

Man's Journey

The Universe

The past and the present, it's all in there
In the Womb that conceals, and forever bears
The fruits of labour; and this recurring stage
Goes on and on till the one Image
That fashions the world trinkets fair,
Mingles freely with its earthenware.

The Creator

No shape, no sound, no sight to see,
Yet He's there, He lives in thee,
The sky, the earth, the ocean be
In one in one his Mystery.

He fills the air, the sky, the earth,
Goes with death and comes with birth,
Chides the rich and feeds the poor,
Of everyone an ardent wooer.

From him we come, to Him we go,
And while we sail from shore to shore,
Not knowing what, or where to go,
A dashing wave sends us ashore.

In Him we live and in Him we die,
Not knowing the womb in which we lie,
A reincarnation, another try,
Might still forever the mortal cry.

Creation

From darkness came the living light,
Gave life to earth, then began the flight
Back to darkness, then again to light
Sprang him and her to this paradise.

The flowers, the fields, the lotus ponds
In nature found, and, nature's bonds
In beauty calm, in Silence great,
Where music flows and God creates.

Who knows the way He throws His light
When, and to whom he gives His rites
Which spring forth melodies tender, sweet,
Where God and man are bound to meet.

We are His tools and, using us, He turns
The dross to gold, and then He breaks
The outer blind and to the world He shows
His hidden beauty and through is it glows.

The Mysterious Self

What ishk is this, that shows to me,
Him and me, and this mystery
That baffles man, yet tenderly
Lifts the veil of destiny.

If He's not me, then why am I here?
For what, how long, and then disappear
Back to the ether, to wander again
Till I am He and He's me again.

I move in Him and He moves in me,
And therein lies our mystery,
Dividing us the self you always see,
Remove this, and He you will be.

In death you free the covering husk
From mortal blows, the remnant musk
Springs away unseen, unknown,
And back to the ether again is blown.

The wind may blow and rivers flow,
But none could say where I go,
Nor whence I came or what I know,
And what I reap he does not know.

The Four Pillars of God

The four great Teachers of this world;
The four great Pillars of His threshold;
On four great Paths they had come to mold
His silver and copper to grains of gold.

The four great Saviours they are all in One,
But appear differently to everyone;

Their branches spread from the same old Tree,
Which gives its shade to you and me.

The colours different, the warp's the same,
What matters what be His name?
Diffuse the colours, see what remains,
It's the same old Texture once again.

Islam and the Muslim

Kalima, the password of the Muslim Faith,
Holds the key to the Golden Gate;
Dissolve thy senses and turn the key,
And see thyself in Thy mystery.

Islam the surrender, the majestic Peace,
Love's Flower which blooms in fragrant breeze;
It requires the One, the complete Whole,
If thou wish thy heart in His to mold.

Shariath, Tharikath, Hakkikath, Marifa,
The stepping stones that take you there,
To Him that reveals Mohammed bare,
And sprinkles perfume everywhere.

Who's a Muslim none but he
Who knows himself, not you and me,
He alone belongs to Mohammed's Tree,
That blooms from here to Eternity.

The Holy Prophet

The Pride of Islam, the flower of Love,
Transparent beauty, Islam's Dove,
Honey sweet nectar, the Lover's Dove,
Honey sweet nectar, the Lover's bough,
Knowing thy Spirit is Paradise now.

The Truth alone for him was there,
All else but shadows, momentary, bare,
With none else but Him for him to care,
The light of God His Mo'min fair.

Qalb Allah

Whose qalb is Allah's, for him there lies
The wealth unseen and His paradise;
So begins the spiritual quest
That brings in peace and Eternal rest.

Imam Hussein

The Sword of Islam around him shirls
On Karbala's field, the Haq he twirls
Around his spirit, his coat he sheds,
For Islam alone its Spirit he weds.

Thalay

O Light, that lit this darkened soul,

O Star, that points the destined goal,
O Flower that blooms as the fragrant Rose,
Thy Spirit in me It lives and grows.

Mother

A Mo'min she was, and to Him she went,
And death uncovered the pearl He sent
Which shone with radiant purity, serene,
Reflecting the Rose that grows unseen.

Many a day have I spent with thee,
Discussing alone God's mystery,
And many a pearl didst thou give to me,
Beads that threaded His mystery.

A bride she was and like a bribe she goes,
Decked with jasmine and lavender rose,
Her slumber still, O, what sweet repose!
Unseen, she plucked the elusive Rose.

In Him she lived and in Him she dies
Knowing the womb in which she lies
Few knew her secret, to many unknown
The blossoming rose to Him has flown.

Miraj

The flight, the flight, on Mi'raj night,
The Holy Prophet's wedding night;
His astral body to the Heavens it went,
And back again the Pearl He sent.

God Speaks

If the One is split in two and three,
No friendship lies for you and Me;

A waning smile from you to Me,
Will only break our Destiny.

The Seat of God

Amidst the heart He lies entwined,
Look within, and train your mind
To see His beauty; words cannot define
The link between the heart and mind.

Between the eyes where the pupils meet,
Cradling, He lies on the lotus seat;
Many pass by it, few remain to see,
What lies beyond is man's mystery.

The Son of God

To live amidst temptation, and yet without,
To taste the fruit, withal not the juice,
To be a normal man in his outer garb,
And yet a true fakir within himself,
Such slurs are rare and if there's one,
Bring him to me, for he's My son.

The Meeting

The song of the Creator you will hear,
If you will only lend your ear,
For the music comes ever so near,
To still your mind and dispel thy fear.

I close my eyes and behold Thy sight,
What sweet ecstasy and tender delight!
O, elusive Rose, thorn of my heart,
With thy sweet fragrance will Thou depart.

The Silent Master

To know to the Silent Master
Delve in thy silent realms
His Beauty lies in its stillness,
His Love thy love overwhelms.

Mortality

This weed burns while I hold it now
And to ashes turns; I know not how.
Who knows this secret knows Thee now,
And lives to tell the "When and How"

What is thy body and what thy soul?
The age-old mystery yet to unfold,
Remove the husk, the kernel behold,
And see the silver turning gold.

Analyze thy body that keeps ageing on,
Before the sunset, the thereon
Look within its withering hide,
And see Him crushing thy mortal pride.

This shrivelling skin, how long its life,
How vain its beauty which ends in strife?
What haunting melody that leads astray,
Man's true conscience, which flies away?

The Ritualist

Who divides the Truth, he digs his grave,
And shielding none, he becomes a knave,
Empty, shallow and dark his cave,
He gropes for air but finds his grave.

All man-made rituals, what are they?
Man-made mad

Realization

Not what he is but what you are
Should thou think, and then, beware
Of cheating self, which leads thee bare
To the dark wilderness with none to care.

So, see thyself before it's late,
Thy heart the mirror, thy eyes the gate,
All actions spring, thy thoughts offering
To hell or heaven each way they ring.

What you do is what you think,
What you see is what you link,
What you hope is what you pray,
What you are is what you seek.

So mold thy heart in Love sublime,
And let this action thy faults outshine,
For life is short and withering time
Gathers harvest and sings thy rhyme.

Humility

The more you talk, the less you live,
The more you want, the less He gives,
The more you shout, the less He hears,
And when you hate your fate, He fears.

So live to peace with thyself, and learn
The ways of men, and what they yearn
For in blind pride, and this in turn
Destroys its makers and their senses burn.

Materialism

O gold, O gold, the elusive gold,

Eats my heart and tries to mold
My life in it, and then I see
What remains is only He.

Concern not thyself with these,
For they are like the wafting breeze,
Impermanent, illusory, transient shows,
The harbinger of life's recurring woes.

Free thy heart from worldly gains,
These are but thy knotted chains
That grapple with thee, ere life wanes,
Thievish murderer, that robs thy grains.

Deception

Trust not the eyes that beguile,
And wink at you and give their smile,
For their shallow depth only lies
To cheat you now, and then it flies.

The rose has thorns you do not see,
And its perfume comes to you and me;
Who picks the rose courts misery,
And lives to die in sweet treachery.

Sweet smiling Rose, what is this pose
Which thou showest us, and then dispose
Our flowering youth which seeks repose
From withering age, which lies so close?

Where laughter comes there sorrow lies,
And sorrow burdens earthly ties;
This game is but a pack of lies
Which cheats you now, and then it flies.

This wayward halt holds no fun,
The fleeting shadows in this run,
Incite hopes that shatter in dreams,
The Vision's lost, no more its gleams.

Impermanence of Life

What fools we are, how short our life,
How vain our thoughts that end in strife.
What shallow hopes, how short this dance,
And none cares to catch the fleeting glance.

This shriveling skin, how long its life,
How vain its beauty which ends in strife,
What haunting melody that leads astray
Man's true conscience which flies away.

Temptation

What devil is this that tempts me now,
With a sizzling smile, I know not how,
Where its beauty lies there dangers lurk,
And smothers my senses with its murk.

Beauty, beauty, beauty comes
Laughing merrily, and then becomes
A life long agony in sorrow found,
Why taste this friend, and whither bound?

Regrets

Embers they are, the hopes that we build,
Controlled by Time and together they yield,
Like petals of a flower ripped by the wind,
And succumb to her blow and die b'fore weaned.

Clear thy mirror of the clinging dust,
Leave not thy desires to rot in rust,
And see thy reflection before it's late,
For Time's the enemy, she will not wait.

What is there for you and me,

The barren fruits that fill the Tree;
The pollen lies you do not see,
Cradling in its infancy.

Beware, beware, of passing time,
Fail not to hear the distant chime,
Which knells with fury the warning note
That pride only hastens the final stroke.

The Two Worlds

What matters now, comes my way
Silver or gold, night or day,
The One remains, the rest is washed away,
Such is life and this His mighty sway.

What matters now where I go,
What lies within is what I know,
There the Heart stills its inward Glow,
And thus betrays the outward show.

Intoxication

I am drunk with the wine of Desire
And I shall sing to my Heart's desire;
This will keep my life from the fire
Which consumes all in the mire.

I am freed from the trappings of bondage,
I am freed from the fears of dotage,
For He has given unto me the Message,
And revealed through this the passage.

To none but Him shall I aspire,
And my deeds will in time inspire
Those whom desire the vampire,
Would cast their hearts into hellfire.

He comes unseen with His Lyre,

Sings before you are on the pyre,
Only a few hear this Voice from the Lyre
While others perish without their Sire.

The Point of Reality

Reality lies in the thoughtless space,
This state requires the Master's grace,
Eternity is here in Reality's space,
Be still in It and thyself efface.

Action in Inaction

Self-analysis, meditation, self-conquest lead
To the Reality; the Bliss that sows Its seed
Of action in inaction, and thereby frees
Him who eliminates his self in these.

The self within the self is what I seek,
To parry the prongs of the vulture's beak,
Which plays with the senses, cheek to cheek,
Feeding the ego with its poisonous beak.

My darling Love, where have you been?
I lay waiting and you were not seen,
Playing a little here and there,
You've left your footprints everywhere.

Sweet scented Flower, where will You bloom,
To show Thy beauty and, ever so soon,
Open bright petals to dispel the gloom
That breathes within and without the tomb?

Self-Ignorance

In pride we grow, the greed we lie,
Not knowing ourselves era we die,

A piercing thrust, a sudden blow
Rips the heart-to the dust we go.

Thou Art He

Still thy heart, thy mind, thy eye,
In this thoughtless, I-less state dost lie
Thy hidden Self: in it thou shalt see thy
Vision true, and then thou art He.

The pencil writes, but where's the first
That breaks the doubt, scatters the mist?
Who gives the answer with a twist
He shows to me his golden wrist.

The Conquest

Life is sweet to him who knows
To conquer self and dispel all woes;
And the devil in him he overthrows,
And knowing himself, to Him he goes.

He dies and dies not, his conscience goes
With Supreme Bliss, and there he knows
Whence he came, where He blows,
The hidden secret He knows, He knows.

The Twilight

The sun has set, the work is done,
And shadows, come in one by one,
Embracing all and sparing none,
They leave a date for everyone.

So lend your ears and still your tongue,

If you wish to know the right and wrong,
For the music here will ever be sung
Till the bird has flown and the coat is hung.

Day of Judgment

The day of judgment is only here
Listen, O man, and give thy ear,
So measure thy actions within the year,
And leave not behind a bloody tear.

Then, as thou sowest wilt thou reap,
And the soul from its body will leap;
It goes to that which the mind will seek,
In the world hereafter thy actions speak.

Glossary

Islam—Complete surrender to Allah which ends in ultimate absorption in **Him**.

Muslim—One who surrenders to God.

Ishq—Ecstasy, spiritual delight.

Kalima—Acceptance of Allah as the One and only God and Mohammed as His Messenger.

Shariath, Tharikath, Hakkikath, Marifath—These are the four stages which lead the Muslim to ultimate God-realization.

Mo'min—An enlightened soul on the Islamic path.

Qalb—Normally, the heart; but mystically both heart and mind.

Kabbalah—The battle field where Imam Hussein, the nephew of the Holy Prophet died in defense of Islam.

Haq—the **Truth**.

Rose—The divine spirit in man.

Mi'raj—The night of Revelation when the Holy Prophet attained All-Wisdom and All-Knowledge and the mysteries of the body and Soul were revealed to him.

Fakir—generally, a poor, religious-minded man; a mendicant, but in spiritual terms means a Self-realized Soul who is inwardly detached from worldly activities.

Iblis—Satan