

Rumi

Jalāl ad-Dīn Muḥammad Balkhī Mevlānā in Turkey and **Mawlānā** in Iran and Afghanistan but known to the English-speaking world simply as **Rumi** (30 September 1207 – 17 December 1273) was a 13th-century Persian Muslim poet, jurist, theologian, and Sufi mystic. Rūmī is a descriptive name meaning "Roman" since he lived most of his life in an area called "Rumi" (then under the control of Seljuq dynasty) because it was once ruled by the Eastern Roman Empire. He was one of the figures who flourished in the Sultanate of Rum.

He was born in Balkh Province in Afghanistan in a small town located at the river Wakhsh in Persia.

His birthplace and native language both indicate a Persian heritage. His father decided to migrate westwards due to quarrels between different dynasties in Khorasan, opposition to the Khwarizmid Shahs who were considered devious by Bahā ud-Dīn Walad (Rumi's father), or fear of the impending Mongol cataclysm. Rumi's family traveled west, first performing the Hajj and eventually settling in the Anatolian city Konya. This was where he lived most of his life, and here he composed one of the crowning glories of Persian literature which profoundly affected the culture of the area.

He lived most of his life under the Sultanate of Rum, where he produced his works and died in 1273 AD. He was buried in Konya and his shrine became a place of pilgrimage. Following his death, his followers and his son Sultan Walad founded the Mevlevi Order, also known as the Order of the Whirling Dervishes, famous for its Sufi dance known as the Sama ceremony.

Rumi's works are written in the New Persian language. A Persian literary renaissance (in the 8th/9th century) started in regions of Sistan, Khorāsān and Transoxiana and by the 10th/11th century, it reinforced the Persian language as the preferred literary and cultural language in the Persian Islamic world. Rumi's importance is considered to transcend national and ethnic borders. His original works are widely read in their original language across the Persian-speaking world. Translations of his works are very popular in other countries. His poetry has influenced Persian literature as well as Urdu, Punjabi and other Pakistani languages written in Perso/Arabic script e.g. Pashto and Sindhi. His poems have been widely translated into many languages. In 2007, he was described as the "most popular poet in America."

Life

The general theme of Rumi's thought, like that of other mystic and Sufi poets of Persian literature, is essentially that of the concept of *tawhīd* – union with his beloved (the primal root) from which/whom he has been cut off and become aloof – and his longing and desire to restore it

The *Masnawi* weaves fables, scenes from everyday life, Qur'anic revelations and exegesis, and metaphysics into a vast and intricate tapestry. In the East, it is said of him that he was "not a prophet — but surely, he has brought a scripture".

Rumi believed passionately in the use of music, poetry and dance as a path for reaching God. For Rumi, music helped devotees to focus their whole being on the divine and to do this so intensely that the soul was both destroyed and resurrected. It was from these ideas that the practice of whirling dervishes developed into a ritual form. His teachings became the base for the order of the Mevlevi which his son Sultan Walad organized. Rumi encouraged Sama, listening to music and turning or doing the sacred dance. In the Mevlevi tradition, *samāʿ* represents a mystical journey of spiritual ascent through mind and love to the Perfect One. In this journey, the seeker symbolically turns towards the truth, grows through love, abandons the ego, finds the truth and arrives at the Perfect. The seeker then returns from this spiritual journey, with greater maturity, to love and to be of service to the whole of creation without discrimination with regard to beliefs, races, classes and nations.

In other verses in the *Masnawi*, Rumi describes in detail the universal message of love:

The lover's cause is separate from all other causes

Love is the astrolabe of God's mysteries.

Rumi's poetry is often divided into various categories: the quatrains (*rubayāt*) and odes (*ghazal*) of the *Divan*, the six books of the *Masnawi*. The prose works are divided into The Discourses, The Letters, and the *Seven Sermons*.

Poetic works

- Rumi's major work is the *Maṭnawīye Ma'nawī* (*Spiritual Couplets*), a six-volume poem regarded by some Sufis as the Persian-language Qur'an. It is considered by many to be one of the greatest works of mystical poetry. It contains approximately 27000 lines of Persian poetry.
- Rumi's other major work is the *Dīwān-e Kabīr* (*Great Work*) or *Diwan-e Shams-e Tabrizi*/*Dīwān-e Shams-e Tabrizī* (*The Works of Shams of Tabriz*) named in honor of Rumi's master Shams. Besides approximately 35000 Persian couplets and 2000 Persian quatrains, the *Divan* contains 90 Ghazals and 19 quatrains in Arabic, a couple of dozen or so couplets in

Turkish (mainly macaronic poems of mixed Persian and Turkish) and 14 couplets in Greek (all of them in three macaronic poems of Greek-Persian).

Prose works

- *Fihi Ma Fihi (In It What's in It)* provides a record of seventy-one talks and lectures given by Rumi on various occasions to his disciples. It was compiled from the notes of his various disciples, so Rumi did not author the work directly.^[47] An English translation from the Persian was first published by A.J. Arberry as *Discourses of Rumi*.
- *Majāles-e Sab'a (Seven Sessions)* contains seven Persian sermons (as the name implies) or lectures given in seven different assemblies. The sermons themselves give a commentary on the deeper meaning of Qur'an and Hadeeth. The sermons also include quotations from poems of Sana'i, 'Attar, and other poets, including Rumi himself.
- *Makatib (The Letters)* is the book containing Rumi's letters in Persian to his disciples, family members, and men of state and of influence. The letters testify that Rumi kept very busy helping family members and administering a community of disciples that had grown up around them.

Philosophical outlook

Rumi was an evolutionary thinker in the sense that he believed that the spirit after devolution from the divine Ego undergoes an evolutionary process by which it comes nearer and nearer to the same divine Ego. All matter in the universe obeys this law and this movement is due to an inbuilt urge (which Rumi calls "love") to evolve and seek enjoinder with the divinity from which it has emerged. Evolution into a human being from an animal is only one stage in this process. The doctrine of the Fall of Adam is reinterpreted as the devolution of the Ego from the universal ground of divinity and is a universal, cosmic phenomenon. The French philosopher Henri Bergson's idea of life being creative and evolutionary is similar, though unlike Bergson, Rumi believes that there is a specific goal to the process: the attainment of God. For Rumi, God is the ground as well as the goal of all existence.

He is concerned with the spiritual evolution of a human being: Man not conscious of God is akin to an animal and true consciousness makes him divine. Nicholson has seen this as a Neo-Platonic doctrine: the universal soul working through the various spheres of being, a doctrine introduced into Islam by Muslim philosophers like Al Farabi and being related at the same time to Ibn Sina's idea of love as the magnetically working power by which life is driven into an upward trend.

"Your task is not to seek for love, but merely to seek and find all the barriers within yourself that you have built against it."

"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 is too full to talk about."

"If you are irritated by every rub, how will your mirror be polished?"

"The minute I heard my first love story,
I started looking for you, not knowing
how blind that was.
Lovers don't finally meet somewhere.
They're in each other all along."

"You were born with wings, why prefer to crawl through life?"

"Ignore those that make you fearful and sad, that degrade you back towards disease and death."

"What you seek is seeking you."

"When I am with you, we stay up all night.
When you're not here, I can't go to sleep.
Praise God for those two insomnias!
And the difference between them."

"Knock, And He'll open the door
Vanish, And He'll make you shine like the sun
Fall, And He'll raise you to the heavens
Become nothing, And He'll turn you into everything."

"Don't grieve. Anything you lose comes round in another form."

"The wound is the place where the Light enters you."

"In your light I learn how to love. In your beauty, how to make poems. You dance inside my chest where no-one sees you, but sometimes I do, and that sight becomes this art."

"Let the beauty we love be what we do. There are hundreds of ways to kneel and kiss the ground."

"My soul is from elsewhere, I'm sure of that, and I intend to end up there."

"Forget safety.
Live where you fear to live.
Destroy your reputation.
Be notorious."

"Lovers don't finally meet somewhere. They're in each other all along."

"This is love: to fly toward a secret sky, to cause a hundred veils to fall each moment. First to let go of life. Finally, to take a step without feet."

"There is a candle in your heart, ready to be kindled.
There is a void in your soul, ready to be filled.
You feel it, don't you?"

"Do not be satisfied with the stories that come before you. Unfold your own myth."

"That which God said to the rose, and caused it to laugh in full-blown beauty, He said to my heart, and made it a hundred times more beautiful."

"A thousand half-loves must be forsaken to take one whole heart home."

"Where there is ruin, there is hope for a treasure."

"Sell your cleverness and buy bewilderment."

"We come spinning out of nothingness, scattering stars like dust."

"I want to sing like the birds sing, not worrying about who hears or what they think."

"Let Yourself Be Silently Drawn By the Stronger Pull Of That Which You Really Love."

"Silence is the language of god,
all else is poor translation."

"People want you to be happy.
Don't keep serving them your pain!

If you could untie your wings
and free your soul of jealousy,

you and everyone around you
would fly up like doves."

"Know your voice.

Recognize you when you
first come 'round the corner.

Sense your scent when I come
into a room you've just left.

Know the lift of your heel,
the glide of your foot.

Become familiar with the way
you purse your lips
then let them part,
just the slightest bit,
when I lean in to your space
and kiss you.

I want to know the joy
of how you whisper
"more"

"Sit, be still, and listen,
because you're drunk
and we're at
the edge of the roof."

"An eye is meant to see things.
The soul is here for its own joy.

A head has one use: For loving a true love.
Feet: To chase after.

Love is for vanishing into the sky. The mind,
for learning what men have done and tried to do.

Mysteries are not to be solved: The eye goes blind
when it only wants to see why.

A lover is always accused of something.
But when he finds his love, whatever was lost
in the looking comes back completely changed."

"Be empty of worrying.
Think of who created thought!
Why do you stay in prison
When the door is so wide open?"

"Either give me more wine or leave me alone."

"Let yourself be drawn by the stronger pull of what you truly love."

"Reason is powerless in the expression of Love."

"Who could be so lucky? Who comes to a lake for water and sees the reflection of moon."

"Come, come, whoever you are. Wanderer, worshiper, lover of leaving. It doesn't matter. Ours is not a caravan of despair.
come, even if you have broken your vows a thousand times. Come, yet again , come , come."

"Beauty surrounds us."

"I didn't come here of my own accord, and I can't leave that way.
Whoever brought me here will have to take me home."

"You try to be faithful
And sometimes you're cruel.
You are mine. Then, you leave.
Without you, I can't cope.

And when you take the lead,
I become your footstep.
Your absence leaves a void.
Without you, I can't cope.

You have disturbed my sleep,
You have wrecked my image.
You have set me apart.
Without you, I can't cope."

"Start a huge, foolish project, like Noah...it makes absolutely no difference what people think of you."

"I have lived on the lip
of insanity, wanting to know reasons,
knocking on a door. It opens.
I've been knocking from the inside."

"Everything in the universe is within you. Ask all from yourself."

"You wander from room to room
Hunting for the diamond necklace
That is already around your neck!"

"This being human is a guest house. Every morning is a new arrival. A joy, a depression, a meanness, some momentary awareness comes as an unexpected visitor...Welcome and entertain them all. Treat each guest honorably. The dark thought, the shame, the malice, meet them at the door laughing, and invite them in. Be grateful for whoever comes, because each has been sent as a guide from beyond."

"And you? When will you begin that long journey into yourself?"

"Be like melting snow -- wash yourself of yourself."

"Inside you there's an artist you don't know about... say yes quickly, if you know, if you've known it from before the beginning of the universe."

"Take someone who doesn't keep score,
who's not looking to be richer, or afraid of losing,
who has not the slightest interest even
in his own personality: he's free."

"I know you're tired but come, this is the way."

"The breezes at dawn have secrets to tell you
Don't go back to sleep!
You must ask for what you really want.
Don't go back to sleep!
People are going back and forth
across the doorsill where the two worlds touch,
The door is round and open

Don't go back to sleep!"

"Remember. The way you make love is the way God will be with you."

"On a day
when the wind is perfect,
the sail just needs to open and the world is full of beauty.
Today is such a day."

"All people on the planet are children, except for a very few. No one is grown up except those free of desire."

"Birds make great sky-circles of their freedom.
How do they learn it?
They fall and falling,
they're given wings."

"They say there is a doorway from heart to heart, but what is the use of a door when there are no walls?"

"At night, I open the window
and ask the moon to come
and press its face against mine.
Breathe into me.
Close the language-door
and open the love-window.
The moon won't use the door,
only the window."

"Love comes with a knife, not some shy question, and not with fears for its reputation!"

"Soul of all souls, life of all life - you are That.
Seen and unseen, moving and unmoving - you are That.
The road that leads to the City is endless;
Go without head and feet
and you'll already be there.
What else could you be? - you are That."

"Let the lover be disgraceful, crazy, absentminded. Someone sober will worry about things going badly. Let the lover be. "

"You are a volume in the divine book
A mirror to the power that created the universe
Whatever you want, ask it of yourself
Whatever you're looking for can only be found
Inside of you"

"My lips got lost on the way to the kiss - that's how drunk I was."

"There is a secret medicine given only to those who hurt so hard they can't hope.
The hoppers would feel slighted if they knew."

"You are the Truth from foot to brow. Now, what else would you like to know?"

"A Thirsty Fish

I don't get tired of you. Don't grow weary
of being compassionate toward me!

All this thirst equipment
must surely be tired of me,
the waterjar, the water carrier.

I have a thirsty fish in me
that can never find enough
of what it's thirsty for!

Show me the way to the ocean!
Break these half-measures,
these small containers.

All this fantasy
and grief.

Let my house be drowned in the wave
that rose last night in the courtyard
hidden in the center of my chest.

Joseph fell like the moon into my well.
The harvest I expected was washed away.
But no matter.

A fire has risen above my tombstone hat.
I don't want learning, or dignity,
or respectability.

I want this music and this dawn
and the warmth of your cheek against mine.

The grief-armies assemble,
but I'm not going with them.

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

A great silence comes over me,
and I wonder why I ever thought
to use language."

"Like This

If anyone asks you
how the perfect satisfaction
of all our sexual wanting
will look, lift your face
and say,

Like this.

When someone mentions the gracefulness
of the night sky, climb up on the roof
and dance and say,
Like this.

If anyone wants to know what "spirit" is,
or what "God's fragrance" means,
lean your head toward him or her.
Keep your face there close.

Like this.

When someone quotes the old poetic image
about clouds gradually uncovering the moon,
slowly loosen knot by knot the strings
of your robe.

Like this.

If anyone wonders how Jesus raised the dead,
don't try to explain the miracle.
Kiss me on the lips.

Like this. Like this.

When someone asks what it means
to "die for love," point
here.
If someone asks how tall I am, frown
and measure with your fingers the space
between the creases on your forehead.

This tall.

The soul sometimes leaves the body, then returns.
When someone doesn't believe that,
walk back into my house.

Like this.

When lovers moan,
they're telling our story.

Like this.

I am a sky where spirits live.
Stare into this deepening blue,
while the breeze says a secret.

Like this.

When someone asks what there is to do,
light the candle in his hand.

Like this.

How did Joseph's scent come to Jacob?
Huuuuu.

How did Jacob's sight return?
Huuuu.

A little wind cleans the eyes.

Like this.
When Shams comes back from Tabriz,
he'll put just his head around the edge
of the door to surprise us

Like this."

"This poetry. I never know what I'm going to say."

"The breeze at dawn has secrets to tell you. Don't go back to sleep."

"Oh sky, without me, do not change,
Oh moon, without me, do not shine;
Oh earth, without me, do not grow,
Oh time, without me, do not go.
...Oh, you cannot go, without me."

"Love so needs to love
that it will endure almost anything, even abuse,
just to flicker for a moment. But the sky's mouth is kind,
its song will never hurt you, for I
sing those words."

"Let the beauty we love be what we do.
There are hundreds of ways to kneel and kiss the ground."

"When someone beats a rug,
the blows are not against the rug,
but against the dust in it."

"Keep walking, though there's no place to get to.
Don't try to see through the distances.
That's not for human beings. Move within,
But don't move the way fear makes you move."

"In the slaughterhouse of love, they kill only the best, none of the weak or deformed. Don't run away from this dying.
Whoever's not killed for love is dead meat."

"Have you ever gotten breathless before from a beautiful face,
for I see you there, my dear."

"The way of love is not
a subtle argument.
The door there
is devastation.
Birds make great sky-circles
of their freedom.
How do they learn it?
They fall, and falling,
they're given wings."

"I was dead, then alive.
Weeping, then laughing.
The power of love came into me,
and I became fierce like a lion,
then tender like the evening star."

"You are a lover of your own experience ... not of me ... you turn to me to feel your own emotion"

"No more words. In the name of this place we drink in with our breathing, stay quiet like a flower. So the nightbirds will start singing."

"Keep on knocking
'til the joy inside
opens a window

look to see who's there"

"Wherever you are, and whatever you do, be in love."

"When you feel a peaceful joy, that's when you are near truth."

"You think because you understand 'one' you must also understand 'two', because one and one make two. But you must also understand 'and'."

"If in the darkness of ignorance, you don't recognize a person's true nature, look to see whom he has chosen for his leader."

"My friend, you thought you lost Him;
that all your life you've been separated from Him.
Filled with wonder, you've always looked outside for Him,
and haven't searched within your own house."

"The Guest House"

This being human is a guest house.
Every morning a new arrival.

A joy, a depression, a meanness,
some momentary awareness comes
as an unexpected visitor.

Welcome and entertain them all!
Even if they are a crowd of sorrows,
who violently sweep your house
empty of its furniture,
still, treat each guest honorably.
He may be clearing you out
for some new delight.

The dark thought, the shame, the malice
meet them at the door laughing and invite them in.

Be grateful for whatever comes.
because each has been sent
as a guide from beyond."

"The truth was a mirror in the hands of God. It fell, and broke into pieces. Everybody took a piece of it, and they looked at it and thought they had the truth."

"You must ask for what you really want. / Don't go back to sleep. / The door
is round and open. / Don't go back to sleep."

"O my choice beauty
You've gone
But your love remains in my heart
Your image in my eye
O guide on my winding road
I keep turning round and round in the hopes of
Finding you"

"A strange passion is moving in my head. My heart has become a bird which searches in the sky.
Every part of me goes in different directions.
Is it really so that the one I love is Everywhere?"

"Listen; there's a hell of a good universe next door: let's go."

"Put your thoughts to sleep,
do not let them cast a shadow
over the moon of your heart.
Let go of thinking."

"Because I cannot sleep I make music in the night"

"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."

"Do not leave me,
hide in my heart like a secret,
wind around my head like a turban.
"I come and go as I please,"
you say, "swift as a heartbeat."
You can tease me as much as you like
but never leave me."

"All day I think about it, then at night I say it.
Where did I come from, and what am I supposed to be doing?
I have no idea.
My soul is from elsewhere, I'm sure of that,
And I intend to end up there.

This drunkenness began in some other tavern.
When I get back around to that place,
I'll be completely sober. Meanwhile,
I'm like a bird from another continent, sitting in this aviary.
The day is coming when I fly off,
But who is it now in my ear who hears my voice?
Who says words with my mouth?

Who looks out with my eyes? What is the soul?
I cannot stop asking.
If I could taste one sip of an answer,
I could break out of this prison for drunks.
I didn't come here of my own accord, and I can't leave that way.
Whoever brought me here will have to take me home.

This poetry. I never know what I'm going to say.
I don't plan it.
When I'm outside the saying of it, I get very quiet and rarely speak at all.

We have a huge barrel of wine, but no cups.
That's fine with us. Every morning
We glow and in the evening we glow again."

"This that is tormented and very tired,
tortured with restraints like a madman,
this heart."

"Hear this if you can:
If you want to reach him
You have to go beyond yourself

And when you finally arrive at the land of absence
Be silent
Don't say a thing
Ecstasy, not words, is the language spoken there"

"Raise your words, not voice. It is rain that grows flowers, not thunder."

"Love isn't the work of the tender and the gentle;
Love is the work of wrestlers.
The one who becomes a servant of lovers
is really a fortunate sovereign.
Don't ask anyone about Love; ask Love about Love.
Love is a cloud that scatters pearls."

"What can I do, Muslims? I do not know myself.
I am neither Christian nor Jew, neither Magian nor Muslim,
I am not from east or west, not from land or sea,
not from the shafts of nature nor from the spheres of the firmament,
not of the earth, not of water, not of air, not of fire.
I am not from the highest heaven, not from this world,
not from existence, not from being.
I am not from India, not from China, not from Bulgar, not from Saqsin,
not from the realm of the two Iraqs, not from the land of Khurasan.
I am not from the world, not from beyond,
not from heaven and not from hell.
I am not from Adam, not from Eve, not from paradise and not from Ridwan.
My place is placeless, my trace is traceless,
no body, no soul, I am from the soul of souls.
I have chased out duality, lived the two worlds as one.
One I seek, one I know, one I see, one I call.
He is the first, he is the last, he is the outer, he is the inner.
Beyond *He* and *He is* I know no other.
I am drunk from the cup of love, the two worlds have escaped me.
I have no concern but carouse and rapture.
If one day in my life I spend a moment without you
from that hour and that time I would repent my life.
If one day I am given a moment in solitude with you
I will trample the two worlds underfoot and dance forever.
O Sun of Tabriz, I am so tipsy here in this world,
I have no tale to tell but tipsiness and rapture."

"You soak up my soul and mingle me. Each drop of my blood cries out to the earth. We are partners, blended as one."

"I searched for God among the Christians and on the Cross and therein I found Him not.
I went into the ancient temples of idolatry; no trace of Him was there.
I entered the mountain cave of Hira and then went as far as Qandhar but God I found not.
With set purpose I fared to the summit of Mount Caucasus and found there only 'anqa's habitation.
Then I directed my search to the Kaaba, the resort of old and young; God was not there even.
Turning to philosophy I inquired about him from ibn Sina but found Him not within his range.
I fared then to the scene of the Prophet's experience of a great divine manifestation only a "two bow-lengths' distance
from him" but God was not there even in that exalted court.
Finally, I looked into my own heart and there I saw Him; He was nowhere else."

"make your last journey
from this strange world
soar for the heights
where there is no more
separation of you and your home

God has created
your wings not to be dormant
as long as you are alive
you must try more and more
to use your wings to show you're alive"

"You are an ocean in a drop of dew,
all the universes in a thin sack of blood.

What are these pleasures then,
these joys, these worlds
that you keep reaching for,
hoping they will make you more alive?"

"Would you become a pilgrim on the road of love? The first condition is that you make yourself humble as dust and ashes."

"We gather at night to celebrate
being human. Sometimes we call out low
to the tambourine. Fish drink the sea,
but the sea does not get smaller! We
eat the clouds and evening light. We
are slaves tasting the royal wine."

"Today I'm out wandering, turning my skull
into a cup for others to drink wine from.
In this town somewhere there sits a calm, intelligent man,
who doesn't know what he's about to do!"

"The soul is here for its own joy."

"The fault is in the one who blames. Spirit sees nothing to criticize."

"Love Dogs

One night a man was crying,
Allah! Allah!
His lips grew sweet with the praising,
until a cynic said,
"So! I have heard you
calling out, but have you ever
gotten any response?"

The man had no answer to that.
He quit praying and fell into a confused sleep.

He dreamed he saw Khidr, the guide of souls,
in a thick, green foliage.
"Why did you stop praising?"
"Because I've never heard anything back."
"This longing
you express is the return message."

The grief you cry out from
draws you toward union.

Your pure sadness
that wants help
is the secret cup.

Listen to the moan of a dog for its master.
That whining is the connection.

There are love dogs
no one knows the names of.

Give your life
to be one of them."

"I would love to kiss you. The price of kissing is your life."

"What the sayer of praise is really praising is himself,
by saying implicitly,
My eyes are clear."

Likewise, someone who criticizes is criticizing
himself, saying implicitly, "I can't see very well
with my eyes so inflamed."

"O Love, O pure deep Love, be here, be now,
Be all – worlds dissolve into your stainless endless radiance,
Frail living leaves burn with your brighter than cold stares – Make me your servant, your breath, your core."

"Study me as much as you like, you will not know me, for I differ in a hundred ways from what you see me to be. Put
yourself behind my eyes and see me as I see myself, for I have chosen to dwell in a place you cannot see."

"Dancing is not just getting up painlessly, like a leaf blown on the wind; dancing is when you tear your heart out and rise
out of your body to hang suspended between the worlds."

"Soul receives from soul that knowledge, therefore not by book nor from tongue. If knowledge of mysteries come after
emptiness of mind, that is illumination of heart."

"Respond to every call that excites your spirit."

"let's get away from
all the clever humans
who put words in our mouth
let's only say what our hearts desire."

"There came one and knocked at the door of the Beloved.
And a voice answered and said, 'Who is there?'
The lover replied, 'It is I.'
'Go hence,' returned the voice;
'there is no room within for thee and me.'
Then came the lover a second time and knocked and again the voice demanded,
'Who is there?'
He answered, 'It is thou.'
'Enter,' said the voice, 'for I am within.'"

"There are thousands of wines that can take over our minds. Don't think all ecstasies are the same!"

"Listen, O drop, give yourself up without regret,
and in exchange gain the Ocean.
Listen, O drop, bestow upon yourself this honor,
and in the arms of the Sea be secure.
Who indeed should be so fortunate?
An Ocean wooing a drop!
In God's name, in God's name, sell and buy at once!"

Give a drop, and take this Sea full of pearls.”

“Oh you, straying heart, just come!
Oh you, aching liver, just come!
If the path to the gate is closed,
Take the way by the wall, but come!”

“Oh sky, without me, do not change,
Oh moon, without me, do not shine;
Oh earth, without me, do not grow,
Oh time, without me, do not go.

Others give you the name of Love,
And me the sultan of that love.
Higher than such illusions,
Oh, you cannot go, without me.”

“Love asks us to enjoy our life
For nothing good can come of death.
Who is alive? I ask.
Those who are born of love.
Seek us in love itself,
Seek love in us ourselves.
Sometimes I venerate love,
Sometimes it venerates me.”

“And watch two men washing clothes,
one makes dry clothes wet. The other makes wet clothes dry. they seem to be thwarting each other, but their work is a perfect harmony.

“The angel is free because of his knowledge, the beast because of his ignorance. Between the two remains the son of man to struggle.”

“...the way you make love is the way God will be with you.”

“Moonlight floods the whole sky from horizon to horizon;
How much it can fill your room depends on its windows.”

“The morning breezes have secrets to tell; don't go back to sleep.”

“This mirror inside me shows.
I can't say what, but I can't not know.
I run from body. I run from spirit.
I do not belong anywhere.”

“Your depression is connected to your insolence
and refusal to praise. Whoever feels himself walking
on the path, and refuses to praise--that man or woman
steals from others every day--is a shoplifter!

The sun became full of light when it got hold of itself.
Angels only began shining when they achieved discipline.
The sun goes out whenever the cloud of not-praising comes.
The moment the foolish angel felt insolent, he heard the door close.”