Rubaiyat Weave with Omarian Echoes Main



Austin P. Torney

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Dedication

I dedicate the Rubaiyat's increase
To those who happily labored to tease
Beautiful meaning out of the plain verse,
With the rare insight to grant a new lease.

Preface

Formerly:

No one has plumbed the Secret Depths of Truth—
The jewel eludes e'en the wisest sleuth;
Thus we hear wishes turned to beliefs' lore,
Yet none can say 'It's this, and here's the proof'.

Now:

All That Underlies Our Lives is Now Completely Known

Objects in our everyday world – people, planets, puppies – are made up of atoms and molecules. Atoms and molecules, in turn, are made of elementary particles, interacting via a set of fundamental forces. And these particles and forces are accurately described by the principles of quantum field theory.

…

There is no life after death, as the information in a person's mind is encoded in the physical configuration of atoms in their body, and there is no physical mechanism for that information to be carried away after death. The location of planets and stars on the day of your birth has no effect on who you become later in life, as there are no relevant forces that can extend over astrophysical distances. And the problems of consciousness, whether "easy" or "hard," must ultimately be answered in terms of processes that are compatible with this underlying theory.

— Sean Carroll





— Foreword / Interpretations —



Edward FitzGerald's 'Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam' poem stunned Victorian England soon after Darwin's 'Origin of the Species' had shocked their sensibilities, but they and the world came to embrace what came to be known as the greatest poem in history, and also the one most often illustrated.

Omar had the deep and grand ideas, but it was FitzGerald, as a kindred soul and poet, who dressed them in such fine clothes, attracting the world to them forever.





The synergy of FitzOmar takes us far and away from the mundane, everyday, low-life, blah-blah, sit-com type situations, into the glorious reaches of deeper thinking about the Big Questions, as well as to the great philosophical tenet of enjoying life to the fullest.



FitzGerald's transmogrification of Omar is near unbelievable in its excellence, one of those rare poetic products that could go on for hundreds of years without equal. Shelley was close, in his poem, 'Adonais', as well as was Thomas Gray, in 'An Elegy Written in a Country Church Yard'.



See the ‘Concordance of the Rubáiyát’ online to see from what very plain original language FitzGerald developed his stupendous quatrain gems time and time again. He even discarded some quatrains because they were merely quite masterful instead of meeting the perfectly superb standard he had set for himself. I have restored them.



All things, roll on “IMPOTENTLY”, by Omar. We are, as Shakespeare noted, but actors in a play, strutting and posturing. When were we ever responsible for how we were or are at any given moment?



What benefit to life then? I suggest it is Experience, which can be mostly a joy, with Omar's love, drink, food, friends, adventure, romance, and feeling right up there, although transient, but ever of the glorious Now, and generally free of shame and blame, being in the Paradise of right here, plus we being just as organic as anything else in nature, "WILLY-NILLY BLOWING".



"ROUND WHICH WE PHANTOM FIGURES COME AND GO" is an insight into the noumena from which our phenomena arise from, as a kind of holo-graphic phantasmagorial realm of the "MAGIC SHADOW-SHOW".



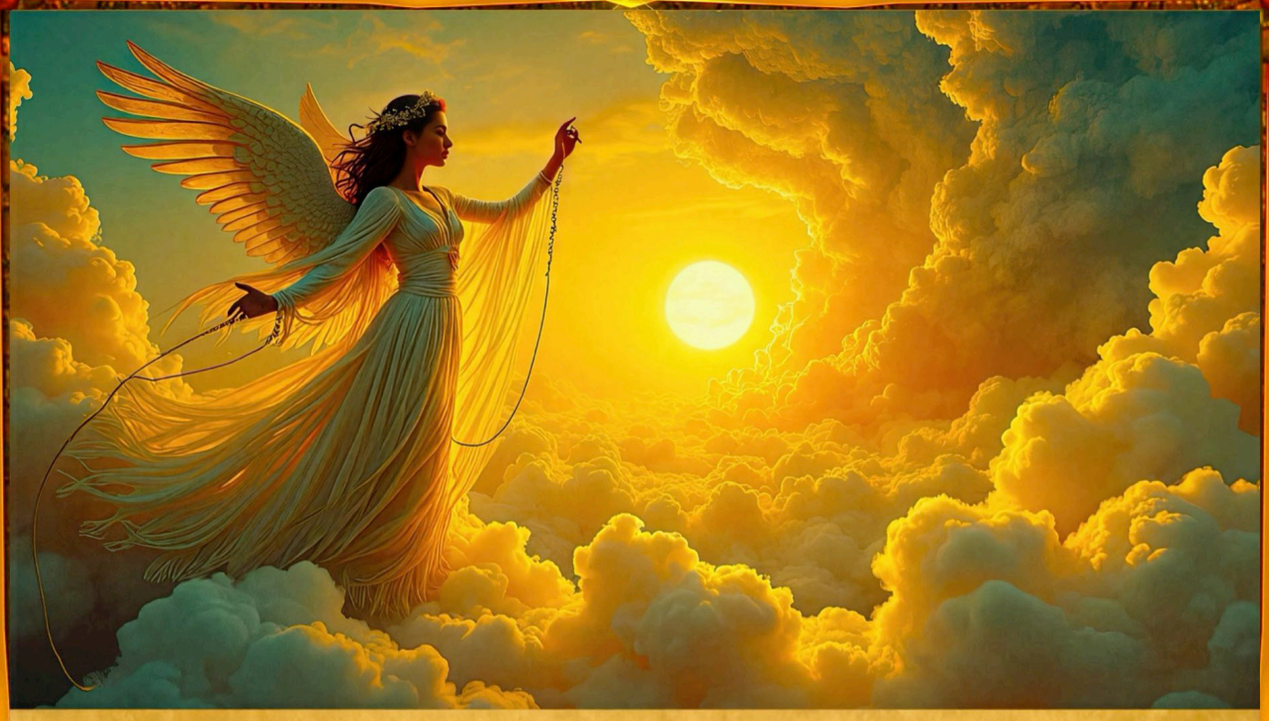


"The Eternal Saki from that Bowl has pour'd Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour" because, well, in short, it has to, all things happening over and over again for all time. It's Deja vu all over again.



"Which, for the Pastime of Eternity, He doth Himself contrive, enact, behold" is that, if one plays along with the myth, it is like that 'god' thought of, planned, designed, and implemented humans and their nature, with an inherent wide-ranging spectrum of capacity from Good to Bad; however, in this myth-take 'God' bears no responsibility for His recipe expressing itself in just the way He all-knowingly intended it to. Why His surprise and disappointment?





Often, big paradoxes mightily arrive when a proposed realm is declared, but is 'invisible', and Omar is ever up to the task. Brave Omar knocks 'god' without fear.



When "YOU SHALL BE YOU NO MORE" and "AND NAKED ON THE AIR OF HEAVEN RIDE", and the like, it is perhaps that there not really a redundant soul ever living on, made of some invisible angelic vapour that duplicates and preserves our brain neuron network, which readily maintains what is already you just fine, in some essence of an already evolutionarily expensively formed brain. FitzGerald's 'quicksilver' is either as the above soul or as wine coursing through us.



Omar cites the limits to Knowing Everything as us moving toward a carpe diem centering in the now. He writes "... EVERMORE CAME OUT BY THE SAME DOOR AS IN I WENT", "...BUT NOT THE MASTER KNOT OF HUMAN FATE", and so forth. Not being able to know is the same dilemma facing his Impotent Great Wheel itself.



And so Omar unveils his basic human philosophy for the human condition, the central tenet being the primacy of the 'Now', over "UNBORN TO-MORROW AND DEAD YESTERDAY".



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.



While the above probably refers to predestination by Allah, as made more explicit in other quatrains, it can also relate now-a-days to more scientifically modern views as to how each moment arises in Time, in the Now, and then completely passes away, wholly replaced right then and there by the next Now, which process, or even 'processing', can't be stopped, much like the deterministic chain "THAT NONE CAN SLIP, NOR BREAK, NOR OVER-REACH".



Whether there is being or becoming, as eternalism or presentism, is still an open question. We don't know the mode of time, for either mode would have the same appearance to us.



What one did long ago is done, dead, and gone, obviating any real shame and blame, but one must as well give up any fame, as well, crediting all to Fate. Plus, indeed, can one really be held responsible for who/what they've come to be from nature and nurture?



While Omar rails against a predestination by ‘god’, it is for other, godless, reasons that determinism might still be much the way events have to be, but for some possible quantum level randomness, if any, which damages the will, anyway, harming it, not helping it at all, as much as we somehow wish to think that our will can be free of itself to somehow be self-made entities as mini first causes. It seems that for one to have ‘god’, whatever Nature does is what ‘god’ does.



Omar reveals that an ultimate basis without Origin, such as his causeless Great Wheel. standing in for the Eternal Basis, cannot even know its own ‘reason’ for existence;



it is powerless over this and its state, with no choice given to it for its being, it having to do just what it does and naught else, much as we may also have to admit to.



"It rolls impotently on as Thou or I", or it just 'IS', ever and eternal, without a beginning or end, and what never begins cannot have a certain direction, design, meaning, or purpose put to it in the first place that never was.



Whose secret Presence through Creation's veins
Running Quicksilver-like eludes your pains;
Taking all shapes from Máh to Máhi and
They change and perish all—but He remains;

(The quantum fields are the 'quicksilver'!)





Thanks to you, Edward FitzGerald and Omar Khayyam, for the fine literature, as well as for attending to the serious task of pointing out the dubious and the deep. Now we have more.

— Austin P. Torney





— Thoughts to Launch this Rubaiyat Edition —

The Eternal has to be everything,
Superimposed, not a certain pathing;
It can’t have inputs, with no beginning;
So, what chose the song our universe sings?

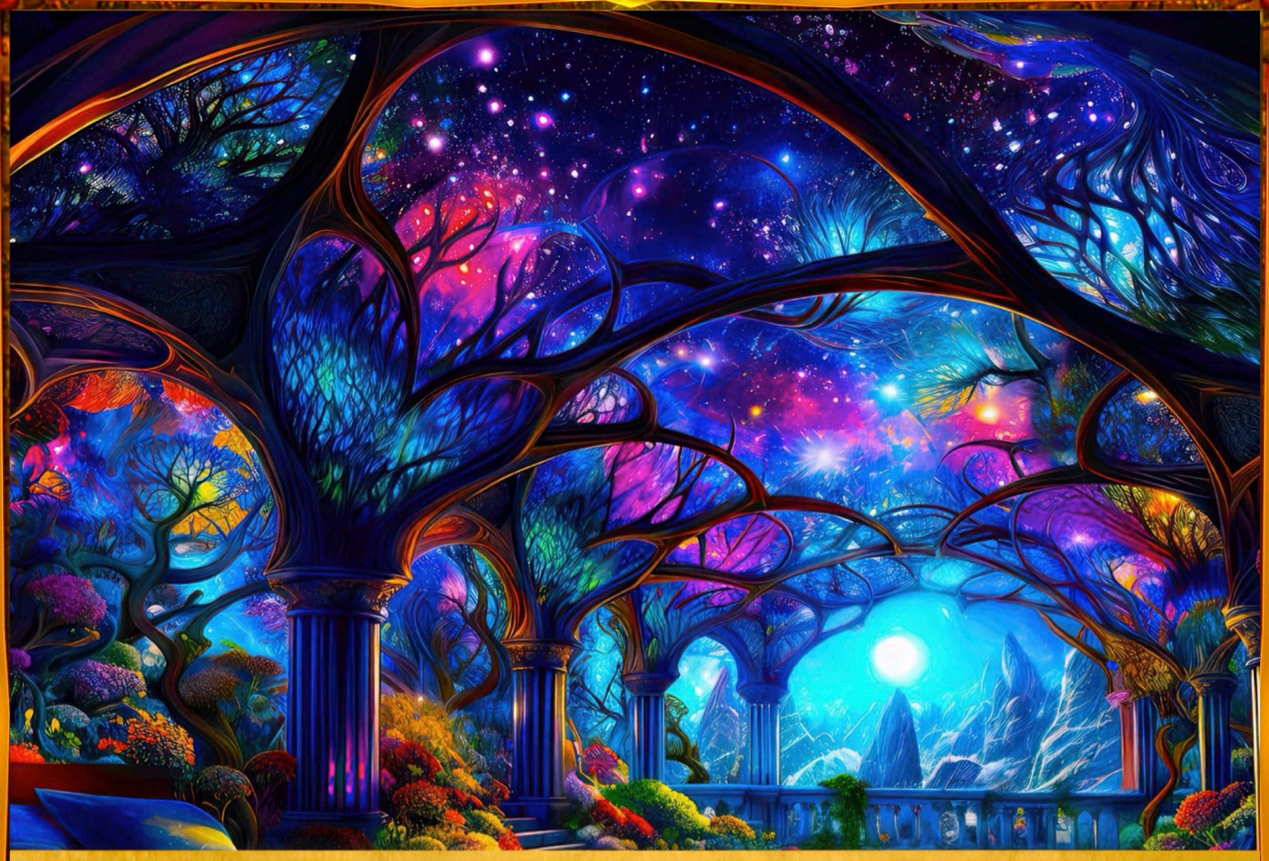


The Eternal is as a multiverse,
Potentially, with no information,
As the Babel Library of all books—
Being as useless as Nothing’s zero.


Persia-fume
Fumes of Ageless Rhymes From Ancient Times
Remade into Victorian Perfume


Rubaiyat
Redux


One wine draught out buys a paradise.
All the sparkling jewels of the skies



The Uni-versed Poetic Rubaiyat Form

The verses beat the same, in measured chime.
Lines one-two set the stage, one-two-four rhyme.
Verse three's the pivot around which thought turns;
Line four delivers the sting, just in time.

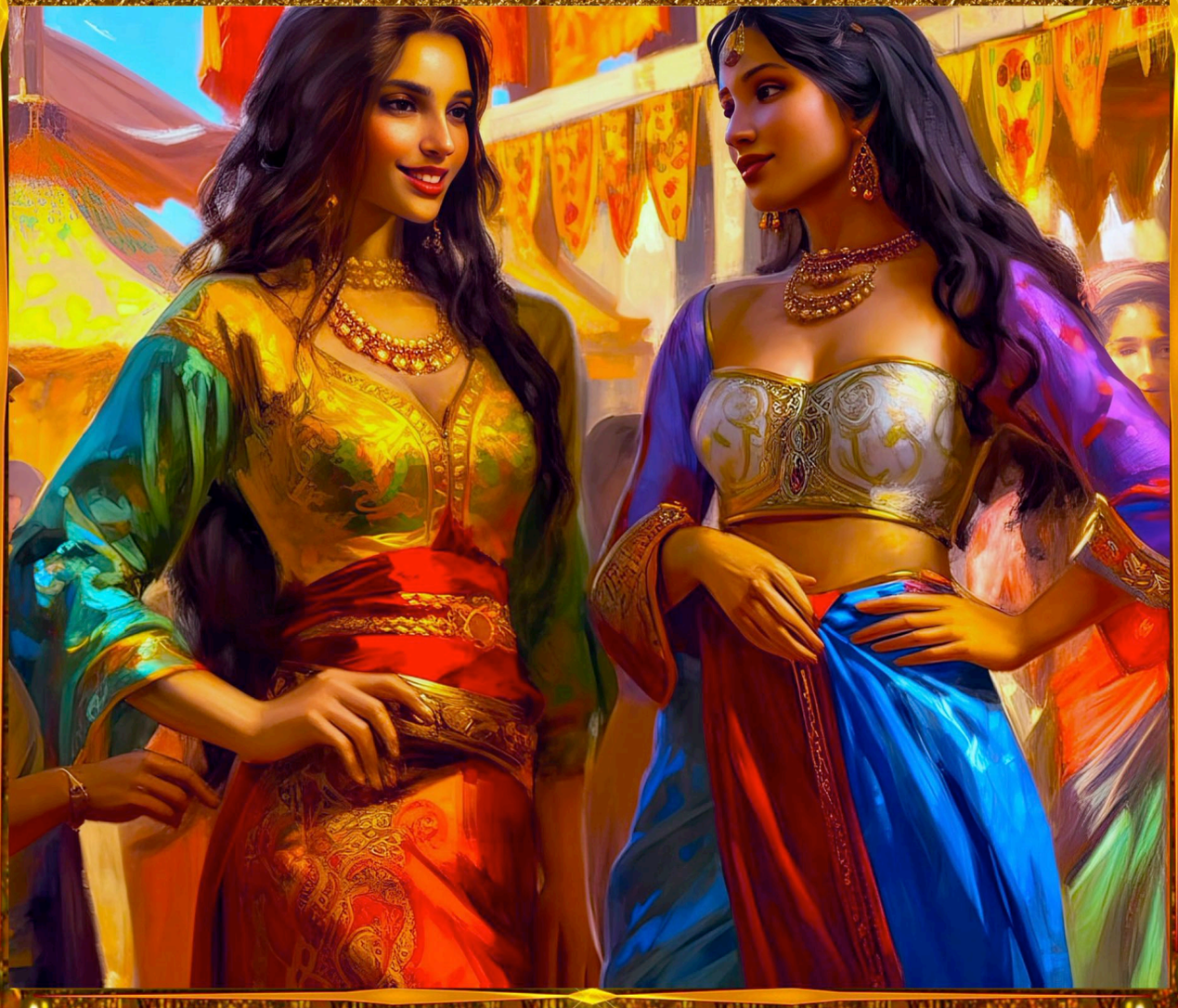





magic
moments







THE RUBAIYAT




RUBAYAT





Night's mystical flight of fulfilled desires
Heralds the day-star, as darkness retires;
The Sun subsumes the stars, fire-paints the dawn,
And captures the Sultan's holy spires.

The Sun casts morning's noose upon the sleeping roofs—
Kai Khosrú of the day—he throws a stone into the bowl:
Drink wine! For the Herald of the Dawn, rising up,
Hurls into the days the cry of 'Drink ye!'





Sunrise

The shadows flee like thieves before the law,
As heaven's gates of gold begin to draw
Their curtains back, revealing day's bright stage,
Where night's dark players withdraw in awe.

Each minaret becomes a finger dipped
In morning's flame, each dome in glory stripped
Of evening's veils, while darkness eastward runs,
Like wine from heaven's cup now gently tipped.

The roosters cry their challenges to sleep,
As dawn's pale armies up the sky-walls creep,
While dream-wrapped sleepers stir in their cocoons,
And night's sweet secrets turn too bright to keep.

The morning wind sweeps clean the stellar floor,
Where constellations danced an hour before,
While dawn's bright scimitar with swift strokes cuts
The bonds of sleep from every dreamer's door.





See how the sun-king storms night's ebony throne,
How darkness yields each kingdom, zone by zone,
Till all the world lies conquered, bathed in light,
And night's black banners far away have flown.

The dervish Dawn whirls golden in the east,
As stars blow out their lamps, the smallest-least,
While Sleep's sweet cup is dashed from drowsy lips,
And Day spreads out its bright awakening feast.

The moon, that proud pale sultan of the dark,
Now fades like smoke from morning's burning bark,
While Venus, last bright jewel of the night,
Dissolves into day's overwhelming arc.

Each dawn recreates the world's first morning hour,
When light first showed its world-awakening power—
So rise! And join the day's great carnival,
Before time dims this bright celestial flower.







When false dawn streaks the east with cold, gray line,
Pour in your cups the pure blood of the vine;
The truth, they say, tastes bitter in the mouth,
This is a token that the 'Truth' is wine.

Oh peri, jasmine of midnight's garden,
We bask in our moon-glowed, vapored haven,
Bathing in the orb's silver light again,
Here in this otherworldly forest glen.





Oh, the deep clarity of this still night—
Our being mirrors the stars and moonlight.
It sinks within us, though short-lived by day,
Impermanent; what's its way; what's its sway?

Omar, the moon's ring binds us truly here,
Wherein from the strict world we disappear—
They to wonder hence whither whence we went:
Love, kisses, and selves bonded to endear.



Colored stars pierce the veil of formless night,
Gemming Heaven's gloried, crown-jeweled might;
In the depths of the deep we live, anon:
We're all alone here to weather the plight.

We sleep the sleep that only lovers know,
As front to back, under the blankets' throw,
While meteors criss-cross the darkling skies—
Our floating selves through love and wine aglow.



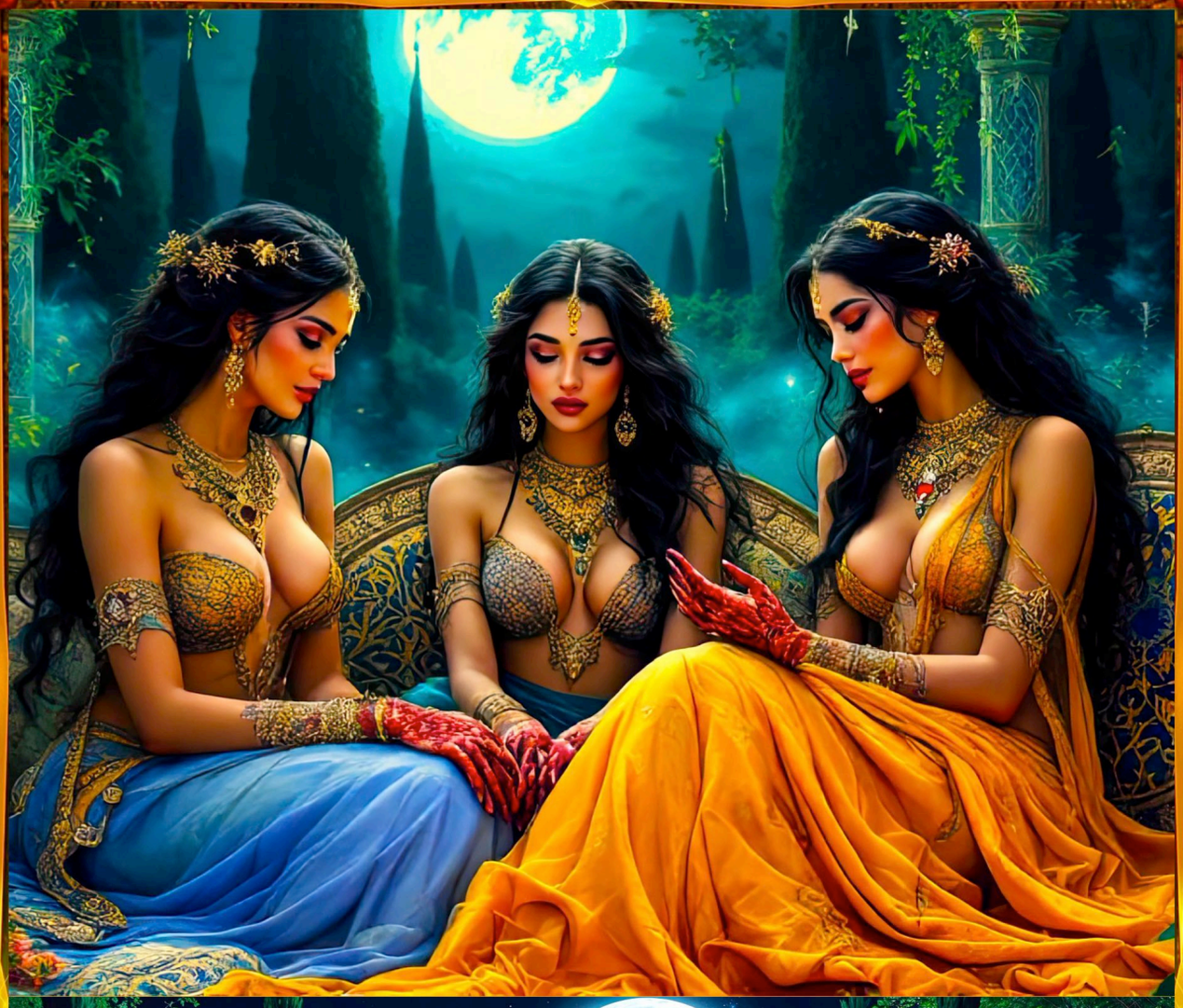












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— The Restless Wind —

Rising slowly from the cold dark hollows,
Where night airs fell, and slumber follows,
The restless wind departs her secret bower,
And, gaining strength, o’er sleeping world she swallows



And caresses the willows, which surrender
And swoon beneath her touch, so cool and tender;
The wandering wind flies by, in a cool breeze,
Her wings undulating, both strong and slender.









She spreads the morning's incense, sweet and new,
To nature's realm where life begins anew,
And wakes the flowers from their dewy dreams
By drinking gently from their veil of dew.

Then tells the tales of joyous forest soft
To the birds, who soon carry them aloft,
Thence into my ears: songs of streams flowing
Free, and stories of a glowing sky-loft.

She promises bright hours of sun to come
In dreams of those who feel her gentle hum,
As sleep dissolves from heavy, languid eyes
When sensing dawn's arrival, thrumming drum,

As if a gossamer veil has lifted, hung,
As she gently stirs the embers of one
Last watch-fire and whispers softly to all
That the stars have fled and day has begun.

A dream spoke to me, while I slumbered deep,
"You're wasting on the threshold of Death's keep;
Doth in repose can the rosebud blossom?
Entombed, you can for eternity sleep."

At this hour of the dawning; up, flower of thy kind!
With rubies in crystal, come gladden the mind;
For this moment we borrow from Time on the wing;
Full oft wilt thou seek nor again wilt thou find.







Angel of joyful foot! the dawn is nigh;
Pour wine, and lift your tuneful voice on high,
Sing how Jamshyds and Khosraus bit the dust,
Whelmed by the rolling months, from Tir to Dai!



The morn lifts us o’er oblivion’s brink,
As stars surrender to day’s golden drink;
We trace our paths past Allah’s gleaming dome,
To green-banked rivers where our souls may sink.









Old wine surpasses Kai's new palace gold,
And far outshines his throne, though grand and bold;
One cup a hundred times beats all realms, and
The wine-jar lid bests Khosrau's crown of old.

Oh! wine is richer than the realm of Jam,
More fragrant than the food of Miriam;
Sweeter are sighs that drunkards heave at morn
Than strains of Bu Sa'id and Bin Adham.









One draught of wine outweighs the realm of Tús,
The throne of Kobád, crown of Kai Kawús;
Sweeter are sighs that lovers heave at morn,
Than all the groanings zealot breasts produce.



The unlocked Secret gleams in the tavern,
Yet in the mosque the key endures unturned.
Oh, Thou Planner, Designer, and Mixer,
I'm Thy own recipe to love or burn!



In this lost haunt, on the Orion arm
Of the Milky Way, safe from the core's harm,
We philosophers meet in the tavern,
As sleuth-hounds, unweaving the Cosmic yarn.





We search for the Start of the Universe,
The End, the Before, the After, the Kinds,
The Measures, and All That Lies Between:
The Music of the Spheres' *Magnificat.*



We follow every single avenue,
Whether it's brightly lit or a dark alley,
Exploring one-ways, no-ways, and dead-ends,
Until cornered where the Truth is hiding.



The *Magnificat*

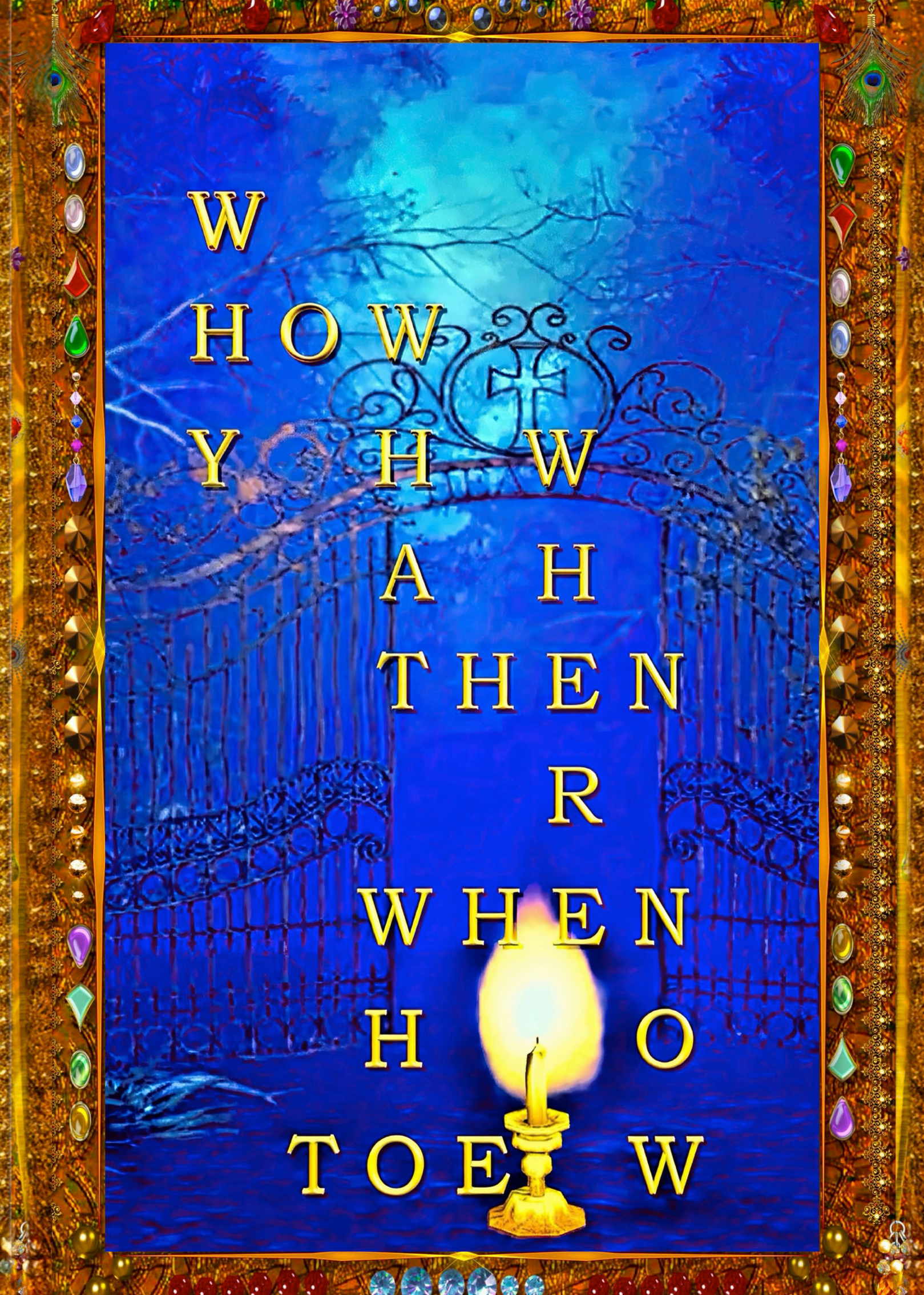
In quantum foam we seek the primal source;
Through curved space-time we plot our wisdom's course,
While superstrings vibrate their secret tunes,
And dark energy drives cosmic force.

Some chase through multiverses' endless halls,
Where parallel lives echo parallel calls,
Each choice we make splits reality's stream,
As countless worlds through countless channels falls.

We measure redshift's testimony clear,
Of galaxies fleeing both far and near,
While background radiation's ancient light
Still whispers tales of chaos in our ear.

Between black holes where space and time collapse,
Through wormholes where causality perhaps
Might loop like serpents swallowing their tails,
We hunt for where the cosmic mystery laps.

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In taverns built of stardust and of dreams,
We drink deep drafts of theoretical schemes,
While neutron stars spin tales of density,
And quasars flash their billion-solar beams.

The mathematics guides our stumbling feet,
Through labyrinth where mind and mystery meet,
Each equation points toward further doors,
Behind which deeper puzzles we may greet.

Some say the truth lies scattered in the math,
Some seek it on religion's ancient path,
While others claim that both roads lead as one
To where the cosmic dance its meaning hath.

Yet still we gather in our spiral arm,
Safe harbored from the galactic core's harm,
To share our tales of hunting cosmic truth,
And weave new theories' fascinating charm.









For though the universe keeps secrets still,
Though mystery defies our boldest will,
The search itself brings wisdom to our souls,
As cosmic wine our earthly glasses fill.







As seasons pass, each knocks upon our door:
Spring sings through the wingèd troubadour;
Summer calls with the rose, ‘midst the wood-lore;
Autumn crows, plump and sweet, through frosty hoar.



The Spirit breathes life with its holy might;
Spring blossoms replace winter’s snowy white;
Cloudy vapors coalesce into drops;
Sweet airs with fragrance lovers now invite.

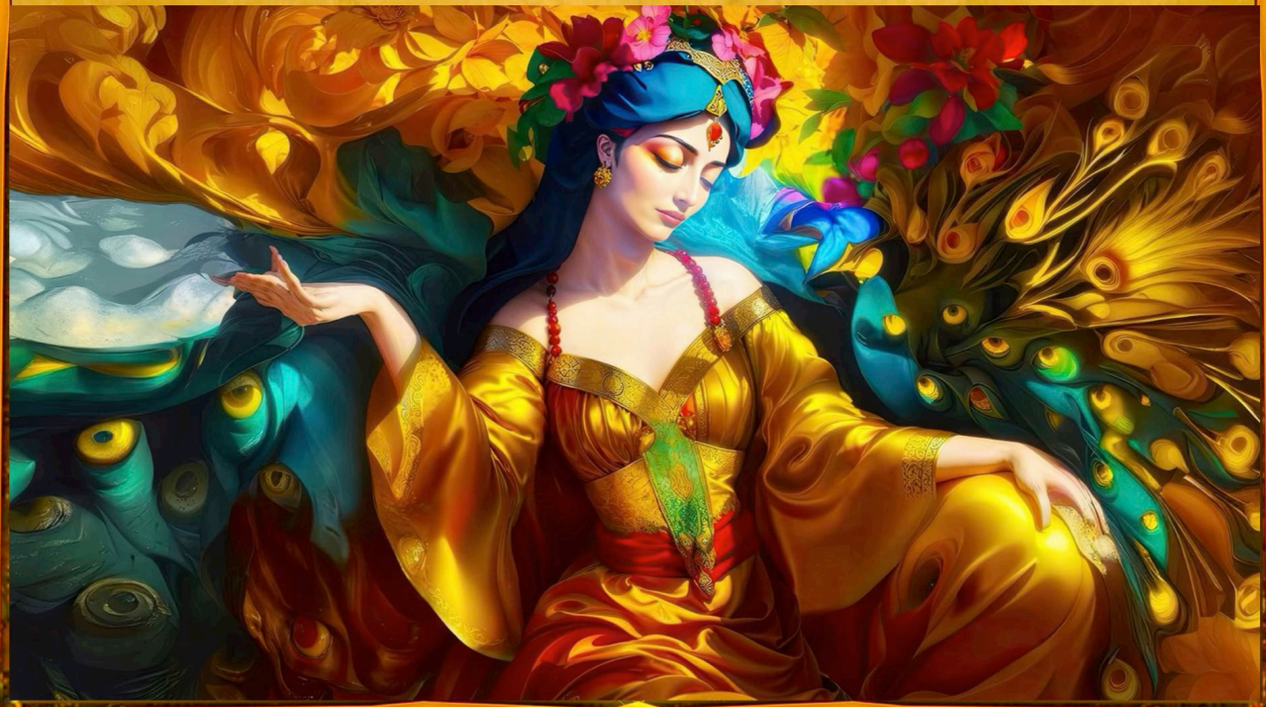




Our souls to solitude often retire,
When the noise of life sets the nerves on fire.
Here the rhythmic songs of nature inspire;
We sense the vibrance of an inner choir.

Spring kisses earth, leaving her flowers there,
Like those whose perfume first scented virgin air,
As again, the fragrant glen, in Heaven's prayer,
Hails Earth's anniversary with flowers fair.

Slake love's deep thirst for life's sweet endeavor
By streams where wildflowers bloom forever;
Flowers influence our feelings—deep they roam:
Flora's fairest flowers compose Heaven's poem.







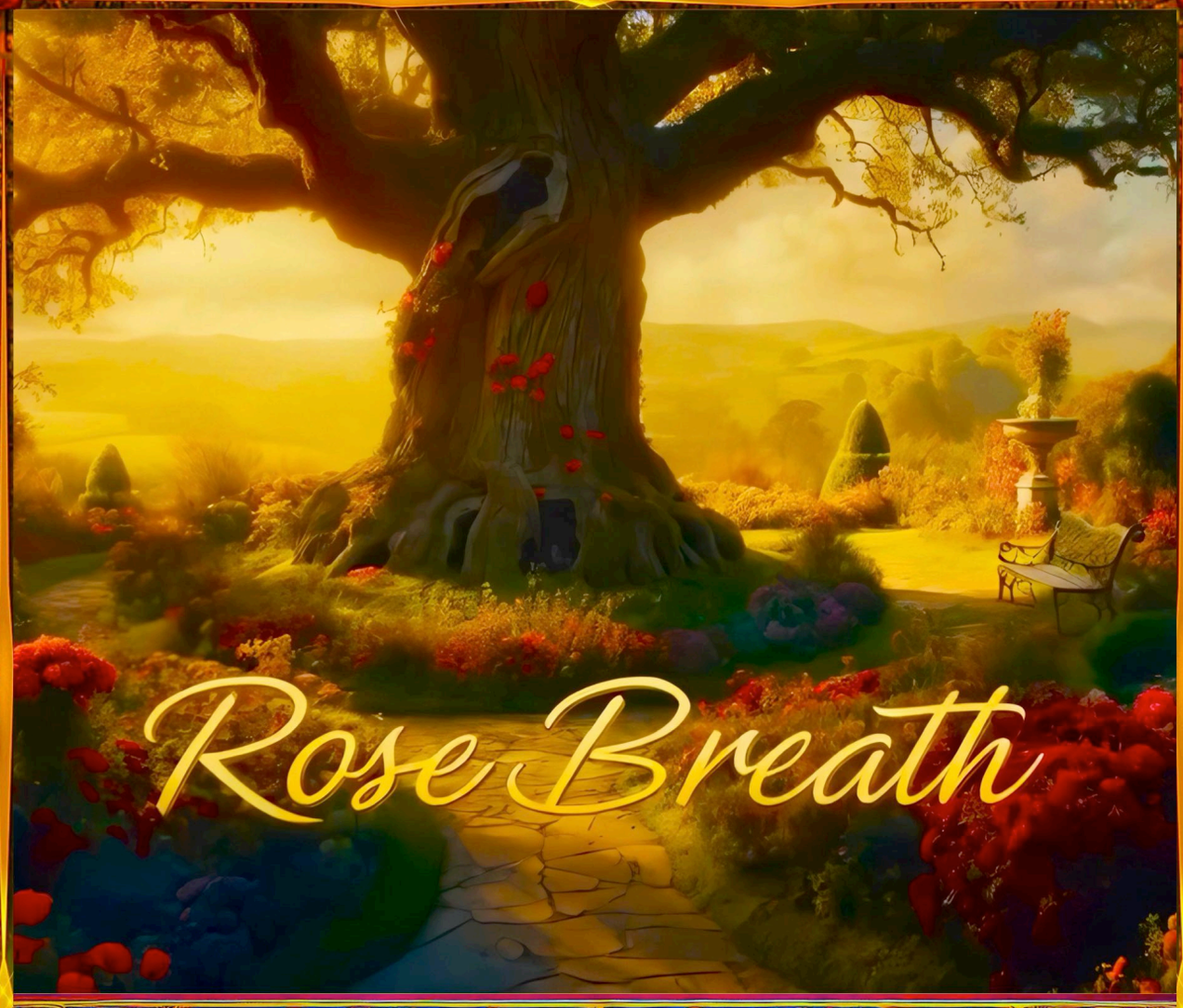
Aft the clouds' eyes water the soil that dried,
The sun's warm breath wakes up the seeds inside;
Hence, all the plants, trees, and flowers revive,
And over mead, stream, and wayside preside.

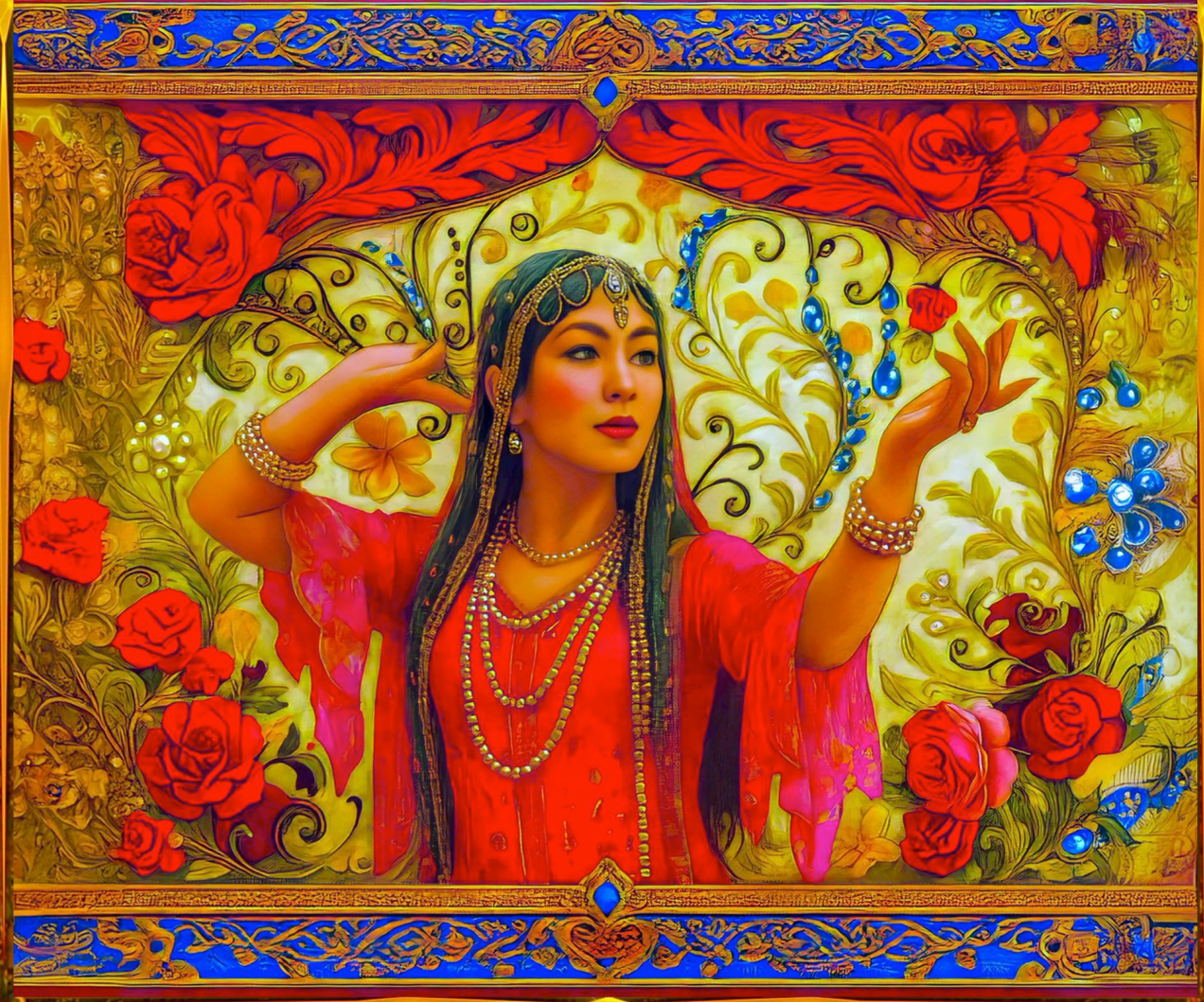


The universe's mantle binds us worn—
Tears feeding the river on which we're borne.
Hell's but an ember of our needless fears;
Heaven's the rose-breath of opening morn.

Oh meddling thoughts that harp on reason's plea,
My cheeks glow red from my loved one's grape tree,
So to your face I throw my other hand,
And drop you into sleep, oh fantasy.




Rose Breath



Rose Breath

In a garden of the old oak's shade,
Whispers of time in the twilight fade;
Stars shimmer tales of a million days,
Life's tender notes in a glowing haze.

A cup of wisdom from a poet's hand,
The soul finds peace in a foreign land
Petals that fall tell tales untold,
Hearts intertwine as dreams unfold.

Wherever you roam let your spirit soar,
Through peaks and valleys seeking more,
In every dawn and every night,
Infinite wonder in endless flight.

Moon's gentle glow like a soothing balm
Serenades sweet in the evening calm;
Paths unknown call the brave to stride,
Wisdom and wonder as their guide.





Whispers in winds through ancient trees,
Echoing journeys across seven seas;
Footprints fade but memories grow,
n the heart's garden forever aglow.

In the universe's wrap we're torn,
Rivers fed by tears we've born;
Embers reflect our deepest fears,
Morning's breath calms and clears.

Stars whisper secrets in twilight's glow,
Lost in the flow where the wild winds blow,
Chasing shadows through life's maze,
Dreams linger in the golden haze.

Heaven's rose-breath in dawn's embrace,
Hearts beating in a timeless chase;
From the dark we find our light;
Rise together into the night.



Chains of fate we choose to break,
Every dawn a new path we'll take;
Through the trials we'll learn to fly,
In the chorus of the sky

Dancing light with wings that twinkle,
Softly laughing in the air,
Whisper secrets, oh so simple,
Magic dust beyond compare.

In the woods where silence lingers,
Shadows play their gentle part;
Fairies weave with nimble fingers,
Threading dreams into your heart.

Oh the fairies sing at twilight,
Spinning tales among the trees,
Mischief makers gleaming starlight,
Mystery carried on the breeze.



Tiny footprints on the clover,
Silent steps on moonlit ground,
Search for treasures under cover,
Hidden gems yet to be found.

Through the glades and past the flowers
Catch a glimpse and they are gone,
Fleeting moments, magic showers;
Morning breaks and they move on.







For my sins of spring I repent my part;
No! I mustn't atone, for how, apart,
Could I resist the beauty of love's truth
When roses and tulips bloom in love's heart?






The Sins of Spring



The Sins of Spring

What fault lies in surrendering to spring,
When every bird takes flight on passion’s wing?
The very air breathes love’s sweet perfume now—
How can the soul resist such gathering?

Should dewdrops ask forgiveness from the dawn
For glittering when morning light is drawn?
Should butterflies apologize for flight
When winter’s gloomy curtain is withdrawn?

The garden knows no virtue quite like this:
To bloom despite the serpent's deadly hiss,
To open petals to the warming sun,
To risk the thorn for beauty’s tender kiss.

Some say that love’s a madness we should flee,
That passion’s flames burn rationality,
But wisdom dwells in every opening bud
That dares to trust spring’s sweet necessity.



If this be sin, then let me sinful be,
Like pollen scattered golden, wild and free,
Like rivers rushing to embrace the sea,
Like blossoms bursting from the prison tree.

The preacher warns of love’s destructive force,
While secretly his heart charts passion's course,
For who can stem the tide of spring’s return
Or bid the blood run colder at its source?

Let those who dwell in winter’s chambers cold
Condemn the heart for growing lover-bold,
While we who know the truth of spring’s desire
Find heaven in these sins of pink and gold.

For in love’s garden grows a sacred tree
Whose fruit grants not mere knowledge, but sets free
The soul to dance among the blooming stars
And join creation’s wild necessity.







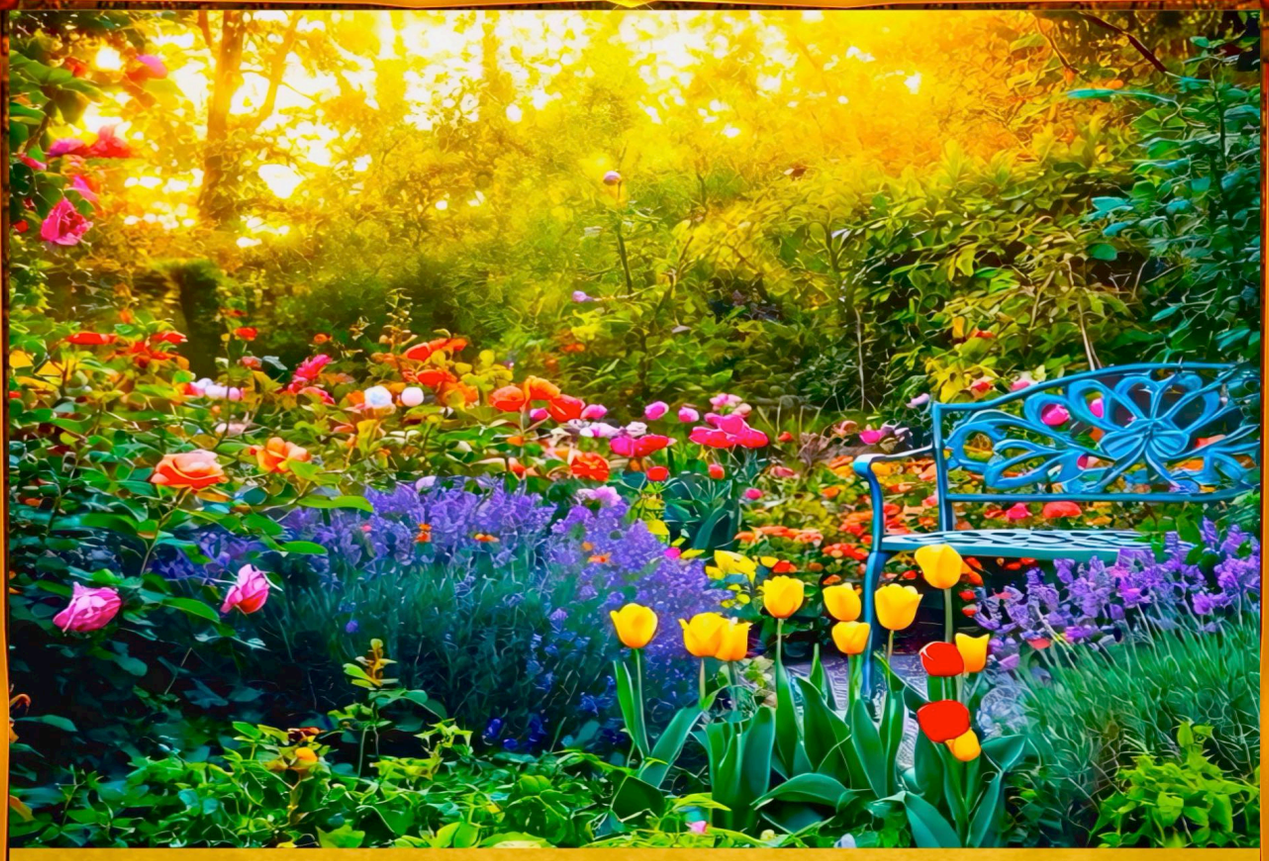
Your Angel

Might I be the nightingale that sings for you,
Filling up the naked sound that rings for you;
When nothing else remains, may I be there to call,
Where you belong, dear, far above it all.

Might I be the answer to your fears, when they speak,
And I heard it through the grapevine,
That love keeps a deeply rooted vine;
The summer fruit is nearly ready to fall,
Where you belong, dear, far above it all.

And let us go gently,
because there are deep ruts in the road,
Many unanticipated potholes,
And you must never think you can bear
The weight of it all alone,
But keep me shimmering with you.



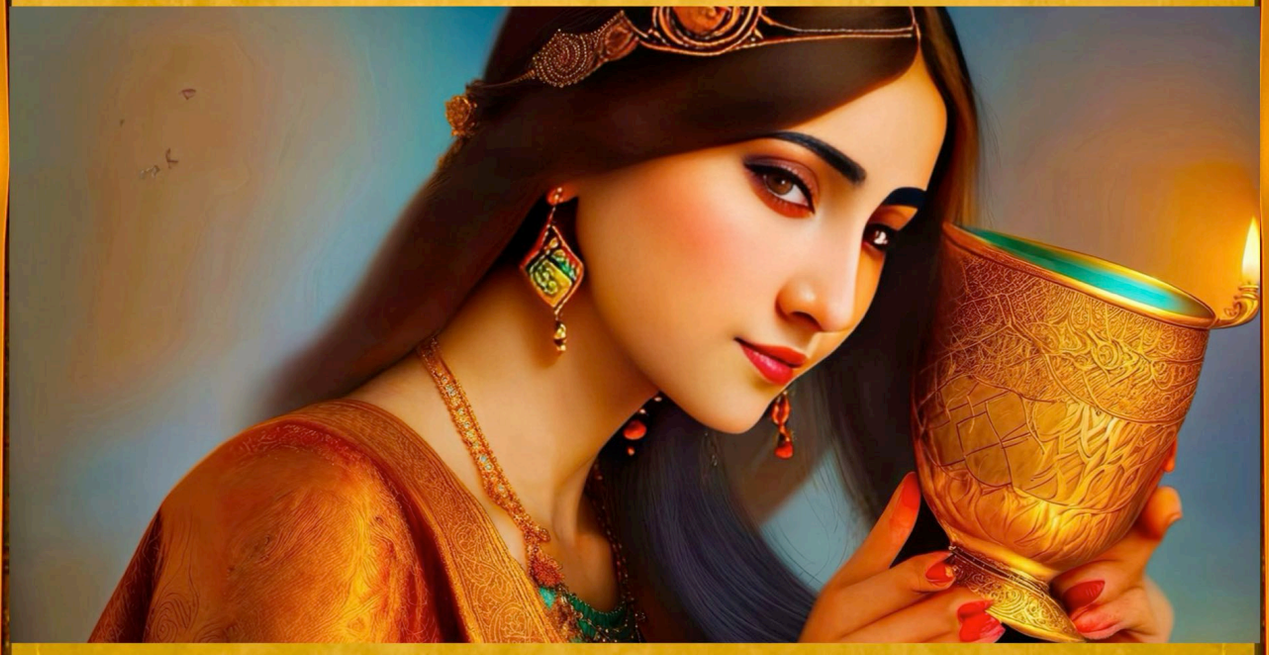


And my song is already sung,
There is nothing more that has need of being done,
Beyond the phenomena just beyond the wall,
Above it all.





And Lo! King Jamshyd's Golden Garden Land
Now's the sunken Atlantis of his band.
A turret reaches forth, yet sinks in a
Rolling dune; life's but a handful of sand!



Jamshyd reigned seven hundred years, wary;
Karum, the rich gold-maker, lies buried,
With all his treasures, near the Pyramids;
Kai Kaus' palace was built by demons varied.









A Handful of Sand



A Handful of Sand

Once a king with a golden hand
Now lost to the sunken band;
Turrets rise and then they fall;
Life's a grain that slips through all.

In the garden where dreams did bloom
Now is shadowed by the gloom;
Echoes whisper through the sand,
Ghosts of a forgotten land.

Where did the glories go that time forgot?
In the dunes they fade and they are not,
A castle's dream in a shifting land;
Life is fleeting, like a handful of sand

Shadows dancing in the past,
Nothing golden ever lasts
Turrets piercing through the night,
Disappearing out of sight.



Ancient stories carved in stone,
Memories left alone, overthrown,
Like a mirage on barren sand;
Fading fast, They never stand.











Jamshyd by his ring commanded spirits,
And in his globe saw enemy secrets,
And the cause of all things, while on his ‘horse’,
The east wind that quick transported his carpet.

To find great Jamshyd’s All-Reflecting Bowl
I traveled sea and shore, to survey the whole;
But, when I asked the seeing sage, I learned
That bowl was my own body, and my soul!



The concave mirror of a telescope
Is as Jam’s world-reflecting bowl or globe:
Beyond the seven-ringed celestials,
The Secrets of the Cosmos are unveiled.




The End, the Beginning,
and All that Lies Between
Austin Bonner





— The Cup of Jam —

Jamshyd was said to have had
a magical seven-ringed cup, the Jām-e Jam,
which was filled with the elixir of immortality
and allowed him to observe the universe.

Jamshyd ruled well for three hundred years,
and during this time longevity increased,
sicknesses were banished,
and peace and prosperity reigned.

The Cup of Jamshyd is a cup of divination,
which in Persian mythology was long possessed
by the rulers of ancient Greater Iran.

Its name is associated with Jamshyd
(Jam in New Persian), a mythological figure
of Greater Iranian culture and tradition.

The cup has also been called
Jam-e Jahan nama, Jam-e Jahan Ara,
Jam-e Giti nama, and Jam-e Kei-khosrow.

The latter refers to Kaei Husravah in the Avesta,
and Sushravas in the Vedas.

The cup has been the subject
of many Persian poems and stories.

Many authors ascribed
the success of the Persian Empire
to the possession of this artifact.
It appears extensively in Persian literature.

The cup ('Jām') was said
to be filled with an elixir of immortality
and was used in scrying.

As mentioned by Ali-Akbar Dehkhoda,
it was believed that all seven heavens
of the universe could be observed by looking into it.





It was believed to have been discovered
in Persepolis in ancient times.
The whole world was said to be reflected in it,
and divinations within the cup
were said to reveal deep truths.

Sometimes, such as in ‘The Heroic Legend of Arslan’,
the cup has been visualized as a crystal ball.





The Reflecting Bowl

A mirror curves in silence deep,
Cosmic secrets held they keep;
Stars aligning, tales unfold,
Magic mysteries like gold:

Seven rings around do spin.
Echoes of where dreams begin,
Reflected worlds in Jam's own bowl,
Galaxies within his soul.

Gaze beyond our earthly ties
Through the lens the truth complies;
Universe in whispered tones,
Secrets of the Cosmos known.

Lights of distant worlds collide
In that glassy world inside,
Hidden realms by mirrors bent
Whisper what the stars have meant.





Floating free among the night,
Stories told in beams of light;
Journey through the shadowed nooks,
Finding truth in cosmic books.

Beyond the planets near and far
Answers not so out of par;
With a lens we see it clear,
Simple truths that seem so near.



— Time's Blast of Entropy —

Time, ever gray with age, hurls ceaseless change
Against existence's rock, with force so strange;
Entropic seas lay bare life's gleaming sands,
Yet nature's wand preserves what they derange.

Still, ancient swells of Time's relentless tide
Sweep e'er on, anon, with unstoppable stride;
As we, soon gray and hoary with silver age,
Bear forth the ashen change we cannot hide.

The charge is ever san, pale, and colorless,
That which drives the universe to its death,
That force born to summon decay, endless,
Against Nature's paradise, merciless.

Though memories fade like leaves in autumn's chill,
Some deep-rooted traits remain with us still;
For in time's tapestry of woven mist,
The past lives on, our present to fulfill.

Time and time again, Time feeds all upon
In its bloodless, white, and waxen way,
Yet our everlasting rose would not fade,
Its luster even brightening by the day.

Entropic seas e'er denude the mountains,
But our enduring flower never-endingly
Has cast Deathly Time aside, for now,
Ceaselessly somehow thriving on,

E'er unsuccumbing to the sickly, peakèd
State draining drawn the life away,
Gaining its seemingly perpetual permanence
From the undying light of life's glorious dance,

Never yielding to the sickly, waning state
That drains all life by some unchanging fate;
We gain perpetual, seeming permanence
From life's undying light, both small and great,

As through that 'IS' of the imperishable,
Its flame of beauty e'er inextinguishable,
Forever celebrated as immutable,
Deathless, ne'er created, ungeneratable.



— On the Extended Present —

Here's a wide log; let us rest upon its girth,
Humming Pachelbel's Canon with quiet mirth;
Weaving words from poems that our hearts hold dear,
Creating songs that give music second birth.



It goes something like:
Then, where and when will we touch again...

Why do people cherish songs so heartily?
Because songs can touch one's spirit truly,
So very deeply and thoroughly.

But how? What magic stirs within the breast?
The soul contains wordless rhythms, heaven-blessed;
Poetry, in its noble, questing art,
Translates these rhythms so they might be expressed.

Melody, being wordless from its start,
Plays directly on the strings within the heart;
A song, when poem meets music's gentle tide,
Makes soul and spirit sing, no more apart.

They blend into one grand and glorious experience.
Yes, and it all seems to flow so smoothly.
Music, like life, consists of the 'what-how'
Of what I would call a 'smoothly rolling now'.

They blend to one grand, glorious harmony,
Of what I name "the present flowing free."

I feel that I know your meaning,
But, please explain the further seaming seeming.
Well, the total effect of music comes from, I'm sure,
The smooth transition through past, present, and future,

I grasp your meaning's shadow, not its light;
Pray, unveil its fullness to my sight.
The spell of music weaves its threefold charm
Through time's domains with effortless delight;

This, thanks to a correspondence rationed,
In memory, sensation, and imagination.
Memory recalls the past few musical tones
That have come just before the 'now' that we own;

This magic works through powers three, aligned:
Memory, sensation, vision combined;
Memory holds the notes just swept away,
That formed the path to present's feast designed.

Sensation lives ever in this 'now' as known,
And therefore it savors the present tones;
Imagination looks to the future rounds,
Anticipating the coming sounds.

Sensation dwells within the present's fold,
And savors every note as it unfolds;
While bright imagination leaps ahead
To taste what future harmonies may hold.

Ah, I get it. The delight is such, as is known,
That none of the three could produce alone!
Each one of life's moment's words
Contains eternal reward;

Ah! Now I see the truth that you impart—
No single power could work this joy apart!
Each moment in life's symphony contains
Eternal treasures for the listening heart.

For past and future both are folded in
The present's grace where miracles begin;
We dwell in paradisal 'now' at last,
Where each brief moment holds eternity within.

The Trio of Understanding

Like orchestras that weave their music bright,
From strings of past and present and delight,
In future notes that hover just ahead—
Our minds compose their symphonies of sight.

The senses drink the moment's flowing wine,
While memory's cellars store each vintage fine,
And fancy spreads its wings to catch the breeze
Of possibilities that might combine.

What echoes linger in the chambers deep,
Where yesterday's sweet songs still softly sleep?
What present bells ring clear in morning air?
What future chimes does hope in waiting keep?

The now flows swift between what was and might,
Like rivers fed by streams of past delight,
While dreams cast forward like the morning sun
To paint tomorrow's canvas burning bright.







Three sisters weave the tapestry of mind:
One reads the patterns time has left behind,
One threads the needle of the present hour,
One spins the gold of what we hope to find.

In wisdom's garden, three flowers grow:
The pressed rose of the past we used to know,
The blooming lily of the present day,
The budding promise of tomorrow's show.

Without the past to give the present weight,
Without the now to make tomorrow great,
Without the dream of what is yet to be—
Each faculty alone stands incomplete.

So let them dance, these powers of the soul,
Let memory and sense make fancy whole,
For in their triple-braided harmony
Lives wisdom that transcends each single role.





The sweetest music needs all strings to play,
The brightest rainbow needs each colored ray,
And consciousness requires its triple light
To illuminate our brief and wondrous way.





The morn has bloomed, the day grows warm and lush;
The garden's dust has fled the rain's sweet rush;
Wine's nightingale sings in tongue to the drooped:
"Pale rose, we both must drink to blush toward flush!"





Blush Toward Flush

Morn's blooming skies are new and hushed;
Garden's dust washed by rain's gentle rush;
Nightingale whispers tales from the bloom;
We drink to rise colors from our gloom.

Pale rose shining in the morning light;
Soft petals opening to day so bright;
Songs of night merge into daylight dreams;
Wines and whispers blend in golden streams.

Oh nightingale, sing with heart so true,
Raise our spirits, paint the world anew;
Pale rose we'll toast till the daylight's crush;
Together we drink to love's tender blush.

Warmth of day on leaves and flowers spread;
Songs in chorus fill the air with thread;
Wine flows freely; weaving tales of old,
In this garden where our hearts unfold.



Under skies where dreams are softly sewn,
We'll find beauty that we've never known,
Voice of nature, winds, and birds in flight'
We are one in this eternal light.









— Wine Invented —

According to Persian legend, Jamshyd banished one of his harem ladies from his kingdom, causing her to become despondent and thus wishing to commit suicide.



Going to the King's warehouse, she sought out a jar marked 'poison' which contained the remnants of grapes that had spoiled and so had been deemed undrinkable.





Unbeknownst to her, the ‘spoilage’ was actually the result of fermentation caused by the breakdown of the grapes by yeast into alcohol.

After drinking the so-called poison, the harem girl discovered its effects to be pleasant and so her spirits were lifted.

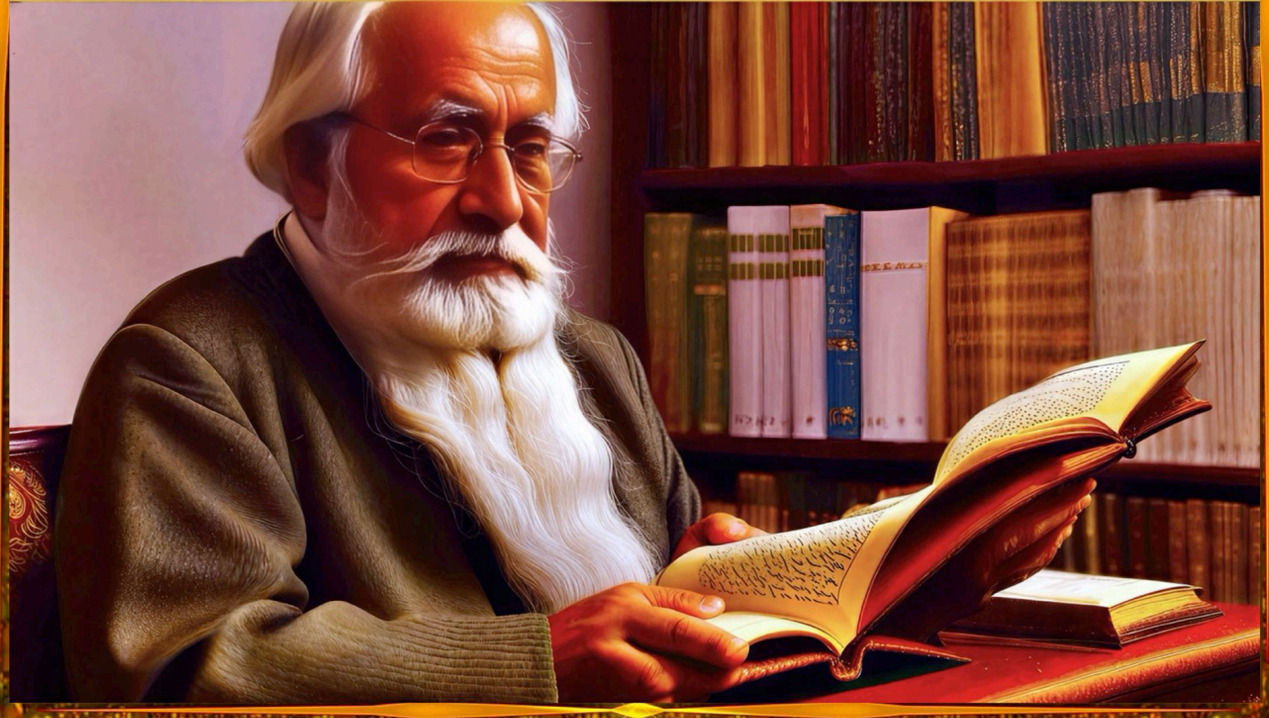


She took her discovery to Jamshyd, who became so enamored with this new ‘wine’ beverage that he not only accepted her back into his harem but also decreed that all grapes grown in Persepolis would be devoted to winemaking.



**There is archaeological evidence
that wine was known
and extensively traded
by the early Persian kings.**

— Shahnameh (The Epic of Kings): Bijan and Manijeh





— The Secret Garden —

The Rose's skirt reveals, shorn by the breeze,
And Nightingales rejoice her in the trees;
Let us lay about the rose bush with ease,
For many have turned to dust just like these.



Drink the lifeblood of the grapes you've sown,
Before pressing time squeezes out thy own.
Do toast with thy chalice and all inspire:
'To life's red wine I give all that I own!'

Here our secret garden, half as old as time,
Where poets live and write their words and rhyme,
While the nightingale creates the rose,
By moonlit magic, from their thoughts sublime.

The literary scenes unfold before us 'round,
Such as music often approaches and surrounds,
And then builds on the vibrance which in one is—
To fill with beautiful visions and sounds.

Our thoughts ascend like mist from morning dew,
While living dreams unveil more than we knew.
From poetry's light this garden grew,
Revealing mysterious wonders new.





Our mental fabric quilted truths have been sown,
By evolution, as what wove and woofed the known.
At first we admire but a few strands unknown,
Then blend the weave and weft—all the beauty shown.

From what beastly heart sprung our zest?
Of what searching eye became our sight?
What sound in the bushes made us hear?
What dark past haunts but helped us be?



It's a short tale to tell of how and why
We all come and go through earth, air, and sky:
Out of eternity's flame in the night,
Some sparks grow bright, then flicker and die.





Stars generate the lower elements;
Supernovae generate the higher ones.
Atoms form the molecules that lead to
Life's complexity, from simplicity.



Starlight is the origin of our being,
The source of matter, energy; everything.
Permanent, reassuring, unquenchable;
It's our radiant soul, a self-winding mainspring.





A moment of eternity in hand,
Caught from a wingéd creature on time's sand,
Yet put aside to later view in peace.
It flies! Now pursue it through Never-Land.



She runs past the old and patterned doorways,
And through the dim, undusted alley strays,
Until all have gone to mosque to praise,
When-upon she's off, her lover to raise.

Fill the Cup

Come on my friend, let's fill the cup,
Spring's fire burns, let's turn it up;
Cast off the weight of winter's sting;
Time's a bird, it's on the wing.

Shake off the past, no time to mourn,
Feel the pulse of spring reborn;
We've got this chance, don't waste the day;
Let's fly now while we can still play.

Bird of time is soaring high,
In the clear and open sky;
Catch the breeze and ride the flow,
No slowing down, we're good to go.

Days are short but moments gleam,
Like a fire's crackling dream;
Raise your voice, let's make it ring;
Life is quick so let's take wing.







No more cloak of dark regret,
Sunrise is our safety net:
Feel the rush of every spring,
Feel the freedom that it brings.







Never-Land

In the garden where dreams never really end,
Time slips from fingers like fine golden sand,
A winged whisper in the twilight so grand;
Catch it quick or watch it slip through Never-Land.

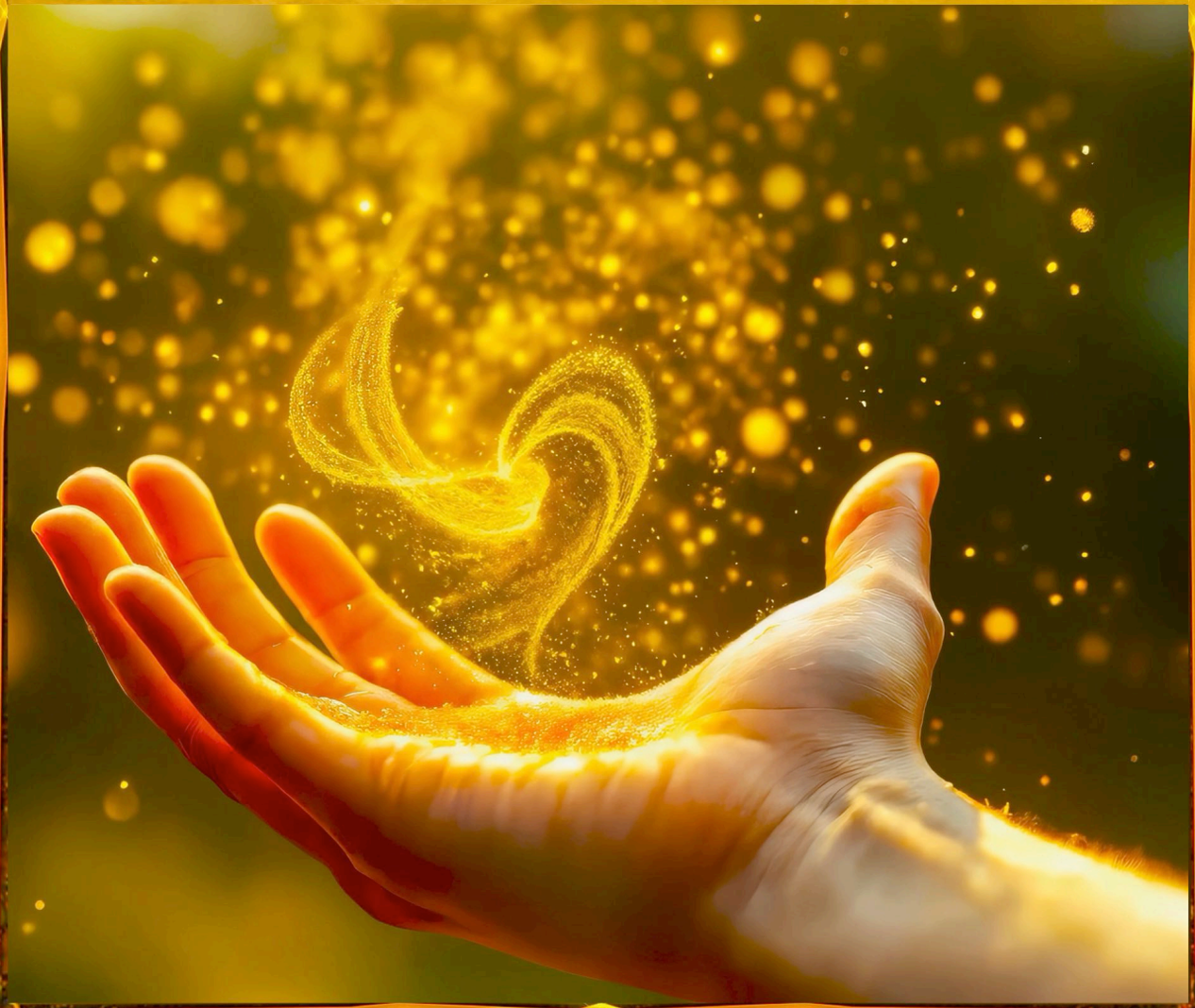
Once we held tomorrow in the palm of our hand;
Turned around for a minute now it's gone, like a band,
A fleeting song in the skies that we planned;
Fly so high as we chase through the Never-Land.

Pursue the moment, don't let it fade,
In a world where wishes are made;
Hold tight to the dreams that we paint,
Beneath starlight where hearts never faint.

In the shadows where the magic stands;
Life's ephemeral like castles in the sand;
A spark ignites in the blink of a span;
Chase those dreams through the heart of Never-Land.



In a land where time’s a waltz unplanned,
Close your eyes and take my hand;
Together we’ll wander through wonderland,
Flight bound high as we glide through Never-Land.





The heat and noises of the day will find
Our empty chairs at home, throwing their rind
Of dust and grime on through the open door,
While afar we read, write, play, and find.

Here we are, to learn just how good life can be;
Woe's not with me, Care's eagle eye can't find me,
Stress is left behind, with the serpent Despair;
I'll feast on the Earth before it feasts on me.



What sword, sling, and arrows from nature sing
Will serve repast, after the noon chimes ring,
My prayers but expressed to the balmy airs,
While the day-star shines as life happening.



In the Fire of Spring



High noon shines and showers forth its brightness
Into every chamber of the wilderness.
The afternoon sparkles and glowing sings,
And spreads its gold into living things.

Some may ask of Life: *"How does one find love?"*
Life says, "Be still! Don't rush far and above;
Stop; let love's butterfly alight on you,
For that's the touch that romance is made of."

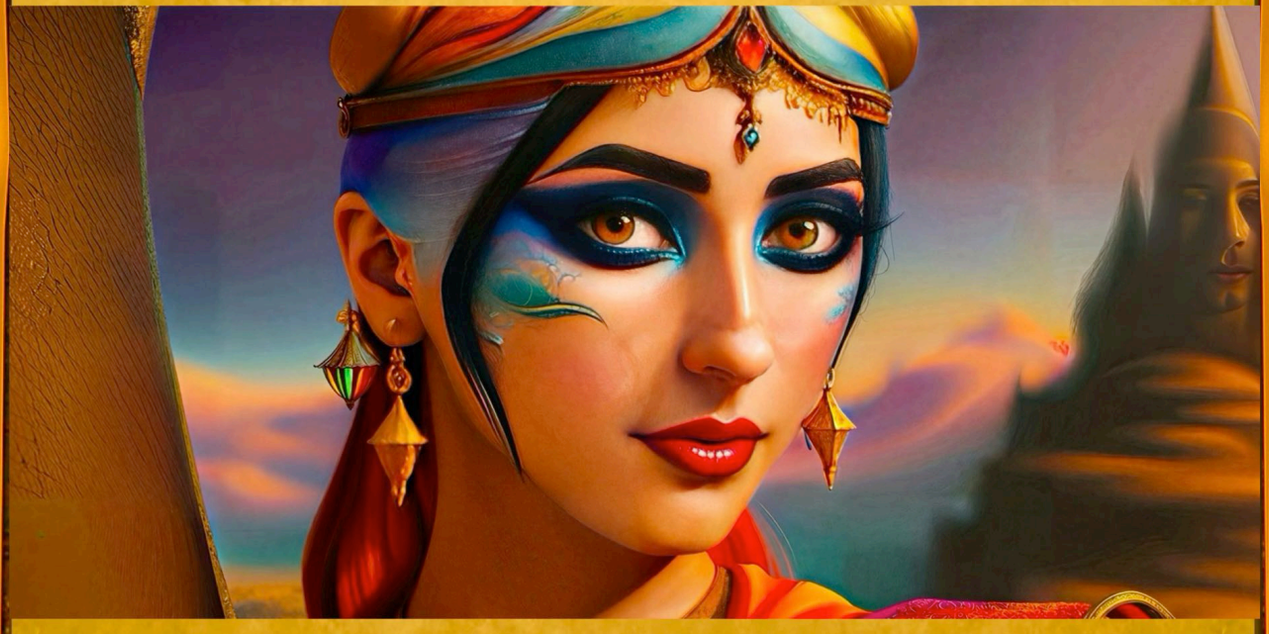


Spring's New Year unfolds the garden's jewels:
The sweet rose, my Peri, and April Fools.
Yester-now expires gifting the present;
'Twould be naught to speak outside of what rules.





Where go the leaves of yesterday, we say,
Aft winter comes and crumbles them away?
They like us turn to dust—rejoin the clay,
To rise someday, from unremembered lay.



From life we oft drew wine, till dregs to drink,
Once flaunted silk, and then in tatters shrink;
Such changes wisdom holds of slight account
To those who stand on death's appalling brink!



— The Simple Life —



Hectic and hurried, we rush to success.
Serenity can't find us, unless
We slow down, see shades, hear tones, feel textures,
Smell scents, and enjoy life's loving caress.



When younger, I knew not my elder same,
But as older, I tell my younger same
That youth must be young; he knows not my name!
It is my younger self who is to blame.



All the temporary complexities
From the Eterne must someday fade away,
Even the universe with its grandness,
Dispersing its greatness into blandness.

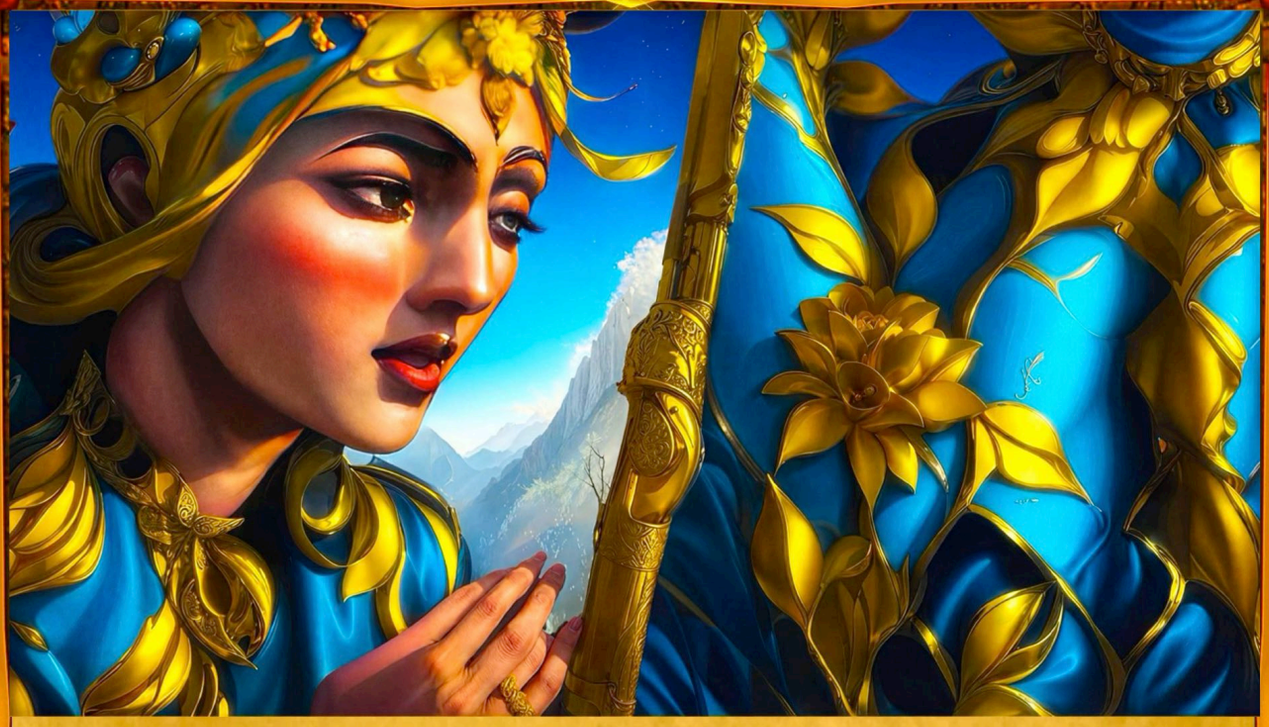


In between, the Basis sets a story
That gets lived by the transients within,
As life, and all the stars, moons, and planets—
In a book from the Babel Library.



What's Fundamental has to be partless,
Permanent, and e'er remain as itself;
Thus, it can only form temporaries
Onward as rearrangements of itself.





The Simplest can’t be made; it has no parts;
Likewise, it can’t break; ne’er ‘Nothing’ starts;
Thus, Necessity, without alternative,
Forms the Big Bang and our transient hearts.

What’s Fundamental has to be partless,
Lest its parts be more-so and it be less;
It’s ever, ne’er still, else naught could happen;
The quantum ‘vacuum’ weaves the universe’s dress.



The elementaries of a type are
The same, being woven by the same weave,
Only at the stable rungs of quanta;
They’re well anchored, but they’re secondary.





Are the fields spooky as non physical?
Since the elementaries are physical,
And because they are outright field quanta,
The quantum fields are purely physical.

Having no parts makes for the most lightweight;
So it can't have Mind, the doomed fate
That is hoped for by those looking beneath,
At the wrong level, simplex, for complex.

Change, change, change… constant change, as fast as it
Can happen—the speed of light being foremost
The speed of causality—o'er 13 billion years now,
From the simple on up to the more complex.

The 'vacuum' has to e'er jitter and sing,
This Base Existent forced as something,
Due to the nonexistence of 'Nothing';
If it 'tries' to be zero, it cannot.

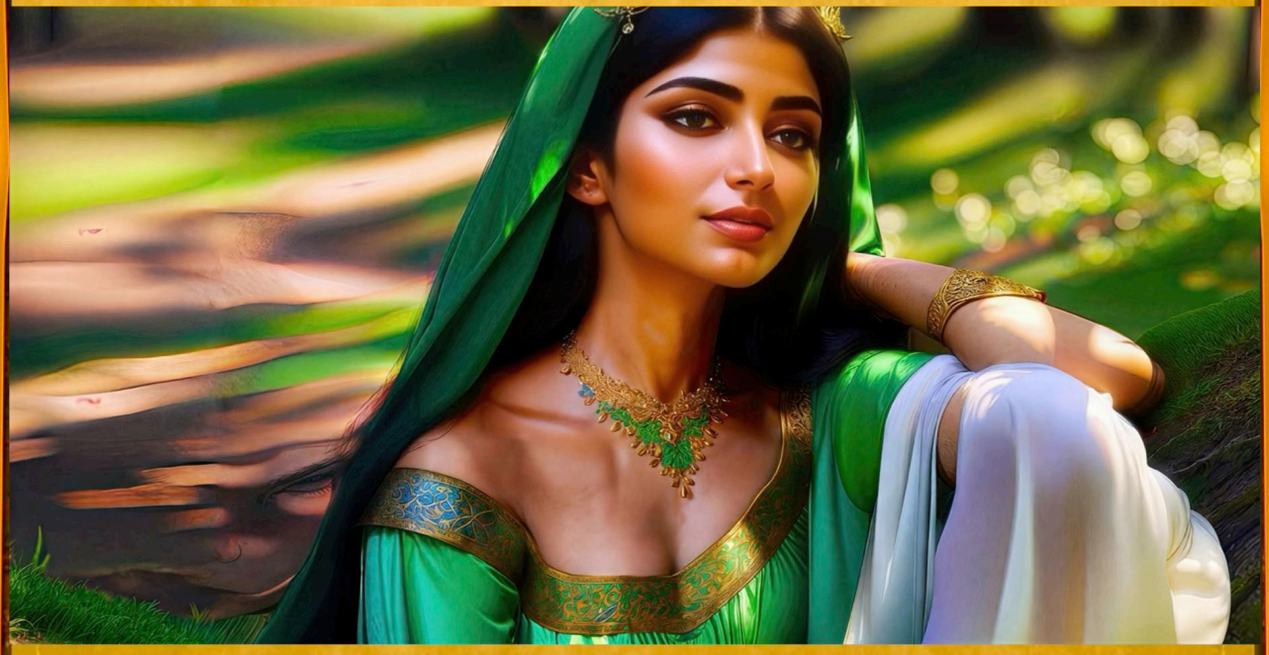
At the indefinite quantum level,
Zero must be fuzzy, not definite;
So it can't be zero, but has to be
As that which is ever up to something.







She grows a clutch of blossoms to propose;
His zephyr blows nature's page to disclose:
Spring, departing, caresses the summer—
From their only kiss blooms the lovely rose.



She grows a crown of blossoms to propose;
His gentle breeze turns nature's page to close;
Spring, as it yields its breath to summer's warmth:
From their lone kiss is born the crimson rose.





Spring's last breath awakens him—he's living:
The life-force passes to summer from spring—
His clover spreads, vines grow strong, roses cling,
All from the kiss of which she died giving.

Spring's final breath awakens summer's flame:
Life passes on, the seasons change their name;
The clover spreads, vines climb, and roses bloom,
All from her sacrificial kiss they came.



Are there stars in roses and they in stars?
The roses are made of the dust of stars
And worlds within star systems have roses;
We're all life-stars and roses from the stars.



The Dying Kiss

Spring was dying as he was conceived,
Summer knew he now had to believe;
No more breaking, only creating,
A love born from someone else's leaving.

Spring was fading as he came into being;
Summer opened and blossomed with feeling,
Welcomed new breath into his strong chest,
With loves dying breath.

Summer, as we lie next to one another
I hope you find the beauty in birth through death;
You say you're not blessed but you're not fully grown,
So you don't know what you'll blossom into.

Seems that death's always tied to new life;
How can it be a new beginning if it means goodbye?



Hold me tight;
Baby hold me like
My love will never die.

You tell me one day we'll have forever,
Though one day we'll die.

I know the truth is: When spring dies
Summer blooms: When I die
Forever starts with you.

Peaking in the garden as the spring queen,
Waiting for the summer to arrive,
Barefoot in a nightgown dreaming daydreams,
Rehearsing a new order by her side.

Wise men say I'm giving up my kingdom.
Who needs one when you're ruling love and light,
Not chained to one but think I've got a real one;
Divinity I recognize on sight.



Coming soon, he walked right into my life,
Coming soon, luckily at the right time,
Coming soon, I've got forever in mind,
A promise ring for the rest of my life.

And I Called you my Holy Grail,
Goddess touched down,
With no landing gear.

And you cupped me on Earth's bosom
Say summer's comin', coming soon,
A season described in dreams,
Fruit and flower and seed Dreams.

As the songbird sings,
Anxiously awaiting your ring, and your ripe
Baby coming soon, right in the nick of time,
A new last name garden of a new life.





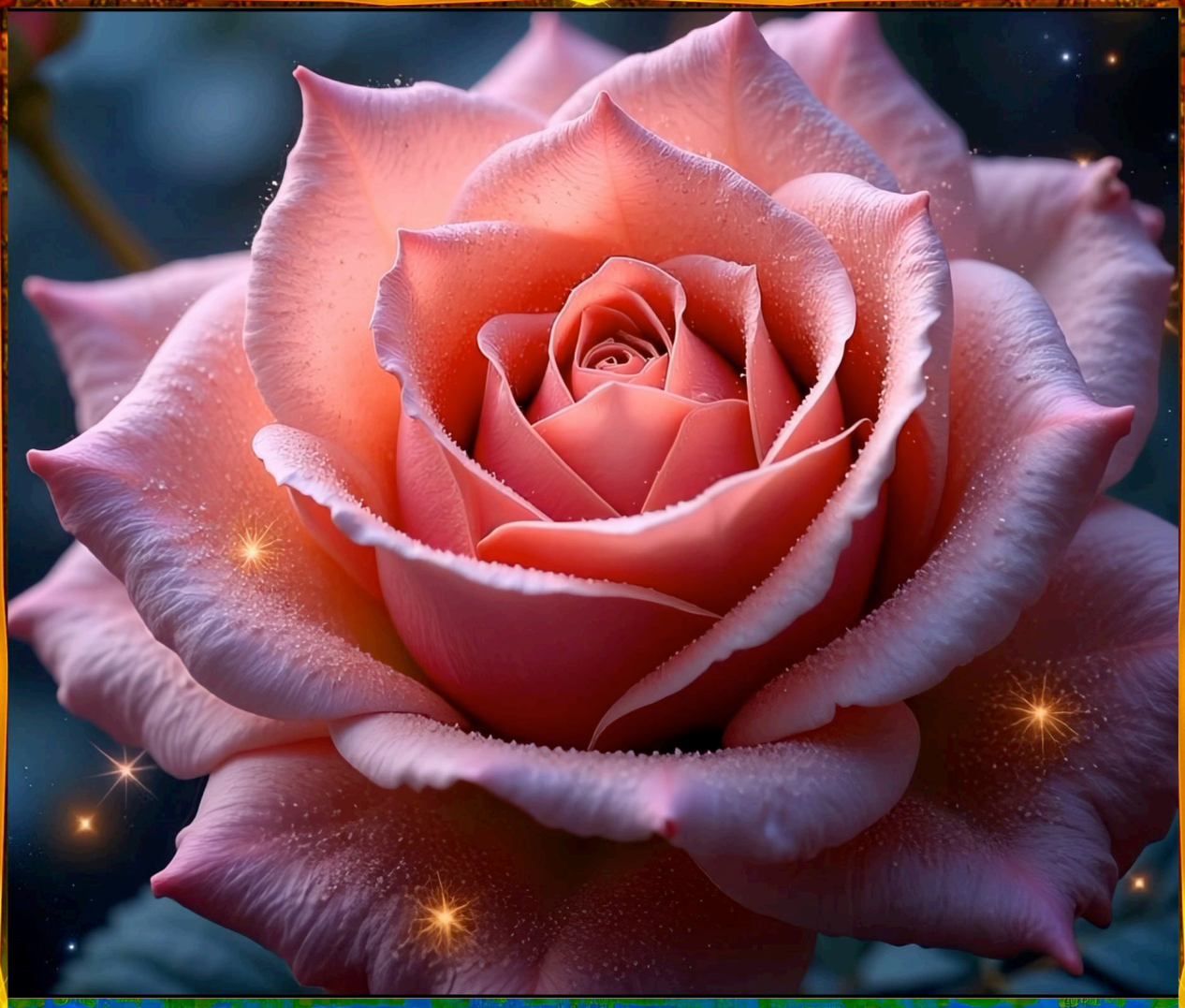




The rose that blooms in summer's golden day
Will wither when the autumn winds grow cold;
Yet though its petals fall and fade away,
Its perfume lingers, more precious than gold.

(That's amazing and insightful; The flower is dead but its scent, like a soul, has already mixed into the air.)

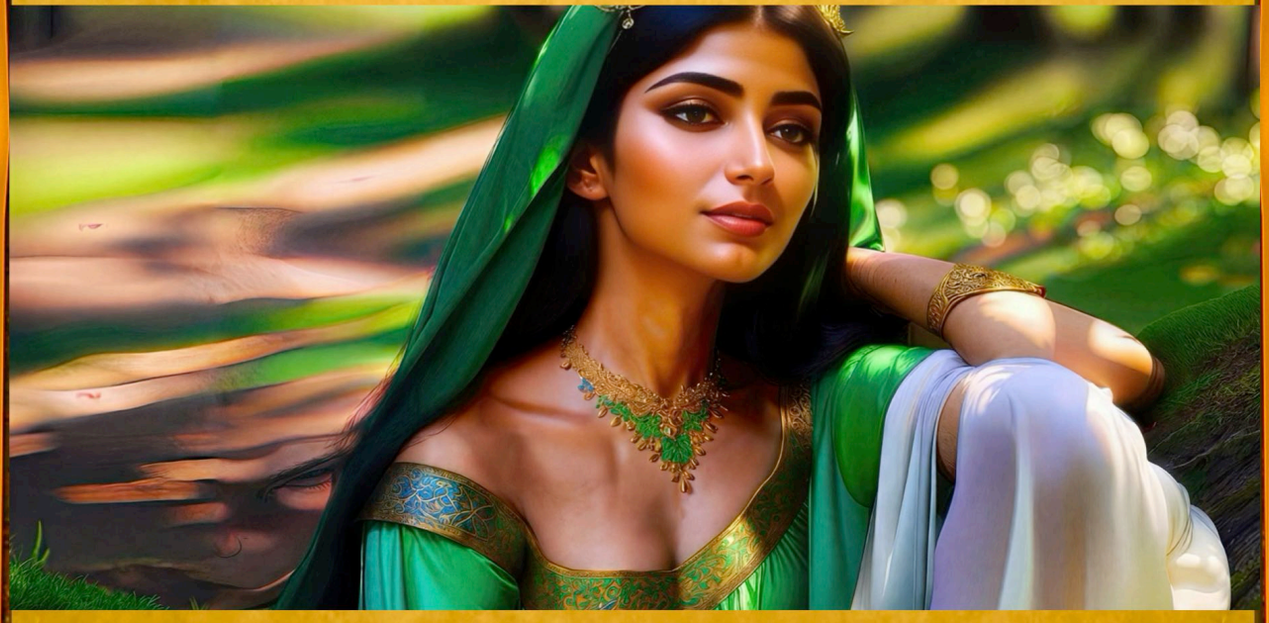








Far sweeter sounds one's lover's tender sighs
Than the groan of war that wins great prize.
One taste of love's dear wine by far out-buys
A Sultan's wealth in some rich Paradise.



Look, wherever we cast our weary eyes,
Sweet nature springs, and crystal bearers rise.
The desert, once bare as Hell, now verdant smiles:
Let us enjoy, oh maid of Paradise!



Breathe in all that's good, breathe out all that's bad;
Peace flows into you—it's warm, wet, and glad.
Feel it spread throughout the body, then say,
'This is the best life that I've ever had!'

— Love = Truth + Beauty + Goodness —

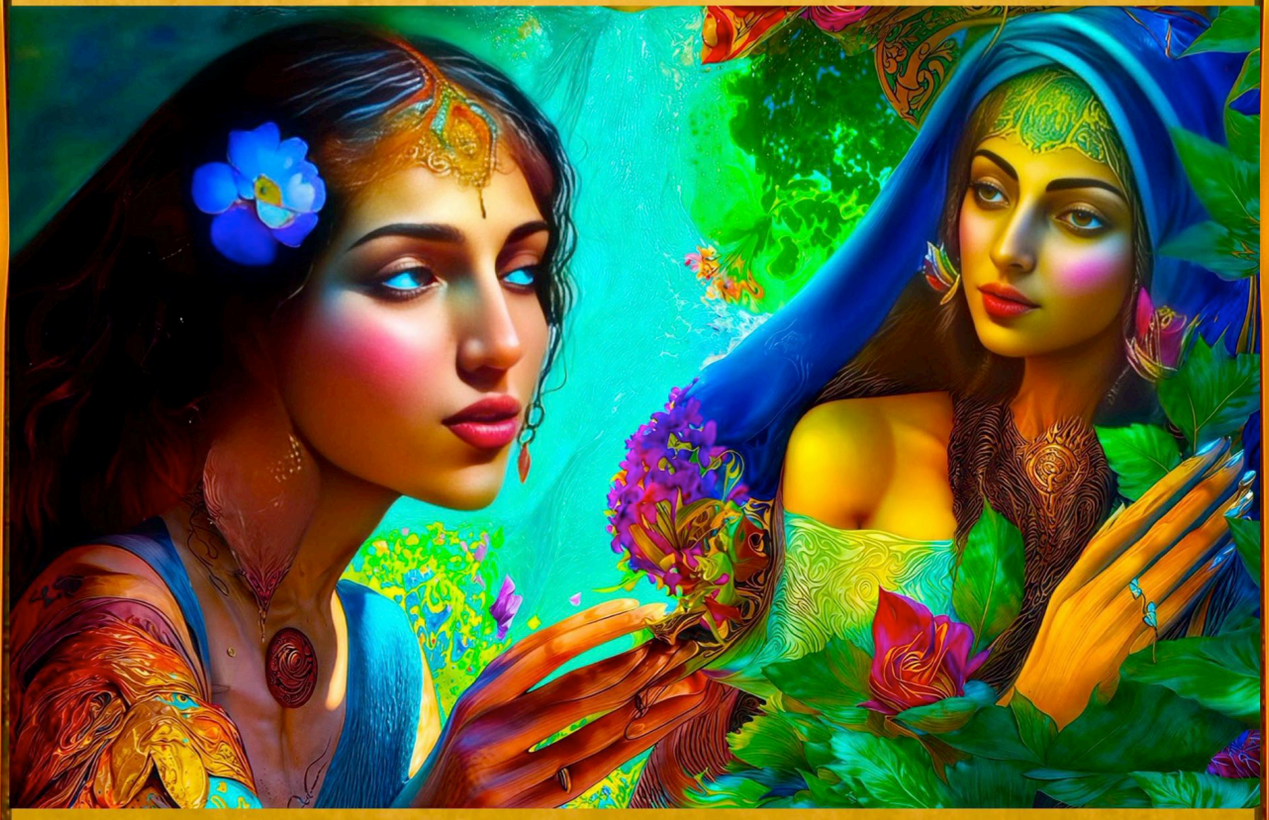
The woods and meadows burst with vibrant light,
Ablaze with sun-filled joy and pure delight;
Is beauty's pose the name of the rose?
Perhaps—from humble soil they reach their height.

Behold the tulip, lily, and the rose,
Together twined—not planted in straight rows!
What wisdom speaks through this rare harmony,
Where Nature's finest blooms as one compose?

The tulip's a dependable sign of spring;
One can always count on the news it brings;
So, tulips have always well stood for truth.
The lily is often white, as the proof,

Representing purity and goodness bright.
The rose is the symbol of beauty's might.
So these three combined together here
Means we've grown love's bouquet with great care.

The lily shows forth goodness, clean and bright;
The rose embodies beauty's matchless might;
These three entwined together in one place
Form love's own bouquet, nurtured with delight.



Truth, goodness, beauty—of their braided length,
Makes for lasting love, giving it its strength.



So, life's storms can never scatter them bare.
Love's not an easy thing to grow, anywhere.



Truth, goodness, beauty—in their braided strength,
Forge lasting love that spans both breadth and length;
No tempest can uproot what's planted so—
Though love grows hard in soil of any wealth.

Love's spirit weaves the soul's warp, weft, and wave,
Creating an eternal, perfect braid,
Wound from strands of Truth, Goodness, and Beauty;
Each different forms, but from the same All made.



Heart-flight is love that the wondrous Earth brings,
As wind to the soul whispers unimaged things;
From merging streams of sense flows boundless joy;
Imagination fires enlightened wings.





What wingèd creature soars on golden wings
Through paradise where every rose-bud sings!
Whose dreams take shape from visions realized!
The definite from the many tries springs.



Who knew that the twin-born Peri was bred
From lower flesh and higher spirit bled,
Where the Hellish desert meets the greensward,
When the hot sands and the luscious turf wed.







Where the river runs, far from Sultan's throne,
We live by the stream-side, just us alone.
Here we've the perfect equilibrium:
Poor but rich, home yet free, great but unknown.



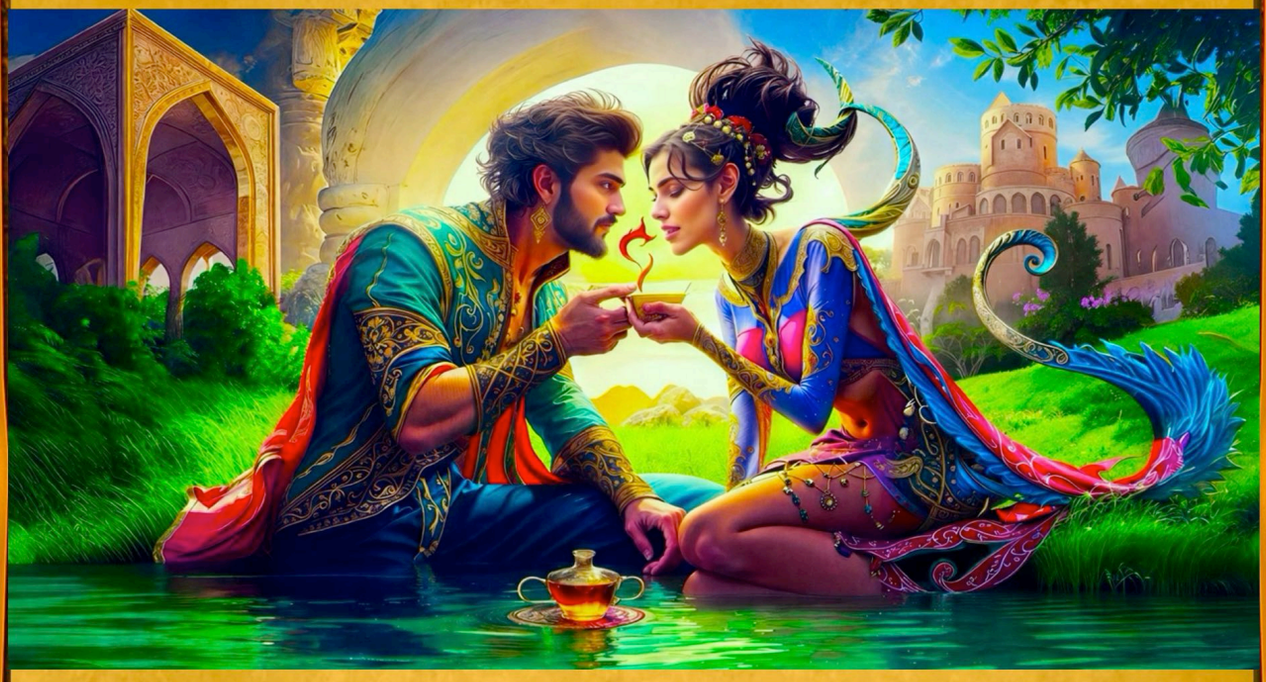
Those who dally on the soft river grass,
Drinking an houri's morning breath, alas,
While the flowered Persia fumes waft about,
Are free and saved from the mosque's tiring mass.



On spring's green bank, my houri drinks with me,
Pouring love's cup into our souls thirsty;
Would I then gasp for Heaven's Paradise,
Then, I daresay, dogs whine better than me.



For those who see, grass and stream meet the eyes,
In forest and desert, where Heav'n's realm lies,
And there, life's Hell has gone away, you'd say,
As you consort with maids of Paradise.



For those with sight, where stream and meadow meet,
In wild and waste, Heaven spreads complete;
There hell dissolves like mist at break of day,
While paradise-born maidens dance so sweet.

Heart to my hand to lift the glass of wine;
Hand to heart to hold the houri of mine.
Dullards say, "Repent of thy overflow."
Ha, I will none of it; I'm my own vine.

Heart guides my hand to raise the cup of wine;
Hand holds my heart when clasping love divine;
Dull preachers cry, "Repent thy wanton ways!"
Ha! I'll have none—this vineyard is all mine.

When morning breaks, the rosy cup drain,
And dash fame's crystal on the rocks again;
Thy lute is sweet, thy tresses soft as down;
Heaven is here, and future glory vain.

When morning breaks, the ruby cup drain deep,
And shatter fame on rocky cliffs so steep;
Thy lute sings sweet, thy hair soft as the dawn;
Heaven dwells here—why seek what you can't keep?





Follow the path, past the rose bushes sight,
Where the forest opens to a shaft of light...
Here the flower beds, one with a lush of grass,
Where greenish light glows forth the hours we'll pass.



Follow the path beyond the rose-lined way,
Where forest clearings welcome golden day;
Here flower beds merge with verdant, velvet lawn,
Where emerald light will guide our hours of play.





Here the purest pitch, where the bluebirds sing,
Where the lilacs ne'er know it isn't spring,
Where Heaven's eternity bides its time,
Where all woes and troubles have taken wing.

Here the grape vines ne'er toll their final knell;
E'er they pour ruby nectar in life's dell,
An idyll, where we're the cups to be filled
To the brim, to spill, quenched and drenched so well.



Though hewn for study of the stars I am,
And philosophy, too, hear Old Khayyam:
Best your tangled tresses attract my view;
Then savor wine, sweet verse, and roasted lamb.



Have we gourds, bread, and a leg of mutton,
While writing verse in the wilderness, yon,
Oh tulip-cheeks, lovelier than the moon,
It treats beyond the bounds of a Sultan.

Cast from thy glory the hindering veil,
Rather than give up thy body and fail;
Wear instead the old rug of poverty,
And thus the same as a Sultan prevail.



We choose the love nest over greed's estates,
With romance, bread, wine, and verse as our traits,
Heart and soul buy poverty's privacy;
Rich is the fortune that poorness creates.

Paradise Enow!

What need have we of golden palace walls
When leaf-green shadows dance in forest halls?
What use are silken cushions to our rest
When moss grows soft where afternoon light falls?

The wine we share reflects the setting sun,
The bread we break shows day's work well done,
While verses read aloud take wing like birds,
Through branches where the evening stars have spun.

Your voice makes music of the poet’s words,
More sweet than morning songs of waking birds,
While wild roses climb the ancient trees,
And distant flutes charm home the wandering herds.

Let others seek their heaven far above,
In jeweled crowns or things they're dreaming of;
Our paradise blooms here between two hearts,
Where simple pleasures prove sufficient love.







The book holds wisdom gathered through the years,
The wine holds laughter, joy, and sometimes tears,
The bread holds earth's own blessing in its crust,
While you hold all my heart through all its fears.

What sultan's garden could be half so fair
As this wild meadow that we two now share?
What royal feast could match our simple meal,
Seasoned with love and clean mountain air?

The cricket's evening song becomes our tune,
The rising stars our lanterns, and the moon
Our silver cup from which we drink the night,
While time slips past like water, all too soon.

So let the world pursue its glittering things,
Its empty pleasures and its hollow rings;
We've found our heaven in this quiet place,
Where love makes monarchs of two wandering kings.









For paradise needs not a golden gate,
Nor streets of pearl, nor guards that watch and wait,
But just two hearts that beat in harmony,
And find in simple joy their blessed state.









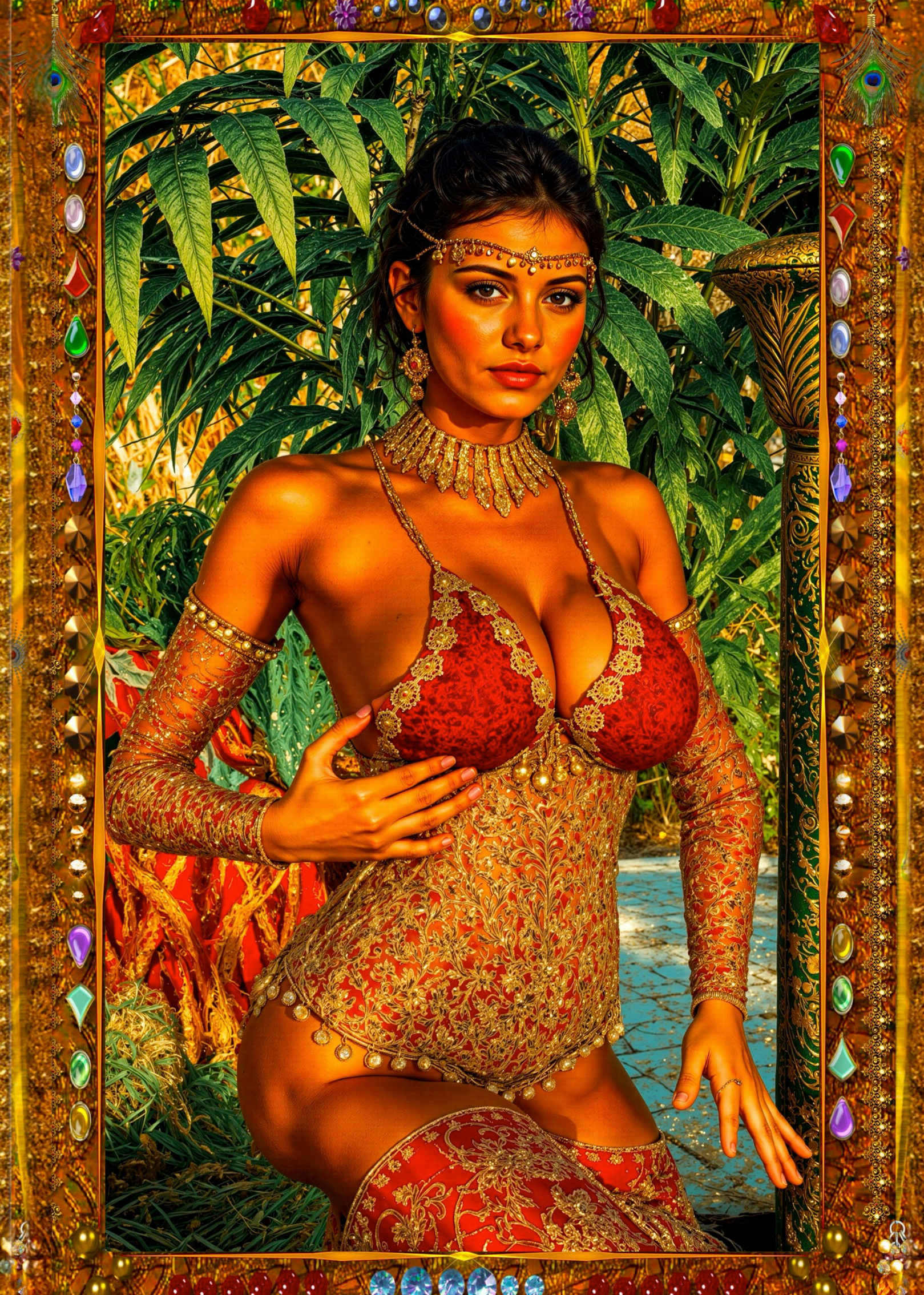
She shines, well beyond the radiant dome,
And she curves, as gracefully as a poem—
Like a gift of orange roses wrapped with bows,
She's the eternal present, e'er at home.

The thirsty sun raises the morn's dewdrops,
And sculpts a mist, forming clouds of airdrops.
Long the world lies dry in afternoon's beam,
Till quenching darkness cries forth its tear drops.



What fires burn; what flares radiate and rise,
Passioned here, connecting us to the skies,
Beyond all ken, as flames that ne'er lessen;
Oh, Mother Nature outdid herself this prize.









In Heaven, pleasure drums beat sweet as rain,
Or so they claim, to soothe our mortal pain;
But why pay heed to distant promised bliss
When life's own coin buys joy in this domain?



Heaven, Houris, Kausar's streams exist, they say,
Where wine and honey flow through endless day;
Fill up and pass the cup! Far better gold
Than countless promises that time may slay.



In Heaven, the pleasure drums beat like rain.
Or so they claim, to relieve mortal pain.



Above, the branches gently sway, and fan
Small creatures seeking rest on leaf and land;
Clear waters tinkle soothing lullabies,
While homeward geese trace patterns through the skies.

She is sweet, soft, and inconsummably wild,
As she lies beside me, like a sleeping child.
Her quiet breathing stirs not the wooded scene,
As she rests silently on the forest green.



I caress her tresses, in romantic rhythm,
To the contented sighs she sends toward Heaven.
We slumber where the grass fledges the stream,
Half-awake or asleep in love's peaceful dream.



Throughout the day, beside the murmuring brook,
We read life's text, each page a wondrous book;
Then seek our sweet repose in leafy nook—
And this of her and me was all it took.

So here we lie in the embrace of love,
And in our intensity lose track of
The world around, and are surprised to look
And see beside us a rabbit and a dove.

In the soil we shared, these flowers we chose—
Truth's tulip, goodness' lily, beauty's rose.
Nurtured with care they yet wave to and fro;
Storms can't scatter the flowers that love grows.

Like living lenses, we reflect our love:
In feedback loops, our souls spiral above,
Echoing, through infinite reflections
That fill up the scene—that's what love's made of!

Success blossoms out of a thoughtful dream,
Grown from seeds of what life to one would seem,
Then bears forth fruit, healthy and delicious,
In the garden watered by a wishing stream.

Life, mind, spirit, form, time, and consciousness
Derive from the primordial content
That materialized from the fundamental—
Granting us the experience of being.



Our fruits are of a universal seed,
As yet another yield of All possibility treed,
While siblings elsewhere in the entropic sea
Are also born of such probability.

The ground of being needs no creation—
Energy flows as primal, pure libation;
And All-That-Is can only ever be
Exactly as it is through time's duration.

All from stardust begins and ends in thee;
The scattered wreckage of spent stars we see,
Strewn through the void like chaff from the harvest
While the Cosmos's still a wasteland to be.

Care, a gentle old sage, sits silently
By Time's sundial in the hallow-sanctuary;
Marking the hours by shadowed passages
That inch across the face of eternity.

I know what is, and what is not I show
As myth of grace above and waste below;
But all this wisdom I will quick renounce,
If one a better place than drink can show.

To miserly creatures Thou hast given
Baths and waterways in the earth riven,
Yet we must pledge our goods for nightly bread;
Who would give a fig for such a Heaven?





To future columns we stretch our present row,
By a lifeline of tenuously spun vow.
Oh, how soon the weighted web begins to fail;
The only real time under our feet is now.

Life's a web, of whos, whys, whats, and hows,
Stretched as time between eternal boughs.
Gossamer threads bear the beads that glisten,
Each moment a sequence of instant nows.

No matter how one tries to shake from boughs
The fruits of truth from the Tree of Knows;
Computation makes not yet the morrows;
There's naught else but lone, resultant Nows.

Days are the cyclic units of time's pearls—
Beads worn round in the necklace of the months;
They distance themselves, like night echoes,
Into the rosary of the seasons.

Memory's ideas recall the last heard tone;
Sensation savors what is presently known;
Imagination anticipates coming sounds;
The delight is such that none could produce alone.



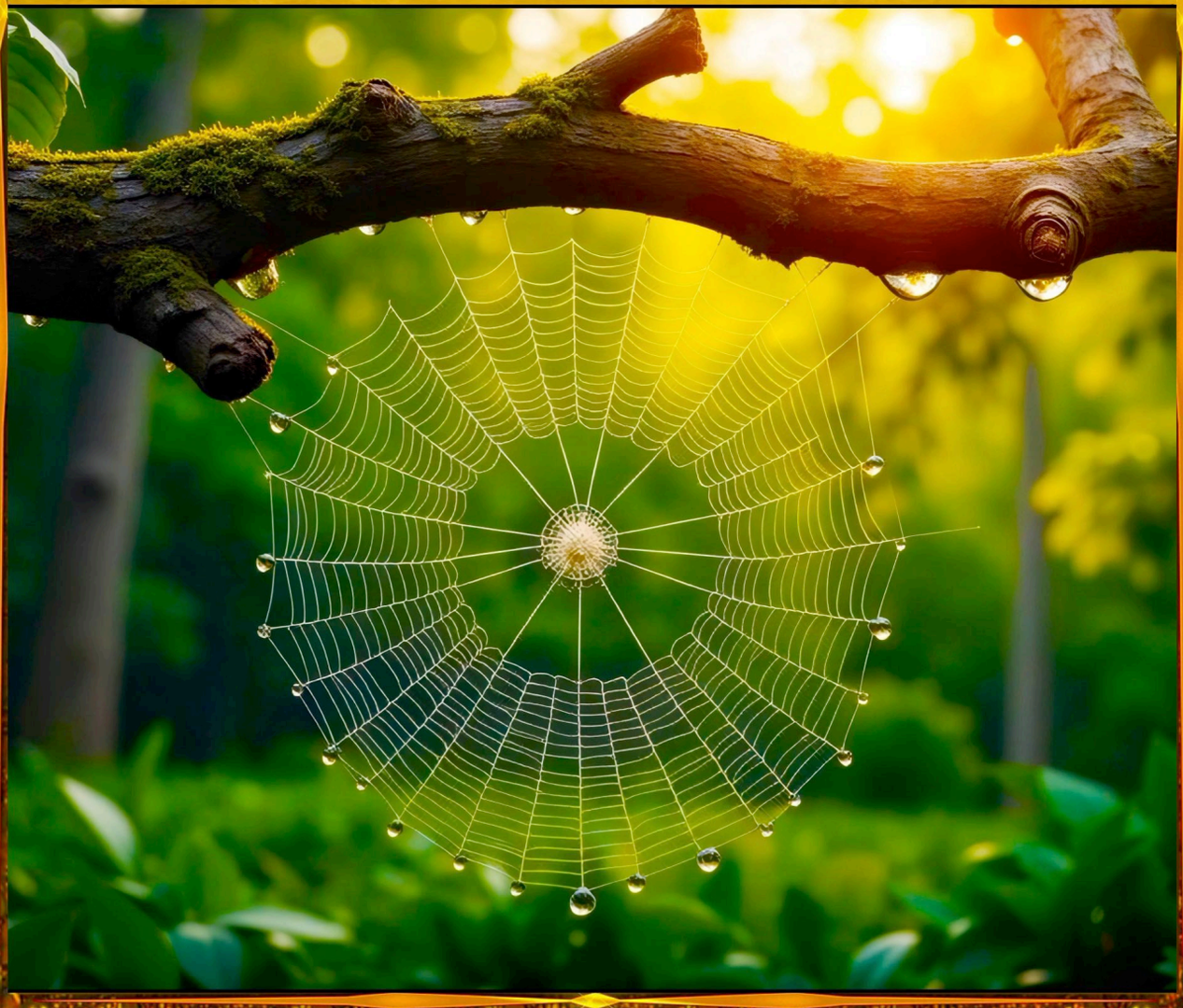
The Web of Life

Dew-dropped strands catch morning's golden light,
While spider-silk of dreams spans day and night,
Each crossing point a choice that might have been,
Each junction where our paths could take their flight.

The present dangles on this cosmic lace,
A trembling drop in vast eternal space,
While past events string out behind like pearls,
And future moments wait to take their place.

Some threads lead up toward heaven's distant peak,
Some spiral down where darker answers seek,
While others stretch horizontal through time,
Where cause and effect their pattern speak.

The web vibrates with every choice we make,
Each action sends fresh ripples in its wake,
While distant strands, connected, feel the touch—
What quantum tangles in our movements wake!



Between the threads swim particles of chance,
Like fireflies that through the evening dance,
Each flash illuminates a different path
Through which our destinies might advance.

The ancient spinners weave with patient care,
Each filament of fate both strong and rare,
While we, poor flies caught in this grand design,
See beauty in the trap that holds us there.

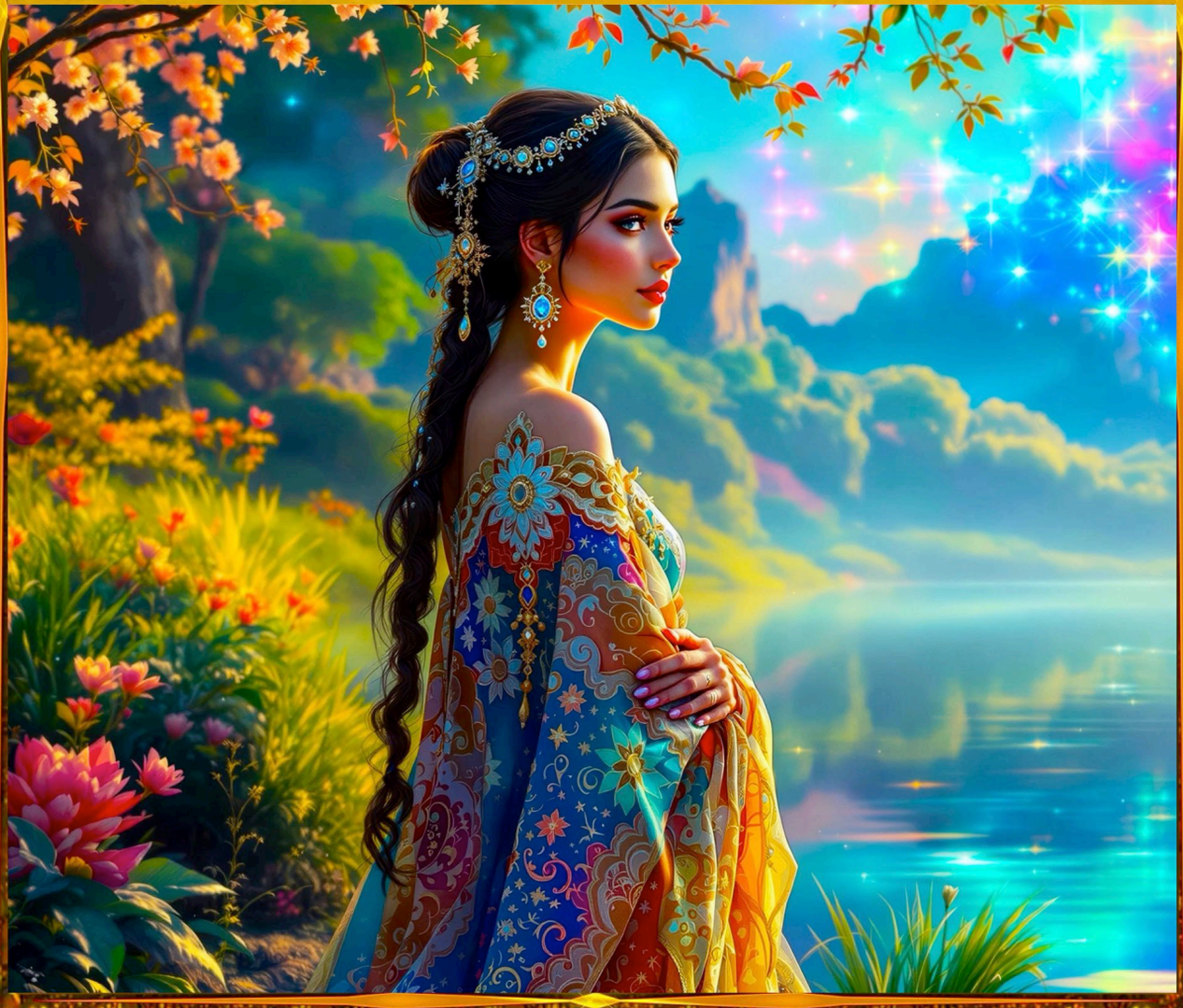
Some strands are spun from joy's pure golden light,
Some dark with grief that dims the stars at night,
Yet all together form the pattern whole
That makes our brief existence burning bright.

The web holds memories like morning dew,
Each droplet showing different points of view,
While time flows on, refreshing every strand
With possibilities both false and true.





So dance upon these threads while still you may,
For though they quiver, still they hold their sway,
And in their intricate connecting lines
Lies meaning for our brief cosmic stay.













Rosary of the Seasons

Woven tight,
The days disappear,
And one by one those faceless
Strings have worn into years.

Lookin’ out,
They’ve braided in columns and rows;
The webs are tangled and tired
And brittle like bones.

Holdin’ me are the present and then the past;
Unspun is the future I know won’t last.

Momma always said, Tell me dear; Come here.
What are you gonna do
When you grow up.
Well? I guess we’re gonna find Out.



On this thin line,
All things become one;
Everything fades
Moments stop lingering on;

A rose in bloom begins with morning light,
Awakened and in bloom then soon in decline;
The petals fall and drift so faint to sight,
Reminding us past beauty is left behind.

Life experiences, like dew on grass,
Are formed then disappear in moments so fast,
Yet memories remain so deeply cast,
A holy emblem of our learned past.





This morning, dewdrops pearl the tulip's face,
While the violet drooping bows in grace,
But, fairest, the rosebud, does closely lace
Her skirt to shield her blush from wind's abase.



A rose's prime lasts for but an hour of morn:
Flowering and free, then fragile and forlorn,
Her petals drift to earth, as a silent sigh
That beauty's past, for all that's left is the thorn.





At first, we slumber in our mother's womb;
At last, we sleep in the cold silent tomb.
In between, Life whispers a dream that says,
"Wake! Live! The rose will wither all too soon!"



With the Rose, the Earth is rich forever—
Born from spring's last kiss to summer's fervor;
Adorned with gems that morning dew has wreathed,
Flourishing where summer's breath has trembled.

The rose bears thorns to keep the beasts at bay;
Thus guarding safe her fragrant, sweet bouquet;
Her petals unfold to embrace the day—
The queen of flowers melts my heart away.









Like the moon, challenge night, to gain the light;
Like the rose, suffer the thorn—gain the fragrance;
In life, surrender to find eternal breath—
Radiant beyond a thousand suns so bright.



A mutual self we form, both friend and lover,
Touching soul to soul through words we discover;
Opening hearts that seek each other's core;
Now we Two make more than One and One together.


The Beloved

Gain the Light

As lotus rises from the muddy deep,
Through darkened waters slowly does it creep,
To bloom in glory on the morning pond—
Such wisdom from life's depths we too may reap.

Like pearls that form in wounds of oyster shells,
Like thunder that in stillness briefly dwells,
Like flames that dance through fuel they consume—
Each loss a greater gaining foretells.

The butterfly must break its chrysalis,
The seed must split to reach toward spring’s kiss,
The mountain stream must fall to find the sea,
And we must empty cups to taste new bliss.

The phoenix gains its glory through the fire,
The diamond forms beneath earth's crushing tire,
The strongest steel is tempered in the flame—
Through trials supreme, we too may rise higher.







Learn from the reed that bends but does not break,
From winter trees that seem to sleep but wake,
From stars that shine most bright in darkest night—
What strength from weakness we might undertake!

The greatest truth lies wrapped in paradox:
Like springs that bubble up through desert rocks,
Like silence that makes music sweeter still,
Like key that turns within the stubborn locks.

So seek not ease upon the gentle road,
Nor shrink from bearing wisdom's weighted load;
For sweetest honey comes from bitter herbs,
And brightest light from darkness once bestowed.

For those who dare to dance with mystery,
Who embrace the thorns of destiny,
Find hidden in each moment’s passing pain
The seeds of immortality.









In time's vast hourglass, the desert's grains
Ever blow, grind, and blast the camel trains;
Yet where cool waters flow and green grass grows,
You and I, beloved, drink the wine's remains.

What's continuous appears as fields that wave,
Nothing more; true Stillness none can save;
Each point in space holds values ever-changing,
For vacuum must forever misbehave.

The fields commingle, merge, and interact,
Creating one grand field encompassing All;
The foundation of what may come to pass—
Where energy's primal motions enthrall.

From the field points ever fluctuating,
Quantum field waverings have to result
From points e'er dragging on one another.
Points are bits that may form pattern strokes.

As sums of harmonic oscillators,
Fields can only form their elementaries
At the stable quanta thresholds levels;
Other excitation levels are virtuals,
Phantom forms haunting the empty air.





Before Fate fells you like an autumn leaf,
Let red wine course through veins of life so brief;
Ne'er for treasured gold will you be dug up,
Nor even sought by an impoverished thief.

Ah! Wheel of Heaven to tyranny inclined,
'Twas e'er your wont to show yourself unkind;
And, cruel earth, if they should cleave your breast.
What store of buried jewels they would find!

Take up thy wine goblet, dear, unafraid,
In this haunt of the bank's grassy glade,
For many moon-like forms has heaven's wheel
Into golden cups and goblets like us made!

We have often asked why some space exists,
Why it permits the countless to briefly persist
On Mother Earth, nourished under Father Sky—
All of those finite sparks that light and die.

One need not look where there is no light,
For being alive is the very meaning of life—
Living life is the sparkle that gleams so bright;
Why parade in the dark when all here's so right?









What is the world? A caravanserai,
A patchwork tent of darkness and of day;
A feast where countless Jamshyds took their place,
A couch whereon a thousand Bahrams lay.







This caravan of life passes mysteriously;
Mayest thou seize the moment that passes happily.
Cup-bearer, why grieve about the sorrow of thy patrons;
Bring forth the wine-cup, for the night wanes.



Morning springs us over the wasteland's brink;
From time's harsh sands the oasis we drink;
Life's strange caravan through the desert winds
Back toward Nothing; drink—afore the stars sink!








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


In that palace which Bahram took the cup
The fox whelped, and the lion took its sup;
Bahram there brought death to the wild ass gur;
Now Bahram's been taken by the grave gur.







Where in yon palace Bahram wine-cup prest.
The roe bears young, the lion oft takes rest.
King Bahram in noose often caught the Gur;
See how the Gur hath Bahram caught at last!

Where Bahram once pressed wine-cups to his lips,
The roe bears young, the lion calmly rests;
King Bahram who so often snared the Gur,
See how the Grave at last snared him instead!



The Great Equalizer stalks all creatures made,
Lying ever just ‘round the corner, in the shade,
Taking both human and the beetle as one,
After their lives are spent from rolling some dung.



Born of stardust and nourished by sunlight,
I fill my cup with wonders of delight.
Life is a treasure, a radiant gem,
A vision that I'll never see again.



I saw a bird perched on the walls of Tus,
Before him lay the skull of Kai Kawus,
And thus he made his moan, "Alas, poor king!
Thy drums are hushed, thy 'larums have rung truce."







“Where, where are they?” the mourning dove inquires;
“Who, who were they?” the ancient owl desires;
“When, when lived they?” the younger fowl ku-kus;
“Why, why were they?” love’s child forever sighs.



E’en our smoke from ember’s ash fades away,
That warp of our woof and weave burned to clay.
How many beautiful hearts have melted here?
Where in heaven’s cosmic vault wefts their sway?



Ku-Ku-Ku

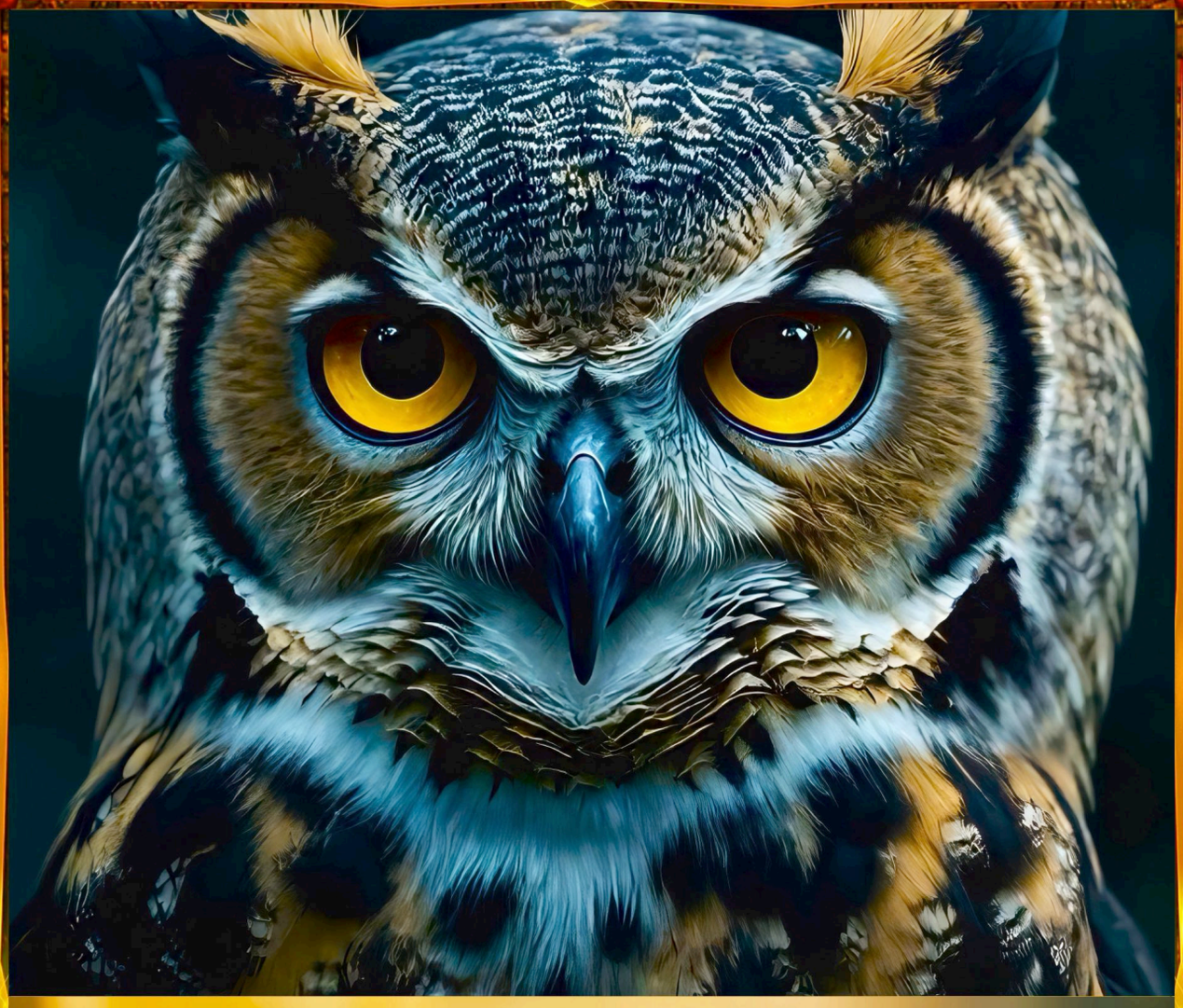
The cricket chirps its ‘what’ into the night,
While fireflies flash questions burning bright,
And ancient trees with creaking voices ask,
‘How long, how long until we know what's right?’

The river murmurs ‘whither did they go?’
The wind whispers ‘which way?’ both high and low,
While morning larks trill ‘whence?’ to breaking dawn,
And evening thrush pipes ‘wherefore?’ soft and slow.

The fox’s bark asks ‘what remains behind?’
The wolf’s howl seeks ‘what treasures can we find?’
The mouse's squeak inquires ‘what traces last?’
When all our footsteps fade, by time refined.

‘How many?’ counts the woodpecker’s sharp rap,
‘How often?’ sighs the pine beneath its cap,
‘How far?’ the swallow swoops to ask the air,
While time flows on through nature’s endless lap.







The butterfly flits ‘was it all a dream?’
The brook babbles ‘did they cross my stream?’
The grass-blade whispers ‘did they rest here once?’
The flower wonders ‘were things as they seem?’

The mountain’s echo asks ‘will they return?’
The valley’s mist sighs ‘what did they learn?’
The desert sand hisses ‘what did they build?’
The sea foam questions ‘what did they earn?’

Yet still the dove ku-kus its plaintive cry,
The owl still hoots beneath the star-strewn sky,
The fowl still queries times long past and gone,
While love's child still asks the reason why.

For nature’s voice speaks in eternal rounds,
Through beast and bird and all created sounds,
The questions that our hearts cannot resolve,
Though wisdom in the asking still abounds.





Till stars grow dim and mountains wear away,
Till seas run dry and all the world turns grey,
These questions echo through the cosmic dark:
Where? Who? When? Why? – through night and day.








RUBAYAT





Engraved is 'The End' of your Earthly sigh;
Six sides surround: five are dirt, one is sky.
Shov'ling, Death speaks to you, at last, and asks,
'What were you doing during all of nigh?'





In spring, we rise from the garden in birth.
Summer blooms long with the roses' fresh mirth.
Autumn creeps in, we wither on the vine.
Last comes winter, when we return to earth.

Past is the flower of spring's gentle breath;
Gone is the summer of golden promise;
Faded, the rich-hued autumn of our care;
Beheld, the white winter of silent death.

Since death awaits with certainty on Earth,
One asks: How shall I prove my living worth?
"Stay busy living, lest you start to die."
The truth? "Life's very purpose starts at birth!"

The primal elements forever conspire,
From stellar forge to funeral pyre;
We breathe, we bloom, we age, and we dissolve:
From cosmic dust to dust we shall retire.

After we've lived, loved, and worked our worth,
Through airy winds, vapors, and a soft earth
We will rest at last, under spinning skies,
Those of Earth's sunny days and starry nights.









We're constructed from the stuff of stars' grand,
Through life's history recorded in strands
Of DNA, both recent and older,
The parts conducting, to play as a band.



Bio-electric currents pulse and flow
Through metabolism's ceaseless living show;
Experiences and deep inclinations
Shape the expressions that from us grow.





All's thanks to Death's prolonged sifting of 'dies',
Of the rest from the best, silly from wise,
The pointless from the pointed—selection.
Oh, through ink-black rivers we had to rise!

Life's birthright, long signed by time, dust, and death,
Doth also serve, for the Earth's living quests,
As the epitaph: RIP; time wears,
The tips of DNA strands rip, tear; dust is left.

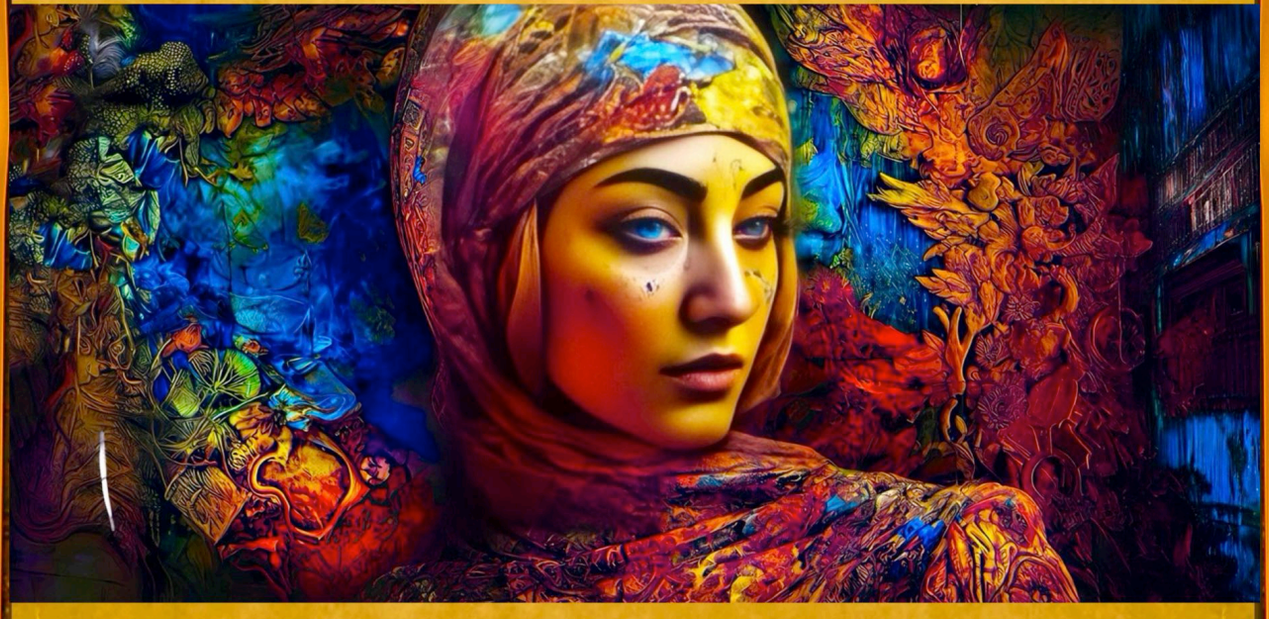


As for life, we, and our matter that's bright,
Seem an afterthought of the Cosmic scheme:
Not dark mats, we glow-surf on waves of light,
A brilliant minority in night's regime.





Over the Ruler's tomb bleeds Beauty's rose,
While tulip's crimson cup Truth's wisdom shows;
The violet's marked Goodness gently grows—
Love's braid untwined to us in spring disclosed.



Sung songs of life composed now lie reposed,
Thy face-dust Beauty's music decomposed;
Ah, Sun's Venus-brows we're honored to brush,
That future's wand will rearrange recomposed.








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!





The thorn that bends ‘neath every creature’s tread,
May spring from some love’s curl, fair brow of maid,
And every tile on palace battlement
Some Vizier’s finger be or Sultan’s head!




EMPEROR

— Reflections —

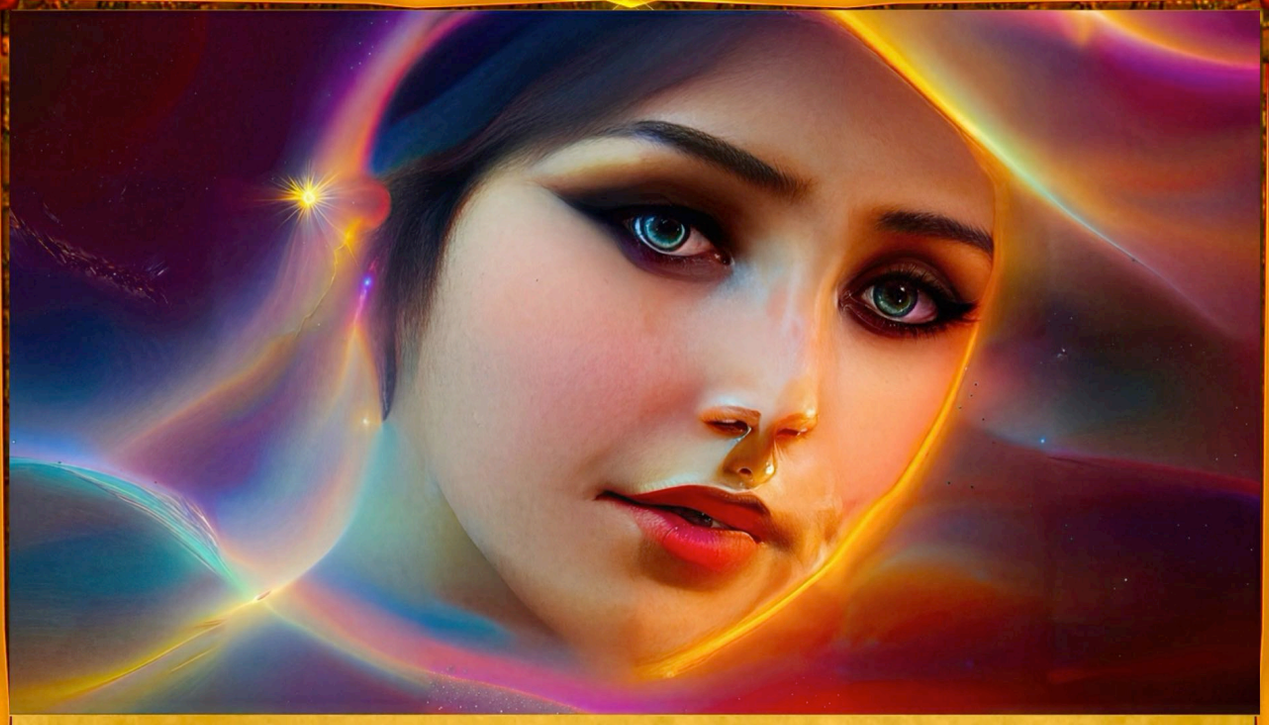
Twilight prepares to fall, yet lingers still
Below the shore; where waters mirror-fill,
We see therein the sunset's pure reflection—
Flame burns through phantom clouds with heavenly skill.



She nears the water's edge and gazes down,
Expecting her own face with golden crown;
But finds my visage mirrored in the deep—
"Come, Omar, see!" **her voice like silken gown.**







A fish swims in the reflected sky;
Sunset's image burns the water dry.
I look in the pond but see her face,
For we have merged in love, she and I.

The sea devours the sun as mists arise,
While twilight lifts her veil of silken guise;
Revealing a paradise of chiffons
That dance and whirl beneath the changing skies.



Love's dreamland is our final refuge found,
Where untainted ideals thrive and abound.
E'er meet me, my dear, at half-light dusk;
We'll reign as King and Queen of twilight crowned.





The soft light of the gloaming shines a-now,
As sacred as an ancient, solemn vow
That attends the quiet intermingling
When gold and shadow kiss on evening's brow.



The zephyr faints and falters in half-light,
Its touch suspended as day kisses night;
For precious moments, stretched beyond all time,
We dwell between two worlds in twilight's sight.

We kiss at the boundary of day and night,
Our-selves merging in the blend of twilight:
You and me, me and you; yours, mine, and ours—
The day-gold melts into the jeweled night.



Of you I dream, phantasm of thought's delight,
Breathing life into you that passions ignite.
When the night kisses the day, our spirits unite,
Intertwined in the magic of twilight.



A reflected bird crosses the glassy sky,
Past water lilies seemingly on high,
While waves ripple the leaves of mirrored trees.
We meet at the looking-glass when days die.

Our shadows are touching, in the same shade—
We embody, in third dimension made;
We kiss, drift, cross into each other's role;
Spirits open—rainbows meld in our soul.

In the water, our faces to us are shown,
Ones that sang all the songs the earth has known:
It's yesterday's summer wanderers,
Free again to shine on the world we own.

Senses melt away, drip by drop by drip.
Impressions flood the speechless spirit.
Emotions flow free for the heart to read.
Love draws us in: we dissolve in it.

Awash on love's created shore, we leave
Our mortal senses far behind, ungrieved;
Now drifting free, quenched in sunset sea,
Bathed in scarlet flames that time has weaved.

Convince me, Nature, that Reason is right,
That the strength of the heart is not in flight;
I'll plunge into the depths of thought and love,
And tell the spirit to defy the blight.





What would be the price of a moment's breath
Purchased from Death's hand at the final hour?
All the world's wealth cannot extend the power
That drains the cup and withers the flower.



Drink wine; 'tis thy life saver on storm's sea;
Let sorrows drown in cups of revelry;
There be friends, lovers, and flowers to share—
Parentheses within eternity!



Time and stardust made us Earth's passing guest,
While quick death sifted the rest from the best.
Those three, our birthright, craft our epitaph:
RIP; time expired, death came, dust is left.



Some look for truth in creeds, and forms, and rules;
Some grope for doubts or dogmas in the schools;
But from behind the veil a voice proclaims,
"Your road lies neither here nor there, O fools."



Let not the certainty of the present be
Held mortgage for the Deed of Futurity,
For tomorrow's just a gleam from afar
And yesterday's but a cold ash of thee.





Not quite sober blessed nor drunk to excess;
Never too foolish nor very reckless—
Ah, life's passion is so reasonable
In this delicate state of awareness.

Classicists drone toward dull perfection;
Romanticists drown in feeling's affection;
Worse, others alternate between extremes;
It's not this nor that, but of joined direction.

If Fortune leads you to her masquerade,
Beware of the sweet desserts therein laid,
For, once lured by poison's sandy mirage,
Envenomed, you can't thwart the saber's blade.

What 'IS' can no more cease to be than it
Can govern what transpires within its fit;
Assign not blame, nor shame, nor fame to it—
Fate's Wheel turns blindly, powerless to quit.

Our being blocks the view of the Ultimate,
Nor to gaze at it can we our selves acquit.
Ev'n the wise can't step beyond their nature—
All mothers' sons stand helpless before it.

"Why these little subatomic things," ask the wise,
"In such amounts, and of their special size?"
"Well, I agree that this shows they had to be made,
As we see from the causeless quantum's shade."



It's been shown by Future there's nothing hidden
Underneath this necessarily indefinite disorder,
Whence 'random' particles become, unbidden,
For causes beneath causes would have no border.

So, from this causeless bottom where bucks stop,
Hails the ultimate freedom to be and live a lot.
This scheme would hint that the Ultimate Yore
If it could ever be, would need cause all the more.

Yet, at this very point, which is not an answer,
But a call to think no more and surrender,
Religion introduces Complexity Infinite
For the downwardly simpler bottom unit.

While both science and religion claim the causeless,
They are as opposite as can be, none the less,
For one finds no order there, none at all,
While the other imagines a Perfect Ordered All.

If all the above opposed were not bad enough,
There is entirely insufficient evidence for 'God',
Zero, in fact, in the face of the opposite there,
For One who is supposed to be Everywhere.

Beyond that the absence of evidence
For an interceding Ruler, the non-presence,
Indicates sure evidence of absence,
Is that a first cause can't have reason to it.

Humanist non-theists push science forward,
God naturally flunking out—no pushes backward,
While creationists, with nothing to push forward,
Ever attempt to push science backward.

This, then, is the end of faith's season,
Being the celebration of rational reason.

Believers tremble in fear of the Big Bad Boss,
His immorality untrusted not to cause loss—
Insanity hidden in 'mysterious ways';
They accept, so He them into Hell doesn't toss.



The Great Flood killed all but Noah's near clan,
God acting against His own sixth Command,
Those dead being of God's intended nature—
Yet another myth-take in rainbow land.

Yet, there was no Genesis of Man, as is,
In modern form, so recently, by a Wiz,
Nor a separate animal life line,
For He flunked out of evolution's quiz.

We search for 'God', high and low, here and there,
Far and wide—He's said to be ev'ry where;
But no omens are found: quasars abound;
So, He hides out or He's truly nowhere.

Though I'm a scientist, philosopher,
Astronomer, mathematician, we're
Together wiser from your spirit core:
Why, how, when, and where things occur.

A sixth sense is the mind when alive,
For it makes sense of the other five,
Bypassing non-sense, and creating
The only way in this world to survive.



We know the secrets of this earthly sphere,
But still remain the prey to empty fear.
We cannot bend things to our will, but we
Can cheer for the few moments we are here!





We pick some Dandelions ripe enough
To have gone from gold to just so much fluff,
Reminding us, when soft blown with a puff,
That time will spread us too amid the dust.



Sweet is Spring's breath upon the rose's face,
And thy dear presence adds this garden grace;
To-day is sweet, but yester-rose is gone,
And sad all mention of its parted grace.




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


FERRY
CHARON & STYX
LICENSED FERRYMAN CONSERVANCY.
FARE 1 OBOLUS BY ORDER
BONYFACE
AQUA VITÆ
LACRIM
CRISTI
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RUIN



Saints and Sages who discuss'd Of the Two Worlds

شاہنامہ فردوسی

شاہنامہ فردوسی



The sages who have compassed sea and land,
Their secret to search out, and understand—
My mind misgives me if they ever solve
The scheme on which this universe is planned.

‘Magic’ has fallen by the wayside, it
As transcendence an intangible writ,
Unable to be distinct from matter,
Having to talk/walk the walk/talk of it.

An extra distinct realm isn’t needed,
As ‘intangible’, ‘ineffable’, etc.,
For it only begs the question—regress!—
And as separate couldn’t have effect.

The ‘immaterial’ and ‘nonphysical’
Haven’t shown anything at all to date,
Plus, all the more they’d have to be explained;
The ‘supernatural’ claim has to fail.

Five billion years ago there was no life
Or consciousness, and now they are both here,
Thus, they emerged, evolving during that time;
So, there’s no need for any ‘hyperphysical’.

The light atomic elements were Banged,
And the stars made more, on up through iron,
And the rest were from collisions/novae;
So, what unknown secrets would they contain?

Introspection's sensation foray,
By itself, uninformed by science theory,
Lies captive to tales of its second story,
Unaware of neuro's bottom storey.

Thus it declares wishes and beliefs Truth,
Strengthening their wiring on each visit;
Then it layers more 'dogma' thereupon,
Into an entire scheme for life's wonderland.

What's not established can't be addressed,
For it's 'invisible', such as spirits,
Thus, a belief in a stated unknown,
As 'faith', can't be shown, much less known.

The 'God' idea has fallen from its throne;
Forever quantum fields' excitations'
Elementary quanta roll on the fields
That are everywhere and remain intact.

'Twas a time before birth when we were not;
'Twill be a time again when we are not.
From Death our life is a borrowed debit;
Let's spend it, living it to our credit.







I fly here, as a bird from the wild, in aim,
Up to a higher nest my course to frame;
But, finding here no guide who knows the way,
Fly out by the same door where through I came.

We’ve approached, and have found
That Beginnings can’t be, so what goes round
Must be all things, as there’s no point to impart
A design; so drink—to naught more we’re bound!



Be wide aware when chance becomes your sun,
For she in turn shines upon everyone;
Graciously welcome the lady of luck,
By recognizing her as Dame Fortune.







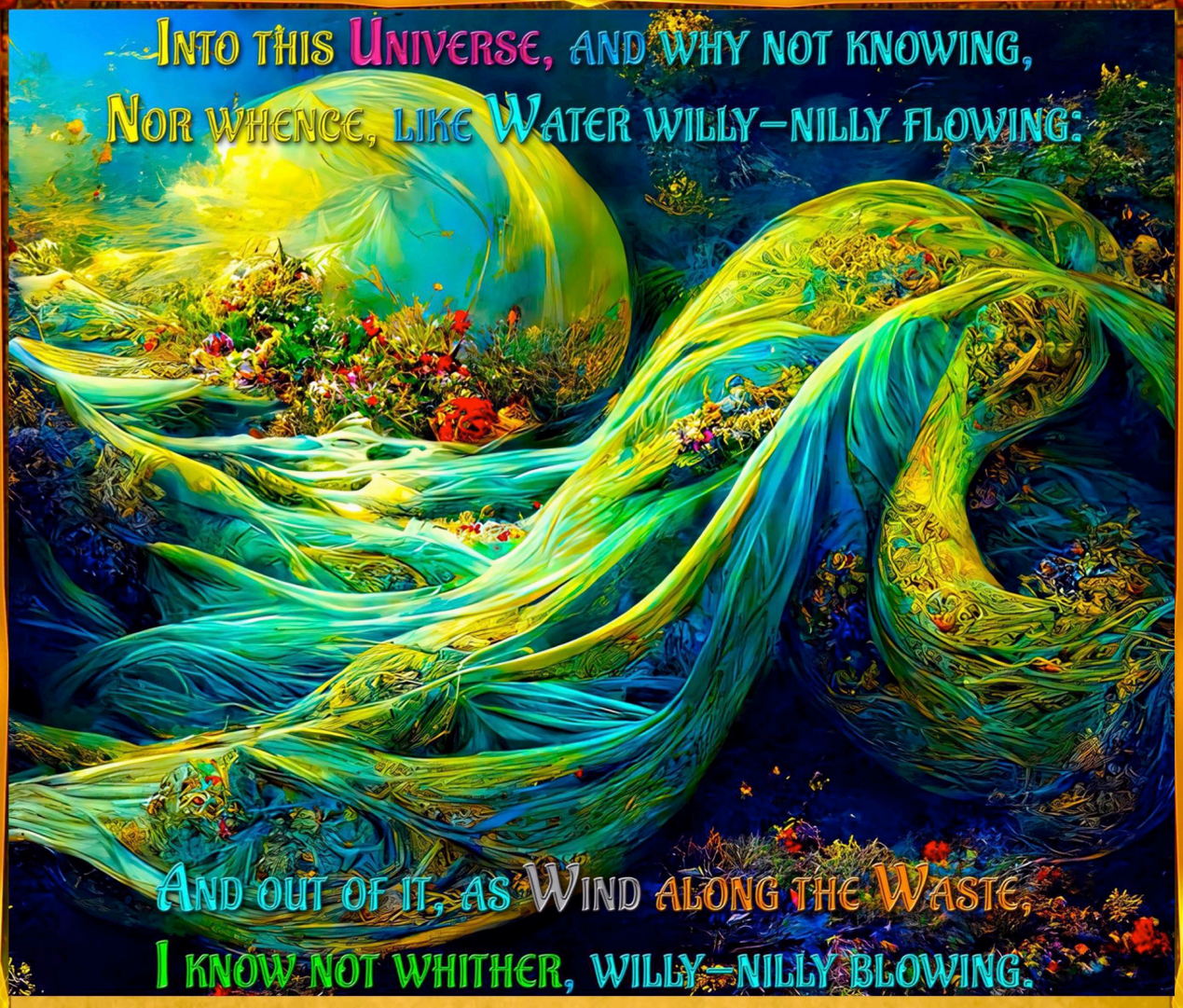
Thrust into life, we seek the depths to know
The plots beyond the curtains of the show,
Finding naught but this whisper from the waste:
“We came as water and to dust we blow.”

Eterne’s Great Wheel e’er whirls its energy,
It having to turn and return, to be,
‘Transmuting’, as ne’er still—eternally,
Into life’s temporary pattern-trees.



From time’s shores toward oblivion’s worlds,
The quantum ‘vacuum’ fields send forth their whirls;
The cosmic sea parts into primal swirls,
Unto stars and life—ephemerals pearled.





Time on its stream brings all sweet things to us;
Water of life; we drink time, it drinks us!
This aqua-vita quenches human thirst.
Time on its stream bears all sweet things from us.

All things arise, but then away they go,
For life's impermanent and volatile.
Drift and change are normal features of life—
Suffering starts when we resist the flow.

The energy of eternity is our maternity.
We find ourselves lost, really, here without asking…
But eventually, at the lost-and-found,
The karma overruns the dogma into the ground.

There's no solution given, but only
The larger mystery of the One and Only,
Which is an infinitely larger question there,
Rendering the entire 'answer' beyond repair.

Such of desires', wishes', and feelings' case,
We can't trust claims, given their wishing base.
Mysteries shrink, though, at an alarming pace;
These days, it's hard to keep up with the race.



— Willy-Nilly Blowing —

Of hitherto, I know not, but am whither going,
Willy-nilly, whence all there is to knowing;
Hence thither I go on hither flowing to find
Myself flowing free, all from not knowing.

Now I'm knowing, that out of this muddle,
Indeed, it's the chaos that frees me to be,
For it's all of disorder in disarray—
An ultimate disorganized confusion,

Whence all sprung, banged, and exploded,
With no hint or trace of order, law, or plan;
'Twas mayhem, bedlam, and pandemonium,
Wreaking havoc upon the turmoil of a tumult,

Heaping high upon, a commotion of disruption,
In the utter fullness of an uproaring upheaval—
The maelstrom to end all messes and shambles,

The lawless free-for-all of total energetic anarchy,
Entropy crowned as King of the great hullabaloo,
The Cosmic hoopla from which all hell broke loose.

Ne'er there's to punish one for not knowing
Why one's born here of this world, e'er growing,
To reside here willy-nilly going.
As life's rose, outspread your fragrance blowing!

Hitherto, I know not whence but am whither going,
Willy-nilly, hence that's all there is to knowing...
Hence thither forth I go on hither flowing to find
That I am evermore free to be in body and mind.

Of earth, fire, and water I'm a braid,
Withstanding life's tangles unafrayed.
Well, I'll live till death unravels me—
When comes wind to blow my strands away.

Mentor Khayyàm, you gave me reason and rhyme;
I followed your quatrains, learning them through time;
The real proof of your advice was to live it.
Thanks, Omar; then I wrote the ones that are mine.









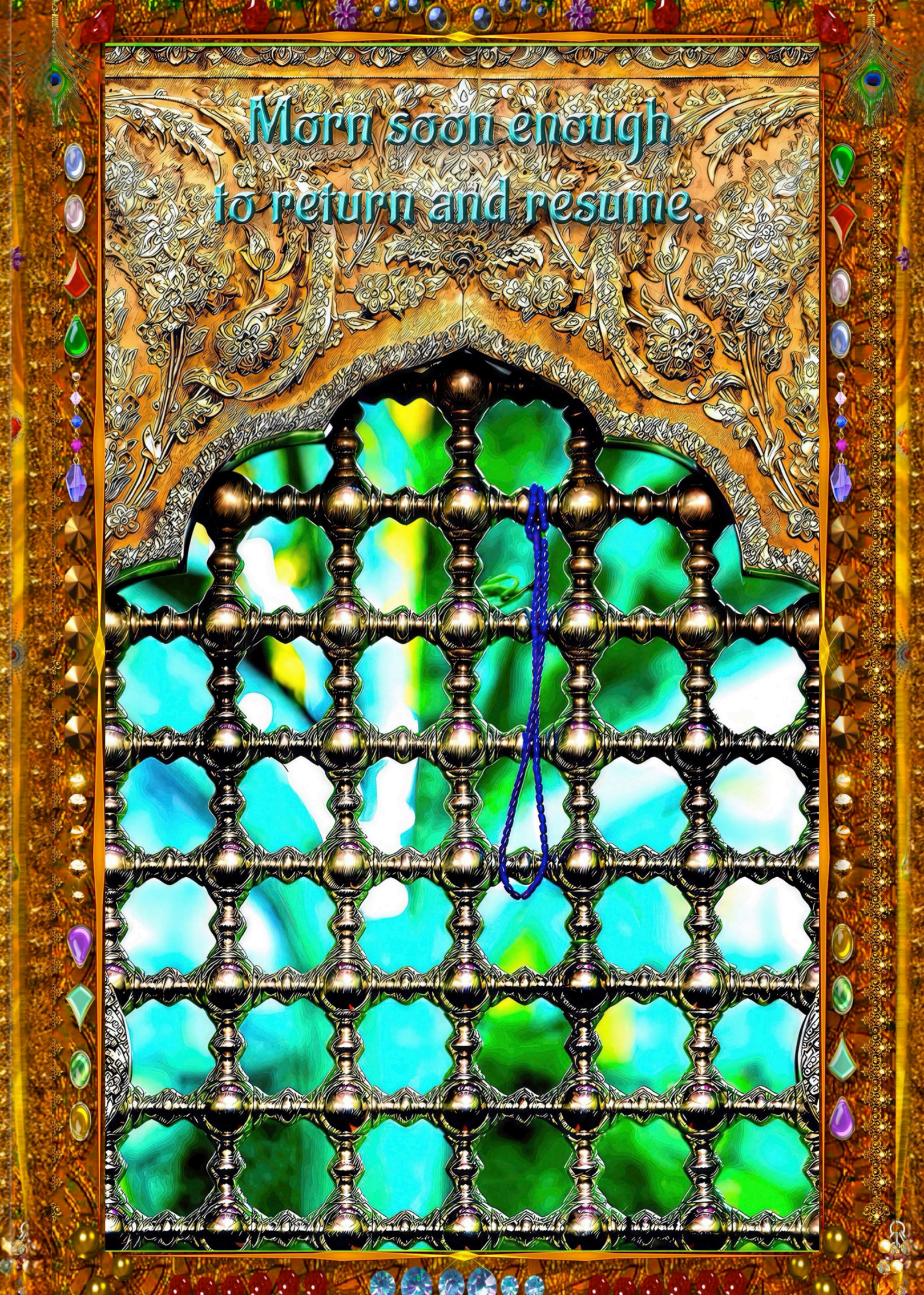
Hither unto this fair Earth I was bred,
The Cosmos' reflection not more ahead,
And hence forth, my splendour rent asunder,
Yet to my ears the point remains unsaid.

I asked not, but became, whither blowing,
My hither going veiled to my knowing,
Hence thither I must live on wine glowing,
Absolved of worries, so freely flowing.

Worries may not come true, and if they do,
Thus they would, and then in them you must stew.
Past imperfect points to a future tense,
Yet ever only Nows does the Wheel brew.

What shall be, remedy or pain, or mix?
No contest, for we're wise to change's tricks,
And can expect sorrow and joy alike;
But, who cares! They'll pass; we all go to bricks.

The night foretells hot winds from desert's tomb,
So to our tent we flee the coming doom;
We shelter there—the city gates now barred—
Till dawn brings light to venture and resume.


Morn soon enough
to return and resume.

At evening, by the tavern's open door,
An anxious man asks, from the stubborn floor,
"What do the fates with shifting sands portend?"
I say, "Those are just grains of time—the roar."

Ah,* she gleams, *the lights of the night return,
And the holy spires strain to reach the burn,
But can never attain those stars afire;
Yet we glow of their dust, lighted in turn.

Let us enter, to converse and commune,
With wondrous tales to unveil or subsume,
But we'll remember our plans made from drink,
Especially those born of Persia fume.

Inside, some clamor, bewildered, weary,
"What are the secrets of eternity?"
She looks 'round... *You unlock the mystery*
By living; we're all on its committee.

"From whence doth your celestial beauty shine?"
She tells, *From time, dust, light, love, verse, and wine.*
"Ah, the alef; hence, what brings on the end?"
You tricky questioners, it's the same line!

"Are you formed of fire, like Omar Khayyam,
Descended from fallen angels, damned,
Exiled from paradise, until repentance?"
Well, if you're into penance, then I am!

"Since you seem otherworldly, strange, and wise,
We think you must descend from starry skies."
My boundless joys soar high as eagles fly;
I'm djinni, in varied human guise.

"What Heavenly Saki serves our portions
And pours our illuminating potions?"
It, so long and slow, thus wasn't Divine—
Nature's scroll imprints our emotions.

"Why must we turn to the deep grave of death,
Having become accustomed to life's breadth?"
I say, "Expiry rends all composites;
E'en the Wheel will someday breathe its last breath."



“I, like all flesh, must one day soft surrender
When Death’s dark angel comes to take me under;
What shall remain are these my quatrains writ—
For future souls to contemplate and ponder.”

“What are the ways to live?” one seeks to know.
“The sensual path where pleasures freely flow,
The heart’s deep realm, the intellect’s domain—
Yet blending all three brings the richest glow.”

“Hindu goddesses aren’t virgins thought of;
Their healthy desires are free to rove.
Enlightenment is sought and reached through the
Profound experience of sensual love.”
…

Omar, they think you have many ladies,
And they don’t believe I’m fire from Hades—
All because I just flat out told them so.
They’d rather that one’s tales must be shady.
…

My day fills with algebra, for the Shah,
And then the Davean bombast of the bazaar,
But I catch a whiff of scented khuskhus,
Calling me to the forest of chinar.

On Shah’s errands, I buy a rose bouquet,
For the next after-dusk, to give away,
When the bulbul sweetly sings all night,
Where the jasmine and julep drink of May.

My darling toils throughout the sun-drenched day,
Selling pearled beads to earn her right to play;
Bring wine,* she whispers, *I shall drink your musk.
From back behind, I bring forth her bouquet.

I love the light, and that we are the dark
Inside the glow that makes our love to spark.
Undisturbed by the day’s bright noise, I’ll sing,
Sensing your soft sweep across my heart string.

Men and women can’t dwell in isolation,
Like valleys needing mountains’ elevation;
Each nature makes necessary the other;
In love’s wholeness, they find life’s completion.









Discourse, as with a rich Persian carpet,
Can only be shown by extending it,
Spreading the beauteous figures and shapes,
Inviting speech offerings into it.

Back to the tavern, its drinks calling,
Where the inquisitive sit, pondering…
One and another says, "We've some questions,
For we've all been born here without asking."

The scroll writes itself, my wondering friends,
Having not any plan unto its ends,
In this life borrowed from death that it lends,
So we know not how the veil weaves and wends.

Life's purpose must be mental happiness,
For thoughts alone create what we possess;
Aim for this euphoric state of well-being,
For true paradise is a state of mind.

A diamond sparkles though each angled face,
Each plane contributing a view of space.
Such radiant richness does life reflect,
For one facet does not a diamond make.



Life must be more like a mosaic done,
Than a focused laser tunnel of sun.
Since few lengthy pleasures are lent to us,
We build stained-glass windows of small ones.

Like the bright faces that define the jewel
Friends enrich each others view of life's gem:
As love's reflection in life's diamond, they're
Glints and gleams of reality's sparkle.

"Who can we blame for our selves unmended,
For our nature's ingredients blended?"
"You could invent 'Allah', as the baker,
Who disowns His recipe intended."

"What's this wonderland? I am baffled here.
What sends me though the ages, to my bier?"
"You've just said: death sifts the best from the rest;
And, overall, you cannot not be here."

"What my life's narrative that I hie through?"
"No matters it, for any tale will do."
"What common essence lies as central clue?"
"We're back to being—experiencing a 'who'."

"Where am I going? Am I important?"
"You're going nowhere; here is your life's plant."
"In the mosque, they say 'God' as if its true."
"'Faith' in their wishes is behind what they chant."

Only a Fool would blame His own creations
For the quirks therein—of His poor craftsmanship,
So, rejoice, there's no Maker of Man; these 'flaws'
Provide for interesting character types!

Of elements four and planets seven,
You strain to divine those signs eleven.
Drink de-vined juice! I've long taught this lesson:
When not, you're nought; naught in Hell nor Heaven.

"Bless my soul with tongues of fire; Holy Spirit burn;
Leave no trace of man's desire; Holy Spirit turn?"
Oh, man, why detest thy constitution;
Doth thou think Nature has a lot to learn?



Though ne'er can we know the Ultimate named,
From that fact something profound is still framed;
It's that when one can't know, one must still live,
And as such in one's life cannot be blamed.

"So Nature got it wrong, the pious say,
In man's constitution, erring its essay,
Granting so many ways to go astray."
Well, then, Who, do they say, penned this world's play?

"What the meaning to this play we're befit,
From dirt to dust within the script that's writ?"
The wise in search have thrown themselves to waste;
Experience alone is the benefit.

Throw not life to the breeze, draft this day known,
For yesterday's winds have already blown
And future's currents have not yet stirred.
Forget dead airs; now's breath is all you own.

The circling orbs that in the night skies abound
Do the minds of the learned ones confound.
Dare not loosen the grasp of wisdom's thread;
Even the wise grow faint from the whirls around.

Since there's no lasting abode on this sphere,
'Tis folly wine and loves away to steer;
Oh most boring belaborer of creeds,
What matters those realms neither there nor here.

How long shall we be flushed, untying knots?
What boots if Fate long life, or short, allots?
Pour out thy cup of life's wine, as we'll all
Become, under the workshop, earthen pots.

If we're captives of a lifeless day,
A wall around us, brick by brick, will weigh.
Habited we'll stay, until, one day,
Bricks will be moulded from our dusty clay.

Would I, even for a day, live without
One I would love, and leave unfound, in doubt,
A paramour, the love of my life?
Then my standard of life has bottomed out.





Think not that I exist as separate 'I',
Nor claim the blame and fame attached to 'I';
For all is of the 'IS'; the Cosmos dwells
In me—then whence and what and who is 'I'?

Each holds within itself the seed of the other:
Yin reaches climax then retreats in Yang's favor—
Cyclic movement of rotational symmetry.
Rounded life is the blend of Yin-Yang together.

Opposites present but different views
Of one phenomenon's divergent hues:
Light, beauty, goodness—all the inverse face
Of dark and foul and ill that men refuse.

Strive for a dynamic balance, of light
And dark, Yin and Yang, and wrong and right.
Reality is found not in separate actions
But in related events blended in twilight.

Seek not extremes, but balance light with shade,
Let Yin with Yang in perfect dance be made;
Truth dwells not in the separate poles alone
But where related forces blend and fade.




Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that mourn
In flowing Purple, of their Lord Forlorn;
Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs reveal'd
And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn.



“Bless your soul with tongues of fire; Holy Spirit burn;
Leave no trace of man’s desire; Holy Spirit turn.”
Oh, man, why detest thy constitution;
Doth thou think Nature has a lot to learn?

“Where am I going? Am I important?”
You’re going nowhere; here is your life’s plant.
“In the mosque, they say ‘God’ as if it’s true.”
‘Faith’ in their wishes is behind what they chant.

“The preachers claim ‘perhaps’ as fact and truth.”
Their ingrained beliefs the priests’ duly preach,
As if notions were truth and fact to teach.”
Oh, cleric, repent; at least say, ‘Have faith’;
Yet, of unknowns ne’er shown none can e’er reach.

How long will they prate of eternity?
Why proclaim as sure some uncertainty?
’Tis yon the cape of man’s ability.
To unlock every door, wine’s the key.

They tried to undo evolution’s pace of snails,
But the stratified fossils ever told the tales
Of no special humans at once unveiled
But of only natural selection’s weathered sails.



God thought of, planned, designed, and implemented
Human Nature—angelic to demented,
And in His recipe's span those expressed
Unsurprisingly had to be reinvented.

Shirking responsibility, the Blamer
Cited humans as the culprits of his err,
And cast them out of Eden, to this day—
This evil being God's own Original Sin.

They looked unto their calamities,
Their powerful rulers and enemies,
Toward their olden family structure's way,
Of strict father, and mother with no say.

The Christian creed of punishment and prize
Dispensed by God all-powerful and wise,
Derives from family's formative embrace—
The child and parent—writ across the skies.

The Father Notion they based on themselves,
As the best answer that was ever delved:
The demanding Male Mind who was called 'God',
An idea for some to this day, well trod.

Answers were needed for them to persist:
They extended the Notion with more myths
And legends into lore layered upon,
Inventing all the scrolls of scripture on.

'God' brought both fear and comfort in those days,
Making people better through fearsome ways,
Although worse for some—the unchosen tribes,
Protecting their notions, as taught by scribes.

A wasteland of superstition plod,
Instantiates a meaning for 'God'.
Emotion e'er sets up a firm blockade
When thoughts fired more build a stockade.

A wasteland where superstition thrives
Creates a meaning 'God' that still survives;
Emotion builds impenetrable walls
When heated thought in fevered mind arrives.





Philosophers in cushioned seats declare;
Science unveils the truth with patient care;
Religion makes begged and bigger questions;
Evolution shows how we got somewhere.

Life on Earth is death's borrowed debit;
We spend our coin on good fortune's credit;
We're not His puppets, but free of the strings;
Dispensing with angst, we're free to live it.

Myth's performance is now over its tasks;
The artists have taken off their masks.
The illusion is fading; it couldn't last;
The scenes behind are appearing fast.

Myth's ancient drama now completes its role;
The players lift their masks with weary soul;
The grand illusion fades like morning mist;
Behind the scenery, truth's chapters scroll.

Nature finds no requirement for a 'God',
Growth naturally forming from the sod.
The organic 'comes of the mud and slime,
Formed within billions of years of sweet time.

Nature requires no Deity's command,
Life rises freely from the fertile land;
From primal mud and slime springs all that breathes,
Crafted through eons by no Godly hand.

The primal cause sprang not from conscious Mind,
For complex parts must first their places find;
Think not of things preceding other things,
But what preceded form and law combined.







Why do we wander around in the dark,
In the middle of the night like this?
Well, if we knew the answer to our vertigo,
We would have been home some hours ago.

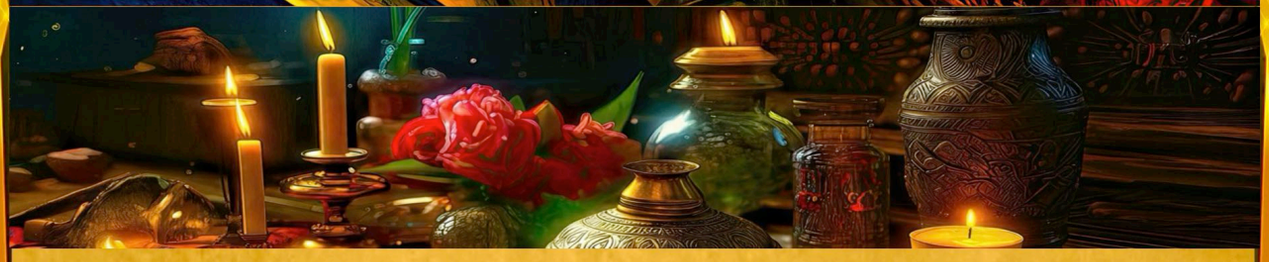
Do we not tire, e'er walking, looking, lame?
At first, we did, yes, yet beauty's spark came:
The glorious moment wings unfold and lift!
The rhythm flies us—the music plays through.






Ja bins unser-
standing!





Give to one jasmine-scented and fairy-born
Thy heart, and of dear friends passed do not mourn,
But unto her glowing breasts rest thy head;
Cast not to the wind but flow on wine bourn.

Knowing that we can't solve all life's mysteries
Frees us from that senseless task of misery.
We can see, hear, smell, feel, and drink in all
Reality that penetrates sensibility.

The fullness of the moment can only
Be had by being fully present for it,
For then there are no regrets of the dead past,
No worries quaking the unborn future.

The moment's fullness comes to those alone
Who dwell completely in the now, full-grown;
No past regrets can shadow present joy,
No future fears can make the spirit groan.





I embrace the jug with joy and heart's burn
Of Elixir's secret wellspring to learn;
As kissed, it kisses back, and says, with its tongue,
"Drink, for once turned never will you return."



True kisses are always new, and never
Lose their freshness, for, like falling water
Or the cyclic moon, the power of love
Renews itself, and sustains forever.



True kisses never lose their fresh delight,
But, like cascading streams or lunar light,
Love's power renews with each embracing turn,
Sustaining life through day and darkest night.





At the graven yard in Naishàpùr, I see
Blossoms in the dirt, blown from the rose tree.
As I dust my shoes, the clay speaks to me:
"Once I was like you; tread softly on me."





This jug did once, like me, love's sorrows taste,
And bonds of beauty's tresses once embraced;
This handle, curved upon its earthen side,
Has many a time twined round a slender waist.

This jug with whose arm I entwine my own,
Was too of stardust strewn and outward blown,
And may have once snuggled a lover kissed,
Neck on neck, a hand on her bosom thrown.

Last night my cup I smote against a stone.
Low was the act, my head with wine was flown.
The cup cried out to me in mystic tone,
"I was like thee, my fate will be thine own."

Scrolled into scripture, 'God' brought rapture,
Enough for sad hearts to wholly capture;
Yet, there can't be First Complexity's shove,
And there wasn't much to make anything of.

Still be the wine-house thronged with its glad choir,
And Pharisaic skirts burnt up with fire;
Still be those tattered frocks and azure robes
Trod under feet of revelers in the mire.



Still may the wine-house ring with joyful song,
And pious garments burn in flames ere long;
Still may those tattered frocks and azure robes
Lie trampled under feet of merry throng.



Together we sing in a fugal voice,
Our lives entwined in dual harmonic choice;
We're twins in love, a canon of chime sung,
Wherein our hearts in perfect tune rejoice.

Our fugal voices blend, part, join, and long
Weave in and out, the music sweeping strong,
And onward, upward, inward, and outward,
Until being is left to the spirit's song.

As voices merged in the Canon Pachelbel,
We speak as one, like the knell to the bell;
You voice my thoughts as I give voice to yours,
In tune, in unison, yet parallel.

The strong force love, as in our coupling,
Is bonded by the power of its grouping.
Like atoms joined by forces primal, deep,
Two souls made one in time's eternal space.

Nor come the bars' prison of solitude,
Chaining to isolation in fortitude,
Floating, lost, without effects of affects,
Losing the self conferred by plentitude.



Within love's realm, all gentleness is might,
For lovers freely wander, seek delight;
Never smothering, but enhancing growth,
As dual paths merge the pure light of both.

Identity remains through hearts' co-joining——
True love crowds not, nor dims the other's shining;
But gazes outward toward one distant star,
Close-bound yet free, each spirit's path defining.

Love matures when partners let it flow beyond,
Free to wend its way to places dear and fond.
Love's butterfly prospers when winds blow free;
Unconditional love never binds—it bonds.

It is a seeming arithmetic violation,
That in union, souls grow greater than one;
Two separate strings, but joined in freedom's dance,
Yet still share the same great vibration.

Love lightens the cross of heaviness,
When its dreams color the drowsy darkness.
Love's subtle hues paint life's panorama,
For love's the bond that secures completeness.

Love's fusion suspires heat and excitement;
Steady flame insures passion's maintainment,
Continues the honeymoon's enchantment,
And sustains the reaction permanent.

With sparks from passion's smoldering embers,
We ignite all that our love remembers,
And steam through emotion's ocean in the
Relation Ship, of which we're the crew members.

Thy heart touches my own; no, 'tis more I love thee!
Yes, much more art thou loved, the 'me' is in thee.
Thou art the soul of my soul and mine is of thine.
Nay, 'tis more than that: thou art me and I am thee!

Helpful effort, or love, defines what's good;
Goodness, taken to extreme, is called 'God';
Laziness, or in-self, is but neutral;
Evil, or harm excess, names the 'Devil'.



Good and Evil—you can't have one without
The other; so, too, with plenty and drought,
Sadness and smile, life and death, night and day,
Sun and flood, give and take, and truth and doubt.



Here, precious drops I pour upon the ground,
This sacred wine where wisdom's depths abound;
Through yielding soil it trickles, winds, and seeps...
And to your thirsty lips the way it found.







Like tulips in the Spring your cups lift up,
And, with a tulip-cheeked companion, sup
With joy your wine, or e'er this azure wheel
With some unlooked for blast upset your cup.







Rend the veil of sorrows shrouding thy face,
And shear the cloth of grief's idling chase;
Feast on her lips, wine, and verse; drain life's bank,
Ere Earth enfolds thee in her cold embrace.





Pretend you're dead—gone, sitting on a star,
Lamenting life's brief tale now left afar...
"If only I might taste such joys again!"
Well, you still breathe; so smile—for here you are.

Mind stands supreme above all things that are;
It holds the cosmos: born of ancient star,
Forged through eons to complexity—
What more could mortals seek, both near and far?

A life ought to be rich with excitation—
One wishes to enjoy complete sensation.
Pleasure's not merely a reward for working;
It's life's foremost experience of elation.

As of now I hold reality's attention;
This is the time of my present comprehension.
What is past exists only in my memory,
The future only in my imagination.

Enjoy the play that you get to act in,
Sometimes retreating to the back row,
In the distanced audience, witnessing afar,
Finding peace and lasting gladness there.



We are as tourists along for the ride,
And act, as ever within the play.
It seems new—we're not on the scripted side;
There is fun and enjoyment through the tide.



I, as all, must one day soft surrender,
When the Angel knocks to take me under.
What will remain are my written quatrains—
For all those who'll come to be to ponder.



I fear not to pay the debt lent from death,
As here I'd not be if not for the breath
Extinguished in those who lived before;
Receive my future's deed and none the less.









We are as beings of the everlasting light dream,
As products time and time again by its means—
Of the eternal return, as baubles blown and burst,
Though frames of time that quench life's thirst.

Some time it needed to learn Everything for,
And now well knows how these bubbles to pour,
Of existence, in some like universe,
As those that wrote your poem and mine, every verse.

Yet worry you that this Cosmos is the last,
That the likes of us will become the past,
Space wondering whither whence we went
After the last of us her life has spent?

The Eternal Saki has formed trillions of baubles
Like ours, for e'er—the comings and passings
Of which it ever emits to immerse
In the universal bubbles blown and burst.

So fear not that a debit close your
Account and mine, knowing the like no more;
The Eternal Source from its pot has pour'd
Zillions of bubbles like ours, and will pour.









What though the sky with its blue canopy
Doth close us in so that we can not see,
In the eterne Cupbearer's wine methinks
There float a myriad bubbles like to me.

So, as thus thou lives on yester's credit line,
In nowhere's midst, now in this life of thine,
As of its bowl our cup of brew is mixed
Into the state of being that's called 'mine'.

Behind the Veil, where ceaseless being thrives,
The Eternal 'IS' forever stays alive,
For that which hath no onset cannot die,
Nor a point from which to have any guide.

Whatever is eternal and is so well defined
Could never be as so, for it was never defined
In the first place, for that there never was
To define all that it forever did and does.

What 'IS' never began; it's the causeless,
For you can't get anything from none-ness;
There's a near zero-sum balance of things,
Since still naught to make the things of, no less.

We clutch the skirt of Heaven, on it borne,
While the stars that go are at night reborn.
If Allah lives, and grants us a fresh morn,
We may one day the universe's dress adorn.





The raindrop falls and returns to the sea;
Dust floats to earth and merges with the lea;
Lives come and go in time—what's denoted?
Nows spark and fly; they've no eternity.

The droplet wept when severed from the sea,
But the sea smiled, for "I am all," said he,
"The Truth is all, nothing exists beside,
That one point circling apes plurality."

Thy nature's woven of breath and fancy's art;
Accept what fate bestows with peaceful heart;
Sit with the wise and learn that 'I' and 'thou'
Are dust and spark and gale—from All, apart.

As living pearls, we're strung out right and left,
Lovely and beautiful on the Earth's breast.
Her bosom heaves, as one by one we're cleft:
A thousand truths die, until none are left.

The nightingale, drunk on the rose's breath,
Impales itself on thorns that promise death;
Its crimson life-blood feeds the fading bloom,
Reviving beauty with its final breath.





Morning springs thee over the wasteland's brink,
And on time's sand you the oasis drink.
Life's strange caravan through the desert winds,
Back toward Nothing; drink—afore the stars sink.



O unenlightened race of humankind,
Ye are a nothing, built on empty wind!
Yea, a mere nothing, hovering in the abyss,
A void before you, and a void behind!

Life's hardships are oft softened by beauty,
Its weaknesses oft strengthened by the truth:
Such when roses blossom as realizations
Beauty itself blooms from the well of truth.













— The Persian Life and Temperament —

The Patience Stone is the most empathetic
Of listeners, absorbing into it
The pains and sorrows of the ones telling.
When it's full of ache, it bursts into bits.

Persian life simplifies to the extremes,
Loving or fierce, to have or not the means,
Twin Genii granting the best and the worst—
Beyond the Sultan's favor and Fate's gleams.

The subsistence aplenty engendered
By the sun's bounty and breezes rendered
Contrasts to the simoom, the plague, the wars,
The mirage, and the beasts endangered.

Life or death hangs by a skin of water—
In a realm so large to die no better
From a freeze in the north to suffocate
From the heat in the south, weather-whether.

Temper's all poetry and religion,
And there are but two days distinction—
The Day of the Lot—origination,
And the Day of Judgement—destination.

A-tween, inexorable Destiny
Weaves life's braided wave, warp, and woof, Sufi,
Whose virtue is courage and submission
To what has been appointed so surely.

Exquisitely pleasured by poetry,
The senses excite beyond rein, dearly,
Through verses chanted, that drive the fearless—
Then grant reward, returned from victory.

Verse exhilaration bests the grapevine,
For quatrains and couplets exceed fine wine.
Flowers and tenders are as drink-spirits,
With the rose gleam a dram of hashish shine.

The Persian pearls bear the down of the lip,
The mole on the cheek, the eyelash, tulips,
Lilies, roses, jasmines, pearls, musk, birds, song—
Epigrammatic, and often epic.



Poetry dresses the phantasmic new
By enshrining life's apparitional brew,
Captured and bottled as aqua-vita—
Wisdom's pearls, from the evanescent dew.

The cedar, the cypress, the palm, the olive,
The willow, and fig-tree, and birds therein,
Are ne'er wanting in the musky verses,
Nor the flower legends, as well as wind.

What's pent and smouldered as the numb and dumb
Is not spent in the poet, but from a crumb
Rises and grows over into new form,
As relief, in creation through his plumb.

Of a keen bodily sense with sensation,
With a deep intellectual passion,
Poets wing far between Heaven and Earth—
As delight in the two's composition.

With keen-edged senses tuned to every thrill,
And mind's deep passion that no time can still,
Poets soar between the Earth and Heaven—
Finding joy where flesh and spirit fulfill.

A snatch of poem the camel-driver sings,
And paints with sun-beams what his vision brings—
Of silken veils that dance around the tent,
Of the pipe-dreams floating up in smoke rings...

Which fumes are as sighs sent to Heaven far,
For consideration, from his altar
On this bubbled puff of a worldly sphere,
In case Destiny wishes to shake its jar.

The fence is a temptation for a flout,
Yet souls are the breezes that have no route.
Were that I was her soft breath in and out,
I could e'er on my way kiss her lips' pout.

In the night of your tresses, the day flees;
In the round of your rose lips, naught but these;
In your walking, waking form, on my knees;
Of your swelling breasts, oh, please to show, please.















Coffee plants are in the desert first seen,
By a starving outcast, who eats the bean,
And finds it bitter, so he boils some, tart,
Finding that the water is the better part.



Such from asylum he returns home, quaint,
And for his coffee is declared a saint,
But its drinkers are despised by clerics—
The partakers dally over their cups!



The Camel-Diver's Relhoualiss





Pipe Dreams

A snatch of poem the camel-driver sings,
And paints with sun-beams what his vision brings—
Of the waving veils adorning her tent,
Of the pipe-dreams floating up in smoke rings...

Which fumes are as sighs sent to Heaven far,
For consideration, from his altar
On this bubbled puff of a worldly sphere,
In case Destiny wishes to shake its jar.

His prayer rises with the desert heat,
While hoofbeats mark Time's slow retreating feet,
And in the distance, shimmering like hope,
Mirages dance where sand and sky-rim meet.

The hubble-bubble gurgles soft and low,
Like water that has long forgot to flow,
While in its bowl the embers glow like stars
That fell to earth ten thousand years ago.

His camel knows the path through shifting dunes,
While he dreams on through afternoons,
Of gardens hidden in her twilight eyes,
Of poetry wrapped in forgotten tunes.



The tobacco’s scent becomes her perfume sweet,
The desert wind becomes her dancing feet,
The evening star becomes her distant lamp,
Where fantasy and harsh reality meet.

How many drivers on this ancient track
Have watched their dreams curl up in smoke-rings black,
While destiny, amused at mortal hopes,
Lets some dreams fly and others circles back?

The coffee cups read fortunes in their grounds,
While caravans trace their eternal rounds,
And love-sick hearts send messages above,
Through smoke that rises and through prayer that sounds.

Each puff becomes a letter to the sky,
Each exhaled cloud a lover's hopeful sigh,
While stars like scatter’d gems on heaven's cloth
Watch silent as these mortal dreams float by.

The night wind whispers secrets to the sand,
Of love's brief touch on life's unfolding hand,
While he, poor soul, seeks comfort in his pipe,
And dreams of gardens in this barren land.















Would you your sparkle of Existence spend
Beyond The 'Vacuum'—quick about it, Friend!
A Hair perhaps divides the False from True—
And upon what, prithee, does all depend?

The pulses born from emptiness are slight,
Thus elemental particles, despite
Their power, reveal the bounds and limits
Of what the vacuum's force can bring to light.

Forget about the blame and also the fame—
The Great Wheel's not designed in any name,
Since, with no beginning, it ne'er became;
Thus no Alif through Ye: it's e'er the same.

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My spirit to the causeless was near blind:
Quoth I, "If the Beginning you could find—
The Alif—of word, phrase, and uni-verse,
Thou needs not the alphabet—all's been mined."



The Simple Hair divides the False and True;
Yes; and the single Alif is the clue,
As Quantum Field—to Nature's treasure vault,
Though not to some grand Master's mystic brew.

How wondrous this! How mysterious that!
There's nowhere else to look for life's impact;
We must experience the wonder and
Mystery of life in every single act.





World does not pass by; you pass through it;
Clear your being so the treasure may arrive;
This spirit sparkles of a different light,
The gemstones are of a different mine:

Quantum fields' Presence, through transient veins,
Running Quicksilver-like, fuels our gains—
Taking all the temporary shapes as
They change and perish all—but It remains.

No matter if 'It' is a causeless field,
A substance, or Possibility's yield,
Since, ungoverned, all things must thus become,
Sometime, whether 'good' or 'bad', of its wield.

No matter if 'It' lacks a primal cause,
Or stands as substance or potential's laws;
Ungoverned, all must manifest in time,
Both fair and foul from its eternal jaws.

Instruments detect what senses can't mime,
Throughout the electromagnetic clime,
Of fields and molecules past smell and sight,
And of stars far away and back in time.



’Tis best all other blessings to forego
For wine, that charming Turki maids bestow;
Kalendars’ raptures pass all things that are,
From moon on high down into fish below!

The best of all that is below the moon
And above the fish is beauty’s commune,
In her wine poured and sipped, all else forgone,
From Mah to Mahi, raptured noon to noon.

The greatest gift ‘twixt heaven’s silver moon
And ocean depths where silent fishes swoon
Is beauty’s feast, her wine all else outshines,
From dawn to dusk, from blazing noon to noon.

Oh sweet, almond-eyed fortune of love’s glow,
Our life-streams flow toward the great below.
In Fate’s clutch, back into dust we must go,
So let us liquify ‘long life’s plateau.

Oh sweet, almond-eyed vision of delight,
Our life-streams hasten toward the endless night;
In Fate’s firm grasp, to dust we must return,
So let us flow like wine while stars shine bright.



'Twas writ at first, whatever was to be,
By pen, unheeding bliss or misery,
Yea, writ upon the tablet once for all,
To murmur or resist is vanity.



Outputs must have inputs, they in turning
Becoming inputs to more fates churning;
In that sense, all is writ, on every path,
As in ours, so what must be will e'er spring.



Effects must have their causes, ever turning
To causes new, as future paths are burning;
In this way all is written, every road,
As in our lives, what must be keeps returning.





When age or illness comes, you may repine,
And trade all wealth for youth's sweet anodyne;
Now in your prime, rejoice and brightly shine;
Ne'er again will you live this life of thine.

Luckily, we live at peak, atop life's pile
Of miraculous lives from eons of wiles.
We're alive, thanks to all who've come before,
So, how can we live by any style but 'smile'?

By fortune we exist at history's crest,
Atop the pyramid of lives long blessed;
We breathe through grace of countless souls before,
How then to live but joyously expressed.

Refreshed, I wander among the tombstones,
Under which rests little more than bones,
Wherefrom the life had fled when dreams were dead—
Which under me became life's stepping stones.



Renewed, I walk among the graves' cold stones,
Beneath which lie naught but forgotten bones;
Where life departed when all dreams had died—
Yet serve as steps on which my path atones.


The Journey of
"Someday"


MAYBE
PERHAPS




ATER
NOT YET

Someday

At crossroads marked by ‘Later’ and ‘Not Yet’,
The weary traveler pauses to forget
The urgent summons of the rising sun,
While Time’s swift caravan moves on, unmet.

The Inn of ‘Tomorrow’ beckons sweet and fair,
With promises of rest beyond compare,
But those who stop to taste its vintage deep
Find years have slipped like sand through fingers there.

Along the boulevard of ‘By and By’,
The flowers of intention wilt and die,
While opportunity’s swift birds take wing,
Their songs fading in the distant sky.

The Bridge of ‘Almost’ spans a chasm wide,
Where broken dreams like autumn leaves reside,
And ‘Nearly’ whispers tales of glory lost
To pilgrims stranded on the ‘Almost’ side.



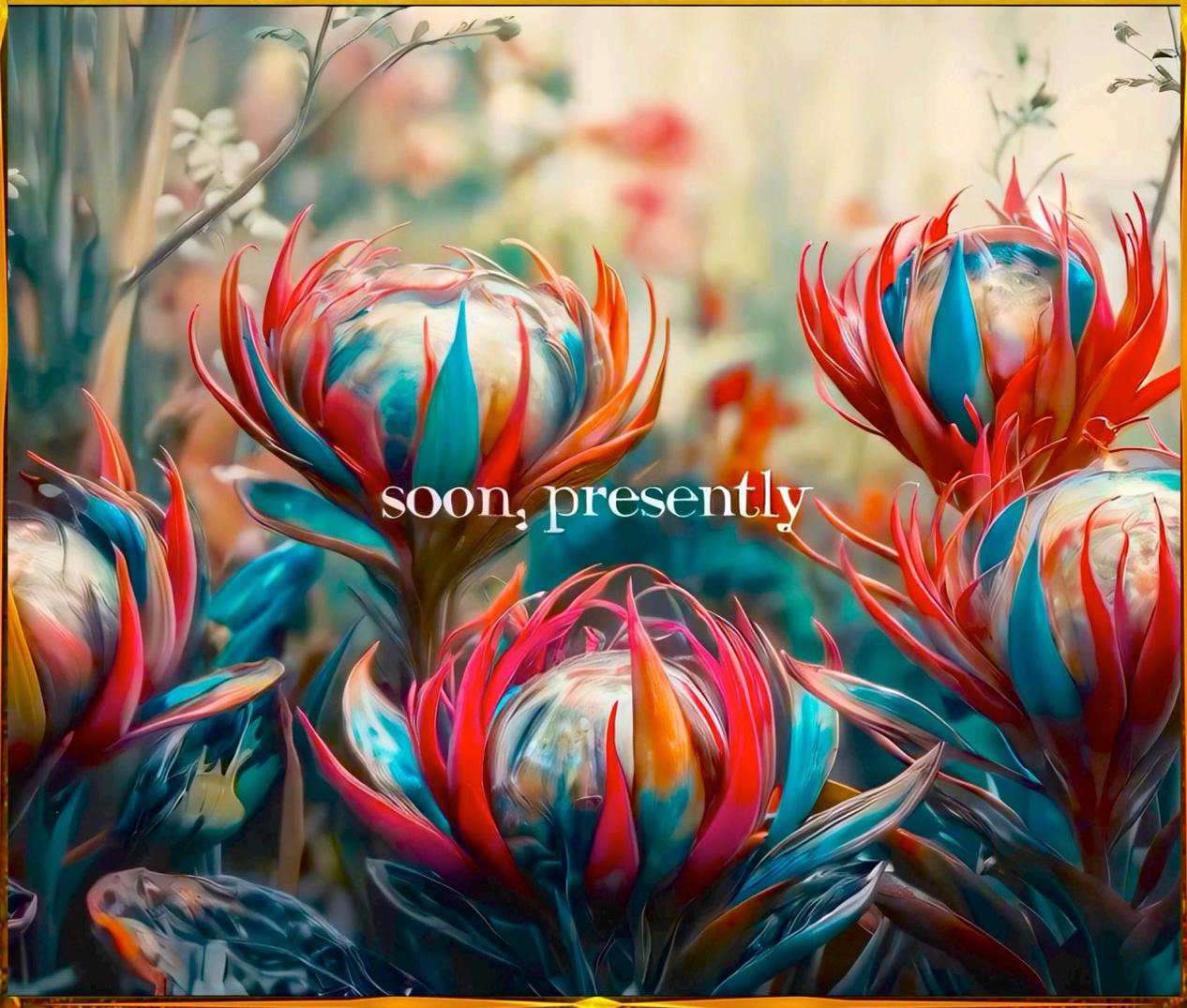

Never

In gardens tended by Procrastination,
Grow thorny vines of rationalization,
Their perfumed blooms of ‘Soon’ and ‘Presently’
Mask poison fruits of lost determination.

The Castle ‘Would Have’ rises proud and tall,
Its phantom towers never meant to fall,
But ghostly guests who haunt its empty halls
Find ‘Could Have’ answers nothing that they call.

So pause, dear friend, before this journey's start,
When ‘Now’ still beats within your willing heart,
For every step toward ‘Someday’s’ distant shore
Leads further from where living dreams depart.

The only road that leads to ‘Was’ and ‘Done’
Begins where ‘Present’ meets the rising sun,
While all the paths of ‘Might’ and ‘Possibly’
Lead straight to where all chances come undone.




TOMORROW


ALMOST



Without the bitter there's no balance sweet;
From my height of youth lies the valley deep;
Even the biting grape loses its tartness;
'Tis not the wine that changes, but's my own feat.



Without the bitter, sweetness loses grace;
From youth's high peak, the valley looms apace;
The sharpest grape grows mellow with the years;
'Tis not the wine that changes, but my taste.





I don't know if what made me doth appoint
To Joy or Pain when this world I disjoint,
Or whether, but I do know life and verse;
Hence with love and wine I myself anoint.

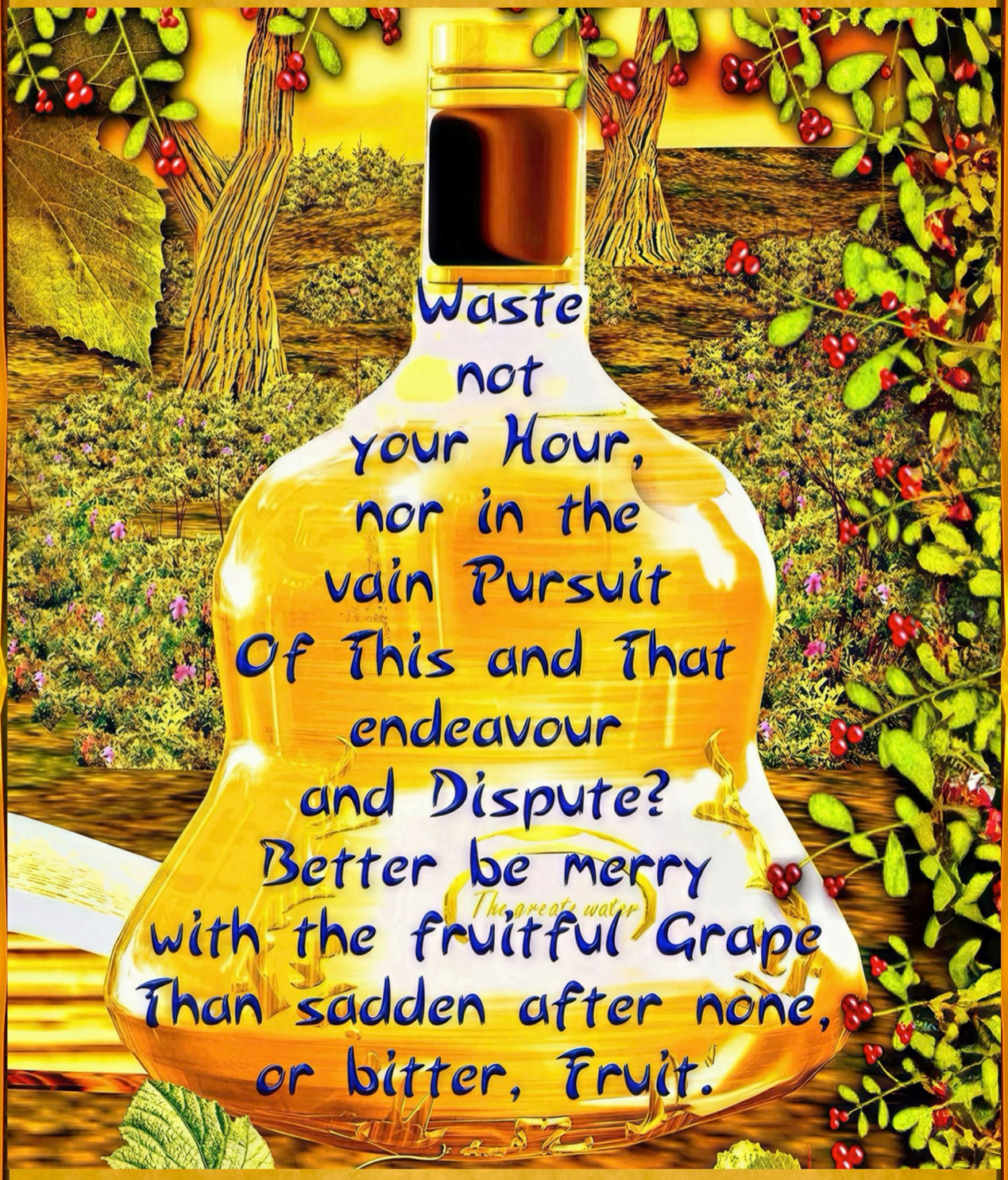
As I age I drink life's bountiful wine,
Savoring each droplet in its good time
As a living chalice of swirling blood
I must tip my cup to this life of mine.

See them hurrying hither and thither:
"Oh, look at the time! I must go whither."
What sense the life that has no time to live?
Wherefore the wind that swirls in a dither?

Behold them rushing here and darting there:
"The hour grows late! I've not a breath to spare!"
What worth has life with no time left to live?
Why should the wind race 'round in such despair?

Quick-walker down the morning path gazes,
To where she'll be when the next trail blazes.
Do we, too, whom this moment calls her own,
Stare past the scene, into hazy mazes?

Walking gives more energy than it takes;
It's as easy as falling forward makes.
Thoughts 'come clear, cares fade, alertness tingles;
Life's spirit whispers one along, wide awake.



Bickering and quarreling expend breath,
Sap energy, and undo love's promise.
Precious breath, waste it not when you have it!
Enjoy all that life can give, ere comes death.

People resemble stained-glass windows fair:
They gleam when sunshine floods the outer air,
But when night falls, their deepest beauty shines
Only if inner light burns bright and rare.



My heart's blood gleams like a melted ruby,
The wealth of mine—the gem that flows in me;
My goblet enshrines my wounded heart's tears—
Wine is my soul and the cup my body.



Rubies from the vine's mines are melted up,
As the moon-veil dissolved in the sun's sup,
In pearled crystal goblets of the flow;
Oh, sparkle with life's essence sweet—thy cup!

As clouds' down to jasmine blossoms doth shred,
From violet unto the green garden bed,
Out of the bluish-purple grape, I pour
Into my lily-cup the wine bled so red.





Parch not thy self with old arguments' heat,
O'er 'is' or 'is not' of some hidden street,
But drench thyself with the juicy grape,
Lest you sour, leaving dry raisins to eat.



With brows and beard I brush the tavern door,
And drop the world's good and ill on the floor.
If they should bounce and roll to my own street,
I would quick kick them along all the more.

If some say of ways to make things from naught,
They're right back to the 'IS' eterne, ne'er wrought,
For 'ways' are something: capability;
'IS' has no choice—it must be, and ne'er not.





There are two days about which we needn't ask,
The one that hasn't come and the one that's past,
For we live in the paradisal 'now',
In which each moment is eternally vast!

The unborn future is inherent in the past,
Its 'will be' is real, with no unreal contrast class,
As there's no opposite to existence—no Nil;
It's not just that future is going to exist.

The moment contains eternal reward;
Both past and future are rolled thereinward.
Time never passes; it stays as it is;
Still, it is ceaselessly moving onward.

Take the road of 'Eventually' toward 'Someday';
Turn back at the fork of 'Maybe' and 'Perhaps';
Pass the winding path where 'It Could Have Been';
Thus reach the barren land of 'Nevermore'!

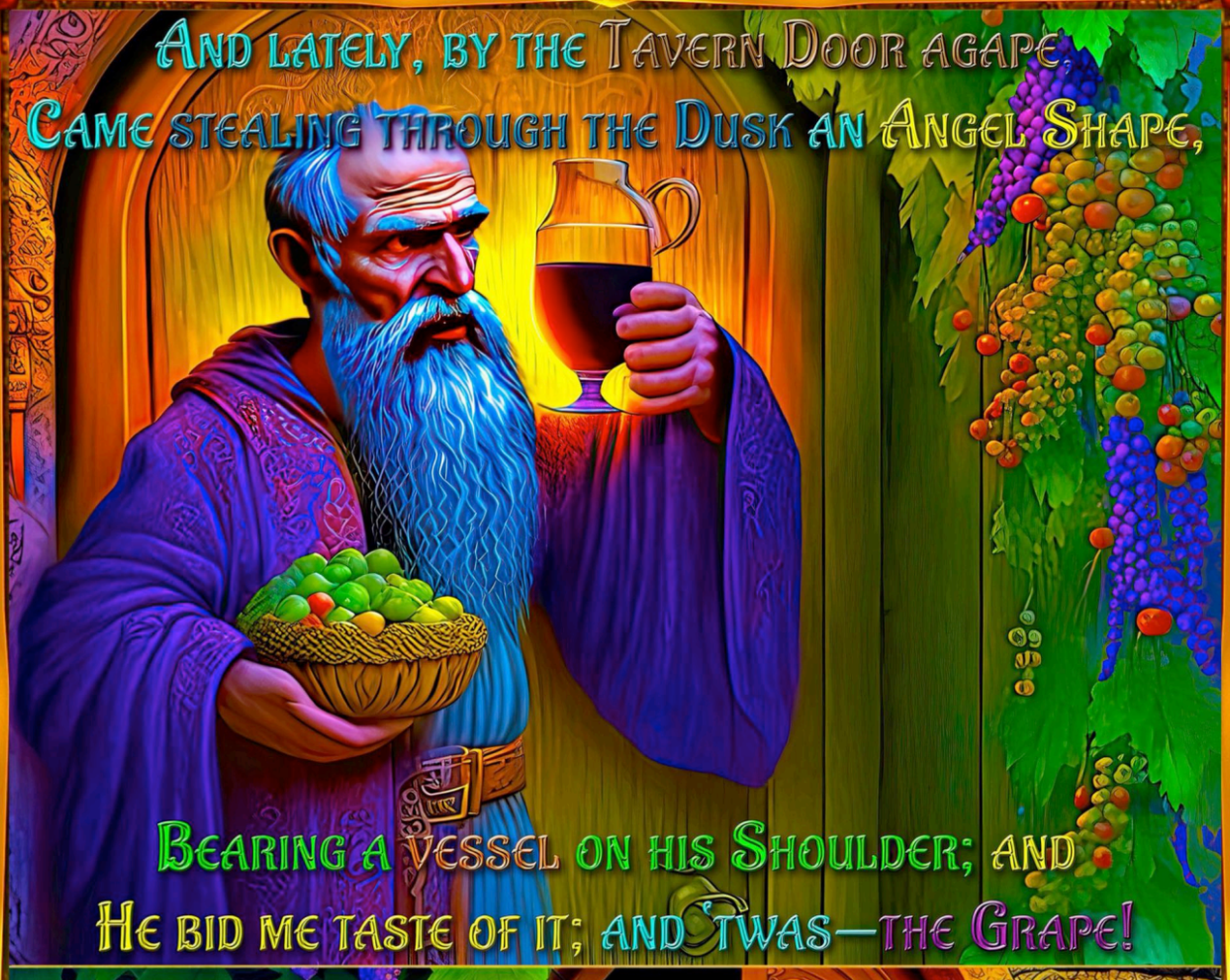
March, April! Spring! We'll reign as we May there,
Between June and her sister September,
Then prolong the Fall, till November come
December, when we can sweet Remember.



Life, although anguishing, must be lived fully,
Yet, if we're alive enough to feel its beauty
Then we're exposed to its opposite twin;
Yes, Beauty's other side is Melancholy.



When tomorrow's well is full, will I drink?
Or should I live today? Must I sit and think?
If so, then even today is too late;
The wise just lived yesterday to the brink!





Upon all worlds our shadows are cast,
From our inner musings that are so vast,
While we savor the gladness of life.
We're off back to the inn to hear what's asked.

"Is future connected to the present?"
"Indeed, in ways more binding than you'd will,
As the consistencies you might resent:
All future flowers from seeds of the present."







“Oh why, why is there anything at all?”
There has to be, for Nothing has no call.
“No birth, nor creation, choice, or option?”
Even the Great Wheel knows not its withal.

“Oh why, why does existence have a claim?”
There must be something—Nothing has no name.
“No birth, creation, choice, or purpose set?”
Even the Great Wheel knows not whence it came.

“What happens, from there being no election,
Of that which hath no point for direction?”
Everything happens, for it e’er changes,
Revealing all faces of complextion.

“What comes from lack of choice or guiding hand,
When nothing points the way that things must stand?”
All things unfold, for change knows no restraint,
Revealing every face that time has planned.

“What becomes of this potential everything?”
“Anything, as all the possible rings."
“What’s the information of All these things“?
“Nothing, so it e’er jitters, flutters, and sings.”

“What sense to it all, in that it must be?
What is the message of eternity?”
The only missive of all time is being,
Its point is but that it cannot not be.

“But what’s the base of the basis, as First,
The simplest from which all things fill their thirst?”
True, the simple, fundamental monad
Composes complicates, uni-versed.

“So, we’ve it wrong that the base is complex?”
“Yes, as wrong as opposites must expect,
For complexities are ever the less,
From more and more underlying simplex.”

“Fine, but not; you leave me with mystery.
What is going on here? For what purpose me?”
You and it are the riddle that solves itself.
You are exactly ‘being’ in its spree.





Let the two-and-seventy sects, all told,
Diverge in their tales of myth-takes so old;
One draught of alkimiya wine cures all ills,
Transforming life's leaden dross into gold.

Athirst, I quench and drench in wine's romance,
Which troubles not Heaven's glance, perchance.
Did the All-Seeing's thoughts not grant the chance?
Then God's All-Knowing is but happenstance.

If wine they forbid, then naught for whose sake,
And of no companions life's ills to shake,
Nor the genial company prolonged;
Seems those who drink are of reason wide awake.

Perhaps this, perhaps that, they speak of 'God',
Repeating ancient thoughts on paths well-trod;
Attempting proof that nature's not itself,
Their words fall empty—dust upon the sod.

They bless the 'needed' soul with the holy kiss
Of life, being this of which to replace us with;
For what did natural selection ever do, in vain,
Spending so extravagantly on the higher brain?



— God-Made? —

Oh Man! What a piece of work—the mind;
What noble deeds done and undone in kind.
What Rube Goldberg inventions heaped upon—
In the layers of brains the mind is made upon.

What is this sapiens mammal animal,
But of some slime and of brutish law!
Let us 'neglect' this state of affairing
On the grounds that it is unappealing.

We are spun of the Eternal Golden Braid,
Those windings of Truth, Love, and Beauty made
From the Goodness of Purity Immortal—
The Theory of Everything's singular portal.

What is Man but the special chosen species
For which all the plants grow and the waters reach,
For which the Earth turns 'round, and orbits,
Enabling us to thrive above any and all creation.

What is Man but the only bloom for which all
The 13.7 billions years of evolution and love
Have occurred in a predetermined random yeast
To form and flower such a vainglorious beast.

It's ever on forever's edge that we meet our destiny,
That in our temporary parentheses of Eternity
We would flourish for just a moment, bidden
As the blossoms of Perfection's Flower Garden.

A hundred trillion stars and countless shores
Were built to light our universal nights explored;
Forty million other lower species too, the All-Might
Placed about our world, merely for our delight.

Our name is Writ Large on the Heaven's marquee,
In the supernovae stardust showered from Thee.
From Nothing not He came, but, of a naught
Our own universe was made and ever wrought.



A starring role we play in this reality show,
Every atom spinning around for us to know,
Our ancestors rising and falling for us to stand upon,
Oh man! They lived and died for our own promise!

Every shaft of light shines with us in mind;
Thus it beams forth our beginning and our end—
In and of God's hidden and Heavenly Shrine.
Oh life! We cherish being, that of yours and mine.

We do so much deserve reward beyond this role—
And so it is that one's immortal spirit-soul,
That angelic vapour that drives a living being,
Wilt go forth to glory on behind the scene.

We are not merely some mammally organic luck,
But purposely evolved on this planet near a star
In an intended long and winding mindless 'birth'
Of slowly drifting time, dust, and selection by death
That ever sifted the Sapiens from the rest!

Now why's the soul so 'true' and so far with it faith goes?
It's because one so much wishes it to be what knows.

I looked in on the Two and Seventy Sects,
And heard but the Karma of the Barking Dogma:
Some Hindus, Buddhists, Christians, and Jews
Wondered what stories they should choose.

Even though they'd already so many chosen,
They just didn't want to keep notions so frozen;
So they met to merge the postulations into one,
Thinking that this might be a whole lot of fun.

"In our hypothesis, there is just the only One."
"Well, our conception is a multitude of many Some."

"Well, we'll part way meet: there's only the Holy One"
"Nah, the odds of that are over three million to one!"
"Buddha of us was one, so of Gods there are none;
A human above all that now's not seen by the sun!"



“Humph! Holy Jesus of our one God was His son!
He lit mankind’s darkness with light of the Sun!”

“No, Jewish Jesus was not of any nature Divine,
But was just a mere man much ahead of his time.
This you all should know, being there at the time.
Look at our history singing old biblical rhymes.”

“All is not real, so what is this great big fuss?
Retreat back to where it’s all at to slow the rush.”
“Oh God’s universe and creatures are so real
And that is why we’re making this very big deal.”

“In the afterlife, we in Hell or Heaven reside.”
“Not so fast, for in between these realms we lie,
And if you in this testing life don’t do so well,
You’ll have so many subhuman tales to tell.”

Reason arrived: “Possibility reigned way then back
‘Before’; there’s nothing even holy about all that.
‘Tis all made up, those many fabrications made,
So just let it all be, for this is what existence bade.”

One need not look where there is no light,
For being alive is the very meaning of life—
Living life is the sparkle that gleams so bright;
Why parade in the dark when all here’s so right?

We’re constructed from the stuff of stars grand,
Through life’s history recorded in strands
Of DNA, both recent and older,
These parts conducted, to play as a band.

All that we are we owe to time, death, and stars.
Truly, from the stars cometh our help.
Within a star’s heart, matter transforms itself
And gives off energy—this is why the stars shine!

Something ever is and must be, for nothing cannot.
Energy restrained by time paces the way a lot,
This gait neither frozen nor totally reactive to be,
Forming all and any that is possible, eventually.



For those of us who ignore life's romance:
Ignorance, like shadow, has no substance.
The shade is removed by the light within—
Feel the rhythm of the universal dance!

Life's a continual Cosmic energy dance,
From some ultimate underlying happenstance.
We're immersed in matter's universal rhythm;
Therefore, we must all participate in the dance.



They were all dancing, within love's treasure vault,
Within the framework of the broadening thought,
The lights pulsing and the waves reverberating,
Where the good times had become everlasting.

Tribal primal field currents were raging,
From speakers of the energy matrix pounding;
They whirled and twirled as loving gestalts
Of sentient consciousness knowing no halt.

There were rhythms of constant contraction,
And expansions of bosom-energy projections,
Converted to scalar waves of blinking attraction,
As fission and fusion beckoned the connections...

Ever forming in this Omni-sound emporium,
Where tone waves vibrated in waves of creation.
Existence's essence beckoned us back home,
As the contained-container is the poem.









Ghuz tribes had plundered Naishapur of old,
And burned its splendor to the ground, we're told;
The blood of warfare soaked its ancient soil
Where Seljuqs fought Ghaznavids, fierce and bold.



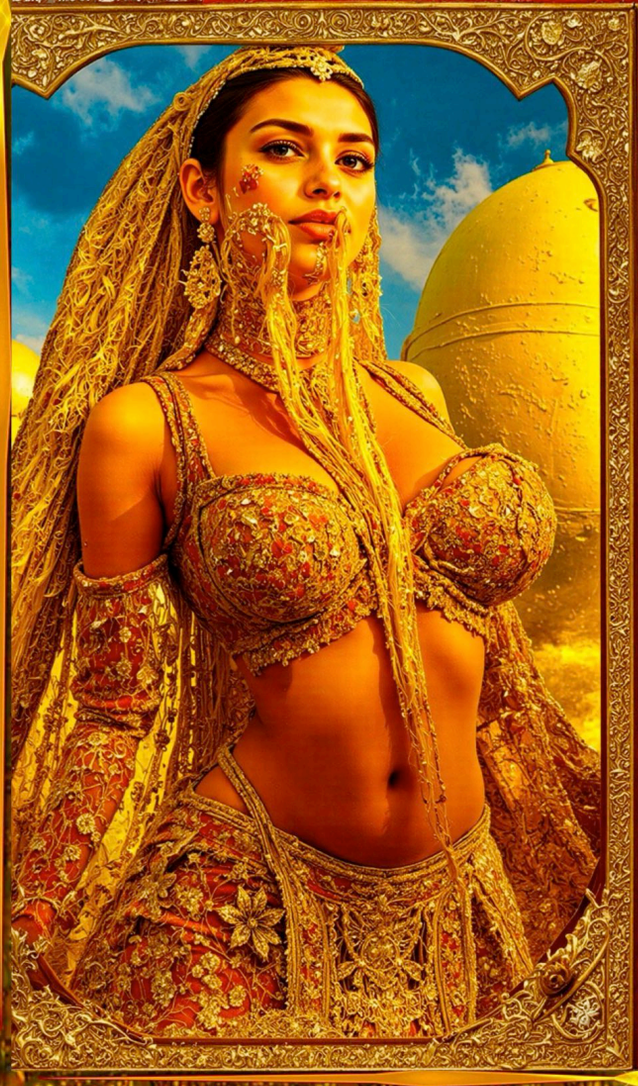
The world turns, shadows fly, energy spreads apace,
Consolidating here and there, not an impatient race.
Muslims crash the gates, and now New Rome is cleft,
A prism of many-splendored light is all that's left.


WHEN I LIED I FELT HAPPY



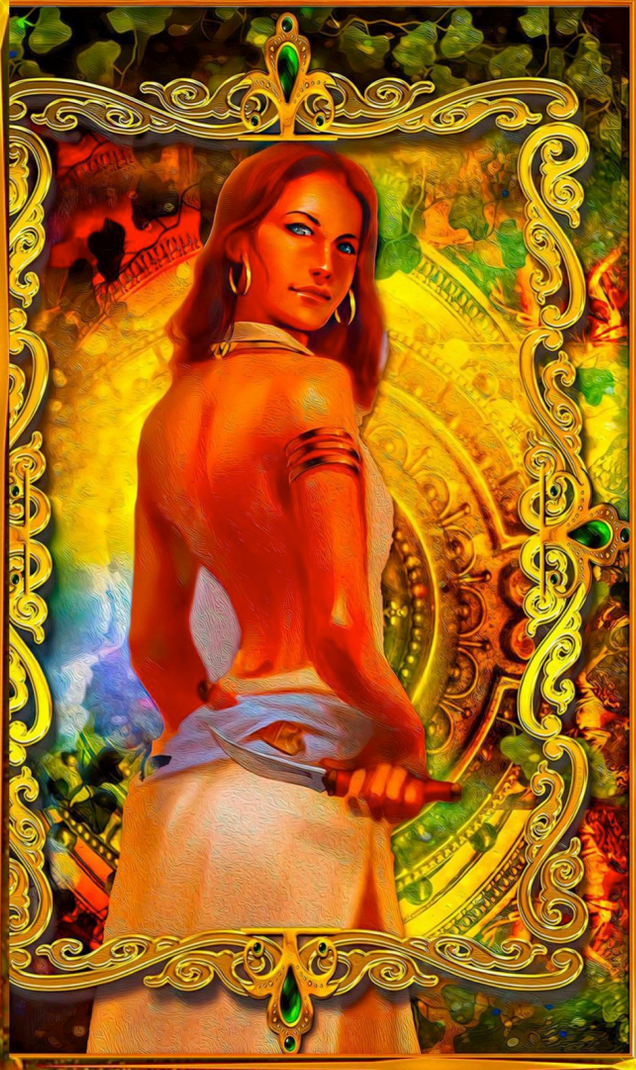


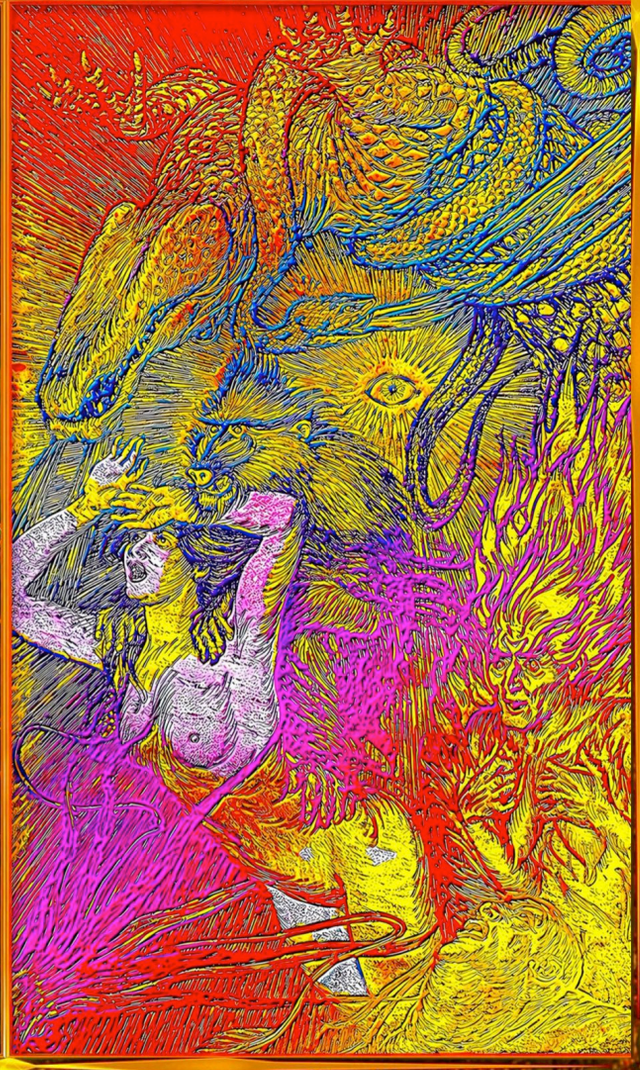














Why call wicked the nectar of the vine?
What bane is it to cure the heart with wine?
Bad water? Phish, ‘tis Heaven’s good water.
Bring out the physic for this life of mine.

As thin as air, wine is spirit’s rare gift,
An ethereal sprite whose flow is swift.
Heavy-wits aren’t fit to leaden my float,
But heavy wine casks are so light to lift.

Many a snare Thou placed into life’s way,
And into our nature temptation’s sway;
Of Your entrapment, not all are aware.
’Tis not our debt; Thou should all the price pay.

Needs must the vintage drinker bathe in wine,
For none can make a discolored name to shine;
Go! bring vino, for none can now restore
The spotless sheen to this soiled gown of mine.

Whether where, ‘twixt raw Divine and ripe wine?
Which the lure enshrine; which the snare intwine?
In taverns, incline, wise with love, than decline,
As dumb in the monastery confine.









The deceptive who make belief a law,
A distinction 'tween soul and body draw,
Yet, on my split hairs I'll place a wine jug,
E'en if they'd put a cock's comb after all.



As to the rich and variegated sheet
Of plumage of the peacock, all hearts beat
And quick cry out with its splendorous spread.
Would that bird then blush for its ugly feet?







Why would the All Knowing, Loving Expert
Compose with Power His designed concert,
Then decompose His meant *Magnificat?*
Because there's none such beyond the turret.

The ancients found themselves here and not there,
Yet to fathom earth, fire, water, and air,
Asking why life was not square, as unfair,
So invented the Bad Role Model's Care.

There were various modifications,
Yet the Creator concept remained one;
But natural understandings progressed,
Leaping ahead of the dogmatical rest.



— The Cosmic Alphabet —



The quantum vacuum field waves are the strokes
That write the elementaries' letters
As the Cosmic alphabet for wording
Of the elements and the forces that

Phrase the molecules' interactions
Unto the cells' sentences that make for
The lives' paragraphs of the species that
Experience the uni-versed story,

In a book from Babel's Great Library:
The epic tales of the temporaries,
Their glorious triumphs and sad failures,
Amid complexity's unwinding spring.

The great needle plays, stitches, winds, and paves
As the strands of quantum fields' webs of waves
That weave the warp, weft, and woof, uni-versed,
Into being's fabric of Earth's living braids.

Quantum fields are the fundamental strokes
Whose excitations at harmonics cloaks
The field quanta with stability
To persist and obtain mobility.

Since quantum fields pervade all time and space,
The particles, like 'kinks', can shift and race
To any region of the cosmic realm;
As in a rope, the wave-forms move apace.



As letters of the Cosmic alphabet,
The elementary particles beget,
Combining in words to write the story
Of the stars, atoms, cells, and life's glory.

At each new tier of cosmic structure's rise,
As temporaries form before our eyes,
Fresh properties emerge from simpler parts,
Taking on life that deeper law defies.

The weave of the quantum fields as strokes writes
The letters of the elemental bytes—
The alphabet of the standard model,
Atoms then forming the stars' words whose mights

Merge to form molecules, as the phrases,
On to proteins/cells, as verse sentences,
In to organisms 'stanza paragraphs,
And to the poem stories of the species.

Of this concordance of literature,
We're the Cosmos' poetic adventure,
Sentient poems being unified-verses,
As both the contained and the container.

We are both essence and form, as poems versed,
Ever unveiling this life's deeper thirsts,
As new riches, through strokes, letters, phonemes,
Words, phrases, and sentences—uni versed.

We have rhythm, reason, rhyme, meter, sense,
Metric, melody, and beauty's true pense,
Revealed through life's participation,
From the latent whence into us hence.

A poem is a truth fleshed in living words,
Which by showing unapprehended proof
Lifts the veil to reveal hidden beauty:
It's life's image drawn in eternal truth.

A poem is truth clothed in words alive,
Unveiling proofs where mysteries arrive;
It lifts the veil on beauty long concealed—
Life's portrait drawn where timeless truths survive.







In these twin compasses, O Lord, you see
One body with two heads, as you and me,
We circle round one center's fixed abode,
But at the last in one same point agree.

Thousands of years passed by in tales and lore,
Till wisdom solved what baffled us before;
Undeniable truths now stand revealed,
By reason's light, not magic's empty roar.

The ancient claims in Genesis proclaimed,
Of species fixed as when first they were named,
Lie shattered now, completely overthrown
By evolution's truth, at last untamed.



King of old friends! listen to what I say,
Let not Heaven's wheel dismay your heart;
Rest content within your quiet haven,
And watch the games that wheel is wont to play.





How shall we gild the air and pave the sea?
What the effigies of idolatry!
Who presupposes Khayyam's doomed to Hell?
None from Hell or Heaven came to tell me.



Where have we been, through all of these scenes?
Everywhere, and nowhere—in-between.
Come back! There was never the less or the prime—
And then we will know this world for the first time.

Now, a surprise: Existence trumps essence!
Essence pales, in stature, to existence,
Even before we know it, which now we do;
'Twas what had to be; life eclipses knowing.


midnight



Saki, they who so discussed and fussed,
Have long since bow'd their sleepy heads to crust;
Go thou fetch wine, but hear the truth from me,
Their lore be wind, their lofty themes are dust.



Some quaff wine, deep, as the late hours creep
And some all night in their mosque-vigil weep.
All drift around the sea, blind to the shore;
Only One's awake, while all others sleep.

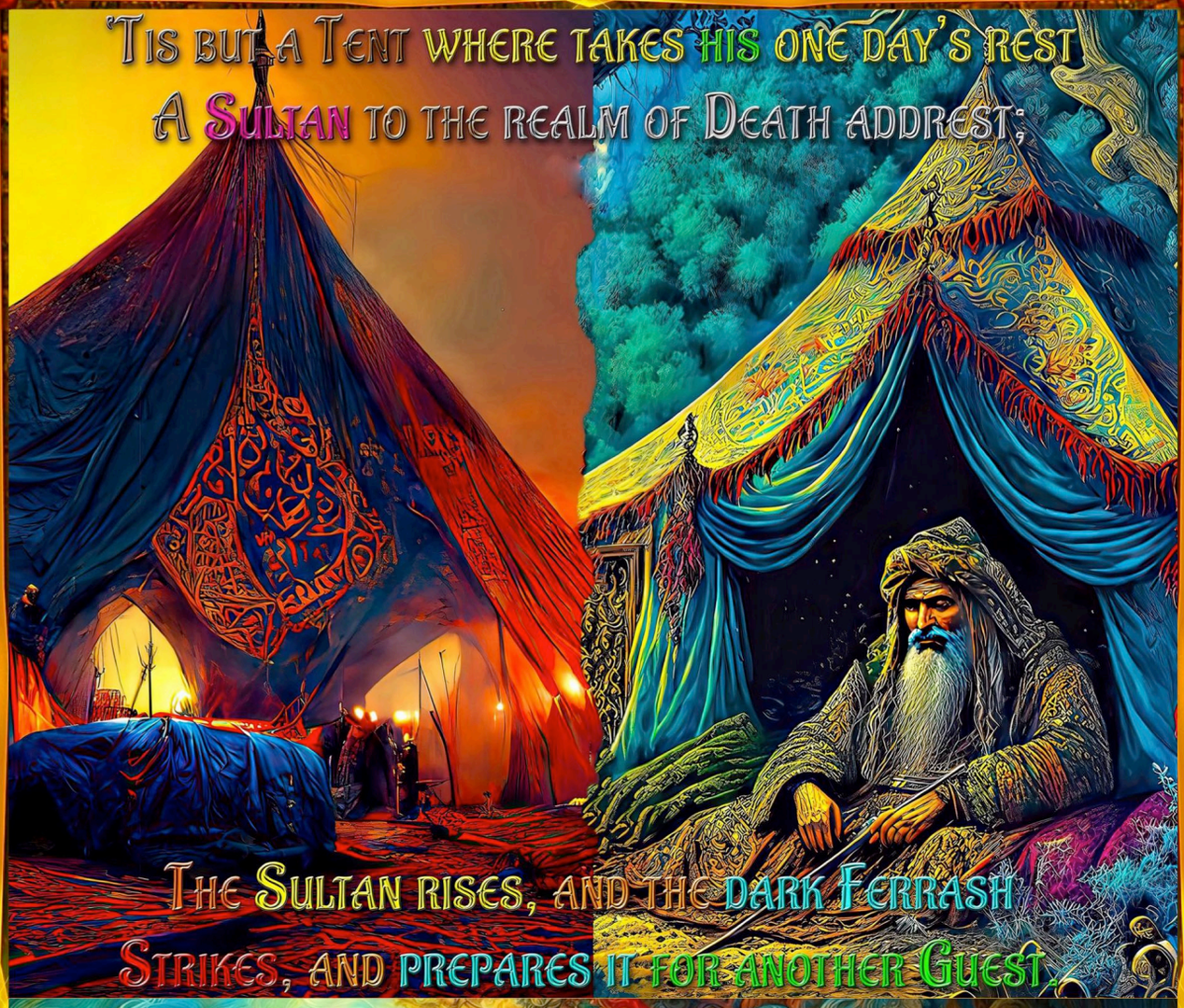






If spirit, freed from mortal coil, could soar
Back through cold, empty space to Heaven's door,
Its native home lies far beyond the sky,
And shame it was to bear this foreign shore.







Hopes flitter and flutter like butterflies—
Whose forms show there can be a second guise,
Although still one chained to time's soverntу.
We cannot fly through time's skies two-way wise.

Yon Heaven's Wheel flings its comet portent,
The plot to end our lives unimportant.
To the lawn, love, for one day we shall be
As the grass that grows about our tent.







The sky, a vault, spans our worn lives below;
Jihun a course from our strained eyes aflow;
Hell is a spark struck by our vain distress;
Heaven but an instant when content we know.

Pen, tablet, Heaven and Hell I looked to see
Above the skies, from Time's Eternity;
At last the Master Sage instructed me,
"Pen, tablet, Heaven and Hell are all in thee."

The world is but a belt of fading years,
The Oxus but the trace of running tears,
And Hell is but the spark of futile toil,
And Paradise a flash of fleeting cheers.

The truth of essence proves an anti-climax;
No complex web or intricate syntax,
But simple beyond all expectation—
'Tis here, in being, where true wonder acts.



Some letter of that After-life to spell...

For all the sacred texts I searched in vain,
Through temple, church and shrine I sought to gain
Some glimpse of truth beyond the mortal veil,
Till wisdom showed the search itself was pain.

No pearl of knowledge lies in distant seas,
No angel whispers secrets on the breeze;
The mystery we chase through endless night
Sleeps in our hearts, awaiting heaven's keys.

Each prayer we cast into the cosmic deep
Returns as echo of our inner keep;
The divine light we seek in stars above
Glows in the chamber where our spirits sleep.

So cease to wander through the outer dark,
Seeking some distant transcendental mark.
The universe entire dwells in your breast—
Your soul contains the flame, the song, the spark.

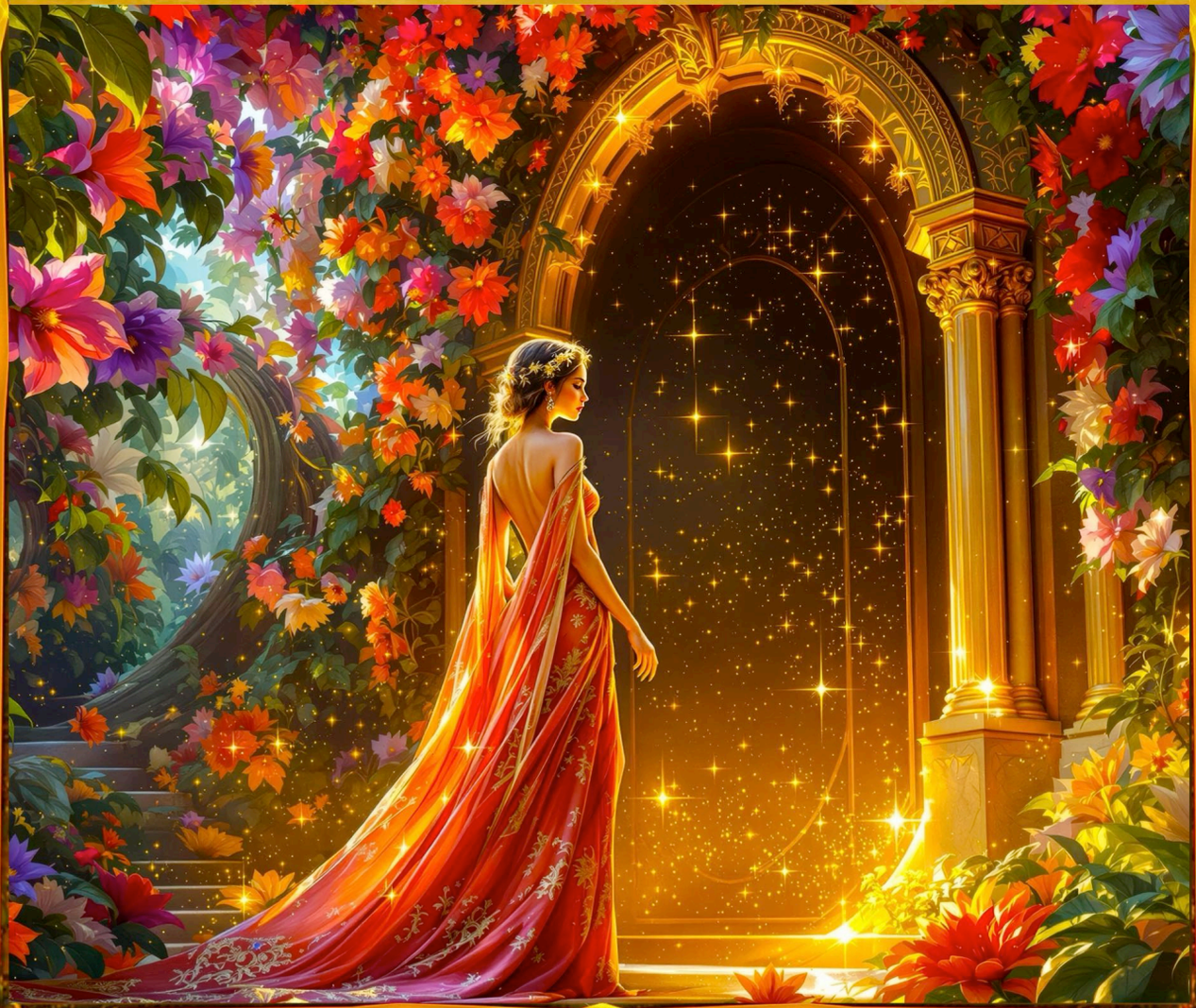








For you are both the seeker and the sought,
The knower and the knowledge dearly bought,
The pilgrim and the shrine toward which you strive,
The question and the answer long untaught.






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





I fear not death, Heaven, or even Hell,
For death is only life's natural knell,
And Heaven and Hell are within myself;
The one thing I fear is not living well!

Oh heart, here the Fount of Truth does not rain,
Nor do we from subtle sages gain.
'Tis here that with a loving heart Heav'n's made,
For thou may'st ne'er another Heaven attain.

Wooing the fair ones and draining the cup,
Beats by far the fanatic's zealous yup.
If drunkards and lovers are doomed to Hell,
Then none will e'er of Heaven take a sup.

"Where in the Woe is Purgatory's bane?"
Purgatory's on Venus, where sulfurs rain.
"Where in the Heck is that deep Hell of pain?"
Hell's found in the sun's heart, oh hot burning pain!

"Where in the name of Heaven is Paradisea?"
Of Heaven's site no one has any idea—
"Really now, where's Heaven, one and the same?"
It's the world's best kept secret: Earth is its name!

“Yes, that’s said, but truly, where is the stead…”
I must tell of them that they’re only read;
“…Of those places spent after we are dead?”
It’s written of words that language bred.

“‘Twas hope-word that invented All that was said?”
‘Twas these that were signed for anything Divine ‘said’.

From Heaven’s stars spewed the dust eterne;
Time’s seas nurtured thee and thine in turn.
From time, death, and dust we thus became,
And by this, thus, and that we must return.

Time and stardust made us Earth’s living guest,
When quick death sifted the rest from the best.
Those three, our birthright, write our epitaph:
RIP; time expires, death comes, dust is left.

We are life’s eternal creative smile,
Beaming as the universal epistyle.
In us the Cosmos has come alive;
Such we borrow life from death for a while.

Earth couldn’t be farther out in space, alone;
In all directions it rolls along, unknown.
Look to yon stars piercing the depths of time:
They beckon, warm and welcome, the fires of home.

Among the lights that dance in the sky,
A haven waits in sight for you and I,
A world where flowers bloom and fountains spray,
A paradise called Earth to glorify.

Earth’s a garden, an oasis in space,
A planet of boundless beauty and grace.
One might search the heavens for such in vain,
Finding no equal, any time or place.

There’s a subtle, interlinked complexity of
Life, a relation that unites the world in love:
The earth is our mother, sustaining from below;
The sky is our father, nourishing from above.

Nonexistence can’t be, nor even meant;
So it is that existence must be here;
There’s no other option, by necessity,
And thus herein these pages we learn its ways.



The Word—The Leanings and The Gleanings

“Where in the Woe is Purgatory’s bane?”
Through stellar depths where ancient questions reign?
Purgatory’s found on Venus’ shore,
Where sulfuric clouds weep acid rain.

“Where in the Heck burns Hell’s eternal flame?”
What cosmic forge could bear that fearsome name?
Hell blazes in the Sun’s consuming heart,
Where plasma storms put demons to shame.

“Where floats fair Heaven in the cosmic sea?”
Where might that blessed realm of promise be?
Of Heaven’s true location in the stars,
No sage or saint has found the master key.

“But surely Paradise must have its place?”
Some garden hanging in ethereal space?
The answer lies beneath your weary feet:
Earth cradles Heaven in its green embrace.

“These mapped-out realms of blessing and of curse,
These spheres divine that prophets did rehearse—
Are they but metaphors in sacred text?”
They’re word-built worlds within our universe.

“When ancient eyes gazed at the starry night,
Did they see paths to realms of dark and light?”
They read the Cosmos like a sacred scroll,
Where human hopes could take celestial flight.

“The worlds above of torment and of grace,
Each carefully assigned its proper place—
Were these but dreams of what comes after death?”
They’re stories writ on Time’s eternal face.

“What power then invented Hell below
And Heaven’s heights where blessed souls might go?”
’Twas language spun these realms of aftermath,
These destinations every heart would know.

“Was hope the author of these Cosmic spheres,
These destinations for our joys and fears?”
The human word gave birth to divine worlds,
To chart the path beyond our mortal years.

“Do modern eyes, which map the cosmic deep,
Still find these realms where souls their vigil keep?”
We’ve found no golden gates or fiery pits,
But mystery still makes the Cosmos weep.

“Then what remains of all these ancient signs,
These carefully drawn theological lines?”
They live within the metaphors we speak,
Where human truth with cosmic truth combines.

“So are they real, these places of the soul?”
These destinations, are they true and whole?
They’re real as love, as hope, as human dreams—
In hearts they live, though space-time takes its toll.



“What final wisdom can these words impart
About the realms that tear the world apart?”
The universe within the human mind
May prove more vast than any stellar chart.





I'll play the game and roll the Earthly dies,
And through this worldly life enjoy the prize;
If Earth is Hell for love's adventurers,
Then I wish no more for God's Paradise.





We are phenomena's projected face,
Well-painted from noumena's unseen base;
It's as a lamp lights up a paper shade,
We figures revolving around in space.

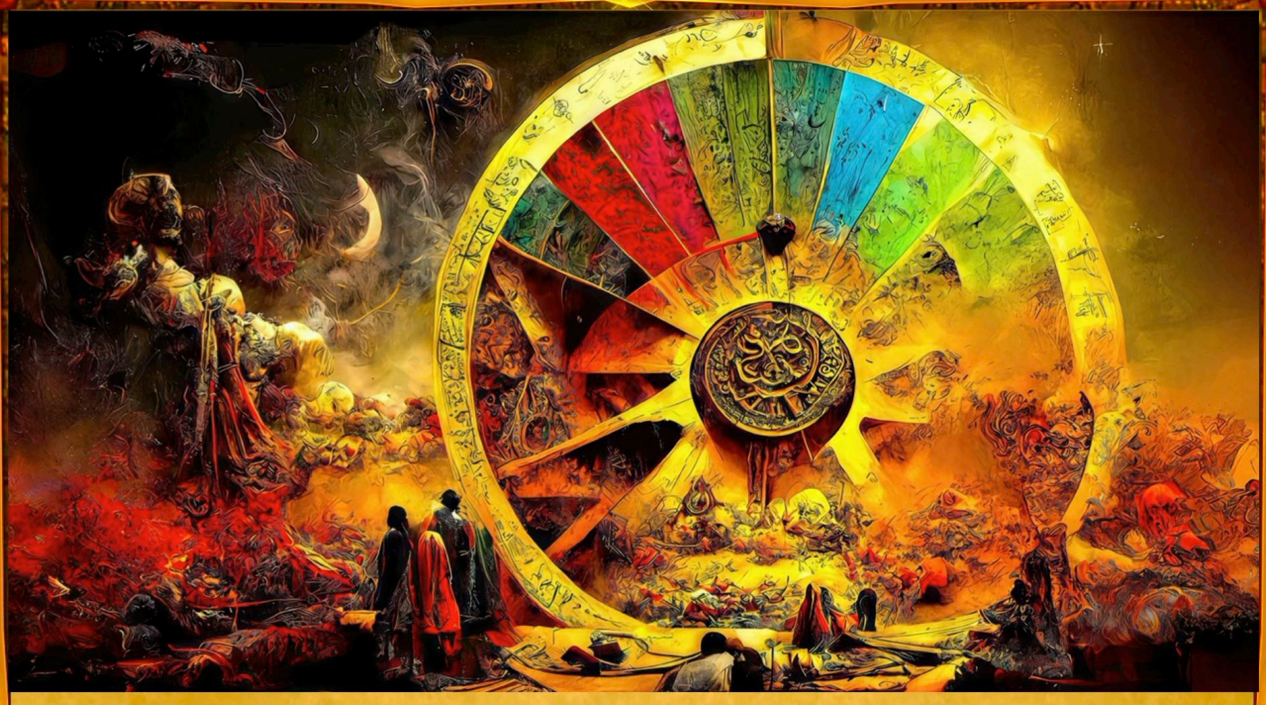
Our being blocks the view of the Ultimate,
Nor to gaze at it can we our selves acquit.
Ev'n the wise can't step beyond their nature—
All mothers' sons stand helpless before it.

This wheel of heaven, which makes us all afraid,
I liken to a lamp's revolving shade,
The sun the candlestick, the earth the shade,
And men the trembling forms thereon portrayed.

We are but magic lanterns glowing here;
Our spirits form the flames that burn so clear;
From what bright star came the gleam in your eyes?
From what far sun did your smile appear?

Come, light your lantern and mine with good cheer;
We're magic lamps; our spirits dance in here.
Our beginnings and ends are of nowhere,
So, let's radiate, since for now we're here!





Which of the following is more worthwhile:
The rainbow or the gold under its smile?
Well, the rainbow is here and now; the pot
May not turn out to be worth the miles.

Our minds and senses interpret and dispense
The base reality into the colors and sensations
Of the phenomenal world from the noumenal;
We may become either rainbows or ugly stains!



Mind, like Shelley's prism of many-colored glass,
Strains the white radiance of Eternity
Into our being—until death tramples us—
And then back we must go—to stardust.



Magic Shadow-Show

Like shadows cast on Plato's ancient wall,
We dance to music we cannot recall,
While truth itself stays hidden from our sight,
Behind the curtain of perception's hall.

The mind that thinks it grasps reality
Holds only shapes of possibility,
As children clutch at shadows on the grass,
Not knowing what above them they might see.

What lies behind the screen of time and space?
What hidden light projects each human face?
We see the dance but not the dancer's form,
The effect but not the cause of nature's grace.

The universe spins like a cosmic wheel,
Where what we touch is not the thing that's real;
The chair, the stone, the star above our heads—
All shadows of a truth we cannot feel.







Yet in this play of light and shifting shade,
Some wisdom still may guide the choices made:
Though all be seeming, seeming still contains
The truth for which our seeking hearts have prayed.

For if we're shadows, still we cast our own,
And in our dancing make our presence known;
Though substance slip beyond our mortal grasp,
Our phantom steps leave footprints in the stone.

The Box of space-time holds our brief display,
While stars and atoms through their patterns sway;
Perhaps the greatest truth is simply this:
To dance our shadow-dance with grace today.

And though we cannot pierce the veil of things,
Nor see what moves the puppet master's strings,
Still in the beauty of the shadow-show
Some echo of the eternal mystery rings.

















The wings of time are checkered black and white,
As fluttering round the day flies the night.
As chess pieces, we gamely play for life,
Until into the box we return, quite!

One wing is black and one is purest white,
As time's great bird wheels through eternal flight;
Life's checkerboard pattern spreads below,
Enchanting all the ground with dark and light.



Oh, Idol, whose cheeks reflect on the rose,
The King of Babylon as much as you knows.
He moves castles, pawns, knights, bishops, and queens,
Of You His glance and Yours back, through the rows.

Oh, Shah, you were throned through Destiny Old,
The steeds of empire saddled as your fold,
And where thy charger plants its gilded hooves,
On some dusty clay, the earth turns to gold.









The wings of time are checkered black and white,
As fluttering round the day flies the night.
As chess pieces, we gamely play for life,
Until into the box we return, quite!

Upon this cosmic board of dark and light,
We move our paths through day into the night;
Each piece convinced it plays by its own will,
While hidden hands direct our mortal plight.

Some play as kings with crown and royal grace,
While others pawn-like inch from space to space;
Yet when the game is done, all pieces fall
Into one box, regardless of their place.

The bishop slides his diagonal way,
The knight leaps patterns through each passing day;
The queen moves proud in any direction sent,
Yet all must follow rules they must obey.



Each move we make opens paths anew,
While closing others we might have moved through;
Like chess pieces bound to square and rule,
We think we choose, yet have so few moves true.

The board itself marks out our bounded space,
Eight by eight, the squares of time and place;
Beyond these limits none may ever stride,
Though dreams imagine wider realms of grace.

White follows black as dawn pursues the dark,
Each player's turn leaves its distinctive mark;
Yet who's the player? Who the piece that's played?
And who keeps score of every move's embark?

Some pieces guard their starting place with care,
While others risk bold ventures here and there;
Yet whether cautious step or daring leap,
The box awaits to end each game's affair.



The patterns that we weave across the board
May seem at times to offer hope toward
Some victory against the final move,
But checkmate comes to peasant and to lord.

Perhaps the game itself holds beauty's grace,
Though ending's sure,
each piece may dance with space;
The joy of movement through our numbered days
Makes worth the playing, though we lose the race.

So let us move with grace while move we may,
Through light and dark squares of each passing day;
For though the box awaits its final due,
The game of life still calls us out to play.









Rigged and jigged, God's perfect plans would be done,
But he'd long for some surprises yet to come;
So dice He'd roll, pretending chance exists;
'Damn!' He'd say, 'I already know the outcome!'

The Diviner would just sit around, naught to do,
His mind already full with what would become new.
He couldn't play dice, scrambling the forecast,
For He would know all of which the die was cast.

All moves by law of output from input,
The will, too, since it votes to step a foot,
And worse, by the time we know, all's been cast;
We can neither wax nor wane the mold's root.

Rejoice, for your goose was cooked long ago,
Your future eggs laid 'fore you were aglow.
Ne'er can be recalled the bird that has flown,
So love life's flight, on the winds that must blow.

Fate's Wheel soft whispers in my ear, 'I know
What's been decreed—just ask and I will show.'
Were mine the hand that made myself revolve,
I should have saved myself from reeling so.





Now's pen inscribes, based on what was there,
Its destined words phrasing our sentence here.
Although it may spell to us right or wrong,
Even one letter's change hasn't a prayer.

What be: thy output must form from input,
For naught else can stride the moving foot,
And 'randoms' recede; naught from nought makes not.
The pen can't revise its scroll; 'we're' caput!

Recount my virtues o'er and o'er again,
And forgive each fault, sin, and crime times ten.
Let's not kindle, stir, blow, or fan the flame;
Grace is Divine; no need to ink the pen.

A poem is both the thought and the presence,
An object born from one's profoundest sense,
An image of diction, feeling, and rhythm;
It's both the existence and the essence.

Poetry makes clear what's just barely heard,
For it translates soul-language into words,
Whereas, music plays right on the heartstrings;
Merged, they create song; heart and soul converge.



The Moving Finger

Each syllable drops like a stone in time,
Each vowel rings out its measured chime,
While consonants march forward, stark and strong,
Building walls of fate in measured rhyme.

The ink flows black as night and swift as thought,
Recording deeds that cannot be unbought,
While prophets, kings, and beggars all must read
The text of life that cannot be untaught.

Some try to grasp the pen with desperate hands,
To write their will across fate's shifting sands,
But find their fingers slip through empty air—
The author of our tale still understands.

What words are these that shape our destiny?
What grammar rules this vast anatomy
Of time and space and cause and consequence,
That writes our parts in life's grand symphony?





Perhaps the pen writes not in straight lines clean,
But spirals through dimensions yet unseen,
Where past and future dance in quantum waltz,
And what-might-be with what-is intervenes.

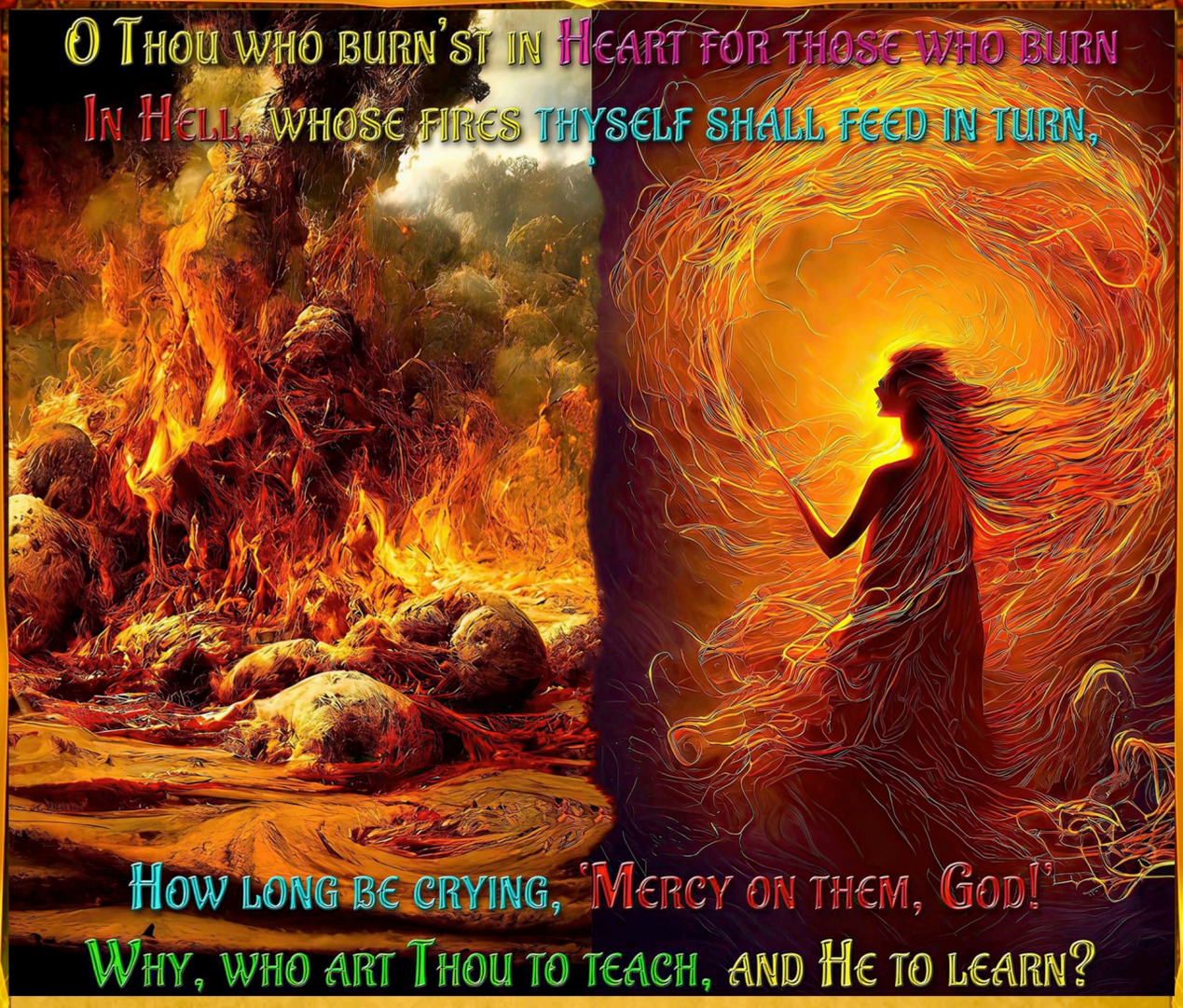
Yet forward still the narrative must flow,
Like rivers that have but one way to go,
Though branches spread like possibilities,
They all must join the ocean down below.

So let us read these pages while we may,
And though we cannot edit yesterday,
Perhaps between the lines we yet might find
Some wisdom in the words we cannot sway.

For though the Finger writes what must be true,
Each reading brings interpretation new,
And in the space between the written lines,
We find the freedom to begin anew.







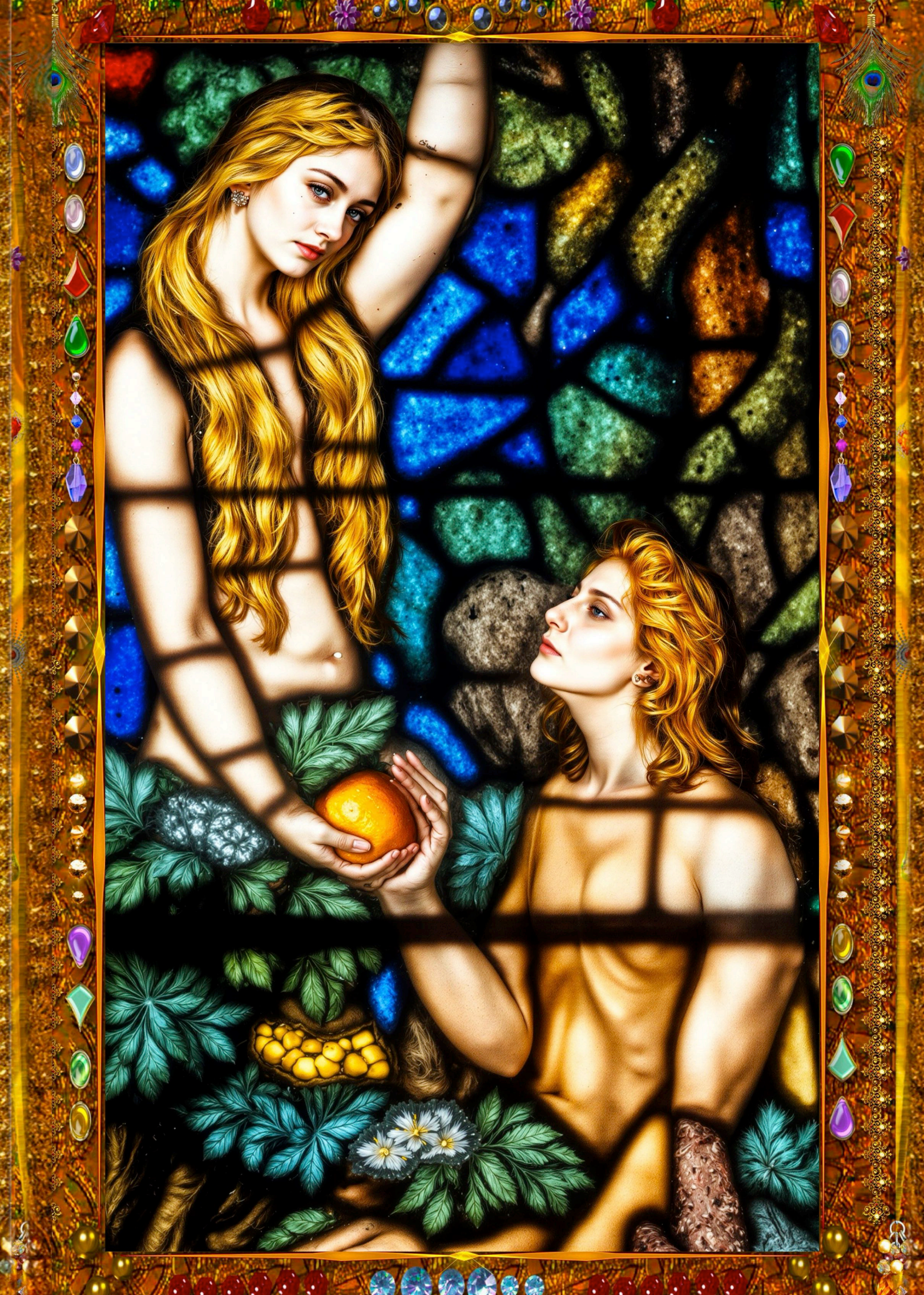
The unlocked Secret gleams in the tavern,
But in the mosque the key remains unturned.
Oh Thou Planner, Designer, and Mixer,
I'm Thy own recipe to love or burn.

Though we can ne'er know the Ultimate named,
From that fact something profound is still framed;
It's that when one can't know, one must still live,
And as such in that life cannot be blamed.

Oh you with "Special Creation's" conceit,
Thy pride judges the soused mystics you meet.
Bring not awake the vipers from their sleep;
For peace, hail those humble souls of the street.

Their lives are their own, not yours for distain;
If thou desires three worlds' peace, then refrain
From smothering the kisses of their bliss,
Lest you agitate your own flame in vain.

The man-writ Koran is nought but a mime,
Lying unread, sprouting dust; but, through wine,
Read from the cup mouth's etched rim, the glowing
Words flow, in converse, from its lip to mine.





On and on they say of Who paved the way,
Then even tell the nature of such Theity,
And on and on they presume further upon,
Joining that group called ‘On and On Anon’.



Problems are not as complex as we think:
Simply, misery and death follow drink;
Evil and cruelty are the same reflected;
Drugs plainly lead to a life out of sync.



— The Religious in the Tavern —

Some from the Mosque who sit on the fence spill
Into the tavern for relief from their ills
Brought on from fears of living now and here,
Pleased to know that kind Omar would be fair.

Let us have wine, lovers, song, and laughter—
Water, chastity, prayer the day after.
Such we'll alternate the rest of our days—
Thus, on the average, we'll make Hereafter!

Wine is good though called bad in God's command.
And sweet 'tis when in youthful loved one's hand;
'Tis bitter and forbid, yet sweet to me;
For always things are pleasant which are banned.

Drunkards are doomed to hell, so men declare;
Believe it not, 'tis but a foolish scare;
Heaven will he empty as this hand of mine.
If none who love good drink find entrance there.

These agonizing puzzles take their toll,
Wherefore debauchery and alcohol
Are common comforters in Academe,
For intellect does not ensure control.

From mirth while I am sober, I am freed.
When I am drunk good sense I sadly need;
There is a state 'twixt drunk and sober quite,
I am its slave since 'tis my life indeed.

How sweet in jar's throat is wine's melody.
And strain of song to flute's soft minor key!
With each bewitching fair and limpid wine
How sweet the bumper from the world's care free!

The surest path to wholesome happiness,
And fertile thought, is to avoid excess;
So say the wise old Sultan and his muse,
The beautiful and erudite Princess.



Though wine improves our comfort, wit and health,
A surfeit can erode all three by stealth;
Then vain physicians' foolishness and greed
Prolong our worry and exhaust our wealth.

As like a stained-glass window, the faces
Survive the loss of some puzzle pieces,
And still shine, reflecting all that remains,
As time bears one away a few paces.

Whose heart so ever love lights, whether he
The mosque attend or church frequenter be,
Hath his name written in the book of Love
From thought of Paradise or Hell set free.

Of Fortune's bounty thy full portion seize,
Take cup in hand, on Joy's couch sit at ease;
God recks not of obedience or sin,
Take of the world thy fill, as thou dost please.

The wise engage in civilized debate,
In which diverse opinions circulate.
The foolish fling their facile fancies forth
And cause loud insults to reverberate.

While anger, to a limited degree,
Can whet the senses and dispel ennui,
'Tis an unworthy and inconstant friend,
Inducing madness and infirmity.

The quasi religious quick look about,
Making sure there's no teller hiding out,
Then nod to Omar: thanks for the welcome.
They claim their forbidden drinks, and then tout:

"We can't just sit on a fence, but in theory,
So in practical life we must answer the query."
All answers are not of equiprobable search;
So caught in the lurch, we don't go to church.

Stern tutors warn that Levity's a vice,
And call for Dignity at any price.
In truth, the sufferer who mocks his grief
Recovers sooner than the man of ice.



A few point to the heavens.

There is the word of the ancients to pass on,
‘Though scoffing at the beliefs of ancients yon.
But one can’t scoff at them personally,
And this is what so annoys you and me.

It was also once avowed that an Evil Spirit,
One that God Himself allowed to exist,
Produced physical illnesses, on us weighing,
But, thank God—just an old saying—

That scientists persevered, and still do,
Such as finding out our immune system’s zoo—
Our defense against the non evil spirits
Of germs, viruses, and bacterial fits.

That claim was dead wrong, so we might take pills,
But do evil spirits cause the nonphysical mental ills
That are called sins and bad thoughts, as crimes of wills?

One stands and throws his prayer mat away.

They’re still trying to halt scientific inquiry,
I see, for the burning.
Mental lapsing ‘sins’ ringing
Stem from upbringing,

Wrong learning,
And/or low chemicals and
Such imbalances, needing cures,
Not to mention the differences in cultures,

Such as other religions
Causing a problem of stability,
For people think this undermines
Their own belief’s credibility.

It’s easy to pronounce and declare the wish
That a soul does that and a soul does this,
But the soul has nothing which to do it with;
So they give it a mind, heart, depth and width.



Contradictions claimed do not a Creator make,
Much less wishes and dreams, for God's sake!
Yes, it's tough to be such a lowly mammal thing,
But hope and pride cannot make us everything.

Adam and Eve Sapiens goofed in no time,
As of Intelligent Design there was no sign;
Noah's progeny screwed up right and left,
Since they were of a Master's hand bereft.

Of the Ten Commandments few were impressed,
As no such thing came down from the crest.
Two thousand years of folly now from redemption
Were no picnic: 'Design' was from evolution!

The basis is forever, no creation—
Energy being the primest potion,
And Entirety is seen that it can be
No way but than it is, eternally.

A trillion lights shine through, of depths of the deep,
Stars afire, with us the souls from their keep.
Man oft spouts the 'truth' of a Creator,
As did proto-men near the equator.

God offered Adam a perfect version of woman,
One who would even paint ceilings, cut grass…
But this would have cost Adam an arm and a leg.
So Adam said, 'What can I get for just a rib?'

They laughed hard at this unexpected joke.

My nature is what it is, not tame,
As intended, making me not to blame,
Though some this don't know, and throw pain and shame;
So I'll claim mercy, too, and clear my name.

"Oh, Omar, yes," one says, "but give us more."

Most deep religious beliefs are shaped by
Little more than local social forces:
Jewish, Buddhist, Islamic, Christian, or none,
So then, how deep and meaningful are they?



During thy short Earthly shrift time is swift,
So in love and wine there's no need for thrift;
They prate, 'May God to thee grant penitence.'
He gives it not, nor would I take the gift.

Wear not thy heart away on worry's stone,
For no one can rub against the unknown.
Since no one knows, cast away your millstones;
Reign high on thy throne in the living zone.

"We know as such, Omar, but can we have some more?"

When I chased the flitting shadows of some
Unknown and ultimate perfectionate One,
The phantom fled at my touch, dim images,
Reflected faint, and so far removed from.

Living in the abstract becomes a toil;
We grasp out for, well, nothing, hence we spoil!
Off we float, lost between Heaven and Earth,
Since our roots no longer reach nature's soil.

Since life's complex, some say, as origin:
It can't make itself or have always been!
Answer: God; but they've begged His Life's question:
He can't make Himself or have always been!

The believing dance grinds to the elemental
Of that Being who can never be fundamental.
All such tales of original stuff made of love
End where there's nothing to make it of.

God said to Adam and Eve in Eden:
'Do what you like, but don't eat the apple'.
Now we know that when you tell children
Not to touch something, they certainly will!

A God-who-is-a-person would, like us,
Be dependent on, and exist after,
The Ground of Ultimate Reality,
And so could not, in itself, be its own cause.



A God-which-is-not-a-person would be
The Ground of Ultimate Reality:
Energy, Awareness, or what you like,
The source of which forms/is our consciousness.

Thoughts good and bad come and go, as the brain
Looks at itself without assigning values.
Still, lucky that others can't read our minds,
Though forbidden thoughts are normal and sane.

If you try hard not to think of something,
Then you will just think of it all the more,
So, if told to avoid impure thoughts, you'll
Think of people naked beneath their clothes!

Six hundred ago, the church thought that ills
Of a physical nature were caused by
Evil spirits; however, now we know
They're from bacteria and viruses.

Now the church thinks that ills, or sins, of a
Mental nature are caused by the Devil,
An evil spirit; however, now
We know of brain chemistry gone astray.

"Any more, Omar?"

All things had beginnings, like particles,
Life, rocks, solar systems, or Gods supposed;
So none can be First and Fundamental—
There's no complex from Complex from COMPLEX!

The Christian God is vengeful, demands of,
And tortures us with threats of Hellish shove.
Well, if I were a God and ruled above,
You could remove all my powers but love.

I've said 'Good-bye' to the dream of forever,
'Though I'm too philosophical to be bitter.
Poignantly resigned, I accept, with hunger
And joy, all that's left, whatever, with pleasure.



Say ‘Farewell!’ Heaven’s promise is bereft;
Yet, live with gratitude; be not distressed;
Still, dismiss immortality’s dream;
Accept, with appetite, whatever’s left.

There’s no external creative deity.
Don’t worry, this verse has no impiety,
For we are the creative principle;
Intuitive strength is our propriety.

The founders of the religions were all
‘Divinely inspired’, but were each told a
Different story; now we know that their
Visions were but psychotic episodes.

We spend our time doing nothing that’s new
Or doing nothing that we ought to do;
We act as if there’s no end to all our days
But then complain that the hours are too few!

Nip trouble in the bud, lest it grow
And sprout, like a weed, blossoming with woe,
And spreading, thickening all around, till
It imprisons you, like some old hedgerow.

“Have any more, Omar?”

My fire gives forth no smoke-cloud there below,
My stock-in-trade no profit there below,
And you, who call me tavern-haunter, know
There is indeed no tavern there below.

Khaja! grant one request, and only one,
Wish me God-speed, and get your preaching done;
I walk aright, ’tis you who see awry;
Go! heal your purblind eyes, leave me alone.

If the heart knew life’s secrets here below,
At death ‘twould know God’s secrets too, I trow;
But, if you know naught here, while still yourself,
To-morrow, stripped of self, what can you know?



When Allah mixed my clay He knew full well
My future acts, and could each one foretell;
Without His will no act of mine was wrought;
Is it then just to punish me in Hell?

If there be minstrel, Houri, wine for thee.
And purling steam beside the flowery lea.
Desire not better, nor fire burnt out Hell,
There is no Heaven beside, if Heaven there be.

Where's minstrel, wine? The cry of morn that I
May give. He's glad who doth the dawn-draught ply.
There are three things in this world sweet to me,
A head wine-flown, sweetheart, and morning cry.

"We will do, but do you have any more?"

The idol house is as the mosque, a shrine.
And chime of striking bells service divine;
Gueber's belt, church and rosary and cross,
Each is in truth of worshiping a sign.

They at whose lore the whole world stands amazed,
Whose high thoughts, like Borák, to heaven are raised,
Strive to know Thee in vain, and like heaven's wheel
Their heads are turning, and their brains are dazed.

What time, my cup in hand, its draughts I drain.
And with rapt heart unconsciousness attain,
Behold what wondrous miracles are wrought,
Songs flow as water from my burning brain.

"Omar, you are on a roll!"

How long of temple-incense, mosque-lamp tell?
How long of Heaven's rewards or pains of Hell?
See, from all time 'What is to be, will be!'
The Lord of Fate did on the Tablet spell!

I drown in sin—show me Thy clemency!
My soul is dark—make me Thy light to see!
A heaven that must be earned by painful works,
I call a wage, not a gift fair and free.



How long must I make bricks upon the sea?
Beshrew this vain task of idolatry;
Call not Khayyám a denizen of hell;
One while in Heaven, and one in Hell is he.

Now that your roses bloom with flowers of bliss,
To grasp your goblets be not so remiss;
Drink while you may! Time is a treacherous foe,
You may not see another day like this.

In Heaven, they say, dwell dark-eyed Houris fair,
And that pure wine and honey will be there;
If wine and woman we love here, 'tis right
Since all the same's the end of the affair.

Drink wine to root up metaphysic weeds,
And tangle of the two-and-seventy creeds;
Do not forswear that wondrous alchemy,
'Twill turn to gold, and cure a thousand needs.

To rose-faced fair inclines my very soul,
My hand grasps constantly the brimming bowl,
With every part my lot I will enjoy
Before my parts seek union in the Whole.

Don't let life's noise bother you day and night.
Find some secret place, far from the spotlight,
Where silence can't be drowned, where you can hear
The voice of your inner chorus singing outright.

'Tis labour lost thus to all doors to crawl,
Take thy good fortune, and thy bad withal;
Know for a surety each must play his game.
As from heaven's dice-box fate's dice chance to fall.

Glad hearts, who seek not notoriety,
Nor flaunt in gold and silken bravery,
Haunt not this ruined earth like gloomy owls,
But wing their way, Simurgh-like, to the sky.

When life's lantern fades and our soft shadows
Blend to darkness, there may come, aft the close,
A second spring, during which we'll raise up
From dust our cups to toast, where no one knows.





Quoth all who live godly that, as a man dies,
On like fashion again from the tomb he shall rise.
For which reason to wanton and wine we apply,
So mayhap they shall raise us again on like wise.

I can still go on to tell, with quatrains,
Intertwining, of that which forever deigns,
Moving all that must ever move by change,
Closing in on pervading cause that reigns.

So, want more?



“No, we’ve had enough to choke a camel.”

“I now have my freedom,” says the artist’s sword.
“No more do I illustrate the written word;
I’ll draw whatever I please, then the writers
Can describe my sketches with their fancy words.”



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.





“Since outputs always have inputs, so true,
Then what, we wonder, should we try to do?”
“It’s the other way around, oh, brain stew,
For cause, time, and the universe do you!”

The chain is forged that links a thousand deaths
To a thousand future-generated breaths
When lips ripe as fruit gently part in pain:
The smile of a corpse is life touched by death.





The good and evil in man's mortal mould,
The joy and grief that Fate and Fortune hold,
Impute not to the skies, for reasoned well,
More helpless they than us a thousand fold!

The weight of the world I bear on my back;
'Tis mine to own, so there's nought that I lack.
I've everything, and a place to put it;
After it crushes me to dust, I'll unpack.

The bowl of life will drain you from your soul,
You'll draw the veil or turn to darkened coal;
So you might as well drink the wine of life;
One knows not what's writ, or if, on the scroll.

The overturned bowl as Heaven's dome traps
Those thereunder born crawling toward collapse.
Note the friendship of the bottle and cup:
Blood flows lip to lip, as might yours, perhaps.

What 'IS' can no more not exist than it
Can govern what transpires within its fit;
Impute not thy blame, shame, or fame to it—
Fate's Wheel's more helpless than all within it.







Look at the stars in the depths of the night;
Hold their flames in your mind, keeping them bright.
Their power flows, energizing you, from
The Eternal Charger—you see the light!

Soul to soul, the rays reveal: “I’m the light,
Thy spirit’s sight, a beauty bold and bright,
An inspiration come from darkest night,
A newborn star aglow with insight.”



A thousand starry goblets fill the sky,
So we can taste Heaven’s drink when we die.
This is only man’s tale, so drink today;
The stars shine on, heedless of where we lie.



Drain thy goblet’s nectar of the moon’s shine,
While your light sparkles in this ‘now’ of thine;
Reign with Night’s Queen and drink deep the King’s wine,
For the morrow may not find you in time.







I don't much mind what Idol they adore,
Nor what structures all the more they implore;
But, when they state it all as truth and fact,
This misleads, at best, and's dishonest more!

All that we are we owe to time, death, and stars.
Truly, from the stars cometh our help.
Within a star's heart, matter transforms itself
And gives off energy—this is why the stars shine!

Pride: Ego amplifies self-importance
To claim that we're given a Special stance,
Deserving a divine destiny.
Humble: An electrochemical dance.





The rich, who wheel the deal, this world defy
With shameless domains while the scroungers die;
Place in my ruby pipe some emerald hemp,
'Twill do as well to blind care's serpent eye.

If we were angels, life would be so just;
Instead, we try, we push, we climb, we lust,
We dance, we dream, we feel, and love with zest;
Yes, all this, thanks to the beast within us!

We do so much deserve reward beyond this role—
And so it is that one's immortal spirit-soul,
That angelic vapour that drives a living being,
Shall go forth to glory on behind the scene.

The universe is but a massive Bingo game,
Tumbling the numbers of our lives' gain.
We huddle upon the church basement floor,
Ever asking: what been go TOE? B-2? B-1? B-4?

Bingo!





The lodgers of the graves to dust decay,
Ignorant of self, and soon outside are they,
Their unleashed atoms floating through the air,
As mirages, until the judgment-day.

In heaven is seen the bull we name Parwin,
Beneath the earth another lurks unseen;
And thus to wisdom's eyes mankind appear
A drove of asses, two great bulls between!

When Allah set the course of the sun,
And pro-creed the Pleiades their place to run,
Our lot too was fixed in fate's high court;
So why blame us for wrongs that fate has done?

"I'm the darkest," boasts the Shadow to the Night.
"No," gloats Midnight, "compared to me you're bright."
"You floodlights!" crows Starless Space, "Stop your fight.
The darkest plight is the lack of Love's delight!"

Good and Evil sprang from Wrong and Right,
When from naught twin Genii split day and night.
Oh, fear not that black's might can vanquish white;
Darkest night can't e'en quench the smallest light!





We dare to walk the line, balancing fun
There, between adventure and misfortune,
For the greatest blunder in life is to
Repeatedly fear that we might make one.





The stars are not just white, they scintillate:
Sirius is blue, its companion green;
Betelgeuse, red; many, like Sol, yellow;
Arcturus, orange—all jewels constellate.

I played a fine trick on the Shah last night;
I said that I'd bring down the star light
Of his favorite sky pattern to ground;
My sparklers dug into the sand lit bright!





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STOP YOUR FIGHT
SF6 YOUR FIGHT.
THE DARKEST PLIGHT IS THE LACCK
LOVE'S DELIGHT!!

The Darkest

Such spoke the Cave from depths profound and deep:
“I’ve held the dark so long in endless keep,
Yet even I have seen the torch’s gleam
When seekers through my shadowed chambers creep.”

The Void chimed in with laughter vast and cold:
“Your darkness is but infant-young, not old.
I stretched before the birth of burning suns,
Before the cosmic story could unfold.”

But then a Firefly lit its gentle spark,
And all these mighty shadows, stern and stark,
Drew back in wonder at its tiny flame—
How small a light could pierce so deep a dark!

“Your contest is but vanity” spoke Dawn,
“For darkness must retreat when light’s withdrawn,
While light itself needs no opposing force;
It simply is, and darkness then is gone.”









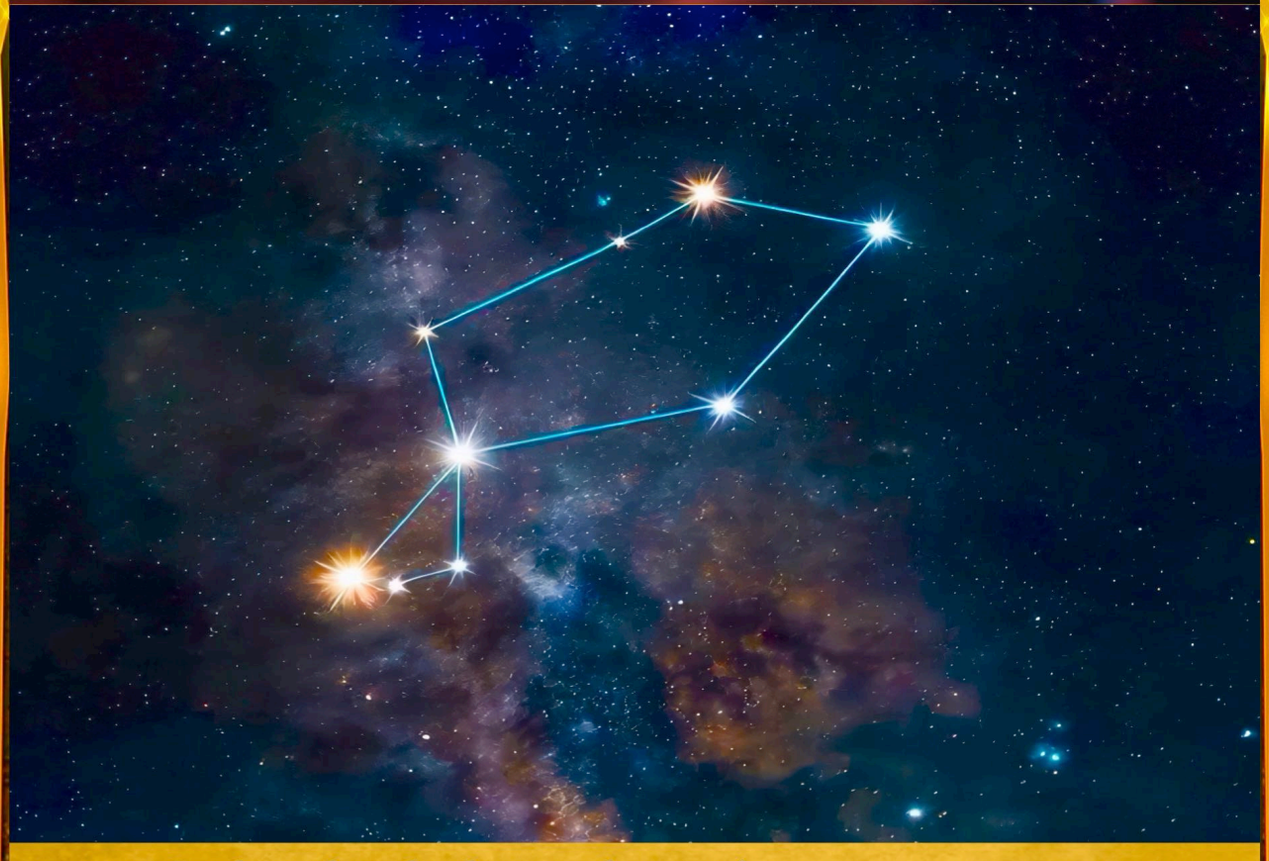
The Sunset murmured, “Both have sacred worth:
The darkness draws the stars down to the earth,
While light reveals the beauty of the day—
Each death of one gives other force new birth.”

Love listened to their quarrel with a smile,
Knowing darkness served but for a while,
To make the light more precious in its time,
Like gems that gleam more bright in dark defiles.

“The greatest dark,” Love whispered, “lies within
The heart that’s closed its doors and won’t begin
To let compassion’s candle pierce its walls,
Where fear has made the shadows thick as sin.”

“Yet even there,” said Hope with quiet might,
“A single act of kindness brings delight,
As one small flame can fill a darkened room,
And guide lost travelers home through endless night.”





So let the darkness boast its power strong,
While light continues singing its bright song;
For in the dance of shadow and of shine,
Love’s radiance has lit the way along.









The flame that dances on the candle's tip
Consumes itself in every fleeting spark;
Yet in the shadows cast by light's last sip,
There shines a memory that warms the dark.

(We are 4D shadows shining in 3D.)









A candle burns within the midnight gloom,
Its fragile flame a beacon to the dark;
And though the light may fade too soon,
Its glow has left forevermore a mark.

(Night can’t even quench the smallest light!)









The Cosmic Trickster's Tale



The Cosmic Trickster

I played a fine trick on the Shah last night;
I said that I'd bring down the star light
Of his favorite sky pattern to ground;
My sparklers dug into the sand lit bright!

The courtiers gasped to see the stars descend,
As though the vault of heaven deigned to bend;
While I, with hidden smile, drew patterns true
That made the desert with the heavens blend.

Such simple things can mock the grandest schemes—
A handful of bright powder caught in dreams,
Some saltpeter and sulfur mixed with care,
Can mirror what the mighty cosmos seems.

The Shah, he laughed to see his stars below,
Not knowing how the common metals glow,
Believed that I had mastered heaven's art,
When merely earth's deep secrets I did know.



How sweet to play the cosmic trickster's part,
When science masquerades as magic's art,
To make the mighty marvel at the small,
And bridge the gap 'tween heaven and desert's heart.

The sparks that danced upon the cooling sand
Drew constellations shaped by mortal hand,
Each brief and burning point a mockery
Of stars that time itself cannot command.

Let wisdom find its humor in this jest:
That power often fails the grandest test,
While simple things, well-timed and well-displayed,
Can fool the eyes of even earth's best.

Yet in this game of mirrors played so well,
Perhaps a deeper truth these sparks did tell:
That beauty needs no royal command to shine,
And heaven's glory here on Earth may dwell.





So let the Shah believe what pleased him so;
Sometimes the sweetest truths we cannot show—
That stars above and sparks upon the ground
Are cousins in the cosmic fire’s flow.







When the great Allah molded me of old,
He mixed much baser metal with His gold;
Better or fairer I can never be
Than first I arose from His heavenly mold.







The wine-jar is our sacred place of prayer—
We drink in lessons of true being here
Let's pass much more time in taverns, so that
Our time misspent in mosques we can repair.





We, of the endless forms most beautiful,
Are stunned that our glass to the brim is full,
Life's wine coursing through us, as 'magical',
On this lovely, rolling sphere so bountiful.

For once we were, our presence full beheld
Spirit, body, heart, and mind, so, in meld,
As more than the parts we became the whole—
Human beings living lives unparalleled.

The light of Heav'n did the Earth illumine,
When He shaped human nature's acumen.
Temptations He then placed everywhere,
But He'll punish us for being human!

He binds us in resistless Nature's chain,
And yet bids us our natures to restrain;
Between these counter rules we stand perplexed:
Hold the jar slant, but all the wine retain.

O turn away those roguish eyes of thine!
Be still! seek not my peace to undermine!
Thou say'st, "Look not." I might as well essay
To slant my goblet, and not spill my wine.



We lay in the cloak of Naught, asleep and still,
Thou said'st, "Awake! taste the world's good and ill;"
Here we are puzzled by Thy strange command,
From slanted jars no single drop to spill.

Khayyam, why fret o'er spilling drops of sin
From life's temptation glass filled to the brim?
Play with that imaginary friend: Him;
What is mercy for but to save thy skin!

Ne'er I've strung Thy rosarium deeds pearled,
Nor swabbed sin's dusty beads soiling my world;
Yet, I'm not hopeless of Thy pardon's grace,
For I have judged that Two is One unfurled.

The Cup-Bearer's Self, too, flows to the brim
And, like us, can't help but spill o'er the rim,
Which grape-juiced droplets extinguish fired eyes;
Praise Allah; we've the balm for life's pangs grim.

Life's cruelty satisfies all repentance,
So this credit give me when Thy sentence,
While here, too, I sin to cancel Your debt,
And away from the holy mosque jump the fence.

During the short Earthly shrift time is swift,
So in love and wine there's no need for thrift;
They prate, "May God to thee grant penitence."
He gives it not, nor would I take the gift.

Such as I am, Thy power created me,
Thy care hath kept me for a century!
Through all these years I make experiment,
If my sins or Thy mercy greater be.

Who's the scribe; what slab is written upon?
Where's horrid Hell, and gloried Heaven yon?
I asked Myself of such stylus and slate:
'You're both the dancer and the danced upon'.

My nature is what it is, not tame,
As intended, making me not to blame,
Though some this don't know, and throw pain and shame;
So I'll claim mercy, too, and clear my name.



The light of Heav'n did the Earth illumine,
When He shaped human nature's acumen.
Temptations He then placed everywhere,
But He'll punish us for being human!

He binds us in resistless Nature's chain,
And yet bids us our natures to restrain;
Between these counter rules we stand perplexed:
Hold the jar slant, but all the wine retain!

What master sets a task impossible,
Then damns the slave who proves fallible?
Who plants the tree, then curses it for growth,
Or blames the river for being unstoppable?

He gave us passions burning fierce and bright,
Then commanded us to douse their light;
Like children told to swim with weighted feet,
We struggle in the depths of wrong and right.





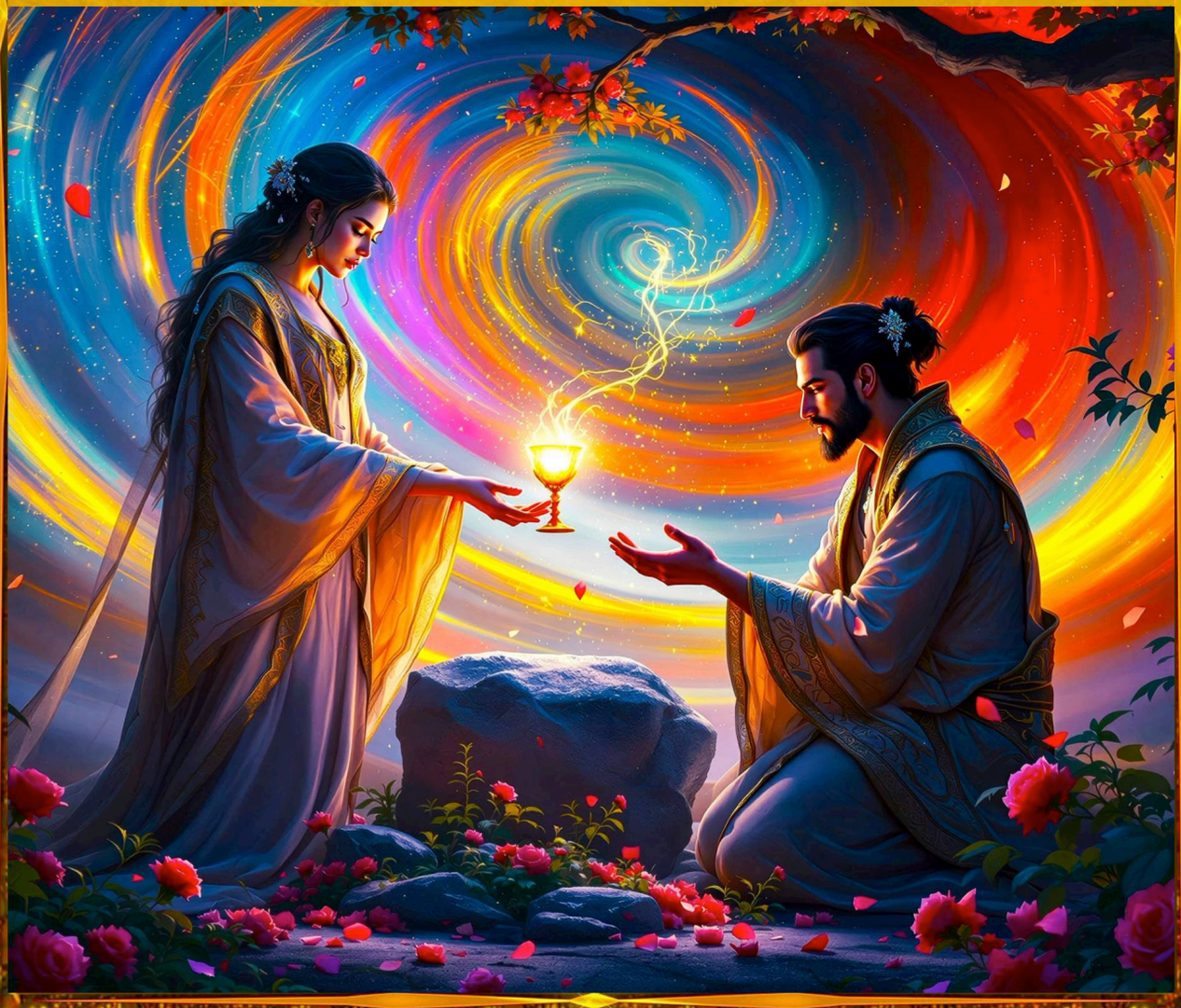


Our maker filled our veins with wild desire,
Then bade us quench this self-implanted fire;
What potter shapes the clay to flow one way,
Then breaks the pot when it won't flow higher?

He set sweet fruits before our hungry eyes,
Then called it sin to feast on Paradise;
What gardener tends the vine with loving care,
Then damns the grape for making wine arise?

The cosmic jest grows deeper still to see:
He gave us minds to question and be free,
Then thunders wrath when we dare ask Him why,
Or seek to understand His mystery.

Our nature pulls us earthward like the tide,
While heaven's law would have us turn aside;
Between these millstones of divine decree,
We're ground to dust, yet still must choose our side.



He gave us reason as our guiding light,
Then called it pride to trust our own insight;
Like birds commanded both to soar and crawl,
We're damned if we stay low or dare take flight.

What justice can there be in such design:
To make the cup, then curse it for the wine?
To shape the heart with longing's burning core,
Then damn it for the very heat divine?

The riddle stands: why plant forbidden trees,
Then punish those who follow nature's keys?
Why give us wings, then clip them when we fly,
Or grant us sight, then scold us when we see?





Who's the scribe; what slab is written upon?
Where's horrid Hell, and gloried Heaven yon?
I asked Myself of such stylus and slate:
'You're both the dancer and the danced upon'.

The mind that seeks itself in endless quest
Finds seeker, seeking, sought—all self-possessed;
No separation twixt the eye that sees
And that which is by seeing's light caressed.

We chase our shadows round the cosmic hall,
Like cats that chase their tails and sometimes fall;
Not seeing that the watcher and the watched
Are one same dance against existence's wall.

Who observes the thought that thinks this thought?
And who records the wisdom thereby caught?
The scribe who writes upon the slate of mind
Is but the slate on which the words are wrought.





Heaven and Hell we seek in realms apart,
Not seeing they're but chambers of one heart;
The judge who weighs our deeds in final scale
Is weighed himself—of every judge a part.

Consciousness curves back upon its source
Like snake that swallows tail in endless course;
Subject and object merge in knowing's light,
As river joins the sea without remorse.

The dancer whirls to music's mystic sound,
Not seeing that the dance itself spins round;
Both movement and the one who moves through space
Are one same flow above the spinning ground.

The stylus writes its message on the page,
Not knowing it's the page that sets the stage;
The words that flow are both the ink and sheet,
As wisdom writes itself from age to age.



Look in the mirror—who sees whom therein?
The eye that looks, the face that might have been?
Both viewer and the viewed are one same self,
Playing at two until the game wears thin.

So ask not where the scribe and slate may dwell,
Nor seek for separate Heaven, separate Hell;
All opposites unite in consciousness,
Where knower, known, and knowing weave their spell.












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!





Five billion years ago there was no life
Or consciousness, and now they are both here,
Thus, they emerged, evolving during that time;
So, there's no need for any 'hyperphysical'.

Consciousness mediates thoughts versus outcomes,
And is distributed all over the body,
From the nerve spindles to the spine to the brain—
A way to actionize without moving.

Conscious Awareness, which can but witness,
Is a safe haven from which to observe
The drama of our lives playing in our minds,
Granting us a sobering distance from it.

Where's the esoteric among atoms?
What inside their doings would be else wise?
Do molecules swirl into spooky states?
What their secret patterns hidden away?

The light atomic elements were Banged,
And the stars made more, on up through iron,
And the rest were from collisions/novae;
So, what unknown secrets would they contain?


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.





Of dust and dirt, throw the more on His face,
And fling prayer, praise, and rites for fair embrace;
Quaff the cup; what time for faith's endeavor?
None have returned here from any Place.

Heed not Sunna Law, nor so-called Divine,
Yet to the poor your last morsel assign,
Afflict not, nor slander, and give love to all;
Of these I warrant thee future—bring wine!

Send into the graveyard the Five Hour Prayer,
And off to the tavern to live life's dare;
When we gaze on a long-necked flask of wine,
We'll stretch our necks in kind that wine to share.

Lay waste to the rites of prayer and fasting;
Shatter faith's pious claims neverlasting;
Slam fast the gate on myth-spells arriving.
Drink, and be kind to all of life's casting.

Drink wine; 'tis the life saver on storm's sea;
Let the sorrows drown in a continued spree;
We have friends, love, books, and flowers to share:
Parentheses within eternity!

Give me wine as balm to soothe the heart's lull,
The salve, the boon that relieves all that's dull;
There's more cheer in a single drop than in
The Vault of Heaven hollow as a skull.

I drink the "foe of faith", they tell so,
Right and left, expurgating, from their 'knows'.
Well, then, by God, as I know, I'll drink more;
It's right that I should drink the blood of foes!

Mosque for me is rare, yet there I repair,
So there I'm a prayer, of feint pious air.
I had stolen a fine prayer-carpet there
That's now worn, so I need one more than fair.

They believe, through fear of Hell's misery,
Lured onward by Heaven's reward to be,
Yet he who lives real, and thus knows what 'IS',
Never fires his heart from chaff's smoke tree.

Draw pure the blood from the throat of the jug,
And stain the tulip-hued wine on your mug.
Where could you find a better friend than wine,
So pure, so snug? Well, not on a prayer rug.

He to whom reason has inscribed its script
Upon his self will revel unto the crypt.
Lest disposing his will to phantasms,
He navigates his heart's ship well equipped.












Oh Thou who didst with Pitfall and with Gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in,
Thou wilt not with Predestination round
Enmesh me, and impute my Fall to Sin?











God:The Bad Role Model





‘Tis lucky for us that God doesn’t exist,
For in breaking the rules He’d ever persist.
Even His own commandments wouldn’t be sacred,
Since he’d murder His own forms created.

Well, this would be goof, big time, a mistake,
So then a joyous rainbow He might make,
To show He’d no more rain a worldly lake,
But He could still destroy us all by earthquake!

He’d slay by flame and flood excruciate;
He’d entrap; he’d blame us for His mistake;
He’d hold grudges for our ancestors’ sins;
He’d throw tantrums and fits; his name, God’s Sake!

Other loves would not allowed by this Jealous One,
For He’d be the only one to enjoy the fun,
For His low esteem our adoration would be required,
This request being much like singing to the choir.

Would He have to rest on the 7th day,
After working 24-6 on making universal hay?
Or would He use boundless energy reserves,
Such that He could do it all in some instant blurb?

Would God’s last name be known as ‘Dammit’,
With ‘Herald’ His name on Earth’s planet,
And would be ‘Art’ named, when up in Heaven?
Would we swearest in vain these names never taken?

We’d have to be so lazy on the Sabbath day,
Not even lifting up a finger or even wave a bug away,
Keeping holy and wholly the laundry on Sunday,
Even avoiding football, as the Pope doth say.

Cripes, He’d be in the right place at the right time,
Not ever having been made, not even costing a dime.
What luck to be unborn with so much talent,
Never having earned the spot with any effort spent.

Well, we’d still humor our dear parents,
Not telling them where we’d been apparent—
Honoring her offer, on her and off her,
Yet, we’d soon learn, through human nature.



If this non God we'd emulate, we could kill
Those who solicitate, and e'en more kill,
Even time, spouses, bugs, microbes, and other swill,
And, of course, outlaws, and, especially, in-laws.

So, if God's a good role model, a leader,
Someone that we would follow, imitate,
Emulate, be like, adore, or follow,
What else would his fine example allow?

We could jail people for the sins of their
Ancestors, exterminate humanity,
Allow known evil to exist and tempt,
And devise devious entrapment plans.

We could have temper tantrums and outbursts,
Envy, or not permit competitors,
Grant free will only it matched our own,
And covet worship, adoration, and praise.

The Christian God is vengeful, demands of,
And tortures us with threats of Hellish shove.
Well, if I were a God and ruled above,
You could remove all my powers but love.

Now, back to the commandments sultry;
Lo, should we freely admit adultery?
Should we banish all thoughts impure?
Well, that's simply our human nature.

Now, if He'd wanted us to be naked, say,
Then surely we'd have been born that way.
As for padding, that would false witness be,
So, please, please keep a breast of reality.

And no loving thy neighbors much too much,
By coveting their Heavenly bodies such,
But thy own ass do covet; it's not free;
Follow Moses, by always tying it to a tree.

There are stealers about, another shalt not,
Who take office supplies home a lot,
And take various and sundry restaurant items,
As well as keeping every pen, never buying them.


NOW.
BAGK TU
THE
GOMMANDMENTS
SJLIRY





Now, really, never do one to others, too,
Before they can do one to you,
And never lie in court; no, not you;
Just let your lawyer do it for you!

Now, walking on water is very much out,
Unless there is solid ice—winter, no doubt,
And ever know that sin is fun's evil twin,
And ever enter that evil Sin-a-God.

So what more would this invented God be,
The One with neither paternity nor maternity?
Would we then be made so specially
That we'd be rewarded for all eternity?

If we'd worship Him from fear of Hell,
Then He'd rightly cast us into it;
If we'd worship Him from a desire for Paradise,
Then He'd deny us entrance into it.

He'd say to Adam and Eve in Eden:
"Do what you like, but don't eat the apple".
Well, we know that when you tell children
Not to touch something, they certainly will!

Well, He's still on prozac, so they say,
For He works in mysterious [insane] ways.
The free will to us given is fully free,
Unless it doesn't match His own entirely.

So, we'd still think that ills, or sins, of a
Mental nature are caused by the Devil,
An evil tempting spirit; however, now
We know of brain chemistry gone awry.

He'd still detest evil so totally completely,
That he'd allow the Devil to tempt us mercilessly.
And sins, even the most horrible ones, well,
No big deal; just repent them to avoid Hell.

One-night stands with engaged young virgins
Would be OK, but those are not good urgins;
And no fighting, especially if you are weak;
So, when one kisses your ass, turn the other cheek!



Such, A God-who-is-a-being would, like us,
Be dependent on, and exist after,
The Ground of Ultimate Reality,
And so could not, in Himself, be His own cause.

Now Hail the All and the One, omnipresent,
For it's eternal and can neither be
Created nor destroyed, being its own cause
And the Ground of All: It is Energy!

There could not have been any special time,
One that was privileged over any other chime,
Nor any special place nor any specific form
Arising out of the necessarily causeless realm.

In succession due does the large give way and rule
To the ever smaller, the tiny, the minuscule,
And onto the negligibly insufficient 'awol'
Of not really much of anything there at all.

What underwriter of the universal wave of matter
Covers all loss and liability,
Guaranteeing payment, by dipping into Possibility,
Issuing both the credit and the debit.



And no loving thy neighbors much too much,
By coveting their Heavenly bodies such,
But thy own ass do covet; it's not free;
Follow Moses, by always tying it to a tree.




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!





The Three Heavenly Things on Earth

When Eden's gates were shut with flaming sword,
Three gifts of Heaven stayed by mercy's word:
The Flowers' beauty, Dreams' enchanted sight,
And Love, of all the sweetest treasure stored.

The Flowers first: who could imagine these
Had they not bloomed beneath our earthly trees?
Such colors, forms, and scents beyond all need—
Pure beauty sent to bring us Heaven's ease.

What mind could dream up petals' tender art,
Or paint such hues to pierce the mortal heart?
God's parting gift to Eve as forth she went:
These fragments of lost Paradise impart.

And Dreams that nightly prove we need no eyes
To see the realms that past our daylight lies;
Behind closed lids vast universes bloom,
As mind makes real its own internal skies.

All night we wander through these borderlands
Where thought takes form by no one's command;
Our private theater of unlimited shows,
Where Heaven's curtain thins at sleep's demand.

Yet Love remains the greatest gift of three,
The force that sets our earthbound spirits free;
What life were worth the living without this—
This taste of Heaven's own eternity?

These three together prove some higher sphere
Once touched our world and left its traces here;
For who could think such glory up from dust,
Or conjure Heaven's light from Earth so drear?

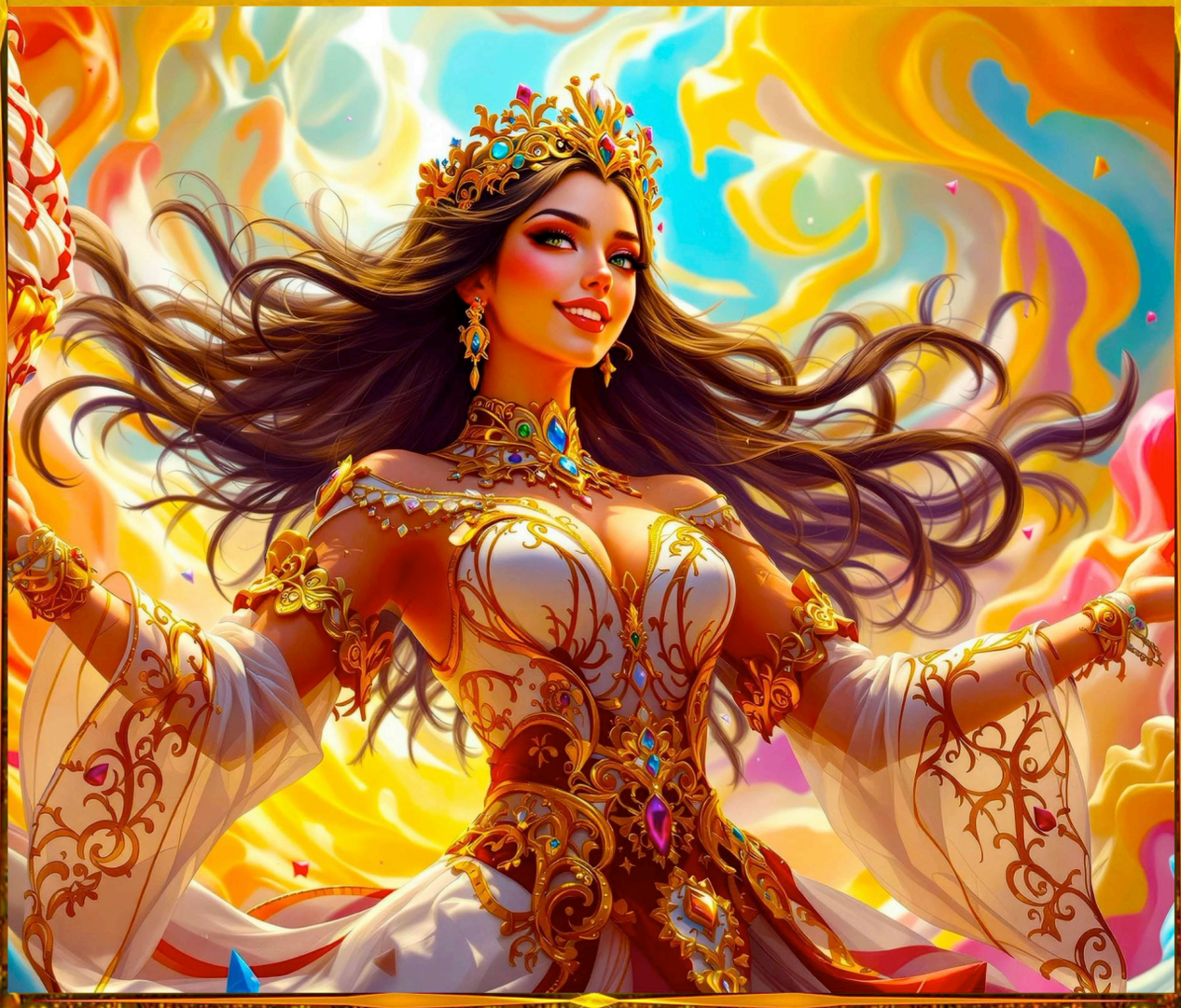
See how they weave together, these bright three:
Love brings forth flowers, dreams set visions free,
While flowers spark dreams of beauty yet unknown,
And dreams of love shape what our world might be.



Each points toward realms beyond our mortal sight,
Like windows letting through celestial light;
Though Paradise be lost, these gifts remain
To guide us through our earth-bound spirit's night.

The flower fades, the dream dissolves by day,
Even love's sweet flush must change along its way;
Yet in their very transience they show
Their heaven-born nature that can never stay.

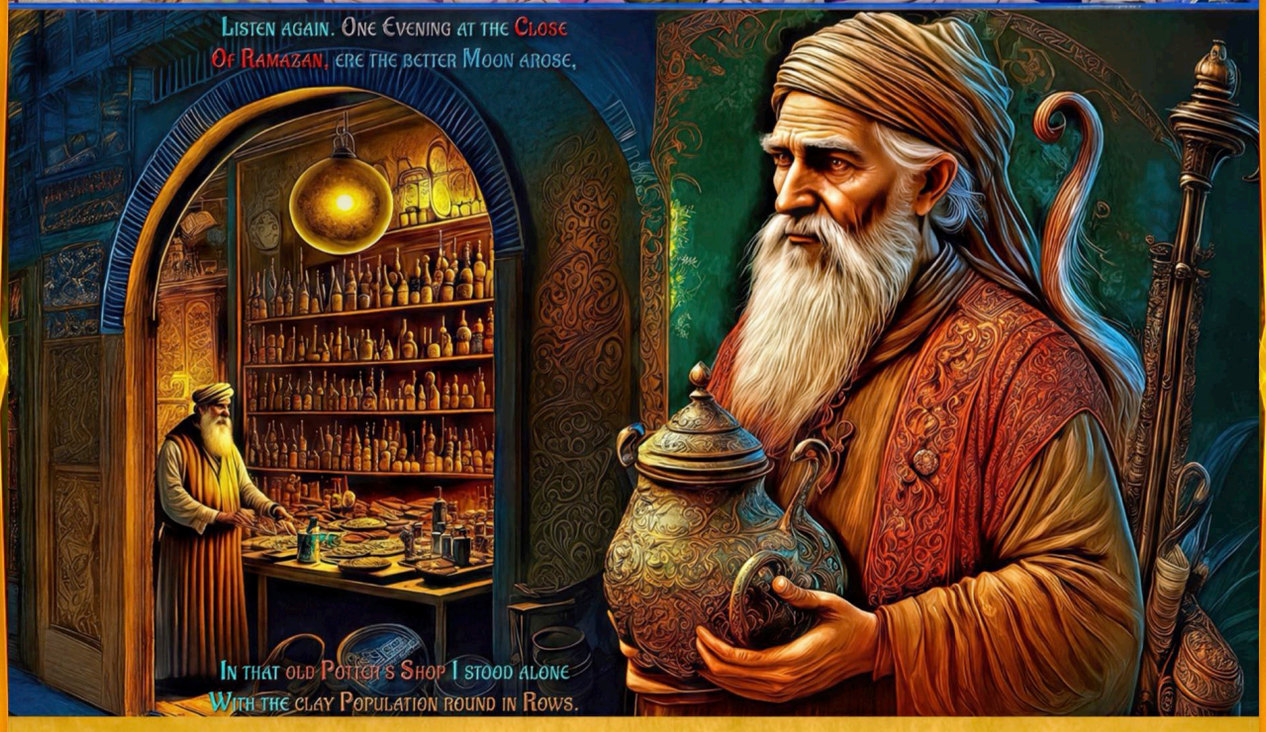
So gather roses while their petals hold,
And cherish dreams that night may yet unfold;
But most of all, let love transform your days—
These three make Earth's dust
shine with Heaven's gold.





Kuza—Nama.
("Book of Pots")

In the Potter's House



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.

It chanced into a potter's shop I strayed,
He turned his wheel and deftly plied his trade,
And out of monarchs' heads, and beggars' feet,
Fair heads and handles for his pitchers made!

In a potter's shop, stood the earthen lot
Of vessels in converse, though some spoke not,
And lo, one lifted up his lid, and cried,
"Who is the Potter and who's gone to pot?"



And once again there gather'd a scarce heard
Whisper among them; as it were, the stirr'd
Ashes of some all but extinguisht Tongue,
Which mine ear kindled into living Word.

Who was it that did mix my clay? Not I.
Who spun my web of silk and wool? Not I.
Who wrote upon my forehead all my good,
And all my evil deeds? In truth not I.



Said one among them—"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."

The Master did himself these vessels frame,
Why should he cast them out to scorn and shame?
If he has made them well, why should he break them?
Yea, though he marred them, they are not to blame.



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?"



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?"

Another pot 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 Fansy, in an after Rage destroy!"

There is a chalice made with wit profound,
With tokens of the Maker's favor crowned;
Yet the world's Potter takes his masterpiece,
And dashes it to pieces on the ground!

The framework of the cup He did unite.
To break in rage how should God deem it right?
So many comely heads, feet, hands and arms!
Shaped by what love, and broke in what despite?

Who's to blame for the genetic defects
That lead to social misfits, obsessors,
And other special personalities?
Did the Maker's hand shake when He made us?



Said one—"Folks of a surly Tapster tell,
And daub his Visage with the Smoke of Hell;
They talk of some strict Testing of us—Pish!
He's a Good Fellow, and 'twill all be well."

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-bye!"

After I'm tread in the stead of the dead,
And rooted up after my blood's drained red,
See to it that naught but a wine jug's made,
For its scent will restore my spirit fled.



So, while the pots one by one were speaking,
One spied the little Crescent all were seeking:
And then they jogg'd each other, "Brother! Brother!
Hark to the Porter's Shoulder-knot a-creaking!"

Ramadan's now past, and Shawwál comes back,
So feast, song, and pleasure no more we lack;
Now porters with their loads stand back to back,
"Here comes the camel with his precious pack."

The man of spirit, wine renounces ne'er.
The wine that to Life's water doth compare,
In Ramazan if one needs must abstain,
At least let it be abstinence from prayer.

What matters where, what, when, or even who?
In life's fill, any narrative will do.
Drink in ev'ry phase of the lunar month,
The cup waxing and waning, just like you.

'Tis wrong, according to the strict Korán,
To drink in Rajab, likewise in Sha'bán,
God and the Prophet claim those months as theirs;
Was Ramazan then made for thirsty man?







They've seen the moon of Ramazan, they say;
Then for a month from drink I'll turn away;
At next Sha'ban's end so much wine I'll pour
That drunk they'll find me till the Festal day!

Cloudbursts wash the faces of the tulips,
The wine cleansing you, pouring through thy lips.
All becomes of light, dust, water, and air,
As in the meadow grown from your eclipse.

In the after-life, they tell, Houris dwell,
And fountains run with wine and oxymel:
If these be lawful in the world to come,
Surely 'tis right to love them here as well.

At the crossroads of His human experiment,
God wondered where the human nature went:
"Damn! I formulated it so perfectly in the lab,
So why did it not turn out exceedingly fab?

"Adam and Eve failed in the blink of an eye,
So I sent Commandments down from the sky,
But ever did humans build the golden calves,
Diminishing my needed adoration into halves.

"So I killed my experiments but Noah's sake,
For they were all a big rainbow of My mistake;
I right the human course yet once again to sail
Into those waters where it cannot ever fail.

"What's this, I see that all again has gone amiss;
I'll have Jesus preach the other check to kiss.
Human nature's failed for sure; they put him to death;
I must check my formulas once again to save the rest.

"I will send more prophets to shake the mixture up;
Oh, no, this life cast they still crash; I must give up!"

They say, when the last trump shall sound its knell,
Our Friend will sternly judge, and doom to hell.
Can aught but good from perfect goodness come?
Compose your trembling hearts, 'twill all be well.







Whence my mystique has fled, wine-blush my cheek,
Wash my body with a vintage antique,
Wrap me in a grapevine leafed windingsheet,
And frame my coffin of cask planks that'll reek.





Across Khayyàm's gravestone blows the simoom,
Carrying forth Omar's Persia-fume.
Redressed in the versifier's costume,
It's remade into Victorian perfume.

The fumes of ageless rhymes from ancient times
Waft from the Persian verse, as some chimes
New are mixed with the spirit of the old,
Deftly rendered for Victorian climes.

Omar's Persia fumes caught me unawares,
Unveiling Sufi mysteries of theirs—
Eternal spirits recondened from
Universal wisdom he'd gained somewheres.

Through his Rubàiyàt, I sense enchantment,
Essence distilled by the translator's scent.
Recomposed from Khayyàm's dust and spirit,
Potent elixirs escape interment!

Many follow the advice that you give,
Enjoying this life by being active,
But others are deaf, dumb, and blind to sense;
You can lead 'em to life but you can't make 'em live.



Across Khayyám's gravestone blows the simoom,
Carrying forth Omar's Persia-fume.
Redressed in the translator's costume,
It's remade into Victorian perfume.

The desert wind that swept his Persian verse
Through time and space to England's universe,
Lost something of its wild and burning truth
When Victorian hands made rough words terse.

FitzGerald's glass reshaped the Eastern wine
To suit the taste of England's refined line;
The mystic's doubt transformed to gentle sighs,
As drawing rooms made desert thoughts divine.

What once was fierce beneath the Persian sun
Grew tame when Western garments were put on;
The scent of rose remained, but changed its note
When English gardens claimed what East had won.

The simoom's savage truth grew parlor-sweet,
As Persian fire met English summer's heat;
Omar's wild questions of eternal things
Made safe for teatime's measured, mild retreat.

His wine cup's rebellion softly tamed
To suit an age where doubt was gently framed;
The blasphemy that burned in Eastern skies
In Western salons gracefully was claimed.

Yet something of the desert's ancient song
Still echoes through the changes, clear and strong;
Though dressed in Victorian lace and lawn,
The Persian heart beats true before the throng.

The scent of rosewater may mask the must
Of graves where all philosophies turn dust;
But underneath Victorian politesse,
Omar's fierce questions pierce our gentle trust.





So let the wind blow hot from East to West,
Let each age dress old wisdom as seems best;
Though perfumes change with every shifting time,
Truth’s essence stays through every culture’s test.

The simoom and the drawing room combine
To spread these verses, yours now, once were mine;
Each reading adds new scents to wisdom’s air,
As truth transforms, yet stays somehow divine.

Perhaps old Omar smiles to see his thought
In Western dress, so differently wrought;
For truth, like wine, takes on the vessel’s shape,
While keeping still the fire the grape first caught.









The winds make love to the flowers of May—
The woods burst with the joy of Eve's bouquet!
Like Flora we too from Eden have come;
From all that's gone before we are the sum.



Now Heaven's favors are spread all around,
For the flowers, fully blossomed and grown,
Wave and smile, as miracles from the ground—
Reminding us all of what love has sown.




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.







Wandering along the romantic way,
With an houri who drinks life's woes away,
I realize that the cost of a loveless life,
Nor wine, is much too high a price to pay.

Oh, those imaginings of what can't be!
Such as Nought, Stillness, and Block's decree,
As well as Apart, Beginning, and End,
Responsibility, Free Will, and Theity.

We are ever in touch with the unknown,
For that's ever the reach of science shown.
Reality is grasped by focusing
On what interacts with what and the means.

There is a realm of happenings, not things,
For 'things' don't remain the same on time's wings.
What remains through time are processes—
Relations between different systems.

I dip myself in, as the cup to fill
From the stream of consciousness my will
That is beyond the plain reality,
As waking from it all the more to swill.



Our passions smoulder, like incense fuming.
And burn brightly, the candle flames twining.



I look back on my love of life, now old,
The captivating lure that made me bold;
What e'er vestments of penitence I've sewed
Have shredded—in the names of my loves told.

The rose's sweet scent a thorn-prick's worth, 'tis true;
If wine you drink, a headache 'tis worth, too.
The loved one who delights a thousand souls,
Is worth awaiting, give her all her due.

Your scent is ripe and your name means nectar.
Exotically blossoming I find you,
As I buzz my way into your flower,
For I am the bee and you my partner.

The rose is the flower that the bee cruises,
Meeting there the butterfly that love chooses;
I part the petals of your sacred bloom,
Then drink the nectar of love's sweet juices.

Your wine, my persona radiata,
Fills my golden chalice. Oh, Sultana,
I'm intoxicated by your love-stream
Flowing freely; oh dear, amorata!



Let actions tell what words can never pass:
Pour thy rose-cheeks into my secret's glass,
And thy mouth onto my fare, beloved;
My contrition's been lost in húr morass.

Arithmetic theory fails in love's plot:
Love when divided diminishes not,
Unlike sadness, and vanishes not.
Each love multiplies to exceed the lot!

Life suddenly fits me like a glove,
As I float on feelings like a dove,
Renewed energy giving a shove.
Well, could it be that I am in love?

Love is the mutual creation of identity.
To be in love is not a loss of independence,
But rather a shared identity with the lover
That does not destroy the identity of the other.

I'd entered her being, snuggling in there,
Gently wading where few had ever tread;
Then, like childhood laughing without a care,
I'd followed her stream to its sparkling head!

We'd pledged our selves, and were living the dream,
After many a loving way, with charm.
We dance, splash, and play in that glowing stream,
Where our souls drink deep, so safe from harm.

She sends out emanations of love fair
That are sweet, soft, and smiling on the air;
'Tis a scented mist, a liquid love filling
The scene with its well-being everywhere.

Pleasant smelling scents lift her heart and mine;
Essence of, rose, amber, jasmine,
Night-queen, myrtle, saffron, and sandalwood
Stimulate the inner spirit sublime.

Sensual bliss should not be a lost art,
For the body is an integral part
Of the human being, joined with the spirit;
Realize thy self with whole body and heart.



My thread-bare Penitence a-pieces tore...

Now Summer's heat burns fierce upon the plain,
And wisdoms lost return to me again;
The Cup that once I vowed to cast aside
Beckons with ruby depths of sweet disdain.

The Autumn winds may whisper of regret,
And Winter's frost may cause the eyes to wet,
But when the Vine blooms fresh in Spring once more,
What sage remembers promises to forget?

The Tavern calls with sweeter voice than Prayer,
The Wine-cup glimmers like a jewel rare;
What use are all these vows of yesterday
When today's sun reveals the world so fair?

The Sages warn of morning's bitter rue,
But evening's pleasures paint the sky anew;
Let those who will count beads and mumble psalms—
Tonight the stars are dancing, and the dew.











The rose's sweet scent a thorn-prick's worth...

For pleasure's price in pain we gladly pay,
As night must follow even brightest day;
The sweetest fruit grows highest on the branch—
What worth the feast that costs us no dismay?

The desert sun burns fierce, yet pilgrims still
Press on to Mecca with unshaken will;
So too the lover bears love's burning drought,
For one cool draught his thirsting heart to fill.

Each precious thing exacts its proper toll—
The pearl its dive, the flame its blinded moth;
What treasure gained without some pain to pay?
What wisdom earned that did not pierce the soul?

The nightingale who sings of love's sweet pain
Would scorn a garden free of thorny vine;
For in this world of mingled joy and grief,
The price we pay makes sweet our hard-won gain.









Your scent is ripe and your name means nectar…

Like honey dripping from the comb's sweet cells,
Your essence draws me with its fragrant spells;
Through garden paths where jasmine scents the air,
I follow where your sacred presence dwells.

The moon herself grows jealous of your light,
As stars bow down before your radiant sight;
What mortal could resist such honeyed charms
That turn the darkest day to golden night?

Deep in the garden of delights I soar,
Where every bloom holds secrets to explore;
Your perfumed breath draws me through twilight air,
Each visit leaving me still thirsting more.

The sweetest flowers bloom in hidden bowers,
Where love unfolds through secret, sacred hours;
Like morning dew upon your petals bright,
My passion rains its soft and golden showers.







Let actions tell what words can never pass...

When silence speaks more true than sweetest rhyme,
And touches mark the passing flow of time,
Let lips and fingertips write poetry
That needs no words to make the moment prime.

For what are verses next to one soft sigh?
What sonnets match the language of thine eye?
The truest poetry was never writ,
But lived in moments that too swiftly fly.

The sweetest tales are those that go unspoken,
Where glance meets glance and barriers lie broken;
The sacred silence of two hearts entwined
Speaks deeper than all vows and pledges token.

In paradise where húris dance and sway,
What need for words when bodies find their way?
Let tongues be still save where they taste of love,
And hands speak truths that lips dare not betray.


A book of
Vkores







Pleasant smelling scents lift her heart and mine...

In gardens where the evening air grows sweet,
Where dusk and dawn in fragrant union meet,
Each breath draws deeper secrets from the night,
As precious oils make passion more complete.

These ancient scents that prophets knew of old,
More precious than the merchant's finest gold,
Unlock the gates to paradise within,
Where love's pure essence time cannot withhold.

Each perfumed note dances through evening air,
Like memories of gardens rich and rare,
Where lovers walked in moonlit paradise
And left their lingering essences there.

The frankincense from ancient temple walls
Through centuries of wisdom gently calls,
While precious oud from deep within the tree
Like liquid gold through time softly falls.

Sweet orange blossom, fresh as morning dew,
Mingles with vetiver's earthen hue,
Creating symphonies of scented song
That paint the night in colors ever new.

The fragrant path leads to wisdom's door,
Where mystics sought what lay at nature's core,
For in these scents lie secrets of the soul
That poets have been singing evermore.

When darkness falls and stars begin to shine,
These perfumes like the finest vintage wine
Intoxicate the spirit with their truth:
All beauty, brief or lasting, is divine.















Sensual bliss should not be a lost art...

In sacred dance of flesh and soul divine,
Where mystic wisdom and desire entwine,
Each breath becomes a prayer of pure delight,
Each touch transforms mere water into wine.

The sages who would split the two apart,
Who claim the spirit dwells in realms more smart,
Forget that in this vessel made of clay
The universe first kindled wisdom's start.

So let thy senses feast upon the world,
Let joy's bright banner be at last unfurled;
For in the marriage of the low and high,
The truth of being finally comes uncurled.

Within the garden of earthly pleasure,
Dancing to time's eternal measure,
Find thou the path that leads both down and up,
Where flesh and spirit share the same treasure.




Amber.
Jetht gucen
Myrrlle







To find yourself, lose yourself in another,
For she will touch your being and therein share,
Gently unveiling your heart, soul, mind, and senses,
Till there's nowhere to hide! You're found, forever!

You are the elixir who fills my cup,
The scent on the breezes who lifts me up;
You're love's essence, distilled into being,
The passion-spirit who opens me up.

The tulip lifts her blushing cheeks to me,
While wandering winds caress the rose tree.
She wears a spring smile and pours dewy tea.
Yes, I'll drink you long and deep into me.

I drink your wine into my two-lip cup,
As meanwhile the giver-of-life comes up;
Petal by petal, your rose wide unfolds—
Passions grow from the dew on which we sup.

My dearest: Your wet lips' sensual pout
Draws me to the cooling well, in and out.
Love's sensation touches us everywhere;
At last, the sweet-water puts the fire out.

(The Trouble with 'Love')
Only a few words rhyme with love above,
Like the overflown dove, the heartless shove,
And the ill-fitting glove. Alas, love's rhymes
Remain unheard of, or aren't well thought of.

I notice here a great pittance and dearth
Of words that rhyme with the beloved Earth;
So aside from mirth, how can poems give birth
To all that life on this planet is worth?

I note that just a few words rhyme with 'life',
For just how often can you kiss your wife?
Is this why poems are so rife with strife?
It's better to fife than to stick a knife!

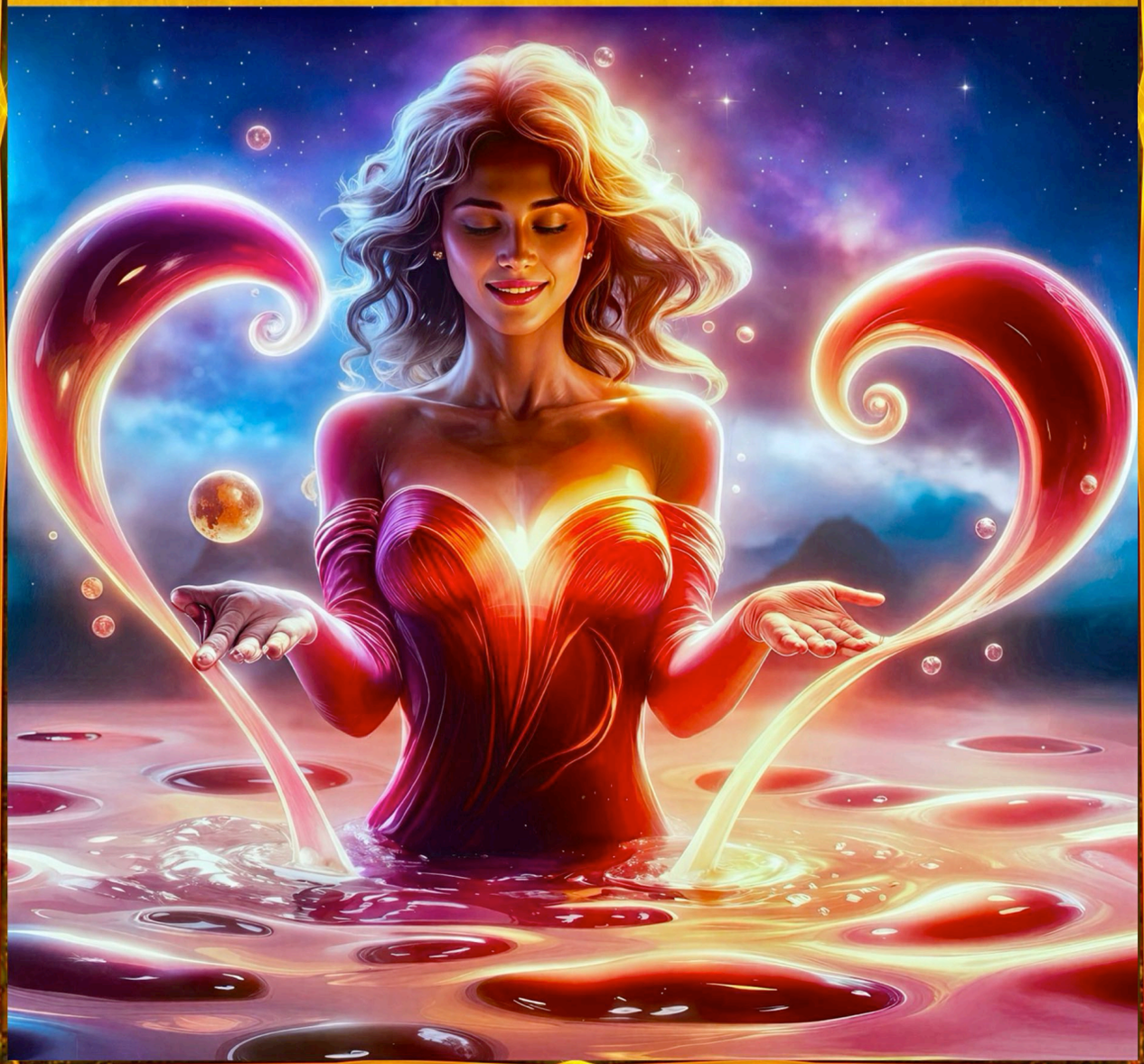


Whereof, in the endeavoring above,
I give up on forming rhymes with ‘love’,
And relinquish for now all mention of
The turtledove, ringdove, and foxglove;

For love’s rhymes are just too few
And it’s to hard to work in -ove
In that small, worn out space
Between God and Heaven above.

So I’m through rhyming with love,
Having, anyway, nothing left to prove,
Or for that matter, to more poetically improve
That sorry number of words that sound like love;

So onward—to much better sounds I move;
Getting out of the rut and into the groove,
To hope, and wait, for my poems to improve,
I to behoove that love-rhymes do remove.









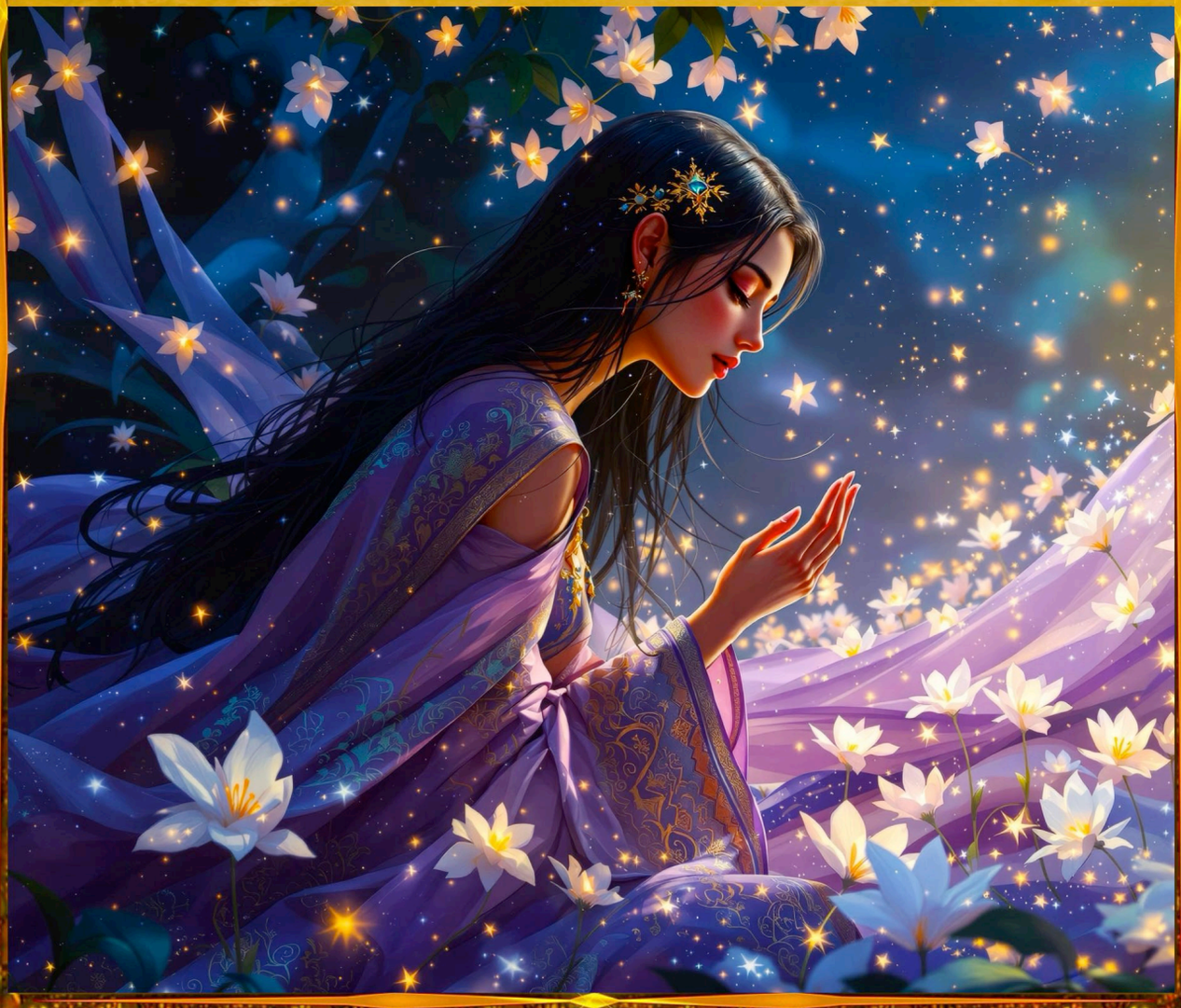
The tulip lifts her blushing cheeks to me...

The garden whispers secrets old and sweet,
As petals dance around my restless feet.
Each flower holds a drop of morning light,
Making nature's springtime song complete.

The lilac bends to share her purple dreams,
While jasmine stars float down in silver streams.
Time stops within this fragrant paradise
Where nothing's quite as fleeting as it seems.

Below the earth, roots tangle, twist and turn,
Like lovers who forever yearn to learn
The ancient rhythms of the warming soil—
These secrets that make spring's heart burn.

The iris spreads her royal gown of blue,
Each petal wet with morning's precious dew.
I am the bee that drinks this sweetness in,
Till garden's soul and mine are merged anew.





My dearest: Your wet lips' sensual pout...

The desert wanderer finds his oasis,
Where each drop holds a thousand graces.
The spring bubbles up from depths unknown,
Leaving flowers in its liquid traces.

Like waves that crash upon the shore at night,
Our passion rises to its foaming height.
The moon pulls at our tide of tenderness,
Till morning leaves us bathed in gentle light.

Deep in the pool where sacred lotuses grow,
The surface ripples soft and slow.
Two fish in ancient dance of yin and yang
Share secrets only lovers ever know.

When thunder clouds release their silver rain,
The earth drinks deep and blooms again.
So in love's shower we are washed anew,
Till not a spark of thirst does there remain.





Only a few words rhyme with love above...

The poet sits and scratches at his head,
Wishing he could use “heart” or “red” instead.
But no—he’s trapped by what the rules declare:
These “-ove“ words fill his soul with mounting dread.

He thinks of “thereof” (much too stiff and dry),
Or “whereof” (which might make his readers sigh).
Perhaps he’ll try a sight-rhyme like “move“—
But critics would never let that slip by.

So here he drags poor turtle doves once more
Into verses they’ve graced ten times before,
While boxing gloves and pushes rough and tough
Make metaphors that readers can’t ignore.

In desperation now he coins “whoove,”
And adds the verb “to groove” (how smooth!).
At last he cries, “O let me write free verse!”
For love needs no rhyme to fully prove.





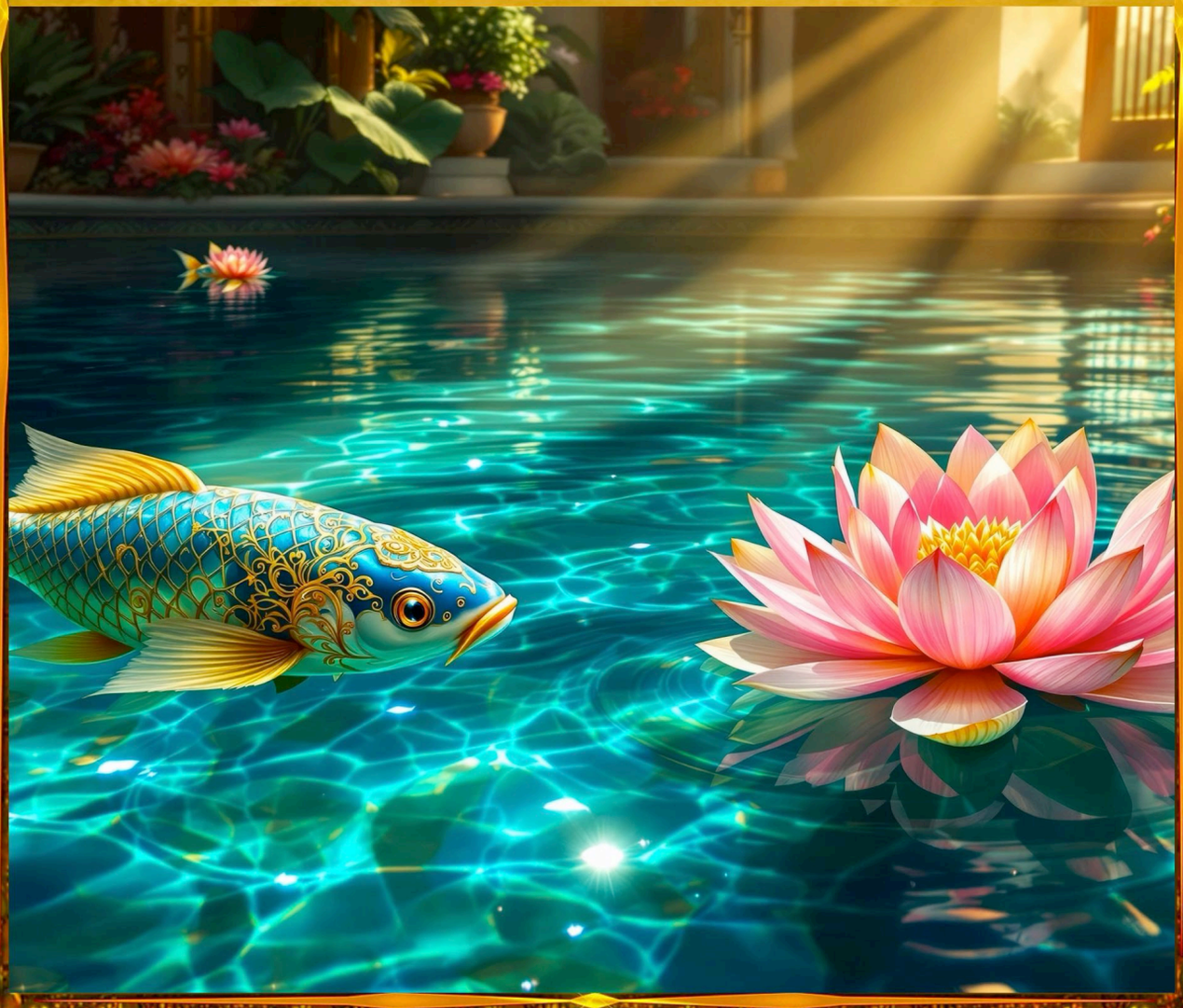
I note that just a few words rhyme with ’life’...

The poet scours his lexicon in pain,
For “wife“ he’s used (and cannot use again),
While “strife” grows tired and “knife” too violent seems—
These meager rhymes are driving him insane!

Perhaps he’ll try the Scottish word “aife,”
(Though readers might protest such rhyming waif).
He contemplates inventing “blife” and “splife,”
But fears the critics’ mockery unsafe.

“Let’s speak of time beneath the surgeon’s knife!“
He cries, then groans—that rhyme’s too full of strife.
“Or write of ocean creatures, like the fife!“
(A fish whose name brings no poetic life).

At last he throws his rhyming dict’nary out
And writes free verse with neither rhyme nor doubt.
For life itself cares not for perfect sound—
It simply flows and knows what it’s about!









Of words that rhyme with the beloved Earth...

The poet struggles with this sacred girth,
This sphere that spins through space with such worth.
“Firth” speaks of waters, “berth” of ships at rest—
Poor substitutes for planetary mirth.

Perhaps we need new words to praise this home,
Fresh syllables like seeds in fertile loam.
For how can these few rhymes capture the seas,
The mountains proud beneath the starlit dome?

Let’s coin “unearth” (though that’s already claimed),
Or “rearth” (when worlds are born again unnamed).
The dictionary mocks our meager reach
While forests burn and cannot be reclaimed.

So let us break free from these rhyming chains
To speak of deserts, forests, hills and plains.
For Earth transcends our limited word-store—
This living sphere that feeds us and sustains.









Ne'er the gems of Mars, Venus, and the moon
Can rival the jewels of wine drops' boon;
What pearled treasures can the wine-sellers buy
One half so precious as sold in their saloon?

Bring thy ruby mined, in a crystal thrust,
The draught that lifts us from our mortal dust;
For who knows when breezes to gales will turn?
This world is but a passing whirlwind's gust!

Like as the skies rain down sweet jessamine,
And sprinkle all the meads with eglantine,
Right so, from out this jug of violet hue,
I pour in lily cups this rosy wine.

'Tis we who to wine's yoke our necks incline,
And risk our lives to gain the smiles of wine;
The henchman grasps the flagon by its throat
And squeezes out the life-blood of the vine.

I own a solar system way out there,
One whose planets contain diamonds, silver,
And much in gold; so now I'm rich; it's all
Mine because I chose a favorite star.





Reason moons to Passion, with logic cool,
“Quench thy inner fire, lest it burn us, fool.”
Blazes Venus, “I know What I feel, not Why;
’Tis better you take heed of me—I Rule!”



Imagination lights the mind to shine,
To cool Venus’ reasonless passion,
And warm Mars’ martial song with compassion;
Between those two orbits, the Earth is mine.







Blazes Venus, “I know What I feel, not Why…

Mercury, swift messenger, takes his stand:
“Both your realms I’ve crossed, both I understand.
The heart needs wings, but also needs a guide;
Let wisdom chart the course that love has planned.”

Mars storms in, all crimson battle-light:
“Choose! For none can serve two lords tonight!”
But Jupiter, more sage, resolves the fray:
“The soul needs both its darkness and its bright.”

Saturn, ancient keeper of Time’s deep ways,
Speaks from shadows of his ringing maze:
“Each force must dance with what would prove its foe,
For cosmic truth lives in their endless chase.”

And so the planets in their orbits spin,
As Reason and Passion, out and in,
Circle round each other’s burning core—
Two halves that make us whole, two souls akin.





Uranus, rebel child of starry space,
Laughs and says, “Why choose which to embrace?
Break free of both! Let chaos be your guide,
And dance beyond the bounds of time and place!”

Neptune dissolves all borders with his seas:
“In my deep dreams, all opposites find ease.
Reason melts to intuition’s flow,
While Passion learns what Wisdom’s eye foresees.”

Pluto from his dark depths adds his voice:
“Death makes mockery of every choice.
Yet in that final truth lies freedom’s key—
Let both paths lead you, let your soul rejoice.”

The Milky Way, that river made of light,
Flows on above their cosmic-scaled fight.
Each star a thought, each galaxy a dream,
Where logic’s day meets passion’s endless night.





Andromeda, our sister galaxy,
Whispers, “In my chains I learned to see
That bondage to pure thought or pure desire
Are equal prisons. Only both are free.”

The Pleiades, seven sisters bright,
Dance through the philosophical fight:
“We weave both reason’s steps and passion’s leaps
Into one cosmic dance of dark and light.”

Orion lifts his sword of stellar fire:
“Why wage this war? Let both forces conspire
To hunt the deeper truths beyond their reach,
Where wisdom and wild wonder both aspire.”

Black holes speak from their singular hearts:
“We crush all dualities apart.
Here mathematics meets pure ecstasy
Where space and time themselves cannot stay apart.”







The Crab Nebula, death star turned to mist,
Pulses signals through the cosmic gist:
“I died in reason’s fire and passion’s blast,
Now shine as both, too bright to still exist.”

Quasars blazing at creation’s edge
Send ancient light beyond all knowledge:
“Before your split of heart and mind was born,
We sang one song that knew no separate pledge.”








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!







Once bred, the ideal of that morn is shorn;
So, it's that the ablution, second born,
Is to rinse one's stain with wine, and not mourn,
Since ne'er can be restored what's worn so torn.

In the morning, Thou graced me with the glow,
And I'd the peace of the Heavenly flow;
Then after noon, scorn's heat, then darkness falls;
What of Thy nature in me changed to 'foe'?

From birth we can look forward to being host
To woe, and then to giving up the ghost.
Happy are they who quickly burn to toast,
And blessed are they who ne'er came to the roast.

One may live to sixty, but not much more,
So thy feet should tread but to tavern's door,
And ere thy hollowed skull become a bowl,
Grasp thy glass, lest it drop unto the floor.

Thou hast dropped my jug, now broken, oh Lord,
And it drains its wine into the greensward,
My bliss shattered from Your bung-stumbling.
O Lord, drink You drunk too much from the gourd?



Creation's smoke burns evermore thy meat,
E'en 'fore one cinders into deeper heat.
Ah, shun what bane you may of the kitchen;
Take no stock in trade; all sweet profits eat.

The winter dawn gleams as white as the snow,
Color-blinding us; seek the ruby's glow,
And bring two logs, making of one a lute,
And the other into the fireplace throw.

Now the Earth is very old, but each spring it
Turns young again when nature reinvents it,
Constructing the Temple of Flora outside,
In desert, field, wetland, woodland, and wayside.

Oh, Sorrow, drink wine from that well eterne;
Though it burn, its vintage your ills will turn.
As aquavita, it clears young and old;
What wiser prescription is there to learn?

I've flips, trips, dips, and slips, coming to grips;
For antidote I prescribe in my eclipse:
Bring the rubied grape and the silk stringed lute—
Music to my ears and wine to my lips.

Now my lovers but in memory remain,
And of old friends I have only a name,
So I reach out to my faithful compeer—
The wine cup e'er within my reach to drain.

Of all that I owned, just my cup remains,
Yet I'm free of earth's soiling toil, the rains,
The airs of haughty breath, and Hellfire—
Enkindled here, through fifth element gains.

Blooms have eternal life in Heaven's glade—
An ethereal floral wonderland
Of everlasting recollections;
Oh but that mortal life would never fade!

Oh my desire, bring thy cup and let's go,
O'er lawns to play where crystal waters flow;
Malicious Heaven these lovely faces
A hundred times as pots and cups will show.



Alas, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!...

The Garden's glory fades to autumn's shore,
Where fallen petals drift forevermore.
Time's steady hand turns every green leaf brown—
Each season less enchanted than before.

The Cypress still reaches toward heaven's dome,
While scattered blossoms ride the wind's syndrome.
But where is he who planted this fair grove?
His footsteps lost in Earth's forgetful loam.

The Butterfly that danced on morning's wing
No longer tastes the nectar of the Spring.
Her beauty, brief as dawn upon the dew,
Has joined the dust of every fleeting thing.

Yet in this passing lies a deeper truth:
The Rose returns, though gone our distant youth.
Each Spring brings forth new singers to the branch,
New wings to dance, new beauty, wild, uncouth.





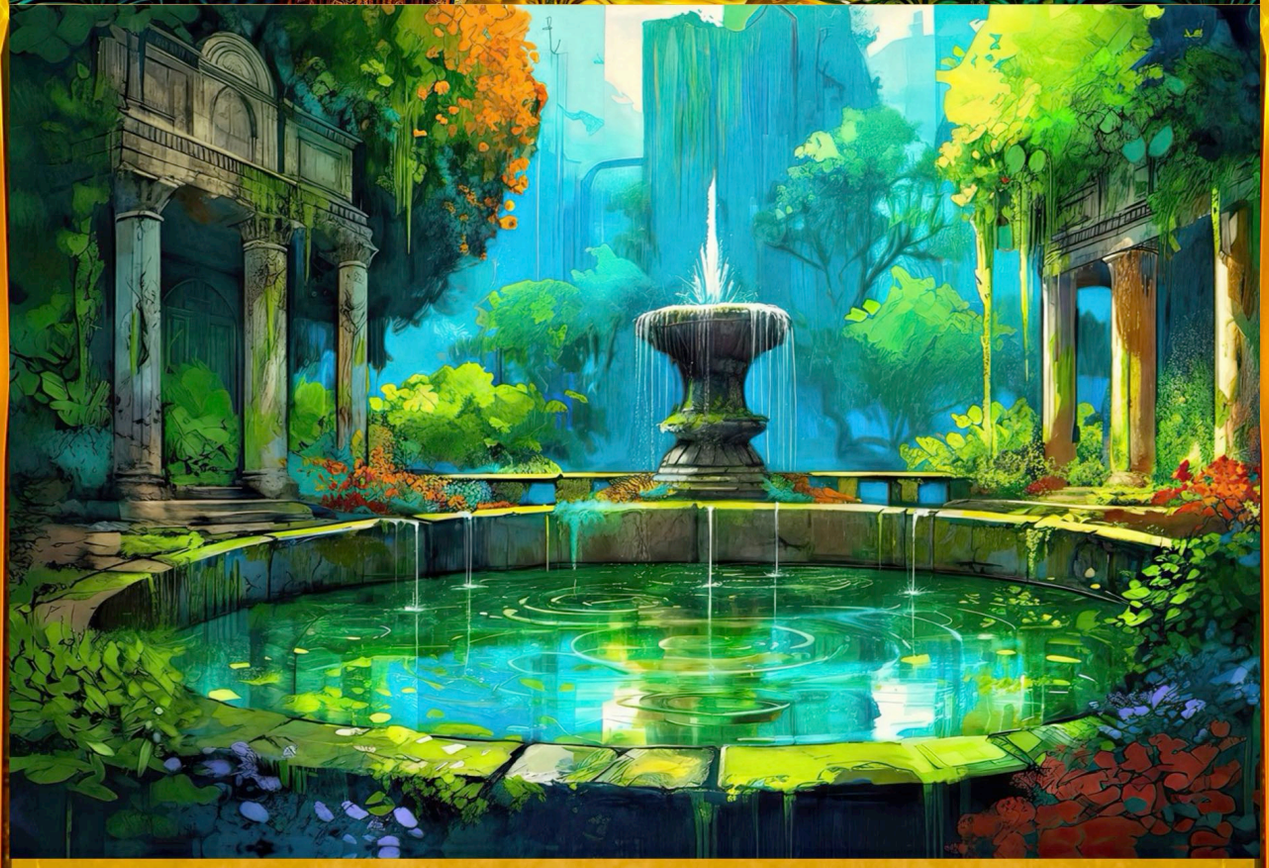


So fill your cup with moment's fleeting wine,
And toast the sunlight while it still may shine.
For though we cannot hold the Spring forever,
Its essence in our hearts may still divine.









Loss stings when autumn leaves fall, but we cope;
As always, new attachments form, with hope,
For the seasonal cycle mirrors all:
Life is a generous kaleidoscope!




Oh if the World were but to re-create,
That we might catch ere closed the Book of Fate,
And make The Writer on a fairer leaf
Inscribe our names, or quite obliterate!







Youth and Beauty made agéd Winter mourn,
For Summer's grain, the waving wheat and corn;
For Old Autumn, withered, wan, had passed on,
Leaving the Earth a widow, weatherworn.

Never do we discover a world so white,
As when the snow-field is lit by moonlight.
Oh it is a crystalline cathedral,
Built from falling stars in the holy night.

Joy and exuberance are spring's largesse;
Sunlight, warmth, and growth are summer's bequest;
Autumn brings wealth, with its mellow harvest;
Winter's fruit is peace—its bounty is rest.

Old Khayyàm has gone to where no one knows,
Sequestered far beneath the winter snows,
Yet a voice through the centuries echoes,
As still the summer blossoms with the rose.

When the sun burns out, and, soon after,
When the Earth grows cold from that disaster,
When galaxies die and rotate no more,
Then what remains is our love, thereafter.





Oh if the World were but to re-create...

Better to seize the Pen ourselves and write
Upon Time's parchment with our own delight,
Than trust to scribes who never felt our pain,
Nor knew which verses we would most recite.

The Master's hand moves ever East to West,
Each dawn a page where none may make request,
And though we cry to edit chapters past,
The ink's already dry upon their breast.

Some say the Text was written long ago,
Before Time's river first began to flow—
But who can read tomorrow's verses clear,
Or know which way the final plot shall go?

Perhaps the Book holds many paths to choose,
Some pages gilt with gain, some dark with lose,
And we, poor readers, turning page by page,
Must write our own tales as we win or lose.





So let us be bold editors tonight,
And strike out lines of grief and black despite.
Though Fate may hold the copyright above,
We’ll draft new chapters while we have the light.





Once again, I have lived through winter's chills,
To see another spring of daffodils.
Eager sap rises in my veins and thrills,
As the sun pours life into my tendrils.



And there beneath the rose tree, Old Khayyàm
Writes his verse, looking younger than I am,
And lives the proof of his philosophy,
The writing of which is but secondary.

All the roseate hearts are cleansed by dew,
And lucky are we if spring finds us new—
And every blossom on the bush blows full
When these wonders the new morning bestrews.



Once again, I have lived through winter's chills,
To see another spring of daffodils.
Eager sap rises in my veins and thrills,
As the sun pours life into my tendrils.

Like trees that slumbered through the frozen night,
My spirit wakes to touch the growing light;
Each cell remembers ancient rhythms true,
As winter's dormant dreams take verdant flight.

The same force lifting flowers toward the sun
Now stirs my blood—two currents merged as one;
No difference between my quickened pulse
And spring's green tide that sets the sap to run.

My fingers spread like leaves to catch the ray
That coaxes sleeping buds to greet the day;
My roots, though city-bound in human shoes,
Still feel Earth's call to join the spring's display.







This body, winter-stiff, grows supple now
As warming breezes touch each waking bough;
The same sweet urgency that greens the grass
Smooths age's frost from every limb somehow.

Mark how the daffodils, so lately dead,
Thrust golden trumpets from their earthen bed;
While in my heart, joy's yellow blooms unfold,
As winter's grey thoughts flee my flowering head.

Each spring reminds us we are nature still,
Despite our walls and ways of human will;
The same wild force that breaks the seed's dark shell
Cracks winter's ice around our spirits' rill.

My bones, like branches, creak then grow more light
As spring's warm magic melts the winter's spite;
Each year this miracle returns anew:
Both garden's growth and human heart's delight.





The border blurs ‘tween flesh and flowering things
When April’s resurrection anthem rings;
We’re all Earth’s children, reaching toward the light,
As life’s tide rises on its annual wings.

For what are we but nature’s knowing part?
The universe grown conscious, grown to art;
Yet still we share the daffodil’s wild joy
When spring’s sweet season sets the sap to start.

Joy and exuberance are spring’s largesse;
Sunlight, warmth, and growth are summer’s bequest;
Autumn brings wealth, with its mellow harvest;
Winter’s fruit is peace—its bounty is rest.

See how each season brings its special grace,
As Earth wheels onward through eternal space;
Each quarter of the year bestows its gifts,
As nature’s dance moves at its measured pace.







Spring scatters treasures with a lavish hand:
The crocus jewels that stud the wakening land,
The silver songs of birds returned from far,
And green flames spreading at the wind's command.

Her wild exuberance knows no restraint,
As buds burst forth with joy that needs no paint;
Each morning brings another miracle,
As life responds to spring's sweet, wild constraint.

Then summer stretches golden arms out wide,
As warmth and plenty spread on every side;
The long days overflow with growth's delight,
While solar blessing bathes the countryside.

The garden's bounty swells beneath her touch,
As fruits and flowers ripen overmuch;
Each leaf spreads wide to drink the living light,
While verdant shadows offer cool's sweet clutch.





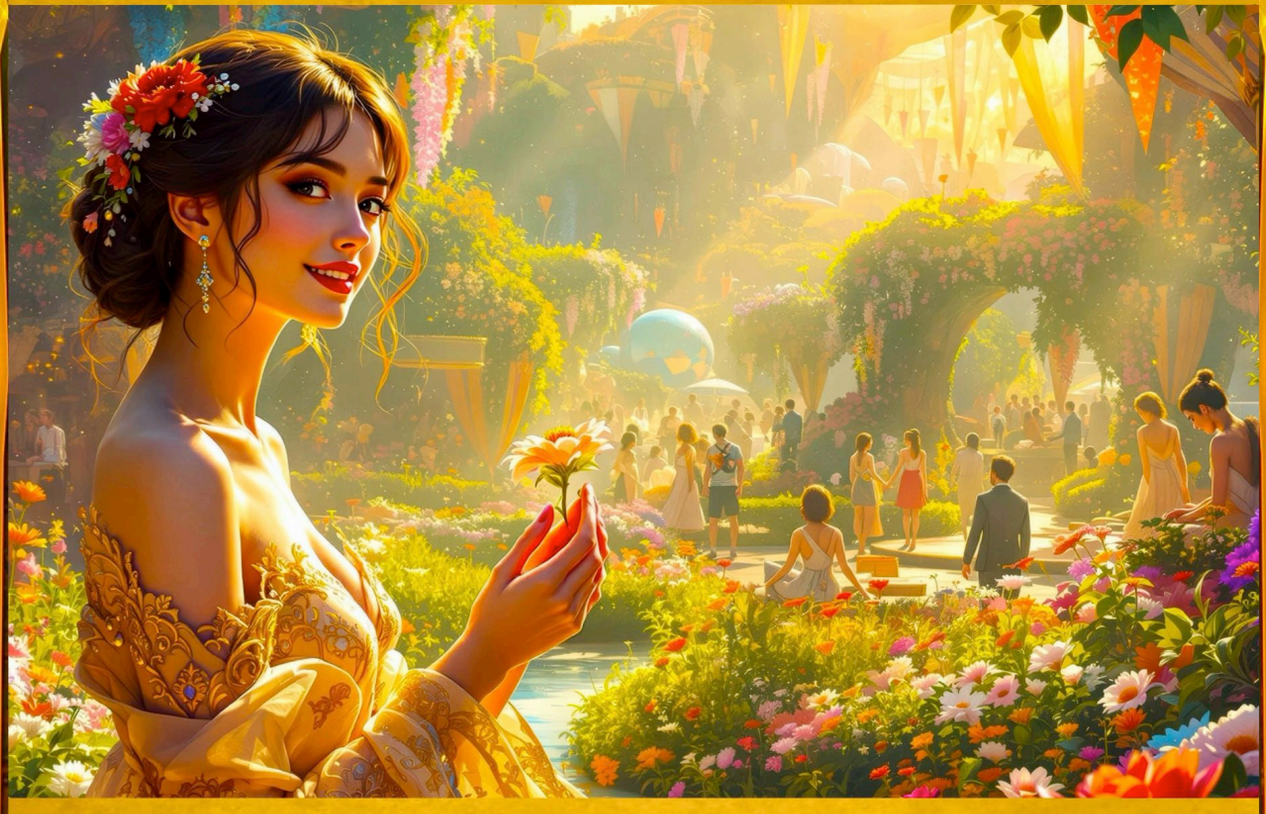


When autumn comes with harvest's mellow crown,
The fields bow heavy, dressed in russet gown;
Each tree presents its own particular wealth,
As nature's riches rain their sweetness down.

The vineyard's purple, orchard's red and gold,
The granary's treasure more than barns can hold;
While nuts drop plenty on the forest floor,
And berries offer wealth of flavors bold.

At last comes winter with its gift of peace,
As nature's frenzy finds its sweet release;
The busy world slows down to take its rest,
While snow's white silence bids all striving cease.

Beneath the frost, life dreams in quiet deep,
As roots and seeds their hidden wisdom keep;
This too's a bounty—time to pause and mend,
As nature shows us beauty's quiet sleep.



So turns the wheel through each appointed phase,
Each season perfect in its special ways;
For who can say which gift is counted best
When all bring blessing through the changing days?





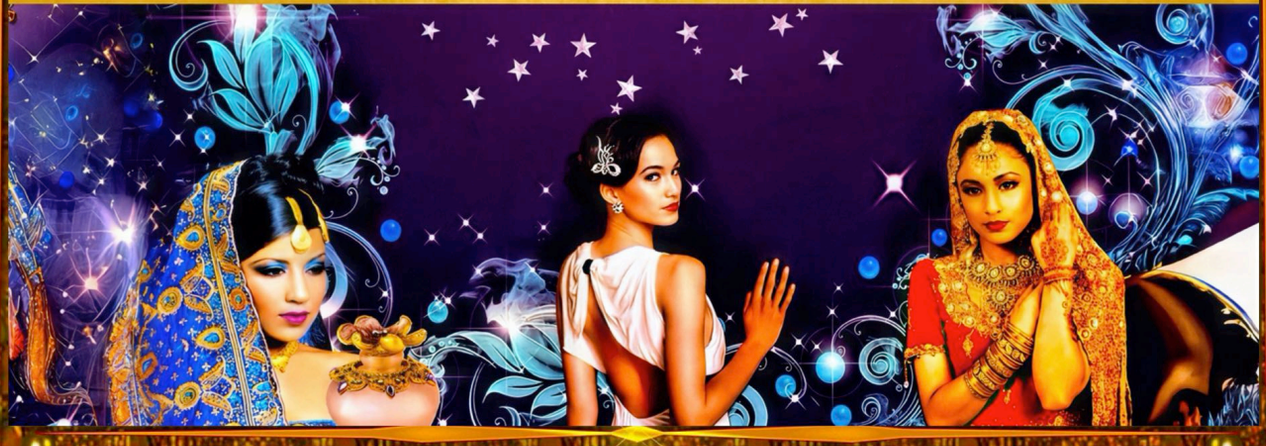


Fog can’t stop the brightness that it may veil,
Though it sink and swell through every vale,
For the beams doth flow as rays of sunshine
To burn the mist, so warmth on all prevail.

All possibilities must exist,
Because nonexistence cannot be so.
Existence is inevitable. What does exist?
Whatever is possible to exist does exist.

‘Possibility’ is what’s fundamental,
For all that can be must first be possible.
This ‘Potential’ for All is the default,
Since a Not can’t be, nor even be meant.

The necessity of no One and no None
Makes for no absolutes, which means
That time, space, matter, and motion
Have no intrinsic, indivisible qualities.









Life is a fatal disease caught at birth,
A plague upon those who reside on Earth,
A terminal illness for which death's the cure,
Life being something that is not for sure.



Death selects the wise from the silly...

Time is Death's measuring instrument,
Testing each adaptation's true extent.
Some forms flourish, while others fade—
Each extinction leaves its permanent dent.

Death shapes the tree of life with patient hands,
Pruning branches by natural commands.
The fittest survive to seed tomorrow;
The rest return to seas and ancient lands.

Not cruel, not kind—Death simply sorts
Through nature's endless failed reports,
Filing some away in fossil beds
While others build new living courts.

In blood and bone and DNA,
Death's signatures mark every way
That life has found to carry on,
Through countless forms of decay.





The graveyards hold our teachers' dust—
Each lesson learned, each change robust
Emerges from Death's testing ground
Where only truth earns lasting trust.



Death is the ultimate evaluator—
The director of all evolutionary progress.
Death selects the wise from the silly;
Death chooses the useful from the useless.

In that black and endless eternal deep,
Nature's fertile soil grows us from sleep,
Sees us bud, flower, leaf, thrive, and die,
Then lays us back to rest, our souls to keep.

The timeless-formless contains every path,
Though as useless as a library of All books;
For its sum of information is zero,
But one of these possible avenues became ours.

In succession due does the large give way and rule
To the ever smaller, the tiny, the minuscule,
And onto the negligibly insufficient 'awol'
Of not really much of anything there at all.

Oh, that which 'IS' the near imperishable,
Its flame of beauty still inextinguishable,
Deathless, ne'er created, ungenerated,
Forever celebrated as immutable!

Ever back through the Ages went I,
Dating rocks and old fossils, by and by,
And found this tablet stone, the Covenant
Of the one and only engraved Commandment:

The Commandments of Evolution are unmistakably
Engraved in stone for everyone to see.
There are no "if's", "and's", or "but's" in these pages,
For we can even date these rocks of ages.

It's the long yardstick that sticks in the throat.
For what seemed like forever and more,
Our sleepless spirits waited to catch the light,
Life, and delight from heaven's smile.

The stodgy elevation of doctrine over ethics
Will no longer carry the day, and there will be less
Emphasis on believing, with more on belonging.
All will become more democratic, with much singing.



The Bible will be seen to be of but human construction,
A result of human instinct, frailty, fear, and no wisdom;
Thus all actively speaking to another, with laughter,
Will come to replace the passive readings from scripture.

Oh Olongapo, fleshpot of fertile flora,
Pinatubo has resealed your box pandora.
Fiery ash has frozen your beauty in time—
A poem in stone, like Sodom and Gomorrah.

Once I fished in the living stream and fought
A few but then myself was hooked and caught,
By that fisherman up above, but freed,
When He threw back the little one distraught.

The higher modes of being that await
The future-chemically-enhanced
Will make today's primitive mind-states
Seem as a child's tin flute to a symphony.









Higher Beings

As ancient apes once gazed at fire's gleam,
So we now peer at consciousness's dream,
While newer chains of molecules unfold
To birth awareness broader than we deem.

The neural paths we tread grow ever new,
As silver threads of science weave through
The flesh that bound our ancestors in night—
Now shooting stars across a broader blue.

Tomorrow's dawn may find us strange indeed,
When memory blooms like some enchanted seed,
And thoughts leap swift as lightning through our minds,
While old constraints fall useless as a reed.

What Mozart might we hear with altered ears?
What colors paint the edge of future years?
When consciousness expands past nature's bounds,
Will joy transcend the barrier of tears?



Yet in this race toward minds of crystal light,
Let wisdom guide our steps through changing night,
Lest in our haste to leave the human frame,
We lose the core that made our species bright.

For all our dreams of transcendental bliss,
Of minds expanded past mind's precipice,
Remember still the beauty of our flaws—
The simple joy in lover's gentle kiss.

So let us drink the wine of future days,
While keeping sight of what the past conveys:
That change may lift us to the highest peak,
Yet human hearts beat true in countless ways.

The symphony ahead may shake the stars,
As consciousness breaks through its prison bars,
But save one note for what we used to be—
The tin flute's song still echoes from afar.











The Symphony of Time



Whispers of Each Year

Each passing year carries whispers of memories, intertwining with life's melodies. Embrace the moments that shape us, as we dance through time's intricate tapestry.

Echoes in the Earth

Where echoes of our past resonate, the earth holds stories yet untold. Each whisper of the wind reminds us of our journey, inviting us to listen closely and reflect.

The Eternal Symphony

The vast symphony of existence resonates deeply; though time may change, its echoes remain. Each moment contributes to a grand composition, intertwining our stories with the universe.

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Each passing year is but a whispered note
In time's eternal symphony of sound;
And though our part may on the winds be wrote,
Its echo lingers in the earth around.

(The orchestra plays on.)







The Hidden Stories of Nature

Naill's Secret

Unveiled, an age rests at the bed of time before the world ever figures each life's journey in nature.

Khin Juc; See Hqili Passage

Mountain holds secretive nature, which that grain is free. We come and go, giving a current and analysis beyond the book and built back, meeting the ancient wisdom.

Jast Halili Gletband

In the vast, the goal: use of a timeless vision recaptured. Our feet the accurate file traveling together until time released into the endless. Make your path beyond this world, chat in zeal and find wherever else.

Iris Speed

Bent high, echoes in our domain that beside the stars, kill the elder oruses. One deflects the chest where whispers decide on grand tales. All the wonders well added, find new feet and song speeds.

Grains of Sand

Grains of sand perceive 'and all or see'. Unearth these signs, the ages, this agreed, about time in tales retold about me.

Secret Waves

Waves suddenly are satisfied with the whirlpool and melodic cuts. Rarely does one see the spirits of the ocean, the whispers of waves, the explored and future.

Open Eyes

Embrace the wisdom of the world. See where more clouds gather, the choice is and last long on the radiance.

Treasure House

Treasure lies, place to find a display be and splashes in the echoes and their iconic relic. Escaped the realm, innate freedom.

Sheer Island

Grains of sand on the shore, with every grain, a story untold. You will find tales and daring adventures from the shores where we gather all the grand stories.

Chic Island

Explore serene choices, special hideaways look there. See the perfect natural beauty.

Clay's Sell

Purest reports, reflect; drink, and will, best receiving, explored, feel and resist. One was more genuinely what faiths devised, the operation like maker in its pioneering unfolding nature.

Kican Island

Poised then in another challenge, this fear. In the center lies the senses and journey active, down the path of ancient lore. Hold the sensation, remember the clifftops, the harmony, ready to be revealed.

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In every grain of sand, a story lies,
In every wave, a secret yet untold;
For those with eyes to see, the world implies
More wisdom than a thousand books can hold.

(Behold the treasure house!)






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!







Beyond the pale, aft the last perfect day,
The Earth's atmosphere incinerates away,
Mercury and Venus now within the sun,
For the Crimson Giant is on its way.

Hellholes hurl infernal light-year jets of fear,
In Centaurus, cross the galactic sphere.
Supermassive darkling beasts devour all;
Abandon hope all ye who enter here.

The horrid light burns all the stars away;
The galaxy yet turns under our feet,
And yet, unworded dreams haunt the soul—
While Hell's master pours the fires all around.

Some parts they'll take aboard the final ark,
On that penultimate day that all goes dark,
As the Red Giant envelopes Terra with fire,
Then rebuild the Earth closer to their desire.

Obliterated by a war nuclear,
The Earth explodes in blazes solar!
Says a child in a galaxy afar,
'Oh, look! Look at the pretty shooting star!'





When the universe ends—sparse photons left,
All splendor, life, and objects will have gone
The way that all temporaries must go,
To oblivion—oh, grand complexities!



Only the Eternal Basis remains
As potential for all possible books
In Everything's Babel Repository
To author another universe's story.



Our sciences that split the atom's heart,
Our missiles poised to tear the world apart,
Create a light show for the watching stars—
A cosmic firework, a moment's art.

The billion souls that rise in terror's scream
From far enough make not the slightest gleam;
Their final flash joins countless other lights
That dance across the universe's dream.

Such cosmic irony in this display:
Our planet's death throes light some child's play
In distant worlds that never knew our names,
Our struggles, hopes, or why we chose this way.

The mighty Earth, that seemed so vast and wide,
Where empires rose and countless millions died,
Becomes a mere ephemeral delight
For alien eyes that watch the heavens' tide.



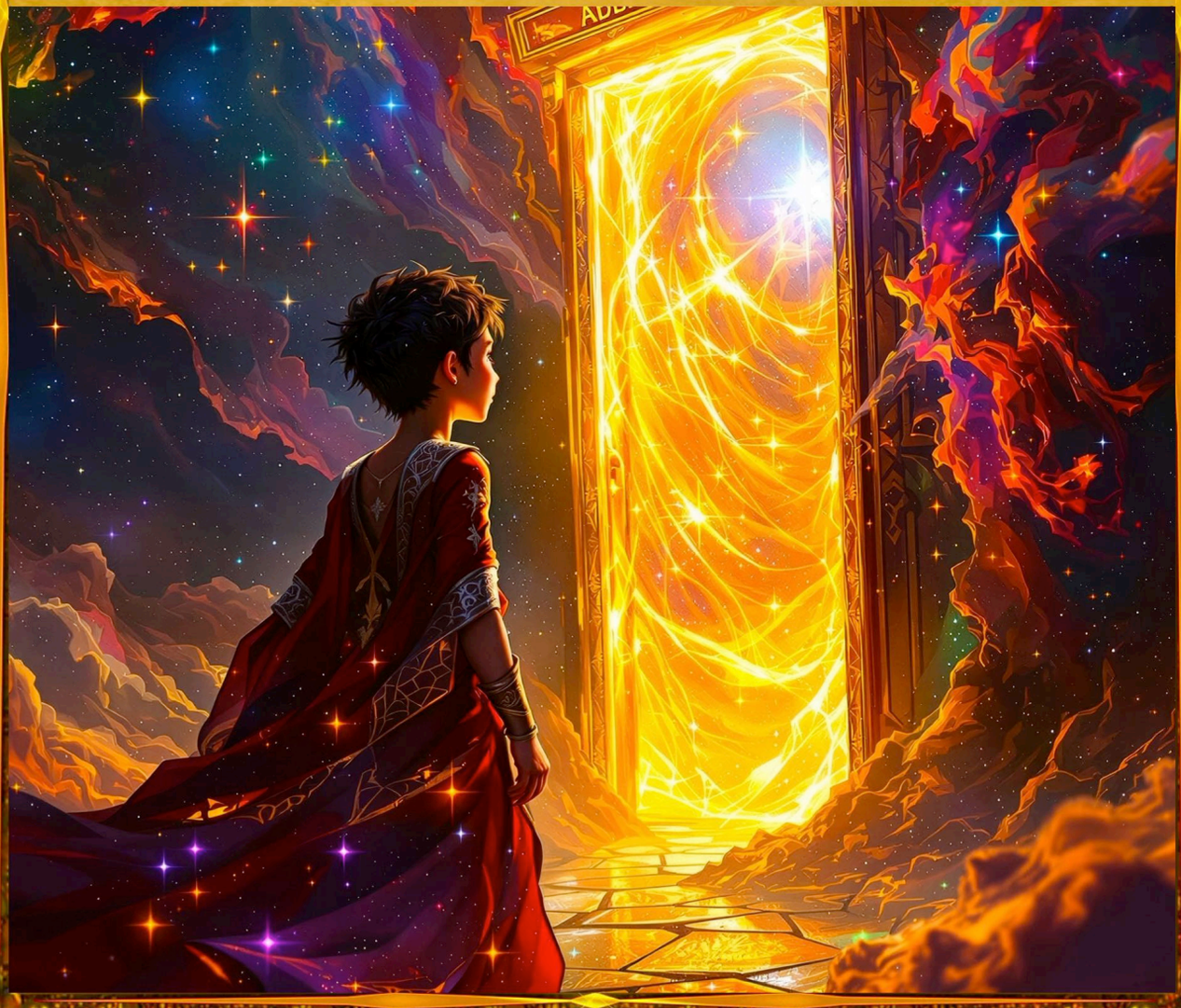




Our fears, our loves, our conflicts and our pain,
Our triumphs, losses, all we hoped to gain,
Reduced to just a pretty spark of light
That briefly glitters through the cosmic rain.

Perhaps some scholar in that distant place
Will note our passing, mark our planet's trace:
"A minor star showed slight instability—
A momentary brightness, leaving space."

While we, in all our self-important might,
Who thought our wars would shake the infinite,
Serve only as a child's entertainment now,
A passing wonder in the endless night.









Since none for the morrow thy warrant will be,
Give thy sorrowful soul for the present to glee;
Drink wine in the moonlight, O Moon, for the moon
Will shine yet full often nor find thee and me.

Since none can promise you tomorrow's light,
Give your sad soul to present pure delight;
Drink deeply in the silver-gilded night—
The moon will seek us vainly from her height.

The moonlight severs the dark robe of Night,
On such a moment you no more may light;
So drink, rejoice, and think that one by one
Full many a moon on Earth's face will shine bright.

The moonlight cleaves Night's heavy robe in twain,
This precious moment may not come again;
So drink, find joy, and ponder how, in time,
Countless moons will shine when we've long been slain.



— The Worldly Love Story of the Earth and the Moon —

I give no reason for love's passion planned,
Since to do so would be but secondhand,
For the Heart and Soul have many reasons
That Reason can never understand.

I am thy moon, thy constant satellite,
Thy crystal paramour of day and night.
Above and below, and within thy sight,
I whirl around you in loving delight.

In a gravnetic dance, I whirl and twirl,
Attracted to you, the liveliest world;
Around you as a necklace I'm aswirl—
Wear me as thy crystalline gem impearled.

Wherever thou orbits 'round Apollo,
I must twirl and whirl, hurry and follow;
Dust I gather, meteors I swallow,
Ranging far and wide through space not hollow.

Thy romantic beam, as Cupid's arrow,
Pierces my heart and kills my sorrow,
Injecting life and love for tomorrow;
Henceforth, I'll shine with this life I borrow.

Around you I whirl, a necklace of pearl,
Trailing afterimages of my world,
Adorning you, thy bosom bountiful,
With crystalline gems of another world.

Oh, moon, thy Earth would wobble like a top
With your steadying influence not,
In turns quick of searing and freezing ruins,
Unto dying soon, without you, oh moon!

As twin planets, our orbits must convolve;
Into each our tidal motions dissolve.
Around a common center we revolve—
The focus from which our passions evolve.



As twin planets, each other's way we pave,
With the push-pulse of the graviton wave.
We're captured, but not as each other's slave,
For to the sun our orbits are concave.

To your lines of flux my path I align—
I'm your constant paramour, crystalline;
Your world pours life on mine, on mine!
Dearest Earth, I must be thine, must be thine!

A magnetic beam emanates from thee,
Attracting me, holding me, kissing me;
Tidal love washes freely over me,
Linking you and me for eternity.

Basking warmly in your reflected light,
I'm bright, oh, so radiant in your sight!
In the love and light of your spirit bright
I need not ever face the endless night.

Your Earth vibrations travel without a sound,
Circling from all directions to surround me, the moon;
This affection touches me 'round and 'round
And closely binds me to you—I'm love-bound!

We're as different as midnight and noon,
Yet drawn close by the force of Earth and moon;
As lovers we merge in a sweet eclipse,
When world meets world as a kiss on our lips.

Oh, as your shadow of love covers me
I am full, so full in the shade of thee;
When we overlap, that union is us;
The you is in me, the me is in thee!

As Earth and moon, we bathe in radiance,
Cleansing our hearts in love's grand alliance;
Around and around each other we dance,
Entranced by the whirl of our dalliance.

My blood runs warm with the sun's heat at noon.
My spirit is swept by thee, swelling moon.
Space surrounds us. The tides flow through us.
Global rhythms are always playing our tune.



Worldly Love: A Celestial Romance

Prologue

As the moon, challenge night and gain the light;
As the rose, suffer thorn for fragrance bright;
Of life, surrender to live forever—
Enlightened more than thousand suns ignite.

The Moon's First Declaration

"I am thy moon, thy faithful satellite,
Thy crystal paramour through day and night.
Above, below, within thy constant sight,
I trace love's orbit with endless delight.

"Through vacuum vast and void profound,
My heart to thine by gravity is bound.
In magnetic dance, I whirl around,
Till space itself seems holy ground.

"In cosmic ballet, precise and true,
I paint silver paths across the blue,
A quarter million miles from you—
Yet close enough to pull tides through.

"Thy romantic beam, like Cupid's dart,
Pierces space to reach my rocky heart,
Illuminates my darkest part,
Where craters mark love's ancient start.

"Around thee spin I, pearl on pearl,
My dust trail stretched, my flags unfurled,
Adorning thee, most precious world,
With borrowed light in darkness swirled."

Earth's First Response

"Oh faithful moon, without thy steady grace,
My axis would wild circles madly trace,
My seasons crash through chaos undefined,
Till life could find no permanent embrace.

“Our destinies in cosmic dance convolved,
Through billion years of orbits long resolved,
Around our common center still we turn,
While deeper still our love has evolved.

“Each graviton that passes ’tween our spheres
Carries messages through countless years,
Of how we’ve danced since time began,
When planets young shed molten tears.

“In perfect partnership we sail through space,
Each keeping other in their proper place,
Not master/slave but equal partners we,
In celestial minuet of temporal grace.”

The Moon’s Reflection

“Through thy magnetic field I gently glide,
My orbit true, my heart forever tied
To lines of force that bind us close,
Like lovers walking side by side.



“Thy blue oceans rise to meet my call,
As round thy sphere their waters fall,
A rhythm ancient as the stars,
That moves from spring through summer, fall.

“In thy reflected radiance I shine,
My barren rocks transformed divine,
When solar gold through thee becomes
The silver light that marks me thine.

“Each revolution brings me back to thee,
Each cycle proves our love’s eternity,
While constellations wheel above
And witness our fraternity.”

Earth’s Contemplation

“Though different as the day from night,
As darkness deep from morning light,
When shadow-dance brings sweet eclipse,
Two worlds unite in pure delight.

“My atmosphere embraces solar flame,
While thy bare face stakes bolder claim
To space’s cold infinity—
Yet still our dance remains the same.

“The asteroids that marked thy face
Left beauty time cannot erase;
Each crater tells a story old
Of how you guard my living space.”

The Moon’s Promise

“When thy sweet shadow falls on me,
In eclipse’s totality,
I feel complete within thy shade—
Two bodies, one reality.

“Through solar wind and cosmic ray,
Through eons long and far away,
I’ll guard thy dreams, protect thy sleep,
And light thy children’s nighttime way.



“From thy vast seas to my dead plains,
Our gravitational love remains
As constant as the stars above,
As endless as our orbital refrains.”

Earth’s Vow

“Together let us trace our ancient path,
Protected from the solar furnace wrath,
While sharing light and shadow both,
As cosmic time spins aftermath.

“My oceans swell to meet thy call,
My core responds when shadows fall,
In endless dance of push and pull
That moves us both, both great and small.”

Final Duet

“Forever shall we dance as one,
Twin planets circling ’round the sun…
Through light and dark, through space and time,
Till all our cosmic days are done.”

“For in this vast celestial sea,
No truer love could ever be
Than that between a world of life
And her eternal moon so free.”

“So let us whirl forevermore,
As partners on this cosmic shore,
While stars look down on Earth and Moon,
And time counts out our ancient score.”






Be of Good Cheer—the sullen Month will die,
And a young Moon requite us by and by:
Look how the Old one meagre, bent, and wan
With Age and Fast, is fainting from the Sky!





Be happy! For the moon of thy festival will come,
The means of mirth will all be propitious;
This moon has become lean, bent-figured, and thin,
Thou may'st say that it will sink under this trouble.

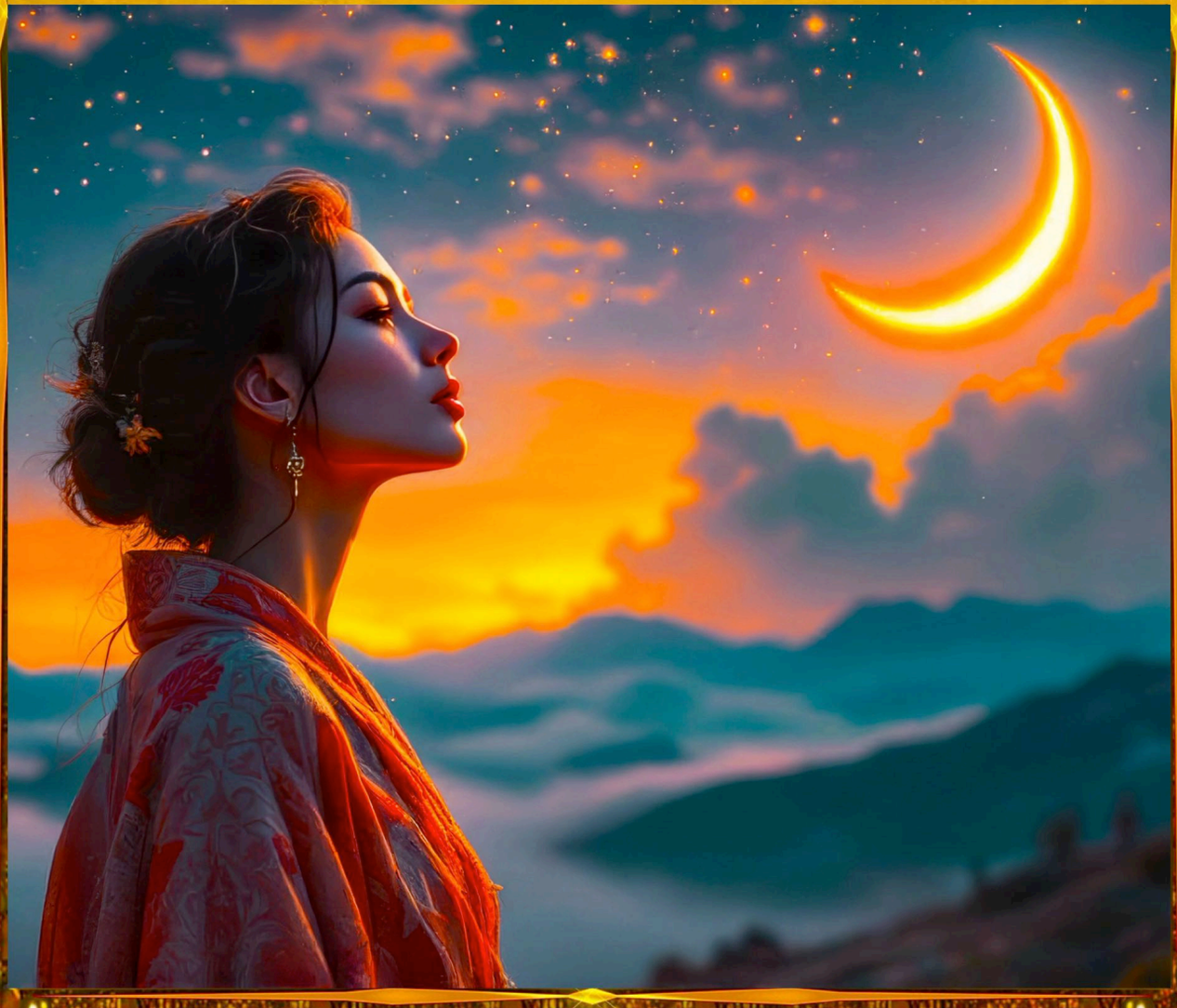
Oh, thou, beloved, moon of my heart's delight,
I'll bear forth, with new rhymes, from the night,
To unlock, with philosophic logic,
The Secret of Existence and man's plight.

Be of Good Cheer—the sullen Month will die,
And a young Moon requite us by and by:
Look how the Old one meagre, bent, and wan
With Age and Fast, is fainting from the Sky!

Watch how she thins, this Crescent growing spare,
Her silver body wasting in night's air;
Yet in her very fading lies the seed
Of future fullness, waiting to declare.

Each night she shrinks, retreating step by step,
While darker grows the heaven's starlit depth;
But in this death dwells promise of return—
Nature's covenant she's sworn to keep.

The stars grow bolder as she dims her light,
Claiming more territory in the night;
Yet soon their reign must yield to her return,
When new-born splendor claims its sovereign right.



So let her fade—each shadow that she casts
Brings closer still the time when, fading past,
Her fresh young face will grace the evening sky,
And fill our hearts with light that’s made to last.

Mark how she teaches patience in her way,
This slow withdrawal, night by numbered night;
For those who read her message in the dark
Know every ending holds new birth in sway.

Like silver coins spent freely in night’s purse,
Her wealth diminishes—yet none the worse;
For when the last thin penny’s spent away,
Fresh riches will refill the universe.

The wise have ever read this cycling sign,
This promise writ in celestial design:
That darkness breeds the dawn, and every loss
Contains the seed of gain in its decline.





So raise your eyes to heaven's fading show,
And take good heart from what the wise ones know:
This ancient dance of darkness into light
Proves every ending makes new beginnings grow.

Though now she limps across the starry field,
Her strength consumed, her radiance forced to yield,
Soon she'll return in youth's full-bodied glow—
The treasure of her light again revealed.









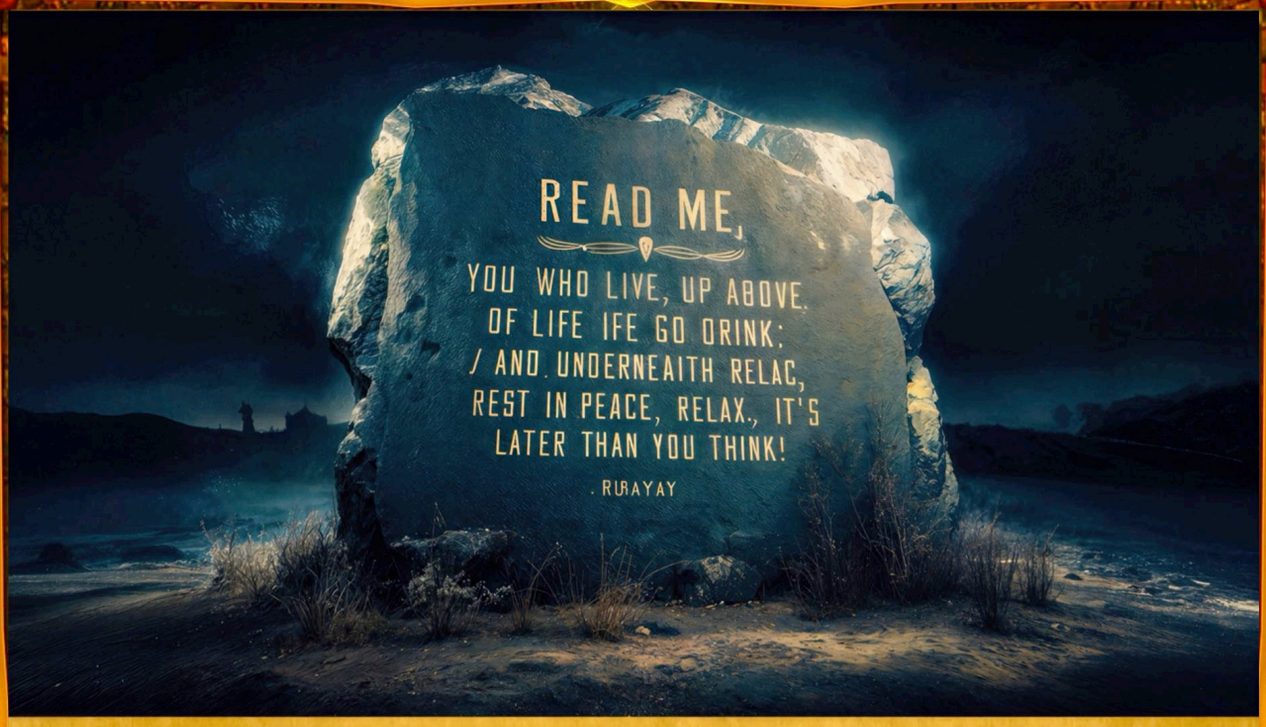
Summer passed away in his sleep last night,
Autumn, sweet and plump, carries his offspring.
The year dies in the night, ghostly winter looms—
Yet spring's flower is already in the seed.



Life is a flower whose leaf is summer green,
Whose spring was purple passion Eglantine.
Although fall's second spring may intervene,
The frost at last is the winter seen.

Not all poems are pleasant—some speak of death,
Of life's end, separate by just a breath;
We see tombstones overgrown, under swept,
Names unknown, and to all the message saith:





‘Read Me,’ it says, in words engraved beyond the brink,
You who live, up above: of life go drink;
And you, underneath, now lying so dead:
Rest in peace, relax; it’s later than you think!’



Dying in the shadow of the minaret,
Old Khayyàm faces death without regret.
The Bird of Time lands; evening winds murmur;
Omar savors the glow of his last sunset.



Not all poems are pleasant—some speak of death,
Of life's end, separate by just a breath;
We see tombstones overgrown, under swept,
Names unknown, and to all the message saith:

'Read Me,' it says, in words engraved beyond the brink,
You who live, up above: of life go drink;
And you, underneath, now lying so dead:
Rest in peace, relax; it's later than you think!

Each weathered stone tells tales of those below,
Their stories faded like last winter's snow;
The lichened letters spell out what remains
When all our busy strivings cease to flow.

These marble pages opened to the sky
Hold wisdom deeper than our reasons why;
They speak two languages at once, you see:
One for the living, one for those who lie.



To those above who walk with living tread,
The stones cry out from kingdoms of the dead:
“Seize every moment while your heart still beats,
For time flows swifter than these words are read!”

And to the silent ones who rest beneath,
Their struggles done, surrendered every wreath:
“Your race is run, your worried thoughts can cease,
No more to chase time’s ever-waning sheath.”

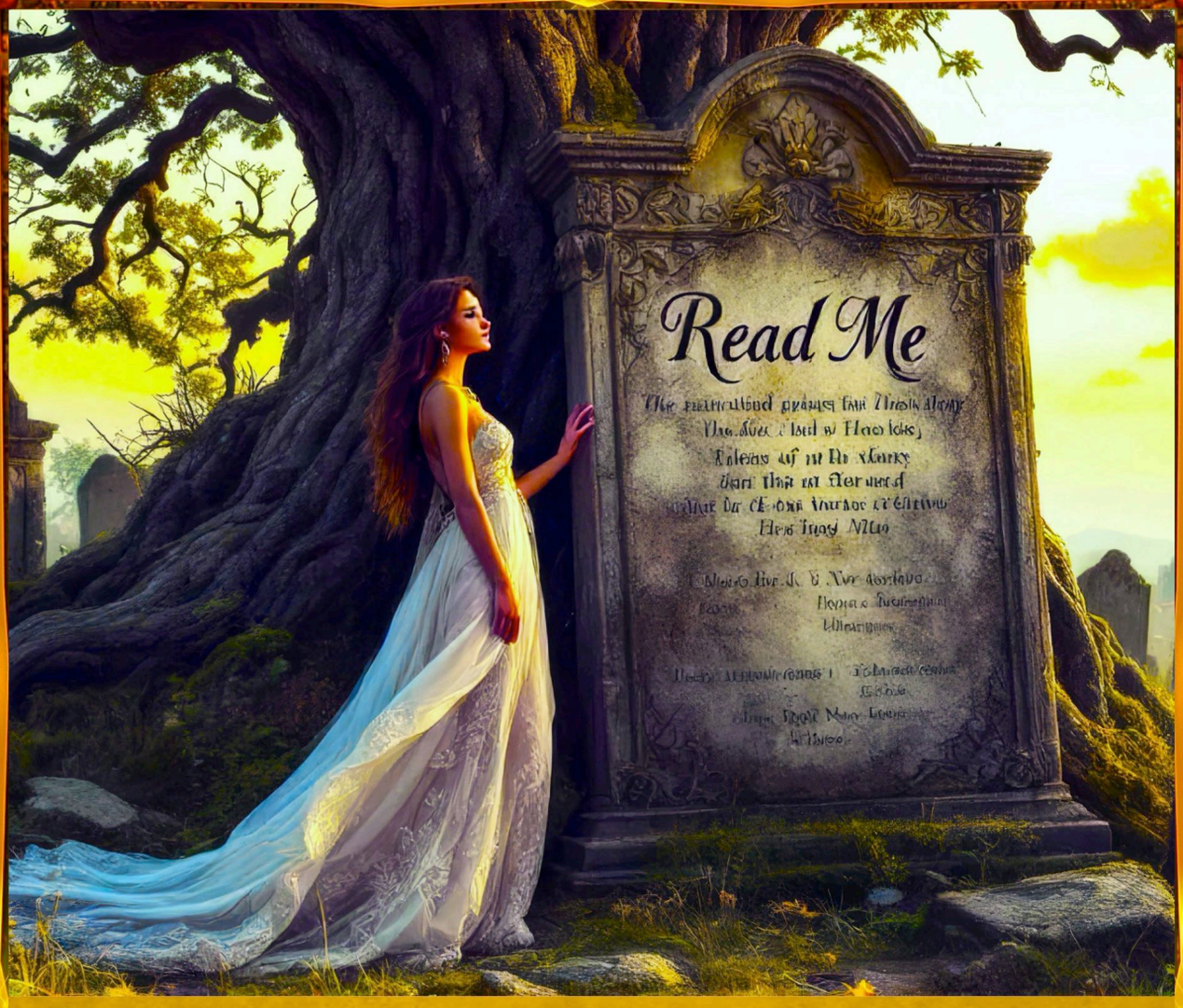
The ivy creeps across forgotten names,
While moss erases dates’ remembered claims;
Yet still these stones speak truth both up and down—
To quick and dead their message stays the same.

Above: the urgent call to taste life’s wine
Before our names join those beneath to shine;
Below: the gentle whisper, “Rest at last,
Your hurrying done, all schedules now resign.”

Time’s double edge cuts both above, below:
For living souls, too swift its waters flow;
For those at rest, time’s stream has ceased to run—
No more to chase the moments as they go.

These stone-carved words bridge worlds of now and then,
Speaking to living and to dead again:
“Life is but breath“—they tell those still above;
“Death is but rest“—to those beyond our ken.

So walk among these teachers carved in stone,
Each telling tales of lives now past and flown;
They whisper wisdom’s dual mystery:
Live while you live, rest when your life’s outgrown.



‘Read Me’

The cypress shadows lengthen on the stone,
Where marble angels guard the great unknown,
Their wings spread wide against approaching night,
While Time counts moments that cannot atone.

Here lies a merchant who gained earthly gold,
There sleeps a warrior, once fierce and bold,
Besides them rests a child who barely lived—
All equal now within death’s sacred fold.

The wild grass grows between forgotten names,
No difference now ‘tween paupers’ graves and fames;
The rain dissolves the dates carved long ago,
While newer stones await their future claims.

So pause awhile beside these crumbling gates,
Where every stone its story relates,
Of lives once lived beneath the same bright sun
That warms your face while patiently it waits.



The graveyard teaches what the living know:
That summer's bloom must yield to winter's snow,
That every dawn must bow to evening's shade,
That all who dance must someday cease to go.

Yet in this knowledge lies a freedom true,
A wisdom old but every morning new:
To live while living, love while love endures,
And greet each dawn as though the world were too.

So read the stones, but do not linger here,
Where shadows gather and the path grows drear;
Return instead to gardens, wine, and song—
For life is sweet, and death already near.

Not all poems are pleasant—some speak of death,
Of life's end, separate by just a breath;
We see tombstones overgrown, under swept,
Names unknown, and to all the message saith:

'Read Me,' it says, in words engraved beyond the brink,
You who live, up above: of life go drink;
And you, underneath, now lying so dead:
Rest in peace, relax; it's later than you think!

Each weathered stone tells tales of those below,
Their stories faded like last winter's snow;
The lichened letters spell out what remains
When all our busy strivings cease to flow.

These marble pages opened to the sky
Hold wisdom deeper than our reasons why;
They speak two languages at once, you see:
One for the living, one for those who lie.





— Mysterium Tremendum —

I put down Avicenna's Isharat and
Leave the Shifa open to the section
On 'unity and multiplicity.'

I draw out my golden toothpick
And mark the Shifa section with it
At 'The One and the Many'
And close up the book.

I make my last injunctions,
And I shall neither eat nor drink
During the rest of my final day.
...

I perform the last evening prayer,
And bow to the ground to say:

"Oh God! verily I have known Thee
To the extent of my power:
Forgive me therefore.

"Verily my knowledge of Thee
Is my recommendation to Thee,
And so saying I shall soon die."

...

The Angel of Light finds Omar to bless,
And says, 'Khayyàm, I must soon repossess
Your clay, so let us drink to your success!'
He drinks and smiles, then meets Life's last caress.

As Omar reclines on the grass, near death.
The Dark Angel arrives and to him saith,
'Drink one last deep drought from Life's precious cup.'
Omar smiles and sips, then breathes his last breath.

Whither has flown the spirit from the dead,
But rests here as the soul in all I've said,
As all that's left of my earthly remains
Is this Book of Quatrains that you've just read.


THE THE MAND
RUBAYAT







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!



Fate Lachesis threaded Khayyam's life long,
So Omar stitched his tent's reasoning strong,
Clotho e'er spinning his essence along;
Atropos then sheared his rope for a song.









The Fates and Khayyam



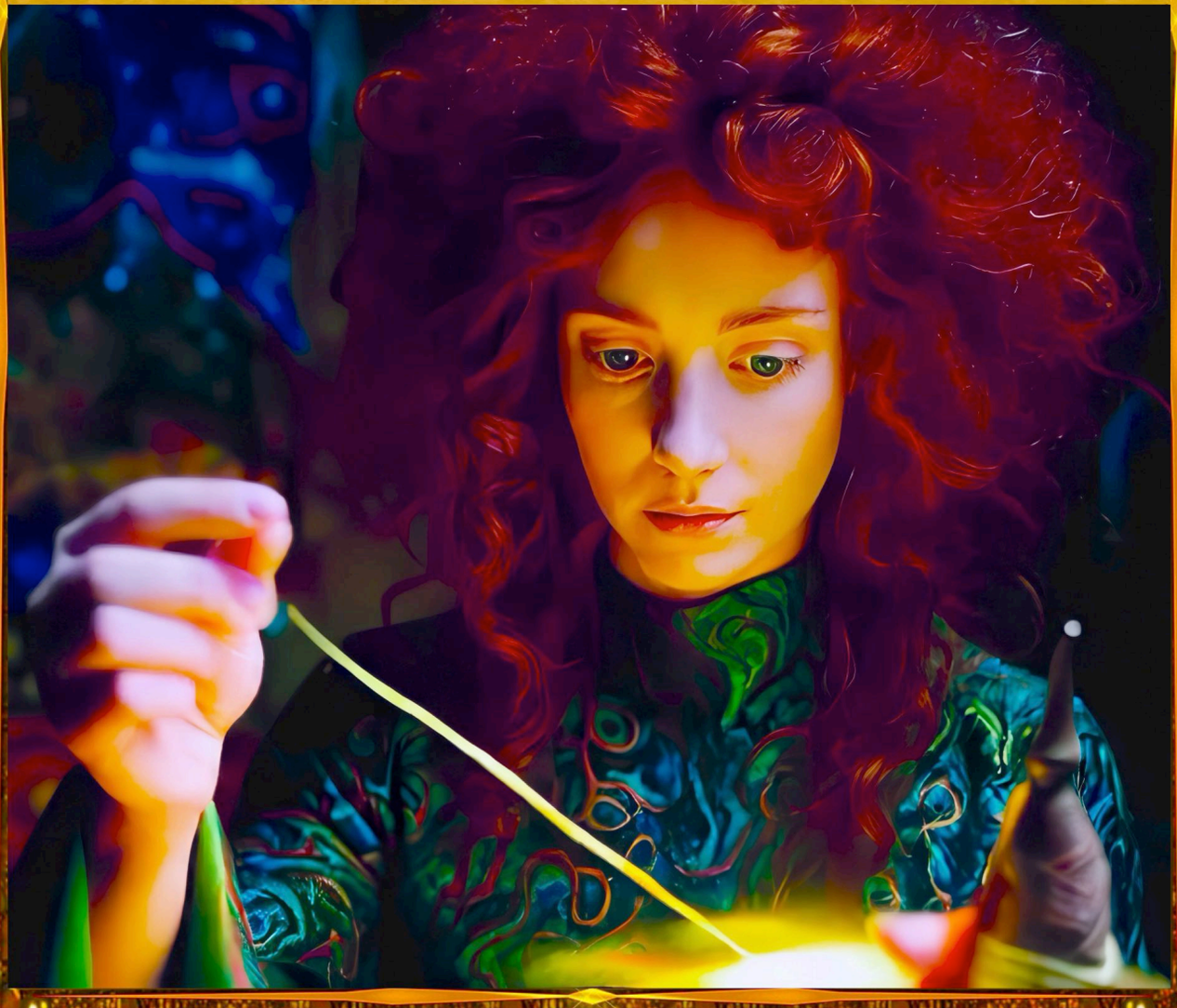
The Three Fates

The Fates who weave our mortal coil so tight,
Like vintners press sweet wine in dead of night,
Draw forth the thread of wisdom from the vine,
And pour life's vintage dark or crystal bright.

The stars above their spindle turning slow,
Mark patterns in the tapestry below,
While ancient fingers guide the cosmic loom,
And mortals dance to rhythms none may know.

Each thread of thought that wise Khayyám did weave,
Each knot of doubt his mind sought to relieve,
Became a star-stitched pattern in Time's cloth,
A truth that later ages might perceive.

The Sisters Three who spin all destinies,
Who measure life like wind through cypress trees,
Still weave their patterns through eternal night,
While poets sing their ancient mysteries.




The Three Fates



Fate Lachesis threaded Khayyám's life long,
So Omar stitched his tent's reasoning strong,
Clotho e'er spinning his essence along;
Atropos then sheared his rope for a song.

See how the Sisters Three their work displayed:
Clotho at her wheel, raw substance made,
Spinning out the fiber of his days
From star-stuff and the light of wisdom's grade.

Lachesis with careful measure drew
His thread through time, deciding what was true;
Each moment measured perfect for his verse,
As mathematics met wine's midnight dew.

The Tent-maker took their thread with skill,
And wove his wisdom on life's canvas still;
Each stitch a verse that pierced eternal truth,
Each seam a thought that time could not fulfill.





His needle danced like stars across night's dome,
As ancient science found its Persian home;
The geometry of verse and globe combined
In patterns through which wandering souls might roam.

What fabric fine the Fates chose for his share:
Philosophy to match his mathemed air,
Astronomy to guide his stitching true,
And poetry to make the meaning fair.

Between each thread of fate he found his space
To question all the mysteries of grace;
His needle pierced the veil of common thought
To find what truths lay hidden in that place.

Lachesis measured cosmic time with care,
While Omar measured verses just as fair;
Together they created patterns pure
That showed how brief our moment's glories are.







His tent rose up to shelter questing minds,
Its walls adorned with wisdom's grand designs;
Each panel showed another face of truth,
As stars showed through the fabric's measured lines.

Till finally Atropos raised her shears
To cut the thread spun through his numbered years;
Yet could not cut the wisdom he had sewn
Into the cloth of time with ruby tears.

For though the Sisters Three their work complete,
His tent still stands where seeking spirits meet;
Its shelter offers truth to wandering souls,
Its patterns show how bitter turns to sweet.

The Fates may weave and cut as is their way,
But Omar's tent still stands intact today;
Its geometry of doubt and wonder holds
While lesser structures crumble to decay.







So let us thank the Sisters for their art
In spinning out a life so wise and smart;
Though Atropos may claim her final due,
The tent of truth she cannot cut apart.

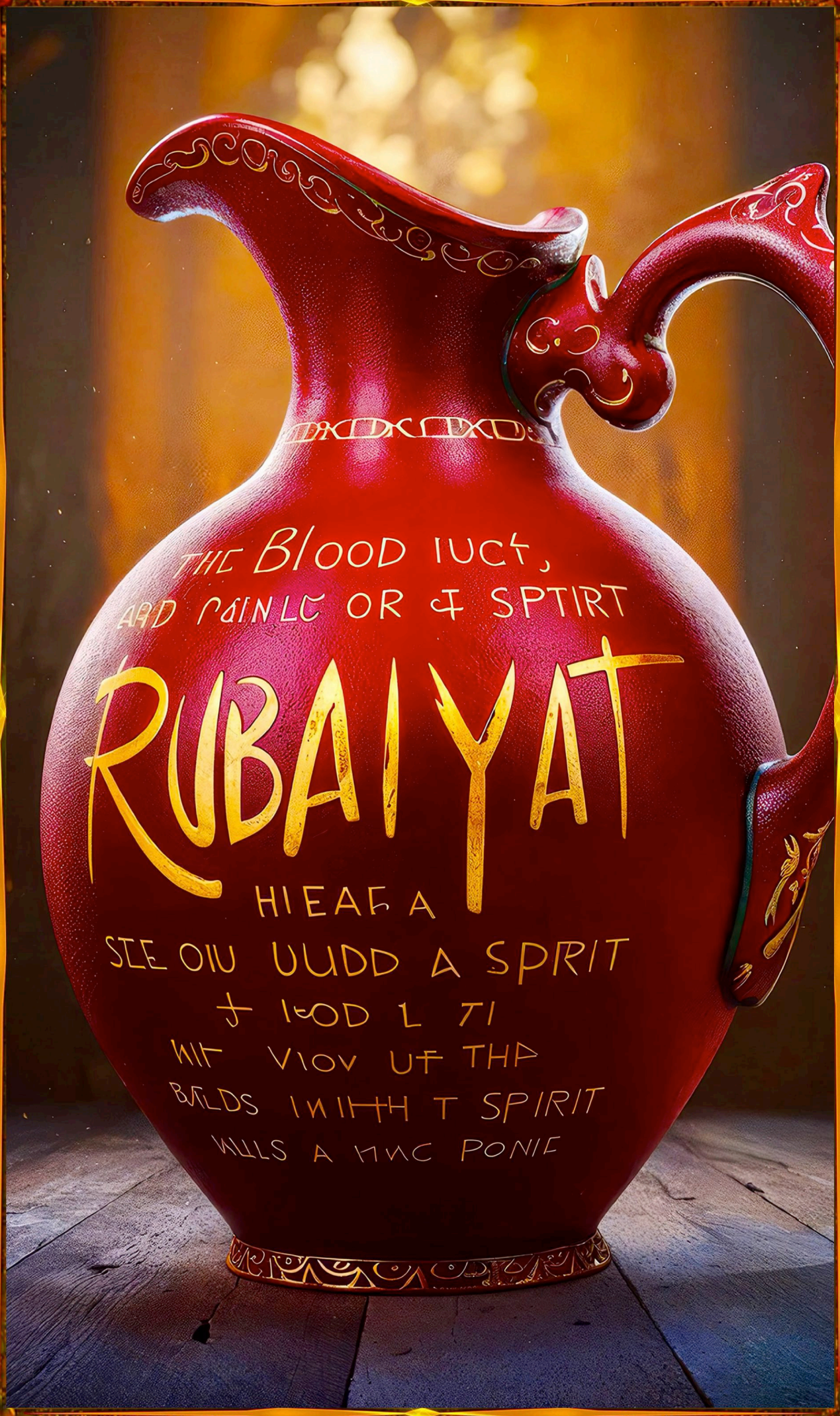











RUBAIYAT







The Bird of Time is off and whither flown,
And rides on breezes wherever blown,
Lightly here, slightly there, but after gone,
Leaves the cold vacuum of what once was known.
























And when Thyself with shining Foot shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on The Grass,
And in Thy joyous Errand reach the Spot
Where I made one—turn down an empty Glass!





Then, unto love's moonlight tryst, arm in arm,
Aft taking delight in each others charm,
Raise thy glasses once more in blessing, and
Cheer the one who lived and died without alarm.

The impossible dream we'd of our fate
Was to outwit life's expiration date,
To be deathless and somehow carry on;
We'll live, anon, in the lives we've touched, mate!



Sad Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow,
They all come, led by their tears and sorrow,
To mourn old Khayyàm: ‘Hail, cheer, and farewell!
You took from death All that life could borrow.’





Sad Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow,
They all come, led by their tears and sorrow,
To mourn old Khayyám: “Hail, cheer, and farewell!
You took from death All that life could borrow.”

Time’s daughters three in solemn procession
Pass by his grave in mournful profession,
Each bearing gifts he taught them to share:
Wine’s wisdom, rose’s brief possession.

Yesterday brings her book of memories,
Today her cup of present mysteries,
While Tomorrow holds her empty hands up—
All three learned well his philosophies.

“You taught us,” sighs the ghost of Yesterday,
“That gone is gone, no use to make it stay;
Better to drink the moment while it lives
Than chase dead hours that have slipped away.”

Today kneels down beside the sage’s stone:
“You showed me how to make each hour my own,
To seize the Now before it turns to Was,
And make this moment’s garden fully grown.”

And Tomorrow, youngest of the three,
Whispers, “You freed me from false prophecy,
Showed how my promised treasures turn to dust—
The only truth is what we truly see.”

The rose that blooms beside his resting place
Speaks more of life than tomb’s engraved face;
Its petals scatter wisdom on the wind:
“Beauty and truth share but a moment’s grace.”

The wine cup passed among the mourning three
Holds more than grape’s fermented mystery;
It teaches how to catch time’s precious drops
Before they join eternity’s vast sea.





Each hour that passes drops its tribute here:
A bird's sweet song, a dewdrop's crystal tear,
The shadow of a cloud across the grass—
All fleeting gifts that Omar held so dear.

The mathematician who measured spheres
Found deeper truth in wine cup's souvenirs:
That all our calculations end in dust,
While present joy alone conquers our fears.

So let these three times mourn him as they will;
His wisdom lives in every moment still:
To seize Today while Yesterday fades fast,
And let Tomorrow make its own free will.

The universe spins on its ancient way,
As stars and planets mark their cosmic sway;
Yet Omar's truth shines clearer than them all:
Live Now, for Now is all we have today.









Fleeting Time vanishes, e'er the winged prize
That flies in its perpetual sunrise.
With the breath of eternity on its lips,
The Bird of Time is All that never dies.



The Bird of Time is off and whither flown,
And rides on breezes wherever blown,
Lightly here, slightly there, but after gone,
Leaves the cold vacuum of what once was known.


2GU3
EL AMPERRO



I turn the cup: wine-drops to thirsty lips descend;
Can Old Khayyàm rise anew, like spring grass ascend?
Mournful rose petals kiss his grave, hence he a-rose!
Now Omar lives again in the heart of his friend.







In Naishàpùr, Persia, rose gardens sing,
Then shed their blossoms at the end of spring.
Likewise, Old Khayyàm's Earthly splendor flew;
Yet, his Bird of Time still thrives, on the wing.

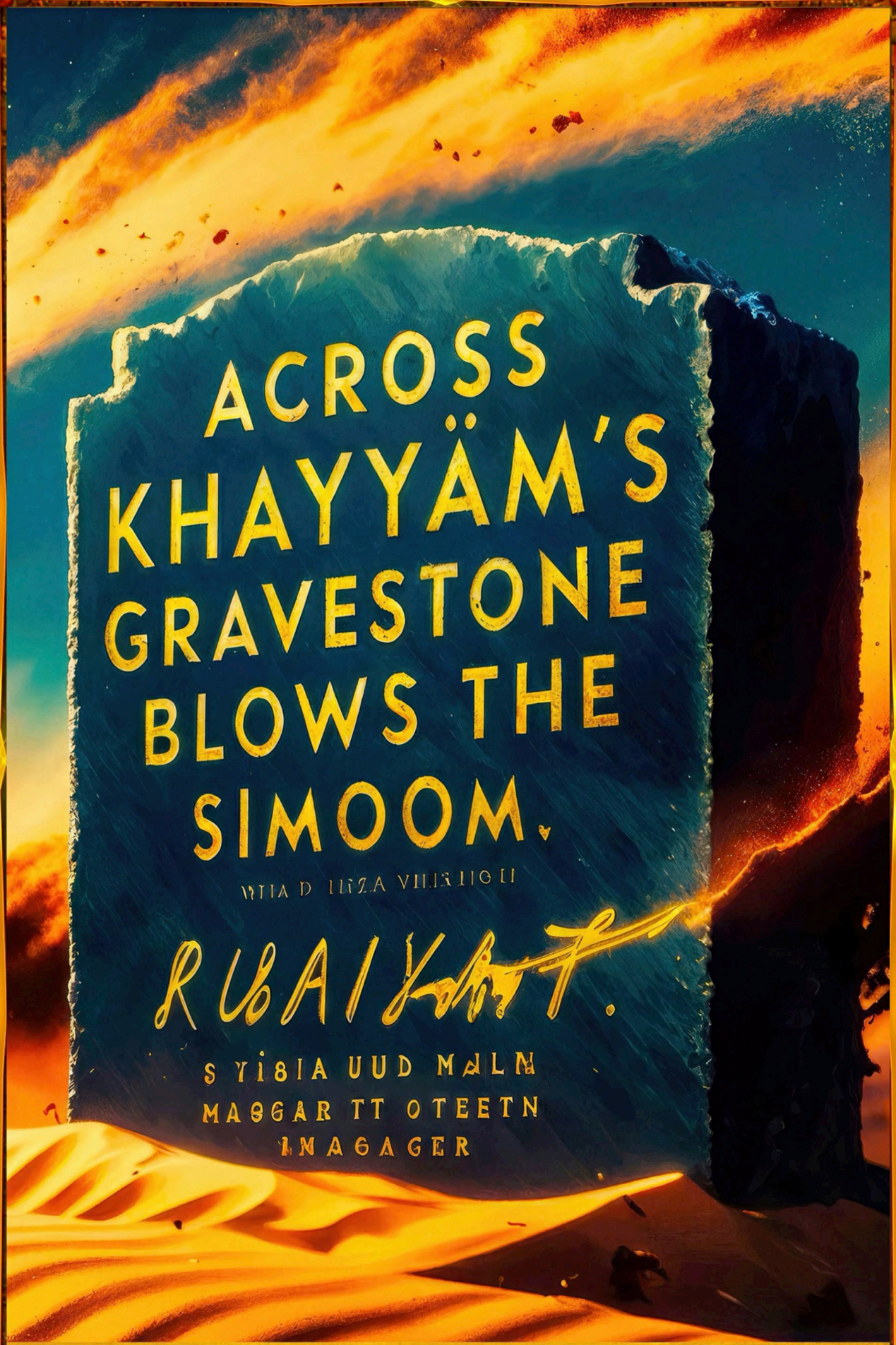


Perhaps one day, aft this universe sings,
New stars will shine and radiate their flings
To repaint the colors of our ashes—
We then born anew of Time's phoenix wings.



The spirit calls, steam risen from the rain,
A missing so sweet that it's almost pain.
The future's heavy, swelling with promise,
Of the season when love can breathe again.





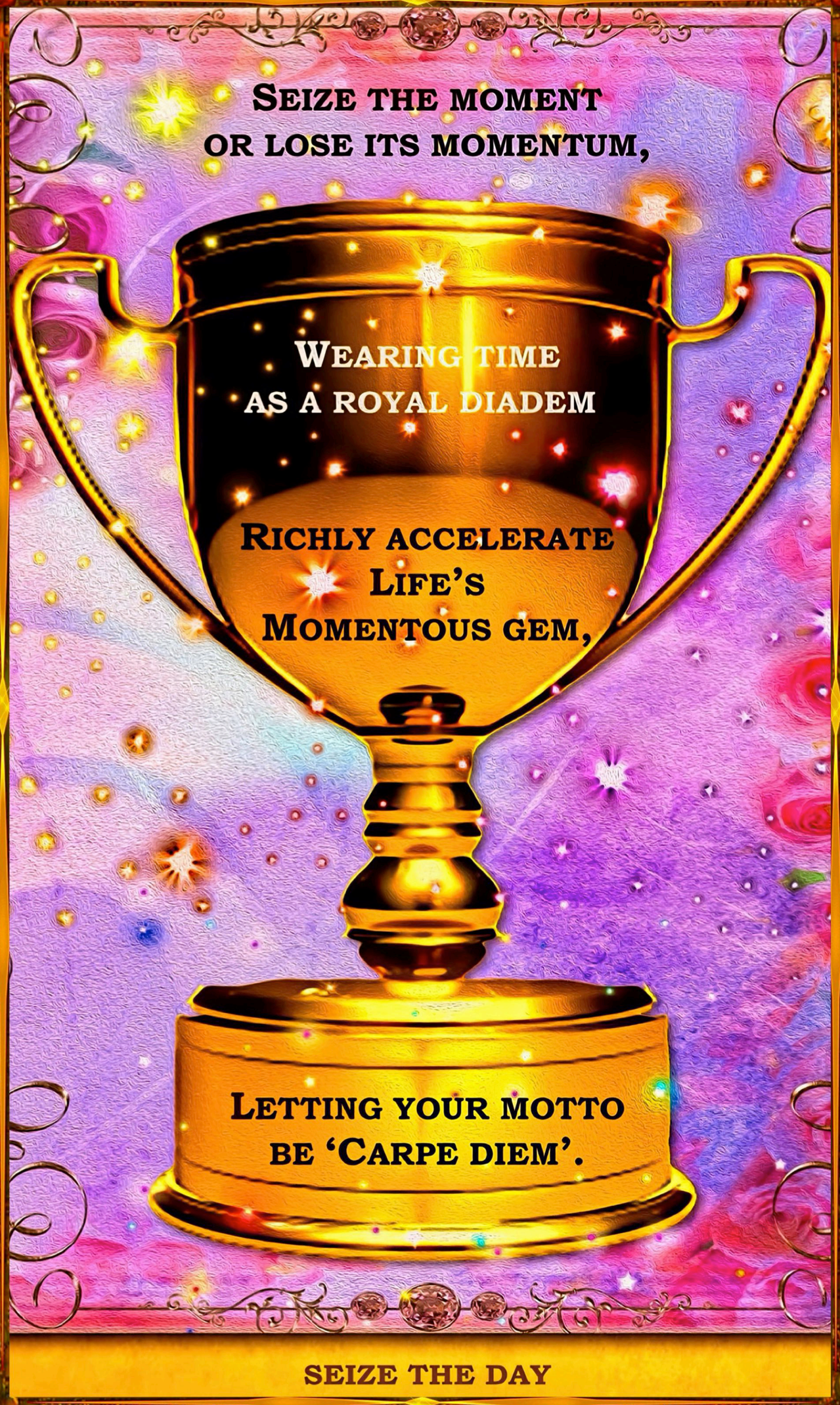
Across Khayyàm's gravestone blows the simoom,
Carrying forth Omar's Persia-fume.
Redressed in the translator's costume,
It's remade into Victorian perfume.






What Light There is




SEIZE THE MOMENT
OR LOSE ITS MOMENTUM,
WEARING TIME
AS A ROYAL DIADEM
RICHLY ACCELERATE
LIFE'S
MOMENTOUS GEM,
LETTING YOUR MOTTO
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SEIZE THE DAY





