













## Introduction

Herein we look in on the astronomer–poet, Omar Khayyam,  
to celebrate his grand and timeless endeavors and philosophies.

The writer's pen stood forth, being first, / Instructing the artist's stylus  
To illustrate the words of the epic, / Since a picture was worth a thousand words.

"Perhaps we don't even need the words".  
Retorted the artist's stylus, / "As I am worth so many".

"Well," replied the writer's pen, / "It's true that many people now refuse  
To read books without lots of pictures in them."

"How sad, for I guess some words / Are needed to round out the tale."

"True, for the two sides of the brain / Can then combine in unity."

"Or I could draw the pictures first / And then you could write the words."

"It could be like that sometimes, I suppose."

"OK, shake; it's a deal either way, / For we need each other."



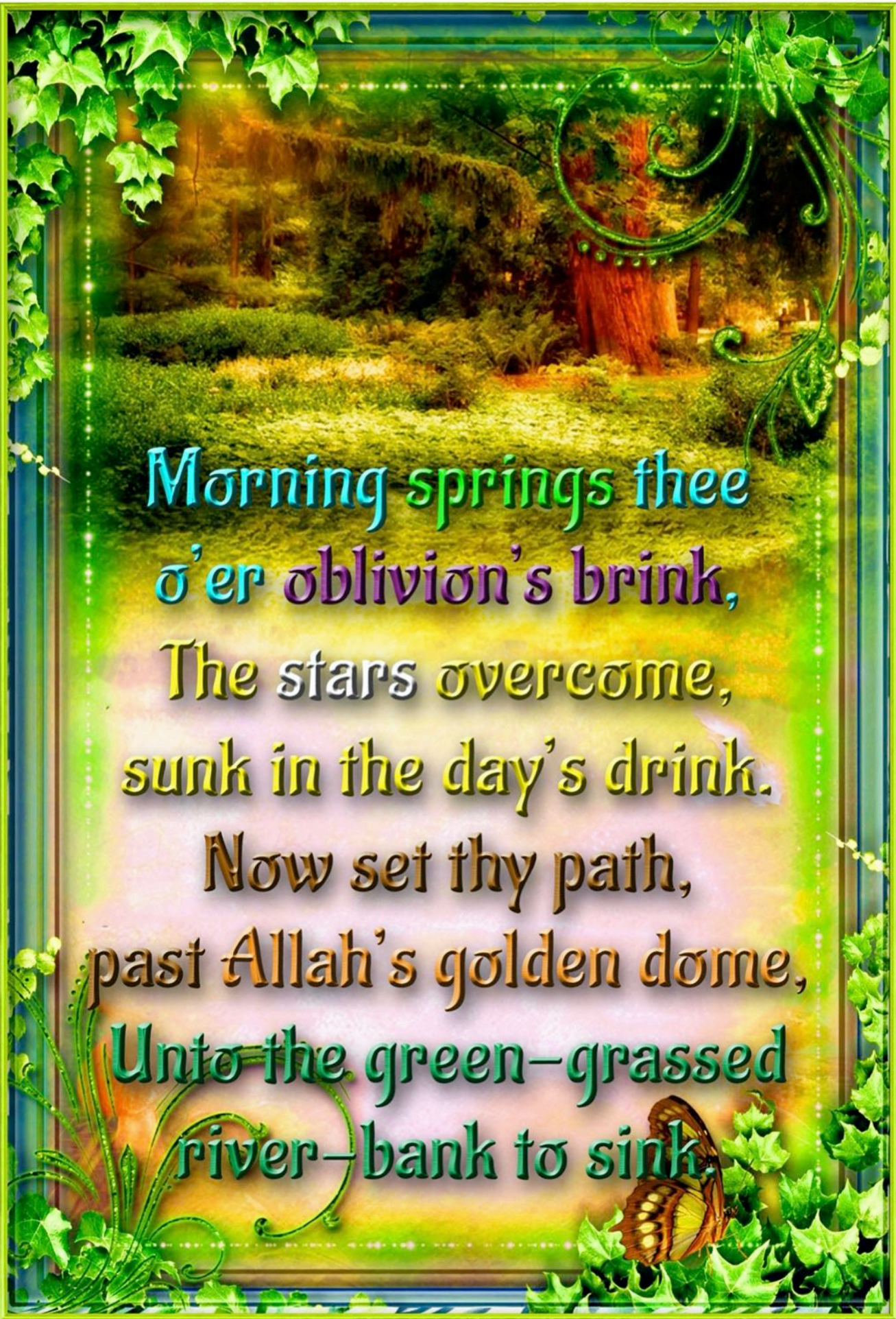
## Notation:

Omar's speech is in regular type,  
with no quotes;  
Omar's beloved's speech is in italics,  
with no quotes;  
the speech of others is in double quotes;  
if others or objects are quoted  
then single quotes are used.





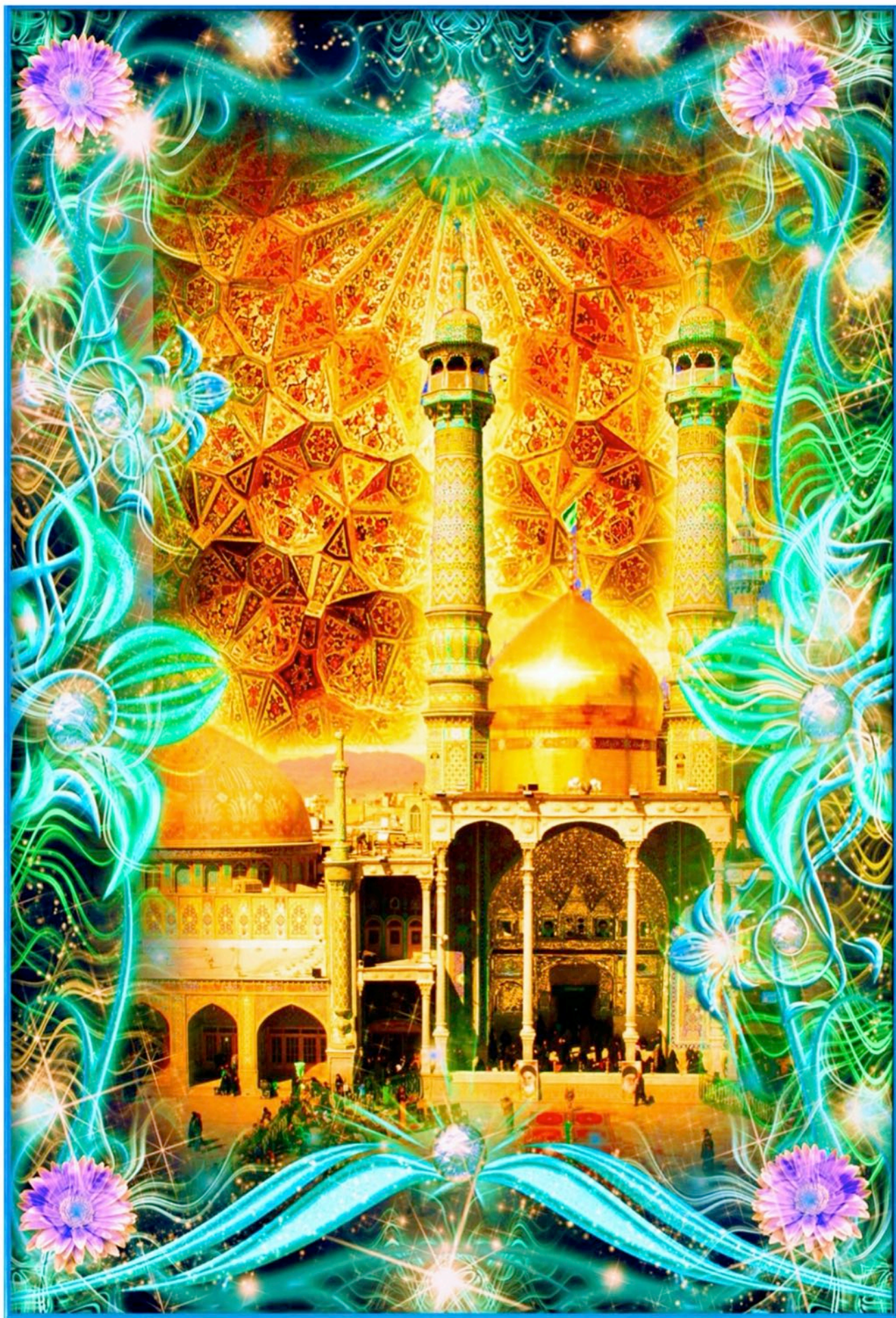


The background of the page is a vibrant, painterly illustration of a garden. A large, leafy tree stands on the right, casting a shadow over a path that leads into the distance. The ground is covered in green grass and small flowers. In the bottom right corner, a butterfly with orange and black wings is perched on a green leaf. The entire scene is framed by a decorative border of green leaves and vines.

Morning springs thee  
o'er oblivion's brink,  
The stars overcome,  
sunk in the day's drink.

Now set thy path,  
past Allah's golden dome,  
Unto the green-grassed  
river-bank to sink.

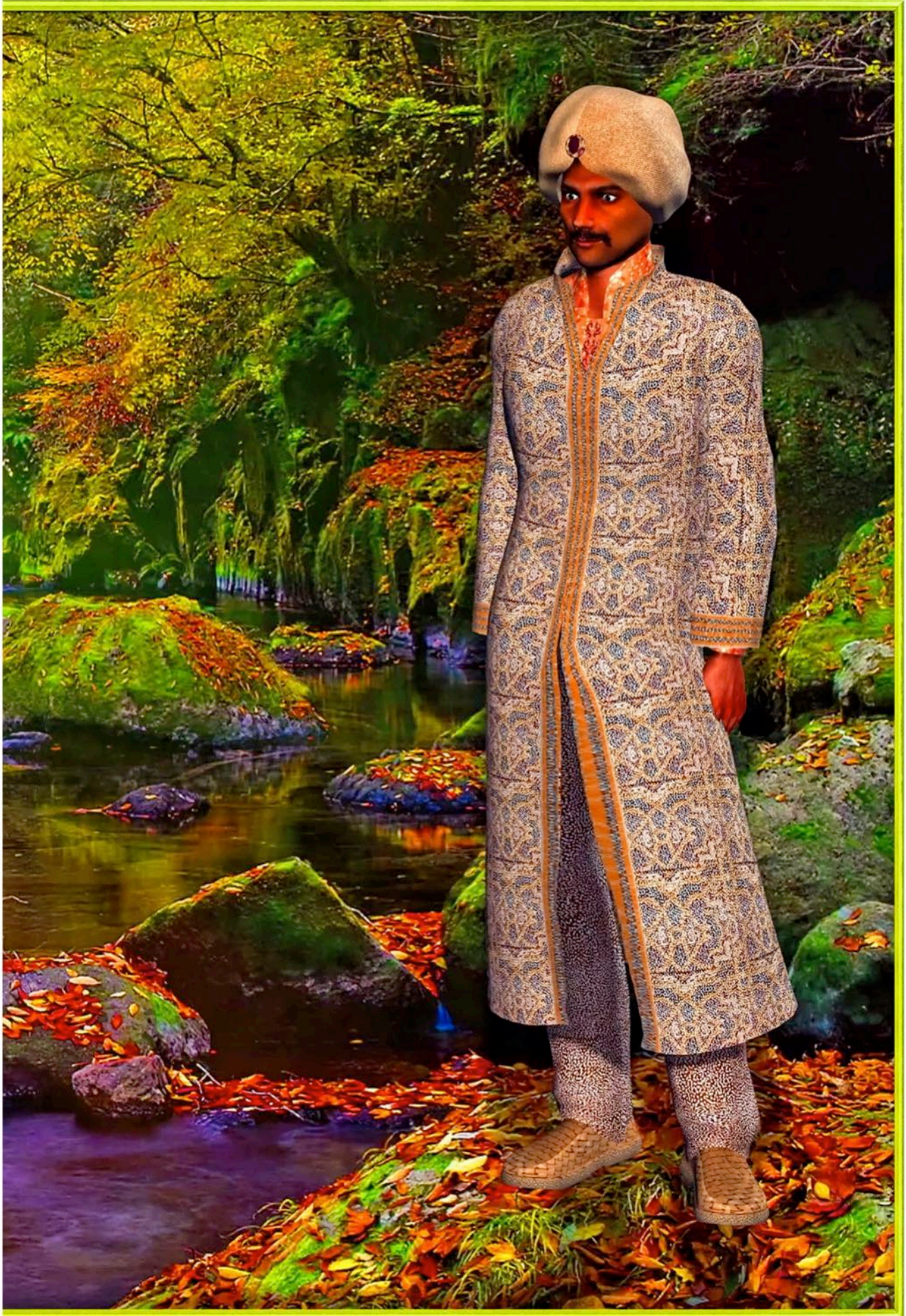
















The heat and noises  
of the day will find  
Homes' empty chairs,  
the sands throwing their rind



Of dust and grime  
on through the open doors,  
While afar we read,  
write, play, and find.













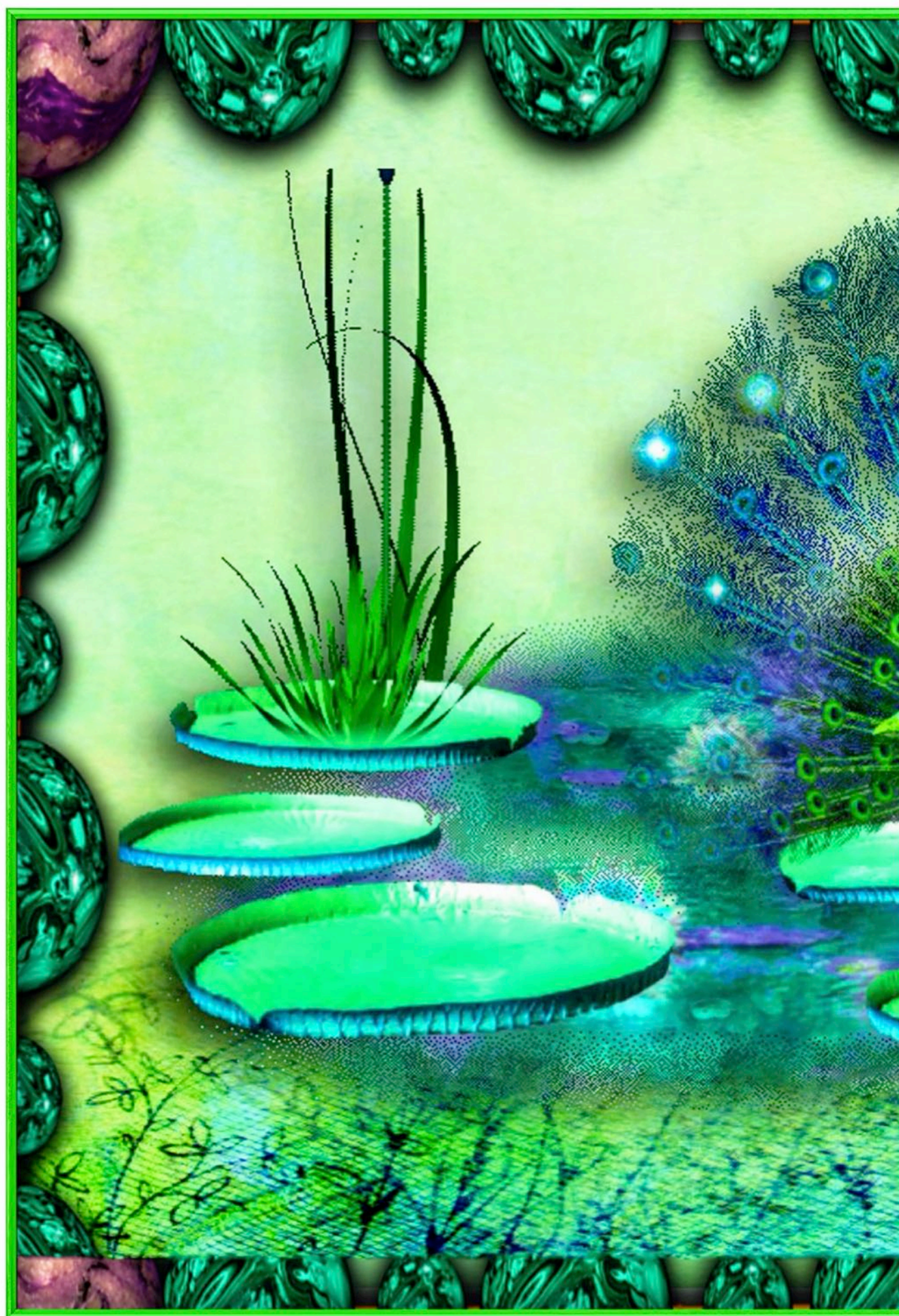


What sword, sling, and  
arrows from our bows sing  
Will serve repast,  
after the noon chips ring,  
Our thanks expressed  
but to the balmy air,

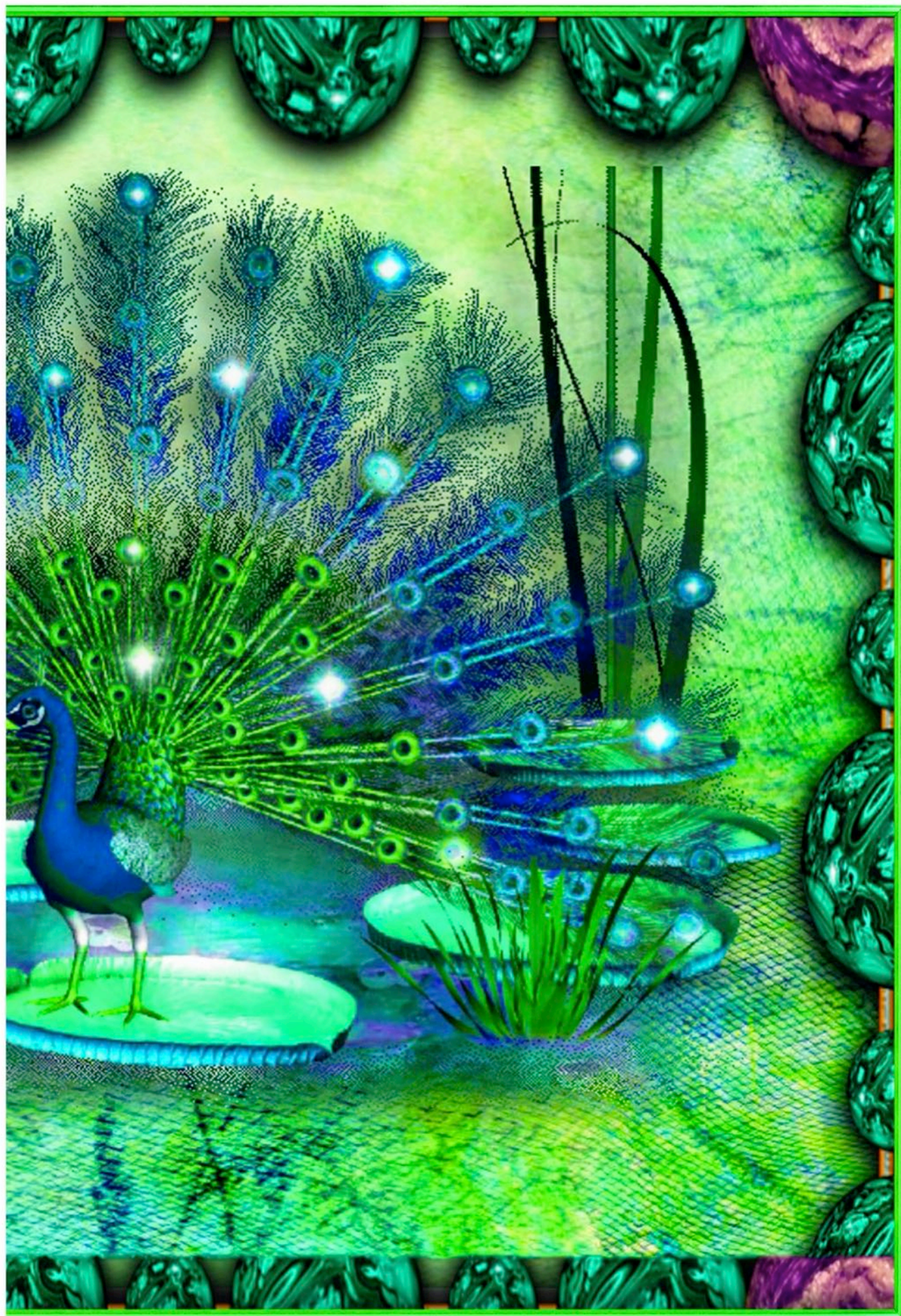




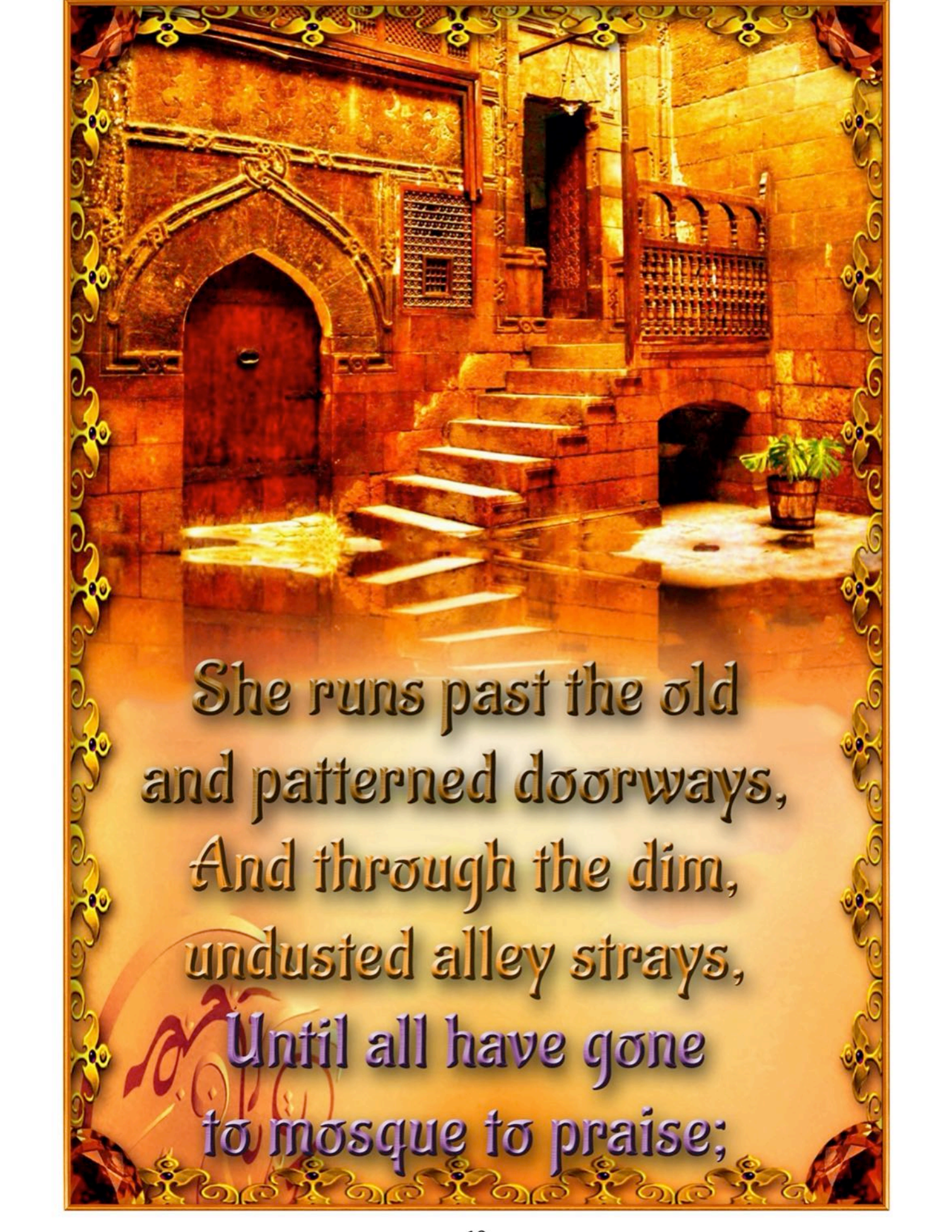






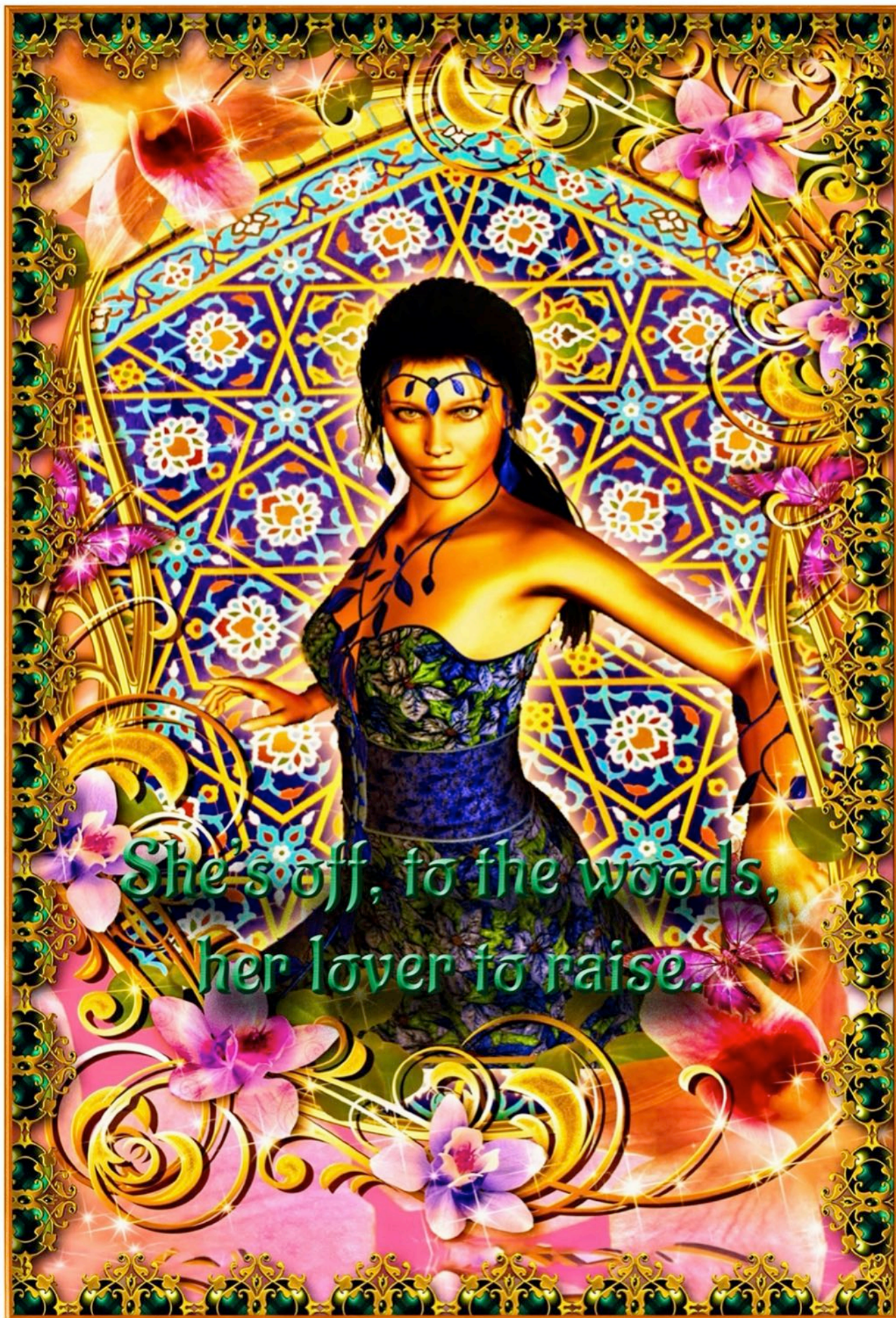






She runs past the old  
and patterned doorways,  
And through the dim,  
undusted alley strays,  
Until all have gone  
to mosque to praise;





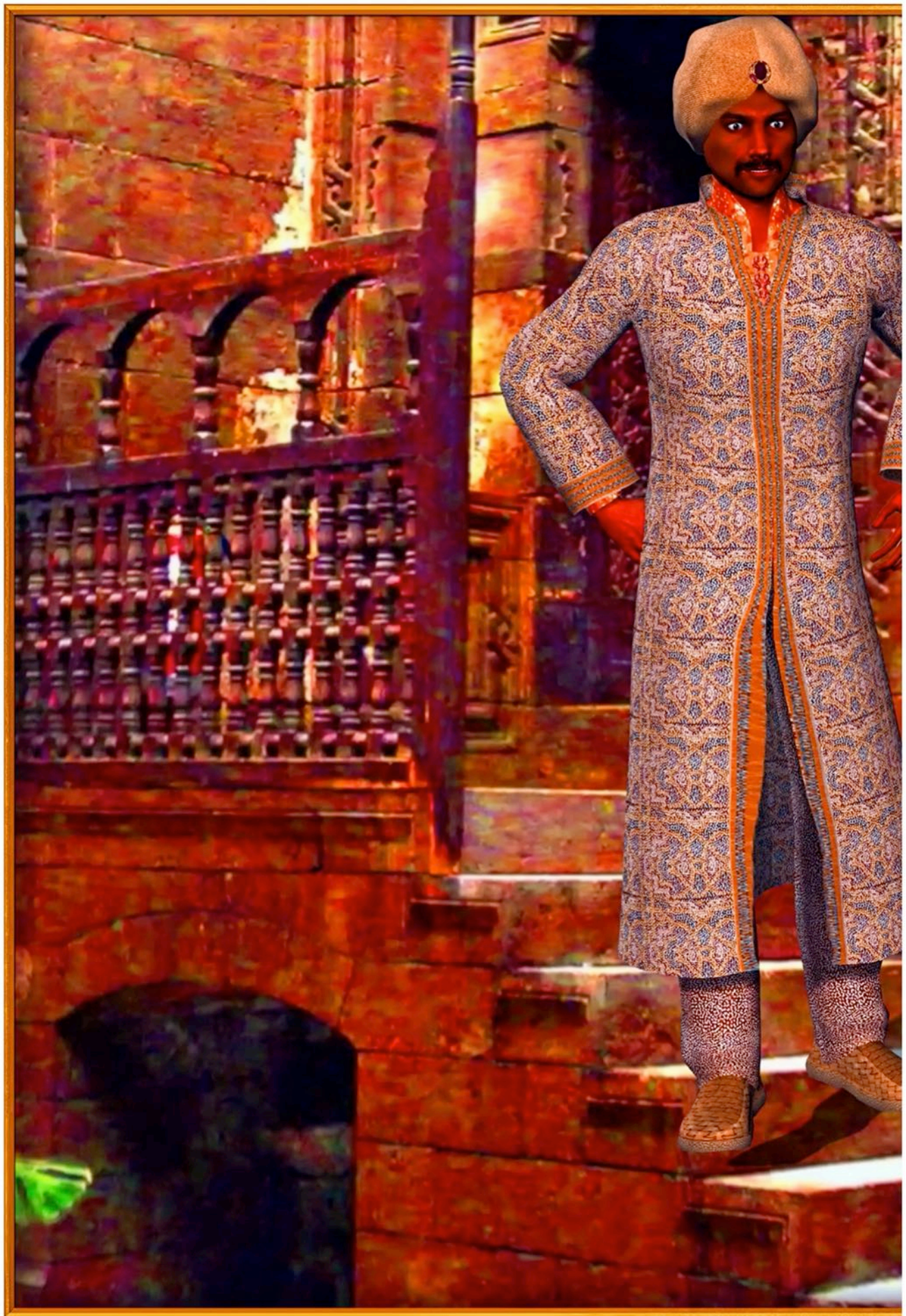




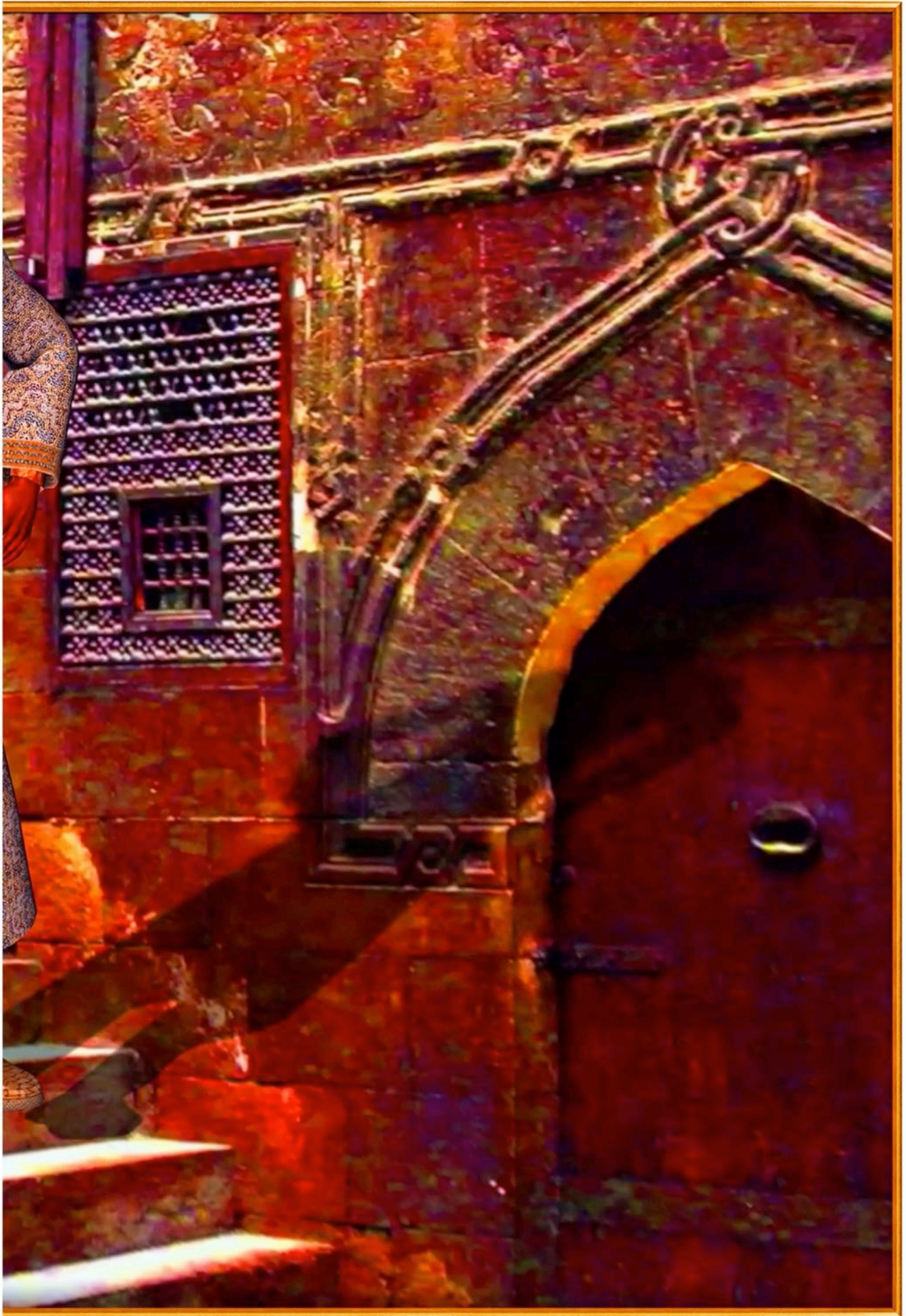


















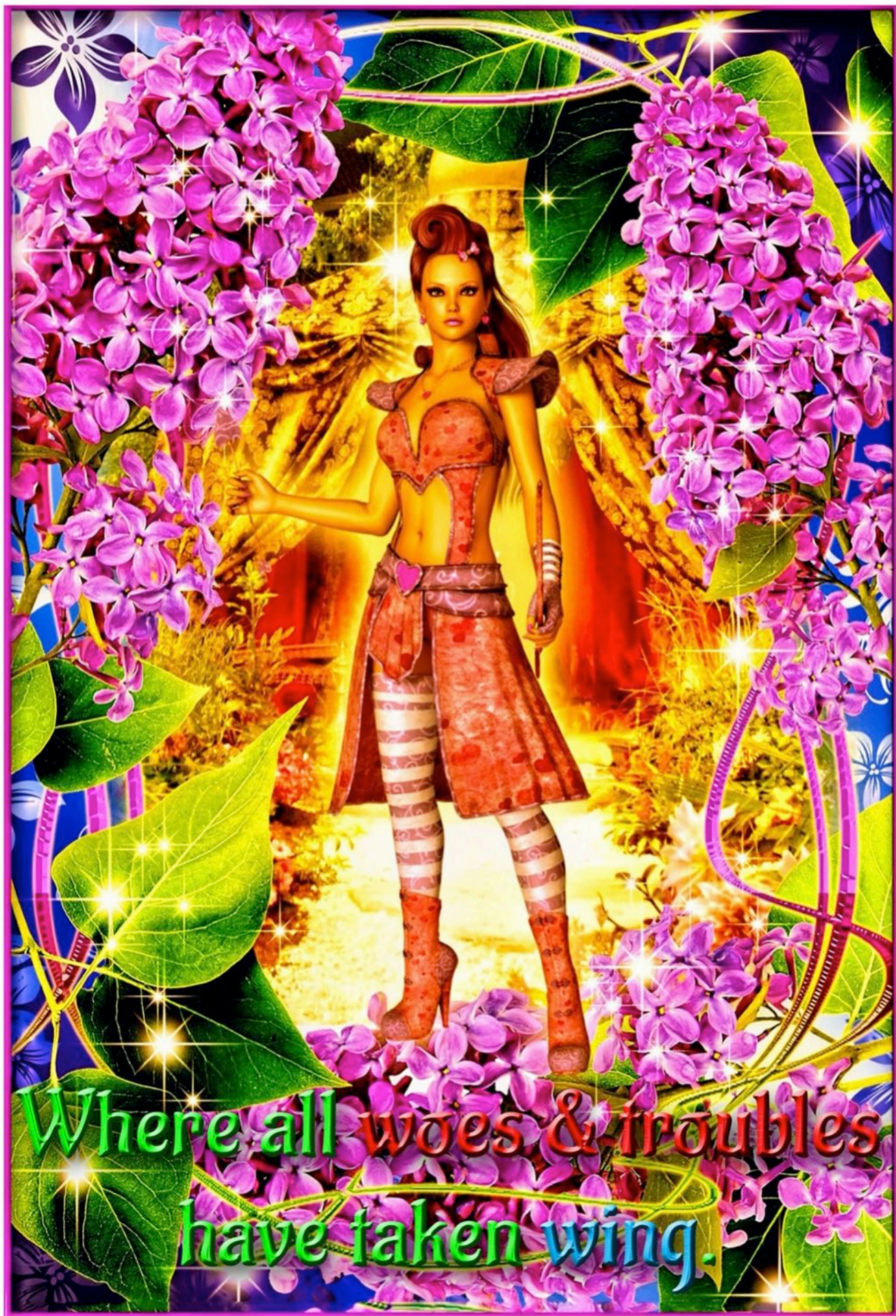






Here the purest pitch,  
where the bluebirds sing,  
Where the lilacs ne'er  
know it isn't spring,  
Where Heaven's Eternity  
bides its time,





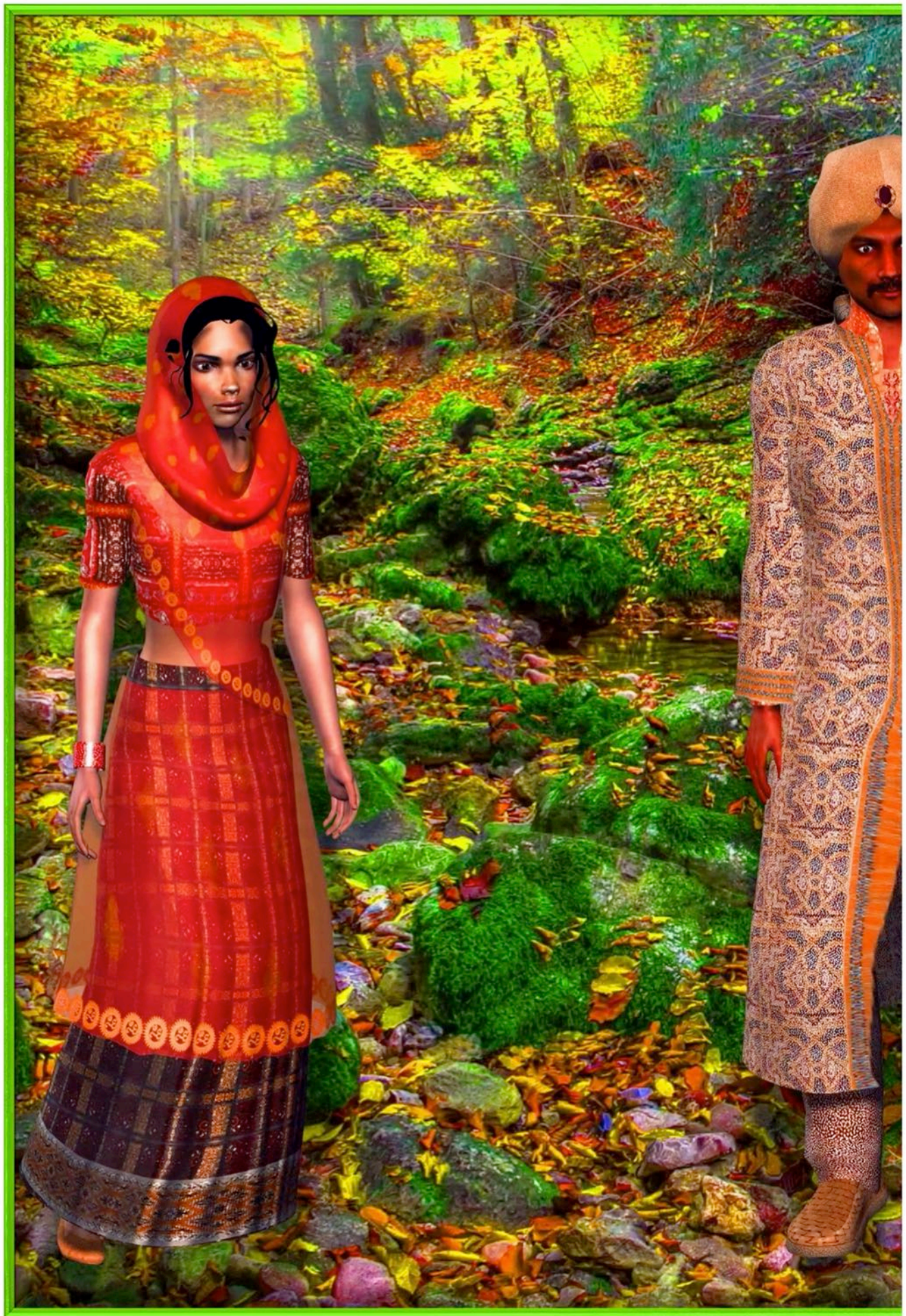




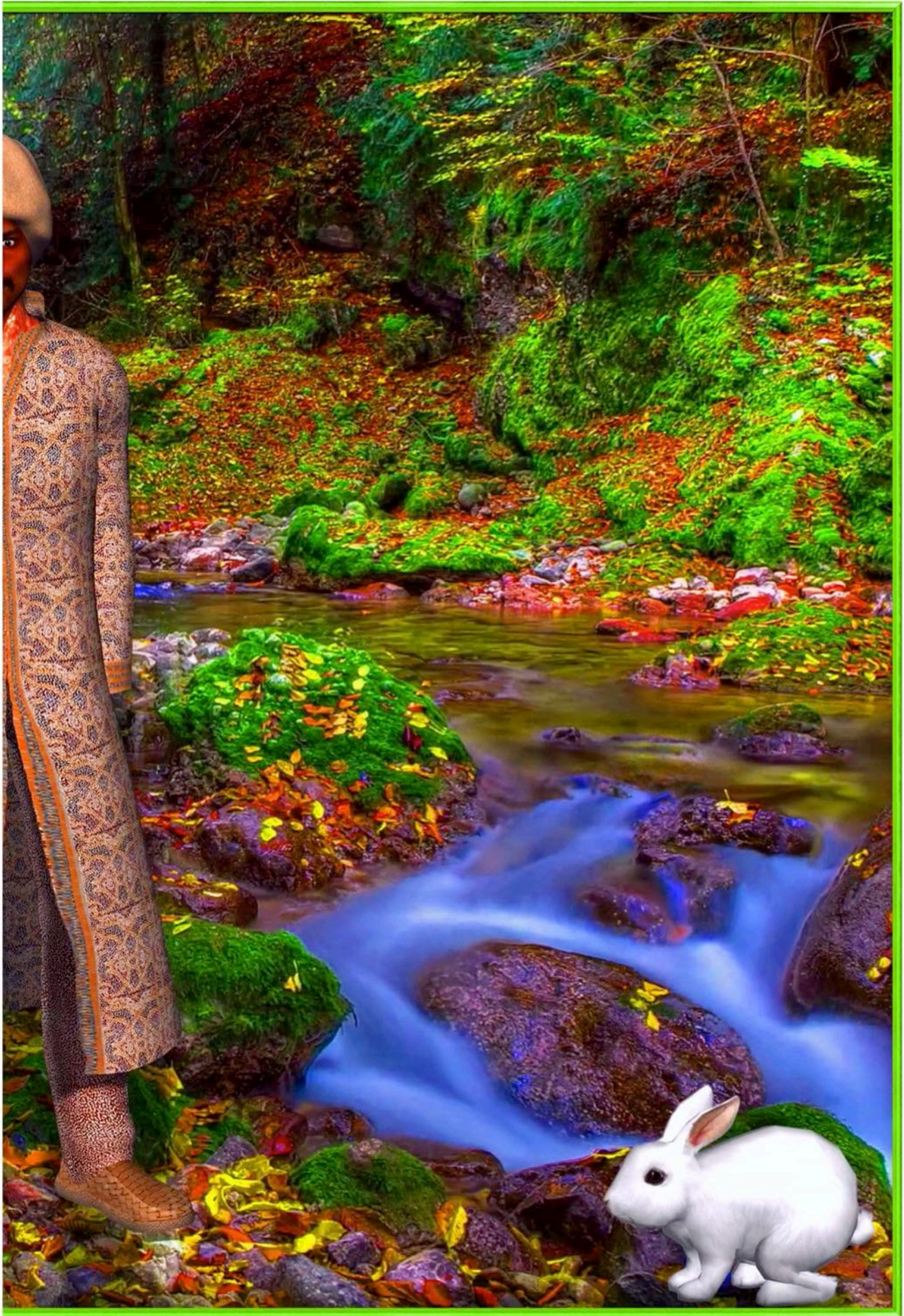




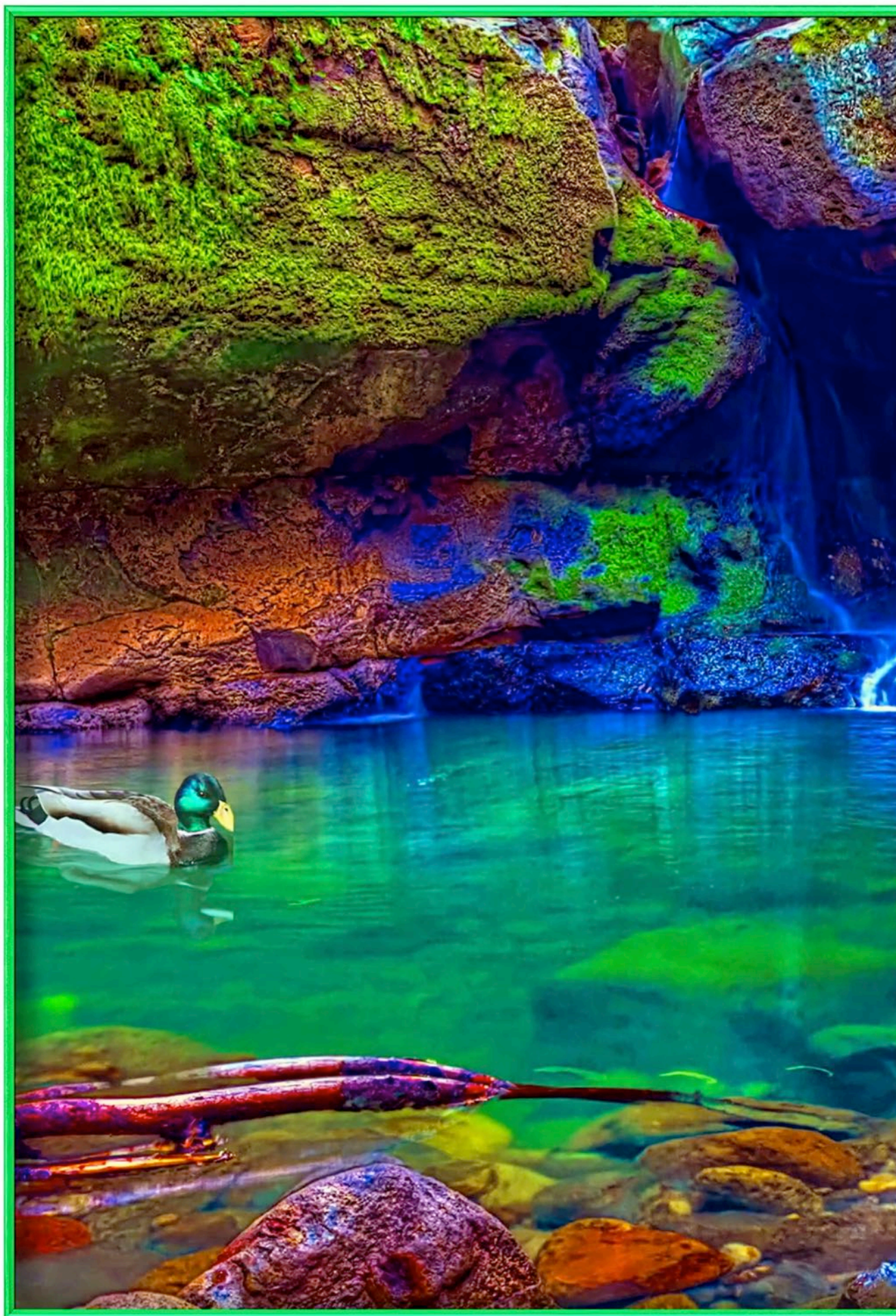




















Here the grape vines  
ne'er toll their final knell;  
E'er they pour ruby nectar  
in life's dell,  
An idyll, where we're  
the cups to be filled









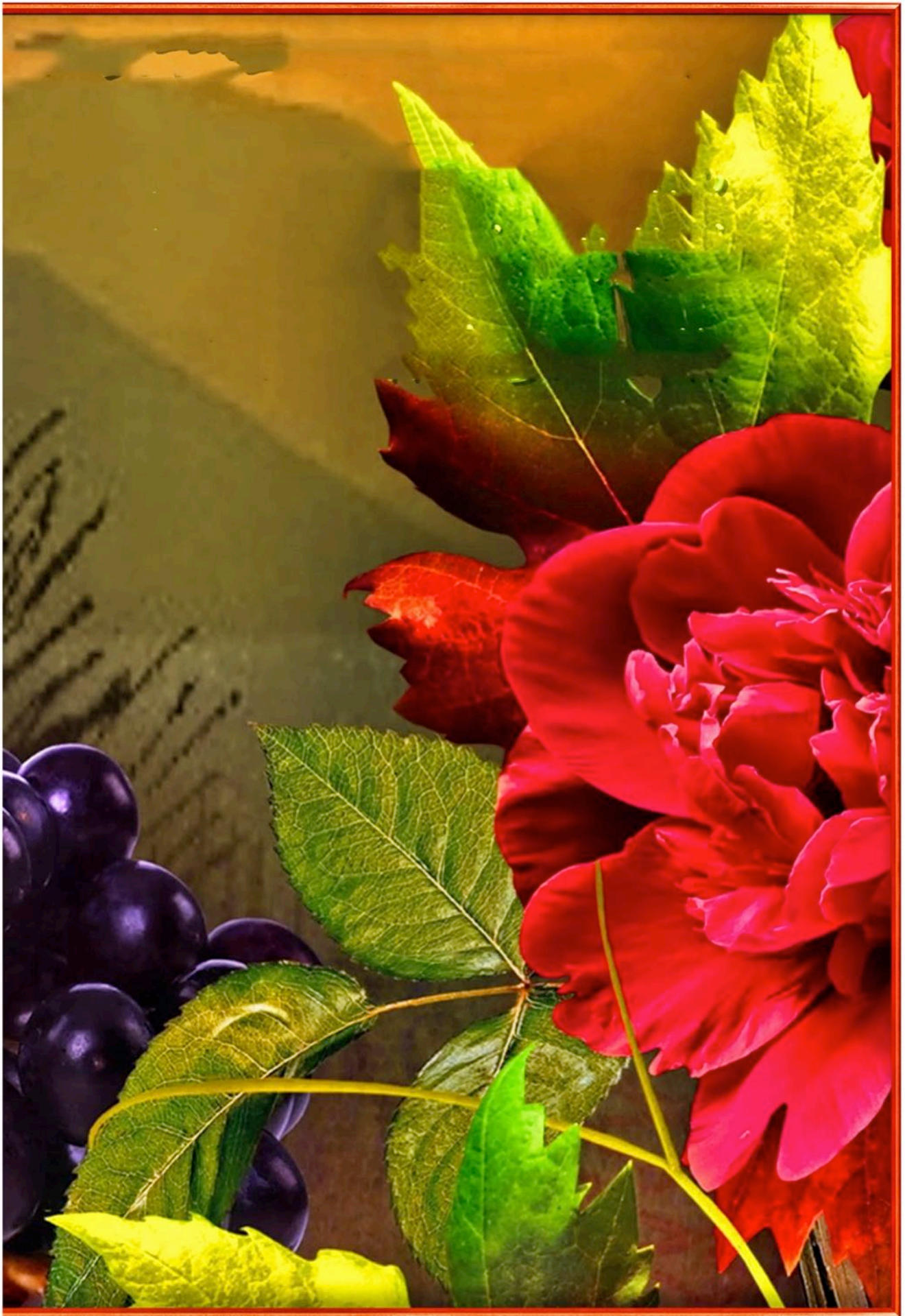












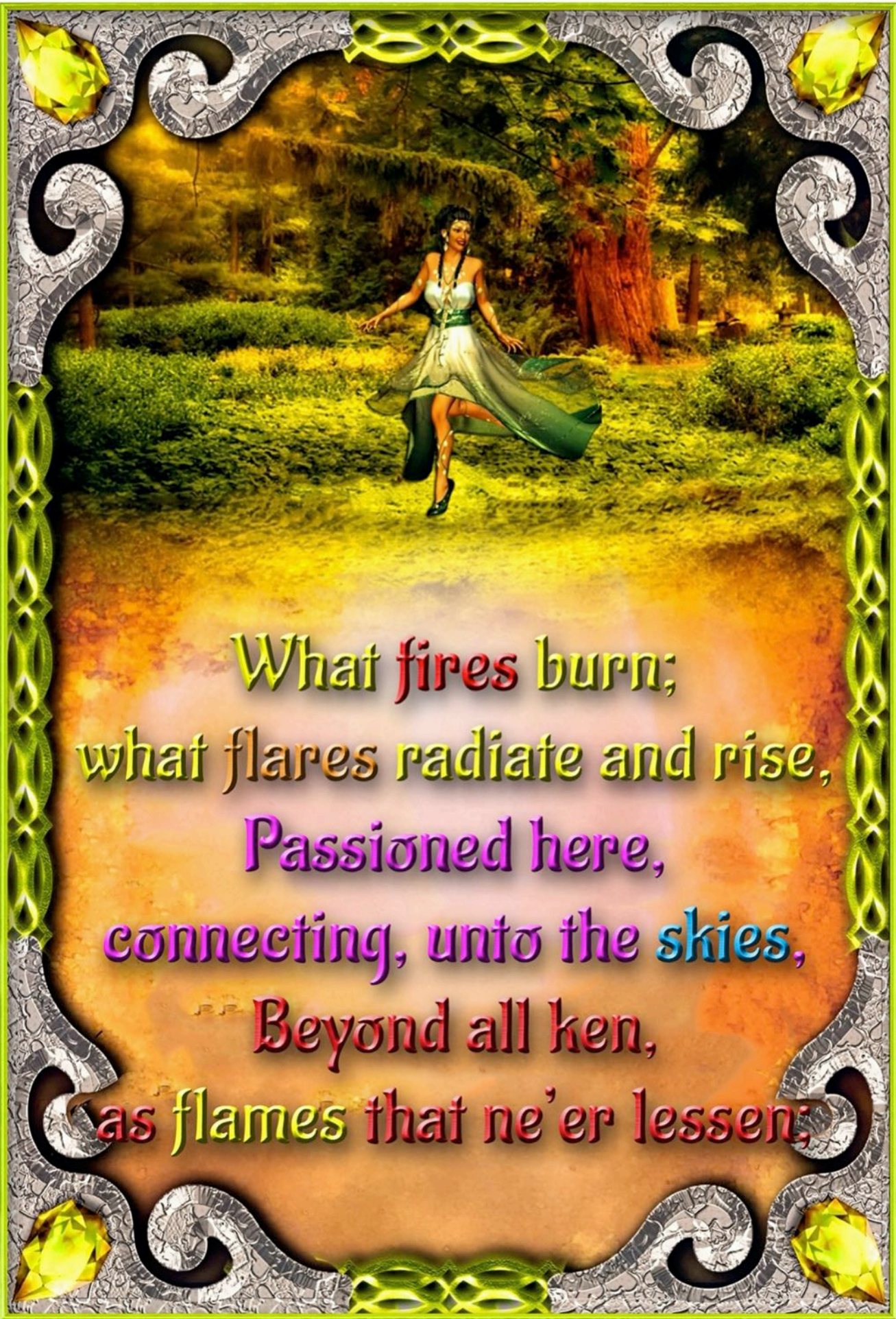












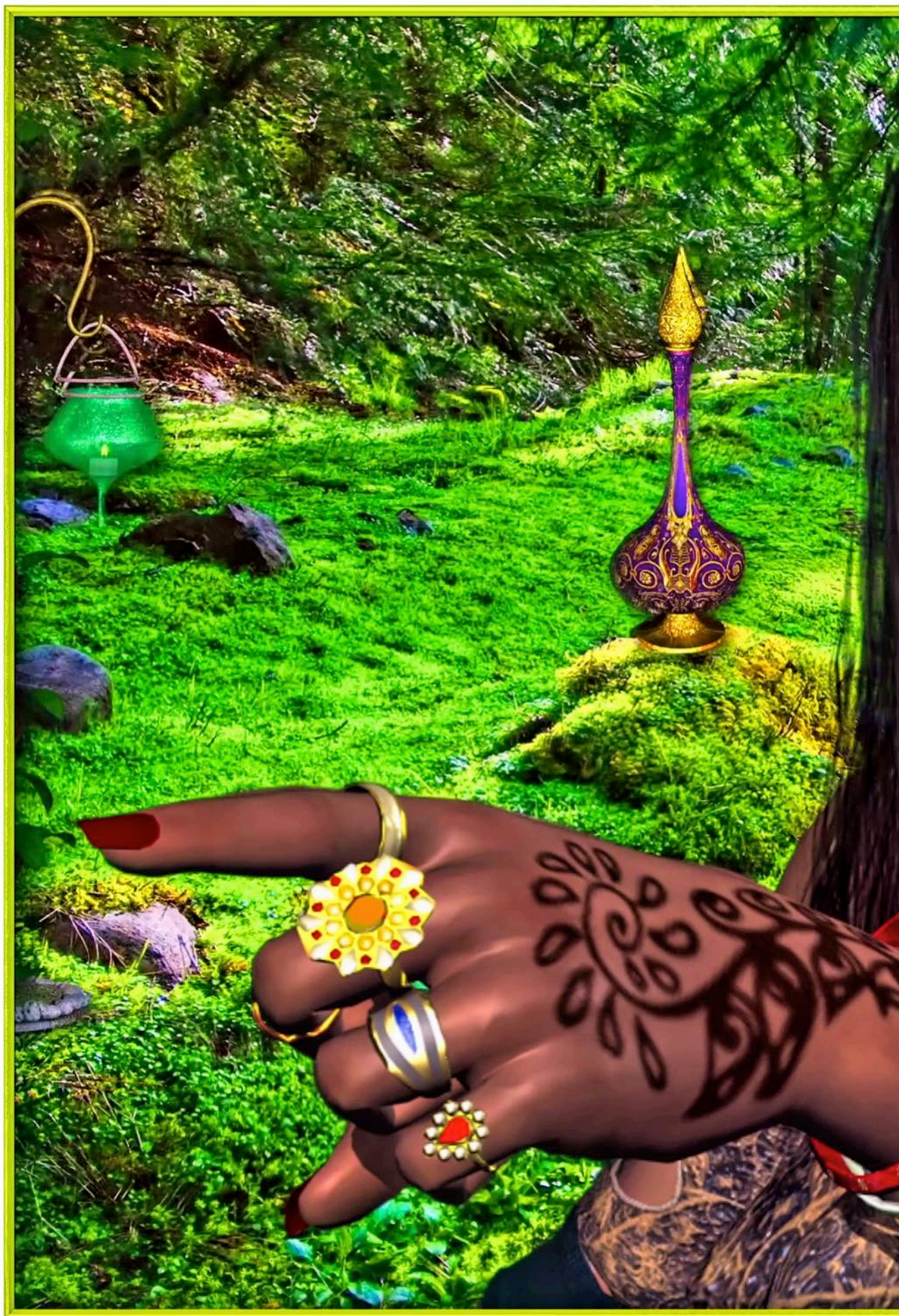
What **fires** burn;  
what flares radiate and rise,  
Passioned here,  
connecting, unto the **skies**,  
Beyond all ken,  
as **flames** that ne'er lessen;



Oh, Mother Nature  
outdid herself love's prize.















She shines,  
well beyond the radiant dome,  
And she curves,  
as gracefully as a poem;  
Like a gift of orange roses  
wrapped with bows,  
She's the eternal present,  
e'er at home.

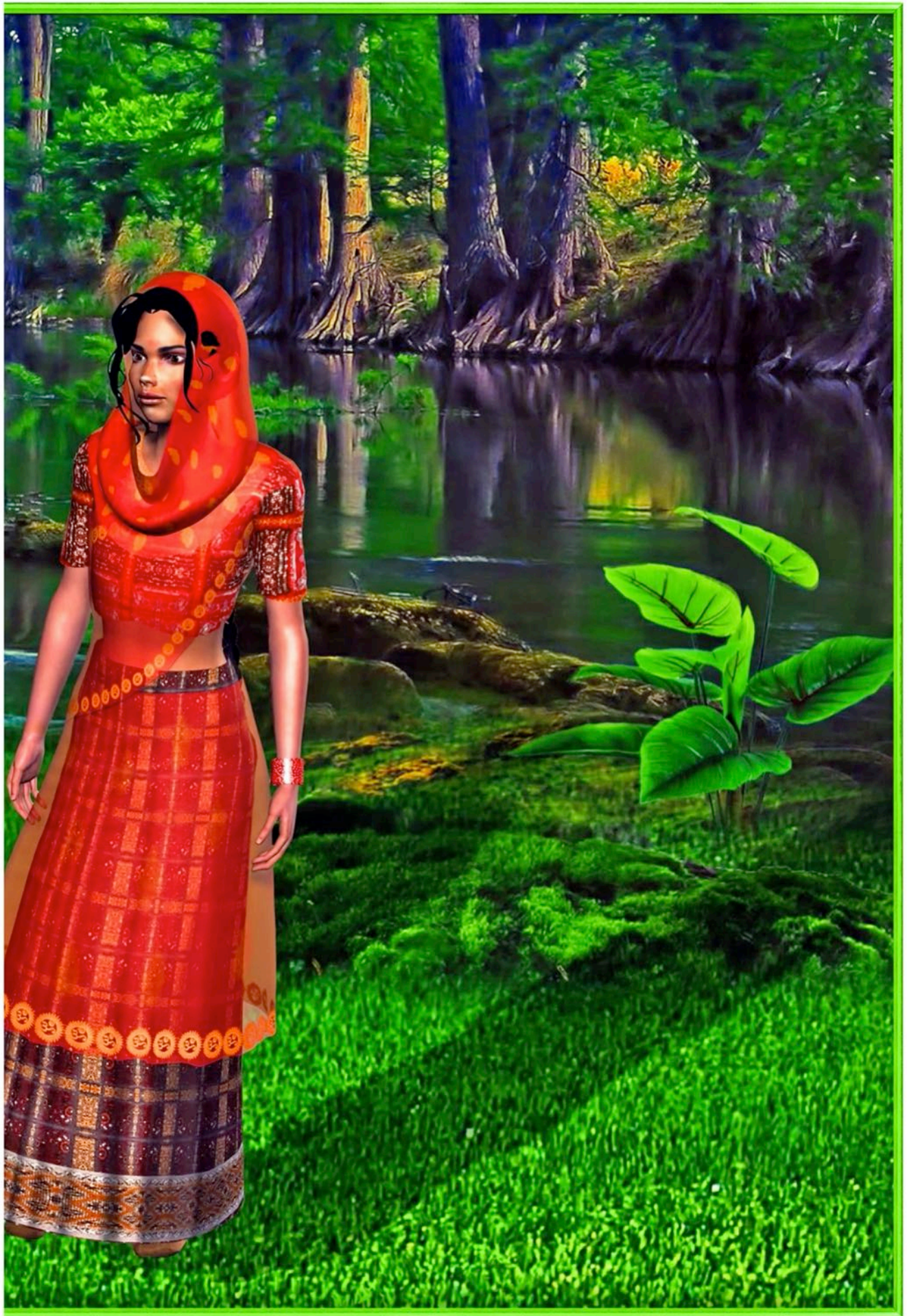














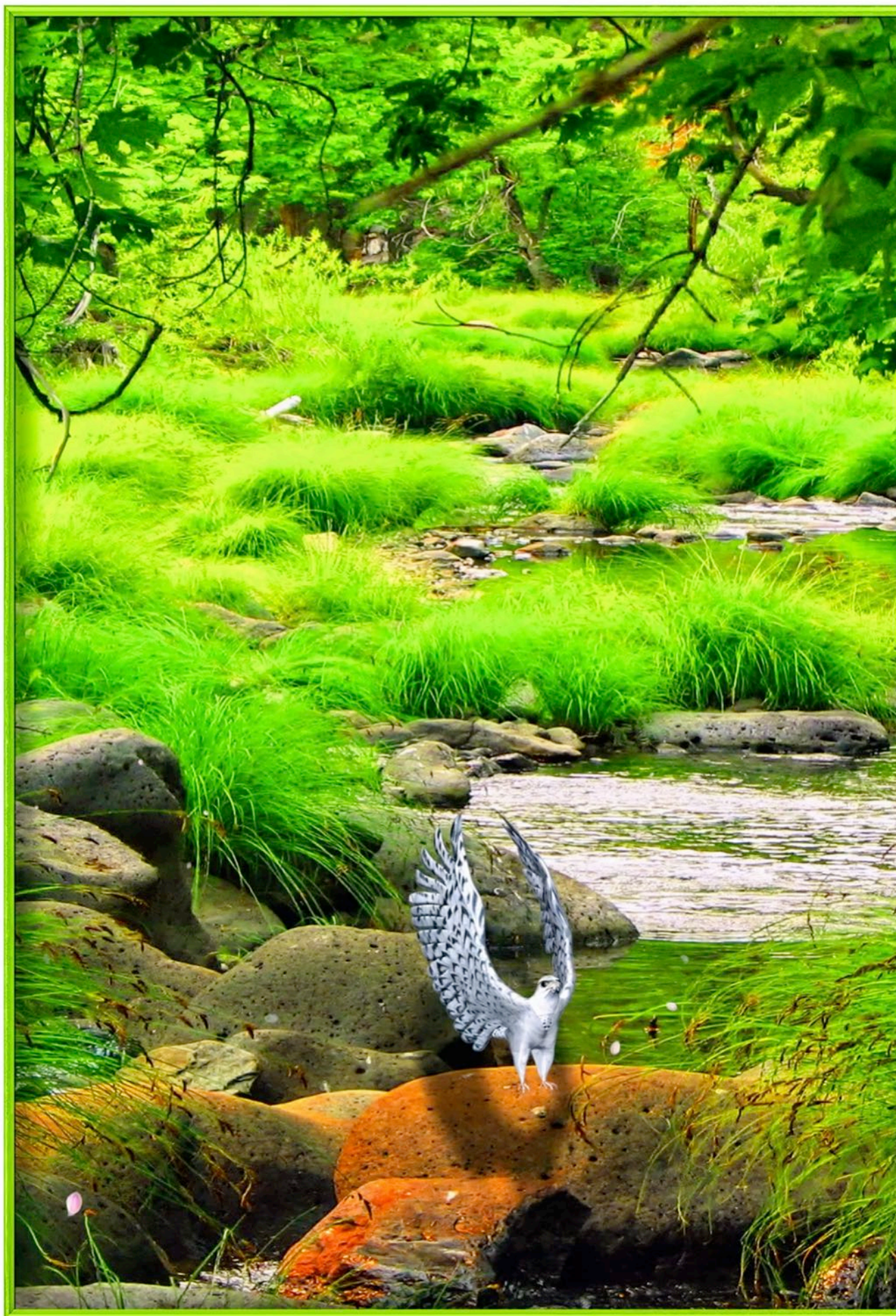


What wingéd creature arises and flies  
Though the red rose garden  
of Paradise—  
Where fair dreams become  
from visions realized;  
The definite blooms  
from the many tries.















A person wearing a red turban and white clothing is riding a brown camel on a large, golden sand dune. The sky is a clear, pale blue. The entire scene is framed by a decorative border with a repeating pattern of green teardrop shapes and gold scrollwork.

Who knew that the  
djinn Peri was bred  
From lower flesh in  
higher spirit's bed,  
Where the Hellish desert  
meets the greensward,  
When the hot sands and  
the luscious turf wed.





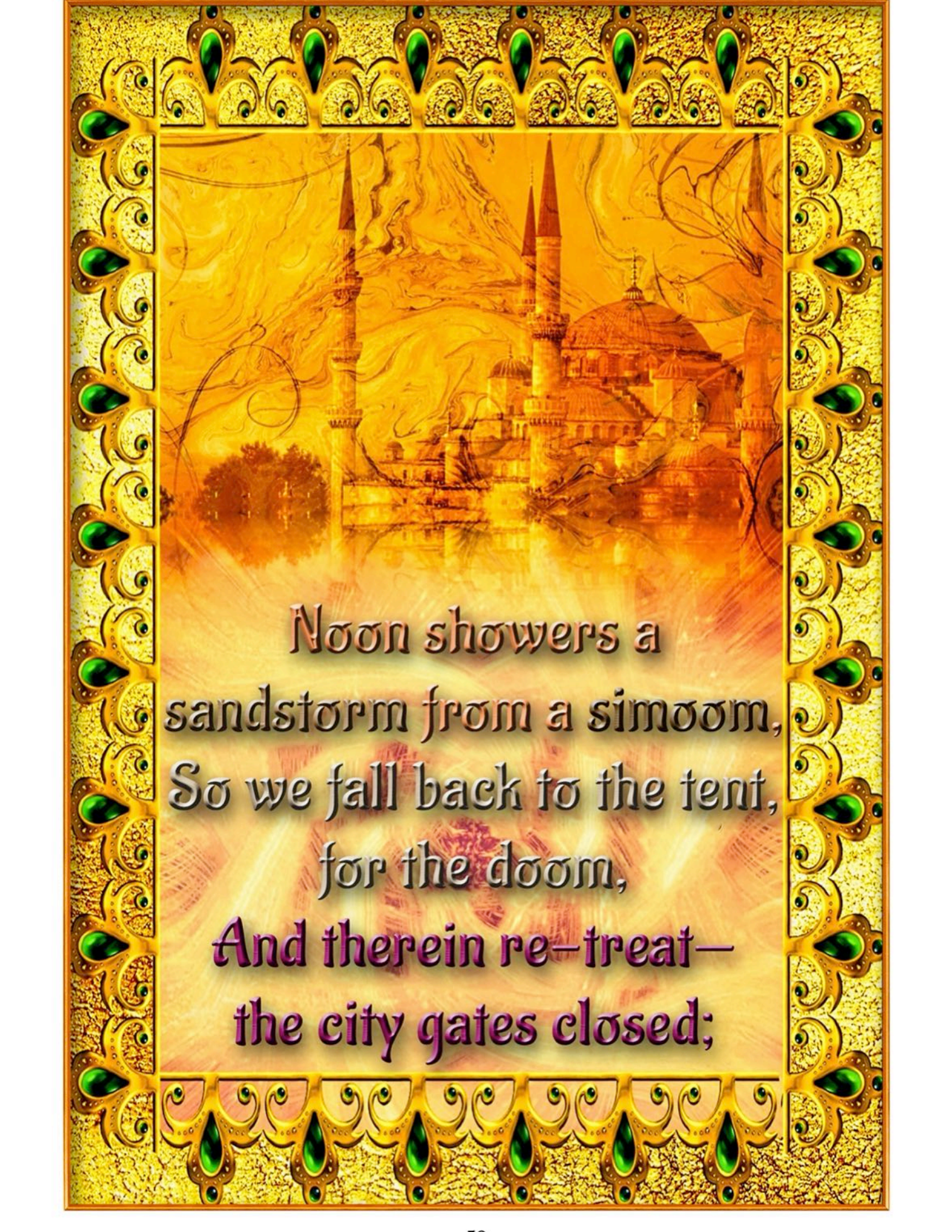












Noon showers a  
sandstorm from a simoom,  
So we fall back to the tent,  
for the doom,  
And therein re-treat—  
the city gates closed;



Morn soon enough  
to return and resume.













A desert landscape at night. In the foreground, there are rolling sand dunes with ripples. In the middle ground, a cluster of palm trees stands against a dark blue sky with several bright, star-like lights. The entire scene is framed by a decorative gold border.

The next evening,  
near the tavern door,  
An anxious man asks,  
from the stubborn floor,  
“What do fates and furies  
portend with sand?”  
They swirl the grains in  
time’s hourglass—and roar!















*Ah, she gleams, the lights  
of the night return,*

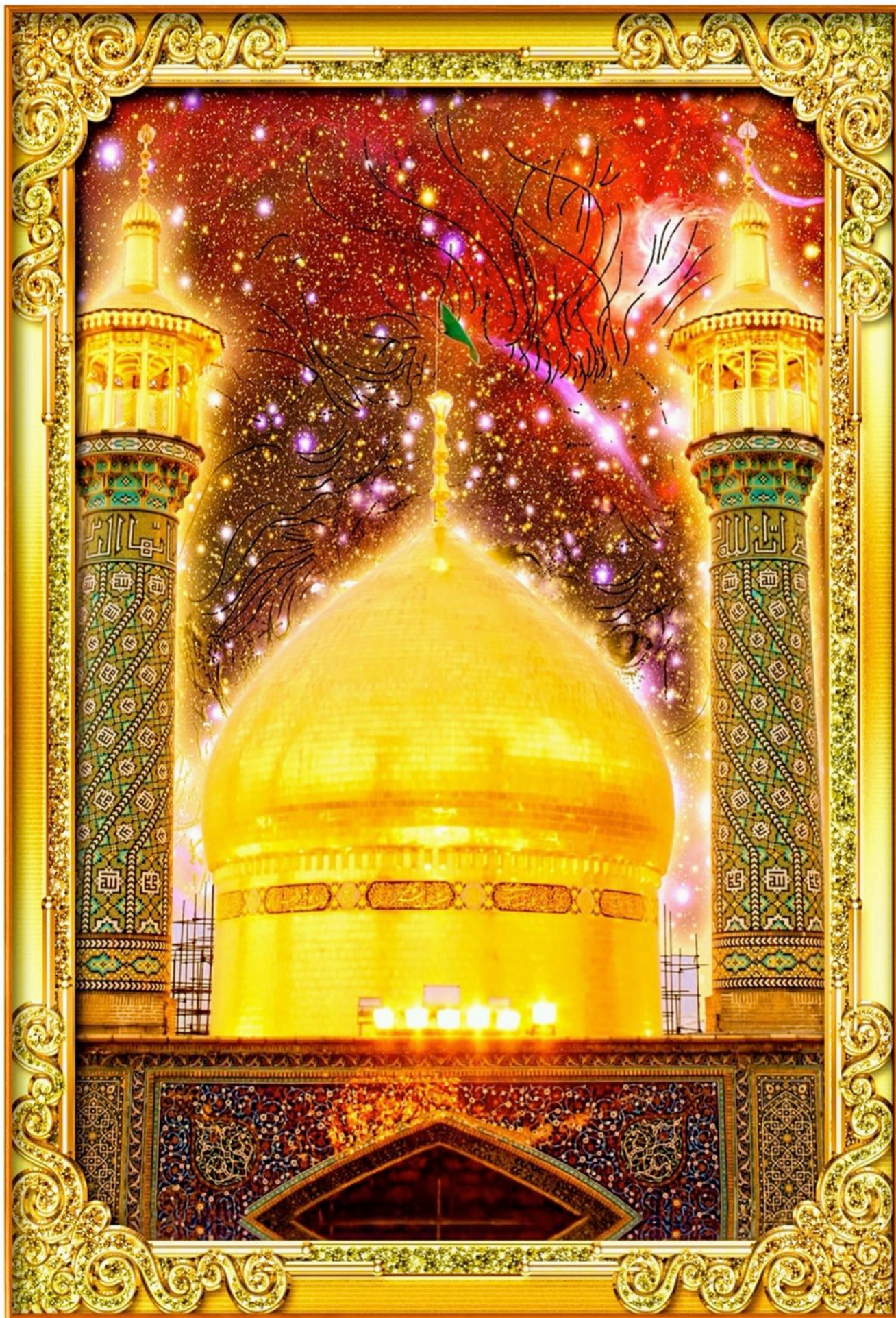


*And the holy spires strain  
to reach the burn,*

*But can never attain  
those stars afire;*

*Yet, we glow of their dust,  
lighted in turn.*















*Let us enter,  
to converse and commune,*

*With many tales  
to unveil and subsume;*

*But, we'll remember  
our plans made from drink.*

*Especially those  
born of Persia fume.*





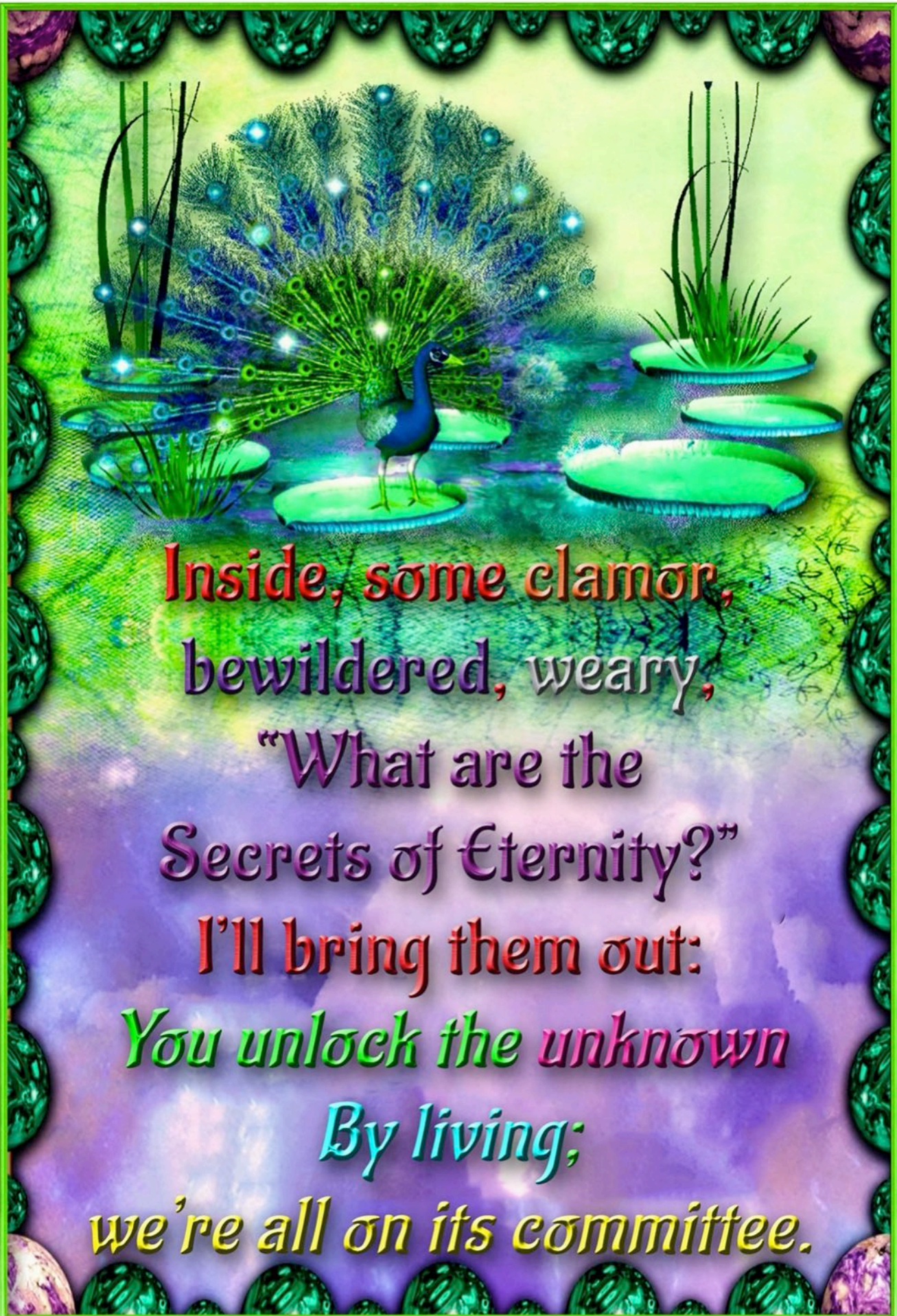






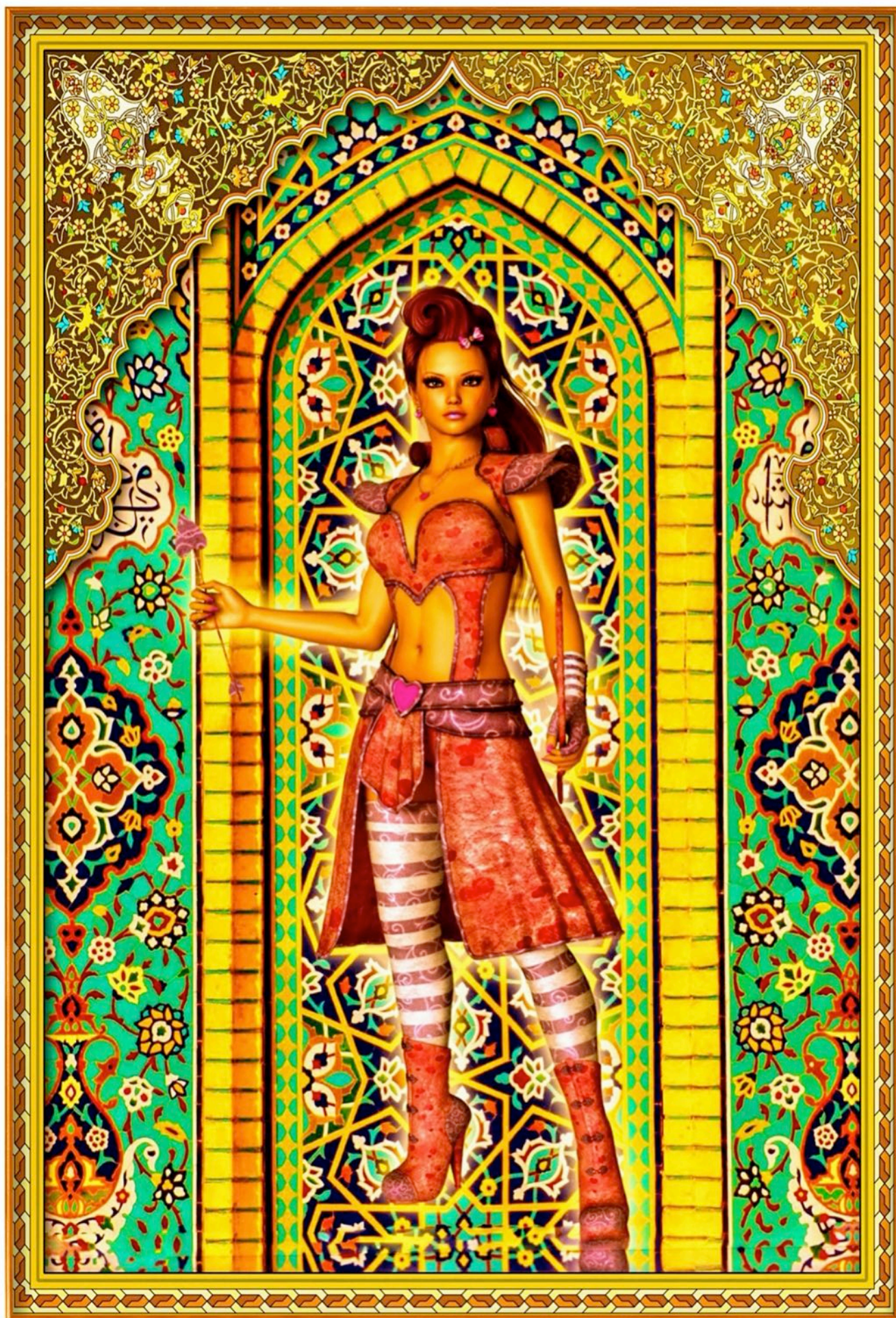






Inside, some clamor,  
bewildered, weary,  
“What are the  
Secrets of Eternity?”  
I’ll bring them out:  
*You unlock the unknown*  
*By living;*  
*we’re all on its committee.*

















*"From whence doth your  
Heavenly beauty shine?"*

*She tells: From time, dust,  
light, love, verse, and wine.*

*"Ah, the Alef; hence,  
what brings on the end?"*

*You tricky questioners,  
it's the same line!*





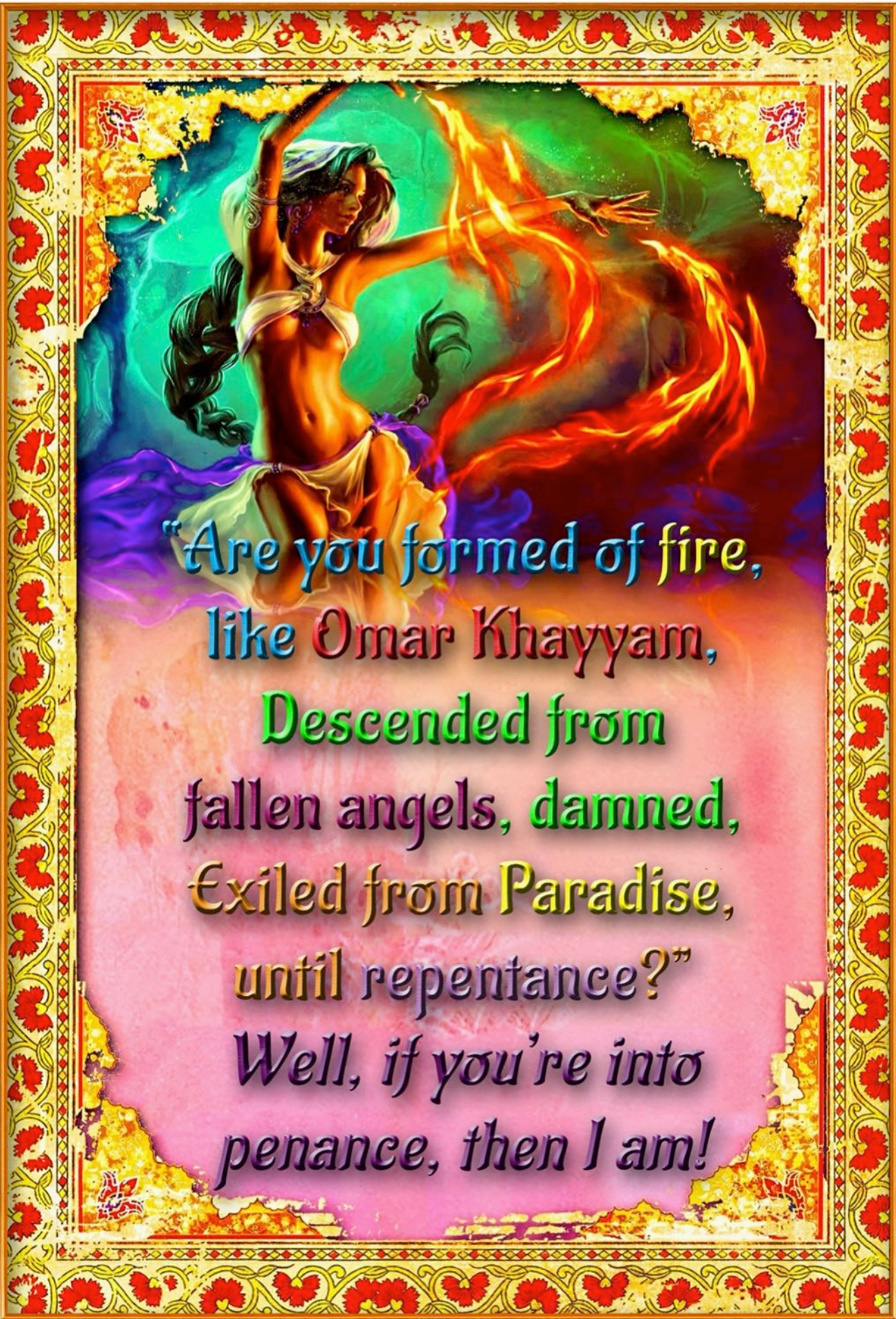












*"Are you formed of fire,  
like Omar Khayyam,  
Descended from  
fallen angels, damned,  
Exiled from Paradise,  
until repentance?"  
Well, if you're into  
penance, then I am!*

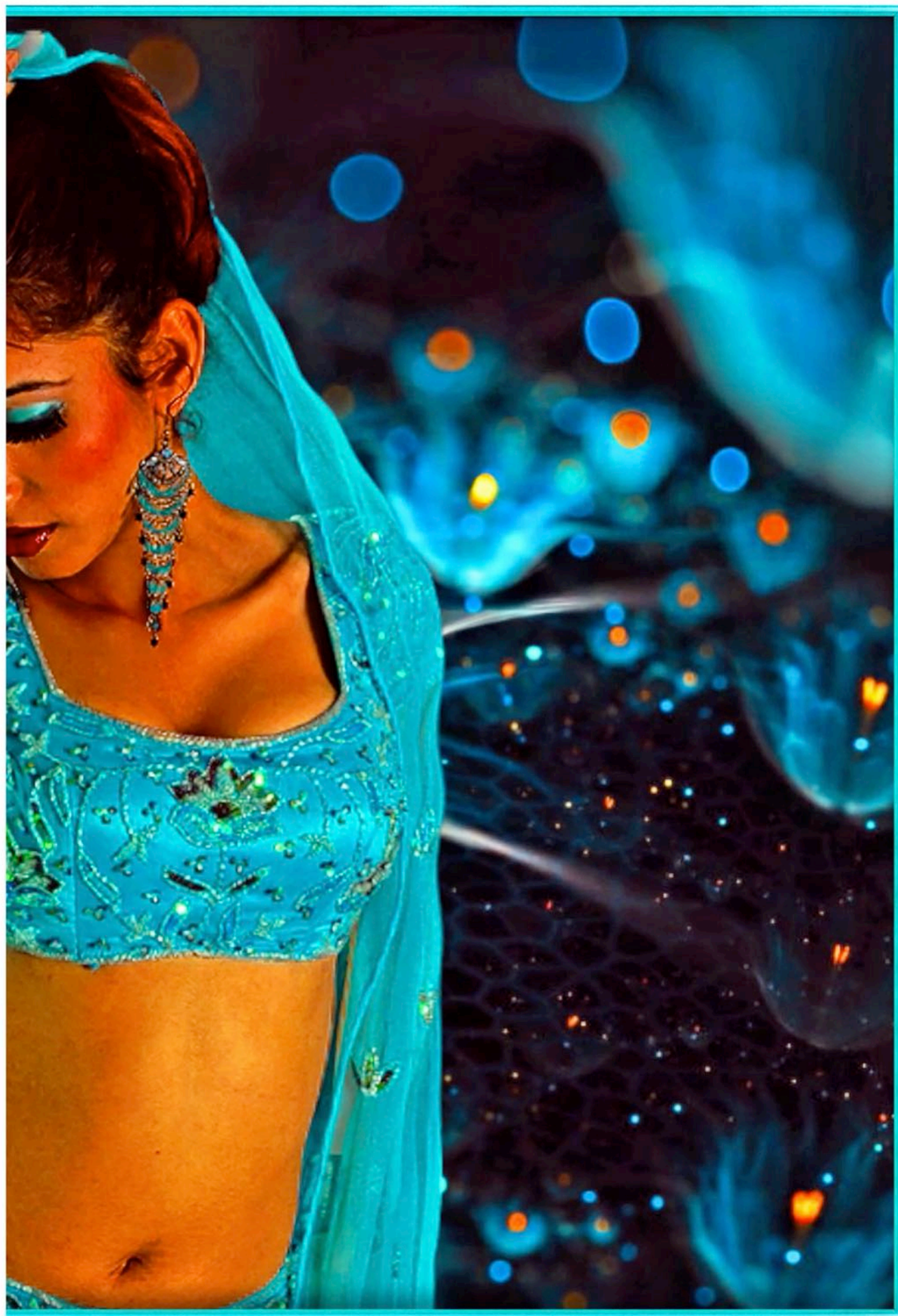














A woman with dark hair, wearing a red strapless top and red pants, is sitting on a red carpet. She is looking up and to the right. The background is a vibrant blue sky filled with stars, a rainbow, and swirling light patterns. The entire scene is framed by a decorative border with a floral pattern.

"Well, since you seem  
otherworldly and wise,  
We've figured that you  
must come from the skies."

*My unbounded highs  
are as what flies; yes,  
I'm djinni,  
in varied human guise.*

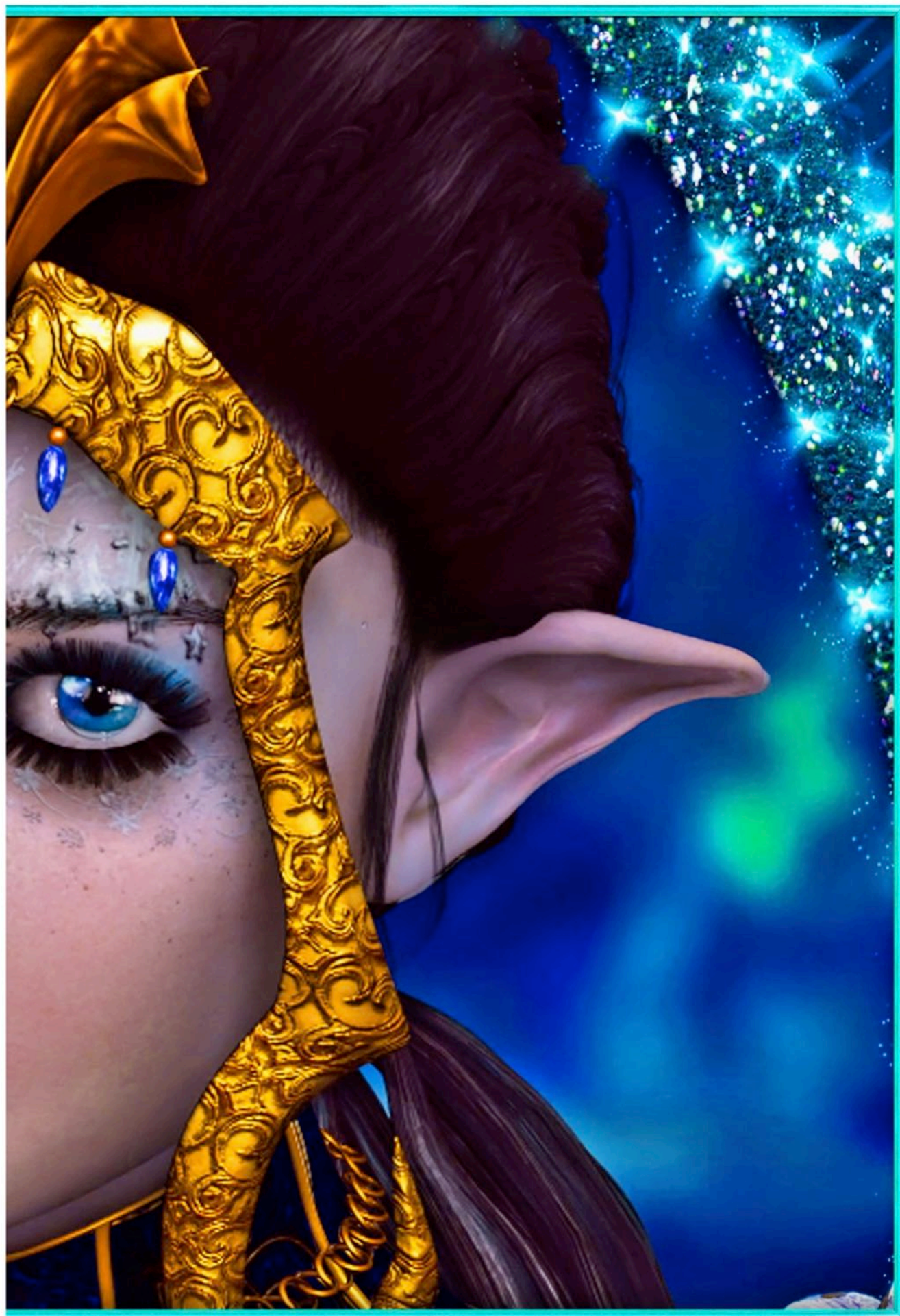














"What Heavenly Saki  
serves our portions



And pours our  
illuminating potions?"

*It, so long and slow  
thus wasn't Divine—*

*Nature's scroll  
nurtured our emotions.*





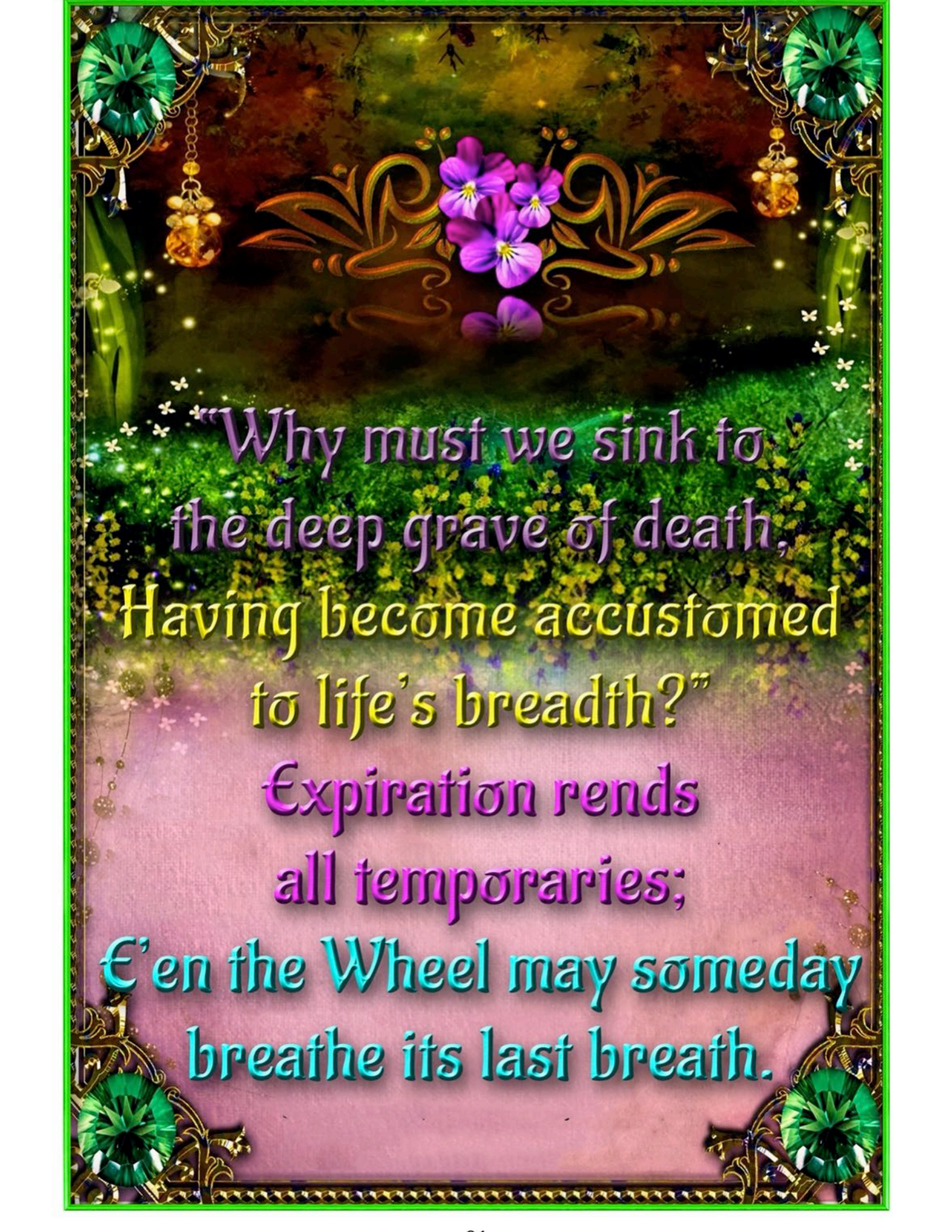












“Why must we sink to  
the deep grave of death,  
Having become accustomed  
to life’s breadth?”

Expiration rends  
all temporaries;  
E’en the Wheel may someday  
breathe its last breath.















A woman with blonde hair, wearing a purple bra and a long purple skirt, stands in front of a glowing screen. The screen displays a landscape with flowers and a globe. The entire scene is framed by a decorative border of purple and white flowers and green leaves.

The Secrets  
Of  
Eternity

I, as all, must  
one day soft surrender,  
When the Angel knocks  
to take me under.

What remains will be  
my secret quatrains—  
For all those who'll  
come to be to ponder.

















"What are the ways to live?"

Asks one with ale.

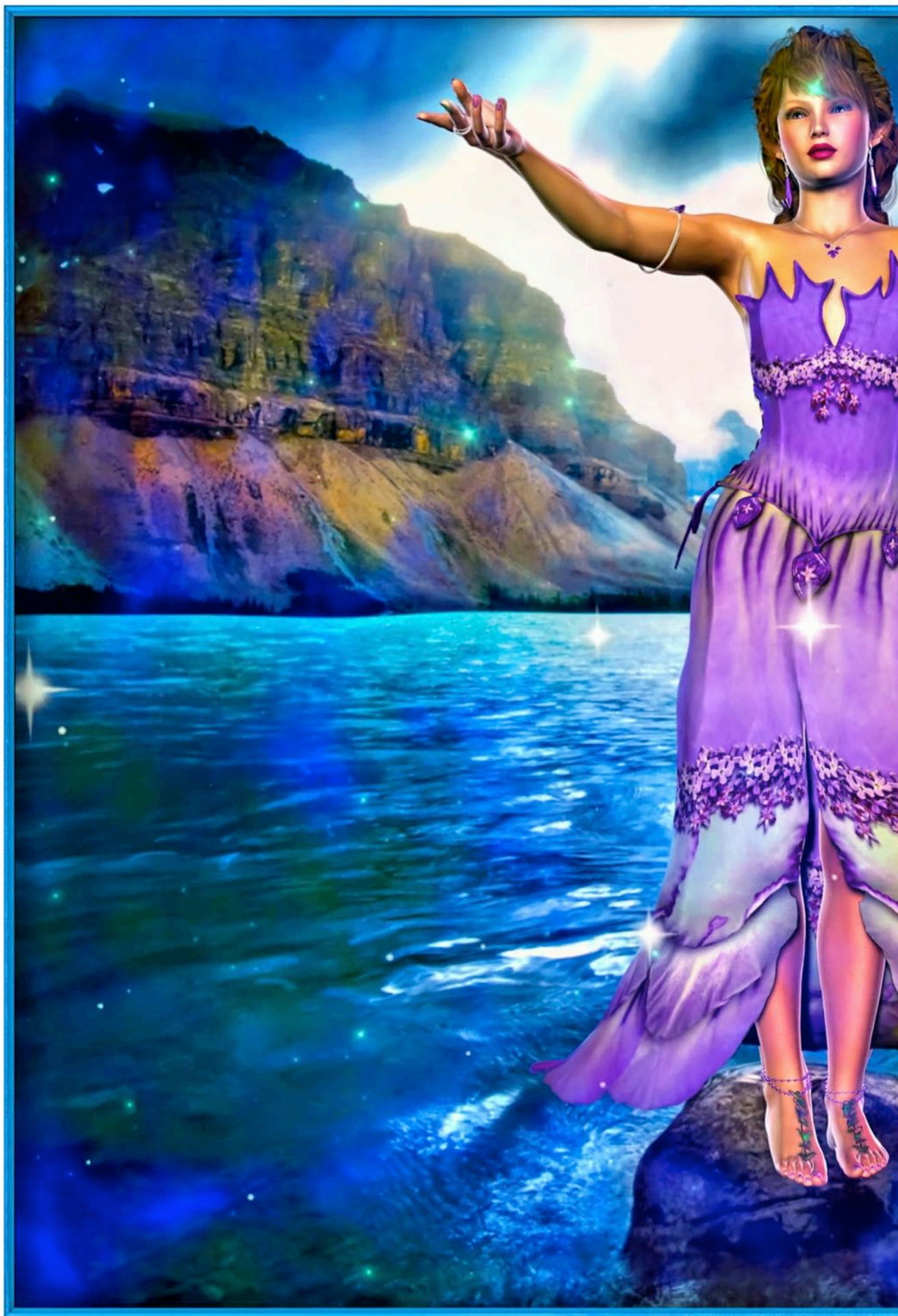
There's the sensual,  
the emotional,  
And the intellectual;  
however,

Living them blended makes  
for the best morale.

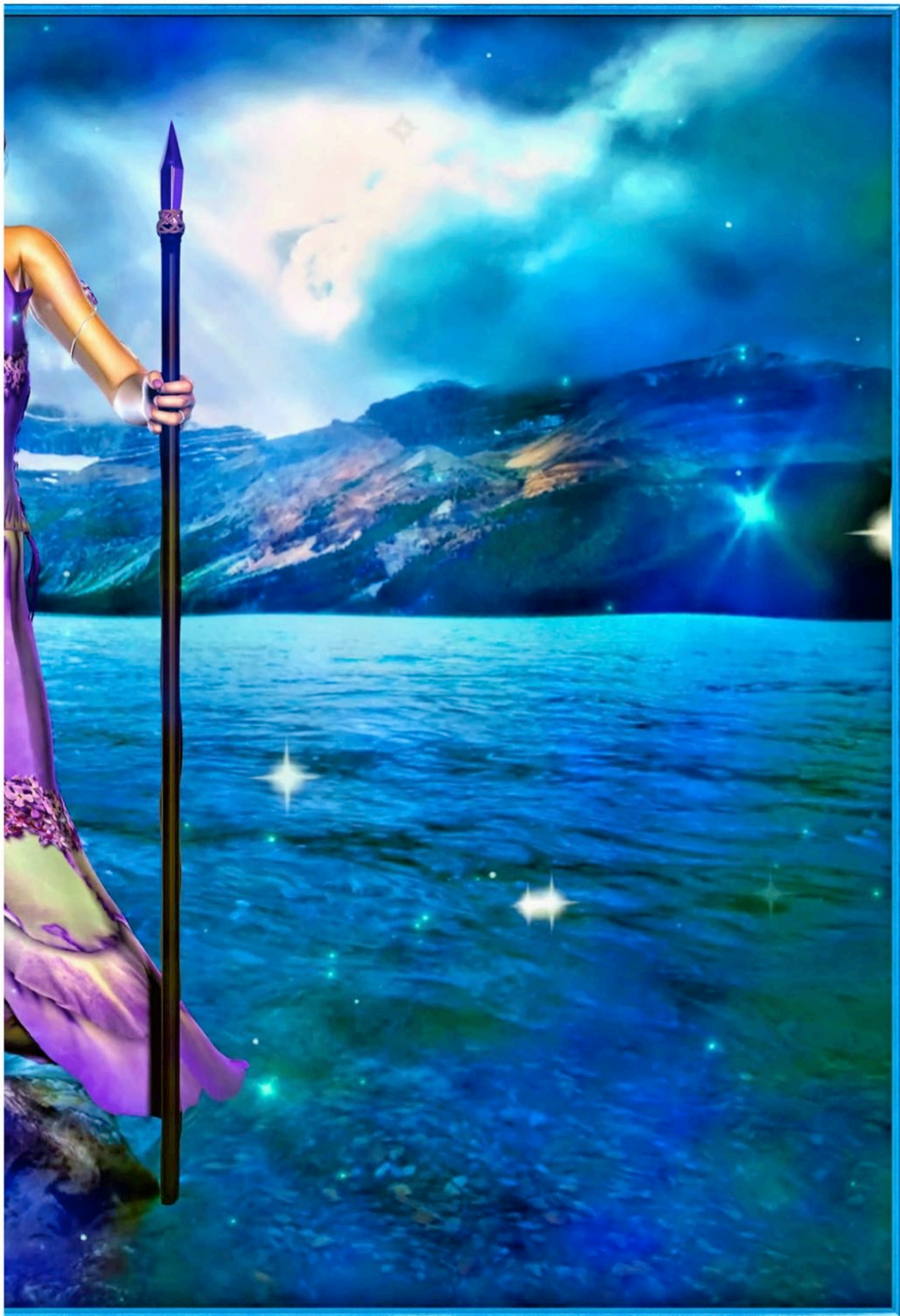
















Hindu goddesses aren't  
virgins thought of;

Their healthy desires  
are free to rove.

Enlightenment is sought  
and reached through the  
Profound experience  
of sensual love.

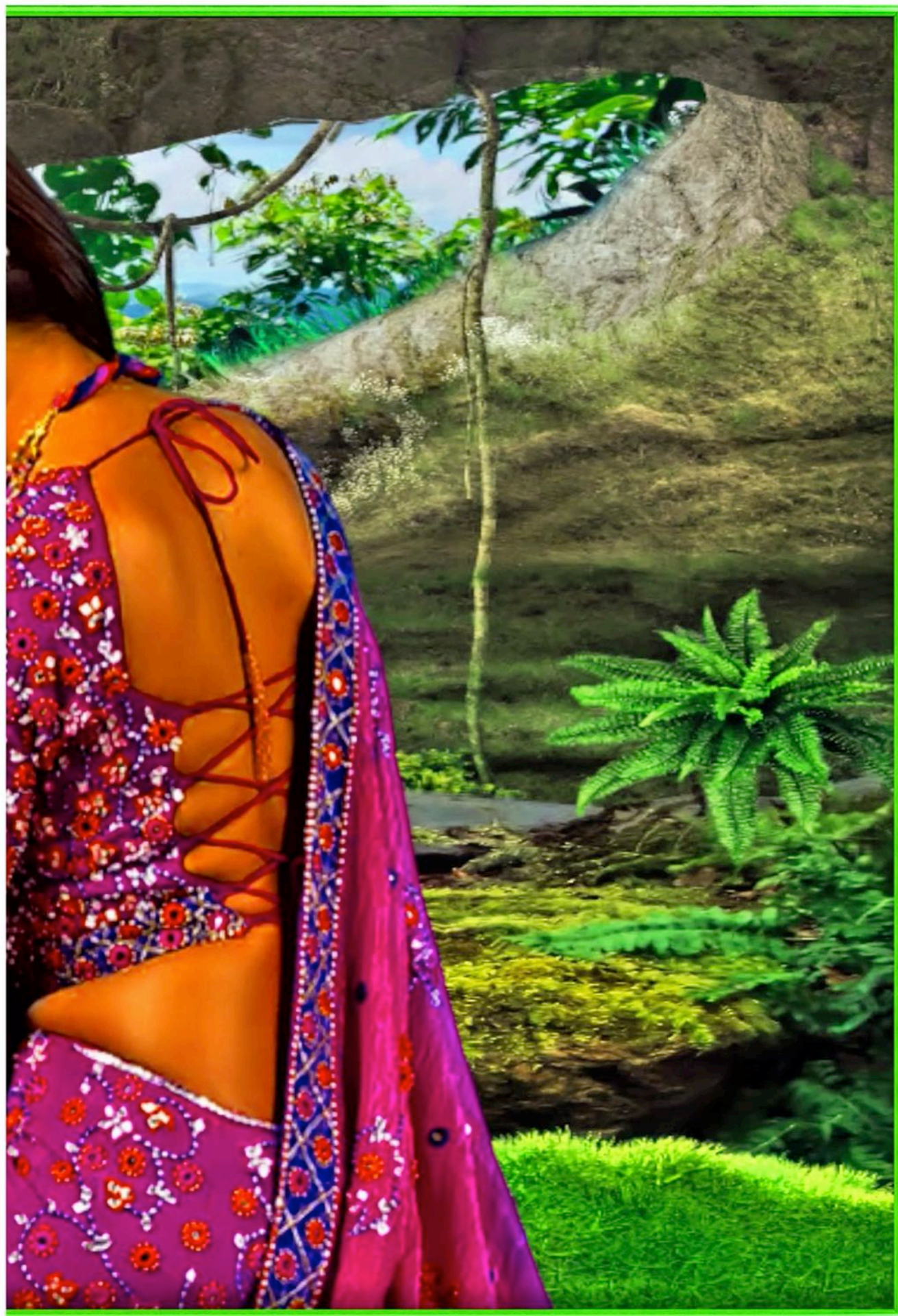
















*Oh, Omar, they think  
you've many ladies,  
And they don't believe  
I'm fire from Hades—  
All because I just flat out  
told them so.*

*They'd rather that  
one's tales must be shady.*





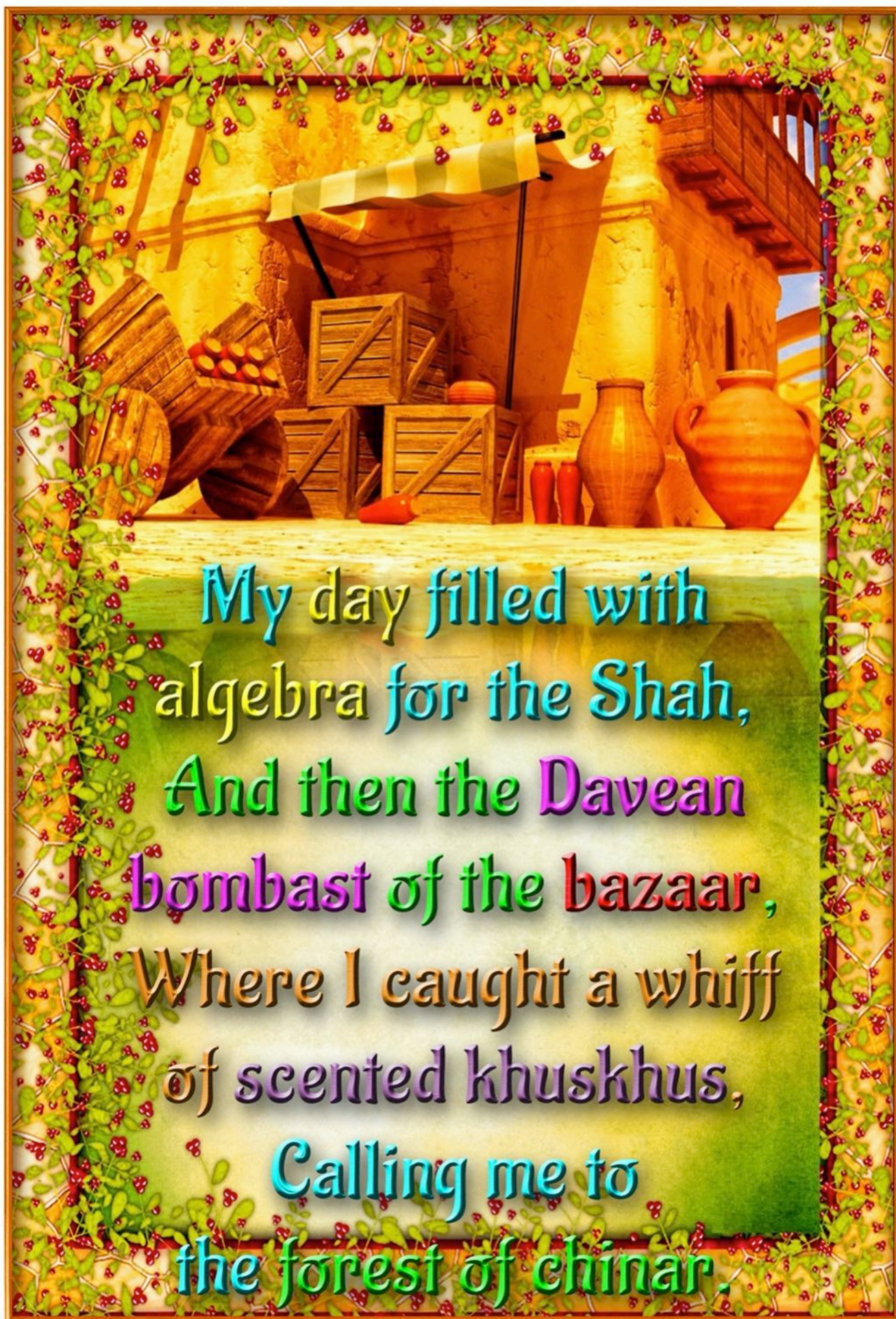












My day filled with  
algebra for the Shah,  
And then the Davean  
bombast of the bazaar,  
Where I caught a whiff  
of scented khuskhus,  
Calling me to  
the forest of chinar.















On Shah's errands,  
I buy a rose bouquet,



For the next after-dusk,  
to cheer her way,  
When the bulbul  
sweetly sings all night,  
As the jasmine and julep  
drink of May.













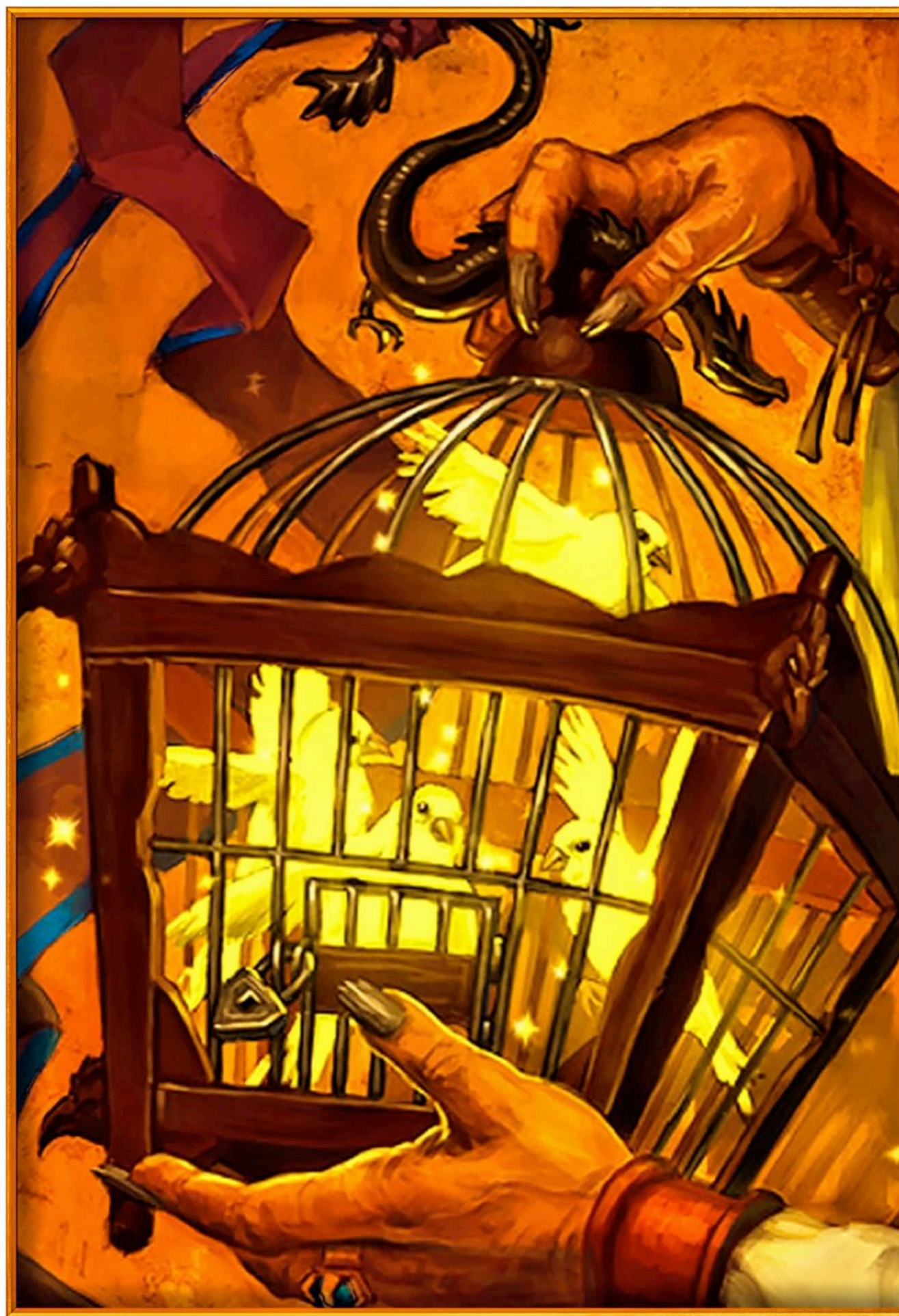




















My sweetheart, as well,

has to work this day,

Selling pearled beads to  
earn her time to play.

*Bring a carafe tonight;*

*I'll drink your musk.*

From back behind, I  
bring forth her bouquet.

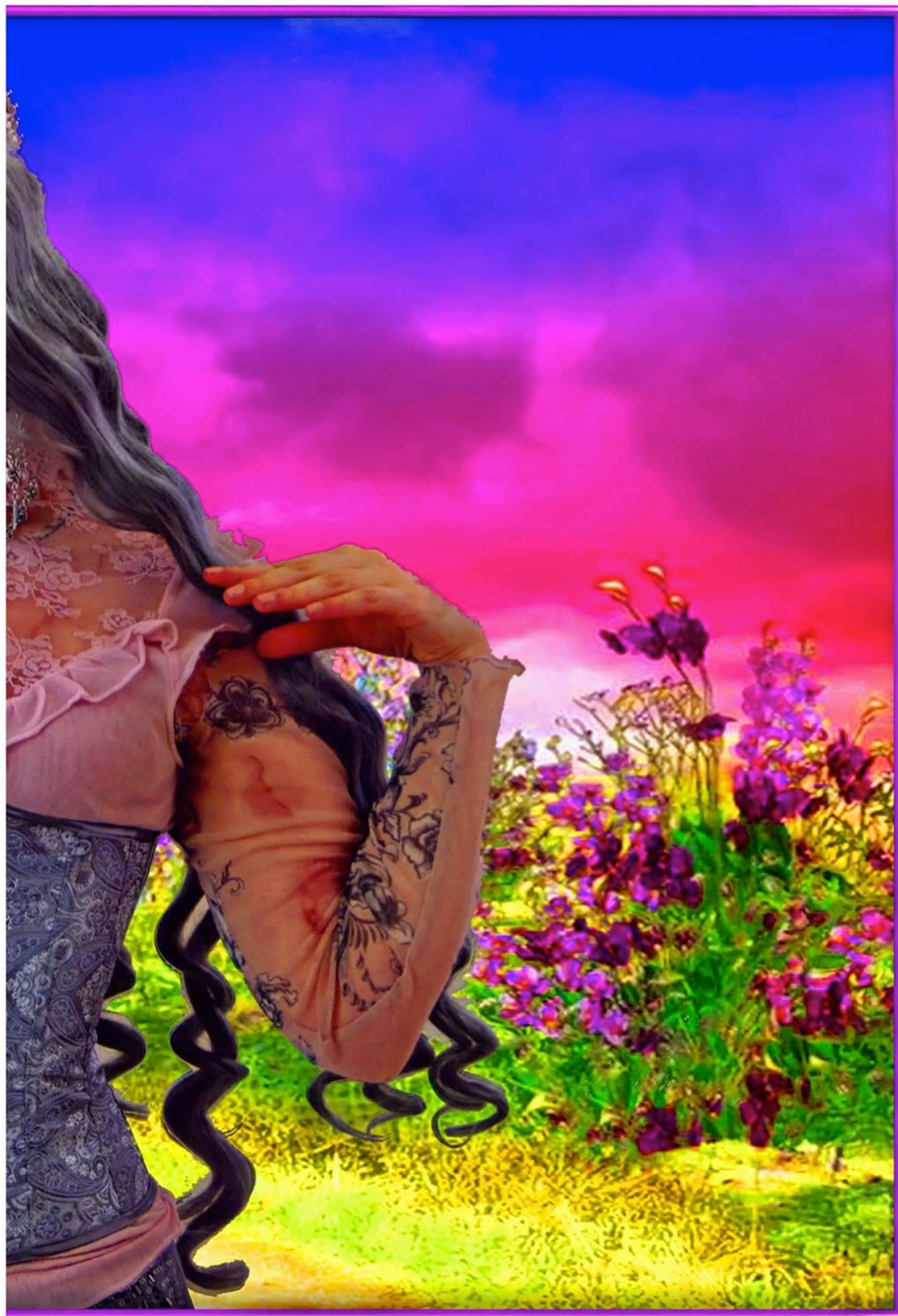




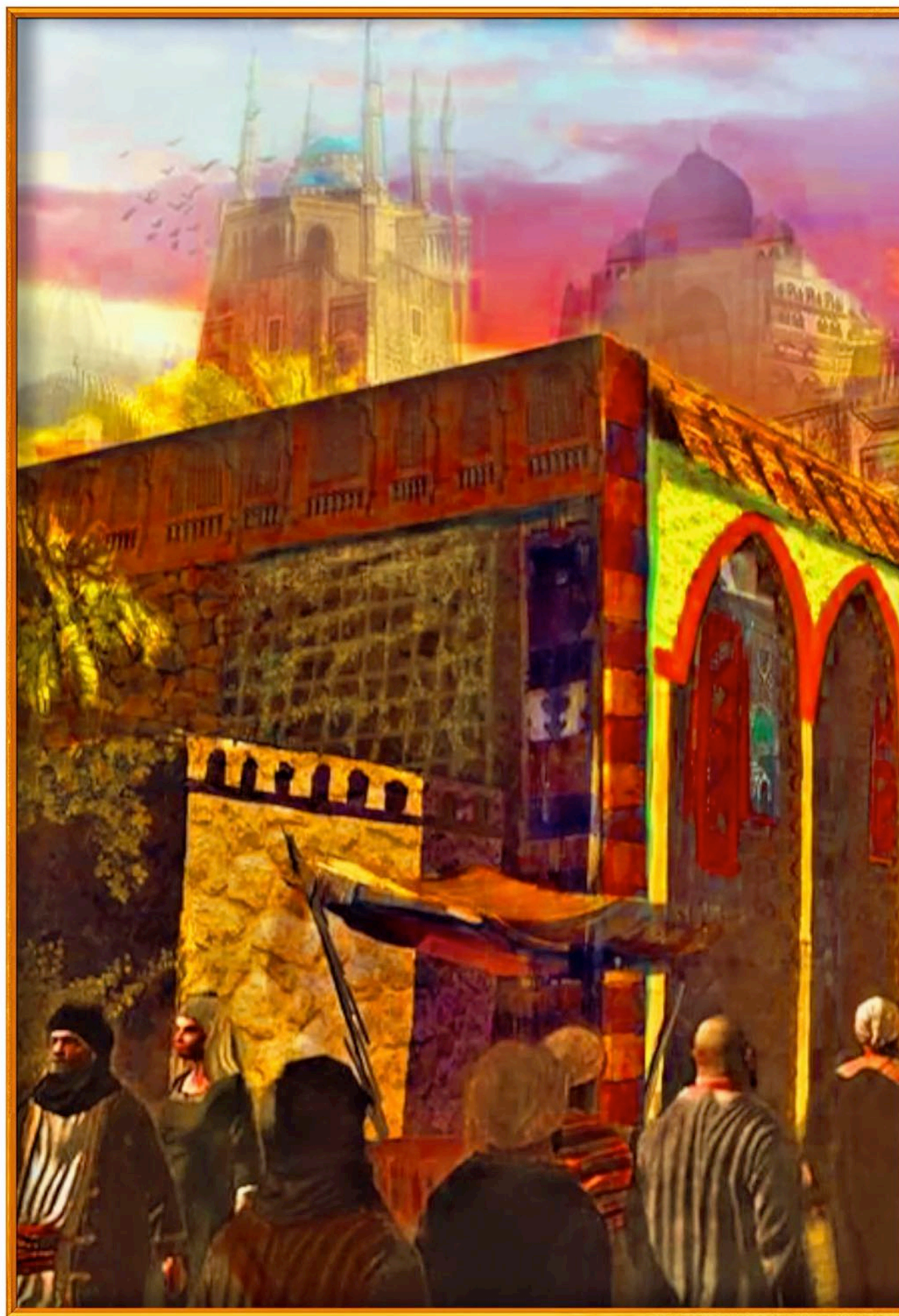




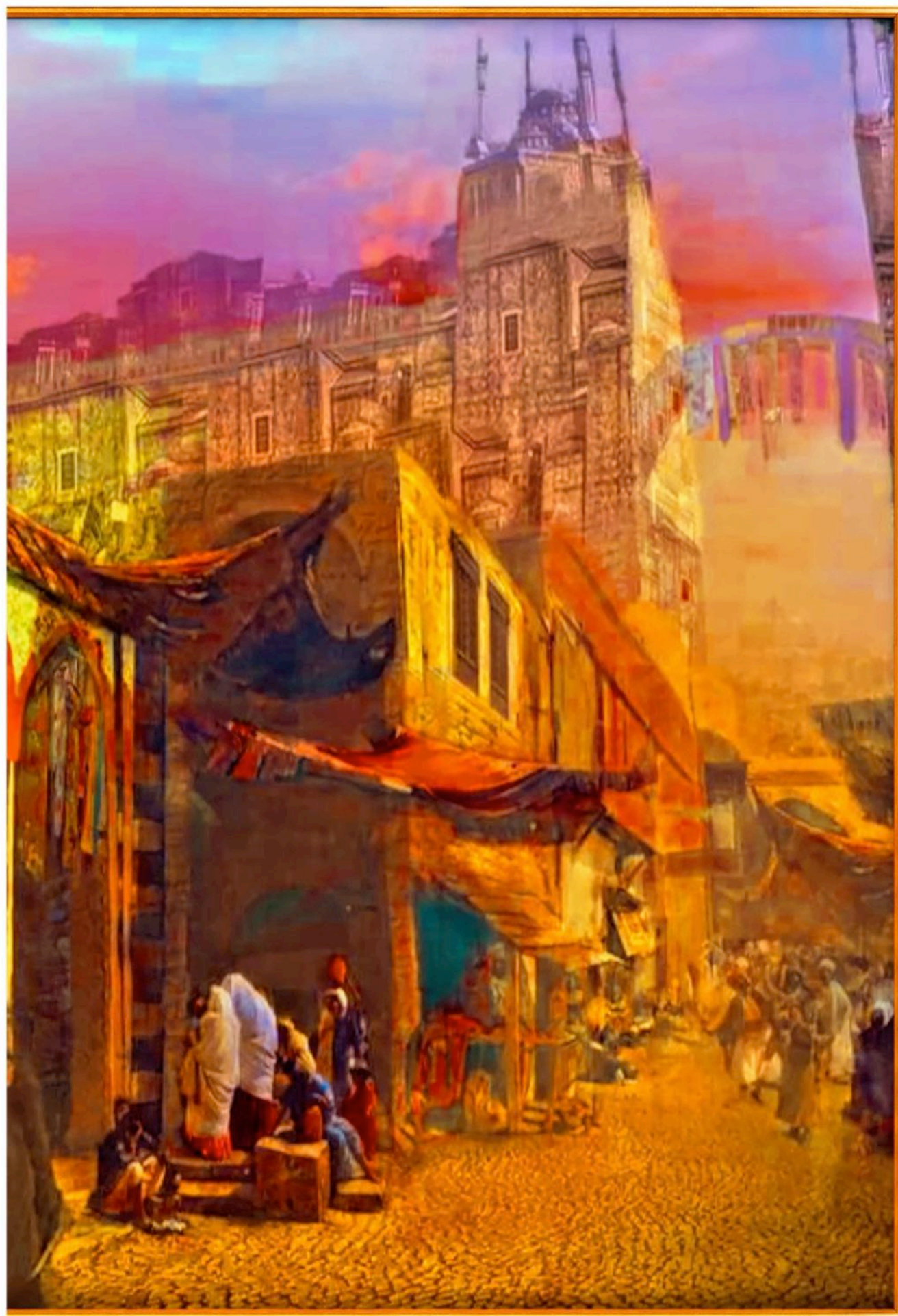
























I love the light,  
and that we are the dark  
Inside the light that makes  
our love to spark.

*Undisturbed by the  
day's bright noise, I'll sing,  
Sensing your soft sweep  
across my heart string.*

















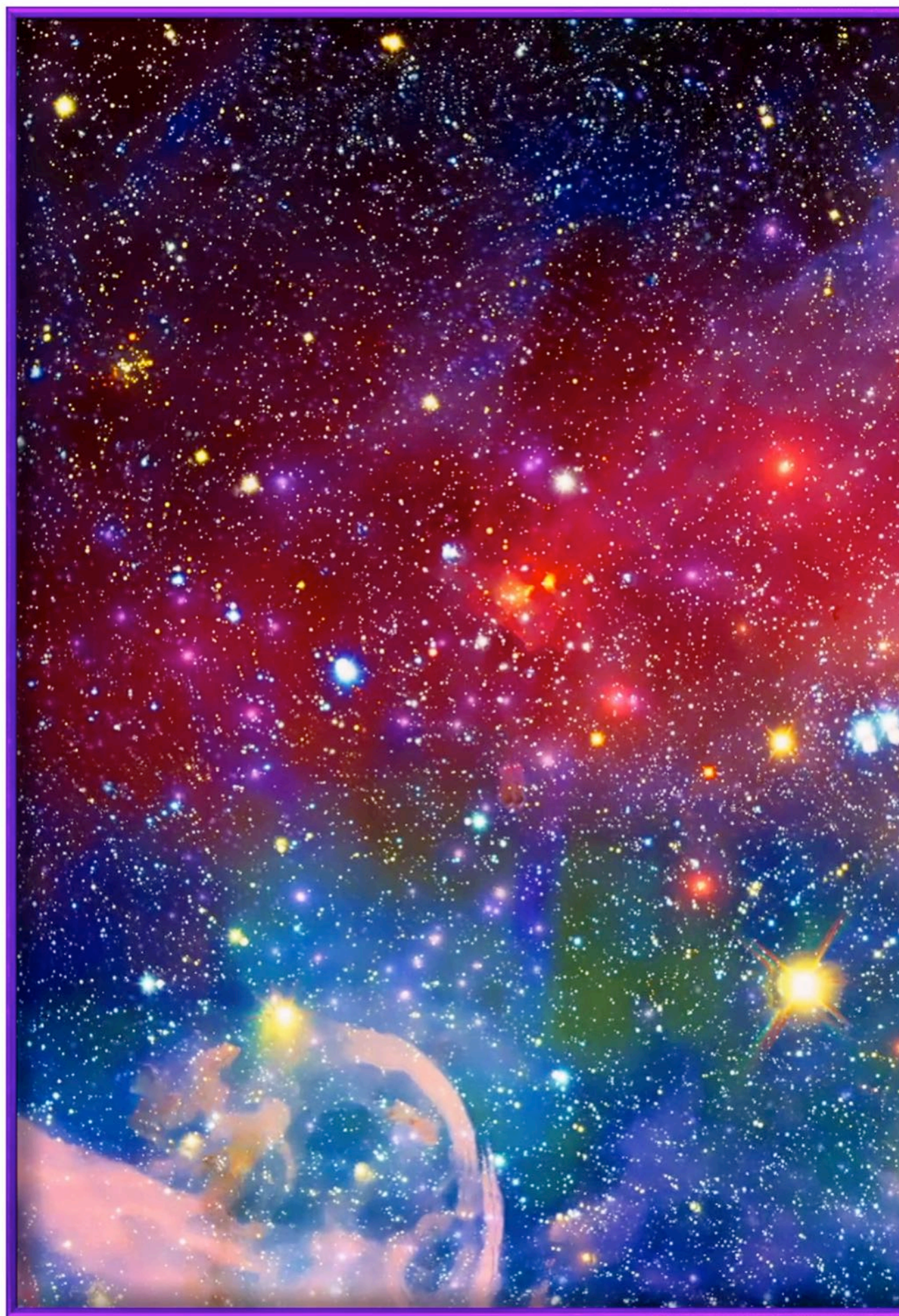
I played a fine trick on  
the **Shah** last night;  
I said that I would bring  
down the star light  
Of his favorite sky pattern  
to ground:



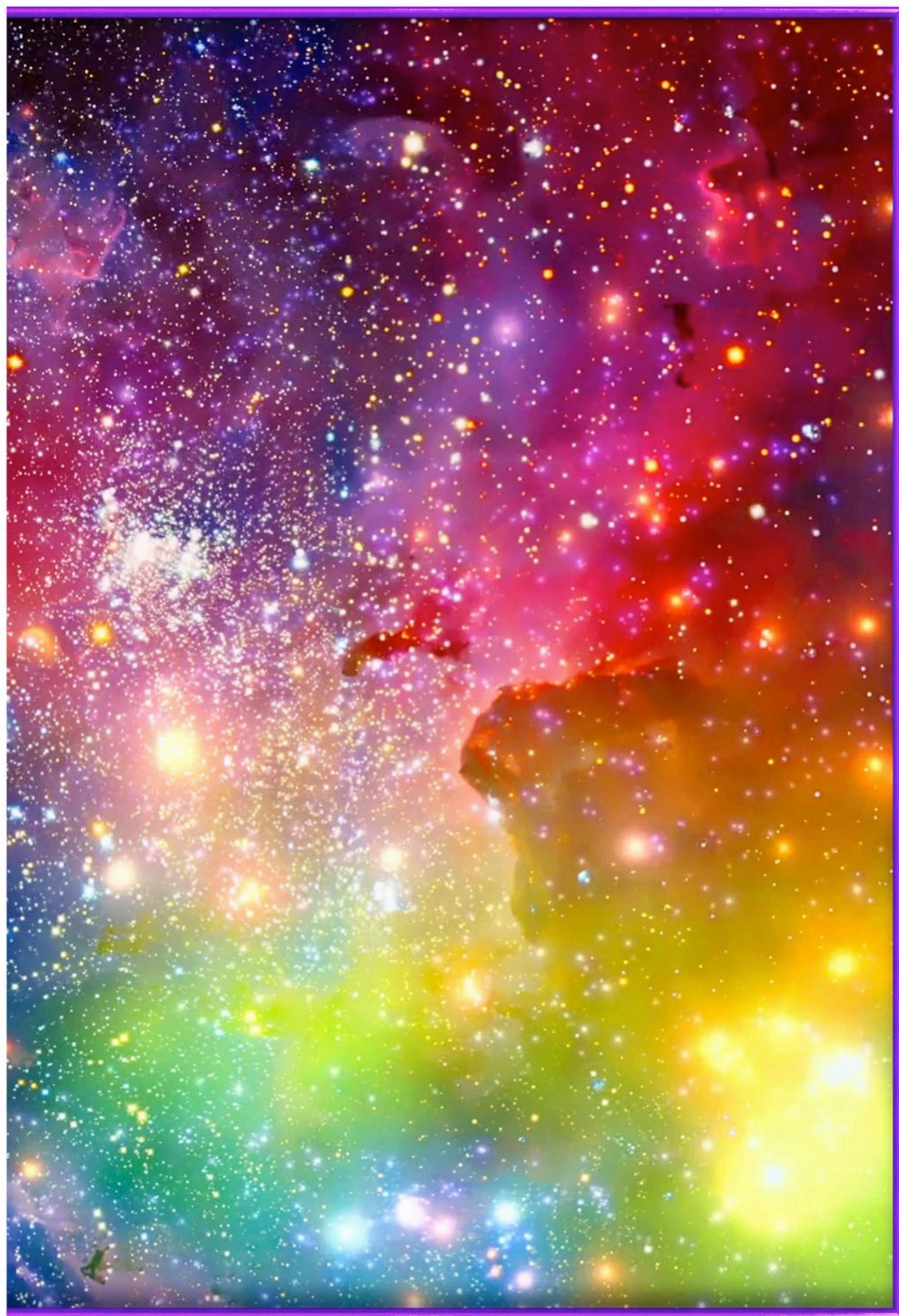


My sparklers dug into  
the sand lit bright!







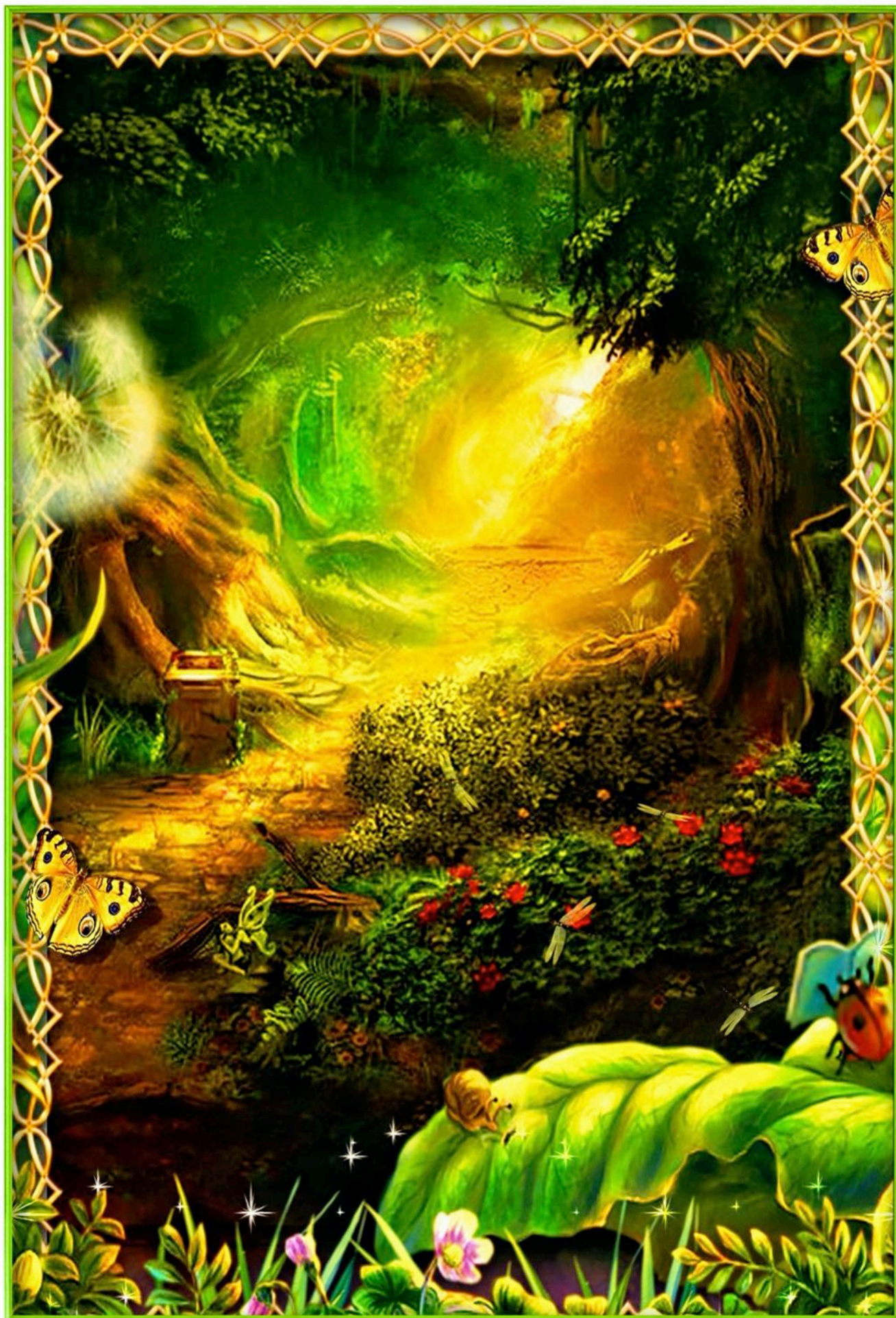






Follow the path,  
past the **rose bushes** sight,  
Where the woods open  
to a **shaft of light**.  
Here **the flower beds**,  
one with a **lush of grass**,  
Where **greenish light glows**  
forth the hours we'll pass.

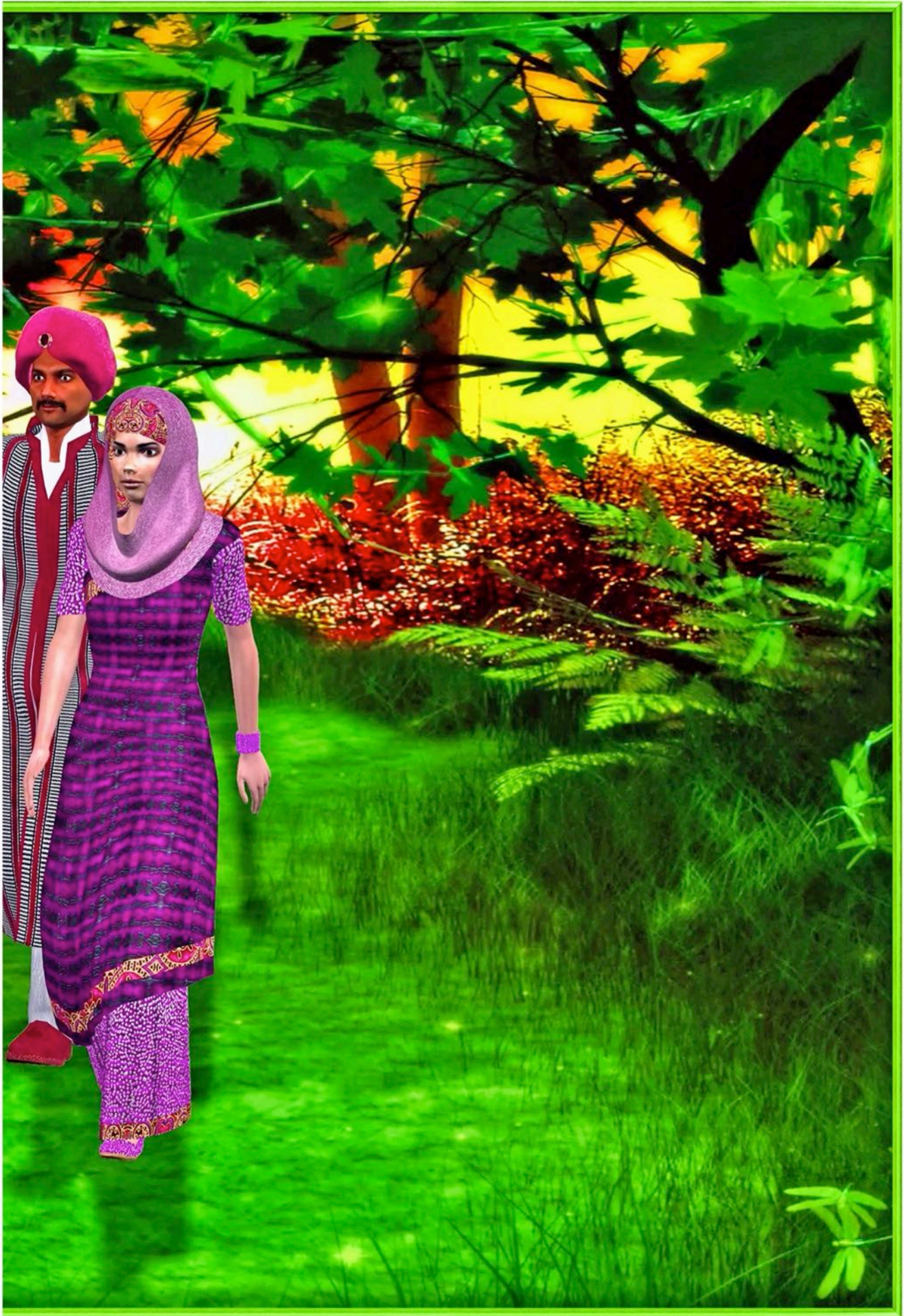




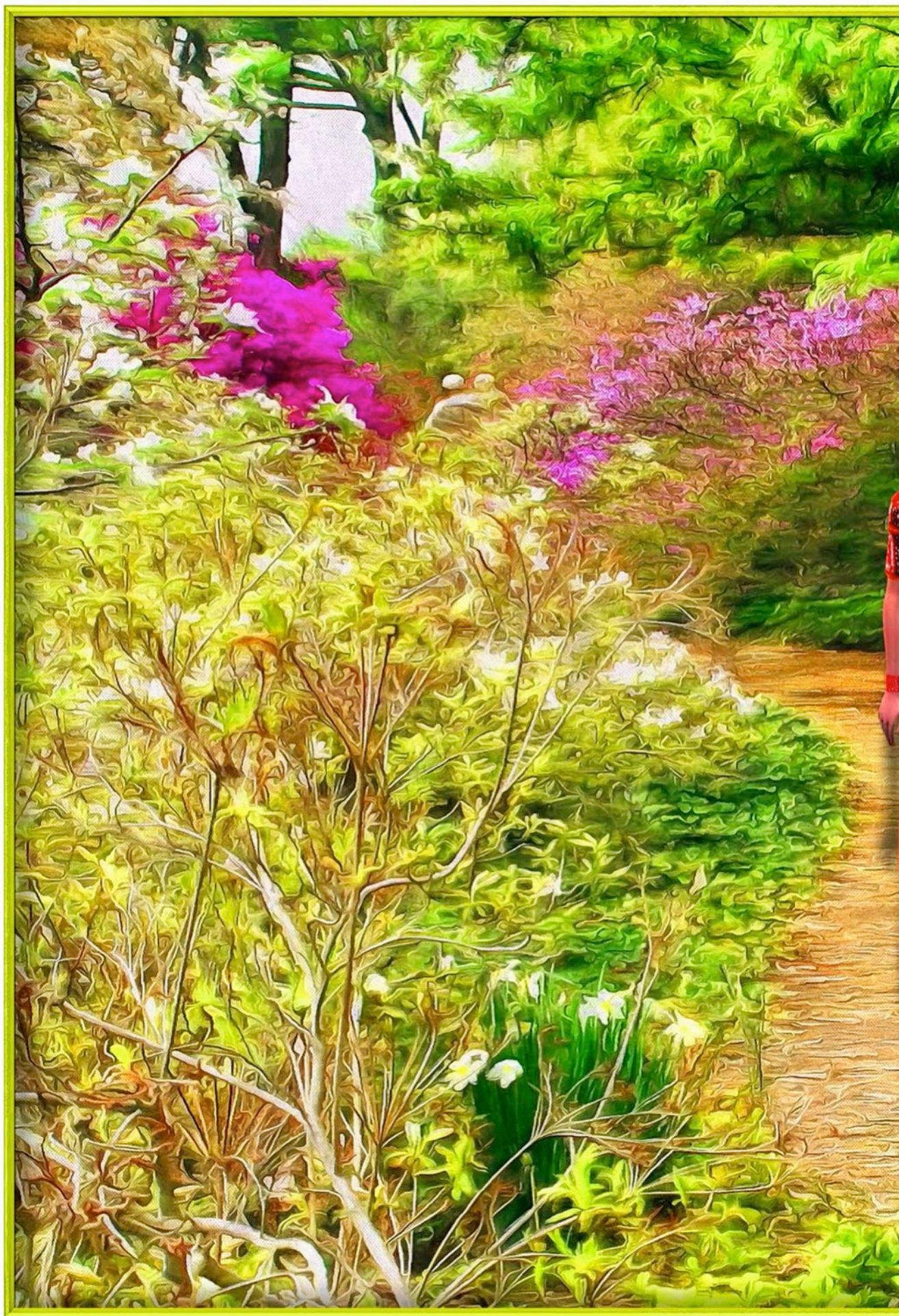




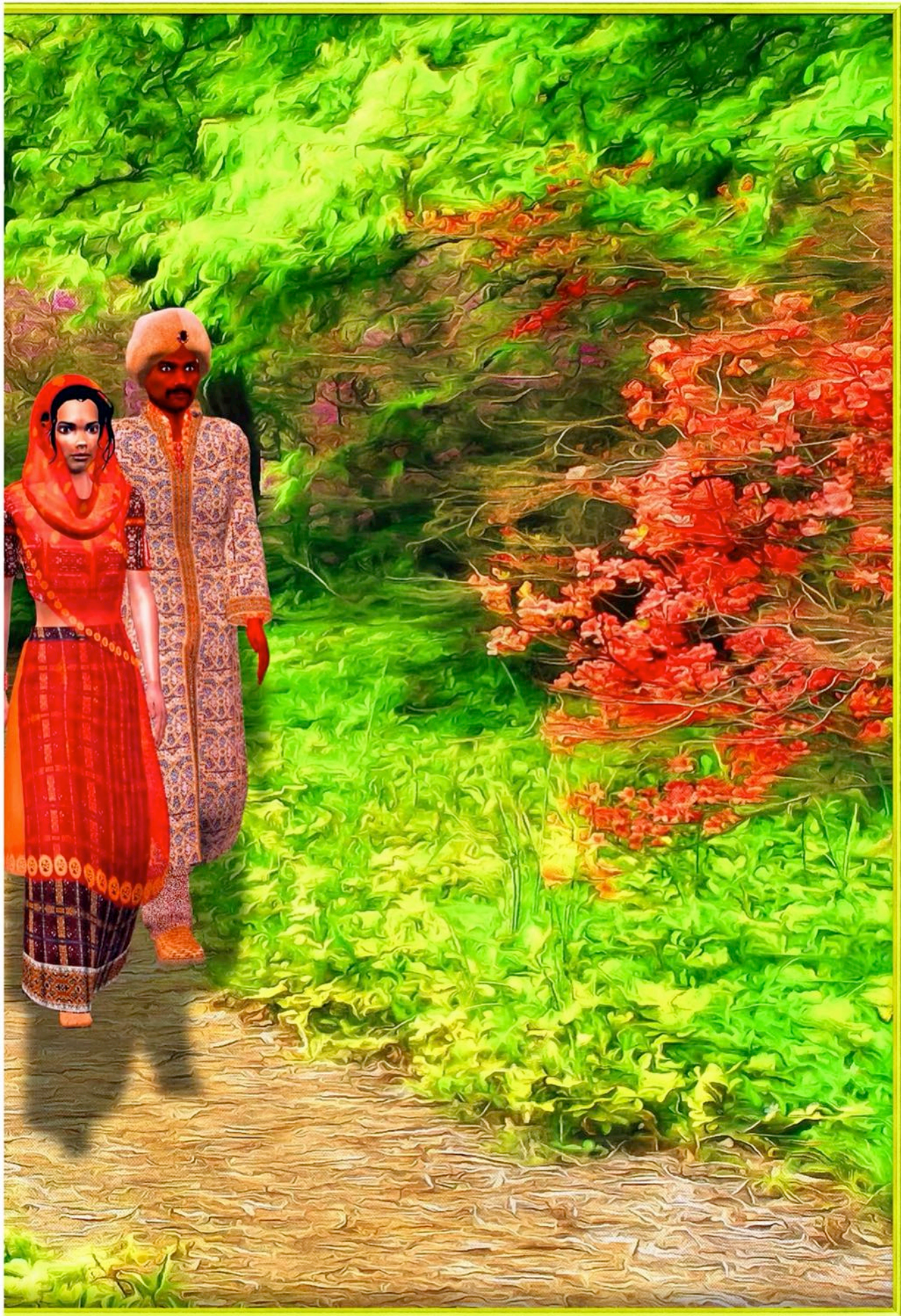








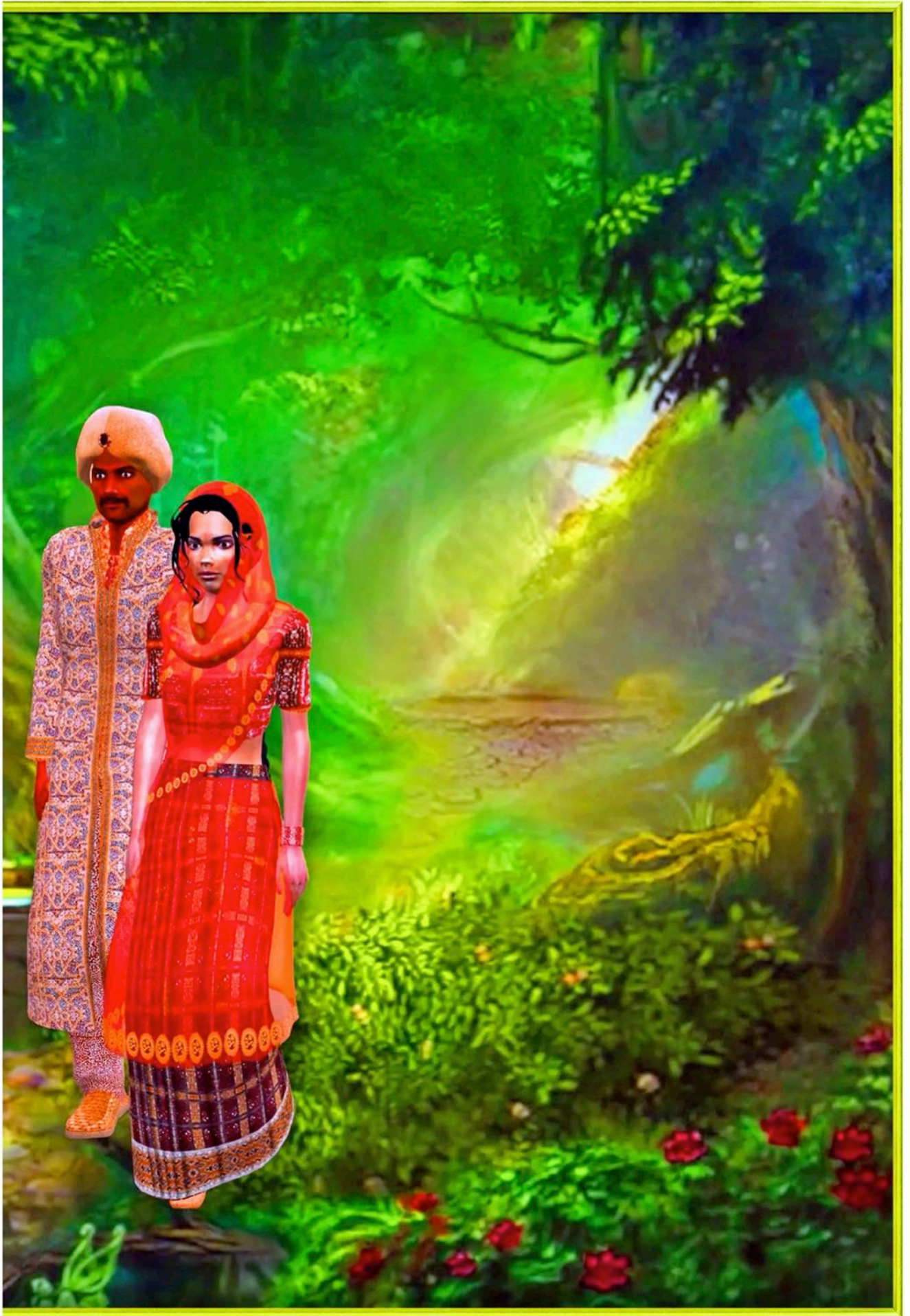












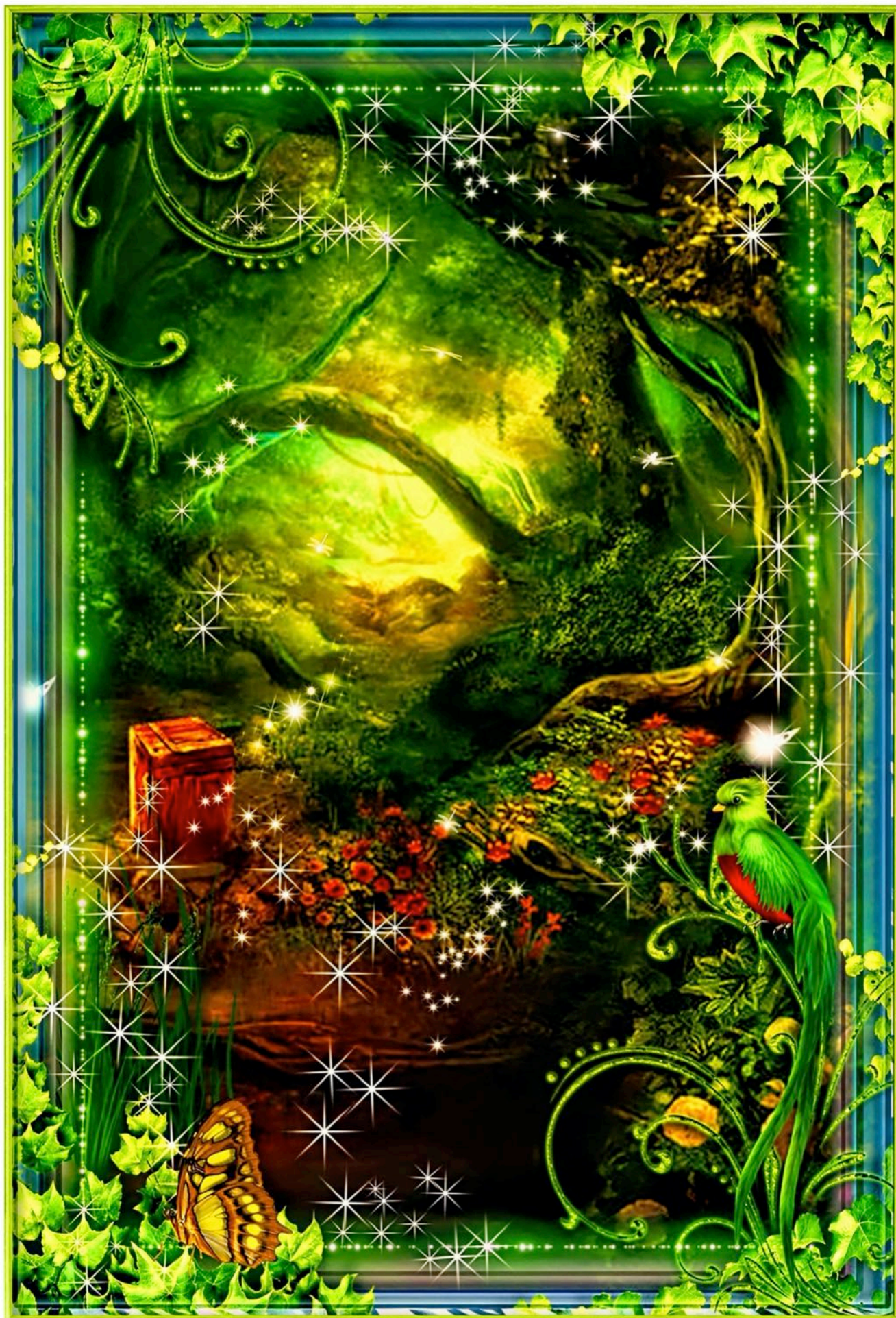




*Quatrains are the pearls  
strung along the wrath—*

*Illuminating beads  
that thought's web hath,  
Lighting the  
decades of life's rosary,  
To thread the  
enchanted gossamer path.*





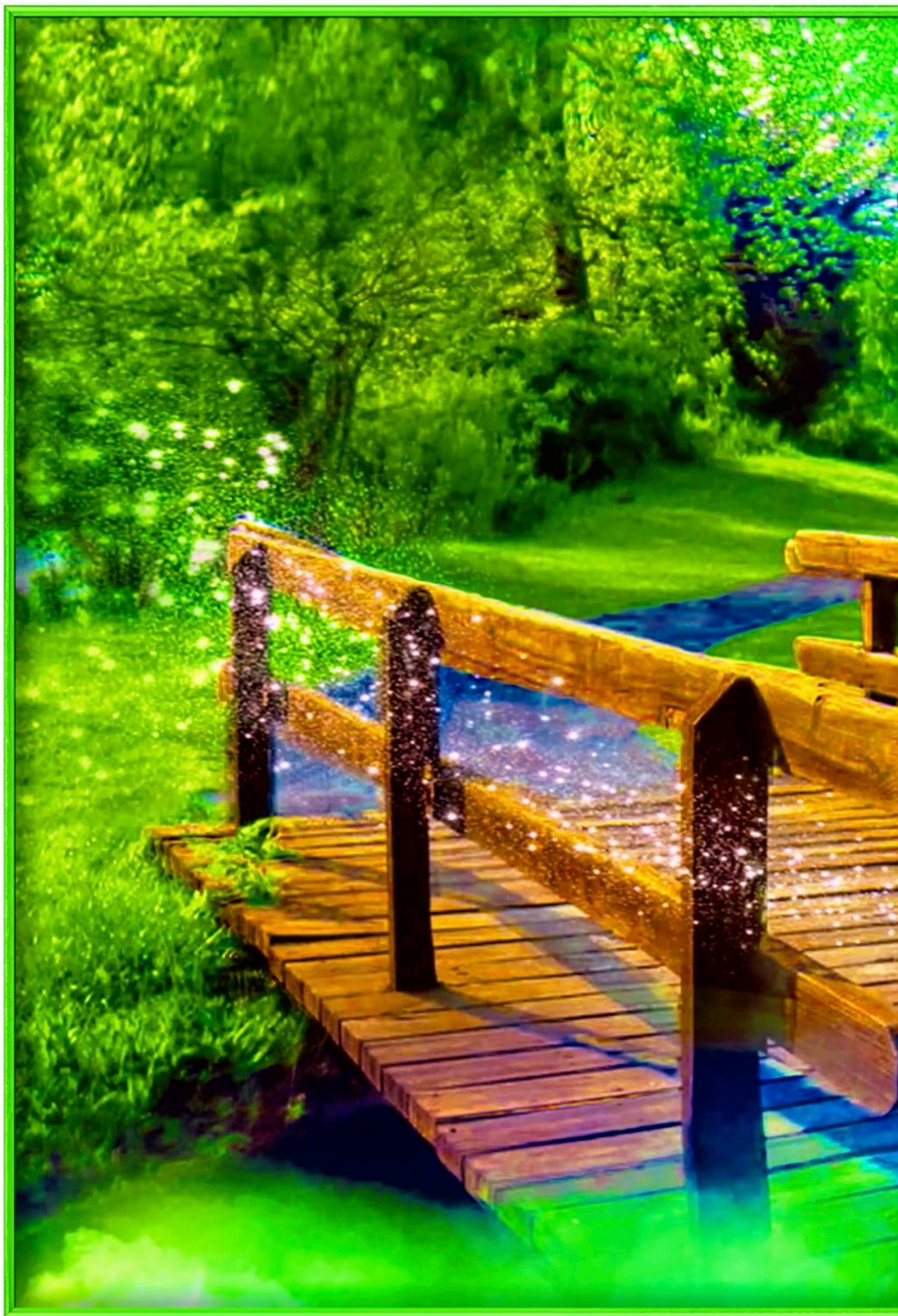








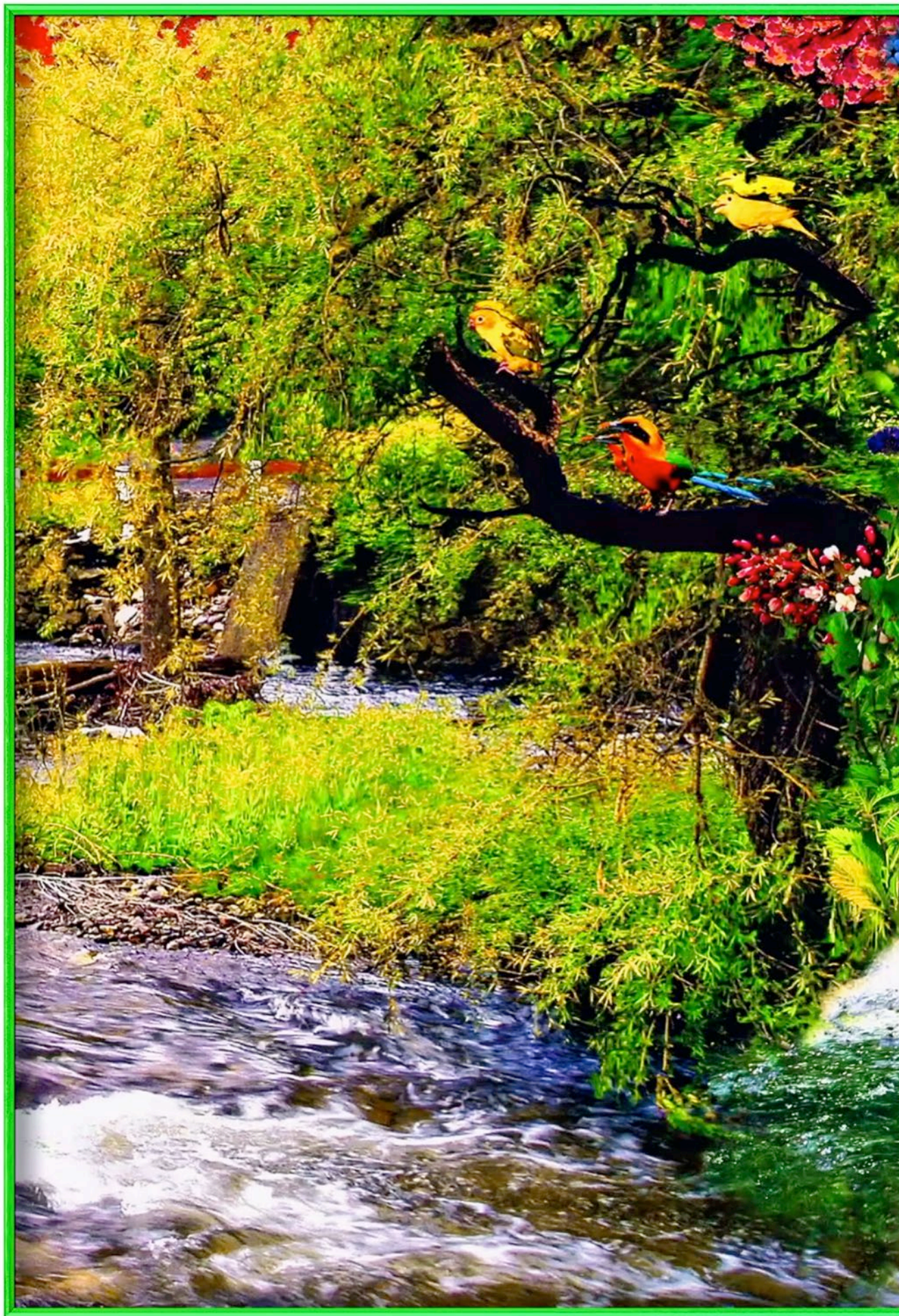




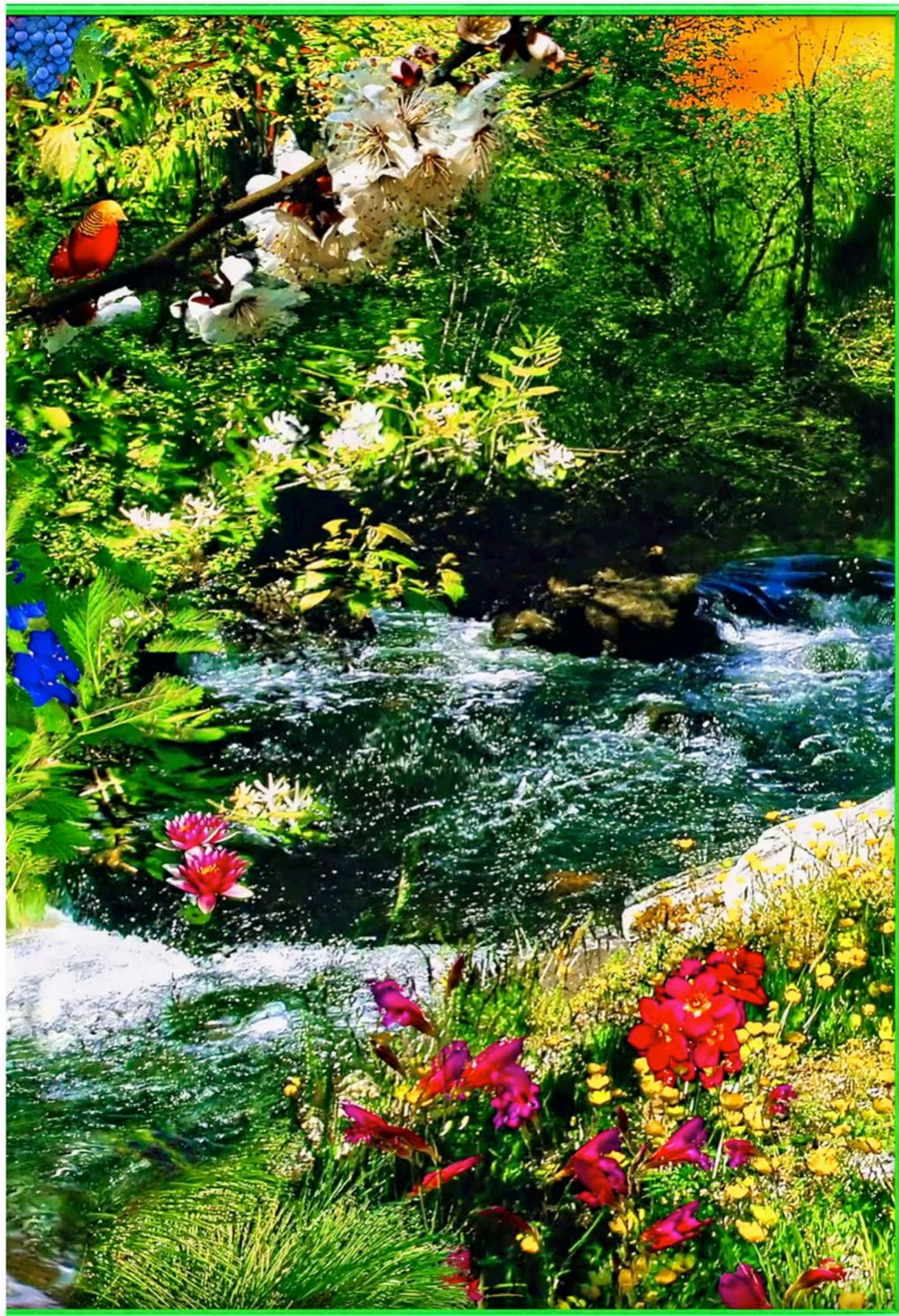














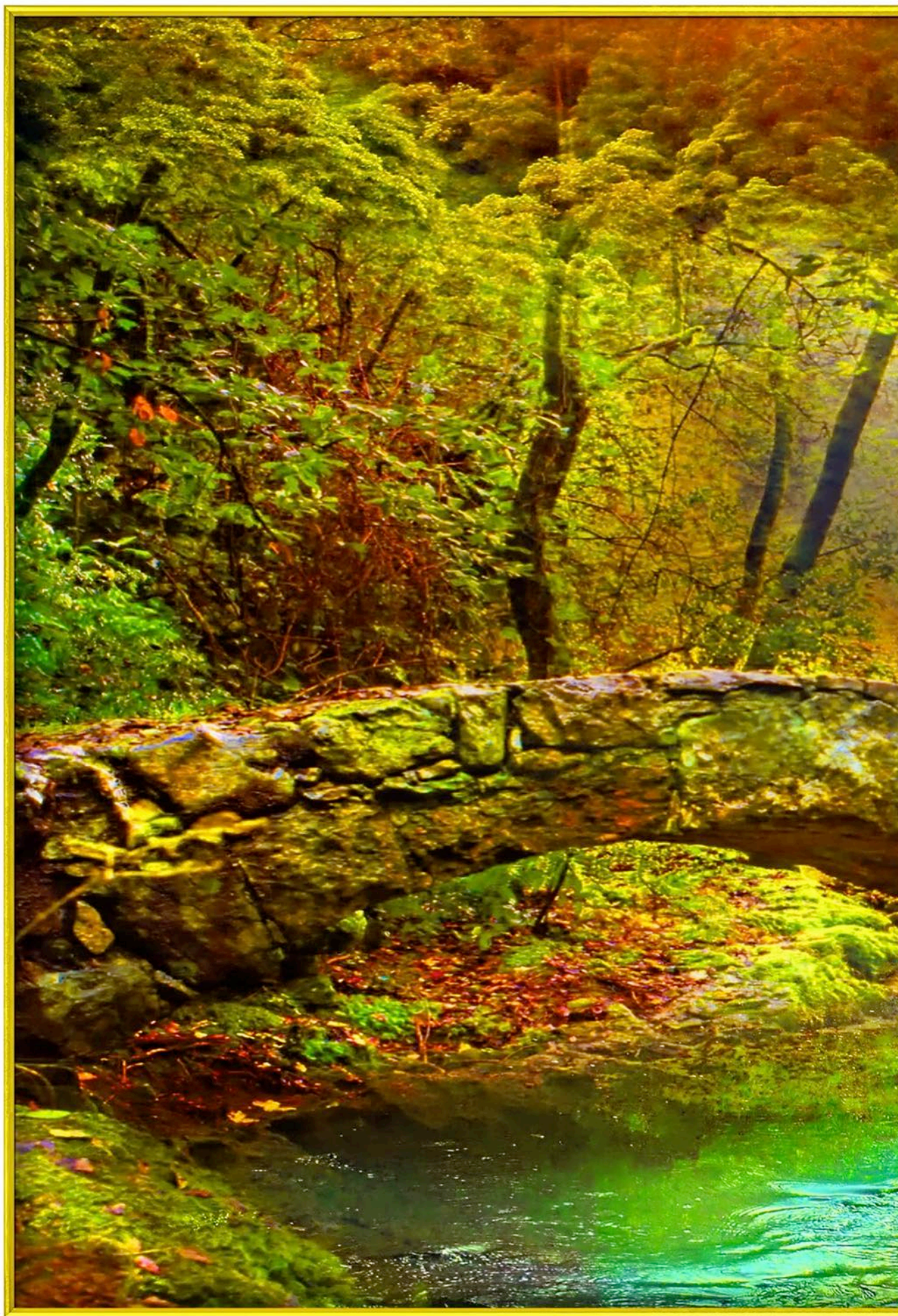


Days are the cyclic units  
of time's pearls—  
Beads worn round in  
the necklace of the months;  
They distance themselves,  
like night echoes,  
Into the rosary  
of the seasons.

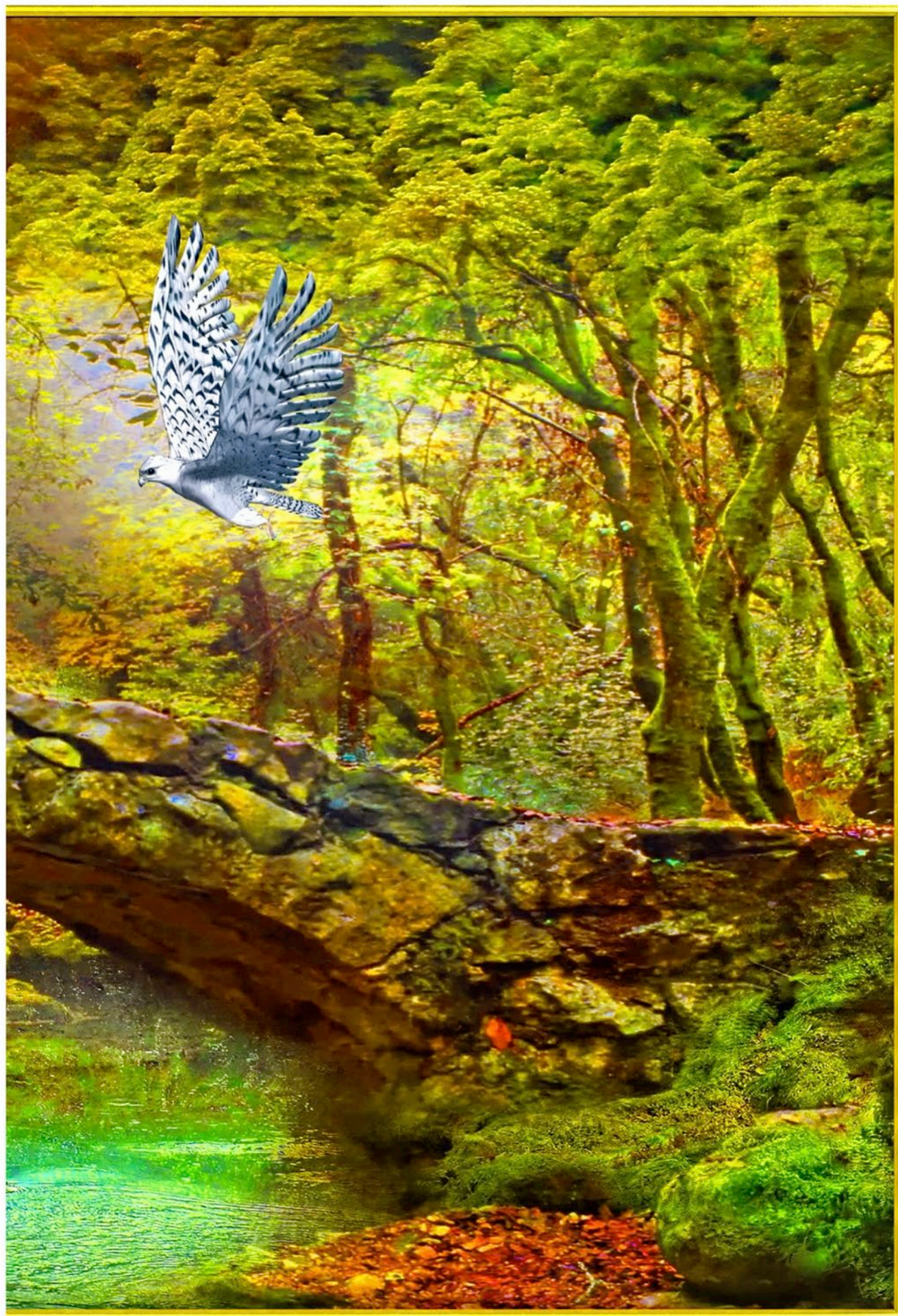
















*Are there stars in roses  
and they in stars?  
All roses are made  
of the dust of stars  
And worlds within  
star systems have roses;  
We're all life-stars and  
roses from the stars.*





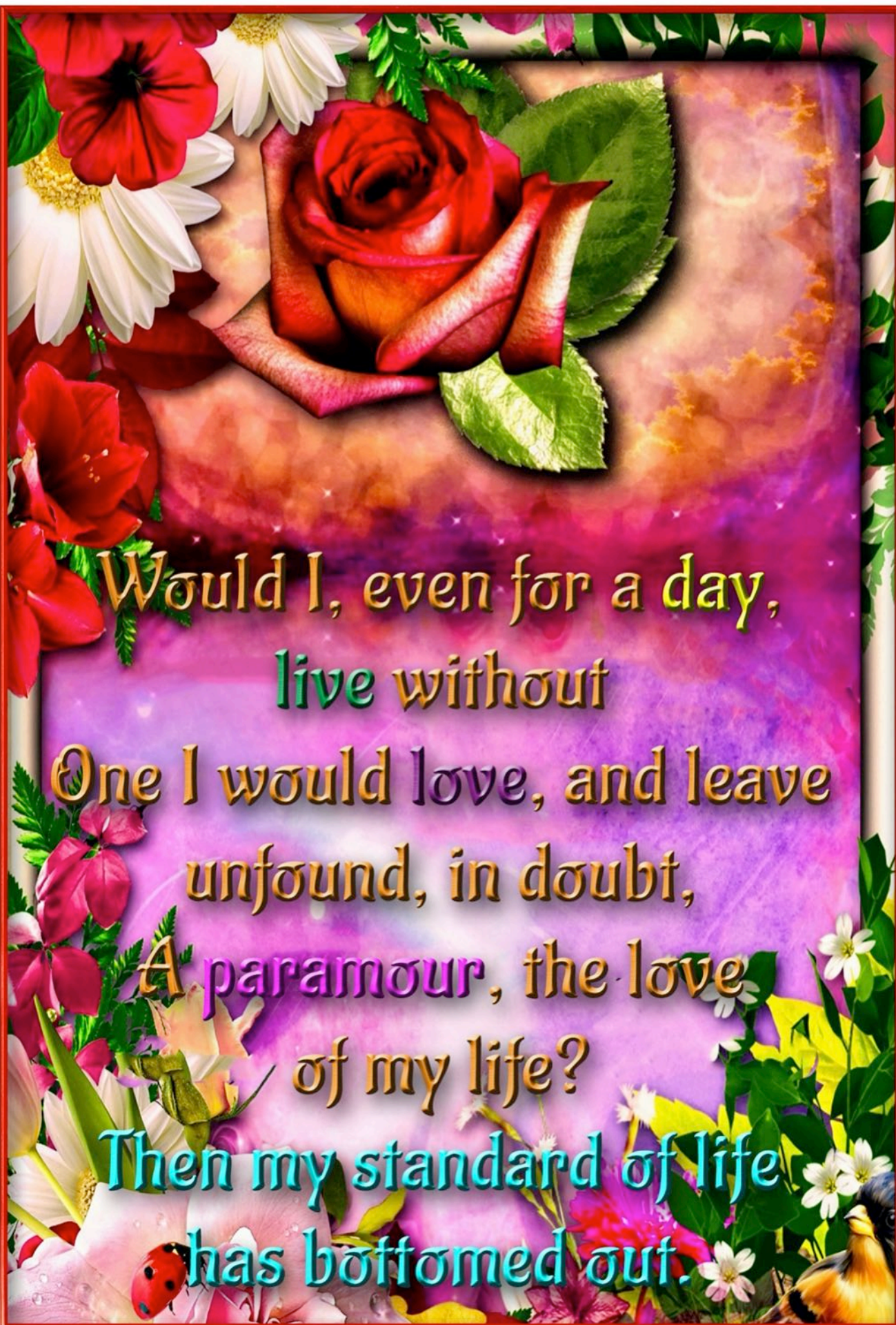












Would I, even for a day,  
live without

One I would love, and leave  
unfounded, in doubt,

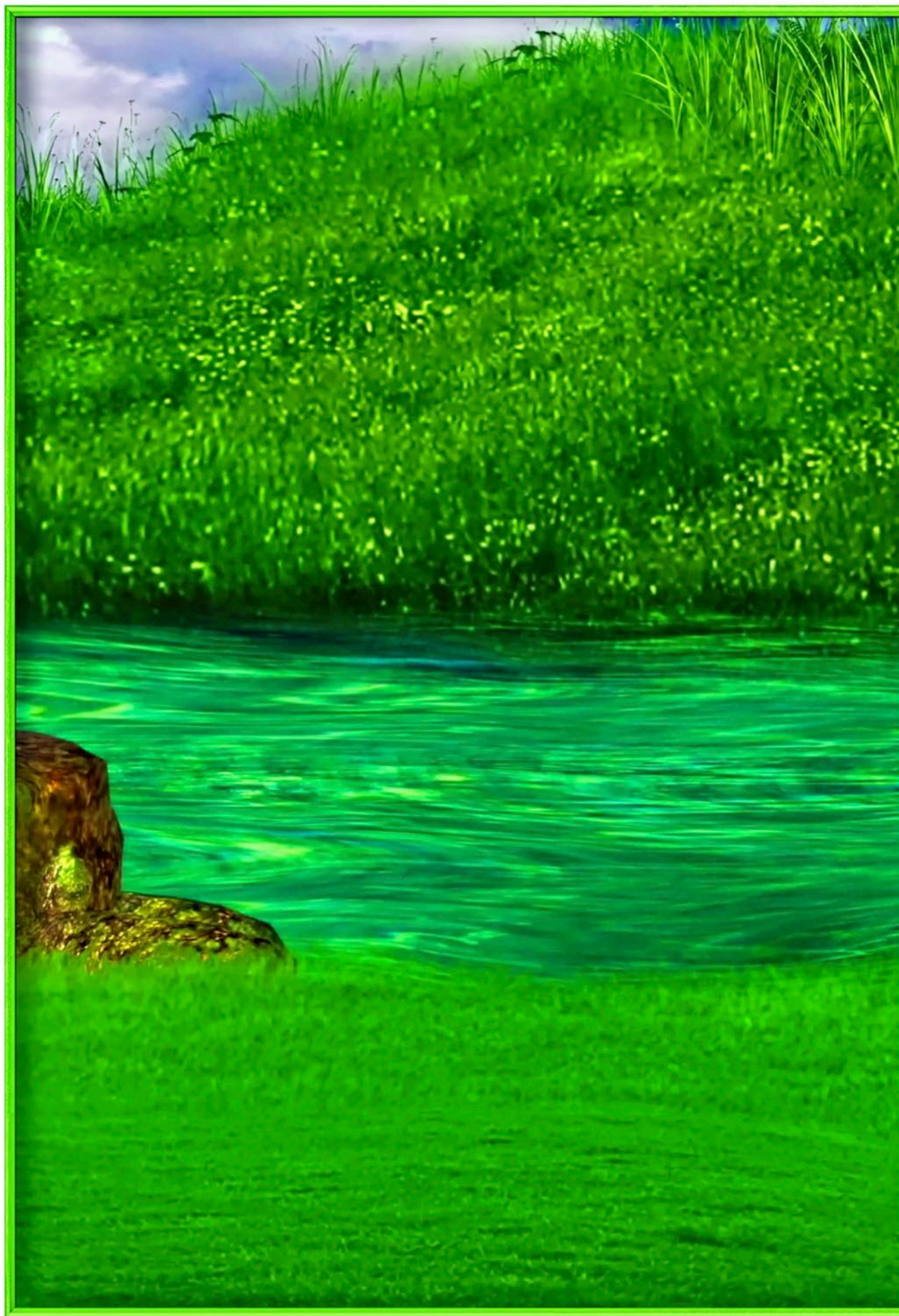
A paramour, the love  
of my life?

Then my standard of life  
has bottomed out.





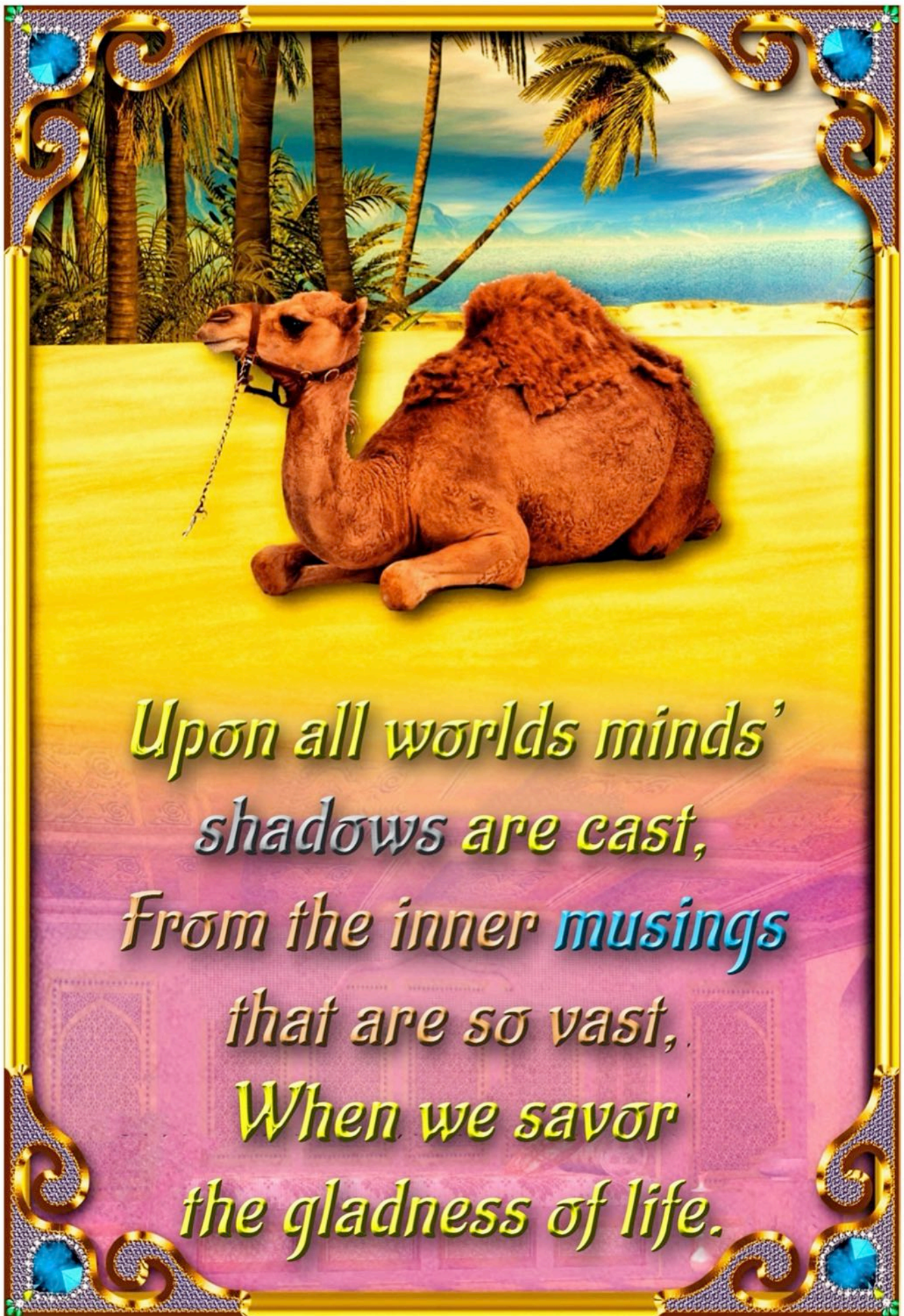




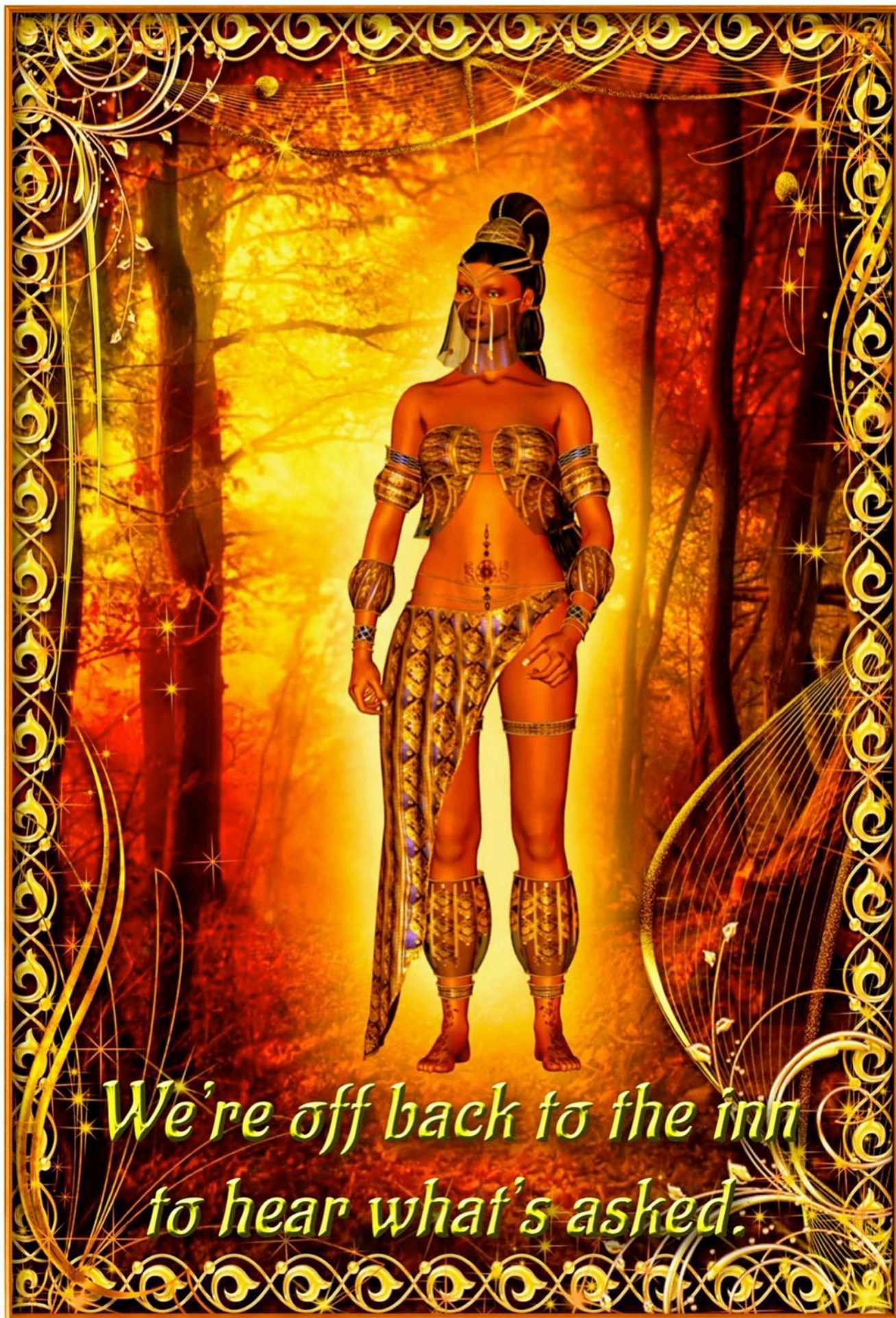






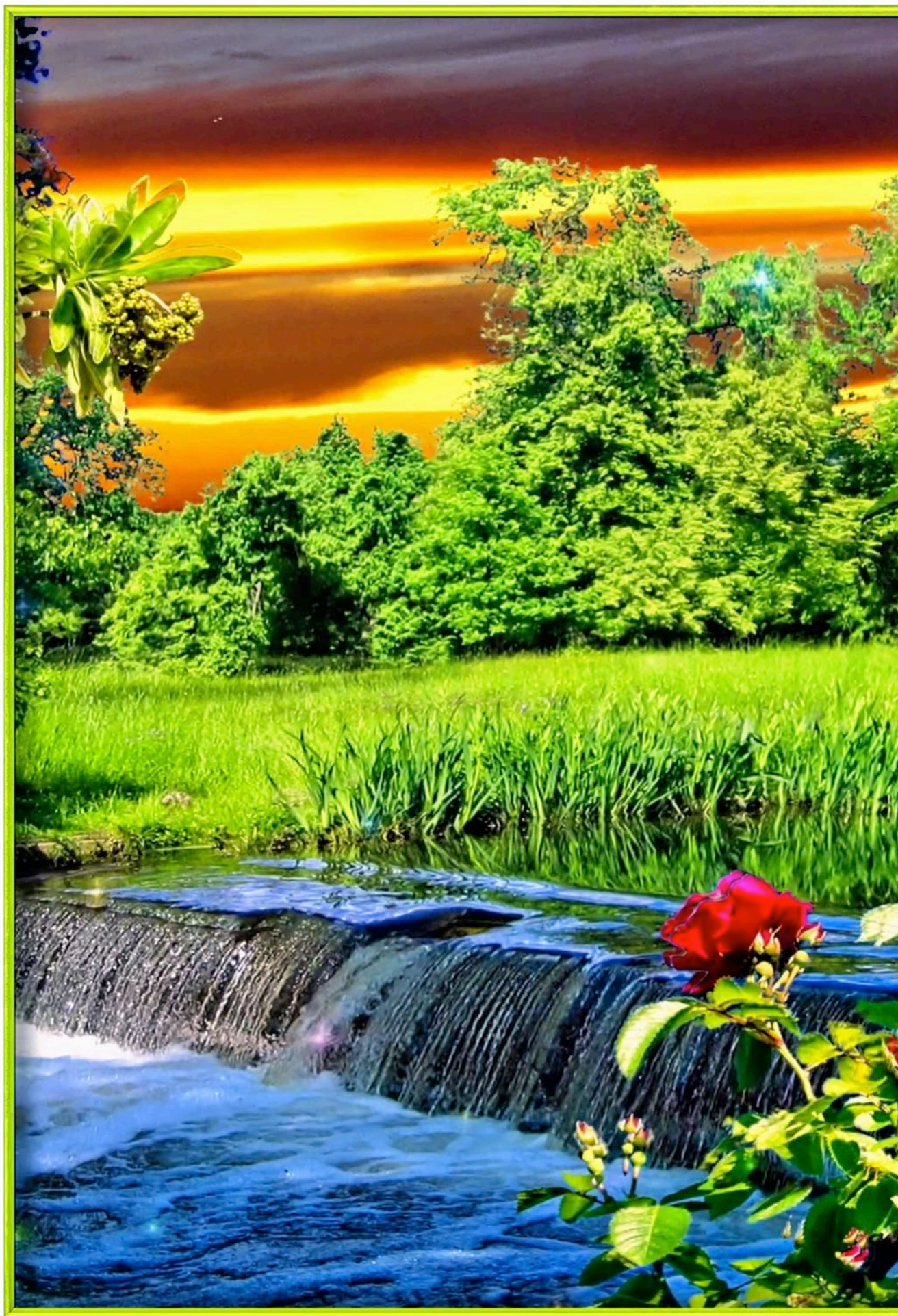




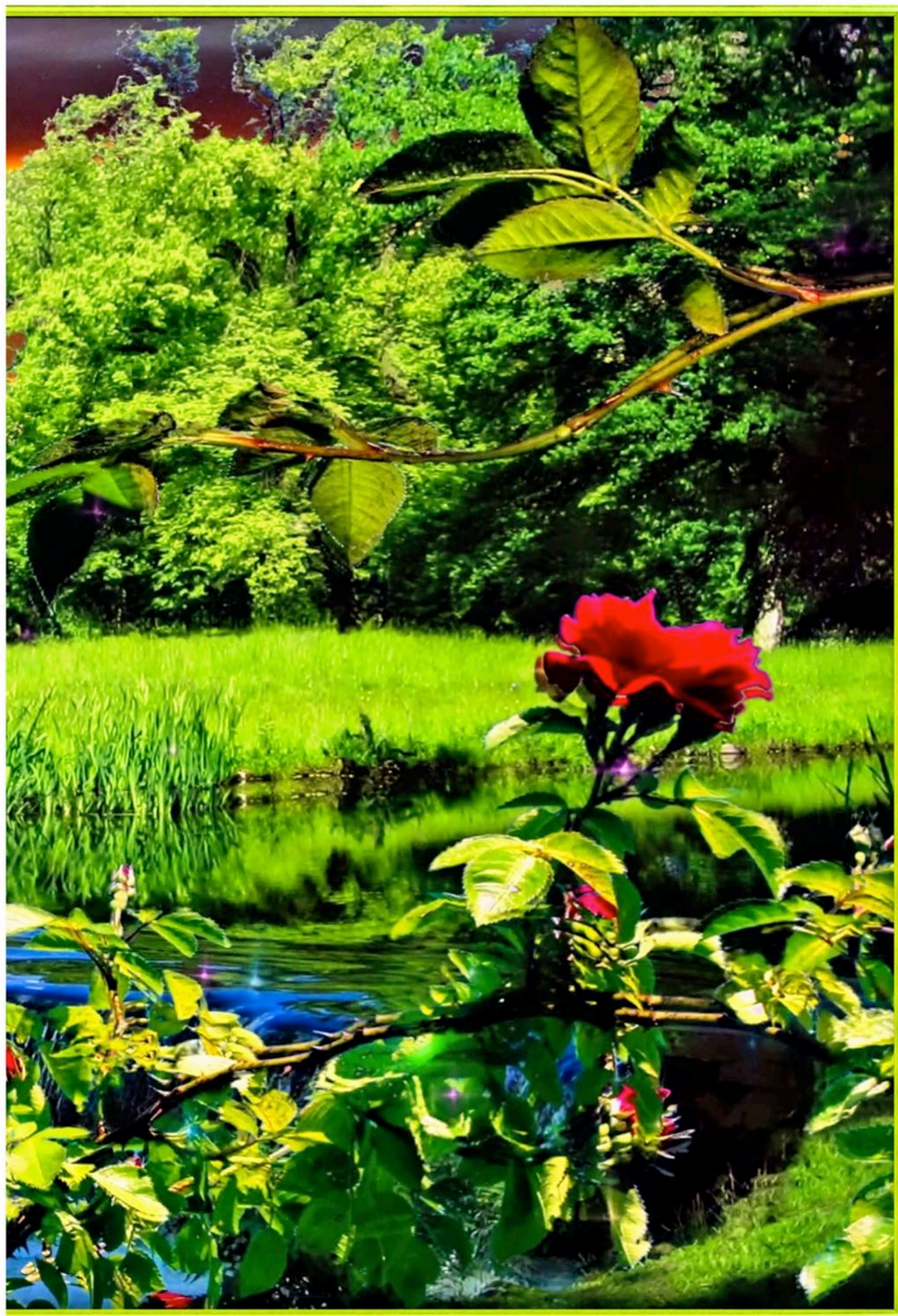


*We're off back to the inn  
to hear what's asked.*

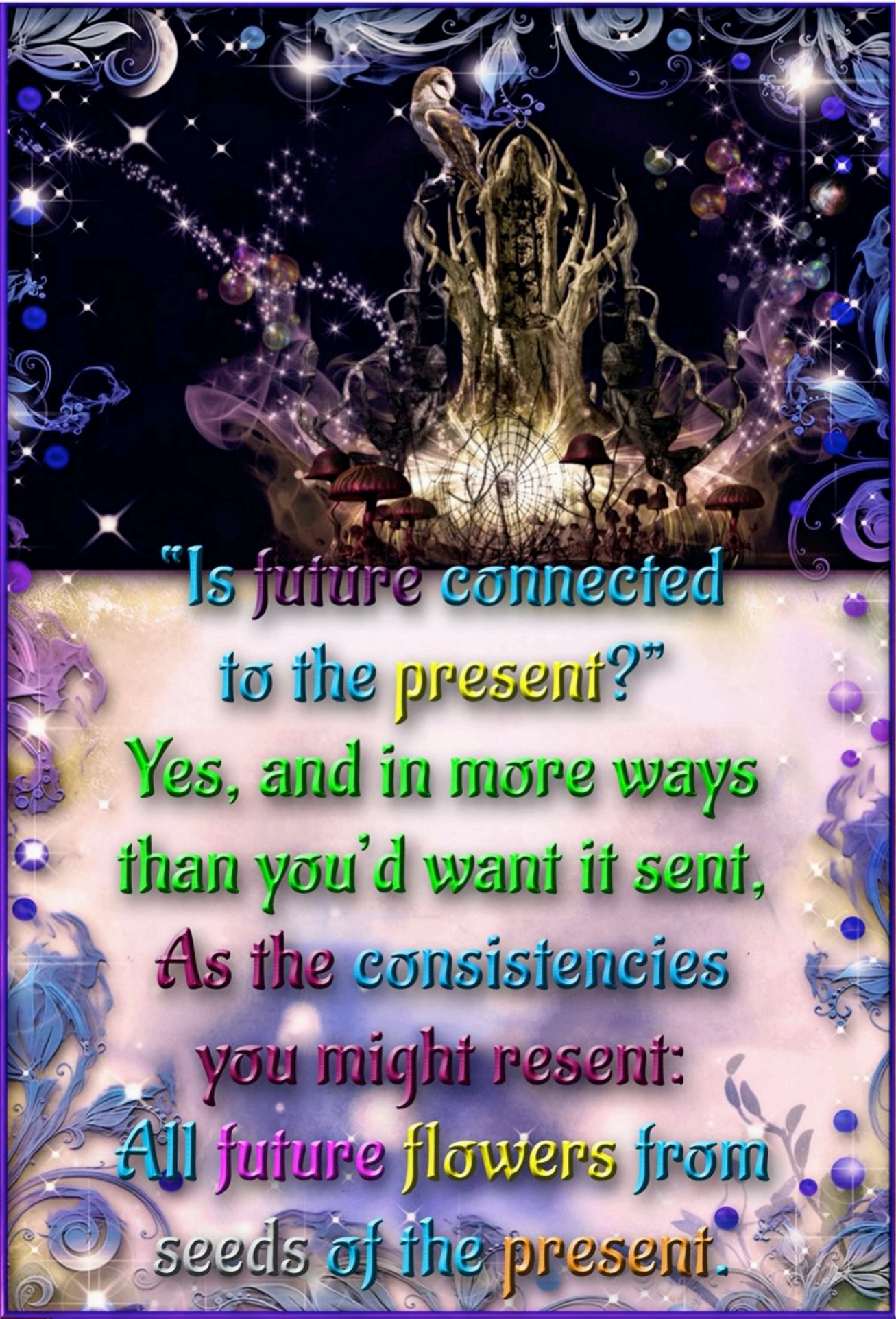












"Is future connected  
to the present?"

Yes, and in more ways  
than you'd want it sent,

As the consistencies  
you might resent:

All future flowers from  
seeds of the present.

















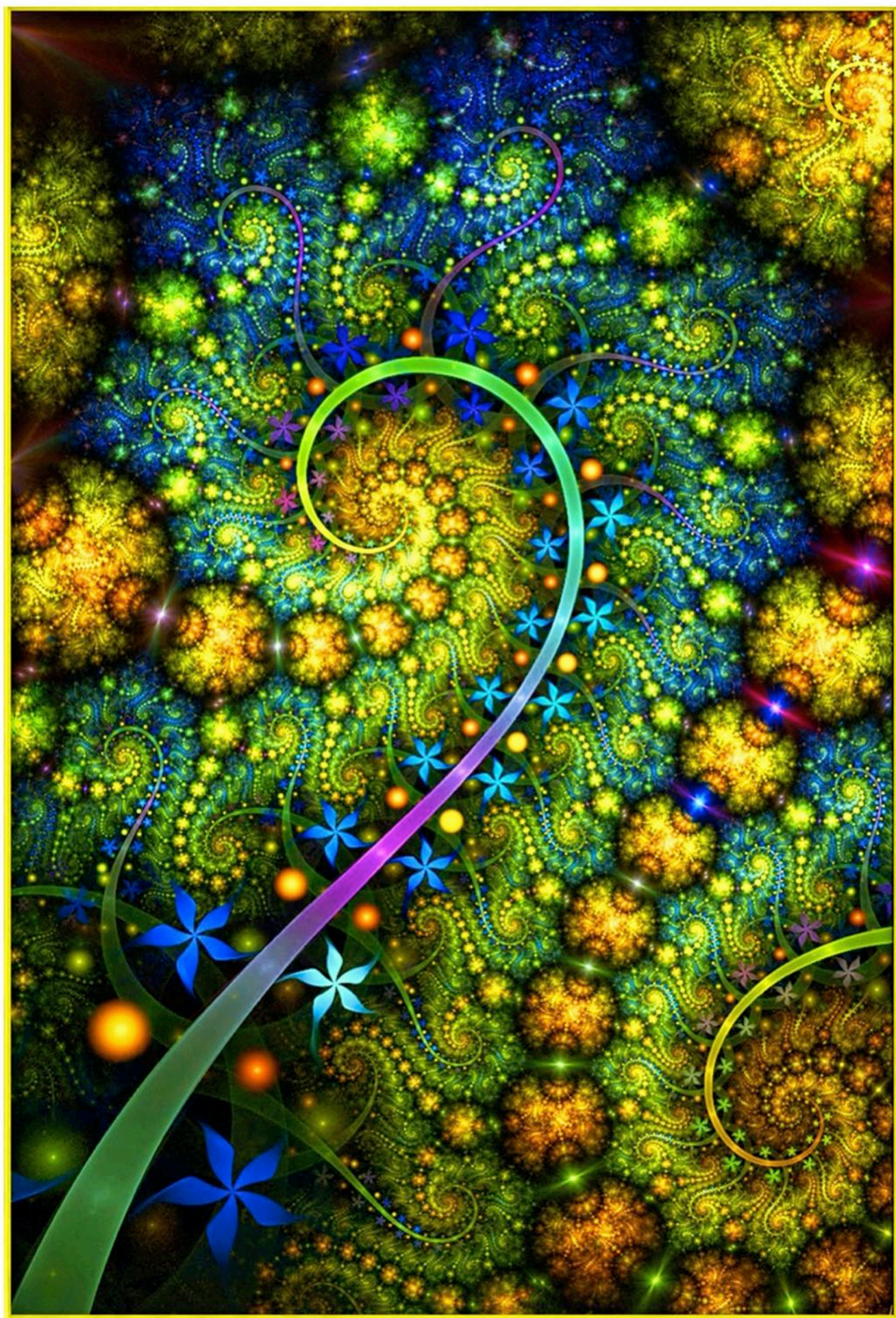
“Oh why, why is  
there anything at all?”

There has to be,  
for Nothing has no call.

“No birth, nor creation,  
choice, or option?”

Even the Great Wheel  
knows not its withal.

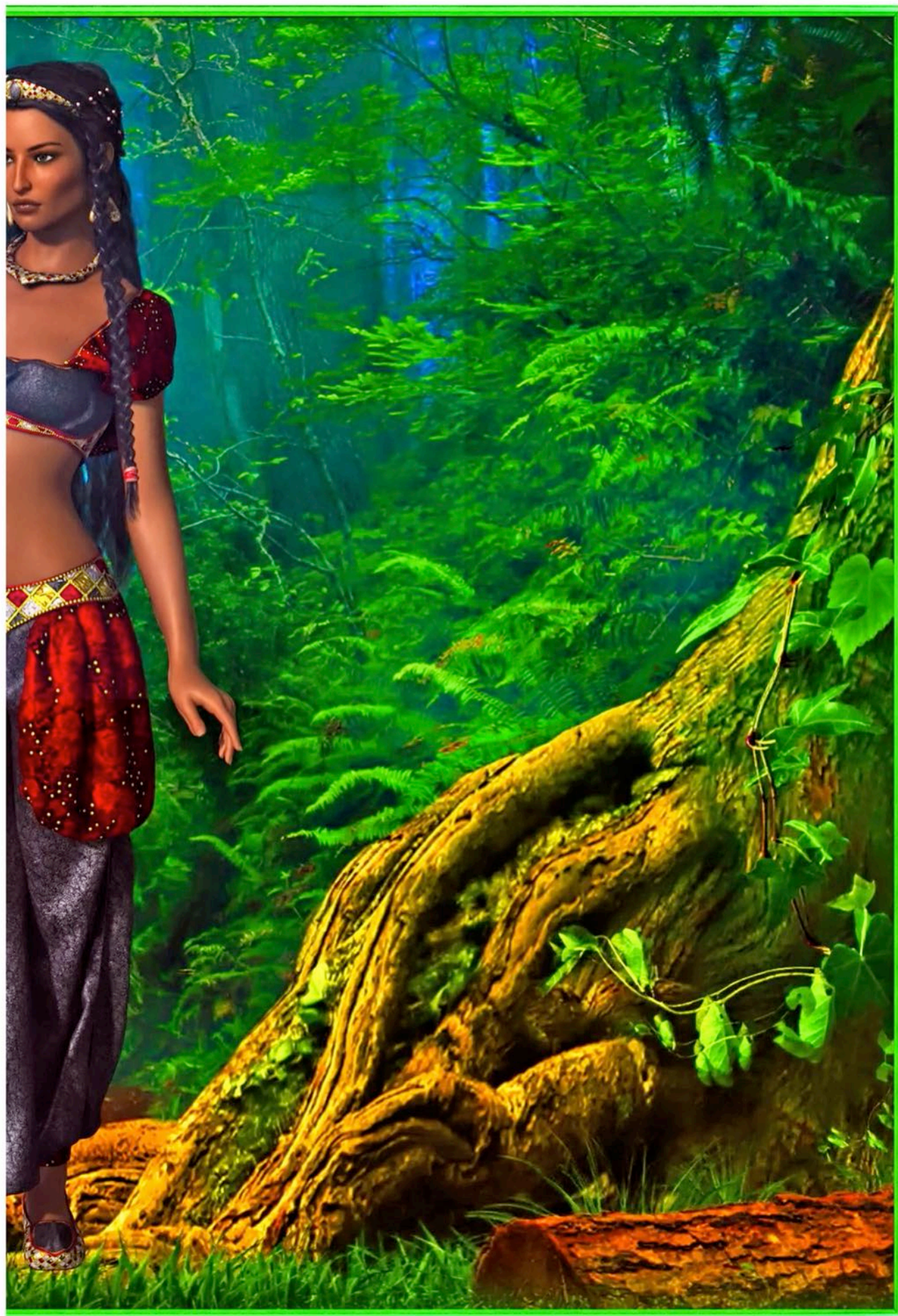














"What happens, from  
there being no election,  
Of that which hath  
no point for direction?"



Everything happens,  
as it e'er changes,  
Revealing  
all faces of complexion.













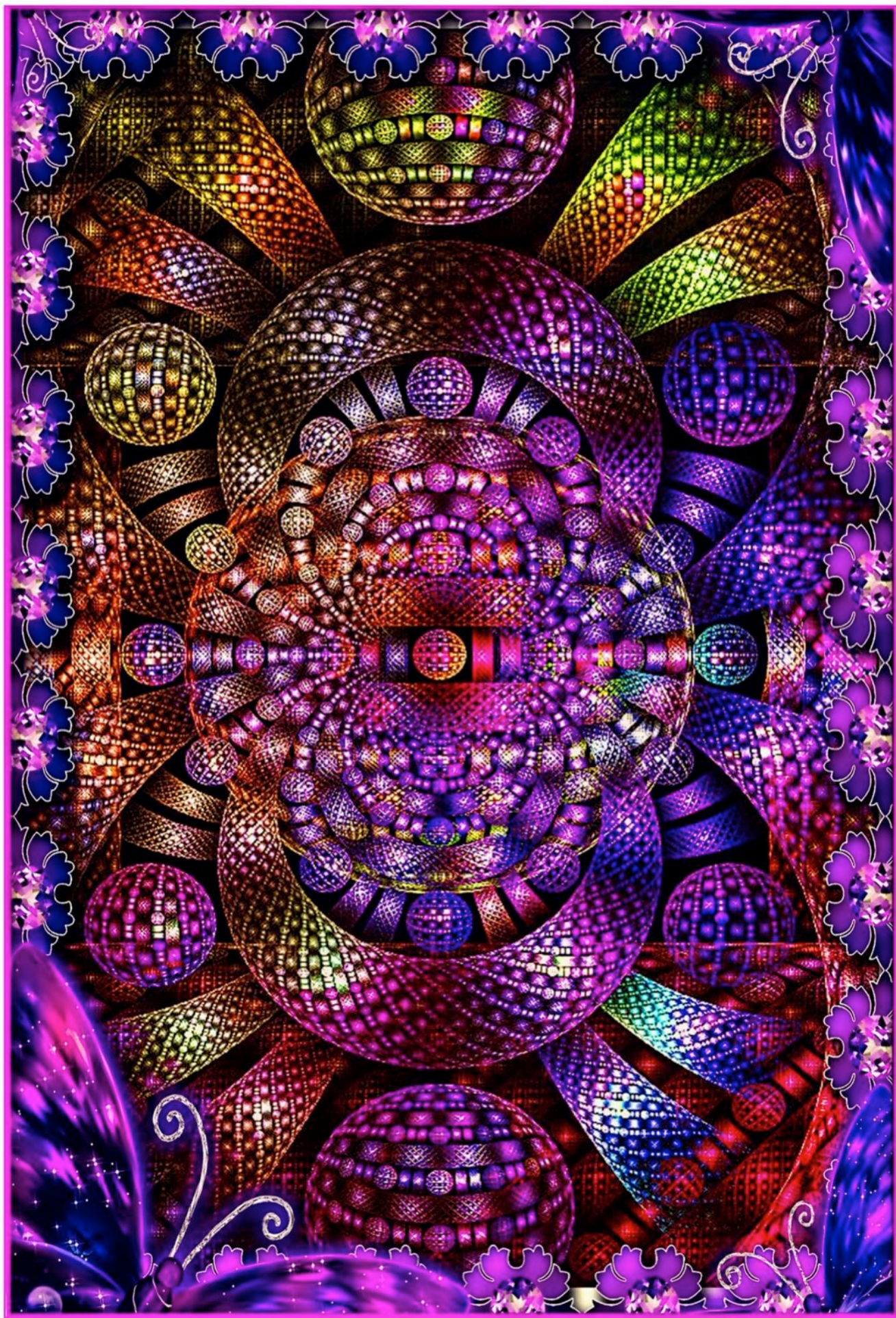




“What becomes of this  
potential Everything?”  
Anything, as all  
its possible rings.

“What’s the information  
of All these things?”  
Nothing, so it e’er jitters,  
flutters, and sings.













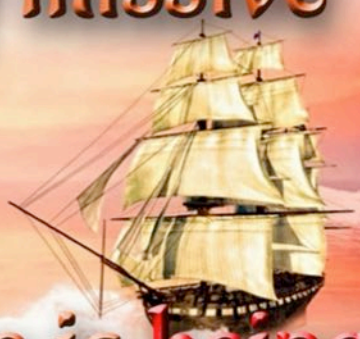




"What sense to it all,  
in that it must be?

What is the  
Message of Eternity?"

Its only missive



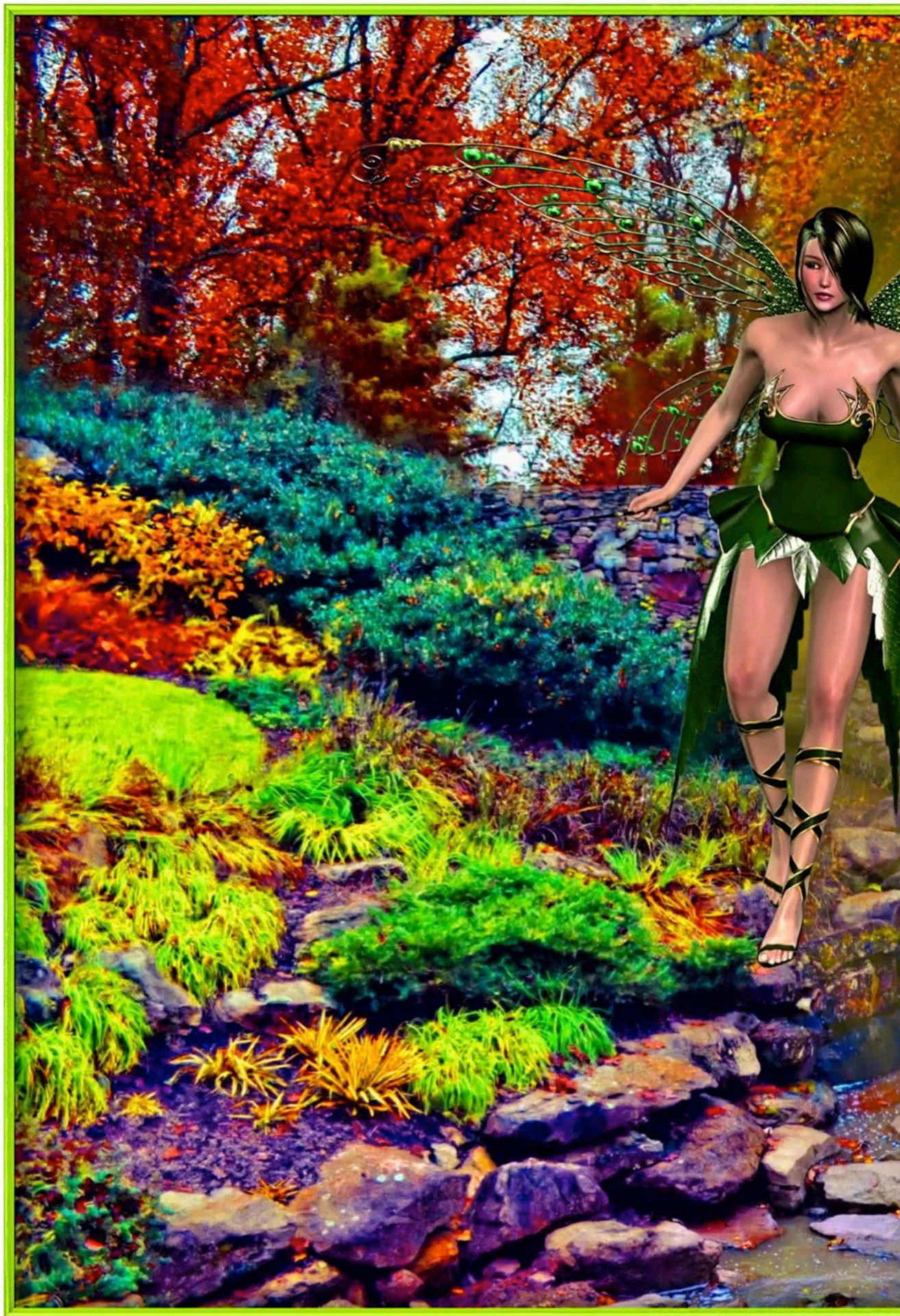
of all time is being;

Its point is but  
that it cannot not be.

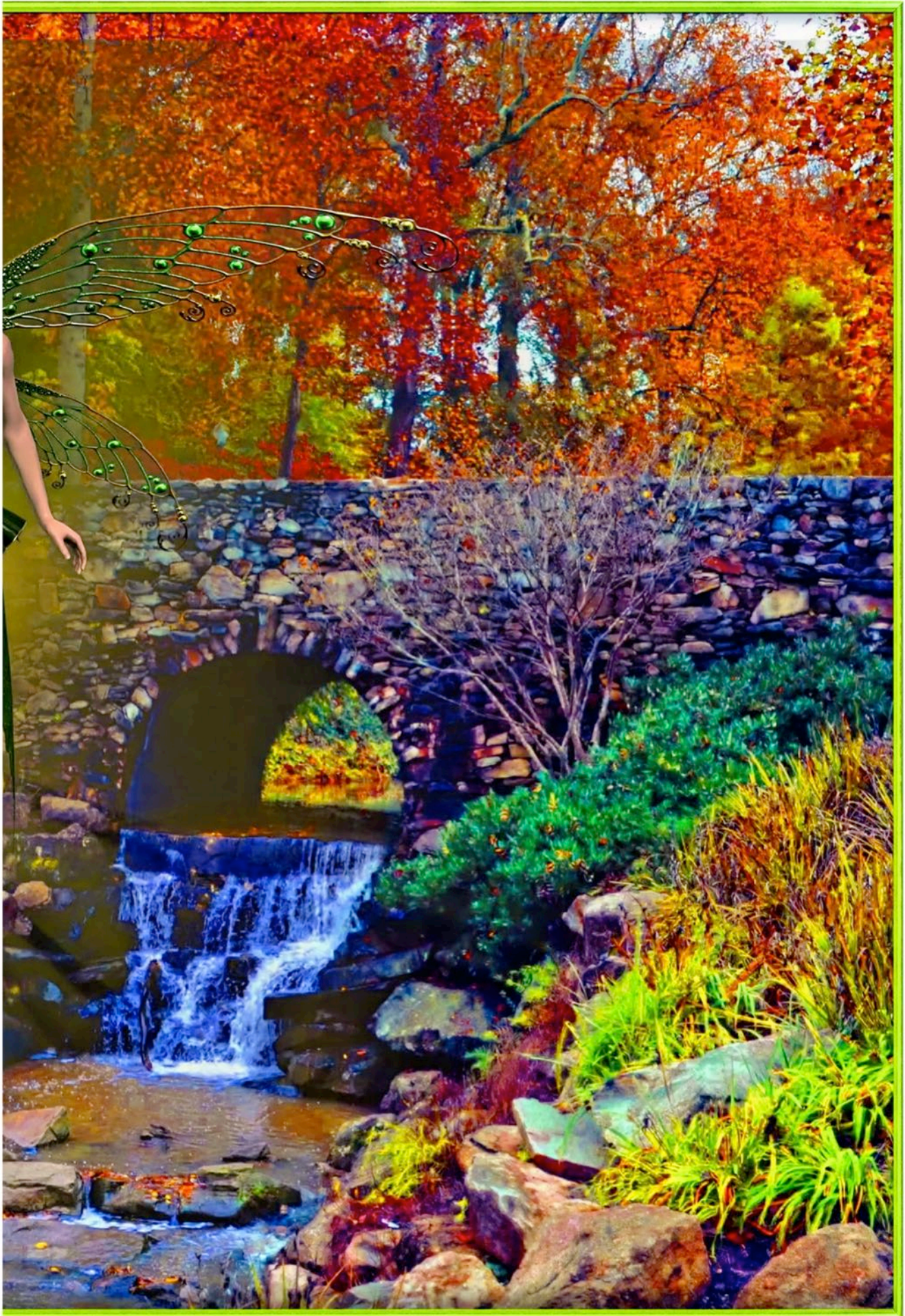
















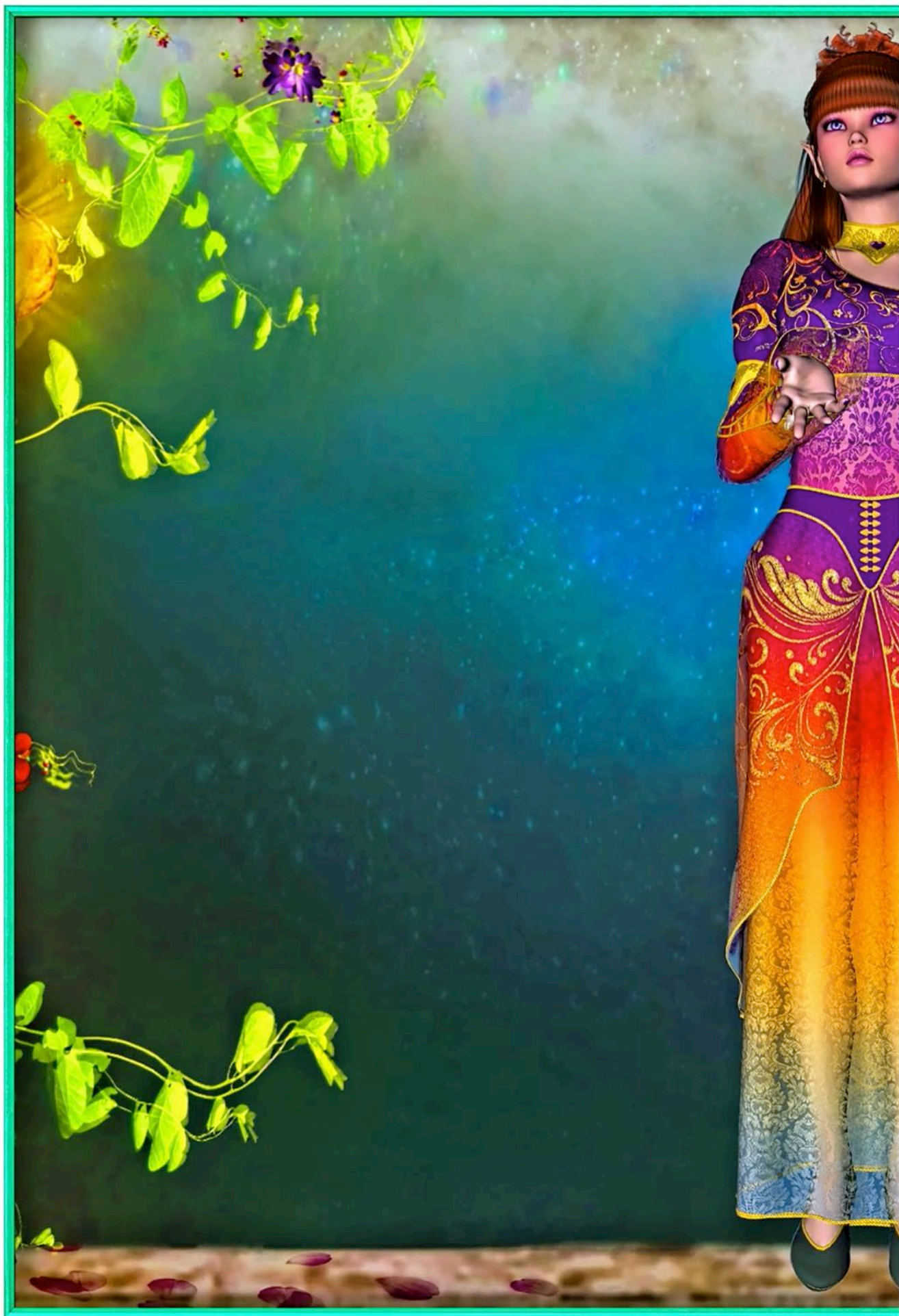
“But what’s the base  
of everything, as First,  
The simplest from which  
all things fill their thirst?”

The simple,  
fundamental monad fields  
Compose complicates,  
uni-versed.

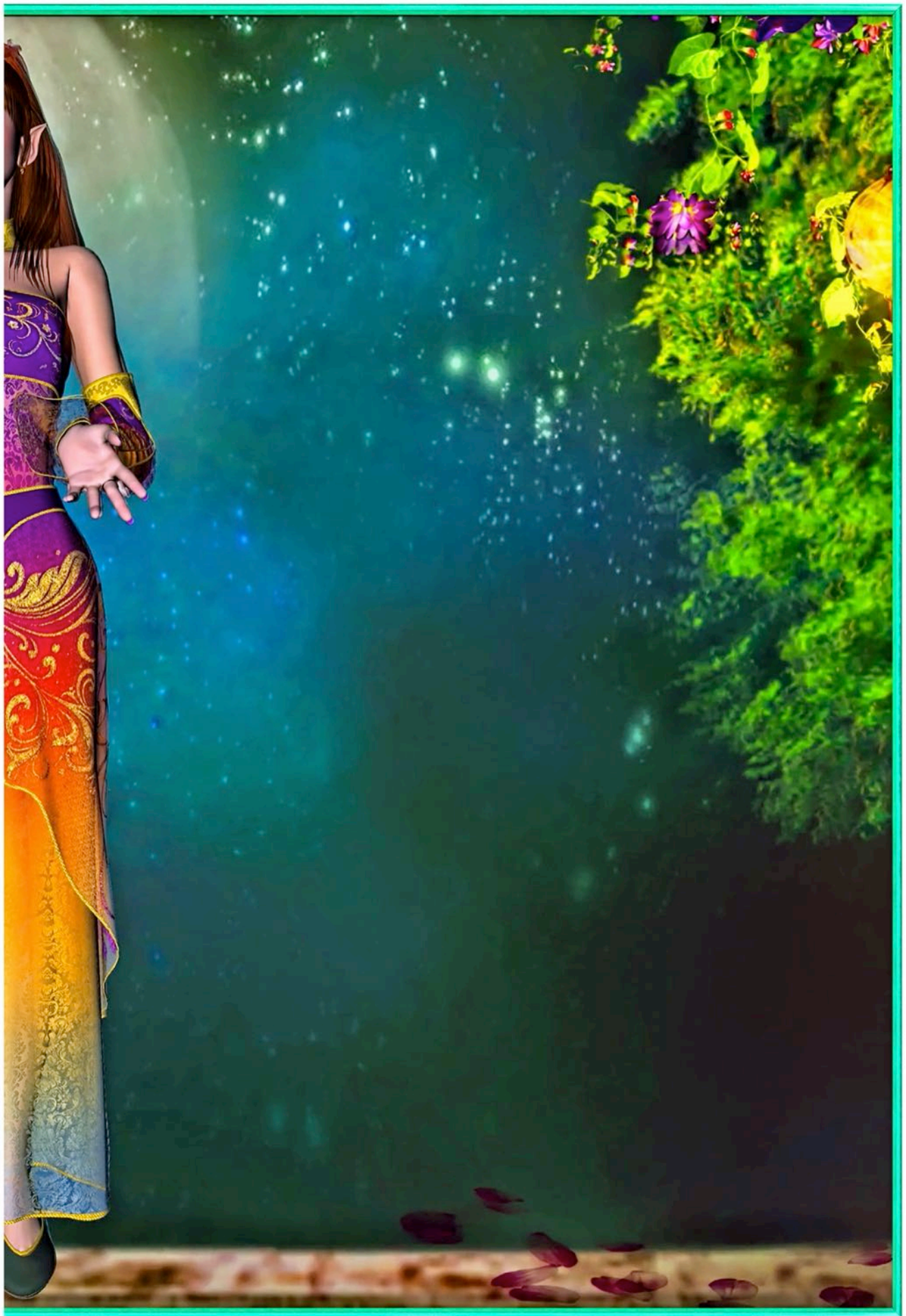










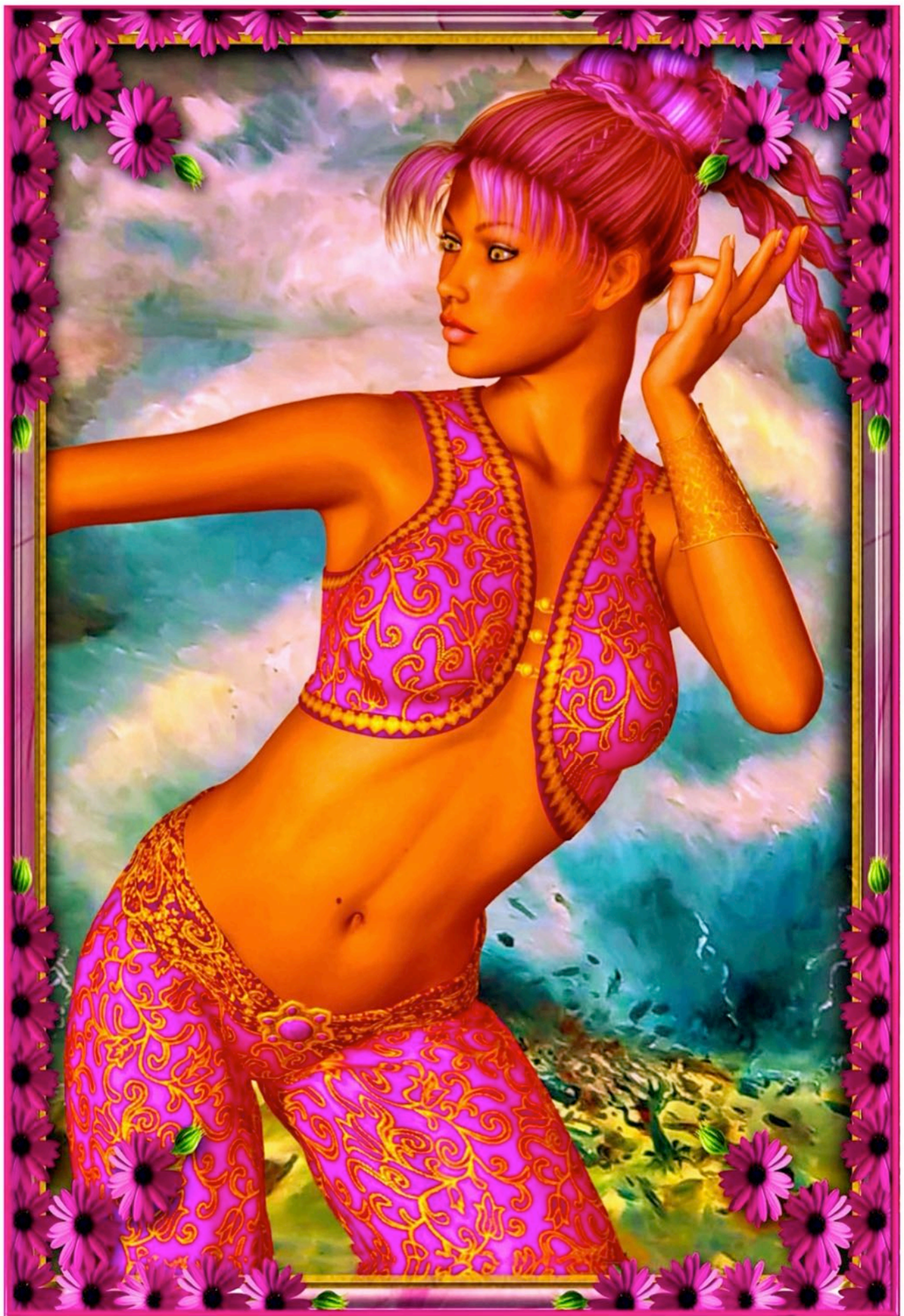




“So, we’ve it wrong that  
the base is complex?”

Yes, as wrong as  
opposites can expect,  
For complexities  
are ever the less,  
From more and more  
underlying simplex.





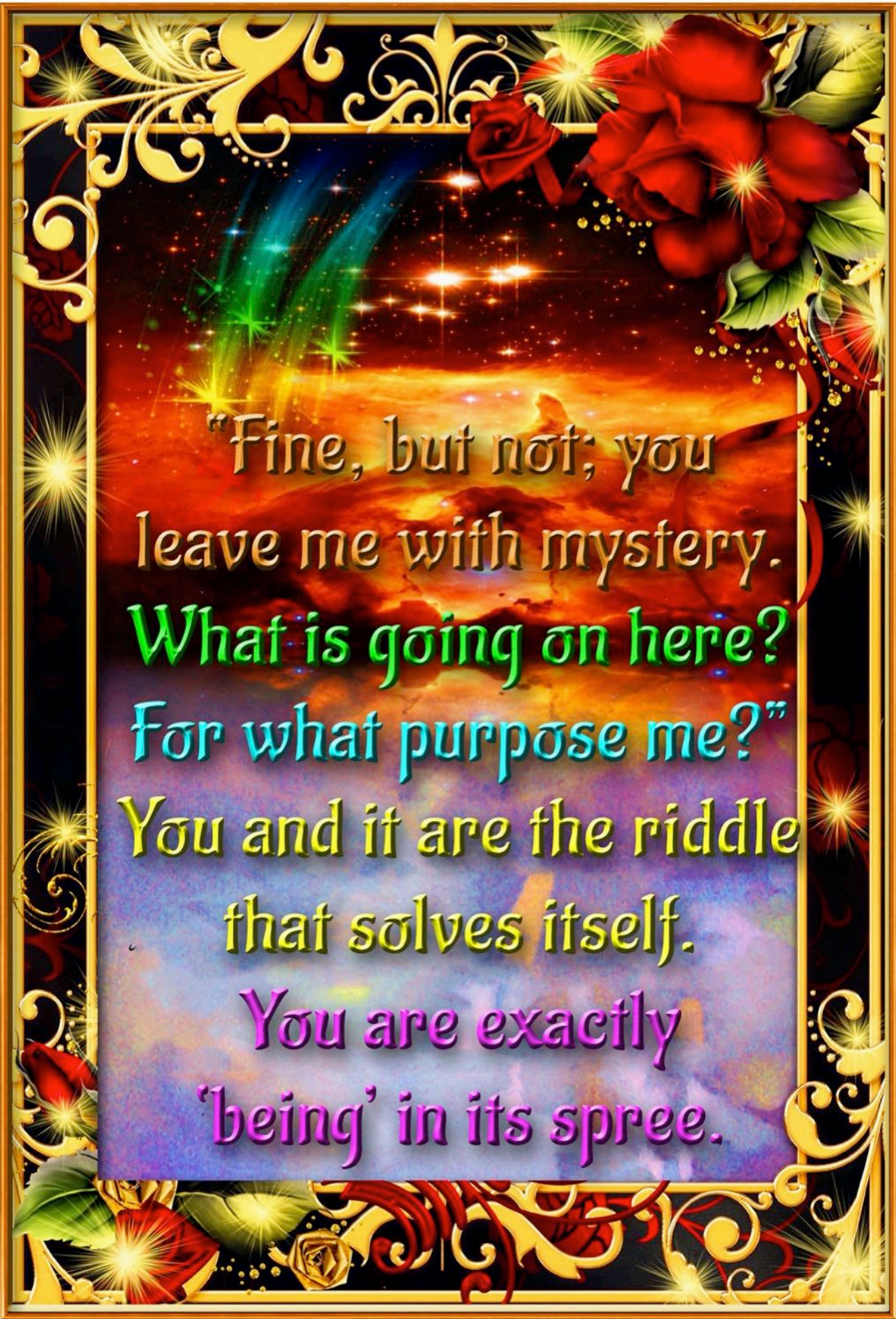










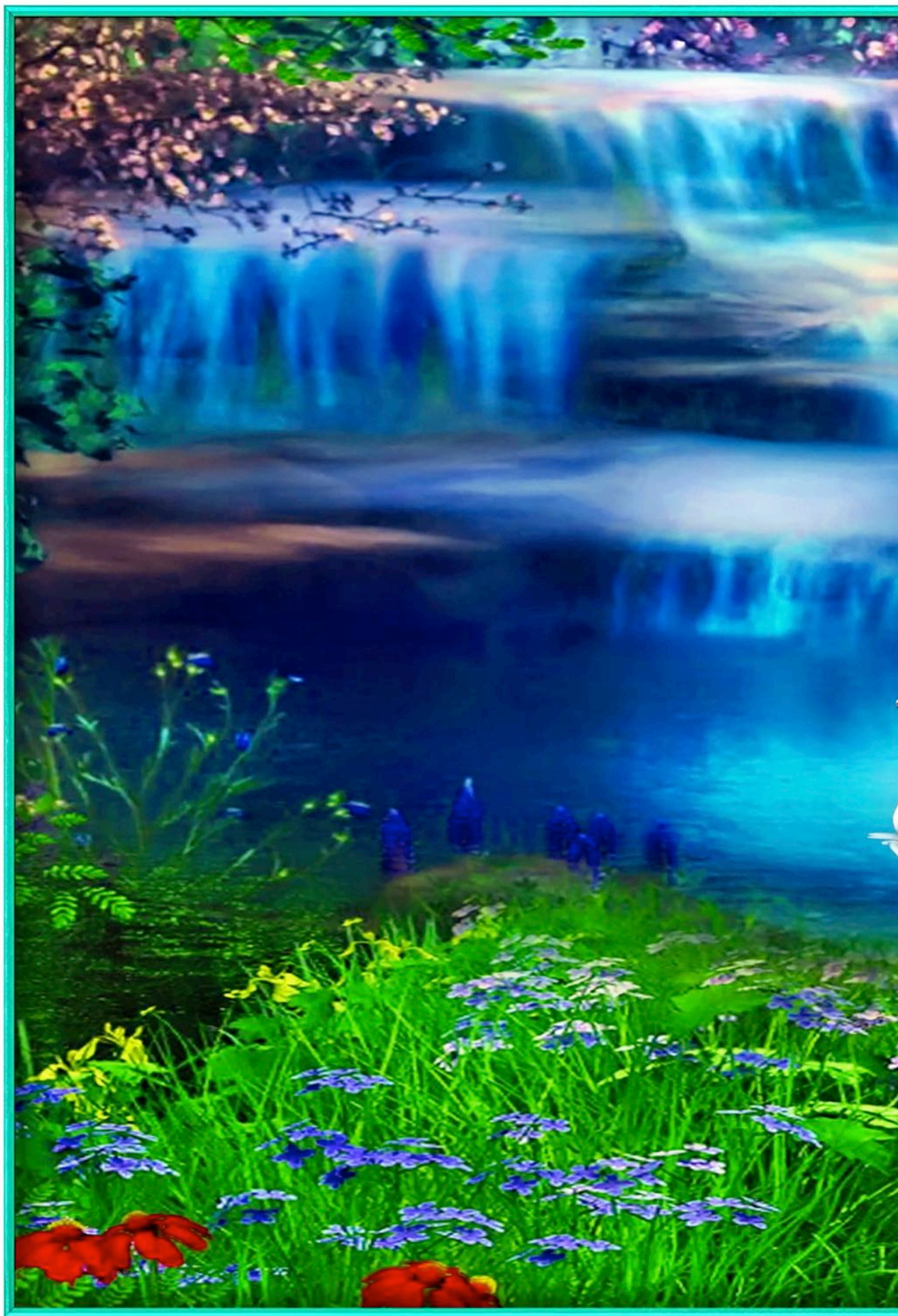


"Fine, but not; you  
leave me with mystery.  
What is going on here?  
For what purpose me?"  
You and it are the riddle  
that solves itself.  
You are exactly  
'being' in its spree.

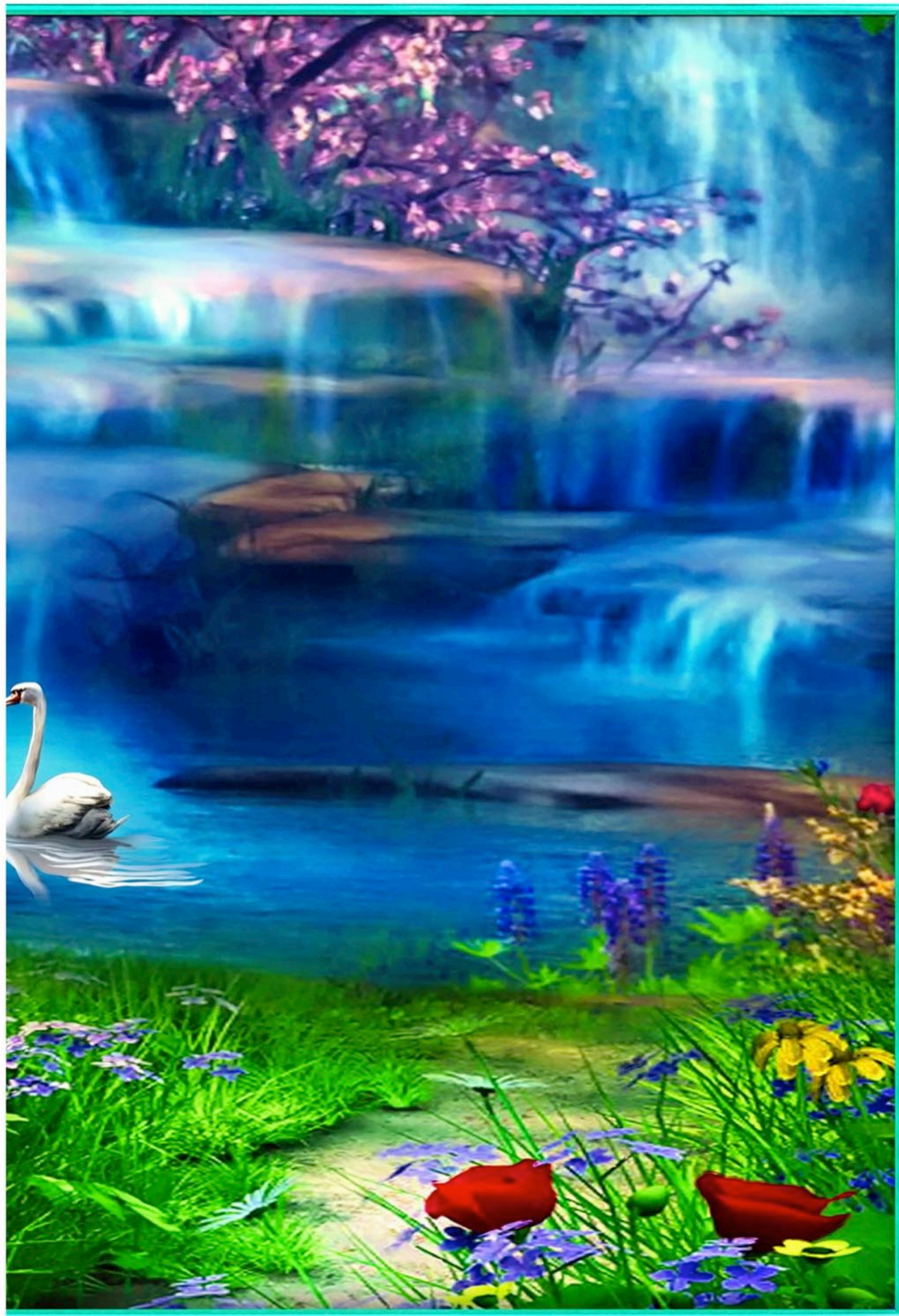






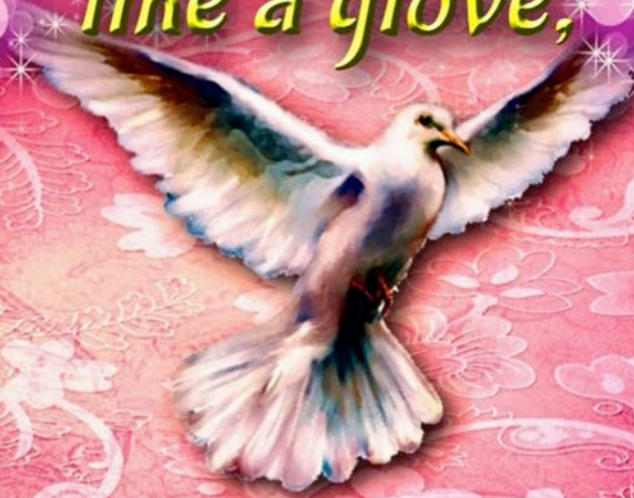








*Life suddenly fits me  
like a glove,*



*As I float on feelings,  
like a dove,*

*Renewed energy  
giving a shove.*

*Well, could it be  
that I am in love?*



















A life ought to be  
rich with excitement—  
Of wishes to enjoy  
complete sensation.

Pleasure's not merely  
a reward for working;  
It's life's foremost  
experience of elation.





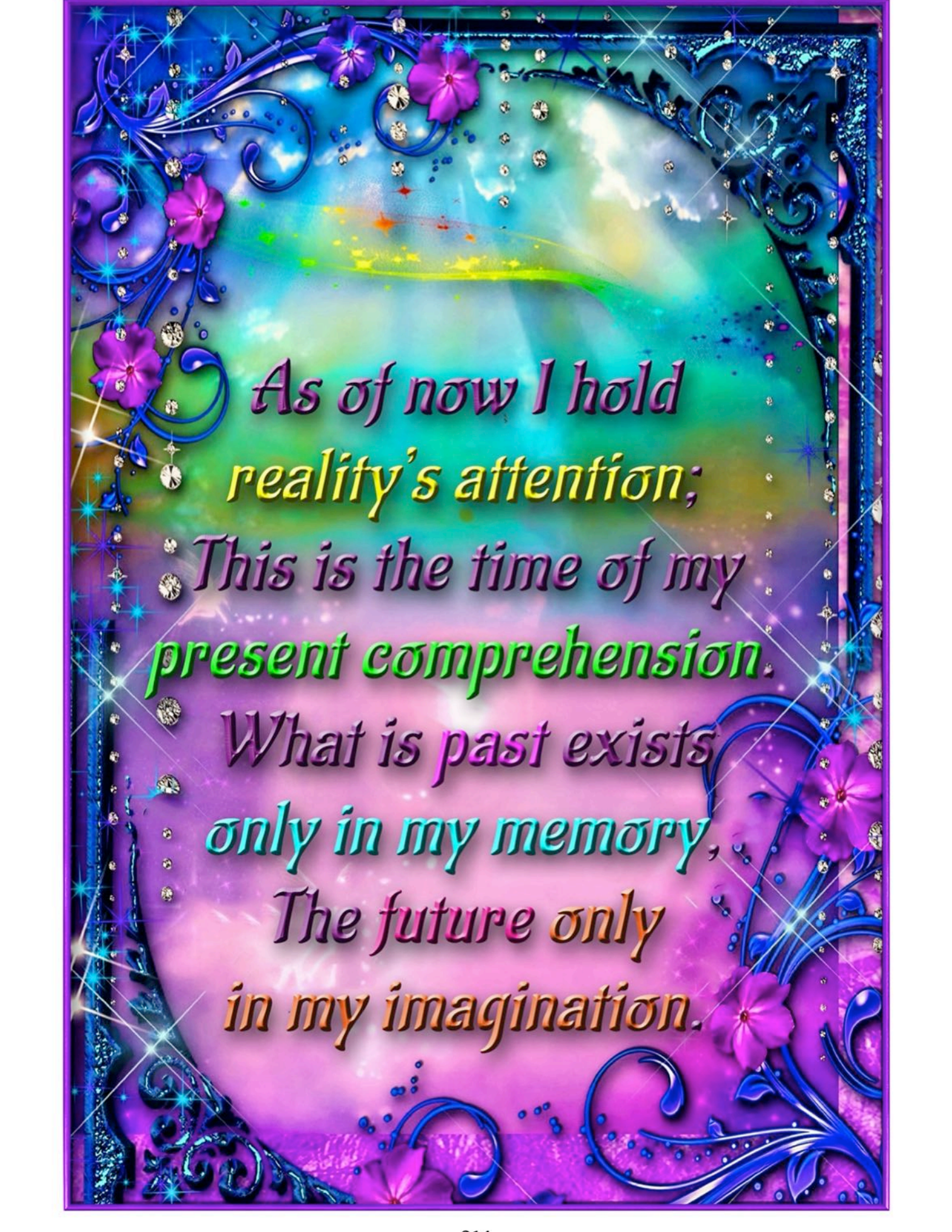












*As of now I hold  
reality's attention;  
This is the time of my  
present comprehension.  
What is past exists  
only in my memory,  
The future only  
in my imagination.*

















Love is the mutual  
creation of identity.  
To be in love is not a  
loss of independence.  
But rather a shared  
identity with the lover  
That does not destroy  
the identity of the other.

















*As we walk and  
while away the hours,  
We taste a life that's sweet  
without the sour.*

*As soul meets soul under  
love's great power,  
We merge what's  
yours and mine  
into ours!*





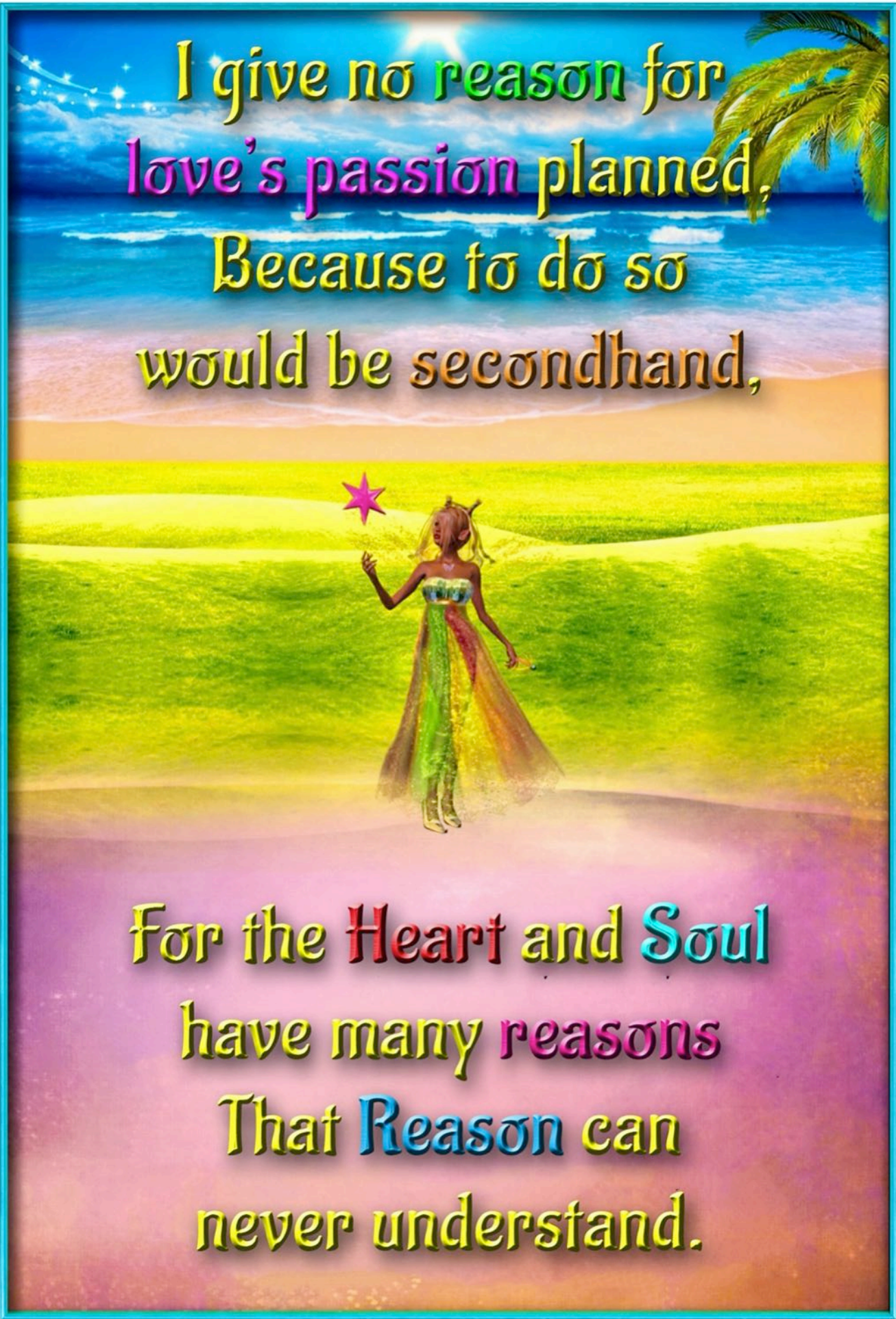










A woman with blonde hair, wearing a long, flowing dress with a rainbow gradient, stands on a sandy beach. She holds a small, glowing pink star in her right hand. The background features a sunset sky with orange and yellow hues, a blue ocean, and a palm tree on the right. The text is overlaid on the top half of the image.

I give no reason for  
love's passion planned,  
Because to do so  
would be secondhand,

For the Heart and Soul  
have many reasons  
That Reason can  
never understand.

















Back to the tavern we crept,  
its drinks calling,  
Where the inquisitive  
sat, pondering.  
One and another said,  
“We’ve more questions,  
for we’ve all been born here  
without asking.”

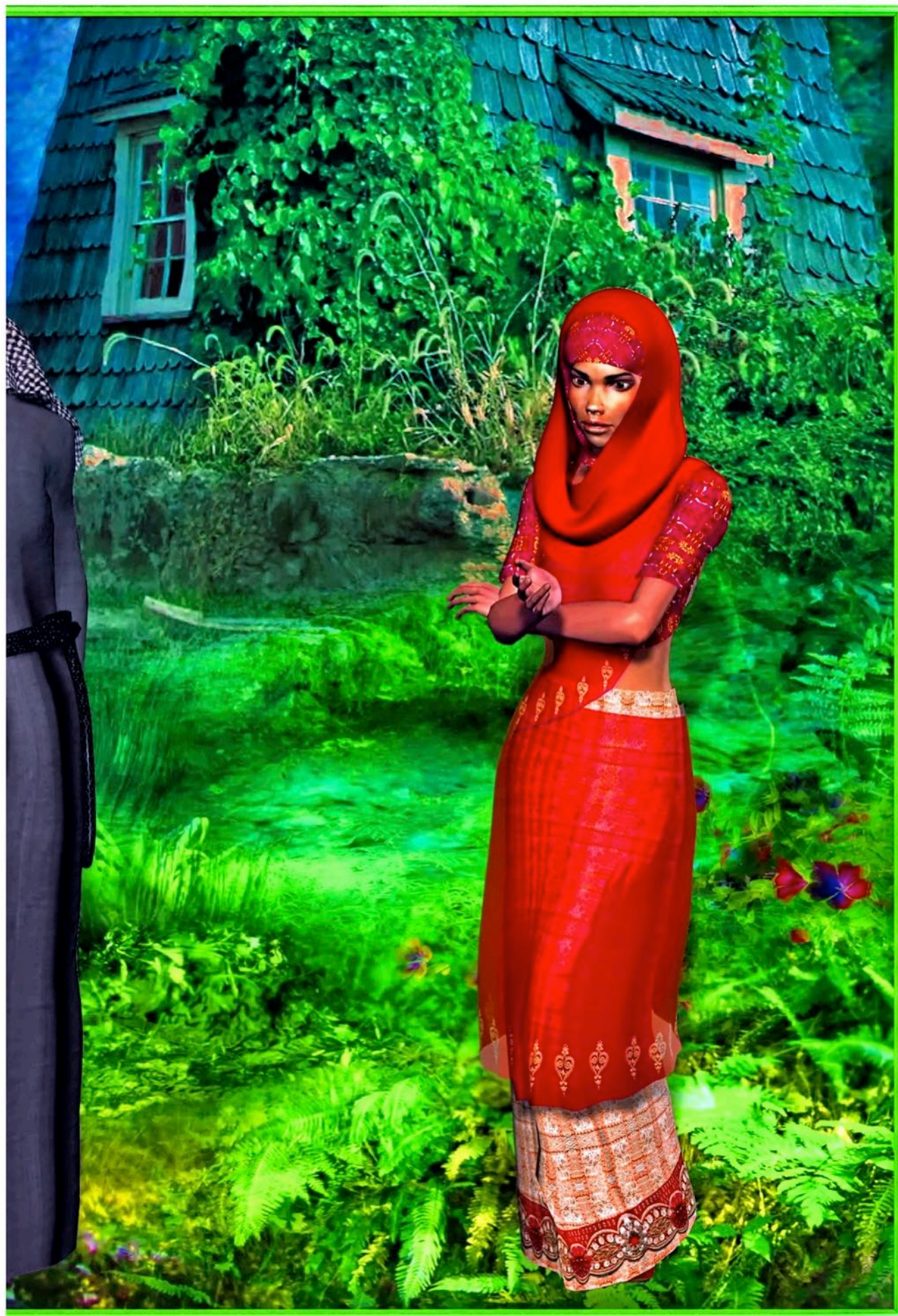
















Life's object must  
be mental happiness,

For thoughts are all we  
can think, feel, or sense.

Aim for this euphoric  
state of well-being,  
For true paradise  
is a state of mind.

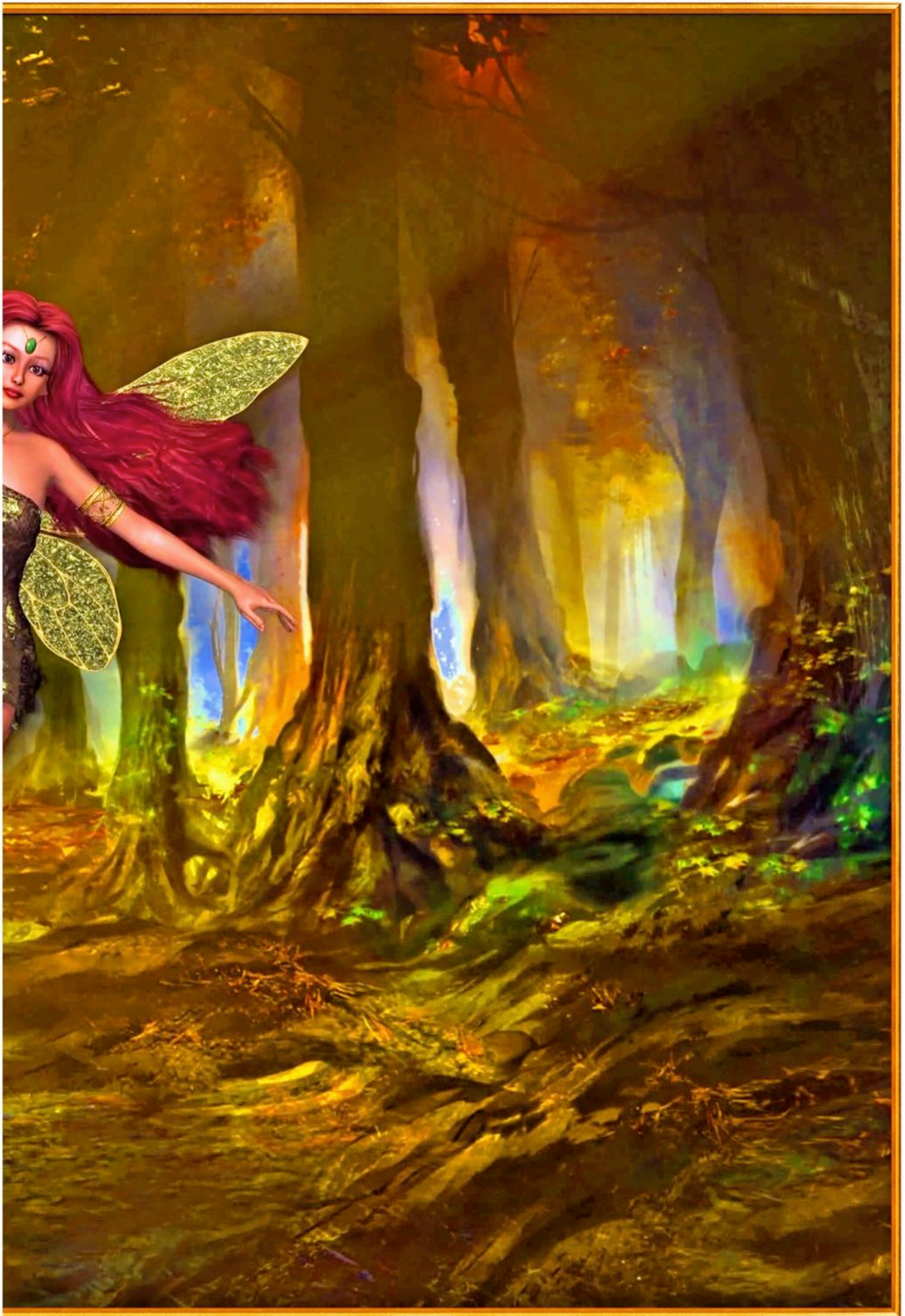










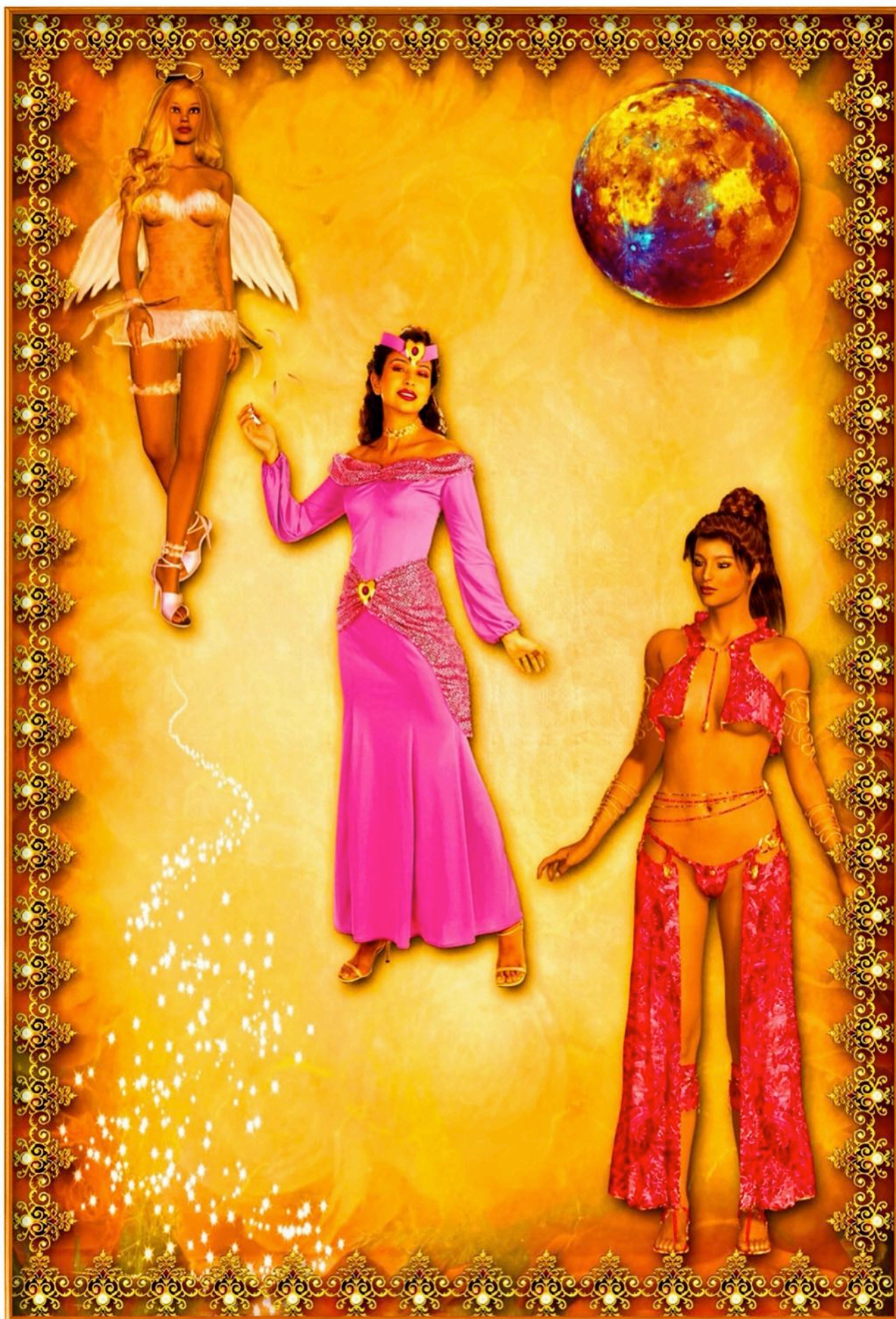






“Who can we blame for  
our selves unmended,  
For our natures’  
ingredients blended?”  
You could invent ‘Allah’,  
as the baker,  
Who disowns  
His recipe intended.

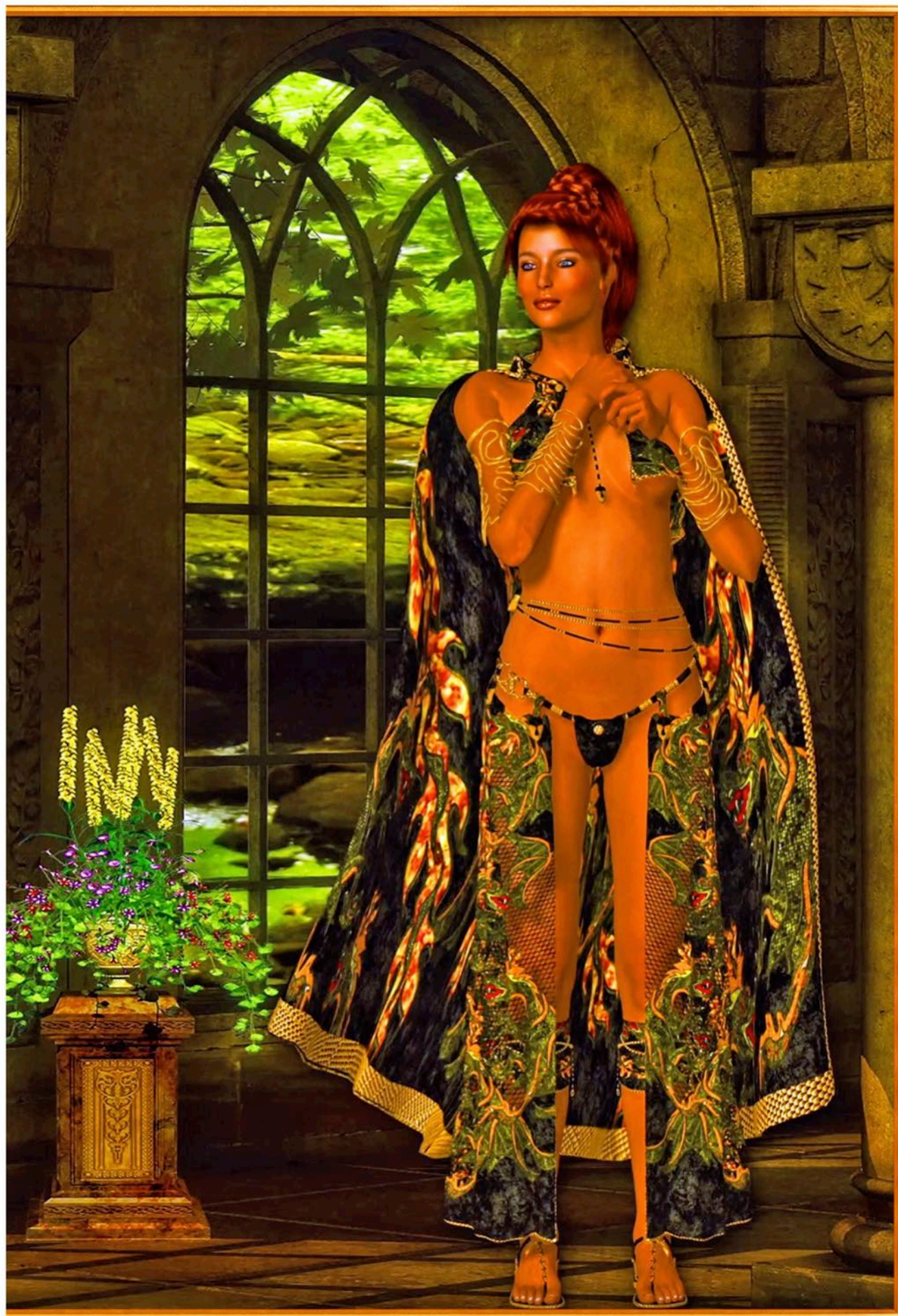




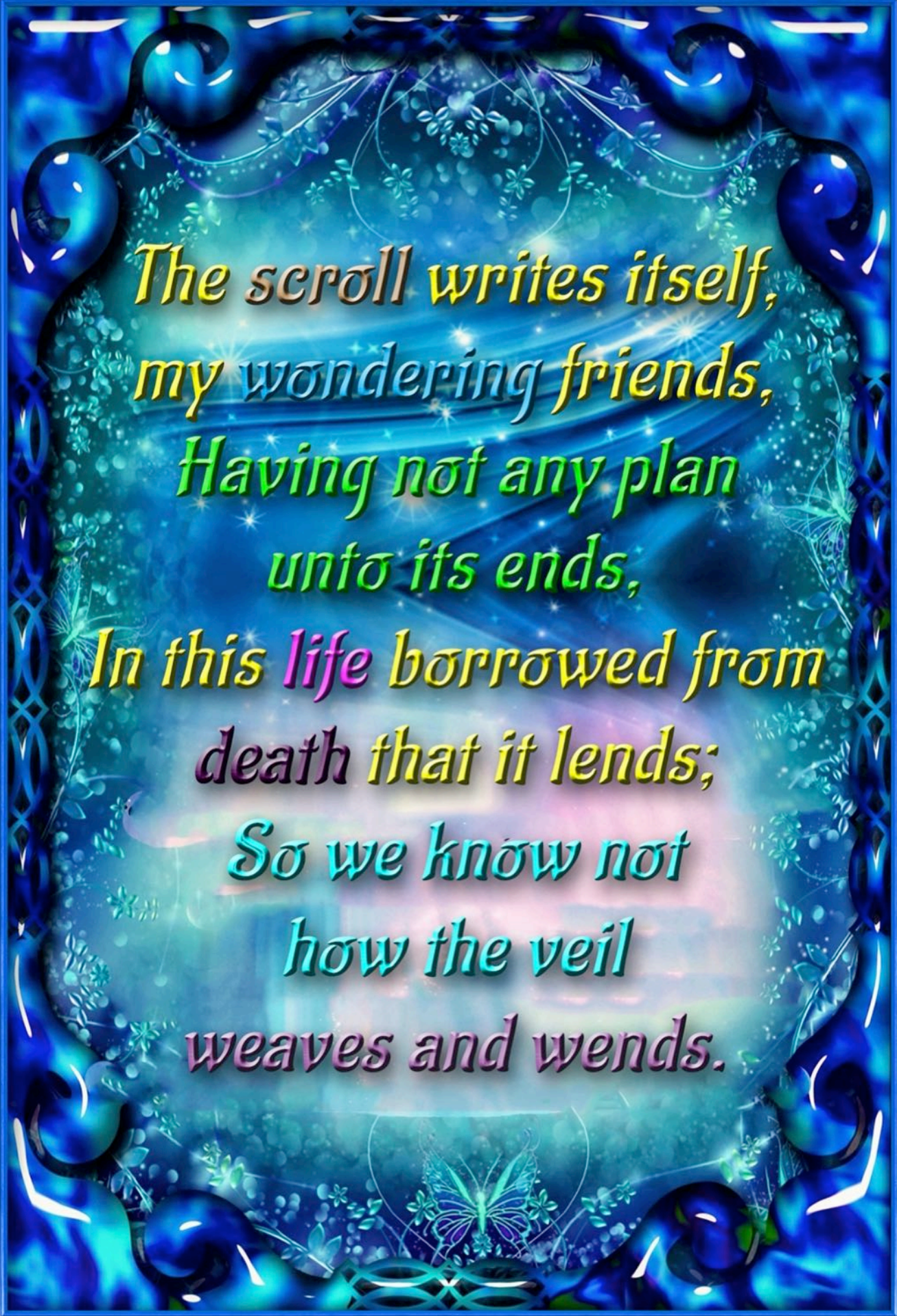












*The scroll writes itself,  
my wondering friends,  
Having not any plan  
unto its ends,  
In this life borrowed from  
death that it lends;  
So we know not  
how the veil  
weaves and wends.*





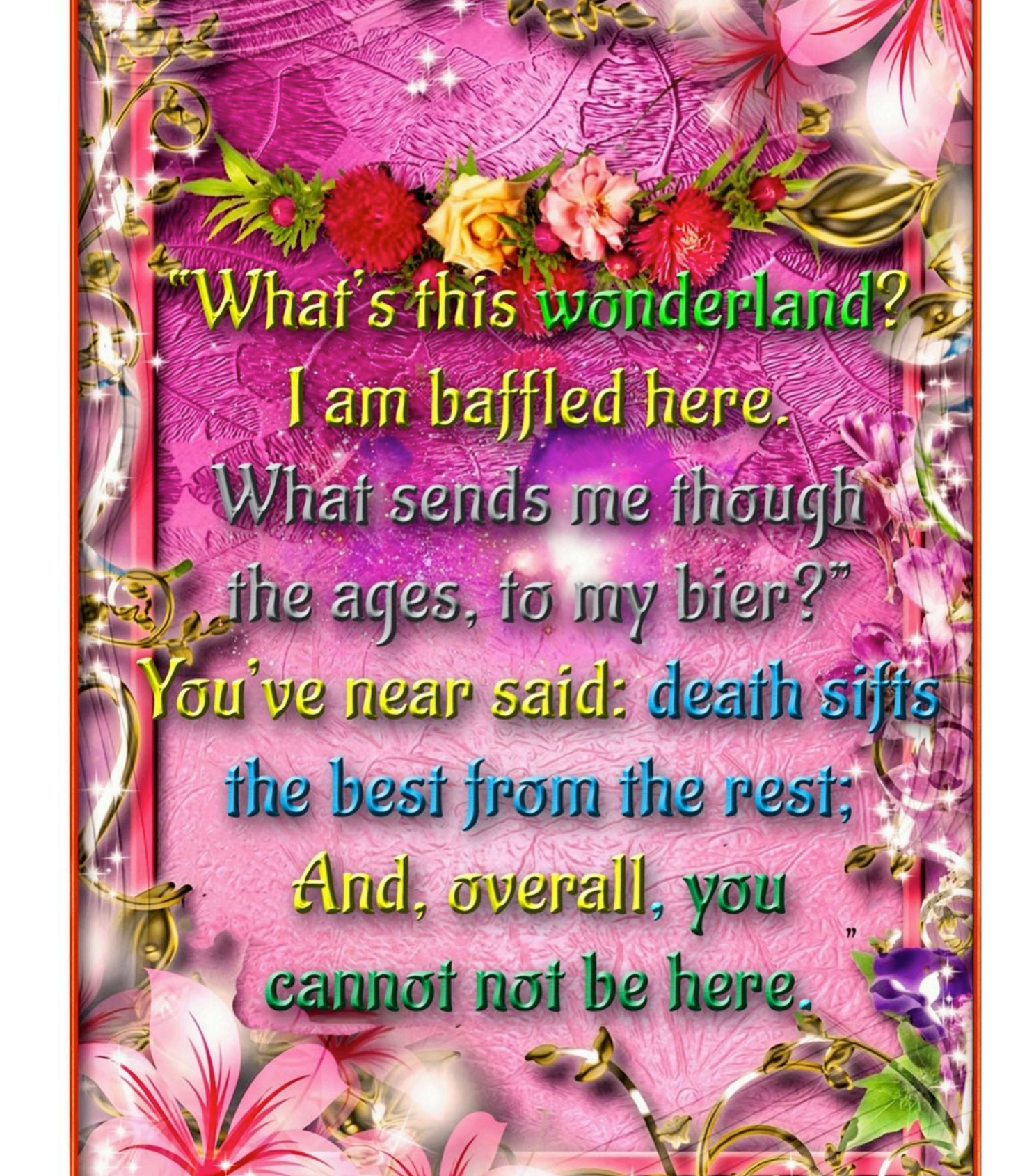












“What’s this wonderland?  
I am baffled here.  
What sends me though  
the ages, to my bier?”  
You’ve near said: death sifts  
the best from the rest;  
And, overall, you  
cannot not be here.”

















“What my life’s narrative  
that I hie through?”

No matter it,  
for any one will do.

“What’s left, then,  
in all common, as the clue?”





We're back to being—  
experiencing a 'who'.













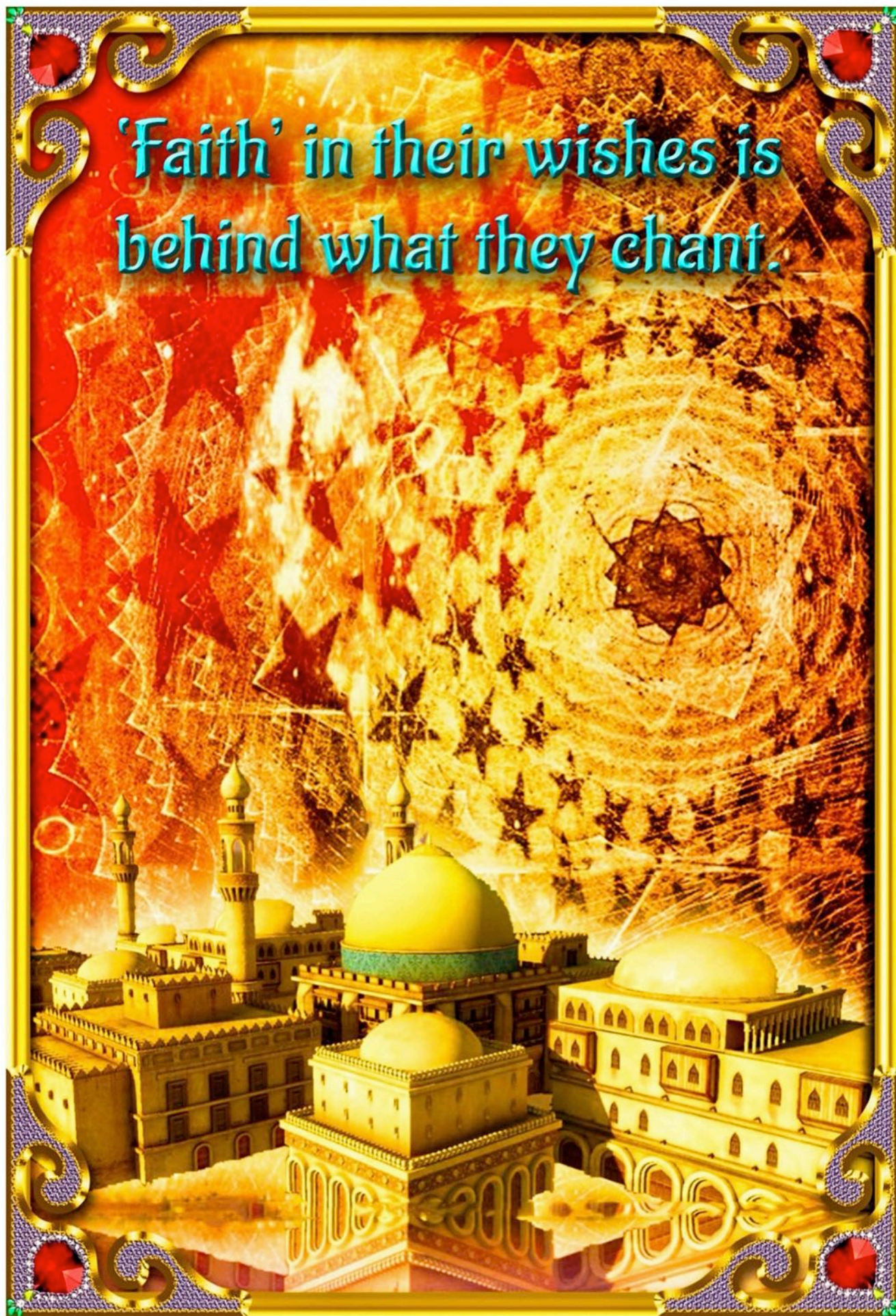
"Where am I going?  
Am I important?"

You're going nowhere;  
here is your life's plant.

"In the mosque, they say  
'God' as if it's true."



'Faith' in their wishes is  
behind what they chant.



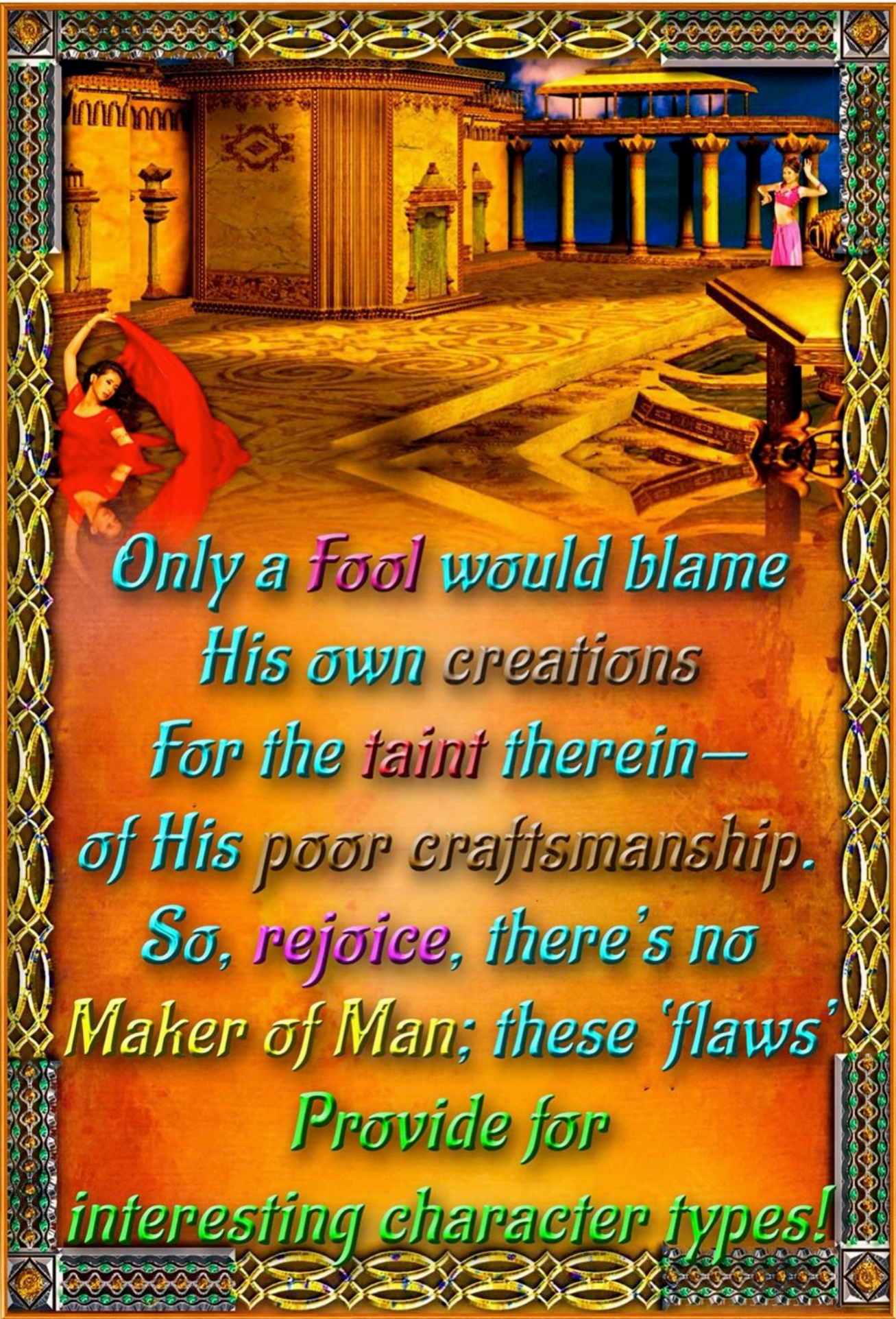












*Only a Fool would blame  
His own creations  
For the taint therein—  
of His poor craftsmanship.  
So, rejoice, there's no  
Maker of Man; these 'flaws'  
Provide for  
interesting character types!*















Their ingrained beliefs  
the priests' duly preach,



As if notions were  
truth and fact to teach.

Oh, cleric, repent;  
at least say, 'Have faith'—  
Since, of unknowns ne'er  
shown none can e'er reach. "

















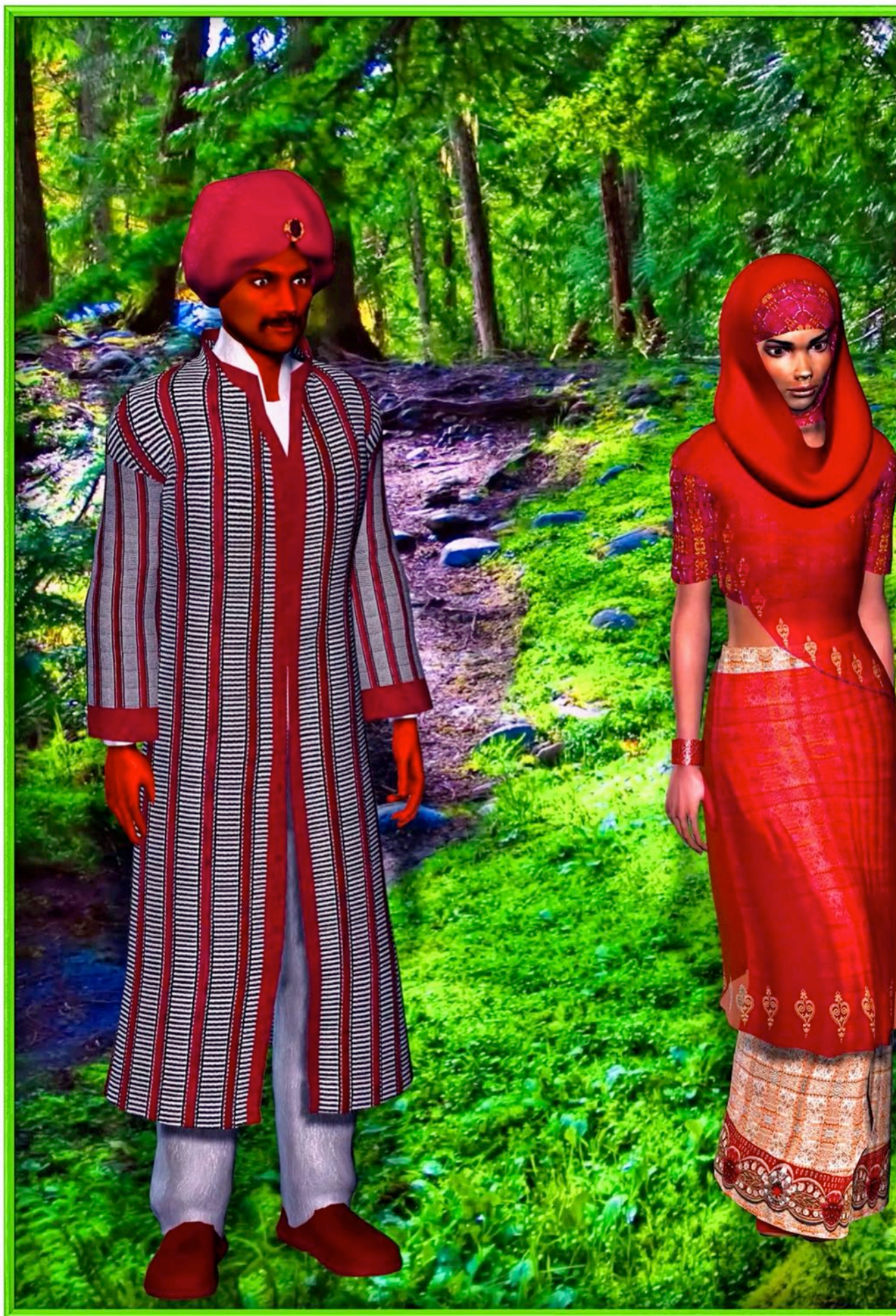
"Of elements four  
and planets seven,  
We strain to divine  
those signs eleven."

Drink de-vined juice!  
We've long taught this lesson:  
When not, you're nought;  
naught in Hell nor Heaven.





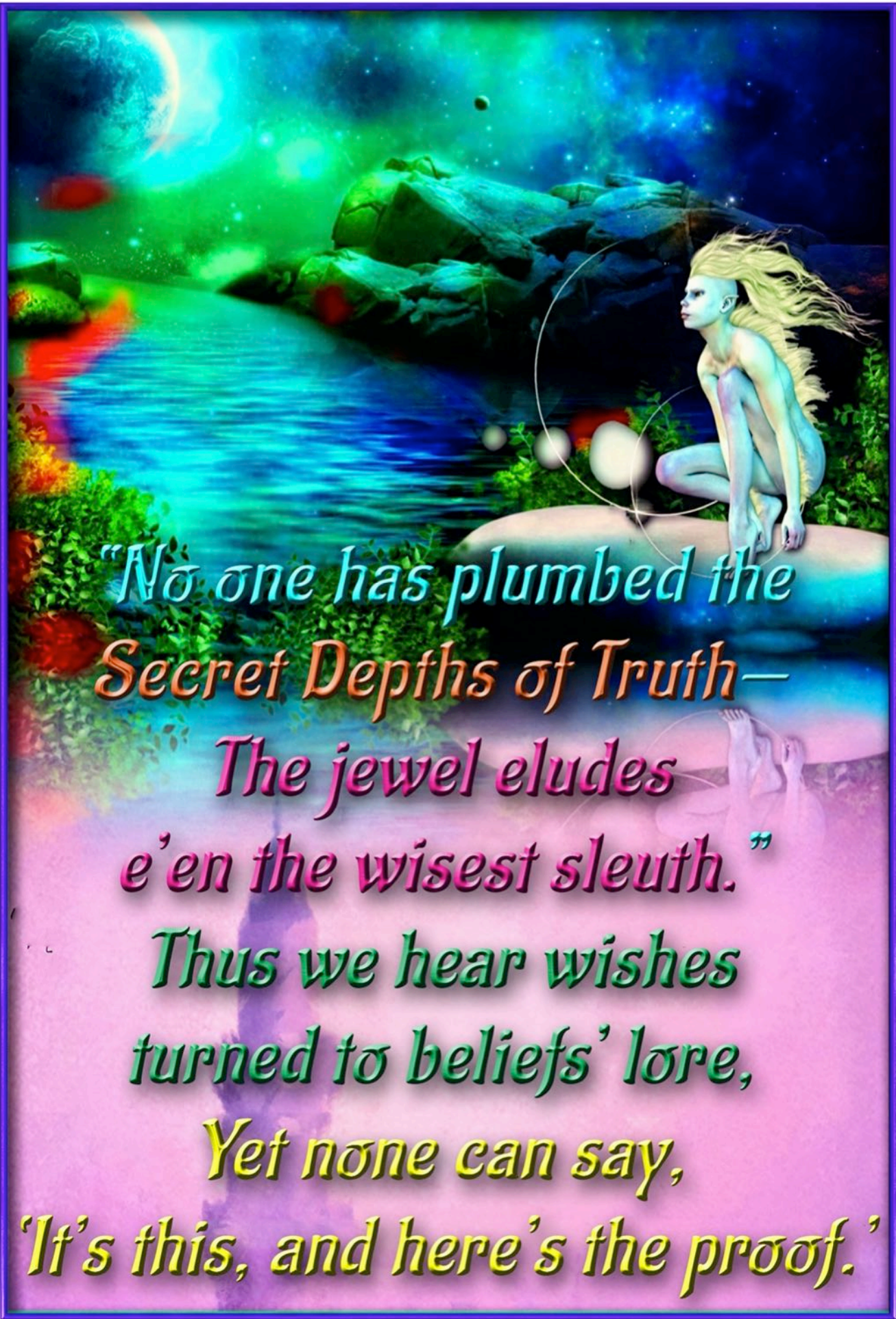










A surreal, ethereal landscape. In the foreground, a woman with long, flowing blonde hair and pale skin is crouching on a large, smooth rock. She is looking towards the left. The background features a body of water with a vibrant blue and green glow, surrounded by dark, jagged rocks. The sky is a deep blue with a large, bright, glowing orb (possibly a moon or planet) and a nebula-like cloud of green and blue light. The overall atmosphere is dreamlike and mystical.

*"No one has plumbed the  
Secret Depths of Truth—  
The jewel eludes  
e'en the wisest sleuth."*

*Thus we hear wishes  
turned to beliefs' lore,  
Yet none can say,  
'It's this, and here's the proof.'*













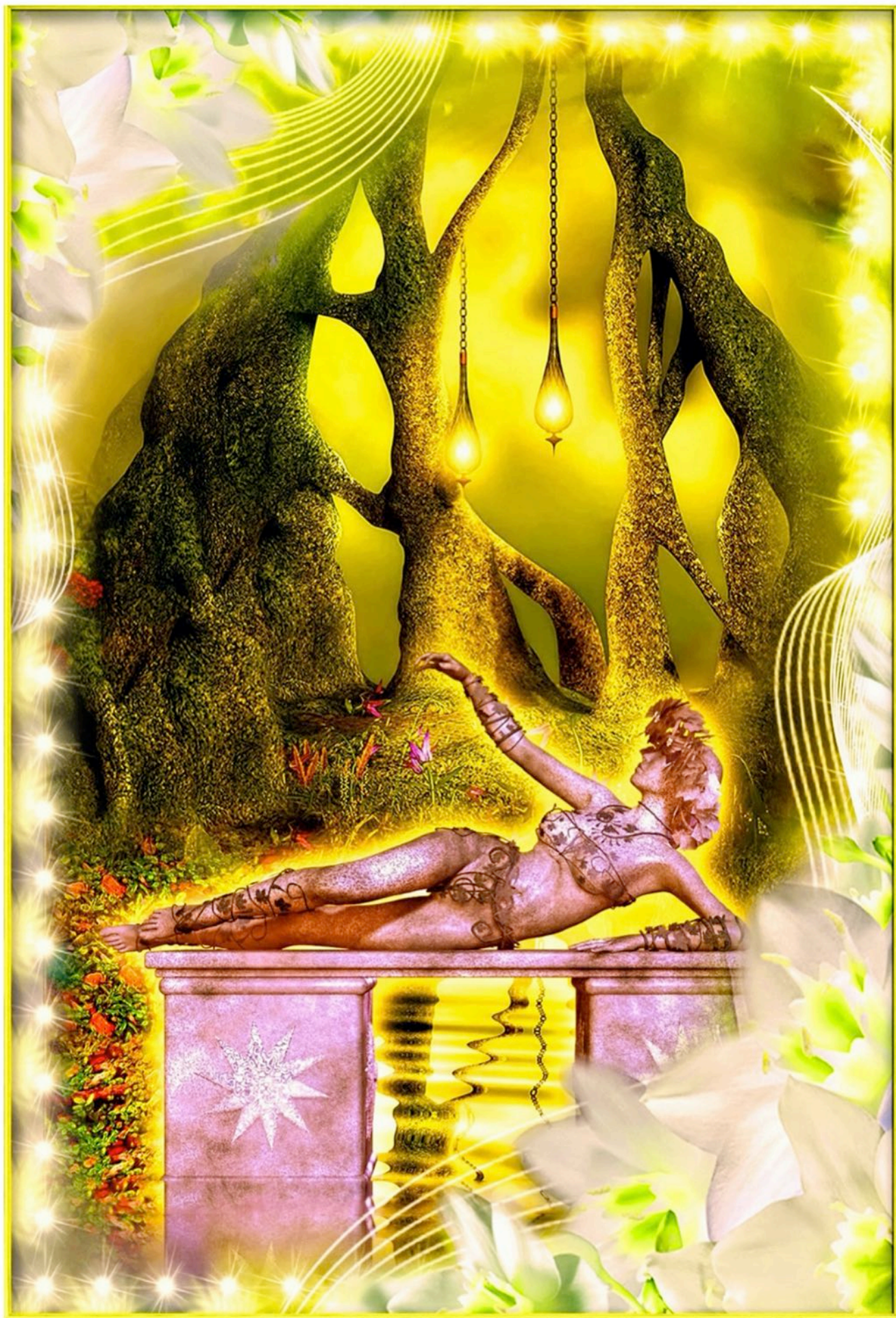


"The impossible dream  
we'd of our fate



Was to outwit  
life's expiration date—  
To be deathless and  
somewhere carry on."  
Well, we live on in the  
lives we touch, mate!

















"Bless your soul  
with tongues of fire;  
Holy Spirit burn;

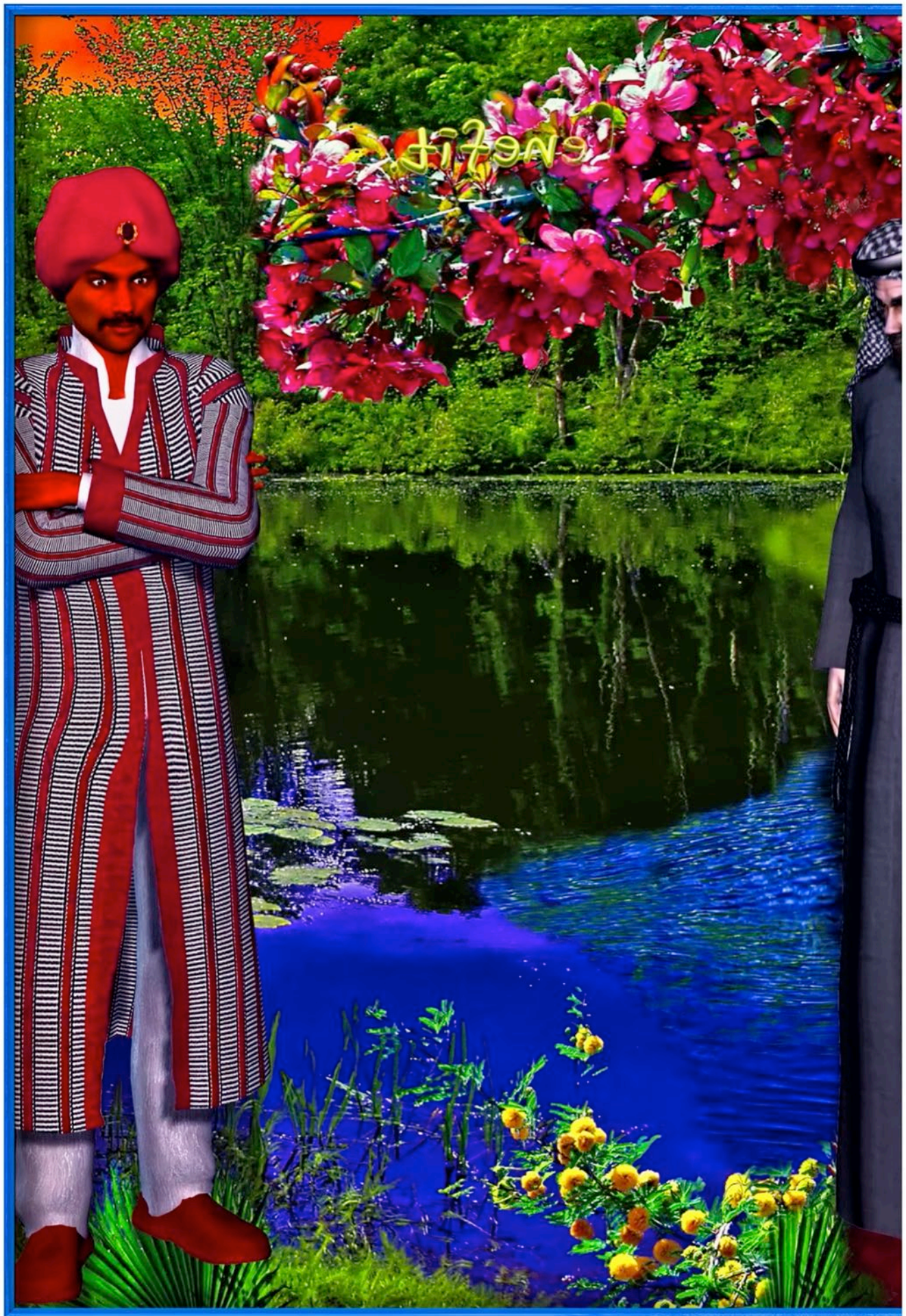
Leave no trace  
of man's desire;  
Holy Spirit turn."

*Oh, man,  
why detest thy constitution;  
Doth thou think  
Nature has a lot to learn?*















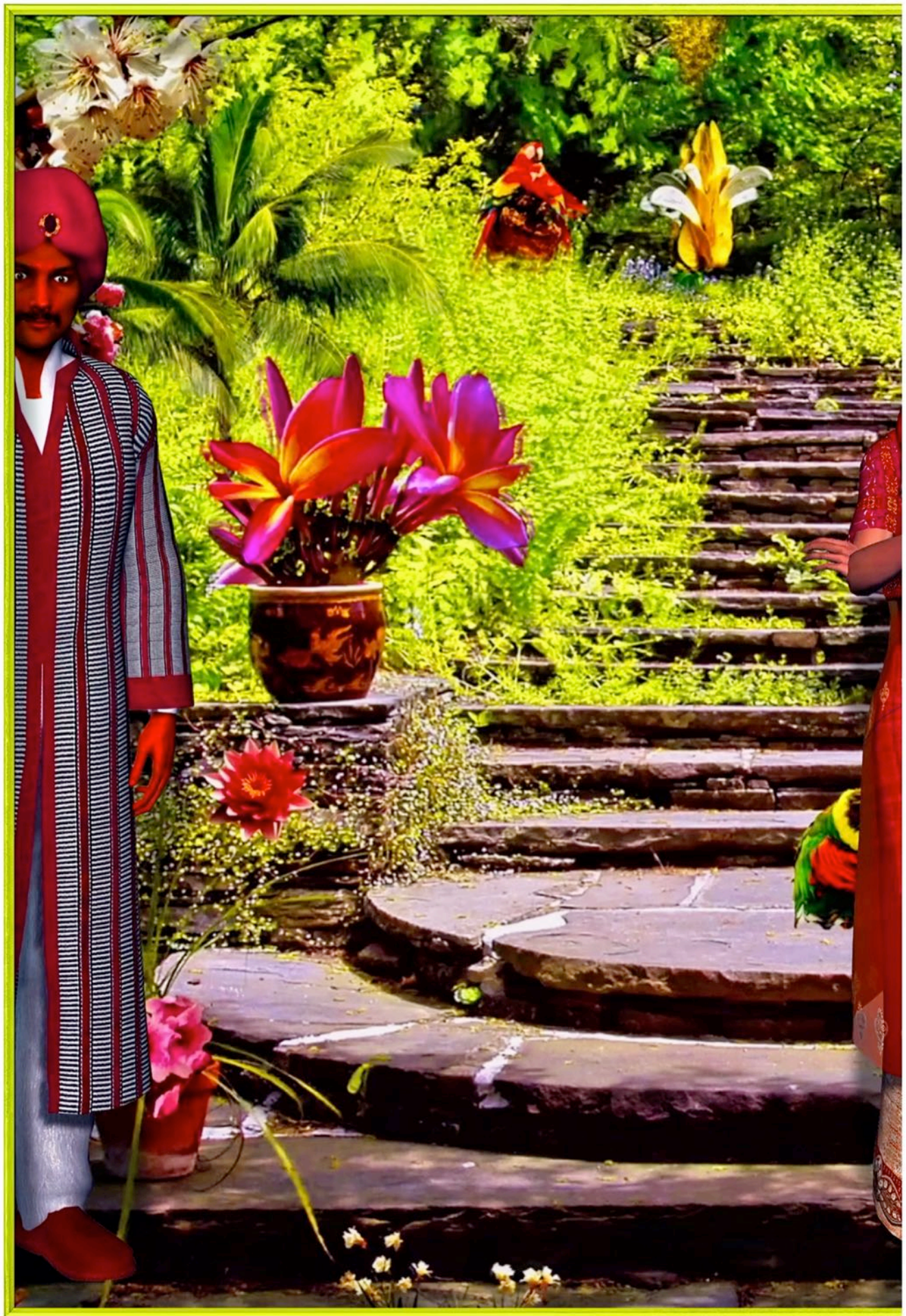


Though we can ne'er know  
the Ultimate named,  
From that fact something  
Profound is still framed.  
It's that when one can't know,  
one must still live,  
And as such in our life  
cannot be blamed.

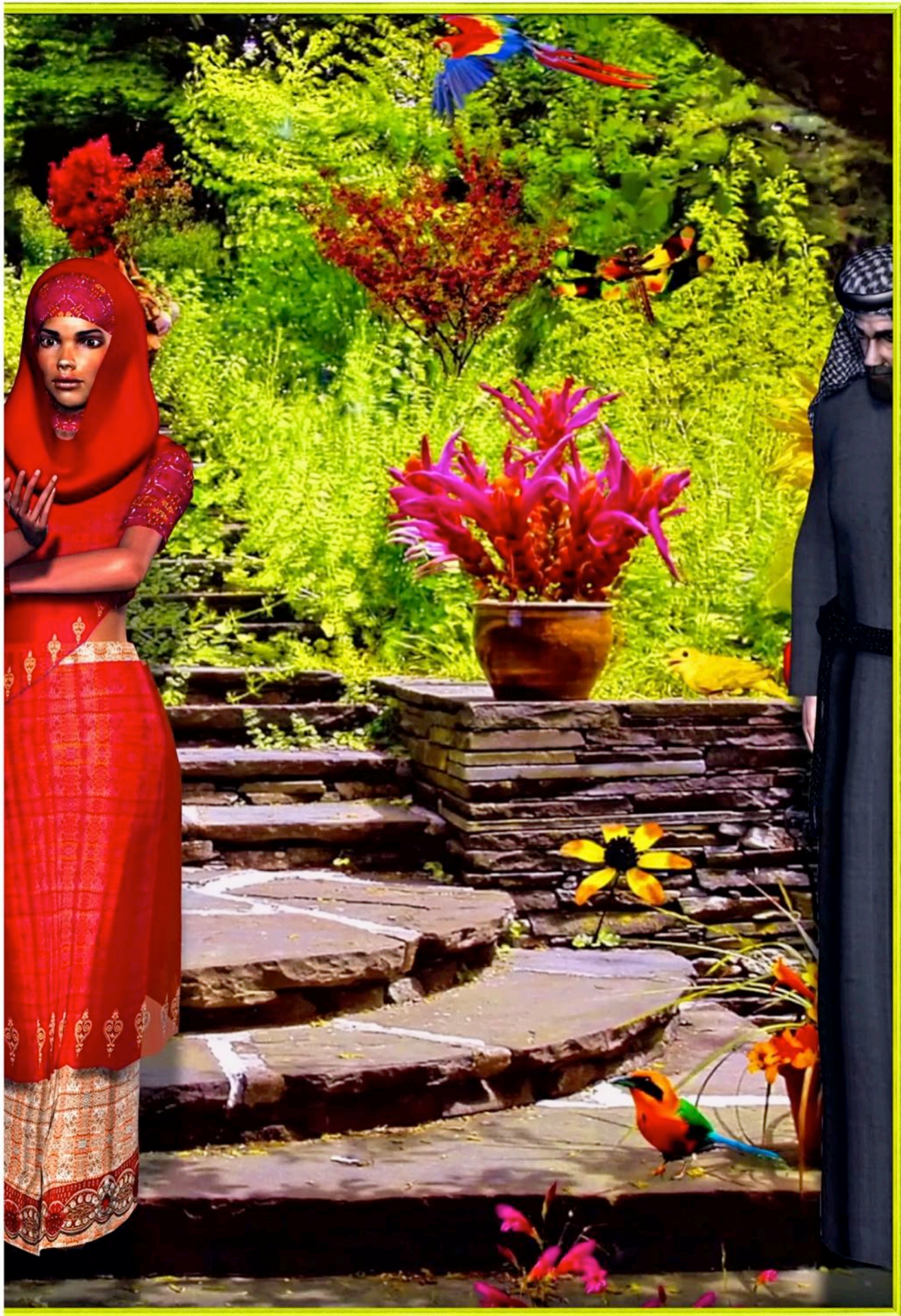










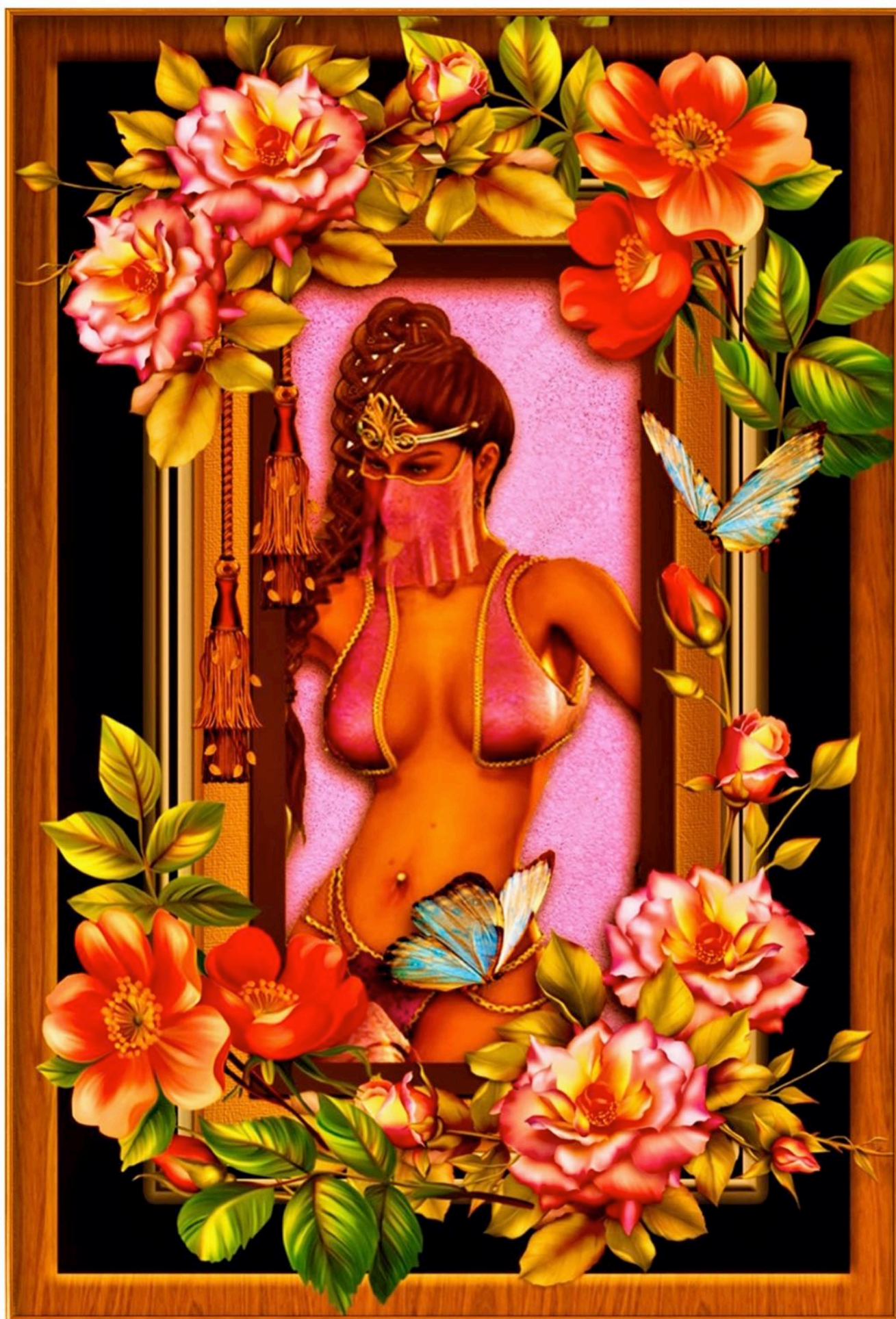




A purple flower with many petals is positioned in the upper center of the image. The background is a textured, warm-toned surface with shades of orange, yellow, and red, resembling aged paper or a natural material. The entire image is framed by a thin, dark border.

*"So Nature got it wrong,  
the pious say,  
In man's constitution,  
erring its essay,  
Granting so many  
ways to go astray."  
Well, then, Who, do they say,  
penned this world's play?*

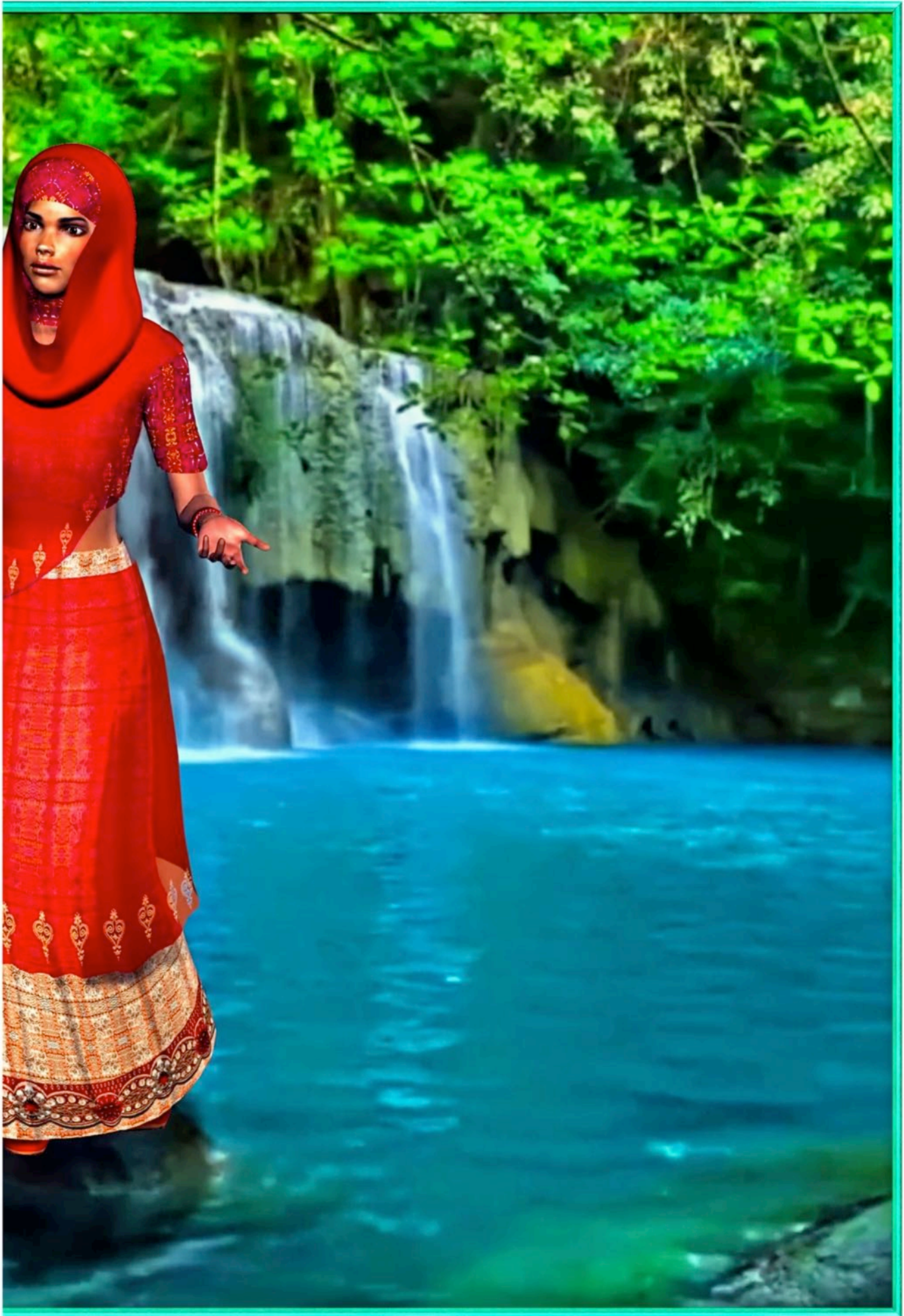












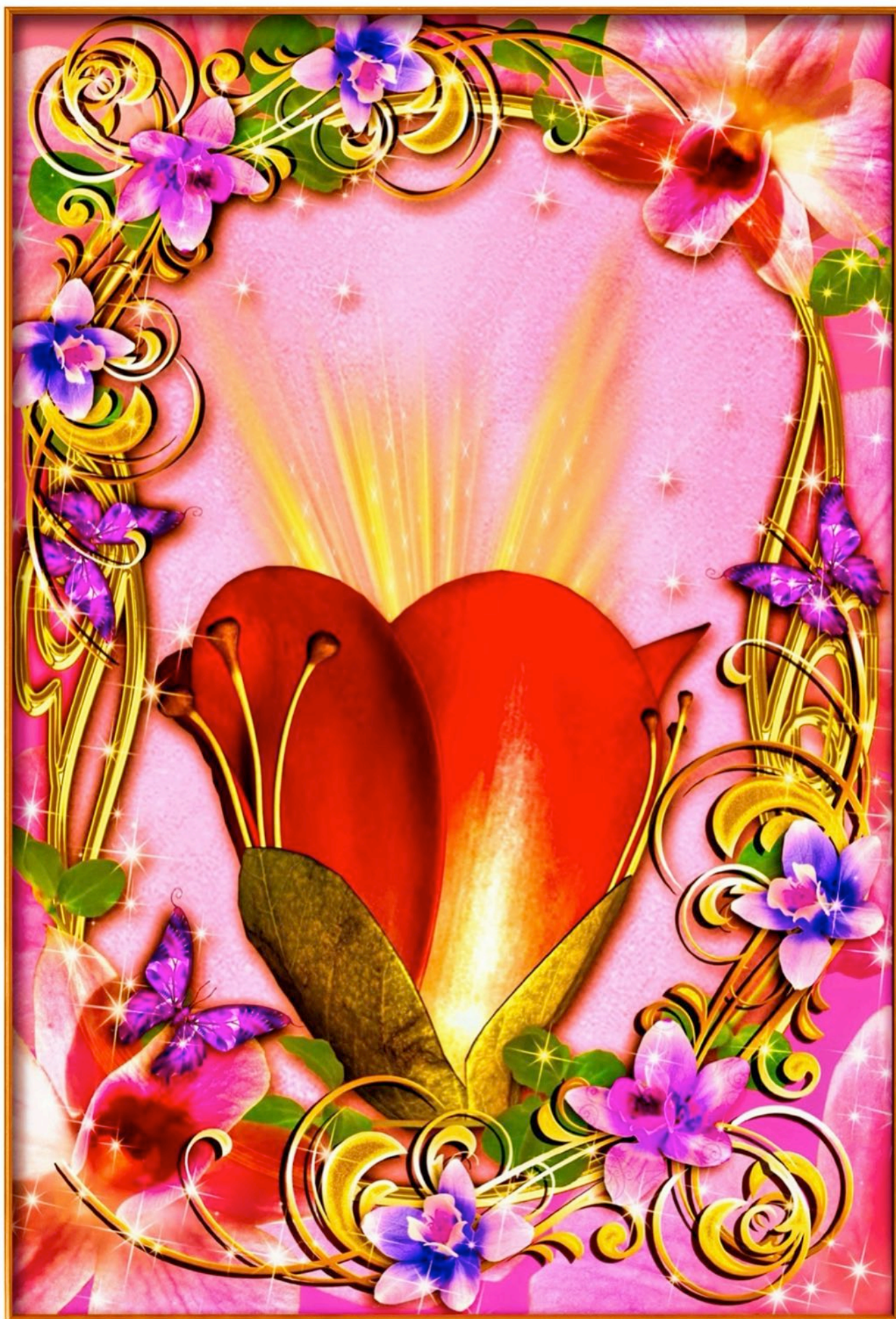




“What the meaning to  
this play we’re befit,  
From dirt to dust within  
the script that’s writ?”

The wise in search have  
thrown themselves to waste;  
Experience alone is the benefit.















A woman with long dark hair, wearing a bright pink, flowing dress, is lying on her back on a soft, white, cloud-like surface. She is looking directly at the viewer with a gentle expression, her hands clasped near her chin. The scene is set in a lush garden with vibrant pink and yellow flowers, green foliage, and a blue sky with soft clouds. The entire image is framed by a decorative border of pink and yellow flowers and green leaves.

*Throw not life to the breeze,  
draft this day known,*

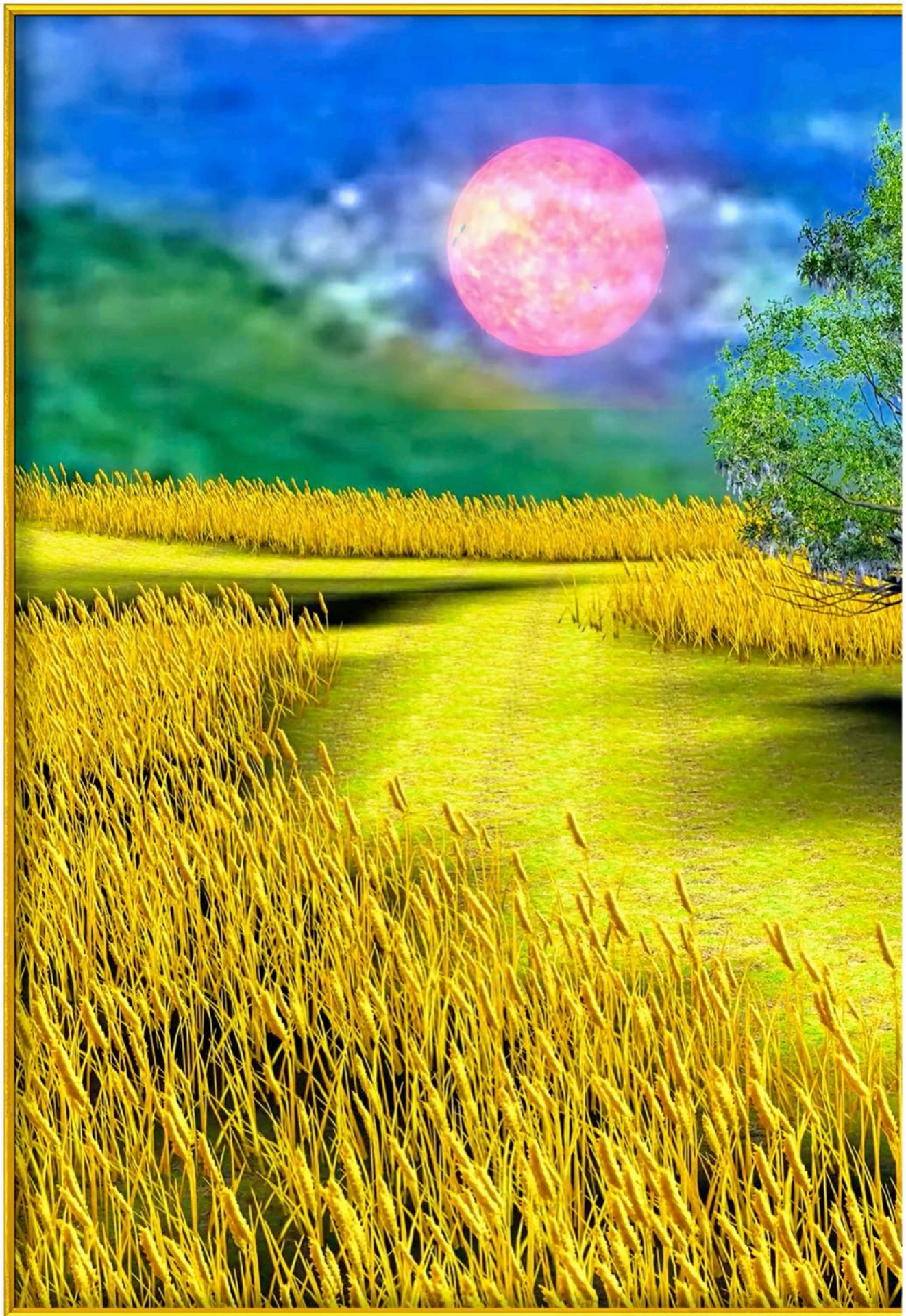
*For yesterday's winds  
have already blown  
And future's currents  
have not yet stirred.*

*Forget dead airs;  
now's breath is all you own.*

















Think not that  
I am existent as 'I',  
Or talk the talk and  
walk the walk of 'I',  
For all's of the 'IS';  
the Cosmos is I;  
Where then, and what, who,  
and whence is this 'I'?

















*All moves by law of  
output from input,*

*The will, too, since  
it votes to step a foot,*

*And worse,  
by the time we know,  
all's been cast;*

*We can neither wax  
nor wane the mold's root.*















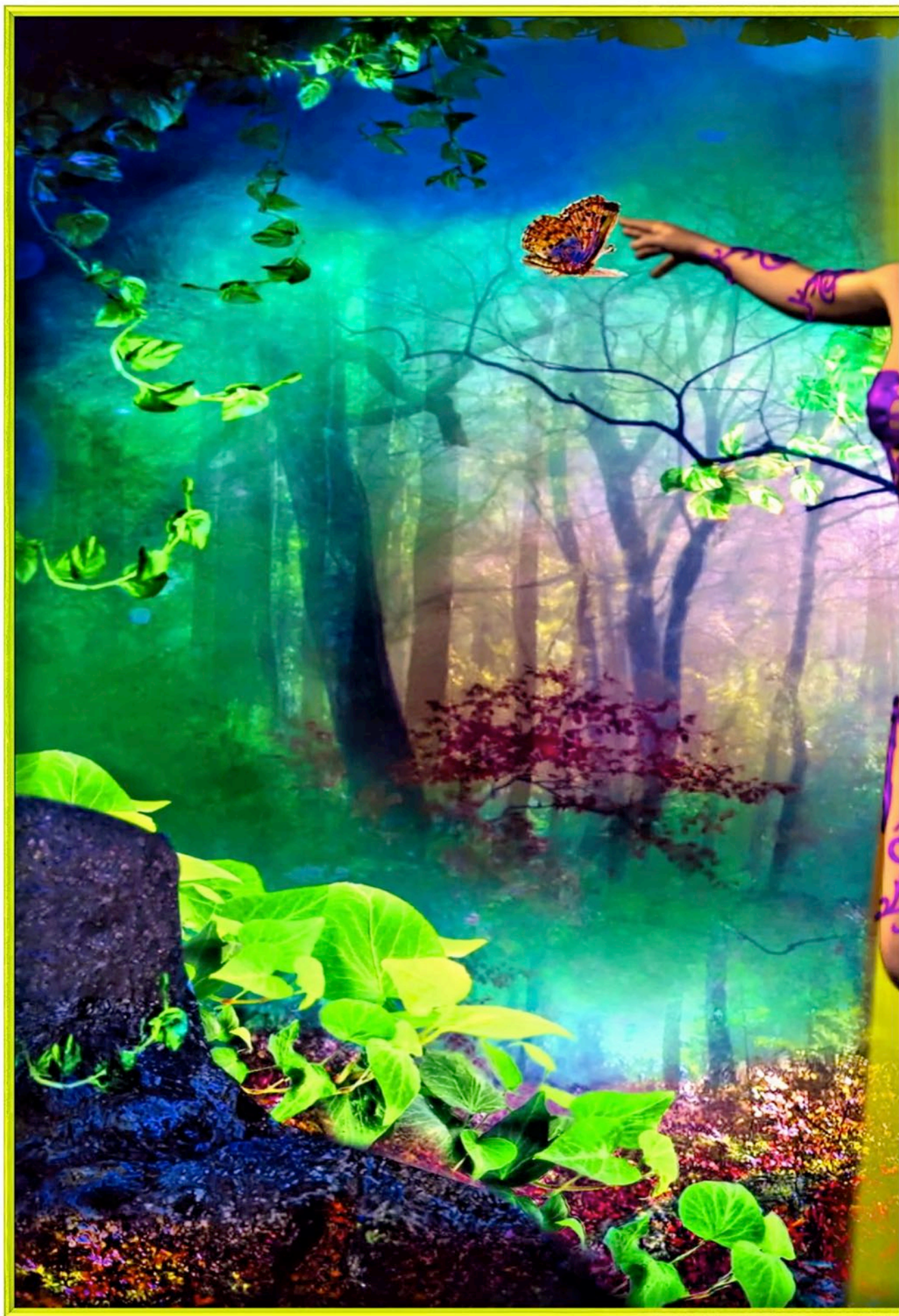


Cloudbursts wash  
the faces of the tulips,  
The wine cleansing you,  
pouring through thy lips,  
All becomes of light,  
dust, water, and air,  
As in the meadow grown  
from your eclipse.

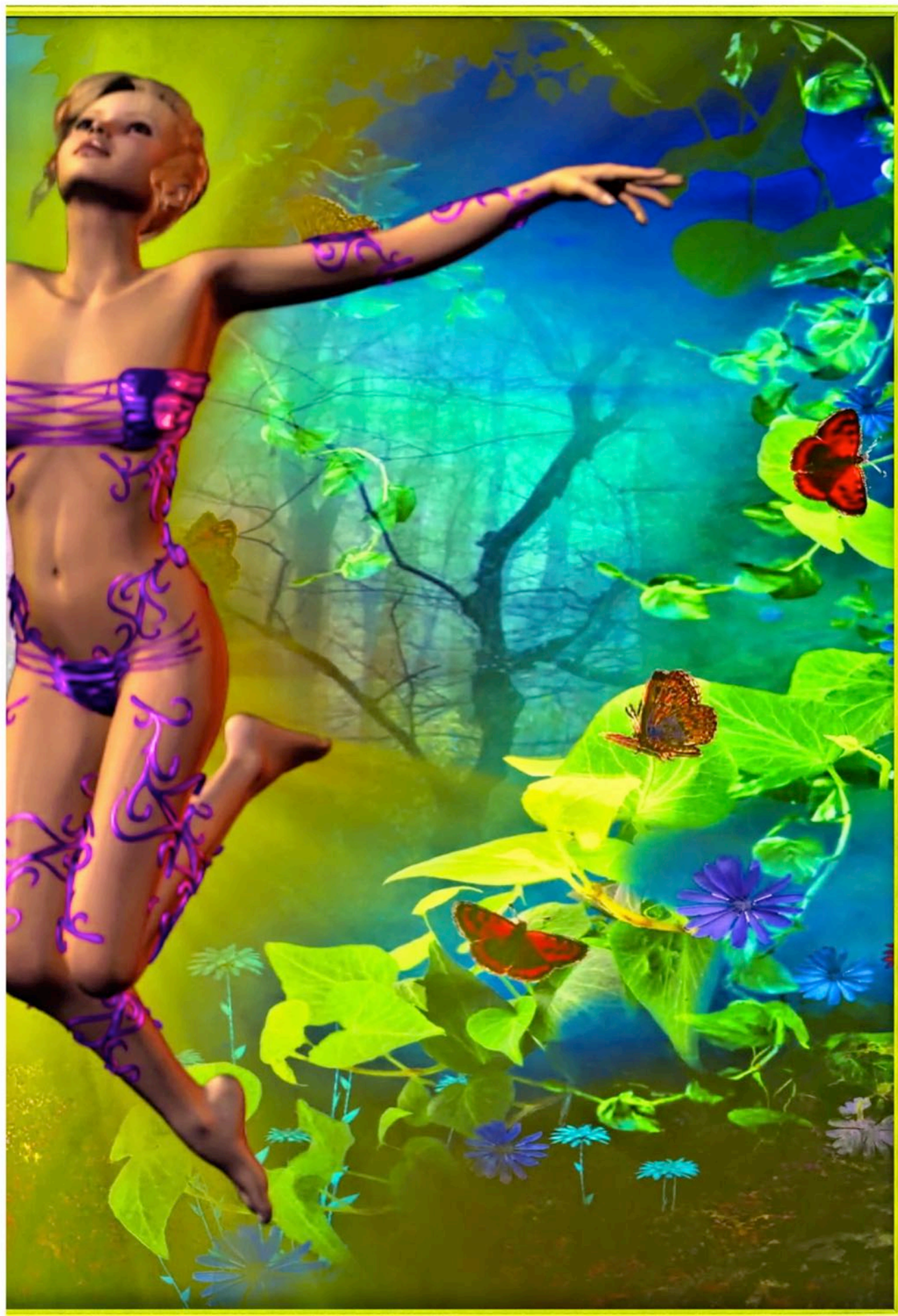
















*"The raindrop falls  
and returns to the sea;*

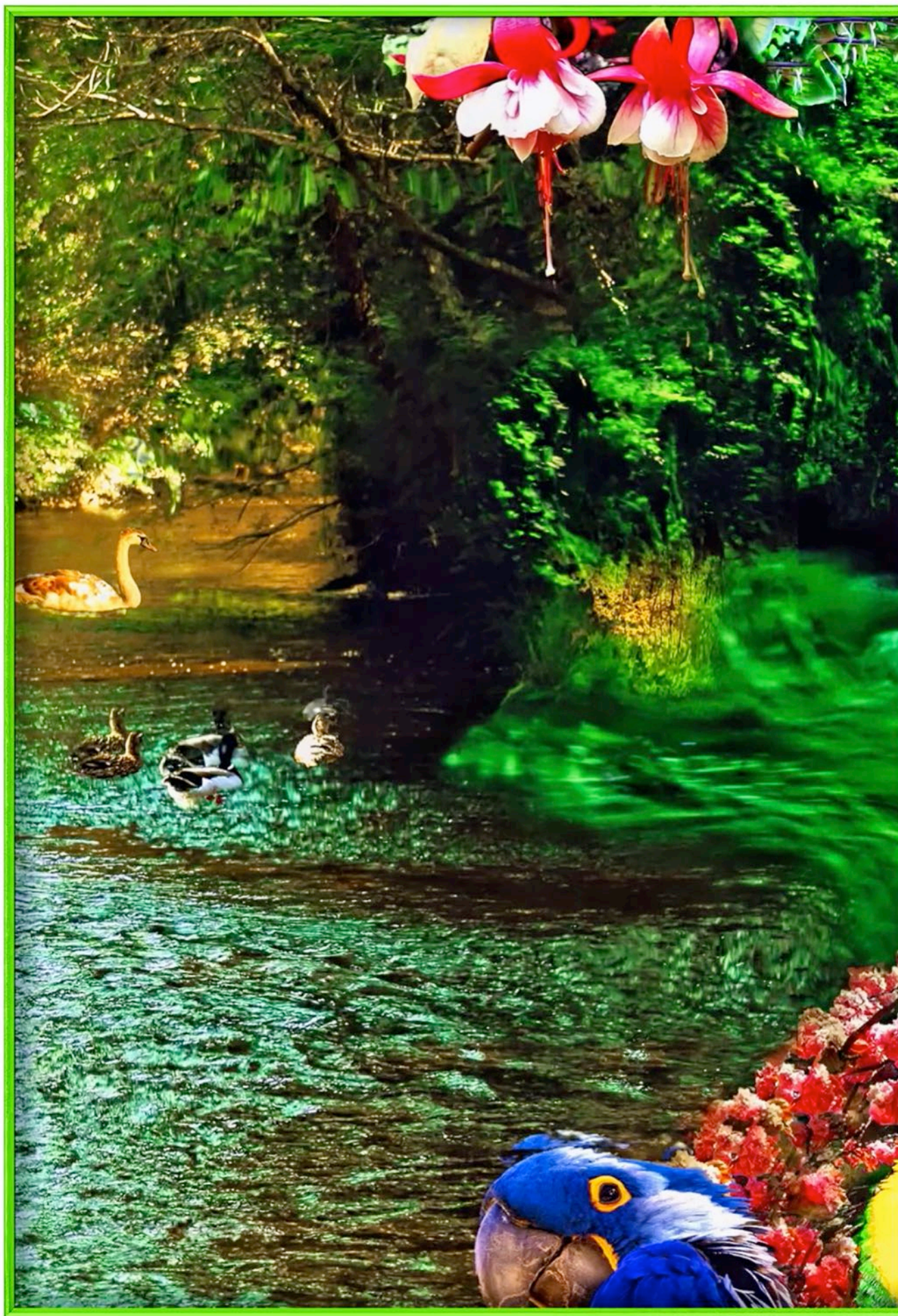


*Dust floats to earth and  
merges with the lea;  
Lives come and go in time—  
what's denoted?"  
News spark and fly;  
they've no eternity.*















A woman with blonde hair, wearing a purple one-piece swimsuit, is reclining on a large, ornate, multi-colored cushion. To her right is a hookah on a small wooden table. The background is dark with some purple and blue lighting. The entire scene is framed by a gold border with pink diamond-shaped ornaments at the corners.

"Mind is the ultimate  
of all there is;

It is the universe:  
billions of years  
Of primordial material,  
complex."

So, then, what more could  
human beings want?"

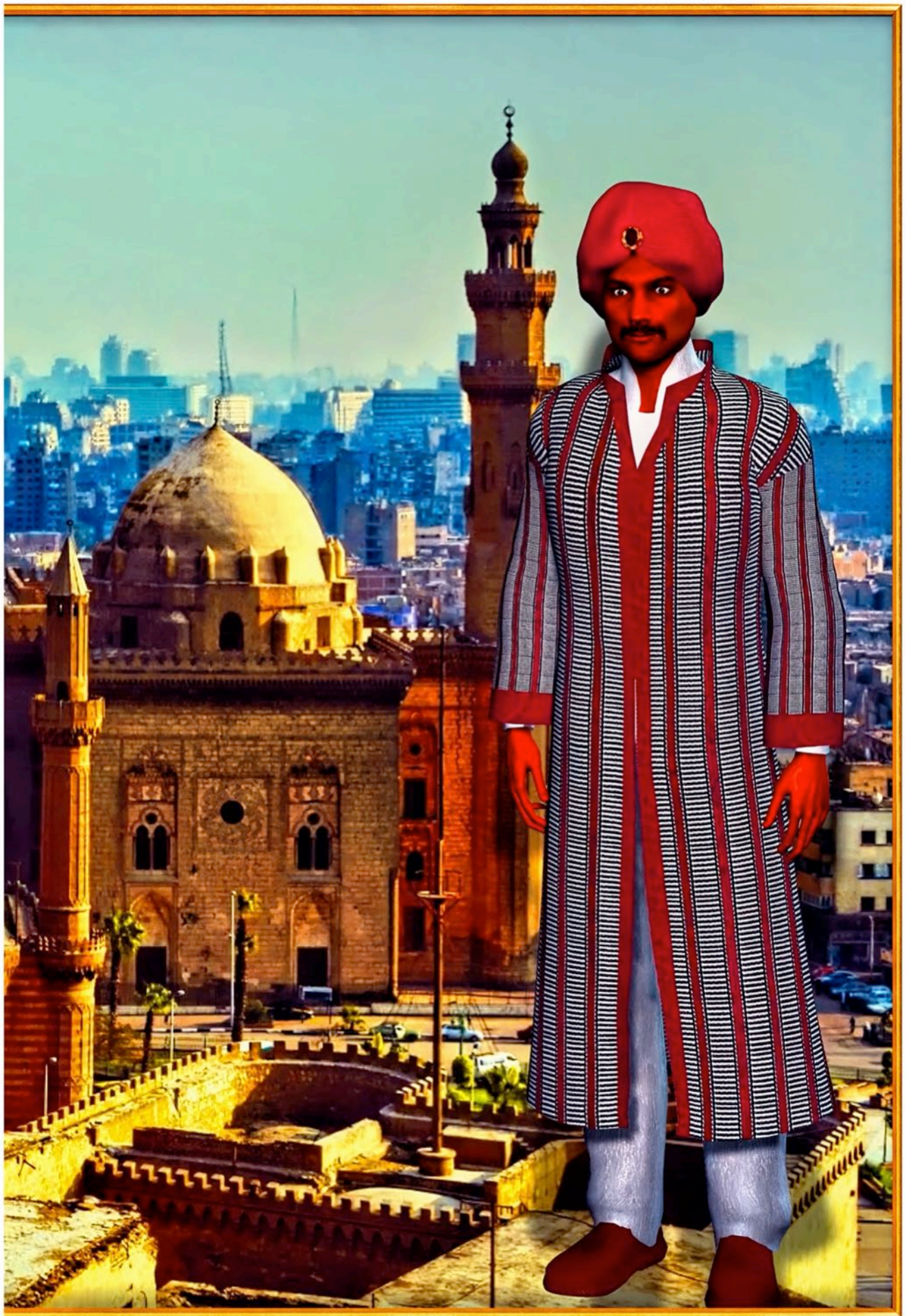














*Life, mind, spirit, form,  
time, and consciousness*

*Derive from  
the primordial substance*

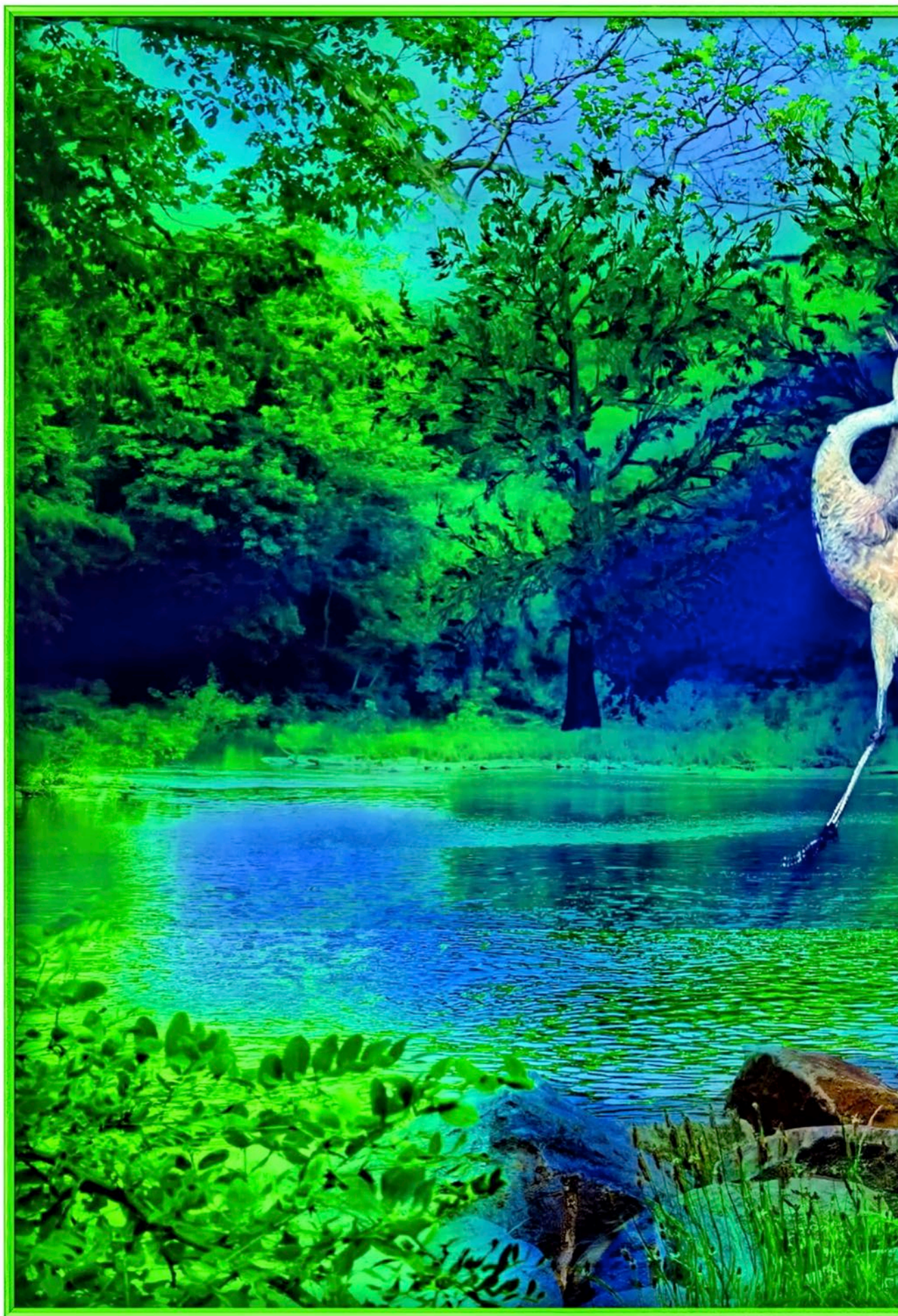


*That materialized  
from the fundamental—  
Granting us  
the experience of being.*

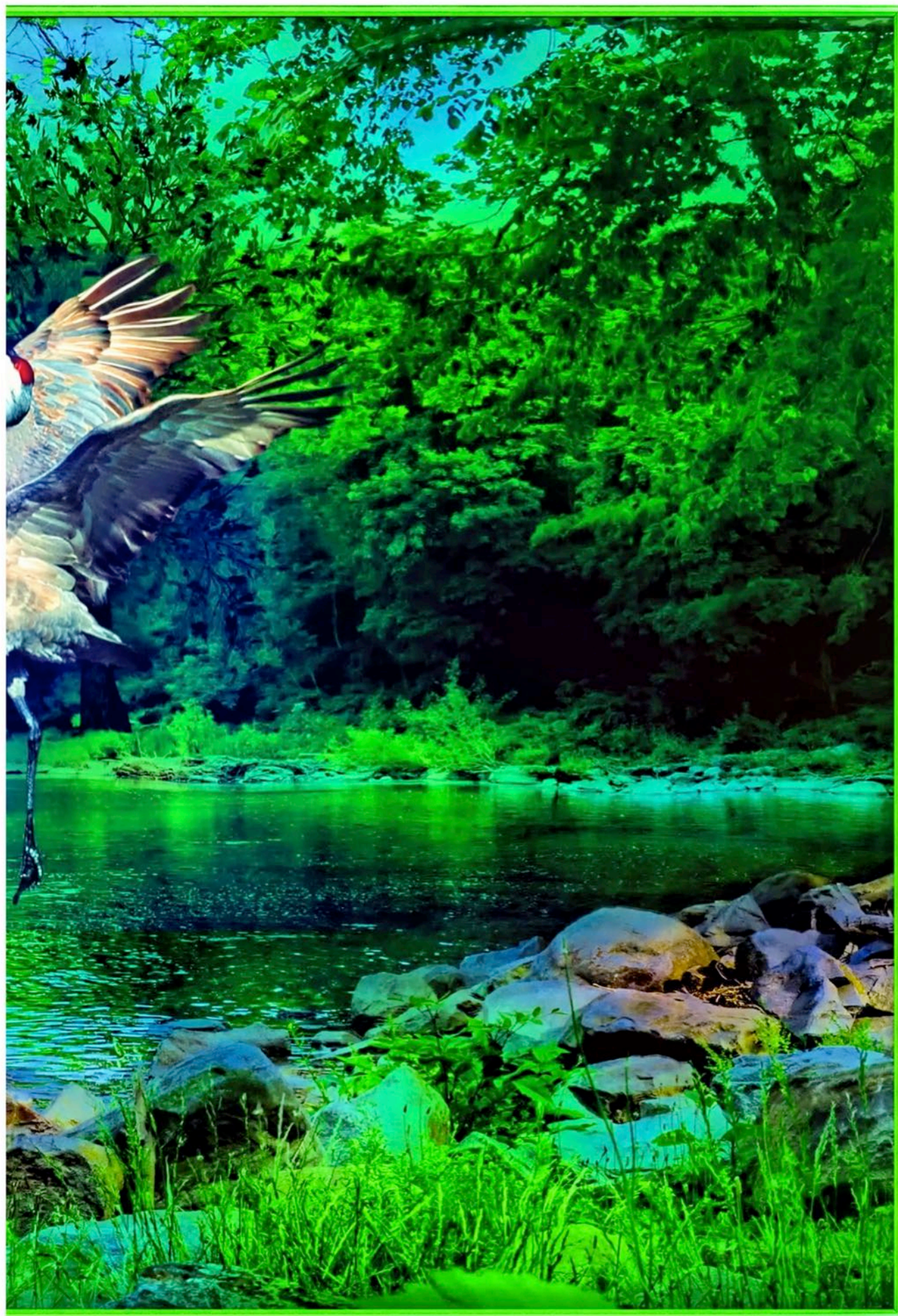












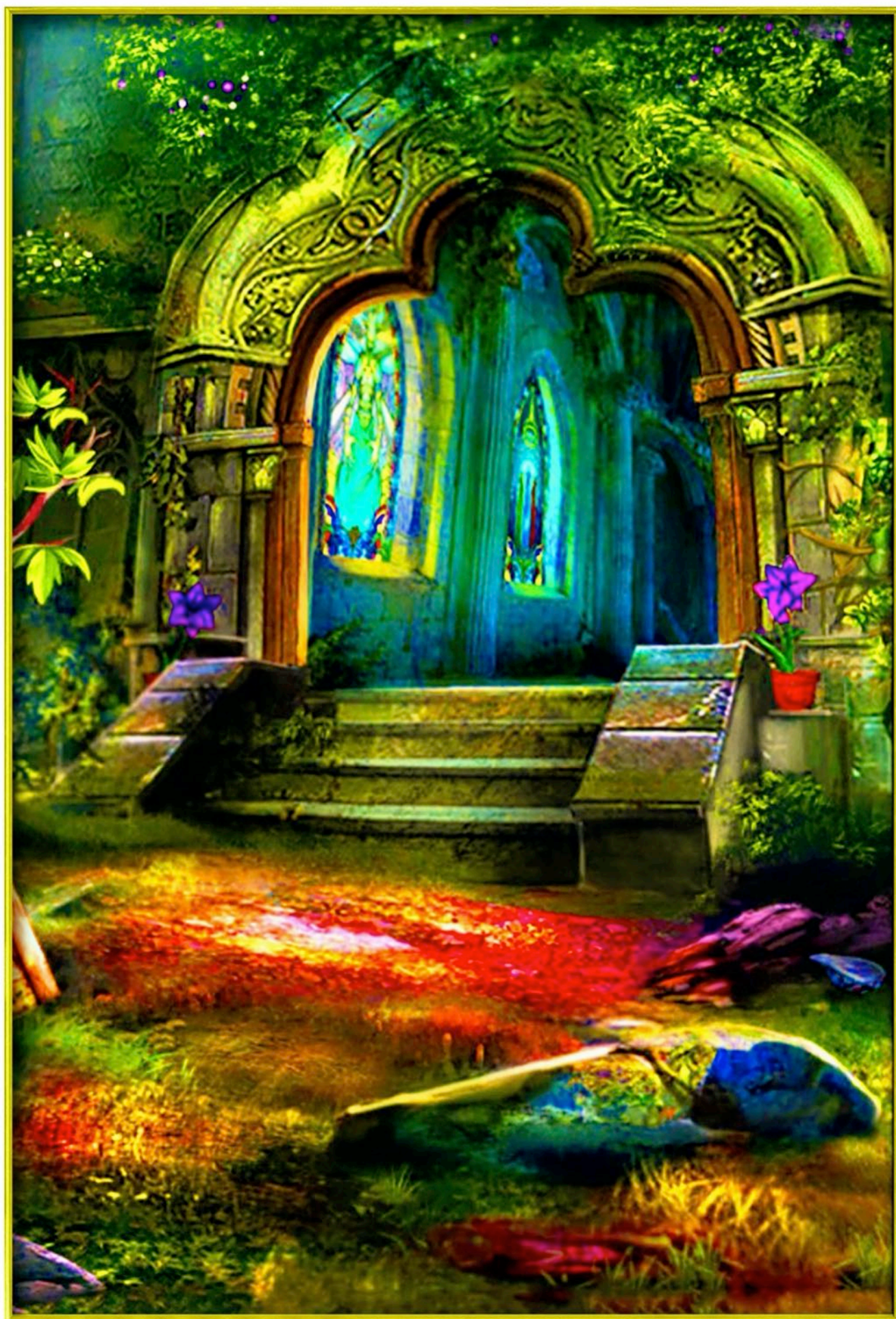




Care, a gentle old man,  
sits silently

By the sundial  
in Time's sanctuary,  
Slowly marking the  
hours by the shadows  
That creep over  
the face of eternity.

















*Worries may not come true,*

*and if they do,*

*Thus they would, and so  
in them you must stew.*

*Past imperfect points  
to a future tense,*

*Yet ever only Nows  
does the Wheel brew.*















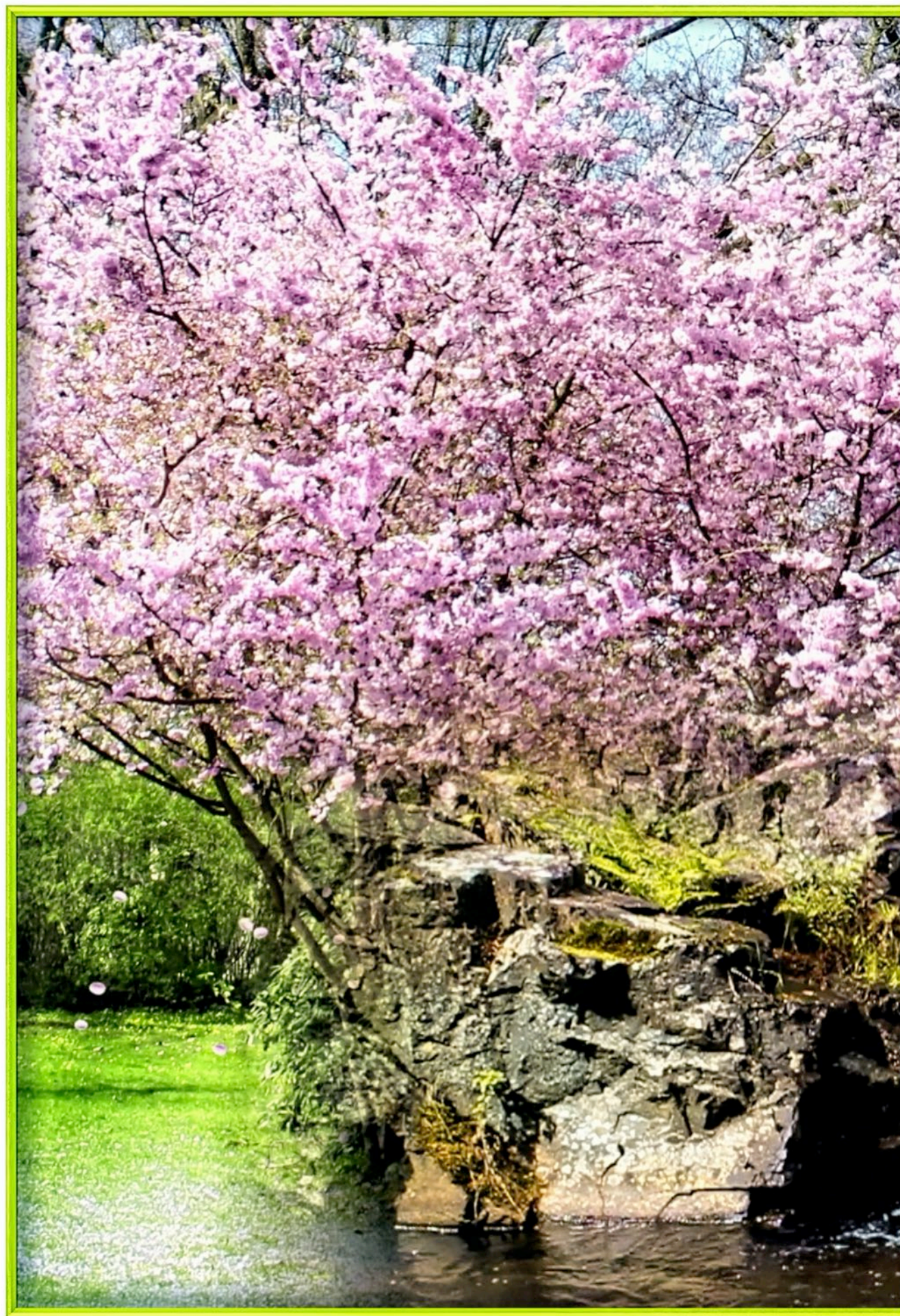


No matter how one tries  
to shake from boughs  
The fruits of time's truth  
from the Tree of Knows,  
Computation makes not  
yet the morrows;  
There's naught else  
but lone, resultant Nows.

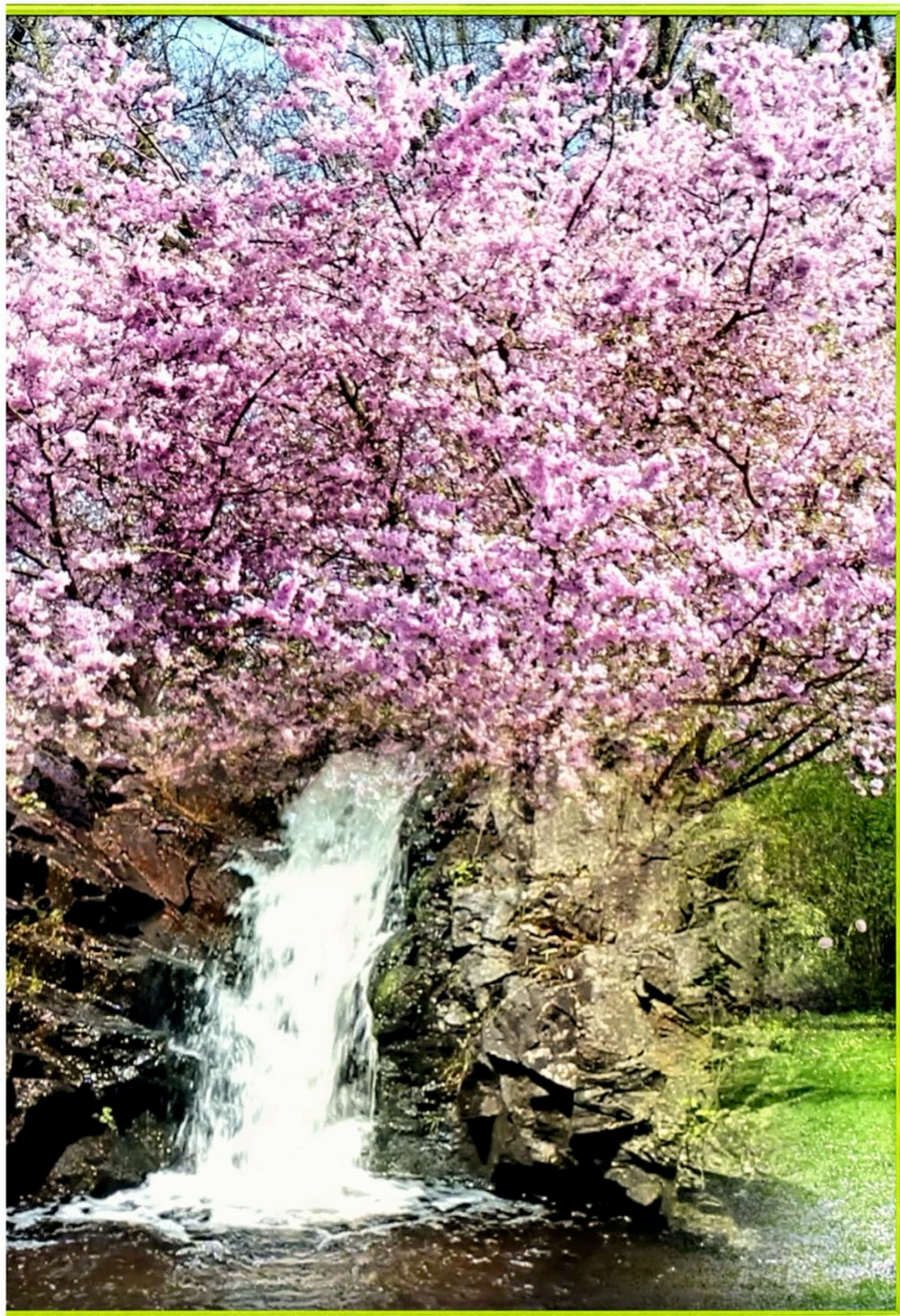
















*Sung songs of life composed  
now lie reposed,*

*Thy face—dust*

*Beauty's music decomposed;*

*Ah, Sun's Venus—brows  
we're honored to brush,*

*That future's wand will  
rearrange recomposed.*















The weight of the world  
I bear on my back;



'Tis mine to own,  
so there's nought that I lack.

I've everything,  
and no place to put it;  
After it crushes me to dust,  
I'll unpack.

















Oh, those imaginings  
of what can't be,  
Such as Nought,  
Stillness, and Infinity,  
As well as Apart,  
Beginning, and End,  
Originality, Free Will, and He!

















In the whisperings  
of the after-years,  
The winds of time  
slowly dry my tears;  
Nor would I take back  
a single drop, for  
From those tears the flowers  
grew without fears.

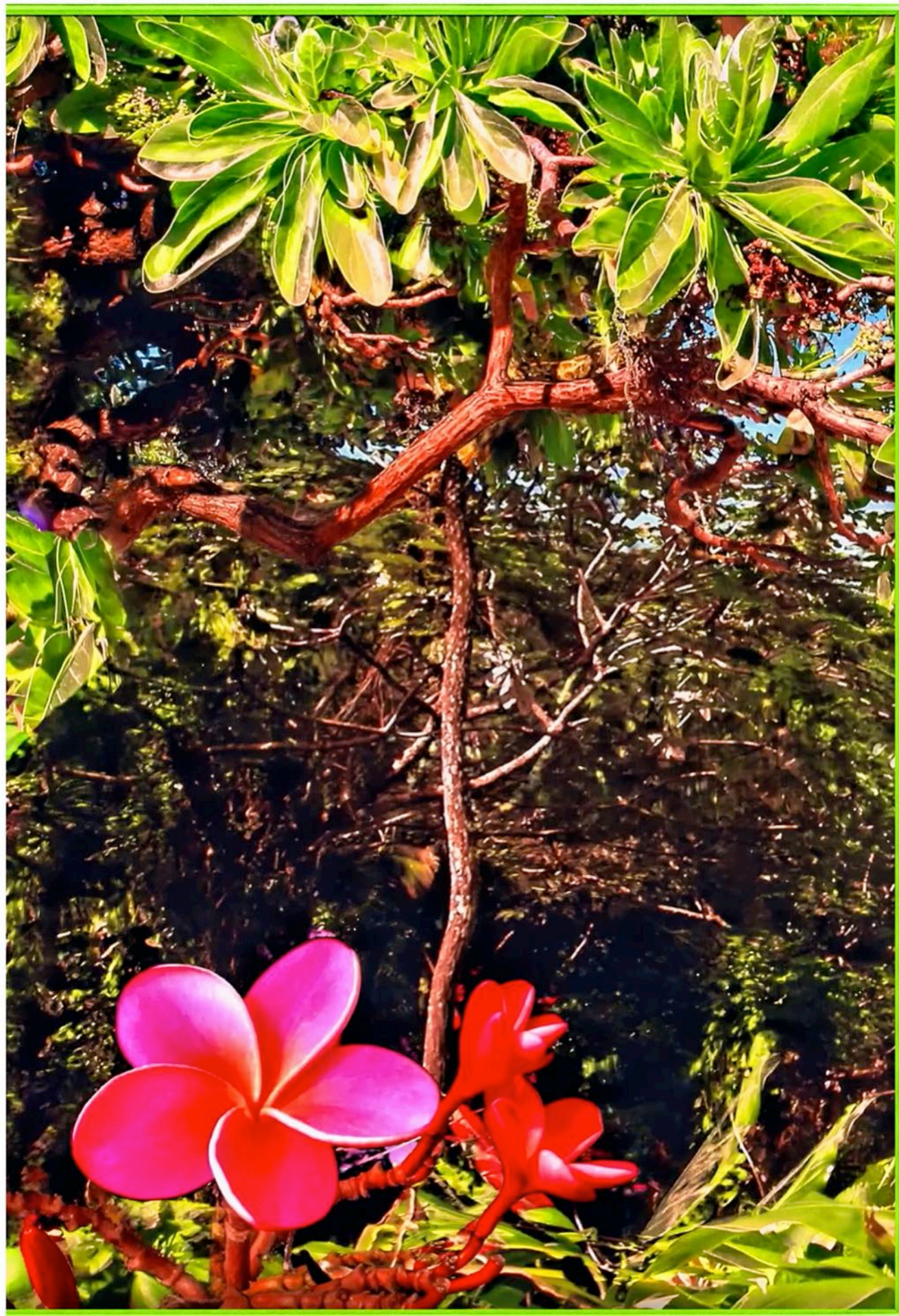
















*Now we depart.  
Farewell to the moon-bow  
That glowed with our delight!  
Often that old  
World will rise and  
look for us in vain, but  
Time can't scatter  
the flowers that we grew!*







