



poetry by
nashid fareed-ma'at (ashi)

leaving the ashram

or

[alternate title]
fragrance of devotion

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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
* * *

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
* * *

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

* * *

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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