

Eight Hundred Years of Bliss

by quill *Saturday, Nov 24 2007, 12:30pm*

international / poetry / post

In celebration of Jalalu'l-Din Rumi, intoxicated on the Ecstasy of pure unadulterated existence - one who has crossed the bridge, an immortal. We are ONE!

Spirit of Existence

What mysterious worlds frolic within the vast
The all-encompassing ocean of consciousness?

Thereon all forms float and dart
Only to sink and leave no trace
Of spray or bubbles on this Sea

This Spirit does not come with observation
It appears of its own volition
Drink of it; be not a jar
Laden with water but its lip stone dry

Or a rider borne afar
Knowing not the nature of the steed beneath him

Infinity

We and our existences are non-existent:
Infinity appears in the guise of mortality

That which moves in us is a gift of immortals
An expression of forever

Being reveals itself to non-being
and causes non-being to fall in Love
with Being

Do not depart from me or withhold your Bliss
I am never satiated on your ecstatic stream

But if you depart, who is there to question?
Does the picture interrogate the painter?

Look not on our faults, look on Your generosity and Loving-kindness
We were not: and yet you heard our silent prayer

And called us into Being
for Love's sake!

Rendered into English by cleaves

We are One or we are nothing!

<http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-801.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-19.html>