

DECEMBER 13

OPEN THE DOOR OR DIE

There is an invisible sun we long to see. The closer
you get to the present, the brighter and more
real it will become, even at midnight.

To the poor slaves of this world with their
eyes chained to coins and unforgiving, the
wondrousness of the firmament can cease to lift
your head and impact your manners.

What wing would not become depressed within
a snare, if that wing still has some spirit in it,
and all your instincts to want to taste that
stratosphere above the known?

"Open the door or die. Unlock the cage or die."
My master would to say to me, when I was young.

A GARDEN COULD RISE IN BARREN PLACES

If you don't watch out I just might say something
you will never forget. Then what will you do?

Those words might organize a gang inside your
mind who undertake a strategic plot, or just bully
you to make some changes in your life you have
wanted to make but could not, on your own.

A time-release capsule, my touch and sounds,
with secret instructions hidden within that can
slowly seep into the cracks your heartaches cause.

All of a sudden you might find yourself cleaning
your room more, helping old people across the
street, or giving your money away. Yes, I am
dangerous.

A garden could rise in barren places in you if our
eyes met.

I could turn you into a store that sells shuttle
tickets to other planets; but what use would that
be?

The thing is: I think someone should get more use
out of you for something that will bring pleasure
to others.

It might as well be me who practices some tough
love now and then.

APRIL 8

RADIANT IN ITS SHEATH

Outside everyone's house is a great force that will someday attack.

Many have been carried off, held for some kind of ransom, mortally wounded, or made crazed.

Who would raise a child and not prepare him for such an imminent battle?

Who would ever write a book and not in some way make you aware of a strong opponent you will meet?

A sword is most effective if it is never raised, but can turn radiant in its sheath

and reflect a light onto your face that can still the anger in others.

THERE IS A WONDERFUL GAME

There is a game we should play, and it goes like this:

We hold hands and look into each other's eyes and scan each other's face.

Then I say, "Now tell me a difference you see between us."

And you might respond, "Hafiz, your nose is ten times bigger than mine!"

Then I would say, "Yes, my dear, almost ten times!"

But let's keep playing. Let's go deeper, go deeper.

For if we do, our spirits will embrace and interweave,

our union will be so glorious that even God will not be able to tell us apart.

There is a wonderful game we should play with everyone and it goes, it goes *like this* . . .

NOVEMBER 7

WITH THAT MOON LANGUAGE

Admit something: Everyone you see, you
say to them, "Love me."

Of course you do not say this out loud;
otherwise someone would call the cops.

Still, though, think about this, this great
pull in us to connect.

Why not become the one who lives with
a full moon in each eye

that is always saying, with that sweet
moon language,

what every other eye in this world is dying
to hear?

JUNE 6

ENERGY IN SOUNDS

As many times as a parrot might say any number of things, will that make them true for the bird?

So it is with many utterances about spiritual matters from people; they just may never occur except in make-believe, which probably won't pay the rent.

Harness speech; let it become a windmill that can grind a harvest.

There is a pristine energy in sounds that come from certain depths that can help split the atom

if you can control them perfectly, which would mean your words cease to harm, and always uplift, or at least comfort.

With the world so ripe for help, this is what our relationship is at times about—

me increasing your power, so that you can bake a special wheat, that can feed the various longings a refined heart can know.

MAY 23

DISTANCE YIELDS

It knew it had no chance. Distance yielded.

Like two opponents meeting and one seeing
it was easily ten times more powerful than
the other,

so the greater warrior just turned and walked
away, but a spear was thrown into its back,
but that was really nothing; it would be pulled
out and laid aside, and even bowed to.

My love has become like that: Ten times the
strength of anything that might ever think to
war with me. And any words shaped like arrows,
what are those to someone my size?

Distance yields. I guess there are two ways of
looking at this, aren't there? One is: Something
will grow in your future. And that is true.

And the other way is: All surrender to the alive
heart, and to the eyes that can be always giving.

May I make a request of my friends? Would you
put some of my words into songs?

It doesn't have to be any words here; they can
come from another bin.