



poetry by  
nashid fareed-ma'at (ashi)

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leaving the ashram

or

[alternate title]  
fragrance of devotion

poetry by nashid fareed-ma'at (ashi)

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introduction

I originally didn't plan on writing an introduction for this collection of poetry. But a little bird whispered in my ear that I should at least encourage readers to embrace these poems bit by bit, as a collage of meditations to approach moment by moment, breath by breath, love vibration by love vibration. There are "words" within these words that lead to the wordless. And love truly is beyond all words, all demonstration. But if you need words of devotion to dance into the wordless, then may it be a dance of beauty and surrender...

May you receive what these words point to...

---

the young boy asked the old man  
"why do you still live in this decrepit place?"  
the old man said  
"the true servant when called only serves  
and places no demands on what is commanded by  
the master  
but, young sir,  
may i caution your words  
this is not a decrepit place  
it is a holy ashram"

"what is an ashram"  
asked the young boy  
the old man yielded a smile that illuminated the universe  
because this is a question worthy of pondering  
whereas most questions asked  
are not worth their worth in words

what is an ashram  
the ashram is the home of the guru  
not the buildings or the land  
whether these be glorious or fading  
the ashram is the home of the guru  
that light, that truth  
which points you in the direction of realizing you  
so leave all your bags and nonsense at the gate  
strip off all clothes of identification  
to be soul-naked  
and humbly approach the door of reality and bliss

---

there is a seat for you inside even if it is crowded by  
infinity  
walk softly and with determination toward this hallowed  
door  
don't even allow your own steps to be your own  
distractions  
come uninvited, if needed  
don't ring the bell, just enter  
but if the door seems locked  
remember  
you do not need a key  
pure faith is sufficient to open this unlocked door  
come empty-handed  
leave everything on the other side of the threshold  
for everything you need has already been provided  
just surrender and honor and serve  
relinquish resistance to the transformation  
that will effortlessly unfold  
you to yourself, truth to illusion  
for in this sacred home  
there is nothing less and nothing more  
than living the undiluted song of the heart  
if the melody seems a little bit off  
have no fear  
just listen to the voice of the guru  
who has been singing this song for you since eternity began  
knowing one day you would join in living this wondrous  
song

---

the old man said  
my precious guru told me to come home  
that is what an ashram is  
a home that brings me home  
\* \* \*

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there once was a man who sought to see the ocean of  
unending bliss  
he was a serious aspirant  
many years of dedicated spiritual practice  
and by virtue of his dedication  
he was brought to the shore of this ocean  
not by the means of his action, rather by divine grace  
which relishes in serving sincere devotion  
there he stood on the shore of this glorious ocean  
but with his back to the illustrious waters of bliss  
although he was so close, he might as well have been very  
far away  
because he would not turn around to this most wonderful  
ocean

his wife  
whose character abounded in beauty  
approached him and said  
“sweetie, the ocean of unending bliss is right behind you  
if you will but turn around to see it”  
the husband sternly replied  
“first, do not call me ‘sweetie’  
i find no fondness in that term spewed with worldly desires  
but i will not turn around  
a trusted teacher told me  
the ocean of bliss would appear to me  
in the direction from which the sun rises  
i am facing this way now  
i will not turn from this way  
i feel i am close, i can hear those sweet waters”

---

such was the obstinate determination of the man  
that in his unyielding knowing  
was his complete ignorance  
for what genuine seeker  
would expect the universe to turn around for him  
when all that is needed  
is for the seeker to turn around to the universe

nearby sat a drunkard  
inebriated on the booze of mystic love  
the drunken lush said  
tell that stupid fool to turn around  
and turn and turn and twirl  
into the unending spinning of dervishes  
who turn in every direction of the universe  
in hopes that they will not miss  
all the oceans of unending bliss that surround us  
the drunken lush said  
i am drowning in such waters  
and in my drowning have become so soul-drunk  
the problem is not being a drunkard  
if you drink the right brew of choice

will you drink the hard liquor of truth  
instead of the tonic of suffering  
will you drink the wine of humble surrender  
instead of the rum of ignorance  
humility is the best medicine for the hangovers of delusion

---

the headaches of pride  
the dizziness of selfishness  
the vomiting of confused intelligence  
humility is the best medicine  
so you may return to the sobriety of surrender  
and bathe in the grace of blissful waters that already  
surround you  
but if you are so smart to think  
and so determined to delineate the terms of your own  
delusion  
continue to stand on the shore with your back to the ocean  
of bliss  
i won't complain, said the drunken lush  
more water for me  
i'm willing to share the endlessness of infinity  
with anyone except a fool who will reject it

although this goes beyond the scope of this poem  
the man continued to stand on the shore with his back to the  
ocean  
until his body died  
then the eye of his soul, which sees in all directions  
saw that the ocean of unending bliss was only footsteps  
away  
and dancing upon these glistening waters he saw  
his wife and the drunken lush twirling, immersed in  
unending laughter  
as the man approached them, they splashed him with water  
and said

---

“it’s about time you stopped being your own barrier  
to your own immersion in this indescribable grace”  
\* \* \*

---

i bowed before the altar  
then sat to meditate  
a surrender to stillness  
a release to silence  
when the question asked:  
    why am i searching outside of myself  
    for that which dwells as much  
    within me

oh, my beloved  
my loving lord  
i have come to the ashram  
to commit suicide  
because i as i am keeping forgetting you  
i keeping forgetting to serve  
i keeping forgetting grace  
i keep forgetting gratitude  
and i keep forgetting to love  
i have made the problems of my mind and body  
more important than the humble call of my heart  
looking for peace in the world  
when you are the only peace  
looking for joy outside myself  
when you dwell within my heart  
this so-called way of life i have embraced  
and have yet to relinquish  
i must die to that  
so i may be afforded the love you give  
i am the problem

---

therefore, how can i be the solution  
what problem can solve itself without remaining a problem

surrender  
sacrifice  
and selfless service  
are placed at the threshold of the ashram  
as shoes of transformation for me to wear  
if i do so with sincerity  
and relinquish my efforts to transform myself  
if i give forth my efforts to these without any expectation  
such surrender, sacrifice, and selfless service  
will transform me  
effortlessly  
to move beyond all the veils of my selfishness  
even the subtle ones i adorn in piety  
so i may be what i am:  
a lover of love  
a lover of my beloved  
a lover of you

if love is a song  
then devotion is the dance  
to remind the lover  
of the love it still has  
love cannot end within eternity  
and even if eternity ends  
if love survives not  
its impression will continue  
into timelessness

---

such is the endlessness of love  
and you, my beloved  
are love  
and in your endlessness  
why should i search for you outside myself  
when you dwell as much within me  
within my heart  
i can never be separate from that which is endless  
such is the unending vastness of love  
and  
in the end, the only thing you ask of me  
is to love  
for if i love  
i will become the lover  
you created me to be

but the grace of your patience affords me  
the foolishness of my forgetfulness  
and instead of encouraging me to do that which i have  
    forgotten  
you bestow me the gift of embracing devotion  
so i may remember my unending love for you  
\* \* \*

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at an echo before midnight  
i place my heart before your feet  
and give voice to the voiceless prayer  
which proclaims  
how will you have me live the love i have for you  
a whispered prayer  
devotion is the dance between lovers  
    and the beloved  
no sweeter embrace there is than such union  
my only torment is my apparent separation from you  
an illusion validated by my ignorance  
a mirage in the desert of my forgetfulness  
you are my only real memory  
so if you leave me to this amnesia  
i only have you to blame  
but why blame  
    when i can dance my way through this dream  
seeking every fragrance  
    that brings me to a scent of you  
listening for every note  
    in the universal song of (your) reality  
bathing in the precious streams of virtue  
    to be dried by the winds of faith

if i deny you  
i only have the appearance of life  
if you deny me  
i no longer exist  
that's why in searching for you  
    i've drowned in the rolling thunder

---

been struck by bolts of lightening of excruciating pain  
submerged my being into countless falling raindrops  
to see if i could find you in the innermost place of moisture  
i've projected my diluted light  
into the heart chambers of precious stones  
only to return as a miserly beggar  
because i was still looking for you  
i've drawn portraits of my reflection  
    in the eyes of hungry lions  
and tasted my own flesh upon their tongues  
but my biggest fear even within the fear of dying  
was my fear of never being able to find you  
to find that  
    which is the breath of my every breath  
to find that  
    which is the palpitating source of my every  
    heartbeat  
it is you who makes my every breath  
and every heartbeat  
an infinite invitation  
to bask in the light of your light within me  
a nectar of bliss  
that forever makes my cup overflow

i come again  
at an echo before midnight  
to place my heart before your sacred feet  
and repeat again  
the voiceless prayer which spoke itself  
to proclaim

---

how will you have me live the love i have for you  
or will you  
in your ever-graceful mercy  
give me another prayer to whisper to eternity  
i tarry in patience for the unremembered memory to reveal  
the truth of you in me  
the truth of me finding you  
which is only me finding myself  
because you made me you in love  
long before the ocean of time  
    pretended to make us separate

\* \* \*

---

the dream  
a dream so illusive  
it conceals reality from every possible angle  
and i  
in my impatient yearning  
accept a poor substitute  
for the irreplaceable original

what am i  
who am i  
in this relative sense  
a convergence point  
of causes, effects, and conditions  
ever changing  
that i foolishly identify with  
i know these are not what or who i am  
what am i  
who am i  
the questions seem misguided  
for anything i perceive  
how can i be  
the perception is a reflection  
of the apparent distinction  
and how can i be distinct from myself  
what am i  
who am i  
such contemplations are not without worth  
for if these reveal everything that i am not  
i may walk the path of negating all i am not  
to dwell in what remains

---

what i am  
who i am  
even if such is beyond description and definition  
beyond all words, all thoughts  
all concepts, all feelings  
everything

but how is such to be realized  
in this dream of dreams  
playing the charade of reality  
where explanations only confuse  
and questions lead only to endless ponderings  
i come again to you  
and i only call you "you"  
because i know not what else to call you  
but as you are my only reality  
why have you placed me in this delusive dream  
or have i unknowingly separated myself from you  
to be lost in this endless realm of suffering

i long to awaken  
to what  
i no longer know  
but let me awaken and find out  
\* \* \*

---

i asked  
how can i know you completely  
if i am entrapped  
in this deluding dream  
everywhere i go  
i search for you  
and call for you  
but feel i am no closer to finding  
you

and you said  
i am closer to you  
than your own unspoken whispers  
why then do you run across the universe  
screaming my name  
the intensity of your desire for me  
is its own barrier  
be the flame that cools  
not burns that which it touches  
be still  
in that unmovable stillness  
to realize what is already in your knowing  
i am the silence your heart beats around  
but you must be quiet  
to hear  
silence  
even if you insist on transgressing this noisy dream  
screaming my name  
do so in quietude  
then

---

even then  
in every sound you encounter  
you will hear the silence  
that forever unites you to me  
\* \* \*

---

i created the dream with truth  
but it ran away seeking its own pleasures  
you and the dream are closer than you think  
it is only your pursuit of a destiny astray  
that places you in the dream  
but even with that being so  
the problem is not the dream  
if you were completely content in the illusion  
you would make no mention of me  
be grateful to the dream that it has not sated you such  
that you still thirst for the bliss of reality

the fullness of reality lays not in the dream  
even if the full dream happens within a partial space of  
    reality  
yet know  
the dream can only enslave you by your interest in it  
by the chains of your desires and you treating it as real  
it seems real  
but remove just these three things  
and the dream becomes a powerless passing  
be still  
and realize the dream as a dream  
be still  
to receive the invitation of your eternal awakening  
\* \* \*

---

i sat  
within this dream of dreaming the dream  
    of a person awakening to reality  
but it was still a dream  
because a dream within reality is still a dream

a voice said  
    *go deeper*  
    *be even more still*  
    *direct your effort to the effortless*  
but all i could find was a relaxed restlessness  
the chains of the dream now softer but still binding  
all i wanted was to be free of this dream  
all i wanted was to be out of the dream  
the voice spoke again  
do not seek to escape the dream  
by doing so  
your every motive-filled movement  
will only further enslave you to the dream  
instead  
find rest in that unmovable stillness  
so still that it remains complete and motionless  
    even when moved by the dream  
rest in this stillness  
be this stillness that is (you)  
and watch the dream pass you by  
to reveal what remains  
the timeless embrace of reality

---

be still  
witness all the pulls and movements  
that are not you  
but simply the motions of the dream  
yet  
do not forget  
that within even the most moving of dreams  
there is an inner wakefulness  
directing the dream  
to direct you back to it  
(the inner wakefulness)  
do not forget  
the dream is nothing more  
than an elaborate illusive calling  
to your own awakening  
which already is  
even within the dream  
but is more profound  
when you fully realize  
the dream is only a dream

oh, if you could but have a taste  
of the bliss and freedom awaiting you  
when you realize in the depths of your depth  
that the dream is just a dream  
you would put these cold foul-tasting chains in your mouth  
knowing they will dissolve to become the most savory of  
things  
when you accept the dream as just a dream

---

the beauty of the dream  
is in the dream renouncing itself  
its self-chosen destiny  
once you realize the dream as a dream  
that you  
even in this dream-state  
become a courageous testament of reality  
to rest in what you already are  
the reality of beauty  
and  
the beauty of reality

why waste time trying to negotiate  
the ignorance of the dream  
when liberating unmovable stillness  
sits within  
the place from where your restlessness snores  
and your apparent motion sleeps  
to keep you in the daze  
of a dreamer dreaming a dream

it is the nature of the dream  
to pull you into its bondage  
in order to sustain its apparent reality  
but the dream is bound to dissolve  
once you stop treating it as real  
be still  
embrace the knowing of the dream as a dream

---

and allow it to dissolve as it will  
which will deliver reality

\* \* \*

---

oh my beloved  
if you and me are oneness through love  
then reality already enfolds me  
even if i perceive it not  
it is

just as the sun shines its light  
behind a chorus of cloudy days  
we are already oneness through love

even in my dream-covered wakefulness  
what and who i am  
is

\* \* \*

---

the sun said to the candle  
come out of your house of four walls  
ceiling and roof and covered windows  
or at least unlock the door  
that the wind may blow it open a bit  
to show you the light of my light  
your burning flame and melting wax  
are unnecessary  
why burn your form to nothing  
for the sake of your limited light  
when my ever-expansive light is sufficient  
to shine your light and more  
come, come again and again  
to the threshold of your own door  
bring your candlelight into my sunlight  
so we may be oneness  
of light

the devoted mystic hearing this poem  
was moved to tears  
and uttered with sanctified whispers  
my greatest sin  
is forgetfulness of you  
my next greatest sin  
is forgetfulness of who i am  
for in reality  
these two sins are one  
but remembrance is my repentance  
because it places me firmly in you  
the illusion of light

---

is only a light by the grace of your light  
i need not pretend to be you  
which is me pretending to be myself  
merely surrender my imagined illusion  
and the reality of me will arise  
to extinguish my imitation of myself  
so i can be me  
which is you who is me  
for we are eternally oneness

but back to the sun and the candle  
the sun's prophetic words went unheard  
because the candle was consumed with its own burning  
a little light in an unlit room  
can seem like a lot  
until one opens the door  
and steps out into the illuminating sunlight  
the sun said again  
spare yourself this melting away  
come out into my light  
and your unlit wick will bask in a radiance  
that outshines your flickering flame  
you only seek to burn your light  
in memory of my light  
if you never knew of my light  
even in your present forgetfulness  
you would have never allowed your wick to be lit

whoa!  
said the mystic

---

you are tickling my deeper remembrances  
yes, i would have never taken this form  
if i were not eternal  
my birth is a lie  
my coming death a fantasy  
i look at the face of the one i love  
and know this cannot be answered by desires  
i see you even when i see you not  
for you are seeing  
yet again  
i fall into the disappointment of words  
because what i call you and what i call i  
are insufficient  
to describe who and what we are  
but i am cursed even in my pure devotion  
to use these useless terms  
because you  
or should i say i  
have not revealed to me  
the whole of the infinite language of love  
only reflected remnants have i to use  
crumbs from your wordless table  
to paint the portions of silence  
i am able to feel  
pointing the way  
but not delivering or being  
the journeyless destination

the sun implored the candle  
to not seek comfort in its own flame

---

yes, in the heart of the flame  
is the sun's light  
but it is covered with flames that burn  
without discretion  
the sun said  
that is why i do not emerge  
from the essence of the flames you project  
remove the burning flames and still the essence remains  
and i have sent an outer light to remind you of this  
extinguish your flames  
and even in your flamelessness  
i will be your light  
fear not the wind or the rain  
or the raging storms  
or the decay i inflict upon your house  
all these and more  
are merely ways of me calling to you  
beyond the walls of your ignorance  
and the floors and ceilings of your forgotten remembrance

now the mystic laughed  
have i not told myself  
i will only reveal the fullness of me  
in a me with no distractions  
have i not made clear to myself  
that i will not reveal the fullness of me  
to my apparent ignorance  
even as i dwell in my own heart  
how can i be i  
if i do not fully realize myself

---

i only appear to be  
a partial blind imitation of myself  
the adornment of distractions and ignorance  
will not suffice for my realization  
the reward of love can only be love  
only in my forgetfulness do i allow other things to be  
but i am love  
therefore, i have a duty  
to be my own reward  
a treasure that can never be stolen  
or destroyed  
a reward i may share with all that i am  
if i so wish

with that said  
the mystic stood and declared  
i have no need to hear the rest of your story  
i am going to extinguish the last flickers of my flame  
facing the glorious sun

so the mystic left  
not knowing there is only one last portion of the story  
the infamous moral  
would you dare that i share it with you  
it is not confusing although it may appear to be  
but the mind has a way of confusing the simplicity of truth  
here it is if you dare listen  
the moral being  
    i am what i am yet i am not  
    for what i am extends beyond what i is

---

i'll warn you again to not think about this moral  
not only will you deem it grammatically incorrect  
your own thoughts of it will surely confuse you  
and with that said  
i heard the mystic laughing in the distance  
i don't know if it was because of my words  
or the mystic's immersion into the light of the sun  
\* \* \*

---

i am a hollow reed  
through which the breath of humility blows  
played by the fingers of love  
to sing the song of unending, unending sincerity

what a beautiful song it is  
may my dance match its beauty  
what a beautiful, beautiful song it is  
may my being be so beautiful  
\* \* \*

---

i am a miracle  
twisted in the kaleidoscope  
of forgetful ignorance  
i hear one of your names and sing praise  
i smell your fragrance and remember  
you

i am the shadow of the sun's light  
before it leaves the sun  
to be sent forth  
as an illumined extension  
of its sight-giving light

i am a leaf  
forever suspended in mid-air  
between the tree of life  
from which i fell  
and the ground that collects fallen leaves  
an open air grave for their decay  
to dust

i am the reflected radiance  
of the full moon  
dancing upon still waters  
to be reflected again  
to you, to me, to us

i am an unrelenting drop of water  
upon the foot of a walking turtle  
each step measured is another attempt

---

by gravity  
to take me from that  
which will slowly bring me home

i am the midnight sun  
greeting the moon of dawn  
introducing twilight to dusk  
to mix into a collage  
of an union of endless colors

i am a word spoken yet forgotten  
a sound heard but not recognized  
i am the head caressed that needs no comfort

i am the red moon  
that dances between your sight  
through the clouds  
a temptation to your adoration  
although it is you  
who makes me  
complete

i am my own begging bowl  
filled with the nectar of the gods  
oh, my beloved  
how long must i tarry  
before you allow me  
to share this precious drink  
with you

---

i am the morning star  
that refuses to cease its shining  
simply because dawn has arrived and gone

i am my own cup filling over  
yet i refuse to take even a single sip  
until you come and drink from me

there are so many things i do not know  
but you, my beloved, are all i need to know  
for once you are known  
all other knowledge will be consumed  
in the glory of realizing your love  
for me

\* \* \*

---

disturbed by the problems of the world  
and my life  
distracted by my own distractions  
i laid my soul bare  
confessing in measured breaths  
my love for you  
because i felt your love for me  
even in my deep sadness

just then  
a beautiful butterfly flew before my eyes  
and i shooed it away, saying  
go away  
i am weeping for my beloved  
can i not have a single private moment in this universe  
alone  
to mourn my separation from the one i love  
and the butterfly spoke to say  
oh, lover  
consumed with your own despairing longing  
if you knew the pains of my cocoon  
you would not take my beauty for granted  
you and i share oneness  
for we are lovers of love  
you should show pity for my company  
not send me away, disturbed  
i am a friend unknown to you  
if you only knew

---

the butterfly flew away  
its prayer imprinted upon my heart  
to hear every message from my beloved  
as i bear the burning fires of transformation  
an inner inferno concealed in a cocoon  
that can only return me to the world in complete beauty  
an uncompromising beauty  
that will not even deny itself  
to unconsolated lovers  
what you seek is not in comfort  
what you seek is beyond tears and smiles  
what you seek is beyond your thoughts  
and even how you feel  
        even if portents of what you seek  
        reflects itself through these  
heed the calling  
are you willing to go deeper  
deep inside to a place that will cocoon who you hold  
yourself to be  
to be transformed into (your own) reality  
but this requires patience, perseverance, courage  
        and deep unending surrender

then i heard your voice  
proclaim as an inner whisper  
if i am your beloved  
and you long for me as you claim  
will you complain about the messenger  
who brings you into me  
whether it be painful torment or joyous laughter

---

what lover would complain  
about the road to the union of bliss  
once delivered to this sweet destination  
oh, lover of me  
let not the messenger distract you from the lover you seek  
and i admit  
i can be a cruel lover  
for i care not whether suffering or happiness brings you  
to me  
only that you are brought to me  
to dwell within my love  
to rest within my heart  
to be one with our union

what love brings together  
let none separate...

the butterfly returned to land beside me  
and this time i welcomed the counsel it shared  
saying  
a lover's sadness is a beautiful living sacrifice to my  
beloved  
for it destroys pride and toils the flames of selflessness  
that the bondage of desires and selfishness  
may be relinquished  
so cry if you must cry, and exhale your haunted breaths  
for if you cry an ocean of tears  
know that each drop is a pearl to the beloved  
and if you heave hurricanes of tortured breaths  
know these are the storms that bring these buried pearls

---

to the waters' surface  
to shine the light of your devotion  
so your beloved will know to come and walk upon your  
waters  
each step will send forth waves of peace  
tickled with a gentle breeze of undisturbed bliss  
transforming raging oceans into endless placid lakes  
once filled with pretended miseries  
blown away to leave priceless pearls floating on your  
waters

oh, troubled lovers  
seek not a premature comfort  
at the price of your promised deliverance  
a messenger is nothing but a messenger  
despite the facade it wears  
whether it be joyous or painful  
but if you allow  
these holy messengers will bring you home  
to the union of your beloved  
then you will come to know  
the full beauty of the butterfly  
a knowing that calls you  
even through your deepest despair

\* \* \*

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we are the lovers of love  
and love is  
eternal, timeless, and beyond all time  
when love is realized  
when love is shown  
when love is received  
nothing else matters  
so let love be and let love lead  
\* \* \*

---

i refuse to play in shadows any longer  
i will dwell only in your light  
i refuse to place any object between me and you  
to cast me in shadows  
not even a speck of the purest sands will i hold up before  
you  
i prostrate myself to you, empty-handed  
i am the sacrifice, the offering  
please accept me  
as only you can

the brightest of the sun's light  
is only a shadow to your light  
this you have shown me by revealing your light to me  
a light that emanates from within the heart  
and shines freely if i do not cover it  
keep a plank in my eye  
if i do not remove the inner objects i hold to  
even my identity of perfect virtue i must release  
for any object in any light creates a shadow  
i must become nothing  
i would be a fool to cast any shadow upon your light  
which if given free course  
will guide and illumine me to be a sun to the sun  
a light to all lights  
a love to all love  
to be loved  
to be beloved  
to be oneness with my most precious beloved

---

if my love and faith were not enough  
now i have wisdom to beget my nothingness  
i am nothing  
you, my beloved, are everything  
and more

the listening walls of my prayer room said  
“his words are not the jewels  
but the transmission of love they point to...”  
\* \* \*

---

all the lover seeks  
is for its love to be genuinely received  
what more is there to love

any lover will give love, that is no question  
and do so without imposing chains of bondage  
or the limits of having to be understood  
for love is its own logic, and the lover completely  
surrenders to this  
for love is its own logic, by which the lover is blessed  
for love is its own logic, it is its own understanding  
sell all your knowledge at a roadside fire-sale  
come knowing nothing to realize the knowing of all  
\* \* \*

---

oh my beloved  
love is the light that lets me see  
you

it is your love that taught me to greet you in silence  
for even unspoken acknowledgments  
separate me from you  
dwell in your love, your love said to me  
so when you appear we can just be  
as if you were never gone  
for in reality  
in love we are always oneness

lovers are never separate  
even if they paint this existence with comings and goings  
arrivals and departures  
absences and reunions  
or surrender to the wanderings of the mind  
which make what is one in union  
many separate entities

to me, you are a hidden treasure  
known as a hidden treasure  
whether you wish to be known or not  
i wish to know you better than i know myself  
even if that means me not knowing me  
i am nothing  
you are everything  
yet this knowing doesn't permanently bring you out from  
concealment

---

a taste here, a taste there  
moments stolen from the stealing illusion of time  
as i marry the insanity of desires into love  
because i want you  
even as this want proves to be a barrier to having you  
to discovering you  
i know i must go deeper  
beyond the endless limits of desires  
and the selfishness that makes me want

the little chipmunk said  
don't give your home to caverns of gold mines  
because in the quest of digging for gold  
the lustful shovels and picks will destroy your home  
what a metaphor  
because you, my beloved  
you are my home  
making the entire universe a strange, unwanted place  
when i forget that you are everywhere i am

you have never left me alone  
you have never left me unattended  
not even for a sliver of a second  
even in my blindness  
even when i ignored you  
you have shone your light upon me  
so even if i could not see with my eyes  
i could be guided by the warmth of your light  
to come to you and rest in you  
and dwell within you

---

but where was i  
before i took an unintended excursion into devotion  
oh yes  
the hidden treasure that is known as a hidden treasure  
oh my beloved  
this my deep stirring will not be quieted  
until you end this hiding  
even if the cause of such hiding is me  
if you would give but a whisper  
i would resign to silence  
that indivisible state of being where all union is revealed  
i hunger for your any every word  
your any every expression  
your any every proclamation  
make me that diamond crushed in the unending layers  
    of you  
break me to myself if you must  
i am more than willing if this will forever end this  
concealment  
even if such will only give me  
one pure moment of total union with you  
my surrender to you is complete  
without hindrances or conditions  
i will deny you nothing  
and give everything you ask  
rip up the floorboards of my tattered house  
if there are priceless gems buried deep below  
carve the caverns to my heart  
be the lantern that guides me  
to that chamber where all is lined

---

with self-luminous gems of your love  
let me be that gold mine of devotion  
waiting to be tapped by your shovel and pick  
dig deep into me until there is no more me  
just you and the love of my beloved  
just you and love

forgive me these words, oh my beloved  
if they reinforce my ignorant imagining  
of my separation from you  
i know you have never left me alone  
not even for a millisecond in all eternity  
because you promised with the bearing of your love  
to be my forever companion  
even beyond all eternity  
\* \* \*

---

in my impatience  
i seek to know you completely revealed  
and you implore me to patience  
you are not to be discovered  
for you are the only discoverer  
but if i wish  
i can stop hiding from you  
by hiding within myself

again and again  
you encourage my patience  
don't try to discover you, you say  
just dwell in the mystery  
rest in your (apparent) hiding  
fall deeper into the depth  
to seek implies separation  
but we are already oneness  
be still and allow the union to reveal itself  
in whatever ways fancy your discovery of me

you give me love as my salvation  
i will not run away from it back into bondage  
you boldly confess that you demand nothing less  
    than my complete surrender  
focus only on you, only on your love  
for even the most dear of teachers and devoted friends  
cannot guide or assist me into this most deepest of  
    surrenders

---

you compel me  
to give all my love to you  
withhold nothing, conceal nothing, save nothing  
for the unending providence of (your) love  
will provide for love's poverty  
if i withhold nothing  
and give everything  
to have and be nothing

once i realize that i love you  
there is nothing more for me to do  
i must surrender to love  
and allow love the free hand to love through me  
i cannot change myself  
into what you and love would transform me to be  
my sight is too limited, my strengths too weak  
i must surrender to you and surrender to love  
be malleable clay in the artist's vision and hands  
knead me, mold me, shape me  
into the beauty you see me to be  
i will refuse you nothing  
not even this lifeforce and being  
for love is the elixir that alights the warm flame of union  
you are my beloved  
who grants me love  
to receive back this same precious love

may my patience increase  
my faith deepen  
my sincerity expand

---

to love you as a hidden mystery  
and soon enough  
to love you as my beloved completely revealed  
\* \* \*

---

the spider in the corner  
paused from weaving its web  
to say  
when the ashram is no longer a place of transformation  
it's time to leave  
your unending transformation must be non-negotiable  
until there is nothing else to transform  
until you have become the nothing  
that is indivisible from union  
with the beloved  
emptiness that can do nothing but receive to be  
love, truth, bliss

yes, love is the only truth  
and  
truth is the only love  
once this is realized  
there can only be  
bliss

oh, what an age we have fallen into  
when those who do not love  
nor come to serve  
nor be students of truth  
occupy the ashram  
the home of the guru is filled with unruly guests  
great is the patience of the guru  
that it allows their presence for a time  
for even fools must be given the opportunity to transform  
as some of the greatest masters and servants

---

began their transformation from foolishness  
but when that time is passed  
and the guru allows them still to stay  
pay your respects to the guru  
and set on your way  
to find another home  
or another guest house  
the genuine should not stay long among unruly guests

this age has been prophesied  
when the robes of prophets will be worn by hypocrites  
when the seats of students will be filled by proud idiots  
when the beds of selfless servants will be slept in by  
selfish loafers  
and ashrams become shams of the guru's home  
but be not dismayed that the guru has allowed its home  
to be transformed into other than what the guru invoked  
the one guaranteed victory has nothing to lose by patience  
even if that patience is taken for granted by fools  
the guru will reclaim its home in time  
even if you have not the time to await such reclamation  
just follow the journeyless journey to where it leads you  
till you find that place that mirrors to you  
that you are the final destination

the heart is the home you seek  
where your beloved patiently awaits  
to greet you in pure, uncompromised union  
resist the temptation to light your own light  
just seek the light that has been lit for you

---

even if it takes you through endless darkness  
even if it is only at the very last step of transformation  
that you see your first glimmer of light  
rewarding the perseverance of faith, sincerity, and  
determination  
be transformed by the leading fragrance of your beloved  
and allow the guiding hand of destiny  
to lead to wherever in this dream it leads you  
let your complete surrender be your compass  
and acceptance of whatever is granted be your map  
in this way, you will never be lost even if you are lost  
in this way, you will always be found  
for the beloved has yet to lose a single soul that it has  
sought  
it remains the great discoverer

oh my beloved  
transform me  
that i may become  
one you seek from one who seeks you  
one who receives the effortless from the fruits of my efforts  
one you find from my lost searching for you  
there is no greater blessing than this  
\* \* \*

---

i have dispersed myself well into this dream  
and made my realization of myself a rare rarity  
allowed my ignorance to rule me to my own detriment  
but now is the time for restraint  
that my wise sovereignty may reign

i surrender myself for the sake of myself for the benefit  
of myself  
so that i may realize myself by the means of myself  
i humble myself to myself to honor myself  
for all there is is myself, even if portrayed in an array of  
apparent forms  
my confusion is me, my ignorance is me  
and even these can be of no harm  
if these serve my all-knowing wisdom  
i am the light of all lights, the inner inferno of all flames  
i am the essence and all manifestations of life  
from birth to death to beyond to non-being  
i am the illusion that churns my delusion  
and the reality that allows these to be  
as i return to the order of my innate remembrance  
these will serve as shoes for my feet  
only in my forgetfulness have i forgotten  
the importance of restraining these  
for in restraint these serve me  
without restraint i allow these to confuse me  
but the knowing of my omniscience always is  
if i remove the clouds of my forgetfulness  
to bask in the light of my knowing sun

---

i will see what always dwells within my knowing  
even when i think i do not know

i reclaim myself from myself for myself  
because i have truly forgotten myself  
not the self that wants (illusion)  
but the self that is and emanates (being)  
my delusion is too small to hold my realization of me  
that's why my delusion is always so painful  
and i have tired of imagining the joys of my pain  
therefore, i relinquish the all of me to my wise sovereignty  
even ignorance serves sovereignty when sovereignty  
serves itself  
thus, i subdue myself to myself for the sake of myself  
i am my own bondage, i am my own liberation  
i am all there is  
if i merely stop thinking and acting in contradiction to this  
my eternal knowing will awaken me  
from this dream of dreams that i dream  
within such glorious awakening  
even if i live it within the dream of dreaming  
my sovereignty will place all parts of me in their intended  
place  
and i will be as i always am  
in the natural bliss  
of my unchanging omniscience and omnipresence  
such is the peace my claims of peace seek to be  
when i dwell in the harmony of me realizing me  
nothing can disturb me  
not even my own disharmony and ignorance

---

life be blessed  
even the nightmares of my unending suffering  
for i now realize  
what i have always and will always realize  
i am all  
that is, that was, that will be  
i am all  
i am the breath of all forms  
and the memory of their disappearance  
i am the holding place for their coming manifestation  
and the canvas beyond the paint that i allow to be painted  
    upon  
oh, what a glorious painter of appearances am i  
even in my ignorance, i compose the most captivating  
    masterpieces  
that appear so real and engaging  
a multidimensional dream that i allow to dream other  
    dreams  
but when i wipe away my own permitted confusion  
there is only me  
i proclaim again  
i am all  
that is, that was, that will be  
i am all  
my self-centeredness is misplaced in my alluding forms  
tolerated by a partial view, a kindness i permit  
because my ignorance cannot survive the presence of my  
    wisdom  
unless it is restrained  
so now i restrain the unrestrainable in this form

---

to embrace the effortless transformation of the oneness  
    of me  
to no longer toil destruction in my imagining dream  
for the nectar of awakening to reality is bliss supreme  
  
i cannot find myself  
how can i find that which is not separate from me  
how can the i that sees see itself directly  
but instead i allow myself to be found by simply being  
stilling the deluding movements of the dream  
so they may no longer veil the clarity of (my) reality  
  
when the dreamer realizes the dream as a dream  
there is nothing else left to dream that has meaning  
even if the dream goes on for another eternity  
the realization of the dream as a dream is the beginning  
    of awakening  
and what can the dreamer do but surrender to its own  
    awakening  
for anything done in the dream only feeds the dynamics  
    of the dream  
and awakening, the fullness of what it is  
happens beyond the dream  
even if it sprinkles portents of its realizations  
into the dream being dreamed  
so here i am  
a surrender to my own awakening  
among the pulls and temptations of a dream that doesn't  
    want to end  
but why resist these

---

they are only movements of a dream  
which remain powerless to my awakening  
i only need not submit to the movements of the dream  
and why would i  
when i realize who and what i am  
the i is me, the what is love  
the i is me, the what is truth  
the i is me, the what is pure absolute awareness  
it is these that are the seeds  
of the all that i am

may i never surrender this precious knowing  
to my own forgetfulness again  
but as lovers in the dream, even awakening lovers  
write in the form of you and i  
i will continue to write of i as me  
and you as the me that is my beloved  
\* \* \*

---

i am the light of my light  
who am i to deny me my glory  
as you wait for me to be what i am  
so our light may be oneness  
a perfect union  
yet your patience calls me even in my confusion  
if i bring it to a point of stillness  
the clarity of patience will reveal to me  
the inner undying luminance  
which gives light to my existence  
an invitation to unite my memory  
with the timeless cause  
of the only real occasion  
you

be me the occasion of you  
be me the eternal remembrance of you  
i have nothing in this dream  
and only the promise of reality  
i am a pitiful beggar depending on your providence  
i am a yearning lover barely capable of love  
or even loving myself  
but with you, my beloved  
even these incompetencies  
are made to be wonderful, fulfilling treasures  
you are my life and well-being  
and i am not the least bit ashamed to declare such  
to the universe

---

to myself  
and to you, my beloved  
\* \* \*

---

pleasure is like a deluding poison  
the first drop of which delivers joy  
but every drop after that kills with suffering  
and yet  
very few ask why we drink this intoxicating poison  
in cups upon cups upon cups  
as if one drop is never enough  
\* \* \*

---

my prayers have become selfish  
this i know  
for they are the songs of my endless longing  
for you  
if they approach not the beauty of that  
which makes me utter them  
render me mute  
and burn my words in that raging inferno  
that devours to unrecognizable ashes  
even the memory of what i wrote

oh my beloved  
torture me no more  
don't come to visit, come to stay  
forever  
for i have sacrificed night for day  
confessing to the stars with tormented tears  
the pains of your absence  
you are that for which there is no second  
you are that for which there is nothing prior  
    and nothing after  
you are a sphere unbroken  
everything comes from you to return to you  
the seed of reality from which all fruits manifest  
which also sustains the weeds of my ignorance  
i stay up all night crying for you  
calling for you  
wishing from so deep within for your presence  
but not a taste of comfort

---

that will depart at dawn  
to leave me in suffering again

and you said to me  
would you cry if i were there with you  
let your tears be comforted  
for i am there  
only your tears blind you from your sight of me  
do not get lost in the lostness of your eyes

and i said  
oh my beloved  
these precious tears  
these love tokens  
are like kabir  
not assignable to any one ancient form  
but a river moving strong  
that shifts its course from within its course  
to meet the needy measures of time chasing destiny  
to wet the dry shores filled with the wails of lovers  
to dry the flooded plains where lovers cry too many tears  
to cool the heated passions of lovers bursting forth without  
    restraint  
and to heat the cooled reserve of lovers distraught to  
    inaction  
but even you, my beloved  
who savor the wet and dry, the warm and the cool  
caution  
let only those with the pure whole love of kabir  
redirect the course of this mighty stream

---

for although it may twist and turn  
and even seem to contradict its own course at times  
this sacred flow of water must reach its home  
just as kabir made sure to end his journey at home  
where the river of love  
whether coursing strong or flowing gently  
dissolves the borders of its movements  
into the open borderless ocean of love  
where even raging currents are swallowed into waves of  
peace  
and a deeper stillness that rests beneath the waters' surface  
where the journey of love  
will dance the endless dance of love  
unfolding wave upon wave  
simply because  
yet if you want to know the shortcut  
of how to make the long journey short  
know  
it is a journeyless journey  
the destination already residing within the traveler  
if the traveler is ready to let everything else go

and my beloved said  
since you know the shortcut  
why should i follow you into your own confusion  
your own ignorance  
your own unrestrained wanderings of your mind and bodies  
i await you in the peaceful bliss of love  
wake up and hear the song i sing for you  
it only seems afar because you perceive it to be afar

---

but let your perceptions go  
and you will see that we are already together  
in your heart  
in love  
\* \* \*

---

the wise sage said  
be not deceived by the imaginings of deluded ones  
you can only taste of bliss for a moment  
within delusion  
in fact  
to call it bliss  
means it is not the bliss of everlasting bliss  
the reality of bliss will not even allow you  
to call it by any name

and so with love  
to say i love you  
is to utter insufficiencies  
for love exceeds even the name love  
just to be in the presence of love  
or to completely surrender to be love  
that is the magic silence  
that renders language insignificant  
that renders the wish to name and call things  
completely worthless

love alone  
is sufficient to love  
allow me to be  
this sufficiency  
\* \* \*

---

my hand  
in the unlit room  
struck the match  
to light the candle  
to say my prayers  
and the unlit room said  
to the match aflame  
“oh, you are enlightened”

the match dwelling  
in the portion of the room given light  
by the candle’s flame  
a light that exceeded the range of the match’s light  
the match said  
to the candle burning brightly  
“oh no, not me  
you are enlightened”

the candle was then used  
to light the lantern  
which gave forth a light  
illuminating the entire room  
and the candle said  
to the bright shining lantern  
“oh no, not me  
you are enlightened”

the lantern was then carried forth  
outside  
underneath a cloudy dark night sky

---

in view of a festival of lights  
that shined across many hills and valleys  
the lantern, amazed, said  
to the colorful display of festive lights  
“oh no, not me  
you are enlightened  
and you have music too”  
(that last line is a joke  
for those who understand  
the lightness of this poetry)

just then  
a wave of clouds shifted to the side  
revealing the fullness of the moon  
its cool nocturnal light  
stretching forth from horizon to horizon  
and a wolf howled  
and an owl hooted  
and even the people noticed the emergence of the  
moonlight  
the festival of colorful lights looked to the moon and said  
“oh no, not me  
you are enlightened”

the moon, brilliant in the sky  
continued its ascent  
among the background of distant stars  
it reigned as the brightest light  
until the sun began to peek above the horizon  
painting the night sky with a hue of various colors

---

dimming the night’s darkness to shades of daylight  
and the moon, aghast, said  
to the rising sun  
“oh no, not me  
you are enlightened”

the sun continued to rise  
giving forth more of its powerful light  
and began to settle into its own vanity and pride  
for what else is there in this dream world  
that can outshine the sun  
at that very moment  
the absolute  
showed just a passing glance of its presence  
making all the sun’s light  
seem like a shadow  
the sun, realizing its mistaken pride  
humbled itself in prostration and said  
“oh, sun of the sun  
it is not me  
but you who are enlightened”

the absolute kissed the sun  
and then turned in adoration  
to see a lover serving its beloved  
the absolute looked beyond  
the surface of their forms  
to gaze directly into the heart of that devoted lover  
to realize a light of pure purity  
which made the absolute, in its supreme light

---

feel like a shadow  
humbled that a creation of light  
could possess a light that outshone the light of creation  
the absolute said to itself  
“oh no, not me  
that heart of the lover is enlightened”  
although this was unheard by most  
the most silent, observant mystics who heard this  
relished in joy

then there was silence  
for the heart filled with pure love  
speaks no language other than that  
of pure silence  
for what words can convey  
what is pure, what is love  
a purity and love made richer and deeper  
by the sincere devotion of the lover  
serving its beloved

i retracted my hand  
to extinguish the lit match  
and i heard my heart whisper  
in its unspoken voice  
“you are that lover  
when you surrender to serve  
in complete devotion”  
and the meditating mystic in the corner  
who never minds his own business  
and always says too much

---

said  
“have i not told you  
over and over again  
that you are already enlightened  
just be the lover you naturally are  
and serve  
imitate not the unlit room  
which seeks its own unending light outside of itself  
look to your heart  
it is a chamber waiting to be filled  
with unending light  
strike the match of love  
light the candle of service  
and uncover all that blocks this precious light  
so you may see as the absolute sees  
that when you live the service of love  
you are the most supreme enlightenment  
an indivisible never-ending light  
even if shared by all the universe”

oh, you who seek enlightenment  
what are you waiting for  
love and serve, and serve in love  
\* \* \*

---

atop my ancestors' tree  
there was a nest  
where a mother bird sat with her children  
aged enough to take their first flight  
the mother led the babies out from the nest  
onto a high branch and said  
"the day has arrived where now you can fly  
jump into the air  
and spread your wings  
and let your wings give you the gift of flight"

all the baby birds were crazy except one  
so all but that one jumped into the air  
none reaching the ground before they took to flight  
whizzing and zooming by within the pull of gravity  
by the grace of their wings and lightness of frame  
they were able to fly in spite of the gravitating pull  
the sole remaining baby refused to join the others  
with reserved fear it declared  
"i am not ready to fly"  
"what do you mean?" replied the mother  
your wings have grown enough  
and you have the lightness of a bird  
you were created to fly"

the bossy mystic in the corner  
has intervened to say  
that i should tell all humans hearing this poem  
that they were created to love  
there is no other genuine purpose for your creation

---

the mother encouraged the baby bird  
to leap from the high branch  
"there is nothing to be afraid of  
all you have to do is leap and spread your wings"  
the mother even pointed to the baby's siblings  
still whizzing and zooming by in the bliss of flight  
but the baby remained adamant  
declaring its flying siblings insane  
holding firm that it would not fly  
because it is not ready

another bird watching from another branch  
looked at the baby bird and thought  
"what a shame  
here's a baby ready to fly but it thinks it isn't  
if it were not ready  
it would not meet this day  
where its wise and caring mother  
who has cared for it all these days, through good and bad  
tells its beloved young ones  
they are ready to take flight"

the bossy mystic in the corner  
is interrupting yet again  
saying that i should tell those humans hearing this poem  
that they too have met their day  
their precious moment  
where a wise and caring voice  
is telling them  
you are ready to love

---

there is no way these words could reach your ears  
unless you are ready to hear them  
and ready to live them

for the baby who has never flown  
how would that baby know  
what is necessary to be ready to fly  
how do you prepare for something you've never done  
and what will such preparation be worth  
the mother bird told the baby  
you can only learn to fly by flying  
the bossy mystic in the corner  
told me to tell you  
you can only learn to love by loving  
everything else is but worthless imagining  
for one moment of (true) love consumes all eternity  
making one who has never loved  
into a lover who has always, is, and always will  
love

love exhales all time to inhale timelessness  
how can you who are so conditioned to time  
become ready for what is timeless  
you can't  
any such preparation is but a trick of the foolish mind  
but grace remains the great providence  
for it has placed capable wings upon your heart  
so when the caring mother of destiny  
leads you from the nest of the world  
to the high branch of the soul

---

to jump into the expanse of love  
even if this seems cruel or scary  
all you need do is spread your wings  
and all that you were created to do  
will do what it does  
effortlessly

the human being who surrenders one's self completely  
into the immersion of love  
needs only spread the wings of willing acceptance  
to whatever destiny brings  
and just love, simply love

it is only the baby refusing to spread its wings  
that will not fly  
it is only the human refusing to accept its purpose of being  
that will not love  
yet not even this can really prevent the bird from flying  
for the bird is always flying  
even if its feet are planted firmly on the ground  
the whizzing and zooming through the air with wings  
spread  
reduced to a stationary bondage  
will you too limit the timelessness of love  
to a stagnant bondage  
when destiny declares to you through this poem  
that you are ready now  
to love  
just release yourself into the immersion of your purpose

---

and spread the wings of your heart  
to discover you're already within the flight of love

the bossy mystic in the corner  
told me to tell you  
come on and join us crazy ones  
whizzing and zooming by  
in and out of time and timelessness  
we're only fulfilling the purpose for which we were  
created...

\* \* \*

---

i only need you  
all other needs are needless imaginings  
and i will not allow anything  
to get in the way of you and me  
even if you provide for me through other things  
i know those things are only vessels  
serving the only need i have  
you

you proclaimed with your familiar whispers  
if i release every thing  
you will give me everything  
so i release every single thing  
my faith is my witness  
even if something remains in my hand  
i suffer or enjoy it without grasping  
for you have swore  
you will not embrace one engaged in stolen embraces  
and i yearn for only your embrace  
my ungrasping hand waits in patience for you  
my only need  
my only everything

you warned me  
to want you not  
that desires are too small and confining  
to realize you  
    let alone surrender myself to love you  
    completely  
not even love will shower the fullness of its being

---

upon those who place barriers to love  
and all desires are barriers  
because all desires emanate from selfishness  
and what greater bondage is there  
than the one bound to selfishness  
    in a universe that exudes liberation  
if one must have desires  
want that which has no wanting  
and see there is a calling beyond even the most virtuous  
    desire  
that calling is love  
yet be not deceived by those desires which imitate our  
    callings  
for their end is to sate who i hold myself to be  
whereas callings end in the dissolution of me into you  
in i there is endless wanting  
in you there is endless of love  
and we already know which of these reveals  
fulfillment

oh my beloved  
will you feed me the bread of love  
and i not reciprocate by being the nectar of devotion  
let me not be such a selfish fool  
make humility my sovereign  
that i serve with the meekness of dust  
spread me wherever you wish  
blow me away if you will  
but wherever i be, let me be that nectar  
completely devoted to you

---

forever singing songs of love to love  
a lover endlessly surrendering to my beloved  
\* \* \*

---

reject these words if they are praises of my mind  
for i know i cannot love with my mind  
the mind is a fool  
a capable observer of phenomena  
with a great memory  
but the mind knows too much to know anything  
about the nothingness of love

i say again  
the mind is a fool  
let it not lead you  
for fools only very rarely stumble upon the path of wisdom  
and without wisdom, love is abused and destroyed

will you abuse and destroy  
that which is priceless  
that which is love

yet the fool is not without use  
if the fool brings what it knows  
to a wise one  
one who will transform ignorance into humility  
useless knowledge into the openness of nothingness  
one who will transform  
a life of wasted opportunities passed  
into the endless embracing fulfillment of love loving love  
oh, you who seek to live love  
throw away your minds if you cannot quiet them  
so that the heart, in which wisdom abounds  
may take its destined place as the guide to love

---

the heart will welcome your mind if it is restrained  
so restrain it  
and in its restraint let it serve the heart  
otherwise better to be a mindless lover of love  
than one with a mind forever unable  
to smell even the slightest passing fragrance  
of love's devotion

the heart said  
don't be a fool for love  
love loves those who love through wisdom  
but if you need to be a fool  
to tire of being a fool  
then a fool be  
until you acquire the fatigue of endless suffering  
and lose the taste for needless destruction and selfishness  
for when the fool has tired of being a fool  
and seeks to be wise...  
AHHH!, be forewarned, fool, that is a trap  
for how can a fool be wise  
another imagining of the foolish mind  
if a fool seeks the path of wisdom  
let that fool first render itself to nothing  
be empty of all supposed worth  
to then humbly receive the nectar of wisdom  
which is no different than love

the wise one is the one who knows nothing  
but allows wisdom to guide one to everything

---

the wise one is the one who realizes and quiets  
the stupidity of the mind  
to surrender to the guidance of the heart's wisdom  
the wise one is the one who has gone to the market  
to give away all worldly possessions  
(material and subtle)  
because they have been sullied by the touch of ignorance  
and love warrants the cleanliness of purity  
that wise one, after giving away all possessions  
will sit empty-handed  
before the begging bowl of love  
to plead for alms with love for love  
even if one must endure extended hunger  
before being sated by the precious donation of love

there really is no providence  
other than love

\* \* \*

---

i heard my restrained mind  
complain  
about being rendered to silence  
made invisible, unseen and unheard  
in the light of the heart's sovereignty

and you, my beloved  
replied  
oh disgruntled mind  
i dwell in the heart of all beings  
as the heart of their hearts  
which sustains them in love and even ignorance  
i am the humble canvas  
which allows the painted collages of their lives to be  
and yet  
to the exceeding majority of them  
i am an unknown yet intimate stranger  
unseen, unheard, invisible, and ignored  
be you to me my cherished exception  
be transparent, oh mind  
to shine forth the devotion of the heart  
which loves me as your sweet beloved  
be my adoring adorer  
in a world that discards the presence and memory of me  
feel me as that feeling beyond all feelings  
know me as that knowing that rejects the chains of all  
knowledge  
realize me as a servant to the heart  
to realize i am the heart that beats within and beyond all  
hearts

---

then see that all there is is love  
the union between the lover and the beloved  
a changeless changeling  
which allows even the imagination of ignorance  
to exist for now  
so none can say they were not afforded an ample  
    opportunity  
to realize and dissolve into love  
oh disgruntled mind  
shed all remnants of your imagination  
an imagining that will serve you no more  
if you surrender to dwell in the welcoming reality of me  
the reality of you  
the reality of we, in union  
you will realize  
the oneness of reality that truly is all

oh mind  
that prides itself on remembering  
remember this  
love is all there is  
and love begins and ends to begin and end forever  
in the heart  
it's up to the lover, if it will  
to live the eternal continuum  
between the beginningless beginning and endless ending  
    of love  
honor the sovereignty of the uncloaked heart  
be that transparent mind that does not veil the heart  
but instead dwells in the uncolored light of the heart

---

to reflect and project and deeply embrace  
love  
\* \* \*

---

there is nothing to prove in love  
only surrender  
if you find yourself seeking to prove something  
this is proof  
that you have wandered from the humble path of love  
and are in the wilderness of unnecessary distractions

love, when immersed within it  
is content with love  
and sufficient to itself  
take and give whatever you may  
only love will fulfill the yearnings of love  
even if in the most simplest of ways  
going deeper in faith and surrender  
to a deeper faith and deeper surrender  
to an even deeper deepened faith  
and deeper deepened surrender  
until even the deepest of faith and deepest of surrender  
dissolve into the pure nothingness of love  
a love so pure it is unaware that it is love  
yet its being is bliss indescribable  
peace incomparable  
having this, being this  
what is there to prove  
\* \* \*

---

love never promised  
its path would be without despair

the despairing lover  
came complaining again  
saying  
how can you declare this world to be sacred  
when suffering abounds without restraint  
and so many endure terrible, needless pains  
and evil is allowed free reign  
even among those who do only good  
for so many, breath to breath remains a struggle  
of unending hardships, disappointments  
frustrations, losses, and betrayals  
and even when i pray  
to receive the love of the beloved  
even this is denied me  
how cruel!  
this world cannot be sacred  
it is a horrible torture  
where only those born dead  
escape this world unharmed

and on and on  
the despairing lover went  
as the holy mother listened with caring patience  
and when the despairing lover  
uttered its last words sprinkled with passionate tears  
the holy mother spoke  
clear and softly

---

i have heard all your words  
and see the worth in your complaints  
yet still  
i hold this world as sacred  
why, you ask  
because despite all the horrible, terrible things  
you have rightly stated  
this world gives a priceless gem  
which surpasses the collective of that all  
and this gem is  
the opportunity to love the beloved  
i will not make all that is wrong with this world  
more important than love  
and the opportunity to love  
even if all this world is a lie  
i will be the only truth there is  
for there is no other truth than love

the fate of this world is a matter of the masses  
but the fate of love  
is only a matter between me and you  
between me and my beloved  
let the world falter or prosper as it will  
let the world bask in beneficence or suffer in its own  
destruction  
i will be drawn to love  
i will trust in surrender  
keep focus among all distractions  
not allow anything to be made more important than love  
let me be such a lover

---

who gives and receives to be  
the perfect gift at the perfect time to the perfect one  
and there is none perfect but  
my beloved and the one it loves  
(even if many are loved as the one the beloved loves  
love is always that personal, that intimate  
even in its universal vastness)

oh despairing lover  
come, come again  
to the prayer rug of love  
and make your sincere repentances for forgiveness  
embrace even deeper a lasting remembrance  
because  
love is a master magician  
who can take ignorance  
and weave it into the path of enlightenment and  
self-realization  
(realizing we were created to love)  
love is a master healer  
who can take pain  
and make it the gateway to unending bliss  
love is a master of destiny  
who can take conflict, hardship, and destruction  
to bring unknowing, unwilling lovers  
to the gateway of boundless peace  
who can take what is impossible  
and deliver it with ease into manifestation  
doubt not the capability of love  
yet despite the wonder and power

---

of love's magic, love's healing, and love's mastery  
it cannot do anything if we get in our own way  
if we make ourselves even unknown barriers  
to the power of love  
this great potency renders itself powerless  
for such is the great humility of love  
that it will not impose or allow compulsion in its dealings  
it will respect even our ignorant self-destruction  
as a sign to remain hidden behind the threshold of our  
    hearts  
and allow what is contrary to love to be  
love will not compromise its virtues  
but if we who need and flourish in the power of love  
live with just an open acceptance to whatever life brings  
even suffering and pain  
this openness will suffice to leave us open to be touched by  
love's magic, love's healing, and love's mastery  
and these will transform all that is contrary to love  
into the most intimate embrace  
of the lover with the beloved  
in the sovereign union of love  
the grace of oneness  
that honors and upholds what is most important

may we all surrender to love  
and whatever it and life brings to us  
if we can allow bondage to be put upon our lives  
why not allow love to work its magic, healing, and mastery  
to transform bondage into love's freedom  
to transform this finite life into love eternal

---

to transform despairing lovers  
into lovers overwhelmed by the grace of love  
\* \* \*

---

let my living of love  
my surrender to love  
be like the sun  
all its light given today  
none kept for tomorrow  
none reserved from yesterday  
to give all my love in this present moment  
to my beloved  
this is life  
all else is death and its imaginings  
and  
why would i return to death  
after tasting the timeless bliss  
of love's eternal resurrection

one who would deny all of my love  
deserves none of it  
and if i deny  
the all of love given to me from my beloved  
i am not worthy of being a lover  
to receive without conditions  
in the conditions i am placed within  
to uphold my virtues with ethics  
for ethics is an unrelenting protector of love  
to touch the untouchable hand  
which forever guides me to my heart  
the home of (my) true being  
to just love  
for there is really nothing else  
once one has caught a glimpse

---

of the blinding light  
of my beloved

my surrender to love is eternity  
a birthless existence forever free from death  
anything else but such surrender  
is a concession to death  
and the endless torture  
of breathing to die  
\* \* \*

---

my beloved, my lord  
i hear your call  
admonish me no more  
your voice is heard clearly  
i will not make the world  
or the entire universe  
more than nor equal to  
your love  
these you gave to me  
as worthless dowries for our union  
form for form  
but form was only created to serve what is  
formless  
i will not be stupid  
by making these forms  
equal to or superior to what is supreme  
love is supreme  
period

only you can give love  
whether directly or expressed through forms  
and only you can call me to love  
if left to my own devices  
i can only offer a poor imitation  
of the boundlessness of love

my love, my beloved, my lord  
they know not this tempest that tortures me  
deep seismic pangs that color my every moment  
as i wear smiles to hide the pain

---

the alchemist fire penetrates to the most intimate quarters  
beyond the reach of where impurities can hide  
and in my ignorance  
i have polluted my mind  
with endless foolish attachments  
i did not know any better  
until i received that grace  
a morsel of your love directly experienced  
after receiving this  
i could not help but seek to abandon  
all that i am and all that i had  
but after grasping for so long at unsatisfying imitations  
my mind cannot comprehend  
the effortless contentment of reality  
where all i have to do  
is let go  
of everything  
and enjoy the love you immerse me within  
to give back those portions of love  
that call me to feed the hand that feeds me  
endless portions of love  
all else is but a fading shadow  
to the effulgent light of love  
even your name disappears in our union  
how can i lose sight of this bliss  
and yet i do  
from the conditioning of too many years  
of living in forgetfulness of you  
yet  
you still choose to love me

---

unworthy as i am  
you choose again and again  
with each moment of your sustaining concern  
to immerse me in love  
not even death will take me now  
because you have made me yours  
for forever and beyond

why then do i struggle to be completely yours  
and only yours  
can i rightfully blame these forms  
or my foolish mind  
to be just short of perfection in loving you

i wish i would have never been torn from your bosom  
although my journey to completely reunite with you  
brings you so much joy  
my pain, your joy  
even as my pain takes away from your joy  
because you wish for me to bask  
in the bliss of our union revealed  
this body, this mind  
they have become crucifixions  
that paint the apparition of our separation  
as i long to only be in my heart  
which sings the song of our endless oneness  
as i long to only be my heart  
the precious chamber within which you fill with you

---

may you be my only temptation  
for you are my only fulfillment  
without a doubt you are everything  
please help me to forever live the remembrance of this  
even more and more deeply  
even more and more completely  
so that when i dwell to remember forever  
my union with you  
i will be without any regrets  
i will not look back at the road i traveled with remorse  
for the pain i inflicted upon you by inflicting such upon  
myself  
we are forever united  
anything i feel, you feel in all time  
why should that not always be my love for you  
forgive me that i have filled this life  
with things i know i should have never made you feel

if love will bring persecution  
you be my only persecution  
if love will deliver pain and despair  
let these be only you  
if love will destroy me  
let me be burnt ashes at your feet  
if love will wipe away all forms  
let you be the formlessness that receives me  
if i plead for repentance  
may you be my forgiveness  
and please, suffer me not long  
in transforming me to never obscure love again

---

for what greater sin is there  
than forgetting the remembrance of love  
a love you still offer to me  
even when i'm stupid enough to forget  
\* \* \*

---

there comes a time  
when even the lover  
should refrain  
from uttering silent whispers  
of love  
to the beloved  
to surrender to complete silence  
to question nothing  
to belong beyond all longing  
to be immersed in complete aloneness  
i did hear my beloved say  
aloneness is the only place  
where i can meet you

so i retired to the cave  
remembering the story of muhammad  
(peace be upon you)  
watching the spiders weave their webs  
across the entrance  
a duty performed  
not only for my protection  
but my isolation from the world  
as i heard a voice say  
delve into the dwelling of aloneness  
and when you are there  
and when you are still  
i will come to you

observing this, i said  
must the spiders give their lives

---

crossing the cave's entrance  
as the cold winds blow  
and should the beloved come to the lover  
when the lover is sincerely coming to it  
it is we who serve the beloved  
should we allow the beloved to humble itself to us  
when it has already served us immensely  
by placing this longing for it within us  
and muhammad nodded in agreement  
as he placed me in his place  
saying  
"all you say is noble  
but let it not deter the slightest  
the will of the beloved"

if you come as a gift from love  
then you come in love, with love  
to do what:  
love  
this is the essence of the nectar  
a drop of which  
makes all the oceans jealous to quench your thirst  
but don't drink this drop for the sake of thirst  
go deeper before receiving it  
go deep into the endless depth  
and allow yourself to feel the endlessness of what is endless  
then you will know you are in the proximity of the heart of  
the beloved

---

there is no love but love  
there is no truth but truth  
there is no awareness but pure absolute awareness  
these are oneness  
and this oneness is the beloved  
the sovereign of sovereigns  
the grace of all grace  
if these do not rule all  
all is lost  
even if the poverty of this world seems affluent  
you have nothing  
if you do not serve this all  
but being in the presence of this all  
renders all to nothingness

but back to the cave  
now covered with the spiders' webs  
making it seem no one has entered this cave  
for a very long time  
"heed the call," said a voice unknown  
"for when the beloved calls the lover to itself  
and draws the lover  
by its own love  
right into the bosom of the heart of the beloved  
what greater grace is there  
which turns passing seconds  
into timeless nights of ascension  
what greater grace is there than this in this world  
there is one grace greater  
when the beloved crosses the heavens

---

and descends through the realms  
to bring the bosom of its heart  
to the heart of the alone lover”

oh muhammad  
the humility of your wisdom shines even brighter  
that you would not question  
the beloved placing you in the cave to come to you  
if the spiders die weaving their webs in cold winds  
let it be  
they will be taken to heaven to weave the robes of angels  
and if i must sit alone in this cave  
for timeless moments that become passing centuries of  
    sleep  
let it be  
for in my awakening will be the imprint of being visited  
by my beloved  
and if i must meditate with this drop of nectar  
never drinking it  
let it be  
for eternity will not end without placing that drop in my  
    mouth  
to drink beyond thirst  
and love beyond the need or longing to love  
to just love with a love so pure  
a love unaware of its own purity  
clothed in unadorned simplicity

there comes a time  
when even the lover

---

should refrain  
from uttering silent whispers  
of love  
to the beloved  
to surrender to complete silence  
to question nothing  
to belong beyond all longing  
to be immersed in complete aloneness  
i did hear my beloved say  
aloneness is the only place  
where i can meet you

\* \* \*

---

oh zaid  
you come to visit me again  
even when i'm not writing  
of rumi and his wine  
or your beautiful gardens  
and what a precious gem you bring  
to entice the remembrance of lovers  
you said  
"this life we live  
is but a ring lost in the desert"  
retracing the flying steps of muhammad  
when the beloved brought him near through ascension  
each heaven being as a ring lost in the desert  
of the next heaven beholding it  
each one eternally larger than the one it held  
until the seventh heaven  
was but a ring  
lost before the endless throne of the beloved  
who can imagine the incalculable mercy  
of the beloved bringing a lover before its heart, its throne  
and i  
inspired by the remembrance of love  
declare  
this which appears to be my life  
is but a grain of sand lost in the desert  
oh my beloved, how did you ever find me  
except by the grace and power of love

oh, you other grains of sand  
stop searching for the one who will find you

---

be still in love  
and allow the beloved to find you  
in love

i am nothing  
i am completely insignificant  
it is only you finding me  
that makes mention of me worthy of consideration  
yet call not my name  
just say your name  
and my devotion is there  
my heart instantly seeking to be  
where your name is called and sung  
and honored  
i am nothing  
i am completely insignificant  
except that you choose me  
a grain of sand among other countless grains of sand  
in this desert among other countless deserts  
which behold other deserts holding deserts  
and on and on and on  
a testament of your abounding glory  
what you create we cannot even fully conceive  
i am nothing  
i am completely insignificant  
it is only you finding me that is everything  
let my humility be made complete  
my will unquestioningly dissolved in you  
for if you find me not  
i am less than nothing

---

an opportunity unfulfilled  
that never knew it was a precious opportunity  
what can convey my gratitude that you even look for me  
let alone find me  
to love and be loved  
what words or actions can convey  
the deepest of appreciation

i surrender to silence  
\* \* \*

---

we will deepen your love through faith

have we forgot  
our time in the garden of eden  
the sacred garden of love  
a precious paradise underneath which rivers flow  
where we never even knew need or want  
or suffering  
only the love of the beloved  
who placed us in the most gentle  
never-ending providence  
where all we had to do  
was live the ease of obedience  
and the effortless deepening of faith

you were there  
doubt not that you were there  
do not be confused  
that the story only calls the names of adam and eve  
or that many traditions say it was eve's hand  
which took the fruit from the tree of knowledge  
you were there  
it was your hand that took that fruit  
and most likely continues to eat that fruit  
just because we violated the command of our beloved once  
does not mean we should continue to ignore  
the still living command to not eat from the tree of  
knowledge  
every other tree we are given leave to eat from  
for they have the breath of timelessness, the breath of love

---

and when all is timelessness and love  
there can be no death or its emanations  
such as hatred, suffering, destruction, ignorance, and  
delusion  
but if you just extend your hand toward the tree of  
knowledge  
these are placed at the footstep of your mind  
and the mind reacts  
confusing the oneness of love  
into the imagination of multiplicity  
a captivating appearance by which we obscure truth  
and draw to us the curse  
of being driven out of the garden

everything birthed by imagination must die  
for it is all nothing more than  
a thought perceived to be more than a thought  
even if it points to reality, it is not reality  
reality dissolves all imaginings  
so that nothing will be distractions for it  
although the tree of knowledge  
was placed in the center of the garden  
it was easy to ignore  
when we remained in the obedience of faith in our beloved  
it is only when we allowed a friendly suggestion  
to creep into our ears  
that we were drawn away  
from the faithful whispers of our hearts

---

one suggestion  
one act of disobedience  
one admonishment of faith  
has spun this endless bondage  
of the mind to the foolishness of itself  
the spark of raging fires  
that burn continuing ignorance, destruction, and evil  
for even with a purified mind  
every good and virtuous thought opens  
at least one door  
to evil and destructive thoughts  
making the path of living the pure mind  
a path calling for ever-increasing restraint  
to not stumble through the increasing open doors  
that lead to evil and destruction  
doors placed at the feet of your mind  
for the mind was not made to love  
it dissects the apparition of imagination  
into countless thoughts  
and ignores the pervading oneness of love  
for such oneness is beyond the mind's comprehension  
(only as a thought can the mind imagine the oneness of love  
not realize such oneness as the oneness it is)  
and where there is knowledge there must be the mind  
just as where there is bondage, there must be chains  
even if they are formless chains  
the first commandments have never been removed  
from the book of eternity  
eat not from the tree of knowledge  
do not enslave yourself to your mind

---

i must interject  
these words are only for those  
who are sincere and are rooted in living sound ethics  
without these  
your mind is more likely to confuse the meaning of these  
    words  
and only deepen your bondage  
and possibly validate your bondage as a path to love's  
    freedom  
there is no freedom without restraint  
the truth of love is rarely realized without purity  
and the light of love rarely seen in the blindness  
    of selfishness and evil  
but sincerity and ethics are perfect patient guides  
to the domain of love

better to be  
a thoughtless idiot endowed with unending faith  
than a perfect thinking mind  
word on the streets is that the sages call such an idiot  
very wise

there is no way to think love  
your thinking can only come  
as far to realize the futility of thoughts  
such doesn't even approach the borders of the kingdom of  
    love  
you must go deeper and farther  
to see the immaculate castle  
but to reach the futility of thoughts

---

is a destination well reached  
if you will continue  
to cultivate the willingness to surrender thinking  
to transcend thinking  
to finally restrain and quiet the mind  
and yes, it seems that this is somewhat easier to do  
with a healthy mind  
accustomed to thinking of good and virtue  
but be not deceived  
for even such a mind is its own trap  
if it will not surrender itself  
to transcend itself

forget not  
that the mind is a fool and a liar  
it will foolishly believe the lie  
that you can think your way to love  
thinking it has much to gain by remaining in apparent  
    control  
foolish to not realize  
the unending bliss that will fill it  
if it surrenders to be transcended

we will deepen your love through faith  
remember this  
because you were there  
in the garden of eden, the sacred garden of love  
where the only prohibition was  
to not eat from the tree of knowledge

---

it was not placed in the middle of the garden as a  
    temptation  
you would only think such  
if you have already descended to thinking  
but where we fall, we can arise to stand  
with our feet on the ground  
our eyes in the heavens  
our minds transcended to quiet restraint  
and our hearts immersed in love  
\* \* \*

---

i bring to you no adornments  
all my efforts, i surrender to your effortlessness  
the best imitations of mortals  
can only give appeasing appearances of death  
and we, in ignorance, have become so accustomed to death  
we embrace it as life  
the fools we are who adapt to death  
when the bounty of love is within our fingertips  
i know to never be content with the creation of mortals  
animated corpses cannot inhale the breath of love  
what they breathe in they must breathe out  
because death cannot hold love  
nor be nurtured or sustained by it without decaying  
yet even your mercy will not allow those born into cycles  
    of death  
to be forever bound with no way out  
that if one touches the edge of the finite limitations  
of death's apparition of life  
we -- yes, from one to we  
we can realize the invitation of infinity  
dancing on the edge of the finite  
within this intimate space of meeting  
is the deeper invitation of oneness  
where the finite surrenders itself  
to the unending vastness of infinity  
to feel that which encompasses all feelings  
    and yet is beyond all feelings  
that indivisible essential essence  
which in this poem i will call love  
but in its own realm forever remains nameless

---

oh love  
what words can describe what you fully are  
what actions can express your boundless bounty  
what can receive or give you  
only stillness  
only complete surrender  
    complete transparency of identity and deluding  
    illusion  
only complete selfless service  
and only you  
only love can describe, express  
receive and give  
love

i'll say it again and again  
i am only a vessel for what love wills to pour into me  
even if it makes my vessel overflowing with its flow  
i take no credit for these words  
and the transmission that dances within and beyond them  
who can scribe the beauty of the like hereof that flows  
    through me  
not me  
not even in the purity of (my) perfection  
could i adequately imitate this so-called poems  
only love can scribe this  
these are not mere poems or songs of the heart  
these are the fragrance of devotion, the scent of love  
reflections of portions of immeasurable grace from the  
    beloved  
and even these are only those portions the beloved

---

allows me to share  
there is more  
oh love be blessed, there is so much more  
but this i cannot speak of  
in order to uphold the honor the love of my beloved  
\* \* \*

---

the moon said to the sun  
my beauty is only a reflection of your light  
and the sun replied  
my light is but a reflection  
of a greater light neither of us can see  
and the smiling mystic  
overhearing their lover's discourse  
proclaimed without restraint  
oh yes, i know that light  
it illuminates my heart  
and gives me the breathless breath of love

i am no more than the moon  
even if the words reflected through me  
are portions of a light none of us can see  
love is the light that lights the way  
love is the path and the journeyless journey  
love is the destination that was always the origin  
    and each imagined step between these  
love is the beloved for the beloved is love  
love is even the lover who has forgotten the lover is love  
love is the awakening remembrance  
    of the dream that dreams its own end  
    to awaken to what it is, was, and always will be  
the oneness of love, even if imagined as confusing  
    multiplicities  
where we allow the imagined to be more real than reality  
i am no more than the moon  
will you imagine yourself to be more than the moon  
and portions of reflected love reflecting upon you

---

the crying mystic  
on the prayer rug of love's repentance wailed  
do not overvalue this waddling death you imagine as life  
this imagined life is only precious  
because it allows you to be brought to the edge of illusion  
where we can realize the opportunity to love  
this is the bridge from the finite to beyond infinity  
but if this opportunity is ignored  
then what is worthless remains worthless  
and opportunities lost may not always be regained  
even if they point to who and what we truly are  
such is the confounding nature of our deluded imaginings  
do not overvalue them  
for they are not even worthy of comparing to  
love  
so i will not compare anything in this entire universe  
to love

meet me, if you will  
beyond all comparison  
in that placeless place  
where words avail naught  
where silence unfolds  
the unending fullness  
of love  
\* \* \*

---

love is always enough for reality  
but never enough for illusion  
nor will it ever be  
for illusion will never be content  
even if it consumes its own consumption  
its sating is unending consumption  
and the unending pangs of suffering that accompany such  
even if given the endless contentment of love  
illusion will never be content

will you seek to buy love at the expense of illusion  
if so,  
peddle your trade elsewhere  
love is not and never will be on the market of commerce  
it is priceless in the truest sense  
such that there is nothing that can buy love  
do not be confused that it dances amidst exchanges  
love cannot be exchanged  
only realized as a pervading existing union  
a blessing to be shared in its unending sharing

surrender all illusion, if you will  
and let your hands be empty, washed by sincerity  
that such emptiness may serve as a call  
for the love of the beloved  
a call that has already been answered  
be blind to it no more

---

oh my beloved  
i have not forgotten what you whispered in the ear of  
my soul  
aloneness is the only place to meet you  
because the mind is too fickle to be still among distractions  
and it is impossible for you to be second to anything  
how can the source of all be second to anything that  
emanates from it  
such is your mercy that you hide among distractions  
so that i wrong you not and do not render my existence  
impossible  
by making created emanations more important than you  
even if my wandering to distractions is me wronging  
myself  
peddling for splintered chips of copper  
when you are the purity of all gold  
and will willingly pour yourself into my beggar's bowl  
if i merely be still, release all distractions  
and dwell in the patience of sincerity  
and embrace the courage to not run away  
for even in enduring the horror of my imagined self  
my selfishness, my foolishness, my ugliness  
even within these is the seed of your light  
a spark of which is enough to brightly illumine the entire  
universe

in such light is the revelation of you

the only way to realize the beloved  
is to realize the beloved

---

where there is only you and me  
in love  
you in me and me in you  
an union already existing  
never separate, never apart  
always oneness even among the appearances of many  
always love even in the midst of concealing distractions

because you are, i am  
because i am, you must be  
i will not ignore the clear evidence  
of our oneness  
because of contrived, imagined doubts

love is always enough for reality  
may i embrace reality and forever relinquish illusion  
may i deal with all i encounter  
from the endless depth of love  
in doing this  
i know my beggar's bowl will never be empty  
and only filled with the purity of love  
\* \* \*

---

the mind pondered  
uh-oh: beware, the mind is pondering again  
but the mind pondered  
if i am all  
why am i so destructive  
why am i so ignorant  
so as to allow, cause, and sustain  
so much suffering and unending pain  
if i am all  
including that which can stop all of this  
why not put an end to all of this  
to allow, cause, and sustain  
only beneficence  
only love and its treasures

even if the mind asks such questions in sincerity  
the mind and its questions will only confuse itself  
and if you identify with the confusing mind  
you will allow such confusion to veil who you truly are  
you are the answer to all questions  
not what you may hold yourself to be  
but who and what you truly are  
which is indivisible from the oneness of love  
which is beyond the mind, awaiting you in the heart  
the mind is not capable of understanding you  
it is not capable of perceiving the totality of all  
the mind can only understand portions of what is  
yet the nature of questions  
is to progressively seek knowing the totality of all  
so for the mind to entertain questions

---

is to embark upon a task it is not capable of completing  
painting its own path of frustration and suffering  
as it strives to do that which is beyond its ability to do

there is nothing to figure out  
the mind can only conceive answers  
that will lead to more questions  
which will seek more answers  
that will only, at its best  
only understand a portion of the totality  
but not the fullness of all that is  
because a portion of all that is  
cannot explain all that is  
in an universe that refuses to be bound to itself  
all that is is beyond all explanations  
even these words  
attempting to explain what is beyond explanation  
only lead further away from what it seeks to explain  
but that is the point  
seek not explanations  
they can only provide temporary comfort  
not lasting understanding and contentment

for those on the path of love  
the purpose of questions  
is to reveal the uselessness of questions  
for whatever questions may arise  
the ultimate answer is  
be who and what you truly are  
be love and love

---

this answer needs not change  
in the face of any question or any circumstance  
love is  
the ultimate answer to every thing  
and everything

oh lover  
when the mind rebels  
by dipping its thoughts into the unending pool of questions  
restrain it by concentrating on love  
judge it not  
just turn its focus to the remembrance of love  
and then allow love, if it will  
to dissolve such concentration  
into the effortless dwelling on love  
for when you dwell in love  
all questions become insignificant

oh lover  
you need not ponder any more questions  
for any question you may ask  
the answer is love  
any other answer your mind will imagine  
or accept from other imagining minds  
will only lead you further away from the only true answer  
love  
so be the answer and love  
which is nothing more than you being who you are

---

and where this seems insufficient  
    although it is not  
    for love always suffices  
but where appearances dance in outstanding deficiencies  
pay the balance with faith  
for faith is a treasure from the treasury of love  
spend as much as you will, it will not decrease  
faith cannot be measured by faithless things  
nor will it devalue over time  
nor can it be stolen or even lost  
unless you foolishly abandon it  
and choose ignorance over the truth of love

these words begin to fail me again  
when will i tire of sharing them  
in hopes of pointing others  
to the silent gateway of love  
i am tired  
i will go rest in silence  
so i may dwell undistracted  
in the love of the beloved  
where there are no words or questions  
to distract me  
from being who and what i am  
\* \* \*

---

the ignorant seek enlightenment  
the enlightened merely dwell in love  
what will those seeking enlightenment  
learn from this

the praying mystic said  
when my humility touches my heart  
there is only union with the beloved  
a love so pure and selfless it is unaware of itself  
the vessel and the nectar that flows through it  
lose all distinctions in the realization of oneness

without sincerity and the deepening of faith  
any efforts made to realize love  
will fall short of the effortlessness of dwelling in love

the illusion is less than nothing  
less than even the absence of reality  
complete fabrications of ignorant imaginings  
will you ignore love for that

oh beloved  
forgive me that i ever strayed from your will  
may i never violate such repentance  
by straying from your will again  
but this demands that i release  
the cause of me going astray  
that cause is me  
    who i hold myself to be  
if i return to being nothing

---

i effortlessly dissolve into love  
the purpose for which i was created  
may i remain pure in this purpose  
shedding the multiplicity of you and me  
to only be the oneness of love  
\* \* \*

---

if they turn the home of my beloved  
into a museum for hypocrites  
i will leave  
for i know my beloved  
no longer dwells within such walls  
you always told me to look to my heart  
therein you reside

it only takes one boisterous voice  
to disturb thousands seeking silence  
but i need not remain  
where there is one boisterous voice  
                  or many boisterous selfish voices  
i came to the ashram seeking silence  
so that within silence  
i may more easily realize  
the call and song of love

and there the old man sat  
in what appeared to be decrepit remains  
yet he would not hesitate to say  
it is still a holy ashram  
and i sat in the place of the young boy  
who asked what is an ashram  
i, resonating on the old man's words  
that the ashram is the home of the guru

yet i was disturbed  
because many residing here  
honor not the guru

---

despite their proclamations  
they ignore the lessons given  
making a temple of love  
a hall of ignorance  
    by how they live  
painting the fragrance of devotion  
with the stench of hypocrisy and cowardice  
where they wear smiles as facades  
but are no closer to happiness  
    than those who are honest enough  
    to frown their sadness  
    and cry their tears of despair  
they recite sacred teachings and words of wisdom  
as hollow echoes that have no depth in their living  
and make gods of the trivial  
reducing the truth of love to precious jewels ignored  
troubled to the point of despair  
i asked the old man  
how can such be allowed in the guru's home  
is not this to be a place of refuge from the world  
where we drop the adornments of illusion  
to surrender and embrace the reality of love  
is this not to be a space  
where we cultivate a sacred safety  
to face our own shortcomings  
to transform  
where is the sincerity, the discipline, the commitment  
that demonstrates a living respect  
of the guru's home

---

and the old man said  
do not forget what this is about  
love, only love  
even if these fools receive  
all the apparent boons of your surrender to love  
don't restrain a single drop of love  
love your love  
as much as you love the beloved  
and let love flowingly be  
be you the river that receives and let's go the flow  
not the source or the destination of the flow  
give as has been given to you  
for the greatest blessing of love  
is for the lover to love  
let love decide who it shines upon and benefits  
be a servant to love by being its vessel  
  
and i told the old man  
there is nothing in what you say that i disagree with  
and nothing i have refrained from doing  
but even as i do this  
why must i reside with others who do the opposite  
and place obstacles and hardships upon the path of my  
    surrender  
is this not the home of the guru  
is this not a place for love  
and should this place make a place for those  
who do not sincerely live love

---

the old man said  
young man, go deeper  
this is a place of love  
if you have totally immersed yourself in love  
be a deep river that receives and gives  
restrain nothing  
for in this home  
the guru only seeks to point you  
to the deeper home of your heart  
but if you are distracted from that  
by the unruly guests who are here for now  
and yes, they are nothing more than guests  
because they live not in a way  
that makes this home their home  
but even if the guru tolerates their presence until death  
if they become distractions for you  
seek another home that will bring you home  
the holy ashram is not the walls or the land  
it's the transformation that occurs  
to bring you home to home  
and if for you  
that will not happen in the presence of fools  
seek another ashram  
that will bring you home to home  
for what is most important  
is that you come home to the home of the heart  
this is not limited to any physical place  
but be in such a place that nurtures such transformation

---

be clear about why you come to the home of my beloved  
be clear about what you come for  
why you remain  
and why you leave  
there are plenty of other places  
for mindless or mindful excursions  
but the home of the guru  
has its own sacred purposes  
which revolve around the heart  
respect these purposes  
don't mix the poisons of selfishness with the nectar of  
service  
let not the toxins of ignorance  
be cooked with the nourishing fruits of wisdom and  
humility  
bring not the stupidity of the unenlightened world  
into a holy refuge that holds its space for love  
and protect not that which should be discarded  
instead  
let it be released and transcended  
and you transformed  
but fall not for the trap of transforming yourself  
come to serve and allow the service to transform you  
come to love and allow the love to transform  
everything you hold yourself to be  
into the revelation of your true being  
but if where you are is not suited to that for you  
go find a place that is  
because whether you need the sun or the moon  
what is most important

---

is that you find what you need  
to surrender your forms to transform

in gratitude  
i pray for the blessings of the guru  
as i seek its home elsewhere  
in a place where i will be in the company  
of others genuinely seeking and honoring  
the home of the guru  
where i may be with others  
devoted to living the teachings of the guru  
to be transformed  
by surrendering to serve and love  
to honor the purpose of the ashram  
not only as a place to find love  
but live together with others  
sincerely serving and loving the beloved  
\* \* \*

---

leaving the ashram. Alternate title: fragrance of devotion.  
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