

A large, textured gold heart shape that serves as a background for the title and author information. The heart has a fine, grainy texture and is centered on the page.

Heart Of Gold

Fletcher Soul Traveler

Contents

Intro.....	18
Indian Mystics	20
Brahmanand.....	20
Palace in the sky.....	22
The Miracle	23
Your Creation	25
Prepare Yourself.....	27
Kabir	29
Thirsty Fish	30
Oh, Companion, That Abode Is Unmatched	32
Are you looking for me.....	34
Illusion and Reality	35
Where do you search me	36
Looking at the grinding stones.....	38
I Said To The Wanting-Creature Inside Me	40
The moon shines in my body	41
Raindrop.....	43
Knowing nothing shuts the iron gates	44
The Word	45
WITHIN this earthen vessel.....	46
The Lord is in me	47
My swan, let us fly to that land.....	49
O Slave, liberate yourself.	50
The Bride-Soul.....	51
The Guest is inside you, and also inside me	53
To Be A Slave Of Intensity	56
O servant, where dost thou seek Me?	Error! Bookmark not defined.
The Impossible Pass	59
Plucking your eyebrows	60
When the Day came.....	61
The self forgets itself.....	62
Many hoped	63

It is needless to ask of a saint	64
Lamps burn in every house	65
Lift the veil.....	67
My body and my mind	68
O, friend! hope for Him whilst you live.....	69
O How may I ever express that secret word?	70
Tell me, Brother	71
Oh Sadhu	72
THE light of the sun	73
The middle region of the sky.....	78
The river and its waves are one	79
To what shore would you cross	80
What kind of God would He be.....	81
When He Himself Reveals Himself	83
When you were born in this world	84
Where Spring, the lord of the seasons	86
Ravidas	87
The Name alone is the Truth.....	88
The City Of God	90
Upon seeing Poverty	95
How to escape?.....	96
If You are a mountain.....	97
When I existed	99
You are me	101
Mirabai	102
I am mad with love.....	103
Do Not Leave Me	104
I Have Found My Guru	105
Nothing Is Really Mine Except Krishna.....	107
A Cowherding Girl	109
I Send Letters	110
Keep Up Your Promise	111
Surdas.....	112

Awake O! Prince Of Braj.....	113
Merciful Krishna	114
Breakfast	115
Secrete signs	116
Tulsidas	117
Doha 1	118
Doha 5	118
Doha 2	119
Maya	120
Prayer	121
Prayer 3	122
Glimpse Of The Invisible	123
Sound Celestial.....	124
Sufi	125
Shams Tabrizi	125
Poems.....	126
Story	129
Rumi	131
Like this	132
Love is the Water of Life	135
A moment of happiness	136
Lovers	138
All through eternity.....	139
Let go of your worries	142
This is love: to fly toward a secret sky	144
Love is reckless.....	145
I am a sculptor, a molder of form	146
Passion makes the old medicine new:	148
The beauty of the heart	149
I am only the house of your beloved	150
The springtime of Lovers has come	152
Love has nothing to do with.....	154
When the rose is gone	155

Because I cannot sleep.....	156
Ode 314.....	158
Who is at my door?	159
Confused and distraught.....	162
I will beguile him with the tongue	163
I have come so that, tugging your ear	165
A New Rule.....	167
Ode 2180.....	169
This is love to fly to heaven.....	170
Sweetly parading you go my soul of soul,.....	171
Be Lost in the Call.....	172
O you who've gone on pilgrimage	173
Oh, if a tree could wander	175
Come, come, whoever you are.	177
On the Deathbed.....	179
This Marriage	180
This World Which Is Made of Our Love	181
The drum of the realization	182
Mystic Odes 473	183
Our death is our wedding with eternity.....	184
Mystic Odes 833	185
NO ONE" says it better.....	189
These spiritual window-shoppers	190
I died	191
God has given us a dark wine.....	194
Gone to the Unseen	196
How did you getaway.....	198
He Comes	200
Poor copies out of heaven's originals	201
Departure	203
The Spirit Of The Saints	204
The True Sufi	205
The Unseen Power	206

The Progress Of Man.....	207
Reality And Appearance.....	209
Descent	210
I am part of the load	212
Samad Mir	214
Poems.....	215
Jami Writer.....	216
Self Dies in Love	217
The Value of a Man	218
Friendship.....	219
The Glorious God	220
Man's Prime Desire	221
Amir Khusrau.....	222
What Was The Place	223
Celebrate Spring Today	224
What A Glow Everywhere I See	225
My Youth.....	226
Too Much Difficult.....	227
Ecstatic Eyes.....	228
Dye Me In Your Hue	229
Just A Glance	230
Al-Hallaj.....	231
Poems.....	232
Rabia Basri.....	236
Take Away The Words Of The Devil.....	237
Die Before You Die	238
The Holy Water	239
If I Adore You.....	242
Love	243
In My Soul	244
With My Beloved.....	246
My God And My Lord	247
Dream Fable	248

My Greatest Need Is You	249
My Beloved	250
Reality	251
Ahmad Yasawi.....	252
Attar of Nishapur	253
The Dullard Sage	254
The moths and the flame.....	256
The Valley of the Quest.....	258
The pilgrim sees no form but His and knows.....	260
Invocation	261
God Speaks to Moses.....	262
God Speaks to David	263
The Pupil asks; the Master answers.....	264
The Nightingale	265
A dervish in ecstasy.....	267
How long then will you seek for beauty here?	268
Look -- I do nothing; He performs all deeds.....	269
The Hawk.....	270
The Lover.....	272
The peacock's excuse.....	273
All who, reflecting as reflected see.....	274
I shall grasp the soul's skirt with my hand	276
Looking for your own face	277
Mysticism	278
The angels have bowed down to you and drowned.....	279
The Birds Find Their King.....	280
The Eternal Mirror	281
Shah Abdul Latif Bhittai.....	282
Wind Blew! The Sand Enveloped The Body	283
If You Are Seeking Allah	284
Yunus Emre	285
Untitled IV	286
Untitled IX	288

Untitled V	289
Untitled VI	290
Untitled XIX	292
Untitled XIII	294
Untitled I	295
Untitled XXVIII	297
Untitled III	298
Untitled XXI	300
Untitled XXIV	301
Untitled XXIII	302
Untitled VIII	304
Untitled VIII	Error! Bookmark not defined.
Untitled X	307
Untitled XX	309
Untitled XXV	310
Untitled II	311
Sulṭān Bāhū	313
Mahmoud Shabestari.....	314
Quotes.....	314
Khwaja Abdullah Ansari	315
A Path of Devotion	316
Devotion for Thee	317
Empty Me of Everything But Your Love	318
Give Me	319
I Came	320
In Each Breath	321
The Beauty of Oneness	322
The Friend Beside Me	323
The one You kill.....	324
Hafiz	325
The Hatcheck Girl	326
For years my heart inquired of me,	327
Like The Morning Breeze	331

From the large jug, drink the wine of Unity.....	333
Let Thought Become Your Beautiful Lover	334
I Have Learned So Much	336
School of Truth.....	338
I've Said It Before and I'll Say It Again.....	340
Tired of Speaking Sweetly	341
We Might Have To Medicate You	344
A Potted Plant	345
No More Leaving.....	347
Islam.....	348
Ibn al-Farid	348
The Poem of the Way.....	349
Saadi Shirazi	356
The Dancer	357
The Grass of God's Garden	359
Inscription on the Fountain of Jemshid	360
Kingly Duties.....	362
The Last Words of Nushirvan	364
On Friends and Enemies	366
The Pearl and the Ocean.....	367
The Pious Slave	368
Saadi at the Grave of His Child.....	369
Sage Advice	371
Silence	373
Wealth.....	374
Omar Khayyam.....	375
The Rubaiyat Of Omar Khayyam.....	376
Come Fill The Cup	391
For Some We Loved	392
The Shears Of Fate	393
Jamal-ud-Din Hansvi	394
Jewish.....	394
the Baal Shem Tov,	395

Quotes 1.....	396
Quotes 2.....	398
Martin Buber,.....	400
Quotes 1.....	401
Quotes 2.....	402
Rabbi Nachman, of Bratzlav.....	404
Quotes 1.....	405
Quotes 2.....	406
Abraham Abulafia,	408
Quotes 1.....	409
Aryeh Kaplan.....	410
Quotes 1.....	411
Solomon ibn Gabirol	412
I Look for You	413
Send Your Spirit.....	434
Western-Middle East	415
John of the Cross.....	415
Quotes 1.....	416
Thomas Merton	417
Quotes 1.....	418
Quotes 2.....	420
Walt Whitman.....	422
Quotes 1.....	423
Quotes 2.....	424
William Blake	426
Quotes 1.....	427
Quotes 2.....	428
Henry Vaughan.....	465
Quotes 1.....	466
Quotes 2.....	467
Ralph Waldo Emerson.....	430
Quotes 1.....	431
Quotes 2.....	432

Thomas Traherne	435
Quotes 1.....	436
Quotes 2.....	437
W.B.Yeats	439
Quotes 1.....	440
Quotes 2.....	442
Coleman Barks	443
Quotes 1.....	444
Gerard Manley Hopkins	446
Quotes 1.....	447
Quotes 2.....	448
Alfred Schuler.....	450
Hadewijch	451
Quotes 1.....	452
Quotes 2.....	453
Carl Yung	454
Quotes 1.....	455
Quotes 2.....	457
Martin Luther King Jr.	460
Quotes 1.....	461
Quotes 2.....	462
Nelson Mandela	464
Quotes 1.....	465
Quotes 2.....	470
Carlos Castaneda.....	472
Quotes 1.....	473
Quotes 2.....	474
Kahlil Gibran.....	476
The Greater Self	477
The House Of Fortune Iii	479
The Hymn Of Man	481
The Life Of Love Xvi	484
The Madman - His Parables And Poems	488

The Palace And The Hut Xxix.....	489
The Playground Of Life Xix	490
The Poet Viii	492
The Scarecrow.....	495
The Sleep-Walkers	496
The Two Hermits.....	497
The Widow And Her Son Xxi	498
The Wise Dog	500
Time Xxi.....	501
Two Infants li.....	502
Two Wishes Xi	504
Vision X.....	506
War.....	507
Yesterday And Today Xii.....	509
Your Children	512
Hindu.....	513
Tukaram	513
Quotes 1.....	514
Lalleshwari	515
The Lalia of Padmanpora	516
Guru Shishya Discussion	517
The Turning Point.....	518
Votary of Vegetarianism and critic of animal sacrifice	520
Sri Chinmoy	522
Quotes 1.....	523
Quotes 2.....	525
Ramakrishna	527
Quotes 1.....	528
Quotes 2.....	529
Swami Vivekananda	530
Quotes 1.....	532
Quotes 2.....	533
Mahatma Gandhi	535

Quotes 1.....	536
Quotes 2.....	537
Rabindranath Tagore	539
Clouds And Waves	540
Colored Toys	542
Death.....	543
Defamation	544
Distant Time	545
Dungeon.....	546
Distant Time	547
Endless Time	548
Face To Face.....	549
Fairyland.....	550
Farewell.....	552
Ramana Maharshi	553
Quotes 1.....	554
Quotes 2.....	555
Paramahansa Yogananda.....	557
Quotes 1.....	558
Quotes 2.....	560
Sathya Sai Baba	562
Quotes 1.....	563
Quotes 2.....	564
Rajneesh.....	566
Quotes 1.....	567
Quotes 2.....	568
Sikh Gurus	570
Guru Nanak Dev	570
Quotes 1.....	571
Quotes 2.....	572
Guru Angad	574
Quotes 1.....	575
Guru Amar Das.....	576

Quotes 1.....	577
Guru Ram Das	578
Guru Arjan.....	579
Quotes 1.....	580
Guru Hargobind	581
Quotes 1.....	582
Guru Har Rai.....	583
Guru Har Krishan.....	583
Guru Tegh Bahadur	584
Quotes 1.....	585
Guru Gobind Singh	587
Quotes 1.....	588
Quotes 2.....	589
Taoist.....	591
Lao Tzu	591
Quotes 1.....	592
Quotes 2.....	593
Tu Fu.....	594
Quotes 1.....	595
Quotes 2.....	596
Li Po.....	599
Quotes 1.....	600
Quotes 2.....	601
Chuang Tzu.....	603
Quotes 1.....	604
Quotes 2.....	605
Wu Men	607
Quotes 1.....	608
Wang Wei.....	609
Quotes 1.....	610
Confucius.....	612
Quotes 1.....	613
Quotes 2.....	614

Jainism.....	615
Mahavira	615
Quotes.....	616
Buddhist	617
Lord Buddha.....	617
Quotes 1.....	618
Quotes 2.....	619
Dalai Lama.....	621
Quotes 1.....	622
Quotes 2.....	623
Basho.....	625
Quotes 1.....	626
Quotes 2.....	627
Thich Nhat Hahn	628
Quotes 1.....	629
Remberence	630
Hui Neng.....	634
Quotes 1.....	635
Quotes 2.....	637
Quotes 3.....	639
Science	642
Albert Einstein.....	642
Quotes 1.....	643
Quotes 2.....	644
Nicolas Tesla.....	645
Quotes 1.....	646
Quotes 2.....	647
Galileo Galilei	649
Quotes 1.....	650
Quotes 2.....	651
Galileo’s Telescope.....	653
Charles Darwin	656
Quotes 1.....	657

Quotes 2.....	658
Stephen Hawking	660
Quotes 1.....	661
Quotes 2.....	662
Leonardo da Vinci	664
Quotes 1.....	665
Quotes 2.....	667
Current	668
Prem Rawat.....	668
Quotes 1.....	669
Quotes 2.....	670
Bruce Lipton	672
Quotes 1.....	673
Quotes 2.....	675
Gregg Braden	677
Quotes 1.....	679
Quotes 2.....	681
Deepak Chopra.....	683
Quotes 1.....	684
Quotes 2.....	685
Sadhguru	687
Quotes 1.....	688
Quotes 2.....	689
Paulo Coelho	690
Quotes 1.....	691
Quotes 2.....	692
Michio Kaku.....	693
Quotes 1.....	694
Quotes 2.....	677
Ram Das	696
Quotes 1.....	697
Quotes 2.....	698
Joe Dispensa.....	700

Quotes 1.....	701
Quotes 2.....	704
Quotes 3.....	706
Shri Shri Ravi Shankar	708
Quotes 1.....	709
Indigenous.....	712
Aboriginal.....	712
Quotes 1.....	713

Intro



The 16th-century Spanish mystic, St. John of the Cross said the following for the definition of a mystic.

A person who seeks by contemplation and self-surrender to obtain unity with or absorption into the Deity or the absolute, or who believes in the spiritual

apprehension of truths that are beyond the intellect.

When I was a kid I had an intense yearning to discover my true nature. I knew we had five senses and at the same time, we had five internal senses. Don't ask me why but ever since I was young I knew that as a fact.

I have been meditating for around 49 years. You could say it's my lifetime hobby. My three hobbies are meditating, surfing, and ethnic food cooking. Even since I was young I had a knack for it. You could say that I'm constantly learning and growing.

It wasn't until a few years ago I would even consider calling myself a mystic. Yet since I began my daily writing in 2017 I began to see that this label did fit me to a tee. Mind you I've been writing for around thirty years. The last few years have been an evolution revolution for me.

I think writing and meditating blend well together. Meditation through the years allows one to dive deep into the ocean within. Writing allow one to dive deep inside and brings precious wisdom to the surface. Personally, it brings greater wisdom because I can learn from my writings. So much of what we know is on an unconscious level. Writing allows one to bring unconscious thoughts to the surface. It is another form of self-discovery.

I love the work of Carl Jung. Imagine our conscious mind is only running about 2 percent in our daily lives while the subconscious mind controls the rest. I find that fascinating.

This book pays honor to those who think outside of the box. Maybe you may know while others probably don't. They are quite diverse.

My understanding and experience are there is a thread of love tying us all together. We are all on the same boat sailing home. Nobody is better than worse than another. Each religion has a certain point of view.

Each one has a different and unique piece of the puzzle. It wouldn't be a puzzle without individual pieces. Meditation brings clarity and wisdom to see the jewel inside each tradition.

I find it curious that religions will fight with each other. Governments will harass religious groups that are different from theirs. Yet mystics don't fight with each other.

There is a common bond that ties them together. I have included all sorts of people who you might say are not mystics. Yet in my definition, a mystic is someone who thinks outside of the box. Artists, musicians, and inventors. Anyone in life who is free thinking in my eyes is a mystic.

Indian Mystics

Brahmanand



rahmanand Swami

Brahmanand Swami (Ladudan) was born to Gadhavi Shambhudanji Barot Aashiya and Laluba Charan in Khan village, at the foot of Mount Abu, in sirohi district of Rajasthan in 1772.

At a young age in the royal court, he sang poems in Gujarati. The Rana of sirohi, impressed with him, directed that he be taught Pingal (the science of constructing poetry) at the cost of the state.

Hence Ladudan was well educated and later became a part of King of Udaipurs court. Ladudan learned pingal and Sanskrit scriptures from Ladhaji Rajput of Dhamadka, becoming a scholar in Pingal, poetry, and scriptures.

Ladudan earned fame and wealth by visiting stately courts of Jaipur, Jodhpthers, which were impressed by his poetry.[3]

Initiation as Sadhu

Ladudan was in Bhuj where he had heard about Swaminarayan and went to meet him. Swaminarayan was addressing a gathering in Bhuj. Ladunan was attracted to him. Swaminarayan returned to Gadhada with the poet Ladudan.

Ladudan lived a majestic and royal life as befitting a courtier. He was always clad in the most precious attire, adorned with jewelry fit for royalty. Swaminarayan did not like such a luxurious lifestyle but instead of preaching directly he gradually persuaded Ladudan who became an ascetic. On the way from Gadhpur to

Siddhapur, at a small village named Gerita, Swaminarayan stopped and administered Bhagwati Deeksha (initiation as sadhu) to Ladudan by giving sainthood name 'Shrirangdasji.' After some time, he renamed him as Brahmanand Swami.[3] ¹

2

¹ <http://hrdaipress.com/products/brah.html>

² <http://hrdaipress.com/products/brah.html>

Palace in the sky



O seeker of truth, I have witnessed such a great wonder:
A well, suspended in the sky, from which ambrosia ceaselessly flows.
A lame person climbs to it without any ladder and drinks jugs of that nectar.
Gongs, conches, and kettle drums ring out without being played by anyone.
The deaf hear them and become ecstatic: they lose track of body and mind.
Up there is a palace without foundation, which is radiant with light.
The blind see it and are so overjoyed they can't stop talking about it.
In that place a person dies, yet continues to live, and has strength without eating food.
Brahmanand says that only a rare soul can understand his tale.

Commentary

I first heard this poem when I was 18 years old in India. It made a precious memory inside of me. There is a jewel inside that mankind can discover. Only a wise man understands what I'm talking about.

3

³ http://www.prem-rawat-bio.org/library/hj2000/sh_brahmanand.html

The Miracle



I saw a miracle, my friends
what an incredible miracle I saw

there is a well of nectar
hidden in the sky
which is always filled with joy
a lame man climbed up without a ladder
and drank till he was quenched

without anybody playing
bells, conchs, and drums play night and day
a deaf man heard them
and became so intoxicated
he forgot about his body

without a foundation
there is a palace standing
glowing from inside
a blind man saw everything

and described it in detail

a living man died

and came back alive

without food he is strong and healthy

only a rare person

can understand my vision

Your Creation



beloved

what you have created

fills me with such wonder

I cannot even begin

to fathom your mind

from a drop

you created this body

and to it you gave

the beauty of male and female

you gave humans their hands and legs

and a capable body and mind

and to each one

you gave the gift of breath

within you hid

a heart that can feel

and the most beautiful feeling

that can be felt

you filled the forests
with flowers and trees
and you gave the ocean
its strength

you created the sun and moon
for light both night and day
you make the stars twinkle
and send breezes everywhere

even sages and poets
cannot describe your greatness

Master
amazing and endless is the beauty
you taught me to see
when you opened my eyes

Prepare Yourself



sweet friend

listen to me

prepare yourself

to meet your beloved

we are in this world

for a short time only

then we have to leave

don't create attachments

wash away the dirt of ego

groom yourself with care

weed your garden daily

fine-tune yourself

you have been blessed

with great beauty

offer it to your beloved humbly

don't get caught in vanity

without your beloved

you will never be happy

don't waste this life

separated

Brahmanand says

enjoy that unique union

Kabir



Kabir Das

Kabir Das was a 15th-century Indian mystic poet and saint, whose writings influenced Hinduism's Bhakti movement and his verses are found in Sikhism's scripture Guru Granth Sahib. His early life was in a Muslim family, but he was strongly influenced by his teacher, the Hindu bhakti leader Ramananda. Wikipedia

Born: Varanasi, India

Died: Maghar, India

Movies: Seers and Clowns, Yes We Can

Parents: Neeru, Neema

Children: Kamaali, Kamaal

4 5 6

⁴ <https://www.poemhunter.com/kabir/>

⁵ <https://allpoetry.com/Kabir>

⁶ <https://www.poemhunter.com/kabir/poems/>

Thirsty Fish



It makes me laugh to think
That a fish in the water
Thirsts for a drink.

From forest to forest he sadly roams
In search of a jewel
Lying at home.

It makes me laugh to think
A musk-deer is seeking
The very fragrance
Which emanates from him.

Without knowledge of the Self
What use O pilgrim,
At Mathura or Kasi
To go looking for him?

Oh, Companion, That Abode Is Unmatched



Oh, Companion, That Abode Is Unmatched,
Where My Complete Beloved Is.

In that Place, There Is No Happiness or Unhappiness,
No Truth or Untruth
Neither Sin Nor Virtue.
There Is No Day or Night, No Moon or Sun,
There Is Radiance Without Light.

There Is No Knowledge or Meditation
No Repetition of Mantra or Austerities,
Neither Speech Coming From Vedas or Books.
Doing, Not-Doing, Holding, Leaving
All These Are All Lost Too In This Place.

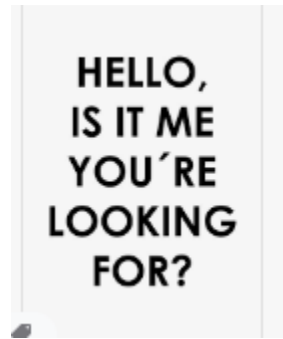
No Home, No Homeless, Neither Outside or Inside,
Micro and Macrocosm Are Non-Existent.
Five Elemental Constituents and the Trinity Are Both Not There

Witnessing Un-struck Shabad Sound is Also Not There.

No Root or Flower, Neither Branch or Seed,
Without a Tree Fruits are Adorning,
Primordial Om Sound, Breath-Synchronized Soham,
This and That - All Are Absent, The Breath Too Unknown

Where the Beloved Is There is Utterly Nothing
Says Kabir I Have Come To Realize.
Whoever Sees My Indicative Sign
Will Accomplish the Goal of Liberation.

Are you looking for me



“Are you looking for me?

I am in the next seat.

My shoulder is against yours.

you will not find me in the stupas,

not in Indian shrine rooms,

nor in synagogues,

nor in cathedrals:

not in masses,

nor kirtans,

not in legs winding around your own neck,

nor in eating nothing but vegetables.

When you really look for me,

you will see me instantly —

you will find me in the tiniest house of time.

Kabir says: Student, tell me, what is God?

He is the breath inside the breath.”

Illusion and Reality



What is seen is not the Truth

What is cannot be said

Trust comes not without seeing

Nor understanding without words

The wise comprehends with knowledge

To the ignorant, it is but a wonder

Some worship the formless God

Some worship His various forms

In what way He is beyond these attributes

Only the Knower knows

That music cannot be written

How can then be the notes?

Says Kabir, awareness alone will overcome illusion

Where do you search me



Where do you search me?

I am with you

Not in pilgrimage, nor in icons

Neither in solitudes

Not in temples, nor in mosques

Neither in Kaba nor in Kailash

I am with you O man

I am with you

Not in prayers, nor in meditation

Neither in fasting

Not in yogic exercises

Neither in renunciation

Neither in the vital force nor in the body

Not even in the ethereal space

Neither in the womb of Nature

Not in the breath of the breath

Seek earnestly and discover

In but a moment of search

Says Kabir, listen with care

Where your faith is, I am there.

Looking at the grinding stones



Looking at the grinding stones, Kabir laments
In the duel of wheels, nothing stays intact.

searching for the wicked, met not a single one
When searched myself, 'I' found the wicked one

Tomorrows work do today, today's work anon
if the moment is lost, when will the work be done

Speak such words, sans ego's ploy
Body remains composed, giving the listener joy

Slowly slowly O mind, everything in own pace happens
Gardner may water a hundred buckets, fruit arrives only in its season

Give so much O God, suffice to envelop my clan
I should not suffer cravings, nor the visitor goes unfed

In vain is the eminence, just like a date tree

No shade for travelers, fruit is hard to reach

Like seed contains the oil, fire in flintstone

Your heart seats the Divine, realize if you can

Kabira in the market place, wishes welfare of all

Neither friendship nor enmity with anyone at all

Reading books everyone died, none became any wise

One who reads the words of Love, only becomes wise

In anguish everyone prays to Him, in joy does none

To One who prays in happiness, how sorrow can come



I said to the wanting-creature inside me:

What is this river you want to cross?

There are no travelers on the river-road, and no road.

Do you see anyone moving about on that bank, or resting?

There is no river at all, and no boat, and no boatman.

There is no tow rope either, and no one to pull it.

There is no ground, no sky, no time, no bank, no ford!

And there is nobody, and no mind!

Do you believe there is someplace that will make the
soul less thirsty?

In that great absence, you will find nothing.

Be strong then, and enter into your own body;
there you have a solid place for your feet.

Think about it carefully!

Don't go off somewhere else!

Kabir says this: just throw away all thoughts of
imaginary things,
and stand firm in that which you are.

The moon shines in my body



THE moon shines in my body, but my blind eyes cannot see it:

The moon is within me, and so is the sun.

The unstruck drum of Eternity is sounded within me, but my deaf ears cannot hear it.

So long as man clamors for the I and the Mine, his works are as naught:

When all love of the I and the Mine is dead, then the work of the Lord is done.

For work has no other aim than the getting of knowledge:

When that comes, then work is put away.

The flower blooms for the fruit: when the fruit comes, the flower withers.

The musk is in the deer, but it seeks it not within itself: it wanders in quest of grass.

Raindrop



I went looking for Him
And lost myself;
The drop merged with the Sea -
Who can find it now?

Looking and looking for Him
I lost myself;
The Sea merged with the drop -
Who can find it now?

Knowing nothing shuts the iron gates



Knowing nothing shuts the iron gates;
the new love opens them.

The sound of the gates opening wakes
the beautiful woman asleep.

Kabir says: Fantastic!

Don't let a chance like this go by!

Kabir

Find the word, understand the word,
Depend on the word;
The word is heaven and space, the word the earth,
The word the universe.
The word is in our ears, the word is on our tongues,
The word the idol.
The word is the holy book, the word is harmony,
The word is music.
The word is magic, the word the Guru.
The word is the body, the word is the spirit, the word is being,
The word Not-being.
The word is man, the word is woman,
The Worshipped Great.
The word is the seen and unseen, the word is the existent
And the non-existent.
Know the word, says Kabir,
The word is All-powerful.

WITHIN this earthen vessel



WITHIN this earthen vessel are bowers and groves,
and within it is the Creator:

Within this vessel are the seven oceans
and the unnumbered stars.

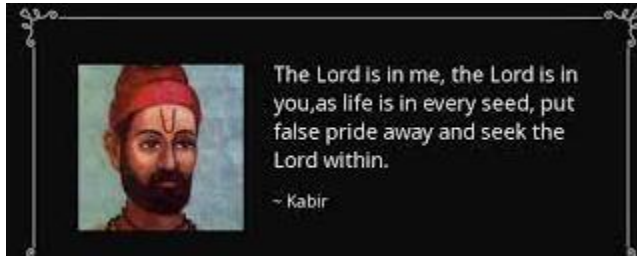
The touchstone and the jewel-appraiser are within;
and within this vessel the Eternal soundeth,
and the spring wells up.

Kabîr says:

'Listen to me, my Friend!

My beloved Lord is within.'

The Lord is in me



The Lord is in me, and the Lord is in you,
As life is hidden in every seed.
So rubble your pride, my friend,
And look for Him within you.

When I sit in the heart of His world
A million suns blaze with light,
A burning blue sea spreads across the sky,
Life's turmoil falls quiet,
All the stains of suffering wash away.

Listen to the unstruck bells and drums!
Love is here; plunge into its rapture!
Rains pour down without water;
Rivers are streams of light.

How could I ever express
How blessed I feel
To revel in such vast ecstasy

In my own body?

This is the music

Of soul and soul meeting,

Of the forgetting of all grief.

This is the music

That transcends all coming and going

My swan, let us fly to that land



My swan, let us fly to that land
Where your Beloved lives forever.

That land has an up-ended well
Whose mouth, narrow as a thread,
The married soul draws water from
Without a rope or pitcher.

My swan, let us fly to that land
Where your Beloved lives forever.

Clouds never cluster there,
Yet it goes on and on raining.
Don't keep squatting outside in the yard –
Come in! Get drenched without a body!

My swan, let us fly to that land
Where your Beloved lives forever.

That land is always soaked in moonlight;
Darkness can never come near it.
It is flooded always with the dazzle
Of not one, but a million suns.

My swan, let us fly to that land
Where your Beloved lives forever.

O Slave, liberate yourself.



Where are you, and where's your home,
find it in your lifetime, man.

If you fail to wake up now,
you'll be helpless when the end comes.

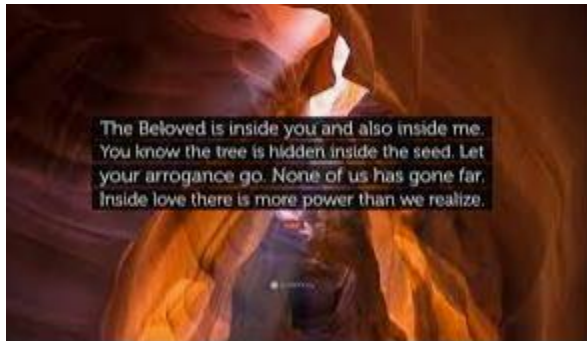
Says Kabir, listen, O wise one,
the siege of Death is hard to withstand.



When will that day dawn, Mother;
When the One I took birth for
Holds me to His heart with deathless love?
I long for the bliss of divine union.
I long to lose my body, mind, and soul
And become one with my husband.
When will that day dawn, Mother?
Husband, fulfill now the longing I have had
Since before the universe was made.
Enter me completely and release me.
In terrible lonely years without You
I yearn and yearn for You.
I spend sleepless nights hunting for You,
Gazing into darkness after You,
With unblinking hopeless eyes.
When will that day dawn, Mother?
When will my Lord hold me to His heart?
My empty bed, like a hungry tigress,

It devours me whenever I try to sleep.
Listen to your slave's prayer -
Come and put out this blaze of agony
That consumes my soul and body.
When will He hold me to His heart?
When will that day dawn, Mother?
Kabir sings, "If I ever meet You, my Beloved,
I'll cling to you so fiercely You melt into me;
I'll sing from inside You songs of union,
World-dissolving songs of Eternal Bliss."

The Guest is inside you, and also inside me



The Guest is inside you, and also inside me;
you know the sprout is hidden inside the seed.
We are all struggling; none of us has gone far.
Let your arrogance go, and look around inside.

The blue sky opens out further and farther,
the daily sense of failure goes away,
the damage I have done to myself fades,
a million suns come forward with light,
when I sit firmly in that world.

I hear bells ringing that no one has shaken,
inside 'love' there is more joy than we know of,
rain pours down, although the sky is clear of clouds,
there are whole rivers of light.

The universe is shot through in all parts by a single sort of love.
How hard it is to feel that joy in all our four bodies!

Those who hope to be reasonable about it fail.
The arrogance of reason has separated us from that love.
With the word 'reason' you already feel miles away.

How lucky Kabir is, that surrounded by all this joy
he sings inside his own little boat.
His poems amount to one soul meeting another.
These songs are about forgetting dying and loss.
They rise above both coming in and going out

When I Found The Boundless Knowledge

Kabir:

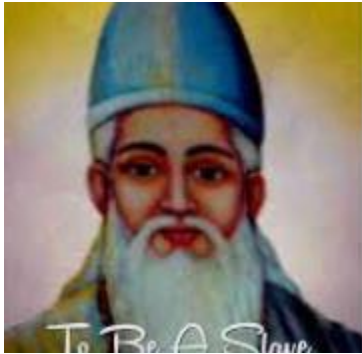
My mind was soothed

When I found the boundless knowledge,

And the fires

that scorch the world

To me are water cool.



Friend, hope for the guest while you are alive.

Jump into experience while you are alive!

Think...and think...while you are alive.

What you call 'salvation' belongs to the time before death.

If you don't break your ropes while you're alive,

do you think

ghosts will do it after?

The idea that the soul will join with the ecstatic

Just because the body is rotten -

that is all fantasy.

What is found now is found then.

If you find nothing now,

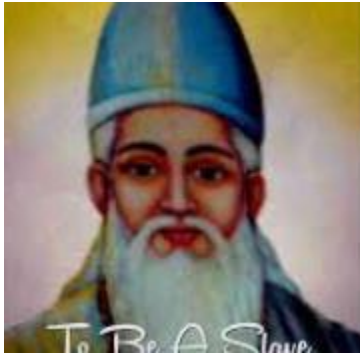
you will simply end up with an apartment in the City of Death.

If you make love with the divine now, in the next life you will have the face of satisfied desire.

So plunge into the truth, find out who the Teacher is,
Believe in the Great Sound!

Kabir says this: When the guest is being searched for, it is the intensity of the longing for the Guest that does all the work.

Look at me, and you will see a slave of that intensity



O servant, where dost thou seek Me?

O servant, where dost thou seek Me?

Lo! I am beside thee.

I am neither in temple nor in a mosque:

I am neither in Kaaba nor in Kailash:

Neither am I in rites and ceremonies,
nor in Yoga and renunciation.

If thou art a true seeker, thou shalt at once see Me:
thou shalt meet Me in a moment of time.

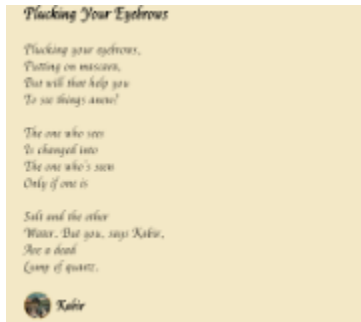
Kabir says, ' O Sadhu! God is the breath of all breath.'

The Impossible Pass



The pundits have taken
A highway that takes them
away,
and they're gone.
Kabir has climbed to
The impossible pass
of Ram
and stayed.

Plucking your eyebrows

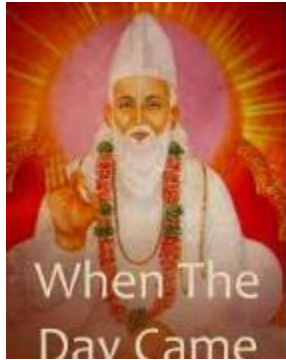


Plucking your eyebrows,
Putting on mascara,
But will that help you
To see things anew?

The one who sees
Is changed into
The one who's seen
Only if one is

Salt and the other
Water. But you, says Kabir,
Are a dead
Lump of quartz.

When the Day came



When the Day came -

The Day I had lived and died for -

The Day that is not in any calendar -

Clouds heavy with love

Showered me with wild abundance.

Inside me, my soul was drenched.

Around me, even the desert grew green.

The self forgets itself



The self forgets itself
as a frantic dog in a glass temple
barks himself to death;
as a lion, seeing a form in the well,
leaps on the image;
as a rutting elephant sticks his tusk
in a crystal boulder.
The monkey has his fistful of sweets
and won't let go. So
from house to house,
he gibbers.
Kabir says, parrot-on-a-pole:
who has caught you?

Many hoped



Many hoped

but no one found

Hari's heart.

Where do the senses rest?

Where do the Ram-chanters go?

Where do the bright ones go?

Corpses: all gone

to the same place.

Drunk on the juice

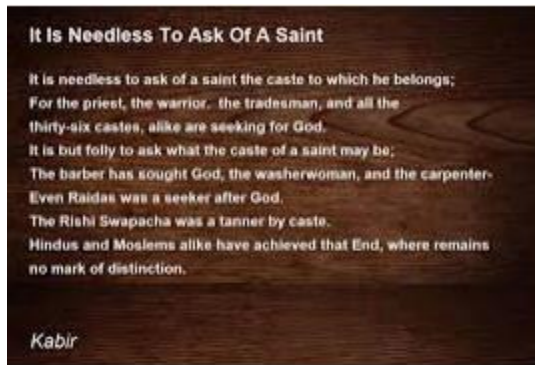
of Ram's bliss,

Kabir says,

I've said and I've said,

I'm tired of saying.

It is needless to ask of a saint



It is needless to ask of a saint the caste to which he belongs;

For the priest, the warrior, the tradesman, and all the
thirty-six castes, alike are seeking for God.

It is but folly to ask what the caste of a saint may be;

The barber has sought God, the washerwoman, and the carpenter-
Even Raidas was a seeker after God.

The Rishi Swapacha was a tanner by caste.

Hindus and Moslems alike have achieved that End, where remains no mark of
distinction.

Lamps burn in every house



Lamps burn in every house,
O blind one! and you cannot see them.
One day your eyes shall suddenly be opened,
and you shall see: and the fetters of death will fall from you.
There is nothing to say or to hear,
there is nothing to do:
it is he who is living, yet dead, who shall never die again.

Because he lives in solitude,
therefore the Yogi says that his home is far away.

Your Lord is near: yet you are climbing the palm-tree to seek Him.

The Brahman priest goes from house to house
and initiates people into faith:
Alas! the true fountain of life is beside you,
and you have set up a stone to worship.

Kabîr says: 'I may never express how sweet my Lord is.

Yoga and the telling of beads,

virtue and vice-these are naught to Him.'

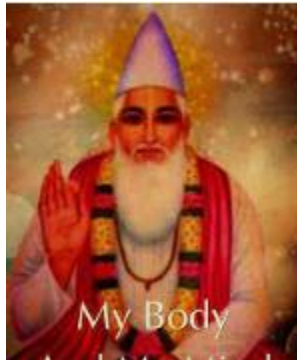
Lift the veil



Lift the veil
that obscures
the heart

and there
you will find
what you are
looking for

My body and my mind



My body and my mind...

My body and my mind are in depression because
You are not with me.

How much I love you and want you in my house!
When I hear people describe me as your bride I look sideways ashamed,
because I know that far inside us we have never met.

Then what is this love of mine?

I don't really care about food, I don't really care about sleep,
I am restless indoors and outdoors.
The bride wants her lover as much as a thirsty man wants water.

And how will I find someone who will take a message
to the Guest from me?
How restless Kabir is all the time!
How much he wants to see the Guest!

O, friend! hope for Him whilst you live



O, friend! hope for Him whilst you live
O, friend! hope for Him whilst you live,
know whilst you live, understand whilst you live:
for in life deliverance abides.

If your bonds be not broken whilst living,
what hope of deliverance in death?

It is but an empty dream, that the soul shall have union with Him
because it has passed from the body:

If He is found now, He is found then,
If not, we do but go to dwell in the City of Death.

If you have union now, you shall have it hereafter.

Bathe in the truth, know the true Guru,
have faith in the true Name!

Kabir says: 'It is the spirit of the quest which helps;
I am the slave of this Spirit of the quest.'

O How may I ever express that secret word?
O How may I ever express that secret word?

O How may I ever express that secret word?



O How may I ever express that secret word?

O how can I say He is not like this, and He is like that?

If I say that He is within me, the universe is ashamed:

If I say that He is without me, it is falsehood.

He makes the inner and the outer worlds to be indivisibly one;

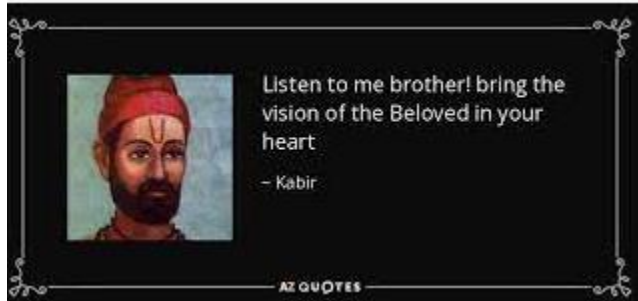
The conscious and the unconscious, both are His footstools.

He is neither manifest nor hidden,

He is neither revealed nor unrevealed:

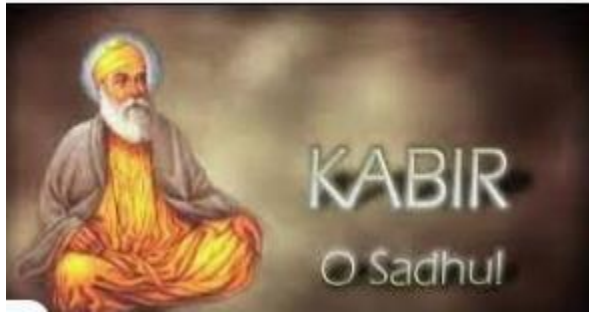
There are no words to tell that which He is.

Tell me, Brother



Tell me, Brother, how can I renounce Maya?
When I gave up the tying of ribbons, still I tied my garment about me:
When I gave up tying my garment, still I covered my body in its folds.
So, when I give up passion, I see that anger remains;
And when I renounce anger, greed is with me still;
And when greed is vanquished, pride and vainglory remain;
When the mind is detached and casts Maya away, still it clings to the letter.
Kabîr says, 'Listen to me, dear Sadhu! the true path is rarely found.'

Oh Sadhu



Oh, Sadhu, This is the Village of the Dead

The Saints Have Died, The God-Messengers Die
The Life-Filled Yogis Die Too |
The Kings Die, The Subjects Die
The Healers and the Sick Die Too ||

The Moon Dies, The Sun Dies
The Earth and Sky Die Too |
Even the Caretakers of the Fourteen Worlds Die
Why Hope For Any of These ||

The Nine Die, The Ten Die
The Eighty-Eight Die Easily Too |
The Thirty-Three Crore Devatas Die
It's a Big Game of Time ||

The Un-Named Naam Lives Without Any End
There is No Other Truth ||
Says Kabir Listen Oh Sadhu
Don't Get Lost and Die || Oh Sadhu This is the Village of the Dead

THE light of the sun



THE light of the sun, the moon,
and the stars shine bright:
The melody of love swells forth,
and the rhythm of love's detachment beats the time.

Day and night, the chorus of music fills the heavens;
and Kabîr says 'My Beloved One gleams like the lightning flash in the sky.'

Do you know how the moments perform their adoration?
Waving its row of lamps,
the universe sings in worship day and night,
There are the hidden banner and the secret canopy:
There the sound of the unseen bells is heard.

Kabîr says: 'There adoration never ceases;
there the Lord of the Universe sitteth on His throne.'

The whole world does its works and commits its errors:
but few are the lovers who know the Beloved.

The devout seeker is he who mingles in his heart
the double currents of love and detachment,
like the mingling of the streams of Ganges and Jumna;
In his heart the sacred water flows day and night;
and thus the round of births and deaths is brought to an end.

Behold what wonderful rest is in the Supreme Spirit!
and he enjoys it, who makes himself meet for it.

Held by the cords of love,
the swing of the Ocean of Joy sways to and fro;
and a mighty sound breaks forth in song.

See what a lotus blooms there without water!
and Kabîr says 'My heart's bee drinks its nectar.'

What a wonderful lotus it is,
that blooms at the heart of the spinning wheel of the universe!
Only a few pure souls know of its true delight.
Music is all around it,
and there the heart partakes of the joy of the Infinite Sea.

Kabîr says: 'Dive thou into that Ocean of sweetness:
thus let all errors of life and of death flee away.'

Behold how the thirst of the five senses is quenched there!
and the three forms of misery are no more!

Kabîr says: 'It is the sport of the Unattainable One:
look within, and behold how the moon-beams
of that Hidden One shine in you.'

There falls the rhythmic beat of life and death:
Rapture wells forth, and all space is radiant with light.
There the Unstruck Music is sounded;
it is the music of the love of the three worlds.

Their millions of lamps of sun and of moon are burning;
There the drum beats, and the lover swings in play.
There love-songs resound, and light rains in showers;

and the worshipper is entranced in the taste of the heavenly nectar.
Look upon life and death; there is no separation between them,
The right hand and the left hand are one and the same.
Kabîr says: 'There the wise man is speechless;
for this truth may never be found in Vadas or in books.'

I have had my Seat on the Self-poised One,
I have drunk of the Cup of the Ineffable,
I have found the Key of the Mystery,
I have reached the Root of Union.
Traveling by no track,
I have come to the Sorrowless Land:
very easily has the mercy of the great Lord come upon me.

They have sung of Him as infinite and unattainable:
but I in my meditations have seen Him without sight.
That is indeed the sorrowless land,
and none know the path that leads there:
Only he who is on that path has surely transcended all sorrow.

Wonderful is that land of rest,
to which no merit can win;
It is the wise who has seen it,
it is the wise who has sung of it.
This is the Ultimate Word:
but can any express its marvelous savor?
He who has savored it once,
he knows what joy it can give.

Kabîr says: 'Knowing it,
the ignorant man becomes wise,
and the wise man becomes speechless and silent,
The worshipper is utterly inebriated,
His wisdom and his detachment are made perfect;
He drinks from the cup of the inbreathings and the outbreathings of love.'

There the whole sky is filled with sound,
and there that music is made without fingers and without strings;
There the game of pleasure and pain does not cease.
Kabîr says: 'If you merge your life in the Ocean of Life,
you will find your life in the Supreme Land of Bliss.'

What a frenzy of ecstasy there is in every hour!
and the worshipper is pressing out and drinking the essence of the hours:
he lives in the life of Brahma.

I speak truth, for I have accepted truth in life;
I am now attached to truth,
I have swept all tinsel away.

Kabîr says: 'Thus is the worshipper set free from fear;
thus have all errors of life and of death left him.'

There the sky is filled with music:
There it rains nectar:
There the harp-strings jingle,
and there the drums beat.
What a secret splendor is there,
in the mansion of the sky!
There no mention is made of the rising and the setting of the sun;

In the ocean of manifestation,
which is the light of love,
day and night are felt to be one.

Joy forever, no sorrow,-no struggle!
There have I seen joy filled to the brim, perfection of joy;
No place for error is there.
Kabîr says: 'There have I witnessed the sport of One Bliss! '

I have known in my body the sport of the universe:
I have escaped from the error of this world.
The inward and the outward have become as one sky,
the Infinite and the finite are united:
I am drunken with the sight of this All!
This Light of Thine fulfills the universe:
the lamp of love that burns on the salver of knowledge.
Kabîr says: 'There error cannot enter,
and the conflict of life and death is felt no more.'

The middle region of the sky



The middle region of the sky,
wherein the spirit dwelleth,
is radiant with the music of light;

There, where the pure and white music blossoms,
my Lord takes His delight.

In the wondrous effulgence of each hair of His body, the brightness of millions of
suns and of moons is lost.

On that shore, there is a city,
where the rain of nectar pours and pours,
and never ceases.

Kabîr says: 'Come, O Dharmadas!
and see my great Lord's Durbar.'

The river and its waves are one



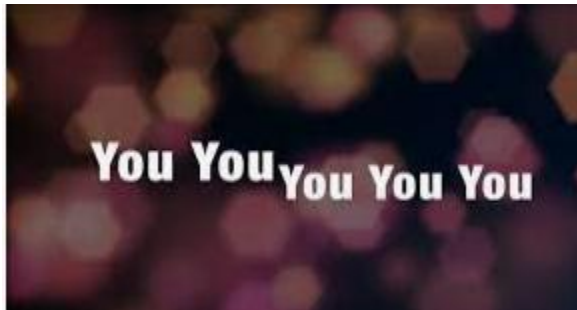
The river and its waves are one
surf: where is the difference between the river and its waves?

When the wave rises,
it is the water;
and when it falls,
it is the same water again.

Tell me, Sir, where is the distinction?
Because it has been named as wave,
shall it no longer be considered as water?

Within the Supreme Brahma,
the worlds are being told like beads:
Look upon that rosary with the eyes of wisdom.

To what shore would you cross



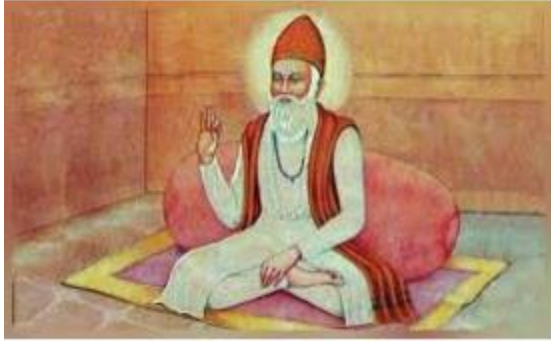
To what shore would you cross,
O my heart?
there is no traveler before you,
there is no road:
Where is the movement,
where is the rest,
on that shore?

There is no water; no boat, no boatman, is there;

There is not so much as a rope to tow the boat, nor a man to draw it.
No earth, no sky, no time, nothing, is there: no shore, no ford!

There, there is neither body nor mind:
and where is the place that shall still the thirst of the soul?
You shall find naught in that emptiness.
Be strong, and enter into your own body:
for there your foothold is firm.
Consider it well,
O my heart!
go not elsewhere,
Kabîr says: 'Put all imaginations away,
and stand fast in that which you are.'

What kind of God would He be



What kind of God would He be
if He did not hear the
bangles ring on
an ant's
wrist

as they move the earth
in their sweet
dance?

And what kind of God would He be
if a leaf's prayer was not as precious to creation
as the prayer His own son sang
from the glorious depth
of his soul –
for us.

And what kind of God would He be
if the vote of millions in this world could sway Him
to change the divine
law of
love

that speaks so clearly with compassion's elegant tongue,
saying, eternally saying:

all are forgiven – moreover, dears,
no one has ever been
guilty.

What
kind of God would He be
if He did not count the blinks
of your
eyes

and is in absolute awe of their movements?

What a God - what a God we
have.

When He Himself Reveals Himself



When he himself reveals himself,
Brahma brings into manifestation
That which can never be seen.

As the seed is in the plant,
as the shade is in the tree,
as the void is in the sky,
as infinite forms are in the void-

So from beyond the Infinite,
the Infinite comes;
and from the Infinite the finite extends.

The creature is in Brahma,
and Brahma is in the creature:
they are ever distinct,
yet ever united.

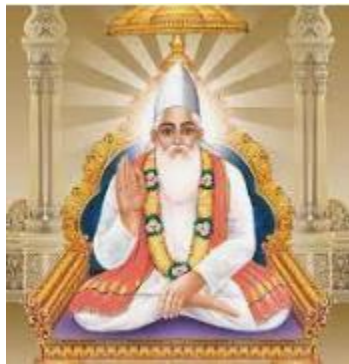
He Himself is the tree, the seed, and the germ.
He Himself is the flower, the fruit, and the shade.
He Himself is the sun, the light, and the lighted.
He Himself is Brahma, creature, and Maya.
He Himself is the manifold form, the infinite space;
He is the breath, the word, and the meaning.

He Himself is the limit and the limitless:
and beyond both the limited and the limitless is He,
the Pure Being.

He is the Immanent Mind in Brahma and in the creature.

The Supreme Soul is seen within the soul,
The Point is seen within the Supreme Soul,
And within the Point, the reflection is seen again.
Kabîr is blest because he has this supreme vision!

When you were born in this world



When you were born in this world
Everyone laughed while you cried
Conduct NOT yourself in manner such
That they laugh when you are gone

Kabir's mind got cleansed like the holy Ganges water
Now everyone follows, saying, Kabir Kabir

Guru the washerman, disciple is the cloth
The name of God likens to the soap
Wash the mind on foundation firm
To realize the glow of Truth

Alive one sees, alive one knows
Thus crave for salvation when full of life
Alive you did not cut the noose of binding actions
Hoping liberation with death!

Inexpressible is the story of Love
It cannot be revealed by words
Like the dumb eating sweet-meat
Only smiles, the sweetness he cannot tell

Worry is the bandit that eats into one's heart
What the doctor can do, what remedy to impart?

Where Spring, the lord of the seasons



Where Spring, the lord of the seasons, reigneth,
there the Unstruck Music sounds of itself,
There the streams of light flow in all directions;
Few are the men who can cross to that shore!

There, where millions of Krishnas stand with hands folded,
Where millions of Vishnus bow their heads,
Where millions of Brahmas are reading the Vedas,
Where millions of Shivas are lost in contemplation,
Where millions of Indras dwell in the sky,
Where the demi-gods and the munis are unnumbered,
Where millions of Saraswati, Goddess of Music, play on the veena
There is my Lord self-revealed:
and the scent of sandal and flowers dwells in those deeps.

Ravidas



Ravidas was an Indian mystic poet-saint of the Bhakti movement during the 15th to 16th century CE.[3][4] Venerated as a guru (teacher) in the region of Punjab, Uttar Pradesh, Rajasthan, Maharashtra, and Madhya Pradesh, the devotional songs of Ravidas have had a lasting impact upon the bhakti movement. He was a poet-saint, social reformer, and a spiritual figure.

The life details of Ravidas are uncertain and contested. Scholars believe he was born in 1371 CE,[1] in a family that worked with dead animals' skins to produce leather products.[3][4] If tradition and medieval era texts are to be believed then Ravidas was one of the disciples of the bhakti saint-poet Ramananda and a contemporary of the bhakti saint-poet Kabir.[5][6]

Ravidas' devotional songs were included in the Sikh scriptures, Guru Granth Sahib.[4][7] The Panch Vani text of the Dadupanthi tradition within Hinduism also includes numerous poems of Ravidas.[3] Ravidas taught removal of social divisions of caste and gender and promoted unity in the pursuit of personal spiritual freedoms.^{7 8}

⁷ <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ravidas>

⁸ <https://www.poetry-chaikhana.com/Poets/R/Ravidas/index.html>

The Name alone is the Truth



The Name alone is the Truth,
O Ravidas, It was true in the beginning
and shall remain true in the end.
It destroyeth all sins and sufferings,
and is, indeed, the mine of all true Bliss.
Steeped in meditation with one-pointed attention,
practice devotion to God, O Ravidas.
Let the automatic repetition be continued within,
reverberating Sat Naam.
When concentration merges into the true Name,
and becomes one with It,
then one obtains the Supreme Bliss.
The lamp burns inside, O Ravidas,
and Divine Bliss arises within.

You are me, and I am You -- what is the difference between us?

We are like gold and the bracelet, or water and the waves.

If I did not commit any sins, O Infinite Lord,

how would You have acquired the name, 'Redeemer of sinners'?

You are my Master, the Inner-knower, Searcher of hearts.

The servant is known by his God, and the Lord and Master are known by His servant.

Grant me the wisdom to worship and adore You with my body.

O Ravi Daas, one who understands that the Lord is equally in all, is very rare.



Grieve not is the name of my town.

Pain and fear cannot enter there,

Free from possessions, free from life's taxes,

Free from fear of disease and death

After much wandering, I have come back home

Where the wheel of time and change turns not,

And my Emperor rules, without a second or third,

In Abadan, filled with love and wisdom.

Where the natives are rich in the wealth of the heart,

Where all live ever free in the City of God,

Listen to Ravidas, just a cobbler:

All who live here are my true friends.

When I existed,

You did not.

Now You exist

and I do not:

as a storm lifts waves

from water --

still, they are water

within water.

O Madho,

how can we describe

this illusion?

What we believe does not exist.

A mighty king sleeps

on his throne

and in his dream

becomes a beggar.

Seeing his kingdom vanish

before him

he greatly mourns --

such is our condition.

Like the tale

of the serpent

and the rope --

I know a little

of the secret.

Seeing many bracelets

we think gold has many forms --

but it is always forever gold.

In all things
exists the Lord,
assuming countless shapes;
in each pore he plays and sports.
Ravi Dass says,
He is nearer than my hand.
All that comes to pass
is by His will alone.

Upon seeing poverty
people laugh and jeer,
and such was my plight.
But now I hold the powers
of creation
in the palm of my hand --
all because of Your mercy.
You know I am nothing,
O Ram, Destroyer of fear.
All creatures seek Your refuge,
O Prabhu, Fulfiller of desires.
Those who find Your refuge
suffer no more afflictions.
Because of You,

the high and the low --
all have gone across,
escaping from the prison
of this world.

Ravi Dass says,
The tale cannot be told,
so why speak further?
You are what You are.
What metaphor
can I possibly use
to describe You?

If You are a mountain,
then I am a peacock.
If You are the moon,
then I am a partridge.
O Madho, if You break from me,
then I shall break with You.
And if I break from You,
to whom shall I then go?
If You are the lamp,
then I am the wick.
If You are the shrine,

then I am the pilgrim.
My love for You
is true and real.
When I fell in love with You,
I gave up my love for others.
Wherever I go,
there I seek to serve You.
No other god
can be a Master like You.
By praising You,
I cut Yama's noose.
Yearning for love
Ravi Dass loudly sings.

Upon seeing Poverty



Upon seeing poverty people laugh and jeer, and such was my plight.

But now I hold the powers of creation in the palm of my hand — all because of Your mercy.

You know I am nothing, O Ram, Destroyer of fear.

All creatures seek Your refuge, O Prabhu, Fulfiller of desires.

Those who find Your refuge suffer no more afflictions.

Because of You, the high and the low — all have gone across, escaping from the prison of this world.

Ravi Das says The tale cannot be told, so why speak further?

You are what You are. What metaphor can I possibly use to describe You?

How to escape?



How to escape? I recite the name Ram.
Lord, if you are sandalwood, I am water;
with the fragrance in all parts of my body.
Lord, if you are a cloud, I am a peacock;
looking for you like a chakra for the moon.
Lord, if you are a lamp, I am the wick (bAti);
with the light burning day and night.
Lord, if you are a pearl, I am the thread;
together like gold and suhaga.
Lord, you are the master and I servant;
thus is the devotion of Raidas.

If You are a mountain



If You are a mountain,
then I am a peacock.
If You are the moon,
then I am a partridge.

O Madho, if You break from me,
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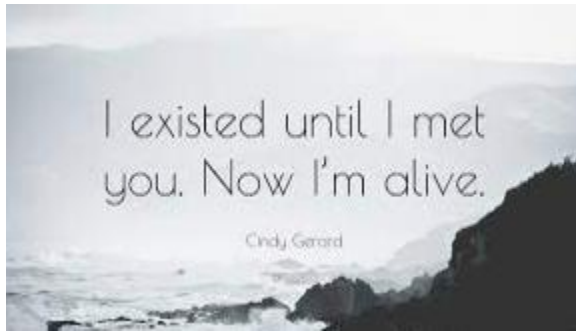
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When I existed



When I existed,
You did not.
Now You exist
and I do not:
as a storm lifts waves
from water --
still, they are water
within water.

O Madho,
how can we describe
this illusion?
What we believe does not exist.

A mighty king sleeps
on his throne
and in his dream
becomes a beggar.
Seeing his kingdom vanish
before him
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such is our condition.

Like the tale
of the serpent

and the rope --
I know a little
of the secret.
Seeing many bracelets
we think gold has many forms --
but it is always forever gold.

In all things
exists the Lord,
assuming countless shapes;
in each pore he plays and sports.
Ravi Dass says,
He is nearer than my hand.
All that comes to pass
is by His will alone.

You are me



You are me, and I am You -- what is the difference between us?
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how would You have acquired the name, 'Redeemer of sinners'?

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The servant is known by his God, and the Lord and Master are known by
His servant.

Grant me the wisdom to worship and adore You with my body.
O Ravi Daas, one who understands that the Lord is equally in all, is very
rare.

Mirabai



Mirabai
1498–1546

Mirabai मीराबाई, was a 16th-century Hindu mystic poet and devotee of Krishna. She is a celebrated Bhakti saint, particularly in the North Indian Hindu tradition. Mirabai was born into a Rajput royal family of Kudki district of Pali, Rajasthan, India then spent her childhood in Merta, Rajasthan. Wikipedia

Born: 1498, Kurki, India

Died: 1546, Dwarka, India

Full name: Meera

Spouse: Bhoj Raj (m. 1516–1521)

Parents: Veer Kumari, Ratan Singh ⁹

⁹ <https://www.poemhunter.com/mirabai/>

I am mad with love



I am mad with love

And no one understands my plight.

Only the wounded

Understand the agonies of the wounded,

When the fire rages in the heart.

Only the jeweler knows the value of the jewel,

Not the one who lets it go.

In pain, I wander from door to door,

But could not find a doctor.

Says Mira: Harken, my Master,

Mira's pain will subside

When Shyam comes as the doctor.

Do Not Leave Me



Do not leave me alone, a helpless woman.
My strength, my crown,
I am empty of virtues,
You, the ocean of them.
My heart's music, you help me
In my world-crossing.
You protected the king of the elephants.
You dissolve the fear of the terrified.

Where can I go? Save my honor
For I have dedicated myself to you
And now there is no one else for me.

I Have Found My Guru



I have found a guru in Raidas, he has
given me the pill of knowledge.

I lost the honor of the royal family, I
went astray with the sadhus.

I constantly rise up, go to God's
temple, and dance, snapping my
fingers.

I don't follow the norms as an oldest
daughter-in-law, I have thrown
away the veil.

I have taken refuge with the great
guru, and snapped my fingers at
the consequences.

Nothing Is Really Mine Except Krishna



Nothing is really mine except Krishna.
O my parents, I have searched the world
And found nothing worthy of love.
Hence I am a stranger amidst my kinfolk
And an exile from their company,
Since I seek the companionship of holy men;
There alone do I feel happy,
In the world, I only weep.
I planted the creeper of love
And silently watered it with my tears;
Now it has grown and overspread my dwelling.
You offered me a cup of poison
Which I drank with joy.
Mira is absorbed in the contemplation of Krishna,
She is with God and all is well!

*

O my King, my father, nothing delights me more
Than singing the praises of Krishna.
If thou art wrath,
then keep thy kingdom and thy palace,
For if God is angry, where can I dwell?
Thou didst send me a cup of poison and a black cobra,

Yet in all, I saw only Krishna!
Mira is drunk with love, and is wedded to the Lord!

*

The heart of Mira is entangled
In the beauty of the feet of her Guru;
Nothing else causes her delight!
He enabled her to be happy in the drama of the world;
The Knowledge he gave her dried up
The ocean of being and becoming.
Mira says: My whole world is Shri Krishna;
Now that my gaze is turned inward, I see it clearly

A Cowherding Girl



The plums tasted
sweet to the unlettered desert-tribe girl-
but what manners! To chew into each! She was ungainly,
low-caste, ill-mannered and dirty,
but the god took the
fruit she'd been sucking.
Why? She'd knew how to love.
She might not distinguish
splendor from filth
but she'd tasted the nectar of passion.
Might not know any Veda,
but a chariot swept her away-
now she frolics in heaven, ecstatically bound
to her god.
The Lord of Fallen Fools, says Mira,
will save anyone
who can practice rapture like that-
I myself in a previous birth
was a cow herding girl
at Gokul.

I Send Letters



I send letters to my Beloved,
Dear Krishna.
But He sends no message of reply,
Purposely preserving silence.
I sweep his path in readiness
And gaze and gaze
Till my eyes turn bloodshot.
I have no peace by night or day,
My heart is fit to break.
O my Master, You were my companion
In former births.
When will you come?

Keep Up Your Promise



Take my arm
and keep up your promise!
They call you the refugeless refuge,
they call you redeemer of outcasts.
Caught in a riptide
in the sea of becoming,
without your support, I'm a shipwreck!
You reveal yourself age after age
and free the beggar
from her affliction.

Dark One, Mira is clutching your feet,
at stake is your honor!

Surdas



There is scant information about the life of Sant Surdas, Even the dates of his date and birth [1478-1581] are not very reliable. This medieval poet-singer of Braj comes from the land associated with Lord Krishna. His compositions are in Braj Bhasha a dialect of Hindi that was considered crude at the time. Surdas' works are some of those credited with raising this dialect to literary status.

10

¹⁰ <https://mypoeticside.com/poets/sant-surdas-poems>

Awake O! Prince Of Braj



Awake, Krishna,
awake the lotus-petals
open the water-lilies droop
the bumblebees have left
the creepers cock crow,
and birds chirp on the trees.
The cows are in the byre lowing;
they run after their calves;
the moon fades before the sun.
Men and women arise
and joyfully sing their songs;
Krishna, of hands lotus-like awake,
for the day is about to dawn.

Merciful Krishna



See the greatness of Krishna;
though Lord, Father, and Master of the world
he willingly bears the arrogance of his close devotees
Shiva and Brahma were roaring mad
when Bhrigu kicked them,
but he gently pressed the sage's foot
when it struck his breast!
Which of the gods
can emulate him?
He befriends selflessly;

Embracing his foe Ravana's brother, Vibhisana' as lovingly as his own
brother Bharata, sending to heaven the demoness Putana

who tried to kill him'-

Breakfast

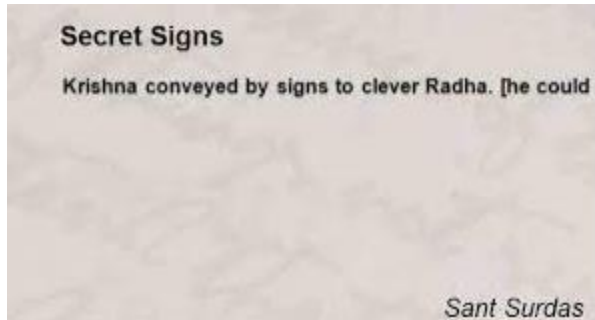


O Hari, 'tis morn, awake, there's water in the jar for you to wash your face no
need to hurry there's plenty of time.

I'll bring you whatever you like for your breakfast- dried fruits, butter, honey, and
bread.

Says Suradasa, Yashoda's heart overflows with joy when her gaze alights on her
darling boy.

Secrete signs



Krishna conveyed by signs to clever Radha. [he could not speak out as her girlfriends were with her] to make a pretense of milking the cows, and picking up the milk pail come to meet him in the meadow. Nanda, his foster-father, would also be there to have the cows counted and verified, and he would bring him along too. So they would have a chance to meet. Radha's heart rejoiced at their mutual resolve. But that lovely golden-hued girl, feeling abashed, hid her face in her arms. Krishna amorously lifting it up gazed at her lovingly. They kept their hidden love to themselves. Says Suradasa as Krishna went on speaking sweet nothings, Radha blushed with shame.

Tulsidas



Tulsidas was a medieval Hindi poet and philosopher. He was born in Rajpur, India in the district of Banda in Uttar Pradesh. At a very young age, he was abandoned by his parents and was adopted by a wandering ascetic.

In his youth, he got married to a woman named Ratnavali and had a son who died at an early age. In his son's grief, Ratnavali left Tulsidas and returned to her father's house to occupy herself with religion. Tulsi's wife was devoted to Lord Rama, and her faith moved him so much, that he renounced the world, and entered upon an ascetic life, much of which was spent in wandering as a preacher of the necessity of a loving faith in Rama.

He led a simple life

His most famous work is 'Ramcharitmanas' an epic devoted to Lord Rama; the extremely beautiful translation of Ramayana. His beautiful 'Dohas' have also contributed to Hindi Literature. He has also composed hymns and prayers, and assembled them in 'Vinaya Patrika' or 'Book of Petitions.' Of the smaller compositions, the most interesting is the Vairagya Sandipani, or Kindling of

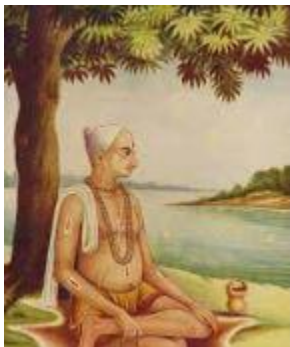
continence, a poem describing the nature and greatness of a holy man, and the true peace to which he attains.¹¹

Doha 1



People keep praising me all the time, calling me 'Tulsi, Tulsi.' Tulsi, however, is as insignificant as the grass in the woods. It is only when 'Rama' (the Lord) decided to bestow His grace on me that I became famous and was known as 'Tulsidas'. © by owner. provided at no charge for educational purposes

Doha 5



A person whose mind is a mine of desire, anger, ego, and greed is a fool in spite of his qualifications. © by owner. provided at no charge for educational purposes

¹¹ <https://allpoetry.com/Tulsidas>

Doha 2



"Tulsi meethe bachan te sukh upjaat chahu or
Basikaran ek mantra hain pariharu bachan kathor"

Meaning:

Sweet speech creates happiness all around. If you want to win over the hearts of others then don't speak harsh words.

Maya



Up till now I have lost much and wasted life in idle pursuits.

The grace of Lord Rama has aroused me from sleep.

Awakened now, I shall not allow myself to be victimized by Maya (illusion).

I have gained the grace of the Lord's Name. I shall hold it fast to my bosom and not let it from me for a second.

The beautiful form of the Lord I shall cherish in my mind.

Long has this world mocked me, making me a slave of the senses.

Now I shall have no more of it.

I am now a bee at my Lord's Lotus Feet and shall not allow my mind to leave the enjoyment of their nectar for a moment.

Tulsidas speaks of his awakening from the sleep of Maya (illusion) and expresses his determination to live the spiritual life.

Prayer



Lord Rama! My honor is in Your hands.

You are the protector of the poor; I surrender myself at Your Feet.

I have heard of the sinners whom You have reclaimed.

I am an old sinner, pray to extend Your loving hand, and take me to Yourself.

To destroy the sins of the sinner, and to remove the ailments of the afflicted is Your occupation.

Grant me devotion to You, O Lord, and confer Your grace on me!

Prayer 3



O Lord who is there besides You who will hear my cry?

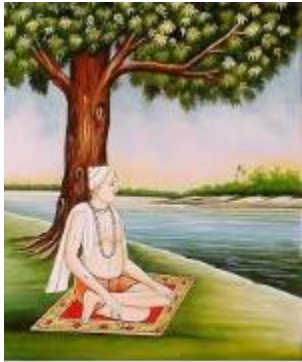
Strange is my petition: a poor man, I, I seek to become a king...

From time immemorial I have suffered the tortures of hell and have lived through many low births, but I crave not for wealth or even salvation though I know that You can confer all these.

What I desire is to become in every birth a toy for You to play with or a stone to touch Your Feet.

Tulsidas gives expression to pure devotion when he prays.

Glimpse Of The Invisible



Lightning flashed in my eye, O friend,
And brightly did shine the light of the moon.
I got a glimpse of the Invisible within,
And thirst and longing for the Lord were aroused.
My ears received the boon of Unstruck Music,
And Knowledge came like the explosion of light, O Friend.
Dark clouds began to scatter and the sight
Of the Divine Mansion was revealed unto me.
Beyond the sun, the moon and the tunnel,
Tulsi beheld the abode of the Lord Almighty.

Sound Celestial



Listen, O friend, to the thunderous roar of Shabd,
Which reverberates throughout the firmament.
Water, which becomes turbid by relishing the earth,
Gets cleansed of its impurities when filtered.
Waves of pure bliss emanate from the heart
When the moss that covers it is removed.

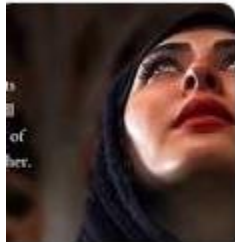
Hold the arrow, be still, stretch the bow taut,
Fix your aim sharp at the target, pierce the firmament.
The invisible world is contained within the human eye,
So say and describe all men of inner knowledge.
Behold the Brahmand within, through your astral eye.
When that eye is opened, everything stands revealed.

The soul in Sunn will hear resounding peals of Sound,
She will uncover and know the essence of Shabd.

They alone, O Tulsi, will know that perfect state,
Who has seen and experienced it themselves?

Sufi

Shams Tabrizi



Shams Tabrizi
1185–1248

Shams-i-Tabrīzī or Shams al-Din Mohammad was a Persian poet, who is credited as the spiritual instructor of Mewlānā Jalāl ad-Dīn Muhammad Balkhi, also known as Rumi and is referenced with great reverence in Rumi's poetic collection, in particular Diwan-i Shams-i Tabrīzī. Wikipedia

Born: 1185, Tabriz, Iran

Died: 1248, Khoy, Iran

Full name: Shams al-Din Mohammad bin Ali bin Malik-e Dad

Nationality: Iranian

Buried: Shams-e Tabrizi Tomb, Khoy

12

¹² https://www.goodreads.com/author/quotes/7848385.Shams_Tabrizi



“Instead of resisting to changes, surrender. Let life be with you, not against you. If you think ‘My life will be upside down’ don’t worry. How do you know down is not better than upside?”

“A life without love is of no account. Don't ask yourself what kind of love you should seek, spiritual or material, divine or mundane, eastern or western...divisions only lead to more divisions. Love has no labels, no definitions. It is what it is, pure and simple. Love is the water of life. And a lover is a soul of fire! The universe turns differently when fire loves water.”

“The universe is a completely unique entity. Everything and everyone is bound together with some invisible strings. Do not break anyone’s heart; do not look down on weaker than you. One’s sorrow on the other side of the world can make the entire world suffer; one’s happiness can make the entire world smile.”

“Don’t search for heaven and hell in the future. Both are now present. Whenever we manage to love without expectations, calculations, negotiations, we are indeed in heaven. Whenever we fight, hate, we are in hell.”

“A good man complains of no one; he does not look to faults.”

“This world is like a mountain.
Your echo depends on you.
If you scream good things,
the world will give it back.
If you scream bad things,
the world will give it back.
Even if someone says badly about you,

Speak well about him.
Change your heart to change the world."

"Most of conflicts and tensions are due to language. Don't pay so much attention to the words. In love's country, language doesn't have its place. Love's mute."

"Don't judge the way other people connect to God; to each his own way and his own prayer.

God does not take us at our word. He looks deep into our hearts. It is not the ceremonies or rituals that make a difference, but whether our hearts are sufficiently pure or not."

"The summary of the advice of all prophets is this;
Find yourself a mirror."

"The whole universe is sum up in the Human Being.
Devil is not a monster waiting to trap us,
He is a voice inside.
Look for Your Devil in Yourself,
not in the Others.
Don't forget that the one who knows his Devil,
knows his God."

"It is pointless trying to know where the way leads. Think only about your first step, the rest will come."

"Every breath is a chance to reborn spiritually. But to be reborn into a new life, you have to die before dying."

"The real dirt is not outside,
but inside, in our hearts.
We can wash all stains with water.
The only one we can't remove is the grudge and the bad intentions sticking to our hearts."

“Surrendering is not a weakness. On the contrary, it is strength. The surrender stops living in boiling water and starts living in a secure place.”

“You have to live with the people in hypocrisy for them to stay happy with you.”



“The sudden and total disappearance of Mawlana aroused resentment among his disciples and students, some of them becoming highly critical of Hazrat Shams, even threatening him. They believed Hazrat Shams had ruined their spiritual circle and prevented them from listening to Mawlana's sermons. In March of 1246, he left Konya and went to Syria without warning. After he left, Mawlana was grief-stricken, secluding himself even more rather than engaging with his disciples and students. He was without a doubt furious with them. Realizing the error of their ways, they repeatedly repented before Mawlana. Some months later, news arrived that Hazrat Shams had been seen in Damascus and a letter was sent to him with apologizing for the behavior of these disciples. Hazrat Sultan Walad and a search party were sent to Damascus to invite him back and in April 1247, he made his return. During the return journey, he invited Hazrat Sultan Walad to ride on horseback although he declined, choosing instead to walk alongside him, explaining that as a servant, he could not ride in the presence of such a king. Hazrat Shams was received back with joyous celebration with sama ceremonies being held for several days, and all those that had shown him resentment tearfully asked for his forgiveness. He reserved special praise for Hazrat Sultan Walad for his selflessness, which greatly pleased Mawlana. As he originally had no intention to return to Konya, he most likely would not have returned if Hazrat Sultan Walad had not himself gone to Damascus in search of him. After his return, he and Mawlana Rumi returned to their intense discussions. Referring to the disciples, Hazrat Shams narrates that their newfound love for him was motivated only by desperation: “ They felt jealous because they supposed, "If he were not here, Mowlana would be happy with us." Now [that I am back] he belongs to all. They gave it a try and things got worse, and they got no consolation from Mowlana. They lost even what they had so that even the enmity (have, against Shams) that had swirled in their heads disappeared. And now they are happy and

they show me honor and pray for me. (Maqalat 72) ” Referring to his absence, he explains that he left for the sake of Mawlana Rumi's development: “ I'd go away fifty times for your betterment. My going away is all for the sake of your development. Otherwise, it makes no difference to me whether I'm in Anatolia or Syria, at the Kaaba or in Istanbul, except, of course, that separation matures and refines you. (Maqalat 164) ” After a while, by the end of 1247, he was married to Kimia, a young woman who'd grown up in Mawlana Rumi's household. Sadly, Kimia did not live long after the marriage and passed away upon falling ill after a stroll in the garden”

“Aşkınla yakıp da düşürdün dile
Sevgi mi nefret mi adını sen koy

MÜSLÜM GÜRSES”

“No matter what people call you, you are just who you are. Keep to this truth. You must ask yourself how is it you want to live your life. We live and we die, this is the truth that we can only face alone. No one can help us. So consider carefully, what prevents you from living the way you want to live your life?”

Rumi



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

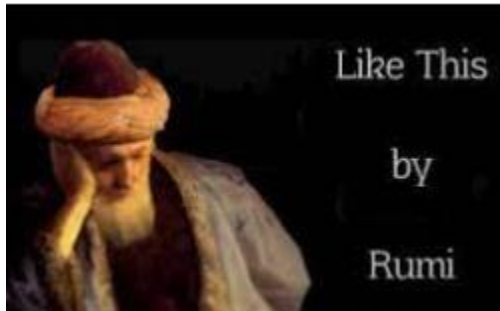
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¹³ http://www.rumi.org.uk/love_poems/

¹⁴ http://www.rumi.org.uk/mystical_poems/

¹⁵ <http://www.rumi.org.uk/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.

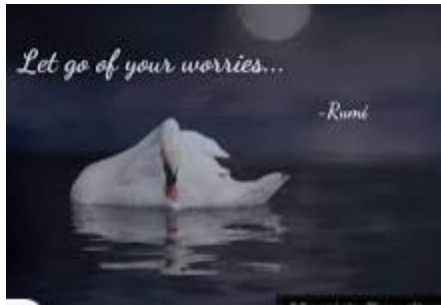
Every branch and leaf and fruit

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

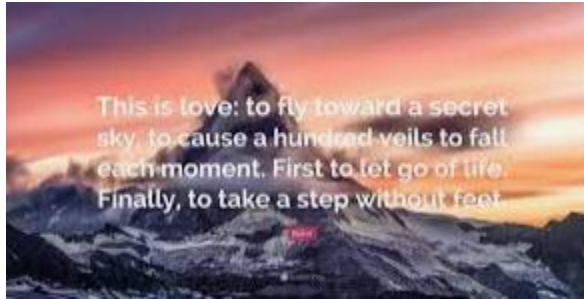
of the heart require?

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:

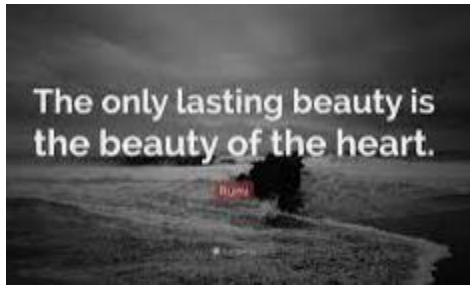
how can there be weariness

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

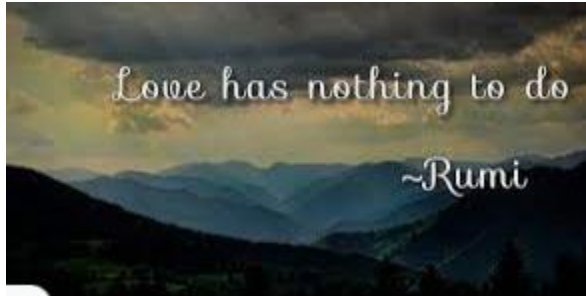
of giving advice to a lover

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 with 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 starts 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.
If 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!

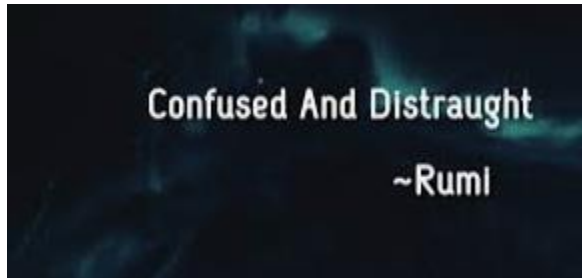
Don't go anywhere without me.

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.

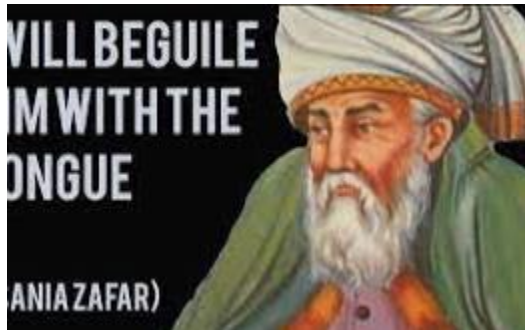
I want to feel myself in you when you taste the food,
in the arc of your mallet when you work,
when you visit friends, when you go
up on the roof by yourself at night.

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.



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.

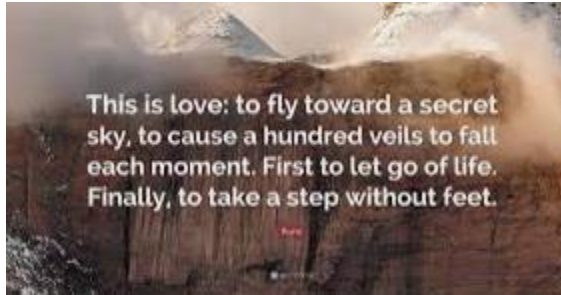
A new rule, a new law has been born:
break all the glasses and fall toward the glassblower.

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

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 Yusaf 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?

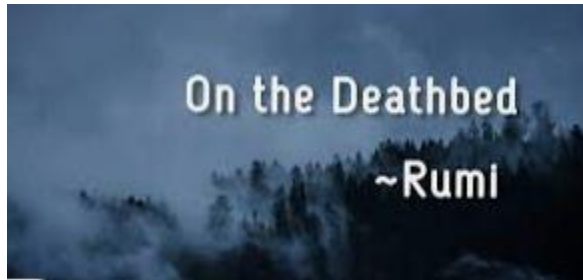
We and our existences are really non-existence;
thou art the absolute Being which manifests the perishable.

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.

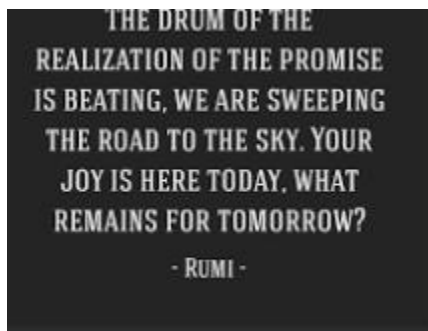
The here-and-now mountain is a tiny piece of a piece of straw
blown off into emptiness.

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.

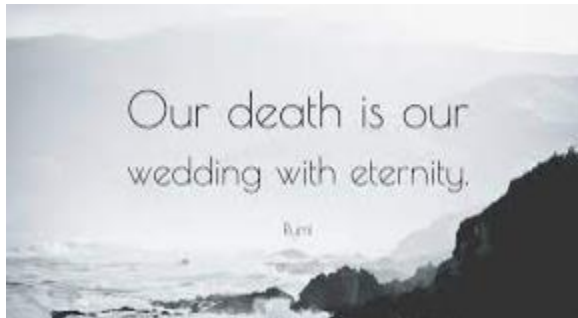
Oh! joy for this soul and this heart who have escaped
the earth of water and clay,
Although this water and this clay contain the hearth of the philosophical stone.

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.

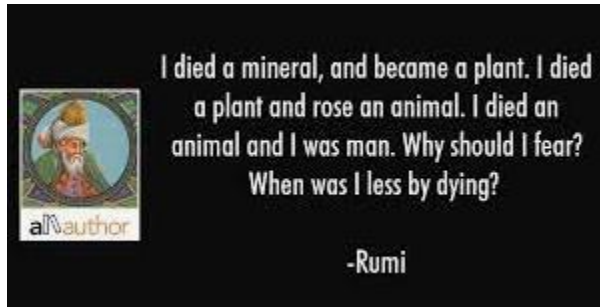
Where did you go? "Nowhere."
What did you have to eat? "Nothing much."

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 sees 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 sheepecote!
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 min 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.

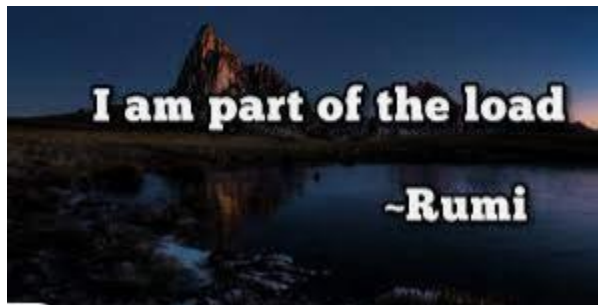
'Spirit, go thy way,'
Love called again,
'And I shall be ever nigh thee
As they neck's vein.'

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.

Samad Mir



Samad Mir, a wonderful Sufi mystic poet of our beloved soil Kashmir lived in the 20th century, bequeathed heavenly verses and new approaches of the mystic path and divine love. His every verse is poetized in a great rhythm, meter, deep connotation, and knowledge about human behavior, the existence of life, and divine love. Samad Mir continued the Sufi mystical tradition in Kashmiri poetry in the 20th century.

16

¹⁶ <https://www.kashmirpen.com/samad-mir-1894-1959/>

(Knowledge is, the divine knowledge
Doubt went and it came as practical
I did not bow for the sake of knowledge
But my beloved (Murshid) blessed me)

*(Oh! My friend burden of work is weighty
But I had to endure
My rosy body turned black
But I had to endure)*

(One should first cognize his own self
Or to become a liar who perceived naught
It is impossible to make a hole in the sky with nails
Still cannot be accomplished
Mir's secret shall be empathized by general masses
Who restraints his inner self yearnings)
Kad Choonei Wuchh Meh Bala,
(I witnessed you beyond infinity
You are beyond the bounds of skies and eternity
(I must go to the perfumer
Before reciting your Noble Name,
Thousands of times I shall rinse my tongue
In every breath keep sending salutations
Never halt for a fleeting moment
Allah (SWT) with His angels invoke
Blessings and greetings on You

Jami Writer



Jami
1414–1492

Nūr ad-Dīn 'Abd ar-Rahmān Jāmī, also known as Mawlanā Nūr al-Dīn 'Abd al-Rahmān or Abd-Al-Rahmān Nur-Al-Din Muhammad Dashti, or simply as Jami or Djāmī and in Turkey as Molla Cami, was a Persian Sunni poet who is known for his achievements as a prolific scholar and writer of mystical Sufi literature. Wikipedia

Born: November 7, 1414, Minaret of Jam, Afghanistan

Died: November 9, 1492, Herat, Afghanistan

Full name: Nur ad-Dīn Abd ar-Rahmān Jāmī

Parents: Nizām al-Dīn Ahmad b. Shams al-Dīn Muhammad

Influenced by: Muhammad, Rumi

17

¹⁷ <https://englewoodreview.org/jami-five-poems-by-the-sufi-poet/>



“I shall roll up the carpet of life when I see,
Thy dear face again and shall cease to be
For self will be lost in that rapture and all
The threads of my thought from my hand will fall;
Not me wilt thou find, for this self will have fled:
Thou wilt be my soul in my own soul’s stead.
All thought of self will be swept from my mind,
And thee only thee, in my place shall I find;
More precious than heaven, than earth more dear,
Myself were forgotten if thou were near.”

The Value of a Man



The price of a man consists not in silver and gold;
The value of a man is his power and virtue.
Many a slave has by acquiring virtue
Attained much greater power than a gentleman
And many a gentleman has for want of virtue,
Become inferior to his own slave.

Friendship



He is a friend, who although meeting with enmity
From his friend, only becomes more attached to him.
If he strikes him with a thousand stones of violence,
The edifice of his love will only be made more firm by them.

The Glorious God



The glorious God, whose bounty, mercy, grace,
And loving-kindness all the world embrace,
At every moment brings a world to naught,
And fashions such another in its place.

All gifts soever unto God are due,
Yet special gifts from special "Names" ensue ;
At every breath one "Name" annihilates,
And one creates all outward things anew.

Man's Prime Desire



O thou whose wisdom is the rule of kings —
(Glory to God who gave it!) — answer me:
Is any blessing better than a son?
Man's prime desire; by which his name and he
Shall live beyond himself; by whom his eyes
Shine living, and his dust with roses blows;
A foot for thee to stand on he shall be,
A hand to stop thy falling; in his youth
Thou shalt be young, and in his strength be strong;
Sharp shall he be in battle as a sword,
A cloud of arrows on the enemy's head;
His voice shall cheer his friends to better plight,
And turn the foeman's glory into flight.

Amir Khusrau



Amir Khusrow
1253–1325

Ab'ul Hasan Yamīn ud-Dīn Khusrau, better known as Amīr Khusrau Dehlavī was a Sufi musician, poet, and scholar from India. He was an iconic figure in the cultural history of the Indian subcontinent. He was a mystic and a spiritual disciple of Nizamuddin Auliya of Delhi, India. Wikipedia

Born: 1253, Patiyali

Died: October 1325, Delhi, India

Full name: Ab'ul Hasan Yamīn ud-Dīn Khusrau

Nationality: Indian

Place of burial: Hazrat Nizamuddin Aulia Dargah, Delhi, India

18

¹⁸ <https://www.poemhunter.com/amir-khusro/poems/>

What Was The Place



I wonder what was the place where I was last night,
All around me were half-slaughtered victims of love, tossing about in agony.
There was a nymph-like beloved with cypress-like form and tulip-like face,
Ruthlessly playing havoc with the hearts of the lovers.
God himself was the master of ceremonies in that heavenly court,
oh, Khusrau, where (the face of) the Prophet too was shedding light like a candle.



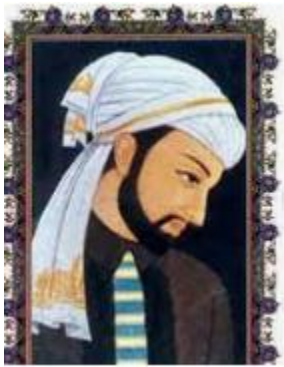
Rejoice, my love, rejoice,
Its spring here, rejoice.
Bring out your lotions and toiletries,
And decorate your long hair.
Oh, you're still enjoying your sleep, wake-up.
Even your destiny has woken up,
Its spring here, rejoice.
You snobbish lady with arrogant looks,
The King Amir is here to see you;
Let your eyes meet his,
Oh, my love, rejoice;
Its spring here again.

What A Glow Everywhere I See



What a glow everywhere I see, Oh mother, what a glow;
I've found the beloved, yes I found him,
In my courtyard;
I have found my pir Nizamuddin Aulia.
I roamed around the entire world,
looking for an ideal beloved;
And finally, this face has enchanted my heart.
The whole world has been opened for me,
Never seen a glow like this before.
Whenever I see now, he is with me,
Oh, beloved, please dye me in yourself;
Dye me in the color of the spring, beloved;
What a glow, Oh, what a glow.

My Youth



My youth is budding, is full of passion;
How can I spend this time without my beloved?
Would someone please coax Nizamuddin Aulia,
The more I appease him, the more annoyed he gets;
My youth is budding.....
Want to break these bangles against the cot,
And throw up my blouse into the fire,
The empty bed scares me,
The fire of separation keeps burning me.
Oh, beloved. My youth is budding.

Too Much Difficult



The road to the Well is too much difficult,
How to get my pot filled?
When I went to fill the water,
In the furor, I broke my pot.
Khusrau has given his whole life to you Oh, Nijam.
Would you please take care of my veil (or self-esteem),
The road to the well is much too difficult.

Ecstatic Eyes



O wondrous ecstatic eyes, o wondrous long locks,
O wondrous wine worshipper, o wondrous mischievous sweetheart.
As he draws the sword, I bow my head in prostration so as to be killed,
O wondrous is his beneficence, o wondrous my submission.
O wondrous amorous teasing, o wondrous beguiling,
O wondrous tilted cap, o wondrous tormentor.
Do not reveal the Truth; in this world, blasphemy prevails, Khusrau;
O wondrous source of mystery, o wondrous knower of secrets.

Dye Me In Your Hue



Dye me in your hue, my love,
You are my man, oh beloved of Almighty;
Dye me in your hue.
My scarf, and the beloved's turban,
Both need to be dyed in the hue of spring;
Whatever be the price for dyeing, ask for it,
You can have my blossoming youth in mortgage;
Dye me in your hue.
I have come and fallen at your doorstep,
For you to safeguard my pride, my dignity,
You are my man, Oh beloved of Almighty,
Dye me in your hue.

Just A Glance



You've taken away my looks, my identity, by just a glance.
You've taken away my looks, my identity, by just a glance.
By making me drink the wine of love-potion,
You've intoxicated me by just a glance;
My fair, delicate wrists with green bangles in them,
Have been held tightly by you with just a glance.
I give my life to you, Oh my cloth-dyer,
You've dyed me in yourself, by just a glance.
I give my whole life to you Oh, Nijam,
You've made me your bride, by just a glance.
You've taken away my looks, my identity, by just a glance.

Al-Hallaj



Al-Hallaj
858 AD–922...

Al-Hallaj or Mansour Hallaj was a Persian mystic, poet, and teacher of Sufism. He is best known for his saying: "I am the Truth", which many saw as a claim to divinity, while others interpreted it as an instance of the annihilation of the ego which allows God to speak through the individual. Wikipedia

Born: March 26, 858 AD, Fars Province, Iran

Died: March 26, 922 AD, Baghdad, Iraq

Full name: Mansur al-Hallaj

Place of burial: Tigris

Parents: Mansur Hallaj

Books: Ta Sin: A Mystical Treatise, Kitab al-Tawasin, The Tawasin

19

¹⁹ <https://www.poemhunter.com/mansur-al-hallaj/>

Kill Me, My Faithful Friends



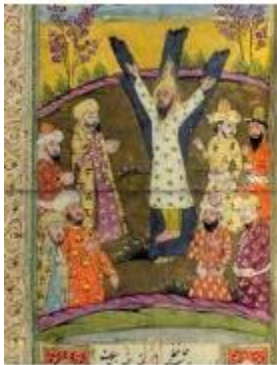
Kill me, my faithful friends,
For in my being killed is my life.
Love is that you remain standing
In front of your Beloved
When you are stripped of all your attributes;
Then His attributes become your qualities.
Between me and You, there is only me.
Take away the me, so only You remain

For Your Sake



" For your sake, I hurry over land and water:
For your sake, I cross the desert and split the mountain in two,
And turn my face from all things,
Until the time I reach the place
Where I am alone with You.

I Am He Whom I Love



I am He whom I love,
and He whom I love is I:
We are two spirits
dwelling in one body.
If thou seest me,
thou seest Him,
And if thou seest Him,
thou seest us both.

Thy Spirit Is Mingled In My Spirit



Thy Spirit is mingled in my spirit
even as wine is mingled with pure water.
When anything touches Thee,
it touches me.
Lo, in every case Thou art I!

Your Image Is In My Eye



Your invocation is on my lips
Your abode is in my heart
Where then can You be absent? '

I Do Not Cease Swimming



I do not cease swimming in the seas of love,
rising with the wave, then descending;
now the wave sustains me, and then I sink beneath it;
love bears me away where there is no longer any shore.

Rabia Basri



Rabia Basri
713 AD–801...

Rābi‘a al-‘Adawiyya al-Qaysiyya was a Muslim saint and Sufi mystic. She is known in some parts of the world as, Hazrat Bibi Rabia Basri, Rabia Al Basri, or simply Rabia Basri. Wikipedia

Born: 713 AD, Basrah, Iraq

Died: 801 AD, Basrah, Iraq

Full name: Rābi‘a al-‘Adawiyya al-Qaysiyya

Nationality: Iraqi

Buried: Mount of Olives, Jerusalem

Influenced by: Hasan al-Basri

20

²⁰ <https://www.poemhunter.com/rabia-al-basri/>

Take Away The Words Of The Devil



O God, take away the words of the devil
That mix with my prayer-
If not, then take my prayer as it is, the devil and all.

Die Before You Die



Ironic, but one of the most intimate acts
of our body is
death.

So beautiful appeared my death - knowing who then I would kiss,
I died a thousand times before I died.

"Die before you die," said the Prophet
Muhammad.

Have wings that feared ever
touched the Sun?

I was born when all I once
feared - I could
love.

The Holy Water



No one lives outside the walls of this sacred place, existence.
The holy water, I need it upon my eyes: it is you, dear, you – each form.

What mother would lose her infant – and we are that to God,
never lost from His gaze are we? Every cry of the heart
is attended by light's own arms.

You cannot wander anywhere that will not aid you.
Anything you can touch – God brought it into
the classroom of your mind.

Differences exist, but not in the city of love.
Thus my vows and yours, I know they are the same.

I have just peeled the skin from the potato
and you are still contemplating its worth,
sweetheart; indeed there are wonderful nutrients in all,
for God made everything.

You joined our community at birth.
With your Father being who He is, what do the
world's scales know of your precious value.
The priest and the prostitute – they weigh the same before the Son's
immaculate being,
but who can bear that truth and freedom,

so a wise man adulterated the
scriptures;
every wise man knows this.

My soul's face has revealed its beauty to me;
why was it shy so long, didn't it know how this made me suffer
and weep?

A different game He plays with His close ones.
God tells us truths you would not believe,
for most everyone needs to limit His compassion; concepts of
right and wrong preserve the golden seed
until one of God's friends comes along and tends your body
like a divine bride.

The Holy sent out a surveyor to find the limits of its compassion
and being.
God knows a divine frustration whenever He acts like that,
for the Infinite has
no walls.

Why not tease Him about this?
Why not accept the freedom of what it means
for our Lord to see us
as Himself.

So magnificently sovereign is our Lover; never say,
'On the other side of this river a different King rules.'
For how could that be true – for nothing can oppose Infinite strength.

No one lives outside the walls of this sacred place, existence.

The holy water my soul's brow needs is unity.
Love opened my eye and I was cleansed

by the purity of each
form.

If I Adore You



If I adore You out of fear of Hell, burn me in Hell!
If I adore you out of a desire for Paradise,
Lock me out of Paradise.
But if I adore you for Yourself alone,
Do not deny to me Your eternal beauty.

Love



I have loved Thee with two loves -
a selfish love and a love that is worthy of Thee.
As for the love which is selfish,
Therein I occupy myself with Thee,
to the exclusion of all others.
But in the love which is worthy of Thee,
Thou dost raise the veil that I may see Thee.
Yet is the praise not mine in this or that,
But the praise is to Thee in both that and this.

In My Soul



In
my soul
there is a temple, a shrine, a mosque, a church
where I kneel.

Prayer should bring us to an altar where no walls or names exist.

Is there not a region of love where the sovereignty is
illuminated nothing,

where ecstasy gets poured into itself
and becomes
lost,

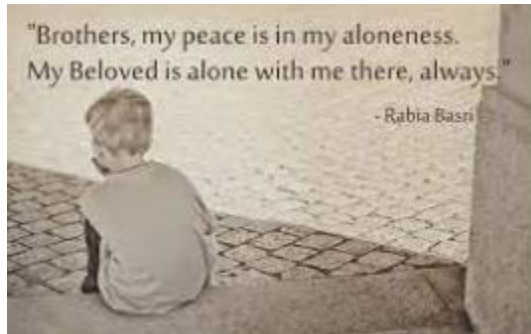
where the wing is fully alive
but has no mind or
body?

In
my soul
there is a temple, a shrine, a mosque,
a church

that dissolve, that
dissolve in

God.

With My Beloved



With my Beloved, I alone have been,
When secrets tenderer than evening airs
Passed, and the Vision blest
Was granted to my prayers,
That crowned me, else obscure, with endless fame;
The while amazed between
His Beauty and His Majesty
I stood in silent ecstasy
Revealing that which o'er my spirit went and came.
Lo, in His face commingled
Is every charm and grace;
The whole of Beauty singled
Into a perfect face
Beholding Him would cry,
'There is no God but He, and He is the Most High.'

My God And My Lord

My God And My Lord
by Rabia Ali Razi

Eyes are at rest, the stars are setting.
Hushed are the stirrings of birds in their nests,
Of monsters in the ocean.

You are the Just who knows no change,
The Balance that can never swerve,
The Eternal which never passes away.

The doors of Kings are bolted now and guarded by soldiers.
Your Door is open to all who call upon You.

My Lord,
Each love is now alone with his beloved.
And I am alone with You.

Eyes are at rest, the stars are setting.
Hushed are the stirrings of birds in their nests,
Of monsters in the ocean.

You are the Just who knows no change,
The Balance that can never swerve,
The Eternal which never passes away.

The doors of Kings are bolted now and guarded by soldiers.
Your Door is open to all who call upon You.

My Lord,
Each love is now alone with his beloved.
And I am alone with You.

Dream Fable



I saw myself in a wide green garden, more beautiful than I could begin to understand. In this garden was a young girl. I said to her, "How wonderful this place is!"

"Would you like to see a place even more wonderful than this?" she asked.

"Oh yes," I answered. Then taking me by the hand, she led me on until we came to a magnificent palace, like nothing that was ever seen by human eyes. The young girl knocked on the door, and someone opened it. Immediately both of us were flooded with light.

Only Allah knows the inner meaning of the maidens we saw living there. Each one carried in her hand a serving-tray filled with light. The young girl asked the maidens where they were going, and they answered her, "We are looking for someone who was drowned in the sea, and so became a martyr. She never slept at night, not one wink! We are going to rub funeral spices on her body."

"Then rub some on my friend here," the young girl said.

"Once upon a time," said the maidens, "part of this spice and the fragrance of it clung to her body -- but then she shied away."

Quickly the young girl let go of my hand, turned, and said to me:

"Your prayers are your light;

Your devotion is your strength;
Sleep is the enemy of both.
Your life is the only opportunity that life can give you.
If you ignore it, if you waste it,
You will only turn to dust."

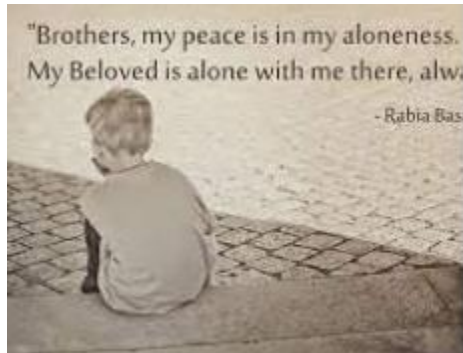
Then the young girl disappeared.

My Greatest Need Is You



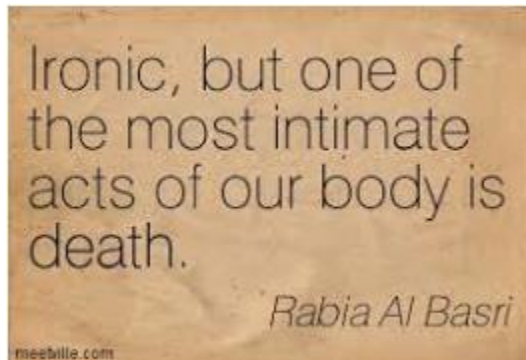
Your hope in my heart is the rarest treasure
Your Name on my tongue is the sweetest word
My choicest hours
Are the hours I spend with You --
O Allah, I can't live in this world
Without remembering You--
How can I endure the next world
Without seeing Your face?
I am a stranger in Your country
And lonely among Your worshippers:
This is the substance of my complaint.

My Beloved



My peace, O my brothers and sisters, is my solitude,
And my Beloved is with me always,
For His love, I can find no substitute,
And His love is the test for me among mortal beings,
Whenever His Beauty I may contemplate,
He is my "mihrab", towards Him is my "qiblah"
If I die of love, before completing satisfaction,
Alas, for my anxiety in the world, alas for my distress,
O Healer (of souls) the heart feeds upon its desire,
The striving after union with Thee has healed my soul,
O my Joy and my Life abidingly,
You were the source of my life and from Thee also came my ecstasy.
I have separated myself from all created beings,
My hope is for union with Thee, for that is the goal of my desire

Reality



In love, nothing exists between heart and heart.
Speech is born out of longing,
True description from the real taste.
The one who tastes knows;
the one who explains lies.
How can you describe the true form of Something
In whose presence you are blotted out?
And in whose being you still exist?
And who lives as a sign for your journey?

Ahmad Yasawi



Ahmad
Yasawi
1093–1166

Khoja Ahmad Yasawi or Ahmed Yesevi was a Turkic poet and Sufi, an early mystic who exerted a powerful influence on the development of Sufi orders throughout the Turkic-speaking world. Yasawi is the earliest known Turkic poet who composed poetry in Middle Turkic. Wikipedia

Born: 1093, Sayram, Kazakhstan

Died: 1166, Turkistan, Kazakhstan

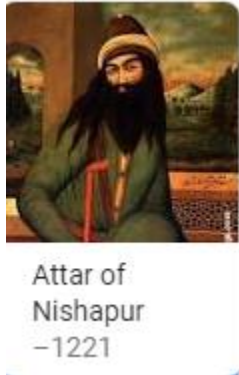
Place of burial: Mausoleum of Khoja Ahmed Yasawi, Turkistan, Kazakhstan

Parents: Shaikh Ibrahim

Books: Divan-ı Hikmet, Diwani Hikmet, Khikmetter

Children: Gevher Şehnaz, Gevher Hoşnaz

Attar of Nishapur



Abū Ḥamīd bin Abū Bakr Ibrāhīm, better known by his pen-names Farīd ud-Dīn and ‘Aṭṭār, was a Persian poet, theoretician of Sufism, and hagiographer from Nishapur who had an immense and lasting influence on Persian poetry and Sufism. Wikipedia

Born: Neyshabur, Iran

Died: April 1221, Neyshabur, Iran

Full name: Abū Ḥamīd bin Abū Bakr Ibrāhīm

Place of burial: Mausoleum of Attar of Nishapur, Iran

Influenced: Rumi, Hafez, Jami, Ali-Shir Nava'i

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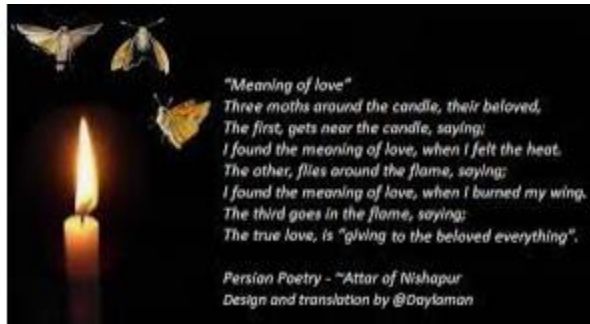
²¹ <http://www.poetry-chaikhana.com/Poets/A/AttarFaridud/index.html>



Lost in myself
 I reappeared
 I know not where
a drop that rose
 from the sea and fell
 and dissolved again;
a shadow
 that stretched itself out
 at dawn,
when the sun
 reached noon
 I disappeared.
I have no news
 of my coming
 or passing away--
the whole thing
 happened quicker
 than a breath;
ask no questions
 of the moth.
 In the candle flame
of his face
 I have forgotten
 all the answers.
In the way of love
 there must be knowledge
 and ignorance

so I have become
 both a dullard
 and a sage;
one must be
 an eye and yet
 not see
so I am blind
 and yet I still
 perceive,
Dust
 be on my head
 if I can say
where I
 in bewilderment
 have wandered:
Attar
 watched his heart
 transcend both worlds
and under its shadow
 now is gone mad
 with love.

The moths and the flame



Moths gathered in a fluttering throng one night
To learn the truth about the candlelight,
And they decided one of them should go
To gather news of the elusive glow.
One flew till in the distance he discerned
A palace window where a candle burned --
And went no nearer: back again he flew
To tell the others what he thought he knew.
The mentor of the moths dismissed his claim,
Remarking: "He knows nothing of the flame."
A moth more eager than the one before
Set out and passed beyond the palace door.
He hovered in the aura of the fire,
A trembling blur of timorous desire,
Then headed back to say how far he'd been,
And how much he had undergone and seen.
The mentor said: "You do not bear the signs
Of one who's fathomed how the candle shines."
Another moth flew out -- his dizzy flight
Turned to an ardent wooing of the light;
He dipped and soared, and in his frenzied trance
Both self and fire were mingled by his dance --
The flame engulfed his wing-tips, body, head,
His being glowed a fierce translucent red;
And when the mentor saw that sudden blaze,
The moth's form lost within the glowing rays,
He said: "He knows, he knows the truth we seek,

That hidden truth of which we cannot speak."
To go beyond all knowledge is to find
That comprehension which eludes the mind,
And you can never gain the longed-for goal
Until you first outsoar both flesh and soul;
But should one part remain, a single hair
Will drag you back and plunge you in despair --
No creature's self can be admitted here,
Where all identity must disappear.

The Valley of the Quest



When you begin the Valley of the Quest
Misfortunes will deprive you of all rest,
Each moment some new trouble terrifies,
And parrots there are panic-stricken flies.
Their years must vanish while you strive and grieve;
There is the heart of all you will achieve --
Renounce the world, your power and all you own,
And in your heart's blood journey on alone.
When once your hands are empty, then your heart
Must purify itself and move apart
From everything that is -- when this is done,
The Lord's light blazes brighter than the sun,
Your heart is bathed in splendor and the quest
Expands a thousandfold within your breast.
Though fire flares up across the path, and though
A hundred monsters peer out from its glow,
The pilgrim is driven on by his desire
Will like a moth rush gladly on the fire.
When love inspires his heart he begs for a win,
One drop to be vouchsafed him as a sign --
And when he drinks this drop both worlds are gone;
Dry-lipped he founders in oblivion.
His zeal to know faith's mysteries will make
Him fight with dragons for salvation's sake --
Though blasphemy and curses crowd the gate,
Until it opens he will calmly wait,

And then where is this faith? this blasphemy?
Both vanish into strengthless vacancy.

The pilgrim sees no form but His and knows



The pilgrim sees no form but His and knows
That He subsists beneath all passing shows --
The pilgrim comes from Him whom he can see,
Lives in Him, with Him, and beyond all three.
Be lost in Unity's inclusive span,
Or you are human but not yet a man.
Whoever lives, the wicked and the blessed,
Contains a hidden sun within his breast --
Its light must dawn though dogged by long delay;
The clouds that veil it must be torn away --
Whoever reaches to his hidden sun
Surpasses good and bad and knows the One.
The good and bad are here while you are here;
Surpass yourself and they will disappear.

Invocation



We are busy with the luxury of things.
Their number and multiple faces bring
To us confusion we call knowledge. Say:
God created the world, pinned night to day,
Made mountains to weigh it down, seas
To wash its face, living creatures with pleas
(The ancestors of prayers) seeking a place
In this mystery that floats in endless space.
God set the earth on the back of a bull,
The bull on a fish dancing on a spool
Of silver light so fine it is like air;
That, in turn, rests on nothing there
But nothing that nothing can share.
All things are but masks at God's beck and call,
They are symbols that instruct us that God is all.

God Speaks to Moses



One day God spoke to Moses and said:
'Visit Satan, question him, use your head.'
So Moses descended to Hell's burning halls;
Satan saw him coming, a smile did he install
On his fiery face. Moses proudly asked him
For advice, waiting for Satan's crafty whim;
Satan spoke through his coal-black teeth:
'Remember this rule which sense bequeaths
Never say "I" so that you become like me.'
So long as you live for yourself you'll be
A drum booming pride a cymbal of infidelity.
Vanity, resentment, envy, and anger shall be cemented
Into your inner state; you shall be like a demented
Dog with lolling tongue, infected with the indolence of sin.
You shall become your own tracked prisoner within.

God Speaks to David



David was an open vessel, the light
Poured into him. God's words took flight
In him and through him God said:
'To all humankind, who are wed
To hubris and sin, I say: "If heaven and hell
Did not exist to catch you and break you,
Would you, though a speck of dust, tell
Truth from falsehood, would your eye find true
Centre in my words? If there was nothing but dark
Would you think of me, still less mark
Your place with the leaf of prayer? Yet
You are bound to my will, your soul is set
In the direction of my breath, with hope
And fear which cracks the dawn of your heart,
So you will worship me with all your mind
Words and inclination. Make a start:
Burn to ashes all that is not I, bind
The ashes to the fidelity of the wind,
Extract the ore of your being,
Then you shall start seeing."

The Pupil asks; the Master answers



'Why was Adam driven from the garden?'
The pupil asked his master. 'His heart was hardened
With images, a hundred bonds that clutter the earth
Chained Adam to the cycle of death following birth.
He was blind to this equation, living for something other
Than God and so out of paradise he was driven
With his mortal body's cover, his soul was shriven.
Noblest of God's creatures, Adam fell with blame,
Like a moth shriveled by the candle's flame,
Into history which taught mankind shame.
Since Adam had not given up his heart
To God's attachment, there was no part
For Adam in paradise where the only friend
Is God; His will is not for Adam to imagine and bend.'

The Nightingale



The nightingale raises his head, drugged with passion,
Pouring the oil of earthly love in such a fashion
That the other birds shaded with his song, grow mute.
The leaping mysteries of his melodies are acute.
'I know the secrets of Love, I am their piper,'
He sings, 'I seek a David with a broken heart to decipher
Their plaintive barbs, I inspire the yearning flute,
The daemon of the plucked conversation of the lute.
The roses are dissolved into fragrance by my song,
Hearts are torn with its sobbing tone, broken along
The fault lines of longing filled with desire's wrong.
My music is like the sky's black ocean, I steal
The listener's reason, the world becomes the seal
Of dreams for chosen lovers, where only the rose
Is certain. I cannot go further, I am lame, and expose
My anchored soul to the divine Way.
My love for the rose is sufficient, I shall stay
In the vicinity of its petalled image, I need
No more, it blooms for me the rose, my seed.

The hoopoe replies: 'You love the rose without thought.
Nightingale, your foolish song is caught
By the rose's thorns, it is a passing thing.
Velvet petal, perfume's repose bring
You pleasure, yes, but sorrow too
For the rose's beauty is shallow: few
Escape winter's frost. To seek the Way
Release yourself from this love that lasts a day.

The bud nurtures its own demise as day nurtures night.
Groom yourself, pluck the deadly rose from your sight.

A dervish in ecstasy



A frenzied dervish, mad with love for God,
Sought out bare hills where none had ever trod.
Wild leopards kept this madman company --
His heart was plunged in restless ecstasy;
He lived within this state for twenty days,
Dancing and singing in exultant praise:
"There's no division; we two are alone --
The world of happiness and grief has flown."
Die to yourself -- no longer stay apart,
But give to Him who asks for it your heart;
The man whose happiness derives from Him
Escapes existence and the world grows dim;
Rejoice forever in the Friend, rejoice
Till you are nothing, but a praising voice.

How long then will you seek for beauty here?



How long then will you seek for beauty here?
Seek the unseen, and beauty will appear.
When the last veil is lifted neither men
Nor all their glory will be seen again,
The universe will fade -- this mighty show
In all, its majesty and pomp will go,
And those who loved appearances will prove
Each other's enemies and forfeit love,
While those who loved the absent, unseen Friend
Will enter that pure love which knows no end.

Look -- I do nothing; He performs all deeds



Look -- I do nothing; He performs all deeds
And He endures the pain when my heart bleeds.
When He draws near and grants you an audience
Should you hang back in tongue-tied diffidence?
When will your cautious heart consent to go
Beyond the homely boundaries, you know?
O slave, if He should show His love to you,
Love which His deeds perpetually renew,
You will be nothing, you will disappear --
Leave all to Him who acts, and have no fear.
If there is any "you" if any wraith
Of self persists, you've strayed outside our faith.

The Hawk



He was a soldier with a soldier's pride,
This hawk, whose home was by a king's side.
He was haughty as his master, all other birds
Thought him a disaster, his beak was feared
As much as his talons. With hooded eyes
(His place on the royal roster was his prize)
He stands sentinel on the king's arm, polite
And trained meticulously to do what is right
And proper with courtly grace. He has no need
To see the Simurgh even in a dream, his deeds
Are sufficient for him, and no journey could replace
The royal command, royal morsel food no disgrace
To his way of thinking, he easily satisfies the king.
He flies with cutting grace on a sinister wing
Through valleys and upward into the sky,
He has no other wish but so to live and then to die.
The hoopoe says: 'You have no sense with your soldier's pride.
Do you think that supping with kings, doing their will
Is enough to keep you in favor, always at their side?
An earthly king may be just but you must beware still
For a king's justice is whim pretending to be good.
Once there was a king who prized his slave for his beauty.
His body's silver sheen fascinated the prince who would
Dress him in fine clothes so his looks alone were his duty.
The king amused himself by placing on his favorite's head
An apple for a bullseye, the poor silver slave would grow

Yellow with fear because he knew too well blood is red.
His silver hue would be tarnished if the king's bow
Was not true; an injured slave would his silver lose
To be discarded because the king would not be amused.'

The Lover



'A lover', said the hoopoe, now their guide,
'Is one in whom all thoughts of self have died;
Those who renounce the self deserve that name;
Righteous or sinful, they are all the same!
Your heart is thwarted by the self's control;
Destroy its hold on you and reach your goal.
Give up this hindrance, give up mortal sight,
For only then can you approach the light?
If you are told: "Renounce our Faith," obey!
The self and Faith must both be tossed away;
Blasphemers call such action blasphemy --
Tell them that love exceeds mere piety.
Love has no time for blasphemy or faith,
Nor lovers for the self, that feeble wraith.

The peacock's excuse



Next came the peacock, splendidly arrayed
In many-colored pomp; this he displayed
As if he were some proud, self-conscious bride
Turning with haughty looks from side to side.
'The Painter of the world created me,'
He shrieked, 'but this celestial wealth you see
Should not excite your hearts to jealousy.
I was a dweller once in paradise;
There the insinuating snake's advice
Deceived me -- I became his friend, disgrace
Was swift and I was banished from that place.
My dearest hope is that some blessed day
A guide will come to indicate the way
Back to my paradise. The king you praise
Is too unknown a goal; my inward gaze
Is fixed forever on that lovely land --
There is a goal that I can understand.
How could I seek the Simorgh out when I
Remember paradise?' And in reply
The hoopoe said: 'These thoughts have made you stray
Further and further from the proper Way;
You think your monarch's palace of more worth
Than Him who fashioned it and all the earth.
The home we seek is in eternity;
The Truth we seek is like a shoreless sea,
Of which your paradise is but a drop.

This ocean can be yours; why should you stop
Beguiled by dreams of evanescent dew?
The secrets of the sun are yours, but you
Content yourself with motes trapped in its beams.
Turn to what truly lives, reject what seems --
Which matters more, the body or the soul?
Be whole: desire and journey to the Whole.

All who, reflecting as reflected see



All who, reflecting as reflected see
Themselves in Me, and Me in them; not *Me*,
But all of Me that of contracted Eye
Is comprehensive of Infinity;
Nor yet *Themselves*: no Selves, but of The All
Fractions, from which they split and wither fall.
As Water lifted from the Deep, again
Falls back in individual Drops of Rain,
Then melts into the Universal Main.
All you have been, and seen, and done, and thought,
Not *You* but I, have seen and been and wrought:
I was the Sin that from Myself rebelled;
I the Remorse that toward Myself compelled;
I was the Tajidar who led the Track;
I was the little Briar that pulled you back:
Sin and Contrition -- Retribution owed,
And cancell'd -- Pilgrim, Pilgrimage, and Road,
Was but Myself toward Myself; and Your
Arrival but *Myself* at my own Door;

Who in your Fraction of Myself behold
Myself within the Mirror Myself hold
To see Myself in, and each part of Me
That sees himself, though drownd, shall ever see.
Come you lost Atoms to your Centre draw,
And *be* the Eternal Mirror that you saw:
Rays that have wanderd into Darkness wide
Return, and back into your Sun subside.'

I shall grasp the soul's skirt with my hand



I shall grasp the soul's skirt with my hand
and stamp on the world's head with my foot.
I shall trample Matter and Space with my horse,
beyond all Being, I shall utter a great shout,
and in that moment when I shall be alone with Him,
I shall whisper secrets to all mankind.
Since I shall have neither sign nor name
I shall speak only of things unnamed and without a sign.
Do not delude yourself that from a burned heart
I will discourse with palette and tongue.
The body is impure, I shall cast it away
and utter these pure words with the soul alone.

Looking for your own face



Your face is neither infinite nor ephemeral.
You can never see your own face,
only a reflection, not the face itself.

So you sigh in front of mirrors
and cloud the surface.

It's better to keep your breath cold.
Hold it, like a diver does in the ocean.
One slight movement, the mirror-image goes.

Don't be dead or asleep or awake.
Don't be anything.

What you most want,
what you travel around wishing to find,
lose yourself as lovers lose themselves,
and you'll be that.

Mysticism



The sun can only be seen by the light
of the sun. The more a man or woman knows,
the greater the bewilderment, the closer
to the sun the more dazzled, until a point
is reached where one no longer is.

A mystic knows without knowledge, without
intuition or information, without contemplation
or description or revelation. Mystics
are not themselves. They do not exist
in selves. They move as they are moved,
talk as words come, see with sight
that enters their eyes. I met a woman
once and asked her where love had led her.
"Fool, there's no destination to arrive at.
Loved one and lover and love are infinite."

The angels have bowed down to you and drowned



The angels have bowed down to you and drowned
Your soul in Being, past all plummet's sound --
Do not despise yourself, for there is none
Who could with you sustain comparison;
Do not torment yourself -- your soul is All,
Your body but a fleeting particle.
This All will clarify, and in its light
Each particle will shine, distinctly bright --
As flesh remains an agent of the soul,
Your soul's an agent of the sacred Whole.
But "part" and "whole" must disappear at last;
The Way is one, and the number is surpassed.
A hundred thousand clouds above you press;
Their rain is pure, unending happiness;
And when the desert blooms with flowers, their scent
And beauty minister to your content;
The prayers of all the angels, all they do,
All their obedience, God bestows on you.

The Birds Find Their King



Once more they ventured from the Dust to raise
Their Eyes -- up to the Throne -- into the Blaze,
And in the Centre of the Glory there
Beheld the Figure of -- *Themselves* -- as 'twere
Transfigured -- looking to Themselves, beheld
The Figure on the Throne en-miracles,
Until their Eyes themselves and *That* between
Did hesitate which *Seer* was, which *Seen*;
They That, That They: Another, yet the Same;
Dividual, yet One: from whom there came
A Voice of awful Answer, scarce discern,
From *which* to Aspiration *whose* returned
They scarcely knew; as when some Man apart
Answers aloud the Question in his Heart:
'The Sun of my Perfection is a Glass
Wherein from *Seeing* into *Being* pass.'

The Eternal Mirror



Not *You* but *I*, have seen and been and wrought. . . .
Who in your Fraction of Myself behold
Myself within the Mirror Myself hold
To see Myself in, and each part of Me
That sees himself, though drownd, shall ever see.
Come you lost Atoms to your Centre draw,
And be the Eternal Mirror that you saw:
Rays that have wandered into Darkness wide
Return, and back into your Sun subside.

Shah Abdul Latif Bhittai



Shah Abdul
Latif Bhittai
1689–1752

Shah Abdul Latif Bhittai was a Sindhi Sufi scholar, mystic, saint, and poet, widely considered to be the greatest Muslim poet of the Sindhi language. He is also known as the poet of Sindh. Wikipedia

Born: November 18, 1689, Sindh, Pakistan

Died: January 1, 1752, Shrine of Shah Abdul Latif Bhittai, Bhit Shah, Pakistan

Spouse: Bibi Saidha Begum

Place of burial: Bhit Shah, Pakistan

Influenced: Sachal Sarmast, Qadir Bux Bedil, Shaikh Ayaz, Makhdoom Muhammad Zaman Talibul Moula

22

²² <https://www.poemhunter.com/shah-abdul-latif-bhittai/poems/>

Wind Blew! The Sand Enveloped The Body



Wind blew! The sand enveloped the body,
Whatever little life left, is to see the beloved.

These Naangas go to Hinglaj
To see Mother Kali,
They have been to Dwarka,
These worshippers of Shiva.
There is nothing like them
On the Frontier
Or in Sindh
Or in Hindustan!
They have woven their souls in Rama:
Inside of them, there is only Rama:
Where Shiva oversees, that is where they settle.
I am conversant with the Yogis
Who always seeks the sun.
All the hours of the day, their eyes are on Mother Kali.

If You Are Seeking Allah



If you are seeking Allah,
Then keep clear of religious formalities.
Those who have seen Allah
Are away from all religions!
Those who do not see Allah here,
How will they see Him beyond?

Let us go the land of Kak
Where love flows in abundance,
There are no entrances, no exits,
Everyone can see the Lord!

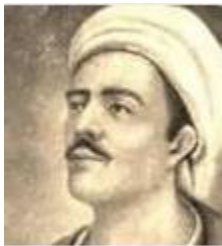
There is no light nor day
Everyone can see the Lord!
Those who love the Lord
The world cannot hold them.
Palaces do not attract them,
Nor women nor servants
Nothing binds them:
The renouncers leave everything behind.

A message came from the Lord:
A full moon shone
Darkness disappeared
A new message came from the Lord:

It does not matter what caste you are
Whoever come, are accepted.

Where shall I take my camel,
All is Light...
Inside there is Kak, mountain and valley,
The Lord and the Lord: there is nothing but the Lord.

Yunus Emre



Yunus Emre

Yunus Emre was a Turkish poet and Sufi mystic who greatly influenced Turkish culture. His name, Yunus, is the equivalent to the English name Jonah. He wrote in the Old Anatolian Turkish language, an early stage of modern Turkish. Wikipedia

Born: 1238, Sivrihisar, Turkey

Died: Anatolia

Nationality: Turkish

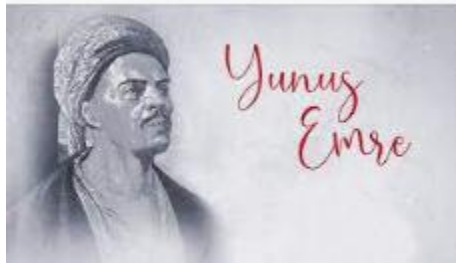
Parents: İsmail Efendi

Era: Anatolian Beyliks

23

²³ <https://allpoetry.com/Yunus-Emre>

Untitled IV



Knowledge should mean a full grasp of knowledge:
Knowledge means to know yourself, heart, and soul.
If you have failed to understand yourself,
Then all of your reading has missed its call.

What is the purpose of reading those books?
So that Man can know the All-Powerful.
If you have read, but failed to understand,
Then your efforts are just a barren toil.

Don't boast of reading, mastering science
Or of all your prayers and obeisance.
If you don't identify Man as God,
All your learning is of no use at all.

The true meaning of the four holy books
Is found in the alphabet's first letter.
You talk about that first letter, preacher;
What is the meaning of that-could you tell?

Yunus Emre says to you, pharisee,
Make the holy pilgrimage if need be
A hundred times-but if you ask me,
The visit to a heart is best of all.



Hear me out, my dear friends,
Love resembles the sun.
The heart that feels no love
Is none other than stone?

What can grow on stone hearts?
Though the tongue softly starts,
Words of venom fume, rage,
And turn into war soon.

When in love, the soul burns,
Melts like wax as it churns.
Stone hearts are like winter
Dark, harsh, with all warmth gone.

Men of God's truth are an ocean,
Lovers must plunge into that sea;
The sages, too, should take a dive
To bring out the best jewelry.

We have turned into the
Wise Men To find pearls in the depths again;
Only the jeweler would know
How valuable those pearls might be.

Mohammed came to perceive God,
And saw God's truth in his selfhood.

Providence exists everywhere
So long as there are eyes to see.

Books are composed by the sages
Who put black words on white pages;
My sacred book's chapters are all
Written in hearts that love truly.

Untitled V



Your love has wrested me away from me,
You're the one I need, you're the one I crave.
Day and night I burn, gripped by agony,
You're the one I need, you're the one I crave.

I find no great joy in being alive,
If I cease to exist, I would not grieve,
The only solace I have is your love,
You're the one I need, you're the one I crave.

Lovers yearn for you, but your love slays them,
At the bottom of the sea, it lays them,
It has God's images-it displays them;
You're the one I need, you're the one I crave.

Let me drink the wine of love sip by sip,

Like Majnun¹, live in the hills in hardship,
Day and night, care for you holds me in its grip,
You're the one I need, you're the one I crave.

Even if, in the end, they make me die
And scatter my ashes up to the sky,
My pit would break into this outcry:
You're the one I need, you're the one I crave.

"Yunus Emre the mystic" is my name,
Each passing day fans and rouses my flame,
What I desire in both worlds in the same:
You're the one I need, you're the one I crave.

Untitled VI



In case my Friend does not return to me,
Then let me return to the Friend's embrace;
I'm willing to suffer pain and torture
If that is how I can see the Friend's face.

A handful of dust was my stock in trade,
And love took even that away from me:
Now I have no capital left nor shop.
What use is going to the market place?

The Friend has His nice shop, neatly set up;
Cheerfully He walks around in that shop.
But my heart cringes, my sins are countless;
Humbly I must go implore the Friend's grace.

My heart declares: 'The Friend belongs to me.'
My eye declares: The Friend belongs to me.'
My heart urges my eye to have patience,
Yearning to receive news, to keep pace.

We must accept those who have looked at
God As sharing God's life, as one and the same.
If a person has received the blessing
Of God's vision, he is beyond disgrace.

Untitled XIX



Go and let it be known to all lovers:
I am the man who gave his heart to love.
I turn into a wild duck of passion,
I am the one who takes the swiftest dive.

From the waves of the sea, I take water
And offer it all the way to the skies.
In adoration, like a cloud, I soar
I am the one who flies to heavens above.

He who says he sees, doesn't, though he vows;
That man doesn't know if he claims he knows.
He alone is the One who knows and shows.
I am a man who has become a love's slave.

For true lovers, this land is Paradise;
Those who know find mansions and palaces;
Wonderstruck and adoring like Moses,
I remain on Mount Sinai where I thrive.

Yunus is my name, I'm out of my mind.

Love serves as my guide to the very end.
All alone, toward the majestic Friend
I walk kissing the ground-and I arrive.

Untitled XIII



It's the true man who leads the mystic life
Whoever is human, whoever dares.
Those who stand high and look below with scorn
Are bound to fall from the top of the stairs.

Though a gray-bearded old man might look grand,
There is so much he doesn't understand,
Let him not struggle towards the Holy Land
If he causes one heart to burn in tears.

A deaf man cannot hear what people say,
He thinks it's a night when it's the brightest day,
The atheist's eyes are blind to God's way
Even though the whole world glitters and glares.

The lover's heart is the Creator's throne.
God admires and accepts it as his own,
The man who breaks a heart shall groan and moan
In both worlds, suffering sorrows, and cares.

You have a self-image in your own eyes,
Be sure to see others in the same guise.
Each of the four holy books clarifies
This truth as it applies to man's affairs.

We have seen it all: Those who came are gone.
Those who once stopped here went back one by one;
He must have gulped love's wine if anyone
Feels the reality that God's truth bares.

Untitled I



God permeates the whole wide world.
Yet His truth is revealed to none.
You better seek Him in yourself.
You and He aren't apart-you're one.

The other world lies beyond sight.
Here on earth, we must live upright.
Exile is torment, pain, and blight.
No one comes back once he is gone.

Come, let us all be friends for once,
Let us make life easy on us,
Let us be lovers and loved ones,
The earth shall be left to no one.

To you, what Yunus says is clear,
Its meaning is in your heart's ear:
We should all live the good life here,
Because nobody will live on.

Untitled XXVIII



Let the deaf listen to the mute.
A soul is needed to understand them both.

Without listening we understood.
Without understanding, we carried it out.

On this Way, the seeker's wealth is poverty.

We loved, we became lovers.
We were loved, we became the beloved.
When all is perishing moment by moment
Who has time to be bored?

God divided His people into Seventy-two languages and borders arose.

But poor Yunus fills the earth and sky,
and under every stone hides a Moses.

Untitled III



I am before, I am after
The soul for all souls all the way.
I'm the one with a helping hand
Ready for those gone wild, astray.

I made the ground flat where it lies,
On it I had those mountains rise,
I designed the vault of the shies,
For I hold all things in my sway.

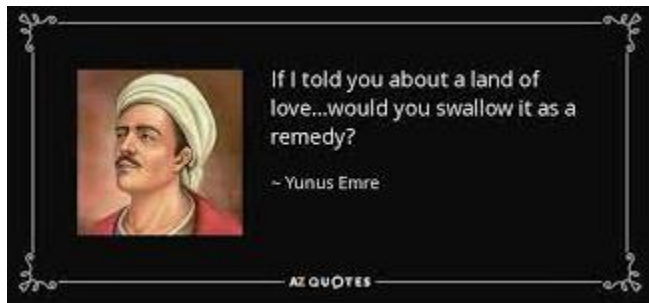
To countless lovers, I have been
A guide for faith and religion.
I am sacrilege in men's hearts
Also the true faith and Islam's way.

I make men love peace and unite;
Putting down the black words on white,
I wrote the four holy books right
I'm the Koran for those who pray.

It's not Yunus who says all this:
It speaks its own realities:

To doubt this would be blasphemous:
"I'm before-I'm after," I say.

Untitled XXI



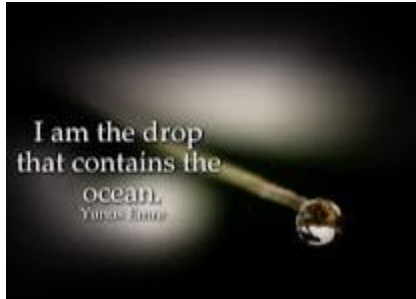
If I told you about a land of love,
friend, would you follow me and come?
In that land are vineyards
that yield a deadly wine-
no glass can hold it.
Would you swallow it as a remedy?

The people there must suffer.
Would you serve the sweetest drink to others
and take the bitter drink yourself?

There are no moons or suns there.
Nothing waxes or wanes.
Would you surrender your plans
and forget about seductions?

Here we're made of water, earth, fire, and air.
Yunus tells us, is this what you're made of?

Untitled XXIV



The drink sent down from Truth,
we drank it, glory be to God.
And we sailed over the Ocean of Power,
glory be to God.

Beyond those hills and oak woods,
beyond those vineyards and gardens,
we passed in health and joy, glory be to God.

We were dry, but we moistened.
We grew wings and became birds,
we married one another and flew,
glory be to God.

To whatever lands we came,
in whatever hearts, in all humanity,
we planted the meanings Taptuk taught us,
glory be to God.

Come here, let's make peace,
let's not be strangers to one another.
We have saddled the horse
and trained it, glory be to God.

We became a trickle that grew into a river.
We took flight and drove into the sea,

and then we overflowed, glory be to God.

We became servants at Taptuk's door.
Poor Yunus, raw and tasteless,
finally got cooked, glory be to God.

Untitled XXIII



We entered the house of realization,
we witnessed the body.

The whirling skies, the many-layered earth,
the seventy-thousand veils,
we found in the body.

The night and the day, the planets,
the words inscribed on the Holy Tablets,
the hill that Moses climbed, the Temple,
and Israfil's trumpet, we observed in the body.
Torah, Psalms, Gospel, Quran-
what these books have to say,
we found in the body.

Everybody says these words of Yunus
are true. Truth is wherever you want it.
We found it all within the body.

Untitled VIII



While I was roaming the wide world
I came upon nations in graves:
The mighty and the meek lay there
Among them awe-inspiring braves.

Some were old men, some young heroes:
Viziers, teachers-everyone goes;
Their days now caught in the night's throes,
Here they lie with death's other slaves.

The path they took was always straight;
Pen in hand, they knew how to write;
Their tongues, like nightingales, sang right;
Buried they lie-sages and braves.

Mighty and low, everyone cried
When these heroic leaders died;
A broken bow at each graveside
Gallant men fell like stray arrows.

Their horses unfurled a dust cloud,
Drummers marched by them, beating loud,

Their might had done land and sea proud;
Noble lords now lie in death's caves

Untitled X



If I rub my face on the ground,
My new moon would rise in the skies,
Winter and summer become spring.
To me all days are holidays.

Let no cloud cast a tall shadow
On the gleaming light of my moon
Whose fullness must never grow dim:
From earth to sky its glimmer sprays.

From the heart's solitary cell
Its glitter drives out the darkness.
How could that gloom be squeezed into
The same cell with the piercing rays?

I see my moon right here on earth,
What would I do with all the skies?
Rains of mercy pour down on me
From this ground where I fix my gaze.

What if Yunus is a lover

Many are the lovers of God.
Yunus, too, bows his head, because
The lovers of God are ablaze.

Untitled XX



Whoever is given the dervish path
may his posturing cease and may he shine.

May his breath become musk and amber.
May whole cities and homelands
gather fruit from his branches.

May his leaves be healing herbs for the sick.
May much good work be done in his shadow.

May his tears become a clear lake.
May reeds sprout between his toes.

And among all the poets and nightingales
in the Friend's garden,
may Yunus hop like a partridge.

Untitled XXV

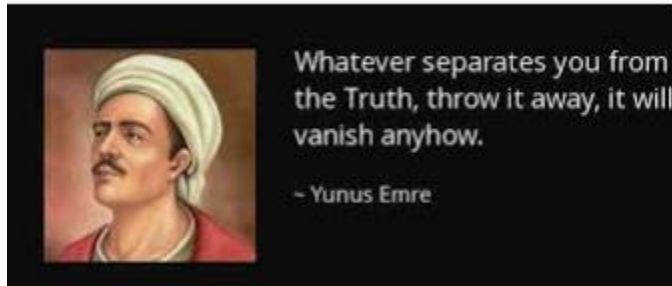


Let's say the name of Allah all the time.
Let's see what my Lord does.
Let's travel the Way always.
Let's see what my Lord does.

Just when you least expect it,
suddenly the veil is lifted.
The remedy arrives in time.
Let's see what my Lord does.

What did Yunus do?
What did he do?
He found a straight Path,
held the hand of a guide.
Let's see what my Lord does.

Untitled II



O God, if you would ever question me,
This would be my outright answer to Thee:

True, I sinned-brutalized my own being,
But what Have I done against you, my King?

Did I make myself? I'm your creation.
Why drench me in sin, Benevolent One?

I saw dungeons when I opened my eyes-
Teeming with devils, temptation, and lies.

To shun death by Hunger, many a time,
In prison, I had to eat dirt and grime.

Did your dominion become any less?
Did I usurp any of your prowess?

Are you Hungry? Did I eat your ration?
Did I deprive you, cause your starvation?

Do you still seek revenge though you killed me,
Since I rotted since the darkest soil-filled me.

You built me a bridge to cross, thin as hair;
Out of your traps, I'm to choose my own snare.

How can a man pass through a Hair-thin bridge?
He falls or clings on or flies off the ridge.

Your slaves build bridges for the public good,
Those who pass through it head for the Godhead.

I wish its firm foundation will hold sway
So those who cross it know it's the true way.

You set a scale to weigh deeds, for your aim
Is to hurl me into Hell's crackling flame.

A scale is suitable for a grocer,
For a small merchant or a jeweler.

Sin, though, is the vilest, filthiest vice,
The profit of those unworthy of Grace.

You can see everything, you know me-fine;
Then, why must you weigh all these deeds of mine?

No harm ever came from Yunus to you;
Open, secret-all things are in your view.

God Almighty, why all this talk, why must
We prattle about a handful of dust?

[Sulṭān Bāhū](#)



Hadrat Sultan
Bahu
1630–1691

Sultan Bahu was a Sufi mystic, poet, and scholar active during the Mughal empire mostly in the Punjab region. He belonged to Qadiri Sufi order and founded the mystic tradition known as Sarwari Qadiri. Wikipedia

Born: January 17, 1630, Shorkot, Pakistan

Died: March 1, 1691, Jhang, Pakistan

Place of burial: Shorkot, Pakistan

Children: Sultan Latif Mohammad, Sultan Noor Mohammad, MORE

Parents: Mai Rasti, Bazid Muhammed

Mahmoud Shabestari



Mahmoud
Shabestari
1288–1340

Mahmoūd Shabestārī is one of the most celebrated Persian Sufi poets of the 14th century. Wikipedia

Born: 1288, Shabestar, Iran

Died: 1340, Tabriz, Iran

Quotes

The past has flown away. The coming month and year do not exist. Ours only is the present's tiny point.

Each atom hides beneath its veil The soul amazing beauty of the Beloved's face.

In the empty heart, void of self can be heard the echoing cry, "I am the Truth."
Thus is man one with the eternal. Travelling, travel, and traveller have become one.

24

²⁴ <https://libquotes.com/mahmoud-shabestari>

Khwaja Abdullah Ansari



Abu Isma'il Al-
Harawee
1006–1088

Abu Isma'il Abdullah al-Herawi al-Ansari or Abdullah Ansari of Herat also known as Pir-i Herat "Sage of Herat", was a Persian Sufi saint who lived in the 11th century in Herat. Wikipedia

Born: May 4, 1006, Herat, Afghanistan

Died: 1088, Herat, Afghanistan

Place of burial: Khwaja 'Abd Allah Ansari shrine, Herat, Afghanistan

Parents: Abu Mansur

Major shrine: Herat

Books: Munājāt: The Intimate Prayers of Khwājih 'Abd Allāh Anṣārī

A Path of Devotion



In this path, the eye must cease to see,
And the ear to hear,
Save unto Him, and about Him.
Be as dust on His path.
Even the kings of this earth
Make the dust of His feet
The balm of their eyes.

Devotion for Thee



Life in my body pulsates only for Thee,
My heart beats in resignation to Thy will.
If on my dust a tuft of grass were to grow
Every blade would tremble with my devotion to Thee!

Empty Me of Everything But Your Love



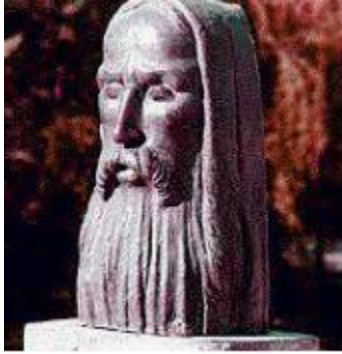
Lord, send me staggering with the wine
Of Your love!
Ring my feet
With the chains of Your slavery!
Empty me of everything but Your love
And in it destroy and resurrect me!
Any hunger You awaken
Can only end in Feast!

Give Me



O Lord, give me a heart
I can pour out in thanksgiving.
Give me life
So I can spend it
Working for the salvation of the world.

I Came



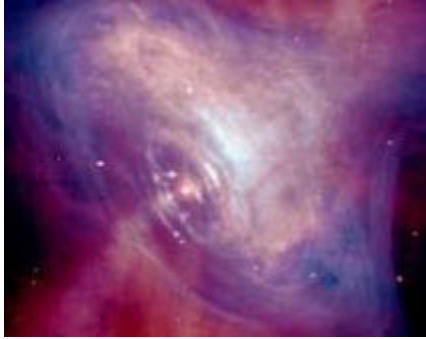
From the un-manifest, I came,
And pitched my tent, in the Forest of Material existence.
I passed through mineral and vegetable kingdoms,
Then my mental equipment carried me into the animal kingdom;
Having reached there I crossed beyond it;
Then in the crystal clear shell of the human heart
I nursed the drop of self in a Pearl,
And in association with good men
Wandered around the Prayer House,
And having experienced that, crossed beyond it;
Then I took the road that leads to Him,
And became a slave at His gate;
Then the duality disappeared
And I became absorbed in Him.

In Each Breath



O you who have departed from your own self,
and who have not yet reached the Friend:
do not be sad, for
He is accompanying you in each of your breaths.

The Beauty of Oneness



Any eye filled with the vision of this world
cannot see the attributes of the Hereafter,
Any eye filled with the attributes of the Hereafter
would be deprived of the Beauty of Oneness.

The Friend Beside Me



O God

You know why I am happy:

It is because I seek Your company,
not through my own efforts.

O God,

You decided and I did not.

I found the Friend beside me
when I woke up!

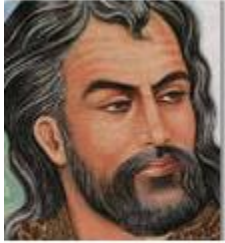
The one You kill



The one You kill,
Lord,
Does not smell of blood,
And the one You burn
Does not reek of smoke.

He You burn laughs as he burns
And the one You kill,
As You kill him,
Cries out in ecstasy.

Hafiz



Hafez
1315–1390

Khawāja Shams-ud-Dīn Muḥammad Ḥāfeẓ-e Shīrāzī, known by his pen name Hafez and as "Hafiz", was a Persian poet who "lauded the joys of love and wine but also targeted religious hypocrisy". Wikipedia

Born: 1315, Shiraz, Iran

Died: 1390, Shiraz, Iran

Full name: Khawāja Shams-ud-Dīn Muḥammad Ḥāfeẓ-e Shīrāzī

Buried: Tomb of Hafez, Shiraz, Iran ²⁵ ²⁶

²⁵ <https://peacefulrivers.homestead.com/hafiz.html>

²⁶ <https://www.poetry-chaikhana.com/Poets/H/HafizLadinsk/HatcheckGirl/index.html>

The Hatcheck Girl



"Why are there so few people in the court of a Perfect Saint?

Because every time they enter the Hatcheck Girl asks for a piece of their ego and she doesn't give it back!

Ouch!"

For years my heart inquired of me,



Translated by Dick Davis

For years my heart inquired of me

Where Jamshid's sacred cup might be,

And what was in its own possession

It asked from strangers, constantly;

Begging the pearl that's slipped its shell

From lost souls wandering by the sea.

Last night I took my troubles to

The Magian sage whose keen eyes see

A hundred answers in the wine

Whose cup he, laughing, showed to me.

I questioned him, "When was this cup

That shows the world's reality

Handed to you?" He said, "The day

Heaven's vault of lapis lazuli

Was raised, and marvelous things took place
By Intellect's divine decree,
And Moses' miracles were made
And Sameri's apostasy."

He added then, "That friend they hanged
High on the looming gallows tree—
His sin was that he spoke of things
Which should be pondered secretly,
The page of truth his heart enclosed
Was annotated publicly.

But if the Holy Ghost once more
Should lend his aid to us we'd see
Others perform what Jesus did—
Since in his heartsick anguish he
Was unaware that God was there
And called His name out ceaselessly."

I asked him next, "And beauties' curls
That tumble down so sinuously,
What is their meaning? Whence do they come?"
"Hafez," the sage replied to me,
"It's your distracted, lovelorn heart

That asks these questions constantly."

Leave the familiar for a while.

Let your senses and bodies stretch out

Like a welcomed season

Onto the meadows and shores and hills.

Open up to the Roof.

Make a new water-mark on your excitement

And love.

Like a blooming night flower,

Bestow your vital fragrance of happiness

And giving

Upon our intimate assembly.

Change rooms in your mind for a day.

All the hemispheres in existence

Lie beside an equator

In your heart.

Greet Yourself

In your thousand other forms

As you mount the hidden tide and travel

Back home.

All the hemispheres in heaven

Are sitting around a fire

Chatting

While stitching themselves together

Into the Great Circle inside of

You.

Like The Morning Breeze



Translated by Daniel Ladinsky

Like the morning breeze, if you bring to the morning good deeds,
The rose of our desire will open and bloom.

Go forward, and make advances down this road of love;
In forward motion, the pain is great.

To beg at the door of the Winehouse is a wonderful alchemy.
If you practice this, soon you will be converting dust into gold.

O heart, if only once you experience the light of purity,
Like a laughing candle, you can abandon the life you live in your head.

But if you are still yearning for cheap wine and a beautiful face,
Don't go out looking for an enlightened job.

Hafiz, if you are listening to this good advice,

The road of Love and its enrichment are right around the curve.

From the large jug, drink the wine of Unity



Translated by Thomas Rain Crowe

From the large jug, drink the wine of Unity,
So that from your heart you can wash away the futility of life's grief.

But like this large jug, still, keep the heart expansive.
Why would you want to keep the heart captive, like an unopened bottle
of wine?

With your mouth full of wine, you are selfless
And will never boast of your own abilities again.

Be like the humble stone at your feet rather than striving to be like a
Sublime cloud: the more you mix colors of deceit, the more colorless
your ragged wet coat will get.

Connect the heart to the wine, so that it has a body,
Then cut off the neck of hypocrisy and piety of this new man.

Be like Hafiz: Get up and make an effort. Don't lie around like a bum.
He who throws himself at the Beloved's feet is like a workhorse and will
be rewarded with boundless pastures and eternal rest.

[Let Thought Become Your Beautiful Lover](#)



Let thought become the beautiful Woman.

Cultivate your mind and heart to that depth

That it can give you everything

A warm body can.

Why just keep making love with God's child-- Form

When the Friend Himself is standing

Before us

So open-armed?

My dear,

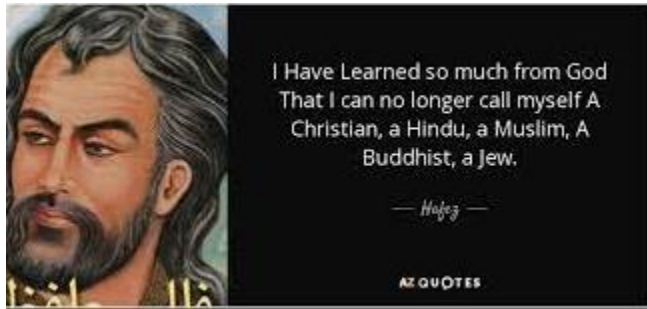
Let prayer become your beautiful Lover

And become free,

Become free of this whole world

Like Hafiz.

I Have Learned So Much



Have
Learned
So much from God
That I can no longer
Call
Myself

A Christian, a Hindu, a Muslim,
a Buddhist, a Jew.

The Truth has shared so much of Itself
With me

That I can no longer call myself
A man, a woman, an angel,
Or even a pure
Soul.

Love has
Befriended Hafiz so completely
It has turned to ash
And freed
Me

Of every concept and image
my mind has ever known.

O fool, do something, so you won't just stand there looking dumb.
If you are not traveling and on the road, how can you call yourself a guide?

In the School of Truth, one sits at the feet of the Master of Love.
So listen, son, so that one day you may be an old father, too!

All this eating and sleeping has made you ignorant and fat;
By denying yourself food and sleep, you may still have a chance.

Know this: If God should shine His lovelight on your heart,
I promise you'll shine brighter than a dozen suns.

And I say: wash the tarnished copper of your life from your hands;
To be Love's alchemist, you should be working with gold.

Don't sit there thinking; go out and immerse yourself in God's sea.
Having only one hair wet with water will not put knowledge in that head.

For those who see only God, their vision
Is pure, and not a doubt remains.

Even if our world is turned upside down and blown over by the wind,
If you are doubtless, you won't lose a thing.

O Hafiz, if it is union with the Beloved that you seek,
Be the dust at the Wise One's door, and speak!

I've Said It Before and I'll Say It Again



I've said it before and I'll say it again:

It's not my fault that with a broken heart, I've gone this way.

In front of a mirror, they have put me like a parrot,
And behind the mirror, the Teacher tells me what to say.

Whether I am perceived as a thorn or a rose, it's
The Gardener who has fed and nourished me day today.

O friends, don't blame me for this broken heart;
Inside me, there is a great jewel and it's to the Jeweler's shop I go.

Even though, to pious, drinking wine is a sin,
Don't judge me; I use it as a bleach to wash the color of hypocrisy away.

All that laughing and weeping of lovers must be coming from some other place;
Here, all night I sing with my winecup and then moan for You all day.

If someone were to ask Hafiz, "Why do you spend all your time sitting in
The Winehouse door?," to this man I would say, "From there, standing,
I can see both the Path and the Way.

Tired of Speaking Sweetly



Love wants to reach out and manhandle us,
Break all our teacup talk of God.

If you had the courage and
Could give the Beloved His choice, some nights,
He would just drag you around the room
By your hair,
Ripping from your grip all those toys in the world
That brings you no joy.

Love sometimes gets tired of speaking sweetly
And wants to rip to shreds

All your erroneous notions of truth

That make you fight within yourself, dear one,
And with others,

Causing the world to weep
On too many fine days.

God wants to manhandle us,
Lock us inside of a tiny room with Himself
And practice His dropkick.

The Beloved sometimes wants
To do us a great favor:

Hold us upside down
And shake all the nonsense out.

But when we hear
He is in such a "playful drunken mood"
Most everyone I know
Quickly packs their bags and hightails it
Out of town.

We Might Have To Medicate You



Resist your temptation to lie
By speaking of separation from God,

Otherwise,
We might have to medicate
You.

In the ocean
A lot goes on beneath your eyes.

Listen,
They have clinics there too
For the insane
Who persist in saying things like:

"I am independent from the
Sea,

God is not always around

Gently

Pressing against

My body."

[A Potted Plant](#)



I pull a sun from my coin purse each day.

And at night I let my pet the moon

Run freely into the sky meadow.

If I whistled,

She would turn her head and look at me.

If I then waved my arms,

She would come back wagging a marvelous tail

Of stars.

There are always a few men like me
In this world

Who are house-sitting for God.
We share His royal duties:

I water each day a favorite potted plant
Of His--
This earth.

Ask the Friend for love.
Ask Him again.

For I have learned that every heart will get
What it prays for
Most.

No More Leaving



At

Some point

Your relationship

With God

Will

Become like this:

Next time you meet Him in the forest

Or on a crowded city street

There won't be any more

"Leaving."

That is,

God will climb into

Your pocket.

You will simply just take

Yourself Along!

Islam

Ibn al-Farid



Ibn al-Farid
1181–1234

Ibn al-Farid or Ibn Farid; Arabic, إلـفـارضـ بنـ عـليـ بنـ عمر was an Arab poet. His name is Arabic for "son of the obligator", as his father was well regarded for his work in the legal sphere. He was born in Cairo to parents from Hama in Syria, lived for some time in Mecca, and died in Cairo. Wikipedia

Born: March 22, 1181, Cairo, Egypt

Died: 1234, Al-Azhar Mosque, Cairo, Egypt

Parents: Abū al-Ḥasan ‘Alī ibn al-Murshid ibn ‘Alī

Books: ‘Umar ibn al-Fāriḍ

27

²⁷ https://rgdn.info/en/bolshaya_kasyda_ibn_al-farid



The pupil of mine eye stretched forth its hand
To grasp my bowl (her matchless countenance
Transcending mortal beauty) and therefrom
Poured me the fever and the flame of love,
While with my glance I gave my friends to think
Draining their juice it was that filled my soul
(And I intoxicated) with deep joy;
Yet having eyes to drink, I could dispense
With that my goblet, since her qualities
And not my wine inebriated me.
So in the tavern of my drunkenness
The hour was ripe that I should render thanks
To those the lads by whose conspiracy
My passion could be perfectly concealed
For all my notoriety. But when
My sober mood was ended, boldly I
Requested union with her, being now
No more inhibited by clutching fear
But wholly unrestrained in love's expanse;

And privily, as when a bride unveils
Before her bridegroom, I disclosed to her
All my heart's story, having none to share
And spy upon my joy, no lingering trace
Even of self-regard. So, while my state
Attested my torn passion, as between
Annihilation in discovery
Of her my love, and re-establishment
Shocked by the loss of her, I pleaded thus:
'Give me, ere love annul in me at last
Poor relic of myself, wherewith to look
Upon thee – give me but one fleeting glance
As turning casually upon thy way!
Or if thou wilt not that I should gaze
At thee, grant to mine ear the blessed grace
Of that, *Thou shalt not* wherein ere my time
Another once rejoice; for I have need
Imperious, in my spirit's drunkenness,
Of that twice sobering, by which my heart
Except for passion were not fragmented –
And if the mountains, and great Sinai
Itself among them had been made to bear
The burden of my anguish, even ere
The revelation of God's splendor flashed
They had been shattered – passion tear-betrayed,
Ardor augmenting those the inward flames

Whose sick-bed fevers made an end of me...

* * *

So I have come to hope what other men
Shrink from in fear: succor therewith the soul
Of a dead man prepared for endless life!
Now let me be her ransom, by whose grace
I did aspire to love, treading the path
Of them who went before me, and refused
All laws of life but mine. In every tribe
How many fell her victims, slain by grief,
Who never won upon a single day
Even one glance at her! How many men
Like me, she slew of passion and had she
Gazed in compassion on them, every one
Had stood revived! Now if she makes my blood
Lawful to shed, and that I loved her well,
Upon the heights of exaltation, yea
The pinnacles of honor she hath set
My rank secure forever. By my life,
If I do lose my life in loving her
I win the bargain; if she wastes my heart
Yet shall she after heal it whole again.
I was humiliated in the tribe
Through her, until I found myself, in their

Esteem, too mean-aspiring to attain
The least worth striving; my subservience
To them debased me to obscurity
Matching my feebleness, so that they deemed
Me too contemptible to serve their will.
So I have fallen, after all my pride,
Down from the heights of glory to the deeps
Of degradation; lost my self-respect,
Men no more press my gate, nor put their hopes
In my authority; no neighbor comes
To me for shelter from the world's despite.
It is as if I had been never held
In honor by my fellows, but was still
Despised, alike in hardship and in ease.
Had any asked, "Whom lovest thou?" and I
Boldly declared her name, they would have said,
'He means another, surely', or 'Poor man,
A demon madness hath assailed his brain!'

* * *

Behold, the faithful archangel, when first
Our Prophet's inspirations came on him,
Came to our Prophet in the fleshly form
Of Dihya: tell me then, was Gabriel
This Dihya, when he manifested thus

To our true Guide to guidance? That he knew
Beyond contention the identity
Of his he saw, proveth superior
His consciousness to theirs who stood him by.
He saw an angel that revealed to him;
The others saw a man, full reverend
As one who kept the Prophet's company.
In the more perfect of these visions twain
I have an indication, which acquits
Of all pretenses incarnations
My simple creed. 'This not to be denied
The Scripture speaks of *covering*, and I
Go not beyond the twain authority
Of Holy Book and Apostolic Word.
This much of knowledge I have given thee:
If thou desirest its unveiling, come
See thou my path, and make a beginning now
Of following my Law; for Sadda's fount
Springs from a water whose abounding well
Is found in me; tell not to me the tale
Of some mirage a-shimmer in some waste!
Behold the ocean, wherein I have plunged
While those afore time halted on its shore
Guarding the locus of my sanctity:
Draw ye not nigh the orphan's property –
That is a reference to a handheld back

When it was stretched to take it; and none else
Beside me, ere attained to aught of it
Except a youth, who never ceased to tread
Upon my steps in hardship or in ease.
Then stray not from the traces of my path,
And fear the cloud that shadows o'er the heart
Who chooses other than myself; strive on
Upon my very road; her friendship's vale,
O friend of heart serene runs in the march
Of my command, and enters 'neath my sway...

* * *

In me, the holy vale was sanctified,
Where I bestowed my putting off of shoes
On my companions, an unstinted gift.
And I beheld my beams, and was their guide –
O wondrous soul, that shines upon that light!
I founded firm my Sinais, and there
Prayed to myself, and all my wants fulfilled;
My essence was my interlocutor.
My moon set not; my sun ne'er sank from sight;
By me are guided all the shining stars
Upon their courses; all the planets swim
About my heavens as my will controls
All things I own; my angels prostrate fall

Before my sovereignty. And in the world
Of recollection still, the soul doth own
Its ancient knowledge my disciples pray
That I bestow on them. Haste then to my
Eternal union, wherein I have found
The greybeards of the tribe as little babes!
For these my fellows living in my age
Drink but the dregs that I have left; and those
Ahead of me, the merits men in them
Applaud is but my superfluity.

Saadi Shirazi



Abū-Muhammad Muslih al-Dīn bin Abdallāh Shīrāzī, better known by his pen name Saadi, also known as Saadi of Shiraz, was a major Persian poet and prose writer of the medieval period. He is recognized for the quality of his writings and for the depth of his social and moral thoughts. Wikipedia

Born: 1210, Shiraz, Iran

Died: Shiraz, Iran

Full name: Abū-Muhammad Muslih al-Dīn bin Abdallāh Shīrāzī

Place of burial: Tomb of Saadi, Shiraz, Iran ²⁸

²⁸ <http://www.blackcatpoems.com/s/saadi.html>

The Dancer



I heard how, to the beat of some quick tune,
There rose and danced a Damsel like the moon,
Flower-mouthed and Pâri-faced; and all around her
Neck-stretching Lovers gathered close; but, soon

A flickering lamp-flame caught her skirt, and set
Fire to the flying gauze. Fear did beget
Trouble in that light heart! She cried amain.
Quoth one among her worshipers, "Why fret,

Tulip of Love? Th' extinguished fire hath burned
Only one leaf of thee; but I am turned
To ashes--leaf and stalk, and flower and root--
By lamp-flash of thine eyes!"--"Ah, Soul concerned

"Solely with self!"--she answered, laughing low,
"If thou wert Lover thou hadst not said so.
Who speaks of the Belov'd's woe is not his

Speaks infidelity, true Lovers know!"

The Grass of God's Garden



I saw bouquets of fresh roses
Tied upon a cupola of grass.
I asked: "What is despicable grass
To sit also in the line of the roses?"

The grass wept and said: "Hush!
Companionship does not obliterate nobility.
Although I have no beauty, color, and perfume,
Am I not after all the grass of God's garden?"

Inscription on the Fountain of Jemshid



I have heard that Jemshid, of happy disposition, inscribed on a tablet at the head of a fountain:

"Many, like ourselves, have breathed at this fountain, and departed, and closed their eyes upon it.

"They captured the world by courage, or violence, but carried away with them nothing to the grave.

"They departed each one, and of that which they had tilled nothing remained to them, save a good or an evil name.

"When thine enemy hath fallen into thy hands, grieve him not further; he hath already tasted enough of sorrow.

"Better hold in thy keeping a discomfited enemy alive, than to have on thy neck the stain of his blood."



It is no crime to drink water without the command of the law; but if thou sheddest blood, it must not be done without a decree.

If the law pronounces its decree, then thou mayest slay the criminal without any dread;

But if thou hast those who belong to his family, them forgive, and extend to them thy mercy.

The iniquitous man it was who committed the crime: what was the offense of his helpless wife and children?

Is thy person powerful and thine army great, make not on that account an inroad upon the lands of thine enemy.

He will flee away to his lofty castle, and thou wilt ruin only his unoffending country.

Look well into the circumstances of thy prisoners, for possibly there may be amongst them those who are innocent.

If a merchant die in thy dominions, it is unjust to lay thy hand upon his property;

For afterward, when they raise over him the cry of lamentation, they will unite in exclamations:

"The unhappy man died a stranger in thy country, and a tyrant robbed him of what remained of his goods."

Think of that little fatherless child, and dread the sigh of his miserable heart.
Oft-times the fair name of fifty years a single ugly deed has ruined forever.

Though a man be King from one end of the earth to the other, when he taketh away the wealth of the prosperous, he is but a beggar.

Rather will the generous man die with an empty hand than fill his stomach from the pittance of the poor?

The Last Words of Nushirvan



I have heard that at the moment when the soul was departing, thus spake Nushirvan to his son Hormuz:

"Be thou in heart the guardian of the poor; be not in bondage to thine own ease.

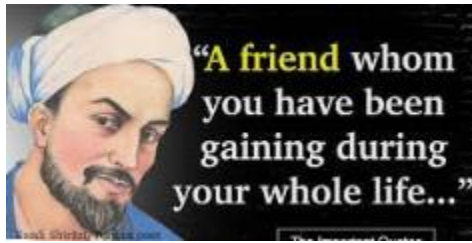
"No one will live in comfort in thy kingdom, if thou desirest only thine own comfort, and sayest: 'That is enough!'

"He will receive no praise from the wise who passeth his nights in sleep whilst the wolf is amidst the flock.

"Keep watch over the necessitous poor, for the peasant it is from whom the King deriveth his throne.

"The King is the tree, the peasant is the root; the tree, O my son, deriveth its strength from the root."

On Friends and Enemies



I am displeased with the company of friends
To whom my bad qualities appear to be good;
They fancy my faults are virtues and perfection;
My thorns they believe to be rose and jessamine.
Say! where is the bold and quick enemy
To make me aware of my defects?



A drop of rain trickled from a cloud into the ocean. When it beheld the breadth of its waters it was utterly confounded:

"What a place is this Sea, and what am I? If it is existent, verily I am non-existent."

Whilst it was thus regarding itself with the eye of contempt, an oyster received and cherished it in its bosom.

Fortune preferred it to a place of honor; for it became a renowned royal Pearl.

Because it was humble, it found exaltation: it knocked at the door of Nonentity that it might arise into Being.

The Pious Slave



Be not over much angry with thy slave;
Treat him not unjustly, and pain, not his feelings.
True, thou mayst have bought him for ten dirhems;
But 'Twas not by thy power that he was created.

There is a tradition of the Prophet--peace be upon him!--that on the day of the resurrection the greatest grief will be when the pious slave is carried to Paradise, and his worthless master is borne away to Hell.

Saadi at the Grave of His Child



Whilst I was at Sanaa I lost a child--why talk of the blow which then fell upon my head?

In this garden (the world) no cypress ever reached its full stature that the blast of Destiny did not tear its trunk from the root.

It is not wonderful that roses should spring out of the earth when so many rose-like forms sleep within its clay.

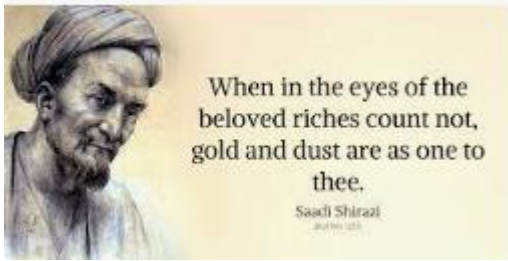
In my melancholy and distraction, whilst dwelling on his image, I erected a stone over the spot where he reposeth.

In terror of that place, so dark and narrow, my color paled, and my senses failed me:

When from that disturbance my understanding came back to me, a voice from my darling child struck mine ear--

"If that dark spot make thee feel thy desolation, recall thy reason, and come out into the light.

"Wouldst thou make the night of the tomb as bright as day, light it up with the lamp of good works."



A trained orator, old, aged,
First meditates and then speaks;
Do not speak without consideration:
Speak well, and if slow--what matters it?
Deliberate--and then begin to talk.
Sy thyself enough, before others say enough.
By speech, a man is better than a brute,
But a beast is better unless thou speakest properly.
How can a man fabricate a good sword of bad iron?
Oh, sage! Who is nobody becomes not somebody by education?
The rain, in the beneficence of whose nature is no flaw,
Will cause tulips to grow in a garden, and weeds in bad soil.
Saline earth will not produce hyacinths:
Throw not away thy seeds or work thereon.
To do good to wicked persons is like
Doing evil to good men.

Straightness is the means of acceptance to God;
I saw no one lost on the straight road.

If people injure thee, grieve not;
Because neither rest nor grief comes from the people.
Be aware that the contrasts of friend and foe are from God,
Because the hearts of both are in His keeping.
Although the arrow is shot from the bow,
Wise men look at the archer!

Oh, thou! who showest virtues on the palms of the hand,
But concealest thy errors under the armpit,
What wilt thou purchase, oh vainglorious fool,
On the day of distress with counterfeit silver?

Silence



To the ignorant man, nothing is better than silence,
And were he aware of this he would no longer be ignorant?
When you are not possessed of perfection or excellence,
It is better that you keep your tongue within your mouth.
The tongue bringeth disgrace upon men.
The nut without a kernel is light in weight.
The beast will not learn of thee how to speak;
Learn thou of the beast how to be silent.
Whoever reflecteth not before he answereth,
Will probably utter inappropriate words.
Either adorn thy speech with the intelligence of a man,
Or sit in silence like a dumb animal.

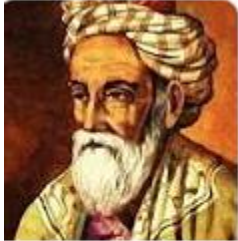
Wealth



Of what utility are the rich,
If they are clouds of August,
And do not rain upon anyone;
Or the foundation of the sun,
And do not give light to anyone;
Or are mounted on the steed of power,
And never make a charge;
Advance not on foot in the service of God;
Bestow not a dirhem without weighing it and distressing you;
Watch over their wealth drudgingly,
And leave it grudgingly?

And the sages have said, that the silver of the miser comes up from the ground at the same moment that he himself goes down into the ground. One brings his money within his grasp anxiously and laboriously, and another comes and carries it away quietly and painlessly.

Omar Khayyam



Omar
Khayyam
1048–1131

Omar Khayyam was a Persian mathematician, astronomer, philosopher, and poet. He was born in Nishapur, in northeastern Iran, and spent most of his life near the court of the Karakhanid and Seljuq rulers in the period which witnessed the First Crusade. Wikipedia

Born: May 18, 1048, Neyshapur, Iran

Died: December 4, 1131, Neyshapur, Iran

Buried: Mausoleum of Omar Khayyám, Neyshapur, Iran

Profession: Mathematician, Astronomer, Scientist, Philosopher, Poet ²⁹

²⁹ <https://www.poemhunter.com/omar-khayyam/>

The Rubaiyat Of Omar Khayyam



I.

Awake! for Morning in the Bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight:
And Lo! the Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultan's Turret in a Noose of Light.

II.

Dreaming when Dawn's Left Hand was in the Sky
I heard a voice within the Tavern cry,
'Awake, my Little ones, and fill the Cup
Before Life's Liquor in its Cup be dry.'

III.

And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before
The Tavern shouted - 'Open then the Door!
You know how little while we have to stay,
And, once departed, may return no more.'

IV.

Now the New Year reviving old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,
Where the White Hand of Moses on the Bough
Puts out, and Jesus from the Ground suspires.

V.

Iram indeed is gone with all its Rose,
And Jamshyd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup where no one Knows;
But still the Vine her ancient ruby yields,
And still a Garden by the Water blows.

VI.

And David's Lips are lock't; but in divine
High piping Pehlevi, with 'Wine! Wine! Wine!
Red Wine! ' - the Nightingale cries to the Rose
That yellow Cheek of hers to incarnadine.

VII.

Come, fill the Cup, and in the Fire of Spring
The Winter Garment of Repentance fling:
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To fly - and Lo! the Bird is on the Wing.

VIII.

Whether at Naishapur or Babylon,
Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,
The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one.

IX.

Morning a thousand Roses brings, you say;
Yes, but where leaves the Rose of Yesterday?
And this first Summer month that brings the Rose
Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobad away.

X.

But come with old Khayyam, and leave the Lot
Of Kaikobad and Kaikhosru forgot:
Let Rustum lay about him as he will,
Or Hatim Tai cry Supper - heed them not.

XI.

With me along the strip of Herbage strown
That just divides the desert from the sown,
Where name of Slave and Sultan is forgot -
And Peace is Mahmud on his Golden Throne!

XII.

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread, - and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness -
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise now!

XIII.

Some for the Glories of This World; and some
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;
Ah, take the Cash, and let the Promise go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!

XIV.

Were it not Folly, Spider-like to spin
The Thread of present Life away to win -
What? for ourselves, who know not if we shall
Breathe out the very Breath we now breathe in!

XV.

Look to the Rose that blows about us - 'Lo,
Laughing,' she says, 'into the World I blow:
At once the silken Tassel of my Purse
Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw.'

XVI.

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes - or it prospers, and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face
Lighting a little Hour or two - is gone.

XVII.

And those who husbanded the Golden Grain,
And those who flung it to the Winds like Rain,
Alike to no such aureate Earth are turn'd
As, buried once, Men want dug up again.

XVIII.

Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
Whose Doorways are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp
Abode his Hour or two and went his way.

XIX.

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep:
And Bahram, that great Hunter - the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.

XX.

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Caesar bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in its Lap from some once lovely Head.

XXI.

And this delightful Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River's Lip on which we lean -
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

XXII.

Ah, my Beloved, fill the Cup that clears
To-day of past Regrets and future Fears -
To-morrow? - Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n Thousand Years.

XXIII.

Lo! some we loved, the loveliest and best
That Time and Fate of all their Vintage prest,
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to Rest.

XXIV.

And we, that now make merry in the Room

They left, and Summer dresses in new Bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
Descend, ourselves to make a Couch - for whom?

XXV.

Ah, make the most of what we may yet spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;
Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie;
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and - sans End!

XXVI.

Alike for those who for To-day prepare,
And those that after some To-morrow stare,
A Muezzin from the Tower of Darkness cries
'Fools! Your Reward is neither Here nor There! '

XXVII.

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd
Of the Two Worlds so learnedly, are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth; their Works to Scorn
Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopt with Dust.

XXVIII.

Oh, come with old Khayyam, and leave the Wise
To talk; one thing is certain, that Life flies;
One thing is certain, and the Rest is Lies;
The Flower that once has blown forever dies.

XXIX.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great Argument
About it and about; but evermore
Came out by the same Door as in I went.

XXX.

With them the Seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with my own hand labour'd it to grow:

And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd -
'I came like Water and like Wind I go.'

XXXI.

Into this Universe, and Why not knowing,
Nor Whence, like Water willy-nilly flowing:
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
I know not Whither, willy-nilly blowing.

XXXII.

Up from Earth's Centre through the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,
And many Knots unravel'd by the Road;
But not the Master-Knot of Human Fate.

XXXIII.

There was the Door to which I found no Key:
There was the Veil through which I could not see:
Some little talk awhile of Me and Thee
There was - and then no more of Thee and Me.

XXXIV.

Then to the rolling Heav'n itself I cried,
Asking, 'What Lamp had Destiny to guide
Her little Children stumbling in the Dark? '
And - 'A blind Understanding! ' Heav'n replied.

XXXV.

Then to the Lip of this poor earthen Urn
I lean'd, the secret Well of Life to learn:
And Lip to Lip it murmur'd - 'While you live,
Drink! - for, once dead, you never shall return.'

XXXVI.

I think the Vessel, that with fugitive
Articulation answer'd, once did live,
And merry-make, and the cold Lip I kiss'd,

How many Kisses might it take - and give!

XXXVII.

For in the Market-place, one Dusk of Day,
I watch'd the Potter thumping his wet Clay:
And with its all obliterated Tongue
It murmur'd - 'Gently, Brother, gently, pray! '

XXXVIII.

And has not such a Story from of Old
Down Man's successive generations roll'd
Of such a clod of saturated Earth
Cast by the Maker into Human mould?

XXXIX.

Ah, fill the Cup: - what boots it to repeat
How Time is slipping underneath our Feet:
Unborn To-morrow, and dead Yesterday,
Why fret about them if To-day be sweet!

XL.

A Moment's Halt - a momentary taste
Of Being from the Well amid the Waste -
And Lo! the phantom Caravan has reach'd
The Nothing it set out from - Oh, make haste!

XLI.

Oh, plagued no more with Human or Divine,
To-morrow's tangle to itself resign,
And lose your fingers in the tresses of
The Cypress-slender Minister of Wine.

XLII.

Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain pursuit
Of This and That endeavor and dispute;
Better be merry with the fruitful Grape
Than sadden after none, or bitter, fruit.

XLIII.

You know, my Friends, with what a brave Carouse
I made a Second Marriage in my house;
Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse.

XLIV.

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
Came stealing through the Dusk an Angel Shape
Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and
He bid me taste of it; and 'twas - the Grape!

XLV.

The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute:
The subtle Alchemest that in a Trice
Life's leaden Metal into Gold transmute.

XLVI.

Why, be this Juice the growth of God, who dare
Blaspheme the twisted tendril as Snare?
A Blessing, we should use it, should we not?
And if a Curse - why, then, Who set it there?

XLVII.

But leave the Wise to wrangle, and with me
The Quarrel of the Universe let be:
And, in some corner of the Hubbub couch'd,
Make Game of that which makes as much of Thee.

XLVIII.

For in and out, above, about, below,
'Tis nothing but a Magic Shadow-show,
Play'd in a Box whose Candle is the Sun,
Round which we Phantom Figures come and go.

XLIX.

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who
Before us pass'd the door of Darkness through
Not one returns to tell us of the Road,
Which to discover we must travel too.

L.

The Revelations of Devout and Learn'd
Who rose before us, and as Prophets burn'd,
Are all but Stories, which, awoke from Sleep,
They told their fellows, and to Sleep return'd.

LI.

Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
Is't not a shame - Is't not a shame for him
So long in this Clay suburb to abide?

LII.

But that is but a Tent wherein may rest
A Sultan to the realm of Death addrest;
The Sultan rises, and the dark Ferrash
Strikes, and prepares it for another guest.

LIII.

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell:
And after many days my Soul return'd
And said, 'Behold, Myself am Heav'n and Hell.'

LIV.

Heav'n but the Vision of fulfill'd Desire,
And Hell the Shadow of a Soul on fire,
Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,
So late emerg'd from, shall so soon expire.

LV.

While the Rose blows along the River Brink,
With old Khayyam and ruby vintage drink:
And when the Angel with his darker Draught
Draws up to Thee - take that, and do not shrink.

LVI.

And fear not lest Existence closing your
Account, should lose, or know the type no more;
The Eternal Saki from the Bowl has pour'd
Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour.

LVII.

When You and I behind the Veil are past,
Oh but the long long while the World shall last,
Which of our Coming and Departure heeds
As much as Ocean of a pebble-cast.

LVIII.

'Tis all a Chequer-board of Nights and Days
Where Destiny with Men for Pieces plays:
Hither and thither moves, and mates, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

LIX.

The Ball no Question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But Right or Left, as strikes the Player goes;
And he that toss'd Thee down into the Field,
He knows about it all - He knows - HE knows!

LX.

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all thy Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it.

LXI.

For let Philosopher and Doctor preach

Of what they will, and what they will not - each
Is but one Link in an eternal Chain
That none can slip, nor break, nor over-reach.

LXII.

And that inverted Bowl we call The Sky,
Whereunder crawling coop't we live and die,
Lift not thy hands to it for help - for It
Rolls impotently on as Thou or I.

LXIII.

With Earth's first Clay They did the Last Man knead,
And then of the Last Harvest sow'd the Seed:
Yea, the first Morning of Creation wrote
What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.

LXIV.

Yesterday This Day's Madness did prepare;
To-morrow's Silence, Triumph, or Despair:
Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor why:
Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where.

LXV.

I tell You this - When, starting from the Goal,
Over the shoulders of the flaming Foal
Of Heav'n Parwin and Mushtari they flung,
In my predestin'd Plot of Dust and Soul.

LXVI.

The Vine has struck a fiber: which about
If clings my Being - let the Dervish flout;
Of my Base metal may be filed a Key,
That shall unlock the Door he howls without.

LXVII.

And this I know: whether the one True Light,
Kindle to Love, or Wrath - consume me quite,

One Glimpse of It within the Tavern caught
Better than in the Temple lost outright.

LXVIII.

What! out of senseless Nothing to provoke
A conscious Something to resent the yoke
Of unpermitted Pleasure, under pain
Of Everlasting Penalties, if broke!

LXIX.

What! from his helpless Creature be repaid
Pure Gold for what he lent us dross-allay'd -
Sue for a Debt we never did contract,
And cannot answer - Oh the sorry trade!

LXX.

Nay, but for terror of his wrathful Face,
I swear I will not call Injustice Grace;
Not one Good Fellow of the Tavern but
Would kick so poor a Coward from the place.

LXXI.

Oh Thou, who didst with pitfall and with gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in,
Thou will not with Predestin'd Evil round
Enmesh me, and impute my Fall to Sin?

LXXII.

Oh, Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,
And who with Eden didst devise the Snake;
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blacken'd, Man's Forgiveness give - and take!

LXXIII.

Listen again. One Evening at the Close
Of Ramazan, ere the better Moon arose,
In that old Potter's Shop I stood alone

With the clay Population round in Rows.

LXXIV.

And, strange to tell, among that Earthen Lot
Some could articulate, while others not:
And suddenly one more impatient cried -
'Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot? '

LXXV.

Then said another - 'Surely not in vain
My Substance from the common Earth was ta'en,
That He who subtly wrought me into Shape
Should stamp me back to common Earth again.'

LXXVI.

Another said - 'Why, ne'er a peevish Boy,
Would break the Bowl from which he drank in Joy;
Shall He that made the vessel in pure Love
And Fancy, in an after Rage destroy? '

LXXVII.

None answer'd this; but after Silence spake
A Vessel of a more ungainly Make:
'They sneer at me for leaning all awry;
What! did the Hand then of the Potter shake? '

LXXVIII:

'Why,' said another, 'Some there are who tell
Of one who threatens he will toss to Hell
The luckless Pots he marred in making - Pish!
He's a Good Fellow, and 'twill all be well.'

LXXIX.

Then said another with a long-drawn Sigh,
'My Clay with long oblivion is gone dry:
But, fill me with the old familiar Juice,
Methinks I might recover by-and-by! '

LXXX.

So while the Vessels one by one were speaking,
The Little Moon look'd in that all were seeking:
And then they jogg'd each other, 'Brother! Brother!
Now for the Porter's shoulder-knot a-creaking! '

LXXXI.

Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide,
And wash my Body whence the Life has died,
And in a Windingsheet of Vine-leaf wrapt,
So bury me by some sweet Garden-side.

LXXXII.

That ev'n my buried Ashes such a Snare
Of Perfume shall fling up into the Air,
As not a True Believer passing by
But shall be overtaken unaware.

LXXXIII.

Indeed the Idols I have loved so long
Have done my Credit in Men's Eye much wrong:
Have drown'd my Honour in a shallow Cup,
And sold my Reputation for a Song.

LXXXIV.

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
I swore - but was I sober when I swore?
And then, and then came Spring, and Rose-in-hand
My thread-bare Penitence apieces tore.

LXXXV.

And much as Wine has play'd the Infidel,
And robb'd me of my Robe of Honor - well,
I often wonder what the Vintners buy
One half so precious as the Goods they sell.

LXXXVI.

Alas, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented Manuscript should close!
The Nightingale that in the Branches sang,
Ah, whence, and whither flown again, who knows!

LXXXVII.

Would but the Desert of the Fountain yield
One glimpse - If dimly, yet indeed, reveal'd
To which the fainting Traveller might spring,
As springs the trampled herbage of the field!

LXXXVIII.

Ah Love! could thou and I with Fate conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits - and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

LXXXIX.

Ah, Moon of my Delight who know'st no wane,
The Moon of Heav'n is rising once again:
How oft hereafter rising shall she look
Through this same Garden after me - in vain!

XC.

And when like her, oh Saki, you shall pass
Among the Guests star-scatter'd on the Grass,
And in your joyous errand reach the spot
Where I made one - turn down an empty Glass!

TAMAM SHUD

Come Fill The Cup



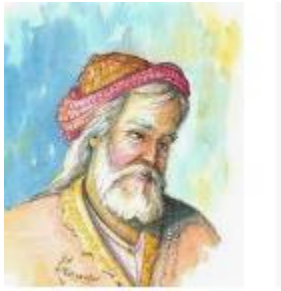
Come, fill the cup, and in the fire of spring
Your winter garment of repentance fling.
The bird of time has but a little way
To flutter - and the bird is on the wing.

For Some We Loved



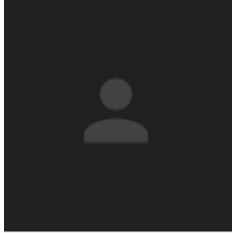
For some, we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from His vintage rolling Time hath pressed,
Have drunk the Cup a round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

The Shears Of Fate



Khayyam, who stitched the tents of science,
Has fallen in grief's furnace and been suddenly burned,
The shears of Fate have cut the tent ropes of his life,
And the broker of Hope has sold him for nothing!

[Jamal-ud-Din Hansvi](#)



Jamal-ud-Din
Hansvi
1187–1260

Sheikh Jamal-ud-Din Ahmad was a direct descendant of Imam Abu Hanifa, the renowned Sunni-Persian jurist of Islam. He was born at Ghazni, which is in Modern-day Afghanistan, in 583 A.H. He was five years old when his family came to Hansi. He became a disciple of Baba Fariduddin Ganjshakar at the age of 50.
Wikipedia

Born: 1187, Ghazni, Afghanistan

Died: 1260, India

Period in office: Early 13th century

Title: Tariqa

Based in: Hansi

Predecessor: Fariduddin Ganjshakar

[Jewish](#)

the Baal Shem Tov,



Rabbi Israel ben Eliezer, known as the Baal Shem Tov or as the BeShT, was a Jewish mystic and healer, who is regarded as the founder of Hasidic Judaism. "Besht" is the acronym for Baal Shem Tov, which means "Master of the Good Name" or "one with a good reputation". Wikipedia

Born: August 25, 1698, Okopy, Ukraine

Died: May 1760, Medzhybizh, Ukraine

Full name: Yisroel ben Eliezer

Buried: Old Jewish Cemetery, Medzhybizh

Books: Keter Shem Tov, Tzavaat HaRivash

Children: Tsvi of Pinsk, Adel Bat Baal Shem Tov

30

³⁰ https://www.azquotes.com/author/19657-Baal_Shem_Tov

Quotes 1



- Your fellow man is your mirror. If your own face is clean, the image you perceive will also be flawless. But should you look upon your fellow man and see a blemish, it is your own imperfection that you are encountering - you are being shown what it is that you must correct within yourself.
- The world is full of wonders and miracles but man takes his little hand and covers his eyes and sees nothing.
- From every human being, there rises a light.
- The world is new to us every morning - and every man should believe he is reborn each day
- Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Why? Because every human being has a root in the Unity, and to reject the minutest particle of the Unity is to reject it all.
- Everybody is unique. Compare not yourself with anybody else lest you spoil God's curriculum.
- Before you can find God, you must lose yourself.
- Whenever feeling downcast, each person should vitally remember, "For my sake, the entire world was created."
- There is no room for God in the man who is filled with himself.
- Fear builds walls to bar the light.
- He who is full of joy is full of love.

- When a father complains that his son has taken to evil ways, what should he do?
Love him more than ever.



- We should not laugh at the person who becoming caught up in his prayer bends his body or moves about in strange ways. Perhaps he moves in this manner to wave off unwelcome thoughts that would interrupt the prayer. Would we find it funny if we saw a person drowning going through strange motions doing whatever was necessary to save his life?
- The ideal of man is to be a revelation himself, clearly to recognize himself as a manifestation of God.
- Forgetfulness leads to exile while remembrance is the secret of redemption.
- If the Bible didn't show us the weaknesses, the vulnerabilities, the sins of our heroes, we might have deep questions about their true virtue.
- To pull a friend out of the mire, don't hesitate to get dirty.
- We should learn and reflect to the best of our capacity, but when we reach a point where we are unable to make sense of life, we should supplant faith for understanding, and reflect again on what we do know.
- The central aspect of worship is the feeling of being at one with God.
- Unless we believe that God renews creation every day, our prayers grow habitual and tedious.
- For any of us to come to the understanding that we are common and unlearned is the accomplishment of a lifetime.
- I am going out one door and shall go through another.
- Everything above and below is one unity.

- As man acts, God reacts.

Martin Buber,



Martin Buber was an Austrian, Palestinian Jewish and Israeli philosopher best known for his philosophy of dialogue, a form of existentialism centered on the distinction between the I–Thou relationship and the I–It relationship. Wikipedia

Born: February 8, 1878, Vienna, Austria

Died: June 13, 1965, Talbiya, Jerusalem, Israel

Influenced: Franz Rosenzweig, Gabriel Marcel

Influenced by: Friedrich Nietzsche, Sigmund Freud ³¹

³¹ https://www.azquotes.com/author/2101-Martin_Buber



- The true meaning of love one's neighbor is not that it is a command from God which we are to fulfill, but that through it and in it we meet God.
- I do not accept any absolute formulas for living. No preconceived code can see ahead to everything that can happen in a man's life. As we live, we grow and our beliefs change. They must change. So I think we should live with this constant discovery. We should be open to this adventure in heightened awareness of living. We should stake our whole existence on our willingness to explore and experience.
- When two people relate to each other authentically and humanly, God is the electricity that surges between them.
- The real struggle is not between East and West, or capitalism and communism, but between education and propaganda.
- All journeys have secret destinations of which the traveler is unaware.
- When people come to you for help, do not turn them off with pious words, saying, 'Have faith and take your troubles to God.' Act instead as though there were no God, as though there were only one person in the world who could help - only yourself.
- A human being becomes whole not in virtue of a relation to himself [only] but rather in virtue of an authentic relation to another human being(s).
- Every person born in this world represents something new, something that never existed before, something original and unique.
- In spite of all similarities, every living situation has, like a newborn child, a new face, that has never been before and will never come again. It demands of you a

reaction that cannot be prepared beforehand. It demands nothing of what is past. It demands presence, responsibility; it demands you.

- Human life and humanity come into being in genuine encounters. The hope for this hour depends upon the renewal of the immediacy of dialogue among human beings.
- Everything depends on inner change; when this has taken place, then, and only then does the world change.

Quotes 2



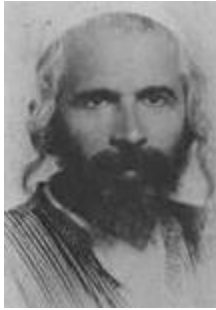
- I think no human being can give more than this. Making life possible for the other, if only for a moment.

Martin Buber, Judith Buber Agassi (1999). "Martin Buber on Psychology and Psychotherapy: Essays, Letters, and Dialogue", p.261, Syracuse University Press

- The atheist staring from his attic window is often nearer to God than the believer caught up in his own false image of God.
- Since the primary motive of the evil is disguise, one of the places evil people are most likely to be found is within the church. What better way to conceal one's evil from oneself, as well as from others, than to be a deacon or some other highly visible form of Christian within our culture? ... I do not mean to imply that the evil are anything other than a small minority among the religious or that the religious motives of most people are in any way spurious. I mean only that evil people tend to gravitate toward piety for the disguise and concealment it can offer them.
- Our relationships live in the space between us which is sacred.
- Everyone has in him something precious that is in no one else.
- To be old can be glorious if one has not unlearned how to begin.

- Real faith means holding ourselves open to the unconditional mystery which we encounter in every sphere of our life and which cannot be comprised in any formula. Real faith means the ability to endure life in the face of this mystery.
 - The world is not comprehensible, but it is embraceable: through the embracing of one of its beings.
 - God made so many different kinds of people; why would God allow only one way to worship?
 - When a man has made peace within himself, he will be able to make peace in the whole world.
-
- All real living is meeting.
 - An animal's eyes have the power to speak a great language.
 - You should carefully observe the way toward which your heart draws you, then choose this way with all your strength.
 - To love God truly, one must first love man. And if anyone tells you that he loves God and does not love his fellow-man, you will know that he is lying.

Rabbi Nachman, of Bratzlav



Nachman of Breslov, also known as Reb Nachman of Bratslav, Reb Nachman Breslover, Nachman from Uman, was the founder of the Breslov Hasidic movement. Rebbe Nachman, a great-grandson of the Baal Shem Tov, revived the Hasidic movement by combining the esoteric secrets of Judaism with in-depth Torah scholarship. Wikipedia

Born: April 4, 1772, Polish–Lithuanian Commonwealth

Died: October 16, 1810, Uman', Ukraine

Buried: October 17, 1810, Rabbi Nachman Breslev Grave Site, Uman', Ukraine

Spouse: Sashia Ephraim (m. 1785–1807)

Children: Feiga Nachman, Shlomo Ephraim Nachman

Quotes 1



- You are wherever your thoughts are, make sure your thoughts are where you want to be.
- Let the good in me connect with the good in others, until all the world is transformed through the compelling power of love.
- Work at not needing approval from anyone and you will be free to be who you really are.
- Seek the good in everyone, and reveal it, bring it forth.
- Grant me the ability to be alone, May it be my custom to go outdoors each day among the trees and grasses among all growing things and there may I be alone, and enter into prayer to talk with the one that I belong to.
- If you won't be better tomorrow than you were today, then what do you need tomorrow for?
- There is Truth, the truth of the Truth and there is Peace. The Truth is 'the boy stole an apple', the truth of the Truth is 'the boy was hungry' and Peace is 'nobody stole anything, now, give the boy an apple!'
- Get into the habit of singing a tune. It will give you new life and fill you with joy. Get into the habit of dancing. It will displace depression and dispel hardship.
- All new beginnings require that you unlock a new door.
- The essence of peace is to merge two opposites. Therefore your notions should not scare you if you see another, who absolutely opposes you, and you presume that there is no chance for peace between you two. On the same token when you see two individuals who are exactly two opposites, never say it would be impossible for them to reconcile. On the contrary, and this is the perfection of peace to make it between two opposites.

- The Exodus from Egypt occurs in every human being, in every era, in every year, and in every day.
- Always wear a smile. The gift of life will then be yours to give.
- Just as your hand, held before the eye, can hide the tallest mountain, so this small earthly life keeps us from seeing the vast radiance that fills the core of the universe.

Quotes 2



- It is a great mitzvah to be happy always.
"JOY: It is a great mitzvah to be happy always!" by Chaim Kramer,
www.breslov.org. September 08, 2011. [🔗](#)
- Even if you can't sing well, sing. Sing to yourself. Sing in the privacy of your home. But sing.
- Find a day for yourself-better yet, late at night. Go to the forest or to the field, or lock yourself in a room ... You will meet solitude there. There you will be able to listen attentively to the noise of the wind first, to birds singing, to see wonderful nature and to notice yourself in it ... and to come back to harmonic connection with the world and its Creator.
- The world goes on because of those who close their lips when they meet hostility from others.
- If you are not a better person tomorrow than you are today, what need have you for a tomorrow?
- While praying, listen to the words very carefully. When your heart is attentive, your entire being enters your prayer without your having to force it.

- If you never want to see the face of hell, when you come home from work every night, dance with your kitchen towel and, if you're worried about waking up your family, take off your shoes.
- Believe that none of the effort you put into coming closer to God is ever wasted - even if in the end you don't achieve what you are striving for.
- Prayers truly from the heart open all doors in Heaven.
- If you do not help a man with his troubles, it is equivalent to bringing troubles to him.
- Always remember, joy is not incidental to spiritual quest. It is vital.
- More men die from overeating than undernourishment.

Abraham Abulafia,



Abraham ben Samuel Abulafia was the founder of the school of "Prophetic Kabbalah". He was born in Zaragoza, Spain in 1240 and is assumed to have died sometime after 1291, following a stay on the small and windswept island of Comino, the smallest of the three inhabited islands that make up the Maltese archipelago. Wikipedia

Born: 1240, Zaragoza, Spain

Died: 1291, Comino, Malta

Lurianic Kabbalah: 1570 CE–today

Sefer Yetzirah: 200–600 CE

Prophets: 800–500 BCE

33

³³ https://www.goodreads.com/author/quotes/920363.Abraham_Abulafia

Quotes 1



“The purpose of birth is learning
The purpose of learning is to grasp the Divine
The purpose of apprehending the Divine
is to maintain the endurance of one who apprehends
with the joy of apprehending”

Aryeh Kaplan



Aryeh Moshe Eliyahu Kaplan was an American Orthodox rabbi, author, and translator known for his knowledge of physics and kabbalah. Wikipedia

Born: October 23, 1934, The Bronx, New York, NY

Died: January 28, 1983, Brooklyn, New York, NY

Buried: Mount of Olives, Israel

Education: Mirrer Yeshiva Central Institute, Mir yeshiva, University of Louisville, Yeshiva Torah Vodaath, University of Maryland

Place of burial: Mount of Olives, Jerusalem, Mount of Olives Information Center, Jerusalem

Quotes 1



- People are accustomed to look at the heavens and to wonder what happens there. It would be better if they would look within themselves, to see what happens there.
- There is nothing as whole, or as perfect, as a broken heart.
- Do not be satisfied with the speech of your lips and the thought in your heart, all the promises and good sayings in your mouth, and all the good thoughts in your heart; rather you must arise and do!
- God is only where you let Him in.
- One ought to be mixed up with the world and to be able to wash one's hands of it - to be part of the world and also outside it. One [needs] to be both involved and detached at the same time.

Solomon ibn Gabirol



Solomon ibn
Gabirol
1021–1070

Solomon ibn Gabirol was an 11th-century Andalusian poet and Jewish philosopher with a Neo-Platonic bent. He published over a hundred poems, as well as works of biblical exegesis, philosophy, ethics and satire. One source credits ibn Gabirol with creating a golem, possibly female, for household chores. Wikipedia

Born: 1021, Málaga, Spain

Died: 1070, Valencia, Spain

Parents: Judah

Region: Jewish philosophy ³⁵

³⁵ <https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/shelomo-ibn-gabirol>

I Look for You



I look for you early,
my rock and my refuge,
 offering you worship
 morning and night;
before your vastness
I come confused
 and afraid, for you see
 the thoughts of my heart.

What could the heart
and tongue compose,
 or spirit's strength
 within me to suit you?
But song soothes you
and so I'll give praise
 to your being as long
 as your breath-in-me moves.

Western-Middle East

John of the Cross



John of the
Cross
1542–1591

John of the Cross, Carmelite friar and priest of converso origin, is a major figure of the Spanish Counter-Reformation, a mystic and Roman Catholic saint. He is one of thirty-six Doctors of the Church. John of the Cross is known especially for his writings. Wikipedia

Born: June 24, 1542, Fontiveros, Spain

Died: December 14, 1591, Úbeda, Spain

Feast: 14 December; 24 November (General Roman Calendar, 1738–1969)

Buried: Convento de los Carmelitas Descalzos, Segovia

Movies: The Dark Night

36

³⁶ https://www.azquotes.com/author/19868-John_of_the_Cross

Quotes 1



- In the twilight of life, God will not judge us on our earthly possessions and human success, but rather on how much we have loved.
- In the inner stillness where meditation leads, the Spirit secretly anoints the soul and heals our deepest wounds.

Thomas Merton



Thomas
Merton
1915–1968

Thomas Merton OCSO was an American Trappist monk, writer, theologian, mystic, poet, social activist, and scholar of comparative religion. On May 26, 1949, he was ordained to the priesthood and given the name "Father Louis". Wikipedia

Born: January 31, 1915, Prades, France

Died: December 10, 1968, Thailand

Buried: Abbey of Gethsemani, Trappist, KY

Education: Columbia University Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, Clare College, University of Cambridge

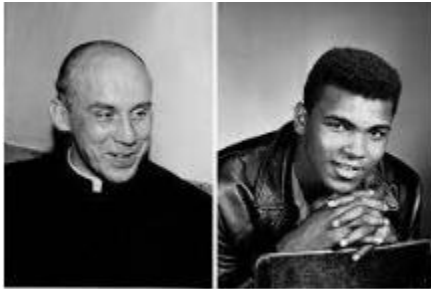
37

³⁷ https://www.azquotes.com/author/10004-Thomas_Merton



- You do not need to know precisely what is happening, or exactly where it is all going. What you need is to recognize the possibilities and challenges offered by the present moment, and to embrace them with courage, faith and hope.
- My Lord God, I have no idea where I am going. I do not see the road ahead of me. I cannot know for certain where it will end. Nor do I really know myself, and the fact that I think that I am following Your Will does not mean that I am actually doing so. But I believe that the desire to please You does in fact please You. And I hope I have that desire in all that I am doing.
- Our job is to love others without stopping to inquire whether or not they are worthy. That is not our business and, in fact, it is nobody's business. What we are asked to do is to love, and this love itself will render both ourselves and our neighbors worthy.
- The beginning of love is to let those we love be perfectly themselves, and not to twist them to fit our own image. Otherwise, we love only the reflection of ourselves we find in them.
- The greatest need of our time is to clean out the enormous mass of mental and emotional rubbish that clutters our minds
- In the devil's theology, the important thing is to be absolutely right and to prove that everybody else is absolutely wrong.
- In a world of noise, confusion, and conflict it is necessary that there be places of silence, inner discipline and peace. In such places love can blossom.
- To be grateful is to recognize the Love of God in everything He has given us - and He has given us everything. Every breath we draw is a gift of His love, every moment of existence is a grace, for it brings with it immense graces from Him. Gratitude, therefore, takes nothing for granted, is never unresponsive, is constantly awakening to new wonder and to praise of the goodness of God. For

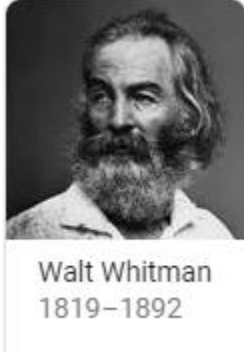
the grateful person knows that God is good, not by hearsay but by experience.
And that is what makes all the difference.



- Instead of hating the people you think are war-makers, hate the appetites and disorder in your own soul, which are the causes of war. If you love peace, then hate injustice, hate tyranny, hate greed - but hate these things in yourself, not in another.
- The rush and pressure of modern life are a form, perhaps the most common form, of contemporary violence. To allow oneself to be carried away by a multitude of conflicting concerns, to surrender to too many demands, to commit oneself to too many projects, to want to help everyone in everything, is to succumb to violence. The frenzy of our activity neutralizes our work for peace. It destroys our own inner capacity for peace. It destroys the fruitfulness of our own work, because it kills the root of inner wisdom which makes work fruitful.
- Let us come alive to the splendor that is all around us and see the beauty in ordinary things.
- In Silence, God ceases to be an object and becomes an experience.
- When you see God in everyone, then they see God in you.
- Nothing has ever been said about God that hasn't already been said better by the wind in the pine trees.
- People may spend their whole lives climbing the ladder of success only to find, once they reach the top, that the ladder is leaning against the wrong wall.
- For perfect hope is achieved on the brink of despair, when instead of falling over the edge, we find ourselves walking on air.
- Before we can realize who we really are, we must become conscious of the fact that the person we think we are, here and now, is at best an impostor and a stranger.
- Do not look for rest in any pleasure, because you were not created for pleasure: you were created for joy. And if you do not know the difference between pleasure and joy you have not yet begun to live.

- At the center of our being is a point of nothingness which is untouched by illusion, a point of pure truth, a point or spark which belongs entirely to God, which is never at our disposal, from which God disposes of our life, which is inaccessible to the fantasies of our own mind or the brutalities of our own will. This little point of nothingness and of absolute poverty is the pure glory of God in us.
- Learn how to meditate on paper. Drawing and writing are forms of meditation. Learn how to contemplate works of art. Learn how to pray in the streets or in the country. Know how to meditate not only when you have a book in your hand but when you are waiting for a bus or riding in a train.
- How can I be sincere if I am constantly changing my mind to conform with the shadow of what I think others expect of me?
- To say that I am made in the image of God is to say that love is the reason for my existence, for God is love. Love is my true identity. Selflessness is my true self. Love is my true character. Love is my name.
- Compassion is the keen awareness of the interdependence of all things.
- When we are alone on a starlit night when by chance we see the migrating birds in autumn descending on a grove of junipers to rest and eat; when we see children in a moment when they are really children, when we know love in our own hearts; or when, like the Japanese poet, Basho, we hear an old frog land in a quiet pond with a solitary splash - at such times the awakening, the turning inside out of all values, the "newness," the emptiness and the purity of vision that make themselves evident, all these provide a glimpse of the cosmic dance.
- I came with the notion of perhaps saying something for monks and to monks of all religions because I am supposed to be a monk. ... My dear brothers, WE ARE ALREADY ONE. BUT WE IMAGINE THAT WE ARE NOT. And what we have to recover is our original unity. What we have to be is what we are

Walt Whitman



Walt Whitman was an American poet, essayist, and journalist. A humanist, he was a part of the transition between transcendentalism and realism, incorporating both views in his works. Whitman is among the most influential poets in the American canon, often called the father of free verse. Wikipedia

Born: May 31, 1819, West Hills, NY

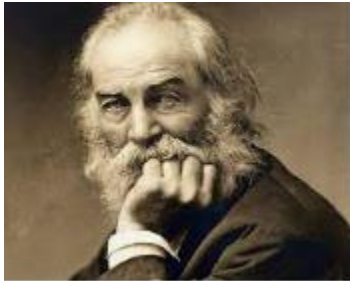
Died: March 26, 1892, Camden, NJ

Poems: Song of Myself, Leaves of Grass, Song of the Open Road,

38

³⁸ https://www.azquotes.com/author/15605-Walt_Whitman

Quotes 1



- Happiness, not in another place but this place...not for another hour, but this hour.
- This is what you should do: love the earth and sun and the animals, despise riches, give alms to everyone that asks, stand up for the stupid and crazy, devote your income and labor to others, hate tyrants, argue not concerning God, have patience and indulgence toward the people, take off your hat to nothing known or unknown or to any man or number of men ... re-examine all you have been told at school or church or in any book, dismiss what insults your own soul, and your very flesh shall be a great poem.
- - Either define the moment or the moment will define you.
- We were together. I forget the rest.
- - Every hour of every day is an unspeakably perfect miracle.
 - The truth is simple. If it was complicated, everyone would understand it.
 - When one reaches out to help another he touches the face of God.
 - As for me, I know nothing else but miracles,
Whether I walk the streets of Manhattan,
Or dart my sight over the roofs of houses toward the sky,
Or wade with naked feet along the beach just in the edge of the water,
Or stand under the trees in the woods,
Or talk by day with any one I love,
Or sleep in bed at night with any one I love,
Or watch honey bees busy around the hive of a summer forenoon...
Or the wonderfulness of the sundown,
Or of stars shining so quiet and bright,

Or the exquisite delicate thin curve of the new moon in spring...

What stranger miracles are there?

- Re-examine all that you have been told... dismiss that which insults your soul.
- Be curious, not judgmental.
- The earth is rude, silent, incomprehensible at first; Be not discouraged - keep on - there are divine things, well envelop'd; I swear to you there are divine things more beautiful than words can tell.

[Quotes 2](#)



- Not I, nor anyone else can travel that road for you. You must travel it by yourself. It is not far. It is within reach. Perhaps you have been on it since you were born, and did not know. Perhaps it is everywhere - on water and land.
- Without enough wilderness America will change. Democracy, with its myriad personalities and increasing sophistication, must be fibred and vitalized by regular contact with outdoor growths - animals, trees, sun warmth and free skies - or it will dwindle and pale.
- Those who love each other shall become invincible.
- The secret of it all, is to write in the gush, the throb, the flood, of the moment – to put things down without deliberation – without worrying about their style – without waiting for a fit time or place. I always worked that way. I took the first scrap of paper, the first doorstep, the first desk, and wrote – wrote, wrote...By writing at the instant the very heartbeat of life is caught.
- These are the days that must happen to you.
- The whole purpose of the universe is unerringly aimed at one thing - you.
- I do not ask the wounded person how he feels, I myself become the wounded person.

- Resist much, obey little.
- Let your soul stand cool and composed before a million universes.
- Do I contradict myself? Very well, then I contradict myself, I am large, I contain multitudes.
- Simplicity is the glory of expression.
- Dismiss whatever insults your soul.

William Blake



William Blake
1757–1827

William Blake was an English poet, painter, and printmaker. Largely unrecognized during his lifetime, Blake is now considered a seminal figure in the history of the poetry and visual arts of the Romantic Age. Wikipedia

Born: November 28, 1757, Soho, London, United Kingdom

Died: August 12, 1827, London, United Kingdom

Artworks: The Ancient of Days, The Ghost of a Flea, Newton, MORE

On view: National Gallery of Art, MORE

Periods: Symbolism, Romanticism

Poems: The Tyger, London, The Lamb

39

³⁹ https://www.azquotes.com/author/1490-William_Blake

Quotes 1



- To see a world in a grain of sand
And a heaven in a wild flower,
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour.
- In the universe, there are things that are known, and things that are unknown,
and in between, there are doors.
- What is now proved was once only imagined.
- We are not meant to resolve all contradictions but to live with them and rise
above them.
- If the doors of perception were cleansed everything would appear to man as it is,
infinite.
- Make your own rules or be a slave to another man's.
- Love is weak when there is more doubt than there is trust, but love is most strong
when you learn to trust even with all the doubts. If a thing loves, it is infinite.
- The person who does not believe in miracles surely makes it certain that he or she
will never take part in one.
- I see through my eyes, not with them.
- As we are, so we see.
- The imagination is not a state: it is the human existence itself.
- He who kisses joy as it flies by will live in eternity's sunrise.
- The man who never alters his opinions is like standing water, and breeds reptiles
of the mind.
- Enlightenment means taking full responsibility for your life.

- The tree which moves some to tears of joy is in the eyes of others only a green thing that stands in the way. Some see nature all ridicule and deformity... and some scarce see nature at all. But to the eyes of the man of imagination, nature is imagination itself.

-

Quotes 2



- Joy and woe are woven fine,
A clothing for the soul divine.
Under every grief and pine
Runs a joy with silken twine.
- I must create a system or be enslaved by another mans; I will not reason and compare: my business is to create.
- The true method of knowledge is experiment.
- When I tell the truth, it is not for the sake of convincing those who do not know it, but for the sake of defending those that do.
- Poetry, Painting & Music, the three Powers in man of conversing with Paradise, which the flood did not sweep away.
- No bird soars too high if he soars with his own wings.
- To some people a tree is something so incredibly beautiful that it brings tears to the eyes. To others it is just a green thing that stands in the way.
- Without Unceasing Practice nothing can be done. Practice is Art. If you leave off you are lost.
- A good local pub has much in common with a church, except that a pub is warmer, and there's more conversation.

- And we are put on earth a little space, That we may learn to bear the beams of love.

Ralph Waldo Emerson



Ralph Waldo
Emerson
1803–1882

Ralph Waldo Emerson was an American essayist, lecturer, philosopher, and poet who led the transcendentalist movement of the mid-19th century. Wikipedia

Born: May 25, 1803, Boston, MA

Died: April 27, 1882, Concord, MA

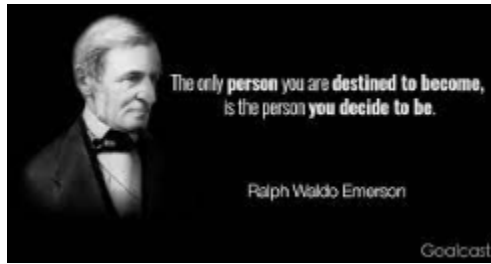
Poems: Brahma, Concord Hymn, The Rhodora, Uriel, Boston Hymn, Terminus

Education: Harvard College, Harvard University, BLS (Boston Latin School), Harvard Divinity School

40

⁴⁰ https://www.azquotes.com/author/4490-Ralph_Waldo_Emerson

Quotes 1



- This is my wish for you: Comfort on difficult days, smiles when sadness intrudes, rainbows to follow the clouds, laughter to kiss your lips, sunsets to warm your heart, hugs when spirits sag, beauty for your eyes to see, friendships to brighten your being, faith so that you can believe, confidence for when you doubt, courage to know yourself, patience to accept the truth, Love to complete your life.
- Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. He is rich who owns the day, and no one owns the day who allows it to be invaded with fret and anxiety. Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities, no doubt crept in. Forget them as soon as you can, tomorrow is a new day; begin it well and serenely, with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense. This new day is too dear, with its hopes and invitations, to waste a moment on the yesterdays.
- The purpose of life is not to be happy. It is to be useful, to be honorable, to be compassionate, to have it make some difference that you have lived and lived well.
- To be yourself in a world that is constantly trying to make you something else is the greatest accomplishment.
- Successful is the person who has lived well, laughed often and loved much, who has gained the respect of children, who leaves the world better than they found it, who has never lacked appreciation for the earth's beauty, who never fails to look for the best in others or give the best of themselves.
- What lies behind you and what lies in front of you, pales in comparison to what lies inside of you.
- The only person you are destined to become is the person you decide to be.
-

Sorrow looks back, Worry looks around, Faith looks up

- Enthusiasm is one of the most powerful engines of success. When you do a thing, do it with all your might. Put your whole soul into it. Stamp it with your own personality. Be active, be energetic, be enthusiastic and faithful, and you will accomplish your object. Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.

-

Quotes 2



- To be a star, you must shine your own light, follow your path, and don't worry about the darkness, for that is when the stars shine brightest.
Always do what you are afraid to do.
- Knowledge is when you learn something new every day. Wisdom is when you let something go every day.
- Finish each day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities no doubt crept in; forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day; begin it well and serenely and with too high a spirit to be encumbered with your old nonsense.
- Your actions speak so loud, I can't hear what you say.
- The only thing that can grow is the thing you give energy to.
- Dare to live the life you have dreamed for yourself. Go forward and make your dreams come true.
- Don't be pushed by your problems. Be led by your dreams.
- We boil at different degrees.
- To laugh often and love much; to win the respect of intelligent persons and the affection of children; to earn the approbation of honest critics and endure the betrayal of false friends; to appreciate beauty.

- For each thorn, there's a rosebud... For each twilight - a dawn... For each trial - the strength to carry on, For each storm cloud - a rainbow... For each shadow - the sun... For each parting - sweet memories when sorrow is done.
- Respect the child. Be not too much his parent. Trespass not on his solitude.
- Why should the way I feel depend on the thoughts in someone else's head?
- The task ahead of us is never as great as the power behind us.
- The years in your life
are less important
than the life in your years.
- God will not have his work made manifest by cowards. Always, always, always, always, always do what you are afraid to do. Do the thing you fear and the death of fear is certain.
- Our strength grows out of our weakness.

Send Your Spirit



Send your spirit

to revive our corpses,
and ripple the longed-for
land again.

The crops come from you;

you're good to all—
and always return
to restore what has been.

Thomas Traherne



Thomas
Traherne
1636–1674

Thomas Traherne was an English poet, clergyman, theologian, and religious writer. The intense, scholarly spirituality in his writings has led to his being commemorated by some parts of the Anglican Communion on 10 October or on September 27. Wikipedia

Born: October 10, 1636, Hereford, United Kingdom

Died: September 27, 1674, Teddington, United Kingdom

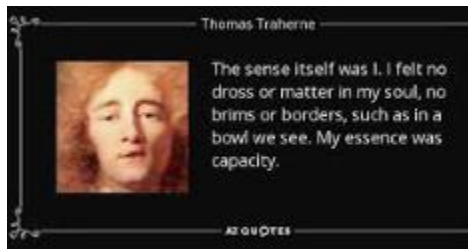
Style: metaphysical poetry, meditations, theology

Education: Brasenose College, Hereford Cathedral School, University of Oxford

41

⁴¹ https://www.azquotes.com/author/25713-Thomas_Traherne

Quotes 1



- And every stone and every star a tongue, And every gale of wind a curious song. The Heavens were an oracle, and spoke Divinity: the Earth did undertake The office of a priest, and I being dumb (Nothing besides was dumb) all things did come With voices and instructions.
- You never enjoy the world aright, till the sea itself floweth in your veins, till you are clothed with the heavens and crowned with the stars.
- You are as prone to love, as the sun is to shine.
- Souls are God's jewels.
- The world is a mirror of infinite beauty, yet no man sees it. It is a Temple of Majesty, yet no man regards it. It is a region of Light and Peace, did not men disquiet it. It is the Paradise of God.
- Sure Man was born to meditate on things, And to contemplate the eternal springs Of God and Nature, glory, bliss, and pleasure: That life and love might be his eternal treasure.
- The world is a mirror of infinite beauty, yet no man sees it.
- This moment exhibits infinite space, but there is a space also wherein all moments are infinitely exhibited, and the everlasting duration of infinite space is another region and room of joys.
- I will not by the noise of bloody wars and the dethroning of kings advance you to glory: but by the gentle ways of peace and love.
- A stranger here Strange things doth meet, strange glories see; Strange treasures lodged in this fair world appear, Strange all, and new to me. But that they mine should be, who nothing was, That strangest is of all, yet brought to pass.
- As nothing is more easy than to think, so nothing is more difficult than to think well.
- A little grit in the eye destroyeth the sight of the very heavens, and a little malice or envy a world of joys. One wry principle in the mind is of infinite consequence.

- Had we not loved ourselves at all, we could never have been obliged to love anything. So that self-love is the basis of all love.
- Your enjoyment of the world is never right, till every morning you awake in Heaven: see yourself in your Father's palace; and look upon the skies, the earth, and the air as celestial joys: having such a reverend esteem of all, as if you were among the angels.

Quotes 2



- To love one person with a private love is poor and miserable: to love all is glorious.
- Is it not easy to conceive the World in your Mind? To think the Heavens fair? The Sun Glorious? The Earth fruitful? The Air Pleasant? The Sea Profitable? And the Giver bountiful? Yet these are the things which it is difficult to retain. For could we always be sensible of their use and value, we should be always delighted with their wealth and glory.
- The Soul is shriveled up and buried in a grave that does not love.
- We do not ignore maturity. Maturity consists in not losing the past while fully living in the present with a prudent awareness of the possibilities of the future.
- The corn was orient and immortal wheat, which never should be reaped, nor was ever sown. I thought it had stood from everlasting to everlasting.
- Is it not strange, that an infant should be heir of the whole world, and see those mysteries which the books of the learned never unfold?
- An empty book is like an infant's soul, in which anything may be written. It is capable of all things, but containeth nothing. I have a mind to fill this with profitable wonders.
- This visible world is wonderfully to be delighted in, and highly to be esteemed, because it is the theatre of God's righteous Kingdom.

- He knoweth nothing as he ought to know it, who thinketh he knoweth anything without seeing its place and the manner how it relateth to God, angels, and men, and to all the creatures in earth, heaven and hell, time and eternity.
- Natural things are glorious, and to know them is glorious.
- To think well is to serve God in the interior court.

W.B.Yeats



William Butler
Yeats
1865–1939

William Butler Yeats was an Irish poet and one of the foremost figures of 20th-century literature. A pillar of the Irish literary establishment, he helped to found the Abbey Theatre, and in his later years served two terms as a Senator of the Irish Free State. Wikipedia

Born: June 13, 1865, Sandymount, Ireland

Died: January 28, 1939, Hôtel 3 étoiles Idéal Séjour Cannes- 16 chambres atypiques - un jardin confidentiel - Site officiel, Cannes, France

Buried: September 1948, Drumcliff Cemetery, Ireland

Poems: The Second Coming, Lake Isle of Innisfree, Easter, 1916,

42

⁴² https://www.azquotes.com/author/16044-William_Butler_Yeats

Quotes 1



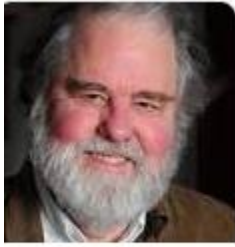
- There are no strangers here; Only friends you haven't yet met.
- The worst thing about some men is that when they are not drunk they are sober.
- Education is not the filling of a pail, but the lighting of a fire.
- There is another world, but it is in this one.
- What man does not understand, he fears; and what he fears, he tends to destroy.
- By logic and reason, we die hourly; by imagination we live.
- The Irishman sustains himself during brief periods of joy by the knowledge that tragedy is just around the corner.
- If what I say resonates with you, it's merely because we're branches of the same tree.
- Come Fairies, take me out of this dull world, for I would ride with you upon the wind and dance upon the mountains like a flame!
- Do not wait to strike till the iron is hot; but make it hot by striking.
- Life is a long preparation for something that never happens.
- A statesman is an easy man, he tells his lies by rote.
A journalist invents his lies, and rams them down your throat.
So stay at home and drink your beer and let the neighbors vote.
- All empty souls tend toward extreme opinions.
- Happiness is neither virtue nor pleasure nor this thing nor that but simply growth, We are happy when we are growing.
- It takes more courage to dig deep in the dark corners of your own soul and the back alleys of your society than it does for a soldier to fight on the battlefield.
- The best lack all conviction, while the worst are full of passionate intensity.
- The visible world is no longer a reality and the unseen world no longer a dream.
- Think like a wise man but communicate in the language of the people.
- We taste and feel and see the truth. We do not reason ourselves into it.

- But I, being poor, have only my dreams; I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.



- As I thought of these things, I drew aside the curtains and looked out into the darkness, and it seemed to my troubled fancy that all those little points of light filling the sky were the furnaces of innumerable divine alchemists, who labour continually, turning lead into gold, weariness into ecstasy, bodies into souls, the darkness into God; and at their perfect labour my mortality grew heavy, and I cried out, as so many dreamers and men of letters in our age have cried, for the birth of that elaborate spiritual beauty which could alone uplift souls weighted with so many dreams.
- It is one of the great troubles of life that we cannot have any unmixed emotions. There is always something in our enemy that we like, and something in our sweetheart that we dislike.
- Think where man's glory most begins and ends, and say my glory was I had such friends.
- The only business of the head in the world is to bow a ceaseless obeisance to the heart.

Coleman Barks



Coleman
Barks

Coleman Barks is an American poet, and former literature faculty at the University of Georgia. Although he neither speaks nor reads Persian, he is a popular interpreter of Rumi, rewriting the poems based on other English translations.

Wikipedia

Born: April 23, 1937 (age 82 years), Chattanooga, TN

Education: University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill

Movies: Big Bad Love

Albums: The Here and the Gone, Rumi: What Was Said to the Rose

Children: Benjamin Barks, Cole Barks

43

⁴³ https://www.azquotes.com/author/20103-Coleman_Barks



- The mystics always say that the experience they're talking about is ineffable, that you can't say it. Rumi was asked one time why he talked so much about silence. He said, "The radiant one inside me has never said a word."
- Ramana Maharshi and Rumi would agree: the joy of being human is in uncovering the core we already are, the treasure buried in the ruin.
- I think we all have a core that's ecstatic, that knows and that looks up in wonder. We all know that there are marvelous moments of eternity that just happen. We know them.
- If you think there's an important difference between being a Christian or a Jew or a Hindu or a Muslim or a Buddhist, then you're making a division between your heart, what you love with, and the way you act in the world.
- When you meet a new friend, the world has more light in it, doesn't it? Things become more spontaneous, and more full of laughing and freedom and novelty.
- Just being sentient and in a body with the sun coming up is a state of rapture.
- It's such a foolish thing to argue about names, when what we're doing is all one thing.
- Longing becomes more poignant if in the distance you can't tell whether your friend is going away or coming back. The pushing away pulls you in.
- Anything you grab hold of on the bank breaks with the river's pressure. When you do things from your soul, the river itself moves through you. Freshness and a deep joy are signs of the current.
- What I deeply want... is for Rumi to become vitally present for readers, part of what John Keats called our soul-making, that process that is both collective and uniquely individual, that happens outside time and space and inside, that is the ocean we all inhabit and each singular droplet-self.

- It's a beautiful lucid dream that has language that I can fiddle with.
- [Rumi] is trying to get us to feel the vastness of our true identity... like the sense you might get walking into a cathedral.
- I had never heard of Rumi until Robert Bly handed me this book and he said, ah, "These poems need to be released from their cages."
- I like to walk around my neighborhood, late in the afternoon. I sometimes wind up at the wonderful, old Shell station that's been changed into a coffee shop. Right where Johnny used to change my oil, I have a latte and take out my little book bag. It doesn't sound very austere.
- There's some sort of exchange that goes on between human beings that is one of the highest things we do.

Gerard Manley Hopkins



Gerard
Manley Hop...
1844–1889

Gerard Manley Hopkins SJ was an English poet and Jesuit priest, whose posthumous fame established him among the leading Victorian poets. His manipulation of prosody – particularly his concept of sprung rhythm and use of imagery – established him as an innovative writer of verse. Wikipedia

Born: July 28, 1844, Stratford, United Kingdom

Died: June 8, 1889, Dublin, Ireland

Place of burial: Glasnevin Cemetery, Dublin, Ireland

Education: Highgate School (1854–1863), Balliol College, Heythrop College, University of London, University of Oxford

44

⁴⁴ https://www.azquotes.com/author/6885-Gerard_Manley_Hopkins



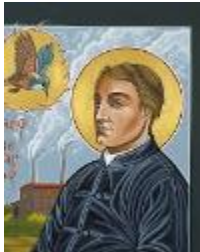
- Your personal boundaries protect the inner core of your identity and your right to choices.
- Nothing is so beautiful as spring- When weeds in wheels, shoot long and lovely and lush.
- The world is charged with the grandeur of God.
- Glory be to God for dappled things-
For skies of couple-colour as a brindled cow;
For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim;
Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls; finches' wings;
Landscape plotted and pieced-fold, fallow, and plough;
And áll trádes, their gear and tackle and trim.

All things counter, original, spare, strange;
Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)
With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;
He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:
Praise him.

- To lift up the hands in prayer gives God glory, but a man with a dungfork in his hand, a woman with a slop pail, give Him glory, too. God is so great that all things give Him glory if you mean that they should.
- All the world is full of inscape and chance left free to act falls into an order as well as purpose.
- What you look at hard seems to look at you.
- What I do is me, for that I came.
- For Christ plays in ten thousand places,/ Lovely in limbs, and lovely in eyes not his/ To the Father through the features of men's faces.

- Give beauty back, beauty, beauty, beauty, back to God, beauty's self and beauty's giver.
- ELECTED Silence, sing to me And beat upon my whorlèd ear, Pipe me to pastures still and be The music that I care to hear.
- NOT, I'll not, carrion comfort, Despair, not feast on thee; Not untwist—slack they may be—these last strands of man In me ór, most weary, cry I can no more. I can; Can something, hope, wish day come, not choose not to be.

[Quotes 2](#)



- When a man is in God's grace and free from mortal sin, then everything that he does, so long as there is no sin in it, gives God glory and what does not give him glory has some, however little, sin in it. It is not only prayer that gives God glory but work. Smiting on an anvil, sawing a beam, whitewashing a wall, driving horses, sweeping, scouring, everything gives God some glory if being in his grace you do it as your duty.
- I have desired to go
Where springs not fail,
To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail
And a few lilies blow.
- The world is charged with the grandeur of God. It will flame out like shining from shook foil? Generations have trod, have trod, have trod; And all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil; And wearsman'ssmudgeand sharesman'ssmell: thesoil Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.
- Let Him easter in us, be a dayspring to the dimness of us, be a crimson-cresseted east.
- Any day, any minute we bless God for our being or for anything, for food, for sunlight, we do and are what we were meant for, made for--things that give and mean to give God glory.

- I say that we are wound With mercy round and round As if with air.
- Look at the stars! Look, look up at the skies! Oh look at all the fire-folk sitting in the air! The bright boroughs, the circle-citadels there!
- The effect of studying masterpieces is to make me admire and do otherwise.
- Nothing is so beautiful as spring- When weeds, in wheels, shoot long and lovely and lush; Thrush's eggs look little low heavens, and thrush Through the echoing timber does so rinse and wring The ear, it strikes like lightnings to hear him sing; The glassy peartree leaves and blooms, they brush The descending blue; that blue is all in a rush With richness; the racing lambs too have fair their fling. What is all this juice and all this joy? A strain of the earth's sweet being in the beginning In Eden garden.-Have, get, before it cloy.
- Glory be to God for dappled things.
- That piecemeal peace is poor peace. What pure peace allows Alarms of wars, the daunting wars, the death of it?
- Do you know, a horrible thing has happened to me. I have begun to doubt Tennyson.

Alfred Schuler



Alfred Schuler
1865–1923

Alfred Schuler was a religious founder, a gnostic, a mystic and a visionary. Franz Wegener has called Schuler the last of the German Cathars. Schuler saw himself as a reborn Roman of the late imperial era. Wikipedia

Born: November 22, 1865, Mainz, Germany

Died: April 8, 1923, Munich, Germany

Hadewijch



Hadewijch
1200–1248

Hadewijch was a 13th-century poet and mystic, probably living in the duchy of Brabant. Most of her extant writings are in a Brabantian form of Middle Dutch. Her writings include visions, prose letters and poetry. Hadewijch was one of the most important direct influences on John of Ruysbroeck. Wikipedia

Born: 1200, Belgium

Died: 1248, Duchy of Brabant

Books: The complete works, *Ecrits mystiques des béguines*

45

⁴⁵ <https://www.azquotes.com/author/45911-Hadewijch>



- even if you do the best you can in all things, your human nature must often fall short; so entrust yourself to God's goodness, for his goodness is greater than your failures.
- Nowadays this is the way everyone loves himself; people wish to live with God in consolations and repose, in wealth and power, and to share the fruition of his glory. We all indeed wish to be God with God, but God knows there are few of us who want to live as men with his Humanity, or want to carry his cross with him, or want to hang on the cross with him and pay humanity's debt to the full.
- Love has seven names, / Which, as you know, are appropriate to her; / Chain, light, live coal, and fire - / ... dew, living spring, and hell.
- love is that burning fire which devours everything and shall never, never cease in all the endless ages to come.
- Be fervent in God, and let nothing grieve you, whatever you encounter.
- Do good under all circumstances, but with no care for any profit, or any blessedness, or any damnation, or any salvation, or any martyrdom; but all you do or omit should be for the honor of Love.
- May your service of love a beautiful thing; want nothing else, fear nothing else and let love be free to become what love truly is.
- For this is love's truth; she joins two in one being, makes sweet sour, strangers neighbors, and the lowly noble.
- It is written in the code of love: He who strikes the blow is himself struck down.
- I wish to devote all my time / To noble thoughts about great Love.
- Take care, you who wish / to deal with names / for love. Behind their sweetness / and wrath, nothing endures. / Nothing but wounds and kisses.

- They who live without Love are dead. / But the worst of all deaths is this -- / That the loving soul be cowardly toward Love; / For perfect Love is never cowardly, / But claims its rights, which it lacks.
- The soul who is most untouched is the most like to God.

- Despair makes us serve evil as much as good.
-

Quotes 2



- What use is it for me to force my nature? / For my nature shall always remain / What it is and conquer what belongs to it, / However men may narrow its path.
- The new year has begun for us. / Now must God grant us with love / That we may be able so to begin it / That it may be of value for Love.
- First the lover must learn charity and keep God's law. Then he shall be blessed a hundredfold, and he shall do great things without great effort, and bear all pain without suffering. And so his life will surpass human reason indeed.
- He who lives in despair / takes and gives in vain.
- Although the season is joyful everywhere, / And mountain and valley are all verdant, / That would seem a truly small matter to him / Who has met mischance in love.
- The New Year has come to us. / God be blessed for it.
- although I have no fish, / I do not want any frog; / Or any elderberries either, / Instead of a bunch of grapes: / Although I have no love, / I do not want anything else, / Whether Love is gracious to me or hostile.

Carl Yung



Carl Gustav Jung was a Swiss psychiatrist and psychoanalyst who founded analytical psychology. Jung's work was influential in the fields of psychiatry, anthropology, archaeology, literature, philosophy, and religious studies. Jung worked as a research scientist at the famous Burghölzli hospital, under Eugen Bleuler. Wikipedia

Born: July 26, 1875, Kesswil, Switzerland

Died: June 6, 1961, Küsnacht, Switzerland

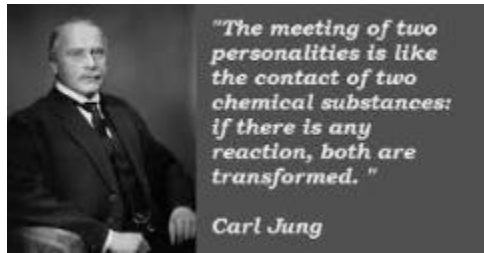
Movies: A Dangerous Method, Matter of Heart

Influenced by: Sigmund Freud, Friedrich Nietzsche

46

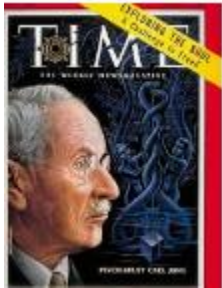
⁴⁶ https://www.azquotes.com/author/7659-Carl_Jung

Quotes 1



- Knowing your own darkness is the best method for dealing with the darkness's of other people. One does not become enlightened by imagining figures of light, but by making the darkness conscious. The most terrifying thing is to accept oneself completely. Your visions will become clear only when you can look into your own heart. Who looks outside, dreams; who looks inside, awakes.
-
- Thinking is difficult, that's why most people judge.
- The world will ask you who you are, and if you don't know, the world will tell you.
-
- Do not compare, do not measure. No other way is like yours. All other ways deceive and tempt you. You must fulfill the way that is in you.
- VOCATUS ATQUE NON VOCATUS DEUS ADERIT.
-
- Everything that irritates us about others can lead us to an understanding of ourselves.
- Until you make the unconscious conscious, it will direct your life and you will call it fate.
-
- Life really does begin at forty. Up until then, you are just doing research.
- We are not what happened to us, we are what we wish to become.
- No tree, it is said, can grow to heaven unless its roots reach down to hell.
- To be normal is the ultimate aim of the unsuccessful.
- The difference between a good life and a bad life is how well you walk through the fire
- The brighter the light, the darker the shadow.
-
- Who looks outside, dreams; who looks inside, awakes.

- The privilege of a lifetime is to become who you truly are.



- People will do anything, no matter how absurd, in order to avoid facing their own souls. They will practice Indian yoga and all its exercises, observe a strict regimen of diet, learn the literature of the whole world - all because they cannot get on with themselves and have not the slightest faith that anything useful could ever come out of their own souls.
- The whole point of Jesus's life was not that we should become exactly like him, but that we should become ourselves in the same way he became himself. Jesus was not the great exception but the great example.
- Loneliness does not come from having no people about one, but from being unable to communicate the things that seem important to oneself, or from holding certain views which others find inadmissible.
- If a man knows more than others, he becomes lonely.
- Everyone you meet knows something you don't know but need to know. Learn from them.
- Be grateful for your difficulties and challenges, for they hold blessings. In fact... Man needs difficulties; they are necessary for health personal growth, individuation and self-actualisation.
- I have frequently seen people become neurotic when they content themselves with inadequate or wrong answers to the questions of life. They seek position, marriage, reputation, outward success of money, and remain unhappy and neurotic even when they have attained what they were seeking. Such people are usually confined within too narrow a spiritual horizon. Their life has not sufficient content, sufficient meaning. If they are enabled to develop into more spacious personalities, the neurosis generally disappears.
- To ask the right question is already half the solution of a problem.
- A man likes to believe that he is the master of his soul. But as long as he is unable to control his moods and emotions, or to be conscious of the myriad secret ways

in which unconscious factors insinuate themselves into his arrangements and decisions, he is certainly not his own master.

- Knowing your own darkness is the best method for dealing with the darkneses of other people.

Martin Luther King Jr.



Martin Luther King Jr. was an American Christian minister and activist who became the most visible spokesperson and leader in the Civil Rights Movement from 1955 until his assassination in 1968. Wikipedia

Born: January 15, 1929, Atlanta, GA

Assassinated: April 4, 1968, Memphis, TN

Famous speech: I Have a Dream

Children: Martin Luther King III, Yolanda King, Dexter King, Bernice King

47

⁴⁷ https://www.azquotes.com/author/8044-Martin_Luther_King_Jr

Quotes 1



• Darkness cannot drive out darkness; only light can do that. Hate cannot drive out hate; only love can do that.

- Faith can give us courage to face the uncertainties of the future.
- May I stress the need for courageous, intelligent, and dedicated leadership... Leaders of sound integrity. Leaders not in love with publicity, but in love with justice. Leaders not in love with money, but in love with humanity. Leaders who can subject their particular egos to the greatness of the cause.
- The ultimate measure of a man is not where he stands in moments of comfort and convenience, but where he stands at times of challenge and controversy.
- We can walk through the darkest night with the radiant conviction that all things work together for the good.
- Never, never be afraid to do what's right.
- The SILENCE of the good people is more DANGEROUS than the BRUTALITY of the bad people
- It is obvious today that America has defaulted on this promissory note insofar as her citizens of color are concerned. Instead of honoring this sacred obligation, America has given the Negro people a bad check, a check which has come back marked 'insufficient funds.'
- We may have all come on different ships, but we're in the same boat now.
- A man dies when he refuses to stand up for that which is right. A man dies when he refuses to stand up for justice. A man dies when he refuses to take a stand for that which is true.
- Never, never be afraid to do what's right, especially if the well-being of a person or animal is at stake. Society's punishments are small compared to the wounds we inflict on our soul when we look the other way.

- We must build dikes of courage to hold back the flood of fear. That old law about "an eye for an eye" leaves everybody blind... The time is always right to do the right thing. Peace is not merely a distant goal that we seek, but a means by which we arrive at that goal.

Quotes 2



- It's not the violence of the few that scares me, it's the silence of the many
 - Use me, God. Show me how to take who I am, who I want to be, and what I can do, and use it for a purpose greater than myself.
 - We've learned to fly the air like birds, we've learned to swim the seas like fish, and yet we haven't learned to walk the earth as brothers and sisters
 - My obligation is to do the right thing. The rest is in God's hands.
 - **It is always the right time to do the right thing.**
 - So I'm happy tonight. I'm not worried about anything. I'm not fearing any man. Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord!
 - The most dangerous criminal may be the man gifted with reason, but with no morals.
 - If we do an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, we will be a blind and toothless nation.
-
- It's all right to tell a man to lift himself by his own bootstraps, but it is cruel jest to say to a bootless man that he ought to lift himself by his own bootstraps.
 - An individual has not begun to live until he can rise above the narrow horizons of his particular individualistic concerns to the broader concerns of all humanity. And this is one of the big problems of life, that so many people never quite get to the point of rising above self. And so they end up the tragic victims of self-centeredness. They end up the victims of distorted and disrupted personality.
 - I am what I am because of who we all are.

- To ignore evil is to become an accomplice to it.

Nelson Mandela



Nelson Rolihlahla Mandela was a South African anti-apartheid revolutionary, political leader, and philanthropist who served as President of South Africa from 1994 to 1999. He was the country's first black head of state and the first elected in a fully representative democratic election. Wikipedia

Born: July 18, 1918, Mvezo, South Africa

Died: December 5, 2013, Houghton Estate, Johannesburg, South Africa

Spouse: Graça Machel (m. 1998–2013), Winnie Mandela (m. 1958–1996), Evelyn Mase (m. 1944–1958)

Education: University of South Africa (1989)

Children: Zindiswa Mandela, Zenani Mandela

48

⁴⁸ https://www.azquotes.com/author/9365-Nelson_Mandela

Henry Vaughan



Henry
Vaughan
1621–1695

Henry Vaughan was a Welsh metaphysical poet, author, translator, and physician, who wrote in English. He is chiefly known for religious poetry contained in *Silex Scintillans*, published in 1650, with the second part in 1655. Wikipedia

Born: April 17, 1621, Brecknockshire

Died: April 23, 1695, Llansantffraed, United Kingdom

Spouse: Catherine Vaughan (m. 1646)

Place of burial: St Bride's Church, Llansantffraed

Siblings: Thomas Vaughan

49

⁴⁹ https://www.azquotes.com/author/22459-Henry_Vaughan



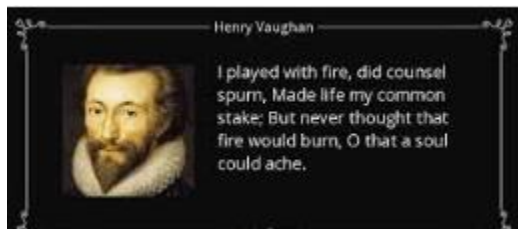
- For each inclosed spirit is a star
Enlightening his own little sphere
- I saw Eternity the other night Like a great ring of pure and endless light, All calm
as it was bright.
- As great a store
Have we of books as bees of herbs or more.
- Some men a forward motion love, But I by backward steps would move, And
when this dust falls to the urn In that state I came, return.
- There is in God - some say - A deep, but dazzling darkness; as men here Say it is
late and dusky because they See not all clear. O for that Night! where I in Him
Might live invisible and dim!
- They are all gone into the world of light, and I alone sit lingering here.
- The sun doth shake Light from his locks, and, all the way Breathing perfumes,
doth spice the day.
- My soul, there is a country Far beyond the stars Where stands a wingèd sentry All
skillful in the wars: There, above noise and danger, Sweet Peace is crowned with
smiles, And One born in a manger Commands the beauteous files.
- Some syllables are swords.
- And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams Call to the soul when man doth sleep.
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted dreams, And into glory peep.
- Prayer is The world in tune, A spirit-voyce, And vocall joyes, Whose Eccho is
heaven's blisse.
- A ward, and still in bonds, one day
I stole abroad;
It was high spring, and all the way
Primrosed and hung with shade;
Yet was it frost within,

And surly winds
Blasted my infant buds, and sin
Like clouds eclipsed my mind.

- Death, and darkness get you packing, Nothing now to man is lacking, All your triumphs now are ended, And what Adam marred, is mended.

-

Quotes 2



- Mornings are mysteries; the first world's youth,
Man's resurrection, and the future's bud
Shroud in their births.
- Dear beauteous death, the jewel of the just.
- Holy writing must strive (by all means) for perfection and true holiness, that a door may be opened to him in heaven.
- The skin and shell of things Though fair are not Thy wish nor prayer but got My meer despair of wings.
- Dear Night! this world's defeat; The stop to busy fools; care's check and curb; The day of spirits; my soul's calm retreat Which none disturb! Christ's progress, and His prayer-time; The hours to which high Heaven cloth chime.
- Man is the shuttle, to whose winding quest And passage through these looms God ordered motion, but ordained no rest.
- To God, thy country, and thy friend be true.

- But felt through all this fleshly dresse Bright shootes of everlastingnesse.
- Dear, beauteous death, the jewel of the just! Shining nowhere but in the dark; What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust, Could man outlook that mark!

- Bright shadows of true rest! some shoots of bliss;
Heaven once a week;

The next world's gladness prepossest in this;
A day to seek;
Eternity in time; the steps by which
We climb above all ages: lamps that light
Man through his heap of dark days; and the rich
And full redemption of the whole week's flight.

- Man hath still either toys or care: But hath no root, nor to one place is tied, but ever restless and irregular, about this earth doth run and ride. He knows he hath a home, but scarce knows where; He says it is so far, that he has quite forgot how to go there.
- So stick up ivy and the bays, and then restore the heathen ways, green will remind you of the Spring, though this great day denies the thing, and mortifies the earth, and all, but your wild revels, and loose hall.

[Quotes 1](#)



- No one is born hating another person because of the color of his skin, or his background, or his religion. People must learn to hate, and if they can learn to hate, they can be taught to love, for love comes more naturally to the human heart than its opposite.
- There can be no greater gift than that of giving one's time and energy to help others without expecting anything in return.
- I learned that courage was not the absence of fear, but the triumph over it. The brave man is not he who does not feel afraid, but he who conquers that fear.
- Education is the great engine of personal development. It is through education that the daughter of a peasant can become a doctor, that the son of a mineworker can become the head of the mine, that a child of farm workers can

become the president of a great nation. It is what we make out of what we have, not what we are given, that separates one person from another.

- Do not judge me by my success, judge me by how many times I fell down and got back up again.

-

It is in your hands to create a better world for all who live in it.

- Fools multiply when wise men are silent.

-

If you want the cooperation of humans around you, you must make them feel they are important - and you do that by being genuine and humble.

- Education is the most powerful weapon which you can use to change the world.

-

Like slavery and apartheid, poverty is not natural. It is man-made and it can be overcome and eradicated by the actions of human beings.

- A winner is a dreamer who never gives up

-

Everyone can rise above their circumstances and achieve success if they are dedicated to and passionate about what they do.



- Freedom can never be taken for granted. Each generation must safeguard it and extend it. Your parents and elders sacrificed much so that you should have freedom without suffering what they did. Use this precious right to ensure that the darkness of the past never returns.
- We know what needs to be done - all that is missing is the will to do it.
- May your choices reflect your hopes, not your fears.
- Live life as though nobody is watching, and express yourself as though everyone is listening.
- In judging our progress as individuals we tend to concentrate on external factors such as one's social position, influence and popularity, wealth and standard of education... But internal factors may be even more crucial in assessing one's development as a human being. Honesty, sincerity, simplicity, humility, pure generosity, absence of vanity, readiness to serve others - qualities which are within easy reach of every soul - are the foundation of one's spiritual life.
- You can start changing our world for the better daily, no matter how small the action.
- The true character of a society is revealed in how it treats its children.
- It is always impossible until it is done.
- Forgiveness liberates the soul. It removes fear. That is why it is such a powerful weapon.
- I have walked that long road to freedom. I have tried not to falter; I have made missteps along the way. But I have discovered the secret that after climbing a great hill, one only finds that there are many more hills to climb. I have taken a moment here to rest, to steal a view of the glorious vista that surrounds me, to look back on the distance I have come. But I can only rest for a moment, for with freedom come responsibilities, and I dare not linger, for my long walk is not ended.

- It is so easy to break down and destroy.
The heroes are those who make peace and build.

Carlos Castaneda



Carlos Castaneda was an American author. Starting with *The Teachings of Don Juan* in 1968, Castaneda wrote a series of books that describe his training in shamanism, particularly with a group whose lineage descended from the Toltecs. Wikipedia

Born: December 25, 1925, Cajamarca, Peru

Died: April 27, 1998, Westwood, CA

Nationality: American

Spouse: Florinda Donner (m. 1993–1998)

50

⁵⁰ https://www.azquotes.com/author/2613-Carlos_Castaneda



- The trick is in what one emphasizes. We either make ourselves miserable, or we make ourselves happy. The amount of work is the same.
- Discipline, as understood by a warrior, is creative, open, and produces freedom. It is the ability to face the unknown, transforming the feeling of knowing into reverent astonishment; of considering things that exceed the scope of our habits, and daring to face the only war that is worthwhile: The battle for awareness.
- The self-confidence of the warrior is not the self-confidence of the average man. The average man seeks certainty in the eyes of the onlooker and calls that self-confidence. The warrior seeks impeccability in his own eyes and calls that humbleness. The average man is hooked to his fellow men, while the warrior is hooked only to infinity.
- Self-importance requires spending most of one's life offended by something or someone.
- In the Art of Dreaming Don Juan tells Carlos, "... most of our energy goes into upholding our importance... if we were capable of losing some of that importance, two extraordinary things would happen to us. One, we would free our energy from trying to maintain the illusory idea of our grandeur; and two we would provide ourselves with enough energy to ... catch a glimpse of the actual grandeur of the universe."
- Never take a path that has no heart in it. You can't lose if your heart is in your work, but you can't win if your heart is not in it.
- All paths are the same: they lead nowhere. ... Does this path have a heart? If it does, the path is good; if it doesn't, it is of no use. Both paths lead nowhere; but one has a heart, the other doesn't. One makes for a joyful journey; as long as you follow it, you are one with it. The other will make you curse your life. One makes you strong; the other weakens you.

- In a world where death is the hunter, my friend, there is no time for regrets or doubts. There is only time for decisions.
- The basic difference between an ordinary man and a warrior is that a warrior takes everything as a challenge while an ordinary man takes everything as a blessing or a curse.

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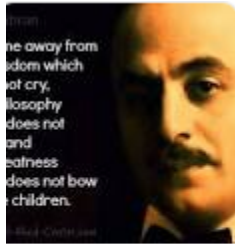
Quotes 2



- "Only if one loves this earth with unbending passion can one relieve one's sadness," don Juan said. "Warriors are always joyful because their love is unalterable and their beloved, the earth, embraces them and bestows upon them inconceivable gifts. The sadness belongs only to those who hate the very thing that gives shelter to their beings." Don Juan again caressed the ground with tenderness. "This lovely being, which is alive to its last recesses and understands every feeling, soothed me, it cured me of my pains, and finally when I had fully understood my love for it, it taught me freedom."
- We don't need more to be thankful for, we just need to be more thankful.
- One day I found out that personal history was no longer necessary for me and, like drinking, I dropped it... Little by little you must create a fog around yourself; you must erase everything around you until nothing can be taken for granted, until nothing is any longer for sure, or real. Your problem now is that you're too real. Your endeavors are too real, your moods are too real. Don't take things so for granted. You must begin to erase yourself.
- To be a warrior is not a simple matter of wishing to be one. It is rather an endless struggle that will go on to the very last moment of our lives. Nobody is born a warrior, in exactly the same way that nobody is born an average man. We make ourselves into one or the other.
- The ego is like a tired old dog. We can never kill it, so put it out on the back porch, let it rest there, and step around it.

- You are like you are, because you tell yourself that you are that way.
- Death is the only wise advisor that we have. Whenever you feel, as you always do, that everything is going wrong and you're about to be annihilated, turn to your death and ask if that is so. Your death will tell you that you're wrong; that nothing really matters outside its touch. Your death will tell you, 'I haven't touched you yet.
- Will is what can make you succeed when your thoughts tell you that you're defeated.
- The aim is to balance the terror of being alive with the wonder of being alive.
- We talk to ourselves incessantly about our world. In fact we maintain our world with our internal talk. And whenever we finish talking to ourselves about ourselves and our world, the world is always as it should be. We renew it, we rekindle it with life, we uphold it with our internal talk. Not only that, but we also choose our paths as we talk to ourselves. Thus we repeat the same choices over and over until the day we die, because we keep on repeating the same internal talk over and over until the day we die. A warrior is aware of this and strives to stop his internal talk.
- Things don't change, only the way you look at them.
- In the universe there is an immeasurable, indescribable force which shamens call intent, and absolutely everything that exists in the entire cosmos is attached to intent by a connecting link.
- When one has nothing to lose, one becomes courageous. We are timid only when there is something we can still cling to.
- A man of knowledge lives by acting, not by thinking about acting.
- Intent is not a thought, or an object, or a wish. Intent is what can make a man succeed when his thoughts tell him that he is defeated. It operates in spite of the warrior's indulgence. Intent is what makes him invulnerable. Intent is what sends a shaman through a wall, through space, to infinity.
- It takes all the time and all the energy we have to conquer the idiocy in us

Kahlil Gibran



Kahlil Gibran
1883–1931

Gibran Khalil Gibran, usually referred to in English as Kahlil Gibran, was a Lebanese-American writer, poet and visual artist, also considered a philosopher although he himself rejected the title. Wikipedia

Born: January 6, 1883, Bsharri, Lebanon

Died: April 10, 1931, Saint Vincent's Catholic Medical Center, New York, NY

Full name: Jubran Khalil Jubran

Movies: The Prophet, The Three Ants, The Broken Wings ⁵¹

⁵¹ <https://www.poemhunter.com/khalil-gibran/poems/>

The Greater Self



This came to pass. After the coronation of Nufsibaal King of Byblus, he retired to his bed-chamber—the very room which the three hermit-magicians of the mountains had built for him. He took off his crown and his royal raiment, and stood in the centre of the room thinking of himself, now the all-powerful ruler of Byblus.

Suddenly he turned; and he saw stepping out of the silver mirror which his mother had given him, a naked man. The king was startled, and he cried out to the man, "What would you?"

And the naked man answered, "Naught but this: Why have they crowned you king?"

And the king answered, "Because I am the noblest man in the land."

Then the naked man said, "If you were still more noble, you would not be king."

And the king said, "Because I am the mightiest man in the land they crowned me."

And the naked man said, "If you were mightier yet, you would not be king."

Then the king said, "Because I am the wisest man they crowned me king."

And the naked man said, "If you were still wiser you would not choose to be king."

Then the king fell to the floor and wept bitterly.

The naked man looked down upon him. Then he took up the crown and with tenderness replaced it upon the king's bent head.

And the naked man, gazing lovingly upon the king, entered into the mirror.

And the king roused, and straightway he looked into the mirror. And he saw there but himself crowned.

The House Of Fortune Iii



My wearied heart bade me farewell and left for the House of Fortune. As he reached that holy city which the soul had blessed and worshipped, he commenced wondering, for he could not find what he had always imagined would be there. The city was empty of power, money, and authority.

And my heart spoke to the daughter of Love saying, "Oh Love, where can I find Contentment? I heard that she had come here to join you."

And the daughter of Love responded, "Contentment has already gone to preach her gospel in the city, where greed and corruption are paramount; we are not in need of her."

Fortune craves not Contentment, for it is an earthly hope, and its desires are embraced by union with objects, while Contentment is naught but heartfelt.

The eternal soul is never contented; it ever seeks exaltation. Then my heart looked upon Life of Beauty and said: "Thou art all knowledge; enlighten me as to the mystery of Woman." And he answered, "Oh human heart, woman is your own reflection, and whatever you are, she is; wherever you live, she lives; she is like religion if not interpreted by the ignorant, and like a moon, if not veiled with clouds, and like a breeze, if not poisoned with impurities."

And my heart walked toward Knowledge, the daughter of Love and Beauty, and said, "Bestow upon me wisdom, that I might share it with the people." And she responded, "Say not wisdom, but rather fortune, for real fortune comes not from outside, but begins in the Holy of Holies of life. Share of thyself with the people."

The Hymn Of Man

I was,

And I am.

So shall I be to the end of time,

For I am without end.

I have cleft the vast spaces of the infinite, and

Taken flight in the world of fantasy, and drawn nigh

To the circle of light on high.

Yet behold me a captive of matter.

I have hearkened to the teachings of Confucius,

And listened to the wisdom of Brahma, and sat

Beside the Buddha beneath the tree of knowledge.

Behold me now contending with ignorance and

Unbelieving.

I was upon Sinai when the Lord showed Himself

To Moses. By the Jordan I beheld the Nazarene's

Miracles. In Medina I heard the words of the

Apostle of Arabia.

Behold me now a prisoner of doubt.

I have seen Babylon's strength and Egypt's glory

And the greatness of Greece. My eyes cease not

Upon the smallness and poverty of their works.
I have sat with the witch of Endor and the priests
Of Assyria and the prophets of Palestine, and I cease
Not to chant the truth.

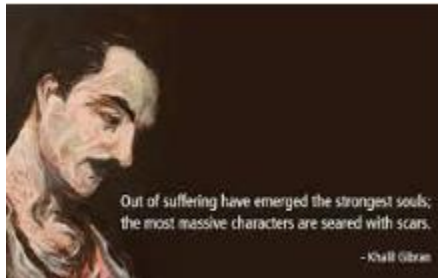
I have learned the wisdom that descended on
India, and gained mastery over poetry that welled
From the Arabian's heart, and hearkened to the
Music of people from the West.
Yet am I blind and see not; my ears are stopped
And I do not hear.

I have borne the harshness of insatiable
Conquerors, and felt the oppression of tyrants and the
bondage of the powerful.
Yet am I strong to do battle with the days.
All this have I heard and seen, and I am yet a
Child. In truth shall I hear and see the deeds of
Youth, and grow old and attain perfection and
Return to God.

I was,
And I am.
So shall I be to the end of time,

For I am without end.

The Life Of Love Xvi



Spring

Come, my beloved; let us walk amidst the knolls,
For the snow is water, and Life is alive from its
Slumber and is roaming the hills and valleys.
Let us follow the footprints of Spring into the
Distant fields, and mount the hilltops to draw
Inspiration high above the cool green plains.

Dawn of Spring has unfolded her winter-kept garment
And placed it on the peach and citrus trees; and
They appear as brides in the ceremonial custom of
the Night of Kedre.

The sprigs of grapevine embrace each other like
Sweethearts, and the brooks burst out in dance
Between the rocks, repeating the song of joy;
And the flowers bud suddenly from the heart of
Nature, like foam from the rich heart of the sea.

Come, my beloved; let us drink the last of Winter's
Tears from the cupped lilies, and soothe our spirits
With the shower of notes from the birds, and wander
In exhilaration through the intoxicating breeze.

Let us sit by that rock, where violets hide; let us
Pursue their exchange of the sweetness of kisses.

Summer

Let us go into the fields, my beloved, for the
Time of harvest approaches, and the sun's eyes
Are ripening the grain.

Let us tend the fruit of the earth, as the
Spirit nourishes the grains of Joy from the
Seeds of Love, sowed deep in our hearts.

Let us fill our bins with the products of
Nature, as life fills so abundantly the
Domain of our hearts with her endless bounty.

Let us make the flowers our bed, and the
Sky our blanket, and rest our heads together
Upon pillows of soft hay.

Let us relax after the day's toil, and listen
To the provoking murmur of the brook.

Autumn

Let us go and gather grapes in the vineyard
For the winepress, and keep the wine in old
Vases, as the spirit keeps Knowledge of the
Ages in eternal vessels.

Let us return to our dwelling, for the wind has
Caused the yellow leaves to fall and shroud the
Withering flowers that whisper elegy to Summer.

Come home, my eternal sweetheart, for the birds
Have made pilgrimage to warmth and lest the chilled
Prairies suffering pangs of solitude. The jasmine
And myrtle have no more tears.

Let us retreat, for the tired brook has
Ceased its song; and the bubblesome springs
Are drained of their copious weeping; and
Their cautious old hills have stored away
Their colorful garments.

Come, my beloved; Nature is justly weary
And is bidding her enthusiasm farewell
With quiet and contented melody.

Winter

Come close to me, oh companion of my full life;
Come close to me and let not Winter's touch
Enter between us. Sit by me before the hearth,
For fire is the only fruit of Winter.

Speak to me of the glory of your heart, for
That is greater than the shrieking elements
Beyond our door.
Bind the door and seal the transoms, for the
Angry countenance of the heaven depresses my
Spirit, and the face of our snow-laden fields
Makes my soul cry.

Feed the lamp with oil and let it not dim, and

Place it by you, so I can read with tears what
Your life with me has written upon your face.

Bring Autumn's wine. Let us drink and sing the
Song of remembrance to Spring's carefree sowing,
And Summer's watchful tending, and Autumn's
Reward in harvest.

Come close to me, oh beloved of my soul; the
Fire is cooling and fleeing under the ashes.
Embrace me, for I fear loneliness; the lamp is
Dim, and the wine which we pressed is closing
Our eyes. Let us look upon each other before
They are shut.
Find me with your arms and embrace me; let
Slumber then embrace our souls as one.
Kiss me, my beloved, for Winter has stolen
All but our moving lips.

You are close by me, My Forever.
How deep and wide will be the ocean of Slumber,
And how recent was the dawn!

The Madman - His Parables And Poems



You ask me how I became a madman. It happened thus: One day, long before many gods were born, I woke from a deep sleep and found all my masks were stolen,--the seven masks I have fashioned and worn in seven lives,--I ran maskless through the crowded streets shouting, 'Thieves, thieves, the cursed thieves.'

Men and women laughed at me and some ran to their houses in fear of me.

And when I reached the market place, a youth standing on a house-top cried, 'He is a madman.' I looked up to behold him; the sun kissed my own naked face for the first time. For the first time the sun kissed my own naked face and my soul was inflamed with love for the sun, and I wanted my masks no more. And as if in a trance I cried, 'Blessed, blessed are the thieves who stole my masks.'

Thus I became a madman.

And I have found both freedom of loneliness and the safety from being understood, for those who understand us enslave something in us.

But let me not be too proud of my safety. Even a Thief in a jail is safe from another thief.

The Palace And The Hut Xxix



Part One

As night fell and the light glittered in the great house, the servants stood at the massive door awaiting the coming of the guests; and upon their velvet garments shown golden buttons.

The magnificent carriages drew into the palace park and the nobles entered, dressed in gorgeous raiment and decorated with jewels. The instruments filled the air with pleasant melodies while the dignitaries danced to the soothing music.

At midnight the finest and most palatable foods were served on a beautiful table embellished with all kinds of the rarest flowers. The feasters dined and drank abundantly, until the sequence of the wine began to play its part. At dawn the throng dispersed boisterously, after spending a long night of intoxication and gluttony which hurried their worn bodies into their deep beds with unnatural sleep.

Part Two

At eventide, a man attired in the dress of heavy work stood before the door of his small house and knocked at the door. As it opened, he entered and greeted the occupants in a cheerful manner, and then sat between his children who were playing at the fireplace. In a short time, his wife had the meal prepared and they sat at a wooden table consuming their food. After eating they gathered around

the oil lamp and talked of the day's events. When the early night had lapsed, all stood silently and surrendered themselves to the King of Slumber with a song of praise and a prayer of gratitude on their lips.

The Playground Of Life Xix



One hour devoted to the pursuit of Beauty
And Love is worth a full century of glory
Given by the frightened weak to the strong.

From that hour comes man's Truth; and
During that century Truth sleeps between
The restless arms of disturbing dreams.

In that hour the soul sees for herself
The Natural Law, and for that century she
Imprisons herself behind the law of man;
And she is shackled with irons of oppression.

That hour was the inspiration of the Songs
Of Solomon, and that century was the blind
Power which destroyed the temple of Baalbek.

That hour was the birth of the Sermon on the
Mount, and that century wrecked the castles of

Palmyra and the Tower of Babylon.

That hour was the Hegira of Mohammed and that
Century forgot Allah, Golgotha, and Sinai.

One hour devoted to mourning and lamenting the
Stolen equality of the weak is nobler than a
Century filled with greed and usurpation.

It is at that hour when the heart is
Purified by flaming sorrow and
Illuminated by the torch of Love.
And in that century, desires for Truth
Are buried in the bosom of the earth.
That hour is the root which must flourish.
That hour of meditation, the hour of
Prayer, and the hour of a new era of good.

And that century is a life of Nero spent
On self-investment taken solely from
Earthly substance.

This is life.
Portrayed on the stage for ages;
Recorded earthly for centuries;
Lived in strangeness for years;
Sung as a hymn for days;
Exalted but for an hour, but the
Hour is treasured by Eternity as a jewel.

The Poet Viii



He is a link between this and the coming world.
He is
A pure spring from which all thirsty souls may drink.

He is a tree watered by the River of Beauty, bearing
Fruit which the hungry heart craves;
He is a nightingale, soothing the depressed
Spirit with his beautiful melodies;
He is a white cloud appearing over the horizon,
Ascending and growing until it fills the face of the sky.
Then it falls on the flows in the field of Life,
Opening their petals to admit the light.
He is an angel, sent by the goddess to
Preach the Deity's gospel;
He is a brilliant lamp, unconquered by darkness
And inextinguishable by the wind. It is filled with
Oil by Istar of Love, and lighted by Apollon of Music.

He is a solitary figure, robed in simplicity and
Kindness; He sits upon the lap of Nature to draw his
Inspiration, and stays up in the silence of the night,
Awaiting the descending of the spirit.

He is a sower who sows the seeds of his heart in the
Prairies of affection, and humanity reaps the

Harvest for her nourishment.

This is the poet -- whom the people ignore in this life,
And who is recognized only when he bids the earthly
World farewell and returns to his arbor in heaven.

This is the poet -- who asks naught of
Humanity but a smile.
This is the poet -- whose spirit ascends and
Fills the firmament with beautiful sayings;
Yet the people deny themselves his radiance.

Until when shall the people remain asleep?
Until when shall they continue to glorify those
Who attain greatness by moments of advantage?
How long shall they ignore those who enable
Them to see the beauty of their spirit,
Symbol of peace and love?
Until when shall human beings honor the dead
And forget the living, who spend their lives
Encircled in misery, and who consume themselves
Like burning candles to illuminate the way
For the ignorant and lead them into the path of light?

Poet, you are the life of this life, and you have
Triumphed over the ages of despite their severity.

Poet, you will one day rule the hearts, and
Therefore, your kingdom has no ending.

Poet, examine your crown of thorns; you will
Find concealed in it a budding wreath of laurel.

The Scarecrow



Once I said to a scarecrow, 'You must be tired of standing in this lonely field.'

And he said, 'The joy of scaring is a deep and lasting one, and I never tire of it.'

Said I, after a minute of thought, 'It is true; for I too have known that joy.'

Said he, 'Only those who are stuffed with straw can know it.'

Then I left him, not knowing whether he had complimented or belittled me.

A year passed, during which the scarecrow turned philosopher.

And when I passed by him again I saw two crows building a nest under his hat.

The Sleep-Walkers



In the town where I was born lived a woman and her daughter, who walked in their sleep.

One night, while silence enfolded the world, the woman and her daughter, walking, yet asleep, met in their mist-veiled garden.

And the mother spoke, and she said: 'At last, at last, my enemy! You by whom my youth was destroyed--who have built up your life upon the ruins of mine! Would I could kill you!'

And the daughter spoke, and she said: 'O hateful woman, selfish and old! Who stand between my freer self and me! Who would have my life an echo of your own faded life! Would you were dead!'

At that moment a cock crew, and both women awoke. The mother said gently, 'Is that you, darling?' And the daughter answered gently, 'Yes, dear.'

The Two Hermits



Upon a lonely mountain, there lived two hermits who worshipped God and loved one another.

Now these two hermits had one earthen bowl, and this was their only possession.

One day an evil spirit entered into the heart of the older hermit and he came to the younger and said, 'It is long that we have lived together. The time has come for us to part. Let us divide our possessions.'

Then the younger hermit was saddened and he said, 'It grieves me, Brother, that thou shouldst leave me. But if thou must needs go, so be it,' and he brought the earthen bowl and gave it to him saying, 'We cannot divide it, Brother, let it be thine.'

Then the older hermit said, 'Charity I will not accept. I will take nothing but mine own. It must be divided.'

And the younger one said, 'If the bowl be broken, of what use would it be to thee or to me? If it be thy pleasure let us rather cast a lot.'

But the older hermit said again, 'I will have but justice and mine own, and I will not trust justice and mine own to vain chance. The bowl must be divided.'

Then the younger hermit could reason no further and he said, 'If

it be indeed thy will, and if even so thou wouldst have it let us now break the bowl.'

But the face of the older hermit grew exceedingly dark, and he cried, 'O thou cursed coward, thou wouldst not fight.'

The Widow And Her Son Xxi



Night fell over North Lebanon and snow was covering the villages surrounded by the Kadeesha Valley, giving the fields and prairies the appearance of a great sheet of parchment upon which the furious Nature was recording her many deeds. Men came home from the streets while silence engulfed the night.

In a lone house near those villages lived a woman who sat by her fireside spinning wool, and at her side was her only child, staring now at the fire and then at his mother.

A terrible roar of thunder shook the house and the little boy shook with fright. He threw his arms about his mother, seeking protection from Nature in her affection. She took him to her bosom and kissed him; then she say him on her lap and said, "Do not fear, my son, for Nature is but comparing her great power to man's weakness. There is a Supreme Being beyond the falling snow and the heavy clouds and the blowing wind, and He knows the needs of the earth, for He made it; and He looks upon the weak with merciful eyes.

"Be brave, my boy. Nature smiles in Spring and laughs in Summer and yawns in Autumn, but now she is weeping; and with her tears she waters life, hidden under the earth.

"Sleep, my dear child; your father is viewing us from Eternity. The snow and thunder bring us closer to him at this time.

"Sleep, my beloved, for this white blanket which makes us cold, keeps the seeds warm, and these war-like things will produce beautiful flowers when Nisan comes.

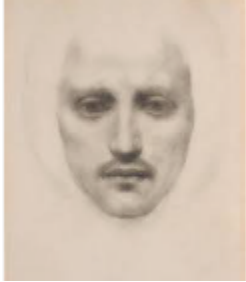
"Thus, my child, man cannot reap love until after sad and revealing separation, and bitter patience, and desperate hardship. Sleep, my little boy; sweet dreams will find your soul who is unafraid of the terrible darkness of night and the biting frost."

The little boy looked upon his mother with sleep-laden eyes and said, "Mother, my eyes are heavy, but I cannot go to bed without saying my prayer."

The woman looked at his angelic face, her vision blurred by misted eyes, and said, "Repeat with me, my boy - 'God, have mercy on the poor and protect them from the winter; warm their thin-clad bodies with Thy merciful hands; look upon the orphans who are sleeping in wretched houses, suffering from hunger and cold. Hear, oh Lord, the call of widows who are helpless and shivering with fear for their young. Open, oh Lord, the hearts of all humans, that they may see the misery of the weak. Have mercy upon the sufferers who knock on doors, and lead the wayfarers into warm places. Watch, oh Lord, over the little birds and protect the trees and fields from the anger of the storm; for Thou art merciful and full of love.'"

As Slumber captured the boy's spirit, his mother placed him in the bed and kissed his eyes with quivering lips. Then she went back and sat by the hearth, spinning the wool to make him raiment.

The Wise Dog



One day there passed by a company of cats a wise dog.

And as he came near and saw that they were very intent and heeded him not, he stopped.

Then there arose in the midst of the company a large, grave cat and looked upon them and said, 'Brethren, pray ye; and when ye have prayed again and yet again, nothing doubting, verily then it shall rain mice.'

And when the dog heard this he laughed in his heart and turned from them saying, 'O blind and foolish cats, has it not been written and have I not known and my fathers before me, that that which raineth for prayer and faith and supplication is not mice but bones.'

Time Xxi



And an astronomer said, "Master, what of Time?"

And he answered:

You would measure time the measureless and the immeasurable.

You would adjust your conduct and even direct the course of your spirit according to hours and seasons.

Of time you would make a stream upon whose bank you would sit and watch its flowing.

Yet the timeless in you is aware of life's timelessness,

And knows that yesterday is but today's memory and tomorrow is today's dream.

And that that which sings and contemplates in you is still dwelling within the bounds of that first moment which scattered the stars into space.

Who among you does not feel that his power to love is boundless?

And yet who does not feel that very love, though boundless, encompassed within the centre of his being, and moving not from love thought to love thought, nor from love deeds to other love deeds?

And is not time even as love is, undivided and paceless?

But if in you thought you must measure time into seasons, let each season

encircle all the other seasons,

And let today embrace the past with remembrance and the future with longing.

Two Infants li



A prince stood on the balcony of his palace addressing a great multitude summoned for the occasion and said, "Let me offer you and this whole fortunate country my congratulations upon the birth of a new prince who will carry the name of my noble family, and of whom you will be justly proud. He is the new bearer of a great and illustrious ancestry, and upon him depends the brilliant future of this realm. Sing and be merry!" The voices of the throngs, full of joy and thankfulness, flooded the sky with exhilarating song, welcoming the new tyrant who would affix the yoke of oppression to their necks by ruling the weak with bitter authority, and exploiting their bodies and killing their souls. For that destiny, the people were singing and drinking ecstatically to the heady of the new Emir.

Another child entered life and that kingdom at the same time. While the crowds were glorifying the strong and belittling themselves by singing praise to a potential despot, and while the angels of heaven were weeping over the people's weakness and servitude, a sick woman was thinking. She lived in an old, deserted hovel and, lying in her hard bed beside her newly born infant wrapped with ragged swaddles, was starving to death. She was a penurious and miserable young wife neglected by humanity; her husband had fallen into the trap of death set by the prince's oppression, leaving a solitary woman to whom God had sent, that night, a tiny companion to prevent her from working and sustaining life.

As the mass dispersed and silence was restored to the vicinity, the wretched

woman placed the infant on her lap and looked into his face and wept as if she were to baptize him with tears. And with a hunger weakened voice she spoke to the child saying, "Why have you left the spiritual world and come to share with me the bitterness of earthly life? Why have you deserted the angels and the spacious firmament and come to this miserable land of humans, filled with agony, oppression, and heartlessness? I have nothing to give you except tears; will you be nourished on tears instead of milk? I have no silk clothes to put on you; will my naked, shivering arms give you warmth? The little animals graze in the pasture and return safely to their shed; and the small birds pick the seeds and sleep placidly between the branches. But you, my beloved, have naught save a loving but destitute mother."

Then she took the infant to her withered breast and clasped her arms around him as if wanting to join the two bodies in one, as before. She lifted her burning eyes slowly toward heaven and cried, "God! Have mercy on my unfortunate countrymen!"

At that moment the clouds floated from the face of the moon, whose beams penetrated the transom of that poor home and fell upon two corpses

Two Wishes Xi



In the silence of the night Death descended from God toward the earth. He hovered above a city and pierced the dwellings with his eyes. He saw the spirits floating on wings of dreams, and the people who were surrendered to the Slumber.

When the moon fell below the horizon and the city became black, Death walked silently among the houses -- careful to touch nothing -- until he reached a palace. He entered through the bolted gates undisturbed, and stood by the rich man's bed; and as Death touched his forehead, the sleeper's eyes opened, showing great fright.

When he saw the specter, he summoned a voice mingled with fear and anger, and said, "God away, oh horrible dream; leave me, you dreadful ghost. Who are you? How did you enter this place? What do you want? Leave this place at once, for I am the lord of the house and will call my slaves and guards, and order them to kill you!"

Then Death spoke, softly but with smoldering thunder, "I am Death. Stand and bow!"

The man responded, "What do you want? What have you come here when I have not yet finished my affairs? What see you from strength such as mine? Go to the weak man, and take him away!"

"I loathe the sight of your bloody paws and hollow face, and my eyes take sick at your horrible ribbed wings and cadaverous body."

After a moment of fearful realization he added, "No, No, oh merciful Death! Mind

not talk, for even fear reveals what the heart forbids.

"Take a bushelful of my gold, or a handful of my slave's souls, but leave me. I have accounts with Life requiring settling; I have due from people much gold; my ships have not reached the harbor; my demand, but spare my life. Death, I own harems of supernatural beauty; your choice is my gift to you. Give heed, Death -- I have but one child, and I love him dearly for he is my only joy in this life. I offer supreme sacrifice -- take him, but spare me!"

Death murmured, "You are not rich, but pitifully poor." Then Death took the hand of that earthly slave, removed his reality, and gave to the angels the heavy task of correction.

And Death walked slowly amidst the dwellings of the poor until he reached the most miserable he could find. He entered and approached a bed upon which a youth slept fitfully. Death touched his eyes; the lad sprang up as he saw Death standing by, and, with a voice full of love and hope he said, "Here I am, my beautiful Death. Accept my soul, for you are the hope of my dreams. Be their accomplishment! Embrace me, oh beloved Death! You are merciful; do not leave me. You are God's messenger; deliver me to Him. You are the right hand of Truth and the heart of Kindness; do not neglect me.

"I have begged for you many times, but you did not come; I have sought you, but you avoided me; I called out to you, but you listened not. You hear me now -- embrace my soul, beloved Death!"

Death placed his softened hand upon the trembling lips, removed all reality, and enfolded it beneath his wings for secure conduct. And returning to the sky, Death looked back and whispered his warning:

"Only those return to Eternity
Who on earth seek out Eternity."

Vision X



There in the middle of the field, by the side of a crystalline stream, I saw a bird-cage whose rods and hinges were fashioned by an expert's hands. In one corner lay a dead bird, and in another were two basins -- one empty of water and the other of seeds. I stood there reverently, as if the lifeless bird and the murmur of the water were worthy of deep silence and respect -- something worth of examination and meditation by the heard and conscience.

As I engrossed myself in view and thought, I found that the poor creature had died of thirst beside a stream of water, and of hunger in the midst of a rich field, cradle of life; like a rich man locked inside his iron safe, perishing from hunger amid heaps of gold.

Before my eyes I saw the cage turned suddenly into a human skeleton, and the dead bird into a man's heart which was bleeding from a deep wound that looked like the lips of a sorrowing woman. A voice came from that wound saying, "I am the human heart, prisoner of substance and victim of earthly laws.

"In God's field of Beauty, at the edge of the stream of life, I was imprisoned in the cage of laws made by man.

"In the center of beautiful Creation I died neglected because I was kept from enjoying the freedom of God's bounty.

"Everything of beauty that awakens my love and desire is a disgrace, according to man's conceptions; everything of goodness that I crave is but naught, according to his judgment.

"I am the lost human heart, imprisoned in the foul dungeon of man's dictates, tied

with chains of earthly authority, dead and forgotten by laughing humanity whose tongue is tied and whose eyes are empty of visible tears."

All these words I heard, and I saw them emerging with a stream of ever thinning blood from that wounded heart.

More was said, but my misted eyes and crying should prevented further sight or hearing.

War



One night a feat was held in the palace, and there came a man and prostrated himself before the prince, and all the feasters looked upon him; and they saw that one of his eyes was out and that the empty socket bled. And the prince inquired of him, 'What has befallen you?' And the man replied, 'O prince, I am by profession a thief, and this night, because there was no moon, I went to rob the money-changer's shop, and as I climbed in through the window I made a mistake and entered the weaver's shop, and in the dark I ran into the weaver's loom and my eye was plucked out. And now, O prince, I ask for justice upon the weaver.'

Then the prince sent for the weaver and he came, and it was decreed that one of his eyes should be plucked out.

'O prince,' said the weaver, 'the decree is just. It is right that one of my eyes be taken. And yet, alas! both are necessary to me in order that I may see the two sides of the cloth that I weave. But I have a neighbour, a cobbler, who has also two eyes, and in his trade both eyes are not necessary.'

Then the prince sent for the cobbler. And he came. And they took out one of the cobbler's two eyes.

And justice was satisfied.

Yesterday And Today Xii



The gold-hoarder walked in his palace park and with him walked his troubles. And over his head hovered worries as a vulture hovers over a carcass, until he reached a beautiful lake surrounded by magnificent marble statuary.

He sat there pondering the water which poured from the mouths of the statues like thoughts flowing freely from a lover's imagination, and contemplating heavily his palace which stood upon a knoll like a birth-mark upon the cheek of a maiden. His fancy revealed to him the pages of his life's drama which he read with falling tears that veiled his eyes and prevented him from viewing man's feeble additions to Nature.

He looked back with piercing regret to the images of his early life, woven into pattern by the gods, until he could no longer control his anguish. He said aloud, "Yesterday I was grazing my sheep in the green valley, enjoying my existence, sounding my flute, and holding my head high. Today I am a prisoner of greed. Gold leads into gold, then into restlessness and finally into crushing misery.

"Yesterday I was like a singing bird, soaring freely here and there in the fields. Today I am a slave to fickle wealth, society's rules, and city's customs, and purchased friends, pleasing the people by conforming to the strange and narrow laws of man. I was born to be free and enjoy the bounty of life, but I find myself like a beast of burden so heavily laden with gold that his back is breaking.

"Where are the spacious plains, the singing brooks, the pure breeze, the closeness of Nature? Where is my deity? I have lost all! Naught remains save loneliness that saddens me, gold that ridicules me, slaves who curse to my back, and a palace that I have erected as a tomb for my happiness, and in whose greatness I have lost my heart.

"Yesterday I roamed the prairies and the hills together with the Bedouin's daughter; Virtue was our companion, Love our delight, and the moon our guardian. Today I am among women with shallow beauty who sell themselves for gold and diamonds.

"Yesterday I was carefree, sharing with the shepherds all the joy of life; eating, playing, working, singing, and dancing together to the music of the heart's truth. Today I find myself among the people like a frightened lamb among the wolves. As I walk in the roads, they gaze at me with hateful eyes and point at me with scorn and jealousy, and as I steal through the park I see frowning faces all about me.

"Yesterday I was rich in happiness and today I am poor in gold.

"Yesterday I was a happy shepherd looking upon his head as a merciful king looks with pleasure upon his contented subjects. Today I am a slave standing before my wealth, my wealth which robbed me of the beauty of life I once knew.

"Forgive me, my Judge! I did not know that riches would put my life in fragments and lead me into the dungeons of harshness and stupidity. What I thought was glory is naught but an eternal inferno."

He gathered himself wearily and walked slowly toward the palace, sighing and repeating, "Is this what people call wealth? Is this the god I am serving and worshipping? Is this what I seek of the earth? Why can I not trade it for one particle of contentment? Who would sell me one beautiful thought for a ton of gold? Who would give me one moment of love for a handful of gems? Who would grant me an eye that can see others' hearts, and take all my coffers in barter?"

As he reached the palace gates he turned and looked toward the city as Jeremiah gazed toward Jerusalem. He raised his arms in woeful lament and shouted, "Oh people of the noisome city, who are living in darkness, hastening toward misery, preaching falsehood, and speaking with stupidity...until when shall you remain ignorant? Until when shall you abide in the filth of life and continue to desert its gardens? Why wear you tattered robes of narrowness while the silk raiment of Nature's beauty is fashioned for you? The lamp of wisdom is dimming; it is time to

furnish it with oil. The house of true fortune is being destroyed; it is time to rebuild it and guard it. The thieves of ignorance have stolen the treasure of your peace; it is time to retake it!"

At that moment a poor man stood before him and stretched forth his hand for alms. As he looked at the beggar, his lips parted, his eyes brightened with a softness, and his face radiated kindness. It was as if the yesterday he had lamented by the lake had come to greet him. He embraced the pauper with affection and filled his hands with gold, and with a voice sincere with the sweetness of love he said, "Come back tomorrow and bring with you your fellow sufferers. All your possessions will be restored."

He entered his palace saying, "Everything in life is good; even gold, for it teaches a lesson. Money is like a stringed instrument; he who does not know how to use it properly will hear only discordant music. Money is like love; it kills slowly and painfully the one who withholds it, and it enlivens the other who turns it upon his fellow man."

Your Children



Your children are not your children.
They are the sons and daughters of Life's longing for itself.
They come through you but not from you.
And though they are with you, they belong not to you.
You may give them your love but not your thoughts.
For they have their own thoughts.
You may house their bodies but not their souls,
For their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow,
Which you cannot visit, not even in your dreams.
You may strive to be like them, but seek not to make them like you.
For life goes not backward nor tarries with yesterday.
You are the bows from which your children as living arrows are sent forth.
The archer sees the mark upon the path of the infinite.
And He bends you with His might that His arrows may go swift and far.
Let your bending in the archer's hands be for happiness;
For even as He loves the arrow that flies,
So He loves the bow that is stable.

Hindu

Tukaram



Tukaram
-1650

Sant Tukaram Maharaj also referred to as Santshreshta, Jagadguru, Tukoba and Tukobaraya, was a 17th-century Hindu poet and sant of the Bhakti movement in Maharashtra, India. He was part of the egalitarian, personalized Varkari devotionalism tradition. Wikipedia

Born: Dehu, India

Died: March 19, 1650, Dehu, India

Full name: Tukaram Bolhoba Ambile

Literary works: Tukaram Gatha

Guru: Babaji Chaitanya

Books: Tukā mhaṇe, One Hundred Poems of Tukaram, MORE

52

⁵² <https://www.azquotes.com/author/30386-Tukaram>

Quotes 1



- We must forget bodily consciousness like a deer which is infatuated by music.
We must look up to God, as the young ones of a tortoise look up to their mother.
As a fountain rises upwards, even so must one's spirit rise to God.
One should entertain no idea whatsoever, except that of God.
- Words are the only jewels I possess
Words are the only clothes I wear
Words are only the food that sustain my life
Words are the only wealth I distribute among people.
- I am looking for a poem that says Everything so I don't have to write anymore.

Lalleshwari



Lalleshwari
1320–1392

Lal Ded, known as Laleshwari in other parts of the subcontinent, was a Kashmiri mystic of the Kashmir Shaivism school of philosophy in the Indian subcontinent. She was the creator of the style of mystic poetry called vatsun or Vakhs, literally "speech". Wikipedia

Born: 1320, Kashmir, India

Died: 1392, Kashmir, India

Other name: Lalla, Lal Ded, Lal Diddi

Known for: Vatsun poetry

Books: I, Lalla: The Poems of Lal Ded, Lallā Vākyāni

53

⁵³ <http://www.koausa.org/KashmiriGems/LalDed1.html>

The Lalia of Padmanpora



The Lalia of Padmanpora,
Gulp by gulp Amrit who drank,
who saw Shiva face to face everywhere:
Grant me too that boon,
O. Lord Shiva!

Says Lalleshwari:

Shiva's present everywhere.
Where lies the creek to distinguish
Between a Hindu and a Mussalman?
Quick witted if you are,
Recognise yourself and realise God !

"Shiva is Omnipresent
Distinguish not between a Hindu
and a Mussalman"

For they say. 'Love begets love', and may I add 'Evil begets evil'.

And the latter is too contagious to control and disturbs the mind, raises tempers,
causes tensions, leading to violence that becomes a perpetual source of turmoil
and threat to life

Guru Shishya Discussion



The following discussion between the Guru and his disciples should be of interest to the reader:

Once, Lal Ded's husband approached her guru, Sedha Mol, requesting him to help make Lal Ded return home, The guru agreed and the discussions that took place included an interesting interlogue.

Husband:

No light equals the light of the sun,
No pilgrimage is there like the one
To the Ganga
No relative excels a brother, and
No comfort is there like that of a wife!

Sedha Mol:

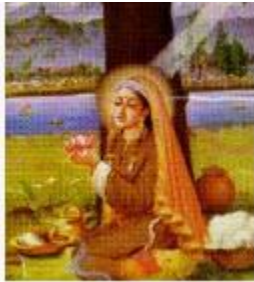
No, light parallels the light of
One's eyes;
No pilgrimage is there, like
The one, on one's knees.
No relative's better than one's own pocket, and
No comfort is there, like a warm blanket:

Lal Ded:

There is no light like
The knowledge of ultimate TRUTH,
No pilgrimage, like the one

of the love of the Supreme,
No relative like the Lord himself,

The Turning Point



Lalleshwari's bubbling desire of spiritualism and her innate leanings towards the spirit, had drawn her to a high ranking, reputed Sadaki and realised Yogni by Guru Sedha Mol as said before . He administered her with his Guru Shabad- (Guiding directive). This ultimately Proved to be her fuming point.

Says Lalleshwari.

My Guru gave me but one Gurashabad;
He told me to move within from without.
That hit my (Lalla's) Nail, on the head;
I realised myself and shed off the veil;
Self realised, I began to dance
In freedom.

My Guru whispered into my ear
But one Guru Shabad;
He asked me to seek myself
Within myself, not without,
The magic worked,
I become free and,
Began dancing in
Blissful Boom:

What use to me are
Those fives, tens-and elevens

Who lick cooking kettles and go away
If we gather together and pull
The same rope, in the same direction,
Then, how can a single cow
Elude eleven of us?

Thou are the sky, the earth and air,
Thou the day and night;
Thou art the grain, flowers and sandalwood,
Thee, the water, universe, all;
Then what remains to adorn thee with
O. Lord ?

No need's there of garden, flowers
Oil lamps, water or sesamum:
He, Go with faith and Bhakti
Heartily trusts his Guru's word.
And, of his own volition,
Contemplates on Shiva,
He'll do what he says
With ease

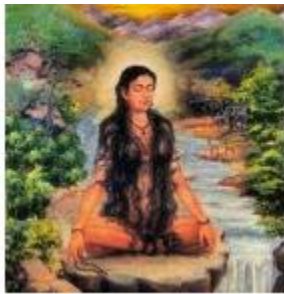
With a florist's heart and
Abiding faith,
Offer Him thy flowers of Bhakti:
In tune with sacred Mantras use
A 'Naeri Kalush ' to pour the nectar of
Obeisance on Him;
Thy mute prayers to Shiva'll thus
Heed, thy Soul:

Salvation 'ld I obtain
Even while living
A Social life, day and night:
Ever beloved of the gods are
Those, that live for others
(OR Those That are selfless :)

Exhausted I was, seeking myself
Within myself;
Co'cooned around me was
The secret of mystic knowledge
Tended and rocked it till
I attained my goal:
Found I there, pitchers and pitchers
Of nectar but, --- no drinkers

Thou art within me
And without:
I contemplated, scanned and
Analysed myself and thee:

Votary of Vegetarianism and critic of animal sacrifice



O, you dull pandit, you offer
A living ram to a lifeless stone,
It 'li cover you in woollens.
And shield you against cold;
It'll feed on water and natural grass,
And crumbs:
Who has advised you to sacrifice
A live-lamb as an offering
To a dead rock ?

The stone that forms the temple
and the prayer hall,
The very same stone forms
The sanctum sanctorum.

And the rolling mill:
Shiva is hard to reach,
Take the cue:

Sri Chinmoy



Sri Chinmoy
1931–2007

Chinmoy Kumar Ghose, better known as Sri Chinmoy , was an Indian spiritual leader who taught meditation in the West after moving to New York City in 1964. Chinmoy established his first meditation center in Queens, New York, and eventually had 7,000 students in 60 countries. Wikipedia

Born: August 27, 1931, Chattogram, Bangladesh

Died: October 11, 2007, Jamaica, New York, NY

Parents: Shashi Kumar Ghosh, Yogamaya Ghosh

Sib

54

⁵⁴ https://www.azquotes.com/author/2821-Sri_Chinmoy



- Judge nothing, you will be happy. Forgive everything, you will be happier. Love everything, you will be happiest.
 - Peace begins When expectation ends.
 - Be sincere in your thoughts, Be pure in your feelings. You will not have to run after happiness. Happiness will run after you.
 - Silence is not silent. Silence speaks. It speaks most eloquently. Silence is not still. Silence leads. It leads most perfectly.
 - Gratitude is the sweetest thing in a seeker's life- in all human life. If there is gratitude in your heart, then there will be tremendous sweetness in your eyes.
 - A spiritually established life is not an easy task. But a materially satisfied life is an impossible task.
-
- True inner joy is self-created It does not rely on any outer circumstances A river is flowing in and through you carrying the message of joy. This divine joy is the sole purpose of life.
 - Your soul has a special mission. Your soul is supremely conscious of it. Maya, illusion or forgetfulness, makes you feel that you are finite, weak and helpless. This is not true. You are not the body. You are not the senses. You are not the mind. These are all limited. You are the soul, which is unlimited. Your soul is infinitely powerful. Your soul defies all time and space.
 - There is no greater miracle than our conscious efforts to become good human beings.
 - If you have true gratitude, it will express itself automatically. It will be visible in your eyes, around your being, in your aura. It is like the fragrance of a flower. In most cases if there is a beautiful flower, the fragrance will be there naturally. The flower and its fragrance cannot be separated.

- Ignorance is an enemy, even to its owner.
Knowledge is a friend, even to its hater.
Ignorance hates knowledge because it is too pure.
Knowledge fears ignorance because it is too sure.



- Listen to the inner light;
It will guide you.
Listen to the inner Peace;
It will feed you.
Listen to the inner Love;
It will transform you,
It will divinise you,
It will immortalise you.
- Do not Blame the world. Find a solution.
- Be happy! God sees in you another God. God sees you as another God. God sees you and He as One.
- The difficulty is that we try to perfect others before we perfect ourselves.
- If you want to remain always happy,
Always perfect and always fulfilled,
Then always keep inside your heart
A pocketful of sweet dreams.
- To inspire others
Is to be immediately rich
In the inner world.
- Keep an open heart
To allow the world
Lovingly and faithfully
To come in.
- The inner light actually comes from the soul; it is already inside us. The moment we can have free access to our soul, we will see that this light is coming to the fore to permeate our whole outer existence.

- Unless and until we have peace deep within us, we can never hope to have peace in the outer world. You and I create the world by the vibrations that we offer to it. If we can invoke peace and then offer it to somebody else, we will see how peace expands from one to two persons, and gradually to the world at large. Peace will come about in the world from the perfection of individuals. If you have peace, I have peace, he has peace, and she has peace, then automatically universal peace will dawn.
- It is not human nature to enjoy what we get with no effort.
- If we feel inwardly strong, we will have no need or desire to speak ill of others.
- I compete only with myself, and I try to become a better human being. This is my goal.
- The greatest misfortune that can come to a human being is to lose his inner peace. No outer force can rob him of it. It is his own thoughts, his own actions, that rob him of it.

Ramakrishna



Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa Ramkrishṇo Pôromôhongsó; 18 February 1836 – 16 August 1886, born Ramakrishna "Gadadhar" Chattopadhyay, was an Indian Hindu mystic, philosopher, saint and considered as an avatar by many in 19th century Bengal. Wikipedia

Born: February 18, 1836, Kamarpukur, India

Died: August 16, 1886, Cossipore, Kolkata, India

Full name: Gadadhar Chattopadhyay

Spouse: Sarada Devi (m. 1859–1886)

55

⁵⁵ <https://www.azquotes.com/author/12055-Ramakrishna>



- The sun can give heat and light to the whole world, but he cannot do so when the clouds shut out his rays. Similarly as long as egotism veils the heart, God cannot shine upon it.
- All troubles come to an end when the ego dies
- All religions are true. God can be reached by different religions. Many rivers flow by many ways but they fall into the sea. They all are one.
- There are three kinds of love;
unselfish, mutual, and selfish.
The unselfish love is of the highest kind;
The lover only minds the welfare of the beloved and does not care for his own sufferings.
In mutual love the lover not only wants the happiness of his beloved;
but has an eye towards his own happiness also. It is middling.
The selfish love is the lowest. It only looks towards its own happiness,
no matter whether the beloved suffers weal or woe.
- The supreme purpose and goal for human life... is to cultivate love.
- Sugar and sand may be mixed together, but the ant rejects the sand and goes off with the sugar grain; so pious men lift the good from the bad.
- Only two kinds of people can attain self-knowledge: those who are not encumbered at all with learning, that is to say, whose minds are not overcrowded with thoughts borrowed from others; and those who, after studying all the scriptures and sciences, have come to realise that they know nothing.
- It is easy to talk on religion, but difficult to practice it.
- If you want to go east, don't go west.
- God laughs on two occasions. He laughs when the physician says to the patient's mother, 'Don't be afraid, mother; I shall certainly cure your boy.' God laughs, saying to Himself, 'I am going to take his life, and this man says he will save it!'

The physician thinks he is the master, forgetting that God is the Master. God laughs again when two brothers divide their land with a string, saying to each other, 'This side is mine and that side is yours.' He laughs and says to Himself, 'The whole universe belongs to Me, but they say they own this portion or that portion.'

- A boat may stay in water, but water should not stay in boat. A spiritual aspirant may live in the world, but the world should not live within him.

Quotes 2



- Spirituality automatically leads to humility. When a flower develops into a fruit, the petals drop off on its own. When one becomes spiritual, the ego vanishes gradually on its own. A tree laden with fruits always bends low. Humility is a sign of greatness.
- As long as I live, so long do I learn.
- Different people call on [God] by different names: some as Allah, some as God, and others as Krishna, Siva, and Brahman. It is like the water in a lake. Some drink it at one place and call it 'jal', others at another place and call it 'pani', and still others at a third place and call it 'water'. The Hindus call it 'jal', the Christians 'water', and the Moslems 'pani'. But it is one and the same thing.
- Wisdom leads to unity, but ignorance to separation.
So long as God seems to be outside and far away, there is ignorance.
But when God is realised within, that is true knowledge.
- The winds of grace are always blowing, but you have to raise the sail.
- The tree laden with fruits always bends low. If you wish to be great, be lowly and meek.
- God is in all men, but all men are not in God; that is why we suffer.
- One cannot be spiritual as long as one has shame, hatred, or fear.
- To work without attachment is to work without the expectation of reward.
- Take the case of the infinite ocean. There is no limit to its water. Suppose a pot is immersed in it: there is water both inside and outside the pot. The jnani sees that

both inside and outside there is nothing but Paramatman. Then what is this pot? It is 'I-consciousness'. Because of the pot the water appears to be divided into two parts; because of the pot you seem to perceive an inside and an outside. One feels that way as long as this pot of 'I' exists. When the 'I' disappears, what is remains. That cannot be described in words.

- The world is impermanent. One should constantly remember death.
- Have love for everyone, no one is other than you.
- An ocean of bliss may rain down from the heavens, but if you hold up only a thimble, that is all you receive
- Unless one always speaks the truth, one cannot find God Who is the soul of truth.

Swami Vivekananda



Swami Vivekananda, born Narendranath Datta, was an Indian Hindu monk, a chief disciple of the 19th-century Indian mystic Ramakrishna. Wikipedia

Born: January 12, 1863, Kolkata, India

Died: July 4, 1902, Belur, India

Guru: Ramakrishna

Education: Scottish Church College (1884), Vidyasagar College (1871–1877), Presidency University, University of Calcutta

⁵⁶ https://www.azquotes.com/author/15121-Swami_Vivekananda



- Everything is easy when you are busy. But nothing is easy when you are lazy.
- Persevere on, my brave lads, We have only just begun. Never despond! Never say enough!
- No cowardice, no sin, no crime, no weakness - the rest will come of itself. . .
- True progress is slow but sure.
- The past was great no doubt, but I sincerely believe that the future will be more glorious still.
- As the different streams, having their sources in different places, all mingle their water in the sea; O Lord, so the different paths which men take through different tendencies, various though they appear, crooked or straight, all lead to Thee.
- Never say any man is hopeless, because he only represents a character, a bundle of habits, which can be checked by new and better ones. Character is repeated habits, and repeated habits alone can reform character.
- Never say NO, Never say, 'I cannot', for you are INFINITE. All the power is WITHIN you. You can do anything.
- You are incarnations of God, all of you. You are incarnations of the Almighty, Omnipresent, Divine Principle. You may laugh at me now, but the time will come when you will understand. You must. Nobody will be left behind.
- If the whole responsibility is thrown upon our own shoulders, we shall be at our highest and best; when we have nobody to grope towards, no devil to lay our blame upon, no Personal God to carry our burdens, when we are alone responsible, then we shall rise to our highest and best. I am responsible for my fate, I am the bringer of good unto myself, I am the bringer of evil.
- Do not lower your goals to the level of your abilities. Instead, raise your abilities to the height of your goals.

- All the forces that are working in this body have been produced out of food; we see that every day.
- Never even attempt to disturb anyone's tendencies.
- Do you think there is any other means of achieving progress except through Rajas?

-

Quotes 2



- No one is ever really taught by another; each of us has to teach himself. The external teacher offers only the suggestion, which arouses the internal teacher, who helps us to understand things.
- Take Risks in Your Life If you Win, U Can Lead! If You Lose, You can Guide!
- The Indian mind is first religious, then anything else. So this is to be strengthened.
- The great Vaishnava religion of India has also sprung from a Tamil Pariah - Shathakopa - "who was a dealer in winnowing-fans but was a Yogin all the while".
- We are for ever trying to make our weakness look like strength, our sentiment like love, our cowardice like courage, and so on.
- When I Asked God for Strength He Gave Me Difficult Situations to Face When I Asked God for Brain & Brawn He Gave Me Puzzles in Life to Solve When I Asked God for Happiness He Showed Me Some Unhappy People When I Asked God for Wealth He Showed Me How to Work Hard When I Asked God for Favors He Showed Me Opportunities to Work Hard When I Asked God for Peace He Showed Me How to Help Others God Gave Me Nothing I Wanted He Gave Me Everything I Needed.
- Our first duty is not to hate ourselves, because to advance we must have faith in ourselves first and then in God. Those who have no faith in themselves can never have faith in God.

- Talk to yourself atleast once in a Day.. Otherwise you may miss a meeting with an EXCELLENT person in this World.
- Mind you, there is no value in learning. You are all mistaken in learning. The only value of knowledge is in the strengthening, the disciplining, of the mind.
- Even the greatest fool can accomplish a task if it be after his heart. But the intelligent man is he who can convert every work into one that suits his taste. No work is petty. Everything in this world is like a banyan seed, which, though appearing tiny as a mustard seed, has yet the gigantic banyan tree latent with it. He indeed is intelligent who notices this and succeeds in making all work truly great.
- Man always is perfect, or he never could become so; but he had to realise it.

Mahatma Gandhi



Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi was an Indian lawyer, anti-colonial nationalist, and political ethicist, who employed nonviolent resistance to lead the successful campaign for India's independence from British Rule, and in turn inspire movements for civil rights and freedom across the world. Wikipedia

Born: October 2, 1869, Porbandar, India

Full name: Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi

Assassinated: January 30, 1948, New Delhi, India

Spouse: Kasturba Gandhi (m. 1883–1944)

57

⁵⁷ https://www.azquotes.com/author/5308-Mahatma_Gandhi

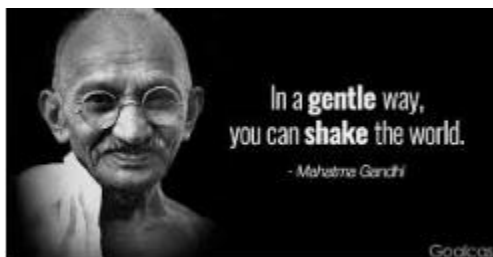


- Carefully watch your thoughts, for they become your words. Manage and watch your words, for they will become your actions. Consider and judge your actions, for they have become your habits. Acknowledge and watch your habits, for they shall become your values. Understand and embrace your values, for they become your destiny.
- Relationships are based on four principles: respect, understanding, acceptance and appreciation.
- There are two days in the year that we can not do anything, yesterday and tomorrow
- Many people, especially ignorant people, want to punish you for speaking the truth, for being correct, for being you. Never apologize for being correct, or for being years ahead of your time. If you're right and you know it, speak your mind. Speak your mind. Even if you are a minority of one, the truth is still the truth.
- The true measure of any society can be found in how it treats its most vulnerable members
- Keep your thoughts positive because your thoughts become your words. Keep your words positive because your words become your behavior. Keep your behavior positive because your behavior becomes your habits. Keep your habits positive because your habits become your values. Keep your values positive because your values become your destiny.
- A customer is the most important visitor on our premises. He is not dependent on us. We are dependent on him. He is not an interruption in our work. He is the purpose of it. He is not an outsider in our business. He is part of it. We are not

doing him a favor by serving him. He is doing us a favor by giving us an opportunity to do so.

- If you want to change the world, start with yourself.
- When I despair, I remember that all through history the way of truth and love has always won. There have been tyrants and murderers and for a time they seem invincible, but in the end, they always fall... think of it, always.
- Live as if you were to die tomorrow. Learn as if you were to live forever.
-

Quotes 2



- The world is big enough to satisfy everyones needs, but will always be too small to satisfy everyones greed
-
- Strength does not come from physical capacity. It comes from an indomitable will.
- Anger and intolerance are the enemies of correct understanding. The best way to find yourself is to lose yourself in the service of others. You must be the change you wish to see in the world.
- In the midst of darkness, light persists.
- The best way to find yourself is to lose yourself in the service of others.
- It is for us to make the effort. The result is always in God's hands.
- Where there is only a choice between cowardice and violence, I would advise violence.
- You may never know what results come of your actions, but if you do nothing, there will be no results.
- In a gentle way, you can shake the world.
- Be the change you are trying to create.
- Nothing has saddened me so much in life as the hardness of heart of educated people.
- Your future depends on what you do today.
-

It is health that is real wealth and not pieces of gold and silver.

- Let your life be your message.

Rabindranath Tagore



Rabindranath
Tagore
1861–1941

Poet

Description Rabindranath Tagore FRAS, also known by his pen name Bhanu Singha Thakur, and also known by his sobriquets Gurudev, Kabiguru, and Biswakabi, was a polymath, poet, musician, artist and ayurveda-researcher from the Indian subcontinent. Wikipedia

Born: May 7, 1861, Kolkata, India

Died: August 7, 1941, Jorasanko Thakur Bari, Kolkata, India

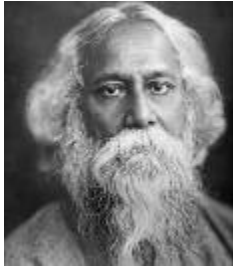
Artworks: Dancing Woman, Woman's Face, MORE

On view: National Gallery of Modern Art

Poems: Gitanjali, Chitto Jetha Bhayshunyo, Dui Bigha Jomi, Birpurush, Vocation

58

Clouds And Waves



Mother, the folk who live up in the clouds call out to me-
"We play from the time we wake till the day ends.
We play with the golden dawn, we play with the silver moon."
I ask, "But how am I to get up to you ?"
They answer, "Come to the edge of the earth, lift up your
hands to the sky, and you will be taken up into the clouds."
"My mother is waiting for me at home, "I say, "How can I leave
her and come?"
Then they smile and float away.
But I know a nicer game than that, mother.
I shall be the cloud and you the moon.
I shall cover you with both my hands, and our house-top will
be the blue sky.
The folk who live in the waves call out to me-
"We sing from morning till night; on and on we travel and know
not where we pass."
I ask, "But how am I to join you?"
They tell me, "Come to the edge of the shore and stand with
your eyes tight shut, and you will be carried out upon the waves."
I say, "My mother always wants me at home in the everything-
how can I leave her and go?"
They smile, dance and pass by.
But I know a better game than that.
I will be the waves and you will be a strange shore.
I shall roll on and on and on, and break upon your lap with
laughter.
And no one in the world will know where we both are.

Colored Toys



When I bring to you colored toys, my child,
I understand why there is such a play of colors on clouds, on water,
and why flowers are painted in tints
---when I give colored toys to you, my child.

When I sing to make you dance
I truly now why there is music in leaves,
and why waves send their chorus of voices to the heart of the listening earth
---when I sing to make you dance.

When I bring sweet things to your greedy hands
I know why there is honey in the cup of the flowers
and why fruits are secretly filled with sweet juice
---when I bring sweet things to your greedy hands.

When I kiss your face to make you smile, my darling,
I surely understand what pleasure streams from the sky in morning light,
and what delight that is that is which the summer breeze brings to my body
---when I kiss you to make you smile.

Death



O thou the last fulfilment of life,
Death, my death, come and whisper to me!

Day after day I have kept watch for thee;
for thee have I borne the joys and pangs of life.

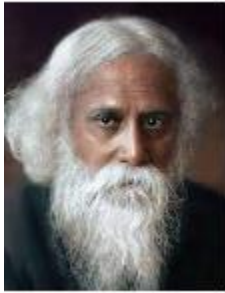
All that I am, that I have, that I hope and all my love
have ever flowed towards thee in depth of secrecy.

One final glance from thine eyes
and my life will be ever thine own.

The flowers have been woven
and the garland is ready for the bridegroom.

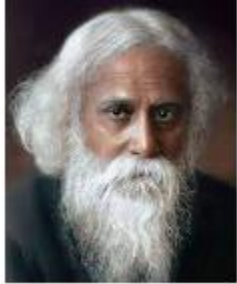
After the wedding the bride shall leave her home
and meet her lord alone in the solitude of night.

Defamation



Why are those tears in your eyes, my child?
How horrid of them to be always scolding you for nothing!
You have stained your fingers and face with ink while writing-
is that why they call you dirty?
O, fie! Would they dare to call the full moon dirty because
it has smudged its face with ink?
For every little trifle they blame you, my child. They are
ready to find fault for nothing.
You tore your clothes while playing-is that why they call you
untidy?
O, fie! What would they call an autumn morning that smiles
through its ragged clouds?
Take no heed of what they say to you, my child.
They make a long list of your misdeeds.
Everybody knows how you love sweet things-is that why they
call you greedy?
O, fie! What then would they call us who love you?

Distant Time



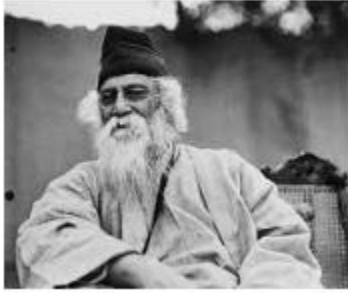
I know not from what distant time
thou art ever coming nearer to meet me.
Thy sun and stars can never keep thee hidden from me for aye.

In many a morning and eve thy footsteps have been heard
and thy messenger has come within my heart and called me in secret.

I know not only why today my life is all astir,
and a feeling of tremulous joy is passing through my heart.

It is as if the time were come to wind up my work,
and I feel in the air a faint smell of thy sweet presence.

Dungeon



He whom I enclose with my name is weeping in this dungeon.
I am ever busy building this wall all around; and as this wall goes up into
the sky day by day I lose sight of my true being in its dark shadow.

I take pride in this great wall, and I plaster it with dust and sand
lest a least hole should be left in this name;
and for all the care I take I lose sight of my true being.

Distant Time



I know not from what distant time
thou art ever coming nearer to meet me.
Thy sun and stars can never keep thee hidden from me for aye.

In many a morning and eve thy footsteps have been heard
and thy messenger has come within my heart and called me in secret.

I know not only why today my life is all astir,
and a feeling of tremulous joy is passing through my heart.

It is as if the time were come to wind up my work,
and I feel in the air a faint smell of thy sweet presence.

Endless Time



Time is endless in thy hands, my lord.
There is none to count thy minutes.

Days and nights pass and ages bloom and fade like flowers.
Thou knowest how to wait.

Thy centuries follow each other perfecting a small wild flower.

We have no time to lose,
and having no time we must scramble for a chance.
We are too poor to be late.

And thus it is that time goes by
while I give it to every querulous man who claims it,
and thine altar is empty of all offerings to the last.

At the end of the day I hasten in fear lest thy gate be shut;
but I find that yet there is time.

Face To Face



Day after day, O lord of my life,
shall I stand before thee face to face.
With folded hands, O lord of all worlds,
shall I stand before thee face to face.

Under thy great sky in solitude and silence,
with humble heart shall I stand before thee face to face.

In this laborious world of thine, tumultuous with toil
and with struggle, among hurrying crowds
shall I stand before thee face to face.

And when my work shall be done in this world,
O King of kings, alone and speechless
shall I stand before thee face to face.

Fairyland



If people came to know where my king's palace is, it would vanish into the air.

The walls are of white silver and the roof of shining gold.

The queen lives in a palace with seven courtyards, and she wears a jewel that cost all the wealth of seven kingdoms.

But let me tell you, mother, in a whisper, where my king's palace is.

It is at the corner of our terrace where the pot of the tulsi plant stands.

The princess lies sleeping on the far-away shore of the seven impassable seas.

There is none in the world who can find her but myself.

She has bracelets on her arms and pearl drops in her ears; her hair sweeps down upon the floor.

She will wake when I touch her with my magic wand and jewels will fall from her lips when she smiles.

But let me whisper in your ear, mother; she is there in the corner of our terrace where the pot of the tulsi plant stands.

When it is time for you to go to the river for your bath, step up to that terrace on the roof.

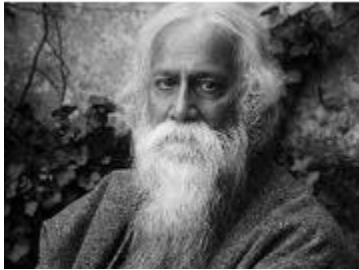
I sit in the corner where the shadow of the walls meet together.

Only puss is allowed to come with me, for she know where the barber in the story lives.

But let me whisper, mother, in your ear where the barber in the story lives.

It is at the corner of the terrace where the pot of the tulsi plant stands.

Farewell



I have got my leave. Bid me farewell, my brothers!
I bow to you all and take my departure.

Here I give back the keys of my door
---and I give up all claims to my house.
I only ask for last kind words from you.

We were neighbors for long,
but I received more than I could give.
Now the day has dawned
and the lamp that lit my dark corner is out.
A summons has come and I am ready for my journey.

Ramana Maharshi



Ramana Maharshi was an Indian Hindu sage and jivanmukta. He was born Venkataraman Iyer, but is most commonly known by the name Bhagavan Sri Ramana Maharshi. He was born in Tiruchuli, Tamil Nadu, India. Wikipedia

Born: December 30, 1879, Tiruchuli, India

Died: April 14, 1950, Sri Ramanasramam, Tiruvannamalai, India

Guru: Arunachala

Literary works: Nān Yār? ("Who am I?"); Five Hymns to Arunachala

59



- Whatever is destined not to happen will not happen, try as you may. Whatever is destined to happen will happen, do what you may to prevent it. This is certain. The best course, therefore, is to remain silent.
- The question 'Who am I?' is not really meant to get an answer, the question 'Who am I?' is meant to dissolve the questioner.
- Thoughts come and go. Feelings come and go. Find out what it is that remains.
- Correcting oneself is correcting the whole world. The Sun is simply bright. It does not correct anyone. Because it shines, the whole world is full of light. Transforming yourself is a means of giving light to the whole world.
- Why should you trouble yourself about the future? You do not even properly know about the present. Take care of the present, the future will take care of itself.
- Silence is truth. Silence is bliss. Silence is peace. And hence Silence is the Self.
- There is neither past nor future. There is only the present. Yesterday was the present to you when you experienced it, and tomorrow will be also the present when you experience it. Therefore, experience takes place only in the present, and beyond experience nothing exists.
- Your true nature is that of infinite spirit. The feeling of limitation is the work of the mind.
- Peace is the inner nature of humankind. If you find it within yourself, you will then find it everywhere.
- No one succeeds without effort... Those who succeed owe their success to perseverance.
- One should remain as a witness to whatever happens, adopting the attitude, 'Let whatever strange things that happens happen, let us see!' This should be one's practice. Nothing happens by accident in the divine scheme of things.

- ...the Lord of the Universe carries the entire burden of this world. You imagine you do. You can hand all your burdens over to His care. Whatever you have to do, you will be made an instrument for doing it at the right time. Do not think you cannot do it unless you have the desire to do it. Desire does not give you the strength for doing. The entire strength is the Lord's.

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Quotes 2



- You are awareness. Awareness is another name for you. Since you are awareness there is no need to attain or cultivate it. All that you have to do is to give up being aware of other things, that is of the not-Self. If one gives up being aware of them then pure awareness alone remains, and that is the Self.
- Take refuge in silence. You can be here or there or anywhere. Fixed in silence, established in the inner 'I', you can be as you are. The world will never perturb you if you are well founded upon the tranquility within. Gather your thoughts within. Find out the thought centre and discover your Self-equipoise. In storm and turmoil be calm and silent. Watch the events around as a witness. The world is a drama. Be a witness, intuned and introspective.
- The entire Universe is condensed in the body, and the entire body in the Heart. Thus the Heart is the nucleus of the whole Universe.
- Beyond the belief that something can be lost, there is nothing to lose.
- You are already That which you seek.
- You are the Supreme Being, and yet thinking yourself to be separate from it, you strive to become united with it. What is stranger than this?
- Silence is never-ending speech. Vocal speech obstructs the other speech of silence. In silence one is in intimate contact with the surroundings. Language is only a medium for communicating one's thoughts to another. Silence is ever speaking.

- The master is within; meditation is meant to remove the ignorant idea that he is only outside. If he is a stranger whom you await, he is bound to disappear also. What is the use of a transient being like that? But so long as you think you are separate or that you are the body, an external master is also necessary and he will appear to have a body. When the wrong identification of oneself with the body ceases, the master will be found to be none other than the Self.
- Place your burden at the feet of the Lord of the universe who is ever victorious and accomplishes everything. Remain all the time steadfast in the heart, in the Transcendental Absolute. God knows the past, present and future. He will determine the future for you and accomplish the work. What is to be done will be done at the proper time. Don't worry. Abide in the heart and surrender your acts to the Divine.
- Apart from the body does the world exist? Has anyone seen the world without the body?
- The world is so unhappy because it is ignorant of the true Self. Man's real nature is happiness. Happiness is inborn in the true Self. Man's search for happiness is an unconscious search for his true Self. The true Self is imperishable; therefore, when a man finds it, he finds a happiness which does not come to an end.
- Engage yourself in the living present. The future will take care of itself.

Paramahansa Yogananda



Paramahansa Yogananda was an Indian monk, yogi and guru who lived his last 32 years in America. He introduced millions to the teachings of meditation and Kriya Yoga through his organization Self-Realization Fellowship / Yogoda Satsanga Society of India. Wikipedia

Born: January 5, 1893, Gorakhpur, India

Died: March 7, 1952, Millennium Biltmore Hotel Los Angeles, Los Angeles, CA

Guru: Swami Sri Yukteswar Giri

Buried: Forest Lawn, CA ⁶⁰

⁶⁰ https://www.azquotes.com/author/16067-Paramahansa_Yogananda



- Change yourself and you have done your part in changing the world
- Millions of people never analyze themselves. Mentally they are mechanical products of the factory of their environment, preoccupied with breakfast, lunch, and dinner, working and sleeping, and going here and there to be entertained. They don't know what or why they are seeking, nor why they never realize complete happiness and lasting satisfaction. By evading self-analysis, people go on being robots, conditioned by their environment. True self-analysis is the greatest art of progress.
- If you want to be sad, no one in the world can make you happy. But if you make up your mind to be happy, no one and nothing on earth can take that happiness from you.
- Don't depend on death to liberate you from your imperfections. You are exactly the same after death as you were before. Nothing changes; you only give up the body. If you are a thief or a liar or a cheater before death, you don't become an angel merely by dying. If such were possible, then let us all go and jump in the ocean now and become angels at once! Whatever you have made of yourself thus far, so will you be hereafter. And when you reincarnate, you will bring that same nature with you. To change, you have to make the effort. This world is the place to do it.
- Let my soul smile through my heart and my heart smile through my eyes, that I may scatter rich smiles in sad hearts.
- The secret of health for both mind and body is not to mourn for the past, worry about the future, or anticipate troubles, but to live in the present moment wisely and earnestly. . . Live each moment completely and the future will take care of itself. Fully enjoy the wonder and beauty of each moment.
- In the state of love, no matter what you do, it's going to be good.

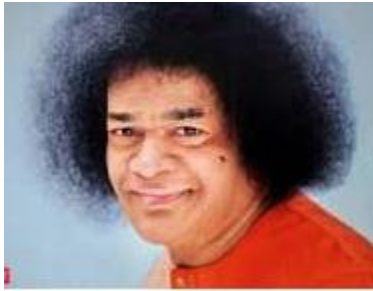
- When the mind is calm, how quickly, how smoothly, how beautifully you will perceive everything.
- It is spiritual poverty, not material lack, that lies at the core of all human suffering.



- It is not your passing thoughts or brilliant ideas so much as your plain everyday habits that control your life....Live simply. Don't get caught in the machine of the world— it is too exacting. By the time you get what you are seeking your nerves are gone, the heart is damaged, and the bones are aching. Resolve to develop your spiritual powers more earnestly from now on. Learn the art of right living. If you have joy you have everything,so learn to be glad and contented....Have happiness now.
- Be kind to others, so that you may learn the secret art of being kind to yourself.
- I am a spark from the Infinite.
I am not flesh and bones.
I am light.
- Mind is the creator of everything. You should therefore guide it to create only good. If you cling to a certain thought with dynamic will power, it finally assumes a tangible outward form. When you are able to employ your will always for constructive purposes, you become the controller of your destiny.
- Live quietly in the moment and see the beauty of all before you. The future will take care of itself.
- Fearlessness means faith in God: faith in his protection, His justice, His wisdom, His mercy, His love, and His Omnipresence... To be fit for Self-realization man must be fearless.
- Most of the world is like a mental hospital. Some persons are sick with jealousy, others with anger, hatred, passion. They are victims of their habits and emotions. But you can make your home a place of peace.
- Never count your faults. Just see that your love for God is deeply sincere. For God doesn't mind your imperfections: He minds your indifference.

- Meet everybody and every circumstance on the battlefield of life with the courage of a hero and the smile of a conqueror.
- Be honest with yourself. The world is not honest with you. The world loves hypocrisy. When you are honest with yourself you find the road to inner peace.
- In the spiritual life one becomes just like a little child, without resentment, without attachment, full of life and joy.

Sathya Sai Baba



Sathya Sai Baba was an Indian guru and philanthropist. At the age of fourteen he claimed that he was the reincarnation of Shirdi Sai Baba, and encouraged his followers to believe the same. Wikipedia

Born: November 23, 1926, Puttaparthi, India

Died: April 24, 2011, Puttaparthi, India

Full name: Sathyanarayana Raju

Buried: April 27, 2011, Prashanthi Nilayam, Anantapur, India

61

⁶¹ https://www.azquotes.com/author/18948-Sathya_Sai_Baba



- Life is a challenge, meet it! Life is a dream, realize it! Life is a game, play it! Life is love, enjoy it!
- There is only one caste... the caste of humanity. There is only one religion... the religion of love. There is only one language... the language of the heart.
- You are not one person, but three: The one you think you are; The one others think you are; The one you really are.
- Do not contemplate on death; it is just an incident in life; contemplate on God, who is the master of all life.
- Once we surrender our mind to God completely, He will take care of us in every way.
- Most important, do not ever think that you and God are separate. Think always, "God is with me; He is inside me; He is around me. All there is is God. I myself am God. I am the Infinite, the Eternal. I am not two; I am one, only one. There is no one else besides me. I and God are one and the same." To realize this Unity, the first step is to develop Self-confidence. It comes when you realize that God is not outside of you.
- Start the day with love, spend the day with love, fill the day with love and end the day with love. That is the way to God.
- The secret of perfect health lies in keeping the mind always cheerful - never worried, never hurried, never borne down by any fear, thought or anxiety.
- The secret of happiness is not in doing what you like but in liking what you have to do.
- Travel light, Arrive quickly.
- Old age is the fourth stage. By the time one reaches this stage of his journey, he must have discovered that the joys available in this world are trivial and fleeting. He must be equipped with the higher knowledge of spiritual joy, available through delving into the inner spring of Bliss. Through his experiences, his heart must have softened and be filled with compassion. He has to be engrossed in promoting the

progress of all beings without distinction. And he must be eager to share with others the knowledge he has accumulated and the benefit of his experiences.

- Do good, be good and see good. Do everything with love.
- You are always your own best guru, your own best teacher, the answers are always inside you.
- Love all. Serve all. Help ever. Hurt never.

Quotes 2



- See with the eyes of love, / Hear with the ears of love / Work with the hands of love, / Think thoughts of love / Feel love in every nerve.
- The body is just a water bubble. The mind is like a mad monkey. Do not follow either the body or the mind. Follow the Conscience. It is above the mind. It is permanent. It is the voice of God, the voice of unchanging truth inside you.
- As close as you are to God, so close is God to you.
- Learn to speak what you feel, and act what you speak.
- Anger, ego, jealousy are the biggest diseases, Keep yourself aloof from these three diseases.
- No one wants to take from me what I give abundantly.
- When asked where God is, people point towards the sky or some far and distant region: no wonder then that He does not manifest Himself! Realize that He is in you, with you, behind you, and all around you; and He can be seen and felt everywhere.
- Breaking the cycle takes time. Be Patient and Gentle with yourself. Set long term goals. And be persistent! Remember to Stretch, Laugh and be Unshakable!
- Every experience is a lesson. Every loss is a gain.
- I - Want - Peace, I is ego, Want is desire; Remove ego and desire and you have peace.

Rajneesh



Rajneesh, also known as Acharya Rajneesh, Bhagwan Shri Rajneesh, and later as Osho, was an Indian godman and founder of the Rajneesh movement. During his lifetime he was viewed as a controversial new religious movement leader and mystic. Wikipedia

Born: December 11, 1931, Raisen, India

Died: January 19, 1990, Pune, India

Full name: Chandra Mohan Jain

TV shows: Wild Wild Country

Albums: Gourishankar Meditation, MORE

62



- Become more and more innocent, less knowledgeable and more childlike. Take life as fun - because that's precisely what it is!
- The whole of existence is dancing, except man. The whole of existence is in a very relaxed movement; movement there is, certainly, but it is utterly relaxed. Trees are growing and birds are chirping and rivers are flowing, stars are moving: everything is going in a very relaxed way. No hurry, no haste, no worry, and no waste. Except man. Man has fallen a victim of his mind.
- Discover yourself, otherwise you have to depend on other people's opinions who don't know themselves.
- Nobody is superior, nobody is inferior, but nobody is equal either. People are simply unique, incomparable. You are you, I am I.
- You are not accidental. The world needs you. Without you, something will be missing in existence and nobody can replace it.
- The real thing is that you are suffering from your expectations. When they are not fulfilled - and they are never going to be fulfilled - frustration arises, failure arises, and you feel neglected, as if existence does not care for you. Drop expectations for the future. Remain open, remain available to whatsoever happens, but don't plan ahead. Don't make any psychological, fixed ideas about the future - that things should be like this - and much more suffering will disappear.
- We never ask the meaning of life when we are in love.
- If you love a flower, don't pick it up. Because if you pick it up it dies and it ceases to be what you love. So if you love a flower, let it be. Love is not about possession. Love is about appreciation.
- If you wish to see the truth, then hold no opinion for or against.
- Come out of the masses. Stand alone like a lion and live your life according to your own light.
- NOW is the only reality. All else is either memory or imagination.

- Don't think in terms of comfort; think in terms of freedom. Don't think in terms of safety, think in terms of being more alive. And the only way to be more alive is to live dangerously, is to risk, is to go on an adventure. And the greatest adventure is not going to the moon - the greatest adventure is going to your own innermost core.
 - If love can not keep you together, nothing else can keep you together. And if
- Quotes 2



- We remain unnecessarily worried. All worries are futile because that which is going to happen is going to happen.
- Everything comes out of nothingness and goes back into nothingness. Hence there is no need for attachment, because attachment will bring misery. Soon it will be gone. The flower that has blossomed in the morning, by the evening will be gone. Don't get attached; otherwise in the evening there will be misery. Then there will be tears, then you will miss the flower. Enjoy while it is. But remember, it has come out of nothing, and it will go back to nothing. And the same is true about everything, even about people.
- Life exists without rules; games cannot exist without rules. So real religion is always without rules; only false religion has rules, because false religion is a game.
- You will have to learn ways of relaxing in the present. Enlightenment is not an effort to achieve something. It is a state of effortlessness. It is a state of no-action. It is a state of tremendous passivity, receptivity. You are not doing anything, you are not thinking anything, you are not planning for anything, you are not doing yoga exercises, and you are not doing any technique, any method - you are simply existing, just existing. And in that very moment... the sudden realization that all is as it should be. That's what enlightenment is!
- A small room is enough; a small quantity of food is enough; a few clothes are enough; one lover, a very ordinary man

- First become alone. First start enjoying yourself. First love yourself. First become so authentically happy that if nobody comes it doesn't matter; you are full, overflowing. If nobody knocks at your door it is perfectly okay; you are not missing. You are not waiting for someone to come and knock at the door. You are at home. If somebody comes: good-beautiful. If nobody comes that too is beautiful and good.
- Life is possible only through challenges. Life is possible only when you have both good weather and bad weather, when you have both pleasure and pain, when you have both winter and summer, day and night. When you have both sadness and happiness, discomfort and comfort. Life moves between these two polarities. Moving between these two polarities you learn how to balance. Between these two wings you learn how to fly to the farthest star.
- Once your awareness becomes a flame, it burns up the whole slavery that the mind has created.
- Lovers never surrender to each other, lovers simply surrender to love.
- Enjoy simple things with total intensity. Just a cup of tea can be a deep meditation.
- The real question is not whether life exists after death. The real question is whether you are alive before death.
- Knowledge is not information, it's transformation.

Sikh Gurus

Guru Nanak Dev



Guru Nanak Dev Ji (Guru Nānak) (15 April 1469 -22 September 1539) is the first of the ten Sikh Gurus. Sikhs believe that all subsequent Gurus possessed Guru Nanak's divinity and religious authority. Guru Nanak may be referred to by other titles such as Baba Nanak or Nanak Shah.

63

⁶³ https://www.azquotes.com/author/10662-Guru_Nanak



- Conquer your mind and conquer the world.
- We are born of woman, we are conceived in the womb of woman, we are engaged and married to woman. We make friendship with woman and the lineage continued because of woman. When one woman dies, we take another one, we are bound with the world through woman. Why should we talk ill of her, who gives birth to kings? The woman is born from woman; there is none without her. Only the One True Lord is without woman
- The highest religion is to rise to universal brother hood; aye to consider all creatures your equals.
- As fragrance abides in the flower
As reflection is within the mirror,
So does your Lord abide within you,
Why search for him without?
- With your hands carve out your own destiny.
- Be kind to all beings, this is more meritorious than bathing at the sixty-eight sacred shrines of pilgrimage and donating money.
- Truth is the highest virtue, but higher still is truthful living.
- Only fools argue whether to eat meat or not. They don't understand truth nor do they meditate on it. Who can define what is meat and what is plant Who knows where the sin lies, being a vegetarian or a non vegetarian
- There is but One God, His name is Truth, He is the Creator, He fears none, he is without hate, He never dies, He is beyond the cycle of births and death, He is self illuminated, He is realized by the kindness of the True Guru. He was True in the beginning, He was True when the ages commenced and has ever been True, He is also True now.

- Do not wish evil for others. Do not speak ill of others. Do not obstruct anyones activities.
- The world is a drama, staged in a dream
- Those who have loved are those that have found God
- Like the juggler, deceiving by his tricks, one is deluded by egotism, falsehood and illusion.
-

Quotes 2



- God is one, but he has innumerable forms. He is the creator of all and He himself takes the human form.
- From woman, man is born; within woman, man is conceived; to woman he is engaged and married. Woman becomes his friend; through woman, the future generations come. When his woman dies, he seeks another woman; to woman he is bound. So why call her bad? From her, kings are born. From woman, woman is born; without woman, there would be no one at all.
- Burn worldly love,
rub the ashes and make ink of it,
make the heart the pen,
the intellect the writer,
write that which has no end or limit.
- Speak only that which will bring you honor.
- False is the body, false are the clothes; false is beauty.
- Even Kings and emperors with heaps of wealth and vast dominion cannot compare with an ant filled with the love of God.
- The True One was there from time immemorial.
He is there today and ever there you will find.
He never died nor will he ever die. ...
Look within, you will see Him there enshrined.

- Build the raft of meditation and self-discipline, to carry you across the river. There will be no ocean, and no rising tides to stop you; this is how comfortable your path shall be.
- Blessed, blessed is that body horse which meditates on the Lord God.
- I am in constant bliss, day and night, egotism has been dispelled from within me.
- Let God's grace be the mosque, and devotion the prayer mat. Let the Quran be the good conduct. Let modesty be compassion, good manners fasting, you should be a Muslim the like of this. Let good deeds be your Kaaba and truth be your mentor. Your Kalma be your creed and prayer, God would then vindicate your honour.
- See the brotherhood of all mankind as the highest order of Yogis; conquer your own mind, and conquer the world.

Guru Angad



Guru Angad was an Indian religious leader and the second of the ten Sikh gurus. He was born in a Hindu family, with the birth name as Lehna, in the village of Harike in northwest Indian subcontinent. Wikipedia

Born: March 31, 1504, Sri Muktsar Sahib, India

Died: March 29, 1552, Amritsar, India

Full name: Bhai Lehna

Spouse: Khivi

Children: Anokhi, Datu, Amro, Dasu

Parents: Mata Ramo, Pheru Mal

64

⁶⁴ https://www.azquotes.com/author/46930-Guru_Angad



- Die before the one whom you love; to live after he dies is to live a worthless life in this world.
- They, who have no eyes in their face, are not called blind. They alone are blind, O Nanak, who stray away from their Lord.
- Twenty-four hours a day one looks for contentment in eight different directions but one must also explore the ninth place, which is to their own body and contemplate within. Within the body are the nine treasures of the Name of the Lord—seek the depths of these virtues. Those blessed with the karma of good actions praise the Lord and become true devotees
- Mortals are known by their actions; this is the way it has to be. They should show goodness, and not be deformed by their actions; this is how they are called beautiful. Whatever they desire, they shall receive; O Nanak, they become the very image of God.
- He Himself creates, O Nanak; He establishes the various creatures. How can anyone be called bad?. There is One Lord and Master of all; He watches over all, and assigns all to their tasks. Some have less, and some have more; no one is allowed to leave empty.
- O Nanak, the worldly achievements and glory is worthy of being burnt in the fire if it causes one to forget God. Usually these worldly things has caused mortals to forget the the Name of the Lord. Not even one of them will go along with you in the end.

Guru Amar Das



Guru Amar
Das

Guru Amar Das, sometimes spelled as Guru Amardas, was the third of the Ten Gurus of Sikhism and became Sikh Guru on 26 March 1552 at age 73. Before becoming a Sikh, Amar Das followed the Vaishnavism tradition of Hinduism for much of his life. Wikipedia

Born: May 5, 1479, India

Died: September 1, 1574, Goindwal Sahib, India

Full name: Amar Das

Books: Anand Sahib

Children: Mata Bhani, Bibi Dani, Bhai Mohan, Bibi Bhani, Bhai Mohri

Parents: Tej Bhan Bhalla, Bakht Kaur

65

⁶⁵ https://www.azquotes.com/author/46931-Guru_Amar_Das

Quotes 1



- They who quarrel with others, instead of quarrelling with their own hearts, waste their lives.
- They are not said to be husband and wife, who merely sit together. Rather they alone are called husband and wife, who have one soul in two bodies.
- Deep within the self is the Light of God. It radiates throughout the expanse of His creation. Through the Guru's teachings, the darkness of spiritual ignorance is dispelled. The heart lotus flower blooms forth and eternal peace is obtained, as one's light merges into the Supreme Light.

Guru Ram Das



Guru Ram Das was an Indian and the fourth of the ten Gurus of Sikhism. He was born on 24 September 1534 in a poor Hindu family based in Lahore. His birth name was Jetha, he was orphaned at age 7, and thereafter grew up with his maternal grandmother in a village. Wikipedia

Born: October 9, 1534, Lahore, Pakistan

Died: September 1, 1581, Goindwal Sahib, India

Full name: Ram Das

Spouse: Mata Bhani (m. 1554–1581)

Known for: founder of Amritsar city

Children: Guru Arjan, Baba Prithi Chand, Prithi Chand, Baba Mahan Dev

Guru Arjan



Guru Arjan

66

⁶⁶ https://www.azquotes.com/author/46929-Guru_Arjan

Quotes 1



- He who lowers his mind to the dust of all men's feet, Sees the Name of God enshrined in every heart.
- Don't create enmity with anyone as God is within everyone.
- By the Grace of God, I am cured of the disease of egotism, and Death no longer terrifies me.
- The Lord of man and beast is working in all; His presence is scattered everywhere; There is none else to be seen.
- Thou O Lord, art my Father and Thou my Mother. Thou art the Giver of peace to my soul and very life.

Guru Hargobind



Guru
Hargobind

Guru Hargobind, revered as the sixth Nanak, was the sixth of ten Gurus of the Sikh religion. He had become Guru at the young age of eleven, after the execution of his father, Guru Arjan, by the Mughal emperor Jahangir. Wikipedia

Born: July 5, 1595, Amritsar, India

Died: March 3, 1644, Kiratpur Sahib, India

Children: Guru Tegh Bahadur, Baba Gurditta

Parents: Guru Arjan, Mata Ganga

Grandchildren: Guru Har Rai, Guru Gobind Singh

Grandparents: Guru Ram Das, Mata Bhani

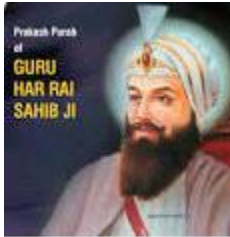
67

⁶⁷ https://www.goodreads.com/author/quotes/414358.Guru_Gobind_Singh



- “He alone is a man who keeps his word:
Not that he has one thing in the heart, and another on the tongue.”
- “If you are strong, torture not the weak,
And thus lay not the axe to thy empire.”
- “He who trusts, however, in an oath on God,
His Protection also in He; in need, He shows the Path.”
- “Shed not recklessly the blood of another with thy sword,
Lest the Sword on High falls upon thy neck.”
- “When there is incest, adultery, atheism, hatred of religion, no more
dharma, and sin everywhere, the impossible Iron Age has come; in what
way the world will be saved? For the helpless, the Lord Himself will
manifest as the Supreme Purusha. He will be called the Kalki incarnation
and will be glorious like a lion coming down from heaven.”
- “Har aan kas ki o rastbaazi kunad Rahim-e bar o rehmsaazi kunad Those
who follow the path of truth In their thought and action, He showers
mercies upon them, They are granted His compassion.”

Guru Har Rai



Guru Har Rai

Guru Har Rai revered as the seventh Nanak, was the seventh of ten Gurus of the Sikh religion. He became the Sikh leader at age 14, on 8 March 1644, after the death of his grandfather and sixth Sikh leader Guru Hargobind. He guided the Sikhs for about seventeen years, till his death at age 31. Wikipedia

Born: January 16, 1630, Kiratpur Sahib, India

Died: October 6, 1661, Rupnagar, India

Children: Guru Har Krishan, Ram Rai, Baba Ram Rai

Parents: Baba Gurditta, Mata Nihal Kaur

Grandparent: Guru Hargobind

Great-grandparents: Guru Arjan, Mata Ganga

Guru Har Krishan

Guru Har Krishan was the eighth of the ten Sikh Gurus. At the age of 5, he became the youngest Guru in Sikhism on 7 October 1661, succeeding his father, Guru Har Rai Ji. He cured hundreds of locals of Delhi irrespective of their religion at that era where Gurdwara Bangla sahib near conought place is situated. Wikipedia

Born: July 7, 1656, Kiratpur Sahib, India

Died: March 30, 1664, Delhi, India

Other name: Bal Guru, The Eighth Master

Parents: Guru Har Rai, Krishen Devi

Siblings: Baba Ram Rai

Grandparents: Baba Gurditta, Mata Nihal Kaur

Guru Tegh Bahadur



Guru Tegh
Bahadur

Guru Tegh Bahadur was the ninth of ten Gurus of the Sikh religion. The Guru Granth Sahib contains 116 poetic hymns composed by him. Wikipedia

Born: April 1, 1621, Amritsar, India

Died: November 11, 1675, Chandni Chowk, Delhi, India

Spouse: Mata Gujri (m. 1633)

Parents: Guru Hargobind, Mata Nanaki

Children: Guru Gobind Singh

Books: Hukamnamas, Mahalla nawan: compositions of Guru Tegh Bahādur-the ninth guru (from Sri Guru Granth Sahib)

68

⁶⁸ <https://quotes.thefamouspeople.com/guru-tegh-bahadur-6761.php>



- *Give up your head, but forsake not those whom you have undertaken to protect. Sacrifice your life, but relinquish not your faith.*
- *True Realisation of the actual nature of this material world, its perishable, transitory and illusory aspects best dawns on a person in suffering.*
- *For whom praise and dispraise are the same, and on whom greed and attachment have no effect. Consider him only enlightened whom pain and pleasure do not entrap. Consider such a person saved.*
- *One who vanquishes his ego and beholds the Lord as the Sole Doer of all things, that person has attained 'Jiwan Mukti' (is liberated while living), know this as the real truth, says Nanak.*
- *saints, renounce the Ego, and always flee from lust, wrath and evil company. One should consider pain and pleasure, honour and dishonour the same. One should renounce both praise and blame and even the search for salvation. This is a very difficult path and rare is a (Gurmukh) pious person who knows how to tread it.*
- *mother, I have been blessed with the wealth of God's Name. My Mind is free from wandering and is established in peace. Avarice and worldly love dare not touch me and pure divine knowledge fills me. Greed and desire cannot affect me. I am totally immersed in Lord's devotion.*

- *If the hands, feet, or body are covered with dust, they are cleansed by washing them with water. if clothes are made unclean, by use of soap they are washed of impurity. If the buddhi (intellect) is defined by sin, love of the Name will purify it.*
- *Why go to search forests (to find Him). He who dwells in all hearts but remains ever pure, pervades thy heart also. Just as fragrance fills the rose and reflection the mirror, the Lord pervades all without a break; search Him inside thee. The Guru hath revealed this knowledge that the Aum pervades inside and outside. Saith Nanak, without knowing thyself the scum of doubt will not be removed.*

Guru Gobind Singh



Guru Gobind Singh, born Gobind Rai, was the tenth Sikh Guru, a spiritual master, warrior, poet and philosopher. When his father, Guru Tegh Bahadur, was beheaded for refusing to convert to Islam, Guru Gobind Singh was formally installed as the leader of the Sikhs at age nine, becoming the tenth Sikh Guru.

Wikipedia

Born: January 5, 1666, Patna City

Died: October 7, 1708, Takhat Sachkhand Sri Hazur Abchal Nagar Sahib, Nanded, India

Nationality: Indian

Spouse: Mata Sahib Kaur (m. 1700), Mata Jito (m. 1684), Mata Jito (m. 1677)

69

⁶⁹ https://www.azquotes.com/author/46928-Guru_Gobind_Singh



- The greatest comforts and lasting peace are obtained, when one eradicates selfishness from within.
- Karta (The Creator) and Karim (The beneficent) are the names of the same God. Razak (The provider) and Rahim (The merciful) are also the names given to Him. Let no man in his error wrangle over differences in names. Worship the One God who is the Lord of all. Know that his form is one and He is the One light diffused in all.
- Those who call me God, will fall into the deep pit of hell. Regard me as one of his slaves and have no doubt whatever about it. I am a servant of the Supreme Being; and have come to behold the wonderful drama of life.
- I came into the world charged with the duty to uphold the right in every place, to destroy sin and evil... the only reason I took birth was to see that righteousness may flourish, that good may live, and tyrants be torn out by their roots.
- It is nearly impossible to be here now when you think there is somewhere else to be.
- I tell the truth; listen everyone. Only those who have Loved, will realise the Lord
- The Lord Himself reveals the Path, He Himself is the Doer of deeds.
- Whosoever assumes a religious garb pleases not God even a bit. O ye men, understand this clearly in your minds, that God is attained not through showmanship. They who practice deceit, attain not Deliverance in the Hereafter. They do so only to accomplish the affairs of the world and even the kings worship them for their appearance! But through showmanship, God is attained not, howsoever one searches. He who subdues his mind alone recognizes the Transcendent God.

- For this purpose was I born, let all virtuous people understand. I was born to advance righteousness, to emancipate the good, and to destroy all evil-doers root and branch.
- Blessed, blessed is that Sikh of the Guru, who goes and falls at the Feet of the True Guru. Blessed, blessed is that Sikh of the Guru, who with his mouth, utters the Name of the Lord.
- Egotism is such a terrible disease, he dies, to be reincarnated he continues coming and going.

Quotes 2



- Without the Name, there is no peace.
- Those who worship and adore the Lord through the Guru's Word forget all their pain and suffering.
- Fruitful is the entire life of those, who feel hunger for the Name of the Lord in their minds.
- Day and night, meditate forever on the Lord.
- The ignorant person is totally blind he does not appreciate the value of the jewel
- I am a sacrifice to the Guru, who has totally cured me of the fatal disease of egotism. Glorious and great are the virtues of the Guru, who has eradicated evil, and instructed me in virtue.
- In egotism, one is assailed by fear, he passes his life totally troubled by fear.
- I fall at the feet of those who meditate on the Truest of the True.
- In the City of Death, there is pitch darkness and huge clouds of dust, neither sister nor brother is there. This body is frail, old age is overtaking it.
- Egotism is such a terrible disease, in the love of duality, they do their deeds.
- Meeting the True Guru, hunger departs, hunger does not depart by wearing the robes of a beggar.
- Blessed, blessed is the True Guru, who has given the supreme gift of the Name of the Lord.

- Blessed, blessed is the Knower of the Lord, my True Guru, He has taught me to look upon friend and foe alike.
- Blessed, blessed is their Guru, whose mouth tastes the Ambrosial Fruit of the Lord.

Taoist

Lao Tzu



Laozi

Laozi, also rendered as Lao Tzu and Lao-Tze, was an ancient Chinese philosopher and writer. He is the reputed author of the Tao Te Ching, the founder of philosophical Taoism, and a deity in religious Taoism and traditional Chinese religions. Wikipedia

Born: Chu

Died: Qin

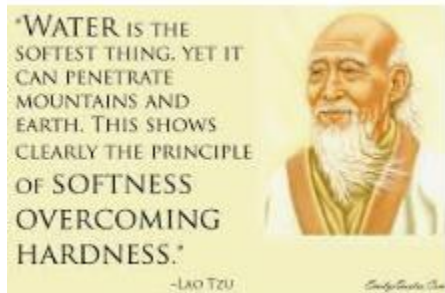
Nationality: Chinese

Children: Li Zong^{70 71}

⁷⁰ <https://terebess.hu/english/tao/gia.html>

⁷¹ <https://www.azquotes.com/quotes/topics/taoism.html>

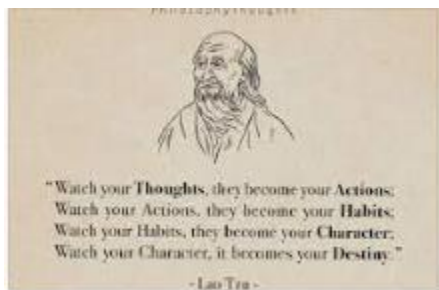
Quotes 1



- When you discard arrogance, complexity, and a few other things that get in the way, sooner or later you will discover that simple, childlike, and mysterious secret known to those of the Uncarved Block: Life is Fun.
- Watch your thoughts, they become words. Watch your words, they become actions. Watch your actions, they become habit.
- Rule your mind with serenity rather than with force and manipulation.
- Quiet your mind and stop judging and resisting and manipulating the natural way.
- Man suffers only because he takes seriously what the gods made for fun.
- Can you step back from your own mind and thus understand all things?
- Those who know don't talk. Those who talk don't know. Close your mouth, block off your senses, blunt your sharpness, untie your knots, soften your glare, settle your dust. This is the primal identity. Be like the Tao. It can't be approached or withdrawn from, benefited or harmed, honored or brought into disgrace. It gives itself up continually. That is why it endures.
- If you want to become full, let yourself be empty.
- Seeing the small is called clarity.
- Returning is the movement of the Way.
- The Master observes the world, but trusts his inner vision. He allows things to come and go. His heart is as open as the sky.
- When you have accomplished your goal simply walk away. This is the path way to Heaven.
- Don't impose your will through manipulation of aggressive emotions and actions.
- The mark of a moderate man is freedom from his own ideas. Tolerant like the sky, all-pervading like sunlight, firm like a mountain, supple like a tree in the wind, he has no destination in view and makes use of anything life happens to bring his way.

- Love the whole world as if it were your self; then you will truly care for all things.
- Taoism is the gentle way. The path of least resistance.
- The Master views the parts with compassion, because he understands the whole. His constant practice is humility. He doesn't glitter like a jewel but lets himself be shaped by the Tao, as rugged and common as a stone.
- People are difficult to govern because they have too much knowledge.
- That which offers no resistance can enter where there is no space.
- The more you know the less you understand.

Quotes 2



- No disaster is worse than being discontented.
- Stillness overcomes heat.
- Goodness in words creates trust, goodness in thinking creates depth, goodness in giving creates love.
- If you persist in trying to attain what is never attained (It is Tao's gift), if you persist in making effort to obtain what effort cannot get, if you persist in reasoning about what cannot be understood, you will be destroyed by the very thing you seek. To know when to stop, to know when you can get no further by your own action, this is the right beginning!
- He who controls others may be powerful, but he who has mastered himself is mightier still.

Tu Fu



Du Fu

Du Fu was a Chinese poet and politician of the Tang dynasty. Along with Li Bai, he is frequently called the greatest of the Chinese poets. His greatest ambition was to serve his country as a successful civil servant, but he proved unable to make the necessary accommodations. Wikipedia

Born: February 12, 712 AD, Gongyi, Zhengzhou, China

Died: 770 AD, Tan Prefecture

Genre: Classical

Children: Du Zongwen, Du Siye, Du Zongwu

Nicknames: Poet-Sage, Poet-Historian, Poet saint

72

⁷² https://www.goodreads.com/author/quotes/4081.Du_Fu



- “A falcon hovers at the edge of the sky.
Two gulls drift slowly up the river.

Vulnerable while they ride the wind,
they coast and glide with ease.

Dew is heavy on the grass below,
the spider's web is ready.

Heaven's ways include the human:
among a thousand sorrows, I stand alone.”

- “At the edge of heaven, tatters of autumn
Cloud. After ten thousand miles of clear
Lovely morning, the west wind arrives. Here,
Long rains haven't slowed farmers. Frontier

Willows air thin kingfisher colors, and
Red fruit flecks mountain pears. As a flute's
Mongol song drifts from a tower, one
Goose climbs clear through vacant skies.”

- “Could I get mansions covering ten thousand miles, I'd house all the poor
scholars and make them beam with smiles”
- “Though a country be sundered, hills and rivers endure;
And spring comes green again to trees and grasses
Where petals have been shed like tears
And lonely birds have sung their grief.

... After the war-fires of three months,
One message from home is worth a ton of gold.
... I stroke my white hair. It has grown too thin
To hold the hairpins any more."

Quotes 2



"Wagons rattling and banging,
horses neighing and snorting,
conscripts marching, each with bow and arrows at his hip,
fathers and mothers, wives and children, running to see them off--
so much dust kicked up you can't see Xian-yang Bridge!
And the families pulling at their clothes, stamping feet in anger,
blocking the way and weeping--
ah, the sound of their wailing rises straight up to assault heaven.
And a passerby asks, "What's going on?"
The soldier says simply, "This happens all the time.
From age fifteen some are sent to guard the north,
and even at forty some work the army farms in the west.
When they leave home, the village headman has to wrap their turbans for
them;
when they come back, white-haired, they're still guarding the frontier.
The frontier posts run with blood enough to fill an ocean,
and the war-loving Emperor's dreams of conquest have still not ended."

"Separation by death must finally be choked down,
but separation in life is a long anguish,

Chiang-nan is a pestilential land;
no word from you there in exile.

You have been in my dreams, old friend,
as if knowing how much I miss you.

Caught in a net,
how is it you still have wings?

I fear you are no longer mortal;
the distance to here is enormous.

When your spirit came, the maples were green;
when it went, the passes were black.

The setting moon spills light on the rafters;
for a moment I think it's your face.

The waters are deep, the waves wide;
don't let the river gods take you. "

"Shine: clear dew aching with light."

"Drifting, drifting,/ what am I more than/ a single gull/ between sky and earth?"

"Wind, light and time ever revolve; Let us then enjoy life as best we can." from
"The Winding River"

"My path is full of petals—I have swept it for no others.
My thatch gate has been closed—but opens now for you.
It's a long way to the market, I can offer you little—
Yet here in my cottage there is old wine for our cups."

"Beneath the light, the river and hills are beautiful,
The spring breeze bears the fragrance of flowers and grass.

The mud has thawed, and swallows fly around.
On the warm sand, mandarin ducks are sleeping”

“Two yellow orioles sing under emerald willows
One line of White Egrets ascends clear skies
Window frames Western ridged snow of a thousand autumns
Door moors Eastern Wu a boat of ten-thousand li”

Li Po



A Chinese poet of the Tang Dynasty, Li Po (also known as Li Bai, Li Pai, Li T'ai-po, and Li T'ai-pai) was probably born in central Asia and grew up in Sichuan Province. He left home in 725 to wander through the Yangtze River Valley and write poetry. In 742 he was appointed to the Hanlin Academy by Emperor Xuanzong, though he was eventually expelled from court. He then served the Prince of Yun, who led a revolt after the An Lushan Rebellion of 755. Li Po was arrested for treason; after he was pardoned, he again wandered the Yangtze Valley. He was married four times and was friends with the poet Tu Fu.

73

⁷³ https://www.azquotes.com/author/38400-Li_Bai

Quotes 1



- Heaven is high, Earth Wide. Bitter between them flies my sorrow.
- Shade and light are different in every valley.
- The world is like a great empty dream. Why should one toil away one's life?
- You ask why I make my home n the mountain forest,
and I smile, and am silent,
and even my soul remains quiet:
it lives in the other world which no one owns.
The peach trees blossom,
The water flows.
- To find pleasure in life, make the most of the spring.
- All the birds have flown up and gone; A lonely cloud floats leisurely by. We never tire of looking at each other - Only the mountain and I.
- Beneath the blossoms with a pot of wine, No friends at hand, so I poured alone; I raised my cup to invite the moon, Turned to my shadow, and we became three.
- To wash and rinse our souls of their age-old sorrows, We drained a hundred jugs of wine. A splendid night it was . . . In the clear moonlight we were loath to go to bed, But at last drunkenness overtook us; And we laid ourselves down on the empty mountain, The earth for pillow, and the great heaven for coverlet
- I am asked why I live in the green mountains; I smile but reply not, for my heart is at rest. The flowing waters carry the image of the peach blossoms far, far away; there is an earth, there is a heaven, unknown to men.
- The living is a passing traveler; The dead, a man come home.
- The birds have vanished into the sky, and now the last cloud drains away. We sit together, the mountain and me, until only the mountain remains.

- The paired butterflies are already yellow with August Over the grass in the West garden; They hurt me. I grow older.
- You ask me why I dwell in the green mountain; I smile and make no reply for my heart is free of care. As the peach-blossom flows down stream and is gone into the unknown, I have a world apart that is not among men.

-

Quotes 2



- Now let you and me buy wine today! Why say we have not the price? My horse spotted with five flowers, My fur-coat worth a thousand pieces of gold, These I will take out, and call my boy To barter them for sweet wine. And with you twain, let me forget The sorrow of ten thousand ages!
- Forever and forever and forever
- In a universe animated by the interaction of yin (female) and yang (male) energies, the moon was literally yin visible. Indeed, it was the very germ or source of yin, and the sun was its yang counterpart.
- Since Life is but a Dream, Why toil to no avail?
- Growing older, I love only quietness: who need be concerned with the things of this world? Looking back, what better plan than this: returning to the grove.
- I bow in reverence to the white cloud.
- Bears, dragons, tempestuous on mountain and river, Startle the forest and make the heights tremble. Clouds darken beneath the darkness of rain, streams pale with a pallor of mist. The gods of Thunder and Lightning Shatter the whole range.
- Gently I stir a white feather fan,
With open shirt sitting in a green wood.
I take off my cap and hang it on a jutting stone;
A wind from the pine-tree trickles on my bare head.

- The autumn air is clear,
The autumn moon is bright.
Fallen leaves gather and scatter,
The jackdaw perches and starts anew.
We think of each other- when will we meet?
This hour, this night, my feelings are hard.
- From some home a jade flute sends dark notes drifting,
Scattering on the spring wind that fills Lo-yang.
Tonight, if we should hear the willow-breaking song,
Who could help but long for the gardens of home?
- In the battlefield men grapple each other and die;
The horses of the vanquished utter lamentable cries to heaven,
While ravens and kites peck at human entrails,
Carry them up in their flight, and hang them on the branches of dead trees.
- From the walls of Baidi high in the coloured dawn To Jiangling by night-fall is three
hundred miles, Yet monkeys are still calling on both banks behind me To my boat
these ten thousand mountains away.

Chuang Tzu



Zhuang Zhou, commonly known as Zhuangzi, was an influential Chinese philosopher who lived around the 4th century BC during the Warring States period, a period corresponding to the summit of Chinese philosophy, the Hundred Schools of Thought. Wikipedia

Born: Song

Nationality: Chinese

Philosophical era: Ancient philosophy

Influenced by: Laozi, Confucius, Mozi, Hui Shi, Yang Zhu

74

⁷⁴ <https://www.azquotes.com/author/20386-Zhuangzi>

Quotes 1



- The effect of life in society is to complicate and confuse our existence, making us forget who we really are by causing us to become obsessed with what we are not.
- When people do not ignore what they should ignore, but ignore what they should not ignore, this is known as ignorance.
- Do not struggle. Go with the flow of things, and you will find yourself at one with the mysterious unity of the Universe.
- Perfect happiness is the absence of striving for happiness.
- The greatest tragedy that can befall a person is the atrophy of his mind.
- The perfect man uses his mind as a mirror. It grasps nothing. It regrets nothing. It receives but does not keep.
- Your preciousness lies in your essence; it cannot be lost by anything that happens.
- A petty thief is put in jail. A great brigand becomes a ruler of a Nation.
- Rewards and punishments are the lowest form of education.
- Once upon a time, I dreamt I was a butterfly, fluttering hither and thither, to all intents and purposes a butterfly. I was conscious only of my happiness as a butterfly, unaware that I was myself. Soon I awaked, and there I was, veritably myself again. Now I do not know whether I was then a man dreaming I was a butterfly, or whether I am now a butterfly, dreaming I am a man.
- Do not seek fame. Do not make plans. Do not be absorbed by activities. Do not think that you know. Be aware of all that is and dwell in the infinite. Wander where there is no path. Be all that heaven gave you, but act as though you have received nothing. Be empty, that is all.
- Look at this window: it is nothing but a hole in the wall, but because of it the whole room is full of light. So when the faculties are empty, the heart is full of light.

- When an archer shoots for enjoyment, he has all his skill; when he shoots for a brass buckle, he gets nervous; when he shoots for a prize of gold, he begins to see two targets.
- Breathing control gives man strength, vitality, inspiration, and magic powers.
- A path is made by walking on it.
- We cling to our own point of view, as though everything depended on it. Yet our opinions have no permanence; like autumn and winter, they gradually pass away.
- When deeds and words are in accord, the whole world is transformed.

Quotes 2



- Never admire a man by his strength; judge him in how he uses it- A way is made by walking it
- When he tries to extend his power over objects, those objects gain control of him. He who is controlled by objects loses possession of his inner self... Prisoners in the world of object, they have no choice but to submit to the demands of matter! They are pressed down and crushed by external forces: fashion, the market, events, public opinion. Never in a whole lifetime do they recover their right mind!... What a pity!
- If you have insight, you use your inner eye, your inner ear, to pierce to the heart of things, and have no need of intellectual knowledge.
- Birth is not a beginning; death is not an end. There is existence without limitation; there is continuity without a starting point.
- Let your mind wander in the pure and simple. Be one with the infinite. Let all things take their course.
- When the shoe fits, the foot is forgotten. When the belt fits, the belly is forgotten. When the heart is right, "for" and "against" are forgotten. No drives, no compulsions, no needs, no attractions: Then your affairs are under control. You are a free man.

- Flow with whatever may happen and let your mind be free. Stay centered by accepting whatever you are doing. This is the ultimate.

Wu Men



Wumen Huikai was a Chinese Chán master during China's Song period. He is most famous for having compiled and commentated the 48-koan collection The Gateless Barrier. Wikipedia

Born: 1183, Hangzhou, China

Died: 1260

Title: Rōshi

Lineage: Linji school

Books: No Barrier: Unlocking the Zen Koan : a New Translation of the Zen Classic Wumenguan (Mumonkan)

75

⁷⁵ https://www.azquotes.com/author/24010-Wumen_Huikai



- Spring comes with flowers, autumn with the moon, summer with the breeze, winter with snow. When idle concerns don't fill your thoughts, that's your best season.
- If your mind isn't clouded by unnecessary things, This is the best season of your life.
- One instant is eternity; / eternity is the now. / When you see through this one instant, / you see through the one who sees.
- The Great Way has no gate; / there are a thousand paths to it. / If you pass through the barrier, / you walk the universe alone.
- There are a thousand flowers blossoming in spring, The magical light of the full moon in autumn; There is a breeze in summer, And snow in winter; And if vanities don't hang in my mind, I shall rejoice at any time and place.
- If you seek, how is that different from pursuing sound and form? If you don't seek, how are you different from earth, wood or stone? You must seek without seeking.
- The enlightened man is one with the law of causation.
- One instant is eternity; eternity is the now.
- You cannot describe it or draw it. You cannot praise it enough or perceive it. No place can be found in which to put the Original Face; it will not disappear even when the universe is destroyed.
- Search back into your own vision- think back to the mind that thinks. Who is it?

Wang Wei



Wang Wei was a Chinese poet, musician, painter, and politician during the Tang dynasty. He was one of the most famous men of arts and letters of his time. Many of his poems are preserved, and twenty-nine were included in the highly influential 18th-century anthology *Three Hundred Tang Poems*. Wikipedia

Born: 699 AD, Qi County, Shanxi, Jinzhong, China

Died: 761 AD, Xi'an, China

Spouse: Lady Liu (m. ?–731 AD)

Books: *Autumn Twilight in the Mountains*, MORE

Parents: Wang Chulian, Lady Cui

Siblings: Wang Jin

76

⁷⁶ https://www.azquotes.com/author/23635-Wang_Wei



- Look in the perfumes of flowers and of nature for peace of mind and joy of life.
- A traveler's thoughts in the night Wander in a thousand miles of dreams.
- O Day after day we can't help growing older.
Year after year spring can't help seeming younger.
Come let's enjoy our winecup today,
Nor pity the flowers fallen.
- The autumn hill gathers the remaining light, A flying bird chases after its companion. The green color is bright And brings me into the moment, like a sunset mist that has no fixed place.
- To be a stranger in a strange land:
Whenever one feasts, one thinks of one's brother twice as much as before,
There where my brother far away is ascending,
The dogwood is flowering, and a man is missed.
-
- How could sufferings be relieved through purification? To know the Path is to get lost at the ford. Indeed, sickness comes from worldly love And poverty begins with the pursuit of greed.
- Walking on willow tree roads by a river dappled with peach blossoms, I look for spring light, but am everywhere lost. Birds fly up and scatter floating catkins. A ponderous wave of flowers sags the branches.
- Round a turn of the Qin Fortress winds the Wei River,
And Yellow Mountain foot-hills enclose the Court of China;
Past the South Gate willows comes the Car of Many Bells
On the upper Palace-Garden Road-a solid length of blossom;
A Forbidden City roof holds two phoenixes in cloud;
The foliage of spring shelters multitudes from rain;

And now, when the heavens are propitious for action,
Here is our Emperor ready-no wasteful wanderer.

- A new home by a gap in the Meng wall; Of the old trees, a few gnarled willows are left. Those who come in the future, who will they be, Grieving in vain for what others had before?

Confucius



Confucius was a Chinese philosopher and politician of the Spring and Autumn period. The philosophy of Confucius, also known as Confucianism, emphasized personal and governmental morality, correctness of social relationships, justice, kindness, and sincerity. Wikipedia

Born: September 28, 551 BC, Lu

Died: April 11, 479 BC, Lu

Full name: Kong Qiu

Teaching: The Analects

77

⁷⁷ <https://www.azquotes.com/author/3177-Confucius>

Quotes 1



- It is easy to hate and it is difficult to love. This is how the whole scheme of things works. All good things are difficult to achieve; and bad things are very easy to get.
- A man is great not because he hasn't failed; a man is great because failure hasn't stopped him.
- - A great man is hard on himself; a small man is hard on others.
- To know what is the right thing to do and not do it is the greatest cowardice.
- A reasonable man adjusts himself to the world. An unreasonable man expects the world to adjust itself to him. Therefore all progress is made by unreasonable people.
- - Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.
- Teachers open the door ... you enter by yourself.
- The man who asks a question is a fool for a minute, the man who does not ask is a fool for life.
- Three things cannot long be hidden: the sun, the moon, and the truth.
- Choose a job you love, and you will never have to work a day in your life.
- Tell people - and they may forget...
show them - they may remember...
but involve them and they will understand.
- There are those men who say to repay evil with kindness. But I say, how then are we to repay kindness? Repay kindness with kindness, but repay evil with justice.
- He who cannot describe the problem will never find the solution to that problem.
- Better a diamond with a flaw than a pebble without.
- He who conquers himself is the mightiest warrior.
- Cultivate the root; the leaves and branches will take care of themselves.

- There is only one thing in life which never changes, and it is change.
- Wherever you go, go with all your heart.

Quotes 2



- If you chase two rabbits, you catch none.
- The hardest thing of all is to find a black cat in a dark room, especially if there is no cat.
- Don't curse the darkness, light a candle.
- If you want happiness for a year, inherit a fortune. If you want happiness for a lifetime, help someone else.
- All the darkness in the world can't put out the light of one candle.
- Attack the evil that is within yourself, rather than attacking the evil that is in others.
- By three methods we may learn wisdom: First, by reflection, which is noblest; Second, by imitation, which is easiest; and third by experience, which is the bitterest.

Jainism

Mahavira



Mahavira, also known as Vardhamana was the 24th tirthankara of Jainism. He was the spiritual successor of 23rd tirthankara Parshvanatha. Jain tradition holds that Mahavira was born in the early part of the 6th century BCE into a royal Kshatriya Jain family in present-day Bihar, India. Wikipedia

Born: Vaishali, Ambaratej Singh, India

Died: Pavapuri, India

Full name: Vardhamana

Height: 6' 0"

Other name: Vīr, Ativīr, Vardhamāna, Sanmati, Nāyāputta

Parents: Trishla, Siddharth

78

⁷⁸ <https://www.goodreads.com/author/quotes/7061021.Mahavira>

Quotes



- “Do not injure, abuse, oppress, enslave, insult, torment, torture, or kill any creature or living being.”
- “Can you hold a red-hot iron rod in your hand merely because some one wants you to do so? Then, will it be right on your part to ask others to do the same thing just to satisfy your desires? If you cannot tolerate infliction of pain on your body or mind by others' words and actions, what right have you to do the same to others through your words and deeds?”

Do unto others as you would like to be done by. Injury or violence done by you to any life in any form, animal or human, is as harmful as it would be if caused to your own self.”

- “Kill not, cause no pain. **Nonviolence is the greatest religion.**”
- “In happiness and suffering, in joy and grief, we should regard all creatures as we regard our own self.”
- “All breathing, existing, living, sentient creatures should not be slain, nor treated with violence, nor abused, nor tormented, nor driven away.”
- “A man is seated on top of a tree in the midst of a burning forest. He sees all living beings perish. But he doesn't realize that the same fate is soon to overtake him also. That man is fool.”

Buddhist

<http://www.gardendigest.com/zen/quotes3.htm>

<https://www.poetseers.org/themes/buddhist-poems/>

Lord Buddha



The Buddha was a philosopher, mendicant, meditator, spiritual teacher, and religious leader who lived in ancient India. He is revered as the founder of the world religion of Buddhism. He taught for around 45 years and built a large following, both monastic and lay. Wikipedia

Born: April 8, 563 BC, Lumbini, Nepal

Died: Kushinagar, India

Full name: Siddhartha Gautama

Buried: Jingchuan County, Pingliang, China ⁷⁹ ⁸⁰

⁷⁹ <https://www.poetseers.org/themes/buddhist-poems/>

⁸⁰ https://www.azquotes.com/author/37842-Gautama_Buddha



“All that we are is the result of what we have thought.

The mind is everything.

What we think we become.”

For hate is never conquered by hate.

Hate is conquered by love.

This is an eternal law.

- An outside enemy exists only if there is anger inside.
- Believe not because some old manuscripts are produced, believe not because it is your national belief, believe not because you have been made to believe from you childhood, but reason truth out, and after you have analyzed it, then if you find it will do good to one and all, believe it, live up to it and help others live up to it.
- Do not speak - unless it improves on silence.
- Even death is not to be feared by one who has lived wisely.
- Pain is certain, suffering is optional.
- Dispassion is the best of mental states. . . .
- Every experience, no matter how bad it seems, holds within a blessing of some kind. The goal is to find it.
- Your mind is a powerful thing. When you filter it with positive thoughts, your life will start to change.
- I teach one thing and one only: that is, suffering and the end of suffering.
- The whole secret of existence is to have no fear.

- It is better to spend one day contemplating the birth and death of all things than a hundred years never contemplating beginnings and endings.
- Your body is precious. It is our vehicle for awakening. Treat it with care.
- The way to happiness is: keep your heart free from hate, your mind from worry. Live simply, give much. Fill your life with love. Do as you would be done by.

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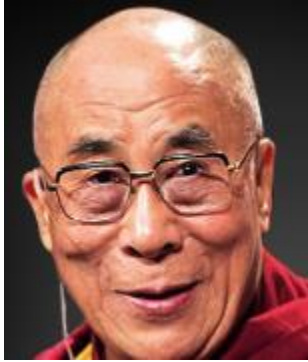
Quotes 2



- Once you know the nature of anger and joy is empty and you let them go, you free yourself from karma.
- Do not learn how to react. Learn how to respond.
- Happiness will never come to those who fail to appreciate what they already have.
- Sometimes it's better to be kind than to be right. We do not need an intelligent mind that speaks, but a patient heart that listens. You will not be punished for your anger, you will be punished by your anger
- Change is never painful, only the resistance to change is painful
- One moment can change a day, One day can change a life and One life can change the world
- Do not judge yourself harshly. Without mercy for ourselves we cannot love the world.
- Understand that the body is merely the foam of a wave, the shadow of a shadow.
- If you cannot find a good companion to walk with, walk alone, like an elephant roaming the jungle. It is better to be alone than to be with those who will hinder your progress.
- There are two things that we should avoid, oh disciple! A life of pleasures, that is low and vain. A life of mortification, that is useless and vain.
- When you move your focus from competition to contribution life becomes a celebration. Never try to defeat people, just win their hearts.

- The wind cannot shake a mountain. Neither praise nor blame moves the wise man.

Dalai Lama



The 14th Dalai Lama is the current Dalai Lama. Dalai Lamas are important monks of the Gelug school, the newest school of Tibetan Buddhism, which was formally headed by the Ganden Tripas. Wikipedia

Born: July 6, 1935 (age 84 years), Taktser, China

Full name: Lhamo Thondup

Residence: McLeod Ganj, India

Movies: Kundun, Wheel of Time, Bringing Tibet Home, MORE

Homeland: Tibet ⁸¹

⁸¹ https://www.azquotes.com/author/8418-Dalai_Lama

Quotes 1



- If you think you are too small to make a difference, try sleeping with a mosquito.
- There are only two days in the year that nothing can be done. One is called Yesterday and the other is called Tomorrow. Today is the right day to Love, Believe, Do and mostly Live.
- Man surprised me most about humanity. Because he sacrifices his health in order to make money. Then he sacrifices money to recuperate his health. And then he is so anxious about the future that he does not enjoy the present; the result being that he does not live in the present or the future; he lives as if he is never going to die, and then dies having never really lived.
- Don't ever mistake my silence for ignorance, my calmness for acceptance or my kindness for weakness. Compassion and tolerance are not a sign of weakness, but a sign of strength.
- Give the ones you love wings to fly, roots to come back and reasons to stay.
- Just one small positive thought in the morning can change your whole day.
- The planet does not need more successful people. The planet desperately needs more peacemakers, healers, restorers, storytellers, and lovers of all kinds.
- Do not let the behavior of others destroy your inner peace.
- Every day, think as you wake up, today I am fortunate to be alive, I have a precious human life, I am not going to waste it. I am going to use all my energies to develop myself, to expand my heart out to others; to achieve enlightenment for the benefit of all beings. I am going to have kind thoughts towards others, I am not going to get angry or think badly about others. I am going to benefit others as much as I can.
- Whether one is rich or poor, educated or illiterate, religious or nonbelieving, man or woman, black, white, or brown, we are all the same. Physically, emotionally, and mentally, we are all equal. We all share basic needs for food, shelter, safety, and love. We all aspire to happiness and we all shun suffering. Each of us has

hopes, worries, fears, and dreams. Each of us wants the best for our family and loved ones. We all experience pain when we suffer loss and joy when we achieve what we seek. On this fundamental level, religion, ethnicity, culture, and language make no difference.

-

Quotes 2



- When you talk you are only repeating something you already know. But, if you listen you may learn something new.
- Our prime purpose in this life is to help others. And if you can't help them, at least don't hurt them.
- Today, more than ever before, life must be characterized by a sense of Universal responsibility, not only nation to nation and human to human, but also human to other forms of life.
- We can reject everything else: religion, ideology, all received wisdom. But we cannot escape the necessity of love and compassion. This, then, is my true religion, my simple faith. In this sense, there is no need for temple or church, for mosque or synagogue, no need for complicated philosophy, doctrine, or dogma. Our own heart, our own mind, is the temple. The doctrine is compassion. Love for others and respect for their rights and dignity, no matter who or what they are: ultimately these are all we need.
- When you think everything is someone else's fault, you will suffer a lot. When you realize that everything springs only from yourself, you will learn both peace and joy.
-

If you want others to be happy, practice compassion. If you want to be happy, practice compassion.

- If it can be solved, there's no need to worry, and if it can't be solved, worry is of no use.
- Through difficult experiences, life sometimes becomes more meaningful.
- Be kind whenever possible. It is always possible.
- Whether you believe in God or not does not matter so much, whether you believe in Buddha or not does not matter so much; as a Buddhist, whether you believe in reincarnation or not does not matter so much. You must lead a good life. And a good life does not mean just good food, good clothes, good shelter. These are not sufficient. A good motivation is what is needed: compassion, without dogmatism, without complicated philosophy; just understanding that others are human brothers and sisters and respecting their rights and human dignity.
- Today is the right day to love, believe, do, and mostly, live.
- Choose to be optimistic, it feels better.
- Remember that the best relationship is one in which your love for each other exceeds your need for each other.
- Follow the three R's: - Respect for self. - Respect for others. - Responsibility for all your actions.
- Open your arms to change but don't let go of your values.

Basho



Matsuo Bashō, born 松尾 金作, then Matsuo Chūemon Munefusa, was the most famous poet of the Edo period in Japan. During his lifetime, Bashō was recognized for his works in the collaborative haikai no renga form; today, after centuries of commentary, he is recognized as the greatest master of haiku. Wikipedia

Born: 1644, Iga Province

Died: November 28, 1694, Osaka, Osaka, Japan

Nationality: Japanese

Movies: Winter Days, An Autumn Wind

82



- Learn how to listen as things speak for themselves.
- Every day is a journey, and the journey itself is home.
- Real poetry, is to lead a beautiful life. To live poetry is better than to write it.
- Do not seek to follow in the footsteps of the wise. Seek what they sought.
- Before enlightenment, chopping wood and carrying water. After enlightenment, chopping wood and carrying water.
- Make the universe your companion, always bearing in mind the true nature of things-mountains and rivers, trees and grasses, and humanity-and enjoy the falling blossoms and the scattering leaves.
- No matter where your interest lies, you will not be able to accomplish anything unless you bring your deepest devotion to it.
- A flute with no holes is not a flute.
- There is nothing you can see that is not a flower; there is nothing you can think that is not the moon.
- Sitting quietly, doing nothing, Spring comes, and the grass grows, by itself.
- The desire to break the silence with constant human noise is, I believe, precisely an avoidance of the sacred terror of that divine encounter.
- Go to the pine if you want to learn about the pine, or to the bamboo if you want to learn about the bamboo. And in doing so, you must leave your subjective preoccupation with yourself. Otherwise you impose yourself on the object and you do not learn.
- Come, butterfly It's late- We've miles to go together.
- The moon and sun are travelers through eternity. Even the years wander on. Whether drifting through life on a boat or climbing toward old age leading a horse, each day is a journey, and the journey itself is home.
- In this poor body, composed of one hundred bones and nine openings, is something called spirit, a flimsy curtain swept this way and that by the slightest

breeze. It is spirit, such as it is, which led me to poetry, at first little more than a pastime, then the full business of my life. There have been times when my spirit, so dejected, almost gave up the quest, other times when it was proud, triumphant. So it has been from the very start, never finding peace with itself, always doubting the worth of what it makes.

-

Quotes 2



- Operating superficially, the mind is random in its activity and stale in its insights and images. However, with practice and experience the mind is freed from the skull, and the fresh and new can appear as though for the first time. It
- Without bitterest cold that penetrates to the very bone, how can plum blossoms send forth their fragrance all over the world?
- The oak tree:
not interested
in cherry blossoms.
- Seek not the paths of the ancients;
Seek that which the ancients sought.
- Come, see the true flowers of this pained world.
- Nothing in the cry of cicadas suggests they are about to die
- An autumn night - don't think your life didn't matter.
- The temple bell stops but I still hear the sound coming out of the flowers.
- The journey itself is my home.

Thich Nhat Hahn



Thích Nhất Hạnh is a Vietnamese Thiền Buddhist monk and peace activist, founder of the Plum Village Tradition. Thích Nhất Hạnh spent most of his later life residing in the Plum Village Monastery in southwest France, travelling internationally to give retreats and talks. Wikipedia

Born: October 11, 1926 (age 93 years), Hue, Vietnam

Full name: Nguyen Xuan Bao

Movies: Fierce Light

Albums: Basket of Plums Songbook Boxed Set

83 84

⁸³ <https://quotes.justdharma.com/walk-and-touch-peace-every-moment/>

⁸⁴ <https://www.azquotes.com/quotes/topics/thich-nhat-hanh.html>

Quotes 1



Walk and touch peace every moment.

Walk and touch happiness every moment.

Each step brings a fresh breeze.

Each step makes a flower bloom.

Kiss the Earth with your feet.

Bring the Earth your love and happiness.

The Earth will be safe

when we feel safe in ourselves.

- Guarding knowledge is not a good way to understand. Understanding means to throw away your knowledge.
- If you do not know how to take care of yourself, and the violence in you, then you will not be able to take care of others. You must have love and patience before you can truly listen to your partner or child. If you are irritated you cannot listen. You have to know how to breath mindfully, embrace your irritation and transform it. Offer ONLY understand and compassion to your partner or child - This is the true practice of love.



- I'm learning a lot by reading teachers like Thich Nhat Hanh, Pema Chodron. They teach me because I feel like I have a responsibility to the communities that I speak to.

Sandra Cisneros

•

- Thich Nhat Hanh writes with the voice of the Buddha.

Sogyal Rinpoche

•

- One of the books that has guided me in the last ten years of my life to help me to be that leader is the Buddhist monk Thich Nhat Hanh's Being Peace. He's a Vietnamese monk. He was nominated for a Peace Prize by Dr. Martin Luther King.

Sandra Cisneros

•

- I met Kaz in the mid 1980s when we invited him and other artists to the Ojai Foundation with Thich Nhat Hanh. I felt an instant connection with him, and since that time we have collaborated on many projects and have become good friends and allies in the work of nonviolence.

Joan Halifax

•

- One of the things Thich Nhat Hanh taught me: he says, "When you're in a hurry, go slower." That works every time, unless you're trying to catch a plane.

Sandra Cisneros

•

- You can try reading books that will help you be a leader, like Marshall Rosenberg and Thich Nhat Hanh. Be very humble and say, "I don't know why. I don't feel qualified, but I accept this role that you gave me, and so help me."

Sandra Cisneros

[Show source](#)

•

- I look at Thich Nhat Hanh and I look at Marshall Rosenberg, and they're more concerned about the long range. And that long range means that you have to sit down with people who don't think like you. I want to reach people who don't think like me.

•

- Why don't we have people like Thich Nhat Hanh or Marshall Rosenberg and Nelson Mandela solving violent situations in a peaceful way?

Sandra Cisneros

•

- [Thich Nhat Hanh] the one that revolutionized Buddhism. Instead of being monks just engaged in meditation, it was active Buddhism. You went out and felt the ills of the community around you. Instead of retreating to a monastery, you were out in the streets working. And he's been a great help to me, just reading his book, so I don't feel helpless about what I can do about all the violence around me.

Sandra Cisneros

•

- No one teaches mindfulness better than Thich Nhat Hanh.

B. J. Gallagher Hateley

-
- Vietnamese Zen master Thich Nhat Hanh is one of the most beloved Buddhist teachers in the West, a rare combination of mystic, poet, scholar, and activist. His luminous presence and the simple, compassionate clarity of his writings have touched countless lives.

Joanna Macy

-
- Thich Nhat Hanh has the ability to bring forth the state of peace that we each inherently possess merely by his presence in a room-this is divine power.

Elizabeth Gilbert

-
- The voice of Thich Nhat Hanh-friendly, patient, steadfast, confident, contemporary, and often witty-seems, to me, an intermediary big brother talking directly to me on every page saying, 'Look! It's right there in you,' the very wisdom that leads to compassion.

-
- Thich Nhat Hanh has the ability to express some of the most profound teachings of interdependence and emptiness I've ever heard. With the eloquence of a poet, he holds up a sheet of paper and teaches us that the rain cloud and the tree and the logger who cut the tree down are all there in the paper. He's been one of the most significant carriers of the lamp of the dharma to the West that we have had.

Jack Kornfield

-
- People have a hard time letting go of their suffering. Out of a fear of the unknown, they prefer suffering that is familiar. Thich Nhat Hanh If you gathered up all the fearful thoughts that exist in the mind of the average person, looked at them objectively, and tried to decide just how much good they provided that

person, you would see that not some but all fearful thoughts are useless. They do no good. Zero. They interfere with dreams, hopes, desire and progress.

Richard Carlson

-

- When someone says to us, as Thich Nhat Hanh suggests, "Darling, I care about your suffering," a deep healing begins.

Tara Brach

-

- Thich Nhat Hanh is one of the greatest teachers of our time. He reaches from the heights of insight down to the deepest places of the absolutely ordinary.

Robert Thurman

Hui Neng



Dajian Huineng, also commonly known as the Sixth Patriarch or Sixth Ancestor of Chan, is a semi-legendary but central figure in the early history of Chinese Chan Buddhism. According to tradition he was an uneducated layman who suddenly attained awakening upon hearing the Diamond Sutra. Wikipedia

Born: 638 AD, Xinxing County, Yunfu, China

Died: 713 AD, Guangdong Province, China

Full name: Dajian Huineng

Temple: Guangxiao Temple; Nanhua Temple

Dharma names: Huineng (惠能)

85



” Confused by thoughts,
we experience duality in life.
Unencumbered by ideas,
the enlightened see the one Reality.”

To meditate means to realize inwardly the imperturbability of the Essence of Mind.

The reason why we are perturbed is because we allow ourselves to be carried away by the circumstances we are in. Those who are able to keep their mind unperturbed, irrespective of circumstances, have attained Inner Peace.

A finger points at the moon, but the moon is not at the tip of the finger. Words points at the truth, but the truth is not in words.

The capacity of the mind is broad and huge, like the vast sky. Do not sit with a mind fixed on emptiness. If you do, you will fall into a neutral kind of emptiness. Emptiness includes the sun, moon, stars, and planets, the great earth, mountains and rivers, all trees and grasses, bad people and good people, bad things and good things, heaven and hell; they are all in the midst of emptiness. The emptiness of human nature is also like this.



There is no Bodhi tree,
Nor stand of a mirror bright.
Since all is void,
Where can the dust alight

Look within!... The secret is inside you.

By amending our mistakes, we get wisdom. By defending our faults, we betray an unsound mind.

Confused by thoughts, we experience duality in life. Unencumbered by ideas, the enlightened see the one Reality.

The truth is to be lived, not just mouthed.

As one lamp serves to dispel a thousand years of darkness, so one flash of wisdom destroys ten thousand years of ignorance.

Before you think good or evil, who are you?

Quotes 3



Zazen is seated meditation-the opposite of contemplation-the emptying of the mind of all thoughts in order simply to be. In the midst of all evil, not a thought is aroused in the mind-this is called za. Seeing into one's Self-nature, not being moved at all-this is called Zen.

Truth has nothing to do with words. Truth can be likened to the bright moon in the sky. Words, in this case, can be likened to a finger. The finger can point to the moon's location. However, the finger is not the moon. To look at the moon, it is necessary to gaze beyond the finger, right?

When our mind works freely without any hindrance, and is at liberty to 'come' or to 'go', we attain Samadhi of Prajna, or liberation. Such a state is called the function of 'thoughtlessness'. But to refrain from thinking of anything, so that all thoughts are suppressed, is to be Dharma-ridden, and this is an erroneous view.

The complete teachings of all Buddhas - past, present, and future - are to be found within the essence of every human being.

Good friends, how then are meditation and wisdom alike? They are like the lamp and the light it gives forth. If there is a lamp there is light; if there is no lamp there is no light. The lamp is the substance of light; the light is the function of the lamp. Thus, although they have two names, in substance they are not two. Meditation and wisdom are also like this.

Sit all together in meditation. Become peacefully calm and quiet, without motion, without stillness, without birth, without destruction, without coming or going,

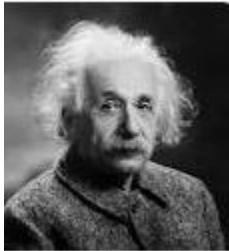
with no judgments of right or wrong, neither staying nor going. This, then, is the Great Way.

Our Essence of Mind is intrinsically pure,
and if we knew our mind and realized what our nature is, all of us would
attain Buddhahood.

To be bigoted & argue with others, is to subject one's essence of mind to the
bitterness of mundane existence.

Science

Albert Einstein



Albert Einstein was a German-born theoretical physicist who developed the theory of relativity, one of the two pillars of modern physics. His work is also known for its influence on the philosophy of science. Wikipedia

Born: March 14, 1879, Ulm, Germany

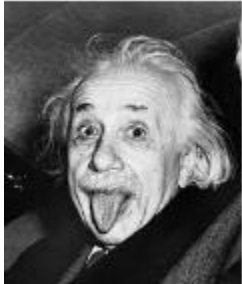
Died: April 18, 1955, Penn Medicine Princeton Medical Center, NJ

Education: University of Zurich (1905), ETH Zürich (1896–1900),

86

⁸⁶ [https://www.azquotes.com/author/4399-Albert Einstein](https://www.azquotes.com/author/4399-Albert_Einstein)

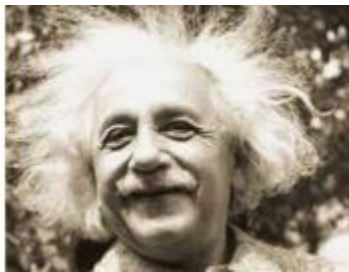
Quotes 1



- We are slowed down sound and light waves, a walking bundle of frequencies tuned into the cosmos. We are souls dressed up in sacred biochemical garments and our bodies are the instruments through which our souls play their music.
- The difference between stupidity and genius is that genius has its limits.
- Weak people revenge. Strong people forgive. Intelligent People Ignore.
- The only thing more dangerous than ignorance is arrogance
- The world will not be destroyed by those who do evil, but by those who watch them without doing anything.
- Everybody is a genius. But if you judge a fish by its ability to climb a tree, it will live its whole life believing that it is stupid.
- Knowledge and ego are directly related. the less knowledge, the greater the ego
- The true sign of intelligence is not knowledge but imagination.
- Don't listen to the person who has the answers; listen to the person who has the questions.
- There is no vaccine against stupidity.
- We cannot solve our problems with the same thinking we used when we created them.
- In the middle of every difficulty lies opportunity.
- Everything that exists in your life, does so because of two things: something you did or something you didn't do.
- Success comes from curiosity, concentration, perseverance and self criticism.

- Learn from yesterday, live for today, hope for tomorrow. The important thing is not to stop questioning.
- Do you believe in miracles? Well, you should. In fact, life itself is a big miracle. There are so many things that are beyond our understanding. There are two ways to live: you can live as if nothing is a miracle; you can live as if everything is a miracle.

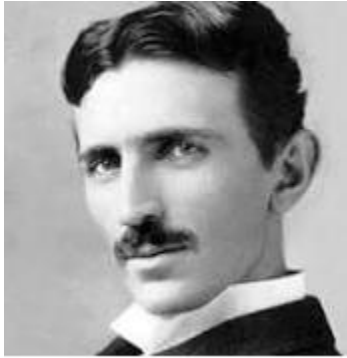
Quotes 2



- The main task of the spirit is to free man from his ego.
- Three great forces rule the world: stupidity, fear and greed.
- Everything you can imagine, nature has already created.
- The measure of intelligence is the ability to change.
- Only two things are infinite, the universe and human stupidity, and I'm not sure about the former.
- Adversity introduces a man to himself.
- Don't wait for miracles, your whole life is a miracle.
- Genius is 1% talent and 99% percent hard work.
-

Imagination is more important than knowledge. Imagination is the language of the soul. Pay attention to your imagination and you will discover all you need to be fulfilled.

Nicolas Tesla



Nikola Tesla was a Serbian-American inventor, electrical engineer, mechanical engineer, and futurist who is best known for his contributions to the design of the modern alternating current electricity supply system. Wikipedia

Born: July 10, 1856, Smiljan, Croatia

Died: January 7, 1943, The New Yorker, A Wyndham Hotel, New York, NY

Books: My Inventions: The Autobiography of Nikola Tesla, MORE

Education: Graz University of Technology (1875–1878)

87

⁸⁷ https://www.azquotes.com/author/14543-Nikola_Tesla

Quotes 1



- Alpha waves in the human brain are between 6 and 8 hertz. The wave frequency of the human cavity resonates between 6 and 8 hertz. All biological systems operate in the same frequency range. The human brain's alpha waves function in this range and the electrical resonance of the earth is between 6 and 8 hertz. Thus, our entire biological system - the brain and the earth itself - work on the same frequencies. If we can control that resonate system electronically, we can directly control the entire mental system of humankind.
- If you want to find the secrets of the universe, think in terms of energy, frequency and vibration.
- Anti-social behavior is a trait of intelligence in a world full of conformists.
- I don't care that they stole my idea . . I care that they don't have any of their own
- The gift of mental power comes from God, Divine Being, and if we concentrate our minds on that truth, we become in tune with this great power. My Mother had taught me to seek all truth in the Bible.
- Be alone, that is the secret of invention; be alone, that is when ideas are born.
- Of all the frictional resistances, the one that most retards human movement is ignorance.
- My brain is only a receiver, in the Universe there is a core from which we obtain knowledge, strength and inspiration. I have not penetrated into the secrets of this core, but I know that it exists.
- It will soon be possible to transmit wireless messages around the world so simply that any individual can carry and operate his own apparatus.
- A new idea must not be judged by its immediate results.

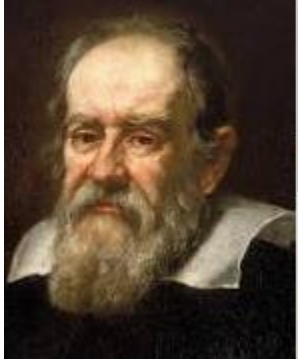
- Einstein's relativity work is a magnificent mathematical garb which fascinates, dazzles and makes people blind to the underlying errors. The theory is like a beggar clothed in purple whom ignorant people take for a king... its exponents are brilliant men but they are metaphysicists rather than scientists.
 - To know each other we must reach beyond the sphere of our sense perceptions.
 - If your hate could be turned into electricity, it would light up the whole world.
- Quotes 2



- Peace can only come as a natural consequence of universal enlightenment.
- The day science begins to study non-physical phenomena, it will make more progress in one decade than in all the previous centuries of its existence.
- You may live to see man-made horrors beyond your comprehension.
- I could only achieve success in my life through self-discipline, and I applied it until my wish and my will became one.
- The mind is sharper and keener in seclusion and uninterrupted solitude. Originality thrives in seclusion free of outside influences beating upon us to cripple the creative mind. Be alone-that is the secret of invention: be alone, that is when ideas are born.
- If you only knew the magnificence of the 3, 6 and 9, then you would have the key to the universe.
- My belief is firm in a law of compensation. The true rewards are ever in proportion to the labour and sacrifices made.
- Today's scientists have substituted mathematics for experiments, and they wander off through equation after equation, and eventually build a structure which has no relation to reality.

- Science is but a perversion of itself unless it has as its ultimate goal the betterment of humanity.
- Everyone should consider his body as a priceless gift from one whom he loves above all, a marvelous work of art, of indescribable beauty, and mystery beyond human conception, and so delicate that a word, a breath, a look, nay, a thought may injure it.

Galileo Galilei



Galileo di Vincenzo Bonaiuti de' Galilei was an Italian astronomer, physicist and engineer, sometimes described as a polymath, from Pisa. Galileo has been called the "father of observational astronomy", the "father of modern physics", the "father of the scientific method", and the "father of modern science". Wikipedia

Born: February 15, 1564, Pisa, Italy

Died: January 8, 1642, Arcetri, Italy

Discovered: Ganymede, Europa, Io, Callisto, Rings of Saturn

Known for: Analytical dynamics, Heliocentrism, Kinematics, Observational astronomy

88

Quotes 1



- All truths are easy to understand once they are discovered; the point is to discover them.
- The laws of nature are written by the hand of God in the language of mathematics.
- You can't teach anybody anything, only make them realize the answers are already inside them.
- I have never met a man so ignorant that I couldn't learn something from him.
- Knowing thyself, that is the greatest wisdom.
- In the sciences, the authority of thousands of opinions is not worth as much as one tiny spark of reason in an individual man.
- I do not feel obliged to believe that the same God who has endowed us with senses, reason, and intellect has intended us to forego their use.
- To understand the Universe, you must understand the language in which it's written, the language of Mathematics.
- To be humane, we must ever be ready to pronounce that wise, ingenious and modest statement 'I do not know'.
- The sun, with all those planets revolving around it and dependent on it, can still ripen a bunch of grapes as if it had nothing else in the universe to do.
- Two truths cannot contradict one another.
- Nonetheless, it moves.

- There are those who reason well, but they are greatly outnumbered by those who reason badly.
- Measure what can be measured, and make measureable what cannot be measured.
- The Bible shows the way to go to heaven, not the way the heavens go.
- Mathematics is the language with which God has written the universe.
- The greatest wisdom is to get to know oneself.

Quotes 2



- And who can doubt that it will lead to the worst disorders when minds created free by God are compelled to submit slavishly to an outside will? When we are told to deny our senses and subject them to the whim of others? When people devoid of whatsoever competence are made judges over experts and are granted authority to treat them as they please? These are the novelties which are apt to bring about the ruin of commonwealths and the subversion of the state.
- Where the senses fail us, reason must step in.
- Science proceeds more by what it has learned to ignore than what it takes into account.
- Long experience has taught me this about the status of mankind with regard to matters requiring thought: the less people know and understand about them, the more positively they attempt to argue concerning them, while on the other hand to know and understand a multitude of things renders men cautious in passing judgment upon anything new.
- The prohibition of science would be contrary to the Bible, which in hundreds of places teaches us how the greatness and the glory of God shine forth marvelously in all His works, and is to be read above all in the open book of the heavens.
- Surely, God could have caused birds to fly with their bones made of solid gold, with their veins full of quicksilver, with their flesh heavier than lead, and with their wings exceedingly small. He did not, and that ought to show something. It is

only in order to shield your ignorance that you put the Lord at every turn to the refuge of a miracle.

- In my studies of astronomy and philosophy I hold this opinion about the universe, that the Sun remains fixed in the centre of the circle of heavenly bodies, without changing its place; and the Earth, turning upon itself, moves round the Sun.
- You cannot teach a person something he does not already know, you can only bring what he does know to his awareness.

Galileo's Telescope



Can you imagine young Galileo pointing his telescope towards the stars?

What was in his young mind.

What kinds of thoughts would float up to the surface of his mind?

He went against the concepts of his time.

During this age, scientists and the Church believed the Sun and the planets
revolved around the earth.

Galileo and some scientists before such as Copernicus believed the earth and the
planets revolved around the Sun.

Galileo was the first scientist to use a telescope to prove his theory.

Yet why does man hold on so tightly to his ideas and beliefs?

The Catholic church and the Pope himself couldn't believe Galileo.

They said he was a heretic.

How dare you challenge the idea that the Sun and the planets revolve around the
earth.

Who do you think you are?

Imagine being tried by the Inquisition.

They found him guilty and place him under house arrest.

Fortunately, they didn't kill him.

Yet he spent the rest of his life in house arrest.

Today Galileo is known as the father of the following.

Father of Observatory astronomy.

Father of modern physics

Father of the scientific method.

Father of science.

All I can say is wow.

Imagine Galileo also studied and mastered the following.

Astronomer.

Physicist.

Engineer.

Philosopher.

Mathematician.

He was in my eyes a genius.

He was way ahead of his time.

Isn't it amazing we don't want men to challenge our way of thinking?

Man at times loves living in the box.

It's a comfort zone.

You don't want to learn anything new or be challenged.

If someone has something to say that is different we get angry.

How many innocent people got killed in the Inquisition?

To be honest I probably would have died back then from what I'm speaking.

Just think Christ died on the cross.

Yet the Inquisition killed millions of people who believed in Christ in a different way.

What do you think Christ would say?

He would shake his head and probably have tears of compassion flowing from his eyes.

Look this adventure of life is all about discovering the mysteries of life.

We should be grateful when we meet someone who has a different idea or concept of life.

I was fortunate to be brought up in a household that accepted all ideas in life.

Till today I still love to hear life stories from people all around the world.

Imagine today we have telescopes scattered throughout the universe.

We are looking for the mysteries of life.

Charles Darwin



Charles Robert Darwin, FRS FRGS FLS FZS was an English naturalist, geologist and biologist, best known for his contributions to the science of evolution. His proposition that all species of life have descended over time from common ancestors is now widely accepted, and considered a foundational concept in science. Wikipedia

Born: February 12, 1809, The Mount House, Shrewsbury, United Kingdom

Died: April 19, 1882, Home of Charles Darwin - Down House, Downe, United Kingdom

Awards: Copley Medal, Royal Medal, Wollaston Medal

Education: Christ's College Cambridge (1828–1831)

89

⁸⁹ https://www.azquotes.com/author/3658-Charles_Darwin

Quotes 1



- It is not the strongest of the species that survives, nor the most intelligent that survives. It is the one that is the most adaptable to change, that lives within the means available and works co-operatively against common threats.
- The love for all living creatures is the most noble attribute of man.
- The world will not be inherited by the strongest, it will be inherited by those most able to change.
- Sympathy beyond the confines of man, that is, humanity to the lower animals, seems to be one of the latest moral acquisitions.
- It is not the biggest, the brightest or the best that will survive, but those who adapt the quickest.
- A man who dares to waste one hour of time has not discovered the value of life.
- Building a better mousetrap merely results in smarter mice.
- Nothing exists for itself alone, but only in relation to other forms of life
- Everything in nature is the result of fixed laws.
- In the long history of humankind (and animal kind, too) those who learned to collaborate and improvise most effectively have prevailed.
- The more one thinks, the more one feels the hopeless immensity of man's ignorance.
- Ignorance more frequently begets confidence than does knowledge.
- It is not the most intellectual of the species that survives; it is not the strongest that survives; but the species that survives is the one that is able best to adapt and adjust to the changing environment in which it finds itself.
- There is no fundamental difference between man and animals in their ability to feel pleasure and pain, happiness, and misery.

- Intelligence is based on how efficient a species became at doing the things they need to survive.
- In the struggle for survival, the fittest win out at the expense of their rivals because they succeed in adapting themselves best to their environment.
- I ought, or I ought not, constitute the whole of morality.

Quotes 2



- I have called this principle, by which each slight variation, if useful, is preserved, by the term of Natural Selection.
- A mathematician is a blind man in a dark room looking for a black cat which isn't there.
- Some call it evolution, And others call it God.
- An American monkey, after getting drunk on brandy, would never touch it again, and thus is much wiser than most men.
- Man with all his noble qualities, with sympathy which feels for the most debased, with benevolence which extends not only to other men but to the humblest living creature, with his god-like intellect which has penetrated into the movements and constitution of the solar system- with all these exalted powers- Man still bears in his bodily frame the indelible stamp of his lowly origin.
- The highest possible stage in moral culture is when we recognize that we ought to control our thoughts.
- With savages, the weak in body or mind are soon eliminated. We civilized men, on the other hand, do our utmost to check the process of elimination. We build asylums for the imbecile, the maimed and the sick. Thus the weak members of civilized societies propagate their kind. No one who has attended to the breeding of domestic animals will doubt that this must be highly injurious to the race of man. Hardly anyone is so ignorant as to allow his worst animals to breed.

- If the misery of the poor be caused not by the laws of nature, but by our institutions, great is our sin.

Stephen Hawking



Stephen William Hawking CH CBE FRS FRSA was an English theoretical physicist, cosmologist, and author who was director of research at the Centre for Theoretical Cosmology at the University of Cambridge at the time of his death. Wikipedia

Born: January 8, 1942, Oxford, United Kingdom

Died: March 14, 2018, Cambridge, United Kingdom

Children: Lucy Hawking, Timothy Hawking, Robert Hawking

Spouse: Elaine Mason (m. 1995–2006), Jane Hawking (m. 1965–1995)

Movies and TV shows: Into the Universe with Stephen Hawking,

90

⁹⁰ https://www.azquotes.com/author/6401-Stephen_Hawking



- So remember to look up at the stars and not down at your feet. Try to make sense of what you see and hold on to that childlike wonder about what makes the universe exist.
- The thing about smart people is that they seem like crazy people to dumb people.
- Intelligence is the ability to adapt to change.
- Quiet people have the loudest minds.
- It is all right to make mistakes; nothing is perfect because with perfection, we would not exist.
- It is my view that the simplest explanation is there is no God. No one created the universe and no one directs our fate. This leads me to a profound realization. There is probably no heaven, and no afterlife either. We have this one life to appreciate the grand design of the universe, and for that, I am extremely grateful.
- One, remember to look up at the stars and not down at your feet. Two, never give up work. Work gives you meaning and purpose and life is empty without it. Three, if you are lucky enough to find love, remember it is there and don't throw it away.
- However difficult life may seem, there is always something you can do and succeed at.
- I have noticed even people who claim everything is predestined, and that we can do nothing to change it, look before they cross the road.
- I don't fear God- I fear His believers.
- It is very important for young people keep their sense of wonder and keep asking why.

- The more you learn, the more you know. The more you know, the more you forget. The more you forget, the less you know. So why bother to learn.
- What I have learned from life is to make the most of what you have got.
- So next time someone complains that you have made a mistake, tell him that may be a good thing. Because without imperfection, neither you nor I would exist.

•

Quotes 2



- The human race is just a chemical scum on a moderate-sized planet, orbiting around a very average star in the outer suburb of one among a hundred billion galaxies. We are so insignificant that I can't believe the whole universe exists for our benefit. That would be like saying that you would disappear if I closed my eyes.
- Nothing is better than reading and gaining more and more knowledge.
- People won't have time for you if you are always angry or complaining.
- We are only the temporary custodians of the particles which we are made of. They will go on to lead a future existence in the enormous universe that made them
- I am just a child who has never grown up. I still keep asking these 'how' and 'why' questions. Occasionally, I find an answer.
- A person who smiles in the face of adversity...probably has a scapegoat.
- One can see from space how the human race has changed the Earth. Nearly all of the available land has been cleared of forest and is now used for agriculture or urban development. The polar icecaps are shrinking and the desert areas are increasing. At night, the Earth is no longer dark, but large areas are lit up. All of this is evidence that human exploitation of the planet is reaching a critical limit.

But human demands and expectations are ever-increasing. We cannot continue to pollute the atmosphere, poison the ocean and exhaust the land. There isn't any more available.

- The universe doesn't allow perfection.
- I'm not afraid of death, but I'm in no hurry to die. I have so much I want to do first.
- Look up at the stars, not down at your feet.
- The fact that no one understands you doesn't mean you're an artist.

Leonardo da Vinci



Leonardo di ser Piero da Vinci, known as Leonardo da Vinci, was an Italian polymath of the Renaissance whose areas of interest included invention, drawing, painting, sculpture, architecture, science, music, mathematics, engineering, literature, anatomy, geology, astronomy, botany, paleontology, and cartography. Wikipedia

Born: April 15, 1452, Anchiano, Italy

Died: May 2, 1519, Château du Clos Lucé, Amboise, France

On view: Ambrosian Library, Louvre Museum

Periods: High Renaissance, Early renaissance, Renaissance, Italian Renaissance, Florentine painting

Education: Andrea del Verrocchio

Series: Madonna of the Yarnwinder, Leda and the Swan

91

⁹¹ https://www.azquotes.com/author/15101-Leonardo_da_Vinci



- Learning is the only thing the mind never exhausts, never fears, and never regrets.
- Life is pretty simple:
You do some stuff. Most fails. Some works.
You do more of what works.
- Simplicity is the ultimate sophistication.
- Whatever you do in life, if you want to be creative and intelligent, and develop your brain, you must do everything with the awareness that everything, in some way, connects to everything else.
- There are three classes of people: those who see, those who see when they are shown, those who do not see.
- The greatest deception men suffer is from their own opinions.
 - Be a mirror, absorb everything around you and still remain the same
- People reveal themselves completely only when they are thrown out of the customary conditions of their life.
- It's not enough that you believe what you see. You must also understand what you see.
- Experience is a truer guide than the words of others.
- I am not poor. Poor are those who desire many things.
- Nothing strengthens authority so much as silence.
- Nature is the source of all true knowledge. She has her own logic, her own laws, she has no effect without cause nor invention without necessity.
- Fix your course on a star and you'll navigate any storm.
- You don't get into trouble because of the things you don't know. It is the things you don't know you don't know that really get you into a mess.
- As you cannot do what you want, Want what you can do

Quotes 2



- All thoughts start from emotions.
- average human “looks without seeing, listens without hearing, touches without feeling, eats without tasting, moves without physical awareness, inhales without awareness of odour or fragrance, and talks without thinking.
- life without love, is no life at all
- I have been impressed with the urgency of doing. Knowing is not enough; we must apply. Being willing is not enough; we must do.
- The greatest geniuses sometimes accomplish more when they work less.
- I love those who can smile in trouble, who can gather strength from distress, and grow brave by reflection. 'Tis the business of little minds to shrink, but they whose heart is firm, and whose conscience approves their conduct, will pursue their principles unto death.
- In rivers, the water that you touch is the last of what has passed and the first of that which comes; so with present time.
- Whoever in debate quotes authority uses not intellect, but memory.

Current

Prem Rawat



Prem Pal Singh Rawat, born 10 December 1957, is an Indian American also known as Maharajji, and formerly as Guru Maharaj Ji and Balyogeshwar. Wikipedia

Born: December 10, 1957 (age 62 years), Haridwar, India ⁹²

⁹² https://www.azquotes.com/author/22471-Prem_Rawat



- It is not the world that needs peace, it is people. When people in the world are at peace within, the world will be at peace.
- When you are introduced to the clarity inside of you, to the simplicity inside of you, to that beauty inside of you, the journey of life begins.
- We think a wise person is someone who solves problems. Truth is, a wise person is someone who avoids problems.
- Every moment in your life is unique. You will never have two alike... Never. This is the science of living: When you begin to appreciate every moment. To have a heart so open, an understanding so beautiful, and a yearning for appreciation so complete that when that moment comes.... you see exactly what it is.
- You should love one another and behave lovingly because when love comes, everything comes. You should speak to one another with love and humility. Love is the essence.
- The world doesn't want you to know. They want you to believe. But there is a big difference between believing and knowing. Should you believe in yourself or should you know yourself?
- Take solace, take comfort.
Your problems, too, will go away one day. They're temporary.
The only thing that is permanent in nature is in your heart.
Recognize that and be fulfilled.
Fulfill the possibility that was declared the day you were born, the moment you took your first breath.
- Happiness is your own treasure because it lies within you.

- Peace is not a luxury. It's not an option. It is fundamental to the existence and well-being of a human being to have peace in their life.
- People think God is a man. People think God has got ears, nose, teeth and he rises daily in the morning, brushes his teeth and washes his mouth. And he is an old man and he has a beard. All these things people think. But no, God is energy. God is perfect and pure energy.

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Quotes 2



- Who are we waiting for?
We look up
to the sky,
waiting for
the angel
to come down
and fix all of
our problems.
YOU
are the angel
that can
fix your problems.
- Every human being has to find their own peace. Peace is within you and me. When you and I can experience who we really are, what life is, and what we are doing here, that's the day peace will begin in this world.
- You find freedom inside - nowhere else. In the heart of every being is that one space which is free, which is filled with Peace, and which is full of Love.
- Life is a tide; float on it. Go down with it and go up with it, but be detached. Then it is not difficult.

- This peace is not the absence of anything. Real peace is the presence of something beautiful. Both peace and the thirst for it have been in the heart of every human being in every century and every civilization.
- There is something so beautiful inside you that if you knew it, you would fall in love with it. It is irresistible. You can truly experience that.
- Practice peace, change your world.
- That peace which is within us, we must experience it. And if we are searching for peace outside we will never find the peace within.
- Every moment has a momentous gift for you.
- I suggest you take a look at yourself. Not the concepts, not the ideas, not the goods, not the bads. But a timeless purity of existence. A witness to the beauty that is.
- There are people who are very greedy, there are people who don't care. But in my opinion, that is a minority. The majority of the people on the face of this earth want peace, and if this is true, then peace on earth is a very achievable objective. People say it's not going to happen. Well, let this time belong to those who believe it can happen, not to the ones who say it cannot.
- This life that has been given to us as a gift, as such a precious gift. To really try to understand it, really try to recognize it, is the greatest meditation. Through the media of this Knowledge we can tap into our inner sources that are so beautiful.
- Peace is when the heart is no longer in duality, when the struggle within has been resolved.... A voice has been calling out: "What you are looking for is within you. Your truth is within you, your peace is within you..."
- Awaken and rejoice. Awaken and be alive. Awaken to the possibility of being fulfilled.
- We are all individuals. I can't eat for you and you can't eat for me. I can't sleep for you and you can sleep for me. We are absolutely all individuals. When our purpose is fulfilled, it feels beautiful. That is, to me, the feeling of fulfillment.

Bruce Lipton



Bruce Harold Lipton, is an American developmental biologist who supported the theory that gene expression could be influenced by environmental factors, i.e. environmental factors have a greater impact on health than genetic research has previously determined. Wikipedia

Born: October 21, 1944 (age 75 years), Mount Kisco, NY

Spouse: Margaret Horton

Movies: The Living Matrix

Albums: Bruce Lipton's Music For A Shift In Consciousness

Education: University of Virginia, LIU Post ⁹³

⁹³ https://www.azquotes.com/author/18422-Bruce_H_Lipton



- The moment you change your perception is the moment you rewrite the chemistry of your body.
 - Each of our cells is a living entity, and the main thing that influences them is our blood. If I open my eyes in the morning and my beautiful partner is in front of me, my perception causes a release of oxytocin, dopamine, growth hormones - all of which encourage the growth and health of my cells. But if I see a saber tooth tiger, I'm going to release stress hormones which change the cells to a protection mode. People need to realize that their thoughts are more primary than their genes, because the environment, which is influenced by our thoughts, controls the genes.
 - Just like a single cell, the character of our lives is determined not by our genes but by our responses to the environmental signals that propel life.
 - As soon as you start to tell yourself in your perception that you can't do something anymore, then your biological system will adjust to prove you right. You will not do what you think you can't do.
 - Beliefs and thoughts alter cells in your body.
 - People need to realize that their thoughts are more primary than their genes, because the environment, which is influenced by our thoughts, controls the genes.
 - Life has everything in it. But you only see what your perception allow you to see
 - Most illness is just stress from not living in harmony
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- A miraculous healing awaits this planet once we accept our new responsibility to collectively tend the Garden, rather than fight over the turf.
 - Your perspective is always limited by how much you know. Expand your knowledge and you will transform your mind.

- If the brain expects that a treatment will work, it sends healing chemicals into the bloodstream, which facilitates that. That's why the placebo effect is so powerful for every type of healing. And the opposite is equally true and equally powerful: When the brain expects that a therapy will not work, it doesn't. It's called the "nocebo" effect.



- When two people become entangled, one person will conform to the energy of the other person. When one of them is a healer whose cells are vibrating at a higher level, the client's cells become entangled, and their energy is lifted. That's why that old saying, "physician heal thyself," is so important, even though most don't understand it: If the physician's energy is going to influence or, in scientific terms, "entrain" the patient's, the doctor's must be higher.
- The 'secret of life' is BELIEF. Rather than genes, it is our beliefs that control our lives. PSYCH-K is a set of simple, self-empowering techniques to change your beliefs and perceptions that impact your life at a cellular level.
- You may consider yourself an individual, but as a cell biologist, I can tell you that you are in truth a cooperative community of approximately fifty trillion single-celled citizens.
- It is far easier to be entertained by a reality TV than to participate in our own reality.
- When we truly recognize that our beliefs are that powerful-we hold the key to freedom.
- We are conscious co-creators in the evolution of life. We have free will. And we have choices. Consequently our success is based on our choices, which are, in turn, totally dependent on our awareness.
- I am the master of my genes, not the victim of them.
- Nature is based on harmony. So it says if we want to survive and become more like nature, then we actually have to understand that it's cooperation versus competition.
- The fact that science led me to spiritual insight is appropriate because the latest discoveries in physics and cell research are forging new links between the worlds of Science and Spirit. These realms were split apart in the days of Descartes

centuries ago. However, I truly believe that only when Spirit and Science are reunited will we be afforded the means to a better world.

- We can control our lives by controlling our perceptions.
- Recently, results of the Human Genome Project have shattered one of Science's fundamental core beliefs, the concept of genetic determinism. We have been led to believe that our genes determine the character of our lives, yet new research surprisingly reveals that it is the character of our lives that controls our genes. Rather than being victims of our heredity, we are actually masters of our genome.
- ...[E]very person perceives the world differently. So essentially, there are six billion human versions of reality on this planet, each perceiving its own truth.
- I learned again and again in my life, until you get your own act together, you're not ready for Big Love. What you're ready for is one of those codependent relationships where you desperately need a partner.
- We are today beginning to see work by very reputable scientists that says the universe is created by our observations. It is not a coincidence; we are actively involved in physically shaping the world that we experience.



- "Did God have a mother?" Children, when told that God made the heavens and the earth, innocently ask whether God had a mother. This deceptively simple question has stumped the elders of the church and embarrassed the finest theologians, precipitating some of the thorniest theological debates over the centuries. All the great religions have elaborate mythologies surrounding the divine act of Creation, but none of them adequately confronts the logical paradoxes inherent in the question that even children ask.
- Physicists are made of atoms. A physicist is an attempt by an atom to understand itself.
- I believe we exist in a multiverse of universes.
- ...the laws of physics, carefully constructed after thousands of years of experimentation, are nothing but the laws of harmony one can write down for strings and membranes. The laws of chemistry are the melodies that one can play on these strings. the universe is a symphony of strings. And the "Mind of God," which Einstein wrote eloquently about, is cosmic music resonating throughout hyperspace.

Gregg Braden



Gregg Braden is an American author & scientist, who is widely known for his appearances in Ancient Aliens and his show Missing Links, and other publications about linking science & spirituality. He became noted for his claim that the magnetic polarity of the earth was about to reverse. Wikipedia

Born: June 28, 1954 (age 65 years), Missouri

Nationality: American

Spouse: Martha Reich Braden

Movies: Gregg Braden: The Science of Miracles, MORE

Albums: Gregg Braden's Music From The Divine Matrix, Verlorene Geheimnisse des Betens (Ungekürzt)

94

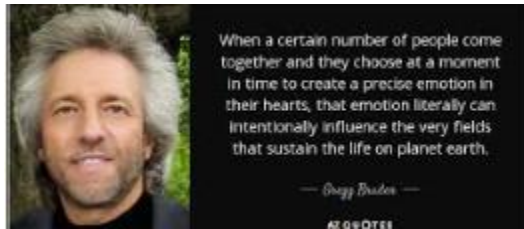
⁹⁴ https://www.azquotes.com/author/25747-Gregg_Braden



- We are never more than a belief away from our greatest love, deepest healing, and most profound miracles.
- You can manifest the life you truly want with clear intention, emotional intelligence and imagination...like it or not, your life is what you have chosen.
- When we form heart-centered beliefs within our bodies, in the language of physics we're creating the electrical and magnetic expression of them as waves of energy, which aren't confined to our hearts or limited by the physical barrier of our skin and bones. So clearly we're speaking to the world around us in each moment of every day through a language that has no words: the belief-waves of our hearts.
- The world around us is nothing more and nothing less than a mirror of what we have become from within.
- To create reality, focus beyond the outcome, as if it has already happened.
- There can only be one solution to any problem: a change in attitude and in consciousness.
- The secret of our lost mode of prayer is to shift our perspective of life by feeling that the miracle has already happened and our prayers have been answered. Now we have the opportunity to bring this wisdom into our lives as prayers of gratitude for what already exists, rather than asking for our prayers to be answered.
- The new shift in thinking is the gateway to human transformation. And because of the sheer number of people involved in this shift, and the growing magnitude of the crises that are driving us to change the way we think, we are standing on the threshold of human transformation at a level unlike anything ever before known on Earth.

- Quantum science suggests the existence of many possible futures for each moment of our lives. Each future lies in a state of rest until it is awakened by choices made in the present.
- The prime rule of reality is that we must become in our lives what we choose to experience in the world.

Quotes 2



- When you go into the world today, before you leave your home, promise yourself that you'll find at least one miracle. Without any limits or bounds on what you think it should look like, simply state for yourself your clear intention that of the many miracles that cross your path, you'll recognize one of them.
- When a certain number of people come together and they choose at a moment in time to create a precise emotion in their hearts, that emotion literally can intentionally influence the very fields that sustain the life on planet earth.
- Just the way sound creates visible waves as it travels through a droplet of water, our "belief waves" ripple through the quantum fabric of the universe to become our bodies and the healing, abundance, and peace-or disease, lack, and suffering-that we experience in life. And just the way we can tune a sound to change its patterns, we can tune our beliefs to preserve or destroy all that we cherish, including life itself.
- We live in a world where everything is connected. We can not longer think in terms of us and them when it comes to the consequences of the way we live. Today it's all about WE.
- Perhaps one of the most powerful keys to determining our experience of the months ahead comes from a shift in thinking that invites us beyond asking, 'What can I get from the world that exists,' to asking, 'What can I offer to the world that is awakening?' The way we answer this question as individuals becomes our collective answer to what comes next.
- Feeling is the language that speaks to the Divine Matrix (the Universe). Feel as though your goal is accomplished and your prayer is already answered.
- Every time one person chooses a new way to respond to the challenges of life, each time an individual chooses a new option, that person then becomes a living bridge for all the others who choose to follow in that person's path.
- Here's your protection for whatever comes: Find something to be happy about every day, and every hour if possible, moment-to-moment, even if only for a few minutes.

- Beliefs, and the feelings that we have about them, are the language that "speaks" to the quantum stuff that makes our reality.
 - Every second we choose to nourish ourselves in a way that supports or depletes our lives, and to think and speak about other people in a way that is honoring or dishonoring. What choice are you going to make today.
 - All it takes is one person in any generation to heal a family's limiting beliefs.
 - The great challenges of life appear to us when, and only when, we have everything we need to survive and heal from the experience.
 - The key to our transformation is simply this: the better we know ourselves the better equipped we will be to make our choices wisely.
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- The power of our beliefs can work in either direction to become life affirming or life denying.
 - In the instant of our first breath, we are infused with the single greatest force in the universe--the power to translate the possibilities of our minds into the reality of our world.

Deepak Chopra



Deepak Chopra is an Indian-born American author and alternative-medicine advocate. A prominent figure in the New Age movement, his books and videos have made him one of the best-known and wealthiest figures in alternative medicine. Wikipedia

Born: October 22, 1946 (age 73 years), New Delhi, India

Spouse: Rita Chopra (m. 1970)

Movies: Decoding Deepak, The Shadow Effect, MORE

Children: Mallika Chopra, Gotham Chopra

95

Quotes 1



- All great changes are preceded by chaos.
- In the midst of movement and chaos, keep stillness inside of you.
- No matter what the situation, remind yourself "I have a choice."
- Be happy for no reason, like a child. If you are happy for a reason, you're in trouble, because that reason can be taken from you.
- There is a light within each of us that can never be diminished or extinguished. It can only be obscured by forgetting who we are
- Beyond the mind, at the deepest level of consciousness, resides the spirit. This is the part of us that is eternal, unchanging, and imbued with pure unlimited potential. Tapping into this potential is what enables us to manifest miracles.
- Every time you are tempted to react in the same old way, ask if you want to be a prisoner of the past or a pioneer of the future.
- If you want to be happy, make someone else happy. If you want to find the right person in your life, be the right person. If you want to see change in the world, become the change you want to see.
- You must find the place inside yourself where nothing is impossible.
- You alone are the judge of your worth and your goal is to discover infinite worth in yourself, no matter what anyone else thinks.
- The best use of imagination is creativity. The worst use of imagination is anxiety.
- One thing we can do is make the choice to view the world in a healthy way. We can choose to see the world as safe with only moments of danger rather than seeing the world as dangerous with only moments of safety.
- According to Vedanta, there are only two symptoms of enlightenment, just two indications that a transformation is taking place within you toward a higher consciousness. The first symptom is that you stop worrying. Things don't bother

you anymore. You become light hearted and full of joy. The second symptom is that you encounter more and more meaningful coincidences in your life, more and more synchronicities. And this accelerates to the point where you actually experience the miraculous.

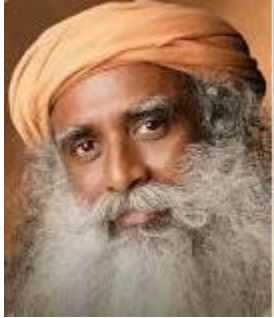
Quotes 2



- In my life nothing goes wrong. When things seem to not meet my expectations, I let go of how I think things should be. It's a matter of not having any attachment to any fixed outcome.
- If you have your full attention in the moment, you will see only love.
- The true spiritual secret is this: what you seek, you already are. True success is discovering your inner divinity~ it's the ability to love and have compassion, trust your intuition, and awaken to your unlimited creative nature.
- The Ego, however, is not who you really are. The ego is your self-image; it is your social mask; it is the role you are playing. Your social mask thrives on approval. It wants control, and it is sustained by power, because it lives in fear.
- Take responsibility for your last bad decision, and then let it go. Don't blame others or make excuses for yourself.
- Whatever relationships you have attracted in your life at this moment, are precisely the ones you need in your life at this moment. There is a hidden meaning behind all events, and this hidden meaning is serving your own evolution.
- If you focus on success, you'll have stress. But if you pursue excellence, success will be guaranteed.
- Change your story, change your life. Basically, that's what it is.

- You are the most important part of the family. Take care of yourself first. Then you'll be able to take care of everyone else even better.
- Meditation is not a way of making your mind quiet. It is a way of entering into the quiet that is already there - buried under the 50,000 thoughts the average person thinks every day
- You are the luminous mystery in which the entire universe with its forms and phenomena arises and subsides. When this realization dawns there is a complete transformation of your personal self into your universal self . . . the complete loss of all fear, including death. You have become a being who radiates love the same way the sun radiates light. You have finally arrived at the place from which your journey began.
- To make the right choices in life, you have to get in touch with your soul. To do this, you need to experience solitude, which most people are afraid of, because in the silence you hear the truth and know the solutions.

Sadhguru



Jaggi Vasudev, generally referred to as Sadhguru, is an Indian yogi and author. In 1992, Vasudev established Isha Foundation, which has been involved in various activities in the field of spirituality, education, and environment. The organisation has been subject to mixed reception. Wikipedia

Born: September 3, 1957 (age 62 years), Mysuru, India

Full name: Jagadish Vasudev

Spouse: Vijaykumari (m. 1984–1996)

Education: University Of Mysore (1973)

Children: Radhe Jaggi



- Do not try to fix whatever comes in your life. Fix yourself in such a way that whatever comes, you will be fine.
- Frustration, discouragement, and depression mean you are working against yourself.
- Having a good home, eating good food, wearing good clothes, are a means to living well; they are not the goals of our life. The quality of your life is decided by how peaceful and joyful you are.
- Your personality is something that you created. Once you are aware of that, you could create it whichever way you want.
- The sign of intelligence is that you are constantly wondering. Idiots are always dead sure about every damn thing they are doing in their life.
- It is not your qualifications but your exposure in life that makes you who you are.
- The only reason why you are unhappy is because you are trying to be happy.
- Do not wait for miracles to happen. The greatest miracle in life is life itself.
- Life has come from a very beautiful source. If you remain in touch with that source, everything about you will be beautiful.
- A human being is like a seed. Either you can keep it as it is, or you can make it grow into a wonderful tree with flowers and fruits.
- When you consciously choose to be ordinary, you become extraordinary.
- Memory creates a hallucination of the past, desire creates a hallucination of the future.
- Whether it is your work, your love, or your life - unless you throw your entire self into it, you will never know what it is.
- A materialistic person is ruthless with other people but kind to himself. A spiritual person is ruthless with himself but kind to everybody else.
- All along, you've been shaping your destiny unconsciously. But you can also work on it consciously. If you make the effort to access your core and realise that

everything is your responsibility, and shift your focus inside you, then you can rewrite your destiny.

- Consciousness is not a bunch of thoughts or a certain level of understanding. Consciousness is a dimension that is beyond our physicality.
- If you don't invest your life in what you really care for, your life will be wasted. You will not fly - you will just drag yourself through life.

[Quotes 2](#)



- If you know how to keep yourself pleasant within, irrespective of what is happening around you, Ultimate Liberation cannot be denied to you.
- If you care for people around you, you must make yourself into a person they enjoy being with.
- Once your mind becomes absolutely still, your intelligence transcends human limitations.
- A snake knows more about what is happening around than any other creature, because it has no ears to listen to gossip - only direct perception.
- Confusion is better than stupid conclusions. In confusion, there is still a possibility. In stupid conclusion, there is no possibility.
- "I want to change you" - that is not a revolution. "I'm willing to change" - now this is a revolution.
- People try to create an outwardly perfect life, but the quality of life is based on the inward.
- Awareness means grasping life just the way it is, without contamination by mental projections.

Paulo Coelho



Paulo Coelho de Souza is a Brazilian lyricist and novelist, best known for his novel *The Alchemist*. In 2014, he uploaded his personal papers online to create a virtual Paulo Coelho Foundation. Wikipedia

Born: August 24, 1947 (age 72 years), Rio de Janeiro, State of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

Spouse: Christina Oiticica (m. 1980)

Movies: *The Experimental Witch*, *Veronika Decides to Die*, MORE

Awards: Bambi - Culture

97

Quotes 1

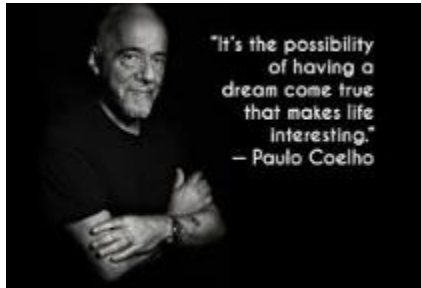


- Life is short. Kiss slowly, laugh insanely, love truly and forgive quickly
- Our life is a constant journey, from birth to death. The landscape changes, the people change, our needs change, but the train keeps moving. Life is the train, not the station.
- the reward of our work is not what we get, but what we become
- If you only walk on sunny days you'll never reach your destination.
- Forgive but do not forget, or you will be hurt again. Forgiving changes the perspectives. Forgetting loses the lesson.
- Don't say maybe if you want to say no.
- How people treat other people is a direct reflection of how they feel about themselves.
- Life is not about good answers, it is about interesting questions.
- The two hardest tests on the spiritual road are the patience to wait for the right moment and the courage not to be disappointed with what we encounter.
- When a person really desires something, all the universe conspires to help that person to realize his dream.
- Blessed are those who do not fear solitude, who are not afraid of their own company, who are not always desperately looking for something to do, something to amuse themselves with, something to judge.
- Perfect people don't drink, don't fight, don't lie, don't make mistakes and...don't exist
- If you're brave enough to say goodbye, life will reward you with a new hello.
- What is success? It is being able to go to bed each night with your soul at peace
- There is only one thing that makes a dream impossible to achieve: the fear of failure.
-

When you find your path, you must not be afraid. You need to have sufficient courage to make mistakes. Disappointment, defeat, and despair are the tools God uses to show us the way.

- Why is patience so important?" "Because it makes us pay attention.

Quotes 2



- close some doors today. not because of pride, incapacity or arrogance, but simply because they lead you nowhere
- What is a teacher? I'll tell you: it isn't someone who teaches something, but someone who inspires the student to give of her best in order to discover what she already knows.
- The simple things are also the most extraordinary things, and only the wise can see them.
- A wise person is full of questions. A dull person is full of answers.
- Never give up. When your heart becomes tired, just walk with your legs - but move on.
- We are travelers on a cosmic journey, stardust, swirling and dancing in the eddies and whirlpools of infinity. Life is eternal. We have stopped for a moment to encounter each other, to meet, to love, to share. This is a precious moment. It is a little parenthesis in eternity.
- Don't give up. Normally it is the last key on the ring which opens the door.

Michio Kaku



Michio Kaku is an American theoretical physicist, futurist, and popularizer of science. He is a professor of theoretical physics in the City College of New York and CUNY Graduate Center. Wikipedia

Born: January 24, 1947 (age 73 years), San Jose, CA

Nationality: American

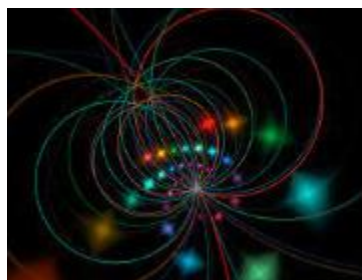
Spouse: Shizue Kaku

TV shows: Sci Fi Science: Physics of the Impossible, Visions of the Future, How the Universe Works, The Universe, 2057, Time

Education: Harvard University, Ellwood P. Cubberley High School, University of California, Berkeley

98

⁹⁸ https://www.azquotes.com/author/7702-Michio_Kaku



- In string theory, all particles are vibrations on a tiny rubber band; physics is the harmonies on the string; chemistry is the melodies we play on vibrating strings; the universe is a symphony of strings, and the "Mind of God" is cosmic music resonating in 11 dimensional hyperspace.
- The most complex object in the known universe: brain, only uses 20 watts of power. It would require a nuclear power plant to energize a computer the size of a city block to mimic your brain, and your brain does it with just 20 watts. So if someone calls you a dim bulb, that's a compliment.
- All kids are born geniuses, but are crushed by society.
- What is the universe? The universe is a symphony of vibrating strings...we are nothing but melodies. We are nothing but cosmic music played out on vibrating strings and membranes.
- The human brain has 100 billion neurons, each neuron connected to 10 thousand other neurons. Sitting on your shoulders is the most complicated object in the known universe.
- Impossible is relative.
- In the beginning God said, the four-dimensional divergence of an antisymmetric, second rank tensor equals zero, and there was light, and it was good. And on the seventh day he rested.
- It's pointless to have a nice clean desk, because it means you're not doing anything.
- Srinivasa Ramanujan was the strangest man in all of mathematics, probably in the entire history of science. He has been compared to a bursting supernova, illuminating the darkest, most profound corners of mathematics, before being tragically struck down by tuberculosis at the age of 33, like Riemann before him.

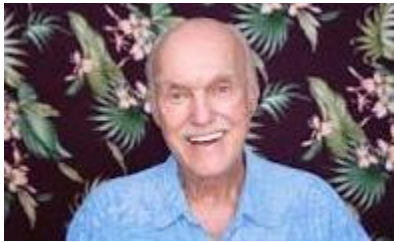
Working in total isolation from the main currents of his field, he was able to rederive 100 years' worth of Western mathematics on his own. The tragedy of his life is that much of his work was wasted rediscovering known mathematics.

- Beyond work and love, I would add two other ingredients that give meaning to life. First, to fulfill whatever talents we are born with. However blessed we are by fate with different abilities and strengths, we should try to develop them to the fullest, rather than allow them to atrophy and decay. ... Second, we should try to leave the world a better place than when we entered it.
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- Music is the voice of God traveling through ten-dimensional hyperspace.
- I began to realize something - to understand the future you have to understand physics. Physics of the last century gave us television, radio, microwaves, gave us the Internet, lasers, transistors, computers - all of that from physics.
- You know; when I look at the night sky and I see this enormous splendor of stars and galaxies, I sometimes ask the question, well how many worlds are we talking about? Well do the math, there are about 100 billion galaxies that are in the visible universe and each galaxy in turn contains about 100 billion stars, you multiply and you get about ten billion trillion stars. Well I think it is the height of arrogance to believe that we are alone in the universe, my attitude is that the universe is teeming, teeming with different kinds of life forms
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- If you could meet your grandkids as elderly citizens in the year 2100 ... you would view them as being, basically, Greek gods... that's where we're headed.
- Wormholes were first introduced to the public over a century ago in a book written by an Oxford mathematician. Perhaps realizing that adults might frown on the idea of multiply connected spaces, he wrote the book under a pseudonym and wrote it for children. His name was Charles Dodgson, his pseudonym was Lewis Carroll, and the book was Through The Looking Glass.
- Math is discovered. To be invented requires an inventor, but math exists outside of humanity. But ultimately, the laws of the universe will be reduced down to a single equation, perhaps no more than one inch long. But leaves the final question, where did that one inch equation come from?
- We have the media, which is such a waste in the sense that you can actually feel your IQ get lower as you watch TV.
- Some advice: keep the flame of curiosity and wonderment alive, even when studying for boring exams. That is the well from which we scientists draw our

nourishment and energy. And also, learn the math. Math is the language of nature, so we have to learn this language.

- What do oil company executives, vampires and NASA bureaucrats all have in common? They fear solar energy.
- Common sense has no place in Quantum Mechanics.

Ram Das



Ram Dass, also known as Baba Ram Dass, was an American spiritual teacher, psychologist, and author. His best known book, *Be Here Now*, has been described as "seminal," and helped popularize Eastern spirituality and yoga with the baby boomer generation in the West. Wikipedia

Born: April 6, 1931, Boston, MA

Died: December 22, 2019, Maui, HI

Movies: Ram Dass, Fierce Grace, 1 Giant Leap, MORE

Education: Tufts University, The Williston Northampton School, Stanford University, Wesleyan University⁹⁹

⁹⁹ https://www.azquotes.com/author/3663-Ram_Dass



- The ego is frightened by death, because ego is part of the incarnation and ends with it. That is why we learn to identify with our soul, as the soul continues after death. For the soul, death is just another moment.
- Watch how your mind judges. Judgment comes, in part, out of your own fear. You judge other people because you're not comfortable in your own being. By judging, you find out where you stand in relation to other people. The judging mind is very divisive. It separates. Separation closes your heart. If you close your heart to someone, you are perpetuating your suffering and theirs. Shifting out of judgment means learning to appreciate your predicament and their predicament with an open heart instead of judging. Then you can allow yourself and others to just be, without separation.
- True compassion arises out of the plane of consciousness where I AM you.
- We're all just walking each other home.
- Souls love. That's what souls do. Egos don't, but souls do. Become a soul, look around, and you'll be amazed-all the beings around you are souls. Be one, see one. When many people have this heart connection, then we will know that we are all one, we human beings all over the planet. We will be one. One love. And don't leave out the animals, and trees, and clouds, and galaxies-it's all one. It's one energy.
- Our journey is about being more deeply involved in life, and yet less attached to it.
- The game is not about becoming somebody, it's about becoming nobody.
- If you think you're enlightened go spend a week with your family.
- When someone we love dies, we get so busy mourning what died that we ignore what didn't.

- Ask yourself: Where am I? Answer: Here.
Ask yourself: What time is it? Answer: Now.
Say it until you can hear it.
- All you can do for another person is be an environment in which if they wanted to come up for air, they could.

Quotes 2



- The intellect is a beautiful servant but a terrible master. Intellect is the power tool of our separateness. The intuitive, compassionate heart is the doorway to our unity.
- The sooner one develops compassion in this journey, the better. Compassion lets us appreciate that each individual is doing what he or she must do, and that there is no reason to judge another person or oneself. You merely do what you can to further your own awakening.
- When you are completely identified with your thinking mind you are totally separate from everything else in the universe.
- After meditating for some years, I began to see the patterns of my own behavior. As you quiet your mind, you begin to see the nature of your own resistance more clearly, struggles, inner dialogues, the way in which you procrastinate and develop passive resistance against life. As you cultivate the witness, things change. You don't have to change them. Things just change.
- Suffering lets us see where attachments are - and that helps us get free.
- The most exquisite paradox... as soon as you give it all up, you can have it all. As long as you want power, you can't have it. The minute you don't want power, you'll have more than you ever dreamed possible.
- The heart surrenders everything to the moment. The mind judges and holds back.

In most of our human relationships, we spend much of our time reassuring one another that our costumes of identity are on straight.

When we see the Beloved in each person, it's like walking through a garden, watching flowers bloom all around us.

- I would like my life to be a statement of love and compassion--and where it isn't, that's where my work lies.
 - As long as you have certain desires about how it ought to be you can't see how it is.
 - Everything changes once we identify with being the witness to the story, instead of the actor in it.
 - The universe is made up of experiences that are designed to burn out your attachment, your clinging, to pleasure, to pain, to fear, to all of it. And as long as there is a place where you're vulnerable, the universe will find a way to confront you with it.
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- It's very hard to grow, because it's difficult to let go of the models of ourselves in which we've invested so heavily.
 - Each person tells you who they think they are, and who they think you are.

Joe Dispenza



Dr Joe Dispenza is an international lecturer, researcher, corporate consultant, author, and educator who has been invited to speak in more than 33 countries on six continents. As a lecturer and educator, he is driven by the conviction that each of us has the potential for greatness and unlimited abilities.

About - Dr. Joe Dispenza drjoedispenza.com › pages › about

Record label: Encephalon, LLC

Albums: Reconditioning the Body to a New Mind, Tuning in to New Potentials, Changing Beliefs and Perceptions

Movies: Evolve Your Brain

Education: Life University, The Evergreen State College ¹⁰⁰

¹⁰⁰ https://www.goodreads.com/author/quotes/345332.Joe_Dispenza



“Can you accept the notion that once you change your internal state, you don’t need the external world to provide you with a reason to feel joy, gratitude, appreciation, or any other elevated emotion?”

“A memory without the emotional charge is called wisdom.”

“And can you teach your body emotionally what it would feel like to believe in this way . . . to be empowered . . . to be moved by your own greatness . . . to be invincible . . . to have courage . . . to be in

“I'm taking this time to create my day and I'm infecting the quantum field. Now if (it) is in fact the observer's watching me the whole time that I'm doing this and there is a spiritual aspect to myself, then show me a sign today that you paid attention to any one of these things that I created, and bring them in a way that I won't expect, so I'm as surprised at my ability to be able to experience these things. And make it so that I have no doubt that it's come from you,' and so I live my life, in a sense, all day long thinking about being a genius or thinking about being the glory and the power of God or thinking about being unconditional love.”

“We should never wait for science to give us permission to do the uncommon; if we do, then we are turning science into another religion.”

“To be empowered—to be free, to be unlimited, to be creative, to be genius, to be divine—that is who you are.... Once you feel this way, memorize this feeling; remember this feeling. This is who you really are....”

“Meditating is also a means for you to move beyond your analytical mind so that you can access your subconscious mind. That’s crucial, since the subconscious is where all your bad habits and behaviors that you want to change reside.”

“If you want a new outcome, you will have to break the habit of being yourself, and reinvent a new self.”

“Your thoughts and feelings come from your past memories. If you think and feel a certain way, you begin to create an attitude. An attitude is a cycle of short-term thoughts and feelings experienced over and over again. Attitudes are shortened states of being. If you string a series of attitudes together, you create a belief. Beliefs are more elongated states of being and tend to become subconscious. When you add beliefs together, you create a perception. Your perceptions have everything to do with the choices you make, the behaviors you exhibit, the relationships you chose, and the realities you create.”

“Warning: when feelings become the means of thinking, or if we cannot think greater than how we feel, we can never change. To change is to think greater than how we feel. To change is to act greater than the familiar feelings of the memorized self.”

“Your thoughts are incredibly powerful. Choose yours wisely.”

“Psychologists tell us that by the time we’re in our mid-30s, our identity or personality will be completely formed. This means that for those of us over 35, we have memorized a select set of behaviors, attitudes, beliefs, emotional reactions, habits, skills, associative memories, conditioned responses, and perceptions that are now subconsciously programmed within us. Those programs are running us, because the body has become the mind. This means that we will think the same thoughts, feel the same feelings, react in identical ways, behave in the same manner, believe the same dogmas, and perceive reality the same ways. About 95 percent of who we are by midlife¹ is a series of subconscious programs that have become automatic—driving a car, brushing our teeth, overeating when we’re stressed, worrying about our future, judging our friends, complaining about our lives, blaming our parents, not believing in ourselves, and insisting on being chronically unhappy, just to name a few.”



“To be happy with yourself in the present moment while maintaining a dream of your future is a grand recipe for manifestation. When you feel so whole that you no longer care whether “it” will happen, that’s when amazing things materialize before your eyes. I’ve learned that being whole is the perfect state of creation. I’ve seen this time and time again in witnessing true healings in people all over the world. They feel so complete that they no longer want, no longer feel lack, and no longer try to do it themselves. They let go, and to their amazement, something greater than they are responds—and they laugh at the simplicity of the process.”

“Most change starts with the simple process of something outside of us altering something inside of us. If you begin the inward journey and start to change your inner world of thoughts and feelings, it should create an improved state of well-being. If you keep repeating the process in meditation, then in time, epigenetic changes should begin to alter your outer presentation—and you become your own placebo.”

“The latest research supports the notion that we have a natural ability to change the brain and body by thought alone, so that it looks biologically like some future event has already happened. Because you can make thought more real than anything else, you can change who you are from brain cell to gene, given the right understanding.”

“First, every day I would put all of my conscious attention on this intelligence within me and give it a plan, a template, a vision, with very specific orders, and then I would surrender my healing to this greater mind that has unlimited power, allowing it to do the healing for me. And second, I wouldn’t let any thought slip by my awareness that I didn’t want to experience.”

“Think of it this way: the input remains the same, so the output has to remain the same. How, then, can you ever create anything new?”

“So if we want to change some aspect of our reality, we have to think, feel, and act in new ways; we have to “be” different in terms of our responses to experiences. We have to “become” someone else. We have to create a new state of mind ... we need to observe a new outcome with that new mind.”

“The quantum field responds not to what we want; it responds to who we are being.”

“The only way we can change our lives is to change our energy — to change the electromagnetic field we are constantly broadcasting. In other words, to change our state of being, we have to change how we think and how we feel.”

“Making Genetic Changes We used to think that genes created disease and that we were at the mercy of our DNA. So if many people in someone’s family died of heart disease, we assumed that their chances of also developing heart disease would be pretty high. But we now know through the science of epigenetics that it’s not the gene that creates disease but the environment that programs our genes to create disease—and not just the external environment outside our body (cigarette smoke or pesticides, for example), but also the internal environment within our body: the environment outside our cells. What do I mean by the environment within our body? As I said previously, emotions are chemical feedback, the end products of experiences we have in our external environment. So as we react to a situation in our external environment that produces an emotion, the resulting internal chemistry can signal our genes to either turn on (up-regulating, or producing an increased expression of the gene) or to turn off (down-regulating, or producing a decreased expression of the gene). The gene itself doesn’t physically change—the expression of the gene changes, and that expression is what matters most because that is what affects our health and our lives.”

“Conscious thoughts, repeated often enough, become unconscious thinking.”

“To sum up the meditative process, you have to break the habit of being yourself and reinvent a new self; lose your mind and create a new one; prune synaptic connections and nurture new ones; unmemorize past emotions and recondition the body to a new mind and emotions; and let go of the past and create a new future.”

Quotes 3



“By Itself, Conscious Positive Thinking Cannot Overcome Subconscious Negative Feelings”

“Meditation opens the door between the conscious and subconscious minds. We meditate to enter the operating system of the subconscious, where all of those unwanted habits and behaviors reside, and change them to more productive modes to support us in our lives.”

“The point is, true happiness has nothing to do with pleasure, because the reliance on feeling good from such intensely stimulating things only moves us further from real joy.”

“we’re addicted to our beliefs; we’re addicted to the emotions of our past. We see our beliefs as truths, not ideas that we can change. If we have very strong beliefs about something, evidence to the contrary could be sitting right in front of us, but we may not see it because what we perceive is entirely different. We’ve in fact conditioned ourselves to believe all sorts of things that aren’t necessarily true—and many of these things are having a negative impact on our health and happiness. Certain cultural beliefs”

“You will learn that the true purpose of meditation is to get beyond the analytical mind and enter into the subconscious mind so you can make real and permanent changes. If you get up from meditation as the same person who sat down,

nothing has happened to you on any level. When you meditate and connect to something greater, you can create and then memorize such coherence between your thoughts and feelings that nothing in your outer reality—no thing, no person, no condition at any place or time—could move you from that level of energy. Now you are mastering your environment, your body, and time.”

“Reason this: When you think from your past memories, you can only create past experiences. As all of the “knowns” in your life cause your brain to think and feel in familiar ways, thus creating knowable outcomes, you continually reaffirm your life as you know it. And since your brain is equal to your environment, then each morning, your senses plug you into the same reality and initiate the same stream of consciousness.”

“Consider creating several Mind Movies—one for health and wellness, for example, and another for romance, relationships, and wealth.”



Ravi Shankar is an Indian spiritual leader. He is frequently referred to as "Sri Sri", Guru ji, or Gurudev. He founded the Art of Living Foundation in 1981, a volunteer-based NGO providing social support to the people. Wikipedia

Born: May 13, 1956 (age 64 years), Papanasam, India

Full name: Ravi Shankar

Guru: Maharishi Mahesh Yogi

Education: St. Joseph's College (1973)

Parents: R. S. Venkat Ratnam, Visalakshi Ratnam

101



- Love is preserved by wisdom. Destroyed by demand, tested by doubt, nourished by longing. It blossoms with faith and grows with gratitude.
- When your intentions are very pure and clear, nature brings support to you.
- Knowledge is a burden if it robs you of innocence. Knowledge is a burden if it is not integrated into life. Knowledge is a burden if it doesn't bring joy. Knowledge is a burden if it gives you an idea that you are wise. Knowledge is a burden if it doesn't set you free. Knowledge is a burden if it makes you feel you are special.
- The quality of our lives depends on the quality of our minds.
- Life teaches you the art of letting go in every event. When you have learnt to let go, you will be joyful and as you start being joyful, more will be given to you.
- Every emotion is connected with the breath. If you change the breath, change the rhythm, you can change the emotion.
- Nothing in the world can bother you as much as your own mind.
- Let your smile change the world! Never let the world change your smile!
- Accept people and situations as they are in life and then take action. The moment you do this, you'll see you are out of the confusion about anything in life.
- When heart speaks and heart listens, harmony is produced. When head talks and head listens, argument is produced.
- When all doors are shut and you have nowhere to go, that is when you go within. Every crisis is an opportunity and you are the beginning.

- With charity, money is purified. By service, our actions are purified. With music, our emotions are purified and with knowledge our intellect is purified.
- For success in life you need yukti (skill) and shakti (strength), Bhakti (Devotion) and Mukti (Freedom).
- Every moment you spend on this planet, remember that you are here for a unique purpose & cause, far greater than to just eat, sleep & talk.
- The signs of good health are an intellect which is free from inhibition and arrogance, a heart which is full of compassion is healthy, a confusion-free mind, a trauma-free memory and a sorrow-free soul.
- Wake up and realize this is all made up of thoughts, just thoughts. Your appreciation of beauty is a thought; your aversion to an object that is ugly is a thought. Your craving or aversion is nothing but a passing thought in the mind. Realize this is just a thought and you will be free.
- Dream the impossible. Know that you are born in this world to do something wonderful and unique; don't let this opportunity pass by. Give yourself the freedom to dream and think big.
- When you judge others, look at yourself - You too have flaws and the divine nature has accepted you with all your flaws. It doesn't judge you. Who are you to judge?
- To love someone whom you like is insignificant.
To love someone because they love you is of no consequence.
To love someone whom you do not like means you have learned a lesson in life.
To love someone who blames you for no reason shows that you have learned the art of living.
- There is freedom when you realize that you are just a witness to all that is happening.
- Even if you win in ego it is a loss. Even if you lose in love it is a victory.
- Your love is unique. Let love remain love, don't give it any name. The love that is defined by a relationship is limited. The love that is beyond relationships, that is true love

- Celebrate Life. Care for others and share whatever you have with those less fortunate than you. Broaden your vision, for the whole world belongs to you.
- Misery is not given by anyone or anything in life. It is your own mind which makes you miserable or happy and uplifted.
- Look at your life in contrast with the magnitude of creation, space and time. Your life becomes insignificant. Ego disappears.

Indigenous

Aboriginal



The Dreamtime 40,000 Years of History

They say we have been here for 40 000 years, but it is much longer.

We have been here since time began.

We have come directly out of the Dreamtime of our creative ancestors.

We have kept the earth as it was on the first day.

Our culture is focused on recording the origins of life.

We refer to forces and powers that created the world as creative ancestors.

Our beautiful world has been created only in accordance with the power, wisdom and intentions of our ancestral beings.

102 103

¹⁰² <https://ideapod.com/10-aboriginal-australian-quotes-will-change-perspective-life/>

¹⁰³ https://www.aboriginalart.com.au/aboriginal_australia.html

Quotes 1



“We are all visitors to this time, this place. We are just passing through. Our purpose here is to observe, to learn, to grow, to love... and then we return Home.”

“Our spirituality is a oneness and an interconnectedness with all that lives and breathes, even with all that does not live or breathe.”

“Being Aboriginal is not the color of your skin or how broad your nose is. It is a spiritual feeling, an identity you know in your heart. ... It is a unique feeling that is difficult for non-Aboriginal to fully understand.”

“So I take this word reconciliation and I use it to reconcile people back to Mother Earth, so they can walk this land together and heal one another because she’s the one that gives birth to everything we see around us, everything we need to survive.”

“We cultivated our land, but in a way different from the white man. We endeavored to live with the land; they seemed to live off it. I was taught to preserve, never to destroy.”

“This earth, I never damage. I look after. Fire is nothing, just clean up. When you burn, new grass coming up. That means good animal soon, Might be goanna, possum, wallaby. Burn him off, new grass coming up, new life all over

“The land is my mother. Like a human mother, the land gives us protection, enjoyment and provides our needs – economic, social and religious. We have a human relationship with the land: Mother, daughter, son. When the land is taken from us or destroyed, we feel hurt because we belong to the land and we are part of it.”

“Land is a central part of the connection to country and to our identity as people. Many of our significant sites, landscapes, customs and stories focus on connection to land. Land is therefore very important to our culture, history and future.”

“... from time immemorial, we believe as Aboriginal people, Australia has been here from the first sunrise, our people have been here along with the continent, with the first sunrise. We know our land was given to us by Baiami, we have a sacred duty to protect that land, we have a sacred duty to protect all the animals that we have an affiliation with through our totem system ...”

Once you learn these 8 harsh realities of life, you'll be much stronger

“The Aboriginal Sunrise Ceremonies are very special to our people. It starts when the sky is black, beautiful black. When the sun's yellow circle arrives, it turns the sky red. This is why the Aboriginal flag is half red, half black with a yellow circle in the middle. At the Sunrise Ceremony, I meditate and ask the Great Spirit for direction. My hands fill with electricity. I touch you and you feel it, too. I heal people this way. My Grandmother did that, too. I learned all about that when I was a young fellow. Umbarra, the Black Duck, is the special totem of our tribe, the Yuin. We learn to respect the elders who hand on the Law. The elders guard the Law and the Law guards the people. This is the Law that comes from the mountain. The mountain teaches the dreaming.”

“Racism is a disease in society. We're all equal. I don't care what their color is, or religion. Just as long as they're human beings they're my buddies

“The more you know, the less you need.”

“Traveler, there are no paths. Paths are made by walking.”

“To us, health is about so much more than simply not being sick. It’s about getting a balance between physical, mental, emotional, cultural and spiritual health. Health and healing are interwoven, which means that one can’t be separated from the other.”

“At the Sunrise Ceremony, I meditate and ask the Great Spirit for direction. My hands fill with electricity. I touch you and you feel it, too. I heal people this way. My Grandmother did that, too. I learned all about that when I was a young fellow... We learn to respect the elders who hand on the Law. The elders guard the Law and the Law guards the people. This is the Law that comes from the mountain. The mountain teaches the dreaming.” –

“Those who lose dreaming are lost.”

“”May as well be here, we are as where we are.”

“Keep your eyes on the sun and you will not see the shadows.”