The Beloved's Fool

I am my Beloved's fool, I ever was,
Not knowing where to go for heart's desire,
There is a cave I hopefully abide,
Where the Beloved is the heat and fire.

Black eyed damsels dance around confirmed,
Joyful from dusk till dawn they leap and flower;
Argonauts sail past Byzantium,
Baha stirs the clock's contorted hour.

Petals drop from suns so like the faithful -
Wands of grasses with heads of polished grain -
Light secretes a juice that feeds the hungry;
The Concourse sends down mercy for their pain.

Whither does the vexed wax like the mighty,
Wandering the dunes inebriated,
Gross the sheaves of corn taste like the fallen,
Yet food it is for faith so satiated.

Each beginning flexes wet and opens,
Death, so normal, flees before each child,
Soon the Spring's heroics bond with fever,
They yield - then form a Summer ever wild!

How can ages past so dark and dormant,
Vie with angels of His heady day,
The Lord of lords sits everywhere and nowhere,
His hosts emerge from the needle's hay.

Now, as then, the spirit ever rises,
Contained in glass it breaks and rules the sky,
Baha's loved ones plant their seeds around Him,
Their water the verdant heat of His every sigh.

Moons are mentioned, then soon forgotten,
The pith of every story burns like snow,
Moons return and stories taste like ashes,
Before the Beloved's words that bend and know.

Slowly Plato speaks from every atom,
Socrates defends the lowly shrew,
From the bottom of the ocean comes an answer
Poets in the kingdom ever knew.

This fool can not help but strive to answer
The Beloved's call so downy catching fire;
I sit, then circulate like nomads,
Knowing the Beloved's councils dire.

Come forth, let's go where none have trodden,
Let's beat the rug and see the dust rise,
For dust to God is worthier than gold bars,
When serving - moving - through his verdant skies.

Mist of mind beclouds my shores of refuge,
Shores so white then wake unwanted time,
Nothingness invades as joy increases,
The world and all its grandeur's but a sign.

I waste and want around each end's beginning,
The end and origin is but a rue,
That Adam bit the apple is but soul's grinning
For this Day that Baha knows is true.

A Prophet's age is where a seed splits open,
An arrow pierces and an age is born,
A fog surrounds the Prophet's new beginnings,
So of the Prophet the world's bereft and shorn.

Waiting for God to disbelieve in belief
Is as believing in the wisdom of a wilted flower,
Is like a dark painting in the cave's relief,
Where a fool's belief is rendered in an hour.

Knowledge of what is known is ever changing,
Translucently all knowing is belated,
Until the rapture's marked and so defined
And hunger for ever more is never sated.

It's always the bleeding of the rose
That tells the meaning that no one dares
Of the Beloved's heart and its fair rose,
Which bleeding it yearns to feed and share.

The wind - now in me and I in it -
Cancels out the equator's doom,
For the wind comes from the Beloved's heart,
Contained within a tender forbidden room.

The winds blow east, they howl then from the west,
They blow so hard a tree branch falls.
It is unheard - it weeps no more -
It is wrapped within the Beloved's many shawls.

In time beyond days there will be a noose,
We will swing before God, necks on fire,
With our love blazing past the fringe of things,
We'll cleanse our hearts from the ring of our desire.

This cave we speak of - its roof, pillars, ground -
Has made no elegy out of time,
It lives outside of self - denouncing birth -
It feeds on the holy Prophet's rhyme.

If we free ourselves and be prime and chaste,
Only then will such as us be free,
The world may turn, the world may stop,
But only sprits move within His sea.

Greed doth detest the living form,
Brightly burning - as steel on fire -
Inadvertently past seas rescind their contract
Until past Prophets' love intends to sire.

Provincialism promotes disputes yet seems like lace,
Graft destroys the tastebuds of dear Spring,
Clouds at sunset form a woman's face:
She is Nature and knows the nature of the thing!

Every sunrise - sunlit or forgotten -
Grafts unto itself a hidden wing,
Dark trees outline the sky's display;
Suns rise within the Beloved's ring.

I sit marking time then fly like geese -
What more can a fool do but to adore -
I have taken against time a fleeting lease,
So I - in God's time - seek no more.

Now the trees are greener, not as sheer,
As the light ascends its thorny crown,
Clouds move higher, swifter then the deer,
Or the drunkard moving towards the tavern's town.

New winds blow and each heaven departs,
It is a myth they don't - and the Beloved ever calls,
Water remembers as the jubilee starts,
We come to the end of earth bound halls.

Another heaven opens we walk through doors
Of cast iron swinging like a leaf
In a breeze so strong but sound
It flutters - with a hinge of grief.

When the apple's name is painted grey,
Its dust forgotten - though slandered still -
With Baha'u'llah we'll drink our tea,
As birds upon a window sill.

So dance together - seek out the rhythm -
Of times when rhythm was sought out,
Dance and flail your arms and legs around,
As children sing and laugh and shout!

Don the pilgrims' lion's hats,
Eat with relish the fleshy fields,
Meanings flow from out parched lips -
Graphically the violence yields.

It may take centuries to flame
The brutal mass 'neath church domes,
But certainly the faithful rise,
And churches transmute to peoples' homes.

When Abraham fiddles, and Nero weeps,
We'll know the cross has come again,
We'll feel the bite as the sand flea leaps -
And hear the plaintiff calling wren.

The winds! The winds! they will not stop -
Stop now nor ever to let go of grief -
They come as a darling soldier's steps,
But they yield in time to sweet relief.

Under the waves creatures live,
Mermaids of thought, crowned in crimson.
People with no pedigrees live as kings,
Within the Most Great Prison.

Tyranny sulks as rabbits leap,
Blades of grass sharp as swords swing,
The Beloved's fool ceases to think,
As rapture invades his everything.

Generations flow into the sea,
Hoards of minions are lost to crime,
At death's door they make a plea,
Perhaps mercy descends in time.

And I, myself, do not claim to be different,
I do not state to be angel or saint,
I stand before canvas or write with words
What I long to form and paint.

A fool's lot brings on heat and winter,
More severe than all weather's climes,
He longs to be gone and completely forgotten;
He packs away old forgotten times.

Adam and Eve's virtues sweat with tears,
Into time casts a raptured first,
As Seasons burn faster than flaming chariots;
Their virtues quaffing oceans of thirst.

Grappling with self vanquishes self -
Though 'tis through mercy the battle's won -
An afterlife proves, sweet love conquers self,
And true love is never undone.

Reflecting on light's sharp blades
Cuts to the quick as memory falls,
To foreclose on love's house is quick suicide,
And the bedouin's hut soon calls!

The incomparable Friend, whose life quietly dawned,
Will ask what you did in His stead.
The Prophets will line up in humble lines,
If you suffered for Him until dead.

Larks over frozen fields warm air's breath
With song and beating it's wings,
The nightingale's song tends to soften earth
And broker a deal with all kings.

In the hills of Kurdistan a Man had wandered,
Homeless, hungry and cloth tattered,
He talked to His Soul, unknown, unplanned,
With each of His steps the earth shattered.

Though nightingales' songs did comfort
His heart as He walked through and through,
His Word was all-triumphant,,
As His trenchant soul made things new.

A sunflower bows it's head up and down,
From side to side as the bright sun passes,
This body feels its wilderness, the Queen it crown.
And the Springtime knows its grasses.

The merry men on the sea steer homeward,
They come to a Gate - a Primal Place unhampered,
They tether there and bask in His Glory.
Their trials make them think they're pampered.

So where does Destiny's sea spray reach,
Or the culmination of heart's desire end?
Do both not tell of another realm
Where death's illusion will not bleed nor rend.

Summer colors are warm, winter's shaved,
The shell of the snail is defined.
All grow old save the soul that's saved
By lust for more soul and being wined and dined.

Now madmen walk a funny line,
The chalk of which is drawn
In moments of clear sanity defined,
Just as tree limbs are sawn.

Coins of yesteryears can't buy me time,
This foolish gambler gambles on self death,
The glory of life, the Beloved's Prime,
Mystifies man as dear Grandeur's breath.

There is no fog within the cave,
There it can not breathe,
Only the foolish, freaked and brave,
Are never asked to leave.

And all us fools who have seen His face -
Though veiled it's always been -
Knows that knowing fails to prove our case,
What feelings feel within.

The brown, the brown - the golden leaf -
Encapsulated time;
And He whom God has Manifest
Re-birthed the Prophet's rhyme.

Rosemary on the windowsill,
White daisy's in the field,
Judge the deeds of souls to come
Before they act and yield.

Sunlight shines upon the bays,
The oceans know their names,
Fools can not tell - fools can not tell -
The water from the flames.

And so we turn to waters pure,
To fire un-consuming,
And stand upon those waters pure,
Without a thought presuming.

If we presume we sink down deep,
Where darkness does reside;
Now we hope God mentions love,
And mentions not our pride.

Soft breath of cat's calls breathing near,
Cliffs where the lifting winds,
Lift our voices from down below,
Though framed we are with pins.

The Voice that tumbles mountains down,
The Smile that felled down trees,
Both live deep within the One
That quaffed down all the seas.

When Moses met the Burning Bush,
The Beloved was within,
He met His own Soul talking ‘neath
A veil so strong yet thin.

Inin the valleys approaching Them,
If truth wind we ride,
The galloping of horses’ hooves
Will trample down our pride.

But if in prayer the valley’s crossed
Where nothingness abides,
If thought of self commiserates
The self with self resides.

We drown our sorrows in a sea of wine,
Then to dust with delight we find,
That when we die the dust will be
What we leave so far behind.

Willow’s wands assuage the poor,
They hear the plaintiff’s cry,
And sweep the path the poor walk on,
Until they ascend on high.

The winter chill of the earth won’t freeze
This fool’s sacred condition,
My last breath breathing though
Will not be my final rendition.

Ten thousand saints - all breathing fire -
Pass by forts of gold,
A thousand billion more will follow,
Before this Day grows old.

Cattails cup the doves of fate,
Where the black birds nest,
Grasses tall can touch the sky,
Where with grace they do invest.

I hold a ring, it knows not time,
Tears now sting my eyes,
There is no word for weddings young,
There are no words for goodbyes.

Space between green blades of grass,
As space between the stars,
Is filled by memories of youth;
Of lightening bugs in jars.

So why does man - both frail and mighty -
Depend on what's not lasting?
I, myself, can't help but feel
We'll forever more be fasting.

Grades of reason come and go,
Until the heart's filled up,
With mémoires of nothingness,
And all the love we sup.

When Jesus cried new seas did form -
Muhammad's name was nigh -
Christ said He would return again:
Muhammad gave a cry.

When we leave this world in time
Free will is preserved in stone;
Free will to dance and sing and leap,
Free will to learn and roam.

Single specs of chastity, dear friends,
Are worth far more than time,
Are worth far more than countless deeds;
More than the poet's rhyme.

What it takes to make a heart bleed,
Covers volumes, or is found in a word;
Split the atom and you will find a seed
Carried to heaven by a little bird.

I am my father's son,
With milk weed in my hand -
I hunt the forrest's soul,
I talk in tongues so grand!

So why do feathers last,
Through heat, through cold - all weather -
With shadows never cast,
O're fields all filled with heather?

I am my mother's son,
I roam the fields of flowers,
I take from them the fragrance
Of God's Almighty powers.

The sage is wise in life,
The fool is wise in death;
Wisdom comes to all,
Upon death's mighty breath.

And why do feathers fall like rain
Just when the body dies?
The body of the bird needs not
Its wings as its body dies.

Realms where oneness do preclude
A multiple of pain,
Are realms where joy and laughter prove
The meaning of insane!

The Beloved's words are my words,
The Beloved's food my food,
The Beloved's heart beats faster
Than the fastest of my mood.

I let a tear drop to my tongue,
It does not matter why,
The tear is really oh so sweet -
It sends my soul to fly.

On thinking of a single word
Of the Beloved's incantation,
A rapture of another kind
Gives me given holy ration.

A crack in a mirror does not mean
The willow and palm can't meet;
The nectar of the rose will feed them
As this lover falls at the Beloved's feet.

The legacy of light won't sell
The rose in all its glory -
The beauty of the dark can't tell
The beauty of the rose's story.

Each person is a continent,
All people a portrait posed,
The soul is all that's permanent,
Doors between worlds have never closed.

Oak leaves, holding fast in winter,
Rattle as a rattle snake in dry leaves;
As the winds blow quickly through them
Life outweighs the frost that heaves!

I fear I'll forget the Beloved -
But I hear the rattle of dancers above -
My kith and kin are everywhere and nowhere,
The Beloved alone makes my heart to love.

It's wise we soothe the fears of idols,
It's wise we heal the doubts of saints,
It's wise we conquer fear in all things,
It's wise we cleanse all fear that taints.

If thistle rumbled just like thunder,
If a bridge was never too far,
Would baby's breath grow like lightening,
When a flower is like a star?

We must tell our secrets in confidence
For tomorrow they may be in a cell,
As a bubbling baby's happiness,
That's is found within a well!

That caterpillars turn to wings is given,
That butterflies return some day is not;
That cactus need rain to bloom is proven -
Yet the soul's perfections are its only lot.

Butterflies that bang against our windows,
The birds that catch them in mid air,
All revolve around the soul's acceptance,
Of what Beloved's soul does care.

When Buddha meditated for a thousand years,
When Krishna fought a thousand battles,
The world was young, it knew not time,
It carried all it owned in saddles..

On the bridge over a question I fell into the sky,
The bridge was wide, it was me.
I struggled with the question why;
I came to another bridge, I was free.

I've crossed many bridges now without burning one -
They come and go easily - they are alive -
Like cactus flowers unfolding necessity
Never alone but with self do strive.

We are old and young, but it matters not,
We are beloved by the Beloved in a way,
That sutures wounds and floods dry hearts
All within a cloudless sunny day.

When song birds sing they speak God's holy trust,
Their voices mystify the intellect,
We are songbirds, we must think high,
For our every thought the Beloved will inspect.

In victory the heart aspires to higher places -
If victory o're self is the main objective -
Then seek to conquer self before its fire
Will bring us down to the fire's self-collective.

Life's life-force seeks not disownment,
What brought life back was chosen,
It fractured and reset the bone as if in atonement,
Or we wait a thousand years all lifeless frozen.

Our apple tree, our pear and peach, are fated to fruit
And bend their branches as if saying,
“Come play with us, we make our fruit ripe -
Our seeds that live inside are always praying.”

If we wait for the sunrise to heal our grief,
We may suffer needlessly for we are there,
And being there we can bathe in sweet relief
Near the hem of the robe of the Beloved fair.

Then as the sun rises naturally,
For nature is content to bathe in it’s own fire,
What was broken is once again composed:
And in this is a warning dire.

Blue fog seals tombs,
Lifts life’s meanings with a lever
To the heights where corn does grow,
To the height where all must sever.

Judgments fade with distant rumblings,
To the cave we all must go,
For tomorrows bring sorrows forward;
Where joy upon a dare will grow.

Joy is where our thoughts go,
When we crimp our eyes to see
Oceans swirling like an angel,
Through which thought dives eternally.

Oceans pack into a suitcase,
Tears take their place on faces too,
Rivers flow into a rainbow;
And when their time comes flow right through.

To force a tear,
To make a sky,
Is like making love
Out of a lie.

So we must go
Just when we can:
Will I be a saint,
Will I be a man?

The sun shifted now - just to the right -
It is a bastion of faith to see,
It blinds ones eyes (it scales the skies),
It lets one live and sets one free.

Red flowers are like a bull,
They draw attention, they make one run,
The Beloved steps in to save
A world from self by a world of one!

Roads that lead away today come nearer now,
They greet the weary wanderer and say:
“Come walk on us, we'll bear your burden,
You bring the color, we are gray.”

Love is what finds you, it makes your heart to sway;
It is the Beloved’s kingdom that steps inside
It turns the soil over to jest and play,
From the Beloved though, we can not hide.

Souls ascending drink the flask
Captains of all ships have drunken from;
All souls depend upon death’s breath,
And are destined for the Kingdom come!

Staring at the sun one sees naught else,
When one looks within forms are forgotten
Colors fade and the world is blind -
It is as if it were not begotten.

To rub it in God's face I eat a lie,
Yet the sun in its heaven rises still,
I skip, I rise - I feel - I fly -
All this done from my window sill.

The sky was black, I looked away,
I looked back the sky was blue.
This is how storms uproot the world,
This is the way old age is too.

We hibernate, time passes by,
We start to wake, thin walls rumble,
Lightening strikes to close to call;
In the distance, our thick hearts crumble.

Love is like all given fate,
In that it yields to its lovers' calls;
Lovers yearn so intensely
To be where lightening and thunder falls.

I rise to sleep, I sleep to rise,
The two are friends bowed down on knees;
I'll sleep no more, when time is done,
When grief is gone, when sadness flees.

The sun will rise there eternally,
It will not set, nor drop below,
There our demons will not be;
Our deeds will speak, our words be hollow.

Our ignorance of what will be,
May slow us down, but will not change,
The course of change, the change, of course,
Of what in time will rearrange.

Part Two

The Beloved's fool I'll ever be,
It is….what I desire most.
Without Him, I can not see,
Without Him, I am a ghost.

And so I wander this world of sleep
As if I'm in a waking dream;
I sing His name, I cry out loud,
I do not hesitate to shout and scream!

For love has found me, a love that's ardent,
A love above all love;
It grows in moans, it lives in sighs,
In tears it flows: it is the Dove.

When Adam slayed the apple's core,
He left no seeds, no skin to fall;
The world was small then - bereft of sight -
He set it free for it to call.

The Beloved's fool fights His battles,
His branches in the wind forever sway.
The Beloved's fool is no fool
When it's time to laugh and pray.

I break the night, it breaks right back,
We stay up late, we laugh;
We reach the morn, it let's us pass,
We eat….the golden calf.

How many times sweet hunger calls,
It calls us home with thunder,
How many times it didn't matter,
As bodies of saints were torn asunder.

To jest is mentioned as a virtue
When jesting time is due,
Even death is mentioned as a virtue
When a soul's own soul is true.

When Rumi and Hafez died all souls did mourn,
Their mourning caused the dawn to break,
When the Beloved died they died again;
They were holding the pilgrim's rake.

The sun rises then hides in clouds:
Too sacred for the world to see;
It burns them off - just like a chariot -
That catches fire when life's set free.

To sip life's wine is fire enough,
To sup of mead gives one life;
To pare life down is wise man's food,
For justice is his wit and knife.

Women's tears solve wars
As eagles crown the skies;
Down on earth the grasses tall
Can't hide us by disguise.

Seagulls scrap the yards for food,
They scrape the skies then die,
But we - oh we - we never live,
Until we hear God's cry.

The Beloved walked with silent feet
Above all worldly dross,
And if we follow in His footsteps
We suffer gain - not loss.

So go with me, so go with me,
Though I am inconsequential,
For we are regal as a crown,
When the rains pour down torrential!

I'm in a conclave of all fools,
We jump at His demand;
If high or low it matters not;
For it's the Lord's command.

The wind whips like a whippoorwill,
Mice chatter in fields of amber,
They depend on sun and grain to live,
They move and sing with candor.

Angels come together
They hang a quilt in a sunlit sky,
There is time to play in heather
When children dance to the question why.

I choose to live in a world so dire,
In a world caught up in bloody wars,
In a world beset by fixed desire,
In a world bereft of saintly chores.

That fire is brightest from a burning bridge
Is known by those on fire;
Go back! go back!: (you can not go back)
By walking on a wire.

One can not see the sun
With winter's eyes so cold,
So judge me not by me,
But on what my eyes behold.

Coral clouds and tourmaline seas,
Greet the lonely in their cries;
And for the poor there are paths of gold
Cobbled with God's lonely sighs.

A fire on each mountain top
Tells mercy to "speak out",
There is no room for questionnaires
When forgiveness is in doubt.

Many lines drawn in the skies,
Or through the grains of sand,
Cause the words of God descend
In mercy throughout the land.

The art of war, the war of art,
Cancel the lives of each other;
Only the Beloved's fiery words
Sear the hearts together.

A blanket covers the sun in sleep,
Fog covers a different way;
A light house in the distance guides
Us to the Mystery of this day.

Tongues absorb their words through pain,
A saint through their life on stage;
Grapes of joy condense to justice:
Love alone enables pain to age.

Suns of yesterdays brought freedom,
In a pot they were stirred to life,
They paved the way for the kingdom
With the drum and with the fife.

Oh where are the homeless when our eyes are open?
Are they where they are when our eyes are closed?
Do we sit with them in the dark and answer,
When our lives are questions and our words are posed?

Shall we dance and dance until Winter warms?
Shall we walk through life in a formal way?
When the mother of children braved the storms,
Her jet black hair turned to silver grey.

If you remember how to you have remembered,
If you're in the depths of sorrow you can't know;
We say 'love' then move towards our tomorrow,
We plant seed then task the earth that they may grow.

Oh please go with us - since you've reached content -
Love wants company - from pastimes it breaks loose -
Love built Jacob's house - then tore it down -
It came to earth, braiding Mona's noose.

Seagulls fly through wind and rain
I cry;
They mark the days that pass;
I die.

In living I'll know when my time has come,
Through pain I'll heave my final breath,
I feel death a little every day,
My final day will be my final death.

I'd beat ploughshares into weapons to see His face,
Is it fair that I should have missed the Beloved's Day?
I'd resurrect all war to hear one of His words
Uttered by the by and by the way.

I pick up my tea cup; I drink my tears
Floating in a sea of wonderment,
I look out my window - I soar o're seas -
I pray for more of HIs loving scent.

The suns must rise upon our death,
They hasten to their setting point;
The moons must dive into our seas
Where the waters they anoint.

Return now to the grasses tall
That wave when winds come off the sea,
Although they bend….they do not break -
They mark the depth of all that's free.

Winter sings as cellos bow,
Stroking wind-waves upon that sea;
Shot gun shells upon the land
Bring dissidence to harmony.
Is life hunger?

All fishermen with penance due,
Converge into a sea of grace -
As time converges on a dingle point,
Flying through an unknown space.

As I grip my candelabra,
Wax dripping on my hands and skin,
I beg for more - I can not help it:
I can not help….but be a fool again.

We throw our poems into the rivers,
We watch the ink come bleeding out,
We cast ourselves into the oceans,
Our ink, when there, is our bleeding doubt.

The belly of the Beast gives birth to wonder,
Crimson of all ages begs for more.
We skip our stones on sands and desserts,
Until we reach the ocean's shore.

I can not help but sit and ponder
The fate of soldiers still unknown;
Are they the birth of all beginnings,
Are they like birds, in that they've flown?

My feelings had frozen down below
Where my love once used to live;
I can not light and shadow,
In my heart for both can't live.

When dark enters do all stand up,
Then prostrate themselves in tune,
To a worn out hymn and a dismal song?
Or to the true Light that floods the room!

Blue fog seals tombs,
Red fog opens them up;
The measure of all that's in the tombs
Is found in a beggar's cup.

The sun's crest - its memory's jewel -
Lasts as long as a bird's flight dares
To cross the oceans ….dot the moon,
And stare down death….until it cares.

We prepare ourselves to die,
That we may live beyond all time,
For timelessness will intervene
Making our hearts an ancient rhyme.

The rising, oh the rising comes!
Its steeds on its left and on its right.
This Day do I dare to speak?
I'm bidden to through deeds and sight!

There's a time to grasp and a time to fail,
A time to mend all things together;
Then brighten at the final minute
What's muted beneath the dour weather.

I can not claim to know the truth,
Though it sits on my right shoulder;
I turn my head to try to see
What I can see when I am older.

Beneath the fog their lives a truth
That's hidden from the face of men;
It lives beneath the fallen leaf,
It dwells within the fox's den.

When roses don the Ancient Splendor,
When a child's bracelet can quell a storm,
We'll live in the town of pure delight
Where ecstasy is the norm.

Round and round a Tree we whirl,
Holding our breath….and holding hands;
We attempt to fly, we attempt to soar:
In the end we'll know where the Tree stands.

The coffee was hot and now it's cold,
There is a mystery through every door;
There is a key to barge right through -
It is the yearning to search for more.

The dark before dawn brings fear to some;
But there is hope that there will be light.
And hope has a way of flying
Like the blind has hope for sight.

I must slow down,
I must dig in.
Am I Now,
Or have I Been?

Any praise we take for our birth
Is like the misery we've spent in crime.
For when the call to breathe is sent down
Begins the sentence carried out in time.

I take the place of my shadow, free from shame,
And hide all day long from the sun's insistence;
In my shadow there's still love and I go insane,
For love, either way, bears the weight of persistence.

I must rise up,
I must dig in -
And take a stance
For my dying sin.

I will rise up
And fly away
By permission
Of what I am today.

We wander around the Watch Tower,
Candles in our hands,
When dawn breaks we melt -
Wax covers the lands.

Snow in the veins,
Stillness in the hearts,
Warm as Summer flails,
As love to the world imparts.

Drum beats from the wings
Of a hawk that dares to dive
Into the ocean stirs up waves,
Where a new life seeks to strive.

The Winter night is blue -
Prussian…in its depth;
My feelings meld into
A realm without width or breadth.

Dark that wanders halls,
Light that temples can not hold,
Live within the Beloved's sunrise
For his sunrise makes them bold!

Wrapped in a blanket a child is born,
On the shores of a place no eye has seen,
We harvest the gifts of the unknown skies,
The dark and the light tell us where we've been.

As the child grows into a man -
And I am that man for all to school -
I take off my clothes….I take off my skin;
And when I am done….I am still His fool.

I glean silence from the wood,
That smooths the ripples on the bay,
There is a field that stretches on and on,
And a scythe to cut its hay.

That we are made to dance with tears
Tells a story of entitlement;
We are entitled with the fame of love,
Conditioned on sweet refinement.

Please crush me with jaws of death,
Oh Beloved of my heart's desire,
For death is joy and joy is life;
Both deaths of the heart's pure fire.

As the sun burns off the mist
Of eyes that sleep so strange,
There is time for the mad to feel -
There is time to rearrange.

Nimble dance the mountain elk
Stop to eat grasses green;
They watch for wolves within the trees,
They see an earth that is never seen.

But wolves have ways to cull a heard,
Given to them till the end of days,
They return each winter to prey and hunt
Upon the carrion of the means and ways.

So touch the sky….then burn the fields,
Care for yourself….what you feel;
The days past gone…the days ahead….
Are worth the time if you've made them real.

How red is the heart that burns down worlds -
That coos like a baby in a mother's arms -
How alive are the lovers at the hour's need -
Who dance to the sound of the Beloved's charms.

Since lies are the envy of the lost,
And I was lost for many years,
It has been a pleasure….and a cost,
To shed my all of my earthly fears.

In the corner of an eye a world is born,
While light through tall grasses catch fire.
We are the herbs of the Everlasting,
We are the soul of the Word's desire.

So let us breach the impregnable castle,
With one faint word uttered in the night,
How much more to breach the universe
With fire from our given sight.

There is a trail beyond the fox's den
That leads us on to where
Beyond this place where nonexistence rules,
There is a Heart that bleeds to share.

We must go far beyond
The farthest place we dare think about,
Or where wave crests fold into the sea,
Or between forrest trees dance within dance without.

My hands get bloody when I touch my face,
I use my blood to paint martyrs in distress,
It's not that true martyrs need saving or recourse,
It's just that they're wrongs that need redress.

Grays in the wood, purples in the grays
Foretell moments that will speak, times that will hear.
When we go away tomorrow to return some day,
Will we remember the moment, the time or year?

The good I found within my beating chest,
Reveal love - they persist like the brides silk dress -
So when I lie me down, to dream of further shores,
The dress will ensconce me….like flowers in a press.

Do we have a choice to watch birds fly by,
When we look all day at skies,
Though we're trapped in prison cells
With bars thick as lies?

The sun that won't break through the clouds,
Is nevertheless the sun,
Though light comes through and heat is felt,
It's better than feeling none.

If riches incongruities are named like grains of sand,
Do we spend our time thinking of ways
When time is simply a helping hand?
When clouds burn off we'll survive the sun's hot rays.

The pressure of light on light's profound,
Secretes like silk worms whitish strands,
It makes rainbows bend and not deny,
It warms the country….it coats the barren lands.

If we, like eagles, move quickly towards this light,
Jewels hanging from the world on fire,
The riches, of all that's known of men,
Will only equal the riches of our true desire.

So we must dance and spread our wings,
For the herbs of fields ever know our names,
And angels - winged with rainbow rays -
Burn with un-consuming flames.

Soon the rainbow saints enter,
Their blessed veils burn down the towns.
At the base of Carmel's feet,
The great will lie down their cherished crowns.

So forgive me if I don't stand still and wait
For an invitation to the world's bright balls;
For there is time and a place to name
That nations fear and heaven calls.

That my countenance doth regulate
The stream of my ecstasy and rapture,
It is etched in stone that flows like rivers
Where my soul will hunt and find and capture!

"Let the living bury the dead" - it is now said -
And the dead be alive by giving;
Let the music everywhere - in the air -
Make angels of all things by living.

Camphor in the room chases demons,
To places where demons long not to go,
Just like the fabric of creation
Can be covered by a winter storm of snow.

Metaphors turn stories into Springtime,
Dying turns reality into life,
Winter is but sleeping to awaken,
Metaphors cut through seasons like a knife.

The locked heart, the burdened soul,
Dancing to find liberation,
Debates the senses, transcends the norm,
Till destiny awakes inspiration.

January is a quiet month,
Roams of thistle burn of brown,
It is so cold but warm of heart -
The Beloved stirs….we see His crowne.

In the depth of wintry nights,
Moves vast and swollen air,
The pregnancy of all approaches
The dyeing of His jet black hair.

Though a token in the sky is all
For stars and moons comes hither,
Dexterity of mind receives,
What the eye sees as a sliver.

Poets, bards, and Prophets all,
Have praised this symbol of detachment;
Some of its symbols fall
When beaten by re-enactment.

Yet still….stillness waits -
It can not stop…its fire's loving -
And so millennium come and go
To prove the need for proving.

I love You - I do say dare I do,
Oh Beloved, your moon's never failing,
So when the shapes of your fires change,
I will be in debt to their constant calling.

Have I tasted the poverty of all things,
On my tongue have they tasted sweet?
Do I stroll the paths of the highest heavens,
While wandering the diamond street?

The plough is the field, the field in the plough,
They meet where the heart can feel,
I can't resurrect the lowly weed,
But I could make a dervish reel!

And so this fool moves seamlessly,
Just as smooth as tree roots grow,
Like the bent gnarled boughs of an apple tree
Drop the fruit with the seeds to sew.

A path of the woes destitute in men
Winds down minds like places of the fern;
As the child learns to write from His Pen,
Thistle beneath the snow longs to burn.

Oh why do we freeze beneath earth so true,
When truth tests our souls that search out are name.
We ask why it is that the blue bird's blue,
While alive or dead we seek out God's fame.

Runes over my eyes speaks of salted days,
When sands under foot took us away;
Where death on the playground plays with children
Plays, and carries them far far away.

The line on the horizon is smooth as glass today,
Its mirror blinds the eye just like the sun,
Sleep gives way to marble fountain dreams,
Of sterile feelings becoming alive with one.

Our love ribbon unrolls across skies,
Brightly shines ‘round the throne of the Lord;
If we carve for ourselves the question “why”,
To the statue of love we move closer toward.

The sun of truth is divine
When dawn arrives over an army of fields,
Our change is all that is needed as sign
That the Beloved alone holds power he wields.

So when we go to the harbor of Hosts,
Traveling the Styx with a child’s shout,
We’re damned to be free if we’re liberty's ghost,
When true love is all about.

Destiny peaks when our hearts find answers,
Rainbows speak when no rain has come,
Hearts move and cling to dancers;
Before the Beloved this fool becomes dumb!

Part 3

Through the clouds of armor my love does wait,
Peeling off the Beloved’s skin,
The fool dost ever congratulate
The chance to love him, however thin.

Then taking the skin and stretching it's hide,
Beneath the heat of August's full moon,
My love makes a drum to carry wide
And the world is awakened by a starlit tune.

I am my father's son, I will not lie,
I am my mother's son, not taught to disengage,
Before I lie me down, before I pass and die,
I want to be God's lover, I want to feel a rage!

Have we made a god of our institutions,
Fruitless as fruit flies in the sun?
Yet this may guide us to our true selves,
On the sands or on the run.

Should we sleep in blankets soft as down,
Lifting us up with the southern cross?
Let's go like angels into a town,
The name of our sacrifice to emboss.

Up above the world spins 'round
The sun in its heady ways;
Into its light we happily drown…
Like serpents yawning on warm days.

The rose, the rose, ah the bloody rose!
Consciously it it burns down worlds,
Our hearts may escape the bow and arrow
That their spirits may hang like pearls.

An ambience of corn wastes by the way,
Its heart beating sounds all once knew,
The heart wants to know but the mind does slay
Nocturnal birds through the night that flew.

The fog that curls around our feet,
Like love rubbing up against our soul,
Hides our steps as we stomp the street;
Without a trace….we take control.

Control is an illusion I give freely,
Back to the Source of all control,
When tulips live in hearts ideally
Our souls are given full parole.

Last night I exhumed an earthly treasure,
Revealing what has always died,
The Beloved stands as a monolith
To guide those who have always tried.

When clouds cleft the moon in twain,
The heaven of every religion was rent;
The mind of all just went insane,
This fool his last heartbeat spent.

The clouds! the clouds! oh yes the clouds!
Beware their formal gear attire,
They'll slither past your door and creep
Into your room and make you liar.

What blocks the sun from reaching earth,
What causes light to sever ties?
Is it an end to a cycles fame,
Or a need to sever superstitious lies!

Swift growing apathy like a plague -
Once controlled the fields and mountains,
Now a new earth - light as light -
Once more fills the hillside fountains.

True wealth then, and true poverty,
Abide upon a crown of thorns,
Twin fish that swim within a bowl -
Saints with pointed knife-like horns.

When dreams come through a fog-less moon,
When courage is the life of wings,
We'll sit and ponder on the tune
That tells of a valiant soul that sings!

The Beloved, oh yes the Beloved sings!
He tells of glory in the manger,
He tells of sweets the angel brings,
He tells us…never be a stranger.

The moon has sung until it burned,
It whispers its way into the soul,
Just like the night fox danced and turned,
To hear the Beloved's song unfold.

The moon has almost gone away,
Though its rising flame can not be quenched,
It's seen like its birth upon the day
When its mother gave birth with teeth tight clenched.

Denial still lives as the world turns,
It breeds superstition like winter flowers;
Because it still lives the world still burns,
Only the Beloved can prune its bowers.

All racist wars sleep with the devil,
Wars of any kind count sheep,
They are the work of all mediaeval,
They will end: the Comforter to reap!

Big advances of sky
Are like a vision won.
Lovers thrill to the sound
Of a child's wooden gun.

March again has pierced the root,
Winter dies with pride,
Fasting with colored soot
Won't let the wormwood hide.

Down below the decks,
Where engines pound,
Angels have chains around their necks;
It is where true lovers abound.

Fire knows the cost -
There is no time to wait -
For a summer frost
To wander through the Gate.

This fool has hidden worlds
Beneath the holy dome of fear,
A fear that's hidden in the cave
And calls all to come near.

What fear is worth our test?
Are we numb?
The bird knows well its nest,
Are we dumb?

There is still time to kill,
Will they die?
Will we bring to life the ancient Point
In our heart?

When April comes again my love,
And we hold hands beneath God's bowers,
We'll fill the void with candy sweet,
From the Beloved's wedding showers!

Grasses tall won't hide fireflies
At the call of summer's end.
Some think there's fate in telling lies,
Some seek fate in summer wind.

Murmurings of prayer are heard in waves
That crash upon the shore,
From inside the heart of the Spirit's cave
The waves will crash no more.

Mercy includes all doubt,
The Healer of hearts stirs the wind,
Doubts come in packages of all colors,
They are of the chagrinned.

Enemy's arguments against this Day,
Hamstrung the She-Camel kneeling down,
But she rises against the prevailing way
And enters the heart of every town!

Daffodils rise like candle smoke,
Prayers filled with martyred souls,
Their roots bud forth like lovers un-broke -
They ring the earth with earth's sweets tolls.

Winds bash envy upon the shore,
Light reflects the glistened hour,
The purified heart digs to the core,
As darling Spring sends it's shower.

Thrushes bend grasses brown,
Soon to be green by the bay,
They spring back when the thrushes fly,
Whipping the air and salt sea spay.

Then why does the Beloved spread its grief
Like wings above the lands -
Does it share with us (though it is a leaf),
Because love shares its lovers' hands?

We are the thunder of our hands,
The pattern of earth's bare means,
We bleed ecstasy when love is born,
We are of the earth's pure greens.

What some call love is a fool's blind test,
Valley's crimson flowers blooming;
Epitomes of mountain's crest,
With thunder clouds and the Beloved looming.

We must not part until we find
The two worlds sawed in half,
That we may each be each in kind,
Not parting ways as we dance and laugh!

Thick clouds conceal the island's grief,
A strike of lightening rents in twain,
Some birds to eggs are like a thief:
Nature talks with unbroken chain.

Wave crests tip life's balance up,
Flickers in the fields do rise.
Peter with the Soul did sup;
Iscariot is now forgiven lies.

Mercy flows through willow wands,
We, the people, constitute;
Dare we find the Hidden Bonds,
While mercy plays its flute?

Mercy everywhere does know
That its source - pure love - does play
Upon the hearts of fools that love
In the torrents in this day.

A soldier knows the greed of words -
Its dimly lit unwanted ways;
When springtime comes with springtime birds,
It blossoms forth into a blaze.

The Beloved loves because it does,
Just like stalactites dripping green,
In the forest the wild does
Kneel down before the wild Unseen.

Herbs in fields bestow fair maidens
With the knowing all bestows,
Silk threads tender as soft warm winds
Cover naked all that shows.

The fire that I need moved east,
The water that I need moved west,
We are ever of the Beloved's feast,
We seek what lies within His chest.

Don't tell of what the liars say,
The winds bedevil feasts of flight,
We lie within ourselves each day,
By being alive before His sight.

When coffins open and fog comes forth,
That has waited for eons to congeal,
We'll know our value and our worth,
By what we eat as our final meal!

Then as we hasten to our death,
And think we are solid and are safe,
Do we guard and protect our every breath,
Does false belief rub and chafe?

Mountains dissolve in radiant light,
Tongues of grasses raise the dead,
In endless valleys we take to flight
Before the flight of unheard dread.

Crumpled up the dry leaves live
To make for fodder of all that is,
The children take, the children give,
They make a living of all that is.

A lake of depth confounding life,
Compounding thought into a bin,
There's nothing left but live our life,
When bodies shed all their of sin.

As the next world opens wide,
And faults are left on sod of grey,
The first election calls to stride,
Before the life of eternal day.

A story digs in depths of old
Shedding self of useless word,
This fool sets out into the warmth
Side by side with the Word occurred.

A voice from a distant island calls,
It beckons me as daylight comes,
Am I an angel that blinks then falls
Each dawn when I eat my crumbs?

Tinsel flashes in storms of power,
Like the thought of youth turned old.
Animals cower beneath the thunder,
But angels makes them bold!

Sunrise rising slowly
Heals the broken day,
Men among the lowly
Are known to be that way.

The pain of life is like a star….
Thunder rumbles….
Pain illuminates afar….
And humbles.

This light of day has broken hearts….
The dark of night does heal them….
Sometimes there are broken parts….
Love mends them.

Life can not tell you not to cry…
We bow down.
The only remedy is to fly…
To deeds sewn.

The Beloved states the question why….
We answer.
The best we can do is beg and try….
Like the dancer.

Not out of pride does the heart bleed,
Nor does the wild wind beg,
We can only plant our faithful seed,
And walk through the gate with one leg.

Great is freedom when formed
Out of justice,
There is never a norm
Formed from ice.

When the Drought decides who lives and dies,
There is joy in Dante's fire,
When tears no longer flow from eyes,
Heads are severed by live wire.

We sail our ships down rivers gold,
We row our boats up streams of years;
We have our vision - as was for-told -
Fraught with joys….and anxious tears.

As the sun sets in the west,
As we flirt with time that's old,
We've made of our spirit something worth,
We can hasten to our death so bold!

Frost, like the wheel of time,
Steps across the rooftops high,
Sunlight strikes - and like the mime -
Melts emotions with a sigh.

This is how the Beloved speaks:
"Walk with me you'll not go wrong,
Talk to me on mountain peaks,
Strike a chord - we'll sing a song!"

A song of love….you've no doubt heard,
Is all that's left in hearts of lovers,
This fool speaks….I sound absurd,
Like mad men in the land of lovers!!

Soft as down the tree limbs fall
During night when all are asleep,
Bleeding hearts in dreams stand tall,
When lovers' hearts like vines do creep.

The world in which the dire flows,
Crimps in light like the new born fawn,
The lover sees its birth…and it knows -
For the Beloved there is only dawn!

At times there are times….and many more,
At times there is once and simply done.
The breathing of all upon the shore
Is like the knowing that all is one.

Now let us stop and sip our tea -
Two lumps of sugar to sweeten time -
Fog is a screen for visions free,
Above sea life with salty brine!

Such words beg for more tomorrows,
That the heart may speak and feel His love,
That through it mend and heal all sorrows
And speak the language of the dancing glove.

Such power turns to powerlessness
Before the grand design of wings;
In that moment of love we kiss….
Breathing breath into all things.

Do we talk of goodbyes when all are equal,
When the sun shines its light on all equally?
Is there not a sign - a hope and sequel -
To this life….when we will all be free?

There are tomorrows, as time does tell,
I look for rainbows in myself.
Forgetting time…and ocean swells,
I place the Beloved above myself.

When I am forced to lie, I lie me down,
I fold my life into a box,
I save the world by forcing truth
Into this life of keys and locks.

The truth will set you free…it's said,
Aye, 'tis the truth and have no doubt!
We must abandon clover beds,
While thoughts of stardust purge and rout.

For tests are many….varied….colored,
They come in shapes and forms unknown,
The worst are silent, unseen - dullard;
The best, just like the stars, are shown.

Winds that move just like a jester,
Waves that leap into the wind,
Blood that roved through your first ancestor,
Are free of all that lusts and sinned.

When sanity's complete the sun runs its courses,
Winged armies bend to no man's doubt,
Wars…. once fought on foot and horses,
Are now won with a primal shout!

Secure the land with loving footsteps,
Heal the wind where no man treads,
He heals the soul with envy's tests;
The Beloved knows what each man dreads.

Far beyond where grasses grow,
Far outside of minds that faint,
Is the land of fire and snow -
Where not a hint of greed does taint.

So we step in leaps of wonder,
Growing like the horses move;
We twist and tear ourselves asunder,
Before the Beloved to praise and prove.

Slowly doubts fade -
Walls crumble.
Are we the parade?
To the sea do we stumble?

Rosemary's fragrance dulls shame's smoke
Rising from the pitch of ashes,
The world is encompassed by a joke;
The sea still bashes.

Humble we march down to the sea,
Through lightening wars and stealing glances,
There is no choice but to be free;
There is no choice but to take chances.

Song of Psalms confounds the dead,
Living doth the hour pass,
All questions in the burning head,
Flow on down the hour glass.

Our moxie now defines the space -
The universe is opens- wide -
Though the Beloved sees the end of things,
The beginning is where the end has died.

So let us raise our glasses high!
Wear the pilgrim's gear once more,
And never change these clothes so nigh
The Throne where 'round the heart does sore.

This fool is schooled in grades of ashes,
This fool turns time into dances,
Takes the tool of time and lashes
Himself before the Beloved's glances

The schooled are never alone,
The great pray through the night,
There is a wounded tone -
The cello's bow is tight.

The heart can't help but yield
To the mouse out in the meadow,
Words have now been healed,
I bring to the field my pillow;

Oh sleep - to sleep the dream -
To sip the wine one feels,
The stars have their esteem;
The fisher of men soon reels.

And I - oh I have stones!
Down in my shoes to wander.
My feet become pure bones,
Upon that….I do ponder.

Now….the fire burns,
Now….the water flows;
Seagulls take their turns
To feed on what one knows.

My father had no daughters,
My mother had no girls,
One son joined the slaughtered,
His fine hair had some curls.

So I write of death,
And now I realize mine
Will last beyond a breath:
My last breath that I sign.

I have no fear of endings,
I didn't know that I began,
There are so many endings;
Will I be a man?

Was it this morning I woke up
From the wind through my tail feathers?
Do I look for my future in a cup?
I fly through kindly weathers,

For the Beloved feels like loving,
Above the love of living things,
He desires not the judging
Of the bird with broken wings.

We bow to wings of grandeur,
As the heart's soul leaves the ground,
Faint the darling does banter,
Without making any sound.

Daffodil and the willow,
Blooming from the other side,
Creep like children to their pillow,
Where in sleep they try to hide.

But the spring, just like the sunrise,
Choose never to let go,
It leads one to surmise:
As if we ever really know.

This fool feels that he must
Know the truth in every breeze,
When he listens he finds all trust
Is found upon his knees;

To the knees this fool believes
Freedom resides,
But the world believes
Freedom divides.

Are we wedded with stone rice?
Are we weddings drinking streams?
We will take no time thinking twice
Just to suffer another's means?

We're the towering Elms over Junipers,
We pound stone castles underfoot,
We climb to the top of conifers,
Just to burn them down to soot.

All fools of the Beloved though we don't know why,
The pains underwent where He tread,
We live cool in a world so hot,
If to self we live as dead.

I have no voice to speak of,
Can you tell me my own name?
Am I part of the God's sea of love?,
Am I a ray of the sun's bright flame?

To hide behind tall grasses when the mind is tall,
Flaming dust of feathers and sage,
Dying to self to cry out love's call,
Is to burn all knowledge all on one page.

So we venture a guess as to why the dove coos,
We come empty handed if we think wealth is all,
An empty canvas is what the Lord wants,
All souls at some point must hear the great call!

Gratitude skips on water,
Stones paste on sky like clouds,
Every soul finds its own quarter,
We are alone in crowds.

A candle near the moon is lost,
In dark rooms it's the beacon of life,
In a closed rooms there is always a cost;
The moon is my heart and my wife.

We wander by choice when we grown,
We warm all life that is frozen,
Do we know each soul that has flown,
If we are of those that are chosen?

Waves kiss the sky then are gone,
Such is our life - we imagine we're free -
Do we sell our all for one song,
If we are one with the Beloved's sea!

The wind is known by what moves,
It howls because there is something near,
The Beloved's loves by what He proves,
By what He holds dear.

The sun tickles puffs down golden lanes,
Rooftops slice the day in two,
Buds of April seen through panes,
Call birds that once flew.

Beyond the heights of men,
We congratulate what is true,
What is written by the Beloved's pen
Turning black ink into skies of blue.

How does a heart know its desires?
Does every raindrop hit the ground?
Does mention of the moon start fires,
Or a raindrop evaporate to a sound?

Whilst dreaming of superstition,
The past capitulates to today;
Does stardust find a new position
When joined by a sunlight's ray?

Birch trees down the road are human,
Each one a forest all its own,
Its bark that peels to be written,
Leaves a message for each home.

The Beloved needs not our answers,
Though we question morning dew,
On the frontline are God's lancers,
Deflating all once held as true.

When the sky comes streaming to life,
And the grass teams with dew,
Can we cut through lies with a knife,
And a wind chime singing through?

I am bold and I'm shamed as a thief
Who has held the sea back ages on end,
I see myself as a thief,
That can cut and hurt and then mend.

There are people out on parade,
Who persist in thinking life's gold,
The Beloved sees their charade,
As they wander through life so bold.

Now I must be gone in my autumn,
Before my winter descends,
So I beg for the pierce of the lancers
Without any thought of what mends.

All things in time move on;
Even the fool graduates.
A true man is a day that is long
As a soul that laughs at the Fates.

When I die to heaven I'll go,
(Even demons go there I'm told),
For hell is like grass that won't grow,
And a demon a self that has sold.

But the Beloved's mercy is vast:
Is infinite in its domain.
And to heal all the self that is past,
Is found in one drop of rain.

I will rant and rave you no more,
For the tulips are showing no fear,
The reds and pinks near the shore,
Are the only true Sage and Seer.

The birds that are singing with gust,
Put a mask on, so no one can see,
That their hearts are a living bard's trust,
With stories to set each soul free.

And I, I'm a fool with an end,
As I erase the I, me, and mine,
And find my own praise praising Him,
Who's the Lamb, the Lion…. the Sign.

My greed for more life endures,
My lust for the blue sage is near
The end where my sweet death ensures,
Is that joy will erase my dark fear.

We wander again through the cave,
Where skies are visible as scars,
We seek out the Buffalo's rave,
We honor the piercing of stars.

I cooked a my self and chewed the bones,
Stood upon a bridge and leapt beneath,
The Beloved sang to me in melodic tones,
Around my neck He hung His own wreath.

Being a fool, though, I cast it off,
Stepped the goose step and killed my soul,
Yet the Beloved did not chastise me nor scoff,
He set me down gently on a grassy knoll.

I have done everything I could to condemn myself,
Reasoned, like the fool I am, that I am done,
Like a jar of jam I sat on a shelf,
Yet the Lord wouldn't have it….now I run;

Run across the earth in search of those
Whose hearts parallel the heart I trust;
I stand before them and pose,
As one who quests a soulful lust.

I have gone down with Moses, I've seen His Fire,
It's a pretty Fire that dost control,
The air, sea, and land….the earth entire,
And heaven where its Fire all extol.

Do not condemn me yet for I'm not done,
Like I've said I have not taken my last breath.
I put the Book to my head like a gun
I scare myself to a selfless death.

Why does fog like a panther roam,
Then burn off fast and disappear,
Like the sun may burn a home,
So true nature may reappear.

I grip the razor blade of life,
Holding tight, though cutting naught,
I am the skinner and the knife;
I skin the lessons I've been taught.

All this to say, there is so much more,
(We bury tomes that more may sprout),
Why not drift along the shore,
And watch for whale and whale water spout.

The kingdom is vast, it begs to be known,
Along the shore with its hidden treasure,
If we be knowers we jump right in;
It judges us by our own measure.

Why dig a hole and climb in,
When the Lord is vast enough,
To provide our wants with a grin,
His chord that binds is silk not tough.

Oh where are the tears of the Inevitable
That flowed so abundantly in Tehran,
We miss them like a wordless fable
Whose pages are hidden at dawn.

I have mentioned love and kindness,
I have mentioned the tongue's sharp sword,
I gave up all I possess,
As his fool stood before the Lord.

We are dawn and we are nightfall,
We provoke the heart to die
Be reborn by a single call,
As we pass beyond each leaf and sigh.

When I am thirsty like the storms of Eden
That pluck each string plucked note,
I wrap myself in what I've done,
That's fired with a kiln fired coat.

I hasten to where there's no sorrow,
I baste the dawn with ladled fire,
There is yesterday, today or tomorrow,
With the need to purchase and acquire.

Lines in sand are timely moments,
Washed away by thoughts transcendent;
They speak of mental torments,
They hang from necks like a pendant.

I journey hither and then yon,
Upon a ship cross land and sea,
In the blink of time I yawn,
I cease to be….I cease to be.

A tsunami bent in two,
Broke stables; the bulls of God did roam,
They kneeled, as eagle-doves flew;
They soared beyond the galaxies bright chrome.

I do not live, I do not die,
They are one like heady wine;
I am now bold and never shy,
There is life and death in each sign.

A new life forms, it does unfold,
A new death plagues the earth,
They rise as yeast through stories told,
Of the Beloved's death and birth.

Anguish of the Nightingale,
The spirit of snow that falls,
Remedies the ancient tale:
They bring to mind the wind that calls.

O make me like unto a vine!
O Beloved of this fool that cries,
That I may make my way and climb,
Above a battered world that dies.

As I climb beyond the pale,
Of non-existence to your throne,
God willing I'll wrap around the throne,
And as no fool I'll prevail!

We're cast like jewels to east and west,
To north and south….beyond the stars,
We don the pilgrim's sacred vest,
By besting all inner wars.

I danced a thousand dances and felt alone,
A fool I was to think I could find the place,
Where cherry blossoms by the wind were blown,
To the kingdom by your grace.

I have pledged to dig ten thousand graves,
Each one filled with base desires,
Unless I turn to the one that saves,
They'll sprout up taller than the tallest spires.

Oh you, my Beloved, never fail me at dawn -
Many a dawn has witnessed my malaise,
I cringe and taste the bitterness now gone,
Little now can scare or phase.

Deep within in His quarried eyes
The Beloved sees the measure of things.
The blueness of His sacred eyes,
Circles 'round all Saturn's rings.

Howbeit the wasteful binge of hours,
Proclaims the sequence of days,
The Beloved fools this fool in showers
Of tests that feel like light rays.

As Prometheus at his height,
I strike the hour and pierce its shield,
By relying on the Beloved's power,
And my strength in knowing I shall yield.

Around a clock tower stained in red,
Circles what is left of what was known.
This fool chooses life instead,
He speaks His word….and His world alone!

The bravery of some is named,
By what some call a fool's blind errand,
We take what's broken, we heal what's shamed,
Like the beginning….and the beginning's end.

The choice of freedom is a choice,
Though we're bound to a thousand fetters;
We chose by choosing a single Voice,
Speaking two dozen Letters.

How can I say I don't love you,
When my heart is as bright as the sun,
How can I say you don't move me,
When to you my heart's now one.

Your words that descend as tornadoes,
Tare up the earth of the hearts in heaven;
These song birds that speak of your beauty,
Are your trees, your mountains….your leaven!

I am won't to guard the thistle,
In my blindness from the sun,
I yearn for grace in heaven,
As stars through their courses run.

I am in the darling heather,
I'm beside myself with grief,
I hurry through the weather,
That is pounding on my reef.

Oh Go with me in my sorrows,
Oh my Beloved of the stones,
For I can not reach your doorstep,
While the hunter's knife he hones.

In the darkness of the Winter,
Where the bear dreams of the kill,
I lean into my worship,
As I climb the highest hill.

The hill is lined with roses,
Though no one planted them there;
There are vales of marble statues,
That grew will-less with no care.

This fool that loves his shadow,
As he walk across the plains,
Is taught to turn around,
By his Beloved's right to pains.

I can not count my days until I die,
Or postulate a phrase to soothe my soul,
What good is the knowledge I possess,
Or my words that torment my soul?

I rid myself of love by your sweet love,
Climb fruit trees of my former selves,
Eat an apple and heal the serpent's sore,
Mark my footsteps with angel bells.

As day turns to night,
Sweet Persian incense spreads through the wood,
I'll pick a path ever light,
Where every path is understood.

America! Sweet as the earth,
Is brimming now to overflow;
If we swing o're the mountain tops,
Will the future move forward below?

We're done now with what comes and goes,
When the end and beginning is over;
We are fleeced by the wind that blows,
When we find our four leaf clover.

For certain we are certain to die
We strive to hold in our breath;
Are we dead now by living a lie,
Living a life that is death?

When the wanderlust reaches the corn,
When the dungeons are filled to the brim,
The meanings that blow through the horn,
Sound all edgy and grim.

As a flower I root down deep,
Beneath the lime drenched loam,
The Beloved will always keep
Me safe from the dead sea tomb.

Across waters where the earth
Is new and fresh - not dim -
I drink bottles of fresh mirth,
I don't drown, I float and swim.

Geraniums grow red and bright,
Upon my window sill,
I sleep then wake to the light
Beyond the wind swept mill.

Out there are grasses tall,
Where deer and antelope graze,
If I linger too long I fall,
Into a wind swept haze.

I decide to huddle and mass
Neath the dome of sky so blue;
This fool will graze His grass,
Though His love becomes taboo.

I grow weary and warp the dawn,
It is so clear to see.
The Beloved has carved and drawn,
What is clearly meant to be.

I grow tired once again,
Then spring to life as He speaks,
This happens every day,
Though I am fooled into feeling weak.

On giant steps where sea spray heals,
On honey plains where skies draw down,
Are martyrs where the lightening peels,
Who battle darkness when the devil's in town.

O go to where suns measures time,
For time is measured by tomorrows,
When even light is a feeble rhyme,
Before the Beloved's sweet sweet sorrows.

As the day begins to dim,
(Though hope patterns nocturnal flight),
A blaze of glory will cast its hymn,
Shattering what makes the darkness night.

Sleep fades into oblivion,
This fool finds his way to heaven,
By waking each day through his salvation
As deemed sufficient by my soul's soul Raven.

In the dark of night the dull sword reigns,
Cutting the way the sharp tongue swears;
The heart of the many twists and strains
Freed by the light as the sunshine stares.

Oh why do nebulous clouds part,
And blue skies fend off the devil's curse?
Where the Beloved's cave
What made the clouds disperse.

Go with Him in all things - though pains increase,
Without Him is the pain of non-existence,
It brings one to where the soul will cease
By focusing on one's self insistence.

There is grief hidden in each blade of grass,
Stations of the cross grieve their names.
Forsake naught but the metal brass,
Changed to gold through the heat of flames.

The laugh that lingers on the brink of extinction
Bays at the moon in sequential tides;
The Beloved's fool who is bound for distinction,
Sits on the moon and rides and rides.

We can not tell which way is heaven,
Nor find the meaning of dark demise;
We hover in balance, as Paul was driven,
We take to the wing and outfly the wise!

The Beloved comes again and makes new laws,
That lifts the dead from their sleeping pose,
To heights where eagles grasp with talon-claws
So tenderly the multi-colored rose.

I begin to speak while dreaming,
No one hears but the skies so blue,
I hear in the wind a mournful screaming,
Then turn to the source that flowers true.

In the glen down under truth is waiting,
I hear its song from far away,
It sits…. it moves as it starts creating,
A year within each passing day.

Why do I lean so heavy on oars,
Are they not meant to be for pleasures
down streams?
I row up against waiting shores;
Waiting for delivery of ancient dreams.

I tied my horse onto a tree,
The ocean breeze on a run;
I have not horse but always was,
A dreamer…. staring at the sun.

A dervish once delighted me,
He asked where I got my clothes,
I told him from the Beloved's realm,
Now he whirls and whirls and whirls.

His answer was His parting gift,
I went my way in dance;
I twirled and twirled - I shook and shook,
To this day I am stunned by the Beloved's trance.

Now I circle throughout the day
A throne of faith where lover's live,
During night I leap….I pray,
My lips speak loud and my hands give.

Oh take me to the fire's den,
Where Daniel - cool - spent an hour;
Or maybe more as faith did tend
To bloom as an eternal flower.

I found a gun and named it Rose,
I placed a rose in its barrel,
The two never fought nor disagreed,
Nor ever had a quarrel.

Time did pass, the Beloved returned,
He placed the rose on His mantle,
There were no more wars, they ceased, -
Though He returned as thief and vandal.

When zephyrs freeze and grasses die -
The dog willow walks away,
A new constellation dons the sky,
As crowned jewels of Persia go astray.

A pox from a love's fever tries the heart,
The Beloved lives there so all is well.
If you are favored it's a honeyed dart,
And your life is an ocean swell.

Coastal fog is the Master's face,
As the sun in its decadence,
Its mist is woven from God's lace,
There is no precedence.

Shattered windows speak of wars,
Wars that have no grant nor right,
To be or live upon the earth,
Or within the distance of God's sight.

When wars cease and soldiers bend,
Down to the earth and kiss its face,
Fighters of wars will mend,
Within the Beloved's warm embrace.

Nipples on the leaves of oak,
Fire in the maple's screams,
Tells the measure of what spoke,
When the Beloved dreams.

I am lost in a haze of wine,
It is there to set me free,
The Beloved is in my vein,
With eyes of blood that see.

I can neither breathe nor stir
Without His words of cure,
I am sickly as the cur,
I must and will endure.

Beneath the fox's den
Lies a charm of feathered down,
It's beyond the touch of men,
And is woven as a silk gown.

As the fool I rush straight in,
To where I must not be,
A cocoon is woven round,
Until I can not see.

The Beloved, though, gave me eyes,
New eyes for to behold,
The tear that never cries,
For it's stunned by growing bold.

A ten thousand Aspen tree grove
Lining up for war,
Has nothing left to prove,
So marches through a door;

A door so old it creaks,
Speaking many tongues,
It passes through the weeks,
So fast it burns the tongues;

But the Beloved's face is on fire,
Water can not put it out,
It burns without consuming -
Without a single shout.

The thankless tasks people do,
Are saints' cascade of lights prepare,
Prepare them for their Lord's own view,
We go where none can dare.

To flaunt their soul's translucent flare,
Though great the measure of their fire,
They shake and vibrate the air,
Never reaching their Lord's desire.

Please teach me if you can oh world -
Though nothing you can teach is real -
About the Spirit's truth unfurled,
That's always hidden and concealed.

I am my father's son I've said,
I am my mother's son I've told:
I ask, oh Lord, oh who I dread,
To bend their sins into pure gold.

A watch tics down and then it's wound,
A skylark bends it's wings to fly,
Jerusalem my country's bound
To the nuptials of its wedding tie.

Marigolds fills skies with reason,
Though earth bound they live beneath dusk,
Stars falling remind the earth of treason,
As stars shining send to earth their musk.

Stars of Baha's glory, though, aren't daunted,
Only fools conceive this ever is,
Given I'm a fool I'm ever haunted,
My soul, though, will live eternal bliss.

On the edge of the cliffs of Dover,
We wait for a sign from God to leap,
But leap we - we never fall but hover -
With summer reason in peaceful sleep.

Today I walk and mix and mingle,
With the crowds of ill content,
Each day a little more I tingle
With power, and it''s never spent.

Weeks and months move onward,
To stories waiting to unfold,
Of when we served the Ancient Beauty,
With stories told then retold.

Upon the death of time I wait,
Standing tall like arrow's speed.
At times the arrow's in the quiver,
Soaking in the lust of mead.

I will leave it for tomorrow,
Tomorrow upon the dunes,
For time is naught but sorrow,
And sand is naught but runes.

So see me off to heaven,
Tip toeing across the stars,
Cross moon light and breaking barriers
Trapping moonlight in glass jars.

Then Baha's glory everywhere,
Will break the jars asunder;
This fool will trip the universe,
And glory he will plunder.

For love's the glory of all time,
For love there is no death,
When time dies and sheds it's skin,
'Tis love that will breathe its breath.

The Beloved crushed me in His hand,
His love was perfect - I the fool -
I could not walk nor run nor stand,
I came out like a jewel.

My new legs flexed and bent,
I started running like a deer,
My heart could feel what the Beloved sent,
Which sent through all things holy fear.

Now I run relentlessly,
When I pause it is with reason,
I move, like deer, so silently;
I don't stop in any season!

If I blow through flutes and move through veils,
Will Baha be there and weep?
For I have forsaken hammers and their nails,
And woken dead from sleep.

In deep woods the wolf and lion,
Feast on foods that stand;
It is as if there stands Zion,
With diamond blades in hand.

As more wake and pass through veils,
And in their turn turn take flutes and play,
The glory of love through the heart impales,
Yet all hearts still obey.

As I run through night forests,
Where deer are busy resting,
I join them near river torrents,
In places I'm requesting.

I need to do more! To ravage self;
To make it obey my will,
Which is the will of another….a Dervish of caves,
Whose sword was his word and quill.

I am still the Beloved's fool,
There is no other place to go,
I once wandered down empty halls,
Filled with Winter's freezing snow.

Now I wander on,
Seeking out other fools;
Once I used to stumble,
Now I submit to rules:

Rules of love and a lover's fee,
To yearn for the homeless man's throne;
A homelessness of the heart my fellow fools,
Shear nothingness for home.

And power to dwarf the universe
Now surges through my veins,
But only when I'm with you my love,
And you take in your hands the reins.

And as your love in my heart expands,
Bursting through I die,
To all save you and the Prophets' demands,
To the world I say goodby!

And if I say I can an be near,
To God in the highest;
I would only increase my fear
Of never being first.

So go with us ye souls that pass over,
Go with us ye searchers of truth,
For the time to pass over is over,
Once ye witness the sovereign Youth.

Oh let me be your fool my Lord,
A fool that's forever named,
So when my last breath comes and goes
I'll never more be shamed!