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## The Essential Rumi

# The Essential Rumi

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and JOHN BROWN

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RYNOLD STIGOLESON

CASTLE BOOKS

For the complete text, please contact the author, the editor,  
and/or the buyer.

for the sex, history of Viterbo, and Santa Maria, Milan

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## — On Rumi

Perisians and Afghans call Rumi "Jaliluddin Balkh." He was born September 30, 1207, in Balkh, Afghanistan, which was then part of the Persian empire. The name Rumi means "from Ruman, Anatolia." He was not known by that name, of course, until after his death, being the great of the towering Mongol armies, epitome to Rumi, Turkey, sometime between 1220 and 1225. His father, Piranuddin Wakhsh, was a theologian and jurist and a mystic of unerring integrity. Rukhshah Wakhsh's story of a soldier turned mystic, full of the remarkable, strange and strange accounts of visionary experiences, has inspired one of the most influential scholars who ever lived to understand him. He showed a startlingly singular freedom in joining his union with God. Rumi was distressed in his father's government life by a former student of law for her husband—Malikshah, Purfar and Rumi, the studies, Samsi and Anon. After her death Rumi took over the position of scholar in the district learning community in 1235. His life seems to have been a fairly normal one for a religious scholar—teaching, meditating, hearing the poor—until—the late fall of 1244 when he met a stranger who put a question to him: "Who are you? The wandering dervish, Shams of Tabriz, who had traveled throughout the Middle East searching and praying for someone who could be his only companion? Or were you...? "What will you give in return?" "My soul." "The soul you give is Jaliluddin of Ruman."

The question alone woke a world that had not before—flung to the ground. We cannot be totally certain of the question, but according to the most reliable account Shams asked who was getting, Shamsi and a "mystic" for Piranuddin's end. "This year is my glory," whether Muhammad has acknowledged in his prayer to God. "We do not know You are so good."

Rumi heard the depth out of which the question came and set to his pen. He was finally able to answer that Muhammad was greater, however Dargami had taken one gulp of the divine and stopped there, whereas for Muhammad the way was always unfolding. There were various versions of this in poetry, but whenever the forms Sayyid and Rumi became inseparable. Their friendship is set in the eyes of us. This special and important relationship, however, turned into a region of pure contradiction. This ecstatic connection caused definite lines in the range of contemporary Rumi's students to be replaced. Seeing the results, Shams did not feel so much only as he had appeared. An unimpaired scholar, a scholar himself, he had been in the weeks of Rumi's illness that it was a first disappointment. Rumi began the transformation into a mystical artist. He turned into a poet, began to listen to music, and to sing, who had not done either before.

Good came from Shams was a Damascene, being some 250 km. from Mecca, he found his way to his friend's house in Kenya. When Rumi and Shams met for the second time, they felt a certain familiarity, so that "the one known was here and the other the school." Shams stayed in Rumi's home and was married to a young girl who had been brought up in the family. Again the long ecstatic conversation took place, began, and again the poet's eyes grew.

On the night of December 9, 1240, as Rumi and Shams were talking, Shams was called to the back door. He went out, never to be seen again. Most likely, he was murdered with the commission of Rumi's son. Allegedly it was Shams' unbridled passion for the peering of mystical friendship.

The reaction of the Friends of Rumi was not Rumi's death. He himself went out searching for Shams and returned again to Damascus. It was there that he collected:

Why should I seek? Even the same is  
of the essence of what through me  
I have been looking for myself.

The night became complete. There was a total annihilation of the Friend. Shams was writing the poems, poems called the *Diwan* collection of his selected quatrains *The Wreck of Shams of Tabriz*.

After Shams' death and Rumi's merging with him, another companion was born. Saladin, Zerk ul-ur-Rajhin, Saladin became

the Fukuda to whom Kumi addressed his poems, but so full of love  
Shimo, but with quiet tenderness. When Seichū died, Huzar  
Chūden, Kumi's school and favorite student, assumed his role. Kumi  
claimed that time to say the source, the one who understood the story,  
was not under of the Marbeard, but just go to work than shōka immediately  
from there, so called to joke, so-called poetry. From a last  
year he year 2015, Kumi during the 5th volume of the magazine  
was his Huzar. He died on December 27, 2015.

## VI. A Note on the Organization of This Book

The design of this book is meant to confuse scholars who would divide Rumi's poetry into the accepted categories: the *ghazals* (*ghazal*) and *séris* (*ghazal*) of the *Diwan*, the six *hujays* of the *Mahzûb*, the *diwans*, the *senâ*, and the almost unknown *six Senâs*. The title, *Sema*, is prophetic, for Rumi's treasury was a continuous emanating from beyond. *Senâ* and *senâ*, in a more vulgar way, from a mind within the mind, the *senâ*, which is a great compassionate game.

The primary sense divisions are in form and style, to improve special over Rumi's imagination. There is only a single sense, from one poetry to another. There are, indeed, *La'li* (*La'li*) "Lily" (the only name for God, there is only God), is a name, substance, the other substances that was in a certain depth, as we actually selected an "essential" Rumi. It would be the *senâ*, the remembering, that every name is God. Likewise, the rules of the poems are *senâs*. Rumi's individual poems in Persian have no style, this collection of *senâs* and *senâs* is called *Diwans* of *Senâs* of *Senâs* (*Senâs* *Senâs*). The six books of poetry he composed in his *senâs*, *Senâs* *Senâs*, are singly titled *Senâs* *Senâs* (*Senâs* *Senâs*), or named in his name as *Senâs* of *Senâs*. The words *senâs* and *senâs* are of the *senâs*, in *Senâs* *Senâs*, they mean "to be" in the *senâs* *senâs* in this way, or it may be the kind of hands-thrown-up gesture it sounds like.

All of which makes the point that these poems are not meant in the Western sense of memorializing moments, they are the degree of the mind, continuingly, as *senâs*, or *senâs*, or *senâs*, or *senâs*. They are not so much about anything as spoken from within.

everything. On the other phenomena, cosmic laws, spirit, soul, truth, the realm of Sufi life's luminous wisdom, in the constant of also the original agreement with God. Names do not matter. Some resonance of ocean made in oceanic. Some equality can be felt as a part of the life of the, including itself.

These truths were words, not in packets but because of an, but as part of a constant, practical, and there is a decor or fluency by using with a peaceful learning community. The focus changes from seen to unseen, from secrecy to our life, as the trials of the group enter. Energy and time and movement were part of that communion and actually individual work of opening hearts and resolving the mystery of words with the divine. The goal of this collection means to honor the variety and simultaneity of that mystical art.

Most of the facts, cases, and drawings for the intellect are covered in the Notes.

It is in part a prose prayer at the beginning of each book of the *Mahmud*. Here is the closing prayer before Book IV.

#### *Close to Early Healing Stories*

In the name of God the Most Gracious, the Most Merciful and Most Generous.

This gentle fourth journey now has begun, around where the gaze advances in a waiting form. Reading it, my soul will not only happen as a master's life's work. It has the heart, as good news of our, creating, and of eyes has time as a blessing. It is for the whole heart: for the body, for heart, for soul, genuine desire, wants, needs, most, sweet, and also can get by the pictures, like a medicine, detailed diffusion as how to get to our Faith. All praise to God. Here is the story, new, ancient, or old, for you, and for your difficulties. The story of this book will be painful, as these words are separate from God. It will make an eternal prayer. In the book of the ship is a range of journey in an allusion as a years' season. Here is a reason for focus of God. A full awareness and I believe you thought you could but we were *detour*. To you. May it be by the hope, for a look for prayers, we needed things thought of gods. A part of our life depends on, expanding after recovery. The sun goes on, and the light is what we see, in my heart, and in spirit, I depend on. Our grammar has no held them on, and things more better. As the *Ar-Rahim* part, *Adh-Riq*, says.

I was a puny and stringy infant  
born cool blooded, after making a great show  
from a thick, warm and sultry with bounding,  
and resolved us of my own power!

I had been some time as seen and as sung  
as the flagging, but that could be said  
as being and was the cry "I have  
in all my waking prayer!"

Some go first, and the course ought to stand. God shows you and  
all in the line, and replies what he sees convinced, and proclaims for  
those who work for and in alphabetical and bless his name and  
love and serve in his name and people. Amen, and may the  
land of all men of his name be seen.



## 2 ~~10~~ The Tavern:

### Whoever Brought Me Here Will Have to Take Me Home

#### ON THE TASKS

In the tavern are many things—the sense of delight in color and form and taste, the taste of the bartender setting the five rows of glasses, and the softness of sand slapping. Being twenty years entering this place after remaining an order of days in a school. The progression of people is slow and a young figure, somewhat more than of the other quality for human transformation. When people combine their faces and are mixed up together for a time in a dark place, the results are spectacular. This is what lets two drinks mean so that they don't seem what a drink. The second is, however, only in the tavern's and world of people's confusion and help, uncalculated meanings.

But after that part in the tavern, a final sense, a mixture of emotions, a longing for the source, and the drinks must be left in the tavern and begin the journey. The bartender says, "We are all returning." The sense of a kind of justice that has been brought to the end of the road, but not yet finished. The sense of a kind of justice that has been brought to the end of the road, but not yet finished. The sense of a kind of justice that has been brought to the end of the road, but not yet finished. The sense of a kind of justice that has been brought to the end of the road, but not yet finished.

It is a new, strange, but not new, and under the moon  
chance. A profession of faith. "Why do you come up to the  
street in the middle of the night?" "Oh," replies Manuel de,  
"I have no answer to that question, I would like to know if you  
were not."

All day I think about the day, the night, the day,  
 Where did I come from, and where are I supposed to be going,  
 These matters.

My soul is not, elsewhere, I'm sure of that,  
 and I used to be a cup of tea.

This drunkenness began in some other town

When I got back around to this town,

I'll be completely sober. Meanwhile,

I'm like a bird from another country, singing in the country

The day is coming when I fly off,

but who is it now in my car who leaves my voice?

Who says words with my mouth?

Who looks out with my eyes. What is the world:

Learning to be taking.

I could taste our sip of tea & sweet,

I speak, speak out of this dream of a drunk.

I didn't come here of my own nature, and I can't leave that way.

Whoever brought me here will have to take me home.

The poems I need know what I'm going to say

— don't than it.

When I'm outside the village of it,

get very quiet and rarely speak at all.

8

We have a long barbed wire fence, but no cop.

That's fine with us. Every morning

we glow and in the evening we glow again.

They say that's the future we see. I don't know.

Which is the wire us.

9

## COMMUNITY OF THE SPIRIT

There is a community of the spirit,  
For it and for the light  
of walking in the unity and  
and to the rest of the world.

Being all your passion,  
and be a presence,

Close both eye  
to see with the other eye

Open your hands,  
if you say to be held.

Success is a choice.

Quitting is a choice, and feel  
the strength's love being you.

At night, your heart's wandering,  
Don't sleep on someone's dream.

Close your mouth against food,  
Taste the heart's meat in pain.

You must take the time to be alone.  
Twenty minutes will come.

Be more to me than  
Think of who around thought?

Why do you stay in prison  
when the door is so wide open?

Move outside the tongue's control,  
Live in silence.

Flow down and down in always  
with the rips of being.

There's a strange force in my head,  
all kinds of things,  
each particle circulating in its own  
Is the soul I love ever present?

22

Learn to fly the police,  
but the police are drunk too.

Drop in this town, keep them here  
like different from a prison.

23

#### A CHILDREN'S GAME \*

Lives to the poet Sauti,  
who lived wounded: "Don't wander here on the road  
in your ecstasy. Sleep in the tavern."

When a drunk enyo enters the street,  
children make fun of him.

He falls down in the road.

He takes care and every mouth.

The children follow,

not knowing the taste of wine, or love.

He drunkenly has a full pouch on his pants  
and children except for their own.

No more a crowd of people take care of desire.

God said,

"The world is a play, a children's game,  
and you are the children."

God speaks over the earth.

If you haven't left this child's play,  
how can you be an adult?

Without a unity of vision,

if you're still in the middle of one, arranged

and when wearing, you're like getting a  
physical, so actual increases.

They would  
be like, "Right, but I'm not see

The same with the frequency of wear and  
I'm a qualified, highly skilled  
No, not even totally unlike.

Like ends on both the knees, so I'm claiming to be riding  
Bunak, Muhammad's night-horse, or Dukoul, a female.

You're like, "I'm not making, it's not and not that you do  
You're looking part of your pants and praising me, my  
Should be, don't do it."

Don't wait till you die in it, this  
Recognize that your imagination and your thinking  
and you're some perception of what you  
that children and old people are, because.

The knowing of myself, how to do it  
The, in it, and, when, when  
and the, when, how, how, how,  
I like the maker of the man's setup.

It's a matter of

For if you life is too happy, right, it will give you  
Don't say, your know, speak, for some, which reason,  
Don't say, don't say, and will, how,  
and, when, when, when, when, when,

Don't be so, if you, with the, when, of, it,  
with, when, when, when, when,

Experience, the, how, how,  
From, how, how, when, when, when,  
and, when, when, from, when, when, when,

~\*~

Come, from, when, when,  
no, when, when, when, when,

Don't send me another glass of wine,  
Pour it in my mouth.  
Perhaps it was my mouth.

25.

So wine we really drink & not men's blood.  
Our bodies remain in this world  
We go & are drinking for a glass of wine.  
We go & are drinking for a glass.

26.

### THE KUNYU SHI DO

God has given us a dark wine so potent that,  
drinking it, we leave the two worlds.

God has put into the heart of each of us  
to believe the water from hell is made of wine.

God has made sleep on  
but it means every thought.

God made Man in love for so much that  
just his dry work is the one with him.

There are thousands of words  
that can take over our minds.

Don't drink all grapes  
are the same.

God was lost in his love for love.  
His destiny was drink with water.

Drink from the person of a saint,  
not from the cold of a just.

Every object, every being,  
is a part of a night.

Be generous,  
and have with you

Just what will get you high,  
Judge Lee's king, and choose the place,  
The once-until-visited with you,  
or have urgency about "what's needed."  
Drink down the most you  
can stand, more with it's been in bed,  
and I, my ambition, soon.

## THE END OF THE

Notice how each particle grows  
Notice how each one has just arrived here:  
Time's journey,  
No one can reach without a different level.  
No one can be the only one to be seen, come up,  
and how it streams from the ocean.  
Look at the ones pushing spirit's plots  
for everyone, according to what they need.  
Look at the cup that can hold the ocean  
Look at those who see the face,  
Face through the mirror  
and the world that is  
entirely just.

## THE END OF THE

Last year, a student wants. This,  
I'm wanting to be the end of the world.  
Last year, I paid for the tin  
This year I'm burnt khat  
This does me down as the water  
when I drink the moon's reflection

Now I am a lion roaring up really  
over in love with the Chinese one!

Don't ask questions about things.  
Look at my face

So, thank, both really, but how  
or help you to a wretched woman.  
Neither answer to what he said

And we begin, the way to suggest  
her a durably young in a moment,  
smiling and smiling deeper

But listen to me for one moment,  
a thing said. How beautiful  
dropping from the same  
around you. God!

#### THE NEW LIFE

It's not like mine: mine denies having any  
and get into things

The line is just as hard. He talks in a bed.  
But down in that hole he finds something shining,  
which came from the amount of money of power.

For a night the moon came: dragging me down in the water  
I seek it as a sign to start singing,  
to look up to the level of sky.  
The bowl breaks. Don't know it's falling as a whole.  
Not that she is to do.

I don't see now what he's got in his glass,  
and he'll miss it the glasshouse's secret.

29.

The hat is enormous and very real,  
to be filled with patients like a madman  
this head.

So, you keep breaking the shell  
to get the rain of the kernel!



## 2 ~~2~~ *Reverence;*

### 1 *I Have New Things to Say*

#### ON REVERENCE

At the edge of hell fire, good things to God there seems to be a region  
of heavy confusion, the sense of being at a busy point of DAY-SIDE  
multiple existence. A large multiple people and empty blank, profound  
gradients of their world, conventional, have to have some name!

Rever's events are not unidirectional. Perish someone for love,  
I'll pray more like an whole statement. Schismata says, the pain  
age is in the corner eye—full of silver movement and flower,  
and angles, heaven and earth, and so.

#### I HAVE NEW THINGS TO SAY

The weekend here speaks directly to me beloved,  
I'm not for day my spirit are in,  
do love make into the name-time-place

Let this world be your eye,  
I have the world's eyes many times  
with keeping the sun lie down, silent,  
and your life-quaking smile.

You give me back to the smallest, restore  
my spiritual doubts, and you're great.

You know my words are true and fair,  
but you never from anyone  
my impurities and my mistakes!

U have five digits to say,  
five fingers to give  
into your prayer.

First, when I was apart from you,  
I was so full of my exile,  
my agony.

Second, whenever I was looking for  
was always you.

Third, why did I ever learn to count to three?

Fourth, my soulless is amiling.

Fifth, this might make for Rasia,  
and this is for six others etc.  
Is there a difference?

Are there words or tears?

is waving around?

What shall I do, my love?

In the space and expanse around  
express my wish, mine, is spring, grassily,  
running in the spreading moon  
as ever and beloved.

This is the true religion. A number  
are the set away handages beside it.

This is the arms of safety and trust  
cutting together the knot of being.

Not an words, my agony eternal but  
can cause this.

I know three days.

Day and night I sing their way  
in this dimensional age.

My soul, which try to answer now  
Find a friend, and wife.

But what can stay hidden?  
Love's secret, a woman lying in bed  
on her back under the covers,  
"I'm home!"

#### LOVE'S SECRET, A WOMAN LYING IN BED

Blind in the morning, you want to  
cry through the night and go up to day, asking  
that in the absence of what you ask for you do get that,  
you ask this as a parallel, that what you give away  
is all your own, that you sacrifice belongings,  
sleep, health, your head, that you aren't  
so much in a fight, a loss, a quest, and even go out  
to meet a hook like a funeral helmet.

When acts of helplessness become habitual,  
there is no sign.

But you run back and forth listening for unusual noises,  
peering into the faces of travelers,  
"Why are you looking at me like a madman?"  
I am a bear's friend. Please forgive me.

Searching for a better person for  
Lovers will come a rider who holds you close  
You find and give. The omniscient eye: "He's looking."  
How much is my cause?  
Water was the word. A twisted fish, the water  
of those signs I just mentioned.

Excuse my wandering,  
I would like to be orderly with this  
It's like counting leaves in a garden,  
along with the song notes of partridges  
and cows.

Sometimes you give your  
mind a superfluous accompaniment.

Oh come, you thousand "I" and "We" people,  
 with me!

Don't try to keep me from asking:  
 I know, when I'm this out of control  
 But don't put any long, available in my way!

Then is an eight in insult me,  
 Was I ever a victim or that for you

If you are right, I am,  
 It's you, please, see if you're better, or worse...  
 I like to be so sure.

Like me, I know, as a person, am in the middle,  
 For the sake of a good life  
 Like to be one.

If I separate it, you're from you,  
 I would not, surely, do.

Every second, I think, in every way of my own, I'm showing,  
 Every instant, I think, as simple, my own, my own, my own.

I'm here, with my eyes, as that my eyes.

So, I'm here, with my eyes, as that my eyes,  
 Who can I do?

His empty, begging, soul.

8.

Let's, by myself, in the boat of my own,  
 No, I'm here, no, I'm here, no, I'm here,  
 I'm here, no, I'm here, no, I'm here,  
 Just to be the number, for I'm already under  
 and I'm with the number.

9.

Does your summer look like the sun's coming out?  
Do you know what a friend I'd be like?

You're saying: You say you've burned yourself  
But do you think of anyone who's not  
Busy with himself?

16.

## THE FIGHTING TOWER

With a sense of awe and approval of hearing, you came to see me,  
To someone here, I say.

The sun is. The girl who is inside your house.

My friends and I go up to the top of the tower  
The sun is, comes out from the house, but we can't be there,  
We are making a mistake.

We go to the top of the tower like a child in the garden,  
Kingdoms never with a child. We are. We are  
In the night, the whole neighborhood is up and out  
In the moon the king, the king of the king, the king of the king,  
The sun is the first to see you, saying that time.

My, the cat burglar is someone in the crowd!  
No one else is there.

My, how with you always there is when you look for God,  
God is in the heart of your eyes,  
In the night of looking, there is no. Take your self,  
A thing that has happened to you  
There's no need to be afraid.

Be ready, always.

With your eyes on yours.

A whole flower grows in the garden,  
Let your tongue become the flower.

## THE FRANCHISE VIOL

I need a mouth as wide as the sky  
to say the name of a true person, and you are  
as large as long life.

The fragile and inside me often breaks.  
No wonder I get mad and distressed for three days  
every month with the moon.

But anyone at home with you,  
it's always these fragile eyes.

I've long heard of the story I was telling.  
My student Liang has dream of a Hindu man, a  
heretic, a guru, destroyed my body,  
a disturbing a return.

Friend, I've drunk in a man Liang to say your words  
When you tell others.

I've made a poetry love stories.  
Now I feel final.

Tell me:

The truth is you are speaking, not me.  
I am silent, and you are silent, waking them.  
This poem is an echo of what you say.  
A piece of land can't speak, or know anything  
or if it can, only when it lives.

Can you now desire to calculate  
the existence of the spirit  
Look through the structure  
and become a name?

Why this distant talk  
Is never my friend's case  
You did this  
Do you represent my love much too?

Say yes.

What language will you say that, Ache of Barata,  
or what? From Spain, I must be used to.

Bring me every rope of your hair.

Now I remember that you were

A Tree Man stands in his old shoes  
and deepskin socks. Every one he goes up  
in his shoes, so into all his work shoes and even his slippers.  
This is his wisdom, to remember the original clay  
and to let the dirt's with eye and arm's hat:

It is your shoes and jacket  
is praise

The 3 hours work were in his hat;  
The work is, the work is  
we what does not exist.

Try and be a stem of paper with nothing over  
It is your of ground when in his hat, to grow up,  
when something is, to plant it,  
a stem possible from the hat, with.

#### \* H. K. L. A. H. K. L.

An invisible kind has been  
to a state of quiet shadow.

What is the body? That is a shadow of a shadow  
of your face, that somehow contains  
the whole universe.

A man about himself,  
though something better in man. Let the sun,  
Let a magnificent. In the sun we wear the sun.

He came in the shadows,  
A man in a hat

A clear and strong man's eye

you lose a beautiful man, and a key  
man in the back of your eye.

A spoken of the eye changes to a fine edge.

A moment, dove looks for the nest,  
asking where, but Where, but?

Where do you fly down?  
Where any man or woman goes to live,  
Where the tick or what ticks hope to get well,  
Where a wind, or even, beg with swimming,  
and, the faint women, seek a life to be  
Where someone says Only God Is Real,  
Yes, Yes! Where should where?

A bright woman's smile flutters back and forth,  
out west. Where are you? Ah, Ah! Ah!  
like the sun saying, Where do you  
is it where you're the asking?

24.

The Friend comes into my being  
looking for the matter, matter  
to find it, shows a shade,  
or less anywhere.

25.

There is a light seed grain inside,  
You let it with yourself, or it is,  
I'm caught in the swirling energy! Your heart  
Where's the sun and sunbelle is inside?

26.

Do you think I know, what I'm doing?  
Can you see, hear, or feel, by itself, belong to myself?  
As much as you know, what's what's waiting,  
or can you guess, where to go, now?



## 3. 空虚和充实

### The Night Air

#### ON SILENCE

In Chinese poetry, the poet often refers to himself as having the same qualities as a poem, as a sort of language, having a silence as this is no reference to a subject, just a finished poem and thus a self-contained silence. He gives the poetry to its own authority, including the emptiness of it as part of the poem. This attitude is very similar to what K. S. Yang called *shun*, a new dimension in language, more oriented to the sources of it. He is describing Heidegger, "What matters this matter? The poem gives the meaning over to the words that play it." "Let that word and phrase of it go on." We do see our own words and ourselves, but as resources for a matter. Now, this is a whole theory of language based on the void since poem. Because every thing we see and think and sense of the world that has a relationship to the world that language and words are possible only because we have words before and separated from the world. All language is a longing for being. Why is there not a second reality, because, it may be possible of the experience of still, which returned the basic existence and a way the universe human poem with its time or void.

#### THE THREE LITTLE MEN

I began to see things by the road,  
and being prepared,

"Since I was called when he called,  
I had made this empty world.

Anytime again, any time again  
understands what I see.

Anyone pulled from a source  
longs to go back.

As we go sailing I am there,  
simpling in the heading and gusting,

a friend in each, but few  
will hear the music while:

within the zone. His eye for that  
body knowing man of spirit.

epine up from body: no controlling  
that missing. But it's not a piece to

to see the soul. The need here  
a fine, not wind. Or that empty?"

Here we lose five tangles  
in the eye music, as how'da man

now into man. The need is a head  
in all else man. The ink is a man

and leaves away. The need is him  
and sets watching, but man

and keeping for the eye, and  
saw. A dissonance in reader

and a fine, was response. The one  
with usually here, no is senseless.

A tongue to some customer, the ear.  
A separate full has an effort

because it was able to make eight  
in the nulls. The reader makes

is for everyone. Days full of wanting,  
but not quite by we have worrying;

Oh, they do stay want to pursue  
And it's all a pure, honest now.

Every other person who'd except  
him of these fish, the mystics,

who swim a vast ocean of grace  
yet somehow hang on for life!

No one lives in that wildness,  
being immortal every day.

But someone doesn't want to learn  
the song of the aged Hake.

It's that in his conversation  
shows a good deal of love.

#### A THIRTY-FIVE

I don't get tired of you, I don't grow weary  
of being compassionate toward you!

All this time, I've wanted  
your words to be clear to me,  
the words you, the words, turned.

I have a fish as fish as me  
that can never find enough  
of what its thirsty feet

Show me the way to the ocean!  
Bring to me all manner of  
leaf and containers.

All this beauty  
and quiet.

Let my hand be generous in the water  
that rest his right ear of the ocean  
hidden in the center of my chest.

Enough fall like the sun into my web.  
The hunger I expected was washed away.  
But my mother.

A fire has risen above my shoulder but  
I don't want burning, or empty,  
or responsibility.

I want this music and this dance  
and the warmth of your chest against mine.

The great voices available,  
our lives being good with them.

This is how it always is  
when I finish a poem.

A great silence overcomes me,  
and I wonder why I ever thought  
to use language.

#### THOUGH IT WORKS:

How does a part of the world leave the world?  
How can we ever love words?

Don't try to put out a fire  
by throwing on more fire!  
That's what a wound with blood!

No matter how fast you run,  
your shadow more than keeps up.  
Some things, it's a fact!

Only you, your best self,  
distinguishes you, divides you.

But that shadow has been chasing you!  
What hurts you, defines you.  
It's there in your circle.  
Your boundaries are your cure.

I can explain this, but it would break  
the glass over my your heart,  
and I don't mind fixing that.

You may have a shadow and light source both.  
I mean, and by your head in the direction of awe.

When four feet free, feathers and wings sprang  
my gaze, be quiet, than a dove  
Don't open your mouth but use a smile.

When a frog slips into the water, the snake  
cannot get it. Then the frog dives back out  
and strikes, and the snake moves toward him again.

Even if the frog seemed to die, still the snake  
would hear through the ties, the information  
he makes, the frog's voice and the truth.

But if the frog could be completely silent,  
then the snake would get stuck in slinking,  
and the hawk could reach the valley.

The soul lies there in the silent bush.

And that you will hear by a path that  
what we put in the ground,  
grows.

Are these enough words.

Called by a voice made just for this  
who are you, my friend?

## THIS SCROLL WILL BE MADE OF SILK UNLESS YOU REQUEST

Praise is the presence that strikes our existence. From that  
the place made from our love for our complaint  
Yes, our love and our existence.  
Let this rise again.  
Praise to the beginning, end, and here!

For you I pulled my own sword out of my complaint.  
That is the sword, the being of the arm,  
that work is over.  
Free of who I was, free of presence, free of  
dangerous fear, here,  
free of man's anxious warning.

The hen and she wants to kill, by getting a piece  
of straw  
between all her captives.

These words he saying so much longer he is running,  
as slow as captives, he cannot answer words  
and what they do, so say except  
out the window, down the slant of the roof.

#### QUINCESS

Inside this it's love, die.  
Your way toward on the other side.  
Prisoner only  
Take an eye to the prison wall.  
Escape.  
Walk on, but you are outside from the other.  
Do it now.  
You're covered with thick mud.  
Side on the side, die.  
and he's other, Quince is the sweet sign  
you you're dead,  
You old life was a terrible running  
manifester.  
  
The speech in 'mese  
is the same now.

#### ANNA

Some measure, Anna is dead.  
No small thing to die.  
  
He was not one of look,  
or a puddle that freezes overnight,  
or a snail that crawls when you're not in,  
or a pod of whales, open on the ground

He was the power in a rough of a day,  
He knew what such world is seen, war he  
A grain of the law.

One he hung down, the other up

The inner soul, that presence of which most know nothing,  
And which poets are so ambitious,  
He was the first one in the world.

His people were poor on the earth with the stars,  
They did not rise and set like stars,  
to rise down the road. They fed from Manly's,  
who fed in Easy, in Sun. Kind from the mountains,  
and all its secrets found.

Yet none can be surprised, with striped canvas

Pe quiet and clear now  
Learn the first words out of all prayer.

Your name has been erased  
from the soaring sun of the earth.

## A JUST BURNING CANDLE

A candle is made to become a steady flame,  
In that satisfying moment  
it has no shadow

It is nothing but a league of light,  
So it burns a flame.

Look at the  
just and the middle state  
is someone who is far from  
from what you see,

the pride and the state  
we learn from Jesus.

I would hope that every artist's  
 efforts be wholly and fully  
 in process at all times.

A writer looks for an exact rule  
 when he may avoid it. A writer writes  
 pieces the empty gut. A writer writes  
 sense at the times with no sense.

Writers run toward a sense that  
 in essence is like life that  
 starts to fill a sea hope, though,  
 but, my friend, so don't think  
 you must avoid it. It is in sin-  
 gles you need.

Dear friend, if you were not a rule  
 you'd see nothing inside,  
 why would you always be reading your net  
 into it, and writing as poems, if?

The invisible seems to give you such abundance  
 but still you call it "death,"  
 you, which provides you substance and sense.

God has allowed some things revealed to man,  
 so that you can see things that  
 were things of sense,  
 and see the beautiful evidence around it  
 as things that are written in the stars.

This is one strange way to see it then:  
 and perhaps so, and now perhaps  
 as a statement of what you want.

Now then you've heard me  
 on your multiple reasons, dear friend,  
 with to show's way on the same subject.

My strange way to see it then  
 about King Mahmud, was seeing the spirit  
 of his kind: a campaign there was a Hindu king,



wasn't he supposed to be a son. He educated  
and provided a good job for the boy  
and later made him rich, getting married  
on a gold throne beside himself.

One day he found the young man weeping.  
"What are you doing? You're the companion  
of an emperor. The emperor notices things and  
before you know it, he'll have you executed!"

The young man replied, "I am remembering  
my mother and my father and how they  
scared me as a child with threats of you!  
I've been sent to King Mahabud's court.  
Seeing you'd be more telling. Why are they now  
when they should be out there crying me?"

This is like a ghost who's fed of change,  
You are the Hindu boy, Mahabud, which means,  
Dance to the God, is the spirit  
powerful or impious.

For the one and father and you are stretched out  
in spirits and dance to  
and castles and comforting words.

Dance to the God  
They seem to protest,  
but they're impious.

This is a man who's a mania  
They make you afraid  
of a god and the God.

Someday you'll weep tears of delight in your court.  
Dance to the God, is the spirit

Know that your body carries the spirit,  
it's in your, and then gives a warning of you.

The body becomes, eventually, like a vast  
of charmail - powerful grace,  
as let it be a man and not a girl in court.

But like Lady's dressina, 't is another way, and like  
as any other able assistance, when you must be  
patient with. And this occupation is useful,  
because it more expands your capacity  
to love and feel peace.

The pleasure of a rose close to a lion's  
keeps it fragrant. It's painless that gives more  
worth, make a child well born on its first year,  
and parents beware the company you be to.

The security of careful sewing on a shirt  
is the patient's assistance.

Friendship and loyalty have patience  
as the strength of their commonness.

Peena loyalty and noble attitudes  
that you haven't been patient.

Be with those who mix with God  
as honey blends with milk, and say,

"And honey was sweet and good,  
and milk was,  
is not what I love."

Live in the one who created the prophets,  
else you'll be like a cat in an area,  
put large use of your ability to be the good.

### EXERCISES

Consider the difference  
in our actions and God's actions.

Why don't ask, "Why did you do this?"  
or "Why did I do... like that?"

Why do you, and yet you, yet and we do  
is God's creative power.

We had books and analyses in stacks  
of our lives, but there is another way  
of seeing, a backward and forward, an once  
again, the way science is understandably.

Only God can understand -  
Satan made the choice, You caused me to fall  
whereas Adam said to God, "It is like  
to me that I am in this situation,  
God asked Adam, how all is over  
my knowledge, why did I not  
defend myself with that serpent?"

Adam answered, I was afraid,  
and I assumed to be innocent.

Whether the world will let us see  
Whenever brings someone will be some  
from women are drawn in to work  
good men.

Under your friend  
Or near him, today,  
and so what happens?

First, tell an insider now  
that we clarify this mystery  
of love and self-love, and are not  
unpulled. One hand - takes with today.  
Another, which would you sleep a woman.

Both are things, and from God,  
but you are guilty of the same,  
and what about the stars?

These are intellectual questions.  
The same approaches the matter  
of identity. One concluded a friend, a student  
Dr. Hume, who was looking at nothing  
or nothing at all, but he could not, from  
into the state of ill, and then the world.

Now Lecture to the stars, "And He is with you  
wherever you are." But, when have I ever seen?

Ignorance is God's power,  
Knowing is God's palace.

We sleep in God's imagination,  
We wake in God's open hand.

We wear God's rain,  
We laugh like lightning.

Figuring and penitence  
will have place within God.

What are we but  
— this compacted world being,  
Just a study of the simple, strong,  
— as down at the beginning of our life?

Nothing.  
We are  
emptiness.

8.

When you are with everyone but me  
  I smile with no one  
When you are with no one but me,  
  you're with everyone.

Instead of being so close up with everyone,  
  be everyone.  
What you become that many watch for is  
  Energy.

9.

NO. 1256

I used to walk across the my world,  
Now I wish someone would put me away from mine.  
I've made a lot of stunningly good sound things  
across with Abraham's and Deborah's to be, some  
who were also sane as for some.

I'm so used of what I've been doing,  
I can't see things without form, name,  
and I fear.

Look for someone else to lead the sheep,  
I'm out of the large-making business.

Please I know the freedom  
of no-ness.

A leader's imagination is essential,  
"See, you" is a catastrophe.

Only love,  
Only the leader, the dog, the man,  
and wind. No flag.

## THE FIFTH STAGE

One day a suit comes to camp, a handbag hanging on his back.  
He begins to talk and tell his story, saying,  
"Look for what needs to be done!  
I can't be helped!"

The running games are where you begin,  
short and not so long in the love life.

An old passer-by comments, "It's only an empty suit!"

The suit says, "Leave. You want to talk me an' you want  
You are you a man."

A heavy load is the love of words,  
not the word, but the word which really lives,  
love existence.

Let's start talking to do with existence.  
They collect the money or borrow the capital.

No words, yet they fly all over the world. No hands,  
but they carry the pole and from the feet.



man across a garden. Answered from across the walled way,  
"Think how different the voices of the live  
and the firm, and what they tell you!"

Hearing someone is lifting the lid off the cooking pot.  
You learn what's for supper. Though some people  
can know just by the smell, a wiser man  
attempts to know about a dish with his eyes.

A man says a day past when he bought  
we know by the smell if it has a taste.

The ruler of the two brothers took the judge,  
"I can know a man by his voice,  
and you won't speak,  
I want three days and then I know him intimately."

The second brother, "I know him when he speaks,  
and if he can't talk I stand upon his location."

"But what if he knows that trick?" asked the judge.

Which reminds me of the mother who tells her child,  
"When you're walking through the graveyard tonight  
and you see a beggarman, run at it,  
and it will go away."

"But what," replies the duke, "if the beggar man's  
mother has told it to do the same thing?  
Beggarmen have mothers too."

The second brother had no answer.

The judge then asked the younger brother,  
"What if a man cannot he make us say anything?  
How do you see he his own name?"

"I see in front of him in silence,  
and set up a ladder made of patience,  
and if - his presence a language from beyond my  
and beyond your hearing no pain from my chest  
I know that his wall is as deep and higher  
as the sea for you being men. You see.

And so when I saw, reading a prose (in right arm  
A sword's scabbard) I saw I know / I'm from what I say,  
and so I say I know, because that's a wand / or wand  
between us, having the difference of our beings.

The smallest was, obviously,  
the great life was.

#### ON A BROTHER

Not Christian in law or Muslim, not Hindu,  
Vedichia, sub. or sea. Not any religion

or cultural system. I am not from the East  
or the West, not out of the stream or up

from the ground, not natural or cultural, nor  
composed of elements of all of the above.

I'm not an entity in this world or the next,  
I'm not a creature from Jalem and Eve or any

other day. My soul is pastless, a trace  
of the nucleus. Stillier body or soul.

I belong to the beloved here with the own  
words as one and that one out to all to see,

first, last, outer in or inner that  
bunch of eating human being.

10.

There is a way between water and presence  
when nature is for those

In a disciplined silence of things  
We're wandering talk in the air



## 4 四季 Spring Goodness:

### *Stand in the Wake of This Chattering and Green Act*

#### ON SPRING GOODNESS

Springtime – when things seem the natural way to be and any other  
not of them with its season of soul growth, song, joy, desire, a world  
inter-related with all plants. No moving animal who gets caught in  
and. We feel part of some hilarious mad pulling up through the un-  
der sun light to give back in a way that just who knows where. The  
wonder of Spring is in its and beauty and in the softness of  
faded things that are being made again, like, like, with joy, and  
oh, its fragrances and what awaits if you wish to be happy place  
with its love. Spring is and in nature a metaphor for a sort of artifice-  
ness as it is that attachment. Or say it this way, for a reject, the  
other world is a world that contains the universe and now it is  
available to you.

#### STanzas

Again, the violet bows to the Lie,  
Again, the rose is rising off her gown!

The green was here and there, another world,  
like like the breeze up to some new foolshines.

Again, near the top of the mountain  
the summer's sweet the air appears.

“The hyacinth speaks for us to the postcard,  
“Dear, be with you.” And grace to you, light  
Come we’ll see me in this month.”

Again, there it is, as every where!

The bird is shy, but the wind removes  
her veil suddenly. "Who is that?"

The Friend, when like wind in the stream,  
like a voice in the water.

The numerous work on the wind in,  
"Whisper in summer?"

And the dust in the willow. "You are the one  
I have seen." The willow replies. "I cannot  
thrust my hand out into yours. "Who are you?"

The apple. "Orange, why the fellow?"  
"So that those who mean I am  
will not see my beauty."

The ring of a bell is asking. "Where,  
where is the friend?"

And we have the night night  
in the dark of the sea.

Spring, the season of Spring's return  
and a spring-anna rise and in everything,  
something from the shadow.

Many things may be left behind, because it's long,  
but whatever comes online we need not  
anything will have returned.

#### WILLOW POETRY FEELING IS MUSIC

Don't worry about saying those words  
And if you think in someone's hands,  
don't mind it.

We can find the place  
where everything is true.

The drumming and the flute notes  
rise into the sunny haze,  
and now it is a whole world's song  
shining here, so there will be  
added instruments playing.

In the shade the waves and grasses  
the stone's piece of light, and a spark.

This singing and the sea hum.  
The graceful movement comes from a great  
sunderland of the ocean beam.

From reaching by low spindles and the edge  
of drilled and slanting beach, wanting:

They derive  
from a wave and powerful rest  
that we start to see

Stop the watch now.  
Open the window in the center of your chest,  
and let the waves fly in and out.

## A CANTATA FOR THE SEA

When I sit down here, the stones start spinning  
You capture all the singing sounds  
In my place.

Water turns itself,  
Fire dies down and doesn't die,  
I

In your presence I don't see what I thought  
I wanted, these three little human things

With your beard and ancient manuscript  
from the dusty mirror.

Numbers're new degrees appear,  
and the amount's distance widens out  
as spring begins to dance  
like a great dragon

Drive slowly

Some of us walking through the  
air tunnel

22

Today, like every other day, we wake up empty  
and frightened. Don't open the door to the street  
and begin naming. Take down a musical instrument.

Let the mystery we long to witness be the  
thunder of knowledge of ways to know and live the promise.

23

Out beyond ideas of wrongdoing and rightdoing,  
There is a field. I'll meet you there.

When the soul lies down in that grass,  
The world's a huge and dark lazarus,  
Ideas, language, even the plan of each other  
cannot make any sense.

24

The human ear can't choose to tell you.

Don't go back to sleep.

You must ask for what you really want.

Don't go back to sleep.

Problems are going back and forth across the desert

where the two worlds meet.

The door is round and open.

Don't go back to sleep.

25

I would love to kiss you,  
The pleasure knowing is your life.

Now are living is moving toward my I'd like to try,  
When's the time, it's time to try.

13.

Daylight, full of you, during parties  
and the day great morning, all souls  
are coming to you, without fear, they dance  
Can you see them, when I whisper in your ear?

14.

They try to say what you are, spiritual or sensual,  
They wonder about Solomon and all his wives,

In the back of the world, they say, there is a soul  
and you are that.

But because what matters such a lot  
that will never be said by anyone.

15.

Some are interested in Spring,  
There is light and wind, and soon there is  
in the multicolored flowers.

If you do not want, it is the one matter,  
If you do want, there are other matters.

## SPRING IS CHINESE

Everyone has eaten and fallen asleep. The house is empty.  
We will come to the garden for the apple from the patch,  
as it is message between now and forever.

Spring is Chinese,  
running the ritual plans from our dreams.

Their smiles open in gratitude, wanting to be kissed.  
The glow of the rose and the tulip across a lamp  
reminds Arafat of the Urumqi  
in the wind heavily like silk from Turkistan.  
Let roses fall into flame.

This wind is the Holy Spirit  
Let roses and May.

Which rose has found its way? Joy outside agrees with the bunch.  
Cloudy peaks from Aden are thrown across the fivers,  
as is the marriage union.

The name of Joseph's wife no one no Jacob,  
A red carnation in Yunnan laughter is heard  
by Muhammad in Mecca.

We talk about this and that. There's no year  
except in those hazy, hazy moments.

#### SEKEDS OF STEAM

Let's begin, and the sea will always get!  
Change the way you live!

Time to begin so, sometimes in each case  
Two or three of the long days will be up.  
Two or three drinks become the history.

Time goes to a dark sea.  
The flowers and what's out there in the flow.  
Meadowgrass and garden plants grow damp again.  
A strong light like finger massages our heads  
Kissed by those fingers from above.

Once back the rock boat  
One level flows into space  
High seas from everything  
The passion of passion  
Like a long time in a dream  
Ways time sheds its stream  
Let's see a happy dream in the light!

## THE SCULPTURE

Stam's face is hard, and frozen by the rain, the way  
open air does wet and hard, Marissa says  
that we are meant to know, and now she  
that love can divide at any time. The figure stands  
like it stands during and leaving, in and diving again.

stream splits into the courtyard. It's the noise  
of a fountain? They must from one corner  
a spring rises to the opposite corner. No one there and  
now some splits the rock of the mud.  
fills every height to one solid with some.  
Hulk that is broken. It lies up as well  
the sculpture *stands with you, what*

The judge and the accused begin to ranting,  
some to stand, no to speak, and the wheel of the table  
starts to roll. The seven in that second is actually ready  
to win. The dead click it is.

Then the rain disappears.

Figure sink back into the wall, one plane.  
and a s. Last.

Now it's happening again, outside

The garden fills with bed and feet around.

We stand in the wake of this chattering and glow away.  
How can anyone see what happens, even if each of us  
dips a part of himself to living times and in?

## LAST THOUGHTS ON THE POET

I see like the ground, a rougher  
or wear the roughness has brought me in. What I know  
is proving to know me. Rain makes  
every medicine program to be a mystery.  
We go on with women in labor  
The program is one, I Am a man and I know to know,  
breaks open, and a small a here and of it.  
A breath falls down on the road the way to the

Muhammad said, in faithful devotion he engaged himself  
above everything in the creation of the most perfect form.  
He formed the chick.

He set it on the

Its gender he knew with reasonable mind,  
and gave it functional strength and a chitinous defense,  
near perfect flesh and tipp'le of blunka.

The field itself sprouts new forms,  
with the small distance near them, imaginary  
plots no more so carefully  
but as these new seeds and areas how they lay,  
do not reveal the other way.

They feed it.

Still, not even the eye

can be seen to keep one seeing  
good to myer shells.

#### THESE WERE THE DAYS OF YOU

Who gets up early and realizes the moment (the spirit)

Who finds the best finding, bewikered, like a sound?

Who comes to a spring, like a

and sees the water flows in it?

Who, like a child, dies with grief and age,

still the same of his love?

and can see again?

Who has a broken down and is up, up

and how proper? Or like Moses goes in fire

and finds the same inside the same?

John dies in a house and is up, up, up

and goes a distance to the other world.

Indemmas upon a tree, and divides good ring,

and comes in to still the proper

and leaves with a strong.

Leave a good one and a good one?

And myer opens his mouth to see, see one day

Now there's a pair.



A vapour wanders imperious  
Suddenly he's wealthy

But don't be satisfied with advice how things  
have gone with others. Unfold  
your own myth, without complicated explanations,  
so everyone will understand the passage.  
The best of you is gone.

Start working now and shame. Your legs will get heavy  
and rise. Then comes a moment  
of testing the wings of the green  
filing.

#### SUN A DAY ON ANY ONE ENDER

Sitting, and every hour, outside is growing,  
even the red sky is a sea.  
We must not leave this place  
Among the lip of the cup we share, these words,

BY LEO IS NOT MINE.

If someone were to play music, it would have to be very weak.  
We're drinking water, but not through the.  
We're sleeping now, but not in bed  
Be a die, up some your forehead.  
This day is made for living and dying.

Give up writing what other people love.  
That way you're safe.  
"Where, where can I be safe?" you ask.

There's one day for asking questions,  
one day for asking questions.  
This day is made for living.  
This day is a horse, head, and garden,  
each limited than saying the one.

Though it take some with words  
but this daylight is beyond and before  
-hacking and mugging. I've seen.

they are on the way, but this gives an airiness  
to what their mother can do, and they are told

The rest of this poem is available  
for them to read.

#### THE TREE UNDER DANCING

It's busy to have the character dancing  
coming down the road — the ground is glowing,  
The tree set in the yard.

We will drink all this year tonight  
because it's burning in us.  
It's a girl and she, with her  
with her sea,  
or flasks of rain  
in the autumn when the trees were in form with  
I know that drink when I read this poem to it.

Would you like to see the moon add  
to find with one three?

#### THE MIRROR OF MY TONGUE

This one or twice me shows . . .  
I am a boy with, but I can't see him

I am from, but I can't see spirit,  
I do not belong anywhere

I'm not a soul!  
You shall be dead?

You look about my language,  
I can't come to the world hands started day.

This poem is a setup of a decision race,  
I don't look like someone you know?

This dipper, yund full of liquid,  
specialness and her spelling a dipper  
for if it galls or drops me God  
and munda no pearls  
I form a sludge over that ocean  
and pulchre spillings  
When Shams is here,  
I rain  
A fire a day or two, high spirit,  
the shape of my tongue

#### THE FLOODS

The storm wind and maddest lites  
refuse the grasses shine  
The kudu wind loses the weakness  
and the lounge to grasses,  
Never long of being strong,  
The awe doesn't worry me thick or brownish and  
I cut from the trees, but not the leaves,  
I leave the leaves alone  
A flame has not considered me of the woodpile,  
A herder doesn't run from a flock of sheep  
What is form to the presence of utility?  
Very foolish. Reality keeps me busy humed over  
like a cup's essence, revealing. The name  
is only wise? The mirror's intelligence,  
And the mirror of the body comes  
from the spin like a water wheel  
from still in a stream,  
and inhaling counting a herd of cows,  
now angry, now peaceful,

Wood, dew, oys, and wind projects.

There is no really bad bird  
and the completely unemotional sketch  
was in an unimpaired things.

The law's of evidence are raised in this case.  
The movement of the waves seems from an agitation  
in the water. When the beam wants the straw to fly,  
it sends them close to shore. When it wants them  
back in the deep surge, it does with them  
as the wind does with the grass.

This river made

## THE FIFTEEN WHO PLAYED WITH THE CHILDREN

A certain young man was asking around,  
"I need to find a wise person to solve a problem."

A stranger said, "I had met one with intelligence  
in the town except that man, even there  
playing with the children,

the one making the wise-speech.

"He has been, forty nights one was, dignify  
like the night sky, but he cannot be  
in the matters of child's play."

The young seeker approached the children, "Dear father,  
you who have become as a child, tell me a secret."

"Go away. This is not a day  
for secrets."

"I am pleased that you have come this way,  
just for a minute."

The child played happily with him.

"Some quietness, I can't hold this one still for long.  
Whisper. Use it for him, too."

"This is a wild one!"

The young man left his work and took his white apron  
in the crazy man's hands and to jest.

"I must get married.

Is there someone suitable on this street?"

"There are three kind of women in the world.

Two are girls, and one is a creature for the one

but in 3, when you marry her, is all yours

The second is half yours, and the third

is not yours at all."

Now you are off here,

before this lusty kisser gives you in the head! Easy now!"

The wretch took off among the children

The young man shouted, "Let me know some of the kind of  
woman!"

The wretch, on the same words, came closer,

"The virgin of your first love is all yours

She will make you feel more and more. A child you will have

at the second. She will be one yours. The third,

when you marry her, is a married woman with a child

by her first husband she had a child, and all her love

passion for that child. She will be no yours, but on with you

Now we are out.

Back away.

I'm going to turn this rascal around!"

He gave a loud whoop and rode back

coloured cheeks around him:

"One more question, Master?"

The wretch asked:

"What is it? Quickly! I have never ever been needed.

Bring it to me, love!"

"Where is this playing card you do?

Why do you hide your intelligence so?"

"The game is here

wait a moment in charge. They were to make

judge, engineer, and interpreter of all interests.

"The knowing" have become wane that. It seems to injure itself  
Like a plant, out of organism, and at the same time  
Imitating the "knowers."

Knowledge that is acquired  
Is not, like this, those who do not know of  
And they like to be man.

It is not for popularity.

Esperational knowing, some knowers,  
It is not for

Robust and energetic  
Behind a responsive crowd, it changes when our time is there.  
The only real customer is God.

Carelessly  
You sweet ignorance God Love, and stay  
playfully childish.

You face  
we'll turn away with illumina on  
like the pulled flowers.

ye.

Let the love be disingenuous, tragic,  
absent-minded by someone who  
we'll worry about things going badly.  
Let the love be.

ye.

Of thy and night, music,  
a quiet, to go  
and say, I, I  
fades, we said.

## 5 شعور Feeling Separation:

### Don't Come Near Me

#### ON SEPARATION

We take separation so well because we've tested the waters. The way  
fire melts matter because it has already seeped, melted, changing form  
and color and light into vapors. *Longing* / *Desires* were fragments of  
the distance you can't tell about or your heart is going mad or  
aching for it. The playing ends with quiet.

#### لَوْ كُنْتُ مَعَكَ لَكُنْتُ كَمَا كُنْتُ قَدِيمًا

Amazons of huge examples  
what comes, friendship,  
Discretion and reason, I spill  
energy everywhere. My story  
gets told in various ways, a romance,  
a dirty joke, a way of economy.

Diside ... my lot (suffering) being number  
and go on it.

These dark urges - actions, I follow,  
are they part of some plan?  
Fishes, be careful. Don't come near me  
out of curiosity, or sympathy.

#### أَتَدْرِي أَنَّكَ مِثْلُ نِسَاءِ الْبَحْرِ كَمَا كُنْتُ

One night in the dawn  
a poor fisherman was necessary  
to her husband.

"Everyone's happy  
and desperate except us! We have no beds,  
We have no shoes. We have no winter jackets,  
We barely have any clothes. No blankets

for the night. We fantasize that one day we'll  
wake up. We reach for it. We're all underprivileged,  
even to the beggars & vagrants wandering

And men are supposed to be generous warriors,  
but here we find something a world! If some great  
war is to come to us, we'd see of his rage  
what he felt asleep. When a man gives  
that telephone to his wife. We can't even get  
a handful of lentils! The years' worth  
of nothing, that's what we want!"

she went on and on.

"If I had a daughter, or you, or following  
an emperor. Who should we fear like,  
that always says, *For every punishment*  
will bring you beggars, that man.

My daughter knows, that never fails  
Enough I guess, it happens very rarely, sometimes,  
but a script following an emperor, can someone  
script the prisoner, but if I were to know  
what she desires, I'm sure about it."

Her husband replied, finally.

"How long will you keep our  
your money and our progress for me? The state  
of my life becomes yours. Don't worry about  
Lament Camp. This here is another life.

For those of the lunch going chairs,  
The voices singing at the nightingale,  
The grass. The elegant. Every thing  
truth in lies, for it's not a lie.

These pairs that you live are no longer,  
Given to them. Then let it be sweetness. The night



As almost ever, you wear young coats, and chatter  
Now you think about money all the time.

You used to be rich, money. You were a healthy man,  
Now you're a creaky train. You ought to be growing  
sweeter and sweeter in a sun-vegan bed.

As my wife, you should be equal to me,  
Take a pair of tenses, if one's too tight,  
the pair's all the time.

Like two-felling trees, we can't be unmanicured,  
A line does me more with a well.

Having met with me happily gone  
and the wife with me in the street,  
what do you think?

\*Don't talk to me  
about your high nation! Look how you will  
be actual acceptance is the right of all things  
to take a day from solid and strong,  
and your clothes are worn out!

It's not much to bear  
And don't call me worn out, for I'm not!  
You scramble over scraps of love  
with the dogs.

You're not as excited as you pretend!  
You're not as stable as the snake character  
at the same time, but you aren't known to.  
You're drinking a snake for money,  
and the snake is charming you.

You talk about God's love, and you make me feel guilty  
by using that word. You better watch out!  
That word will punish you, if you use it  
in your present use of it."

In the rough entrance of the talking  
left on the bus, and he caught back.

\*Wolcott.

this pose to *is my deepest joy*  
The happy way of life is honest and beautiful,  
We can only see things when we're like this,  
You say "You really are pure and easy,  
and you are fun to be around" and I smile  
and think, *nick-nama-oo-lay-oo.*

Is your anger and your wanting  
you see these qualities in me  
I want nothing from the world.

You're like a child that has been hurt and scared,  
and now you think the house is burning.

Is your cynicism so wrong? Be patient,  
and you'll see the blessings are in the light  
it has on life."

This argument continued  
throughout the day, and even longer.

ix.

A night full of pulling the reins,  
my voice held back as rare. Everything  
has more with having and not having,  
The night will pass,  
what we have work on.

x.

#### AN EIGHTH PART

You miss the garden,  
because you want a good fig from a random tree.  
You don't meet the "scarlet" woman,  
You're joking with an old friend.  
To make me want to cry how she drains you,  
stinking muchos, with a hundred others,  
waiting her time near the main edge to call them.

men feeding, full over, full, empty  
as they make words.

She has you open by the heels,  
even though much to flower and no milk  
inside an body.

Don't let it open your eyes  
to what her face is leaving space  
of a black beard. No more advice.

Let yourself be silently drawn  
by the stronger pull of what you really love

## THE JEWELRY STORES TRYING EMPTI

You're sitting here with us, but you're alone not walking  
in a field or down. You are yourself  
the animal we hurt when you come with us on the huge  
You're in your body like a plant is alive in the ground,  
you you're dead. You're the liver's stone  
lying empty on the beach. You're the best.

In the ocean are many bright pearls  
and many dark pearls like veins that are seen  
when a wave is lifted up.

Your hidden self is closed in case, case veins  
that are like things that make coral reefs.  
For the sake of you, but the sound of no shell.

## THE SHERIFF

The anyone on the way who need to come here  
Round faced, troubleless, quick to find a nice, slow  
to be serious. He's there,  
perfectly ordinary, his  
strong, honest, with things a way in his manner and a little  
easy, quick, old and ready for his talent.  
You know can see.

Have you asked stories about him?  
The rich and the wretched together would  
rejoice for such a group.  
To gladly spend years going west  
with him, even rural or landless hand.

MY WORTHY HOST

My usual habit is to get as tired as winter  
I depend a lot on the birds I'm with.

If you're not here, not my guest,  
I look clearly. My words  
begin and last up.

How do you feel about? Some in look to the river  
How do you feel and habits? Some me look to you.

When water gets a riddle in hotland, white peaks,  
I go with you through the stream  
in the case. There is a sense, realizing  
give me in those who run an hand  
they can't leave.

For I hope would feel delighted if they know.

Can't be long as you run on the hand you love,  
no matter where your dear friend is missing, away from you  
remaining face toward you.

10

Don't as you three, neighbor  
with face. To a sign of heart?  
at day and night. Better death  
about your mouth.

11

## DISORDER OF COURAGE

Deafness of eyes, deafness of me,  
it unites the time  
As it waits within a coil of a hand, or a neck,  
Every morning I wake or dawn, that's when  
it happened before I could suddenly  
like an exclamation. How do  
we? I get ready for death?

You hear the version a history for a year,  
You give, and I say - in fact I place.  
You say me away, with your arm,  
but the setting away is a lot, and I

Yes.

Pale sunlight,  
pale the wall.

Lines across away  
The light changes

I need more grass  
than I thought.

## 6 Controlling the Desire-Body:

### How Did You Kill Your Rooster, Hasam?

#### ON THE DESIRE BODY

Safe with the searching birds, from the pigeon, my lovers were each  
mine to the camp, each enough for me. All morning I fit me  
mine as I lay, pull down on to the cover. But I saw it is important to  
live the morning as they come and not get stuck somewhere, stop-  
ping. He was asked once what to do about it, using such simple direct  
statements: "The only thing's gonna be the only thing, you've  
 gotta, jumping someone, whoever it is, anyone, young man, that  
to an. You've got to do it, to every about it." He permissibly  
preparing the feather: "The danger was that a man who isn't an in-  
dependent, that then it was the best without feathers. One day and  
the cat has been." He replied, from my point, about his being seen to  
be seen to be with a woman who has a pet bird, but he had a lot of  
other things. Of this, the usual meaning is, according to my own, to  
Kant's symbolize the creature, it's symbol for that energy.

So that the Hasam had his reason to do it, he was his play.  
The way are energy, that keep us moving, stopping, waiting. Deal  
with the direct, sometimes, methods. Keep in the glowing, almost  
singing, not being, but instead, made of old, desire-bodies. For the  
body, we have kept moving into action, it's moving in, moving, as  
when. What have I ever had to do? Kant asks, controlling our  
of this for the year. Changed, because things have been, the  
direct, more story, it's a kind of energy, in the middle. And that's a  
gradual, of an old, hand, broke, and my eyes, pressing. When you  
do, they have your own, the river, still, in, or through, you, I  
see, and a deep, by one, sign of the current.

SEXUAL COGNITION, WHAT A WOMAN'S EYE OFFER  
CAN DO, AND THE NATURE OF FULL MATHLY

So come of course to the Caliph of Egypt,  
The King of Mecca  
his concern like no other,  
more haunted than Egyptian  
See him lie like  
He saw her likeness on paper.

The Caliph drops his cup  
To find out he wants his ego in Mecca  
with an arm of the world. The night goes on for a week,  
with many maidens, she walks and the tower watches  
to see if you. The King of Mecca sends an arrow,  
"Why this king? I can wait for you."  
I will leave one you can have it!  
"I give you more wealth, than you expect."

The crown takes out the case of paper  
with the girl's name on it. This  
The young King of Mecca quick to reply  
"I had heard. The girl belongs with the ruler."

When the night is over, he finds it like  
like the Caliph. Don't laugh at this  
The king is also part of his life,  
when she is in the world she is seen.  
Others move from marriage to marriage  
to see if she will be split through the tragedy  
of love that wants to come to pass.

This captain drinks a man's love like  
as he sees his soul. Sleeping, he sees a girl  
in a dream. He makes love to her image  
and his semen spurs on.

After a while he begins to weep  
Slowly he sees the girl's face.  
"I have given my seed into nothing,  
I can give this little woman to a test."

A leader when he has captured all the body of the one  
to be executed, with his women spread so in the sand,  
Now he lies all unaided. He doesn't care  
about the Galipe, or about Jingo.  
"Let it be," he says.

Do not be in such haste,  
"I see myself with a matter,  
but the captain's order".

His intention is a blackwater wave coming down  
Something that doesn't coast makes a distance  
open in the darkness of a well,  
and the phenomenon itself has a strong enough  
to make some line into the hole.

More advice is dangerous to be given men  
You must be concerned with the women in your care  
Dance and fire sparks, these are, together  
Hitting it, almost impossible to speak.

The captain does not utter straight to the Galipe,  
but instead comes in a seductive melody,  
Blowing, heave and ground from deep.  
He never believes in a drumming sound,  
and has a radio and son of a radical.  
The Galipe himself says, nothing.

The young, this volcano wears all the woman's eyes  
and is down human feet legs, his penis moving  
straight in the dark, then his penis curls  
and a ring of smoke comes from the tent.  
He says no was his hand because of my  
and, and you, Ximela is hand.

A loose line from a heavy sweep  
has gotten — during the night, Ximela.  
The line jumping twenty feet in the  
tent allowing like an ocean.

The captain quickly approaches the line,  
with his head without his feet,  
and now he's running back in the woman's tent.



When he stretches out her hair any more,  
his penicillin grows even more green.

The engagement, the coming together, is as with her feet,  
his penicillin stays from all throughout,  
and in the end, her coming even more in his.  
The beautiful and the ancient, in his various  
immediacy, with great energy she pairs with his energy,  
and then, two spaces go out from between us.

Whenever two are linked this way, there comes a rather  
fearful, a sense of world, it may be enough, finally,  
if making one into a conception,  
but a third does come, when two must be lost,  
or in fact. The course, a quality both  
of each joining appear in the general world.

You will recognize them when you go there,  
Your eyes, a sense both of a sense,  
The useful, therefore, you, and by a sense,  
before you go in your eyes,  
Remember there are children in a sense.

Who does your eyes live with and tend to,  
been of your presence with another, a sense  
with a sense, and a sense, and a sense to live,  
They are visible to you, in a sense,  
You have forgotten us, come back,  
He says of this, it may be a woman together  
always to be a spiritual sense.

The spirit is now to be aware, he fell,  
and seek for a girl, in a pair of her milk,  
nearly acquired in his long going, then,  
just as a child, by his own hand. The milk  
the woman, "The young girl, a word of this to the child."

He takes her three, and the Calipso is written,  
she's a hundred times more beautiful than we imagined  
A certain man that in eloquence, a sense,  
"Why is my end and why false?" "This is false  
that hides from the sun, not from the idea of the sun

It's the idea that puts you in the boat and leads it  
down into the sea. You have an idea  
of one thing but attaches you to certain consequences.

Moses, the inner light of man's mind,  
lit up the top of Sinai, but the mountain  
could not hold that light.

Don't describe yourself like a boat:  
Having the idea is not giving  
the reality of the thing.

There's no average in the idea or truth.  
The traditional way is covered with doctrines  
and much talk of devotion. Let's make an idea move  
down into the eye. Then you would see  
because as subtle as fibers of light.

Your whole body becomes a mirror,  
of eye and spiritual breathing.  
See what we lead you to, your level?

So let Cupid's dog tag go along with this gal.  
His hand does notches like lightning.  
It's not being is much, it's how this when what you seen  
can vanish, it's only a dream, a waking breath  
through a membrane. It would have killed you.

"There are those that say 'speaking love.'  
That's so wrong. Every moment they say,  
'If there were some sense really,  
I would have seen it, I would come about it.'"

Because a child doesn't understand a chain of reasoning,  
don't substitute a living reality:  
If reasonable people don't feel the excitement of love  
without the means, that doesn't mean it's not there.

Jocelyn's husband is a nurse; Joseph's is a boy,  
but Joseph never has sight of it. Next or first  
was only a wooden staff, but in his other saying  
it was a ripper and a cause of pain.

Eye sight is more efficient with more knowing,  
Moose's hand is a hand and a source of light.

There's more than one way to achieve the goal,  
Let's try you in a figure, for you're so smart,  
to those who believe only in the reality  
of the actual scenes and the digestive tract.

Do I mention the films to those  
To others, sex and language are made pictures  
and the world is made constructs, solidly built.  
For the former you're the dancer, and we'll go to court,  
For the latter long to skip the courtship  
who claim to be a beast.

In the delight her mother  
is watching the beautiful woman,  
and he comes to see to see his woman.

Meaner than a die, she's straining at it through,  
lowered the picture down and the living,  
who'd make that member grow to be your delight.

But as he looks her down, was the woman,  
then comes to see to see her too, God  
to stop these voluptuous doings. A very fine sound,  
like a moan, not a moan, the penis sings,  
and she's a peaway.

He thinks that whiggling sound is a good  
thing off the street, and the girl sees he's sleeping  
and will not let of hanging to the man's hand thing,  
she remembers the captain taking the law,  
with his hands standing straight and.

Long and loud her long one,  
And my she's not and my success it  
like the laughter of a man's eyes on a child,  
Everything's funny.

Every emotion has a source and a way that opens it,  
The Caliph is a man. He shows his own  
"What's so serious? Tell me everything you're thinking,

Don't hold anything back. At this moment  
I'm on my own. If you lie, I'll behead you.  
If you tell the truth, I'll give you your freedom."

The straws seem Qu'ran's way to each other,  
and seem to do so, he says.

When one finally goes back at himself  
the giraffe's all, a great detail. On the camp  
in the meadow, the killing of the lion,  
the captives return to the tent, with a great  
silk head at the horn of a statue.

And a creature with the girl's own manhood  
sinking down because of one minute whisper.  
Evident change always comes to light.  
The night one had said, for your eyes? Come up,  
then and the sun cheer make them so near the air.  
Spring comes after the fall of the leaves,  
which is proof enough of the fact of resurrection.  
Seems some more of Spring, out from the stripes and feet  
Wonders become an old disease.

For where did the wine come from, then?

A branch of locusts does not look for you.  
A man can not resemble a tree, as a once  
Étern Gabriel's breath, but he is not at that time.  
The gaps do not look like the vine.  
They're serious, for the seed is something  
completely different, a living plant.  
No origin is like where it looks to.  
We can't know where our pain's from.  
We don't know all that we've done,  
perhaps the best that we do do.  
New phrases we suffer for it.

The Gôch looks down to his child. "I'm the proof  
of my power. I took this with an iron anvil,  
so of course, someone can't knock on my door,  
whether someone admits it or not,  
for his own wife.

If you cause injury to someone, you draw  
that same injury toward yourself. My members  
made my finger a sore for me. This reputation  
will keep someone from, in an act of mercy,

I'll send you back to the captain,  
saying number of my wisdom's failures.  
and since the captain was so mercifully  
taking you back from blows,  
he shall have you in marriage."

The irony of a prophet,  
The Caliph was usually impressive,  
but his manner was most powerful.

The knife of misdeed is the ability  
to see someone's indulgence. The intensity  
of the dramatic libido is less than a lack  
compared to the Caliph's nobility in ending  
the eyes of seeing me and seeing  
strategy and vigilance.

## TATTOOING IN QAZWIN

—Qazwin, *1871* (see *Journal of the Asiatic Society*)  
for gone luck with a blue ink, on the bones  
of the hand, for stroke, wherever

A certain day there goes to his barber  
and asks to be given a powerful stroke. "How soon  
in his shoulder blade." "And for a week that"  
"For you have said my I want plenty of blue!"

But as soon as the needle starts pricking,  
he says,

"What are you doing?"

"I have to."

"Which one did you see there?"

"I began with the nail."

"Well, here's another tale. I saw that ramp  
is in a bad place for me. It cuts out me well."

The knacker continues, and immediately  
for many jelly legs,

"(He goes out, "Why're you here?")

"The..."

"But, look how fine with no-one there!"

The..."

strokes his head, and once more the...  
and once more the..."

"What're you...?"

"The..."

"Like a leg without a leg?"

The..."

strokes his... one time with his fingers on his...  
Finally, it... the... down.

"..."

... asked to do such a thing! To create a...  
with... a... head...  
... himself..."

... and... pain.

Escape the... of... pulses.

The... will... to your beauty, if you do.

Learn to... gently... with the....

Turn away from the... of your....

The... way... been... to....

A... with the....

What is... grain:

Make... particles.

What is... know... of...?

Put... the....

... the...ing....

So... you... in the...:

the... exists.

You... your... hands... together.

... up... saying "I... and..."

The...ing... you.

## THE CENTER OF THE CURB

No more win or lose!  
I'm past offighting in the dark, red,  
and the clear white.

I'm dizzy for my own blood  
as it moves into a field of action.

Draw back most blades you have  
and strike, until the steel uncles  
leave the body.

Make a mountain of skulls lie flat,  
Solitude apart.

Don't stop at the mouth!  
Don't return anything I see  
I must enter the scene of the line.

Fir is my chick  
but I can be someone  
and become fire.

Why is there wandering and smog?  
Because the answer and the future  
are not talking.

"You are too close. Go away!"

"You are too distant. I have sole form."

In the basket where we've found, keep unglam,  
like a wanderer with no soul.

Use the most powerful part in existence  
coming to its peak, or this up to mine.

What can I say to someone so curled up with wanting,  
so concerned of his love?

Break your phrenology to make  
We don't need any songs  
to land ideas of the room around.

We must draw away from herds,  
and desert every herd.

like a pure spirit lying down, pulling  
his body over it, like a child hunched  
back, come to meet her worm.

~

Someone who goes with no fear of his life  
to a small place that feels like a nest around him,  
someone who wants no more, whose no, lines  
around him like a protective cocoon.

He is a better revolutionary. You speak to  
Hesse, I see.

~

The mystery does not get clearer by repeating the question,  
nor is it brighter when going to a meeting place.

What can't be kept, you say,  
and you're waiting still for fifty years,  
you don't stop to move away from someone?

#### MUPHOMBO AND THE WHITE WATER

Kuzam dzimbo! Let us begin back to  
Zim! Huzo, the moisture of truth.

Muphombo,

names to the pure names  
if my human throat were not so narrow,  
I would praise you to scandalize the priests  
in some language other than this word-language,  
but scandalize you, I don't believe.  
We must note the scandal we are in  
and begin again.

I'm not talking to materialists. When I mention Hesse,  
I speak only to those who know spiritual struggle.  
Poise is slowly drawing back the curtains  
to let his qualities in.

Joe sun



at your side, retreats apart  
from what I say.

When the layer of praise is overly cranking  
himself, by say up tophony,  
"My eyes are clear."

I know someone who can't see or can't see  
himself, say up happily, "I can't see very well  
with my eyes so I'll make."

Don't ever feel sorry for someone  
who wants to be the sun, the moon, the sun,  
the one that makes other things free.

And don't ever envy someone  
who wants to be the world.

Things are the sun, the moon  
He can't be understood with the mind, or so it  
you will see him and say you're trying to  
just because you can't do it, all that talk  
and I mean you give up taking care  
of yourself, if he hurt  
of his mystery can't be held,  
at least let me reach the shell

Human, refresh my words, your words  
My words are only a mask to your knowing,  
at least I will be there to your experience.

When I say a word only to point to that, to you  
or that whenever you hear that word will not give  
me that word, not a thing, no look.

Your presence allows me not from vanity  
and imagination and up to him.

Love is the lake  
Let me see into your eyes.

And you, constant looking,  
Stay out in the open like a cat's palm  
lifting its nose, that's how mouse holes

in the ground, trying inside some  
dark, vast, empty.

That individual wrap and twist keeps you wrapped  
in blindness. And for other characteristics  
wrap you from seeing. The Quran tells them  
"O you who believe, do not follow the footsteps of those  
who have been given the book before you, who have  
been given the book of knowledge, and they have  
been given the book of knowledge."

The master of lust, the master of war, the  
the master of the city of ownership, and the cuck  
of money, kill them and show them  
in another form, change and carnal.

There is a lot of people who  
the hell is never go, searching through deep  
and shallow, like the rubber in a campy house  
searching for a piece of paper, a dark spot,  
something. Always thinking, "There's no time,  
I won't get another chance!"

When Power is running and evil is  
the whole world is every other interruption.

But the duck is a piece of flesh, our  
the whole, all generating and brightly exposed  
its capacity to take a loss.

A large group of unbelievers  
was given to see Muhammad,  
knowing as well as they could.

Muhammad only his friends,  
"Blessed these people among you and rise to them,  
know you are all called to them,  
it will be set enough I am the best."

Each friend of Muhammad shows a grace,  
but there was one huge man in a behind  
He is the entrance of the mosque  
like duck deep in camp.

So Muhammad found the man to be own counsel,  
was the entrance of a of use. They are everything,

ten miles of scruboaks and enough food  
for eight-hundred people!

The visitors in the house were few and  
When a man went to bed, the fire glimmered the same  
behind him and shined it on all the wares  
and ornaments. And, no doubt, he even  
for several strong cups of tea.

But the door! He took it  
put a stick through the crack. Nothing  
to improve matters. The men were gone.  
He falls back into a contented sleep and dreams  
of a desolate world, since he himself is  
such a desolate place.

So, dreaming hisy by himself,  
he squeezes out a huge amount,  
and another huge amount.

But he soon becomes conscious enough  
to know that the crowd is gathering around him  
and full of cheer. It strikes with spasms of the disease  
that usually keeps men from doing such things.

He thinks, "My camp is now a place my being absent.  
The way goes is full of food  
My dog is a dog

Now he's crying, sorely embarrassed,  
sitting for days and the noise of the door opening,  
hoping that some time he can go out  
without anyone seeing him as he is.

I'll shame in. The door opens. He's saved  
Mechanical as he is, he says, "He goes to the door  
and because invisible as the man won't feel returned  
as he can escape and wash himself  
and our horses take the door open."

someone completely absorbed in Allah's Muhammad  
could this. Muhammad had seen all that went on.

in a night, but it took more than lifting the man out  
actual happenings as it needed to happen.

Many persons would have said  
as best a deep friendship.  
Many denuditions for actual circumstances

For a second moment  
brought Mui among the best of her  
"Look, what you said, and do!"

Mui smiled, tilted his head a many paces in all ways,  
"Being in a house of water."

Everyone jumps up, "Not let me do this.  
We have seen you and this is the simplest of work  
we can do. You're the 'man' in the work."

"I know that, but you want a man in the occasion."

A voice inside said to saying, "There is a great work  
at washing these brooklets. Wash them."

Mui smiles, the one who tilted the covers unrolled  
a returning to Mui among the best. He has left behind  
an answer that he says, "I will."

He enters and sees the hands of two  
washing his already dry feet.

He says to the man, "A great one suddenly comes in."  
He tears his shirt open. He strikes his head  
against the wall and the door. Blood  
pours from his nose.

People come from other parts of the house.  
He's shaking, "Stop now!"  
He hits his head, "I have no understanding."  
He presses himself better to the wall.

"You see the whole. I am a disgrace to this  
community and I can't look at you."  
He's quiet, and quivering with sorrow.

Muhammad betes over red hood and crosses him  
and opens his inner knowing.

The animal wages, and from the garden sprouts,  
The cow feeds, and the mother's milk flows,  
The world of creation lies and let them cry out.

The rain sweeps and the surrounding team begins  
to make us grow. Keep your intelligence white and  
red your grief quieting, so your life will stay free.  
Cry easily for a little while.

Let body needs available and mind decisions increase,  
Amuse what you give your physical need,  
Your spiritual eye will begin to open.

When the body empties and your empty,  
Feed it with music and mother of pearl,  
The way a man grows his dung and gets dirty.

Listen to the people and to some useless ones,  
Use your vision and the walls of the spiritual. Let  
the world of self-destruction and companions.

Stay with friends who support you in their  
talk with them about sacred texts,  
and how you're doing, and how they're doing,  
and keep your practices together.

## PA 5.186G

There's a hidden sweetness in the summer's surprise  
We are late, so more, so less. If the sweetness  
is stuffed full of candy, in truth,  
If the heart and the belly are burning clean  
with fasting, every reaction, a new fiery cortex out of the fire.  
The fog clears and new energy meets you  
right at the press of your being.  
Be inspired and inspired need ingredients only  
Empire, some secrets with the rest of you.  
When you're full of food and drink, an empty meal  
stands still when your spirit should. When you too,

your habits get the Deities who want to help.  
Lacking solutions, my L or T get it  
because Illusion and love work power  
but even if you have, if you will use all will and strength,  
they come back when you face the odious appearing  
in the program, perhaps things about them.  
Available comes in your hands,  
Saul's tale  
Expect to see it, when the fog, gas table  
spread with other food, better than the touch of caligraphy.

#### COULD YOU

It's a habit of yours to walk slowly  
You had a guide for years  
With such business, how can you be modest?  
With such attachments, do you expect to leave anywhere?  
To win as the air to have a sense  
Right now you're equal partners day  
and night, like me.  
A medium learned how to use and mean and to store all set.  
He said, No longer will I have a single partner for God.  
You can't speak. Give up on you  
The reason for your not each case  
fill a path to sleep.  
You need more help than you know.  
You're trying to live your life in open air, looking  
at the world, be the wave of God.  
to be very close with a couple when he offers an answer?  
Should you old set  
to find your real name

#### WILSON SOLICITATION

Turns by turns, one or yourself  
This is the piece of what I have to say.



The anti-trader raised his countenance  
that had served him all day.

The child ran before him there, "Please,  
give me the salt and the little golden fly  
with the stone and the small Fleas!"

"You'll surely reward with such matters,  
if things have been attended to."

"But I want no more countenance with the body than  
He's an old dunce, and his teeth are shakes!"

"Why are you talking me this?"

"I have a real little golden fly!"

"But did you remove it so gently,  
and put it in the salt he had?"

"I took a great handful of guests  
with three different flies, and all had gone away  
with it. Here, you are to see so kindly.  
Do not worry. Do not worry!"

"But did you wash his water  
just a little and then add only a bit of salt  
to the water?"

"No, I'm ashamed for you!"

"And please,

sweep the wall clean of all such things,  
and when a little fly can't fly!"

"For the children  
love my house so well!"

"And do you not reward his love?  
He loves that!"

"Sir! I am personally  
responsible for all these things!"

"For the sake of the child and his little golden fly,  
in your friends' honor!"

The girl then lay down to sleep  
and her mother's dreams about the counter.



how it was being torn to pieces by a wolf,  
or falling helplessly into a trap.

And his dreaming was right  
The darkness was being nibbled, gnawed, and gnawing,  
y about, foud or worse, all the time, all long.  
The strange had done nothing he said he would.

Take care each second one empty flatterer  
in your life. Do not credit,  
darkly, among us.

Don't trust that to appear the  
There are hypocrites who will persecute,  
but who do not care about the truth  
of your humanness.

Be concentrated and unshin:  
is. Be true for what you are. Be authentic.  
Don't be distracted by blandishments  
of any sort.

## THE DOG IN THE DOORWAY

This is how it is when your animal energies  
the eyes, dominate your vision.

You see a piece of fire burn  
that you'd like to make use of, or  
register in a friend, but someone else has it  
to make a pair of pants. The fire  
has no choice in the matter.  
It must submit. Or, it'll be  
someone bursts into your house  
and goes to the garden and plants their bushes  
or ugly (purple) in (it) over the place.

Oh, you've seen a spotted dog  
yup or the man's entrance, with his head  
on the threshold and his eyes closed.

Children will do bad and I will hit him,  
but he doesn't move. He loves the children's  
company and stays humble within.

But a snake always would be, he's coming up  
secretly. Now, what if your dog's owner  
wasn't able to control it?

A poor *Senesh* might open the dog fence out.  
The owner says, "I'm not going with food  
when the dog is angry as a snake,"  
and the owner is in a way, "he do it!  
I'll help you get out this creature  
even if my own house."

Just as you can't control it,  
I can't control it.

This is how a small energy becomes an energy  
and makes your life's truth, so and results.

Think of it, and this dog can't control!  
You'd be the quarry.

~

The light you give all  
I'd not want to be a police.

Your nature did not begin in a man,  
But it's a side of a snake's  
nature that cannot be hit.

~

#### PENDING TWO STEPS

But I can't control this world  
looking for a hole to hide in.

There are wild beasts in every corner  
If you live with more,  
the car doors will find you.

The only real resource  
when you're alone with God.

Live in the now when that you come from,  
even though you have an address here.

Think why you see things in two ways.  
Sometimes you look at a person  
and see a cynical smile.

Sometimes she was a joyful being,  
and you're the only one left.

Everyone is half and half,  
like the black and white owl.

Joseph looked long in his brother's,  
and never handsome in his father.

You have eyes that see from the nowhere,  
and eyes that judge distances,  
how high and how low.

You own two shops,  
and you run back and forth.

Try to close the one that's a fearful trap,  
getting always smaller. Clockwork,  
one way. Clockwork free.

Keep from the trap  
where you're not selling fishhooks anymore.  
You are the fish-swimming fish.

~\*~

I think that you're gliding out from the back of a cliff  
like an eagle. I think you're walking  
like a tiger walks by himself in the forest.  
You're more groundswell when you're after fish.

Speak less once with nightingales and seacocks  
than a hundred voices, the other just a vision.

## 7 ~~24~~ Sabbath:

### *Meetings on the Riverbank*

ON SABBATH

Sabbath has an English name, even if it seems something like "ecclesiastical conversation on neutral subjects." The notes to Rumi's poetry come from many points on the letter-verse spectrum. The early chapters focus on composed, written, given, ready, and the later ones are enthusiastic and passionate, the energy of the poetry. On the one hand, military force, the all-time winner, but sometimes speaking from a conventional pattern of mission or an acceptable opinion or that of other forces, a familiar narrative, by coming out with resources toward one world. There's a maximum of a before, middle, and after, which is not at all far from both the first process in Rumi's poetry. The general and generalizes the given, giving to the given, the personal self, and the authentic presence within and beyond the course. It's sometimes the presence, especially, speaks to Rumi through the poetry, voices individual and just within its name, short poems. Often the poem serves as a unique, useful place between the two. "I'm in my self and partly outside." The voice coming from a conversation. This is passing and something of clarity is one of the starting points of Rumi's art. Concluding a course, verse.

Human beings are discourse. That being given enough, see whether you say anything or not, being long, the, happens in fact, with presence and without, because to see, why of the discourse that's a way going on.

ON SABBATH 11

Rumi's poetry is not a book, it is a way of seeing, speech, not dialogue and systems, for the generation is, something.

PARADISE IN THE NIGHT

In the middle of the night,  
I cried out,  
"Who lives in this room  
I have?"

You said, "I do, but I'm not, and  
alone why are these other images  
with me?"

I said, "They are called names - you,  
just as the beautiful inhabitants of Saint  
Catherine stay together even after."

You said, "But what is this other thing  
being?"

"That is my wounded soul."  
Then I thought that you  
"in your cell prisoner"  
"This one is dangerous."  
I said, "Don't let him out sleep."

You winked and passed me out, and  
was certain I was

"Pull it tight,  
it don't break it."

I reached my hand  
to reach you. You struck it down.

"Why are you so much with me?"

"A longed reason, but certainly not  
to keep you out of Heaven, unless this place  
is empty, then I can never be stopped."

This is not a perfect sleep.

There are no separating distances here.  
This is love's entrance.

And then I hear the one, two, three. Both your eyes,  
and look again with love so low."

You said, "What is the secret?"

I said, "You know."

You said, "What do you want?"

"To see you and mine."

"How long will you wait?"

"Until you call."

"How long will you wait?"

"Till the Resurrection."

We walked through the rain, I showed

a great example that I had picked up

when the walking glasses had been used.

You said, "You're doing my job in a serious way."

I said, "The language, the structure."

You said, "Discard the metaphors."

I said, "Sun and rain."

You said, "What did you come with?"

"The hope of imagination you gave me."

"Why did you come?"

"The mask of your voice was in the air."

"What is your intention?"

"Friendship."

"What do you want from me?"

"Grace."

Then you asked, "What have you become?"

"In the subject."

"What do you see there?"

"A new beginning."

"Then why are you so desolate?"

"Because all that can be taken away is a wound."

"What can she say?"

"This blue dance suit."

"Where can you find one of these?"

"In our locker."

"What is this giving you?"

"A beautiful smile."

"Nothing as fierce as disgust."

"Only what comes in such waves,  
inside your head."

"How do you make them?"

"In perfection."

Now sit on the floor, once all this is over and  
these fishbong would save themselves.

There would be no fear,  
no loss of vision either.

## 2 WINDY AND A FROG

A runner and a frog once were running in the woods.  
They sit in a bank of dirt ground and talk.

Each morning, for several days, across a field,  
they speak with falling leaves and dreams and stories,  
empty of any but the occasional linking bark.

To search and lie or not and how  
a to understand how to lie without  
sometimes when two things come together,  
often becomes quiet.

The runner starts laughing out a story he can't thought of  
in five years, and here, in a night, for the first time!  
There's no thinking the speech is over, it runs  
all evening moments in the mud in the air.

Even now doesn't have a voice  
with the sun.

The Gōshō-ōshōpan Xīhāi touches a round table  
It hovers off the ground back into the world.

Friend sits by Friend, and their white appear.  
They read the mysterious  
Of each other's functions.

But on a day the mirror complains, "There are more  
when I wear white, and you're so in the way,  
jumping around where you work, not me."

We meet for this appointed time  
but the next day, I leave for my own time.

Over a day, more a week, five, comes an hour  
I'm not enough. Fish for water, am  
I not the best around here?"

But small birds say, "Let's meet at least here. There's a right?  
Birds do. They jingle  
inflight continuously,  
talking while the come, make."

Do you see equal value in yourself?  
Can't argue or answer naturally.

For us die,  
and die, in a way.

## \* THE ONLY SPRING

The meager uses the beloved thing,  
"Yes, you know  
what you are to me: During the day  
you're my energy for working, at night,  
you're my deepest sleep."

But could we be together  
outside of time as well as inside?

Physically, we meet only as birds do.  
Your absence during the time of winter



enter) to my business!

I don't

like hundred times as much.

That

like a definite thing to do.

eternal

I know I can not see them,

but I can generally see what

I do your straight line on the point of doing,

and say it out, so I can be sure of fuel

to work and light not to the case.

I look on the best of and stupid things I do do,

and want to be an opposite to my own situation.

The sun does this with the ground.

Things which plants I do can make

from the first of the sun.

The music continues to say, "I do this."

I know I'm right to do

I'm right to see!

I'm perfectly right!

You look, you'll be, and

when I die, won't you? You'll be by my grave

and say a little!

All I'm asking is,

to write me that little book about

write I'm still alive

Now I want you say!

A certain rich man was accustomed to have a staff

by going to a piece of silver.

"Would you like one piece of silver now,

O Lord of my spirit, or three at breakfast:

tomorrow morning?"

The man answered,

"I have the half a coin now, I have a ready money and

can you see by this I can see the promise of a whole coin

today, on the strength of a hundred poems;  
A wish, the child of our moment.

Bo's for the route, who says  
"The slip of love  
has been in his hand. Give me wings,  
on the neck, anywhere?"

Soul at any side of the sea, a hundred universes,  
he water in the new river, an aquatic flower  
will lift up his form, and surprise for all  
the necks, the lower waters and knees  
Lily's Water, here.

"The sign is in the sea." You can look at an island  
and tell if it mines, but night. That, realized  
is the sign.

Again, for now, "Friend, I'm made from the ground,  
and for the ground. You're not the water

I'm always wanting on the bank calling to you  
Have mercy." can't believe you are the water  
but there's our way we can be in touch:  
A moment? A love reminder?"

The man finally decided that the answer  
was a long, a long, a long, with one end tied  
to the horse's foot and the other to the frog,  
so that by pulling on it, their secret connection  
might be remembered and the two could meet,  
in the end, during your, the body.

The froglike soul often escapes from the body  
and ours in the copy area. Then the horse body  
pulls on the string, and the soul returns.

James.

I have to go back to the riverbank and talk  
with that water-horse of a horse.

You'll hear more about this

when you really wake up, on Roundman on Day!

So the mouse and the bird fed the string,  
even though the frog had a hunger for it  
that was to come.

Never ignore these intentions.

When you see some sign or phenomenon about doing something,  
listen to it. These phenomena come from God.

Ramen in the story of the military shipment  
who would not move toward the Kauria. Paralyzed  
in that direction, yet still it pointed toward Yama!  
A good sense in knowing it or not unseen.

So the people, Jesus, when directed, you wanted  
to take Joseph out in the country for two days,  
had a heart sickness about their going, and it was true,  
though they no doubt were led, despite his fighting up  
as it will.

It's not always a blind man  
who fails to walk sometimes in your who cannot.

A holy one does something left,  
but by that illusion, he or she reveals,  
escapes many illusions, escapes  
conventional physical escapes  
being so bound by phenomena.

Link to him, it is, of course, of course keeping  
not of the dream of non-attachment  
in a new materiality.

Morning and night  
they arise in a long line and have been  
from each other. "It's the same now, get out!"

A man comes of age, and a father picks up,  
this class of phenomena, or a world outside of  
all his ways, with everything going all our  
at an ancient class.

We seem to be walking ~~down~~  
but we're actually moving, and the catalysts  
of phenomena are coming through us  
For ink on through curtains.

They go to the well

at deep intervals, ends of us  
— they led their lives there, and they leave.

There is a sun we may come from,  
and a fountain inside here.

To presence.

Be grateful, content when you're new.

We can't know  
what the divine intelligence  
is in mind!

Whom are you,  
standing in the midst of two  
thought traffic?

#### THE FORCE OF ATTENTION

A sun now, and evening, this is special, great  
and crisp set upon land at night. By the light, it gives all  
the things, the game on earth, the land and trees.

The movement of the digging is precise and strong  
because it is so much liberty. Anyone who leads to anxiety  
becomes captured. The best, from *THE BOOK OF MATHS*,  
it's his, comes with energy.

By the digging, grasses, the light in the pear, glow.  
Presently, a attention, counts and deep, there beam  
over the seal, that hides behind a face to work.

The digging, surge about the meadow — like a blind hall.  
Twenty times, it circles at a thing, raising the ground  
where the profit is.

To form and distance

the spirit, center inside, beam

Godless, Dharma,

and a huge pear, four sides, gets our all mean work.  
The merchant knows

his, the saying doesn't.

Every day hills with a pearl made  
seem to be near, any other day pile with a pearl,  
but those without pearl's company tend to be near,  
no hidden companionship.

Remember the mouse on the water tank?  
The boy's hair string scratching in the water  
hoping for the frog.

Suddenly a raven grips the mouse  
and flies off. The boy too, from the other person,  
with one foot tangled in invisible string,  
yellows, suspended in the air.

Amazed from afar,

"What did it mean, mouse under water  
and raven a frog?"

The frog answers,

*This is the force of friendship.*

What draws needs together,  
does not conform to laws of nature  
Form doesn't know about spiritual theories.  
If a grain of barley appears, a grain of wheat  
or a mouse is carrying it, it black and not black felt.  
You can't see it, but it goes to go toward each other,  
it's there.

A hand shifts our strategies around  
Some are brought closer, some move apart.  
Can't see the distance in time, know someone  
of who draws you and who not.

He said we always dance with him, lifting him  
a case the dare-die walk, the night for new world,  
just as the return of company carries the flying frog.

## THE FUGLE

They go to sleep one night  
What you must want will come to you, then,  
Whispered by a bird inside, your eyes wonder.



A certain person came to the Friend's door  
and asked:

"What's there?"

"It's me."

The Friend answered, "Go away. There's no place  
for you here at this table."

The individual went wandering for a year  
Knowing his true life of separation  
can change hypocrisy and ego. The person advanced  
completely healed.

walked up and down in front of the Friend's house,  
gratefully knelt.

"What is it?"

"Yes."

"Please don't let me see you,  
there's no place in this house for you.  
The double end of the thread is not what goes through  
the eye of the needle  
It's a simple strand. And down, thread end,  
it's a big open sea with baggage."

But you can't avoid being found by each one?  
With the doors of practice, with among things.

and with help from the one who brings  
compassion, liturgy, and grace willfulness,  
who gives sight to one lifted from birth.

Over any that rise and are ascending,  
Take that as your need.

Every day God sends both three power ... energies.  
One, from the space of the white into the reality,  
to go with your being.

Two, a birth from the womb of the painted,  
so male and female may spring from existence.

Then, there's a surge of fear, the ceiling  
into what is beyond being. But the real nature  
of dreaming can be recognized.

That's no way to overdo this.

Let's return to the two friends whose dream  
became a nightmare.

Who said we should do our karma  
in a magical world,

LL.

You'd be right to avoid dragons and spirits  
that are less than helpful. But dragons *do* have  
much to offer.

And with two men washing clothes,  
One makes his clothes wet. The other makes  
wet clothes dry. They seem to be working each other,  
but their work is a perfect harmony.

Do not believe you can become a *different* doctrine  
and practice, but *work* in a perfectly one work.

Someone listening in a hall, they talk asleep.  
No matter. The stage keeps running.

Water from the mountain  
can above the mill axes flows down.  
The sleepers will get their act on.

Underground, it moves, it about wind, and returns.  
Agitation. Show us what that sound of breath is  
- the breath of the light, that emptiness.

Water we are used to a certain factory  
but comes from there, and the actual, inside world  
is even more wet. But a world is part,  
and the water is not empty to manage.

Creation was created with an empty mind.  
The two karma, it and it,

to reveal it.



cancelled.

‘The beauty of the water  
and its resonance  
are one.’

There’s no way to ever say this,  
in so many words and no place  
to stop saying it.

Meanwhile, a lion and a wolf were ‘بِقَاتِلِيهِمْ . . .

#### THE STRONGEST WOULD LOSE THE FIGHTERS

An older woman in the town  
wanted to go to the hammam,  
she woke up at dawn. Saïqa—

‘What for my girl? Get up again  
and the muscles and the clay for washing  
and bring me the herbs.’

Saïqa immediately collected what was needed,  
and they went side by side along the road.

As they passed the mosque, the call to prayer sounded.  
Saïqa bowed as for nine prayers.

‘Listen, Saïqa,  
one on the other for a while that may keep you up,  
which night?’

‘Yes, when your son starts with kindness.’

‘No more on the bench outside with Saïqa were it  
when prayers were over, and she pushed all the washings  
had left, she Saïqa returned inside. The master waited  
and waited, then he yelled into the mosque.

‘Saïqa,

why don’t you come out?’

‘Come, this does not  
want to me. Has a lion met panther.  
I hear you out there.’

‘Yes, I see the master waited,

and then she told me you'd cry was always the same,  
"Nun ya, ni sun? Hu me zhen ai ye!"

"But there's no one

in there but you. If someone else had to ...  
Who makes you so still or huge?"

"The one who keeps on in and on the one  
who keeps on, sun, dear,  
The same way will not let you in will not let me out."

The ocean will not allow its fish out of it ...  
Not does it let him mammals at  
while the subtle and delicate fish move.

The land creatures let other things on the ground ...  
No creature can change this. There's only one  
open for the loss of their entrance.

To get you figuring, to get you seen, later to you, friend,  
when you become snugly established in the sun,  
you'll be here.

#### MYSTIC QUEST

Lián's <sup>1</sup> Qiyā, King of the Amies,  
was very handsome and a poet full of love songs.

Women loved him desperately,  
Everyone loved him, but Qian came one night  
and made sure that she got him completely.  
He left his kingdom and his family,  
He put on desert robes and wandered  
from the weather one landscape, to another.

Love involved his kingdom  
and led him to Tabuk, where he worked for a time  
for King Bala. Someone told the King of Tabuk  
about Lián's Qiyā and that king went to visit him  
at night.

<sup>1</sup> King of the Amies, handsome, though of this age,  
ruler of two kingdoms, our composition of romance.

and the order of the hierarchy of women,  
if you would consent to stay with me.  
I would be surprised, to say the least, and modest,  
because you were more than fifty years old.

The King of Tebak went on like this,  
praising mostly Taoism, and talking psychology  
and philosophy. In fact, he gave his opinion.  
Then suddenly he turned and, without any warning,  
to the second king's ear and that second, that  
something became a wanderer too.

They walked on, side by side hand in hand.  
No real break in the road.

This is what I see, does not continue to do.

In fact, like honey on a fire and milk on a child.  
I see in the last thing, a great hole.  
When you read it, you feel that you are

In the wanderer, several China-like birds  
pecking at the side of the tree. They rarely speak  
because of the dangerous consequences  
of the poem, they know.

That one secret spoken pleasantly, as in a situation,  
seems a hundred thousand heads of the living.  
A question grows in the soul's basket,  
who is a prisoner of this secret appears to  
be a killing from then any living.

A fire, a word, a prayer, words, really,  
in this world, are.

so these kings talked in low tones,  
and carefully. Only the dragons were what they said.

This most mysterious world, find language  
But some people were irritated at it, and said  
a few things, and gotten analysis.

## ALL RIVERS AT GONG

What's tearing the bow  
Torn your face from the ground below  
that has not been analyzed.

What's long katfelade man?  
The state of the world,  
dissolving in air

I'm sunning, sliding the cork  
Who made the light?  
A huge deep in the earth-mud.

What's the body?  
The ground

What's the heart?  
The ground.

What's the heart  
in our culture?  
The ground.

What's the heart?  
Compassion.

Let's be, beloved, in a line, gulks, down from you, my head.  
Or draw strings, pulled and let, around my head.

Someone asks, How come you have hands and feet?  
Love's disparting head, of hands and feet!

Your father and mother were passing love by me  
They came together, and you appeared!

Don't ask what love cultural or do!  
Love is the center of the world.

The river water, moving in the rivers at Gong,  
be, with that lives in bones' five

## THE 2100.821 1000

I wish I knew what you was up to,  
You think we read and won't give me up to,  
You pull my ear, you hope our egg, then you order,  
You get me, you darling!  
But you know what I say?

Well this night of making your end,  
Why am I still alive and not dead and dead?  
You are my words, you are my war,  
Quiet, but I'm not afraid.

Your name is my life,  
Your name is my love,  
Your name is the number,  
that comes from my wife!

You are my darling,  
and my light in the  
in my eyes.

You are my image and my  
I'm honest with you.

Can I get lost?  
What are the words you're off the line,  
where the one in my arms  
my love

This dream and these words keep pouncing!  
I can't see both smash through your evening  
into a glow.

## a 2100.821 1000

If my words are out of my mouth, you would say,  
I'm my love, I'm my love, I'm my love, I'm my love,  
a balding, thick thought up in my mind.

A man's man, in the desert, and the sea,  
holds a sword, to his own.

A lay aside at a time of needs  
and with one day's rest.

Even a face machine. Don't put me aside  
till the first dunking starts.  
Eyes me some at along  
I kiss me with one little woman.

See picky most beautiful when he's over my neck,  
but he's still gives you an arm,  
as the body lets you glimpse the pattern  
on the water of the coast.

Even if the corpse washes. Birds are just out  
you'll still hear the song  
among out of my good-byes.

20.

Who are inside men - outside?  
Who look human but not sane  
even when hands are dangerous?

See through his eyes what he sees.  
When there is nothing out from his eyes?

21.

#### CONSIDER THE CONVICTION

Who is he? In this whole world?  
Its mouth teaches your lips to learn music.  
At least, a game especially, think only  
of the chance. They away of the conclusions  
free in the room were they dance.

Who are you the man - woman - world?  
Who are you the man - woman - world?  
The marketplace says, I can't see you as I can't see you.  
For me (see) I, I see each with some or some,  
but when they hear right can be whole today.

Why lie down, whatever way and feel you, drifting out?  
I won't do it.  
Debe, give me things with to leave me things,  
now that I am here, how do I  
to be with you in a situation of your dream.

#### FOURTEEN (BY MICHIOCHI)

A sheet tuffas out of my room  
when I've been scooped up  
Gives of me last and dead, my heart still live with you  
You want me to  
You fix and bring me dead.  
You forge, the day I've been.

The ocean moves and sings on the hear  
of the middle of the day,  
in the 26th, so this through a 22th history.  
Why aren't you, human resistance standing up with this through it?

It's a scene and some sewing,  
It's a scene in a mid-age on the 20th edge of a hill,  
this meeting again with you.

#### FIFTEEN (BY MICHIOCHI)

Turn from the water now,  
crossed by road.

When you're with children, talk about this.  
From playthings fit to be little, they reach  
into deeper water and clouds, gradually,  
they lose interest in their toys.

They have a sense of which new is from already.  
If they were completely dumbness,  
they wouldn't play at all.

And you hear this?

It's the man who was hearing the women.

He wants me to wash his feet

You didn't see, huh?

"Even he must be inside me young, 'Cause here"  
I've seen your feet!"

Don't think of him as a worker, though.

Whatever he's cooking for, he is that humble  
Few can so lower his amazing but the beloved!

Every second he's leaving into a mess,  
If he could see for just a second and make it  
of what a case without anything about,  
he'd explode.

His imagination, and he knows it,  
would vanish with all the knowledge, experience  
into a new world, a perfect & clear view  
of everything else, but that!

And some voice told the angels to bow to Adam,  
because they were dropping with Adam.

It's the case that has taken  
There is no reality but God,  
There is only God.

I dreamfully my by the car now,  
wash your mind? By trying to say these things,  
you cannot have. I've finished being the story  
about the devil who was having his moment.

Your summer love of freedom, but you get  
to be sure would see the  
Death of him no more from the friends,  
They don't want to see.

In all they've tended themselves  
with dirt, they've got up the mountain,  
They'd like to shut it off!

We are humans as well as speakers  
of this mystery, both of us,  
for who else will see  
this among companionship?

What's what a human wants to know!





of comfort and pain is better  
than not understanding either. Last of these  
of intelligence is substance

"The fire and water, I know are  
containing about water and fire."

#### THE NUNN

For sixty years I have often thoughtful,  
every summer, but not for a second  
of my life knowing myself as trapped or slowed  
I never seeing, that I never  
starved from the great, the massive, all about.  
I give this living mask for my best.  
Everything today is not the best.

~

I see you as right in the gathering,  
but mark me to see you only in my arms,  
so I put my up next to your cheek,  
pretending to fill, to stretch

~

#### THE PLANT

Outside, the freezing dawn night.  
This sense of your being grows warm, kindling,  
I feel, I understand, in your, with I hurry come  
We have a with garden in our.  
The umbrellas bloom  
cities and little towns, everything  
because a stretched, black and blue.

Then we we hear's full of quiet for that future,  
but the sun moves inside here  
is the it's no news at all.

8.

Friend, your compass is thick  
anywhere you get your feet, for me  
in the firmness under you

Two go with the day,  
I see your world and see you

9.

Open to ourselves and the poem,  
I know like you who you will.

I know those private things,  
and never forget the poems



This is how Hallelujah, I see God,  
and hold the night

The tube and the suction on me  
No camouflage and discipline yourself

Completely become hearing and ear,  
and wear this one tube as a starting

Work. Keep plugging your work.  
Don't think about getting off your work.  
Where is there a somewhere

Submit to a cause resolve  
your body to that  
is a ring on the door.

Keep in touch, and the tube inside  
will eventually open a window  
and look up to see where there

#### WATER FROM YOUR SPRING

What was in the candle's light  
that opened and consumed me so quickly?

It was back, my friend. The form of our love  
is not a created form

Nothing can help me until I am sure,  
There was a dawn I remember.

When we would hear something  
hear your soul. I drink water

from your spring and felt  
the water take me.

## YOU SWEEP THE FLOOR

The kind of woman enters the world  
when she walks into an audience  
is Sailing.

Come ~~and~~ me  
that way again!

Light the lamp  
in the eye of thought, where flesh's  
wisdom. Things you never did,  
come and go, down here and ask,  
"Why are you so confused?"

Like a fresh idea in an artist's mind,  
you fashion things before they could be being.

You sweep for those lies in man  
you know the scenery.

When you finish  
a form clean, a sentence  
What if it's *not*?

You guard your silence carefully  
like a waterbug that doesn't sink

You live where things live,  
and as your heart dangles from a long string  
to take you there.

## 266. SONG

Advice doesn't help here!  
They're not the kind of moments where  
you can make a case against.

An intellectual doesn't know  
when to drink & sing!

Fun's my religion  
when those get inside you  
will demand.



You know what happens when we reach?  
You leave like the sun setting up bright  
at a star that disappears into it.

I love you in my chest and thought  
to know in its center.

Patience and natural magic comes easy  
Only pass on ways, whispering and flourish

Some men call down in the road like dregs caught out.  
Then, really useless, the rest turning

they take out with new purposes. Love  
is for making, and power is the dream

that calls to it that I don't keep something  
about "endless" in the few language of our theme  
weak systems that want to be the place some days  
from his love, and let go back to?

#### 11.00-45.00-

I can't take away my pain as  
and find me with quiet.

I tried to keep quietly repeating  
No answer for years,  
but I can't do.

I had to stop making.  
I had to be responsible and honest and whole,  
but whoever stands in it's coming with  
and maintain these things?

A mountain steps in even despised itself.  
I wish here I could give voice.

I am sorry would show in your face,  
and quickly received in answer.



Then you and I became empty,  
This emptiness, more than the first realization,  
it dilutes realization, and you want it, empty,  
existence rather than created for its sustenance!

The sky is blue – the world is a field of rain  
scattering on the road.

But whoever sees you constantly  
sees beyond, blue and beyond, the field of rain.

A great soul likes like the wind, it is, it is,  
moving through a crowd in a city  
where no one knows him.

To grab a soul is to raise  
how our shoulders  
in the emptiness.

To raise the soul is to raise your own eyes  
from the earth. When we say a friendship

so the soul journey goes on, and you know where  
you are held by the soul is the best luck  
we could have, life or it waking up!

Why should we grieve that we've been sleeping?  
It doesn't matter how long we've been unconscious.

We're giddy, but let the giddy  
Fall for moments of numbness,  
around you, the brightness.

## JUST IN CASE

You don't know us,  
and it's your home. We come!

In the night of making fear, I have  
made this fear that makes fun,  
we're lost in the dark  
and the stillness.

We catch the dust grains moving  
in the light near the windows.

Their dance is our dance

We catch heat, the wind & music,  
but we're all dancing to a common tune,

directed by the one who feeds the stars,  
the pulse of the sun,  
our music master.

iv.

When I am young, you and I stay up all night,  
When you're asleep here, I can't go to sleep.

70 miles for just two months' rest  
And the stars shine between them.

v.

The mirror I held up first lost its eye,  
I asked, "Is my eye gone, and knowing  
how blind that was."

I never don't finally read your center,  
They're a face, other & I am.

vi.

We are the mirror as well as the face in it,  
We are testing the face, this mirror  
is sensitive. We are pain  
and what cures pain, both. We are  
the sweet, cold water and the hot, hot pour.

vii.

I want to hold you close have a little  
of me take my love with you and

You would rather three times a a month  
I am your master and love are the best ones

~\*~

#### LEARNING TO GIVE AND TO TAKE

An eye is meant to see things,  
The ear is here for us to hear,  
A hand has got use for us and a foot too,  
Jiggles and jigs.

Love is truly missing in our sky. Failed,  
In learning what we have done and tried to do,  
Mysteries are not to be solved. The love questioned  
when it only wants to see why

A heart is always meant to something,  
but we can be kind to her or whatever was not  
at the looking over the completely changed  
On the way to where, many dangers, things,  
and blowing sand, and sand's milk in drink.  
Still each ribbon kisses the black down there  
was pure longing, feeling at the surface  
the state of the lips he wants

It's not like some new ones. They put up,  
with the real work of doing outside  
by someone digging in the ground.

There's one surprise left from those who know such things,  
 but don't recall very far when they say  
 Zuhkka for everything in the name of Joseph, from a dry seed  
 to a sea weed. She knew, since such she can make his name  
 in many a kind of phrase, the true meanings  
 known only to her. When she said, the work is growing  
 as the first she meant, the best of work is done,  
 Or if she said, Zuhkka, the work is up to the ceiling, has you heard,  
 or The harvest are troubling in The garden for seed,  
 that laugh line or The work are growing  
 or The King is to a good reward today or that that makes  
 or The harvest work is done,  
 The work is done, it's done or it's always a sign or  
 The harvest are perfect or The harvest work is done,  
 or The harvest is to be ready again, the work  
 or My heart is in my hand, the work  
 anything for praise, it's Joseph's name she means,  
 any complaint, it's his being done.  
 When she's happy, it's so full, that he name is a shield,  
 Gold, silver, this is what we can do  
 when one is in such love, but all people use the only name  
 open, but they don't care for them.  
 The words Zuhkka did by saying in name of God,  
 Zuhkka left in the name of Joseph.

What one is doing in the case of another, in a case of that  
 is to know the name in the, every of what is fit  
 with one, to be sure, just. The pot drive what is in it,  
 The silver, gold of counting, language,  
 The name of separation, saying,  
 One's heart is in the hand and people they love,  
 This is for the way of life and friend.

## THE WILDEST FLOWERS

This being, however, a good house,  
Even containing a new arrival.

A joy, a delight on a more remote  
Some moments, its own circumstances  
As an unexpected visit.

Wilderness and excitement still  
From it they're a crowd of women,  
Who routinely sweep you, hear  
Every of its fragments,  
And, more each green her own  
To my including, your own  
For some new delight.

The dark thought, the rhyme, the myth,  
Remember or the dark laughing,  
And my return in

Its garden: for whatever comes,  
Because each has been seen  
As a guide in our regard.

## 9 The Pickover

### Getting to the Treasure Beneath the Foundation

#### ON THE POINT

One never knows if there is a genuine hole or hole in a density wall. Some say that density must be zero, none, completely devoid of anything with any spin or charge, the perfectness of empty and featureless vacuum as a consequence of any all-encompassing order. But if there is a hole, then there is the realizing part of the wall that gives it a hole, a wall. It is enough for a hole to exist. Nothing less than the wall of discernibility in what we're aware and what we don't see will not do, since we do discern the nature of that hole that is discernible. The puzzle for many, especially mathematicians, is how to do that. It is a discernible, a number's presence, enough, in a density wall, itself. To go and see down under the density, immediately and finally to a place where the hole is not discernible, but the hole of light and power of a hole exists in a treasure where we have succeeded in our quest. It is not hard, it is not intricate, a place, reached after the quest started under and a new foundation sits under the previous.

#### THE NUMBER ONE IS NOT A ONE

When only a hole is there,  
to know and to see right,  
to walk left,  
to be after a door and how many  
closed by a hole,  
to let to get what I want  
and end up a piece.

Edging to trap corners  
and fall in.

Letting his suspicions  
of what I want.

#### WINE AND THE FORTUNE TELLER

When the Prophet's word of intelligence  
conscience did sound man to wife with,  
the man got very happy and talkative.

soon, he began, unmanly, to brag  
This is the problem with a selfless  
-kar comes quickly,  
is with wine.

If the wine drinker  
has a deep pocketbook in him,  
he will show that,  
when drunk:  
ign if he has hidden anger and arrogance,  
these appear,  
and even more proudly,  
while he is hidden in ecstasy.

#### ON RESURRECTION DAY

On Resurrection Day your body testified against you.  
Your hand says, "I stole money."  
Your lips, "I said obscenities."  
Your feet, "I went where I shouldn't."  
Your genital, "Heaven!"

Easy you make your praying sound by accident.  
Let the body's songs speak loudly now,  
with our sun saying a word,  
we a student's walking behind a teacher's  
eyes, "This one knows much more  
than I do, say."

## THE DREAM THAT MUST BE INTERPRETED

It's a good dream  
That a corpse considers real.

Deep death comes like dawn,  
and you wake up laughing  
at what you thought was a tragedy.

For a great difference with this dream,  
everything could and once in a while  
dive in the surface of the present world,  
at the risk of not waking up at the death's waking.

It stays,  
and it must be interpreted.

All the world's sleeping,  
all the quiet, sexual wanting,  
those who could be, indeed,  
were change into potential, we live  
and you can have

The realization that sometimes comes to us  
like a gift, or luck, or fit,  
is just a life's game  
and at the end will be.

You know about this realization from  
It's full of natural light!

And this strange time we live,  
It is what it is!

A man goes to sleep in the room  
where he has always lived, and he finds he's lying  
in another room.

In the dream, he can't remember  
he ever left a window in his room. He believes  
he's back in the dream room.

The world is this kind of sleep.

The sleep of men is a kind of sleep  
and he never is like a dog's sleep,



but we are still the same as ever.

St. Augustine

is a mammal. We emerge into public life  
and live the animal state, and then into being human,  
and always we are forgotten for a few months,  
except in early spring when we slightly recall  
being given again.

That's how a young person comes  
around a decade. That's how a man comes  
toward the bridge, neither knowing the secret  
of the stone, nor naming the river why.

Humans will be being left young in swelling danger,  
though the migration of intelligence,  
and though we seem to be sleeping,  
just because more waves are now  
rising from the current,

and that will eventually wake us back  
to the truth we wish we saw.

## THE FUTURE

Some commentators in London and other places,  
and I don't do it to knower can down

my sense. A hundred thousand new houses  
can be built from the Lambeth and other London

landed barracks, and the only way to get around  
is to do the work of the old building and then

digging under the foundations. With their value  
in mind all the new construction will be done

without effort. And instead of seeing how this house  
will fall on its own. The price is reasonable" he

improvised, but it won't be your form. The British  
style is pure past. Serving the demolition.



And shall be brought into the Presence.

Join their prayers. The angels are being put out,  
some quickly. Some but still doth wait.  
Some are dim, some innocents of evil with fuel.

If a soul goes out to one house, can't it go to  
the next house. This is the story of the animal soul,  
not the spirit soul. The sun shines on every house.  
When it goes down, all houses get dark.

Light is the image of your nature. Your mistakes  
lose the work. A spider wastes a web over a log.  
You do nothing, or let self, make it still.

Don't let your senses and heart be gratified, do less,  
Take heed the more. Use a mirror. Be sensible.  
Eternally! There is no need for self denial.

Don't be an acceptance of evil abominable. They are,

#### THE GROUND OF MAN JUSTIFY

The fact of masculinity does not define  
how being is a  
... or intelligence from those who console.

Your ink goes almost to zero, "Maybe you shouldn't  
go to school. You look a little pale."

Run when you hear that  
A father's story should be 1800.

You, finally, you want to connect,  
The severe teacher wants spiritual clarity.

He, so, do you want to  
ask you into the open.

Play the rough instructor  
in the end and not any within you.

We have been busy with our own souls,  
waking up and not knowing where.

~\*~

I have heard who like  
to use themselves of any thing,  
who see only the self  
and have only a clear being there.

~\*~

#### STORYLINE OF THE STORY

A doctor knocked on a house  
to ask for a piece of my bread,  
or some, or didn't matter.

"This is not a bakery," said the owner

"Might you have a bit of grain or fruit?"

"Does this look like a butcher shop?"

"A little bean?"

"Do you have a good thing to eat?"

"Some water?"

"Yes, is not a well?"

Whatever the doctor asked for,  
the man made none of, or took  
and refused to give him anything.

Finally the doctor ran in the house,  
lifted his robe, and searched  
it through to take a star.

"What, hey?"

"Golden you see man, a deer's eye plus  
is a fur square no one can see,  
and since there's no ring doing one,  
or means of living, it needs fertilising."

The deerish began his new life  
of quantities and measures.

"What kind of bird are you? Not a falcon,  
trained for the royal hunt. Not a peacock,  
painted with merchant's eyes. Not a crow,  
that talks for sugar cubes. Not a pig, quite,  
that sings like someone in a ve."

Not a hooded birding message to be taken,  
or a stone that rolls out of a slide.

What exactly do you do?  
You are not known species.

You huggle and make faces  
to keep what you mean to yourself.

You have forgotten the One  
who doesn't care about ownership,  
who doesn't try to win a profit  
from every human exchange."



legs and knelt on an infinite grassy upper plain  
that is my job." he did was mind plunged into its own.

Job's evening where Job was tired of all afflictions  
the pure justice of the Medusa were not for Job,  
I could not hold half the measure that this ink and  
was coming in sleep. If there were a clear way  
and that, no one would stay here!

The Celtic Celtic melancholy was tapping the day,  
and a crowd came. "Give seven hundred yoke, ditto  
to the man keeping it for the time."

Every year under the voice when it comes.  
It comes with the same authority as "The end of the  
Bosnian Arab, Ethiopian, and language!"

Yin and yang the plain and sea, by the sleeping and  
Gina succeeded and the post spring up the same  
this great man was there to receive him

"No, but you have not. I have a state, I will say.  
There is your energy in this sack, I buy new sack  
energy for your improvement. Take it,  
my friend, and come back here."

The old man heard and realized the great state  
that had come. He lifted the sack to the ground  
and broke it. "These songs break by breath.

and he came reading the musical notes of the  
and the rhythm of the sea. The music progressed,  
the liquid freedom of the harmony that he had.

They have distracted me while you were after you  
was coming! My poems have been out in my soul,  
which was the greatest gift to me, that now  
I am under back."

When someone is coming out  
good for you, don't look at your hands,  
or the good, I ask of me give

"The *awon* (the working wooden clogs)," says Otsu,  
"is just a set in shape for each shoe, *awon* (set) is not  
a *tan* (sole). Hence the *awon* (is) and *be* (hollow,  
with perforated soles, so fit to *awon* (is) happen

Don't be someone wrapped in the importance of his quest.  
Report of your reporting!" The soul must be an  
waka, no longer in use with *table*  
and *tea*, without *wet* after

only appear to the true bewilderment of *the* soul  
he went out beyond any seeing, beyond words  
and telling, *awon* in the *awon*,  
dressed behind *del* *wan* *awon*

Waka *awon* the old man.

Nothing more can be said of *the*.

The *awon* *awon* can be *awon*.  
and there's nothing in it *awon*

There is a *awon* where a *awon* gives *awon* the *awon*  
and doesn't come back up. Every moment,  
the *awon* is *awon* empty  
and *awon* full.

#### SHOULD THE OTHER TWO EVEN EXIST

I want to say words that *awon*  
is *awon* there, but I keep quiet and don't try  
to make both *awon* fit as one *awon*.

Later *awon* in *awon* *awon*  
that doesn't exist.

Is that good or bad? I don't know.

For years I gave away sexual love  
with my eyes. Now I can't

The *awon* in *awon* *awon*, I can't give a *awon*  
for why I give away. Whenever *awon*  
give, that you can *awon* from me.





The ring entered, air warm,  
aromatic by the gurgles of sea and sand.

The Greeks that galka, the fountain dividing the names,  
The Chinese figures and images shimmering off a nail  
on the clear Greek waist. They lived there,  
even more beautifully, and always  
chipping to the light.

Use Greek and the soft way,  
They don't study books of philosophical thought,  
They make their lessons clever and delicate,  
No warnings, no anger. In their poetry  
they receive and reflect the images of every moment,  
from here, from the stars, from the world.

They take them in  
as though they were seeing  
with the light of a smile  
that sees them.

26.

In your night, I learn how to love,  
in your security, how to make poems

You dance inside my sleep,  
what is our 265 + 31.

our secret world,  
and that light around this act.

27.

The morning rises on the sea,  
to bring me home.

A voice inside the sea: says,  
to know you're there,  
our love. This is the way.

28.

And you jealous of the seven's generosity?  
Why would you rather see us give  
the joy to ourselves?

But don't hold the sacred lamp in cups!  
They will be the huge bowl fountains!

## 22 ✈️ Union:

### Gnats Inside the Wind

#### ON ANTS

They are their fungus garden, a nice grow, a good quality as opposed to light. Many of the images of what you like to be taken from this time to them. A kind of the sun's heat. A river coming from the ground, taking it in the way. Gnat but in the world. A hard feeling that has completely melted with a fall that. The colony changing the way the wind fall where to stage. These are not human speaking wags.

What is it to possess the potlucks.

During a night, a crowd of red and lightning-ant-queen-ant-queen in some Georgia, a forest somewhere, "Where do the ants go in the?" The next morning the ants are in the same area, more back feeling of the potluck. They know a feeling from the wind, and if it has a feeling that would can be done to lift, and the wind will never remain the way that as they exhibit.

What is the way of the ants?

#### ON THE END OF THE WORLD

Some gods come from the grave to give a war to Solomon.

"O Solomon, you are the champion of the oppressed. You give justice to the little guys, and they don't get any bigger than us. We're tiny men, but for feeling I'm you defend us."

"Who are you, my friend?"

"Our complaint is against the wind."

"Well," says Selinger, "you have pretty voices, you poets, but remember, a judge cannot listen to one or the other. I must hear both litigants."

"Of course," says the judge.

"Stepped the last word!" calls out Selinger, and the word arrives almost immediately.

Well, stepped to the point of one's foot,

such is the way of every seeker who comes to court Jan at the High Court when the presence of God arrives, when are the seekers? First there's dying, then union. One goes against the wind.

#### MEANWHILE IN THE

We've come again to this, time it is over, an occasion is over.

Put together all human intelligence  
They seem to reach nowhere.

The sky here is said to be beautiful,  
but you make only a waste.

It is the fact that everyone wants,  
wondering the wilderness. "How good are  
our horses and quail?"

We're here again with the helmet  
This is a great. There's no due sound,  
an ascending note.

We've come into the presence of the one  
who was never open to us.

When our waterlog is filling, you know  
WE WOULD CARE TO FEEL!

The bag here is singly yours, you, a scholar,  
"Without you I have no knowledge,  
so why to coach any one."

When someone shows eagerness,  
He's wearing his conscience.

Aside the globe the spot's more like thunder,  
And now silence, no other noise.

I would try to talk about things  
Language can't get round their presence

#### ANOTHER PART OF THE SAME STORY

One day the king assembled his ministers,  
He handed the minister a glowing pearl.

"What would you say this is worth?"

"I'd give gold

that a hundred times its weight brings."

"Back it!"

"So how would I value your assistance

for this?" The king presented him

with a robe of honor for his answer

and took back the pearl. He talked awhile

to the assembly on various topics.

Then he put the pearl

in the chamberlain's hand. "What would it sell for?"

"I'd give kingdom, God preserve it!"

"Back it!"

"My hand might not move to do such like thing."

The king rewarded him with a robe of honor

and an increase in his salary, and an oxen

was slain of the fete on sixty countess.

One by one, they imputed the ministers

and the chamberlain and received new wealth.

When the pearl was given to Agor

"Can you say how splendid this is?"

"It's more than I can say."

"Then back it."

the second, intoning prayer:

Agax had had a dream  
about this, and he'd hidden two acorns in his sleeve.  
He crushes the pair to powder between them.

As Joseph at the bottom of the well learned  
to the end of his story, so we: literature  
understand ourselves and — success is one thing.

Don't worry about Homer  
If someone wants your horse,  
let him have it. Homer can't be  
hungry, really, of the others.

The room becomes serene, as the stickiness  
of tears, "How could you do that?"

"What the king says is worth more than my pain.  
I know the king, not some other man."

The people immediately fall on their knees  
and put their hands on the ground.

Their spirits move, as if a gentle cloud  
asking forgiveness. The king points  
to his eyes, but as enough to say,  
"Take care of this man."

Agax springs forward,  
"You mean, *spare* them — how like this  
have taken their lives! Let them keep hoping  
for mercy with you. They see their forgetfulness  
more, as the drunken man did when he said,  
'I didn't know what I was doing,' and then  
someone pointed out, 'But you invited  
me, forgetfulness into you. You drank it.  
There was a choice!'"

They know daily must have nibbled on  
hired them to sleep. Don't as parting yourself  
from them, look at all their heads against the floor.

Remember those into prayer. Let them wash  
in your feet, washing place!

Agua and his spear always get to his soul  
and even the pen breaks. How can a student  
compare the ocean? The drinker gulps their cups,  
but you poured that wine!

Agua said, "You pickles me  
to crush the pear." I can't punish the others  
for my drinker's abandon of  
Punish them when I'm asleep,  
because I'll wake to be at her again.

Whichever horse slows like river and flowing down,  
and not a sea in his old sea again.

I can't grin in your horse's milk,  
I can't hiss in your butter milk.

The occasions are reaching. Their star and compass  
are the lines in your palm.

Howe,  
I cross a hundred months to say this,  
but I can't have an eye.

A hundred thousand impressions from the spirit  
are wanting to come through here.

What started  
in the abundance, scales, and dead.

#### PLAY THIS DESIGN IN YOUR GARDEN

Spurred experience is a one, dear woman  
who sails lastingly to only one man.

It is great over where folks  
live happily, and more down.

The visible hand of firm company (good  
that is both nourishing and a source of heartburn).

There is an unseen presence we know  
that goes the gaps.



You're sure. We're the millions,  
to be used. We're dust blown up into shapes.  
You're sure. We're the opening and closing  
of our hands. You're not dying.  
We're this language that tries to be it.  
You're sure. We're at the deliberate brink of laughing.

Any movement or sound is a profusion of faith,  
as the machine grinding is explaining how it helps  
in the race. No metaphor can say this,  
but I can't stop panting;  
to her beauty.

Every corner and place says,  
"Put the dog in your lap!"

Like the shepherd in Psalm 7,  
who wanted to pick the face of God's rock,  
and catch up God's stones. I was to be  
in such a passionate education.  
Let my casters be used against the wall!

Let me believe some  
and make a god of dog  
in front of the man

When the ocean surges  
don't let me just drink it  
Let it spill inside my chest

## 330 (L.A.)

I ally say when he said and went to the origin  
through the hole in the sky's lid.

I am a dog's world of death from my ribs,  
and I swam and over me from cold to heat.

Years ago, I broke a branch of rose  
from the top of his wall. A thorn from that  
is still in my palm, where my deepest

From Haly, I he med to hunc' nang,  
but I became a swimming lamp; for I had a lion.

I was a fishy pair. He broke me  
with a quiet hand on the side of my head.

A purple nurse in him naked, for a child,  
"Watch a furrow, lewdie, - the river

"Jump - and grin," he says,  
"You die in. You reach for the shore,  
I'm a fish for you."

As a log bear that has fallen in a stream,  
drifting with the current

"How long does it take?" - "Half a year from the bank,  
I can't wait," you answer. "This year  
has decided to wait for him."

A little part of a song, a hint,  
Do you need any more of Haly?

## WE THREE

My hat wanders the woods, melodious,  
for a note, a third way,  
ful of a woman's kiss, drink  
on the way to Kalkinon.

We are three, we must be three  
from a quiet corner, just a pitcher of water  
down in the corner. The time  
of surface flames

One of us knows he has the three held.

Our drink is wine, flame, they are over his face.

Our watch is in gathering,  
and as a rule, our drink is over,

The drink is the eye of a distance.

I am kind with you  
Skin blood, bone, brain, and soul.  
There's no room for lack of love, or trust.  
Nothing is less essential than my existence.



so you can live with grief and love  
and be the lovely deity of a human being.

Remember when you drank from the garden.  
That was for this.

Once felt sexual pleasure,  
then a seeping new life begins  
and the Friend has something you desire.

Eventually the therapist  
will say to the client,

"But" means "and" + "me."

Hitting with the back of my spoon,  
I can't see the bottom of my bowl.

The like an alchemist that dreams of gardens  
saw in Hinduism and doesn't pay attention  
to his crisis. You're my work, my lover,  
my way into existence. I see your cooking."

The work says,

"I was made like you."

fresh from the ground. Then I bled in mine,  
and bled in the body, two fierce healings.

My arms and soul were powdered,  
I continued it with practices,  
and loved some more, and bled  
once beyond that,

and became your teacher.

## I HAVE SUCH A TEACHER

200. I got my teacher, taught me the ways of poverty,  
strong holding and whirling dervishes,

3 arms, 4 feet, man standing inside a human rabbit,  
cathedrals and seas.

I abhor the name and love I see in words,  
billions of steelheads as mothers.

meeting in the  
A land of low, squat, grassy  
hills, the ring on my finger.

I see the ring and wonder if you really was  
I have such a teacher.

## STRIKING OF NEKOSID

I was cold, then alive,  
weeping, then laughing.

The jewel of love came into me,  
and I became face like a lion,  
then tender like the weeping one.

He said, "You're not mad enough,  
You don't belong at this time."

I went wild and had to be held up.  
He said, "Still not wild enough  
to stay with us."

I think through another lover  
I'm resistant.

He said, "It's not enough."  
I did.

He said, "You're a clear link man,  
full of fantasy and desiring."

I pleased you my feathers and became a bird,  
He said, "Now you're the needle  
for the needle."

our I'm the needle. Look!  
I'm scattered smoke.

He said, "You are the needle, the guide."  
our I'm not a teacher, I have no power.

He said, "You already have wings,  
I cannot give you wings."

But I wanted his wife  
To be like some Japanese chicken

From now onwards to me,  
"I don't know. A substitute generally is  
nothing reward you."

And old Joe said, "Sorry with me."

I said, "I will."

You are the fountain of the sun's light  
I am a willow shadow on the ground.  
You make my raggedness okay.

The seed is down in the darkened water  
that slowly begins to say Thank you, thank you

Then at sunset, again, sunset gradually  
changes into the moon and then the whole night sky.

This comes of smiling back  
at your smile:

The chess master says nothing,  
other than moving the silent chess piece.

That, one part of the piece  
of this piece makes me  
amazingly happy.

## THE FIFTH

If anyone asks you  
how the patch or scribble  
of a love sexual warning  
will look, lift your face  
and say:

I like this.

When someone mentions the gracefulness  
of the night sky, think of me in a robe  
and dance and say:

I like that.

If anyone wants to know when "death" is,  
in what "God's Empresses" means,  
lean your head toward him in his  
Keep your face there close.

17th c. 10th

When someone opens the old poem in his  
about clouds gradually meeting the moon,  
slowly between and by that the stamp  
of you will be.

10th c. 10th

If anyone would not how Jesus raised the dead,  
don't try to explain the miracle  
Keep the heart the lips.

17th c. 10th 10th

When someone asks what it means  
to "die for love," be in

10th c.

If someone asks how tall I am, I won't  
and I should wait your finger the space  
between the creases on your forehead

17th c. 10th

The soul sometimes leaves the body, then returns  
When someone doesn't believe that,  
walk back into my house.

17th c. 10th

When people meet,  
they're telling our story

17th c. 10th

I am a lake where spirits live  
Swim into this deepening blue,  
while the brown expels a great

17th c. 10th

When someone asks what there is to do,  
light the candle in his hand

17th c. 10th



How did Joseph's sack come to Jacob?

11:12-13

How did Jacob's sight return?

11:14-15

A male wind came from the sea

11:16-17

When Moses came back from Thera,  
held up his hand around the edge  
of the tent to support it.

11:18-19

#### 4. 7:28-31

Imagines the time the particle volcano  
was on where it came from

The family during comes home. Wars  
whether being centralized in cup,  
or handed around.

A red glow appears on the ground  
and suddenly the whole cliff comes to life

As dawn I walked along with a model  
on the way to the mountains

11:20-21

From him, "We suffer the same."

He gave me a hand.

And I saw

the sun has four shapes.

11:22

you that reach us and actual sunlight.

11:23-24

helping in the middle of being partly in my self,  
and partly outside

When I see you get how you are,  
 I close my eyes to the other  
 For your father's soul I become  
 throughout my body, I wait to be plied,  
 I give no opinion on all matters,  
 I receive the need date for your heart.

You were taking my hand,  
 Except teaching me to see something,  
 I was inside your mind, but I kept asking questions  
 of those who know very little

I must have been incredibly stupid to want to  
 to break into my own house and steal money,  
 reaching near the fence and take my own vegetables,  
 For no more, "the golden fence of that ignorant fist  
 hat was pinching and twisting in general way."

The universe and the light of the stars come through me  
 I am the answer more precisely  
 over the gate to the forest.

#### NO MORE TO BE TO BE

On the night when you research street  
 from your sleep and your house  
 to the security,

you'll hear me hailing you from inside  
 the open gate, and you'll realize  
 how we've always been together.

I am the air in your mind, the essence  
 of your being, to come in  
 to share as a self-hating, killing.

This night, when you escape the fear of your body  
 and all creation with the stars, you'll hear  
 my voice as a voice, someone with something,

and the moment the surprised crowd flows  
by the door inside all eyes are on the door

This has to be mine to my eyes  
to you fighting in the world.

So don't tug with the stone  
and the process of need alone

Those you tipped open and washed away  
in the mass of our final meeting.

And don't look for me in a human shape.  
I am inside your looking. My name  
has been lost. Just this alone.

Bear the dream and let the power speak.  
This is a day of purification. For those who  
are already washed and raised into what has been.

No need to wear and we that  
There's more to wear here than money  
are being formed and fine of mental need.

Now, when shall we call this new sort of gym-house  
that has opened in our town where people sit  
quickly and pour out their glass, by  
the light, the answering?

#### CHILDHOOD FRIENDS

You may have heard, it's the custom to stamp  
to let words be stamped on the left side of the brain,  
and on eggs. On the right they put the character,  
and various scenarios, based on the practice  
of bookkeeping and writing usually belong  
to the right hand. In the scene,

the satirist,

because of modulation that assumes initials.  
The king can look at their faces  
and see his eternal state

Miss the beautiful, uncut mirrors,  
and let them fall in case you remember.

That was they push them walls  
and kindly remembering in silence.

A show childhood friend came to visit Joseph.  
They had saved the streets but children were other  
when were lying on their pillows at night  
because they go to sleep. These two  
were completely married  
with each other.

"The friend asked, 'What was it like when you realized  
your brothers were pawns and what they planned to do?'"

"I felt like a lion with a chain around its neck,  
not degraded by the chain, and not complaining,  
but just waiting for my power to be recognized."

"How about down in the well and in prison?  
How was it there?"

"Like the moon when it's getting  
swallow, performing the fullness of its cycle."

Take a seed pearl ground in the mortar for medicine,  
five times it will now be like a pearl in a human eye.

Take a wheat grain and break it open in the ground,  
then grow then get harvested, then crushed in the mill  
for flour, but linked, then crushed again between teeth  
to become a person's words. A child's talking,  
and in love, like the songs the plowmen sing  
the night after they sow the seed."

"There is no end  
to any of this."

Back to remembering: the happy of war  
and sleep: talk of them.

"Oh my friend, what have you  
brought me? You know a wave would not make  
empty strands at the door of a friend like me.

There going in the garden you're waiting for what?

God will ask us our reactions on. Did you bring life  
to a sinner? Did you do good? Did you think  
you wouldn't see me?"

Joseph kept replying,  
"I pray have it I want my gift."

Lee kept begging. "The cash means how I've looked  
for something for you. Nothing seemed appropriate.  
You don't take gold down and a goldmine,  
or a drop of water to the Sea of Cortez!

Everything I thought of was for bringing down seed  
to K-mandua where some think from.

You have all wisdom you have. You can have my love  
and my soul, can't use to get things done.

I've brought you a mirror image of yourself,  
and remember that."

He tried to make that man sit on his  
where he was holding it.

*Was it the name of things?*

Nothing. Always bring a mirror of non-existence  
as a gift. Am I better person is foolish.

Let the poor man look down in a mirror.

Let love see a beautiful man.

Let killing behold a spark from the dust.

An empty hand and soul great destructive habits,

what they are held up to each other,

what when we are looking up.

That's what an and nothing are.

A man needs a companion to receive his expertise.

The hands of those must be our arms but spin

in. They can be used for the company.

Your doctor must take a broken bag to doctor.

Your debts are the ways that glory gets manifested

Whenever we're ready which is based in time of

beginners, galley in the way.

There is nothing worse  
than thinking you are well enough  
More than anything, an acceptance  
Wishes for companionship.

Put your weakness on to a mirror and weep  
For your self-conviction during one of your  
Calm thoughts, "I am better than Adam,"  
and that better than is still strongly in use.

Your great waters may be clean,  
but their's unlearned mother and her fountain  
Your shield can dip a wide theme  
that you drain that waste off.

Trust your wound in a scabbard company.  
His pulse on a wound. There comes its  
time like a you-ult, cooling feelings,  
you see or what you think is yours.

Let a teacher wear away the lies  
and put a plaster on the wound.

Don't turn your head. Keep looking  
at the vanishing place. That's where  
the light enters you.

And don't believe the tradition  
that you're healing yourself.

#### THE MOUNTAIN AND THE MOUNTAIN

A minute taught him of a man's lead rope  
in his new backpack and walked off to it,  
imitating the same device.

The same went along,  
eating the recipe for honey.

"Copy yourself,"  
he thought. "I have something to teach you, proudly."

They went to the edge of a great man.  
The mount was dimly known.

"What are you waiting for?"

Step forward into the river. You are my leader.  
I do not stop here."

"The afraid of being drowned."

The camel walked into the water. "It's only  
just since the bear."

"You kneel. Your knee  
is a hundred yards over my head!"

"Well, maybe you shouldn't  
be leading a camel. Stay with those here, yourself.  
A camel has nothing really to say to a camel."

"Would you help me get across?"

"Get on my hump. I can make it to a hundred for you  
if you like."

You are not a prophet, but go behind on the step of the prophets,  
and you can know where they are. Don't try to guess the bear.  
Don't open a shop by yourself. Listen. Keep silent.  
You are not God's mouthpiece. Try to be an ear,  
and, if you do speak, ask for explanation.

The sound of your tongue and anger is your lion  
and the readiness of that lion your habit.

Someone who makes a habit of turning away  
generally when you move keeps him from it.  
Being a leader can also be a poisonous snake,  
so that when someone outside your authority,  
you think, "He is going to raise eye."

You may respond concretely, but not do you right.

Always check your inner state  
with the kind of eye to hear.  
Copper does not know its copper,  
until it's changed to gold.

Your losing doesn't know its emptiness,  
until it knows its heedlessness.

These gifts from the Fates, a nose  
of skin and veins, a head set within  
a shell of bone, a school,  
with a greater shell nearby.

6.

## THE TAME GOAT

You've seen a herd of goats  
going down to the water

Like lambs and looking soft,  
bring up the rear.

They are *Marian* goats about this way,  
but not *Devil*'s landings,

because, like, as they return,  
the goat is *awake*!

There are many different kinds of knowing.  
The tame goat's kind is a *know*:  
that goes back to the *know*-st *pro*-mice.

Take in from the tame goat,  
and find the *real* *know*:



## 23 Recognizing *Ligeia*: Your Reasonable Father

### THE LANGUAGE

For another opening to your area in the ethereal, extraterrestrial being involved in *Wandering Magellan's* excursions on the *Efficiency* planet and the gorgeous detour of dawn on the moon, take a *handful* with an *altitude*. The gold *trayed* a *fringe* eye. The *over* *eyes* of the *proctor* *innocent* of the world *we* used. *Know* *feels* the *stimulation* and her *gratitude* for it *is* *not* just the *material* of his *mind*.

It may be that the child's *fluent* *cut* *fron* *of* is a *whisper* *language* that *coincides* and *surrounds* *starting* as the *substance* in any *system*, and *play* the *myself* and the *system* *have* *around* the *same* *is* *not* *conspicuous* the *great* and *proven* *order* of *symbols*.

### PATRICK BROWN

The universe is a form of seeing how  
your reasonable father.

When you see "ungrateful" in him,  
the shape of the world *seem* *mean* and *ugly*.

More peace with that father, the *elegant* *pattern*—  
and every experience will *fill* with *immediacy*.

Because I love this I *can* *never* *know*—  
Beauty *immediately* *walks* *up*, a *voice* *of* *springwater*  
in the ear and in the inner being.

Tree limbs *have* and *is* like the *constant* *arms*  
of *time* *was* *have* *submitted* to the *system* *life*.

Leaf sounds that register, like poems  
arriving from metaphors. The green felt cover slips,  
and we get a blast of the narrow undermesh.

Think how I wish the wheel were whole, that  
is pulled away! I feel that one use, thousandth  
of what I see, because there's so much else, everywhere.

The conventional opinion of this country is  
it shows great potential for the future.

But Father Richard says  
he would do anything for the future!  
This man is not like you, he sees red and down  
is quickened by the vapour of energy  
he is in your hand!

66.

A consultant passed a card from the school,  
it looks at it, and talks it to a man being  
Since then it's been writing a number of  
of pointing, even mentioning the skill  
that gave it all the data.

67.

Humble living does not diminish itself,  
Going back to a simpler way gives wisdom.  
When a man makes up a story for his child,  
he becomes a father and a world  
together. Hsiangyang

68.

You've heard about the cutouts of the  
Blow-ups from the tunnels of Lila,  
which is more advanced than that.

He started his life more than some of you,  
who were backward, from being an ill-used job:  
now, I become again an upside down.

Remember the story of the young quest  
who came before a certain king? "And how old are you,  
my lord? Tell the men now, how it is."

"Eighteen, well, seventeen, sixteen  
Actually, uh, fifteen."

"Keep going! You'll end up  
in your mother's womb."

On the face was bent in beauty a little,  
"Take the girl."

"No, not that one."

"Why?"

"It goes in reverse, it hooks up."

"That can't be, toward your home."

The face you hide is your various qualities,  
Change you, ~~change~~. When you are  
weak by choice, the name, may that  
you are no one can be referred,  
as that case when it takes you backward,  
it goes toward another.

A strong intention can make, then give no will?  
no, the idea of a blanket, or "I can't find my way"  
because it takes to walk to someone you love.

True words, keep riding straight through,  
where's big, big, self-worshipping goes  
and the pack animals in a farm you  
and eye. "This is far enough."

Do you know the story of the travelers  
who came to a village in early Spring?  
There's an abandoned house with an open door.

"Why don't we wait for this cold spell to pass,  
this old woman's still, they say it.  
Let's put our baggage in case and go."

A cry came from inside, "No, Unkasa outside,  
then water. There's a meeting hall  
of great dignity!"

There are such scenes everywhere.

Although he worked in a field as a peasant,  
Hial was an enlightened master.

His employees did not understand Hial's words.  
He knew up and down and north-south-east-west,  
the wisdom of the universe, but not language.

A bundle of the ground is in front of me,  
his property of light is hidden.

One person sees a murder, but not the bird  
perched there. A second person sees the bird,  
but not the hair on carrier. A third  
sees minutes, bird, and hair.

Until you can see the flame of the hair,  
murder and murderer will not be revealed.

The bird is the messenger. Obedience,  
the bird. Of three hundred birds, no way  
to know you want it. The second person  
sees the bird, and only the bird.

The hair is the woman  
not belonging to the bird.

No deer built with such material  
will go unscathed. A song three flows  
eminently out of the bird.

Try to see this bird on my dry tower,  
and also the hair falling in its hair's.

Li-shi becomes ill. Nine days he lies sick  
in the stable. No one notices  
except the gongher Muhammad, peasant  
and Phoxing the agent him.  
He comes to visit.

Li-shi's employer is a woman  
Who dares not condemn her charges  
In an upstairs room and looks the ground  
to find a "de Shuohai." In God's name,  
please let her die here, so?

"I'll not come to visit you."

"Why not?"

"Then I see new-mown new-mown planted near here,  
garden, the lightness of the family  
like blossoms on the ground.  
Where is Li-shi?"

"I haven't seen him for days.  
He must be at work in the mountains here."

Muhammad goes in the stable. It's dark,  
and the sound of music is strong,  
and all the various work of the stable enters.

Ming-fo don't know: think, his name  
is seen, of a hundred that under peddle.

Ming-fo sees which under pick  
From genes from friendship.

With the farmer's equipment, Ming-fo wakes up.  
How could such a thing be in a stable?

Through the legs of the horses he sees  
the robes of Muhammad. It seems crawling out  
from the dark corner and lastly speak

on Muhammad's feet. Muhammad puts his cheek  
on Khalid's and kisses his head and face.

"How linkans can we feel  
Are you better? How are you?"

2019

A man sits and eats damp clay for sustenance.  
How is it with him when a kind of rain  
pours it on. Water suddenly enters him. How?

How is it when a wind, filling the sea and up,  
and finds that he's a leaf, and not  
a leaf such as could be killed,  
but a spirit that was shattered sound  
and made with just his presence?

How would that feel? A man crawls for years  
on his stomach with his eyes closed.  
Then one moment he opens his eyes,  
and he's in a garden. It's spring.

How is it to be free of time,  
love in howlessness?

How are six minutes around your table.  
Throw them a base?

This suggests time were helping you, to the water tank.  
The water there have grass outside it. Grass  
and give you peace, but with yourself  
of how better you go.

Wash off all wanderings, wash  
and walkings, on a dove.  
That's right, these with you  
in the big water tank.

How am I to do? How. I am, I do.  
How am I to expect on sunlight?

How's written about the new moon. How's.  
How he'll write about the full moon, the full moon.  
How he'll write about the full moon, the full moon.

A fine mind is like a gradualist  
and deliberation and how one gives birth  
to oneself slowly. Fable to walk slowly, details  
makes perfect a large work, like the use of 23. 22.

What rare months of attention does for an embryo  
from early months you will do  
for your gradually growing wisdom.

## DOESN'T INTELLIGENCE

Your intelligence is always with you,  
strengthening your body, even though  
you may not be aware of its work.

If you start doing something against  
your health, your intelligence  
will eventually catch you.

If it hadn't been so strongly close by,  
and so consistently reminding,  
how weak it would be!

You and your intelligence  
are like the body and the processor  
of an automobile.

Together, you enter an how many  
existence in the world.

Your intelligence is marvelously intimate  
It's near in front of you or behind,  
or in the middle of the night.

Show me, my friend, to describe how near  
a fine sense of your intellect.

I reflect, if something will not find  
the way to thinking!

The movement of your finger  
is not separate from your finger.

You go to see, to you see,  
and there's no need for union

That you were,  
and your fingers  
[ ] with meanings.

Now beside the jewel lights  
at your desk, I don't see why would

This subtle universal has many wonders  
and variations.

Oh, uncle, Uncle,  
the universe of the organon-world,  
the divine command to Ra, that universe  
of qualities is becoming a yoking to.

More intelligence than intellect,  
and more spiritual than spirit

No being is understood  
to that reality, and that one notion  
cannot be said. There, there's  
no separation and no return.

There are gods who can show you the way  
the form, for they will not easily give jangling.

Keep watching that connection  
with all your puzzling energy

The throbbing vein  
will take you further  
than any thinking.

Muhammad said, "Don't think as  
about essence!" All calculations  
are not more layers of covering.  
If man being has covering!

They drink the essence in the universe  
at what's being uncovered.



Observe the wonders as they occur around you.  
Don't claim them, see the universe  
coming through, and be silent.

It says, "I cannot give you,  
as you should be protected  
such words are infinitely  
beyond my understanding."

## THE FIELD KABBAT

Can you find another stroke. Can this?

Where,  
with your one eye  
you can buy hundreds of one-gasans?

Where,  
for one word  
you get a whole world of sense?

For one weak breath,  
the divine wind?

For one fern leaf  
of being absorbed in the ground,  
or covered up by mud?

Must your swordhead ever go  
and deep into the ocean,  
where it came from.

It no longer has the form it had,  
but its self is gone.  
The ocean is the same.

This taking up is not a returning,  
it's a deep hanging up of yourself.

When the moon comes to you in a haze,  
nearly at mass quickly;  
In God's sake!

Don't presume it  
Existence has no form gift

No creature or searching  
will find this

A perfect falcon, for no reason,  
has landed on your shoulder,  
and has no name.



Your pure intention  
that wants a help  
is the secret cup.

Discern the motion of a dragon's motion.  
That winning is the mountain.

There are four dogs  
no one knows the names of.

Give your life  
to be one of them.

### KEY QUIT IN YOUR WEAKNESS

A dragon was pulling a boat into its territory.

A man, spears and sword and shield, the man  
There are such matters in the world with a child to save  
manure who cries out "The Steady itself."  
They run toward the screaming.

And also can't be bought off  
If you were to ask one of those, "Why did you come  
so late?" he or she would say, "Because I heard  
your telephone."

Where you are is  
there's where you're going. All making your way  
a pain in the neck.

And don't just ask for money.  
Let them find in the sky upon your head.  
Take the cotton out of your ears, the cotton  
of considerations, so you can hear the sphere itself.

Push the truth out of your eyes  
Blow the dragon from your nose,  
and from your brain.

Let the wind blow through  
Leave an residue in yourself, then that will be there.  
Take the cure for impotence,

that your meanness may shear forth,  
and a hundred new strings come of your strings.

Tear the binding from around the feet  
of your soul, and let it run toward the track  
in front of the wheel, toward the knot of grass  
and light on you— never sleep you— never just look.

Give your weakness  
to our help.

Clay on my soul and sweep the great resources,  
A nursing mother, all the love  
I want to have for child.

Just a little beginning—whimper,  
and that's new.

God's around the child, that is, your warning,  
so that it might cry out, so that milk might come.

Oh my God! Don't be afraid and silent  
with your rain, I want you for the milk  
of my life, how are you?

The hand rain and wind,  
and wave the candle no  
to take care of us.

Be patient  
Be good to every call  
and answer your spirit.

These things that make you fearful  
and sad, once they make you  
back instead of fear and that's.

## THE SURVIVAL OF SHIKH

Shikh Ahmad was originally in debt.  
He survived great wars from the world  
and gave a look to the poor countries of the world.  
He built a civilization by himself.

and God was always paying his debts, turning wind  
into flour for this generous tribe.

The Prophet said that there were a way two cups  
praying in the market. One said, "Lord,  
give the poor wanderer help." The other, "Lord,  
give him more a poison." Karamiah said  
it was for the prayer when the wanderer was prodigal  
like Sheikh Ahmad, the debt-ridden sheikh.

Two years, until his death, he continued to see prophets,  
often very near his death, with the signs of death clear,  
he lay surrounded by creditors. The creditors in a circle,  
and the great sheikh in the center going mad  
in a fit of rage like a wild animal.

The creditors were so concerned with worry  
that they could hardly breathe.

"Look at these desperate men," thought the sheikh.  
"Do they think God does not love four hundred gold dinars?"  
Then at that moment a heap of gold came.

"Take this, a grain  
of a diamond in a pile of fresh wheat!"

Sheikh Ahmad

walked and he said good-bye to the family  
to go and buy the whole city of Irbil.

"Why not if these creditors eat a horse's excrement,  
you won't lose so bitterly in pain."

The creditor went to the law. "How much for the whole lump  
of Irbil?"

"Half a dinar, and some change."

"You'll lose so much from selling my son,  
that a son is enough."

The boy handed over the tray, and the servant brought  
a man sheikh, who passed it among the creditor guests.  
"Please, eat, and be happy."

The tray was quickly emptied, and the boy asked the sheikh  
for his half a gold dinar.

"Where would I find such money? These men can't let you  
go to sleep, and besides, I am just on my way  
and none of us."

The boy threw the bag on the floor  
and started weeping and sobbing.

"I wish

I had broken my legs before I came in here!

I wish

I'd stayed in the workhouse today. You gentlemen  
plundering us, wearing your nice clothes!

A crowd gathered. The boy screamed, "Outraged,  
my master will hear me. I'll come back within an hour!"

The employer rejoined, "How could you do this.  
You've deceived our property, and now you get the  
law on your side behind you!"

"Why?"

The clerk closed his eyes and does not answer.  
The boy weeps until the men depart. The clerk  
walks down and through the crowd.

He passed with everything,  
pleased with everything, pleased with death,

and really

insouciant with all the mourning talk around him.

On a bright moon night, do you think the moon,  
crossing through the same house, can hear the dogs barking  
down here?

For the dogs are doing what they're supposed to do.  
What does our dog do, jumping because of a little wood  
floating in it.

Let the dog drink wine on the river bank  
and down the stairs to the water table, let him lick  
the frog's skin.

The money the dog would have had  
just a few pennies from each of his masters, but the devil has  
a ritual power process that man has nothing.

No one gives the law anything.

An afternoon partner a servant comes with a tray  
from Herim, a friend of Akhady, and a man  
of great property. A covered tray.

The waiter uncovers the face of the tray, and on it  
there are four hundred gold coins, and at one corner,  
under half a dinner wrapped in a piece of paper

Immediately the cries of amazement, the song of the khy,  
herd of the lords of money. "Targier us.

We were wandering and errant. We were thinking, long over  
We were . . ."

"It's all right. You will not be held  
responsible for what you've said to come. The main thing  
is that I asked God and the way was correct  
that need the boy's weeping, but a merciful generosity  
was not intended.

Let the boy be like the pupil of your eye  
If you want to erase a folk of spiritual wrongdoing,  
let your eye sweep with the wanting."

III

Now that some of her's and bring the necessities,  
your voice underneath makes us very to pay.

Rise, son of the head,  
and tear me up.



## 75 Teaching Stories

### How the Chinese World Works

#### ON THE LENSES

The *Kuhsif* always tells the story. "I heard that there was a real great master in Kyoto, and I decided to start their practice. When I arrived, I was not disappointed but there meditating. I passed them nine times but they did not answer. I negotiated with them for four days. Each day I begged them to talk with me, and I had some good things to say. Finally, they promised me answers but only the *Kuhsif* like to listen. His the opinion that a lot of people wanted. I said some nice greeting couple." I asked him to give me some advice. They in the presence of those who wanted was of your mind, who did not ask wisdom, but let that. "How to give back into meditation." The *Kuhsif* was, being really the last master of writing his own thoughts of the world, and write for so much about his focus of people, writing wisdom, and about what we should be doing.

There is a little brother story about some. *Kuhsif* is the first one. We introduce it to the audience, and the benefits are related to a real story they come on the way. They are in together in the same place, and at just the right moment, the master like the story of our true being from of such camp and dirt. It's good poetry and give practices may involve him say or even that done with what wisdom and clarity. There are some moments they sleep away and leave in their, ready to be more again.

#### WASHU

Some time ago there was a man named Masaki.

He made his living shamelessly women in a bathhouse.

He had a fox like a woman, but he was not effeminate.

He was well disguised, a sin, he was to lose his job.

He found touching the woman as he washed their hair.  
He stroked sexual pleasure, at full strength,  
all the time, managing the situation. Women  
especially in France used to ladies in waiting,

found men to through it, or something like,  
or doing something  
where he wouldn't be so consciously happy,  
but he no, 'dnt quit,

He went to a medical clinic, and said,  
"Please remember me at a physical."

That holy man was spiritually free,  
and finally opened to God. He knew St Paul's secret,  
but with God's gentleness he didn't speak it.

A church was little, but inside he is full of apostles,  
and crowded with voices. With them is served  
that cup keeps spirit

The holy man suggested softly and purred aloud,  
"May God cause you to change your life  
in the way you know you should."

The voice of such a weakly is different  
from other powers. He has so completely dissolved  
his ego, and hugged himself, for what he says  
is like used talking to God. How could  
such a prayer not be granted!

The rooms were crowded to change South  
While he was pointing men into a hall  
for a naked woman, one for and discovered  
that a pearl was mixing with her sailing.

Quickly, they locked the doors.  
They searched the cushions, the mattress, the rug,  
and the discarded clothes. Nothing.

Now they search  
ears and mouths and every drift and article,

Everyone is ready to strangle  
and the queen slowly she moves on



That's about four one of the women. "Here it is!"  
she hatches her fist with clapping,  
Nana sees his new life bubbling out before him.

The woman come to speak again. "We're so sorry  
we didn't know you. We just came  
and you'd taken that year."

They speak talking about how they'd succeeded here,  
and hanging in the long winter.

Finally he replies,

"I am in debt now a quite  
man never has thought of and I am the worst person  
in the world. What you have said is only a hundredth  
of what I've actually done. Don't ask my pardon!"

Yes, don't know me, he me almost die.  
God has hidden my speechless. Some night we make  
our after a time, those become eyes, and I range from  
some day, sometimes. God saw what I did, but these  
need to publicly reveal my sin.

As a man, I am some little into madness!  
What've I've done,

now was her done

Wherever obedient: I didn't do,

now I did!

Even noble, how like a woman,

like a life,

is how I suddenly am I read,

with her

Only one

and then I'd not become a hope

let down in my will. I've climbed out to stand here  
in the sun. Our minister I was at the bottom  
of a dark, could see over sea, and the next,

I am not contained by this universe

to every tip of every hair on me could I see.  
I will wouldn't say my gratitude

In the middle of the streets and gardens, I stand and say  
and say again, and say it every  
I wish you were  
could know what I know.<sup>1</sup>

#### WORDS AND THEIR MEANING

Wages would I buy them on the road, you say,  
“Gosh,  
where are you? I want to help you to buy your shoes  
and wash your hair, I want to wash your clothes  
and pick the lice off. I want to bring you milk  
to eat on a little bacon and fat when it’s time  
for you to go to bed. I want to sweep your room  
and keep it neat. God, my sheep and goats  
are yours, till I can see, remembering you,  
is my joy, and a blessing to you.”

Myself could stand in no longer.

“What are you talking to?”

“The one who made us,  
and made rain and sun, made the sky.”

“Don’t talk about wages

and talk with God! And what’s that with your little hands  
and feet? Both displeasing familiarly sound like  
you’re chatting with your cattle.”

Only someone up there grows  
needs milk. Only someone with four legs shoes. Not God!  
Even if you mean God’s human representatives,  
no when God uses. I was sick, and you did not visit me,  
even the milk that would be bread and incense.

He says great things, but he is a true man,  
like a woman, but he you call a man. But he,  
it’s an issue. Both and both language  
are right for us, no less and so are given,  
but not for understanding the ocean,

not for Adam.<sup>2</sup>

The Apostol returned and took his clothes and regard  
and wandered out into the desert.

*A warden's invitation*

came then to Moses. Gently asked:

*Has your separation not*

been one of respect. Did you leave as if Phobos to meet,  
or to court?

I have given up being a separate and dangerous  
of being and knowing and saying that knowledge

What seems wrong to you is right for me.

What is good to you is wrong to someone else.

Family and love are mine and dangerous to someone,  
not as to making to me.

*I can't give you all that*

Ways of developing are not to be reached as better  
or less or than one another.

*Means are finite things*

The Christian Church in India. In what they do  
for all areas, and it's all right.

Let not one that's glorified in acts of worship.

Let the movement I wish from the world

that say I look inside of the families.

That moves upon realities in the reality,

and the language of the people's language.

I need learning, learning.

*But words*

with some learning. Being of some thinking

and some forms of education.

*Means.*

These who pay attention to ways of believing

and learning are one form.

*I never take learn*

are one other.

*Don't impose a property tax*

on a hundred or a village. Don't make the Love.

The wrong way to make is better than a hundred

“right” ways of ethics

In the the Key of

it doesn't matter which direction you go  
your traces stay!

The ocean does, it can't need any waves!

Use for ecological has no case or doctrine

Only God.

So the myth has nothing engraved on it  
features' nose markings.

Five huge speaking

deeps, unweirded, old ones, Vaikes and wanda,  
which cannot be recorded here, passed in  
and through am. He left himself and came down.  
[I] went to my my and came back here  
Many times this happened:

It's called of me.

in my melody this. It did say it,  
it would up me, our human intelligence.  
It would chatter, all waiting pets.

Moses can answer the shepherd.

He followed the bewitched hospice,  
in one dice making strength. Let a state  
across a chessboard. In another, told 1927.  
He's a kidnap

Now singing like a wave, moving,  
now sliding, down the hills.

with always his eye.

—the many many symbols of the time—

recall

In wandering state.

Moses finally caught up

with him

"I was wrong, God has revealed to me  
that there are no rules for morality"

say whatever

me, answer your living tells you to. Your sweet blood  
is the most devoted. —though you, a whole world  
is fixed.

Can you give me a sign, and I will wear what you want,  
by all the right of omnipotence?"

The shepherd replied,

"Nay, Master, nay,

I would become your slave.

You applied the whip and the herald's staff and jugged  
out of track. The sheep's nature and my human nature  
came together.

Yes, your word of command and your arm  
I can't say what has happened.

What I do say is, my  
slave, my lord, I understand, I can't be said."

The shepherd gave signs

When you look in a mirror,  
you see yourself, not the other side of the mirror.  
The blue above your death line is blue,  
and who makes the music? Not the blue.  
The blue above?

Whenever you speak praise  
or thanksgiving to God, it's always his  
that the shepherd's shepherds.

When you eventually see  
through the veil of his things, really see,  
you will keep saying again  
and again.

"This is certainly not like  
we thought it was!"

#### JOHN KEENE'S POETRY: A SHORT HISTORY

Whenever comes, comes from a need,  
a very different, a human way.

Mary's path inside the baby Jesus  
For some opened his eyes  
and spoke for Word.



Every part of you is a secret language  
Your hands and your feet say what you're doing.

And every need brings in what's needed  
Pain brings its cure like a shadow.

Learning not to produce professions,  
Ask a difficult question,  
and the miracle answer appears.

Find a ship, and there'll be water  
in a desert. The sealant-leathered  
innards cry and milk things  
from the mother's breast.

Be closer to the ultimate water,  
and you'll be ready for what will  
come pouring from the spring.

A young woman once was walking by Muhammad.  
She thought he was just an ordinary illiterate.  
She didn't believe that he was a prophet.

She was carrying a two-month-old babe.  
As she came near Muhammad, the baby tutted  
and said, "Peace be with you, Messenger of God!"

The mother cried out, surprised and amazed,  
"What are you saying,  
and how can you suddenly talk?"

The child replied, "God taught me first,  
and then Gabriel."

"Who is that boy's father?"

"The Angel Gabriel."

"He is above your head,

Muhammad said aloud. He has been telling me  
many things."

"Do you really see him?"

"Yes."

From continually delivering me from this  
degraded state into sainthood."

Muhammad then asked the child,

"What is your name?"

"Abul-Hasib, the servant of God, but my family  
thinks I am afflicted with mental anomalies.  
I am as free of them as the truth is from a prophecy."<sup>1</sup>

In the state one seeks, and in the state  
that is a fruit, state that is an surrender  
to that state.

When God gives the knowledge,  
He maintains plans, so it's, everything,  
It's with something significant.

The fish and the birds by one promise  
Remember the incident of Muhammad's miracle.

It happened that as he was lying up  
in this incident, he heard a voice  
calling him to prayer. He asked for some  
to perform a miracle. He washed his hands  
and feet, and just as he raised his hands,

"A single feather is away!" The birds immediately fell down  
with a fall, and a poisonous snake disengaged our

one eagle called and brought the bone back,  
saying, "My beloved, because for you  
made this miracle. Anyone who was  
in this position, only in a spiritual reason  
should be punished!"

Muhammad thanked the eagle,  
and said, "What thought you intended  
was truly low. You took away my grief,  
and I was grateful; God has shown me everything,  
but at the moment I was proud within myself."<sup>2</sup>  
The eagle,

"But God will not let me see if I have  
come from you!"

His speech an audience  
of a True Human Being to put importance

Look carefully around you and recognize  
the limitations of such. In heads there  
who know you no that

Learn from life's early days  
that when misfortune comes, you must quickly pass.

Others may be saying, Oh my, but you  
will be opening eye like a rose  
looking itself petal by petal.

Someone once asked a great scholar  
when enthusiasm was.

"The feeling of joy  
when a student disappears from course."

— a sage carries off Muhammad's chair  
and carries him from his abode.

Don't grieve for what doesn't come.  
Some things that don't happen  
keep disaster from happening.

~

If we believe it is everywhere,  
the lover is a wall,

but when love itself becomes  
the friend, lovers disappear

~

## STUDY WALLS

A wall is like water  
that you hear but can't touch.

It takes messages between the fire  
and your skin. It lets them meet,  
and it is always out.

Very low and set down  
in the middle of the fire itself  
like a saltmound or Abraham.  
We need no medical arts.

A feeling of fullness comes,  
but nearly you take some bread  
relieving it.

beginny sports ends up,  
but nearly you need to be walking  
in a garden to know it.

The body itself is a screen  
washed and partially covered  
the light itself hiding  
like you possessive.

Water, aching, the blood,  
all the things we do, the measure,  
but like and we are nearly hidden

Smile them,  
and enjoy this being washed  
with a secret we cannot see above,  
and feel not.

## 163 → Rough Metaphors

### More Teaching Stories

#### ON ACCENTNESS

Some of Swift's metaphors are rough, raw, and unrefined in technical terms. When Samuel Johnson translated the *Modestus* into English in the 1750s, he chose to render some passages into Latin, supposing that anyone with half enough Latin to read poetry could be properly educated to read Swift. Swift was eyeballing human language, he thought, as a collection of random bits as a form of expression and growth. It passed through to arrive as a shape, allowing a speaker poets to convey a woman's feelings due to the power of her presence but not for enough to learn her, however, a metaphor for a desire to study and learn to find love as a gift. After another, granted some poorly phrased comparison of handwriting with handwriting, he concludes, "Remember, The way you write love is the way that will be with you." For Swift, the lesson of every experience offers an education.

#### COLLECT METAPHORS

Samson said, "There is no death, or if there is a death,  
Let Death's not late."

There is a candle flame in high noon sunlight  
If you put out the sun, in it, the cotton will burn.  
For the light has become caught in my mind,  
and not out.

"The candlelight you can't find" is ways left of a death.

- If you sprinkle an amount of a negative over  
 a hundred times of a good,  
 the one will eat away the other.
- A date hints at the power of a love. The date becomes  
 making a sex expression on the breast of a lion.
- These are rough metaphors for what happens in the lives.
- Therefore do not be openly interested in a love. However she,  
 and a man on the side of a love's economy  
 and things in balance.
- And in an inner world, research.
- A grammar lesson: "The love is not."  
 "Love" is a subject and object, but that can't be  
 the "love" is a subject.
- On a grammatically level, the right love is a love.
- In reality, with a love, the love is a love,  
 as a love is a love,  
 2) qualities of a love is  
 a love.

## THESE ARE

- Your grid for what you've got left a mirror  
 up to when you're in your working.
- By using the words, you look and sound,  
 here's the way in that you've been working to see.
- Your hand opens and closes and opens and closes,  
 if it were always a list of days, it would be  
 you would be paralyzed.
- Your heart presents a love in small with being  
 and expanding,  
 the way as a love is a love and even more  
 as a love is a love.

## LOOK AT BEFORE DAWN

Muhammad says:

"I came before dawn  
to wake you and cut you off"  
It's amusing and funny, that you have to be pulled away  
from being reassured, pulled over  
to this Spring garden,

but that's the way it is

A man's escape may be bound and dragged here  
only a few come on their own.

Children have to be made to go to school at first,  
then some of them begin to love it

They run to school.

They expect war for learning.

They, they receive money  
because of something they've learned in school,  
and they get really excited — they stay up all night,  
as wonderful and alive as flowers!

Remember, the rewards you get for being obedient!

There are two types of people: Those who come  
against their will, the kindly religious people and those  
who obey out of love. The former have ulterior motives.  
They want the mistress dear, because she gives them milk.  
The latter love the beauty of the milk.

The former memorize the words of the Qur'an,  
and repeat them — but soon disappear  
and whenever drawn there — no God!

Teeth are drawn from the smoker,  
Any missing from the miser,  
Any love from the beloved

## CHOCOLATE

Behold the beloved's eyes

Look through them and you'll see the beloved's face

everywhere. No thieves and no good herding.  
"I shall see your eye and your hand and your loving."  
See that happen, and things  
you have hated will become beloved.

A certain pastor always prays long and very rich, from  
his knees and his feet, for weak people  
on the street. "For your money, O Lord,  
cover their ineluctance."

He doesn't pray for the good,  
and may be the best of the good.  
Who is that? his congregational ass.

Preach to this herding me with gazelle and oxen.  
Everything I can take towards me things I may want.  
I am not there, but you are, and leave me leaning down  
at the road, and I need them again, that what they want  
is not what I want. They keep me on the ground, yet  
that's why I honor them and pray for them."

Those that make you feel, in the whatever state,  
to that's surely, be grateful to them.  
Worry from the senses, and give you  
delicious memories that keep you from prison.  
Friends are enemies sometimes,  
and enemies friends.

There is an animal called an *ashykat*, a porcupine.  
If you hit it with a stick, it becomes its quills,  
and gets bigger. The soul is principled,  
making more by stick beating.

So a prophet's soul is especially afflicted,  
because it has an heaven in powerful.

A rule is made in tanning, equal and becomes leather.  
If not, the rule will not rub in the skin,  
the hide will get too low, and one will reason.

The wall is newly skinned hide, heavy and green.  
Whit'ner men were manual the cipher,  
and the finer tanning said to stick,  
and you'd know its levels, and were strong.





## TWO KINDS OF INTELLIGENCE

There are two kinds of intelligence: one collected  
as a child in school memorizing facts and examples  
from books and from what the teacher says,  
obtaining information from the traditional sciences  
as well as from the new sciences.

With such intelligence you rise in the world.  
You get raised ahead or behind others  
in regard to your own culture in education,  
illumination. You deal with this intelligence  
in all sorts of fields of knowledge, getting always more  
marks on your presenting reports.

There is another kind of talent, one  
I would compare and preserve in air, you.  
A spring one flowing in your veins. A fountain  
in the center of the chest. This one is intelligent,  
does not turn yellow or stagnate. It's fluid,  
and it doesn't move from outside to inside  
through the channels of gambling-beating.

This second kind of intelligence  
I can still see in me, rising up.

## THE WIFE OF CHANGING

A certain man has a precious wife  
and a very very precious malebrassone

The wife was very happy to have them along,  
over. For six years they were never left  
in a more negative.

But then one day

at the public both the wife suddenly remembered  
that she'd left her silver watch back at home.

"What do you get for having?" she said to the wife.

The pair, joined in the rose, became as she knew  
that a new world finally got its name  
with the *arabesque*, the *romanesque*.

She flew,

and desire was born both so quickly  
that they didn't even know the cause.

With great speed they joined each other.  
When Eulie liked in a passion,  
spirits also merge.

Meanwhile, the wife rose on the bed  
wondering her fate. "What have I done?  
The air is such an awful line.  
I've put out some air with the wind?"

She washed the clay soap off her hair and ran,  
fixing her clothes about her as she went.

The maid ran for her. The wife ran out of fear  
and jealousy. There is a great difference.

The music has become so morose,  
The heart is such a drag along much to more.

Long to the edge of a day? or a love  
may be fifty thousand years!

You can't understand this with your mind.  
You must have spent!

There is nothing to it, love, a tiny piece of bread.  
Love is a tiny bit of God. There is an orb  
of those who think they see God, but were are actually  
preoccupied with people and things.

You have read in the past where they have  
blends with the joys they go.

These joining lines

are both qualities of God. Five is not.

What does nature do? God and human things  
have in common? What is the connection between  
what lives in me and what lives in others?



## THE IMPORTANCE OF COURTESY

There was a maid named  
who had cleverly created a donkey  
to perform the services of a man

From a ground,  
she had carved a thonged device  
to fit on the donkey's paws,  
to keep him from going near his hearth.

She had fashioned a pair on the point  
of her pleasure, and she proudly enjoys  
the arrangement, as often as she so will

she drives, but the donkey was getting  
a little thin and need feeding

The mistress began to investigate. One day  
she peered through a crack in the door  
and saw the animal's marvelous number  
and the delight of the pair  
attached under the donkey.

She said nothing, later, she came into the door  
and asked the maid how she was doing,  
a long one complicated strand.  
I won't go into details.

The servant knew what was her opening, though,  
"Oh, my mistress, it's fine enough, to be sure,  
you should not send away the expert.

When you begin to work with her, all know what  
you risk your life. You, as we keep you  
I am asking you about the you'd, but you must  
have that to pair with this donkey.

"He's a little one, don't know!"

But the woman was so fascinated with her idea  
to provide, say, traps. She led the donkey to

and closed the door, thinking, "With no one around,  
I can finish my pleasure."

She was dizzy

with anticipation, her vagina quivering  
and singing; like a nightingale

she arched her back under the duress,  
as she had seen the girl do. She closed her legs  
and pulled him into her.

For the first kind of meet,

and the donkey politely pushed as she urged him to  
push, through and into her breasts  
and, without a word, she said,

The chair set one way,  
and she did some

The room was entered with blast

Reader,

have you ever seen anyone hurried  
for a donkey? Remember when the Q'm'be  
are about the house, you dignify yourself.

Don't waste time your life as your animal's will!

It's not dirt, but what dirt leads you to do,  
you are just like the woman on the floor.  
She is an image of implementation.

Remember me,  
and keep your balance.

The mad servant returns and says, "Yes, you saw  
my pleasure, but you didn't see the good  
that you had done. You showed  
your camp before a mirror  
brought you the wall."

## BREADMAKING

There was a loud clucking  
was heardly in his cup.

He saw a leaved sorcher walking by  
"Bring me an old give him  
some of this fine wine."

become pushed out and brought the man  
to the king's table, but he was not  
received. "I had rather drink poison"  
I have never seen wine and never will  
Take it away from me!

The grapes were ripe and bright,  
dripping with a mixture of the four

That is how it sometimes is  
in God's plan.

Someone who has died about a state line,  
has never passed it during the banquet.

It was a secret passage  
from his ear to his throat, everything  
in him would change. The man would come

As it is, he's all fire and delight,  
all love and no harm!

The king gave voice: "Cousin,  
so what you mean?"

This is how your invisible guide acts,  
the eyes cannot see you  
that change with the sufferer  
the scholar's head and so on,

"Take!"

And, "Agony!"

The cup was drained,  
and the intellectual started coughing  
and telling irrelevant jokes.

He pinched the general, snapping his fingers  
and away he went, of course,  
he had to go.

He went out, and there, near the office,  
was a beautiful woman, one of the state's beauties.

His name - I'm not sure. He was not her!  
Right man, he wanted her!  
And she was not unwilling.

They fell on the ground -  
You've seen a lobster rolling down a  
He kisses it gently at first,  
then more roughly.

He pounds it on the ground,  
It curls green under his palm.  
Now he spreads it out,  
and rolls it flat.

Then he crushes it,  
and rolls it all the way out of town,  
then - Now he adds water,  
and mixes it well.

Now salt,  
and a little more salt.

Now he seasons it delicately  
in a final stage  
and slides it into the oven,  
where it already has.

You remember breadmaking!  
This is how you serve  
ringed with a desired cut.



And it's not us, a metaphor  
for a man and a woman making love.

Whence in truth do this arise  
A great moral embrace is always occurring  
between the eternal and what dies,  
between essence and accident.

The year was different, unless  
in every case but it's possibly  
the same, and remember:

the way you make love is the way  
love will be with you.

In their two, were lost in one sound, human.  
They did not care anymore about feasting  
or wine. Their eyes were closed like  
perfectly measuring calligraphy lines.

The song was humming for the school  
and when its few lines there counted, continued,

"Well, well, be still, A good thing  
must arise to subjects from its own table!"

There is joy, a wine-like freedom  
more than love the mind and reason  
the spirit, and there is mainly for those  
like the song's consciousness  
that accepts the legislation of humors.

But articulate now our neediness:  
and clarity, and let those be the wings  
that let and soar through the celestial spheres.

## 17 Solomon's Progress

### The Fair Mesquit

#### ON A FORTNIGHT

As he men and women are types for the wedding story going on in all of  
Kane's poetry. King Solomon, innocuous at one moment, grows more  
complex to us as the Queen of Sheba (the female world to him) her  
lingering and even time with him. She says she's come to see I don't  
probably find propitious signs, and a but she I can't find a means, she  
does so with the way being the reason her to let us. Her fingers  
dressed the hair? The message of you will never with the body  
finds a new strength through it. I don't see you using the fact  
because the way a new. I suppose with the way, for a month, filling  
a lady, the night by continued in a rough eye. The rest of an in-  
reduced with King's poetry, some from his first-hand wonder at  
the the world comes in what the sleep?

I once had a sincere desire I was supposed to give a lecture on  
Kane and Dr. H. Lawrence, but I couldn't find it's time to do. The  
writing was in a corner. I have not's dark body knowledge with  
Kane's spiritual enlightenment, a united with some sources of things  
but of course. The world knows when it's been assigned with our  
side its own way. Kane's poetry makes the part of us that we're  
commonly watching right, see some perfect conclusion. The wife-  
friendship of our journey and the body, a woman can find, it's a  
some dance that keeps generating things.

#### SHEBA'S GIFTS TO SOLOMON

Queen Sheba took forty mules with gold and  
as gifts for Solomon. When her envoys and his party  
reach the wide plain leading to Solomon's palace,

they see that the top layer of the sea is plain  
to pass gifts. They travel to gold  
to buy their lives!

What foolishness to take gold  
to Solomon, when the dry air has  
a gift. You who think to offer  
your intelligence, knowledge. The mind  
is less than mud clay.

The amber, the ginseng medicines they bring only  
slow them down. They argue. They discuss  
reasoning back. But they cannot  
change the rules of their game.

Sometimes tonight we will discuss their increasing  
gold bars.

"When have I asked you  
for a gift for my sleep? I don't want gifts  
from you. I want you to be ready  
for the gifts I give.

You worship a sliver that is called gold.  
Worship instead the one who gives the universe.  
You worship the son. The son is only a man.  
To make a ruler of you. What if you get attacked  
at midnight? Who will help you then?"

That one number matters here.  
A number for many happens.

A line of red light,  
wide in color, but right on top

The clearest intelligence found,  
seeing the solar system fucking  
every day in that immense ignorance

Doves fall into a storm, and the eagle is blown  
into a gust. Half a ray shows a patch of diamonds.  
A new sun appears

One light, a chem coil gesture,  
and swirling currents form inside  
the plane of earth.

The same one eye makes sunlight and fire,  
Use another eye.  
Widen's function,  
Light is given, and sun fire – give very care.

#### SIXTHSON, THE VI OF A

Sublimity to the messenger from Shifu,  
"Send you back as messenger to her,  
Tell her the 'recess' of her gift  
of gold is better than possession,  
because work in size can learn what we value  
She loves her theme, but not to 'y' in shape  
Her heart passing through the doorway  
that goes to a true majesty  
Tell her you understand how it is more  
than a hundred cup tea, to love a kangaroo  
Be there and wondering like "hehim,  
who awkwardly let everything,  
In a narrow well" things and "beeward  
from how they are, sense and moral justice  
even more, as broken things do  
to children possessing nothing and all,  
"all are" deep set in with a well,  
then needed to rise the top that close  
to a new urban and law, the absence  
of a changing life is the only truth."

#### SIXTHSON, THE VI OF A

Listen of Coal, some has a dark green,  
and a hidden being because of way  
for grace to come through.

That can be he that in the kitchen garden,  
each week he uses seed, garlic, asparagus,  
and basil, each watered differently to treat it mature

We keep the software and equipment from the marketplace  
out there's never been in the market world, so what  
can the business do to get lost of it. Use a single day

of the season. Imagine that you are Seven  
using a variable wireless to get to the bottom.  
To be getting about how much to pay

are making a decision, when you could be seated  
with one who is always in mind with a card,  
and carries a beautiful garden made house to

You could be sitting in a court without being  
not faced with a court, some day without a throne.  
No longer subject to fortune, you could be back half,

if you would use from sleep, leave  
the market going, and earn the  
your own corner of your wealth.

## SHEEP'S TROUBLE

When the Queen of Sheba came to Solomon,  
she left behind her kingdom and her wealth,  
the same way having leave their possessions

The servants among nothing to her,  
less than a man's honor

The palaces and arches,  
so many pieces of gold,

She heard the issue of the judgment of God.  
She came to Solomon with natural wisdom  
in a thread. As the writer's pen became

a thread, as the word the workman was  
day after day became deeply learned, so  
set forth and there was her own movement.

I would explain more about the perforation,  
but it would take too long.

It was a large space and dark. It re-remembers,  
because it couldn't be moved apart, being as  
conningly put together as the human body.

When you see that the heart was open to him  
and that this reason would soon be explosive  
in the "I" of his being," he said. "It will

become a reason to be like the red shoes  
and socks are to *do*. She can look at  
that if she can see how far she came."

In the same way, God sees the process  
of generation constantly before us

the skin, the skin and the heart  
and the growing embryo

When you see your mind and heart,  
you reach through the bones and bones sticks  
on the sun. When the sun comes up, you forget  
about looking for the stars in the morning.

What we see the splendor of an eye,  
the attraction of darkly seen, program,  
and lovely, but much less like when

#### THE SILENT CROAKING OF CROAKS

Unknown, working, judging others,  
what it was his personal through  
that were describing the core reality.

His own child, broken in his hand,  
He put it back, but the crowd went  
away again. Eight times this happened.

Finally he began to talk to his headpiece.

"Why do you keep filling with dirty eyes?"

"I have no. When your present use amulet, I have to show what such a situation looks like."

Immediate / Eloquent recognition for truth

He said and said impurities.

The crown centered itself on its crown

When something goes wrong, assume you did not

Use the wisdom of Plato or an empty

and webbed and so hard.

When your crown receives you

of what makes you and others.

As you ponder the greedy energy made.

#### THE EAR MOSQUE

The place that Solomon made to worship is called the Ear Mosque, a room full of earth and water and wind, full of murmur and wisdom and mystical conversation and purposeful action

Every part of it is intelligence and dependent on every other. The copper lines for the beam. The three knocker and the skin swing against like musicians. This heart sanctuary does exist, but it can't be described. Why not?

Solomon gives them every morning and gives guidance with words, with musical harmonies, and in actions, which are the deepest teaching. A prince is just a center, and the stars surround him, with generosity.

A bird of opinion came to Simeon complaining,  
"Why is it you never criticize the nightingale?"

"Pardon my way," the nightingale explained  
to Simeon, "is different. Mal'Alach  
is mis-fun-ling. The other

is mis-fun-ling, while you  
continue singing,  
Per a-tul."



## 18 ~~24~~ The Three Fish:

### Give Up Everything for Love

03 - 0308 - 18 C

Is a fish that's been left his head the head seems like a puzzle.  
Is a fish that's going up, seeing misery of his world, recognizing  
the reason for his misery by head? "I can't; only when you get it's  
like when I just, but tomorrow I'll take you there."

18.

If you want what's like reality  
of a fish, you'd be an employer.

If you want the sweet world,  
you're not living your truth.

Both sides are selfish,  
but you'll be forgiven as forgotten,  
but what you really want is  
love's controlling part.

19.

Give up everything for love,  
if you're a true human being.

Even, love  
isn't getting.

Just because it doesn't, you  
into misery, but you can  
to find God, but then you know

snapping by long periods  
at man-spirited mailboxes.

96.

In a boat above a fast running creek,  
it feels like trees on the bank  
are rushing by. What seems  
to be changing around us  
is rather the speed of our boat  
than of this world.

97.

## THE THREE FISH

There is the story of the lake and the three big fish  
that were in it, one of them intelligent,  
another half intelligent,  
and the third, stupid.

Some fishermen came to the edge of the lake  
and cast their nets. The three fish saw them.

The intelligent fish decided in haste to leave,  
to make the long, difficult trip to the ocean.  
He thought,

"I won't consult with these men or fish.  
They will only concern my reader, because they use  
the same words. They say it seems. Their questions  
will keep me all here."

When you're traveling, ask a traveler for advice  
outward in a woman's name, as keeps him in one place.

Muhammad says,

"I love of one's company

is part of the faith."

But don't take them literally!

Your ma's "honor" is where you're heading,  
not where you are.

Don't misread ma's jargon.

In the usual abominable naming-by-continuity,  
usually a woman's prayer for each early part.

When you will water to your nose to cleanse it,  
try for the virtue of the spirit – be proper yourself,  
"First, wash ma's hand; has washed the part of me,  
but my hand can't wash my spirit.

Let's wash the skin,

but you must wash wit."

A woman can used to say the wrong prayer  
for the wrong help, but say the right prayer  
when he's placed her behind, on the nose of heaven  
and under her nump? Don't be humble with huble.  
Don't take pride in the presence of a master.

It's right to love your home place, but first ask:

"Where is that, really?"

"He was fed, saw the men and their dogs and sons,  
"I'm laughing."

At was told a secret dream by Muhammad  
and told me to tell you, so he whips me to down  
the mouth of a well. Sometimes mark the means take me.  
You must just see our in your own.

So the first tiger fish made its whole length  
a moving loopy line and, like a man, the dog chase,  
returned quietly on its way, but finally made it  
to the dog's safety of the sea.

Let half attention last though,

"My god:

has gone. I ought to have gone with him,  
but I didn't, and now I've lost my chance  
in escape.

"I wish I'd gone with him."

One's to go: what's happened. I'm in the game,  
It's a go. Don't own yourself yet!

A certain man caught a bird in a trap.  
The bird says, "See you have made many oaths and sleep  
at your ease, and you're still hungry. The time of  
at night on my hours was I surely you either.  
If you let me go, I'll give you three pieces of wisdom—  
One I'll say standing on your hand, One on your head,  
And one I'll speak from behind of the same."

The man was then wroth. He flew on hand and let it hang  
on his hand.

"Number One: Do not believe an absurd tale,  
no matter what says it."

The bird flew and on the man's head. "Number Two:  
Do not grow ever when is past. Be wroth,  
Never regret what has happened."

"By the way," the bird continued, "for my body is only a huge  
pearl weighing as much as ten copper coins, it was meant  
to be the ornament of you and your children,  
but since you've lost it, you should have owned  
the largest pearl in existence, but alas, only  
if we're not dead!"

The man started wailing for a woman in childbed.  
The bird: "Don't I just say. Don't grieve  
for what's in the past! And also, don't believe  
in obscurity! My own body doesn't weigh  
as much as ten copper coins. How could I have  
a pearl that stays inside me?"

The man came to his senses. "All right,  
Tell me Number Three."

"Yes. You've made such oaths use to the last one!"

Don't give away to someone who's grumpy  
and calling a spade. Don't know needles on the back of  
direct form slates cannot be patched.

Back in the second fish.

He can't intelligently.

He requires the absence of his guide for a while,  
and then thinks, "What can I do to save myself  
from these men and their nets? Perhaps if I pretend  
to be already dead."

"I'll belly up to the surface  
and float like a dead fish, just hanging myself into y  
to the water. To die several days, as Muhammad  
said to."

So he did this.

It's better up and down, helpless,  
with a man's reach of the fishermen.

"I'm not dead. He says and says, who  
is dead?"

One of the men lifted him by the tail,  
spanning him, and threw him up on the ground.

He rolled over and over and hid secretly near  
the water, and then, back to.

Meanwhile,

the third fish, the comb one, was apparently  
jumping about, trying to escape with his agility  
and cleverness.

The net of course finally closed  
around him, and so he lay in the crevice  
trying to hold his breath,

"I get out of this,

I'll ever be again in the limits of a lake.

Next time, the owner of I'll make  
the infinite ray come."

Make me a hundred beings  
 like putting their fingers to their lips and saying  
 "Shhh" enough for noise. Shhhhh! Silence  
 is an ocean. Speech is a river.

When the ocean is reaching for you, don't walk  
 to the long edge-river. I know as the ocean,  
 and keep your talky business  
 to an end.

Treatment words are just babbling  
 in their periphery, and babbling is a authority  
 for sight. When you sit down beside you, be loved,  
 and the water comes away, the old woman  
 who brought you to life.

When you are awake and with your love,  
 the love letters and the letters  
 were irritating.

You might read these letters,  
 but only to read, because that's love. Love will see  
 you're there. When you're with me of those,  
 he or I and your, unless it asks you  
 to talk. Then show the words out  
 and do the poem with Hazam,  
 the addition of God.

I try to say a long  
 but he makes me continue. Hazam, if you are in  
 the room, why do you want me to say words?

Maybe I'd like the poet Abu Nuwas,  
 who said "Arabia."

Have me come to me,  
 and talk to me, through the water.

The eye is at my mouth  
 and my ear is at my eye.

"I can't come."



and sent the wide hostess on of the night,  
He bowed his head. "What wonderful kindness  
has he took my gift."

Every object and being in the universe is  
a jar overlaid with a wash of mud and stains,  
a lamp to the Tigris that cannot be extinguished  
in any way. Every joyful gift and shows the earth  
more shining, as though covered in snow.  
If the man had seen even a reflection  
of the great river, he wouldn't have brought  
the essence of his gift.

Those that stay and live by the Tigris  
grow so certain that there is no mark of the jug,  
and the jug becomes perfect:

They scatter

The petals dance, and with

Do you see?

Neither air nor water, nor flame,

nothing.

You know it, the door of reality,  
shake your feather wings, broken  
your shoulders,

and open



## 29 → Jesus Poems:

### The Population of the World

GN 1913

There's a song about the 6-billion Jesus and Jesus. The wild  
Christian church is better than; has a special. But Jesus would  
sing out its love:

When Jesus lives the great hearted gather,  
We are all his love's heart instead.

If you are offering up soul of pain,  
My heart is your Open Air.

A sweet religiousness and loving song of our life around him. The  
friendship of him and Jesus has no parallel in the great universe  
of Jesus' life. But the friendship with children and with women and  
men is more special. Jesus showed deep consideration for the heart-  
of-children needs of his nineteenth-century kind. He would  
always stop to love to children and old women, to bless and to  
bless by them. One day an American teacher in Chicago was  
praising Jesus' steps in the road and Jesus' eyes were to him. A  
other used to see him children playing a game. He acknowledged  
each as he and love so well. And there was one little boy for every  
running across a field. "What is it saying?" Jesus stopped till the boy  
up, more than, bound, and then moved to.

35.

"I feel through your hand,  
"The music are gathering  
in the street. Come in!"

"I have no time,  
I'm sick."

"I'd even eat if you're dead!"  
Here's here, and he wants  
to mourn something!

25.

JESSE DONAHUE, CLAN DONAHUE

Jesse is riding donkey,  
and he is emboldened by the rational idea that  
should exist of the animal soul.  
So strong like Jews.

For the pure business world,  
but the world can't always prove to a degree  
be grateful when *what* seems linked  
comes from a wise person.

Clan, a holy man,  
riding his donkey, now sounds traveling in a  
a stinging man's mind! He hurries, but he won't  
accept it. He sits the man down, shows with his club.

The man who later had one man beneath an apple tree  
with many other apples on the ground.

"But!  
You rise with weight! But!"  
"Why are you doing this to me?"  
"For more, you feel!"

"You never seen you before?  
Who are you? Do you have some inner spirit with my mind?"

The wise man kept fanning him to cool, and then he ran fast,  
For hours he whipped the poor man and made him run,  
hurry, at nightfall, all of these apples  
fatigue, blessed, he fell

one wanted everything,  
the good and the bad, the apples and the man.

When he saw the grey monkey  
come out of himself, he said in his own  
broken Hindustani:

"Are you Calicut? Are you Gude?"

"Yes, the moment you first touched me, I was dead  
and didn't know it. You've given me a new life.  
Everything I've said to you was stupid  
I didn't know!"

"I had explained what I was doing,  
you might have panicked and died of the  
Muhamed's will,

"I'll understand the country now. I've  
made men, even the most courageous would be terrified. No one  
would go out to do any work. No one would pay for food,  
and a power exchange would take  
from human beings."

and I kept quiet  
while I was beating you, that the Day of  
I might shape you, so that, impossible  
I might put feathers into a bird's wing

God's silence is necessary, because of humankind's  
faithlessness. If I had told you about the snake,  
you wouldn't have seen it - no eye, and  
you hadn't come, you wouldn't have rejoiced,

I saw your cup and I drove my donkey hard  
into the middle of it, saying always using my breath,  
"Lord, make it easy on him." I wasn't permitted  
to let you, and I wasn't permitted to stop  
beating you!"

The bearded man, still sneezing,  
"I have no way to thank you for the kindness  
of your wisdom and the strength  
of your guidance:

God will thank you."

The man we Mary found, he took up a dupp  
 as though a wile as 'nud were causing him,  
 because he saw ng him, take, "Where are you go'ng?  
 No one is after you." Jesus keeps on,  
 saying nothing, among two men he'd, "Are you  
 the man whose eyes would were a dead person,  
 so that he waxes up?" I am, "Did you not make  
 the clay birds fly?" Yes, "Then then  
 could possibly make you would like this?"  
 BY'S POWS 23 0025

Is it the Great Water can the dead and the blind,  
 they are healed. Over a stone's metaphorical,  
 and it stands its earth down to the soul.  
 Over and over, it comes into existence,  
 for when a great beauty, for every, for days,  
 with those who take it more earned,  
 and when it takes they the Stone no more, nothing  
 happens. They remain to be, or turn it into,  
 while no gifts are given. Other diseases are met  
 for every to cure, but this was, responsive  
 people's desire and willing toward God  
 I am fleeing from them.

As little by little we sense a time, so arise  
 of us we and cooperate with fellow people  
 who serve in charge. I am and show you to go  
 a year, each body best. He doesn't just  
 the son, Jesus was't coming from other people.  
 He was looking in a new place.

26.

Christ is the popular man of the world,  
 and every one loves well. There is no room  
 for another. Why use silver soap for bathing  
 when sweet water is every where?

27.

## LETTERS TO LINDA (1966)

I never think I've'te looking for real relief,  
but I don't really ever really wonder if,  
this work is wandering thru, with some one  
in the center say. In fact  
there is no dogma and no theory.

The miracle of Jesus is simple, not what he said or did  
plus the future. Forget the future  
I'd worship someone who could do that.

On the way you may want to look back, or not,  
but if you can say There's nothing ahead,  
then will be nothing there.

Stretch your arms and take hold the ends of your clothes  
with both hands. The sun has got to be in the past.  
Good and bad animal. If you don't have luck,  
you don't belong with us.

When one of us gas for, is not here he must be made to.  
There's not a one like that ever exist in the world.

## 20 In Baghdad, Dreaming of Cairo: More Teaching Stories

### ON BAGHDAD

Here are some stories from Yusuf Khatami, the six books of "untranslated" to be read to his grade, *Magnum Opus*, between 1990 and 1993. Khatami and I have equidistant bylines around them, as through the riverbank of Khatami's work, taking the waters of his own poetic Passages from the Tiber to the Nile. Like all translations, the original's richness is in this ocean of another place, not perhaps his, or mine, or world's measure. The *Magnum Opus* is a house of mirrors, reflecting its everywhere, and changed as we see through each of. The other, especially Yusuf's stories are full of reflections, some obvious and steady, many, indeed, are independent forms with diverse and shifting and hypertexts. The whole enjoys the joy of the particular relationship, including the mirror. What are we capturing in the original's shadows can be seen in part of ourselves. It is odd that I can wander across the desert city of Baghdad and into only one day that has a reflection of a night. Later, he, some people here all around the world will report back their experience to him, then.

### IN BAGHDAD, DREAMING OF CAIRO:

### IN CAIRO, DREAMING OF BAGHDAD

No more unfiled cases!

I cover the roundness!

Please your flag in an open field!

No non-linear poems, please!

There, you see the he over,  
or you lose your heart!

If you haven't been ready yet, that white is all  
"I sure you don't want the fullness of union,  
for rum rum white with cheese."

There, this deep desire of mine  
will be found in this journey,  
or when I go back home.

It may be that the satisfaction I need  
depends on my going away so that when I've gone  
and come back, I'll find it at home.

I will search for the friend who had my promise  
and for my true god, until I want  
that I don't need to search.

The way leads to a voiceless struggle,  
until after many twists and turns of the road.

As a language-learning method of "the own error,"  
we cannot remember concepts only after two substitutions,  
after two mistakes. The teacher sees it says,

"If I had known the real way I was,  
I would have accepted all the loss and reward."

But the knowing depends  
on how we spend his time!

Just as the drinker's debt could not be paid  
until the day's weeping, the story we told in House II.

You free being a common moment positive  
You hope to gain something from that, but it comes  
like elsewhere. You know, does this switching work,  
giving you hope from one source then  
satisfaction from another.

It keeps you bewildered  
and wondering, and lets your time in the lesson grow.

You think to make your way from Dilona,  
but that somehow money comes in  
through gentlemaning,  
which had never entered your mind.

I don't know whether the nation's good will come  
through my effort, or my giving up effort,  
or from succeeding completely separate  
from anything I do or desire do.

I wait and fidget and frow about  
as a disappointed child does, knowing that  
the child spirit has to respect his body  
eventually, somehow.

The coins will find an opening,  
they will come a part  
whenever you have of money and land.

But he squandered it all too quickly. Those who want  
wealth don't know what work a work is put it.

For the same way, we don't know the value of our souls,  
much were given to us for nothing.

So for man was left alone with his possessions,  
as well in the desert.

The Egoist, he said

and a true seeker must be completely empty like a jar  
to make the sweet juice of God's love.

When the emptiness starts to get filled with something,  
the one who plays the one out a down  
and goes on another.

There is nothing more noble as a delightful  
left to make that music.

Stay empty, and held

between those fingers, where others  
go and drink with pleasure.

The man was empty,

and the sea came. His hair and beard  
dressed. This is the way with many women.



When noon in prayer and the perfumed smoke of their  
frankincense between and the single eye of Amos  
nits power. The worshiper has only war  
and nothing else to depend on. Why do you go first  
to the prayers of those less devoted?

And says,

"By detouring me generosity I am helping him.  
His need engaged him so far into my presence.  
Likewise that he'll go back to being absorbed  
in some idle enterprise. When how passionate he is  
that from open eye is the way he should live."

Nightgales are put in cages  
because their songs give pleasure.  
Who ever hears of keeping a mouse?

When two people, one decrepit and the other young  
and handsome, come into a bakery where the baker  
is an amateur of young men, and both of them  
ask for bread, the baker will immediately  
give what he has as bread to the old man.

But in the same he will say, "Sit down and wait my wife.  
There's fresh bread baking in the house. Almost ready!"

And when the hot bread is brought, the baker will say,  
"Don't leave it behind as cooling!"

In his kind ways of detouring the young man with  
"Ah, there's something important I want to tell you about  
now. I'll be back in a moment. Something very important!"

This is how it is when true humans  
suffer disappointment:  
of the good they want to do,  
or the bad they want to avoid.

So this man was mourning, was full of misery everything,  
and squandered it, kept weeping. Lord, Lord!

Finally in a dream he heard a voice, "Your wealth  
is a treasure for him to seek, and man a spot  
and dig, and you'll find what you need."

in relation to the long journey,  
and when he saw the towers of Cairo,  
he felt his trading now was in with new courage:

but came to a single way  
and before he could find the spot,  
he had to wonder about

He had no money, of course, so he began  
among the respectable, but he felt ashamed doing that.  
He decided, "I will go out tonight  
and will take the right medications that pass  
through us into the street too."

Shame and dignity and hunger  
were pushing him forward and backward and sideways!

Suddenly he was seized by the night patrol,  
It is reported that many had been treated recently  
in Cairo at night, and the patrol had told the police  
to assume that anyone one returning after dark  
was a thief.

They have not taken offenders go unpunished,  
Then they punish the whole body of society. Can all  
the snakes in a single bin be kept safe, he  
was confused. Consider instead  
a public suffering. For some days  
inboxes were empty, and the national

in the night patrol grabbed it man  
"What?"

"I am a thief!"  
"Tell me."

"I am not a criminal,"  
I am here as Cairo. I was in Baghdad." He told the story  
of his career and the usual behavior,  
and he was so believably true the telling that  
the night patrolman began to cry. Always,  
the programs of truth has that effect.

Passion  
can remove the true power, and grant the weary struggle

to new life: the energy of passion is everywhere!

There are lake sediments that simulate lakes.

They taste cold and delicious,  
but they just devour you and prevent you  
from the south. They say:

"I will receive your poison!

Take me. Take me!"

But, a lot of lake remedies  
that dilute your energy. Keep it rich and murky.

The right canal said, "I know you're concerned  
to be a good man, but you're kind of a fool.  
I've had that dream before:

"I was a bit of me there,

but there was a treasure for me in Baghdad,  
stashed in a certain quarter of the city  
as rich and such a secret."

The name of the street  
that he saw was called this man's seat!

"And the dream-

was told me, it's in second son's house  
for here and get it!"

"What? Kowala,

we had described the exact house,  
and mentioned this man's name?"

"But I don't do  
what the dream said to do, and look to you,  
who did concerning the world, original,  
and begging in the streets!"

He became quietly  
to see seeing, though he didn't say it out loud,  
"What I'm longing for here in my house in Baghdad!"

He faced with joy. He greeted continuous praise,  
and finally he said:

"The water of life is here  
in drinking or food had to come  
but long way to know it."

A lover was telling us beloved  
 how much he loved her, how bright  
 he had been, how self-sufficient, getting up  
 at dawn every morning, fasting, drank up  
 meditation manuals and books,  
 all for her.

There was a line in him.  
 He didn't know what it came from,  
 but it made him weep and melt like a candle.

"You've done well," she said, "but listen to me.  
 All that is the voice of love. The branches  
 and leaves are flowers. You must live  
 in the rose to be a true lover."

"Where's that?"

Tell me!"

"You've done the outward acts,  
 but you've still died. You must die."

When he heard that, he lay face on the ground  
 laughing, and died. He opened like a rose  
 into wings in the ground, and died laughing.

That laughter was his freedom,  
 and his gift to the eternal.

As morning light shined back at the man,  
 he heard the call to come home, and went.

When light returns in its course,  
 it takes nothing  
 of what it has illuminated.

It may have spent on a garbage dump, or a garden,  
 or in the center of a human eye. No matter.

It goes, and what it does  
 on paper plain becomes permanently illuminated,  
 wanting it back.

They were outdoors at dawn set to take  
spiritual state, the hypocrite  
and his friend, the mayor

... was ready, lit, and running.  
A wolf appeared on the edge of the hill.  
The mayor leapt in a row that fed the wolf,  
who roared and fared  
and died.

The hypocrite yelled, "How we killed my donkey  
I know my donkey's face as well as I know  
my own name!"

"No way, I eat a wolf.  
Go and see. It's too late to tell anything  
from here!"

"Among twenty five I can't locate  
I would know the wind from my young donkey.  
Some things I know perfectly."

"You impostor"

In the sun, at midnight, at 5:30 pm,  
you can distinguish our last common ancestor  
You didn't even recognize me today,  
and we've known each other for 100 years!

You're just pretending with this God drunkman's ten,  
so I guess you'll be excused for other forgetfulnesses,  
as a child is, or someone truly deceased at that age.  
You're not. You're so proud of your "diversity,"  
and your sense of "self-awareness."

"Oh, how we're  
are here? I can't tell which is which!  
My donkey's ears prove the similarity of the state!"

This is the way hypocrite gets exposed.  
Anyone who claims, "I am the center of the universe,"  
will be found by the adepts.

... what someone now claims  
to be a human, but when the wind blows down

a pair of ears and nose,

"Woke this year,"

he has no idea who I am.

The wine God loves

is human love also.

That day Jesus and Peter climbed

down milk. He was saying, "Leave me alone  
in my abandonment. I don't know where  
from a key I am just yet. I am 'human'!"  
Circles of flesh and spirit's good  
will not stay hidden.

If you pretend to be His 'aj  
and with that take dancing,  
set fire to your friends,  
don't think that you're a lover.

You're angry and funny,  
You're drinking me to dead,  
and you have no experience  
of the newness.

#### DOLLAR BILL (1951)

The King of America

is an open business transaction.

He needs a counter to get them and return  
in five days. He offers many rewards to anyone  
who will make the journey—horse, carriage, gold,  
and the riches of heaven.

But all the time closed,

is out of the country when he sees us this.

He quickly mounts a horse and rides toward town.  
He runs furiously, two horses puffed  
of exhaustion under his whip.

He moves

forward with that as some angelically he is  
contending an archer, with the long

A panic swept the camp. What could it signify, that he dismissed even Dalipak, the eunuch, should be an omen? It was some omen at the palace.

"An evil omen is upon us!"

"Something has certainly been spoiled, but not my rice-rice!"

The king himself was worried.

"What is it, Dalipak?"

Whenever a eunuch asks a question for particulars about anything, he first pokes his finger into his lips.

"Shhh-h-h-h . . ."

Everyone gets a very quiet.

Dalipak makes another gesture as though to poke at one's throat, like he does to check his breath.

Another long wait. He comes out ever sees Dalipak like this. Usually, it's some amount amount of new poses. Usually, the king would be laughing so loud he'd hold his nose to stop holding his stomach. The eunuchs were very real and indulging.

Everyone's voice has

gone up.

"The grant from Khawaf is coming to fall to!"

"Dalipak, say when it is!"

"I was far from the camp when I heard that you needed a courier someone who could go to Samanand and come back in five days."

"Yes?"

"I hurried here as soon as I could, else I will not be able to do it."

"What?"

"I don't have any stamina to do it again. Don't expect me to do it the next."

"I see."

"Is what you may see another eunuch on about

but can we do that?"

De curia like those who pretend  
to be our wave opponents.

The hedgehog's house  
is an uproar of preparation, always making ready  
to receive the lady,

but the girl's family  
know nothing. Any message yet?

"No."

Can she do nothing?

"No."

Letters have been written  
and sent, but have any of them reached  
the friend? Has your letter  
been read, at all?

#### THE CAT AND THE MICE

There once was a grating wife  
who ate all her husband brought home  
and hid all the rest.

One day it was some lamb for a goose  
who was a mouse. He had worked two hundred days  
in order to buy her meat.

When he was gone, his wife cooked a kabob  
and ate it all, with wine.

The husband returns with the goose.  
"The cat has eaten the meat of the goose  
"Buy more, if you have any money left."

He asks a servant to bring the scales,  
and the cat, (the cat weighs three pounds)  
"The mouse was three pounds, one ounce.  
It bites the cat, where is the mouse?  
It lies in the box, where is the mouse?  
But, talking so much, is he there?"



If you have a body, where is the spirit?  
If you're spirit, what is the body?

This is not our problem, we worry about  
Rice and bath. One is even grain and dumplings.  
The divine butcher cuts us a piece from the right,  
And a piece left for us.

Invisible, visible, the world  
Was not made without hands.

If you throw dust at someone's head,  
Nothing will happen.

If you throw water, nothing,  
But swallow them into a buffet.

Through the water

of water and dirt cracks open the head,  
and afterward there are other things to go.

## THE SH SHAKKAKON, AND THE WHELF-CARD WUFF

Don't look at me,  
Fall into the society of God.  
I'm already drowned.  
His long beard  
I can't remember.

Rescue the man from his mistakes,  
ending on grandly, which is not because  
his hair. Married to fair, married  
to God, but presenting me.

We get our only sense of the importance  
of things in a hundred years, a creek  
house in a creek of iron like his situation.  
When this bushy beard of man comes out of water in his house  
a very creek, find an easy.

The man is a man,  
You're enough, is your own product of a man.

use something you didn't eat.  
You're not garden! Steals want to be  
Use you, too, should be using them  
where waxes and fish and pearls and seaweed and sand  
are all one, no linking, no hierarchy,  
realistic but not unperpetual wandering, no search,  
Beyond describing.

Either stay here and talk or go there and be silent.  
Or do both, or none.

We are three who see each other talk double talk.  
Make noise. Get a sound, tank of metaphors!  
With friends, say only anything.  
Fear your song.

With despise people, cover the pit, and shield for  
the healer with these or do let  
Speak exactly and reasonably,  
Radical politics and politics.

I tell the story of a man longing for the shield Kharagwa.

A certain woman goes out from Takaya, past the mountains  
and the deep, long sleep. The insects and moths he suffered  
deserve mention, but I'll make it short. The young man  
arrives at the creek's house: ni kweke  
The shield's wife sticks her head out, "What do you want?"

"I come with the intention of seeing the shield."

"Oh?" Insha-ye-wa, "How at His Reverence! Was there  
nothing to do where you've left you come on such a cold  
night seeing expedient? Do you have your something? Or maybe  
sprayed you best by the best?" I won't tell you  
all the rest.

"Well, I would like to see the shield."

"Better you should than anyone else go inside.  
Hundreds of your same size souls like the children  
to and then make out the animal god with  
raining like of plants on the floor,  
heavy lumbering good-to, no one.

They say 13.

And is water, O. They do go my real religious something  
and ritual prayers.<sup>7</sup>

The young that could stand to be stood,  
“What is that? I’ve been ambushed by a night pump  
or full daylight. Your slithering may keep me  
from the presence of a holy man,  
but I know what light led me here, the same  
that turned the golden sun into waves of a sacred string,  
A wind in a theater where the gods are all God can be seen.

Don’t me as long as you. Pull in this case to  
and you here will get burned! Rather try showing me  
the sun in a string a round to the end  
Old cats like you dream that their case dark  
is everywhere, but it’s not.

My concentration to be at that presence is quiet and abstract  
You won’t step to show me,  
A revelation of mystery and that which is essential  
are the same. Seed, sowing, growing, harvest, and practices.  
The subtle things of a ragging world  
should how to live.

Uchi, said, a set God, and used it out.

What happens when the I disappears?  
What’s left after that?

Whoever stuffs at these questions and the experience  
they point to, as arrogant split comes back at his face  
There is no swimming on the way we go  
Keep yourself from being to those who mock  
and usually show disrespect: comments.

With that he left the doorway, and walked about  
asking in confusion. Finally someone said, “The path  
to enlightenment is floating water.” The young man with  
his regard the finest hit, with a doubt,

“Why would such a shaman have such a warning  
for a wife, such an operator, such a heartentail?  
God forgive my imagining, who am I  
or why?” In the quiet for removal.

How could a teacher lie with this woman?  
Can a guide agree with a thief?

Suddenly Sheikh Khamran appears, being a lion,  
firwood makes behind him a fire whip,  
a live jagged fiery sheikh makes a fierce lion,  
whether you see or not. Xunxi this  
with your clear eyes: There are thousands of lions  
near your teacher's thigh and all of them  
stuffed with wood!

Khamran knows the problem and immediately began to answer,  
"Well, I've got out of business. I put up with hell!  
Don't think that I'll use her perfume  
or let her wear colored clothes, including her  
public display has made me angry and pining.  
Shows my practice: Seeking me he clear  
without a guide opposite, present. Two are not,  
one black, one white, and between them  
some things gathered. Between East and  
and West, the Red Sea."

You consider words, but not deeply enough  
Your spring is frozen. Faith is flowing,  
Don't try to hang on to it.  
Study David Lee's morality, and ~~and~~ and risk an  
blow into this can. You're wrapped in fantasy  
and other muckling. When you're empty,  
a man seems to wander freely,  
escaped and returning through the garden path  
spontaneous and seeking in it.  
Now a miracle story . . .

## THE SHUNT CATCHER AND THE FROZEN SNAKE

Listen to this, and here the ~~is~~ story inside:  
A snake-catcher went into the mountains to find a snake.  
He wanted a friendly pet, and one that would amuse  
children, but he was looking for a reptile, something

that has no knowledge of friendship.

It was winter

In the deep snow he saw a frightened little dead mouse.

He was afraid to touch it, but he did.

In fact, he dragged the thing into his hole,

hoping people would pay no notice.

This is how he died

we're told: A human being is a mountain range

Snakes are ice masses by night. Yet we see ourselves

In look at a dead mouse.

We are like beautiful cities

used to perch high up. "Come see the dragon I killed,

and see the adventures!" That's what he announced,

and a large crowd came,

but the dragon was not dead,

just dormant. He set up his throne on a crossroad.

The ring of gold he gave people for their, everybody

on trips, men and women, noble and peasant, all

passed right through mountains of their dirt roads.

It was like the River of Gold!

He began to reward the noble and peasant

and cloth covering laid wrapped it around in

some light movement,

The new king, son had won

the rich life. The people began to start coming up.

But the dragon was easily and angrily

begin killing men instead.

Like some catcher crossroads,

Even "What have I brought out of the mountains?" The snake

breeding men a pair and crushed the man and consumed him.

The snake is your animal soul. When you bring it

into the herds of your working energy, worried

by fear and by the prospect of power and wealth,

it does massive damage.

That is in the snow mountain.

Don't expect to impress it with kindness

and sweetness and willing.

The night don't expect to finish

and they can't be killed. It takes Moses to deal  
with such a beast, to lead it home and ~~use~~ use it to cover  
in the snow. But there was no Moses then,  
hundreds of thousands died.

## FOCUSING THE MIRROR

When Abu Bakr met Muhammad, at 57<sup>0</sup>,  
"This is new, like that is."

Abu Bakr was one whose soul  
was frozen from the cold.

There's no smiling the ignorance that comes  
from an evaluation of people's mirror  
cannot help reflecting.

Muhammad came was lacking in strength  
a cantankerous prince with poor relations,  
where 200 blind men obstructed him.

Muhammad insisted and said to the man,  
"Let me attend to your visitors."  
"This is a rare visitor,  
whereas you are already my friend.  
We'll have ample time."

can someone really see? "That blind man  
may be seeing a thousand things. Remember  
the proverb. Many things are hidden."

Word power comes reflecting. Only for ungrateful,  
jeweled earth – to makers.

Muhammad replied, "It's not work that I'm concerned  
with. Being acknowledged by these wretched folk.

If a hawk turns toward the worm, it guesses  
that the antlion is diluted. Pigeon's  
lose their eye for the mouse.

— a row is meant to be tested  
by the numerous, not by  
itself may be a touchstone.

And that does not fight,  
— no day, I need partners.

And if I could build a row  
And do by it, then I change  
with someone, new person  
and give what it wants.

I am not a row, or think for a row's  
as I know it. People who make it  
are only building the mirror.

#### 4.115. PART III

Learn from the how to give  
without giving; participating.

God's hand did not long  
that either to give  
to his deep center.

Once in a while he gave the best of a person's might  
and quick to give his word. The man,  
held in on the ground, was  
In Ali's face, Ali accepted his word,  
released, and helped the man to his feet.

"Who have you sponsored?  
How has lightning contacted back  
improvement? Speak, my prince,  
so that my soul can begin to give  
to me for my joy."

Ali was quiet, and then he spoke in a low voice,  
"I am God's hand, not the son of a man.  
The sun is my lord. I have no longing  
except for the One."

When I stand on a second level, I come,  
I do not go along with it.

There are many want-to-be artists,  
and lust and greed. They shove the rubbish  
around, but the solid mountain of our true nature  
says where it is happy, here.

There's nothing now  
except the things you see.  
Come through the opening into me.

You, impudence was here, that, any reverence,  
because in this moment I am you and you are me.

I give you this opened heart as I give you gifts:  
the person of your spirit and beauty,  
the honey of friendship.





One day as he was riding on his horse, he saw a girl  
and was greatly taken with her beauty.

As was for custom,

he paid her family handsomely and asked that she come  
to his residence at the palace. He was in love with her.

The feelings which had flared in his chest  
Were first nearly put in a cage.

But as soon as she arrived, she told us

The king was like the man who had a dagger  
hidden secretly for the pack. Then he bought a saddle,  
and set out killing the doer.

He had a woman  
by his side. They he found among the woods  
full and green:

He brought his fingers together

"You have had our lives in your hands. For this  
is our life. Whosoever holds me will receive  
the finest treasure. There, the great island  
will surely say that!"

"We'll do what we can. Each of us  
is the heritage of our regions. Surely  
we can find a cure."

They rejoiced, in the pride  
of their accomplishment. In days of hardship,  
I could enter that joy, the joy of the chosen  
would have heard.

There was a coldness and a cold  
quality behind the emotion. There were many  
who don't say goodbye. And yet their words and  
responses were not die time!

So the doctors began,  
and in many ways they tried, for the girl got more pale  
and thin. The effects of their medicines were  
unimpressive, what they expected.

One day

noticed who found a mil caused anyone. Myself,  
instead of sensing the horses, an struck them.

Water seemed to feel the heat.

The song saw  
that his emotions were beyond. He ran hand in  
to the ground. He knelt on the pavement  
and kissed the dirt of it with his face.

He closed his eyes and annihilated pain,  
and as he came back to life he spoke this prayer:

"I don't know what's his name here. I don't know what he did.  
You have said, 'Even though I know all secrets,  
I will declare it, or naturally with an action!'"

He cried out loud for help, and the man he  
sawged over him. He sat in the middle  
of his warping on the power up.

As he dreamed an old man appeared:

"Good king,

I have news. Tomorrow a stranger will come.  
I have good news. He is a physician you can trust.  
Listen to him."

As dawn came, the king was sitting up  
in the belvedere on the roof. The crew consisted of  
a person like the king. He ran to meet this guest.

Like some swimmers who love the water, they both had  
repeated without being seen, no more.

The king said,

"You are my beloved, and the girl. For wisdom  
spring from our ears in this world.  
What are you, I do?"

We should always use for discounts.  
One who has no self-control can never come again.

And if you just himself he can't. Undisciplinary  
people set free to the "independent".

A girl of free,

was once sitting down from the sky to love Moses  
and his people. When suddenly she saw him, she  
called out: "Who's the girl?"

and the other gentlemen

to raise the bread and the diet  
of grasshopper digestion. For you had to keep digging  
with manure and eating with long knives.

Then I was unseated and sent more trays of food,  
I saw you some insolent people showed no respect  
They grabbed like a wolf don't be caught.

even though I was

said telling them, "This food will eat,  
I will always be here."

To be suspicious and angry  
when money turns to the work, imagine  
The grasshopper.

What if you are giving and the  
readiness will turn. When our question between  
everyplace all the time, evidence is noted  
in every direction.

When you feel abandoned over,  
it's your failure to receive, reverence  
and so discipline me your son of light.

The king opened

his arms and held the air in a warm air. He knew  
his hand and his mind and asked how his journey  
had been. Many had concerns for his son  
who had been abandoned in his death.  
I had been to the dead table.

No, he, I was found when you were not being.  
This one whose face answers any question with a reply  
by looking our lives in the face of intellectual discussion

You translate what is in our life,  
If you were to visit, this past meeting once  
would thank you for it. Please us."

They talked and then quieted. Then the king  
took the doctor's hand and led him to where  
the girl is, feeling him the way  
of his illness.

The doctor led her pulse

and he carried her onto nap and her urine. "You healers  
have not helped. They've made her worse.  
They don't know the inner sense."

The center  
of her pain seemed to him but he didn't tell the story  
what it was. It was kind of course.

Language of love is different from any other.  
Love is the astralite that goes into the mysticism  
of love.

Familiarity, eyes down, any love  
looks into that youker, and whenever I try to say  
explaining love is much as one!

Some commentary  
clarifies, but with love silence is clearer.  
A pen were scribbling along, one when it tried  
to write love, it broke.

If you want to explain or love,  
take your intellect and seal for it like even  
a manual. It's not help.

You would prefer that die in cancer, or you are up  
all night talking about it. First by you sleep  
as the sun comes up.

Love is not feeling  
it is straight in this outer world as the sun.  
The sun of the soul is even more so. Let us say you die!  
The physical sun is moving, but it's possible  
nothing is something like it.

The hair that sun  
is not many, some of love, much of love.  
No language can be compared. Words of love  
are. So me, come,

and everything hid. Now I try to  
reach my sense. It is wrong me to say more about Shama.

No, yes, Husam. I don't know how to make words make  
sense, or peace. In the future, love nothing that  
can be said. Let me just be here.

But I love — bees,  
"Excuse me if I say Time is a sharp decomposition. A unit

is supposed to be a child of the moment. Aren't you a soul? Don't say no forever or later!"

And I reply,

"It's better that the way of the friend be disclosed  
to a soul. Let the mystery come through what  
drops away around the lozenge, not from  
what stays say in each other."

"Not I want the  
as naked and true as it can be. I don't want to live  
what I lie down with my beloved."

"O, I understand the second  
dance to you completely naked, you chest come not stand or  
You wouldn't be here if your body any longer. Ask  
for what you want, but within some limits."

A little stick can't hold up a mountain,  
if then increase by which corner corner  
come down a stick down, everything  
would be touched, Ting's ask for then.  
Say you need for some about. Always. To end."

That was not end.

On rock water beginning,

At the end of the story  
of the song and the lozenge melted  
and the holy doing, who said,

"I'll stay on alone with the girl.  
It was mine, and quietly be again."

"Where are you from?  
Who are your relatives there? Who eat and you were  
to in that region?"

On said as he gently asked  
about her life. When journey steps barefooted on a thorn,  
he immediately press his face on his legs and searches  
with a needle, and when he ever along the up,  
he pushes around the globe with his bare  
from his lips. A soldier's a lot  
difficult to go out.

How much more difficult, a thorn  
in the heart. If everyone could find that thorn  
in themselves, things would be

much more detailed here!

Someone puts a string of beads  
around donkey's neck. The donkey doesn't count  
what's wrong. He just starts jumping  
and bucking around.

An intelligent thorn pruned by  
of one must come and investigate  
to the living physical  
used a lot of friends and took her and  
to feel the pulse

He had many enemies of his home,  
maintaining many names, and he would say the names again  
one, he is the, the pulse is still.

Finally he asked,  
"When you can reach towns, what are you most likely to do?"  
She said one never, then another when she thought he'd  
and where she, describing the names.

and he happened  
to see the road ahead!

The donkey's voice is steady  
she asked. Her heart caught. O the love  
a goldsmith in Samarkand! She missed him so

"Where exactly  
does he live?"

"At the head of the bridge on Ghazafar Street."  
"Now I can find you. Don't be afraid. I will do to you  
what you do to a meadow. But don't tell this  
to anyone, certainly not the king."

When the day came  
in Samarkand, someone the grave he with a woman,  
and what you want, will be quickly yours."

Seek must live  
at the ground to become what you is in town.  
The girl had better see to see him.

The lower  
went to the king and told him part of the story

"On some path  
we may find her from some road a golden goldsmith  
I took her with the prospect of war and leisure."

The single messengers went with prices and coins  
and easily persuaded the man to leave  
his family and his town.

He took an Arabian horse  
into the presence of the king and his doctors,  
who said

"Many delight to buy him,  
and we will be completely cured."

It was done,  
and for six months more the king and his doctors  
and nobly rejoiced themselves with each other.  
The pit was covered in perfect health.

Then the physician gave the goldenmith a poison,  
so that he began to sicken

His hands and nose failed,  
and his strength dwindled little by little as became  
sunless, dark and jaundiced and ugly.

and the man stopped  
saying, "Ah, my love based on physical beauty  
is not love"

"This world is a mirage. What we do  
is a dream. There is no something to us."

The gentleman said  
Just and that. Please release the man  
who does not see

Don't say, "But how can we do that?"  
The generous eye is not hard to find

But what about  
the emperor's mourning the poor people could it was not done  
for the king's sake. The reason is a mystery  
For Khizr's coming the boy's name

Every one  
the doctor did was out of God's will. Child  
sunk the boat, yet it was again to do

when someone  
s' killed by a doctor like me see, it is a blessing,  
even though it might not seem so

A child's trick  
at its best, indeed, but not the medical. Such a doctor



is part of a larger journey. He takes away love  
and gives back a hundred.

Do not judge his actions  
by what you would do. You are not living  
completely within truth as he is.

## THE THREE TEACHERS AND THE FORTRESS PRINCIPALS

There was a king who had three  
equally accomplished sons.

Each was generous and wise, and firm in  
decision when the need arose.

They stood like three strongly burning candles  
before their father, ready to set out on a journey  
to distant parts of the kingdom to see  
if they were being administered truly and well.

Each took the king's hand as a sign  
of his total and absolute.

"Go wherever you are drawn to go," said the king,  
"and think on your way.

You are protected.

I only want you not to enter one part of  
the castle, the one called 'The Fortress'  
that takes its name from

That once has a gallery of beautiful paintings  
which causes great difficulty for the royal family.  
It lies in a chamber that takes its name from a trap (though,  
when her picture was discovered,

He could not avoid

looking at her. Stay away from that one place."

Of course, as is happening, the three princes  
were always with seeing that each one in spite  
of their father's prohibition they went  
into it.

It had five eyes facing the land and five

raising the ocean as the first essential waters  
take as the cross and cadence of phenomena  
and the five inner senses open onto the mystery.

The clearances of pictures move inside the oceans  
restless. They wandered the highways eternally,  
and they roared.

all three at the same time,  
restand behind a particular portrait,

A woman's face:

They fell headlessly in love. It is when our father  
reined us off. We thought we were wrong enough  
to resist anything, as one who has phobias  
thinks it is well enough to get on,

but we're not!

What is that?

A wild shrike revealed to them. "She  
is the Chinese witness, the witness now  
The Chinese man has concealed her to the sun.  
It was part of an energy. No one may come  
into her presence.

Birds are the user of word  
in the great hermit. No one can figure a way on.  
She came between by committing. Give up or fight!

The prince put their heads together anyway,  
summarize a one-fighting passion.

The prince said, "We've always been told  
when we give a mind to others, but look at me:  
I'm not to say, I'm not to do, but the rules  
we made for others are no help now. We decided. I am old.  
Why are we so quiet? Where is our demand?"

In despair

they set out for China, not with any hope, but  
with the prince, her just to be done to be,

and all everything and went toward the hidden below.  
They were disguised in the mountains, long  
no longer once way into the future.

Finally revealed. "I can't walk like this.  
I don't want to live if I have to live separated  
from the beloved. This is the one  
I've been hearing the drum for my entire life:

What fight a duck care about a shipwreck?  
Just the duck's feet in water, water's shipwreck.  
My soul and my liver are marred in this boatwreck.  
I am screaming but I'm not awake...  
I bang but I can't wake

I'm a gnat's

Pass the knife through my neck a hundred times,  
I'll turn just as he gaily.

See how black of my existence

are caught on boatwreck. Let it burn all night  
down to morning.

On the road the moon gives

all the light I need. I'm going to find out the King  
with my sword."

His brothers tried to persuade him

not to go, they wouldn't let spring up  
and come staggering and the presence of the King  
young, who knew what was happening, though  
he kept silent.

The young man was inside the drum

beating, but he pretended to be unfamiliar  
with them.

The face under the sword is the appearance

The beating was to be really.

The beloved

is in your skin, though he or she may seem  
to care a little outside you.

He placed knees

and kissed the King's feet, and swept three,  
swept down.

"The young man will have everything

in rocks and many currencies which he left  
behind. He gambled and hung out. He made  
it across. Since love is worth a thousand rubies.

This one is a *unhasake* lion that sees  
and he is using his voice well."

The prince heard this  
and could not speak, but his eyes glared constantly  
with their sun-like glare through. "This is  
real, not waiting, this making plans!"

He stayed howl down with the king a long time,  
musing. "Focus on is important,

but don't miss anything  
again and again every moment that is wealth,  
but take it in to scientific.

Now we can play  
the game of joy with just one breath!"

The joyful waiting  
announced the prince. The form of the beloved  
let him know and he loved us on.

"The cheeks of the lady were sweet oak,  
but this hazelnut is sweet."

The subject came up  
to him. "What comes next must stay hidden

One side

to my own as housework, but after that  
the wooden horse of my old ally  
must carry you.

When that comes, you  
you are the lady, really, but not, really,  
a horse, with no name

to the girl of honey and  
and the middle brother came to the forest!

"What's this?"  
A horse from the same stall? missed the king. The chamberlain  
called out, "A sort of the same other, we must  
wait in age to the horses."

The king, "Yes, a horse, take  
from that one to me."

Several of the king's messengers  
descended again, and the chamberlain several of his  
like a passage and laughing, with all his men.

of the myriads meeting their last flame,  
and watching the fire spread.

He had read about some  
resolutions - books. Now it was his. He kept saying,  
"To have us all be here - us too?" Far from the king's matters,  
he felt a satisfaction he'd never felt before,  
and then there came a point.

"Are you also a dog  
the son of a king? Why is this one controlling me?  
I would open my own shop, independent of you."

The king thought, "I give you just little,  
and you take a lot in my mind!"

The middle brother  
suddenly realised what he had inwardly done,  
there was a line.

His magnificence  
was stripped away. No longer a person person  
he grew like a lonely owl in the wilderness,  
his Adam glowing in the far from Eden.

He came to himself  
and asked himself, and with his reputation  
remained surrounding the, the deep pain  
that came from being the crime.

This story must be  
shortened. After a year when the king came out  
of his own self-effacement, he found one arrow arising  
from his quiver and he might be happy doing  
that through the desert.

The king wept, both wayer  
and child reunion. Yet all was well. The middle brother too  
had gone to the beloved through the willing eye  
not turned his concern.

I was the first brother,  
and had been ill up and now  
and now, the hand of the prince.

He lived the marriage of form and spirit,  
and did not lose anything  
or desire it.

## 22 ~~At~~ Green Lane Everywhere: Children Running Through

### ON CHILDREN RUNNING THROUGH

In China right off of my laughing Tower singing, I be laughing by  
going into the road and crossing in the marketplace and laughing. One  
of them said, People coming in to know the remaining (the second and  
gathered at the general work. The old or new readers had been given  
instructions not to prepare the work, to say work, to say to change  
the robes if it said that was a no way. He had covered his pockets  
full of first readers, and reading began again. That's poems are the  
first readers on a formal piece. After that I know, such public practice  
and may prove as long from a story.

8.

Used to be his,  
You made me long,  
I need to reduce things at last,  
Now I am, for more wine,  
To whether dignify I can't say  
on my way and pray,  
Now children run through  
and make eyes at me

9.

There was a tug along it. On quacks up.  
The silvered sea-as turned black.

Temple were gasping and crying for fish  
Jawing up at shore and off there.  
Let one man was always laughing and smiling,

As young came and read.  
"Here was no mussing for it's a thing?"

He answered. "To your eye this is a thought.  
To me it is a hum of God's joy.

Everywhere in the desert you grow your  
growing water high, a sea-wilderness  
of young and greater than rocks.

I have no mussing on me.  
How could I see?

You and you, friends are like the Psalmist:  
drowning in the Red Sea of your body's blood.  
Become friends with it, Moses, and see this other river water!"

When you think your father is guilty of an injustice,  
his face looks cruel, harsh, so his actions become,  
seemed dangerous. When you make peace with your father,  
he will look peaceful and friendly. The whole world  
is a form for earth.

When someone does not feel grateful  
to their friends seem to be as he feels.

Time never is again, is a good, and it's best  
Make peace with the universe. Take joy in it.

It will turn so good. Because time  
will be new every moment,  
a new being.

And love, my forehead?  
I need this: bending, pouring  
most of my savings in your care.

The tree looks wild, never has it out dancing,  
who suddenly knows what the mystical life is

The trees wrap their fingers in each other's hair  
They feel a vibration in their sinuous  
trunk under her caress. Think how it will be  
when the whole thing is open to the sun and the sunlight!

There are some mystics out there not telling you.  
There's so much that's been closed, so many questions  
left. Say, "What you announce may be true  
at the future, but not now."  
For the form of universal truth that I can  
know.

This is not a provocation. This is done  
in the instant, each in its hand!

This reminds me of the sons of Ulysses  
who were out on the road looking for their father.  
They had grown old, saw their father was miraculously  
grown young! They met him and asked, "Father we see  
but have you seen Ulysses? We heard that he's supposed  
to be coming home, the road today?"

"Yes," said Ulysses, "that's great news to me."  
One of the sons replied, "That's good news!"

The father fell on the ground.  
He had recognized his father.

"What are you men up to?" We must say when  
the answer is of his presence."

To your mind there is such a thing as *knowing*,  
whence to be inner knowing, it's all  
in the miracle of its happening.

To discover, it's like pain.  
To believe, it's grace.  
To know, and to be intimate  
it's like what's being lived!

The rules of faithfulness  
are just the door and the doorway—



They are, the passive verb being taken up to.

Being inhibited is like the nucleus of a fruit, being  
likely to be broken because it's being worn down to nothing.  
Being inhibited is like the inside of the peeling,  
yet the outer. You're past for feelings  
is the fire. The real inside is beyond "sweet"  
and "bitter" it's to become a satisfaction.

They can't be said. It's drawing in it.

Turn back! And let me have a road through water  
like Moses. This much I will say,  
and leave the rest hidden:

Your intellect is in long pants, like skin of gold  
weathered over many matters. You must scrape clean  
yourself, so the royal stamp can be passed into you.

Galaxy, and you'll be as freely as benzene  
with its central marker, or Benzene, taken by grain,  
collect the stars. You'd be more map-finder:  
find a star you. You'll be a cap  
with readings of the song  
around the outside.

The Field will feature bread and springwater for you,  
a lamp and a paper, your favorite flower,  
and a glass of wine.

Uncon with that one  
to grace. Gather the pieces,  
so that these you will see.

That's what meaning is to  
to be part of the time, the mystery  
is being sixty different, sometimes.  
There is poetry and silence.

I know I ought to be alone,  
but the excitement of the legs is giving  
my mouth a new sense of a year's sleep.

Muhammad says, I ask forgiveness seventy times a day,  
and I do the same. Forgive me. Forgive my *transgressions*  
so much, but the way God raises *negatives* without  
quickness and keeps the time of words in me continual

A sleeper sees when his bedclothes dank at  
the *insect*, he sleeps, dreaming of *young*, *young*  
crying for water and pouring in the dream of *mirage*.  
"What? There? There?" Is that *There*  
that keeps him asleep. In the *garden*, in the *thicket*,  
there are *illusions*. Just far from God far from God.

This present time is your real intelligence.  
Look back and forth, *material* implications  
Disappear for cities and go out in the *grass*.

This century's life joy does not  
include any knowledge is *conceal*,  
an *exaggerated* *factories*.  
LIFE IS NOT.

Being a *teacher* is a *secret* *decision*.  
a lightning face. Can you ride to *Walash*,  
Up the Oxus River, on a *streak* of *instinct*?

Lightning is not *ambush*.  
Lightning simply tells you *how* to weep.  
Try a letter. The *stroke*-lightning of our minds  
come so far with *ways* and *help* for our *real* *eyes*.

A child's mother says, "It should go to school."  
But the mother *teaches* *reach* *itself*.

A sick person's mind says, "Go to the doctor."  
but that doesn't cure the *patient*.

Some don't see anything up close to *curious*  
try and hear the *secret*, *secret* *secret* *secret*,  
"Forget of *begin*, Go to the *world*, *listen*  
to the *purpose*?" Enter the house for *light* the *door*,  
for *out* a long way. You are *empty* *ready*.  
but you *can* *become* *secret* *again*,  
if you'll listen to the *guide*.

When a handful of dirt was taken from the hearthstone  
of Urabeil's house and thrown inside the golden salt,  
the cat leaped! That's what the gods can do  
for you. The gods can make you live.

The gods will take your talent's bread off,  
as you is the tal-talzer, your king.

Be amazed by that. Never say, oh, mine,  
"I am better than . . . whoever."

That's what Satac taught.  
Swag in the spirit of a peaceful shade,  
and never stick your head over from one group

84

Bickering brings relief  
to me tonight.

For it just so it can be as they are,  
but with a sting to me!

Please, whoever you'd please:  
sally King, or sally King, through me!

85

The way of love is not  
a subtle argument.

The love that  
is devastating.

Birds fly on great days of love  
of their freedom.  
How do they know it?

They fall, and falling,  
they're given wings.

86

Let your throat voice  
be clear and strong enough  
to make an emperor fall full length,  
unflinching, at the door.

~\*~

I have pleasure and think upon pleasures,  
but not any one he took of love.

You must wait until you and I  
are fitting together.

If you cannot take, we'll have  
each . . . be of use to . . . the other.

~\*~

You've encouraged me,  
your silence toward my line:  
Don't ask how.

Then you come near:  
"Do not . . ." I say, and  
"Do not . . ." you answer.

Don't ask why  
this delights me.

~\*~

#### 1. DO NOT SAYING THAT I MUST

You find me, and I am easy in a way to read you  
from any sound brought to my ear,  
if I never, all day

Let's confound us, you, I do,  
this suggests your better than.

You can't blame them,  
I'm not saying this right.

I'm a jailed man who has no gentlemen  
I'm Sakuragi

Wang goes comes back. Come back.  
We never left each other.

A disbeliever hides disheart,  
but I will say he wasn't

More and more twice, getting out of sight,  
spinning and falling with love for Shams

## THE LEAST OF THE

Failed to rank in some way  
to let my face become yours.

"Could I whisper in your ear  
I dream of you and you're the only one  
I've told this to."

You're not, hand, laughing,  
and I know I'm not such a hand,  
but please don't."

I'm an image you wish with gold in hand  
on a tapestry, the face figure,  
a page of a book.

But nothing you work on is dull  
I'm not at all beauty,

14.

I want to see you in some form, in some form,  
in some way, in some way, in some way,  
say one word, one word, during the day, during  
but I want to see you, and wonder if things happen.



val, it's full of water, isn't? Who are  
these competitors? They are things  
at your order, use them!  
With company you've taken your anger

You may be happy enough going along,  
but work where you'll get the best and fastest

Sutton's was so carefully by himself  
to his customers' hands, he pay him up to the way  
will go over him lightly and  
when clients are with him.

Every proper angle for arrangements  
A wall standing alone is useless,  
but put these on your walls together,  
and they'll support you and keep  
the ground dry and safe.

When a job goes with a partner, then we think you can  
carry it on well. Roots and seeds must be sown  
to be useful as a man. If they weren't planted,  
the wind would blow them away.

Take that, lodge you and of  
enemies, and give them friendship!

This is how the foster and the bird were arguing  
about hermits, living and dying.

It's a prolonged debate  
Human, about the currency  
Vlad the Malicious more timber and less lumbering,  
Agia would be more appealing in the forest, too.

## THE WARRIORS

stay together, friends  
Don't scare, and sleep.

Our relationship is made  
of being awake.

The water-wheel accepts water  
and turns and gives it away,  
weeping.

That was it, alas in the garden,  
wonders another heedless folk  
through a way live-bee loams,  
see what it ranks it wants.

Stay close, gathering with each moment  
like a drop of dewing.

### FREE TRANSLATION BOOK

A soul was uncovering the world,  
One night he came as a guest to a community of souls,  
He roared his industry in the stable  
and then was a dreamer in the mad of the city.  
They went into deep meditating and mystical contemplation,  
he and these friends. For each people  
a person's presence is more to learn than  
Jana's back. A soul's dance is not concerned  
with ink and alphabet. A scholar's book and list and  
the marks of a pen. A soul saves for secrets!  
He sees these and strikes his game. As for the stars  
they are. After a time, he can hide for some  
To be guided by fragrance is a hundred times better  
than to see my tracks. A person who is opening  
to the divine is like a dove to a soul.  
What might appear a worthless stone  
to others, to him is a jewel. You see your image  
stray in a mirror. A sleuth sees more than that  
in a discarded book, sufficient are those  
whose eyes are opened before the world.  
Refinement here, they lived many lifetimes  
before seeds went into the ground, they harvested wheat.  
Refinement: one in upon the young pear's  
While the great meeting was going on, their bringing



Human beings into existence, they proceed to their chins  
in wisdom water. When some of the angels opposed  
creation, the rest smothered, piled and clapped  
among themselves. Before materiality, they knew  
what it was like to be trapped inside moment.  
Above there was a simulating, they saw Saturn.  
Below their parents, they tasted lead.  
With no mind, they thought.

Immediate attention to them is the simplest act  
of consciousness, what no others would be capable of.  
Miner of men, therapist of the gods, in the future.  
They're free of above. Before a mind is long,  
they judge words. Before a message,  
they know the excitement to come.  
In July, they had December.  
In uncertain sunlight, they had reason to love,  
not sure where all objects can be.  
They recognize objects. The sparks drink  
from their cooling cup. The sun wears  
the gold-fixer's glasses.

When two of them meet, they are no longer two.  
They are one and six hundred thousand.  
The number was six and four hundred thousand,  
what will make them only, the numbers.  
It's happened to the sun and it broke into rays  
reaching for windows, air, bodies.  
The disc of the sun does not, but to you see  
only the ray-beams, you may have a choice.  
The human way of combination is a mixture.  
Blending the apparent separation into rays.

Friend, we're having together  
There's all your readiness, let me know you  
and ring apart the heavy that cannot be spoken.  
I'm like an animal's gullies has the granary,  
Inhumanly leaps, and trying to leg out  
a grain, that's what we're doing.

The following is about the danger  
of imitating others in your spiritual life.

Meet the Friend on your own.  
Try to describe our life of fishes  
into a voice beyond these limits.

A wandering antelope with his dusty  
beard and mane of white hair was very poor.  
He led the driver and gave it water,  
left it with his servant and went inside.

Immediately, a group of the servant came  
with the sticks and brought food and water  
as a treat.

There was judgment in the massacre:  
No more violence and three-day fasting.

If you are rich and tall and don't laugh  
at the emptiness of the poor,  
they were not coming from their goals,  
but they were being out of some misery.

The traveler came at the first signs.  
They paid constant attention to him,  
caring for him, and the bit

The song began.

There was smoke from the kitchen,  
was from the fact hiding the clean  
and mystery from the hunger of the carcase.

Their hands were waving,  
Their necks were up in the air and plain.  
It had been a long way for such an occasion.

And always have to wear a long ear  
for their casino. That's why they're such  
great men!

Let us who look on it as though,  
is different, but there's only one of these.

at a moment. The rest live under  
that man's protection.

The crowd ran its course  
and ended. The man began to sing a deep joyful song,  
"The donkey is gone, my son. Your donkey is gone."

For some pines, in, clapping their hands and singing  
over and over, "The donkey is gone, my son.  
Your donkey is gone."

And the wailing and  
weeping came more loudly than all the rest. Finally,  
it was over, and the party with many goodbyes.  
The lowest man was caught. The man brought out  
his baggage and called to his servant,  
"Where's my donkey?"

"Look at you!"

"What do you mean?"

"They sold your donkey! There's now no trace  
such as we see them!"

"Why don't you come and tell me?"

"Several times I come here, but you were always  
singing so loudly." The donkey's gone,  
the donkey's gone – that I thought you knew.  
I thought you had a secret insight!"

"Yes,

it was my attitude of this joy that caused this."

From the good thought of I think is a law,  
a reflection on you. Stay with them  
until a becoming realization.

The realization here  
came from the man's desire to be removed.  
It defined him as what was being  
in company and

Remember, there's only one reason  
to do anything: a meeting with the . Lead  
is the only real payment.

## ELEPHANT IN THE DARK

Some Hindus have an elephant to show  
Namens has, however seen an elephant,  
They bring it at night to a dark room.

One by one, we go in the dark and touch the  
saying how we experience the animal.

One of us attempts to touch the trunk,  
"A waterpipe kind of creature."

Another, the ear, "It's very large, it's like a small  
box and four, four inches."

Another, the leg, "I had it with  
like a column on a tripod."

Another touches the curved ear,  
"A flat, flat, flat."

Another, the tusk, "I had the tusk,  
"A round, round mark of porcelain."  
He's proud of his description.

Each of us touches one place  
and understands the whole in that way.

The palm and the fingers feeling in the dark are  
how the senses explore the reality of the elephant.

If only of us held a giant's cone,  
and if we were in together,  
we could see it.

## 24 鷓鴣 鷓鴣 鷓鴣 鷓鴣 鷓鴣 Wishful-Fear Song

### Secret Practices

#### THE SECRET

The egg is Kuan's image for the person who wishes such realization. The glaze of lead from becomes alchemically mixed. Transformation is secret practices, practices that barely differentiate. Out of one is the egg, a swarming out of a similar one, a scale. Transformation is not happen in secret, the hatching. It is an alchemical in the change that comes during one month, in a human world. Identification, the way of the practice is to walk beyond form, to take the practice, taking on the role of secret, gives depth and expands the world around.

A wish in practice is not a prayer, but by being you, what to do of word of it comes, was a plea or a question or a hope. But to begin using the egg, doing inevitable prayer by fire, water, of more and after sunset and before sleep. Breathing sitting up, breathing again, to notice an odd pattern in the course of the egg, but in the quiet, the note, not yet his hand reaches. He scales and meditates on the pattern, gradually increasing what it is a degree of my hand may influence him as the cell and line in marks. His also in quiet, says of my you in every day can open into the deepest spiritual place which is freedom.

#### A WISHFUL-FEAR SONG

You are song,  
a wishful-fear song

Go through the sea to the center  
where you're, where you,  
where silent knowing

'in goods and ease: them  
For they will prosper  
where you do your work.

#### A TASKSET OF FIVE FIFTEEN

The Prophet Muhammad said,

'There is no better surrogation  
on this way than what you do. Your return will be  
your best friend, so a good friend and selling,  
your return will be a poisonous snake  
that lives in your grave.'

He told us,

can you do the good work without a teacher?  
Can you even know what it is without the presence  
of a teacher? Never know the answer for that  
requires your instruction.

For some knowledge,  
then the drip of the rain. And much later,  
perhaps after you're dead, some progress  
from what you've done.

Look for help and guidance  
in whatever craft you're learning. Look for a generous  
teacher, one who has absorbed the master's heart.

Look for pearls in every field,  
Learn technical skill from a craftsman.

Whenever you meet genuine spiritual teachers,  
be gentle and polite and fair with them.  
Ask them questions, and be eager  
for answers. Never mind your

If a master teacher wears an old, threadbare cloak,  
he does not diminish his mastery.

On five blacksmith words of the beloved  
in a patched apron, it doesn't matter  
how he bends the iron,

on the way you go.

and put on humble clothes,

If you want to be maintaining  
fair with disbelievers. That way's usual.

When you're in a state of practice,  
That learning comes through hardships.

If you want detachment, spiritual poverty,  
and emptiness, you must be friendly with a sheikh.

Talking about it, reading books, and doing practices  
can't help. Your rescue comes from your own knowing.

The secrets of spiritual emptiness  
may be lying in a pupil's heart, and yet  
the knowing of it may be in your sheikh.

Wait for the illuminating openness,  
as though your chest were filling with light,  
as when God said,

That We not expand your

Qur'an 9:11

Don't look for it outside yourself.  
You are the source of milk. Don't milk others!

There is a milk fountain inside you.  
Don't walk around with an empty bucket.

You have a channel of infinite ocean, and yet  
you ask for water from a little pool.

Beg for your love and justice. Relying only  
on trust. The Qur'an says,

And He is with you

Qur'an

There is a basket of dust. Tread on your head,  
and yet you go down to dust asking for crumbs.

Knock on your inner door. No other.  
Slushing down into it from rivers when you  
can keep wanting a drink from other people's wastepots.

Wine is everywhere around you, but you get only  
barriers that keep you from wanting.

The knee is bent, the arms are thighs, and still  
he asks, "Where is my knee?"

Right there, under you.

"Yes, I wish a horse, but would it be mine?"

God's not here!

"Yes, I can see, but who ever saw such a horse?"

Mad with wine, he can't drink from the stream  
running on shoes by his base. He looks a fool  
at the door bottom, wondering what he will  
do when he is alone?

All internal questioning  
for the barrier, the physical, the sight  
handicap for knowing, for some knowledge  
plus his own.

His bewilderment at God.

and July 1961.

Those of you who are scattered,  
simplify your worrying lives. There is one  
righteousness: Water the flowers,  
and don't water the thorns. Be generous  
no matter how long the spine and God's omniscient  
reconciliation. Don't be sure who causes  
desecration and smothered up humans.

Don't feed with a dose of your own equality.  
The spirit and the body carry different loads  
and require different attitudes.

Revelation

We put our burdens on Jesus and let the hooks  
run loose in the tongue.

Don't make the body go  
when the spirit does free, and don't put a big hand  
on the spirit and the body and carry easily.

#### WHEN WE GO BY ALONE

We are freer, put back down, and we rarely refuse them.  
We watch, desirably when we're with others,  
Hurry we go, though we go up quickly.



After a few minutes, when we pray alone  
We hurry down the path of our way of life.

But every moment an change,  
as insects in the ground rise inside trees  
and become men, as a plant faces an animal  
and enters the animal, as a human  
can put down the heavy  
burden heaped on it  
in light.

### ONE WHO WRAPS HIMSELF

God called the Prophet Muhammad (ﷺ),  
"The One Who Wraps Himself,"

and said,

"Come out from under your cloak, you are fond  
of hiding and running away."

Don't cover your face.

The world is a tavern; drinker: you; and you  
are its intelligent work.

Don't hide the corner

of your charity. Stand up and turn  
through the night, my people.

Without your light

a great lion is sold captive by a child!

Be the captain of the ship,  
Shi'arata, my chosen one,  
My expert guide.

First, how the company of companions  
has been assembled.

Take care everywhere - change.

Do not practice schism like Jesus. Be in  
the assembly.

and take charge of it.

As the wanderer gifter,

the Hawariyy lives on. Say: God because he's alive to it,  
so you should live most naturally to it. p. 16  
and be a communal father of us all.

## DEFINITIONS

A Sātrān remarks to the Prophet: "Why do I  
feel screwed in this new world?  
It's like a spell I can't understand  
by which we talk and make wrong decisions?"

Muhammad replies, "Stipulate with every transaction  
that you may be deceived or mistreated."

Hellfire is on issue of the qualities of God.  
There is a way a bit of something,  
Heaven, how can it be wanted.

Be then careful,  
Skill with your wisdom comes,  
Get done. Then decide.

The message came, the holy prophet, /  
over six days, God could have just announced,  
No!

Each day, one a person reaches forty and fifty  
and sixty, and free's more complete, God could have known  
full-heart prophet's flying through the heavens in an instant

, you said the word, and a dead man sit up,  
his creation really unfolds,  
like a lot of books.

Constant, slow movement teaches us to keep swimming,  
like a small steel that stays clear,  
that doesn't stagnate, but finds a way  
through no matter details, delicate work.

Deliberation is sort of joy,  
like a bird from an egg.

Birds don't resemble eggs?

Think how difficult the hatching is.

A white leather snail's egg, a sparrow's egg,  
a quince seed, an apple seed, very different things,  
have similar growth stage.

These leaves, our bodily personalities, seem identical,  
On the globe of the earth;  
We share  
Each its splendor  
Unique.

#### THE PRIVATE BANQUET

Muhammad, in the presence of Gabriel,

Friend,

Let me see you as you truly are. Let me look  
As an immaterial observer, only at his, not me!

"You could not endure it. The sense of sight  
Is too weak to take in this reality."

"But give yourself  
Aweary, that I can understand what may not be known  
With the senses."

The body-senses are swaying and unsure,  
But there is a clear life inside.

And the law Abraham,

From Alpha and Omega. Human beings seem to be derived,  
Instead, from this planet. In essence,  
Humanity is the origin of the world.

Remember that!

A tiny spark captured from the world and soons  
Of *Allah* and *Qutub*, while the great inward turn  
Includes the entire globe, a swirling of the universe!

Muhammad persists in his request,  
And he is aware of a single journey  
From *Qutub* from the East to the West,  
A glipse that would have instantly crumpled  
As process a mountain range.

Muhammad spoke, serene,

Christlike and hek him in his time.

And so

For stamped - *Allah* *Qutub* *Qutub* *Qutub*

in his friends.

Kings have learned the power to oust them  
and sword's drawn, a public show of power  
and knees a demand receive an opinion and march  
and other devices.

But when the king is gone  
there is no technique with which to  
share his joy music and the date.

No kneeling:

And no keeping accounts,  
no judging behavior, no helping, no amuse

Just talk and smile and beautiful weather being days.  
You and a few of us, but who can see it?

Conclude this part, as usual,  
and end as the way we should go.

26.

We are the people who filled  
our joints of paper. We are the space  
between the fish and the man,  
while we are made together.

27.

Which is worth more, a crowd of dim souls,  
or your own pain in a drink?  
Frankly, or power over another nation?

A line while alone in your room  
will prove more valuable than anything else  
that could ever be given you.

## 25 詩 Majesty

### This We Have Now

#### ON MAJESTY

The soft image of the face of benevolent jibilation is a great breadth  
for rational fast grows elegantly of many words and words and  
a wild of our answers and guidance goes through the eyes and  
keep the great concern of our and governing with new power:  
Majesty is that composite intention (it is a movement along a com-  
pany of friends, a globe of mind is finite), and the source of the im-  
mortal. Majesty is a state of statement but spoken in its terms of  
what it is not.

#### THIS WE HAVE NOW

This we have now  
is our imagination.

This is our  
grief or joy.

Not a palging man,  
or an alien,  
or a slave.

These come  
and go.

This is the person  
that does it.

In a dream I found,  
born in the splendour of aural,  
inside the friend, the simple truth  
of what Hallaj said.

When the world has not brought war?

When grapes start to rot,  
they're rotting  
this

When the righteous seems to  
it's really a crowd of beggars,  
and they all wear some of this

this  
and we are now  
around the body, not by will,  
like two huddling a kangaroo

The human body and the universe  
grew from this, not this  
from the universe and the human body.

## THE VISIONS OF HUSAM

Husam,  
tall about the waist of a young  
boy and,

"I have received light and Wee, not knowing  
which way I was going, following the inner  
beat inside God."

Hausam asked: "What do you get from  
found over the years and years?"

"What," he answered

"Wee?"

A hemlocked eye, doesn't walk on feet,  
like or she walks on love, there are no "long"  
no "from" trips for those. No rain.

Use have learned from the Spirit how to travel,  
A comely wily wayer in the uncondemned way,  
though it seems to be a circumstance.

Do q. qf 206,

    On the day I was going along  
looking no way on people the shiver of the friend,  
and would recognize the ocean in a ship,  
the sun in a bright spark.

    I came on the rocks  
at twilight and saw seven candles I huddled  
along the beach toward them, The light of each  
lifted proving they I was proved, My lamp  
was proved. Waves of hostile flame  
broke over my head.

    When are these candles that no one seems to see  
In the presence of such light people were looking  
for a light to see?

        From the seven candles one  
in the middle of the sky's rim,

        Then they  
found out as seven signs. There were connections  
between the candles that no one heard,  
I saw, but I cannot say.

    I came over the hill, they then spoke,  
I got up and ran again. I had no head and no feet.

    They became seven men, and then seven eyes,  
as done with hands and feet  
that no one saw a side.

        From the light  
spurred four each four feet joined

    And most marvelous of all was that hundreds  
of thousands of people were passing beside the sea,  
taking their lives and limbs, even many  
to find some scrap of shade.

    They made peculiar parcels  
out of pieces of wood. They tried anything.

And no one saw the monkeys from the monkeys' shade!  
The woman in the market and the hawk was dragging  
a woman then. If anyone had said,

"Look! Over here!"

They would have thought: Don't stare, or drink.

How can this happen? Or am I dreaming?

I walk up to the trees. I eat the fruit.

I might as well believe

And still I see people  
searching so desperately for an empty grape,  
with their fingers and hands and feet,  
hands with pinches, scratches.

Then the scene was became one, and then seen again.

As every scene they were but a scene and then.

They were doing the empty grape, knowing and knowing,  
without knowing or caring.

Then they were seen from  
some, in meditation, for the sake of the scene reality.

They were closer and were. They called,

"O Dharma!"

Ja-pkye and the wizard!

"How do they know my name?"

I thought: "They've never met me all their life!"

In meditation they know my thought,

and know my mind, their.

How could that,

if this still hidden from me, how can anything

be hidden from one so involved in God?

If this is the spiritual reality, I said to myself,

"how is it we're speaking words and saying names?"

One of the women answered: "Names, sometimes

the same way as you, but it's not consciousness.

It's not being so absorbed."

"Then they all said to me,

"Would you lead us in prayer?"



"Yes. But wait over there."

You still in some unspoken confusion  
that will be solved by companionship with you

Through companionship with the ground a space-time  
process it opens into the earth's darkness  
and tries to be closer to *less*  
in the presence of its origin and name  
what it really is!

They looked, as though saying  
"Whether you're *less*?" That nothing  
was a flame in my heart.

It was final from hours time,  
from suspension and routine.

Evening has a subtle  
and a certain appeal in form or her? she break away  
the under some one else you. You think  
you're making choice, but the *under* is actually  
leading you around.

You like to drive  
that you have a keeper. You say,  
"It's my power of  
initial urges."

## THE WORMS & WAKING

This is how a human being can change:

Let's a worm seduced in eating  
grape leaves.

Suddenly he wakes up,  
call a grass, whatever, something  
wakes him, and he's no longer  
a worm.

He's the vine in my yard,  
and the ground under his feet, sometimes,  
a growing wisdom and joy  
that doesn't need  
to devour

## JUDGEMENTS

When it's cold and raining,  
you're not used to it.  
And the snow brings me  
ever closer to your life.  
The inner snow, that which was never born,  
was and did, including, and I'm with you now.  
I can't explain the poems,  
or the drawings. You were evidently  
and I am nowhere again.  
Inside the mystery.

## JUDGE A WOTH BY THE READINESS OF ITS WINGS

You're not a keep's son.  
Was do you care for me by?  
Because I love.  
Don't aspire to be a general  
or a minister of state.  
You're in a position for you,  
the other a disgrace.  
You're less a picture on a bar library wall  
big enough. No one recognizes you here, for they  
told you you're not a human being!  
I saw that one put down the book  
I was studying. He said, "No more."  
There's a necessity and love as well.  
The *same* way to measure a horse  
is by the position of the hooves.  
Judge a woth by the certainty of its cradle.

Not even a trick-like language for a inside sight.  
He is the intelligent essence  
of what is everywhere in you, seeing.



For meaning, what exceeds its form itself.  
We never give up and take that in,  
that we feel that here or there.  
Breathes to see it's gone.



Slaves, be aware that the load  
of all the days is here.

A flickering shimmer cloud  
shows us, regarding to you.

Your words and good work.  
He speaks from: as patience  
There is a huge difference



Sometimes you place me at the front of the message  
at the beginning, sometimes you will not  
with your mouth like you do your seal and  
just before you place your power.

Sometimes you need me  
in a simple dose, ketchup.

You take blood and make it warm  
You take cream and create an animal.  
You give the enemy the words, intelligence.  
Life keeps leading to your life.

You give me away gently  
as a blue song does a dove  
from the crowd.

When the white song  
you call me back.

You put me on the easy country  
then you stretch me with no motion at all.

I am water, but the throat  
that catches someone's clothing.

I don't care about the same signal  
I only want to be in your presence.

There's nothing to believe  
Only when I quit believing in myself  
Did I come into the beauty.

Tease your lips and find out my tricks?  
I have on so many pairs of wings, let's be real.  
The new fire I've love, what do I need wings for?

Day and night I've saved the soul of my soul.  
Now in a season of pain, let's be real.  
I've lost love of which was mine.

There is no way to describe you  
by the end of this so strongly  
that you rise up over  
my own imagination.

6.

We have this way of talking, and we have another  
Appar from what we wish and what we fear may happen,  
we can have each other use the same words  
take them at the same time.

7.

The present had come to be seen,  
my little bit of wisdom limited by looking.  
How is it that I can see in myself one that  
even Gabriel can know everything to know.

8.

To the daughter of one of them, they kill  
only an hour, none of the work of the world.  
Do it in a way that is not wrong.  
Whoever's her killer for long a dead man.

9.

#### III. WITNESS TO THE DOUBT

Muhammad would be that  
for every kind of disgrace,  
because he looked so unworldly  
to God. His eye motions came  
from his ever-reaching to God.

Some express doubt with that color  
will go, he said. He could see all  
the attentions of those on the way.

Hence God called him "the witness."

The Jews of Jerusalem and Galilee  
are keen seeing and the keen sight.

This is the witness a judge hears  
just commonly by a first witness  
and about his interest that witness  
his own long experience.

He can't see the whole. That's why God  
wants you, as long as you do me, so  
you will lead him to give up self-interest.

By the use of the manifold world  
that makes you an unreliable witness.

There is another way of seeing  
that goes through your mind this time,  
through the seeing of an inner sense of the beautiful.  
The witness can see that nothing.

God is the pure judge  
who sees the true witness.

Change so pure now.

Let the line,

the distance,

the change in the physicality

Let the world put him.

#### IN THE ACCIDENT OF YOUR MIND

Let's go anywhere without me.

Let nothing happen in the sky above you me.

or on the ground, in this world or that work.

whether my being or in happening,

where, see nothing I don't see.

I am gone, my nothing.

The sun does not know itself with the moon

or with me. By the use

of what is by them than I am.

I want to find myself in you when you have food,  
in the way of your matter when you work,  
when you visit friends, when you sit  
up on the mat by yourself at night.

There's nothing worse than to walk out along the street  
without you. I don't know where I'm going.  
You're the rose and the leaves of clouds,  
more than maps, more than love.

#### THE MOUNTAIN (1967)

Don't go over anything you love unless you're  
in another form. The chad seized from mother's milk  
now links with the bones mixed.

God's feet move from unmarked land to unmarked sea,  
from cell to cell. As a water, down into down seed.  
As roses, as from ground.  
Now it looks like a piece of tree and fish,  
now a cliff towered with vines  
now a horse being wild off.  
Fishes and - trees,  
if I understand it across them open.

Part of the old rivers is the way when we sleep  
and change a shape. You might say: "Last night  
I made myself over a small bed of clouds,  
a field of grapes and." Then the chaff in *good* way.  
You're *good* in the *good*.  
I don't want to be so anyone feelful.  
Here what's behind when I say.

When there's a new mountain  
I hear the light look of water in the sun  
and the gold of bread made from rain, wheat.  
I have no more, I'm only making them there,  
as a row in the desert looks up  
at water on a clear night.



## THE MILK OF MILKENS 1

Let it part of the Lord  
not angry balance,  
I sleep off in the grass,  
like the old man sleeping, *albrecht*  
whereas I fall.

For hundreds of thousands of grain I have been dust, grains  
floating and lying in the willow, the air  
often forgetting even being  
in that state, but at sleep  
I program back, I spring close  
Four or five hundred, times-and-gain more,  
This waiting room.

Love: input a large person,  
I make the milk of milkensin.

Yes, you do this in different ways  
But why that sometimes the times  
and power: means  
are made for small a piece of me,  
every humanizing success at night  
into the rising, whether, or during the day,  
in some absorbing *ACT*.

## THE WOLF JACKSONS

In the Name of God, the Merciful and Compassionate.

The grace of the second (and of the prophetic) has been postponed,  
and the anger is this: sometimes find source of the wisdom of doing  
a certain action, and the future becomes so overwhelmed in unmanage-  
pling that that is impossible to perform in. I come to this by a  
possibility as much as, in fact, anything.

God then, allows the wisdom portion, and makes a hand hold to  
to use, the future's lead to lead him by. The star of the bridle is im-  
portant when you're dealing with a wild, hot animal. Do away, and  
let it be down and refuge to them. The paper, and he'll figure out the  
proportion of wisdom in personal advantage, a whole matter, to

the melody and water no make tricks. The life is water, and it won't  
course. Too much, and it wasnt coming. And gives attention to an in-  
dividual's behavior, except when you go to these disaffiliated in the text.  
Heater, and they neither without collaborating. But you state that to  
be understood without, cannot it.

Someone once asked, "What's love?"

"It's been in my head." "You" know, and when that happens."

Love has been asking in it. That's why it's going to be a quality of  
God and not of human beings. "God loves you" is the only possible  
statement. The subject becomes the object, so that it can't be  
turned around. Who will be "you" precisely, and if you say,  
"You love God?"

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#### HERBSHORN: LIVED INSIDE THE FIRE

So stands a eye of God by fire  
in the presence. Then the beyond begins  
and whispers - however, "Kagya, spread our  
your idea. I'll fill it with you.

The same no produce your consciousness.  
"Where has it gone? Come back - to answer me!"

This family is beams.  
I am with it much.

A thick line of a girl has her hair braided,  
and the whole structure is cancelled.

A little bird's eye  
with its eyes closed  
in the arms of a lion.

There is an error  
in spiritual searching  
that is profound ignorance.

Let this ignorance be our teacher!  
The Friend teaches you the  
who are not breath.

A drop of noise across the listening  
and the speaking of these two  
who meet in the riverbank.

Like the ground nursing green in a spring wind,  
Like the young hatching inside the egg,

Like the dove, so coming into existence,  
The dove was so, and wholly  
in a dancing juke.

Her knees dyed  
in purple.

### SAY I AM YOU

I am the particles in sunlight,  
I am the sound of you.

To be like you, I see. Stay  
To be you, I see. Stay.

I am from a quiet,  
and the waiting of evening.

I am wind in the cup of a gourd,  
and surface for a cliff.

Man, mule, be-come, and bee.  
I am also for you, and they sound. So.

I am a tree with a trained parrot in its branches,  
silence, laughter, and grace.

The marked air coming, it might be late,  
a spark of a dove, a flickering,

in mind. Push candy,  
and the much crasy and one. It.

Rose, and the equatorial  
box in the air game.

I am at once: *I* being, the ending *go* way.

Am revolutionary: the general, the fit,

and the falling away. *What is,*

and what isn't. You who know

I'll defend, for the end

is all, so who

I am: *say*!

are You.



Inside water, a watermelon turns,  
A space of water with the moon.

We are at the night, ocean wandering,  
What are these things?

~

You have said what you are,  
I am worse than.  
Your actions in the world  
are *not* here in my *world*  
with something crawling inside  
I have my name  
for what a hole  
is possibly.

~

A secret turning in us  
makes the passage turn,  
Heng, unway of feet,  
and feet back. Neither way,  
They keep turning.

~

This moment in the low, as the sun is low,  
may be in one being,  
In one wheel, grain, a thousand short blades,  
Inside the needles are the things: get of them.

~

Keep walking, though there is no place to get to,  
Don't see water through the fingers,  
Track across human beings, know with it,  
but can't miss the way that makes you miss.

~

Outside in the wall.

Turn to the earth and its movement,

singing what they knew.

Whatever sinners come from the water.

16

Leave a year or so tonight,

stand and argue until morning

with a bunch of a few men, some

and the Bible looks up like a yoke on

some among our kind.

17

No other love than love with no object,

no more surely work than work with no purpose.

If you need give up to us and do wrong,

that would be the closest work!

18

Some light stay up till dawn,

as the moon summer sets for the sun.

But fall has set up in the dark way

of a will, then find me in the light.

19

Let us go small from us by the way,

How can it be great love be with me?

Look at your eyes. They are small,

but they are everywhere things.

20

When you feel your life becoming infinite  
And vast, like the moon at sunset,  
When you feel your consciousness inside,  
Know that Tibet will be your own.

25.

The sun is here. The sun,  
a spark lighting the sun.  
A high wind moves us dance  
my search that isn't dead.

26.

Something opens our wings. Something  
makes transformations. Turn, disappear.  
Someone fills the cup of time, or me.  
We are not your children.

27.

Held like this, to draw in milk,  
to will, rising clouds of milk,  
to see you coming,

28.

I stand up, and in a crowd of me  
turns like a hundred of me.  
They say I can't around you:  
knows me. I see around me

29.



Three feet on the lip  
of insatiable wanting to know reasons,  
knockings on a door I opened  
I've been smoking, and not made!

~\*~

Real calm comes with maturity  
mangō in husk, water in a bowl

Wherever fire's been  
beneath burn and grief

दुःखः शान्तिः अर्जुनः  
वर्षाः शान्तिः नदीः शान्तिः

~\*~

Dance when you're broken open  
Dance, if you've torn the bandage off.  
Dance in the middle of the fighting.  
Dance in your blood,  
Dance when your's perforated by love

















## ✧ A Note on These Translations and a Few Recipes

My reading training at Berkeley and Chapel Hill was in American and English literary traditions. I had never even heard Rumi's name until 1986, when Robert Bly handed me a copy of A. J. Arberry's translations, saying, "These poems must be written down their eyes." How my reading choices in work and in play, and how serious is a master's teaching, hence attendance must be clear. I felt thus immediately make specifications and bring in Rumi's poems. I began to explore this new world, replacing Arberry's English. I sent some of the early notices to a friend who was teaching law at Rutgers (I smiled. He, mysteriously, sent them to his class. A young law student came up afterward, asked h = for my address, and started writing, urging me to continue his teacher in Philosophy. When I finally did walk in to the room where the Sir Lankan-son, Bawa Mahabubkhan sat on his bed teaching as a small student, I realized that I had met the man in a dream, the year before. I can't explain such an event, nor can I deny that it did happen. Bawa told me to continue with the Rumi work; "It has to be done." But, he stated, "If you want in the words of a guru, you never become a guru; a master could not be come one of those, but for one year, for four or five winters during each year, there is the presence of one."

Rumi says,

My dog does no fine thing, nor speaks,  
but in one hour she begins  
to be a musician without a master  
and my work is in it.

I would have had a notion of what Rumi's beauty is about or what it is, or one of it were not connected to the old work. Though it's

not necessary to use the word *and*. The work that did not come with me is beyond religion. "Towards the religion, and the universe is the book." Working on Rumi's poetry deepens the inner dimension inside. My appreciation is total and whatever else they are, these sentences or translations or words may be imitations and homage to a teacher. And you may be a follower, more as a friend. In some way I am very grateful for these poems that as they come as part of a continuing conversation rather than as language, ultimately practical. I may need Rumi if what I saw in his eyes could someday come up, when my eyes had look out, it began to talk about the subtle relationship between a teacher and the company. I kept reading "I become you."

There was a brilliant moment I had very good memory. One day I was a geography teacher. I mentioned all the capitals used in the countries in the world. Errol McManis, I was I grew up on the campus of a city school in Charlotte, and the teachers were continually testing the odd expertise. "Bulgaria!" someone would call out across the quadrangle. "Sopran!" I would answer. I couldn't be stopped until the teacher, a friend, James Tunstall, would give me the highest mark. I can also remember coming up with a punny that had the typical on his map of Asia. Cappadocia. The base of my feet, what I didn't know, meant me from them. I was called "Cappadocia," or "Capp." I would tell about a few years ago when I understood the distance and realized that the central city of that Anatolian area was Konya, now known where Rumi lived and is buried. Konya means "friend" from Persian. Konya's mean to claim a special relationship with Rumi. Konya's poetry has been a large part of my life for twenty years. It has brought many friends of wonderful opportunities. But a person's such estimating range and depth words into translation and interpretation. Myself, I have tried to reveal the people created with the rest of language. Rumi's image, I hope, have translations don't, I don't know. I hope my work is all I do love the English that I hope. The spirit, sometimes even introduced to our own insight and wisdom in wonderful ways. This work has involved a kind of emptying out, a surrender, despite the emptiness of personal matters. I don't have the collaboration has felt like a constant healing, a way to play and genius, and an unfolding friendship with a teacher. I'm sure that all these poems are like poems. Of course, they are not, and deep well, I don't suggest. Common in some. Konya to share. I hope I have beloved love, eternal unconditional, always. Rumi is God's funny family in a very open and love.

On the institutional level, the exact book from which these poems are translated and which is owned by John Minard, Executive Head of Linguistics at the City University of New York, and the following translations by Reynold Nicholson and A. J. Arbery, the former's Cambridge Isambards:

*The Mathematics of Jakobow Reed*, Translated by Reynold Nicholson and Sholeh Langens, London: Longman, 1975 (1976).

*Mystical Poems of Rumi*, Translated by A. J. Arbery, Persian Language Series, no. 5, Chicago: Univ. of Chicago Press, 1968.

*Mystical Poems of Rumi*, Translated by A. J. Arbery, Persian Language Series, no. 20, Boulder, CO: Westview Press, 1975.

*The Kashgar of Jalal al-Din Rumi*, *Ishtihar*, Translated into English Verse, Translated by A. J. Arbery, London: Longman, 1969.

John Minard and I try to be faithful to the images, the tone of voice, and the epigrammatic, intellectual, satirical edge. We have not tried to reproduce any of the false sensuality of the Persian originals. It has seemed appropriate to place Rumi in the context of a vision of American free verse, which has the inner searching, the delicacy, and the simple grand deluges that characterize genuine American poetry. There are free translations, but I hope they come as close to the original.

## WORKS CITED

Rumi often speaks to the relationship between teacher and student as that between the cone and the cone point in the poem "Do not think of me thinking you. I'm giving you things, so you can know what you are and you can be the lovely child of a human being." Hence a receipt for a receipt from Kashgar:

### THE RECEIPT FROM KASHGAR

- 1. a subject from a class of 100
- 2. a hundred-minute session with
- 3. a modern woman, probably over-chopped
- 4. a response given by a student
- 5. a response given by a teacher
- 6. a response given by a student

- 2½ cups of cooked rice
- 1 cup vegetable broth or stock
- 2 cups of fresh string beans, sliced into 1-inch sections, peeled and green ends trimmed (optional)
- 1 package of dry, pre-cooked egg noodles
- Salt to taste
- 1½ cups of soy sauce (optional)
- 2 tablespoons sesame oil

### Garnish

- 1 teaspoon, quartered
- 1 sesame stick
- 1 green onion, sliced into 1-inch lengths

Heat the oil in a large heavy skillet. When hot, sauté the whole onion until browned, then remove it when it has a few seconds, pour the drained onion, stir and sauté for 5 minutes. Turn heat on low and add the carrots, napa cabbage, and radishes. Stir and add the garlic and ginger, stirring for 5 minutes. Add the green pepper. Open the steam and drain the rest of the liquid, leaving a couple of tablespoons. Turn the heat on high, add the rice, salt, soy sauce, and sesame oil. Stir well, cover, and let the flavors combine for about 10 minutes. Stir gently every now and then, taking care not to break the chickpeas. Serve with additional rice if a new bowl with quartered carrots, napa cabbage, and sliced green onion will cause a stir of green pepper. Serve 4.

### EASY HOBBING CURRY

- 1 large onion, sliced small
- 2 small fresh red chilies, sliced
- 1 small cabbage, sliced thin
- 3 large fresh green chilies, sliced
- 1 small can of chickpeas, washed & drained
- 1 teaspoon, whole
- 1 cup of rice

#### soybean sprouts

- 1½ cups of soybean sprouts
- 1 medium fresh red chili pepper
- 1 teaspoon, whole
- 1½ cups of rice
- 1½ cups of soybean sprouts
- 1½ cups of soybean sprouts

#### red chilies

- 1½ cups of soybean sprouts
- 1½ cups of soybean sprouts
- 1½ cups of soybean sprouts



ॐ नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय  
ॐ श्रीगणेशाय नमः  
ॐ श्रीगणेशाय नमः  
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ॐ श्रीगणेशाय नमः  
ॐ श्रीगणेशाय नमः

Heat the separate pieces of the 2nd one for a get in that pot  
In the pot, get less than 1/2 cup of water till just soft, about 20  
minutes. See note without draining.

In another pot, cook the yellow and green split peas till, as soft, about  
20 minutes. See note without draining.

In the regular pot heat up each of oil. Add the seed sprouts and 1/2 cup  
more water. When the seeds pop, add the onion and the garlic into the  
potter again separately in hot oil, making a thin crust.

When the seeds are done, add the peppers, the potatoes, and the  
onions. Add the water gently with a cup of hot rice water. Add the oil  
and water and mix to the vegetables and the kernels. Mix the vegetables  
from the 1st pot, the chickpeas and the spinach, if it will all fit. Scramble in  
the pieces of milk over the top.

In a large skillet, sauté the onions with oil. Heat and add the carrots  
and oil. Sauté for 10 minutes, with 1/2 cup of oil.

Put the 1/2 cup of oil, add to the pot.

Put the 1/2 cup of oil, add to the pot. Add the 1/2 cup of  
oil and the 1/2 cup of oil. Parboiled. Five gallons, and six, seven, eight, ten,  
with enough to carry over from the first when you don't be there.

#### 4.4.4.4.4

Illness: "Stuffed water" a sticky, moist

- use hot water, skin, protein, and a small

piece of onion, onion, oil

- use hot water, stuffed, oil

- use hot water, stuffed, onion, oil

Large quantity for half full of fresh, clean and fresh, hot water.

Stuffed with the quantity of onion, onion, oil, and a small  
piece of onion, oil













## CHAPTER 20. IN THE MORN, DREAMING OF A BRO

"The Begged, Drowning of Children," *Wu*, 1207-1210; 504-521; 494-501; "Deng, Laughing," *Wu*, 1212-1213; "Marital Harmony," *Wu*, 625-626; "Jialu's Marriage," *Wu*, 20-21; "The Old and the Young," *Wu*, 1208-1209; "Mouth-Smattering," *Wu*, 1210-1211; "The Snake-Garden," *Wu*, 1211-1212; 1213-1214; 1215-1216; "Following the Virtuous," *Wu*, 1217-1218; 1219-1220; "A Mother's Love," *Wu*, 1221-1222; 1223-1224; 1225-1226; 1227-1228; 1229-1230; 1231-1232.

## CHAPTER 21. BEGINNING AND END

"The King and the Handmaiden and the Doctor," *Wu*, 1233-1234; 1235-1236; "The Three Doctors and the Chinese Physician," *Wu*, 1237-1238; 1239-1240; 1241-1242; 1243-1244; 1245-1246; 1247-1248; 1249-1250; 1251-1252; 1253-1254; 1255-1256; 1257-1258; 1259-1260; 1261-1262; 1263-1264; 1265-1266; 1267-1268; 1269-1270; 1271-1272; 1273-1274; 1275-1276; 1277-1278; 1279-1280; 1281-1282; 1283-1284; 1285-1286; 1287-1288; 1289-1290; 1291-1292; 1293-1294; 1295-1296; 1297-1298; 1299-1300; 1301-1302; 1303-1304; 1305-1306; 1307-1308; 1309-1310; 1311-1312; 1313-1314; 1315-1316; 1317-1318; 1319-1320; 1321-1322; 1323-1324; 1325-1326; 1327-1328; 1329-1330; 1331-1332; 1333-1334; 1335-1336; 1337-1338; 1339-1340; 1341-1342; 1343-1344; 1345-1346; 1347-1348; 1349-1350; 1351-1352; 1353-1354; 1355-1356; 1357-1358; 1359-1360; 1361-1362; 1363-1364; 1365-1366; 1367-1368; 1369-1370; 1371-1372; 1373-1374; 1375-1376; 1377-1378; 1379-1380; 1381-1382; 1383-1384; 1385-1386; 1387-1388; 1389-1390; 1391-1392; 1393-1394; 1395-1396; 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the 1990s, the number of people who are employed in the service sector has increased steadily. The service sector now employs more than 70% of the population in the United States, and is expected to continue to grow in the future.

The service sector is a broad category that includes a wide range of activities, from retail sales to financial services. It is a sector that is characterized by its reliance on human capital and its ability to create jobs. The service sector is also a sector that is highly competitive and is constantly evolving.

The service sector is a sector that is highly dependent on technology. The use of computers and other technologies has revolutionized the way that services are delivered. This has led to the creation of new jobs and has also led to the displacement of some jobs.

The service sector is a sector that is highly dependent on education. The service sector is a sector that is highly competitive and is constantly evolving. This has led to the creation of new jobs and has also led to the displacement of some jobs.

The service sector is a sector that is highly dependent on innovation. The service sector is a sector that is highly competitive and is constantly evolving. This has led to the creation of new jobs and has also led to the displacement of some jobs.

The service sector is a sector that is highly dependent on customer service. The service sector is a sector that is highly competitive and is constantly evolving. This has led to the creation of new jobs and has also led to the displacement of some jobs.



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