gone on pilgrimage –
where are you, where, oh where?
Here, here is the Beloved!
Oh come now, come, oh come!
Your friend, he is your neighbor,
he is next to your wall –
You, erring in the desert –
what air of love is this?
If you'd see the Beloved's
form without any form –
You are the house, the master,
You are the Kaaba, you!
Where is a bunch of roses,
if you would be this garden?
Where one soul's pearly essence
when you're the Sea of God?
That's true – and yet your troubles
may turn to treasures rich –
How sad that you yourself veil
the treasure that is yours!

Oh, if a tree could wander

Oh, if a tree could wander
and move with foot and wings!
It would not suffer the ax blows
and not the pain of saws!
For would the sun not wander
away in every night?
How could at every morning
the world be lighted up?
And if the ocean's water
would not rise to the sky,
How would the plants be quickened
by streams and gentle rain?
The drop that left its homeland,
the sea, and then returned?
It found an oyster waiting
and grew into a pearl.
Did Yusuf not leave his father,
in grief and tears and despair?
Did he not, by such a journey,
gain kingdom and fortune wide?
Did not the Prophet travel
to far Medina, friend?
And there he found a new kingdom
and ruled a hundred lands.
You lack a foot to travel?
Then journey into yourself!
And like a mine of rubies
receive the sunbeams? print!
Out of yourself ? such a journey
will lead you to your self,
It leads to transformation
of dust into pure gold!

Come, come, whoever you are.

Come, come, whoever you are

Wonderer, worshipper, lover of leaving.

It doesn't matter.

Ours is not a caravan of despair.

Come, even if you have broken your vow

a thousand times

Come, yet again, come, come.

We are as the flute, and the music in us is from thee;
we are as the mountain and the echo in us is from thee.

We are as pieces of chess engaged in victory and defeat:
our victory and defeat is from thee, O thou whose qualities are comely!

Who are we, O Thou soul of our souls,
that we should remain in being beside thee?

We and our existences are really non-existence;
thou art the absolute Being which manifests the perishable.

We all are lions, but lions on a banner:
because of the wind, they are rushing onward from moment to moment.

Their onward rush is visible, and the wind is unseen:
may that which is unseen not fail from us!

Our wind whereby we are moved and our being are of thy gift;
our whole existence is from thy bringing into being.

On the Deathbed

On the Deathbed Go, rest your head on a pillow, leave me alone;
leave me ruined, exhausted from the journey of this night,
writhing in a wave of passion till the dawn.
Either stay and be forgiving,
or, if you like, be cruel and leave.
Flee from me, away from trouble;
take the path of safety, far from this danger.
We have crept into this corner of grief,
turning the water wheel with a flow of tears.
While a tyrant with a heart of flint slays,
and no one says, "Prepare to pay the blood money."
Faith in the king comes easily in lovely times,
but be faithful now and endure, pale lover.
No cure exists for this pain but to die,
So why should I say, "Cure this pain"?
In a dream last night I saw
an ancient one in the garden of love,
beckoning with his hand, saying, "Come here."
On this path, Love is the emerald,
the beautiful green that wards off dragonsnough, I am losing myself.
If you are a man of learning,
read something classic,
a history of the human struggle
and don't settle for mediocre verse.

This Marriage

May these vows and this marriage be blessed.

May it be sweet milk,
this marriage, like wine and halvah.

May this marriage offer fruit and shade
like the date palm.

May this marriage be full of laughter,
our every day a day in paradise.

May this marriage be a sign of compassion,
a seal of happiness here and hereafter.

May this marriage have a fair face and a good name,
an omen as welcomes the moon in a clear blue sky.

I am out of words to describe
how spirit mingles in this marriage.

This World Which Is Made of Our Love

This World Which Is Made of Our Love for Emptiness

Praise to the emptiness that blanks out existence. Existence:
This place made from our love for that emptiness!

Yet somehow comes emptiness,
this existence goes.

Praise to that happening, over and over!
For years I pulled my own existence out of emptiness.

Then one swoop, one swing of the arm,
that work is over.

Free of who I was, free of presence, free of dangerous fear, hope,
free of mountainous wanting.

The here-and-now mountain is a tiny piece of a piece of straw
blown off into emptiness.

These words I'm saying so much begin to lose meaning:
Existence, emptiness, mountain, straw:

Words and what they try to say swept
out the window, down the slant of the roof.

“It is said that after Muhammad and the prophets revelation does not descend upon anyone else. Why not? In fact it does, but then it is not called ‘revelation.’ It is what the Prophet referred to when he said, ‘The believer sees with the Light of God.’ When the believer looks with ‘The believer sees with the Light of God.’ When the believer looks with God’s Light, he sees all things: the first and the last, the present and the absent. For how can anything be hidden from God’s Light? And if something is hidden, then it is not the Light of God. Therefore the meaning of revelation exists, even if it is not called revelation.”

The drum of the realization

The drum of the realization of the promise is beating,
we are sweeping the road to the sky. Your joy is here today, what remains for
tomorrow?

The armies of the day have chased the army of the night,
Heaven and earth are filled with purity and light.

Oh! joy for he who has escaped from this world of perfumes and color!

For beyond these colors and these perfumes, these are other colors in the heart
and the soul.

Oh! joy for this soul and this heart who have escaped
the earth of water and clay,

Although this water and this clay contain the hearth of the
philosophical stone.

Mystic Odes 473

At every instant and from every side, resounds the call of Love:
We are going to the sky, who wants to come with us?
We have gone to heaven, we have been the friends of the angels,
And now we will go back there, for there is our country.
We are higher than heaven, more noble than the angels:
Why not go beyond them? Our goal is the Supreme Majesty.
What has the fine pearl to do with the world of dust?
Why have you come down here? Take your baggage back. What is this place?
Luck is with us, to us is the sacrifice!...
Like the birds of the sea, men come from the ocean—the ocean of the soul.
Like the birds of the sea, men come from the ocean—the ocean of the soul.
How could this bird, born from that sea, make his dwelling here?
No, we are the pearls from the bosom of the sea, it is there that we dwell:
Otherwise, how could the wave succeed to the wave that comes from the soul?
The wave named 'Am I, not your Lord' has come, it has broken the vessel of the
body;
And when the vessel is broken, the vision comes back, and the union with Him.

Our death is our wedding with eternity

Our death is our wedding with eternity.

What is the secret? "God is One."

The sunlight splits when entering the windows of the house.

This multiplicity exists in the cluster of grapes;

It is not in the juice made from the grapes.

For he who is living in the Light of God,

The death of the carnal soul is a blessing.

Regarding him, say neither bad nor good,

For he is gone beyond the good and the bad.

Fix your eyes on God and do not talk about what is invisible,

So that he may place another look in your eyes.

It is in the vision of the physical eyes

That no invisible or secret thing exists.

But when the eye is turned toward the Light of God

What thing could remain hidden under such a Light?

Although all lights emanate from the Divine Light

Don't call all these lights "the Light of God";

It is the eternal light which is the Light of God,

The ephemeral light is an attribute of the body and the flesh.

...Oh God who gives the grace of vision!

The bird of vision is flying towards You with the wings of desire.

Mystic Odes 833

I've said before that every craftsman searches for what's not there to practice his craft.

A builder looks for the rotten hole where the roof caved in. A water-carrier picks the empty pot. A carpenter stops at the house with no door.

Workers rush toward some hint of emptiness, which they then start to fill. Their hope, though, is for emptiness, so don't think you must avoid it. It contains what you need!

Dear soul, if you were not friends with the vast nothing inside, why would you always be casting you net into it, and waiting so patiently?

This invisible ocean has given you such abundance, but still, you call it "death", that which provides you sustenance and work.

God has allowed some magical reversal to occur, so that you see the scorpion pit as an object of desire, and all the beautiful expanse around it, as dangerous and swarming with snakes.

This is how strange your fear of death and emptiness is, and how perverse the attachment to what you want.

Now that you've heard me on your misapprehensions, dear friend, listen to Attar's story on the same subject.

He strung the pearls of this
about King Mahmud, how among the spoils
of his Indian campaign, there was a Hindu boy,
whom he adopted as a son. He educated
and provided royally for the boy
and later made him vice-regent, seated
on a gold throne beside himself.

One day he found the young man weeping.
“Why are you crying? You’re the companion
of an emperor! The entire nation is ranged out
before you like stars that you can command!”

The young man replied, “I am remembering
my mother and father, and how they
scared me as a child with threats of you!
‘Uh-oh, he’s headed for King Mahmud’s court!
Nothing could be more hellish!’ Where are they now
when they should see me sitting here?”

This incident is about your fear of changing.
You are the Hindu boy. Mahmud, which means
Praise to the End, is the spirit’s
poverty or emptiness.

The mother and father are your attachment
to beliefs and blood ties
and desires and comforting habits.
Don’t listen to them!
They seem to protect
but they imprison.

They are your worst enemies.
They make you afraid
of living in emptiness.

Some day you’ll weep tears of delight in that court,
remembering your mistaken parents!

Know that your body nurtures the spirit,
helps it grow, and gives it wrong advise.

The body becomes, eventually, like a vest
of chain mail in peaceful years,
too hot in summer and too cold in winter.

But the body's desires, in another way, are like
an unpredictable associate, whom you must be
patient with. And that companion is helpful,
because patience expands your capacity
to love and feel peace.

The patience of a rose close to a thorn
keeps it fragrant. It's patience that gives milk
to the male camel still nursing in its third year,
and patience is what the prophets show to us.

The beauty of careful sewing on a shirt
is the patience it contains.

Friendship and loyalty have patience
as the strength of their connection.

Feeling lonely and ignoble indicates
that you haven't been patient.

Be with those who mix with God
as honey blends with milk, and say,

"Anything that comes and goes,
rises and sets, is not
what I love." else you'll be like a caravan fire left
to flare itself out alone beside the road.

NO ONE" says it better

"NO ONE" says it better:

What is the miracle of the heavens?

Non-existence.

The religion and creed of the lovers is non- existence.

These spiritual window-shoppers

These spiritual window-shoppers,
who idly ask, 'How much is that?' Oh, I'm just looking.
They handle a hundred items and put them down,
shadows with no capital.

What is spent is love and two eyes wet with weeping.
But these walk into a shop,
and their whole lives pass suddenly at that moment,
in that shop.

Where did you go? "Nowhere."
What did you have to eat? "Nothing much."

Even if you don't know what you want,
buy _something,_ to be part of the exchanging flow.

Start a huge, foolish project,
like Noah.

It makes absolutely no difference
what people think of you.

I died

I died from minerality and became vegetable;

And From vegetativeness, I died and became animal.

I died from animality and became a man.

Then why fear disappearance through death?

Next time I shall die

Bringing forth wings and feathers like angels;

After that, soaring higher than angels –

What you cannot imagine,

I shall be that.

Soul receives from soul that knowledge, therefore not by a book

nor from the tongue.

If knowledge of mysteries come after emptiness of mind, that is

illumination of the heart.

If thou wilt be observant and vigilant, thou wilt see at every moment the response to thy action. Be observant if thou wouldst have a pure heart, for something is born to thee in consequence of every action.

I said, 'Thou art harsh, like such a one.'

'Know,' he replied,

'That I am harsh for good, not from rancor and spite.

Whoever enters saying, "This I," I smite him on the brow;

For this is the shrine of Love, o fool! it is not a sheepcote!

Rub thine eyes, and behold the image of the heart.'

Make yourself free from self at one stroke!

Like a sword be without a trace of soft iron;

Like a steel mirror, scour off all rust with contrition.

A Star Without a Name

When a baby is taken from the wet nurse,

it easily forgets her

and starts eating solid food.

Seeds feed awhile on ground,

then lift up into the sun.

So you should taste the filtered light

and work your way toward wisdom

with no personal covering.

That's how you came here, like a star

without a name. Move across the night sky

with those anonymous lights.

God has given us a dark wine

God has given us a dark wine so potent that,
drinking it, we leave the two worlds.

God has put into the form of hashish a power
to deliver the taster from self-consciousness.

God has made sleep so
that it erases every thought.

God made Majnun love Layla so much that
just her dog would cause confusion in him.

There are thousands of wines
that can take over our minds.

Don't think all ecstasies
are the same!

Jesus was lost in his love for God.
His donkey was drunk with barley.

Drink from the presence of saints,
not from those other jars.

Every object, every being,
is a jar full of delight.

Be a connoisseur,
and taste with caution.

Any wine will get you high.
Judge like a king, and choose the purest,

the ones unadulterated with fear,
or some urgency about "what's needed."

Drink the wine that moves you
as a camel moves when it's been untied,
and is just ambling about.

Gone to the Unseen

At last, you have departed and gone to the Unseen.
What marvelous route did you take from this world?

Beating your wings and feathers,
you broke free from this cage.
Rising up to the sky
you attained the world of the soul.
You were a prized falcon trapped by an Old Woman.
Then you heard the drummer's call
and flew beyond space and time.

As a lovesick nightingale, you flew among the owls.
Then came the scent of the rosegarden
and you flew off to meet the Rose.

The wine of this fleeting world
caused your head to ache.
Finally, you joined the tavern of Eternity.
Like an arrow, you sped from the bow
and went straight for the bull's eye of bliss.

This phantom world gave you false signs
But you turned from the illusion
and journeyed to the land of truth.

You are now the Sun –
what need have you for a crown?
You have vanished from this world –
what need have you to tie your robe?

I've heard that you can barely see your soul.
But why look at all? –
yours is now the Soul of Souls!

O heart, what a wonderful bird you are.
Seeking divine heights,
Flapping your wings,
you smashed the pointed spears of your enemy.

The flowers flee from Autumn, but not you –
You are the fearless rose
that grows amidst the freezing wind.

Pouring down like the rain of heaven
you fell upon the rooftop of this world.
Then you ran in every direction
and escaped through the drain spout . . .

Now the words are over
and the pain they bring is gone.
Now you have gone to rest
in the arms of the Beloved.

How did you getaway

How did you getaway?

You were the pet falcon of an old woman.

Did you hear the falcon-drum?

You were a drunken songbird put in with owls.

Did you smell the odor of a garden?

You got tired of sour fermenting
and left the tavern.

You went like an arrow to the target
from the bow of time and place.

The man who stays at the cemetery pointed the way,
but you didn't go.

You became light and gave up wanting to be famous.

You don't worry about what you're going to eat,
so why buy an engraved belt?

I've heard of living at the center, but what about
leaving the center of the center?

Flying toward thankfulness, you become
the rare bird with one wing made of fear,
and one of hope. In autumn,
a rose crawling along the ground in the cold wind.
Rain on the roof runs down and out by the spout
as fast as it can.

Talking is pain. Lie down and rest,
now that you've found a friend to be with.

He Comes

He comes, a moon whose like the sky ne'er saw, awake or dreaming.
Crowned with eternal flame no flood can lay.
Lo, from the flagon of thy love, O Lord, my soul is swimming,
And ruined all my body's house of clay!

When first the Giver of the grape my lonely heart befriended,
Wine fired my bosom and my veins filled up;
But when his image all mine eye possessed, a voice descended:
'Well done, O sovereign Wine and peerless Cup!'

Love's mighty arm from the roof to base each dark abode is hewing,
Where chinks reluctant catch a golden ray.
My heart, when Love's sea of a sudden burst into its viewing,
Leaped headlong in, with 'Find me now who may!'

As, the sun moving, clouds behind him run,
All hearts attend thee, O Tabriz's Sun!

Poor copies out of heaven's originals

Poor copies out of heaven's originals,
Pale earthly pictures moldering to decay,
What care although your beauties break and fall,
When that which gave them life endures for aye?

Oh never vex thine heart with idle woes:
All high discourse enchanting the rapt ear,
All gilded landscapes and brave glistening shows
Fade-perish, but it is not as we fear.

Whilst far away the living fountains ply,
each petty brook goes brimful to the main
Since baron nor fountain can forever die,
Thy fears how foolish, thy lament how vain!

What is this fountain, wouldst thou rightly know?
The Soul whence issue all created things.
Doubtless, the rivers shall not cease to flow,
Till silenced are the everlasting springs.

Farewell to sorrow, and with a quiet mind
Drink long and deep: let others fondly deem
The channel empty they perchance may find,
Or fathom that unfathomable stream.

The moment thou to this low world wast given,
A ladder stood whereby thou mightest aspire;
And first, thy steps, which upward still have striven,
From mineral mounted to the plant; then higher

To animal existence; next, the Man,
With knowledge, reason, faith. Oh, wondrous goal!
This body, which a crumb of dust began-
How fairly fashioned the consummate whole!

Yet stay not here thy journey: thou shalt grow
An angel bright and home far off in heaven.

Plod on, plunge last in the great Sea, that so
Thy little drop makes oceans-seven times seven.

'The Son of God!' Nay, leave that word unsaid,
Say: 'God is One, the pure, the single Truth.'
What though thy frame be withered, old, and dead,
If the soul keeps her fresh immortal youth?

Departure

Up, O ye lovers, and away! 'Tis time to leave the world for aye.
Hark, loud and clear from heaven the form of parting calls-let none delay!
The cameleer hat risen amain made ready all the camel-train,
And quittance now desires to gain: why sleep ye, travelers, I pray?
Behind us and before there swells the din of parting and of bells;
To shoreless space, each moment sails a disembodied spirit away.
From yonder starry lights, and through those curtain-awnings darkly blue,
Mysterious figures float in view, all strange and secret things display.
From this orb, wheeling around its pole, a wondrous slumber o'er thee stole:
O weary life that weighest naught, O sleep that on my soul dost weigh!
O heart, toward the heart's love wend, and O friend, fly toward the Friend,
Be wakeful, watchman, to the end: drowse seemingly no watchman may.

The Spirit Of The Saints

There is a Water that flows down from Heaven
To cleanse the world of sin by grace Divine.
At last, its whole stock spent, its virtue gone.
Dark with pollution not its own, it speeds
Back to the Fountain of all purities;
Whence, freshly bathed, earthward it sweeps again,
Trailing a robe of glory bright and pure.

This Water is the Spirit of the Saints,
Whichever sheds, until itself is beggared,
God's balm on the sick soul; and then returns
To Him who made the purest light of Heaven.

The True Sufi

What makes the Sufi? The purity of heart;
Not the patched mantle and the lust perverse
Of those vile earth-bound men who steal his name.
He in all dregs discerns the essence pure:
In hardship ease, in tribulation joy.
The phantom sentries, who with batons drawn
Guard Beauty's place-gate and curtained bower,
Give way before him, unafraid he passes,
And showing the King's arrow enters in.

The Unseen Power

We are the flute, our music is all Thine;
We are the mountains echoing only Thee;
And movest to defeat or victory;
Lions emblazoned high on flags unfurled-
They wind invisible sweeps us through the world.

The Progress Of Man

First, he appeared in the realm inanimate;
Thence came into the world of plants and lived
The plant-life many a year, nor called to mind
What he had been; then took the onward way
To animal existence, and once more
Remembers naught of what life vegetive,
Save when he feels himself moved with desire
Towards it in the season of sweet flowers,
As babes that seek the breast and know not why.
Again the wise Creator whom thou knowest
Uplifted him from animality
To Man's estate; and so from realm to realm
Advancing, he became intelligent,
Cunning and keen of wit, as he is now.
No memory of his past abides with him,
And from his present soul, he shall be changed.
Though he is fallen asleep, God will not leave him
In this forgetfulness. Awakened, he
Will laugh to think about what troublous dreams he had.
And wonder how his happy state of being
He could forget, and not perceive that all
Those pains and sorrows were the effects of sleep
And guile and vain illusion. So this world
Seems lasting, though 'tis but the sleepers' dream;
Who, when the appointed Day shall dawn, escapes
From dark imaginings that haunted him,
And turns with laughter on his phantom griefs
When he beholds his everlasting home.

Reality And Appearance

'Tis light makes color visible: at night
Red, green, and russet vanish from thy sight.
So to thee light by darkness is made known:
Since God hat none, He, seeing all, denies
Himself eternally to mortal eyes.
From the dark jungle as a tiger bright,
Form from the viewless Spirit leaps to light.

Descent

I made a far journey
Earth's fair cities to view,
but like to love's city
City none I knew

At first, I knew not
That city's worth,
And turned in my folly
A wanderer on the earth.

From so sweet a country
I must needs pass,
And like to cattle
Grazed on every grass.

As Moses' people
I would liefer eat
Garlic, than manna
And celestial meat.

What voice in this world
to my ear has come
Save the voice of love
Was a tapped drum.

Yet for that drum-tap
From the world of All
Into this perishing
Land I did fall.

That world a lone spirit
Inhabiting.
Like a snake, I crept
Without foot or wing.

The wine that was laughter
And grace to sip

Like a rose, I tasted
Without throat or lip.

'Spirit, go a journey,'
Love's voice said:
'Lo, a home of travail
I have made.'

Much, much I cried:
'I will not go';
Yea, and rent my raiment
And made great woe.

Even as now I shrink
To be gone from here,
Even so thence
To part I did fear.

'Spirit, go thy way,'
Love called again,
'And I shall be ever nigh thee
As they neck's vein.'

Much did love enchant me
And made much guile;
Love's guile and enchantment
Capture me the while.

In ignorance and folly
When my wings I spread,
From palace unto prison
I was swiftly sped.

Now I would tell
How thither thou mayst come;
But ah, my pen is broke
And I am dumb.

I am part of the load

I am part of the load
Not rightly balanced
I drop off in the grass,
like the old Cave-sleepers, to browse
wherever I fall.

For hundreds of thousands of years, I have been dust-grains
floating and flying in the will of the air,
often forgetting ever being
in that state, but in sleep
I migrate back. I spring loose
from the four-branched, time-and-space cross,
this waiting room.

I walk into a huge pasture
I nurse the milk of millennia

Everyone does this in different ways.
Knowing that conscious decision
and personal memory
are much too small a place to live,
every human being streams at night
into the loving nowhere, or during the day,
in some absorbing work.