

# Sacred Music

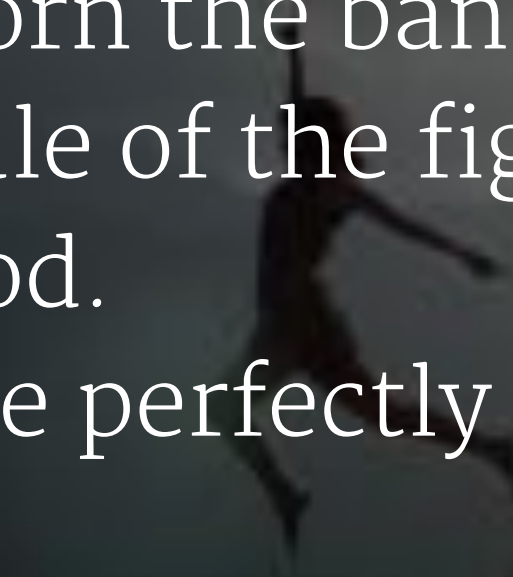
Shoonya – A World Music Band

Inspiration for the Music

# Dance

## Rumi

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 you're perfectly free.

A person is captured in mid-air, jumping or dancing in a field. The background shows a dark, silhouetted building with an arched window and some trees, all under a twilight sky. The overall mood is contemplative and artistic.

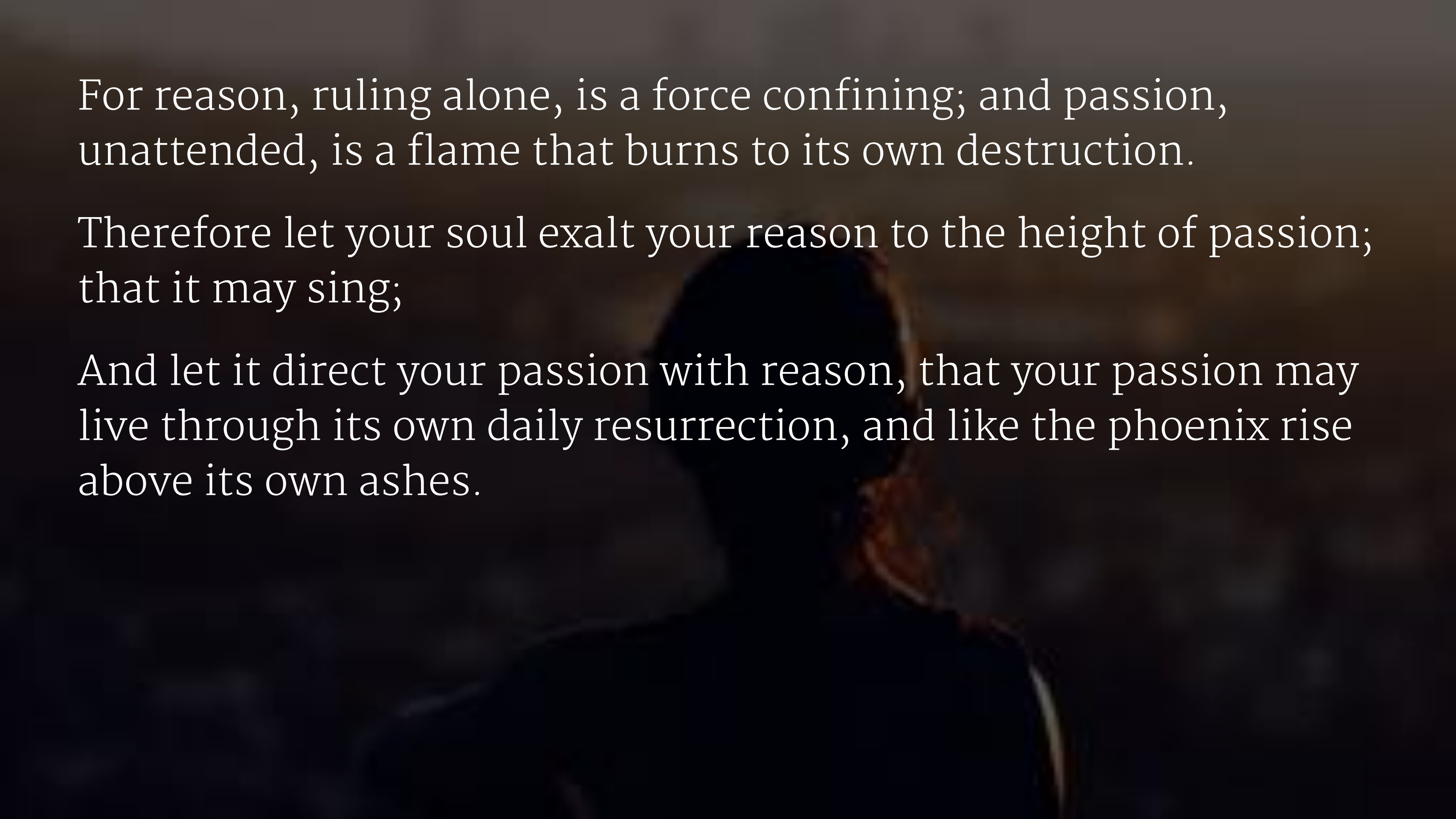
# Reason and Passion

Khalil Gibran

Your soul is oftentimes a battlefield, upon which your reason and your judgment wage war against your passion and your appetite.

Your reason and your passion are the rudder and the sails of your seafaring soul.

If either your sails or your rudder be broken, you can but toss and drift, or else be held at a standstill in mid-seas.

A phoenix rising from its own ashes. The image shows a dark, smoky background with a bright, glowing orange and yellow flame or fire rising from the bottom right, symbolizing rebirth and transformation.

For reason, ruling alone, is a force confining; and passion, unattended, is a flame that burns to its own destruction.

Therefore let your soul exalt your reason to the height of passion; that it may sing;

And let it direct your passion with reason, that your passion may live through its own daily resurrection, and like the phoenix rise above its own ashes.

# Loneliness

Faiz Ahmad Faiz

Today loneliness like some old friend  
Has come to my wine-pouring as evening declines  
We two are seated waiting for the moon to rise  
And your reflection to begin shining under every shadow



# Pain

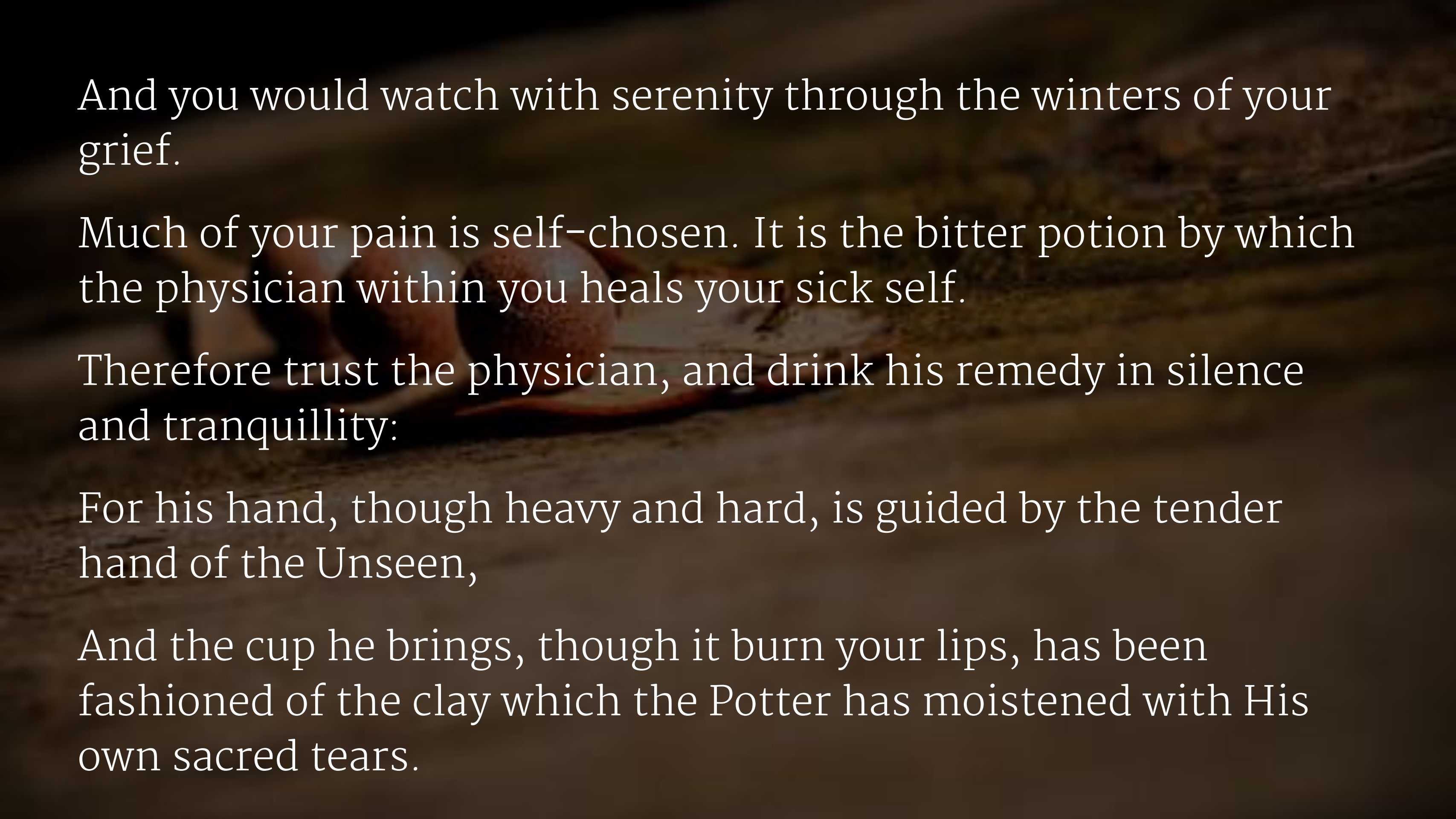
**Khalil Gibran**

Your pain is the breaking of the shell that encloses your understanding.

Even as the stone of the fruit must break, that its heart may stand in the sun, so must you know pain.

And could you keep your heart in wonder at the daily miracles of your life, your pain would not seem less wondrous than your joy;

And you would accept the seasons of your heart, even as you have always accepted the seasons that pass over your fields.



And you would watch with serenity through the winters of your grief.

Much of your pain is self-chosen. It is the bitter potion by which the physician within you heals your sick self.

Therefore trust the physician, and drink his remedy in silence and tranquillity:

For his hand, though heavy and hard, is guided by the tender hand of the Unseen,

And the cup he brings, though it burn your lips, has been fashioned of the clay which the Potter has moistened with His own sacred tears.



# Purity

## Kabir's Jhini jhini bini chadariya

The Lord Supreme has woven a very fine and delicate tapestry,  
free of impurities of any kind!

What refined and subtle yarn, what complex interlacing, He has  
used to weave it!

Using veins and breath His threads Twenty four hours on end,  
His spinning wheel turns,

Weaving the tapestry from all five essential elements.



Ten months does it take the Lord to weave his tapestry,  
Using the greatest of craftsmanship, care and skill.

That exquisite tapestry is worn by the celestials, by Saints, and by  
human beings alike.

But they all invariably have defiled it!

Your humble devotee Kabir has worn it scrupulously and  
meticulously,

And is returning it to You, O'Lord, unblemished and pure !