

## Respite

by quill *Saturday, Aug 4 2007, 10:50pm*

international / poetry / post

For those for whom the world is meaningless and tiresome, read and remember!

He entered alone and departed alone. Through the bewitching forest of tantalising dreams and illusions he navigated until the wings of deception beat no more. The last shimmering veil was pierced and the prize was won. Perfection cannot bring forth imperfection that is enduring sense! The dogmas, doctrines and Gods of men amount to nothing – the beloved, the ecstatic, the lost lover had never departed nor was ever lost.

Liars, brutes, demagogues, soldiers, priests and thieves feast on the vomit of dogs. Truth has no part in them.

Infinity is formless/measureless it expands constantly and swells with LOVE. The engine of existence is LOVE and for LOVE'S sake was everything brought into existence. When the whimpering of Kings and Emperors becomes tiresome and the fairest nymphs become haggard seek rejuvenation at the font of immortality.

Two selections from the Divani Shamsi Tabriz of Jalal'ud-din Rumi

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I was on that day when the Names were not,  
Nor any sign of existence endowed with name.  
By me Names and Named were brought to view  
On the day when there were not 'I' and 'We.'  
For a sign, the tip of the Beloved's curl became a centre of revelation ;  
As yet the tip of that fair curl was not.  
Cross and Christians, from end to end,  
I surveyed; He was not on the Cross.  
I went to the temple, to the ancient pagoda ;  
No trace was visible there.  
I went to the mountains of Herat and Candahar .  
I looked; He was not in that hill-and-dale.  
With set purpose I fared to the summit of Mount Qaf ;  
In that place was only the 'Anqa's habitation.  
I bent the reins of search to the Ka'ba ;  
He was not in that resort of old and young.  
I questioned Ibn Sina of his state ;  
He was not in Ibn Sina's range.  
I fared towards the scene of "two bow-lengths' distance";  
He was not in that exalted court.  
I gazed into my own heart ;  
There I saw Him; He was nowhere else.  
Save pure-souled Shamsi Tabriz  
None ever was drunken and intoxicated and distraught.

[Herat and Kandahar are places in Afghanistan. Mt. Qaf is the mythical residence of Simrugh, who is identical with God in certain mystical literature. Ibn Sina is recognized as a great intellectual and the poet uses his name synonymously with human intellect. Distance of two bows length is referred to in the Quraan as the distance at which the Prophet stood from the Throne of Command on the Night of Ascension.]

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I went to the Master's abode and said: ' Where is the Master ?'

He said: 'The Master is in love and intoxicated and a wanderer from place to place.'  
I said: . I have an obligation, at least give me a clue :  
I am the Master's friend: nay, indeed, I am no enemy,  
They replied: ' The Master is fallen in love with the Gardener ;  
Seek him in gardens or on the bank of a stream.'  
Frenzied lovers pursue the object of their love ;  
If any one has fallen in love, go, wash thy hands of him!  
The fish that has known water comes not to land:  
How should a lover stay in the sphere of colour and perfume ?  
The frozen snow that has beheld the face of yonder Sun,  
Is swallowed Up by the sun, tho' it be piled in drifts.  
Especially one who is the lover of our King,  
A king peerless and faithful and sweet-tempered.  
By that infinite alchemy, which none may compute or conjecture,  
Copper, as soon as it is touched, becomes gold at the command, "Return".  
Sleep the world away, and flee from the six dimensions ;  
How long wilt thou roam in thy folly and bewilderment to and fro?  
Inevitably they will bring thee at last, with thy own consent,  
That thou mayst have honour and glory in the presence of the King.  
Had not there been an intruder in the company,  
Jesus would have revealed to thee the mysteries, point by point.  
I have closed the passage of the lips, and opened the secret way ;  
I am free in one moment from desire and speech.

<http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-633.html>

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-17.html>