

Rumi: elder brother, kindred spirit

by via jalal *Sunday, Aug 29 2010, 10:49pm*

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Moving Water

When you do things from your soul, you feel a river moving in you, a Joy.

When actions come from another area that feeling disappears.

Don't let others lead you. They may be blind or, worse, vultures.

Reach for the rope of Love. And what is that? Putting aside self-will!

Because of wilfulness people sit in jail, the trapped bird's wings are tied,
fish sizzle in the skillet.

The anger of police is wilfulness. You've seen a magistrate inflict visible punishment.
Now see the invisible.

If you could leave your selfishness, you would see how you've been torturing your soul.
We are born and live inside a black-water well.

How could we know what an open field of sunlight is? Do not insist on going where you
think you want to go, ask the way to the spring.

Your living pieces will form a harmony. There is a moving palace that floats in the air
with balconies and clear water flowing through, infinity everywhere, yet contained under
a single tent.

From The Glimpse
by Coleman Barks

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Whoever is loved is beautiful, though the opposite -- beauty is loved -- is not true.

True beauty is a facet of Love. If a being is Loved, he/she is beautiful because the part cannot be
separated from the whole.

Many girls were more beautiful than Lila, but Marun did not love them. "Let us introduce these
young women to you," they said to Marun. "It's not the form [of Lila] I Love," Marun said. "You are
focused on the cup, whereas I think only of the wine I drink from the cup. If you gave me a chalice
studded with gemstones, but filled with vinegar or something other than the wine I love, of what use
is that to me? A common drinking-gourd with Lila as the wine is better than a hundred precious
goblets full of other liquid."

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A secret Freedom opens through a tiny crevice rarely seen -- your Love.

<http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-2082.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-122.html>