



cry of the heart

by nashid fareed-ma'at (ashi)

Copyright © 2015

poetry by
nashid fareed-ma'at (ashi)

why do you seek a solution
when you are the problem
that which you identify as you
be the wave that is not deluded
 into thinking it is its own wave
be the wave that remembers
it is oneness with the ocean
and surrenders its apparent distinction
its apparent individual existence
to serve the whole of the ocean that is

PROLOGUE

when i was selfish
i engaged selfish things
but now that i'm no longer selfish
i put all selfishness and the mind behind me
to surrender to and be guided by
the sovereignty of the heart
which guides all to selflessly serve
the oneness of love
if we listen and obey

seek not the song of the heart
to affirm the mind
for the mind is the seat of the ego
and the endless oceans of desire and destruction

the love of the beloved
is not a grace that can be earned
it is a mercy given
even for the most pure of pure
may i release and be released from
all that gets in the way of receiving grace
oh please, my beloved
humble me to receive your grace
for through humility comes the strength
to receive what you bestow
(unending grace)

i wait for that which cannot be earned
that which the heart cries for



the aspiring disciple came before the master
and after bowing in respect
sat in silence

the master asked the aspiring disciple
why have you come
the disciple replied
i do not know

the master asked
are you sure
have you no reason for why you are here
have you no expectations or desires
the disciple replied
i don't even know why i am here
i simply am

the master replied
good, then we can begin

although these words may be made available to all
they are not for all
let be served first
those who walk the path of the heart
the rightful inheritors of the beneficence of love
for some will come only to immediately depart
some will come for a day, some for a season
some will come for a year or many years
but who are those who come to stay forever
who come to never ever leave the path of the heart
let these be first
for it is through them that the presence of love

is infinitely increased
even if increased through just the hands of a few
♥️.

even when the ego wins, it loses
for what can the ego gain but more veils
that veil the dreamer
from the wakefulness of the heart

even when the heart loses, it is victorious
for existence of the heart is only love
and nothing can dominate or outlast
the unending victory of love

oh, my beloved
let me never win with the ego
grant me the mercy of always losing
anytime i act from the dreamed dreamer of "i"
even if i am tortured
by unending losses to the heart
let me struggle to endure whatever hardships
that will eventually fade
to the unending victory of love

♥🌸.

what is it
to sing a song of life
to the deaf ears of walking corpses

it is beyond my will to question you anymore
because whatever i might ask or ponder
the answer always is
to trust you completely
surrender to your will
and fulfill the duties of love
with faith and sincerity
to surrender to your will
is to focus only on your will
because the service of your will
demands the whole of (my) life
if not more
to turn away even slightly
turns my focus away from your will
which renders my life completely meaningless
the coloring of dust blown away into the wind

you are no respecter of persons
you have no regard for likes or dislikes
and wisdom rests therein
for how much of this world have we destroyed
by catering to our own whims
and how much worse would this world be
if you also catered to our whims

it is only by your merciful tolerance
that you have allowed this far
our destructive wandering astray

you bear the poisons of our disobedience
to grant us the priceless opportunity
to seek repentance, to transform
to be receptive again to your grace

it is only you that can penetrate the veils
that cover our hearts
even if you use a lowly one like me
as your vehicle
it is only you who can put hearing
into the ears of the deaf
it is only you who can resurrect life
into the movement of corpses
it is only you who can change enemies
to be trustworthy friends of the friend
and build the oneness of a community of lovers
among those scattered by the multiplicity of hatred

have i succeeded in placing an ocean in a dewdrop
it is but an impossible task
yet your will embodies and surpasses
the realms of all possibilities
so if you will
one may see the ocean in this dewdrop of words
♥️.

the little boy came
moved by his mother's distress
betrayed by another so-called lover
the little boy
asking not for himself
pleaded to the sage
"how can i find a true love for my mother?"

the sage
praised the little boy
saying
thoughtfulness of others is closer to love
than our selfishness of seeking love
for love cannot be found
you only find things that you lose or do not possess
but love
always is

with love,
there is nothing to find
only a remembrance to be honorably remembered
a deepening realization of what we already are
such is the song of love
a song too many
forget
♥️.

seek not for love
rather
release all that you carry and identify with
that surrenders not to love
these will prove to be barriers to love
and love, in its love,
will not unleash its unending flow
to be disturbed by (our) limiting barriers

you will know love to be love
when it shows itself
even within any doubts
surrender all to love
even if it drags you from the wants of desires
even if it annihilates all you hold yourself to be
surrender still in trust
for love is no respecter of desires or identities
and will make sure the temple is clean
before it lights the sacred candles of its boons

the roots of love's manifestations are subtle
as if with an invisible hand
it clears away any trails of its tracks
so that nothing leads back to its roots
because of the limits of perception
it may seem that love veils itself
but love, being love
hides not itself from the humbled hungry lover
love will feed such an one
with the warmth of its heart
with a nectar that makes manna from the heavens
tasteless

love is not something to be discovered or found
not something attained or achieved
simply be open and surrender
and you will see
love simply is
♥️.

oh my beloved
if i must tread again within
the endless ocean of desires
bequeath to me a quiet mind
that even within the chatter of ceaseless distractions
the sacred song you sing may be heard
a song that sings itself
through the enrapturing beauty of the heart
hearing this
how can i deny my being
from completely surrendering to you
hearing this
how can i restrain from
dwelling in the fulfilling obedience of love
to serve the duty and wonder
of being a lover of love
who is wholeheartedly devoted
to love

i know my prayers are not for you
(who needs no prayers)
and not even for the heart
imbrued with doubtless trust
the prayers you grant me to say and live
are cleansing pacifiers for the mind
to calm and purify its unsettled thinking
that it may be weaned to humbly accept
complete surrender
to you
♥️.

and my blessed lord said to me
oh you who walk the path of solitude
engaging questions of why you must walk alone
you tell me who can be your companion
reveal them to me and i will join them with you

you show me
who has the fearless courage
the blossoming maturity
the unwavering discipline
who has the ever-increasing faith
and deepening sincerity
and unyielding honesty
and humble devotion
who has just these virtuous qualities
i enfold within you
so that they may surrender to love
and serve me no matter what
submit willingly to every call of wisdom
and bear without fleeing
the furnace of alchemy
whose flames burn away ruthlessly
all impurities
who will accept being burned to nothing
and not seek to hold on to the ashes
and not chase the mirage of life
who will surrender all
as you have
to be whole without hypocrisy
and never again make anything
more important than me
show me such an one

and i will unite you two in an eternal bond
do not take for granted
that i have dressed you
in the most rare of ways

i sat in silence with this rebuke for many months
until all embers of yearning dissolved
into an unquestioning appreciation
where lack of human companionship exists
the company of the beloved within the heart suffices
whose wisdom is never wrong
whose protection is more foreseeing
than anything i could ever do for myself
♥️.

many are they who say they want the light of love
but hold on to their "i" to cast shadows on that light
any object in the face of light casts shadows
and why would they cast shadows upon the light
they say they want

therein lays a clue to delusion
surrender is not something to want
it goes deeper
beyond the reach of desires
to surrender everything even if nothing comes of it
to surrender not to gain,
but to free one's self from the obstacles of love
and then accept what love deems appropriate
how rare is the one who realizes this revelation
and even fewer are those who surrender
to allow such realization to mature, if it will

oh my beloved
did not the daunting weight of this
move shams to wager his head
to meet one with the fragrance of yusuuf
and thus,
in all his life he only met one like jalaal ud-diin rumi
the teacher disrobing his learned wears
to sit in the dust with the student

who can be such a companion

those who do not surrender
will only prove to be burdens, not genuine friends
people can only give what they have

and for humans in this decrepit age
that is almost always bondage
 when so very few are free
that is almost always ignorance
 when so very few honor wisdom to be led to truth
that is almost always selfishness
 when so very few restrain their minds
that is almost always pain
 when so very few allow the heart to reign
 when so very few live the light of love

in this age
most friends are more likely to lead to you to hell
than to face the precipice of the heavens
they are more likely to validate
 the chains that keep you in bondage
instead of walk with you into the fire
 that burns away all objects
 to leave a clear path for the light of love
friends, loved ones, associates
who among these will show true love
by serving you to eradicate your "i"
if they truly love you,
they will support your restraint of it
 and welcome its dissolution
if they truly love you,
they too will immerse themselves in the alchemical fires
so they may give what they come to possess
freedom from selfishness
freedom from ignorance and suffering
the beautiful freedom of love

i will walk without companions
if there is no one who meets the measure
of the measure you set for me, oh beloved
i will walk without companions
even if until infinity brings me to the end of eternity
for you are already showing me
that i have never been alone
you have always been with me
even in my apparent aloneness
such is your love for me
may my love for you approach such measure
♥️.

i will not place myself in bondage
i will not put another in bondage
if the only ways to live in this world require bondage
i choose death over this life

how much of what we call life
is veiled bondage
i will not chose satin covered chains
over bare, rough chains
i will not choose bondage
after being shown
the freedom of truth, love, and pure absolute awareness
if the only paths of freedom presented to me
go through death
then death i choose
the life of this world is trivial
the only thing of worth it can offer
is the opportunity to realize
the dream as a dream that veils reality
everything else
is nothing but fading pennies of dwindling worth
i will not struggle for these
when the precious nectar of love eternally is
when the alchemical gold of truth is more than infinite
and pure absolute awareness
is more vast than the sum of love and truth
yet humbles itself to be realized through these

the smiling mystic said
oh poet, you talk too much
choose whatever you will
but the best choice is

complete surrender to the will of the beloved
anything other than that is bondage
even if it seems otherwise



you said to me again to remind me
to you, i am love
to you, i am truth
to you, i am
pure absolute awareness
in these, there are no distinctions
of me and you
dwell in these and know beyond knowing
i forever content you

i am aware where i have placed you
in a paradise i allowed to be reduced to a cemetery
with captivating oases of fairy tale lands
and i have made clear beyond any doubts
there is nothing in the dream
that will give you lasting happiness
within or beyond the dream
the only happiness that exists
is to be (oneness with) me
confuse not the movements of the dream
with the stirring stillness of reality
and you will come to see
why i have placed you there

remember
i demand mercy not sacrifice
be a living mercy to this world of ignorance
to a dream caught up in the bondage of its own imaginings
♥️.

i am weak
you are the only strength
if left to my own means
i will destroy myself endlessly for eternity
the only saving grace
is complete surrender to you
there is no other way to peace
there is no other salvation

i am lost
i know the futility
of trying to find myself
in the midst of (my) confusion
how can what is lost find itself in lostness
complete surrender (to you)
is the only saving grace
but it must be complete
and whole
and sincere

knowing this
i would be a fool
to resist or deny you
what must be complete
cannot be negotiated in incompleteness
there is nothing i can offer
that can even contribute to
let alone fulfill
the measure of completeness
the measure of you
therefore, i cannot even negotiate
any terms of surrender

i must simply
surrender to you

as your will determines
as destiny delivers
i relinquish all
even the virtues that brought me
to these realizations
i give forth nothing
only rest in the stillness
of your loving hand
to be moved to where it moves me
to be shaped by its touch
molded by its warmth

this life which i once regarded as mine
is an empty vessel to you
guide me, direct me
give me life if you wish
or if you refuse me then give me death
for even the fires of hell
are better than your rejection
i would rather that i never existed
if you reject me

if you will have me endure great suffering
i will
if you allow such
on the path of (my) surrender
i know it is only for my benefit
ignore my complaints
if you deem them worthless

show me the causes of my pain
that i may transform
to be in complete harmony with you
for there peace dwells
and the unending bliss of freedom
and the courage that transcends all fears
and the wisdom that conquers all ignorance
and the patience that endows
 protection from unnecessary suffering
 and steadiness within what is necessary
and the trust that never yields to doubts
and the faith that is eternal in its perfection
and truth supreme that forever enlightens
and more, and more
and so much more that is indescribable
such blessings are granted
to the one who completely surrenders
to be your servant
in this way
you deliver the freedom of love
which once embraced
reveals the undying beauty
and purpose
of all that is

i enter the fire
to disappear
into you
♥🌹.

i will not lose (or deny myself) love
because of selfishness
to love once is to love forever
i eternally surrender to the vow of love

our promises are things we choose to honor in this life
even sometimes from a point of ignorance
but our vows are our duties
those things we are placed in this life to honor
even if we embrace our vows as promises
vows go deeper
they reach into the essence of (our) destiny
so even if you break your word, keep your vows
this will keep you within the sacred heartspace of love
dwelling therein is a beauty beyond words
so i won't even offend words by trying to describe it

to say the beloved loves is a phrase astray
to say the beloved is love
now we are within the proximity of truth
the fullness of love is beyond all words
even if the shadows of its light paint some expressions
all sincere lovers
live to meet the measure of the one who loves them
therefore, to love the beloved
i must be transformed
to welcome the dissolving by which
the seeker becomes love
to claim to love the beloved without becoming love
is only an imagining of love

i know among my vows
is the vow to keep the vow of love
and this vow reveals to me
there is nothing i encounter
that is not a reflection of me

this world is blindly intoxicated on insanity
but am i crazy for wanting to leave it
after my beloved has placed me here for some unspoken reason
(remember your vows
remember that the fullness of love is beyond all words
remember there is nothing i encounter that is not a reflection of me)
as i look at this world in this decaying age
i must ask
if the world is so selfish, why am i so selfish
if the world is so destructive, why do i unleash destruction
if the world is so ignorant, why do i continue to live ignorance
why do i surrender to bondage
why do i suffer and cause others to suffer
why do i diminish the opportunity of life
to death covered with veils
why am i so cruel and reckless in irresponsibility
why do i gorge on greed and lust
why am i so immoral and blinded by my unawareness
why am i so closed to the openness of the heart
why do i run from myself, run from my beloved,
and run from becoming love
why am i such a coward, a fool succumbing to fear
why do i chase comfort and indulgence
when they only keep me in suffering
why do i fall again and again to the trappings of the ego

why do i hold on to the past and dream of the future
at the expense of the present
why do i cherish pride over wisdom and humility
why do i conspire with passing doubts to murder faith
why do i abandon the paths of assured peace
why do i allow my mind and bodies to reign over the heart
why do i reduce myself to be the rubbish of the universe
why do i hold myself to be "i" and not all that i am
why do i engage this colluding dream as if it is reality
why do i imbrue myself over and over again with sin
and never repent and make amends for my evil
all these why's and more are a reflection of me
even if i don't bloom the seeds of these into actions

just then
the beloved interrupted my mental wanderings
to say
ask all the questions you wish
but don't forget
the answer is always love
whatever you hold yourself to be
what you really are is love

i said it again to hear it myself:
the answer is always love
whatever i hold myself to be
what i really am is love

remember
♥️.

there is no need to cry
when a smile is just a grimace away
but if you choose the path of tears
who am i to stop you

will you be thirsty in a sea of drinking water
will you close your eyes to be blind in a field of sight
will you cross the lands as a hopeless or even hopeful beggar
when your begging bowl is made of pure gold
filled with unending providence

even if it starves your desires
will you ignore this abounding wealth within your hands
to chase fleeting pennies
the closer you get to the world's wealth
the more it enslaves or flees from your pursuit
the closer you come to the treasure that is the heart
the more it embraces you
until you dissolve into oneness
then you will never doubt ever again
that this world is poverty
knowing the allusions of illusions
the lover in love is not moved from its wealth
even if the entire universe bows to be an endearing servant
the lover will reject the chains hidden in this deference
only love is freedom
everything else is an imitation that fails

the one truly rich
is the one content with the wealth it has
even if empty-handed
what a glorious treasure we have
in the begging bowl of pure love

in the discreet innermost chamber
we call the heart



wherever i find love, i must cherish it
even if in the touch of my enemy
the agony of persecution
or the indescribable torture of hellfire
love is the priceless pearl in the oyster of this dream world
confuse not love with the forms through which it appears
never love love for the appearance of love
instead
honor the timeless depth of its unending reality
it is a flame alight that can never be extinguished
even if veiled by a billion veils
it is a flame alight that can never be extinguished
although the burning flame was never lit

lovers know beyond knowing
that we must surrender to live love on love's terms
not our imaginations some craft of love in ignorance
for ignorance mistakes what is not love to be love
and makes the greatest mistake of perceiving love to not be what it is
such should never be surrendered to
when love has vowed to reveal itself on its terms
to those who sincerely surrender
to the endless reality of love

disappear into silence
and the call of love will become evident



there was a woman who thought
(notice that word: thought)
that she wanted to understand love
after going to many who failed to give her
a satisfying answer
(notice that word: satisfying)
she went to a mystic
and asked
“can you give me a definition of love”

the mystic laughed and laughed, and laughed and laughed
stopped laughing for a moment to look at the woman
and then began to laugh and laugh again

the woman said
“i’m confused
are you telling me that love is laughter”
the mystic poured out in laughter again
laughing so hard that tears fell from his eyes
in complete amusement

the woman, offended, started to leave
but the mystic warned
“don’t let your offended mind deny you the answer you seek
you said you were confused by my laughter
there may be no clearer truth i can reveal to you than that
for the question is confused
therefore, how can it through its own means
lead to an answer of clarity”

continuing to laugh, the mystic said
“bear my laughter a moment longer

and i will see if i can offer a confused reply
that will reveal your confusion to you
then the choice will be yours
whether to continue in confusion
or not”

the mind is the world
and the world is none other than the mind
but the mind is insane
how else could there be so much senseless suffering
in this world, in your mind
and the mind is a calculating liar
it may not lie about what it perceives
but it perceives only itself
claiming to perceive other things
thereby making its perceptions lies
and it assumes its duty is to interpret what it perceives
which is nothing but an insane liar interpreting lies
will you rely on that
will you rely on your mind

the mystic continued
“you come to me
asking a definition of that which does not define itself
so what is it that seeks to define what is indefinable
the mind
ponder the illogic of that
the mind cannot perceive anything beyond itself
even when you think you see the sun
is it really the sun you see
or rather something your mind construes to be the sun
based on the sensations of the senses and concepts

the stirring of memories and conditioning
move the imagination of the mind
to be the basis of assertions the mind seeks to hold on to
as a basis for reality
but reality needs no basis
reality is sufficient to itself

“the mind will declare things that do not exist to be
and will also declare things that are to not exist
such is the inherent delusion of the mind
so affected by its own coloring and motions
that the mind cannot see things as they are
 independent of its own imaginings
is this same mind not also the seat of your question
even if i place love right before your mind
can it see love as love is
and then we wonder why
love refuses to define itself for the mind
if you truly seek love
seek not its definition
instead
surrender completely what you hold life to be
these worthless imagined perceptions of the mind
 we call the world
and our conceived self within this world
surrender all
to be defined by love
instead of seeking to define or find a definition of love”
♥️.

love extends beyond the limits of the mind
even if the limits are endless, they are too limiting for love
the purest expression of love
may not seem like love to the mind
yet there may be nothing more pure

having been told of the reality of love
even if you have never tasted of its portions
(or so it seems)
know
the unsullied tales of love
come from messengers of truth
who have drank of this priceless nectar (love)
such that they cannot lie or relay messages of untruth
and they affirm with all that they are
that love is
i say again, because it is so simple:
love is

but the mind,
in its own pervading confusion,
corrupts and reduces this simple truth
to complex fairy tales
eluding myths
confusing epics
that veil, complicate, or deny
the simplicity
that love is

oh, you who are drawn to love
an invitation to faith extends itself to you
if you accept that love simply is

surrender to this
and the reality of love will unfold to absorb you

love always is
even if veiled by the endless imaginings of the mind
if you wish to realize love directly
be patient and aware and persistent in surrender
for like clouds that hide direct sight of the shining sun
veils come not to last forever
and will pass if you rest in the patient stillness of truth
and then, if you add no more veils
ahh, clear sight
but even with the clouds veiling the sun
traces of its light are present
for you could not see the clouds without some light from the sun
so too the mind and its veils
diminish direct sight of love
yet the observant one can still see the filtered light of love
because love always is
no matter what may come and go and transpire
love is

bear the mind to quiet the mind
so what is beyond the mind can reveal itself
the heart, the altar of love within
the heart's song, the nectar of life
♥🌸.

the woman seeking a definition of love
could accept (for now) with her mind
the mystic's words
but his reply stirred more questions
unrestrained, she spoke
"i can understand that world is the mind
and the mind is the world
if this is so,
can i heal all suffering within the world
with just my mind"

the mystic looked at the woman sternly
and asked
"are you so cruel as to blame me
for not healing all the suffering in the world
and in your mind"
the woman replied
"i did not blame you"
"oh, yes you did," said the mystic
"just because you think you're different than me
doesn't mean i should fall for the same trick
the world is none other than the mind
and
since to you, i am part of the world
why do you hold me separate
from your mind within your mind"

the mystic continued
"as you ask if you can heal all the world's suffering
with just your mind
you cannot exclude me and the world

from your mind
the question pertains to us all”

but go deeper
the imagined oneness of the mind
is but a projection upon the oneness
the mind can sense but not perceive
the oneness of love is
but its oneness is not confined
to the limits of the mind
although remnants of love
shine upon the dreamscape of the mind
love can be more easily realized as it reveals itself
within and beyond
the limiting perceptions of the mind

“if suffering is a problem,” proclaimed the mystic
“something in need of healing
within this world, within the mind
is it wise to seek a solution to the problem
with the problem itself
the world is the mind and the mind is the world
and the world and the mind suffer
why would one seek to heal the problem with the problem
the problem being a problem to the problem
will only increase the problem
the solution is very rarely within the problem
even if the problem offers moments of temporary relief
the genuine seeker will seek the solution beyond the problem
the mind cannot even understand itself,
let alone heal itself
how then can it heal the world it is one with

“be still and surrender to the solution
even if you cannot perceive the solution with the mind
trust that it is
(love is)
we need not analyze or ask questions about the problem
by simply surrendering and being open to the solution
the problem is rendered powerless
and disappears within the solution
such is the reality of love
love is”

there was a silence
something deeper began burning
within the woman

“if your question is sincere” continued the mystic
“then your own mind is asking you
through the imagination of me
if you are willing to accept your own insanity
that you inflict yourself with suffering
and then seek to heal yourself from suffering
with this same suffering
while you suffer the suffering of suffering itself
i am not speaking in riddles
but if such is the course of the mind
would you consider it wise to continue on this course

“let the mind be brought to stillness through quietude
acknowledging but not embracing nor rejecting your own insanity
maybe then
a better guide will reveal itself
so you can see

you are more than what your mind imagines you to be
then you can live free of its restraining influence
even if it continues to be insane”

don't even attempt to conquer the mind
its destiny of self-defeat is already written
eternal victory is in the heart
wherein the altar of love dwells everlasting
♥️.

do not hold yourself to be what the world claims you are
or what your mind claims you are in relation to the world
tricks of the mind's delusion

the mind has very little usefulness beyond
acknowledging its own imagination as imagining
acknowledging its own dream as dreaming

all that is unreal
will die in the mind
or with the mind when reality fully unveils awareness
the mind is to reality
as a lap is to the one who sits
when reality stands,
the lap of the mind is no longer there to sit upon
just make sure to not sit down again
♥️.

these words are as a fly buzzing in the howling wind
who cares about buzzing
when it is drowned in howling
who will care about these words
when immersed within that which they point to
love, abounding love

the court jester said
there are two things not worth paying for
that which is priceless
 exceeding any price that can be paid
and that which is worthless
 and not even worth a discarded penny
immerse yourself in the surrender of love
and find out
which exceeds any price
and which is not even worth a discarded penny

the court jester came and asked me
is that why you don't charge for these poems
i said, no
they are not mine to charge for
they come through me, not from me
but even if i was their origin
my concentration rests with that which is priceless

too many are like that court jester
who relish the sound and mental stirring of these words
yet continue to live life dedicated to jokes
they do not apply what these words share
even some who think themselves to be sincere
(there goes that t-word again: think)

they take these words as the destination
not the short part of a journey
 that goes beyond the reach of all maps
love is not limited to ideas
even if some ideas can lead you to embark
 on the journey for love
 the journeyless journey to love
take not these words as idols for the mind to worship
if these words do not inspire you to move beyond the mind
then burn these words
and crucify the poet too, because he has proven useless

i told the court jester, you dedicate your life to jokes
but ignore the biggest joke of all
the jester said, what joke is that
this dream lived in ignorance to the reality of love
♥️.

in that moment between
the sleep of the dream
and awakening to the dream
i heard the voice of the beloved whisper in the heart
be you the breath of my awakening
stop chasing what the mind seeks
instead
receive without conditions what the heart unfolds

have i not already pledged
that i will deny you nothing
and give everything you ask

but you have not gone deep enough
for that was but a promise made in the space of the mind
the essence of what you pledged
demands a vow of the heart
the wholeness of (complete) surrender
in which the vow becomes all of one's life

give the mind a centimeter
and it will take the entire universe
give the mind a dream
and it will seek to impose its imagination on all of reality
the mind doesn't listen, its obedience is only play
thus, the mind begets its own unending suffering
consumed in the noise of its own endless chatter

it's not the nature of the dream
to recognize reality as reality
instead to present itself as real
thus, the unrestrained mind

even when granted peacefulness
destroys itself with its own imagined misery
when granted truthfulness
the unrestrained mind ignores it to chase its own delusions
with the gift of awareness
that mind abuses it to be preoccupied by its own sensations
and even love
that mind rejects it to uphold its own imagined separate "reality"
what is there to protect one from this
for does not this world require a mind to navigate it
consumed with prayerful thoughts that no thought could resolve
i returned to quietude to hear the beloved declare
i hold you in (my) reality
why do you need to be protected from what is imagined

yes,
it is a very captivating imagining
but remembrance of reality is more real
or even to remember that reality is
this gives pause to the habits
of holding corrupting imaginings to be real

oh, forgetful one
the beloved loves you as a friend
its companionship endures to be with you always
and the beloved loves you as a parent
serving its duty to be your eternal providence
and this same beloved loves you as a spouse
withholding nothing from the depth of its intimacy with you
an intimacy so close it cannot be perceived
and this same wondrous beloved loves you as your beloved

forever being all that you need
and more, and more
it is only your imaginings
which veil the reality of the beloved
where there is only love
and the endless abundance of love

forget the mind
listen to the song of the heart
which forever sings its simple melody
“there is love, there is love”
this enough to quiet the mind
to cease its imaginings
and allow anyone
to be brought to the reality of love
our only home

♥🌱.

the mystic begging for alms asked
“do you have a moment to spare”
then, surprisingly he said
“nevermind, i only have time for the timelessness of love”
just at that instant
a coin fell into his hand
i smiled and he smiled
then we continued on
to where the present took us

the past and the future must die for the present to live
but the ironic thing is
the past and the future are already dead
dwelling in the past and projecting the future
only feed the limitations of the mind
release yourself from that crowd
of corpses offering themselves as food to bondage
love can only be found in the present
yet to live in the present is not to live just for the moment
love only visits the present as a bridge to timelessness
if you're not living the present as a gateway
to the timelessness of love
you're recklessly scattering precious seeds
 beholding the destiny of becoming trees
upon dust and ashes
that will not become suitable homes
to love's sacred roots

love reveals its timelessness in every moment
so don't fall for the lying charade
of not having time or enough time for love

i wonder
if when i finish reading these words aloud in public
will a coin also fall into my hand



i remember you saying
no situation is beyond the victory of love

the mind is but a mirror partially illuminated
by the light of love
but if the mirror is dirty
and veiled by transparent colorings
can it adequately reflect the light that lights it

even if the mirror is perfectly clean and unveiled
all it can present is a reflection
not the reality of that which is reflected
not the whole of what can be reflected

if you seek reality
genuinely long to realize reality
turn away from the mirror
proximity to the reflection will not bring you closer
to that which it reflects
the mirror cannot serve the purpose you seek
even if you must turn to face nothing
better to be lost and searching
than to take comfort in finding a reflection
of that which calls you

will you still trust that i am with you
even when you don't feel me near
the prostrating mystic proclaimed
yes, my beloved, i trust you forever

even the mind knows in its limitations
that the sun always shines

even when clouds block view of it
even when the earth turns its back to the sun
and stares at its own shadow
a shadow created by placing itself
as an object in the sun's light
if darkness can be seen
that means at least a remnant of the sun's light is in the eye
for if there was not at least a remnant
the eyes would be rendered blind,
 not even able to see the absence of light

oh beloved,
just the question of your being
indicates a remnant of you within me
such is the wonder of love
that it speaks to me even when it appears to be away
even when i don't feel it, i know beyond knowing that it is
such is the faith of love
the glory of its beauty

and if such is for the mind
what must it be for the heart
which entertains no doubts

no situation is beyond the victory of love
but the heart embraces this more willingly
and honestly
than the mind
♥️.

we call you without calling
and yet you answer our call
what else could this be but love

it is the empty space within the cup that makes it useful
and do we not prefer a cup that is clean
without the residue of filth

oh cherished one
dwell deeper in forgiveness
for within forgiveness
you have discovered an undeniable key
that opens to the endlessness of love
the endlessness of (true) oneness being

the imagined hand cannot grasp reality
only imagined things that are imagined
and all distractions to love, to reality are imagined
why then surrender the opportunity to realize reality
 to an imagined imagination
the problem is not so much what is imagined
but that you allow imagining to veil reality
and even seek to understand reality within imagining
imagination cannot realize reality

 only imagine its own imagining
 of what reality might be
even the most sincere questions are worthless
to realizing reality
until you concede the uselessness of questions
any movements of the mind
will only extend the reach of the mind
seek not understanding

rest in the stillness of remembrance
and allow remembrance to remember
what already is

there is no need to go deeper into the mind
all you need to know about the mind
is that it is not sufficient to realize or become love
this sums up all that needs to be learned about the mind
and the world it externalizes and seeks to internalize
once this is realized as an unwavering conviction
the purpose of the mind and its imaginings is served
everything you need to realize this realization
is already before you
in this present moment
you need not search the mind or the world or your apparent self
just bear the movements of these with enduring patience
as the heart carves its sovereignty into (your) awareness

there is much within the unconscious mind,
and the unperceived world, and the imagined self
unseen chains that must be burned away
but let the heart do the burning
not your mind, or the world, or the imagined self
let reality reclaim its realization
a call to surrender, not imagine the call of love

oh my beloved
forgive me
and help me to be forgiving toward myself
for ever allowing (my) imagination
to distract me from you
to distract me from love

no greater sin can a lover commit
than to allow anything to distract the lover
from love



i have found stillness in aloneness
observing but not being moved by
the agitated mind exposed to unending stimuli
i have a mind but i am not the mind
therefore, i know that which i am
can take refuge in the heart
and the endlessness of love that abounds therein
in the unobscuring clarity of truth

no rope can pull me
if i release hold of it
and i've let go of the rope of the mind
embraced by a deeper revelation
a song of remembering the unremembered memory
of (my) true being
in the reality of reality
there is nothing to remember
love infuses its timelessness into each moment of time
and more
obedience to this unchanging providence
is the grace which enables
(complete) surrender to love

love instills
a loving reminder to the forgetful
i demand of you mercy, not sacrifice
the world of this dream needs the presence of lovers
more than lovers need this dreamed world
but to fulfill this need requires mercy
that one bear the patience of enduring
this insane, decaying dreamed world

if my beloved places me here
then here i am
such is the chorus of the song of surrender
♥️.

it was said to me
i sit with you with no secrets
whyfor do you paint (my) understanding with mystery
dwell in the constant,
 even within its apparent ever-changing forms

do not regard yourself as forgotten
by the remembrance which forsakes none
not even a speck of a speck of dust

if you are not willing to face and accept
(without embracing to hold on or identify with)
the insanity of “your own” mind
it will cleverly keep you in bondage
even if such captivity appears to be free
if you are not willing to face and accept
your own selfishness, you will never be free from it
and how often are we the last to realize
the depths of our own selfishness

when a skillful thief is in your home
keep an attentive eye on it
until you are ready to lose all you value
if you reach this maturity
then give all your valuables away
you no longer need to play the game
of protecting dreamed wealth
such is the mind
such is selfishness

yes, the world is an illusion
but it beholds an opportunity
to realize reality

the universe is the body of the mind
remove the body of the mind and what remains
when we abandon the tree of knowledge
the one tree of paradise we are forbidden to eat from
what is left
leave it to the mind to ask such questions
but to truly answer them
requires the body of the mind to be dissolved

after we abandon the tree of knowledge
it is not a matter of what is left
but how much more is realized
in the liberating freedom of love
do not reduce the path of love to a path of knowledge
how much more must these words
lead you away from the silence of love’s truth
for you to embrace anew the truth of love
the fullness of which is not bound
to words, knowledge, and understanding

live love
there is no other life
reduce not love from what it is
love
instead
surrender to love

that it may endlessly expand
to encompass that which we call life



the mind and body are already dead
why chase them with life

this world perceived is but a movement of imagination
in a dream that feels but veils reality
but just because it is a dream
doesn't mean we should make it a nightmare due to carelessness

when you lack faith
the mind will be unfaithful
and when the mind is unfaithful
the world you dream cannot be trusted

yet seek not wakefulness as a desire or an escape
to reduce wakefulness to such
is to reduce reality to misguided concepts
conceived by the dream
the dream imitates yet knows not wakefulness or reality
but
to realize the dream as a dream within the dream
is to be awake within the sleep of the dream
the dream doesn't need to end for you to be awake
just don't live the dream as a veiling of the heart
let it be an unending revealing of the heart
by sincere surrender to the heart
and the heart will lead you
through the dream while within the dream
for in the heart is love
and when you are led by love
you need nothing else
love will provide every single thing you need
as long as you remain in surrender to it and its emissaries

but don't confuse what you think you need
with what you truly need

there is no love in selfishness
for what is selfishness but a perturbed perception of the mind
the precious gem of selflessness misconstrued
the mind only sees itself
it feels not the reality of the true self of oneness
don't waste your time trying to love with the mind
the vastness of love will only be a passing guest
 in the house of selfishness
tear down those walls,
they are only an unlocked prison cell
they cannot keep you captive
nor provide the protection and fulfillment of love
seek these in the boundlessness of the heart
♥️.

in realizing
everything i encounter in this dream world
is the mind
the mind i have foolishly identified with
i can no longer dismiss any responsibility
for anything that occurs within this dream,
 within my mind
everything of the dream is a reflection of the mind
even if the roots of manifestations lay in parts of the mind
 i am unconscious of
a mind i have abused at times
bearing harm upon it through my own selfish desires
and allowing others to inflict it with ignorance
 and worthless teachings that distract from love
almost everything in the dream points to the lostness of me
yet this realization alone
is enough
to burn away the veils that conceal
the enlightenment of love
and rest in the sweet solace of remembrance of reality

may i tarry with patience
this slow purifying burning
done delicately to not drive the mind further into its insanity
but if i tarry this burning patience
my consciousness more deeply imbibes
the ode of forgiveness
a hymn of grace
a precious song that sings itself
forgiving myself in the forms i foolishly identified with
forgiving myself in the forms i foolishly identified as others
and forgiving the actions foolishly committed by all

listen to this ode of forgiveness
dance in stillness to its heartfelt whispers
and be free of all guilt
and be free
because
forgiveness begins and ends in love
grace restores and blossoms us in love
and when we endlessly begin
to begin the endless restoring of love's bloom
how can we be anything other than free
♥️.

you have made me softer than a petal
such is the sensitivity of love
there is nothing i need to figure out
the omniscience of omniscience dwells in the heart

i remember your sacred words to me
“when you stop seeking
and dwell restfully in the deepening stillness of (my) love
which already envelopes you
i will reveal the fullness of me
and you will know beyond knowing
that i am love
that we are love”

and you have proved truer than your words
to fulfill the vow my mind ignored
but was never forgotten by the heart
the vow to reveal reality
which gives love, which is love
the mind cannot give nor receive love
but in the quietude of mind
the song the beloved sings in the heart
reveals itself
a song of love that refuses to be reduced to words
or uttered sounds
my abode is silence

my beloved has placed an enduring fragrance of itself
within the heart of every being
if we do not veil the heart with our minds
or turn away from the heart with our minds

we have a clear path to the realization of oneness
(in the heart)

let the winds of the world blow forth, it matters not
for i need not move among the winds
 nor be moved by them
you told me to be still
to sate the longing i have for you
if i confusedly seek to fulfill that longing with worldly things
if i choose to run with the constantly moving winds
why should you make a long journey short
when you have, through your mercy and your grace
made yourself the destination within me

i heed your guidance to be still
and dwell within your fragrance
dwelling within the scent of you
i am stiller than stillness
unmoved beyond any motion
though the world swirls around
and then, here, you reveal you to me
now, wherever i am, i know you are
even if the world paints the apparition of my motion
i remain still in the fragrance of devotion
embracing your embrace
being present in your presence
relishing your fulfillment of your vow to me
my part, to be still in surrender
to be oneness (with you)
the treasure given, indescribable

even if the force of your hand
moves me through these series of motions we call the world
let me remain still in all movements
acknowledging things as they come to pass
my focus resting solely on the fragrance of you
 your everlasting presence
opening deeper and deeper
through the heart wherein there are no distractions,
 no veils
opening deeper and deeper
to you and only you
having been thus touched
how can i not experience moment by moment
the timelessness of you
how can i not peacefully release all imaginings
to be dissolved into the reality of oneness with you

what more is there to say
i will not let these words take me further from you
if the lost must remain lost
let me dwell in being found
 within stillness
 within silence
let a season without motion and words be
i take time to be in the timelessness
of oneness with the beloved
♥️.

oh my beloved
forgive me for ever referring to you
in the past tense or the future tense
you always are
always in the present within all time
such is your timelessness
may i always be blessed to remember this
♥️.

i am not the body
i am not the mind
i am not the universe
which is no more than the body of the mind
i am the all that occupies these yet is not these
i am the all that allows these to be
even if i give these the breadth of eternity
the sum of all time is but a passing moment in timelessness
a fading dream in the all of reality
which can never be contained or even fully conceived
in a dream

the mind thinks it can conceive me but it can't
even the best of its imaginations of me
come not close to who and what i am
it is beyond the ability of the mind to perceive me
because it can only perceive itself
this same mind that seeks to be exalted
even if in its own imagined light
even if using words of love to validate its self-perception
while refusing to surrender to the full duty and service of love
this same mind impressed with its own nonsense
forever chasing its own chatter
engrossed in its own distractions
blinding itself to truth
the mind can't even begin to approach me
or accept my presence
unless it is diligently restrained

there is only one mind
which imagines to be many separate entities
the mind has the entire universe as its body

to play out its charades
one mind imagining to be many
and its own forgetfulness of reality

my master told me
be impressed by nothing in this dream
nor seek to impress
for anything perceived is naught but the mind
and any thought thought by any being
is a thought within my mental scape
even if i imagine my mind
to be distinct from the all of one mind
so i asked
how then am i
to realize truth, love, and pure absolute awareness
surely not with the insane mind, said my master
the only thing the mind can do to help in such a quest
is to cease the veils of its motions
surrender all movements to stillness
and let go
for when the movements of the mind and its stuff
cease in veiling the heart
the heart singing whispers
of the unstruck sound
reveal themselves

♥🌸.

countless separate identities
but only one (universal) mind

take care of the mind
acknowledge it without being attached to it
for even if you quiet the part of the mind you occupy
the chatter of other parts may still ring noise in your presence
but it's all just powerless imaginings
that cannot even touch you
but you can imagine being touched them
and them having power
yet add not to the noise of the mind's imagination
simply allow
the noise to become a quiet, undistracting background
to the silence which is filled with the unstruck sound

imagination has no power over reality
it can only be a distracting veil
but a veil can no longer conceal once you know it's a veil
because then what it hides it cannot deny,
even if still covers it
but whether veiled or not,
the heart remains an abode of love
and can only be approached
through surrender and complete humility
anything else is worthless imagining
complete humble surrender
will bring you to embrace love
which already embraces you

what will you be
even words fail to capture the question

will you be the dream
if so, continue to imagine your imagining
or will you dissolve to be
the reality that allows the dream to project upon it
if you choose reality
restrain to relinquish all interest in the dream
with a faith that knows no doubts
and allow your being to be guided and moved
all veils eventually disappear
for, in truth, there is only you

when you stop engaging the dream,
when you stop dreaming
the dream humbles itself to serve you
until wakefulness completely dissolves the dream
for complete wakefulness needs not servants
fear not
for in wakefulness is the bliss of reality
which not even the best of dreams can imagine
♥🌸.

let me be still
let love take its stand against the mind
not by conquering it
for conquering begets bondage
and love never ever impels compulsion
the beauty and grace of love suffices
to overcome the mind
live beauty, be beauty
allow grace to be

the mind thrives on the gluttony of many points of relation
the heart dissolves the imagination of all such points
the crying mystic said
if you imagine yourself as an other
then you will seek yourself,
that which you truly are, as an other
why dwell within an imagination that separates you from you
move beyond imagination
completely beyond
be not content with imagining degrees of its release
go beyond all imagining
even imagining that you have gone beyond (imagining)
for there is a knowing beyond knowing
that embraces being who and what you are
despite all else that appears to be
the knowing of the heart
dwells in the deepening stillness of love
being within such beauty and grace
i cannot help but cry

i cry to the heart
my soul is sated

what is irrelevant has lost all relevance
if the mind will mourn the loss of its dominion
let it foolishly mourn
for it already knows, even within its imagining
that it is the cause of its own suffering,
 the only barrier to the bliss of reality
the ignorant mind knows this
even if it imagines not knowing it
even if it ignores this obvious truth
♥️.

if there is no place for me to live surrender to love
within the dreamed universe of this mind
i am content to leave
but whoever brought me here will have to take me home
(i bow to jalaal'ul-diin muhammad rumi)
my abode is the heart
for i am love
there is nothing that can be said or imagined
that will ever change
that

i
am
love
♥️.

the great jalaal ud-diin rumi said
one who embarks on the journey for truth without a guide
is likely to take a hundred years to complete a two-day journey

surely more than two days have passed
before arriving at the realization
that the journeyless journey ends where it begins
in the timelessness of love
once this destination is reached
how many days it took to get here become eternally irrelevant

oh, my beloved
i remember your chastising words
when i was drowning in my mind's created self-pity
"do you beg of me a master, when masters abound
but not always in physical form
how many more pure beams of light must i send
to be murdered by the world's unrestrained ignorance
how many more pure beams of light will you ignore
as they illuminate guidance upon your life"

it was you who brought me to see
the incessant fascination with the mind
although there is no body for me to sit before
their love and teaching and transmission are here nonetheless
it was you who brought me
through the passageway of discipline and meditation
into the light of the mind's quietude
where the heart reveals the hands of countless masters
upon the whole of my being
placing their shadows on the very spots where my feet touch the ground
they are a cool shade in the deserts of forgetful ignorance

it is my duty to acknowledge and remember,
to cherish and honor them
for they have taken me on as their disciple
i take not a word from them for granted
not a single whisper
for one whisper from them
can protect the full expanse of my breaths
their presence always present, even when i don't see or feel them
how then can i say i have no masters

and then you spoke to say
will the sated belly still cry for bread
are you not upon the path of the heart
which is where any master would point you to
where the mind is weak, i present you with strengths
even if the apparent body of another is not provided,
do not think i have failed you
it is only residue of the mind released
that spurs these imagined feelings
no need to judge or resist them, just don't attach
like a rope in the hand,
you can only be pulled by it if you grasp it
but no matter how powerful the pull, if you grasp it not
you cannot be pulled by even the most alluring rope
remain still,
even if the mind uses the body of the universe to tempt you
remain still
in the deepening stillness of love
this is the master of masters
which they can point and guide you to
but not bring you to dwell within

i walk with the hugs of a million saints wherever i go
although the hug of a single saint
is enough to protect me for many lifetimes
i dance to the songs of a million masters wherever i am
although distinct,
each voice harmonizes into an enlightening chorus of oneness
i pray the prayers of a million lovers with each prostration
my tongue spellbound by love, my heart yelling forth its whispers
i live the surrender of a million masters
for in the oneness of love,
they live in me and fulfill love's destiny through me
guiding and supporting my journeyless journey
to the only the master that is
the beloved

i have a million masters,
if i listen and obey
all who command me to be oneness
i remain humbly indebted to them, to us
♥️.

oh, you who imagine the quest of spirituality
why do you build houses in the wilderness
when the beloved has prepared sweet valleys and pastures
to be your homestead
why do you live in the wilderness of the mind
when the beloved has prepared a wondrous home for you in the heart
why do you extend a two day journey into endless wandering
when the path to the final destination is spontaneously direct
why do you play the game of seeking teaching after teaching
teacher after teacher, religion after religion
without applying fully one single sacred word
don't render even these words to soothing medication
for a life lived as hypocrisy
beneath the words of these words
and the ideas your mind adorns upon them
is a transmission that emits the fragrance of love
any true teaching has this fragrance
any true teacher and religion too
but this fragrance is only a bridge
built that you may cross to the other side
to depart from disobedience and partial remembrance of the beloved
to arrive at complete unconditional surrender to love

there comes a time to throw away all books and teachings
to burn to ashes all past achievements and progress
to surrender completely to even just one word of the beloved
to live that one word deeply with unending sincerity and faith
for in living just one sacred word
such living will effortlessly guide you
into the abounding endless guidance and obedience of love
you don't need to know the whole story
or even your part

just serve the duties that are before you
selflessly
with complete obedience
without regard to the results
and love will see that the rest is done

we have given all of we to you
all your years of effort and searching
will be surpassed
by just one day of complete obedient surrender
the covenant of this dream is, was, and will always be
to let love realize love through you

♥🌸.

the crying bird wails its prayers all day
the wailing mystic sings its cries all night
the songs of their tears intrude upon each other's quiet time
and only leaves me dusk and dawn to meditate in silence

the world is full of noise
but there's an undisturbed silence within

traveling upon the distant road
a whisper placed itself near to the heart
it said

i am and yet i am not

there are few better ways to describe this
the slow unfolding of pointed concentration
penetrating the surface of things diverse
a deeper unity, an unbroken contemplation
love is oneness

the tears of the crying bird and wailing mystic
emanate from the same waters of my eyes
for do we not all cry in apparent separation
seeking peace in the union of oneness

even if our seeking is not obvious to us

i saw on the bend of the road
a man with mortal wounds laying on the ground
i approached with a helping hand
and he said

"i would rather die ignored by your selflessness
than to be saved by your ego"

i knew at once this man is a mystic
for immediately our hearts joined in union,
effortlessly
the reflection of the oneness of love
showering its light upon the union of encounter
no distinction between what is needed
and the response to that need
no distinction
only oneness

without his speaking, i heard his prayers within
with just his eyes, he shared his secret
which wasn't really secret
obvious, it is ignored by worldly sight
but i have already surrendered such sight to the light of love
his only remaining regret within these last breaths
was that in all his years of serving love
he never sought love alone
whether loving for the sake of being loved
or surrendering in obedience to avoid the disfavor of disobedience
he never experienced love merely just to love

oh love, may we honor and serve you
as you deserve to be honored and served
oh beloved, may we honor and serve you
as you deserve to be honored and served

oh, servant of love
you are a perfect servant
when you are a perfect vessel for me
the wise learn or are taught

to not seek perfection,
rather surrender
to allow love to be perfect through them
to allow love to perfect them
for any imperfection
is an unnecessary barrier to love's perfection
associate nothing with love
for love is surely sufficient to love

if you do good for the sake of good
that has become your god
if you do good to avoid what is bad
that too has become your god
and veiled gods are worse than obvious idols
they tickle the mind with pleasant blindness
concealing barriers to the unending vastness of love
seek love for love alone
serve love for merely love
without any expectation
don't even make yourself a partner of
or a deserving recipient of love
let your quest for love be about love alone
as determined by love's call
as guided by love's will

the dying mystic grabbed me by the shirt and said
"is it not enough to leave everything and be in your presence alone
what have i to prove to that which knows the everything of everything
i ask not for difficulties, but neither will i refuse them
just let me be with you,
just let me be
with you"

and i replied
“are you talking to me”

and he replied
“are you separate from love”
i held his bloody hand holding my shirt
and he let go of my shirt to hold my now bloody hand
and i could feel his life force slipping away from his body

be not desperate for me
the sight of the world avails me naught
love is the light which illumines what i see
oh, glorious sight of love
how close to impossible it is
to realize love as love realizes itself
 until one comes out
 of what one holds one's self to be
and just surrenders
to be

oh, love
you lay all the cards on the table, face up
even if i'm not able to understand what is before me
i still surrender
i know enough to know not to condition surrender
to the limits of my understanding
regardless how expansive those limits may be

with that said,
the man gave forth his last breath
and left his lifeless hand within my care
i just sat there, with blood on my hand

holding the bloody hand of a corpse
realizing
the only difference between his hand and mine
is the appearance of motion and warmth

then death stood before me
its hand extended to me
so i asked,
“have you come to take me away too”
death shook its head
and said
“you have transcended life
and, therefore, also death
you are beyond my grasp
i only come to pay homage to you”

so i shook death's hand
and all there was was love
and all there was was the peace death walks within
as death pulled away its hand
it disappeared
and so too did the corpse of the mystic
but i heard his voice whisper close to the heart
words imbued with a sweet fragrance
“life beyond life remains its own unfolding
love for love alone is the greatest treasure
make not my regret a regret you relive
love for love alone
make this the enduring wealth of your poverty”

tears began to well up in my eyes
for the apparent separation

tears of the crying bird and wailing mystic
but in my heart i was assured
the oneness we share
is everlasting
even in the apparent face of death
♥️.

when i speak of i
i speak of the oneness of me
when i speak of i
i speak of the oneness of we

you, i, we, me
what are these but meager metaphors
street signs that can only point to the streets
of contrived distinctions
not describe what is beyond the maps of the mind

you will never understand us with the mind
you will never understand who you truly are with the mind
you can only understand the limited understanding of the mind
with the mind
and for as much of we exist within such limited understanding
the fullness of we extends incomprehensibly beyond all limits

will you worship the metaphor or that it alludes to
will you talk of coming home or be the home that already is (within)
all your effort is only useful to removing the barriers of effort
it is surrender that delivers one to oneness
that the treasure hidden in plain sight
may be completely known
♥️.

what is there to remember
when you are that which is remembered
how do you remember love
when you endlessly dissolve to be love
herein is the reality of love
through obedience, virtue, and humility
and the completeness of complete surrender
now

oh, love
you trust us with the life of this dream
whyfor should we forsake you
you refrain from using the chains of compulsion
to fulfill the wonder of your intention
but every mercy and grace you send my way
makes me open and humble
may i move through this dream in a way that is forever
open to you and all that you send my way
not in ways that bar, limit, or turn me away from you
i am the only barrier i am to you

my enduring prayer is simple
let love be love through me
in a way that makes being worthy
of you and of your grace and of your mercy
let every breath
be an inhalation and exhalation of you
perfectly engrave your name in my being
for eternity and beyond
may this dream be transparent
to the reality of you

♥☺.

i choose not the dream over reality
i don't even choose reality
i relinquish all choice to surrender to love
which effortlessly reveals and bestows upon me
the precious wealth of reality

oh, ashi
do you see why we adore you
why we shower you with the sweetest fragrances
and the softest of touches
who among you has made such surrender
to love, to us
and that be the whole of life
so few out of all who have ever tasted of manifestation
have fulfilled the sacred purpose of surrender
because at some point they abandon surrender
even if just the slightest

surrender to be surrender must be complete
anything less than full surrender is a farce

the moon is always full
even if light shines not upon it to reveal its fullness
but its fullness can always be seen with the eyes of faith
for you, ashi, we leave a metaphor
you are always within our care
compromise not our standard
only engage the dream in ways that honor love
we content you,

forget this not and never be again in despair
for if there appear to be no walls to give you shelter
we use the wind to encircle you and grant you warmth

if no plate of suitable food is placed before you
we sate your hunger with your breath, your remembrance of us
we clothe you with the rays of the sun if the world leaves you naked
and make hard ground softer than a pillow,

if no bed is provided for you
we abandon you not and provide every provision you need
turn not these provisions away by abandoning faith
no hardship touches you, not a day of your life is shortened
you are our chosen and beloved,

always turn to us to fulfill what we command
how we deliver our provisions to you
concern yourself not with such matters,
only serve and receive what you need to serve

your service to us
is the riverbed that brings our service to you
let nothing of this dream -- nothing!
distract you from this enduring truth

we have always been clear
that we send you for those who live the vow
to forever surrender to love
and never regress from love's obedience
those who honor love and honor us
by never making anything in the dream
more important than the oneness of love
this is remembrance that remembers itself
those who dwell in such unending remembrance
realize that which is remembered
the oneness of love
the only sovereignty
the all of all

we know these words cannot convey all
but within them are seeds
pointing to a transmission the heart beholds
those with the openness of heart
can feel beyond feelings what this transmission conveys
that love may show its own glories through another's hands
♥️.

the dream is only dreamed
to reflect reality
it is not dreamed to dream

who will honor the purpose of the dream
to be that still mirror
that is illuminated by and reflects
the light of reality
an unseen treasure wishing to be known

think not that the wakefulness of reality
is ever absent from the dream
for the dream could not even exist
without the wakefulness of reality
know
that nothing happens outside the will of reality
even if the will of reality
is to allow things to occur
without being the direct cause of them
even if the reality allows the veil of illusion to masquerade

but
for lovers who tread the path of the heart
nothing happens outside of being what is best
for you
♥️.

seek not the path of love as an escape from suffering
seek not, flee not
only surrender
and let your surrender be the basis
of embracing the will of love
within the context of faith and obedience
everything you encounter will be for your benefit
even if it seems not so
let not appearances obscure the truth
that this promise is always fulfilled
for love will sometimes strip you naked before clothing you
and love will sometimes clothe you to then strip you naked
within the smallness of our perspectives
we only look at our bodies, and whether they are naked or clothed
(understand the metaphor)
but love is not concerned with the playthings of the mind
instead it looks to the heart
and the transformation of our being

the heart is the seat of love within our being
♥️.

yes, we are all called to surrender
even if it means stopping at the ninety-ninth step
of a hundred step journey
or turning back from a destination arrived at
to fall to our knees in prostration to love
surrender not to the situations that call for our surrender
the situations are often nothing but unknowing messengers
heed the essence of the message they relate
surrender to love

it is the will of reality that allows the portents of the dream to be
let not the mind define what such surrender should be
nor let the ignorant reduce the call to serve to bondage
surrender only to love and let love guide your service
and if you know not love,
as so few do
seek quietude of the mind to hear the cry of the heart
which always sings in a precise humility
that directs one through obedience
to fulfill the call of duty that serves the transformation
of the lover becoming love
even if through seemingly confusing means

and the beloved said
i come to you not through the mind
for even the purest mind is more likely to be a barrier
to the fullness of me, the fullness of love
it is only the mind that separates you from me
but i will not force you to surrender the mind
compulsion has no place in love
but the going astray of the mind
will bring you to situations of hardship and suffering

such are the symptoms of living in disharmony with love
clothe not the symptoms
with velvet coverings and rose-scented fragrances
there is no freedom in the chains of bondage
freedom entails being free from all chains

be free from your mind and its captivating imaginings
it will still serve you even if you are not attached to it
the same way your stomach serves your body
by digesting food without your attention
look to the heart, for therein is love
and life is for love alone
despite what you impose upon it
in realizing this the all of all is realized
what more is there to be

♥🌸.

will you still play with these chains
now that they no longer bind you

i relinquish everything this dream can give
to dwell in the deepening stillness of love
for i have heard your whispers
and will not make myself an object within your light
i am
an offering within your enduring fire
you tell me to not come near
unless i am willing to be burned away
your warning proves true
as not even a remnant of my ashes is allowed to remain

i am
beyond this dream
i only appear to be in it
a testament of the amazing composer
of captivating appearances within the whirlwind of creation
a mirror filled with images
the source of the light has not even these
this journey
flows with the rays back to the sun
light is never separate from the source
yet within the source is all light
all light meets within the source

waste not this dream
pursuing the worthless imaginings of dreams
dream this dream in perfect harmony with reality
for then reality comes to you
to reclaim you from the imaginings of dreams

and the bondage therein
for then reality becomes you

restrain the dream
be an unending remembrance of love
then you need not even seek love
for love comes to bring its wakefulness to you
a wakefulness that cannot be approached
let alone discovered
a wakefulness that is already awake within you
it dwells in the heart because the heart is all humility
release the coverings of the mind that veil the heart
the light from within the heart shines to reveal
who you truly are
an all-inclusive part of the wholeness
that is the oneness of love

♥🌸.

there is no freedom without restraint
there is no peace without discipline
there is no fulfillment without service of duty
there is no realization without obedience
there is no dwelling in the destination
 without surrendering the journey
there is no wakefulness without releasing the dream
there is no path of the heart within the mind
there is no seeing face to face through a mirror
there is no fullness of love without devotion
after fulfilling the negation of all negations,
 what is is

surrender is the broom that sweeps away all veils
such that sight sees inwardly and outwardly at the same time
but it is the light of love emanating from the heart
that outshines the diminishing sight of the world
even as one becomes blind to the world
the light of love is sufficient
to navigate the remaining remnants of the dream
the providence of faith is greater than the providence of sight
and the fulfillment of love is the only fulfillment

oh, you who have awakened to the dream being a dream
be patient with those who are still sleeping
for you may be the only remnant of love
they can see with their blinded eyes
any harms you suffer in service to love
do not blame the afflictors, instead look to love
for love will use even torture as a salve for lovers
that you may realize what love already honors
those who live the realization of the heart

are rare genuine treasures, exceedingly precious jewels
rare among rare are those who live the breath of the beloved
within the landscape of suffocating dreams
their cups runs over and over again,
to touch the whole universe with love that declares
even if you seek to destroy me, i will not destroy you
i will never be anything other than love,
 nor do anything contrary to being (love)

the victory of love surpasses all other apparent victories
just as all dreams must come to an end in wakefulness
never abandon love or your obedience to love
let nothing, not even your own mind
steal the light of love from you
let nothing even cast a shadow upon the light of love
dissolve into this light
be this light
for this light is
(within all time and timelessness)
♥️.

and love said
if you but turn toward me,
i am already approaching you
from within you
if you take but one step toward me,
i am already making many steps toward to you
i am already embracing you from within
and will also embrace you from without
that we may reside in the union of oneness

and love said
don't let your mind, your own ego
steal the dream of life from you
for what is stolen may not be regained
and even the dream, as worthless and imaginative as it is
can be a bridge to reality,
if lived with sincerity and faith

no act of faith,
no act of obedience goes unnoticed
even within this imagined imagining
seek not the perfect
for perfection is not always seen
seek the obedient and the faithful
their service being an undeniable testament
with unyielding obedience and faith
perfection is easily attained
and what is perfection other than
dissolution into the oneness of love
the complete surrender that transforms the lover
to be love
the complete surrender that reveals the beloved

to be love
a grace that can be unleashed in an instant
if there is nothing between the lover, the beloved, and love

better to be blessed by love than to have all other blessings
for even if you have such blessings but are not blessed by love
those blessings will not remain
but even if you have no other blessings but are blessed by love
the essence of all blessings is with you
drawing all blessings toward you as needed
and sometimes coming without need to honor the grace upon you
so be content and desire not
desires only imitate, often misguidedly,
the callings of the heart
and beyond all desires
is the call of love calling love
the call of love is reality calling itself
even through the means of dreams
even through the means of that which we imagine
ourselves to be
even if you cannot perceive this call
live this call
it only brings you deeper and deeper
into the unending oneness of love

and love said
will you place conditions upon how you will hear me
is it not enough to know that i call you
heed me even if you do not hear my voice
for the essence of you is me
and you need not perceive your essence to be your essence
just stop pretending to be everything else you are not

know i am with you even if you do not feel me near
for soon enough all is revealed
soon enough you will see
i am, was, and always will be
oneness with you
even in the timelessness beyond all time

let the mind doubt this if it will
the heart knows this better than any words can convey
♥️.

cry of the heart. Copyright © 2015. Nashid Fareed-Ma'at.