

POEMS

Beloved,
I no U R
Whom i've loved
Whom i do love
Whom i must love
the Only One there is
the Only One there ever was
Heart and Soul of all beloveds
Reason for all love.
Who can resist?
Me?
No.

Love: What does it mean when I say I love you?

It means that my heart loses it's sanity when I -
Think about you
See your beautiful face
or feel your tender touch.

Kiss your soft, sweet, beautiful lips
and my heart goes into utter delirium;
my body goes into shakes
like a young man freshly slain.

I don't like it!

Falling subject to such emotion
is totally dangerous and like a fool
who tosses caution to the wind.

Somehow I think that you don't do this,
but I wonder if you're missing something,
or whether it's a childish weakness on my part.

Is this somehow a major controversy?

Mendocino headlands
Breathtaking glimpses
bring a kiss to my lips
like a close-up look
at my darling's smiling face.

Why do I love
the one I love?
Because when I see her,
my heart opens with yearning
for her to come inside.
Why does my heart open so?
Because our spirit is one.

My reality eludes me.

Only when I stop looking
does he appear.

He sits smiling
on the throne of my heart.

I look to the left,
he moves to the right.

I look to the right,
he moves to the left.

I look dead center
and he disappears entirely.

He's a shadow boxer
flirting, skirting,
waiting to strike me
with a deadly blow.

The Loneliness of God

How can you know the love I have for you?
How can you know the longing I have for you?
How can you know the happiness I have for you?

If I could show you my full love,
I would have no need of you!
If I could cease my longing for you,
there would be no reason for you!
If I could give you my happiness,
there would be only I.

It's what I want, and I am what I want.
There IS only I.

Wherefrom comes this love?
Wherefrom comes this longing?
Wherefrom comes this happiness?

Without you, none of this would be!
But there is no you, there is only I.

Therefore I have separated myself from myself
without doing that!

So that I may know and feel myself and my own love
through the love I have for you.

So that I may know and feel myself and my own longing
through the longing I have for you.

So that I may know and feel myself and my own happiness
through the happiness I have for you.

And so that you may share in my suffering and loneliness,
And know the love you have for yourself,
And know the longing you have for yourself,
And know the happiness you have for yourself,
I give you each other!

If it weren't for my unassuageable loneliness,
there would be no you!

Laylatul Habib - The Beloved Night
(the night of dhikr and presence)

Days before that special night
I find myself pacing the Khan'qah floor
Beads whirling furiously in hands
that can do no more

As a patient paces nervously
in the waiting room of the Hakim
As the lover waits concertedly
At the door of his love's dream.

Now I know why Majnun was named so
and the Nature of his Quest
For Layla was Exactly that,
The Night that he loved Best.

Friends and lovers from far and Near
Come to Share what They hold Dear
It is so Sweet, wish you were here
Hard to believe but have no fear.

The Doors are always open
in the Khan'qah of my Heart
But on that night must come with me
to a very special part,
To hear the Sound, be Swept Away
By a very Special Love
From Heart to Heart, To and Fro,
To Here, from High Above.

Please Spare this Heart the Agony
of Separation from this Love.
If I can't be there Day by Day,
Then at that Doorstep I will Stay.

O Mortal Majnun

O Mortal Majnun, forever in love,
What is it you ask, from Me high above?

Why, Lord, did you make me in such a strange way,
it's almost impossible for me alone to stay?

Even though it's only You that I love,
You are also my company, sent from above.

Does my love for you diminish or increase,
when I love your fair landscape, or tame a wild beast?

There is only You, of this I am sure,
I am profoundly grateful for this love so pure.
For such a great blessing, please show me a way
a part of my gratitude I may repay.

Be kind to all creatures, and help them along,
wherever they're going, and sing them your song.
The praises of Me all creation doth sound,
but children need parents to show them around.

So here's what I ask in return for my Love,
that you find a sweet lady and offer help from above.

So it is the nature of even a dove,
to find a sweet lady and offer her Love.

The Miracle (my first poem)

Self was once the self-built wall
that stood between me and you.
Now it is but a warm handshake
and a welcome for seeking souls.
It serves me well, but who am I?

Self was once the wild bull, the untrained horse,
the stubborn donkey, the goat.
Now it is a gentle chariot, my well-trained camel,
the boat in which the ocean abides.
It serves me well, but who am I?

Self was once the shameless tyrant, terrorized with fear
and intimidating all in its domain.
Now it is but a pleasant greeting, an introduction,
and the giver of drink to a thirsty stranger.
It serves me well, but who am I?

Self was once the arrogant, the rude,
The unconscious and careless of humanity.
Now it is the thinly covered veil through which
the flirtatious coquette views the possibilities of ravishing
the hearts of would-be lovers.
It serves me well, but who am I?

Self was once the deceiver,
the evasive and the coward.
Now it bears the cup and pours the wine.
It serves me well, but who am I?

Self was once the cocoon, the web
of the caterpillar's weaving in which
He trapped himself and died.
Now useful maybe as a contribution
to the nest of a passing bird.
It serves me well, but who am I?

Self was once the cruel slave master,
Doing its best to snuff the light within.
Now it is the greeter, the comforting smile.
The rapidly disappearing stagehand
before the host arrives.
It serves me well, but who am I?

Self was once all it thought itself to be.
Now it is but the illusion that others need to see.
It serves me well, but who am I?

Surrender Works!