
the rent party:

getting soul-drunk with rumi poems

33 poems in 3 days with two and a half candles

by nashid fareed-ma'at (ashi)

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A very quick intro...

O, Rumi, Rumi, Rumi: what can be said of him that one cannot discover by reading his words. I refer to the mystic Persian poet, Jelaluddin Balkhi -- also known as Rumi. His influence upon mystic and spiritual traditions transcends many centuries. Even in the specificness of many of his poems can be found a broad and diverse quilt of lessons, understandings, revelations, etc.

This collection of poetry, despite its personal therapeutic purpose, borrows from and plays on a metaphor in some of Rumi's poetry: the use of wine, drunkenness, and drunkardness to expound on mystic matters. The drunkenness of the soul differs in some regards to alcohol intoxication, although at times there may be some similarities in the affected states of soul-drunkards and alcoholic drunks. But the path of soul-drunkardness is one that leads beyond the reach of destruction, pain, ego, attachments, and other factors that limit one's capability to discover the abounding bliss of the heart and soul.

Therefore, as a parting word of guidance for this collection, be open to what *soul-drunkardness*, *rumi wine and rum*, *emptiness*, *bliss*, and other mystic metaphors may mean for your life in the present moment you encounter them. Meanings may change, differing meanings may emerge at

once, or certain poems may even seem nonsensical. But even in the mundane world, some of the most profound and meaningless revelations were discovered in drunken stupors -- how much more can be found in a blissful drunkenness that opens the soul to the vast allness of the universe...

And for those who have never read any of Rumi's work, please do. Consider this book a raised glass to him, so it makes sense to learn a little about the person for whom the eloquent toast is made...

nashid
June 2010

it is not love to say come and suffer with me
but i'll show you love by offering you
a cup of rumi wine
and a lasting way to escape the chains of pain

do not make your life a reservoir
of unreleased pain
let it go



1.
when 6 times 6 times 6
equals six years from my passed
and shells that cracked
i surrender to shattering
for all shells are made to be broken
even if the yolk is not poured
into a frying pan
i will not pour the remembrance
and realization of truth
into a frying pan

although the mind is empty
the hand still writes
for vessels will be channels
when love is the source
take away and throw away
all fiction
i have found reality (again and again)
and if i lose it in the next coming moment
i will seek it again
in whatever present moment i may find it anew

so what if the world twirls
i'll twirl my own body to find the right speed
to release
what i have attached to
what i have allowed to be attached to me
so i may sing the silence of the soul
in wisdom whispers reserved for attentive ears

that will not run from what truth reveals
even if it shatters the mirrors of ego's reflections
better to fall apart than remain an intact lie
better to crawl on your knees than stand for an apparition
better to cry indecipherable words
than to clearly speak illusion
better to lose everything and rebuild
than to protect what is falsely conquered

zaid, i'm soul-drunk on rumi's words
i must apologize for thinking you such a lush
but what's the point of sobriety
if it chains us to illusions
that boast the bondage of delayed or comforted pain
and ego's escapades rerun on the syndicated channels of
conforming lies
just because the mystic
sometimes sits down to watch tv
doesn't mean the mystic has replaced reality with contrived
insanity
no genuine mystic is that crazy
and if forgetfulness brings one to the threshold of pain
the mystic will cry its tears as it dances the song of release
there is nothing worth holding on to
even beneficence
if it makes the "i" more important than humility
identity more important than truth
or knowledge more important than faith

this is the openness that makes the mystic
a mystic



2.

i once thought to write a book
about cultivating a pure heart
but then it dawned on me
like the light of the sun
that everything i would write
even if it summed up to thousands of pages
of the most detailed, profound, enlightening revelations
could be summed up in three words:
complete sincere humility

that's all that's necessary
to cultivate
a pure heart



3.

head slouched
staring at a djembe wrapped in a blanket
taped up for a journey to a destination not yet determined
as i fight to suppress yawns that call me to sleep
does drowsiness have a distinct wisdom
that calls on matadors to drop their swords in the presence
of charging bulls
i won't fight those who will destroy their own lives
even under the false premise of self-improvement
i learned early on
that it is stupid to get in the way of stupidity
and wisdom forbids me to be stupid
if i want it (wisdom) to remain my companion

if you can't hold your liquor
get soul-drunk at the pity shack
not the temple of responsibility
for as reckless as you may be
you are responsible for your actions
and don't destroy the temple
if you can't rebuild it within three days
or offer to sacrifice your son
if you're not willing to kill him even as he cries for life

certain things are not meant to be played with
sometimes confessed failure is better than imitation
there are no facades that can forever hide ego attachment
or veil such tricks in moral significance

rumi, i need another drink that won't make me drowsy

the man wearing the dhoti said
"only remember what you think when you take a deep
yawn"

i yawned deeply but could remember nothing
the man smiled and said
"exactly"
and zaid whispered
"emptiness"

so i closed my eyes
and waited for the next deep yawn to come
but drifted off to sleep before the next yawn came
but the message of the dhoti man
in my drowsy soul-drunkenness remained
what's the point of remembering anything
when your whole body and being can simply exhale
everything
in a single moment
release everything in a single moment
the opportunity to begin anew
in the presence of wisdom and beneficence
that guides the willing
if we only remember
what we think in the midst of a deep yawn
even if that leaves us to relearn wise and beneficent lessons
over and over again

♥●▲

4.

if you cut me, i bleed
and yet i wish not to do anything to make you bleed
what would i gain from your suffering

when the hurt seek to hurt others
this ends not the pain
nor addresses its source
and lasting remedy
(i smile taking a drink of that rumi rum)

young one, go blow the conch shell
so the ocean will know to be quiet
but now all we hear are the mystics wailing drunkenly
calling for their beloved
they must have drunk too much wine and rum
for their beloved has not left them
even if they have abandoned their beloved
they are more likely to discover their cherished reunion
in silence
not drunken jibberish of pain's torment and separated
ignorance

put away those knives
if you cut me even mistakenly, i bleed
and i hold no trophies on my skin for scars
for even soft, unblemished skin is no permanent home
i seek not the friendship of lost souls
who wander aimlessly in dilated blindness
if they just stopped, stood, and listened

they would have a better chance of finding
what is not really lost
but only appears to be lost
destruction is a game of fool meets fool
battling out to see who wins the disappointing prize
of who is the more dominant fool

yet some take joy in winning anything
even destruction

i will not play that game
i have nothing to gain by another's loss
i have nothing to gain by false victories
if i cannot share reality with you
then surely we have won nothing
cause if you cut me, i bleed
and i wish not to bleed unnecessarily
and i wish not to do anything to make you bleed
having attained liberation from pain, i know its beauty
even if i must cry the pains of liberating release
in bearing the pains of others inflicted on me
yet still i choose not to be a hermit
seeking shared victories
accepting the vulnerability of being failed by others again
liberation has no bounds
not even to the shortcomings of others
but the ecstasy of victory
that is the stuff that makes soul-drunks give up drinking
to touch the core of the purest purity
in the embrace of one's pure heart

in the embrace of another pure heart
i've yet to encounter this with another human being
but the rumor of it is enough to sustain my journey
even in the forgotten failures i've encountered in forgotten
days

if you cut me, i bleed
not self-inflicted wounds but wounds bore by you
people who are hurt
and people who are drunk
should not play with knives
instead
look to the heavens
and pour your whole being out to the stars
then wait for the sun to come
to illuminate your whole expanse with light
what about you is so important
that it outshines the brilliance of the sun
not even your deepest pains or greatest joys
outshine that kind of light
and yet even the sun's light travels the journey of day by
day
all my light given this day
none reserved for tomorrow
none withheld because of yesterday
all my light given this present day
irrespective of the wanting influences of the past and future
a liberation born in humility, discipline, and charity
a liberation born in a soul-drunken forgetfulness
that's why i changed my choice of liquor

from ego tonics to rumi rum and wine
from toxic intoxication to soul-drunkardness
i drink the wine of sunshine even when the sun has set



5.
the foolish rarely know the weaves of the wounds
they sew into their souls
so don't take it personal
that when a chord is struck
they seek to hurt you

if only they knew
the soul is a cloth that holds no thread
that the patches of their pain fell to the side long ago
only their illusions remain where the wounded project them
in their confusion
they draw affirmations to wounds that only exist in the past
and only impinge upon the present
if they fall for the trap of "living" in the past
this is an impossible reality
only made possible by delusion
but don't confuse possibility with reality
how many of us surrender reality to apparent possibilities
to shroud ourselves in self-perceived sufferings
sometimes validated by others

this is foolish
this is delusion
if you seek love, then love
and let your embrace of love abound
not in your perception of love but in love's abounding
reality
everyone is possible of love
even if everyone chooses not to love

but if you seek love then be love
and be love without the bounds of wounds, pain, fear
or any other entrapments
regardless of how the chains feel
(good or bad)

the mystic said
the road to happiness is no more than choosing to smile
now
no more than this is needed to set you on the road to
everlasting happiness
but let it be a sincere smile
for sincerity is the playmate of purity



6.
standing on the precipice of truth
i refuse to turn back now
even if i must proceed alone

the label on the bottle of rumi wine said
“my life is not my own”
there is wisdom in these words

all i want from you is your own improvement
but this wish means nothing
if you don't want it for yourself

don't you see, that when you are the best that you can be
and i am the best that i can be
the better we is better for you and better for me and better
for we

there is nothing in truth that justifies abandoning it
never run from truth
even if it means your complete demise

truth is the basis for life
and can resurrect or renew the life of its seekers
therefore it is wise to devote (your) life to truth

but never run from truth
fight, struggle, kick, scream if you have to
but never run
you may be able to awaken yourself

from the delusional dream
if you don't run further into it
you may be able to hear the calls of truth
the calls of reality
even if faintly
if you don't run further into the delusional dream
because it can be a dream without end
that's why it's better to merely wake up from the dream
than to seek to resolve it
a dream is a dream is a dream
that keeps our eyes closed from reality
but open your eyes to reality
and the dream will fade on its own
if you don't attach to it

and of course
i would not suggest sleepwalking



7.
they say soul-drunkardness must be a profession of its own
if we are not to fall into the relapse of ego intoxication
duty sometimes demands that we bring things into our
emptiness
but the things are not the sin
the attachment to things are the sin in the bible of
soul-drunkards
and detox has a pain of its own
a just retribution for inexcusable forgetfulness
but even these pains can be released with ease
and soul-drunkness is forever forgiving to sincere
repenters

stillness

slowness of breath

cessation of thought

the unfolding of emptiness

the complete release

the hollowing of humility

when there is nothing, for i am nothing

the simplicity of purpose

the profound realization of no realization
to be beyond existence
a taste of reality, may it be sustained
and all sounds fade to a state of no sounds
and all sensations fade to a knowing numbness
and all there is is all there is
beyond description but not beyond experience
i am nothing but reality is
honor reality
♥●▲

8.
when we are in your heart
you need not carry our pictures to see us
“do not leave us in the presence of spiritual cowardice
this abandonment of principle because of attachment to
pain!”
the blade that continues to prick the cut
continues the propagation of self-created pain
and why should portals of wisdom
be stained by such blood
wisdom teachings are living things
to be shared with discretion
but once shared, should their forms be left in the presence
of abuse and destruction
i’ve read of mystics stealing sacred books from hypocrites
although the act of stealing is regarded a wrong
i’ve heard of mystics destroying the possessions of
wrong-doers
plying evil trades in sacred temples
although the act of destroying others’ property is regarded
a wrong
i’ve read of mystics telling blatant lies to protect what is
sacred
although the act of lying is regarded a wrong
i’ve heard of mystics killing themselves to expose
concealed evil
although the act of suicide is regarded a wrong

the extreme of most extremes may not always be necessary
but let those who have realized the honor of what is
 honorable
always honor what is honorable
even if we must plunder altars
or drive others from sacred places
this is as much a responsibility as seeking the sacred union
the sacred remembrance of the mystic and its beloved
that what is pure
not be unduly exposed to destruction
that what is pure
not be forced to bear the brunts of pain
or exposed to abuse or suffering
by those who turn away from honor and purity
let us honor what is honorable
even when such honor calls us to extremes
but let us be sure it is the duty of honor calling us
and not us imagining an unheard call



9.
if you wrong me today and come back tomorrow
i will already be looking for ways
to forget what happened yesterday
it is in the past
i live in the present

if you bless me today and come back tomorrow
i will already be looking for ways
to forget what happened yesterday
it is in the past
i live in the present

such is the sacred opportunity of the present
that i will not yield it to any other figment of time
and where my will is not enough
to hinder the formation of attachments or projections
or expectations
may i be blessed to remember
my rumi wine and rumi rum
that the balm of soul-drunkardness
keeps me blissfully in the present
among other beneficial realities



10.
the abode of the mystic is not a tomb of suffering
pain is not virtuous, it is its release that is liberating
bliss is not the destination, but its non-attached experience
 is fulfilling
don't confuse the spirit with the states of the spirit

love is love is love
those who seek love give love to be love
and let all else fall secondary to this:
the sacred honoring of love
for if you wrap your life in this precious wool
no cold will touch the permeating warmth of bliss
even your sad tears will wear smiles of genuine happiness
for love is love is love
and those who seek love give love to be love

make not trophies of pain or past glories
a place occupied is already filled
and so many mystics have learned
the deeper happiness in life lays in the empty hand
that the beloved and the children of the beloved
may fill that empty space with love
and once the bliss of love is passed
toss love aside for an empty hand
know that love is boundless
and will fill again and again all pure empty hands
there is nothing to hoard
everything to be gained can be attained
in this liberating way

because love is love is love
and what in all of the universe can stop love from being
 love
even if rejected and abused
love is still love
so let those who honor and cherish love
give love to be love
committed to this, no patience will be long endured
before it is met with love
and loved

yet i should warn
the path of the empty hand
should only be walked by those
who live unwavering faith



11.
the miracle of the mystic is itself
when it sits in the circle of non-construction
pursues no more and is chased no longer
settles into the purity of no hypocrisy
surrenders all knowledge for the absence of knowing
is neither here nor there yet is content to be everywhere
finds the desire of no desire
discovers the meaning of meaninglessness
to be free from joy, free from pain
to be free even from the subtle constraints of freedom
that the empty vessel is not only made shallow
but deeply hallowed
by the most holy of holies, the sacred of sacredness
with faith that has been carved by beneficence
to be filled with breath that sings songs divine

it is for this stillness that we embrace meditation
it is for this harmony that we embrace prayer
it is for this deep openness that we drink rumi wine
knowing that a bosom open to love is vulnerable to other
things
it is for the faith of fulfillment that we chant beautiful
sayings
it is for endurance that we care for the forms we presently
occupy
it is for the welfare of others that we joyfully bear the
mystic cup
for many who have forgotten love reject love and its beauty
and what kind of world would this be

without the presence of love
i dare not even imagine the nightmares of such dreams
but so that the presence of love remains
even if ignored
the mystic walks with love and in search of love
giving love
even if the gifts are rejected

is this tear that now falls from my eye
an expression of joy or sadness
it is neither
it is a manifestation of love

is this sigh that slips through my lips
a sign of fulfillment or fatigue
it is neither
it is a whispering song of love

what about this pause of breath
this sudden thought that arises in my mind
this flush of feeling that deserts my body as quickly as it
envelopes it
i embrace these as love, i receive these as love, i release all
these as love
that is my portal to reality
the reality of love

♥●▲

12.
if i sing a song of peace
will you be brought to thoughts of war

just because zaid and i play with swords
doesn't make us bloodthirsty
it is a play
and i keep very clear boundaries
between playing and reality
i assuage my imagination at times
with conflicting perplexities to break the bounds of
 limitations
i unconsciously allow time to be slipped upon
by spending too much time in a world of conditions

i admit my imperfections
even as i scribe the greater portents of reality
with my actions
such that if in my soul-drunkenness
i am incapacitated to a slur of incomprehensible utterings
the servants of justice can place my heart on the scale
to see that it weighs the balance of virtue and purity
i trust such a heart can bear sufficient witness
in any case that may be brought against me
for too many judges and jurors have succumbed to the
 fallacy
of judging peculiar books by their covers

i sit out in the rain
and shake when the thunder strikes

and close my eyes when the lightening flashes
trying to feel every single raindrop as it drops
to touch my skin
and hear every single rain drop
as it makes an audible sound upon impact
within the range of my hearing
and though i fail as i fail
i don't concede in sustaining sincere attempts
to achieve what is not impossible
even if my present limitations prevent present possibility
but the present is changing even now as i write these words
and spiritual evolution is not bound by addition and
 subtraction
there are indescribable, incomprehensible non-random
 occurrences
in the folds and surfaces of the universe
that allow even humans to go from complete ignorance
to non-regressing enlightenment
in the blink of an eye that's closed
in a pre-emptive shutting to a flash of lightening
that just happened
now
mystery is only mystery
because we want to reduce the range of reality
to small human understandings
like a pendulum of love and hate
and orderly degrees that compensate
the progression of values that decrease and escalate
it's human logic babble
because love is only love and can never be hate

nor never dissipate to an illusion of its opposite non-being
but the exposure of hate shows that professed love was
 never real
reality
now
that just happened
and its profundity unevenly relates
the measures of uneasy measures
for those who are afraid to break their mirrors of
accumulated knowledge

o, zaid
we are fools, we are fools
the question is
are we foolish enough
to recognize and honor
wisdom

of what use is knowledge
in an universe that refuses to be run by facts
but welcomes the courage of those who venture with
 knowing
who will walk on to bloody battlefields
without swinging their swords
to stand in the midst of humans killing themselves
to only drop their shields and say
“this is nonsense, for there is love!”
and even in that moment to be cut down
by another’s sword that drives them to the ground
because another’s idea of love

is to kill for his or her nation
but even as brave souls suffer for others’ ideas
they will not entrap themselves, their being
in the enslaving illusion of binding themselves to ideas
to justify nothing

reality needs no justification
it is an invitation sufficient to itself
for those who will embrace it
even if sitting out in the rain
singing war songs
hoping you won’t be the final resting place
for the next strike of lightning



13.
the mystic learns in the power of remembrance
is the realization
that we are fine
only in forgetfulness
do we allow the trivialities of human dramas
to make things seem otherwise

for every moment of remembrance
is the opportunity
to choose reality
to choose love, to give love, to be love
a treasure greater and more powerful
than any human creation



14.
love comes through us
not from us
said the praying mystic

who taught the foolish ones
to knock on the wall
thinking it's a door
there are no doors here
and the walls are transparent imaginings
we paint with plaster of various hues
dust and water
nothing more than dust and water

if i move my breath beyond my mind
i will see what is inside
are fabrications
of thoughts, experiences, beliefs, and feelings
and other human things
we sometimes hold to be more important
than reality
but are never more important than reality

even with the most tragic experience
release it
and watch its importance fade with the passing of time
if we live in the present
and how much more will this fading occur
if we live in the present
with love

love comes through us
not from us
said the praying mystic
it is wise to let love flow
to not build a damn to love
that seeks to hoard or block
reality's flow of love
through us



15.
why should we be saddened by the fact
we've surrendered reality to illusion
burn the guilt with the deeds to the past
that house is old
this moment is anew
live the treasure of reality in this present moment
better late to the party of reality
than to be a no-show
especially if you're standing outside on the edge of the
doorway
trying not to dance to the music
come on in
take a load off
drink some rumi wine and rum
relax into the bliss of soul-drunkardness
or dance like you're crazy

there are no rules to conform to
in soul-drunkardness
just love
some dance and drink to their soul's inebriation
some drink and drink and drink and drink
some act out riddles and perform sacred fables
some seek the perfection of complete stillness while being
drunk
some sweep empty rooms that have already been swept
clean
some yell the most profound revelations of the universe in
silent whispers

some climb on roofs and sing off-key lullabies to the moon
just whatever you do
leave the world's nonsense and illusions at the door
reality is crazy enough
and love needs no conflicts



16.
the beggar's bowl said
you will know the quality of the tree by the fruit it bears

they seek to be owners of the houses they rent
but the owner is not selling
and the lease can be cancelled at any time
and all your possessions thrown out on the street
for dogs to lick and piss on
and even the time you have in your rented house
is not really yours
although it's often left to your discretion how to use it

now that i must pay the rent
i must be willing to sell things i was willing to give freely
before

no, it's not a negation of moral values
but an openness
a shift to exchange warranted by perceived necessities
for i have accumulated these things
and conceptions of existence
that fly contrary
to how the birds live in the trust of open air providence
although my possessions and perceptions
skate not on the pond of luxuries
these tools of service, creativity, and modern decency
remain burdens to the home-free life

can i sell you a book of poems
the rent will be due on the first

and the human landlord will not accept poetic gifts as cash
and the police will not allow me to squatter on the sidewalk
and few are the places a mystic poet can go nowadays
to ply this trade for food, shelter, time

or maybe you can pay to hear me read these poems
i would have willingly read them for free
if i didn't have to pay the rent on the first
even in this commercial game of material exchange
i know exposure to the callings of reality
is worth more than pure gold or filthy printed paper
but the rent is due on the first
and i've seem to have forgotten that even if i lost all my
possessions
new possessions can be attained again
that the disruption of eviction will only be temporary
and not even traumatic if i drink a little rumi wine
that the loss of temporary states
not even promised tomorrow
(my apartment can burn to the ground at any time)
need not be obstructions to the reality of reality

the devotee smiles broadly with the beggar's bowl in hand
and when i place a piece of fruit in the bowl
i can feel the devotee's soul embrace me
the beauty of such gratitude compels me to share
do i convey such gratitude in the sharing of these mystic
poems
is my devotion such that it compels others to share
not just acts of kindness toward me

but acts of kindness to others i may never know or meet
do these soul-drunken scribbles open the hearts
of readers and hearers to embrace others with their souls
that the unspoken calling of reality
continues to permeate
the currents of human interaction
that have crossed, at some point, the paths of pure drunken
souls
that the reverberation of reality may echo in subsequent
interactions
is this not a sacred purpose of love
a purpose if sacredly fulfilled that will transform
the forms and folds and flows of humans being
that we may be in peace
enraptured in truth

is it wise for me
to sever my steps on this potential path
for a little cash
to pay the rent on the first
or is there a way
to serve love in a way that gets the rent money
either way
we know which is more important
and that must be served
even in soul-drunkenness

i welcome the day when we return to having societies
that don't present such issues
to soul-drunken mystics



17.
zaid, if you can't tell me when i am wrong
you are no friend of mine

i will not seek comfort
when a disturbing clarity is better
i would rather fall apart
than sustain a lie or destruction

beware of the comforting hand
that seeks to keep you in weakness
(true) compassion involves uttering the truth
even if it is painful to ears not ready or willing
to accept truth

i will not seek a salve
for endless ego satisfactions
to walk with ego is to walk in debt
a debt that will eventually seek to be paid with death and
destruction

and many are those who walk with death
and many are those who live destruction
adorned with apparitions and facades of life
it's enough to make a mystic drink
and i'm already heavy on that rumi wine

perhaps now i have learned the lesson
to no longer seek
what can be cultivated and discovered within
it is such cultivation and discovery

that will draw the company of genuine friends
those who bring gifts to share
whose union exceeds human addition
to embrace the unpredictable science of spiritual
multiplication
where one plus one can equal infinity squared
and a shared cup of rumi wine can last for eternity
that is the awakening of the sleep that never dreams again
for even enlightenment is a reality to be shared with others
that is the candle flame that never burns away
even if its light is so humble as if to barely illuminate
darkness



18.
i sat upon a high cliff
with a bird
it sang the chanting songs
its lineage had sung for generations on end
mystic praises of life, beauty, and love
encompassed in short phrases
made for continuous utterances

as the fog rolled in and out
giving passing views of the city below
a collage of endless motion
leading to where
and for what
questions almost vocalized by the bird's chanting song
asked over and over again
for the chant is sufficient to itself
that there's a wisdom in asking endless questions about
reality
but a greater wisdom lays in living even just one word of an
answer
to these questions



19.
pass the wine, my friend
i realize i have been abandoned
but perhaps it's my fault
i know the mystic road is sometimes a lonely road
where the presence of purity is in ever-quest of growth
and if not full with vibrant life
old wineskins stretch until they burst
there's really no point in sewing patches on those
that's why mystics are content to drink all the wine
and greet an empty cup with soul-drunkenness
and in the bliss of an enraptured soul
fall apart if necessary
cause life can be rebuilt countless times
such soul-drunkenness requires a virtuous courage
an enduring faith
an almost insane openness
a clever forgetfulness that forgets the pangs of destruction
like pain, like the wrongs of others
like the pleasures of passions, like ego entrapments
that as these are forgotten
the remembrance of reality is forever cherished in the
 present
this is the freedom that exceeds all quests for liberation
this is the healing that transcends all healing balms
this is the purpose of life, the purpose of soul-drunkenness
this is the dance of reality
the wondrous song of beauty

but it is a cup we mystics must sometimes bear alone
for there are plenty who claim to seek the treasures of spirit
but won't empty their hands of the worlds's trinkets and
 ego's tricks
so when their wine bags burst -- and they will
the closed-handed ones panic
and run away from the path of freedom spilling at their
 footsteps
mystics never run away from spilt wine
and neither should we chase those who run from
 soul-drunkenness
it is foolish to chase those in pain
into labyrinths of self-created or self-attached pain
passing illusions that can be easily released
but once held to, seem realer than reality

we mystics have sure solutions to these apparent problems
but many are afraid to get soul-drunk

pass the wine, my friend
if they will not drink i will not waste good rumi wine
i've yet to meet a wineskin that cannot be emptied
i've yet to meet a bottle in which i've not yet seen the
 bottom
if those who ran away come again
i may welcome them as brand new friends
if they've shed their cowardice
we can get drunk together on this aged rumi wine
to enjoy the ecstasy of true union



20.
my candle flame is wickering in the wind again
i don't know if that's grammatically correct
but it speaks to the feeling
that even in the presence of loss and pain
and other trivial human concoctions that fade
i must keep an openness of heart
and brush away those things that seek to cover it
in my life of poverty
my heart remains one of my greatest treasures
it is my universal passport
my lock pick
my soul-drunkard membership card
cause i can always get a drink of rumi wine
if i start talking about my heart
and although some candles
formed with the greatest craft
seem to burn stiller than straight
with an apparently unmoving flame
i know within that flame
even if at just the wick
is a tumultuous of adjusting and burning
letting go of one moment
to burn in the present
even as this moment is released to burn again
i've been there
i've been the flame
and have at times in the past made my candle a tower of
torment
never again!

don't fall for that trick of penance
nothing in reality demands or suggests
that we make our lives tombs of self-torment
pain is not purifying
pain and purity are completely different languages
release both and see which remains
purity requires no attachments to retain purity
you owe nothing to the past
and the future will have no bonds on you
unless you create and surrender to these illusions
or allow others to place these illusions on you
reality calls for you to be free
illusions' chains break like toothpicks
and drop like loose veils
step out of the reach of your chains
and see you are free
cause once you are free as a way of being
the circumstances of your experience will shift
to reflect (your) freedom
and if your (conditioned) mind gets in the way
or your (conditioned) body wants to stay chained
or your (conditioned) emotions remain stagnant in captivity
or your (conditioned) quests for experiences seek sufferings
or your (conditioned) whatever else would keep you bound
hear this sound:
i shake a bottle of good rumi wine
the soul-drunkard has discovered a means to escape
all false entrappings
it is tasting reality
surrendering all logic and illogic to the drunkenness of love

cause once you realize you are free
everything can be rebuilt from this liberating foundation
and anything that even has the stench of captivity
can be released
if nothing else in all these soul-drunken ramblings resonate
with you
keep these two words
to live them:
be free

now, no more words for awhile
silence beckons me
to drink some of that good rumi rum
♥●▲

21.
(silence)
♥●▲

22.
the world is falling apart
but i won't be drawn into its destruction
why should i surrender the serenity of soul-drunkenness
to the chaos of a world unnecessarily destroying itself
and for what
fleeting things with an explicit impermanence
even as you grip these in your hands
they're slipping away between your fingers
even as you hold them in your mind
they're unraveling in an endless parade of thoughts
get off that merry-go-round
lift yourself from the toilet seat
and flush
clear water can replace the waste
and soul-drunkards can go on pissing for days
if we become drunk enough

scattered sand in solomon's dreams do not equate to
wisdom
i will not impose significance
on bombs exploding among humans yelling hate to each
other
the piths of folly's domination creates more confusion than
clarity
but a warm bubbly of rumi rum can fix all that
the scathes that scar will only mar an attitude of peace
and contentment rarely visits illusion, its home is reality
and just because they call it a smile when they broadly
show their teeth in pain

doesn't make it a smile
there are no facades in smiles
there are no hidden aversions
if it is not pure love and joy
it is a poor imitation
but even in the deepest agony of the deepest pain of the
deepest terror
the remembrance of love makes me smile
even if amongst tearful screams
and if i dwell in this remembrance
even the memory of reality is enough
to dissipate the prevalence of illusion
such that love will overtake sadness and pain
and all other illusive contrivings
it really is that simple
but perhaps you need to be a soul-drunkard to understand
but don't let not understanding be a barrier
cause i'll take a sip of rumi wine wherever i can find it
although i certainly profess
i'll sidestep the world's destruction if i can
in my begging-for-rumi-wine tour
an out-of-the-way dump will be fine
especially if the company is peaceful
and they know good songs to sing for when all the wine is
gone

but if any of you so-called intelligent sufferers
are willing to shed your intelligence
and embrace the idiocy of soul-drinking
you can join the rest of us

who were too stupid to stay in suffering
at half past two
and drink toasts to empty hands
and wine bottles sucked dry
as we strive to keep a presence of reality thriving
in a world falling apart
in the midst of its own destruction

♥●▲

23.
i have nothing in common
with this loud-burping soul-drunkard sitting next to me
who barely seems able to hold this liquor

but that's okay
the only commonality we need
is love
even if we pursue love and soul-drunkenness
in distinctly different ways

♥●▲

24.

i knew i had to be drunk
because i asked the bartender
can i have my very first drink of rumi wine again

all she did was give me a look
but i heard a voice say
“that’s in the past”
so i returned to my nearly empty cup
knowing i needed to be more clear about what i was asking
for

not my first time this time
but my very very first time first time
when the wine was new
and i was a beginner with no expectations
i mean, i had heard of bliss
and freedom
and the fullness of emptiness
and the emptiness of emptiness
and the reality of love
but it was new
not a rhythm expected in dances i’ve done before
with cups i’ve tilted till they were upside down
perhaps the new random factor in this routine
was a stranger i had never been soul-drunk with before
or a regular drunkard unfolding into a never-before-seen
drunkenness
that paints anew this old habit

old habit?
what are you doing?

it is not the wine that’s old
or the drinking that’s old
it is my approach that’s become old
i’ve surrendered the sacredness of the present
to be less than an always new present
every moment is a chance to begin anew again
even if continuing the stream of continuing realities
like love
every present moment is a new moment
to start all over again from scratch
the beginning and the end are relative myths of location
the elixir is in the approach

stand and twirl
and twirl and dance
and vomit up all your wine if you have to
what are you holding on to
that prevents life from always being anew
stop playing soul-drunkenness
there are no binding scripts in the mystic’s life
even in mundane monotony we discover unfoldings of new
never seen, never experienced
never before, never will be again
union with reality
even reunions are new unions
open wide to the full scope of life
because love never tastes the same way twice

even if its aftermath is indescribable bliss
this is soul-drunkardness
not the path, not the tool, not the attachment to means
but reality itself which is ever-changing

and if reality changes
and i seek reality
i am bound to endless changes
which makes me and reality always different
and each union with it brand new
no, don't ask for the very first drink of rumi wine again
ask for your very first drink of rumi wine now
as a new being seeking union with the new reality
and let the bliss of such
not only complete you but erase you
that is the stuff that makes wineskins worthy to be emptied
it's not tied to wine
but the inner-, outer-, complete, made-empty reality
of encountering reality anew again and again
in the nakedness of nakedness
that one who is not all (yet)
may encounter the all of allness
even if just as its essence
since the profound manifestation of all
may be too much for even a professional drunkard of the
soul

zaid said
have your very first drink of rumi wine now

and never let any drink
be other than your very first



25.
the rabid drunk said
“what’s the point of healing wounds
burst them wide open
so that they have no place to be within
you
that’s the ecstasy of bliss”

too many use pain as a path of self-importance
just because you suffer for ego
doesn’t mean it’s not egotistic
and mystics must avoid the sobriety of selfishness
that leads to spiritual hangovers
at times we must dance the selflessness of selfishness
to serve what is beneficent
to not surrender what is sacred to destructive selfishness
but pain is a common bait-and-switch item
in the commerce of ego chains selling destruction
the ego has nothing to lose in such ventures
because it will eventually be destroyed
but is such fate worth your denial of reality
your rejection of love
even if in your blindness you do not realize you are
 rejecting love

the rabid drunk said
“burst those wounds wide open
for in their obliteration is the road to bliss
don’t talk to me of kindness
the ultimate kindness is freedom from pain

and better a temporary suffering
than an eternal damnation”
although his demeanor is rude, he is honest
although his words are mixed with crude drunkenness, he
 speaks wisdom
make not pain salvation
make not pain a burning salve
make not pain a cleansing temple
make not pain a ticket for love
make not pain an essential
reality is sufficient for reality
therefore seek reality direct
that the blessings of love may be attained straight from its
 source
that you may be transformed
to realize the smallness of pain
in the larger reality of reality’s abounding abundance
♥●▲

26.
a beautiful compliment

she said
“you are so beautiful”
and i said
“i know”
(smile)
but don't confuse this
as arrogance
when you embody life
so fully and sincerely
with humility
you can't help but be
so beautiful

(even rumi tipped his cup to that)



27.
why are there chickens walking around in the bar?
i must find zaid
he's always involved when something like this happens
and these chickens are bold
cackling away
waving their wings in every which way
and what the...
there are chickens drinking rumi wine
the last thing we need are some soul-drunk chickens getting
drunk in here
who knows what universal veracities they may uncover in
bliss
already there are chickens staggering side-to-side with
bended wings
heads nodded in slurred drowns of audible dribblings
and now there's feathers in my cup
but a true soul-drunkard won't let that stop you from
drinking
as two chickens fight in the corner for space to meditate
and it's all chickens: i don't see a single rooster in here

word has gotten back that zaid was meditating in the
chicken coop again
fingering his beads
as he chanted aloud sacred names and sacred sayings
and knowing zaid
he probably broke out into drunken song
inspiring these chickens to set on their own quests for
reality

some seeking enlightenment
some seeking love
some seeking liberation
some seeking to fulfill endless vows of service
and some seeking the soul-drunkardness of zaid's example
storming the bar with empty wings for rumi wine

look at this chicken
now she thinks she can fly
and over on the dance floor are twirling chickens
teaching the dervishes how to spin with wings
in the zikr room there are chickens teaching chanters and
singers
new names for the divine
revealing new spaces within the syllables of words
to unlock deeper portals of ecstasy in sufi singing
but some of these chickens are some mean drunks
unfolding smiles that tear new holes in our understanding
of reality
i pick up my cup again
it feels heavy
maybe the bartender poured more rumi wine in it
no, there's an egg in my cup
and it's cracking
as a little chick emerges born soul-drunk
i hope the bar doesn't get cited for underage drinking again

for all the craziness of these crazy chickens
there is not a tint of selfishness in anything about them
their complete embrace of the quest for truth

their complete embodiment of the reality of love
their complete sharing, their complete receiving
their complete surrender, their complete service
and so what if everything they do is all over the place
their bliss is amazing
and thus the drunken wisdom of zaid is revealed again
that he would seek to meditate among beings
who have transcended any sense of "i"
to embrace the wonder of
complete soul-drunkardness of reality

but if i see zaid heading toward the pig pen
i'm leaving the bar



28.
service and duty are the saving graces for soul-drunkards
they demand of us discipline
and humility

that for all the bliss in the world
there is a time to put down the wine cup
and serve others
for that too is part of the reality of love

may i be humble
and in my humility
open my heart to the world to serve
as much as i open my heart to rumi's wine
that an empty vessel made full
overflows
to share the portents of love that flow through me
with others
and may this overflow
touch them, inspire them
to seek the reality of love directly
that they too may overflow with love
this is the true saving grace of humanity
for when we overflow with love
our world beneficently transforms
and what would become of humanity
if more of our worlds beneficently transform

these are not projections for a world unseen
but invitations for the present

soul-drunkards already know our responsibility to the
present
so let us humbly fulfill it



29.
o zaid,
they already know mystics are horrible counters
that's why my bill at the bar is never paid in full
and if i leave them a few poems short
that gives them more time to resonate in silence
in soul-drunkenness
for that is what i am now called to do
even in this period of bliss
i will not spend the whole time writing
for life is to be lived
and emptiness calls me
to rest this hand and pen
and live

whatever was not said
that needs be said
drunkenness of the soul can relate
and other books perhaps will capture
what reality continually unfolds
as wicks burn and flames fade to snuff
and certain darkneses are better left unlit
certainly enough has been shared to stir the souls
if they are open to be stirred

so with my soul-drunkenness content
i'll take the rest of this time
to finish what remains of the rumi wine
and ease into emptiness
to then release again

anything that prevents new from being anew
life must always be new
for reality has made it that way

so with a last honored salute
i bid you greetings
till we meet again
old friends reuniting as new strangers

be blessed...



30.
one last poem

don't forget to smile



31.
(a partial forgotten poem found in my notes
i'll share it incomplete)

take off your clothes
and lay naked in the solstice of the universe

now take off your bodies
(mind, flesh, emotions, experiences, etc.)
and lay naked in formlessness

now take off whatever remains
and lay naked in the being of non-being
in this essence of life
something that is but isn't
and is yours but not yours
and is real even in non-reality

but what you do with this
is up to you

who you truly are is who you truly are
that will not fade away by releasing it
but the false self will fade away
clearing a space for the truth of being
to more fully emanate
in a way that you need not
even embrace
just be

to lay in the bliss of peace
in the unfolding of perpetuating releasings...

(thus, the incomplete poem ceases
complete it if you will...)



the rent party: getting soul-drunk with rumi poems.
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