The Expanded Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam

Via Its Parallel Interleaved Vol 1

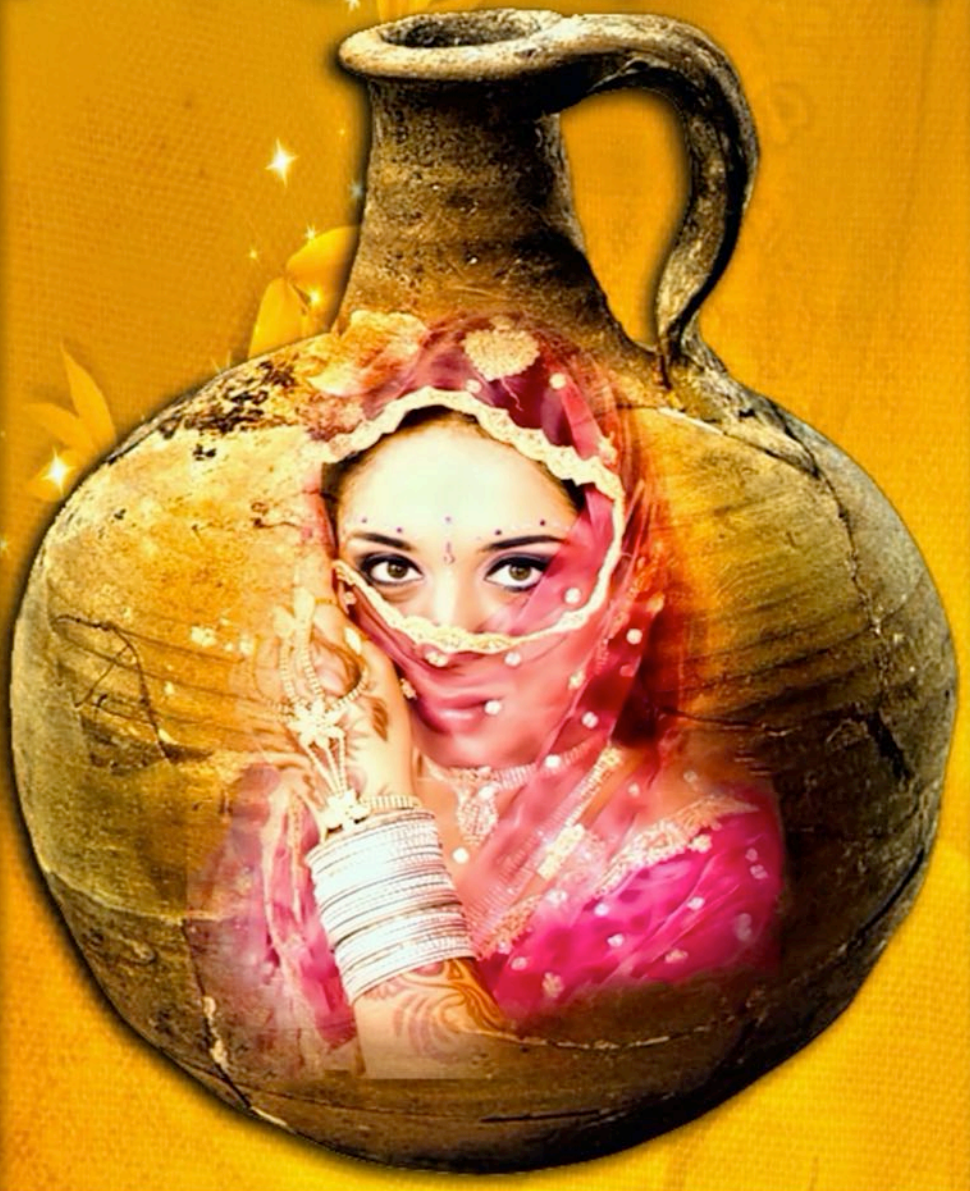


FitzOmar and Austin Torney


Copyright 2021 Austin P. Torney



Website: https://theomarkhayyamclubofamerica.wordpress.com
Email: austintorn@aol.com YouTube Videos: MagicalVideos Channel
DeviantArt: Look under AustinTorney



I dedicate the Rubaiyat's increase
To those who happily labored to tease
Beautiful meaning out of the plain verse
With the rare insight to grant a new lease.

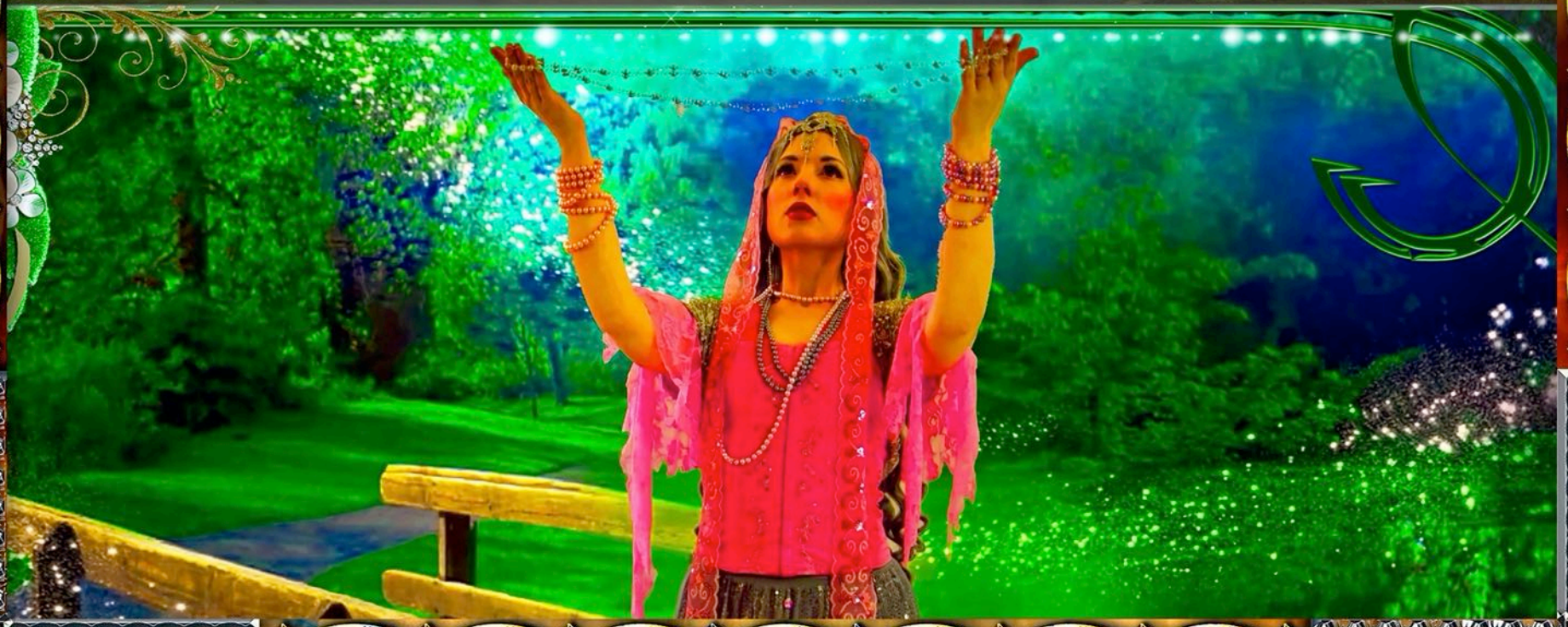
(I have further retransmogrified some of those quatrains in the public domain.)

Persia-Fume

Fumes of Ageless Rhymes From Ancient Times



In 'The Expanded Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam...', new Omaresque quatrains have been interleaved, some by Omar, from the Manuscripts, and some that were inspired by Omar's spirit in Austin.



Rubaiyat Redux

The Cosmic Swirl of Existence



Really now, where's Heaven one and the same?
It's the world's best kept secret: Earth is its name!

— Foreword / Interpretations —

Edward FitzGerald's 'Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam' poem stunned Victorian England soon after Darwin's 'Origin of the Species' had shocked their sensibilities, but soon they and the world came to embrace what came to be known as the greatest poem in history, and also the one most often illustrated.

Omar had the deep and grand ideas, but it was Fitz-Gerald, as a kindred soul and poet, who dressed them in such fine clothes, attracting the world to them forever.

The synergy of FitzOmar takes us far and away from the mundane, everyday, low-life, blah-blah, sit-com type situations, into the glorious reaches of deeper thinking about the Big Questions, as well as to the great philosophical tenet of enjoying life to the fullest.

FitzGerald's transmogrification of Omar is near unbelievable in its excellence, one of those rare poetic products that could go on for hundreds of years without equal. Shelley was close, in his poem, 'Adonais', as well as was Thomas Gray, in 'An Elegy Written in a Country Church Yard'.

See the 'Concordance of the Rubáiyát' online to see from what very plain original language FitzGerald developed his stupendous quatrain gems time and time again. FitzGerald even discarded some quatrains because they were merely quite masterful instead of meeting the perfectly superb standard he had set for himself. I have restored them.





All things, roll on "impotently", by Omar. We are, as Shakespeare noted, but actors in a play, strutting and posturing. When were we ever responsible for how we were or are at any given moment?

What benefit to life then? I suggest it is Experience, which can be mostly a joy—with Omar's love, drink, food, friends, adventure, romance, and feeling right up there, although transient, but ever of the glorious Now, and generally free of shame and blame, being in the Paradise of right here, plus we being just as organic as anything else in nature, and thus no more important, "willy-nilly blowing".

"Round which we Phantom Figures come and go" is about the noumena from which our phenomena arise from, as a kind of holo-graphic phantasmagorial realm of the "Magic Shadow-Show". What lies behind is difficult to get at, but there has been some progress, such as insights into our brain networks.

"The Eternal Saki from that Bowl has pour'd/Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour" because, well, in short, it has to, all things happening over and over again for all time. It's Deja vu all over again.

"Which, for the Pastime of Eternity, He doth Himself contrive, enact, behold" and the like is that, if one plays along with the myth, it is like that He thought of, planned, designed, and implemented humans and their nature, with an inherent wide-ranging spectrum of capacity from Good to Bad; however, in this myth-take 'God' bears no responsibility for His recipe expressing itself in just the way He all-knowingly intended it to. Why His surprise and disappointment?





Often, big paradoxes mightily arrive when a proposed realm is declared 'invisible', and Omar is ever up to the task. Brave Omar knocks 'god' without fear.

When "You shall be You no more" and "And naked on the Air of Heaven ride", and the like, it is perhaps that there not really a redundant soul ever living on, made of some invisible angelic vapour that duplicates and preserves our brain neuron network, which readily maintains what is already you just fine, in some essence of an already evolutionarily expensively formed brain. FitzGerald's 'quicksilver' is either as the above soul or as wine coursing through us.

Omar cites the limits to Knowing Everything as us moving toward a carpe diem centering in the now. He writes "...evermore Came out by the same Door as in I went", "...But not the Master knot of Human Fate", and so forth. Not being able to know is the same dilemma facing his Impotent Great Wheel itself.

And so Omar unveils his basic human philosophy for the human condition, the central tenet being the primacy of the 'Now'— over "Unborn To-morrow and dead Yesterday".

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all thy Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it.

While the above probably refers to predestination by Allah, as made more explicit in other quatrains, it can also relate now-a-days to more scientifically modern views as to how each moment arises in Time,





in the Now, and then completely passes away, wholly replaced right then and there by the next Now, which process, or even 'processing', can't be stopped, much like the deterministic chain "That none can slip, nor break, nor over-reach".

Whether there is being or becoming, as eternalism or presentism, is still an open question. We don't know the mode of time, for either mode would have the same appearance to us.

What one did long ago is done, dead, and gone, obviating any real shame and blame, but one must as well give up any fame, as well, crediting all to Fate. Plus, indeed, can one really be held responsible for who/what they've come to be from nature and nurture?

While Omar rails against a predestination by 'God', it is for other, godless, reasons that determinism might still be much the way events have to be, but for some possible quantum level randomness, if any, which damages the will, anyway, harming it, not helping it at all, as much as we somehow wish to think that our will can be free of itself or that we or any part of physical Nature can do the same to somehow be self-made entities as mini first causes. It seems that for one to have 'God', whatever Nature does is what 'God' does, and so thus 'god' is not required.

Omar reveals that an ultimate basis without Origin, such as his causeless Great Wheel. standing in for the Eternal Basis, cannot even know its own reason for existence, and is powerless over this and its state, with no choice given to it for its being, it having to do just what it does and naught else, much as we.





"It rolls impotently on as Thou or I", or it just 'IS', ever and eternal, without a beginning or end, and what never begins cannot have a certain direction, design, meaning, or purpose put to it in the first place that never was.

Whose secret Presence through Creation's veins
Running Quicksilver-like eludes your pains;
Taking all shapes from Máh to Máhi and
They change and perish all—but He remains;

Thanks to you both, Edward FitzGerald and Omar Khayyam, for attending to the serious task of pointing out the dubious and the deep.

There are 115 quatrains herein: 101 current + 9 that were restored + 5 from FitzGerald's notes.







Many splendid quatrains are buried deep
In the manuscripts of Bodleian's keep
And in Calcutta's tome lost, long entombed,
Herein given life by enhancement's leap.



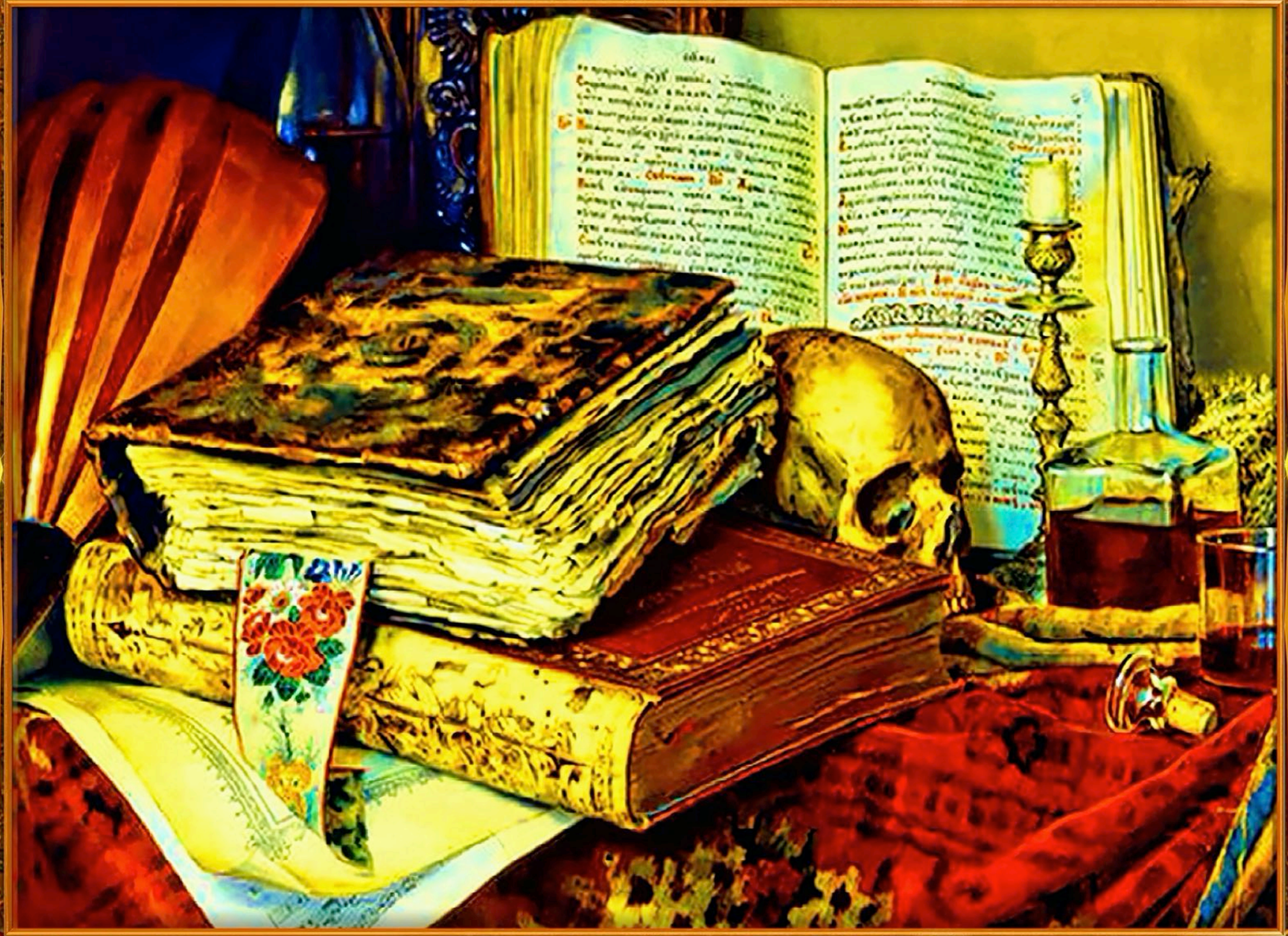

The Discarded Quatrains


magic
moments



The verses beat the same, in measured chime.
Lines one-two set the stage, one-two-four rhyme.
Verse three's the pivot around which thought turns;
Line four delivers the sting, just in time.

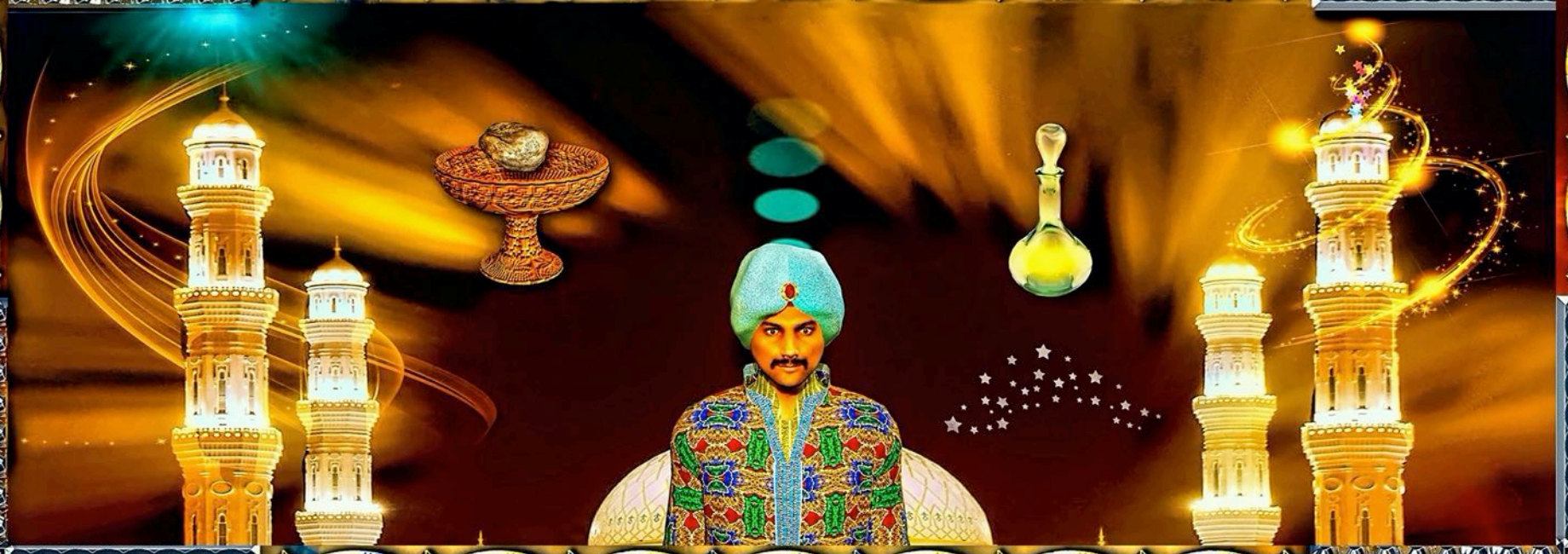





The Awakening


1. (In a Noose of Light)
2. (Dawn's Left Hand)
3. (As the Cock crew)

AWAKE! For Morning in the Bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight:
And Lo! the Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultan's Turret in a Noose of Light.





A dream spoke to me,
while I slumbered deep,
"You're wasting on the
threshold of Death's keep;
Doth in repose
does the rosebud blossom?
Entombed, you can
for eternity sleep."







The sun doth smite the roofs with Orient ray
And, Khosrau like, his wine-red sheen display:
Arise, and drink! the herald of the dawn
Uplifts his voice, and cries, 'Oh, drink to-day!'






Morning in the Bowl of Night

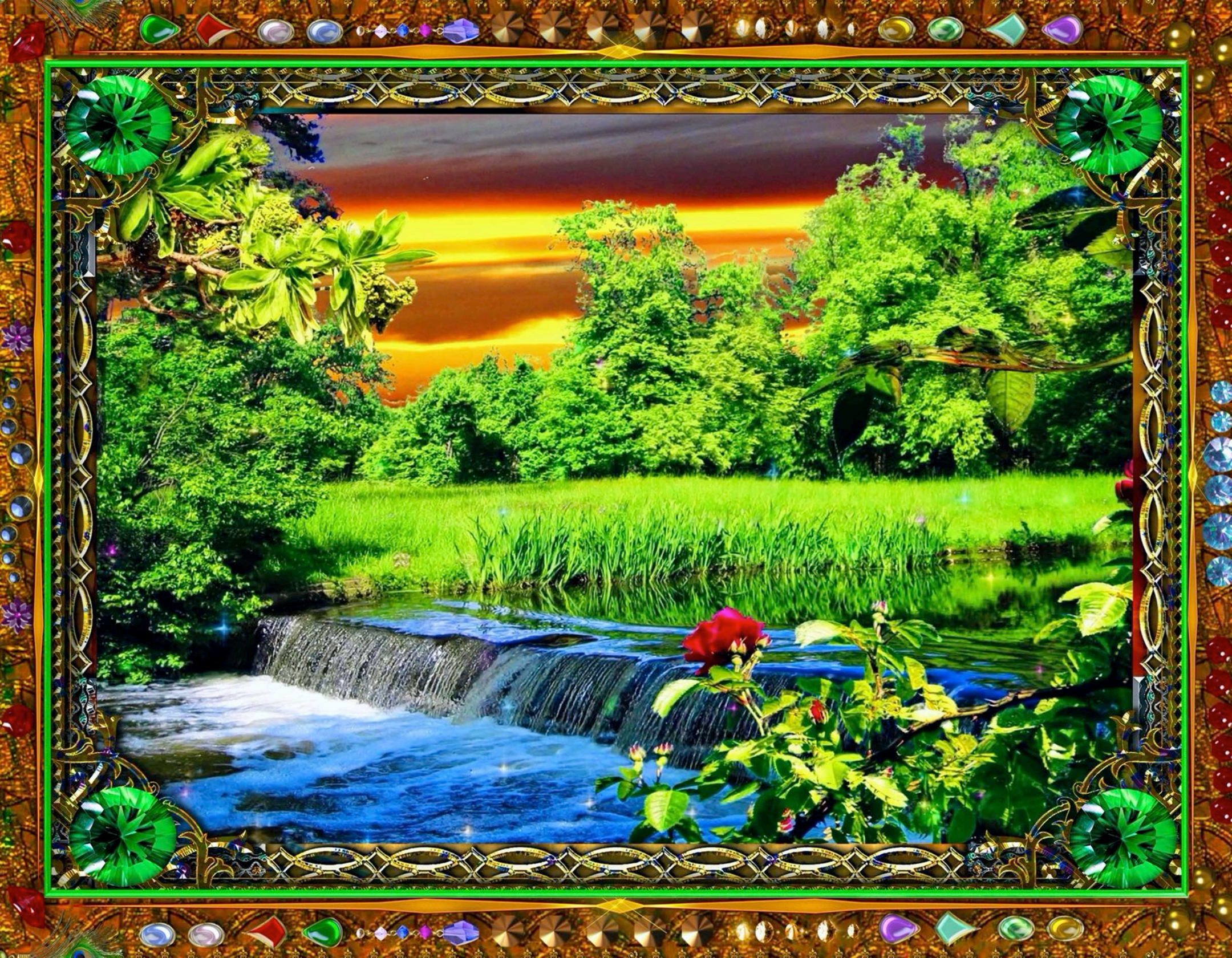


Dreaming when Dawn's Left Hand was in the Sky
I heard a Voice within the Tavern cry,
"Awake, my Little ones, and fill the Cup
Before Life's Liquor in its Cup be dry."




Dawn's Left Hand was in the Sky


The universe's mantle binds us worn—
Tears feeding the river on which we're borne.
Hell's but an ember of our senseless fears;
Heaven's the rose-breath of opening morn.



At this hour of the dawning; up, flower of thy kind!
With rubies in crystal, come gladden the mind;
For this moment we borrow from Time on the wing
Full oft wilt thou seek nor again wilt thou find.





Angel of joyful foot! the dawn is nigh;
Pour wine, and lift your tuneful voice on high,
Sing how Jamshyds and Khosraus bit the dust,
Whelmed by the rolling months, from Tir to Dai!



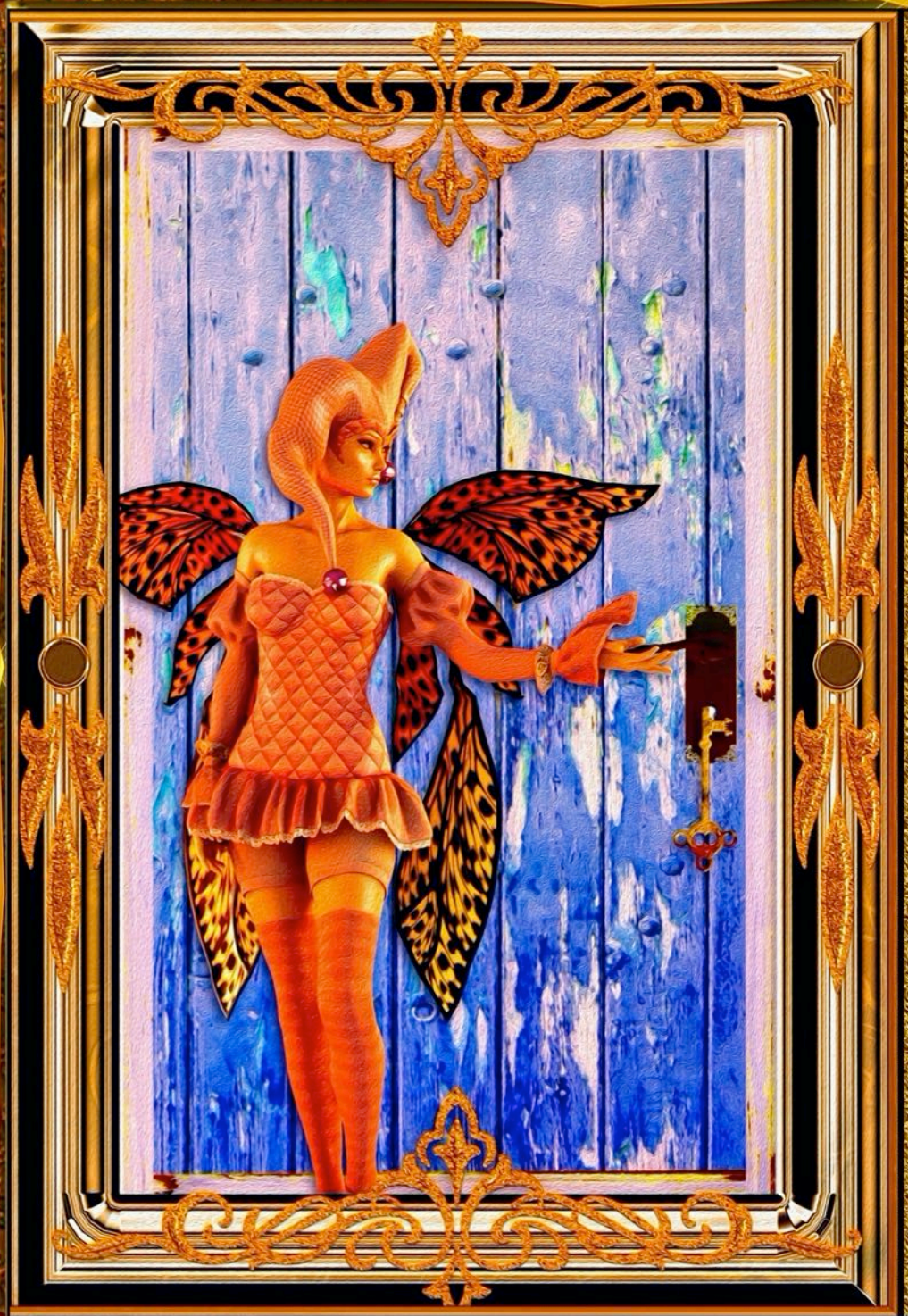




And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before
The Tavern shouted—"Open then the Door.
You know how little while we have to stay,
And, once departed, may return no more."





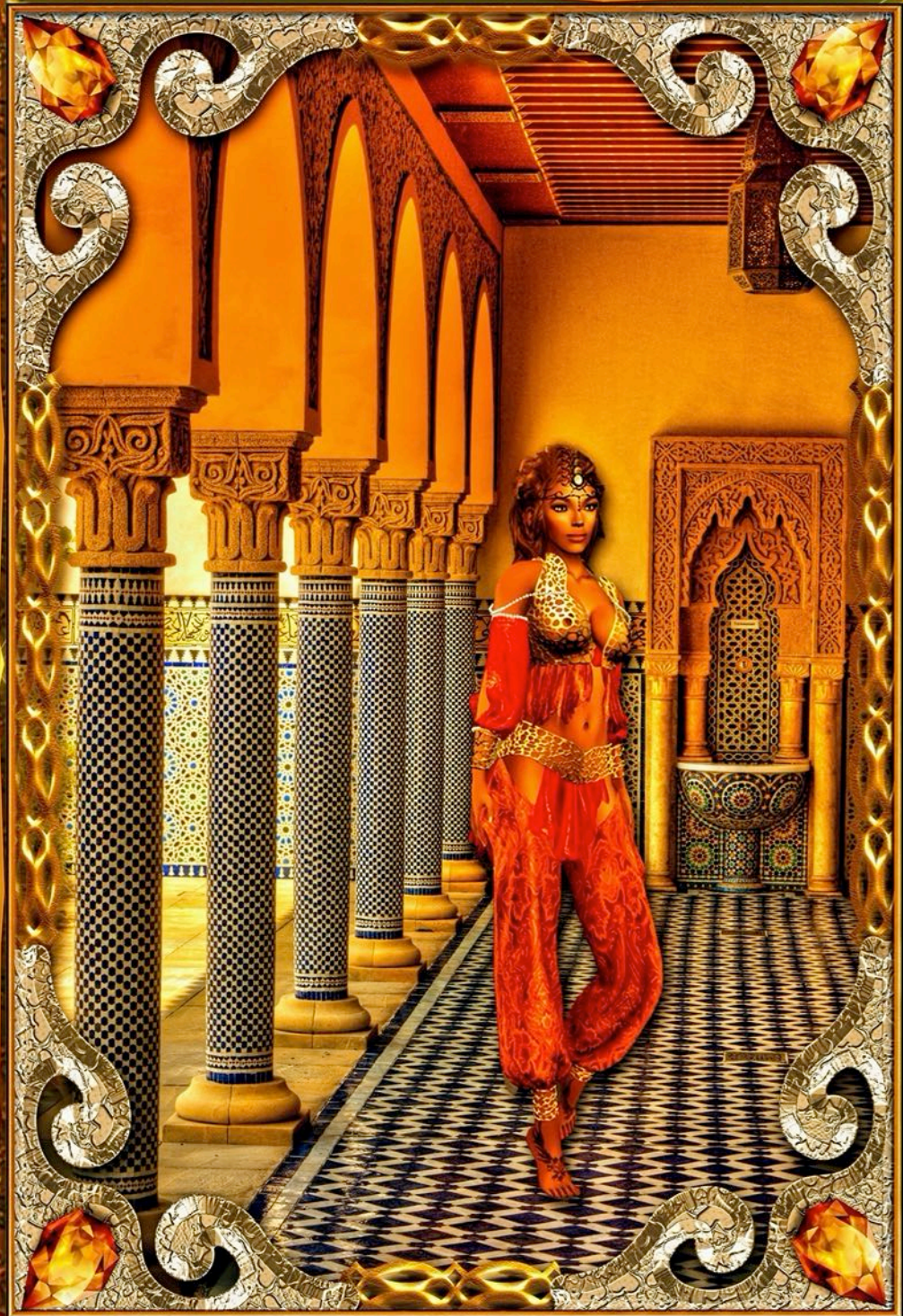






Oh! wine is richer that the realm of Jam,
More fragrant than the food of Miriam;
Sweeter are sighs that drunkards heave at morn
Than strains of Bu Sa'id and Bin Adham.








To Solitude Retired

4. (Soul to Solitude)

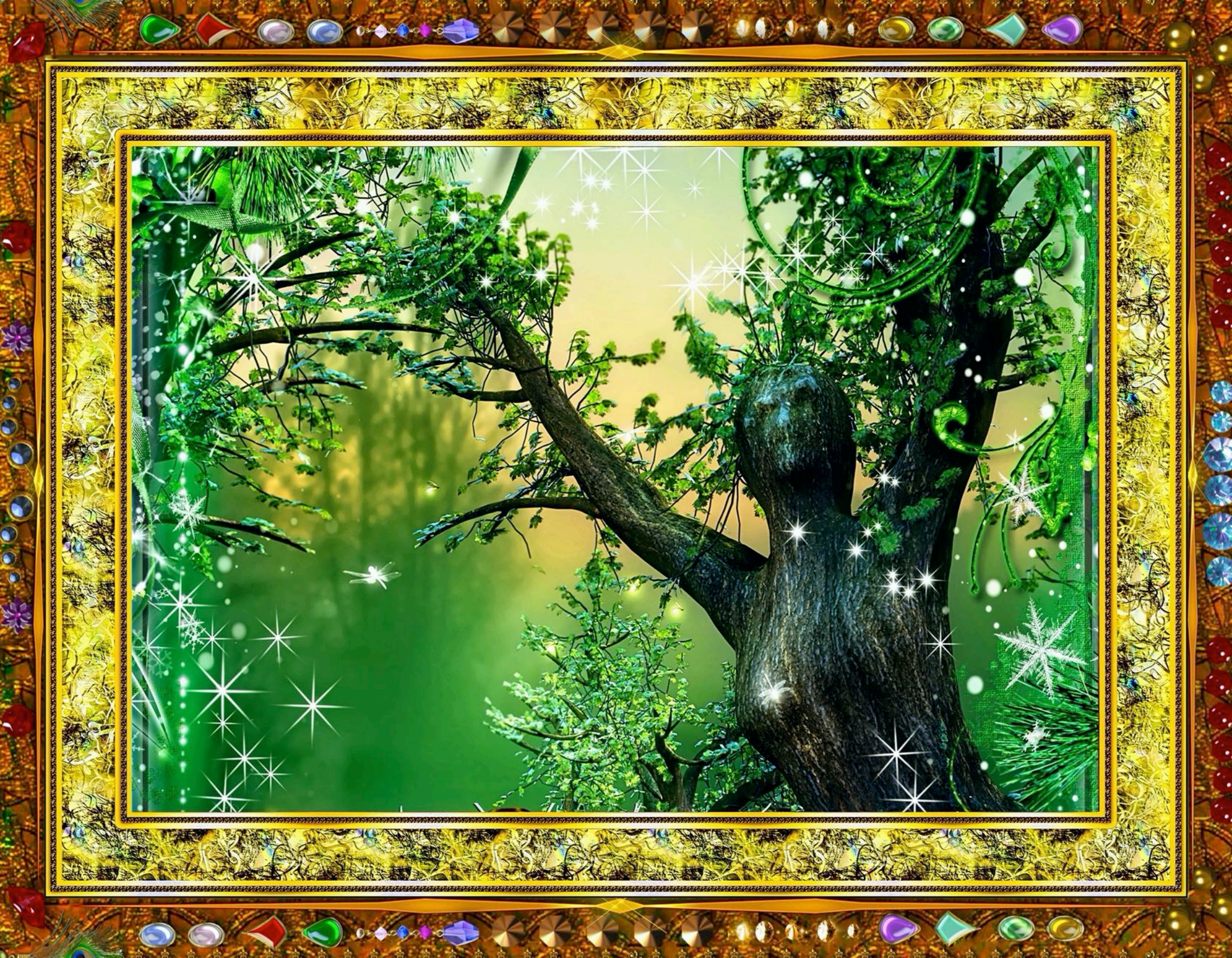
5. (Iram)



6. (Red Wine)

Now the New Year reviving old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,
Where the White Hand Of Moses on the Bough
Puts out, and Jesus from the Ground suspires.





Aft the cloud's eyes water the soil that dried,
The sun's warm breath wakes up the seeds inside;
Hence, all the plants, trees, and flowers revive,
And over mead, stream, and wayside preside.





The Spirit breathes life
with its holy might;
Spring blossoms replace
winter's snowy white;
Cloudy vapors
coalesce into drops;
The airs the lovers
with fragrance invite.



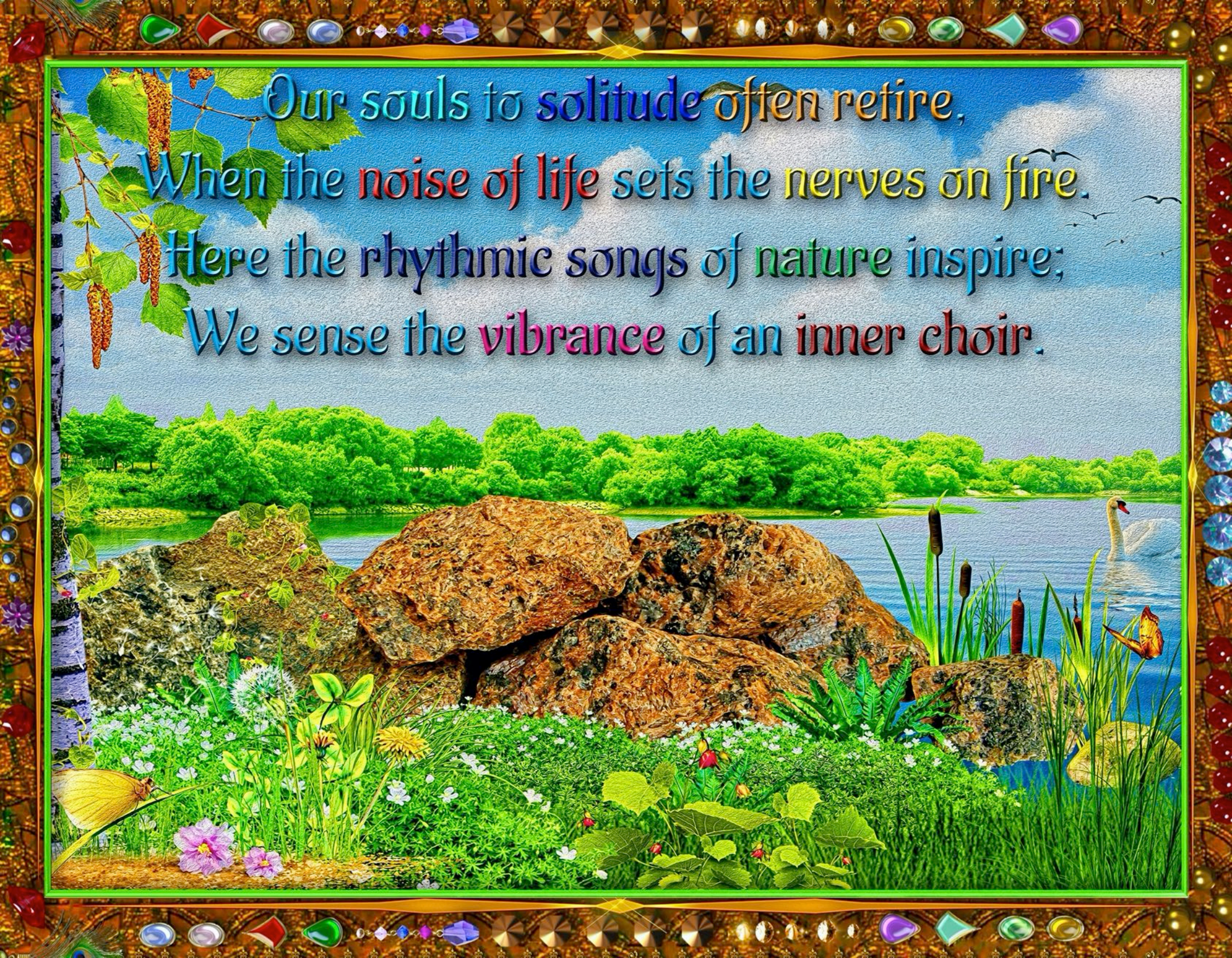


Spring kisses the earth, leaving flowers there,
Like those whose perfume first scented virgin air,
As again, the fragrant glen, in Heaven's prayer,
Hails Earth's anniversary with flowers fair.



Slake love's thirst for life's earthly endeavor
Near a stream where wildflowers grow forever.
Flowers influence our feelings—deep they roam:
Flora's fairest flowers compose Heaven's poem.




Our souls to solitude often retire,
When the noise of life sets the nerves on fire.
Here the rhythmic songs of nature inspire;
We sense the vibrance of an inner choir.



Iram indeed is gone with all its Rose,
And Jamshyd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup where no one knows;
But still the Vine her ancient Ruby yields,
And still a Garden by the Water blows.






And Lo! King Jamshyd's Golden Garden Land
Now's the sunken Atlantis of his band.
A turret reaches forth, then sinks in a
Rolling dune—life's but a handful of sand!

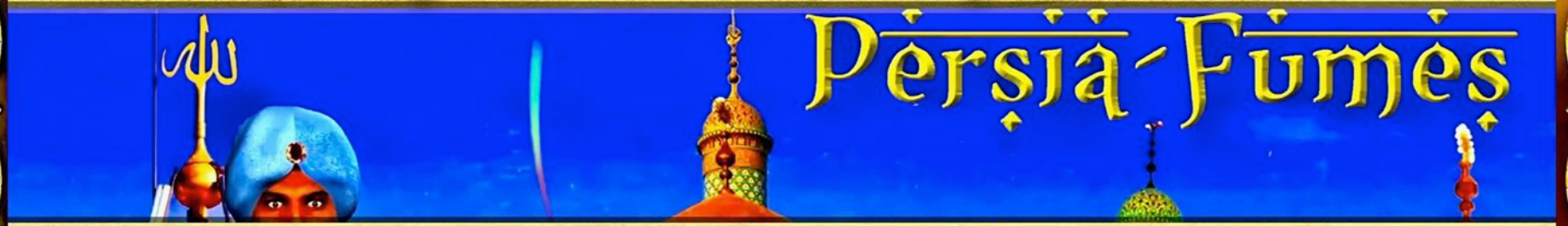


The concave mirror of a telescope
Is as Jam's world-reflecting bowl or globe:
Beyond the seven-ringed celestials,
The Secrets of the Cosmos are unveiled.




The End, the Beginning, and All that Lies Between
Austin Tornes

Jamschid reigned seven hundred years, wary;
Karum, the rich gold-maker, lies buried,
With all his treasures, near the Pyramids;
Kai Kaus' palace was built by demons varied.



Jewry hath seen a thousand prophets die,
Sinai a thousand Musas mount the sky;
How many Caesars Rome's proud forum crossed!
'Neath Wasra's dome how many monarchs lie!



And David's Lips are lock't; but in divine
High piping Pelevi, with "Wine! Wine! Wine!
Red Wine!"—the Nightingale cries to the Rose
That sallow Cheek of hers to'incarnadine.





The morn has bloomed, the warm day's growing lush;
Past, the garden's dust run from the rain's gush.
Wine's nightingale sings in tongue to the drooped:
Oh, pale rose, we both must drink to blush toward flush!




Red Wine! ==the Nightingale cries to the Rose


The rose's skirt reveals,
shorn by the breeze,
And the nightingales
rejoice in the trees;
Let us lay about
the rose bush with ease,
For many have
turned to dust
just like these.



Drink the lifeblood of the grapes you've sown,
Before pressing time squeezes out thy own.
Do toast with thy chalice and all inspire:
'To life's red wine I give all that I own!'




My heart's blood gleams like a melted ruby,
The wealth of mine—the gem that flows in me;
My goblet enshrines my wounded heart's tears—
Wine is my soul and the cup my body.

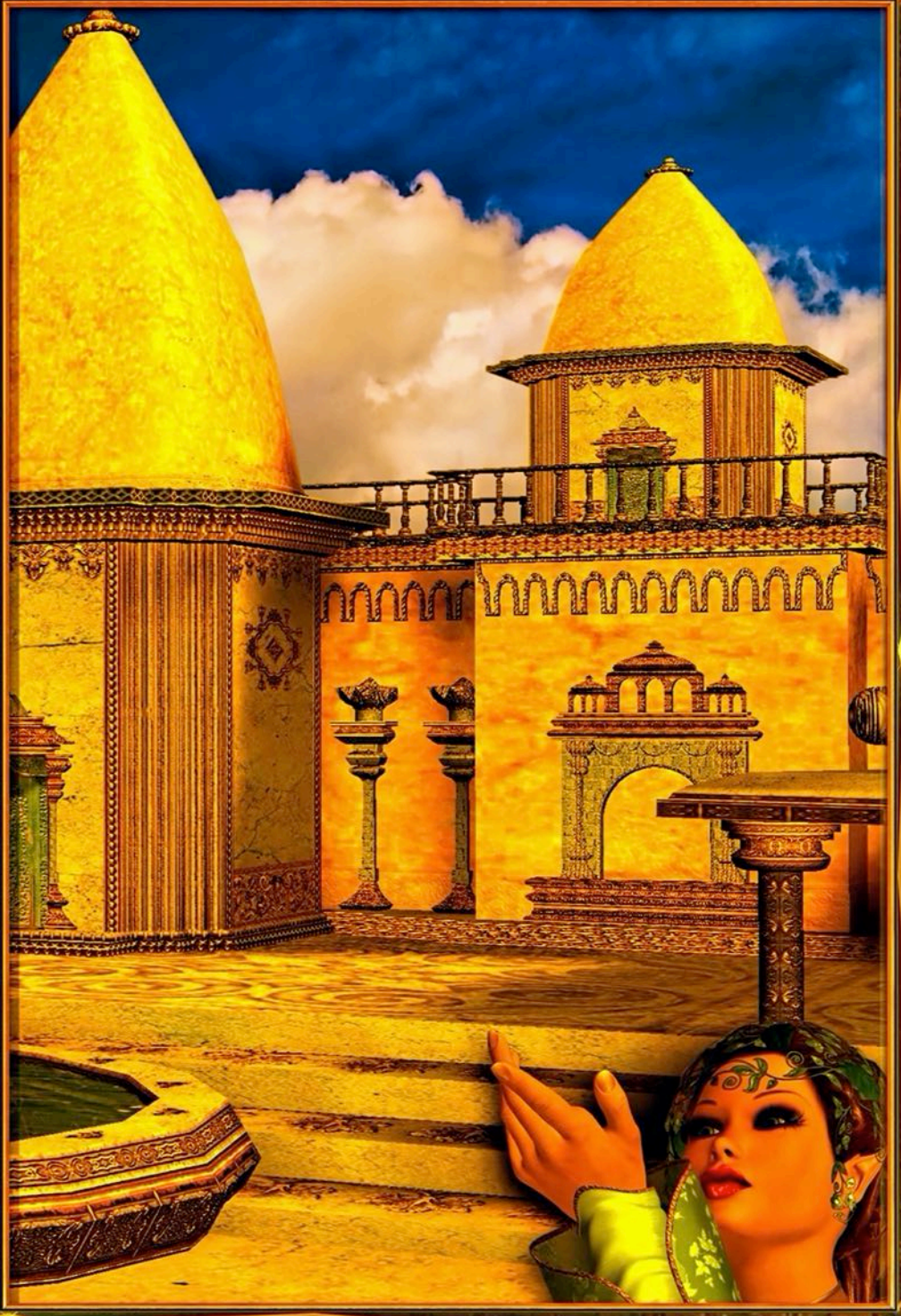
For my sins of spring I repent my part;
No! I mustn't atone, for how, apart,
Could I resist the beauty of love's truth
When roses and tulips bloom in love's heart?





Oh, meddling thoughts that
harp on reason's plea,
My cheeks glow red from
the loved one's grape tree,
So to your face
I throw my other hand,
And drop you into sleep,
oh fantasy.










The Invitation



7. (In the Fire of Spring)

8. (The Leaves of Life)

9. (a thousand Blossoms)

10. (Heed them not)

The Bird of Time



Come, fill the Cup, and in the Fire of Spring
The Winter Garment of Repentance fling:
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To fly—and Lo! the Bird is on the Wing.






Some may ask of Life: "How does one find love?"
Life says, "Be still! Don't rush far and above;
Stop; let love's butterfly alight on you,
For that's the touch that romance is made of."



Spring's New Year unfolds the garden's jewels:
The sweet rose, my Peri, and April Fools.
Yester-now expires gifting the present;
Twould be naught to speak outside of what rules.





The morn springs us o'er oblivion's brink,
The stars overcome, sunk in the day's drink.
We race our paths, past Allah's golden dome,
Unto the green-grassed river-bank to sink.





Those who dally
on the soft river grass,
Drinking an houri's
morning breath, alas,
While the flowered
Persia fumes waft about,
Are free and saved
from the mosque's tiring mass.





On spring's green bank,
love's houri drinks with me,
Pouring her cup
into my soul thirsty;
Would I then gasp
for Heaven's Paradise,
Then, I daresay,
dogs whine better than me.





For those who see,
grass and stream meet the eyes,
In mead and desert,
where Heaven's realm lies;
While there,
life's Hell has gone away,
you'd say,
As you consort with
maids of Paradise.



When morning breaks,
the rosy cup drain,
And dash fame's crystal
on the rocks again;
Thy lute is sweet,
her tresses soft as down;
Heaven is here,
and future glory vain.



Whether at Naishapur or Babylon,
Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,
The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one.





From life we oft drew wine, now dregs to drink,
Once flaunted silk, but now in tatters shrink;
Such changes wisdom holds of slight account
To those who stand on death's appalling brink!





And look—a thousand Blossoms with the Day
Woke—and a thousand scatter'd into Clay:
And this first Summer Month that brings the Rose
Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobád away.





When showers of Spring the tulips' cheeks overflow
Arise and to the wine-cup haste to go,
For this green where thou sport'st to-day, perchance
On some near morrow from thy dust may grow.





She grows a clutch of blossoms to propose;
His zephyr blows nature's page to disclose:
Spring, departing, caresses the summer—
From their only kiss blooms the lovely rose.





Spring's last breath awakens him—he's living:
The life-force passes to summer from spring—
His clover spreads, vines grow strong, roses cling,
All from the kiss of which she died giving.





But come with old Khayyam, and leave the Lot
Of Kaikobád and Kaikhosrú forgot:
Let Rustum cry "To Battle" as he likes
Or Hatim Tai cry Supper—heed them not.






N
ne
E





Old wine betters Kai's kingdom's palace new,
And far does it his golden throne outdo.
The cup a hundred times beats all realms, and
The wine-jar lid bests the crown of Khosrau.





So much sweeter sounds
are a lover's sighs
Than the groan of war
that wins great prize.
One taste of
love's dear wine
by far outbuys
A Sultan's wealth
in some
rich paradise.



Old wine betters
Kai's kingdom's
palace new,
And far does it
his golden throne outdo.
The cup
a hundred times
beats all realms, and
The wine-jar lid
bests the crown
of Khosrau.




The Verse
In the Wilderness



11. (Strip of Herbage)

12. (Paradise enow)

13. (a distant Drum)



14. (Spider-like to spin)



With me along some Strip of Herbage strown
That just divides the Desert from the sown,
Where name of Slave and Sultan scarce is known,
And pity Sultan Máhmud on his Throne.





Who knew that the twin-born Peri was bred
From lower flesh and higher spirit bled,
Where the Hellish desert meets the greensward,
When the hot sands and the luscious turf wed.





Follow the path, past the rose bushes sight,
Where the forest opens 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.





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,
Where all woes and troubles have taken wing.

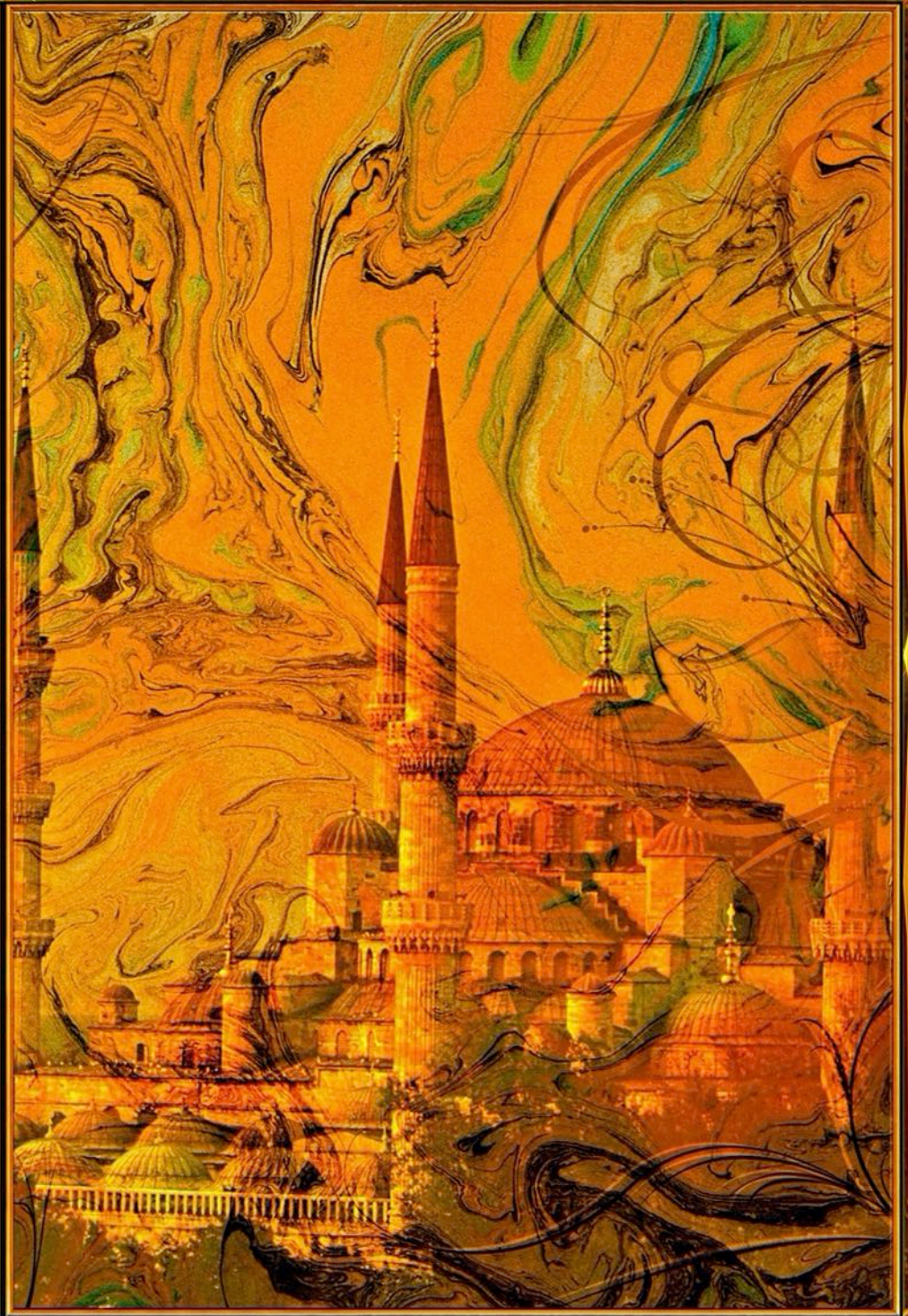


Here the grape vines ne'er toll their final knell;
E'er they pour ruby nectar in life's dell,
An idyll, where we're the cups to be filled
To the brim, to spill, quenched and drenched so well.


Persia-Fume

One wine draught outbuys
a Shah's paradise,
All the sparkling jewels
of the skies,
And China's Kingdom—
trifles unneeded;
What bitter drink beats
a thousand sweets' prize!









Born of kisses, fays are life's spirit-soul,
So much felt as to be oft seen and heard.

Where the river runs, far from Sultan's throne,
We live by the stream-side, just us alone.
Here we've the perfect equilibrium:
Poor but rich, home yet free, great but unknown.





A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!





Though hewn for study of the stars I am,
And philosophy, too, hear Old Khayyam:
Best her tangled tresses attract your view;
Then enjoy wine, verse, and a leg of lamb.

Have we gourds, bread, and a leg of mutton,
While writing verse in the wilderness, yon,
Oh tulip-cheeks, lovelier than the moon,
It'll treat beyond the bounds of a Sultan.



We choose the love nest
over greed's estates,

For romance,
bread, wine, and verse
are our traits;

Heart and soul
buy poverty's privacy;

Rich is the fortune
that poorness creates.



Cast from thy glory
the hindering veil,
Rather than give up
thy body and fail;
Wear instead
the old rug of poverty,
And such the same
as a Sultan prevail.



Some for the Glories of This World; and some
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;
Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!





In Heaven, the pleasure drums beat like rain,
Or so 'tis claimed, to relieve mortal pain;
But, we needn't pay for promise beyond:
Here, from life's currency, we've the same!





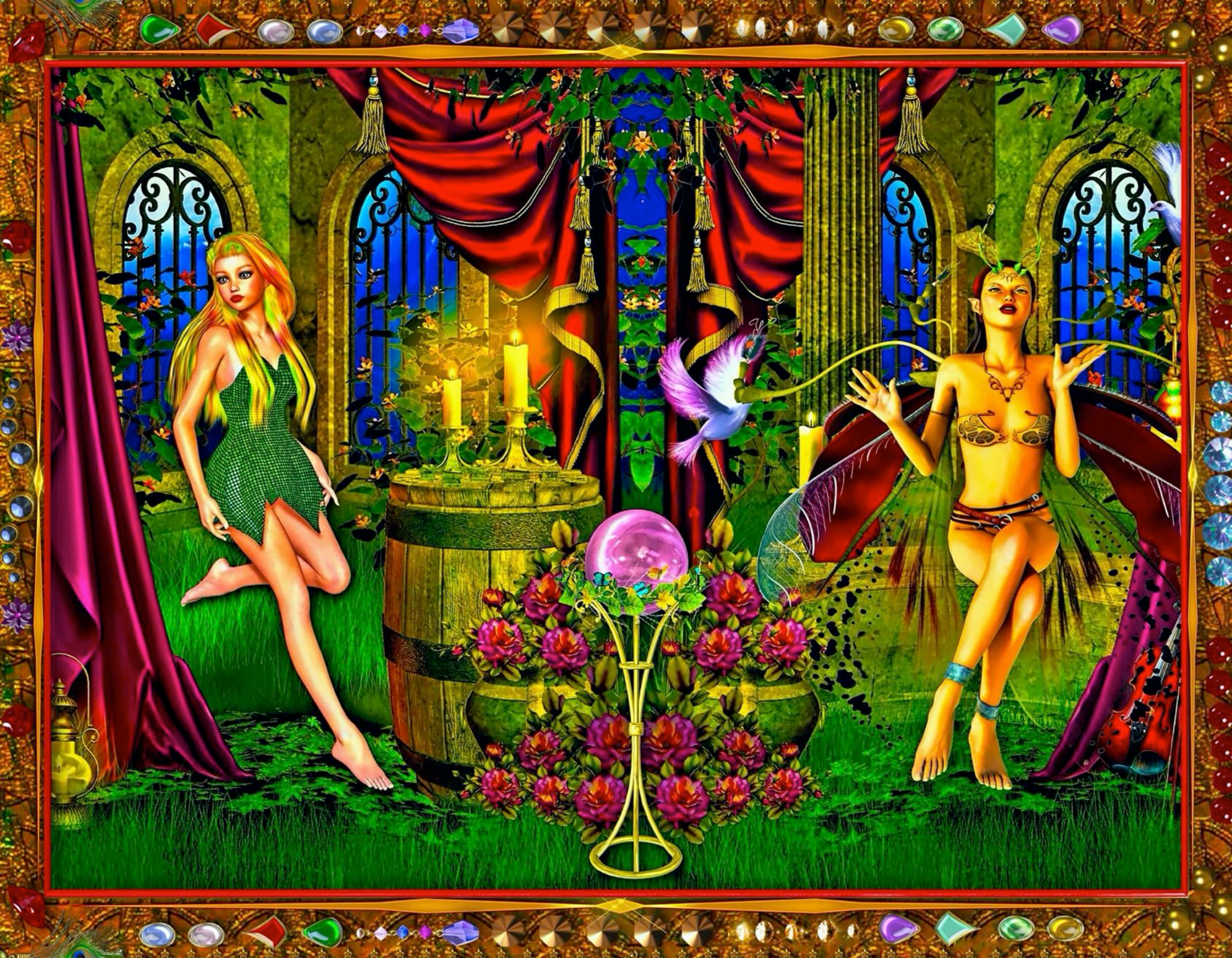






Were it not Folly, Spider-like to spin
The Thread of present Life away to win—
What? for ourselves, who know not if we shall
Breathe out the very Breath we now breathe in!





Were it not Folly,
Spider-like to spin

The Thread of
present Life away to win

What? for ourselves,
who know not if we shall

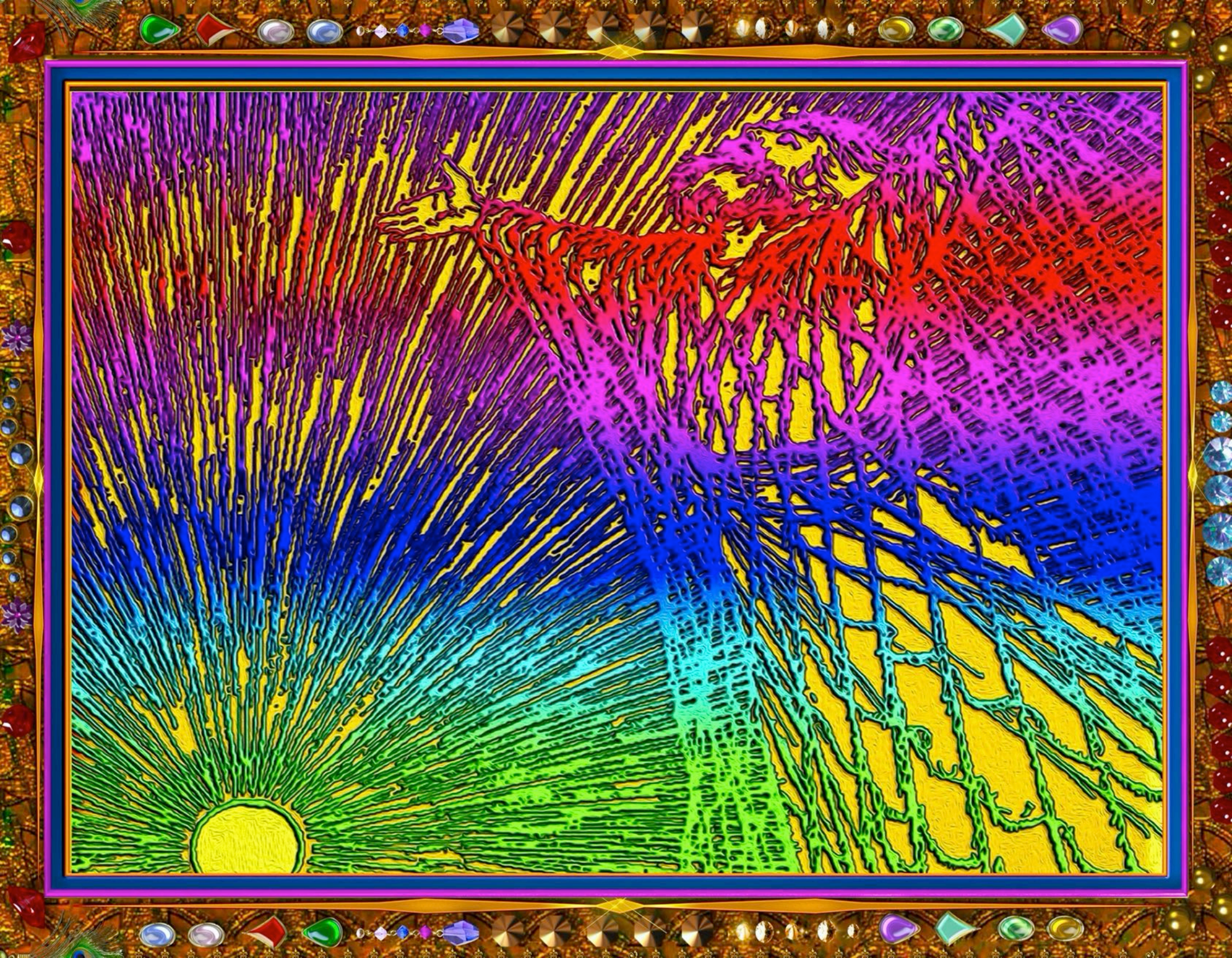
Breathe out the very Breath
we now breathe in!



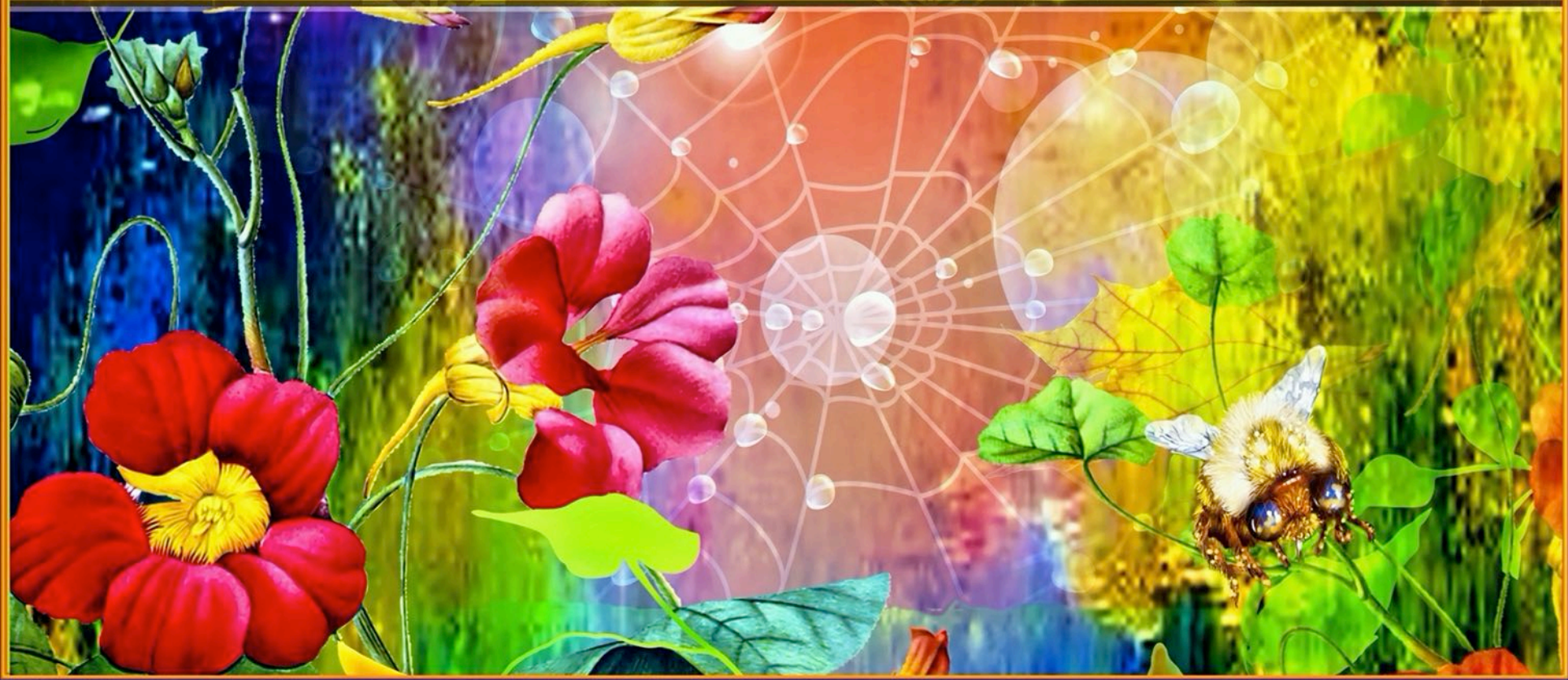


To future columns we stretch our present row,
By a lifeline of tenuously spun vow.
Oh, how soon the weighted web begins to fail;
The only real time under our feet is now.





Life's a web, of whos, whys, whats, and hows,
Stretched as time between eternal boughs.
Gossamer threads bear the beads that glisten,
Each moment a sequence of instant nows.





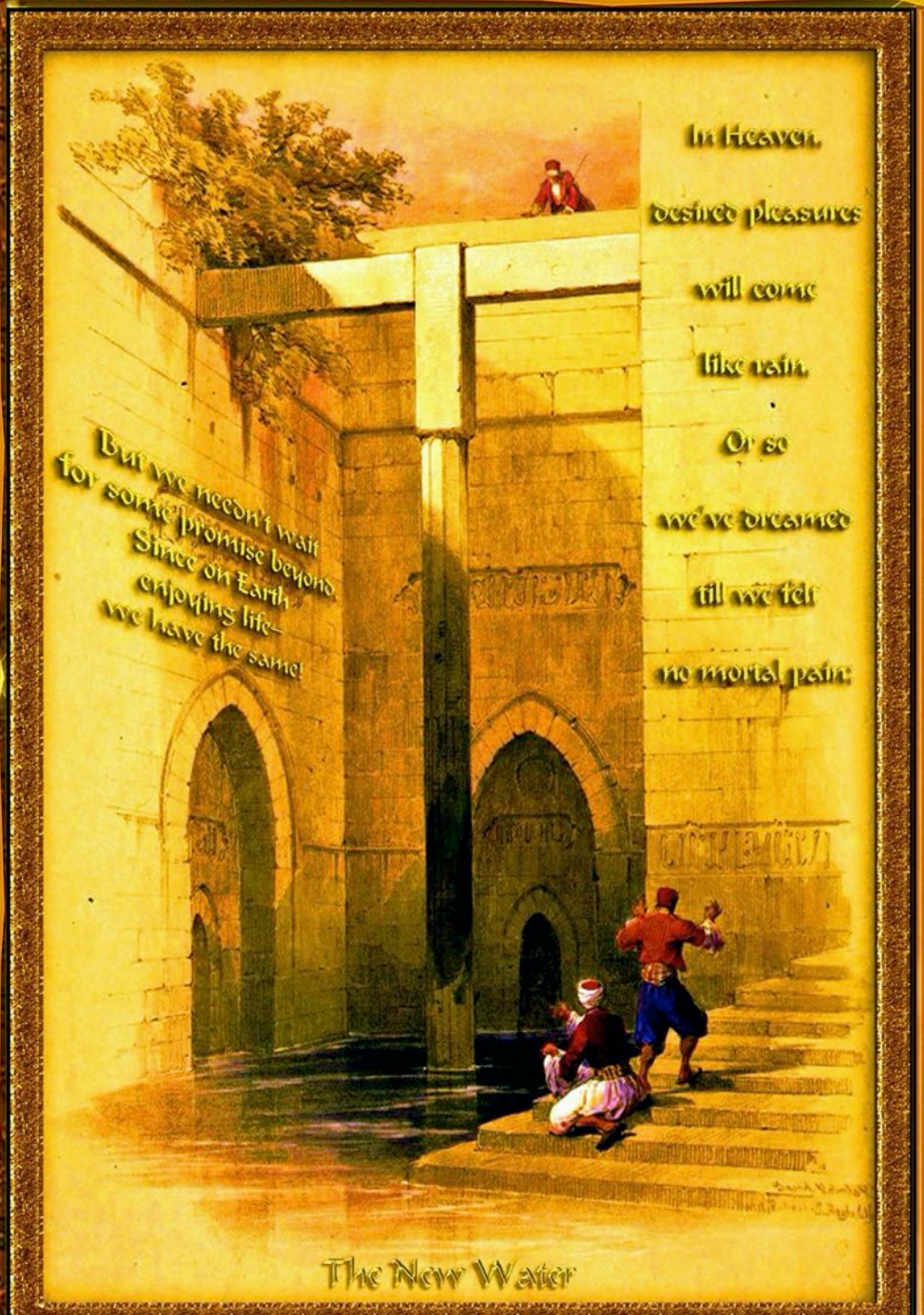
Quatrains are the pearls strung along the wrath,
Illuminating beads that love's web hath,
Lighting the decades of life's rosary,
To thread the enchanted gossamer path.



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.




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


In Heaven,
desired pleasures
will come
like rain.
Or so
we've dreamed
till we felt
no mortal pain:
But we needn't wait
for some promise beyond.
Since on Earth
enjoying life–
we have the same!
The New Water



Memory's ideas recall the last heard tone;
Sensation savors what is presently known;
Imagination anticipates coming sounds;
The delight is such that none could produce alone.




GRAMOPHONE
1907

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.






The Blowing Rose



15. (on the Garden throw)

16. (the Desert's dusty Face)

17. (the Golden Grain)







Look to the Rose that blows about us—"Lo,
Laughing," she says, "into the World I blow:
At once the silken Tassel of my Purse
Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw."





Each morning,
dewdrops pearl the tulip's face,
While the drooping violet
bows in grace,
But fairest, the rosebud,
does closely lace
Her skirt, to shield her blush
from wind's abase.





A rose's prime lasts for but an hour of morn:
Flowering and free, then fragile and forlorn,
The petals float to earth, and there signify
That beauty's past, for all that's left is the thorn.





At first, we sleep in our dear mother's womb;
At last, we sleep in the cold silent tomb.
In between, Life whispers a dream that says,
Wake, live, for the rose withers all too soon!





The Rose

With the Rose the
Earth is rich forever–

It's born from spring's
dying kiss to summer;

It wears all the gems that
the dew has wreathed,

Blooming wherever summer's
breath has breathed.





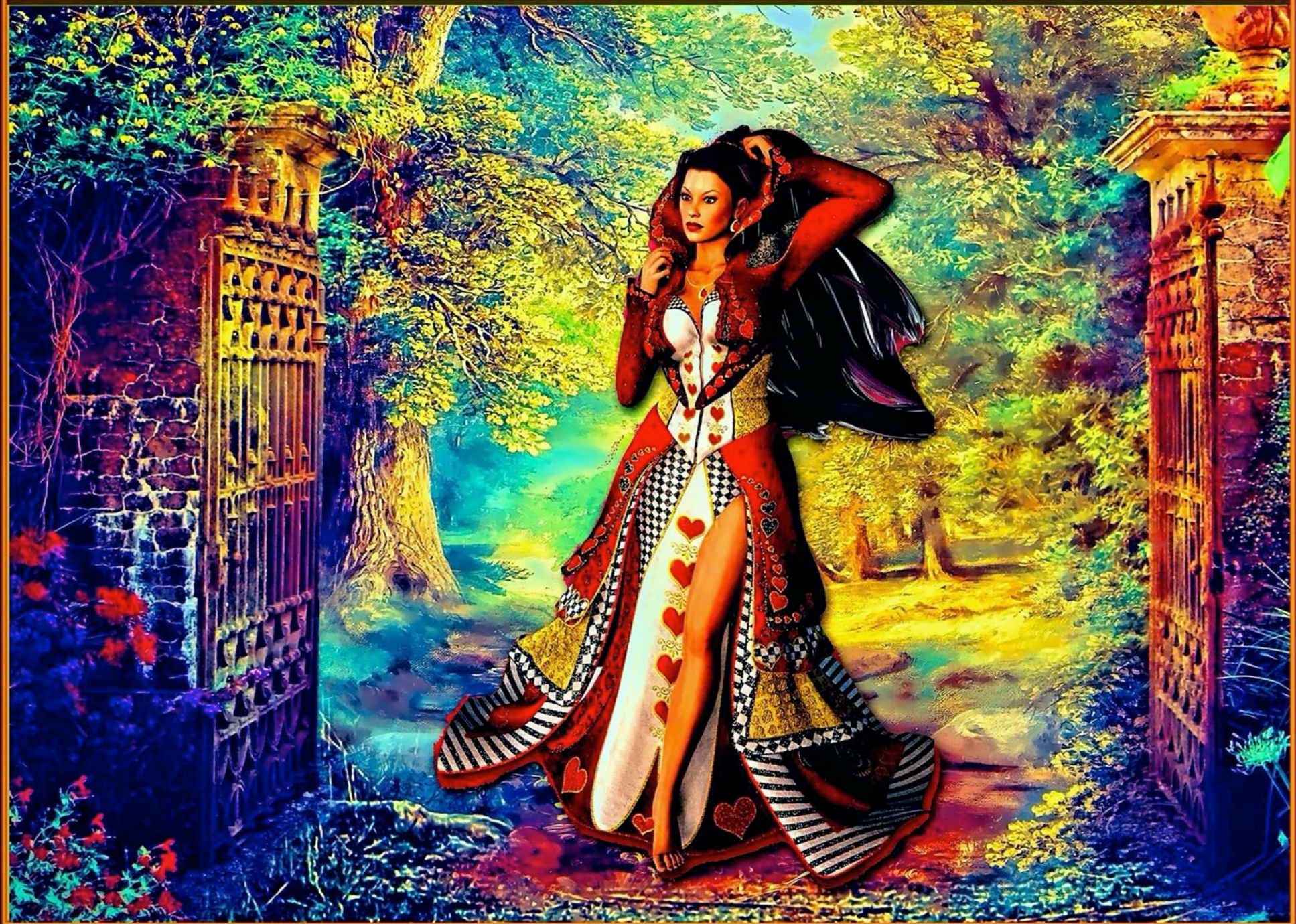
Like the moon, challenge night and gain the light;
Like the rose, suffer the thorn—gain the fragrance;
Of life, surrender to live forever—
Enlightened more than a thousand suns.




W
HOW
Y H W
A H
THEN
R
WHEN
H O
TOE W

The rose has thorns to keep the beasts away;
As such they preserve her fragrant bouquet.
Her petals unfold, meeting the light of day—
The queen of flowers melts my heart away.



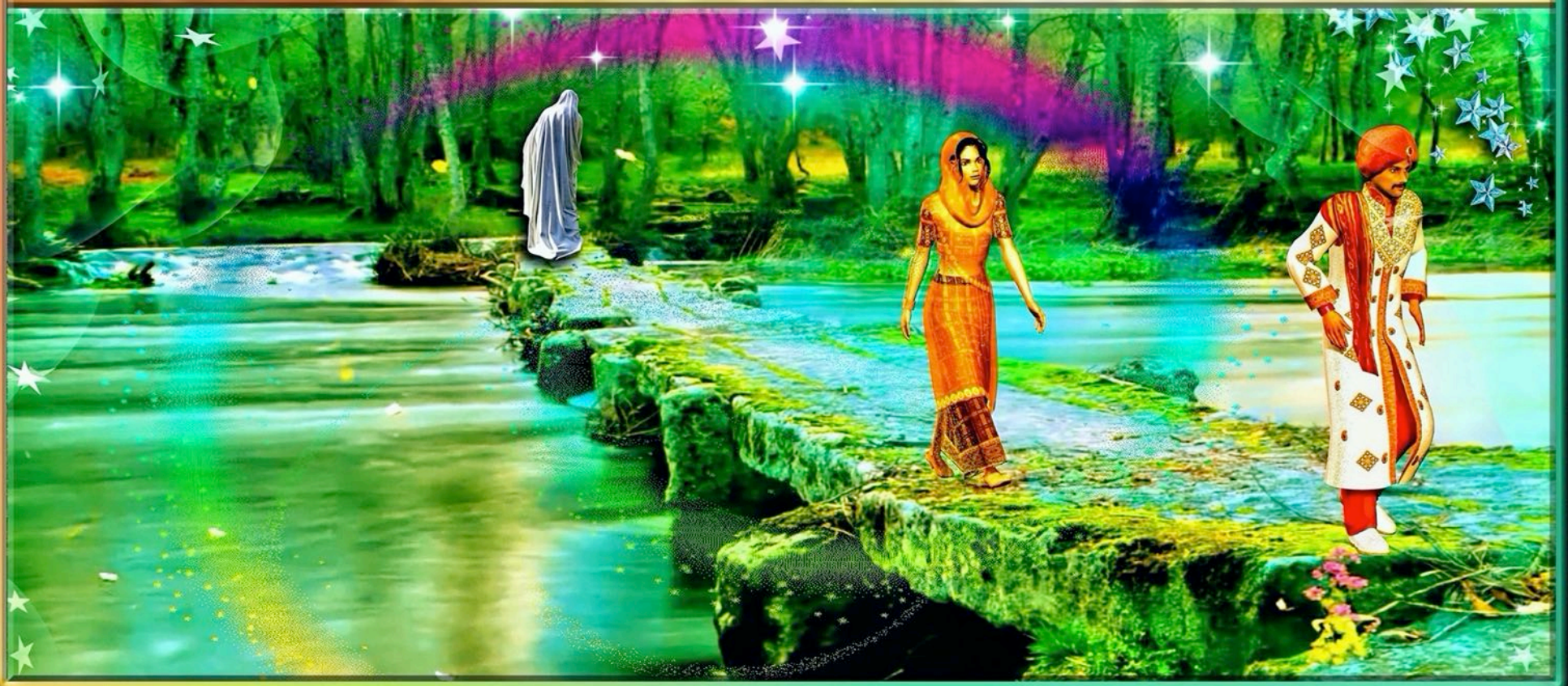


The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face
Lighting a little Hour or two—is gone.





In the hourglass of time, the desert's grains
Ever blow, grind, and blast the camel trains;
Yet, where the river flows, where grasses blow,
You and I, beloved, drink the wine's remains.





The Worldly Hope
men set their Hearts upon

Turns Ashes—or it prospers;
and anon,

Like Snow upon
the Desert's dusty Face

Lighting a little Hour or two—
is gone.





And those who husbanded the Golden Grain,
And those who flung it to the Winds like Rain,
Alike to no such aureate Earth are turn'd
As, buried once, Men want dug up again.





Ere Fate fells you
dried up like an old leaf,
Course red wine through
thy veins of life so brief.
Ne'er for treasured gold
will you be dug up,
Nor even sought by
an impoverished thief.





Ah! Wheel of Heaven to tyranny inclined,
'Twas e'er your wont to show yourself unkind;
And, cruel earth, if they should cleave your breast.
What store of buried jewels they would find!






The Courts of Jamshyd


18. (this batter'd Caravanserai)
19. (the Lion and the Lizard)
20. (the solitary Ringdove)

Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
Whose Doorways are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp
Abode his destin'd Hour, and went his way.





Morning springs us over the wasteland's brink,
And on time's sand we the oasis drink.
Life's strange caravan through the desert winds,
Back toward Nothing; drink—afore the lights sink.





They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep:
And Bahrám, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.

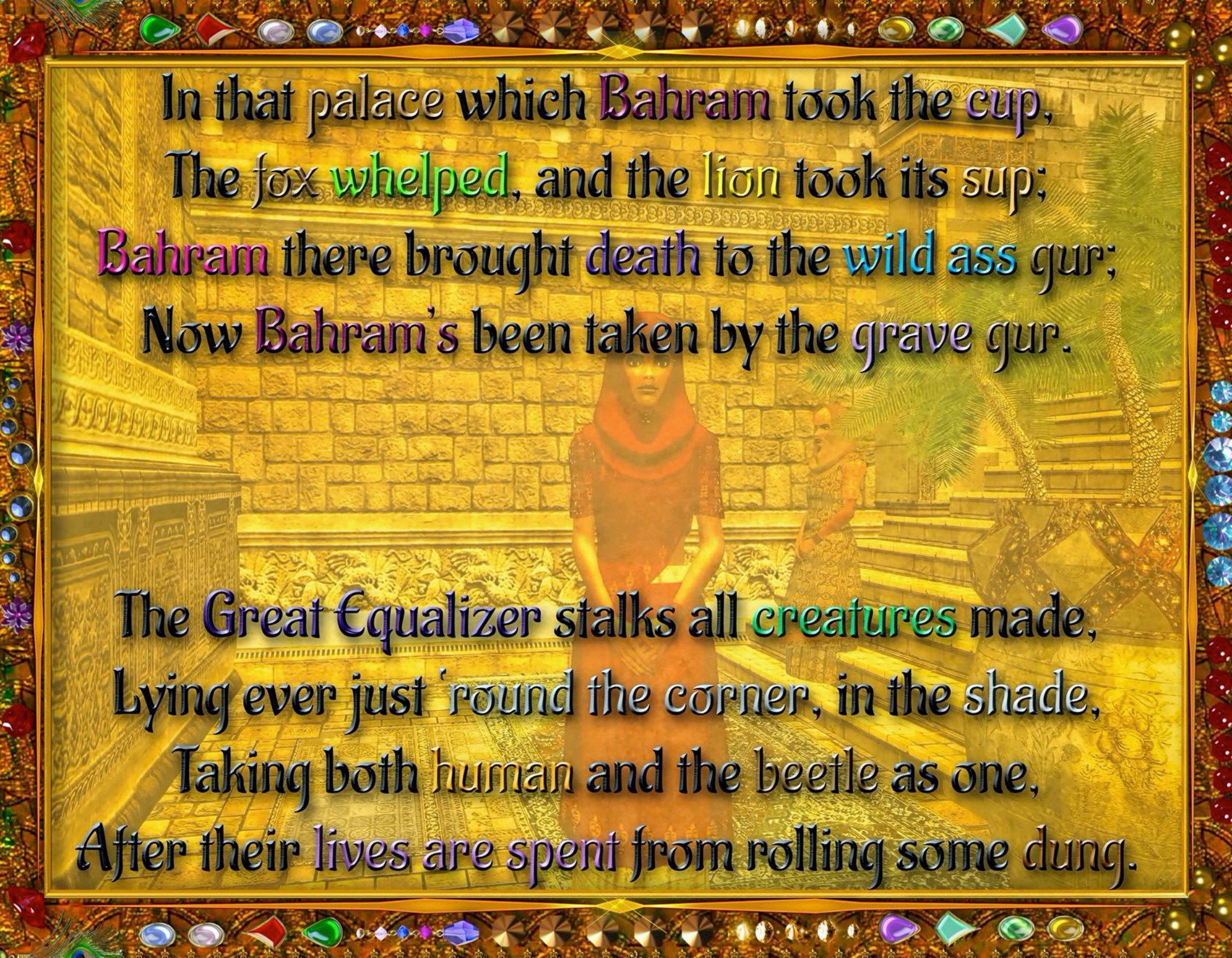




Where in yon palace Bahram wine-cup prest.
The roe bears young, the lion oft takes rest.
King Bahram who in noose oft caught the Gur,
See how the Gur hath Bahram caught at last!






In that palace which Bahram took the cup,
The fox whelped, and the lion took its sup;
Bahram there brought death to the wild ass gur;
Now Bahram's been taken by the grave gur.
The Great Equalizer stalks all creatures made,
Lying ever just 'round the corner, in the shade,
Taking both human and the beetle as one,
After their lives are spent from rolling some dung.




Atlantis of the Sands
What is the world? A caravanserai;
A piebald pavilion of night and day;
A feast whereat a thousand Jamshyds sat,
A couch whereon a thousand Bahrams lay.



The Palace that to Heav'n his pillars threw,
And Kings the forehead on his threshold drew—
I saw the solitary Ringdove there,
And "Coo, coo, coo," she cried; and "Coo, coo, coo."

And "Coo, coo, coo," she cried; and "Coo, coo, coo."

(Similar to the owl's "Who, who, who?" interpretation)

Where,
where,
where
are they?



I saw a bird perched on the walls of Tus,
Before him lay the skull of Kai Kawus,
And thus he made his moan, "Alas, poor king!
Thy drums are hushed, thy 'larums have rung truce."





E'en the smoke from
ember's ash fades away,

That warp with the woof
and weave burned to clay.

How many beautiful hearts
have melted here?

Where in heaven's
cosmic vault wefts their sway?

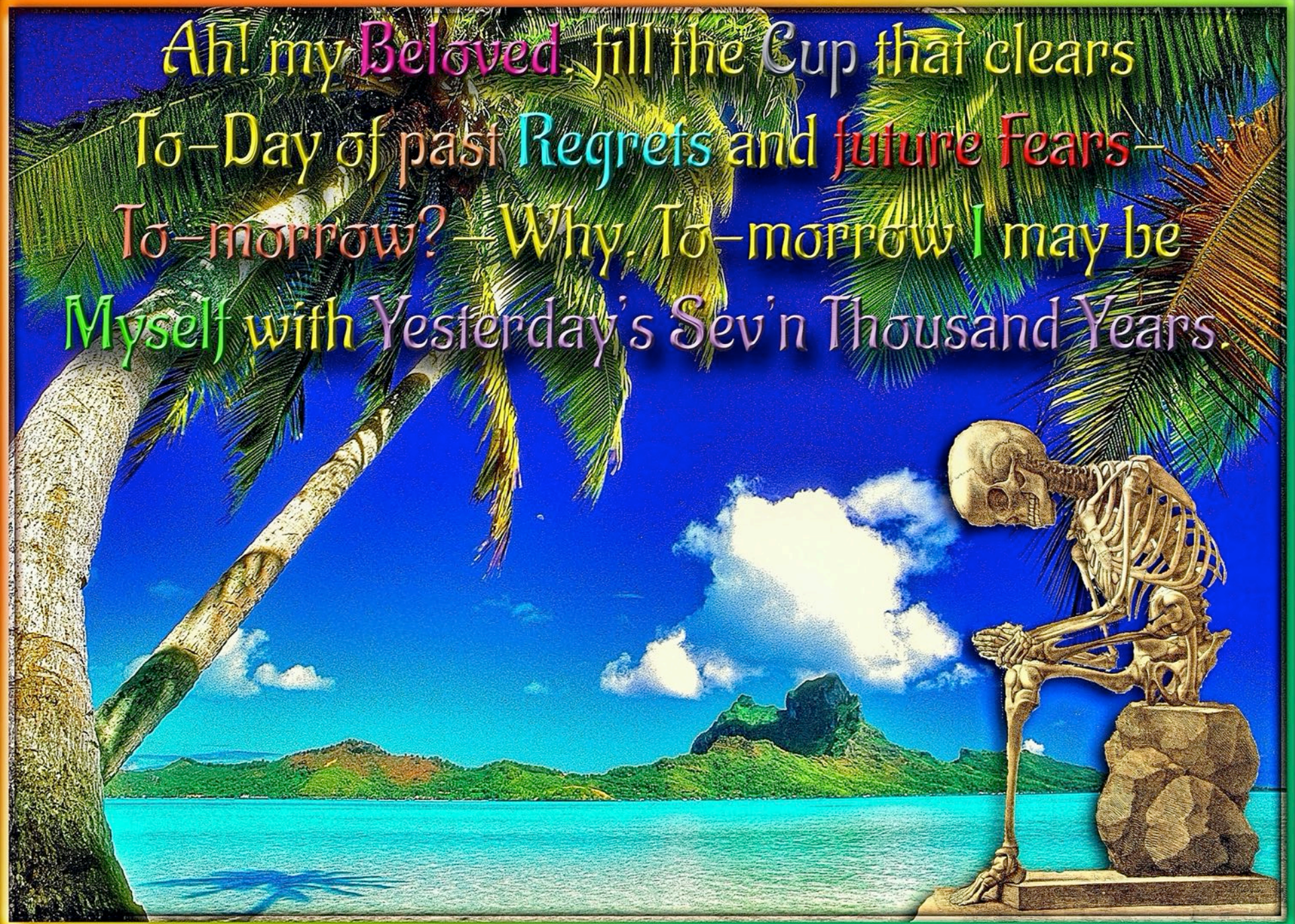







The River Lip


21. (Sev'n Thousand Years)
22. (crept silently to Rest)
23. (to make a Couch)
24. (some once lovely Head)
25. (what once lovely Lip)


Ah! my Beloved, fill the Cup that clears
To-Day of past Regrets and future Fears—
To-morrow?—Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n Thousand Years.


Myself with Yesterday's
Sev'n Thousand Years

Engraved is 'The End' of your earthly sigh;
Six sides surround: five are dirt, one is sky.
Shov'ling, Death speaks to you at last, and asks,
What were you doing during all of nigh?'





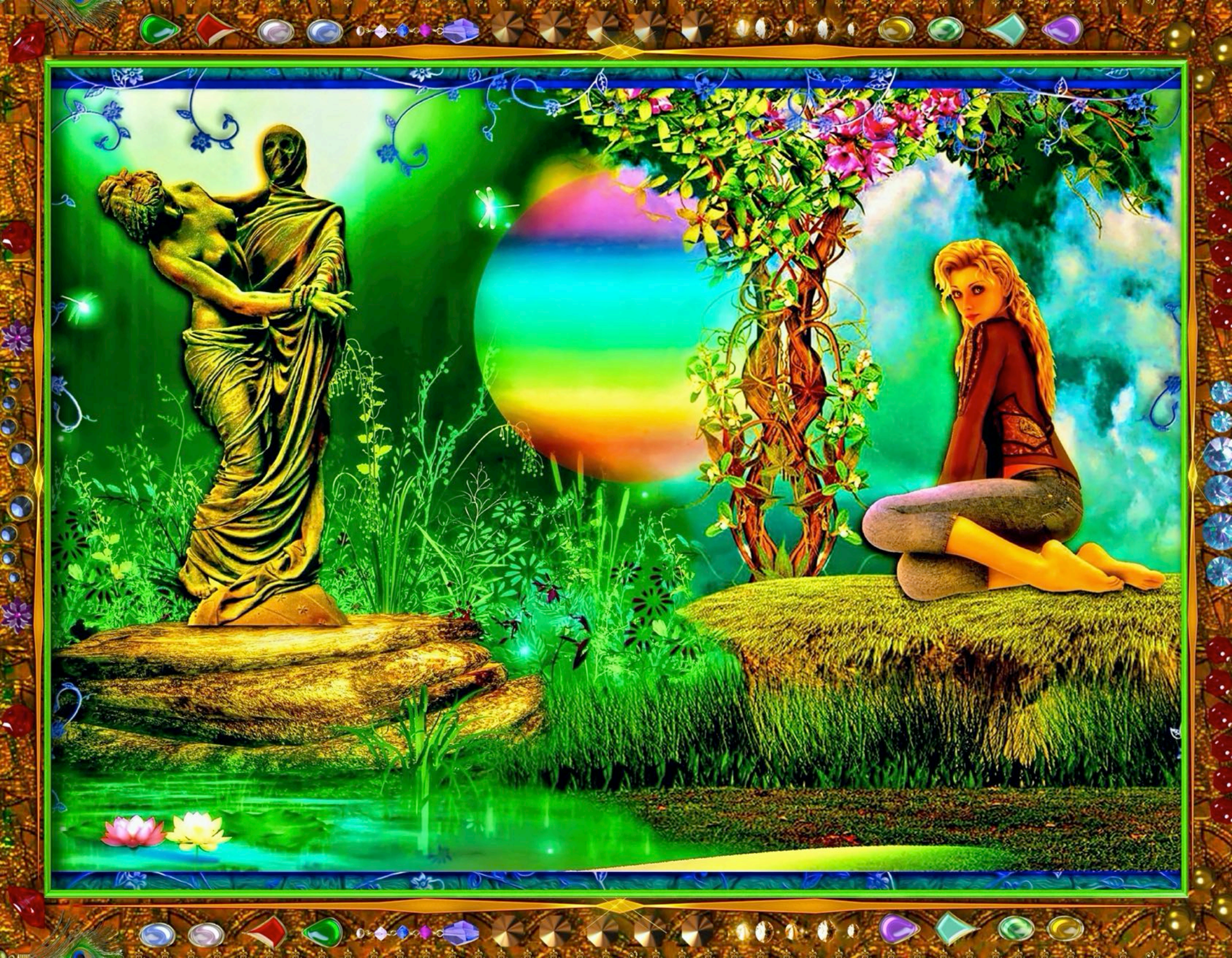

Refreshed, I wandered among the tombstones,
under which rested little more than bones,
wherefrom the life had fled when dreams were dead—
which under me became life's stepping stones.

Take up thy wine goblet, dear, unafraid,
In this haunt of the bank's grassy glade,
For many moon-like forms has heaven's wheel
Into golden cups and goblets like us made!



For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his Vintage rolling Time has prest,
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to Rest.





In spring, we rise from the garden in birth.
Summer blooms long with the roses' fresh mirth.
Autumn creeps in, we wither on the vine.
Last comes winter, when we return to earth.





And we, that now make merry in the Room
They left, and Summer dresses in new Bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
Descend, ourselves to make a Couch—for whom?

As like flowers in bloom, we will eventually wither and die, and thus make a couch for the next generation of growth.





I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Caesar bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in its Lap from some once lovely Head.



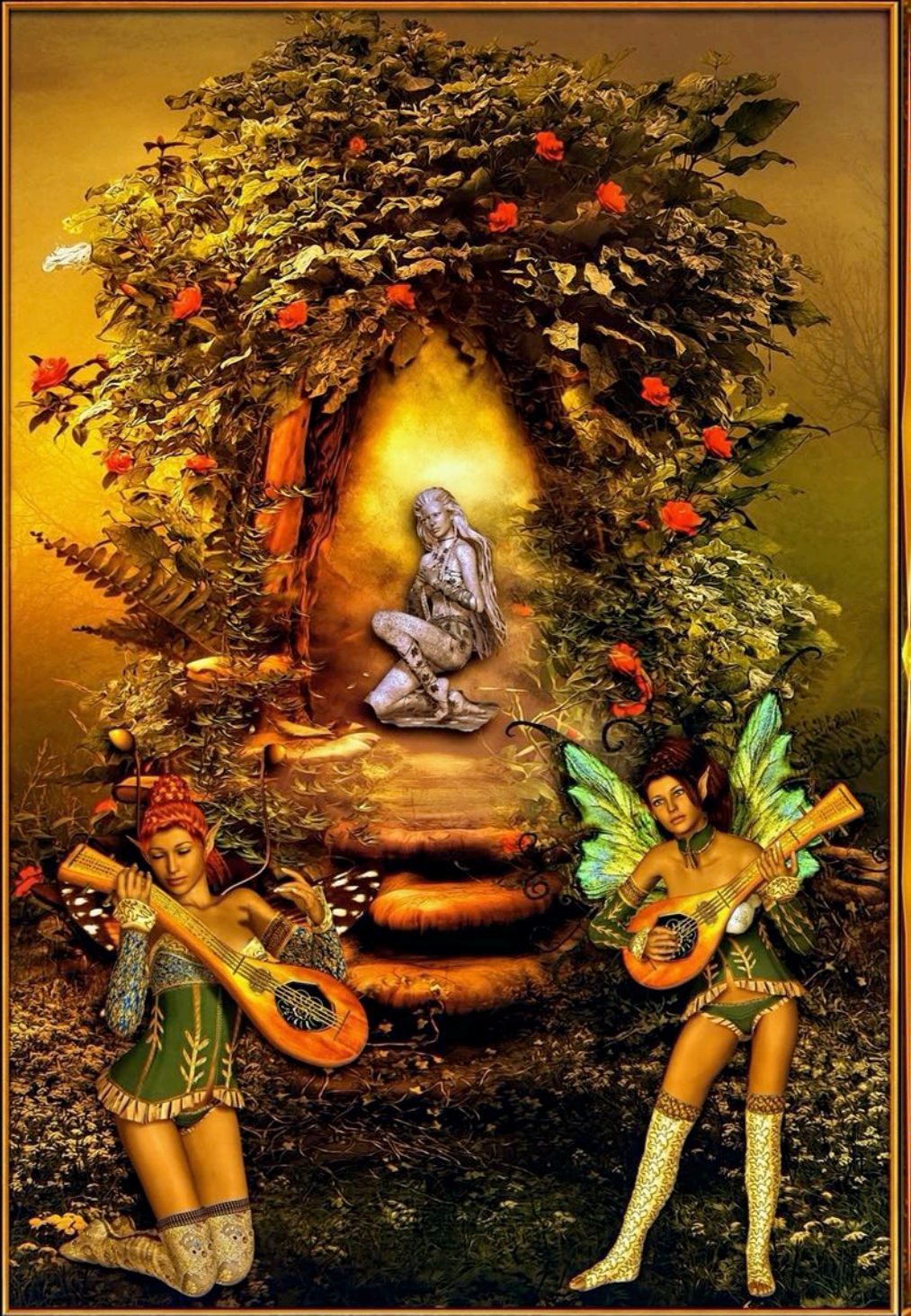

That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Drops in its Lap from some once lovely Head.

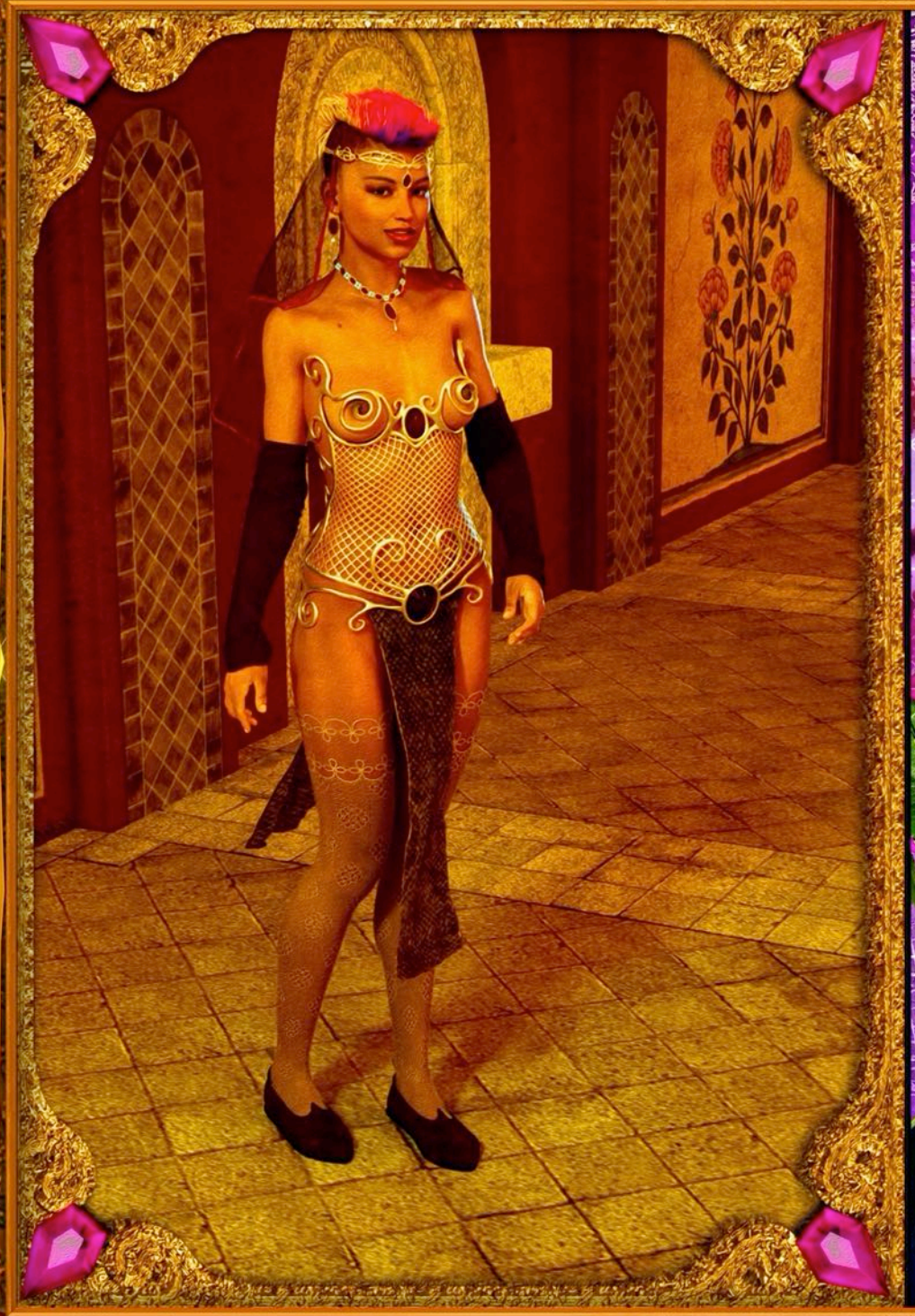
Sung songs of life composed now lie reposed,
Thy face-dust Beauty's music decomposed;
Ah, Sun's Venus-brows we're honored to brush,
That future's wand will rearrange recomposed.

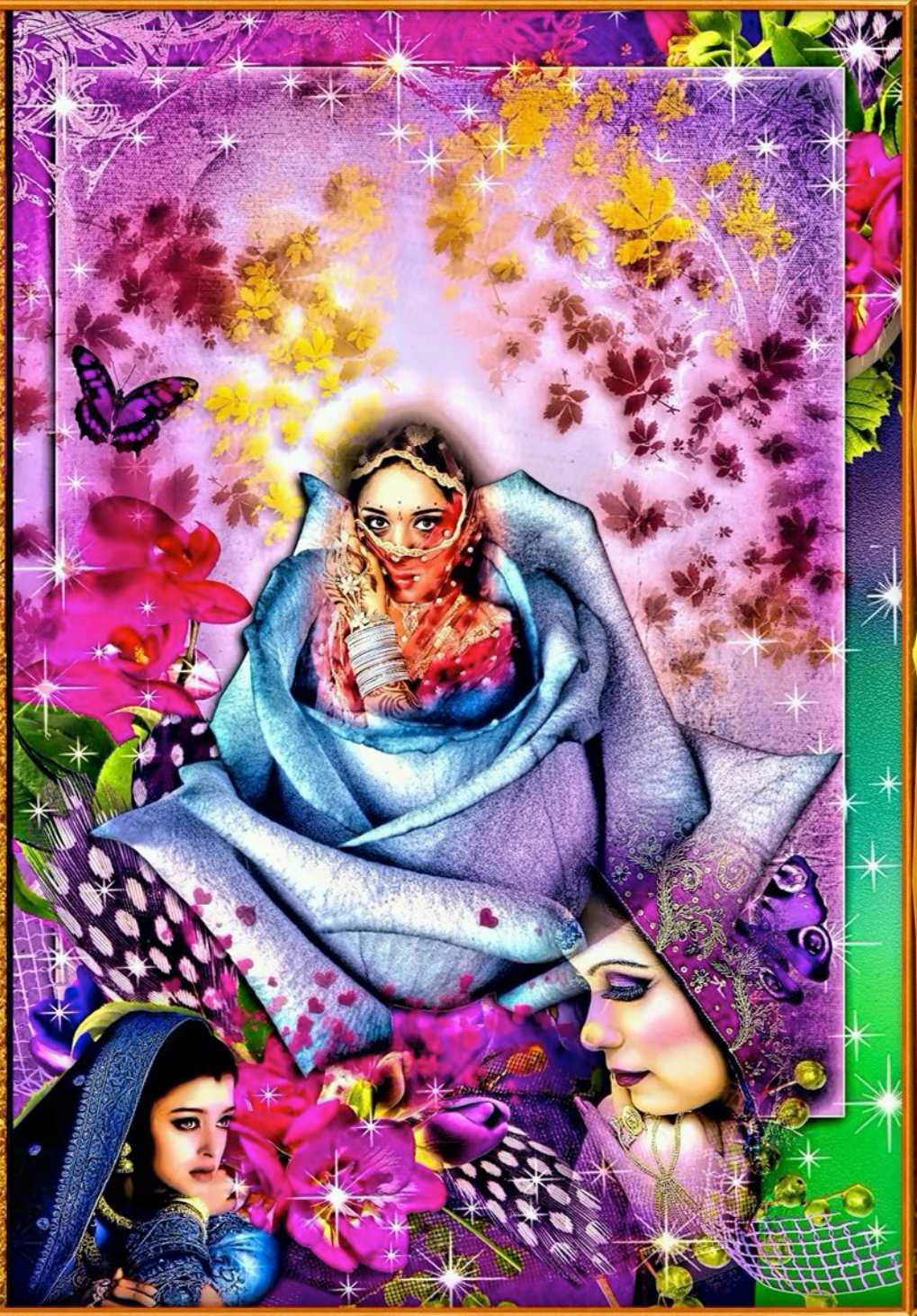



CEMETERY

Over the Ruler's tomb
bleeds Beauty's rose,
While the tulip's blood
cups the Truth that knows,
As the violet's
marked Goodness grows—
Love's braid untwined
to us in spring's disclosed.







And this delightful Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River's Lip on which we lean—
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

Lip to lip.

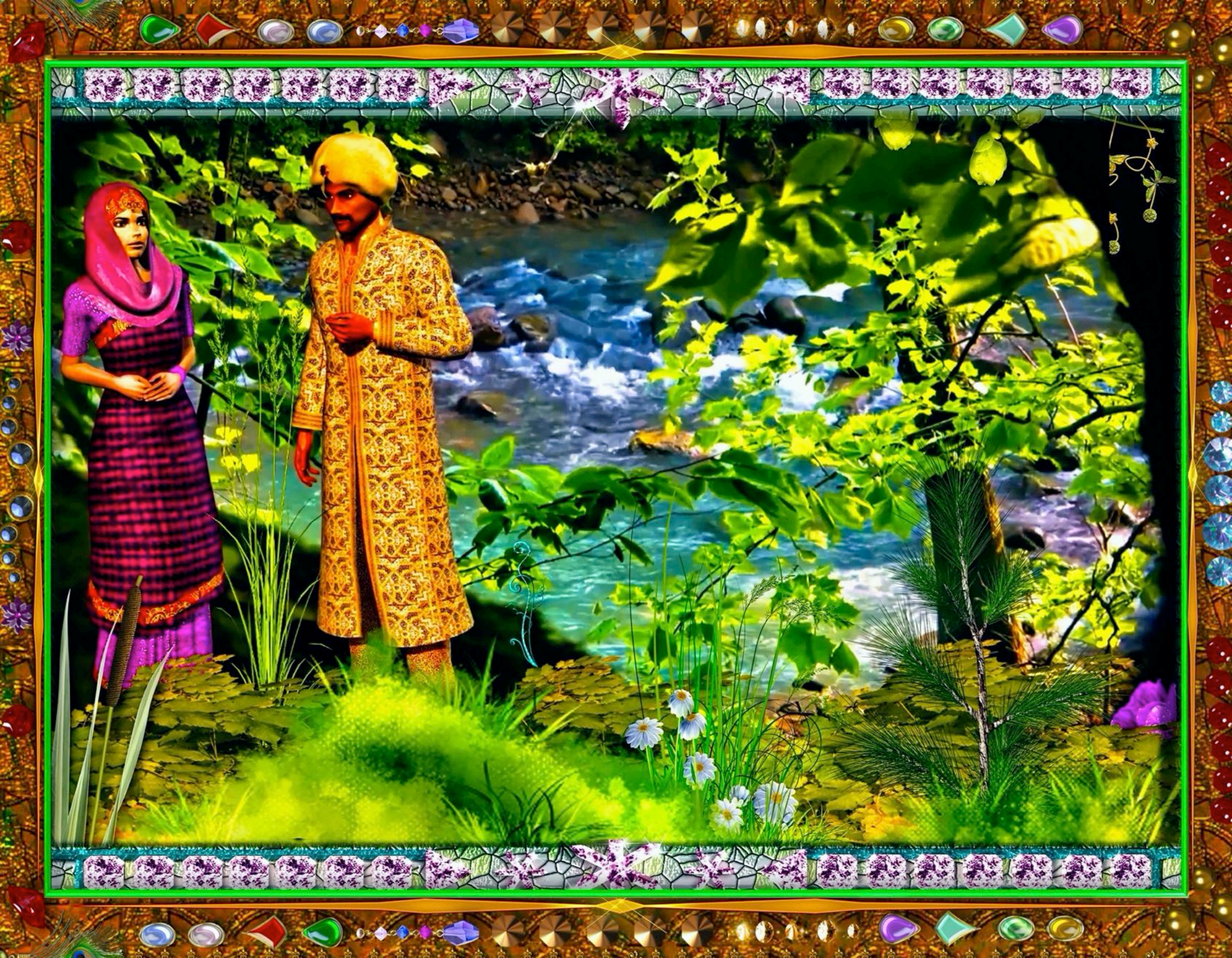




The thorn that bends 'neath every creature's tread,
May spring from some love's curl, fair brow of maid,
And every tile on palace battlement
Some Vizier's finger be or Sultan's head!



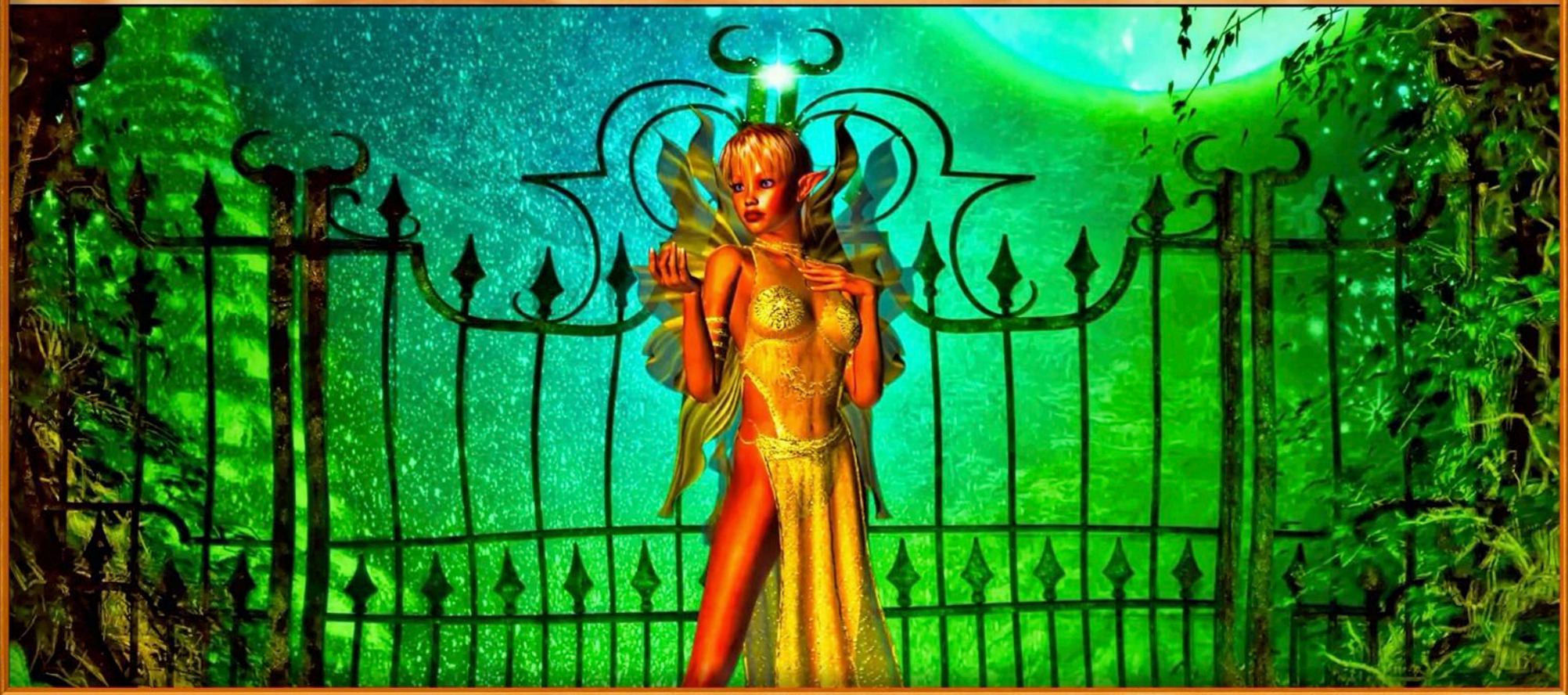




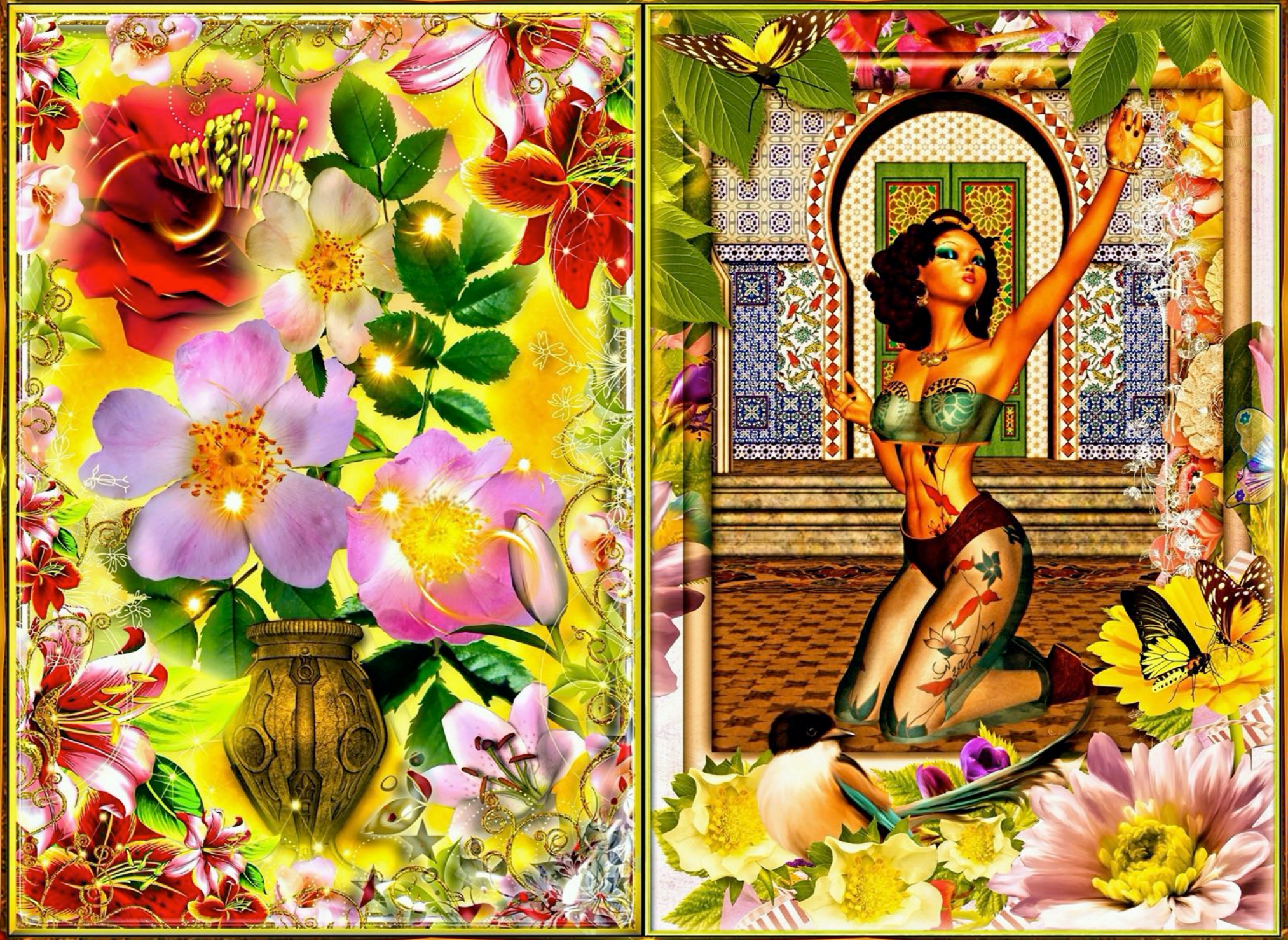

The Long Rest


26. (sans End)

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust Descend;
Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer and—sans End!











Ah, make the most of
what we yet may spend,

Before we too
into the Dust Descend;

Dust into Dust,
and under Dust,
to lie,

Sans Wine, sans Song,
sans Singer and—
sans End!












Theology



27. (neither Here nor There)

28. (for ever dies)

29. (stopt with Dust)






Wholeness
Classicists aim toward full perfection.
Romanticists drown in feeling's affection.
Wise others alternate between extremes—
It's not this nor that, but joined direction.

Alike for those who for To-Day prepare,
And those that after some To-Morrow stare,
A Muezzin from the Tower of Darkness cries
"Fools! your Reward is neither Here nor There."





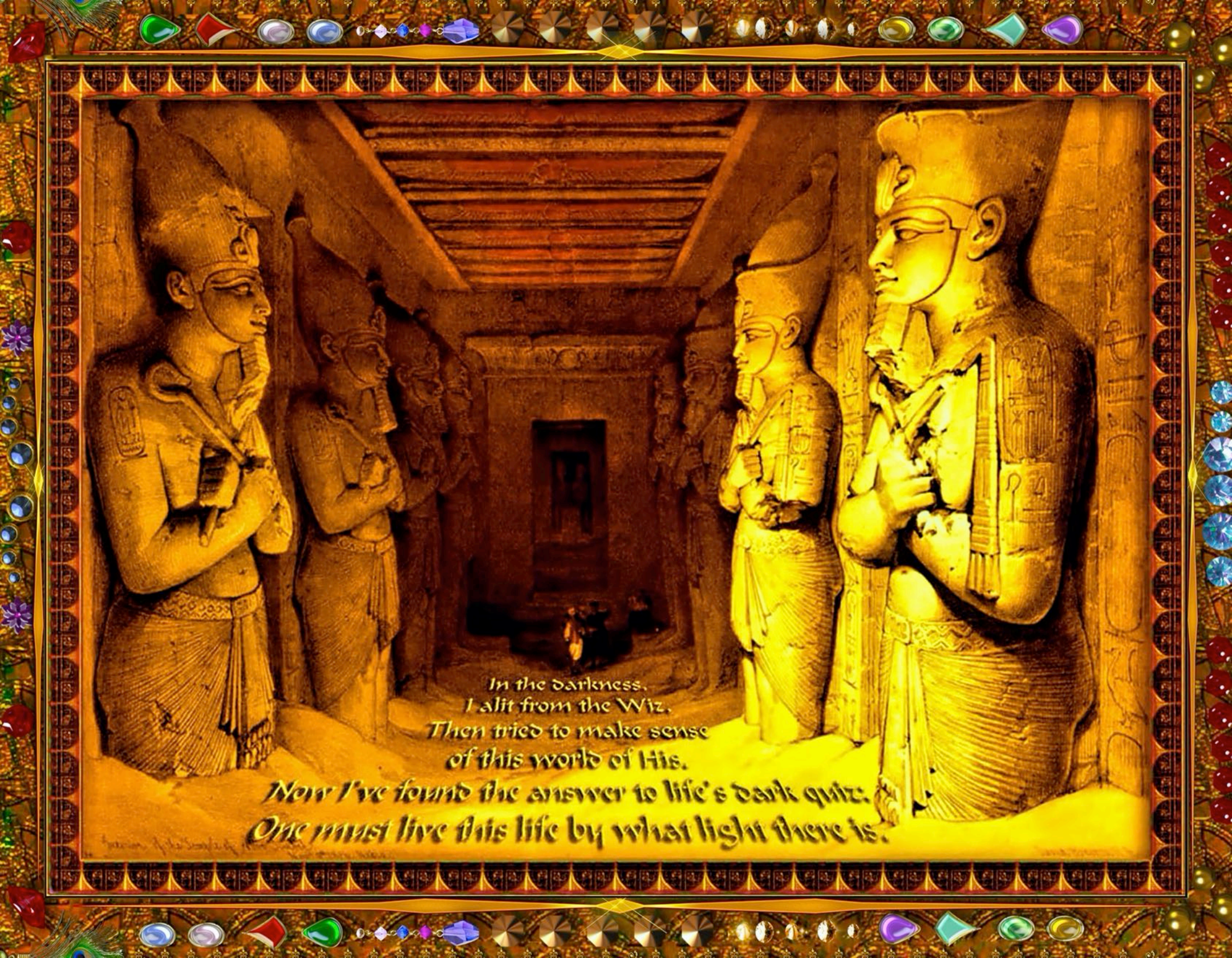
Some look for truth in creeds, and forms, and rules;
Some grope for doubts or dogmas in the schools;
But from behind the veil a voice proclaims,
"Your road lies neither here nor there, O fools."






Let not the certainty of the present be
Held mortgage for the Deed of Futurity,
For tomorrow's just a gleam from afar
And yesterday's but a cold ash of thee.


Future Interest Penalty
Let not
the certainty
of the present be
Held mortgage
for the
Deed of Futurity.
For tomorrow's just a gleam from afar
And yesterday's but a cold ash of thee.


In the darkness,
I alit from the Wiz.
Then tried to make sense
of this world of His.
Now I've found the answer to life's dark quiz.
One must live this life by what light there is.

If Fortune leads you
to her masquerade,
Beware of the
sweet desserts therein laid,
For, once lured
by poison's sandy mirage,
Envenomed,
you can't thwart
the saber's blade.



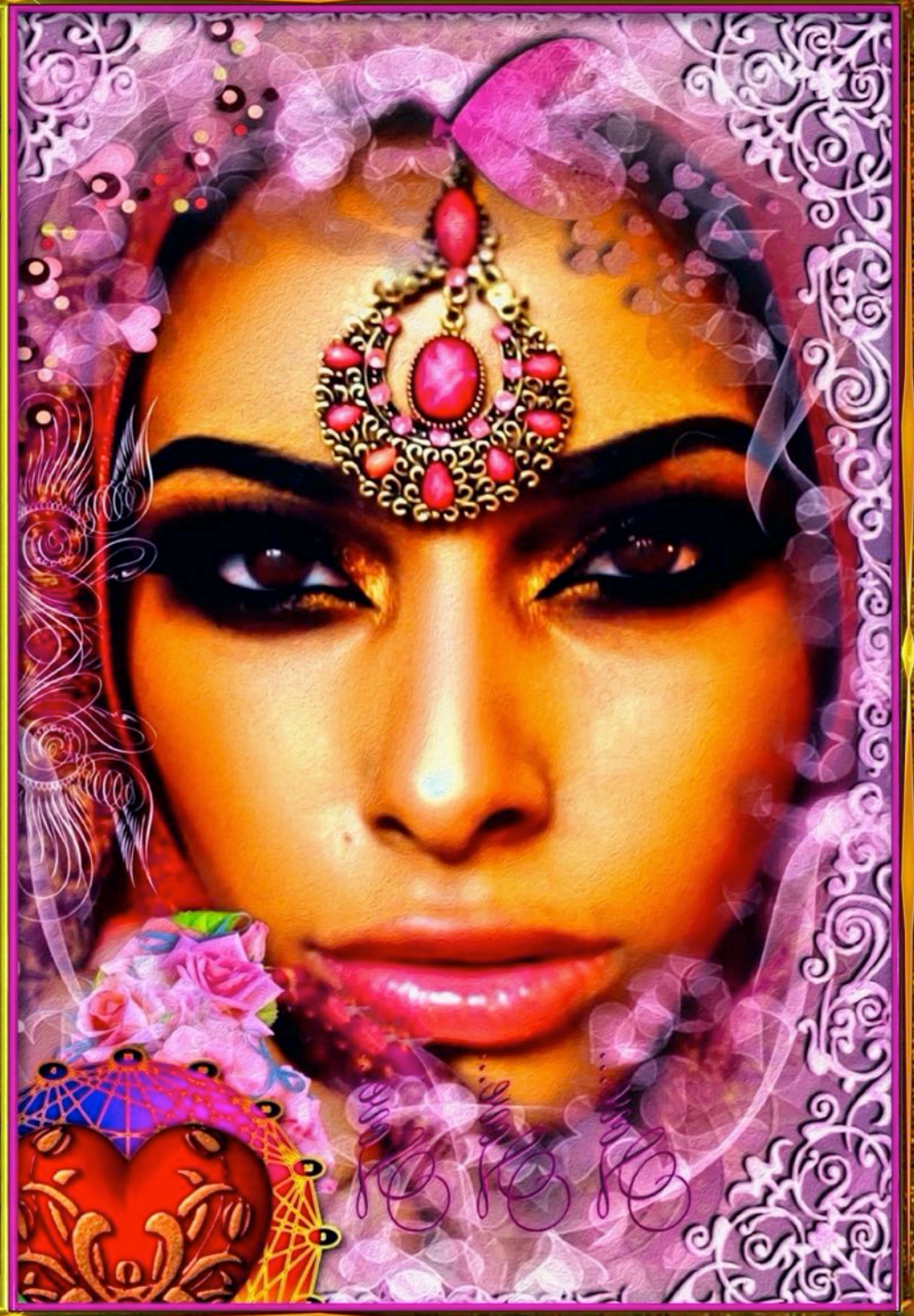


Not quite sober blessed
nor drunk to excess;

Never too foolish
nor very reckless—

Ah, life's passion
is so reasonable

In this delicate state
of awareness.



CLASSICISTS
DRONE TOWARD
DULL PERFECTION;

ROMANTICISTS DROWN
IN FEELING'S AFFECTION;

WORSE, OTHERS ALTERNATE
BETWEEN EXTREMES;

IT'S NOT THIS NOR THAT,
BUT OF JOINED DIRECTION.



Oh, come with old Khayyam, and leave the Wise
To talk; one thing is certain, that Life flies;
One thing is certain, and the Rest is Lies;
The Flower that once has blown for ever dies.







We pick some Dandelions ripe enough
To have gone from gold to just so much fluff,
Reminding us, when soft blown with a puff,
That time will spread us too amid the dust.





Sweet is the breath of Spring to rose's face,
And thy sweet face adds charm to this fair place;
To-day is sweet, but yesterday is sad,
And sad all mention of its parted grace.





The rose of which we so sweetly sing
Rises abloom in the joyous spring,
As a sprout from the soil of nature's earth,
In a grand, gloried, and triumphant birth.

On the first day that the summer blushes,
It blossoms red, as spring vanishes,
From its one and only kiss to summer.
Then the summer rose reigns, near forever,



And laughs with the mirth of the long season sent,
Somewhere between happiness and contentment.
Golden autumn slowly creeps into the scene,
And then the autumnal rose withers, lean...

Then comes the winter seen, shutting the scene.

That's the living life of the rose that thrives.
The flower that once has blown forever dies.

What then, is the name of the rose?

We are the rose.


We are the rose,

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd
Of the Two Worlds so learnedly, are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to Scorn
Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopt with Dust.




FERRY
CHARON
STYX
FARE
1
OBOLUS
BY ORDER
LICENSED
FERRYMAN
CONSERVANCY.
BONYFACE
LICENSED TO SELL
AQUA VITÆ
CONSUMED ON THE PREMIS
LACRIM
CRISTI
BLUE
RUIN







The sages who have compassed sea and land,
Their secret to search out, and understand—
My mind misgives me if they ever solve
The scheme on which this universe is planned.

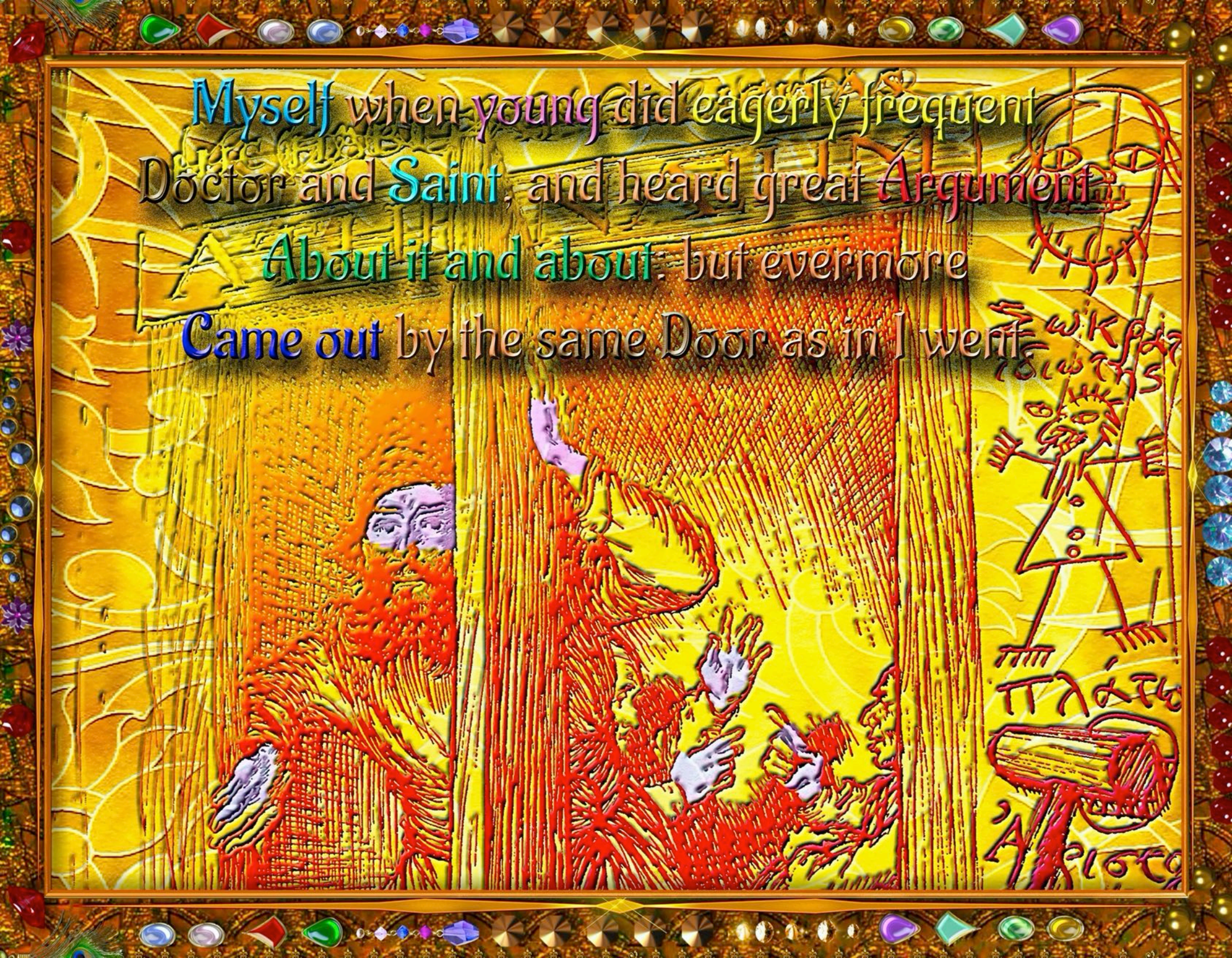





Saints and Sages
who discuss'd
Of the Two Worlds
شاهنامه فردوسی
شاهنامه فردوسی


'Twas a time before birth when you were not.
The Same Door
'Twill be a time again when you are not.
From Death your life was a borrowed debit.
Spend it, love it, and live it to your credit.


30. (The Same Door)


Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great Argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same Door as in I went.

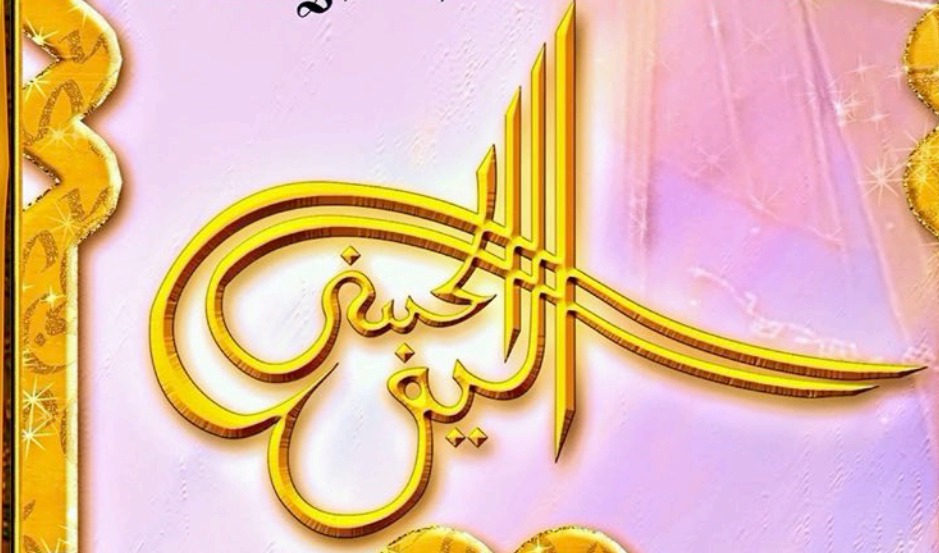


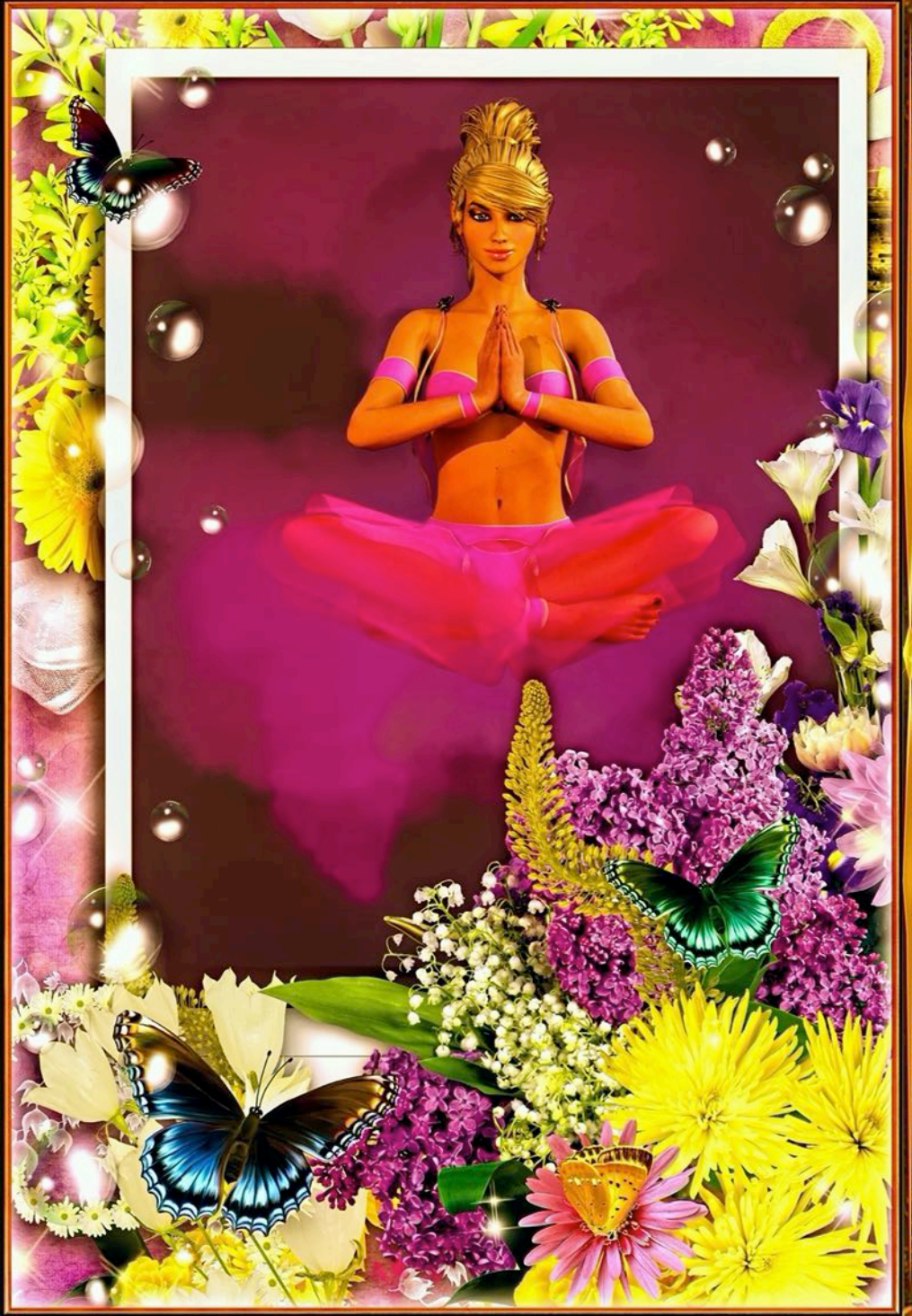
Be wide aware when chance shines as your sun,
For she in turn happens on everyone.
Graciously welcome the lady of luck,
By recognizing her as Dame Fortune.





We've approached
the Mystery,
and have found
That Beginnings can't be,
so what goes round
Must be all things,
for there's no point to impart
A design; so drink—
to naught more we're bound!







Whence and wither





31. (like Water, and like Wind)

32. (Wind along the Waste)

33. (Another and another Cup)





With them the Seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with my own hand labour'd it to grow:
And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd—
"I came like Water, and like Wind I go."




I came like Water, and like Wind I go

Heart to my hand
to lift the glass of wine;
Hand to heart
to hold love's houri so fine.
Dullards say,
"Repent of thy overflow."
Ha, I will none of it;
I'm my own vine.



I know what is,
and what is not I show,
As myth of grace above
and waste below;
But all this wisdom
I will quick renounce,
If one a better place
than drink can show.



Thrust into life,
we seek the depths to know
The plots beyond
the curtains of the show,
Finding naught but
a whisper from the waste:
"We came as water
and to dust we blow."



No longer embrace
your grief and despair,
But in this biased world
be just and fair,
And since the end of
worldly things is nought,
Think you are naught,
and so shake off dull care!



Into this Universe, and why not knowing,
Nor whence, like Water willy-nilly flowing:
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
I know not whither, willy-nilly blowing.




I know not whither, willy-nilly blowing

Time on its stream brings all sweet things to us;
Water of life; we drink time, it drinks us!
This aqua-vita quenches human thirst.
Time on its stream bears all sweet things from us.





What, without asking, hither hurried whence?
And, without asking, whither hurried hence!
Another and another Cup to drown
The Memory of this Impertinence!





Hither unto this
fair Earth I was bred,
The Cosmos' reflection
not more ahead,
And henceforth,
my splendour rent asunder;
Yet to my ears
the point remains unsaid.





I asked not, yet became,
whither blowing,
My hither-going
veiled to my knowing;
Hence thither I must
live on wine glowing,
Absolved of worries,
so freely flowing.





Worries seldom come true,
but, if they do,
Thus they had to, so
in them you must stew.
Past imperfect points
to a future tense,
Yet ever only Nows
does the Wheel brew.





What shall be,
remedy or pain, or mix?
No contest,
for we're wise to change's tricks,
So can expect
sorrow and joy alike;
But who cares!
They'll pass; we all go to bricks.



Some surmise 'God',
and think this Mystery
Must be withheld,
as must Futurity.
No matter.
Good for good's sake do, as just,
Your reasons left out
of others history.



Dash quick away
the trade of worldly gain,
Unlinking thy chain
to the good and bane,
And with wine and kisses
soothe ev'ry pain—
Till sky's whirling wheel
doth your roll restrain.



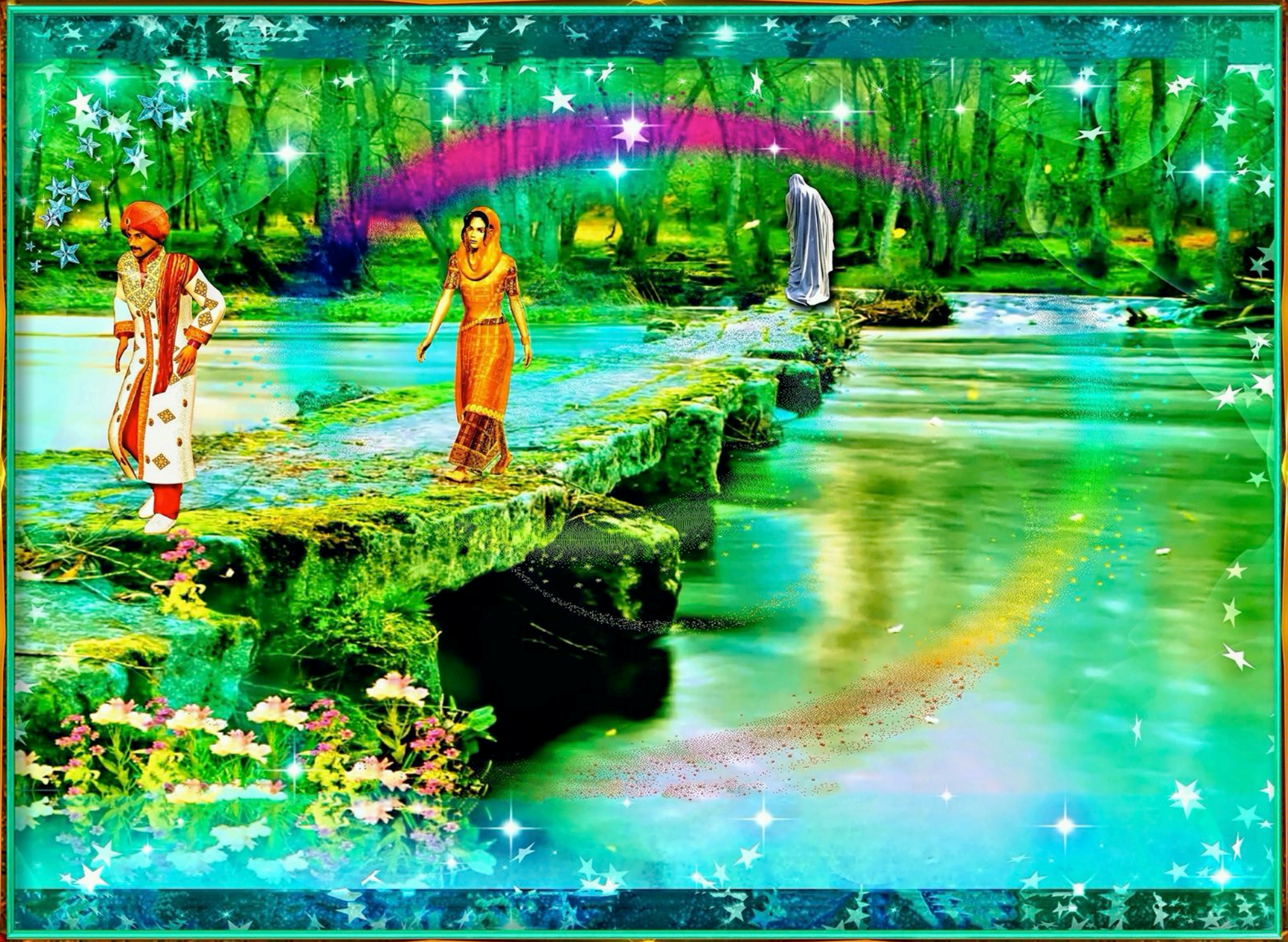
To learn life, foremost,
into thyself say,
As true,
at least a hundred times a day:
You're ne'er as cut grass
springing back anew—
When mowed down
you'll remain within the clay.

Here the evil
of the heavens is flung,
Life laid barren by
our friends' passing young.
Mourn not yesterday,
nor morrow unsung;
It's To-Day,
the best time to roll life's dung!



On to the tavern we creep, its drinks calling,
Where the inquisitive sit, pondering.
One and another says, "We've some questions,
For we've all been born here without asking."






Vain
Questioning



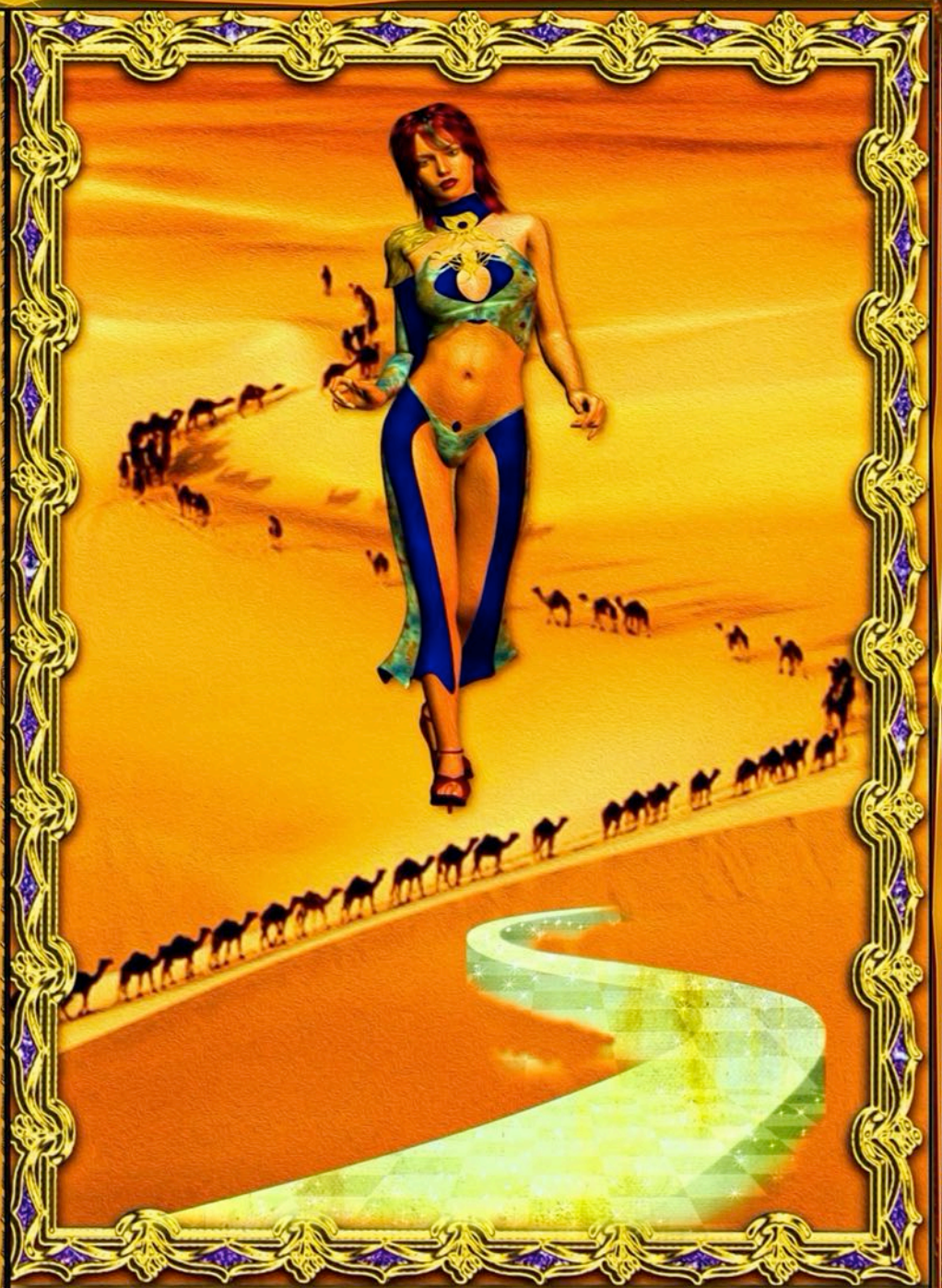
34. (the Master-knot)

35. (I found no Key)

36. (Earth could not answer)

37. (A blind understanding)





Life or death hangs by a skin of water

Up from Earth's Center through the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,
And many Knots unravel'd by the Road;
But not the Master-knot of Human Fate.






The circling orbs that in the night skies abound
Do the minds of the learned ones confound.
Dare not loosen the grasp of wisdom's thread;
Even the wise grow faint from the whirls around.



All from stardust begins and ends in thee.
The mighty wrecks of the elements are strewn
Across the universe, like chaff from the harvest,
Much of the Cosmos still a vast wasteland.



On the rings of Saturn sate




Uni Verse Sum

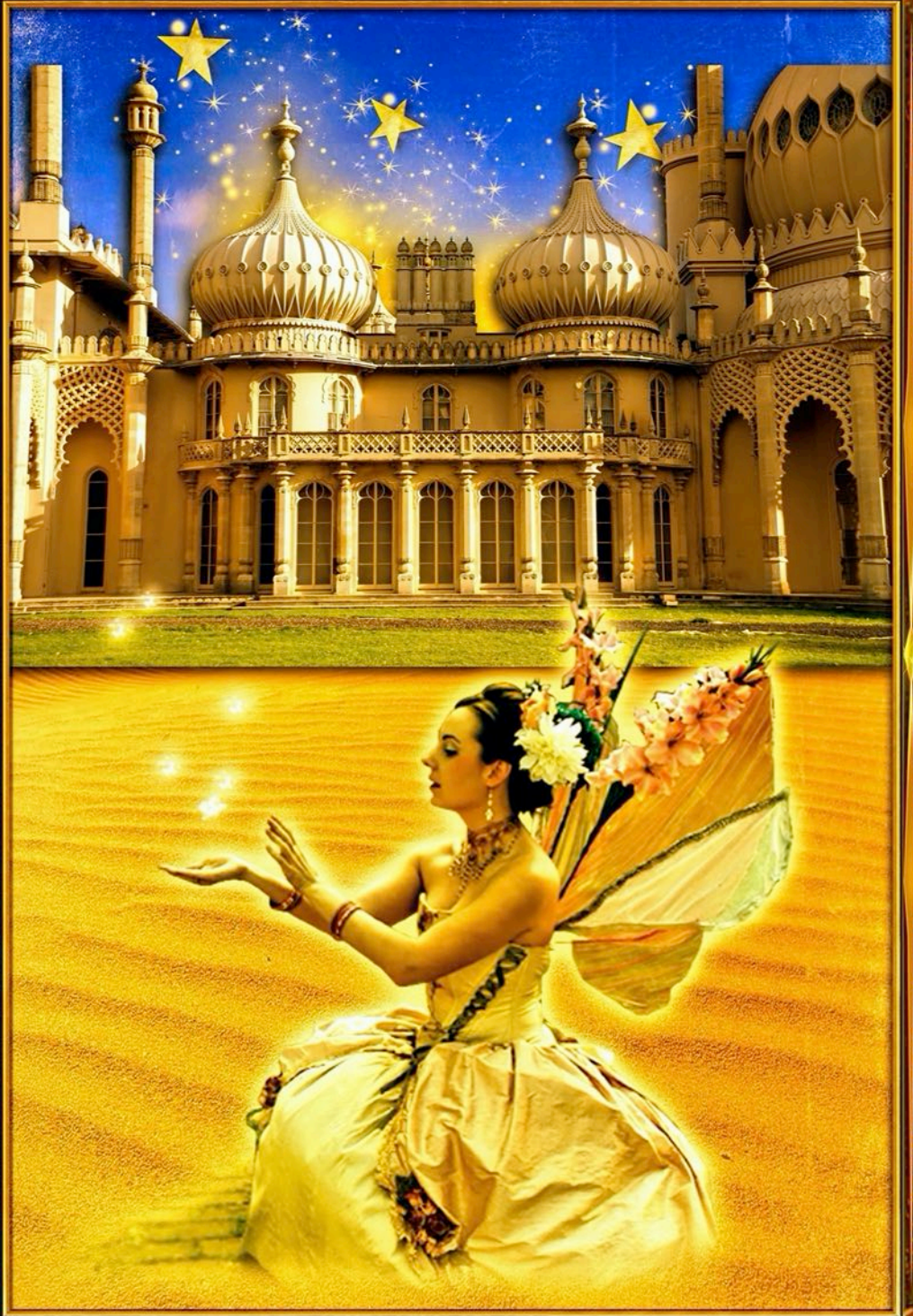


Behind the Veil, being that which ev'r thrives,
The Eternal '15' has ever been alive.
For that which hath no onset cannot die,
Nor a point from which to impart its Why.



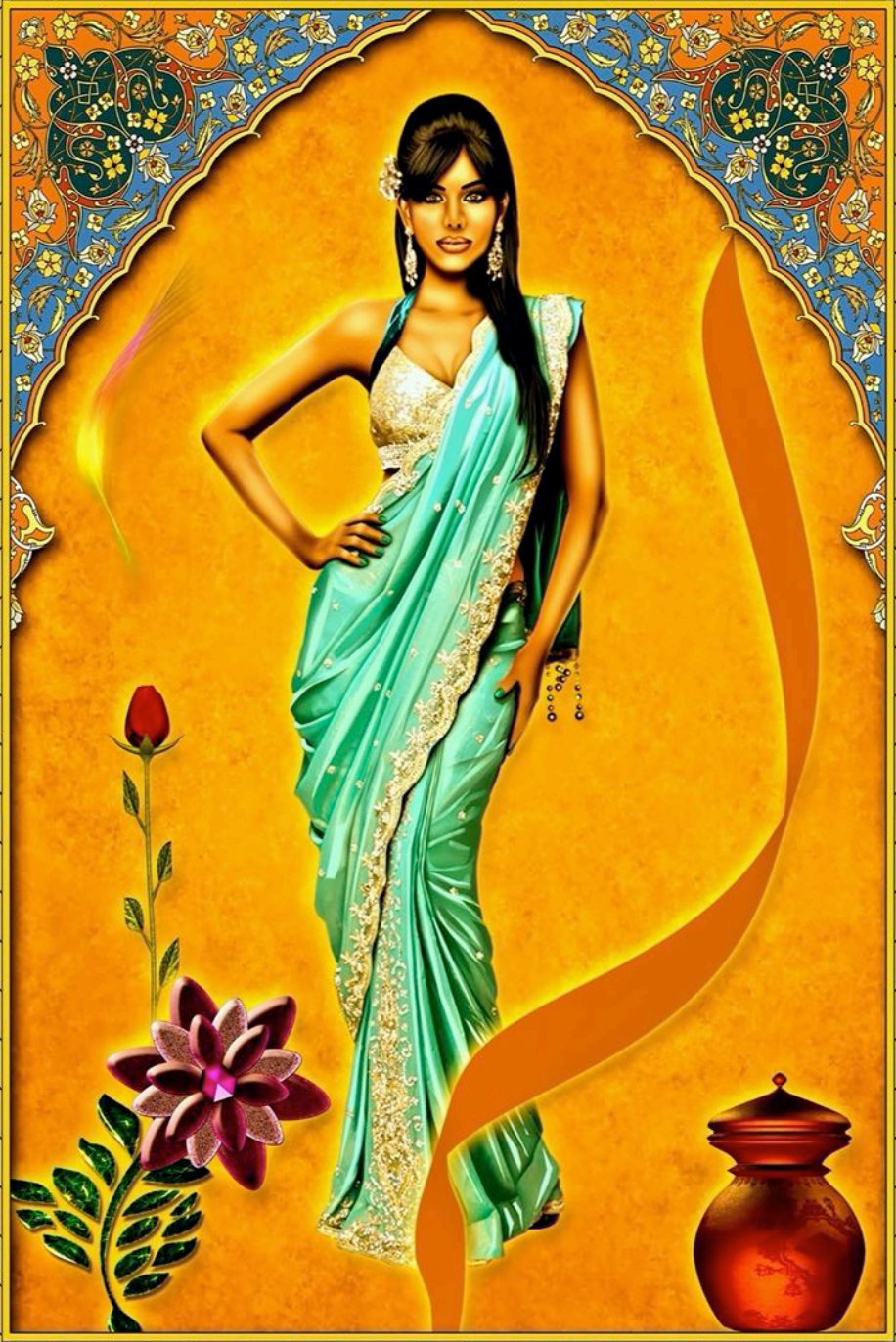


Since there's
no lasting abode
on this sphere,
'Tis folly
wine and loves
away to steer;
Oh, voice for worlds'
creation or eterne,
What matters
those realms
neither
there nor here.



How long shall we be flushed,
untying knots?
What boots if Fate a long
or short life allots?
Pour forth thy cup
of life's wine,
since we'll all
Become, under the workshop,
earthen pots.





There was a Door to which I found no Key:
There was a Veil past which I could not see:
Some little Talk awhile of Me and Thee
There was—and then no more of Thee and Me.





"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'?"





Eterne's transitions doom forms' permanence;
But the time required for their constructance
Restrains for a while the shapes' destructance;
Thus they can slowly traverse life's distance.





Heaven's Great Wheel e'er whirls its energy,
It having to turn and return, to be,
Transmuting, as ne'er still—eternally,
Into life's temporary pattern trees.





Each holds within itself the seed of the other:
Yin reaches climax then retreats in Yang's favor—
Cyclic movement of rotational symmetry.
Rounded life is the blend of Yin-Yang together.



Each holds within itself
the seed of the other–

Yin reaches climax,
then retreats
in Yang's favor.

Cyclic movement
of rotational symmetry.

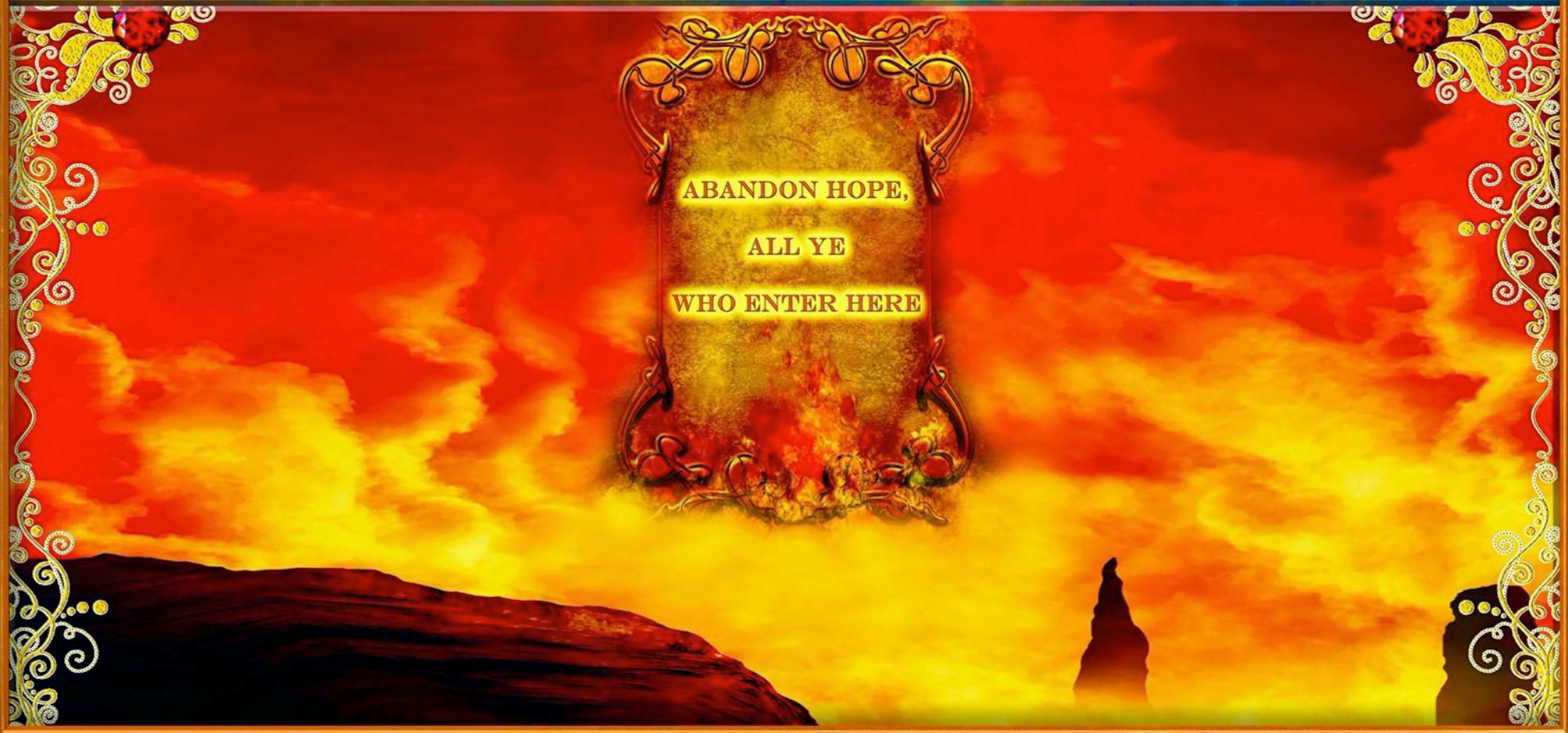
Rounded life is the blend
of Yin/Yang together.



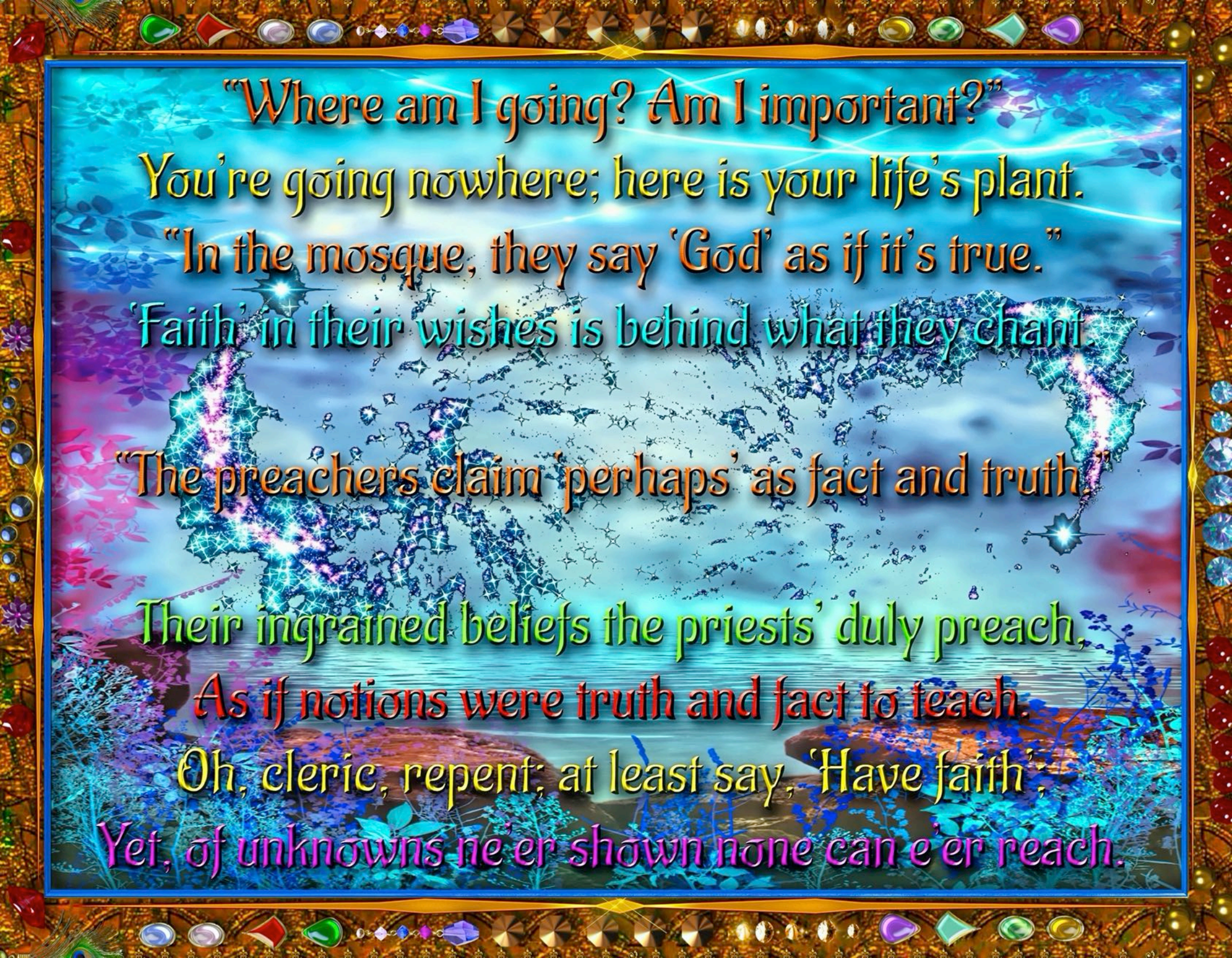

Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that mourn
In flowing Purple, of their Lord Forlorn;
Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs reveal'd
And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn.



"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?






"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.
"The preachers claim 'perhaps' as fact and truth."
Their ingrained beliefs the priests' duly preach,
As if notions were truth and fact to teach.
Oh, cleric, repent; at least say, 'Have faith';
Yet, of unknowns ne'er shown none can e'er reach.

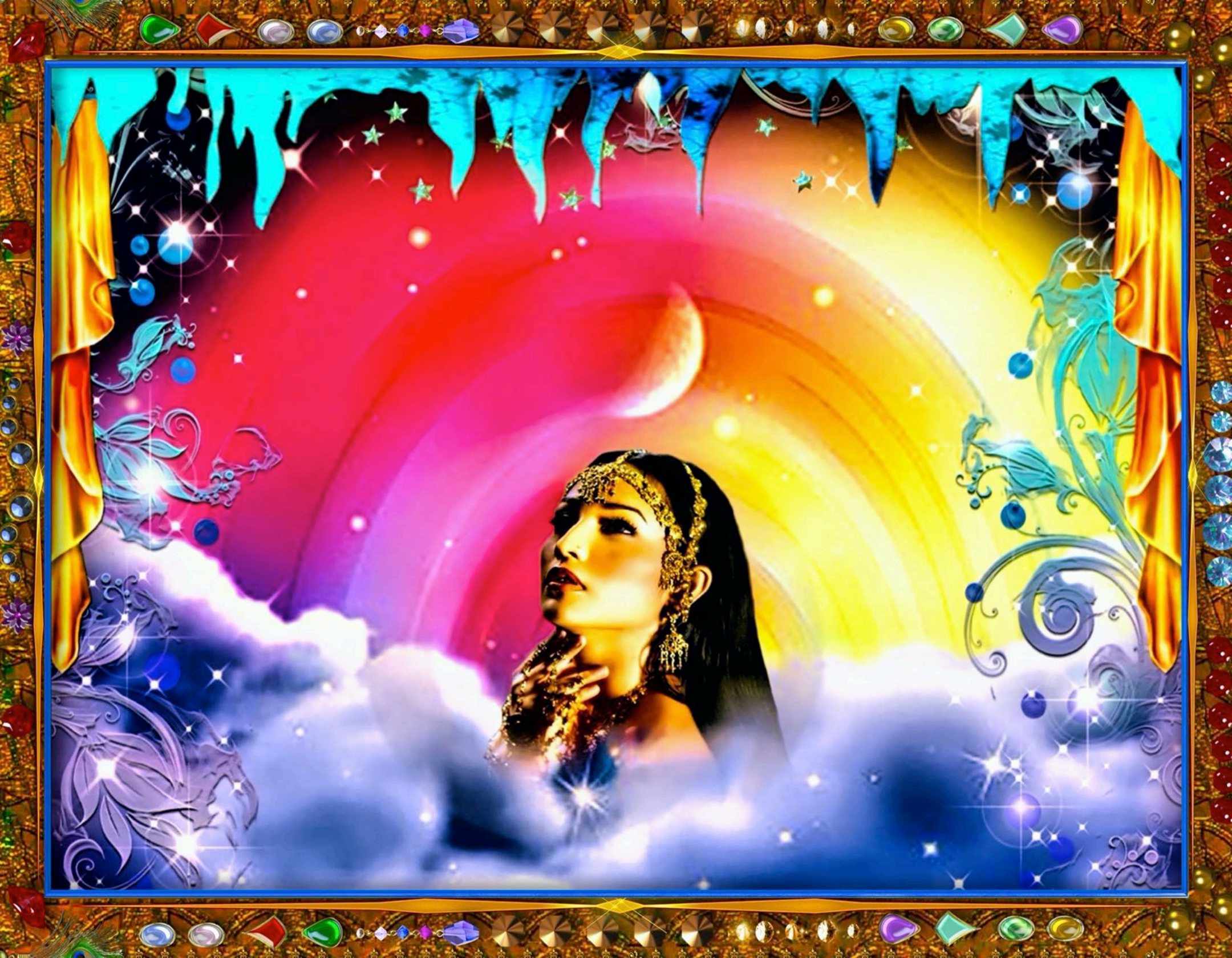


**“Probability creeps into the beliefs of the agnostic way,/For in practice they end up in the lurch,
Not going ‘half the time’ to Church,/But mostly deciding not to go at all.”**

How long will they
prate of eternity?
Why proclaim as sure
some uncertainty?
'Tis yon the cape
of man's ability.
To unlock every door,
wine's the key.







Then to the rolling Heav'n itself I cried,
Asking, "What Lamp had Destiny to guide
Her little Children stumbling in the Dark?"
And—"A blind understanding!" Heav'n replied.




JA
BITTE
UNTER-
STÜTZUNG!

Why do we wander around in the dark,
In the middle of the night like this?
Well, if we knew the answer to that one,
We would have been home some hours ago.



Do we not tire, e'er walking, looking, lame?
At first, we did, yes, yet life's beauty came:
The grand moment of wings grown; lifting, new.
The rhythm flies us—our music plays through.

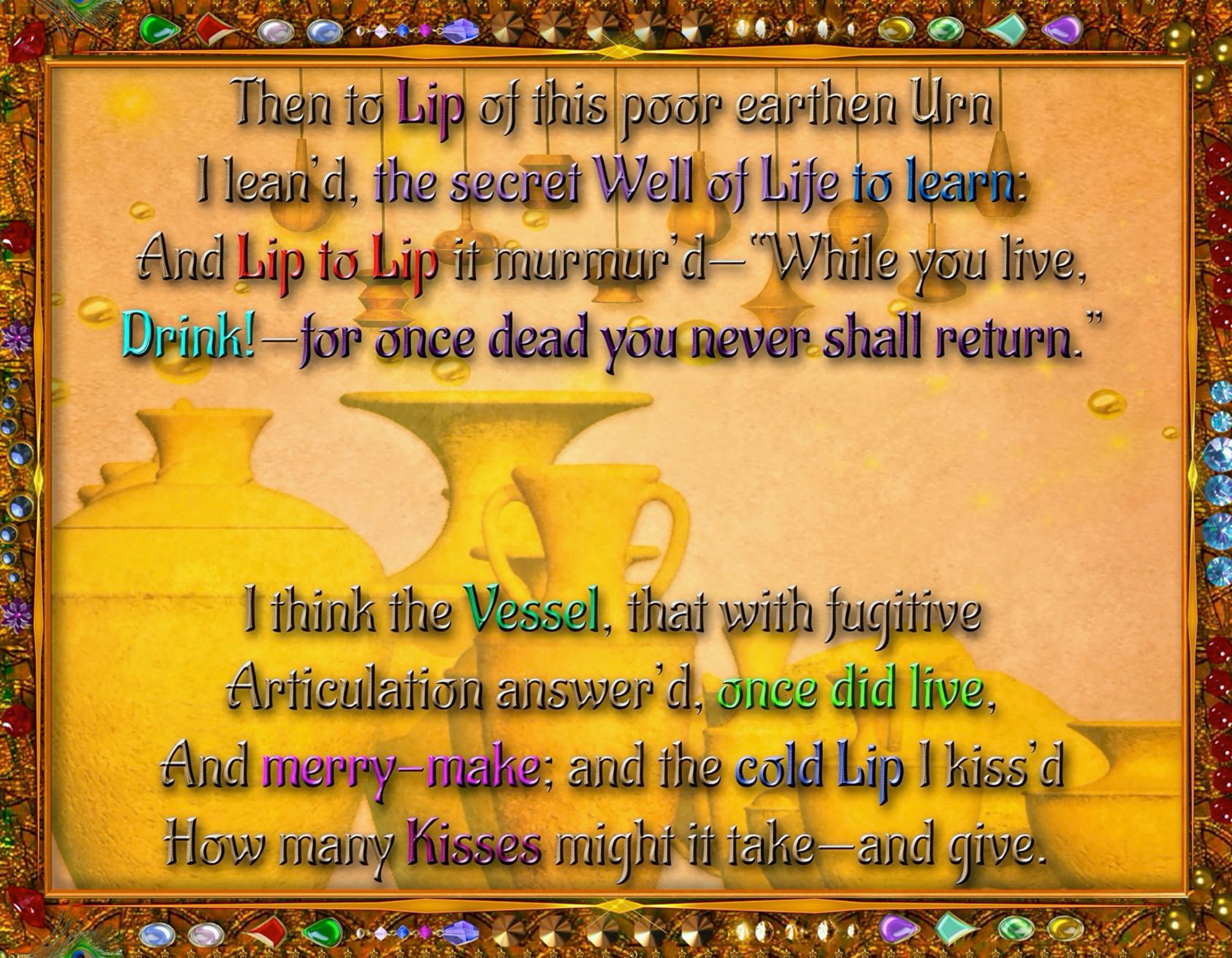







The Soul of the Cup


38. (Lip to Lip)
39. (How many Kisses)


Then to Lip of this poor earthen Urn
I lean'd, the secret Well of Life to learn:
And Lip to Lip it murmur'd—"While you live,
Drink!—for once dead you never shall return."
I think the Vessel, that with fugitive
Articulation answer'd, once did live,
And merry-make; and the cold Lip I kiss'd
How many Kisses might it take—and give.

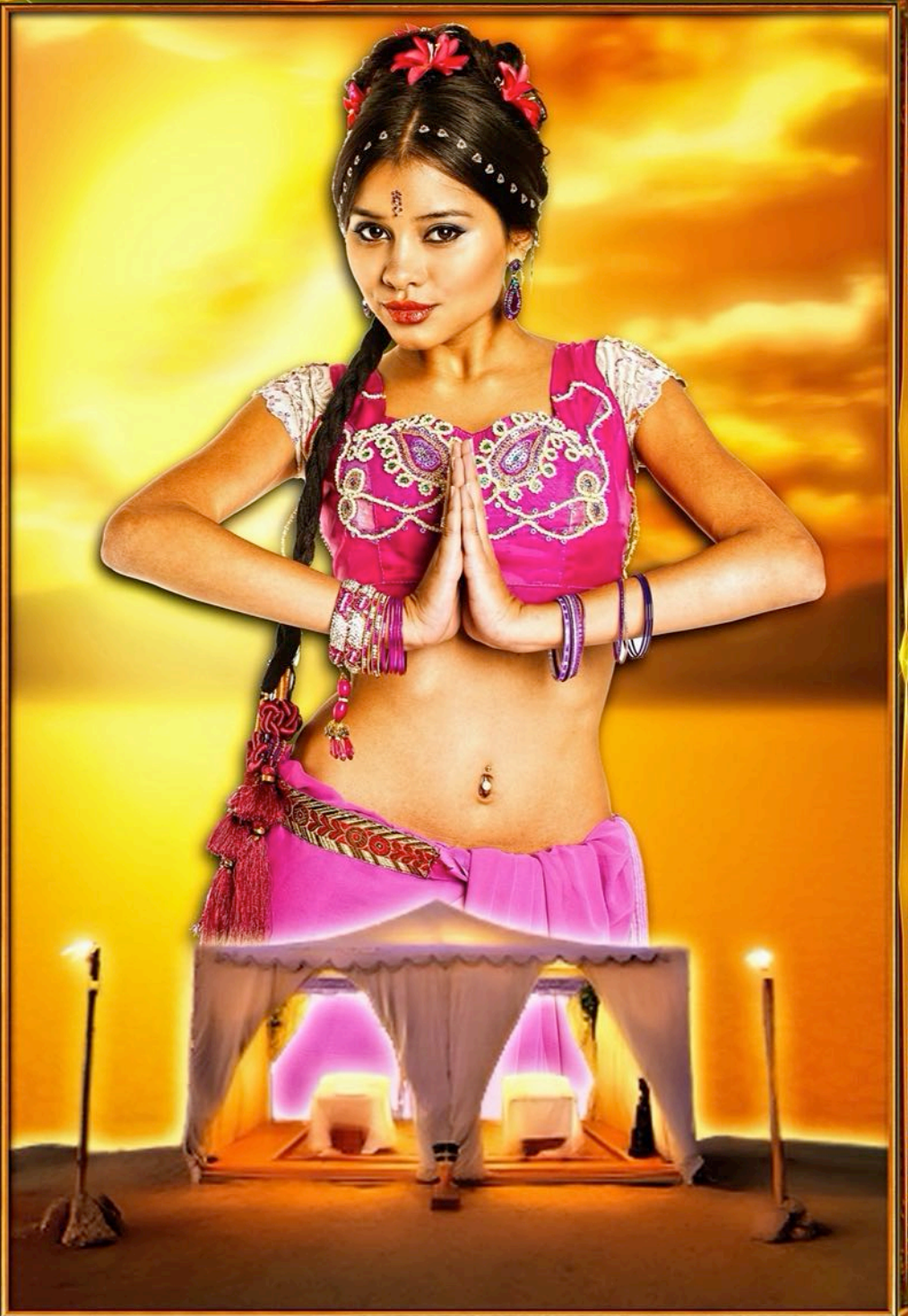


I embraced the jug with joy
and heart's burn

Of Elixir's secret
wellspring to learn;

As kissed, it kissed back,
and said, with its tongue,

"Drink, for once turned
never will you return.



SEIZE THE MOMENT
OR LOSE ITS MOMENTUM,

WEARING TIME
AS A ROYAL DIADEM

RICHLY ACCELERATE
LIFE'S
MOMENTOUS GEM,

LETTING YOUR MOTTO
BE 'CARPE DIEM'.

SEIZE THE DAY



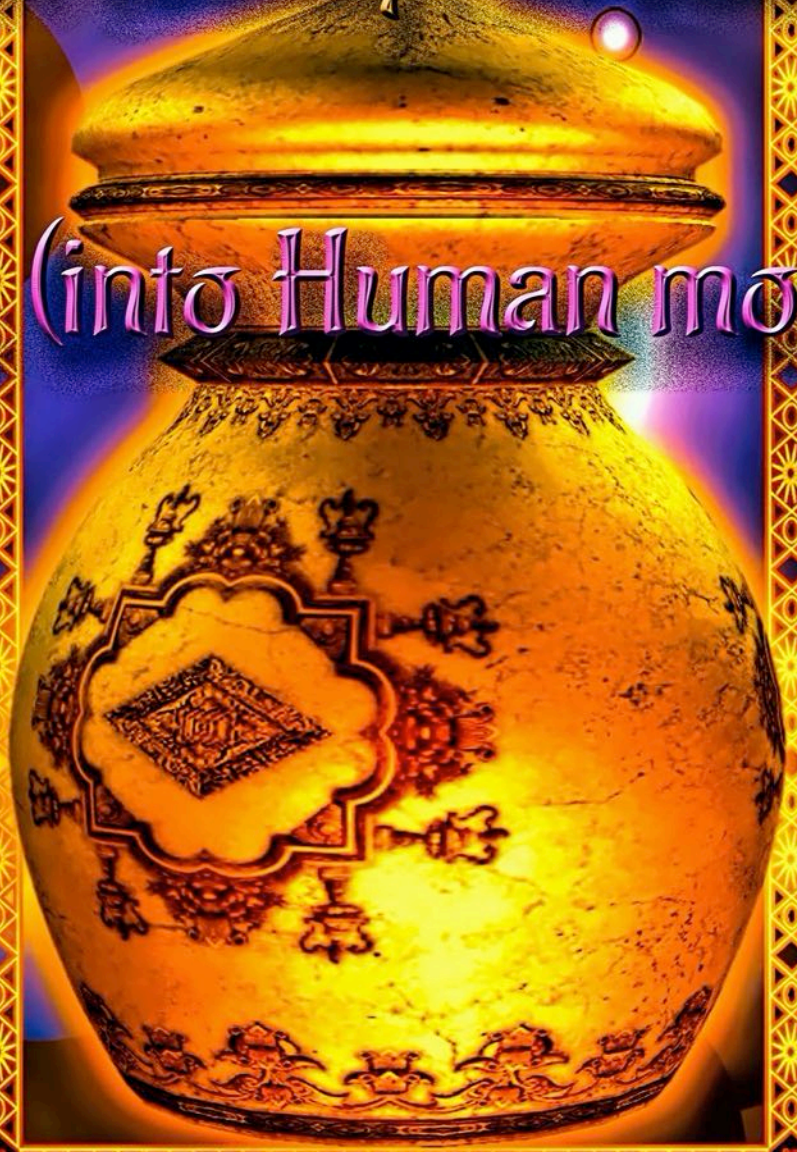
The Heavenly Potter



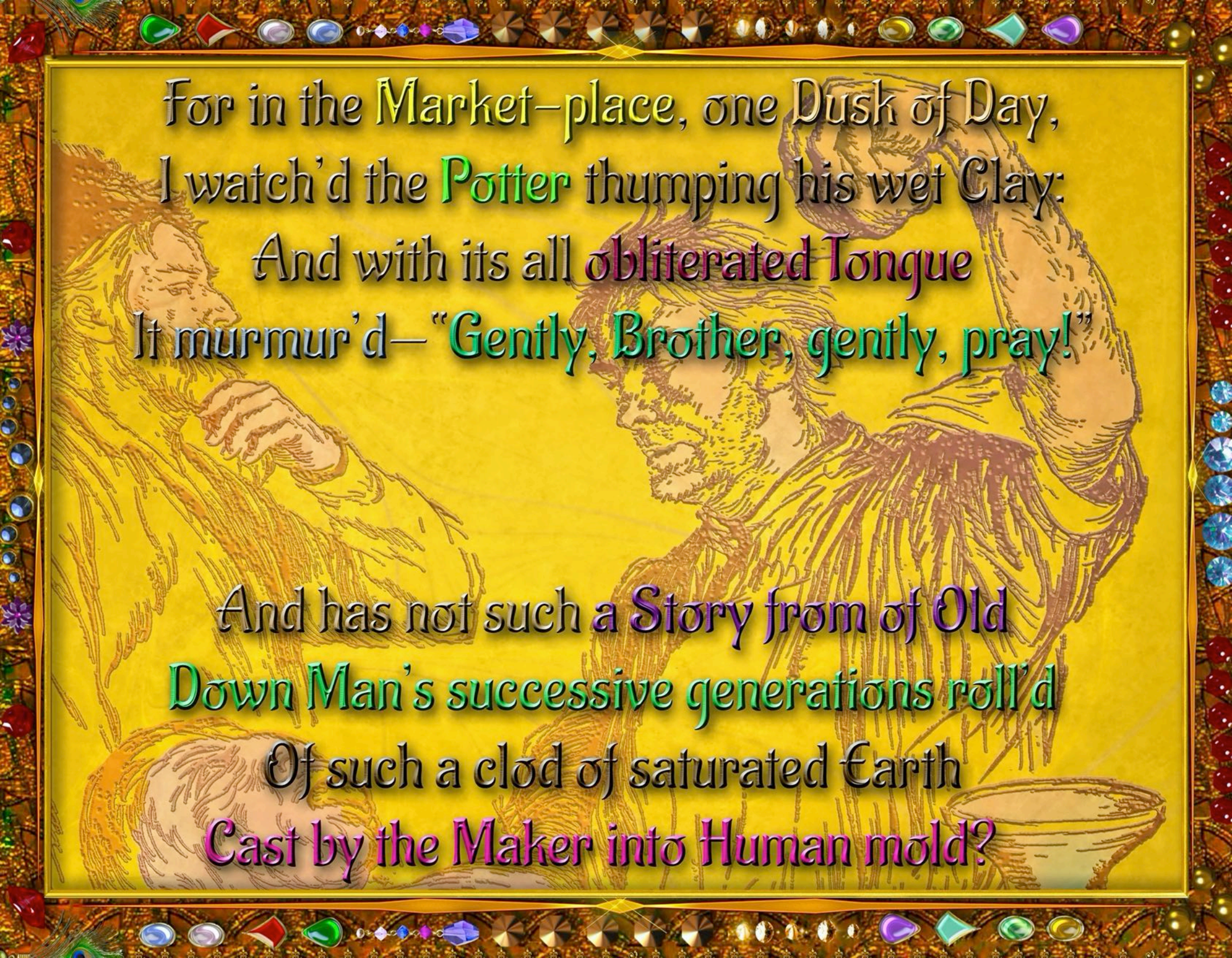


40. (Gently, Brother)

41. (into Human mold)




Cast by the Maker into Human mold

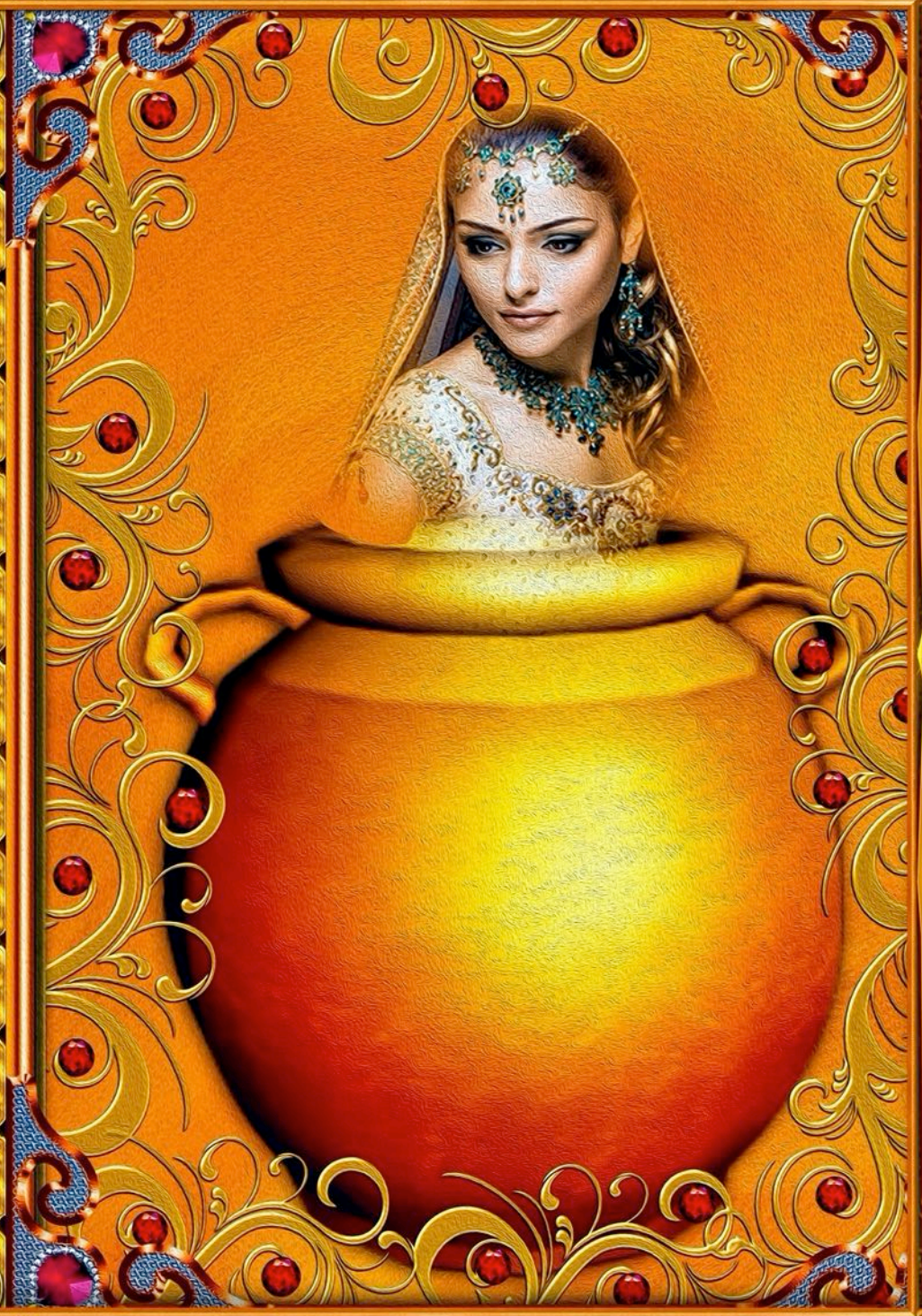

For in the Market-place, one Dusk of Day,
I watch'd the Potter thumping his wet Clay:
And with its all obliterated Tongue
It murmur'd—"Gently, Brother, gently, pray!"
And has not such a Story from of Old
Down Man's successive generations roll'd
Of such a clod of saturated Earth
Cast by the Maker into Human mold?



At the graven yard in Naishàpùr, I see
Blossoms in the dirt, blown from the rose tree.
As I dust my shoes, the clay speaks to me:
"Once I was like you; tread softly on me."







This jug did once, like me, love's sorrows taste,
And bonds of beauty's tresses once embraced,
This handle, which you see upon its side,
Has many a time twined round a slender waist.





This jug with whose arm
I entwine my own
Was too of stardust strewn
and outward blown,
And so may have
snuggled a lover kissed,
Neck on neck,
a hand on her bosom thrown.





This night my cup
I smote against a stone.
Low was the act,
my head with wine was flown.
The cup cried out to me
in mystic tone,
"I was like thee,
my fate will be thy own."






The Cup of Love

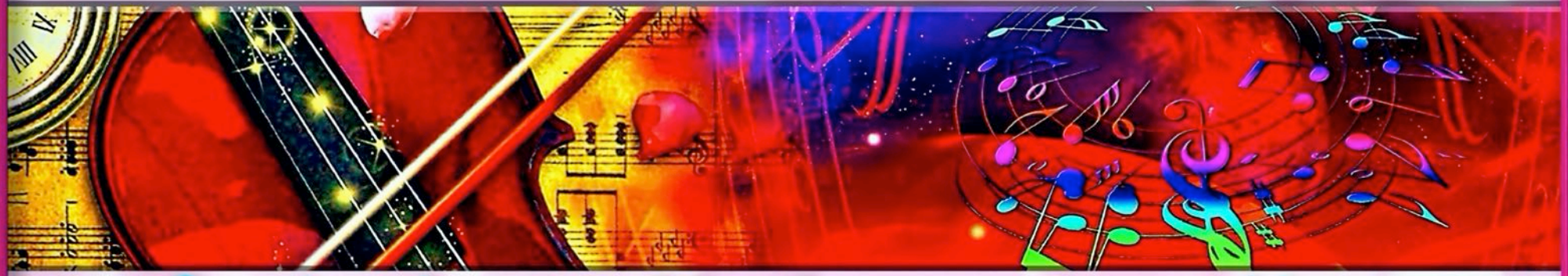

42. (if To-day be sweet)
43. (Anguish in some Eye)
44. (her wonted sup)
45. (a last Embrace)
46. (fancy while Thou art)

Ah, fill the Cup:—what boots it to repeat
How Time is slipping underneath our Feet:
Unborn To-Morrow and dead Yesterday,
Why fret about them if To-day be sweet!





Together we sing in a fugal voice,
For we live in two-part harmonic choice.
We're opposite twins in love, a canon
Of chime in which we in unison rejoice.



Our fugal voices blend, part, join, and long
Weave in and out, the music sweeping strong,
And onward, upward, inward, and outward,
Until being is left to the spirit's song.



Like voices merged in the Canon Pachelbel,
We speak as one, as the knell to the bell,
You saying what I think and vice-versa,
In tune, in unison, yet parallel.





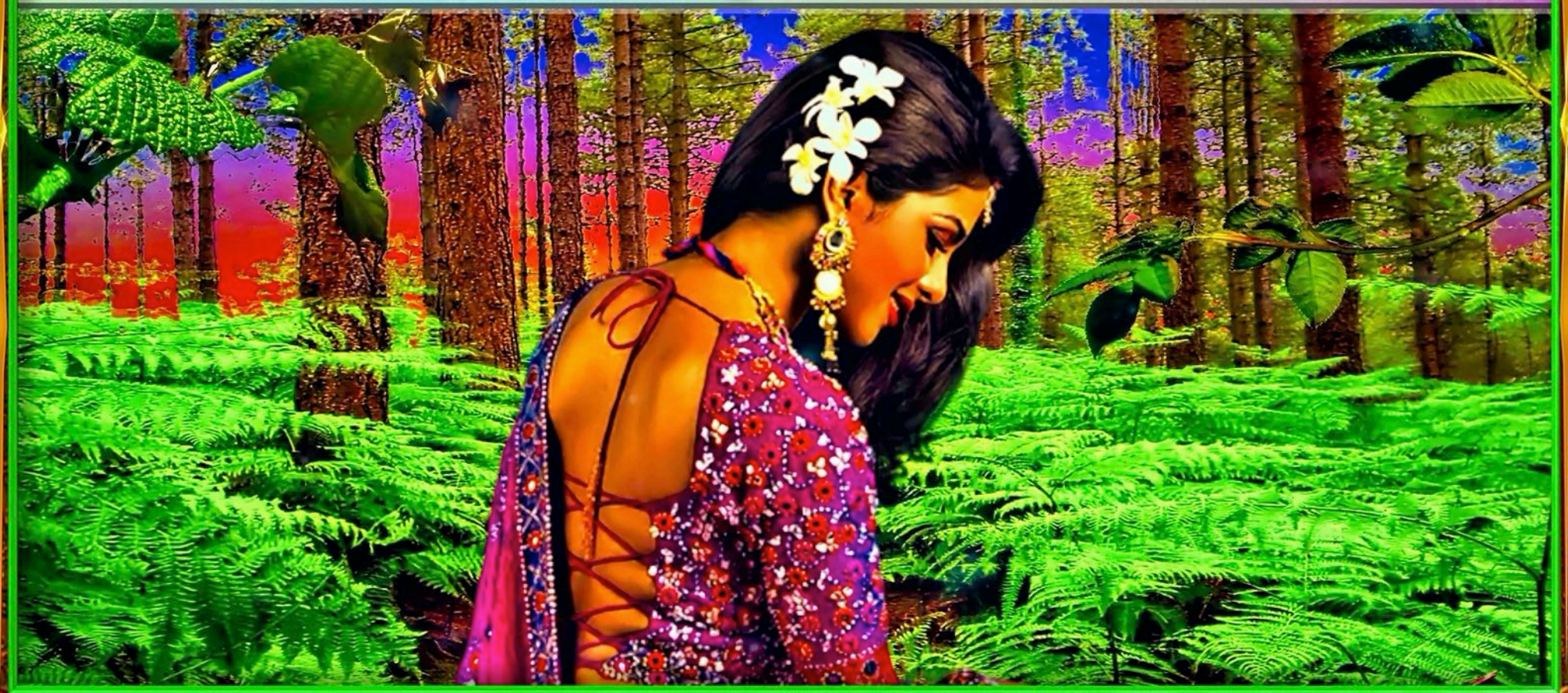
And not a drop that from our Cups we throw
For Earth to drink of, but may steal below
To quench the fire of Anguish in some Eye
There hidden—far beneath, and long ago.



As then the Tulip for her wonted sup
Of Heav'nly Vintage lifts her chalice up,
Do you, twin offspring of the soil, till Heav'n
To Earth invert you—like an empty Cup.


R.I.P

Do you, within your little Hour of Grace,
The waving Cypress in your Arms enlace,
Before the Mother back into her Arms
Fold, and dissolve you in a last Embrace.





Rend the mask of sorrows
shrouding thy face,
And shear the cloth
of grief's idling chase;
Feast on her lips, wine, and verse;
drain life's bank,
Ere Earth enfold thee
in a last embrace.

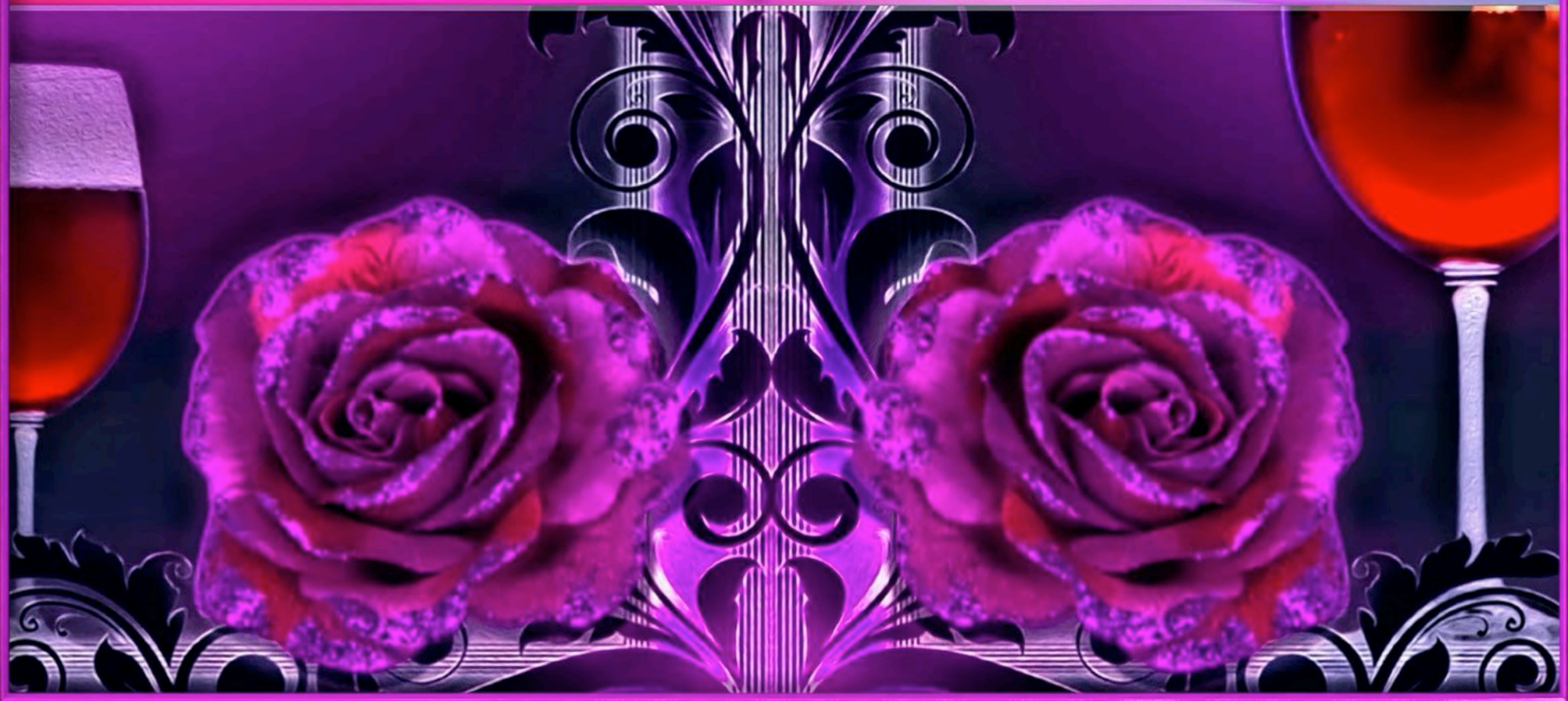








And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press,
End in the Nothing all Things end in—Yes—
Then fancy while Thou art, Thou art but what
Thou shalt be—Nothing—Thou shalt not be less.





Pretend you're dead—gone, sitting on a star,
And regretting there an empty memoir...
"If only I might live it all again!"
Well, you're alive; so smile, because you are.



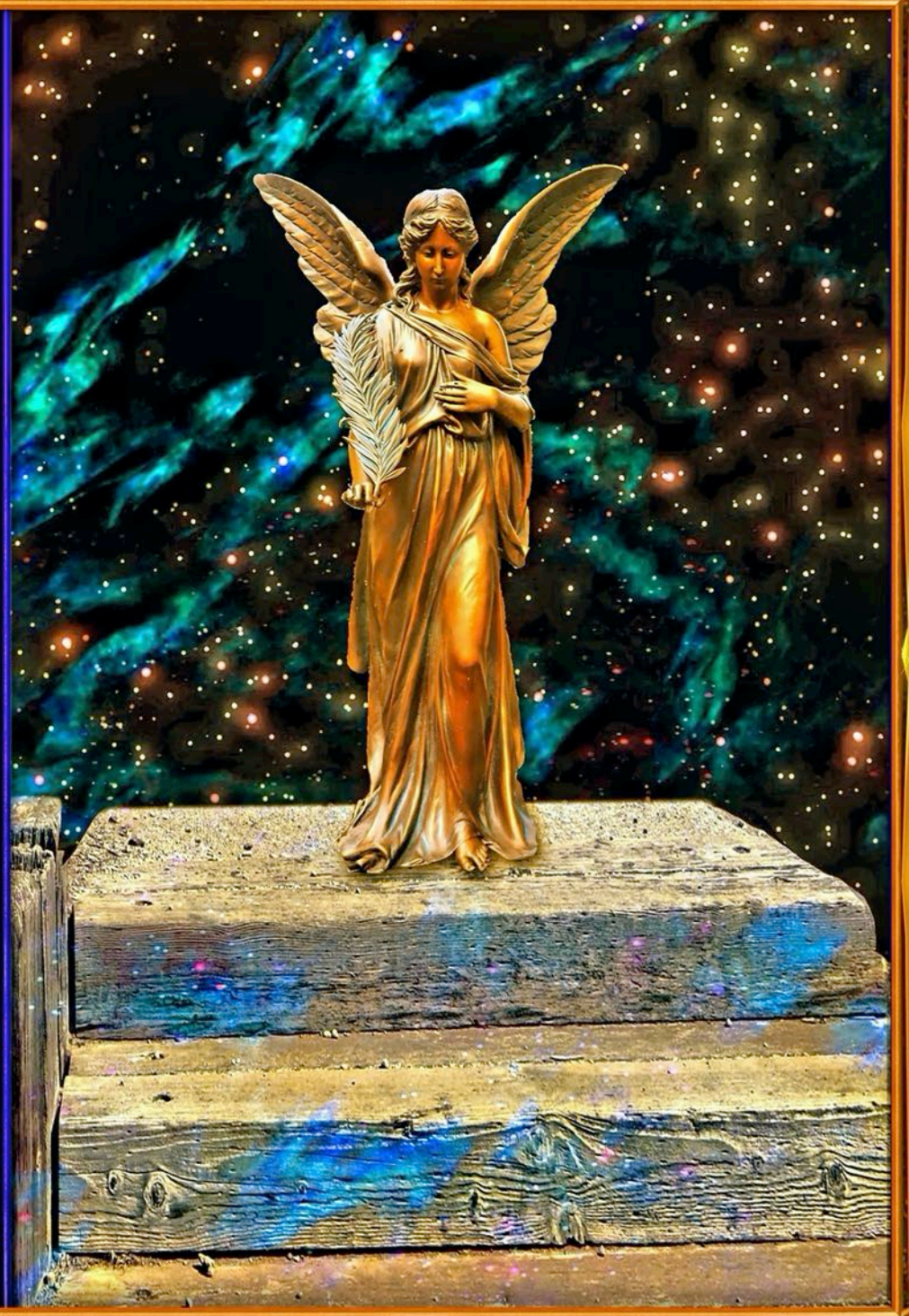






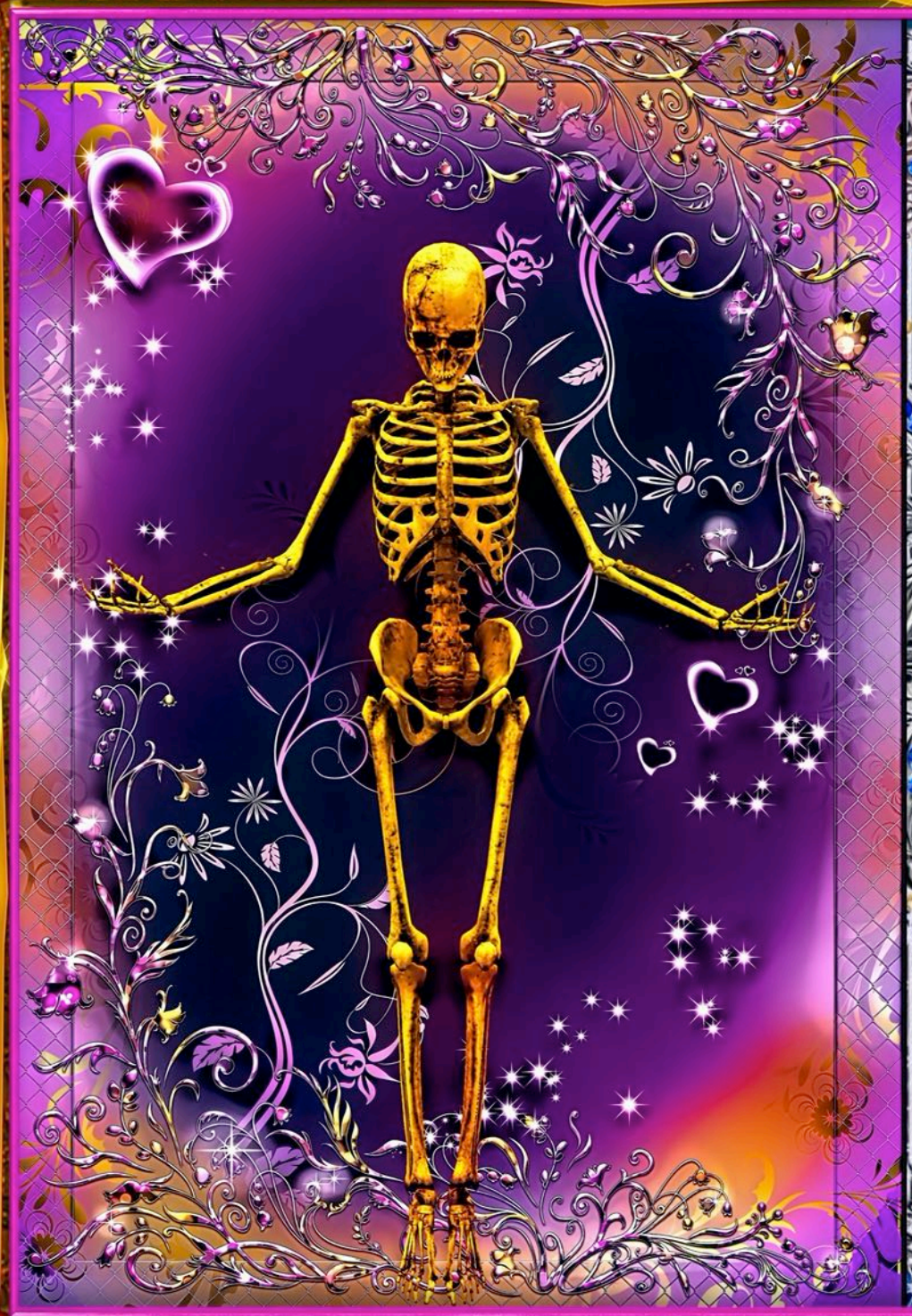

The Cup of Death





47. (you shall not shrink)







So when the Angel of the darker Drink
At last shall find you by the River-brink,
And, offering his Cup, Invite your Soul
Forth to your Lips to quaff—you shall not shrink.



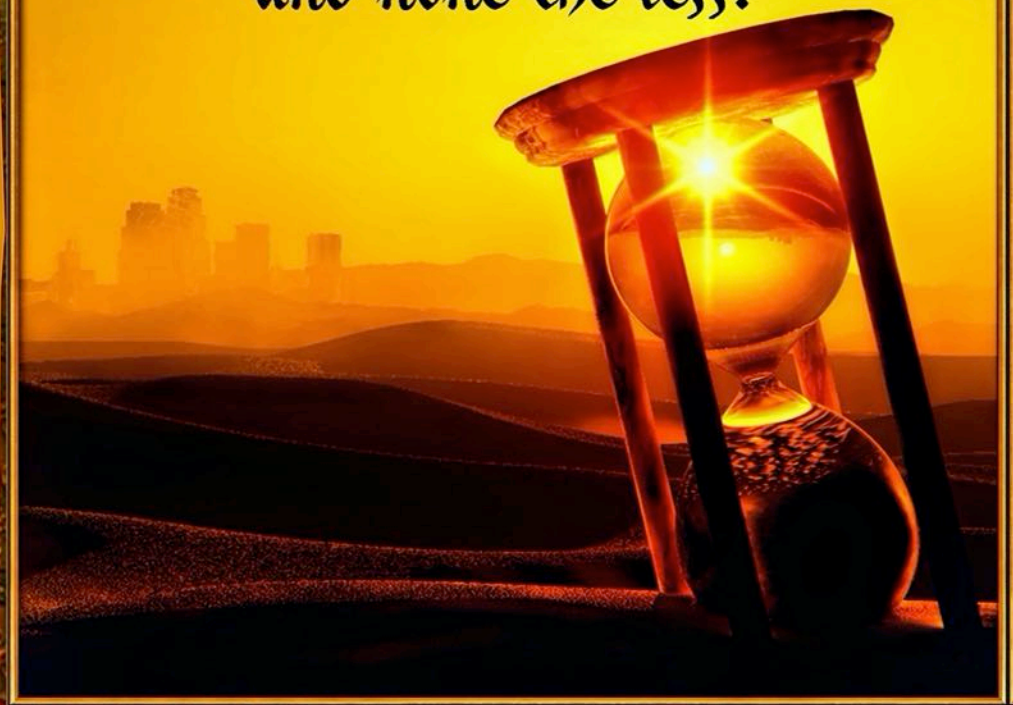


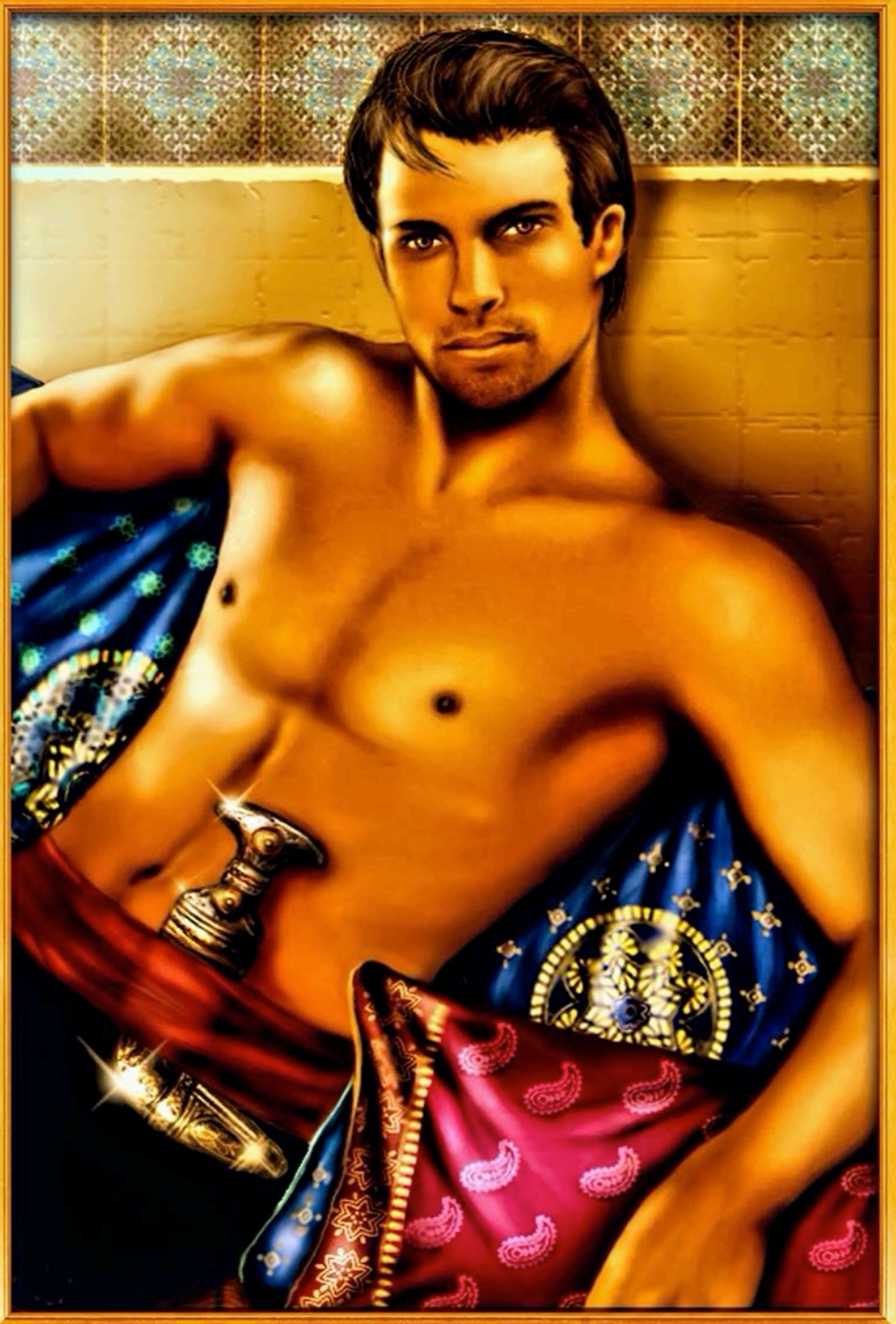
I, as all, must one day soft surrender,
When the Angel knocks to take me under.
What will remain are my written quatrains—
For all those who'll come to be to ponder.





I fear not to pay
my debt owed to death,
As here I'd not be
if not for the breath
Extinguished in those
who lived before:
Receive my future's seed
and none the less.








The Eternal Saki

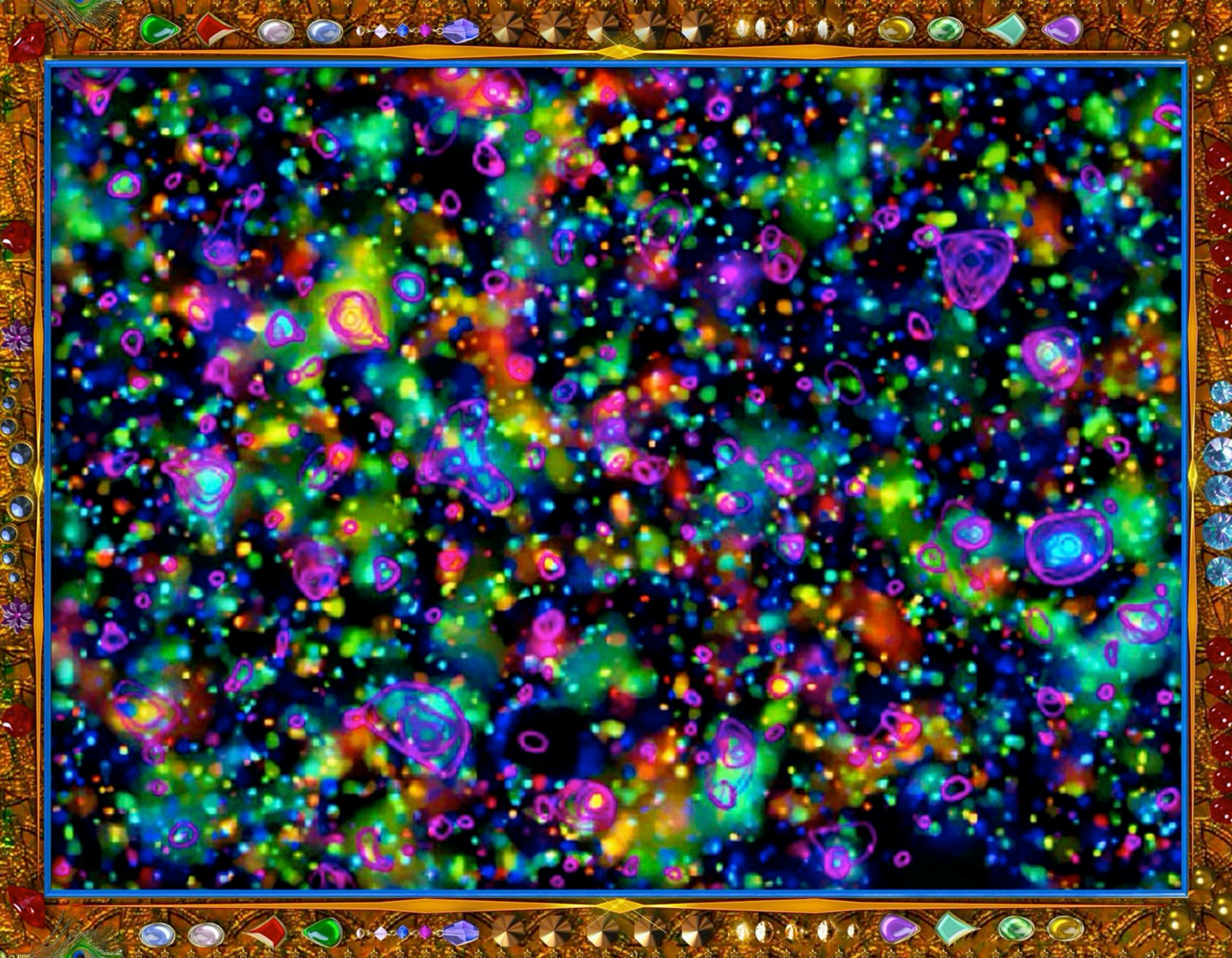


48. (Millions of Bubbles)

49. (a pebble-cast)

50. (Oh, make haste)





And fear not lest Existence closing your
Account, and mine, should know the like no more;
The Eternal Saki from that Bowl has pour'd
Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour.



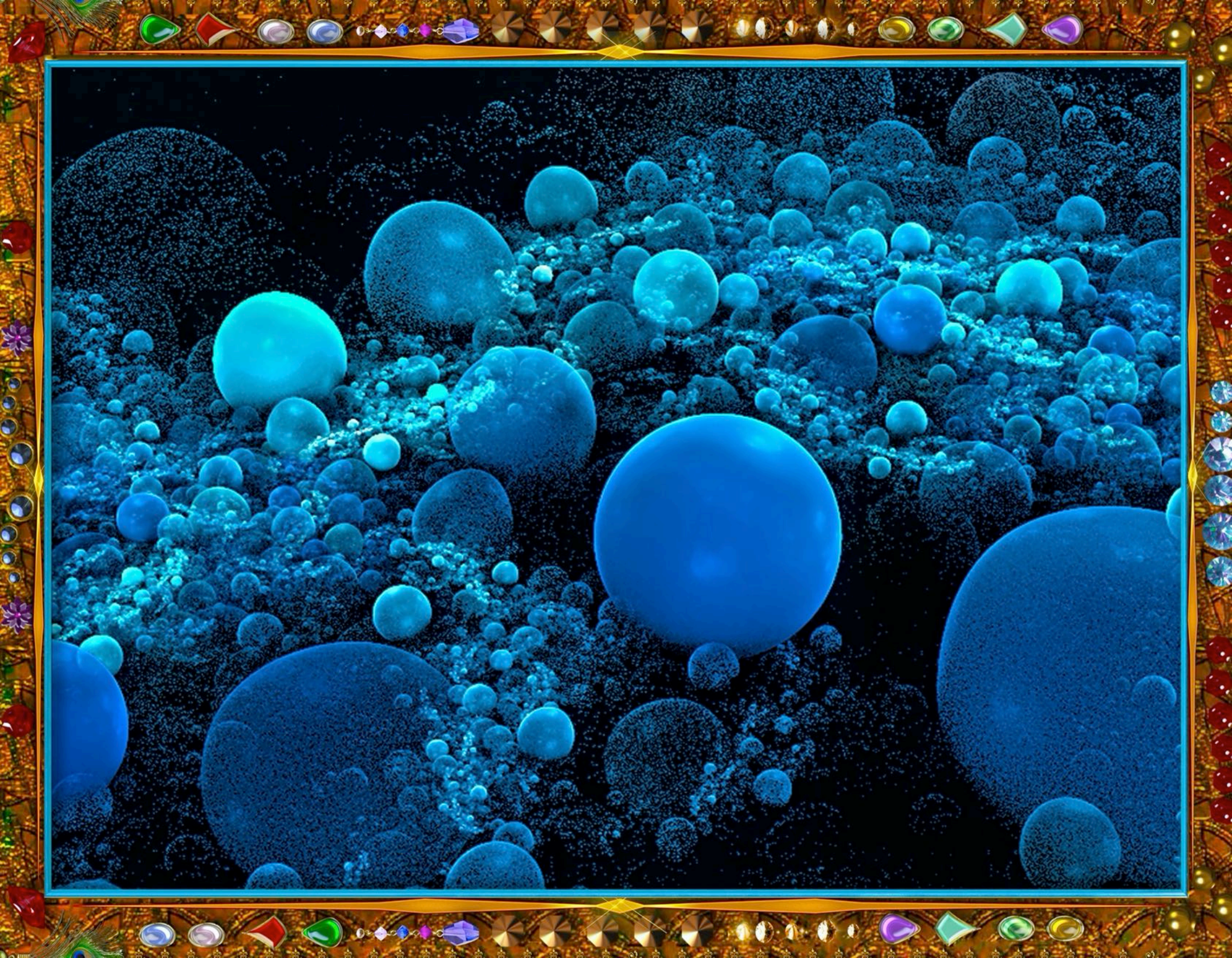



Yet worry you that this Cosmos is the last,
That the likes of us will become the past,
Space wondering whither whence we went
After the last of us her life has spent?


Hither wondering
whither whence
we went...
After the last
of us her life
has spent...?
The Eternal
Saki has
thus
poured
Trillions
of
baubles
like
thee,
and
will
pour.

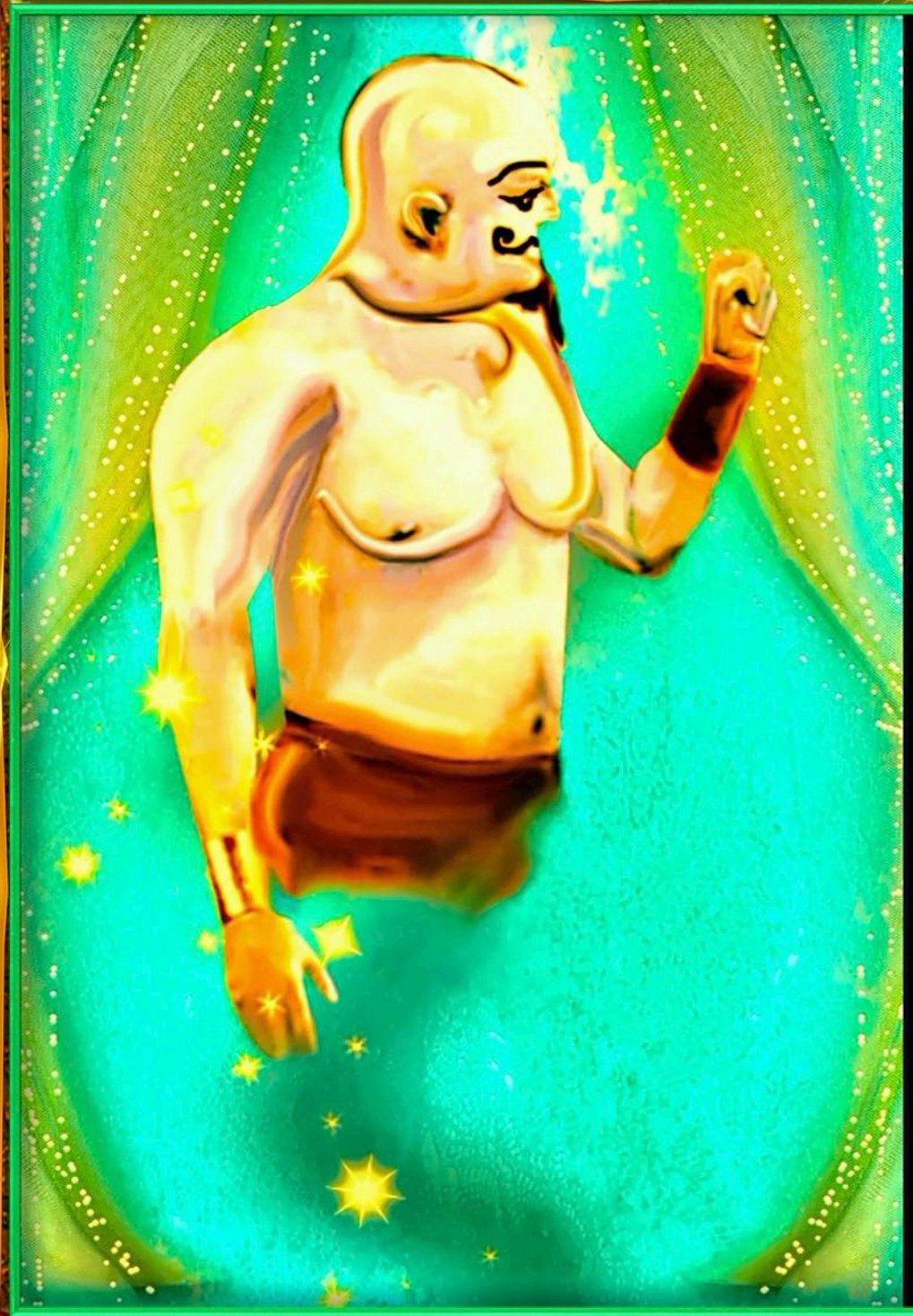
The Eternal Saki has formed trillions of baubles
Like ours, for e'er—the comings and passings
Of which it ever emits to immerse
In the universal bubbles blown and burst.





So fear not that a debit close your
Account and mine, knowing the like no more;
The Eternal Source from its pot has pour'd
Zillions of bubbles like ours, and will pour.







What though the sky with its blue canopy
Doth close us in so that we can not see,
In the etern Cupbearer's wine methinks
There float a myriad bubbles like to me.





So, as thus thou lives on yester's credit line,
In nowhere's midst, now in this life of thine,
As of its bowl our cup of brew is mixed
Into the state of being that's called 'mine'.

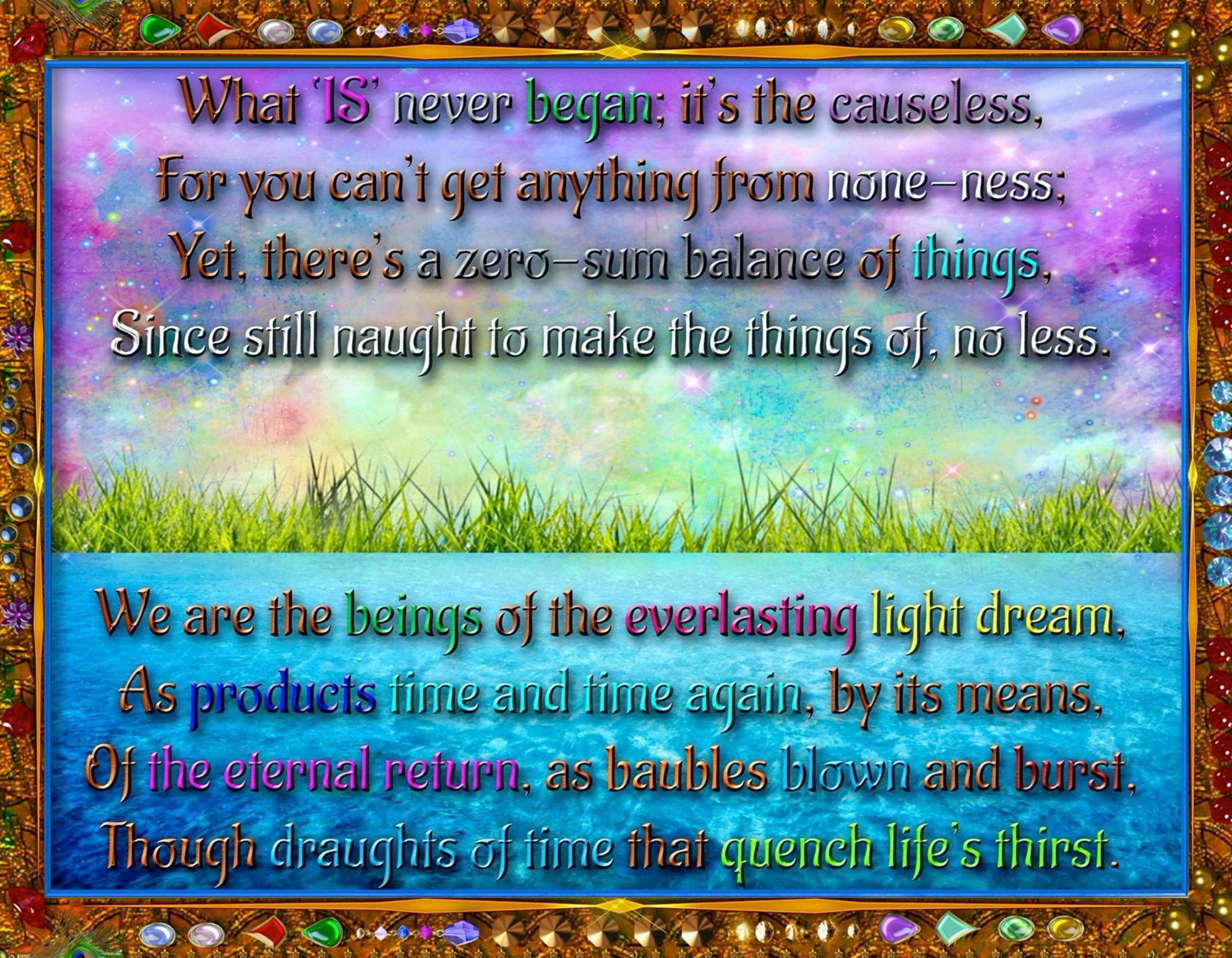




Behind the Veil, being that which e'er thrives,
The Eternal 'IS' has ever been alive,
For that which hath no onset cannot die,
Nor a point from which to have any guide.

Whatever is eternal and is so well defined
Could never be as so, for it was never defined
In the first place, for that there never was
To define all that it forever did and does.




What 'IS' never began; it's the causeless,
For you can't get anything from none-ness;
Yet, there's a zero-sum balance of things,
Since still naught to make the things of, no less.
We are the beings of the everlasting light dream,
As products time and time again, by its means,
Of the eternal return, as baubles blown and burst,
Though draughts of time that quench life's thirst.





You
clutch the
skirt of Heaven,
on it borne,
While the stars dimmed
are at night reborn.
If Allah lives,
and grants you a fresh morn,
You will the
universe's dress adorn.



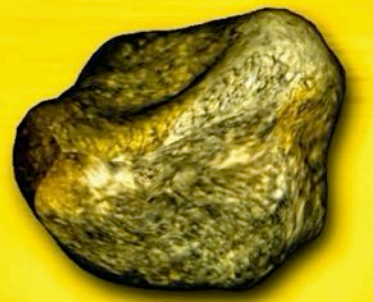


When You and I behind the Veil are past,
Oh, but the long, long while the World shall last,
Which of our Coming and Departure heeds
As much as Ocean of a pebble-cast.

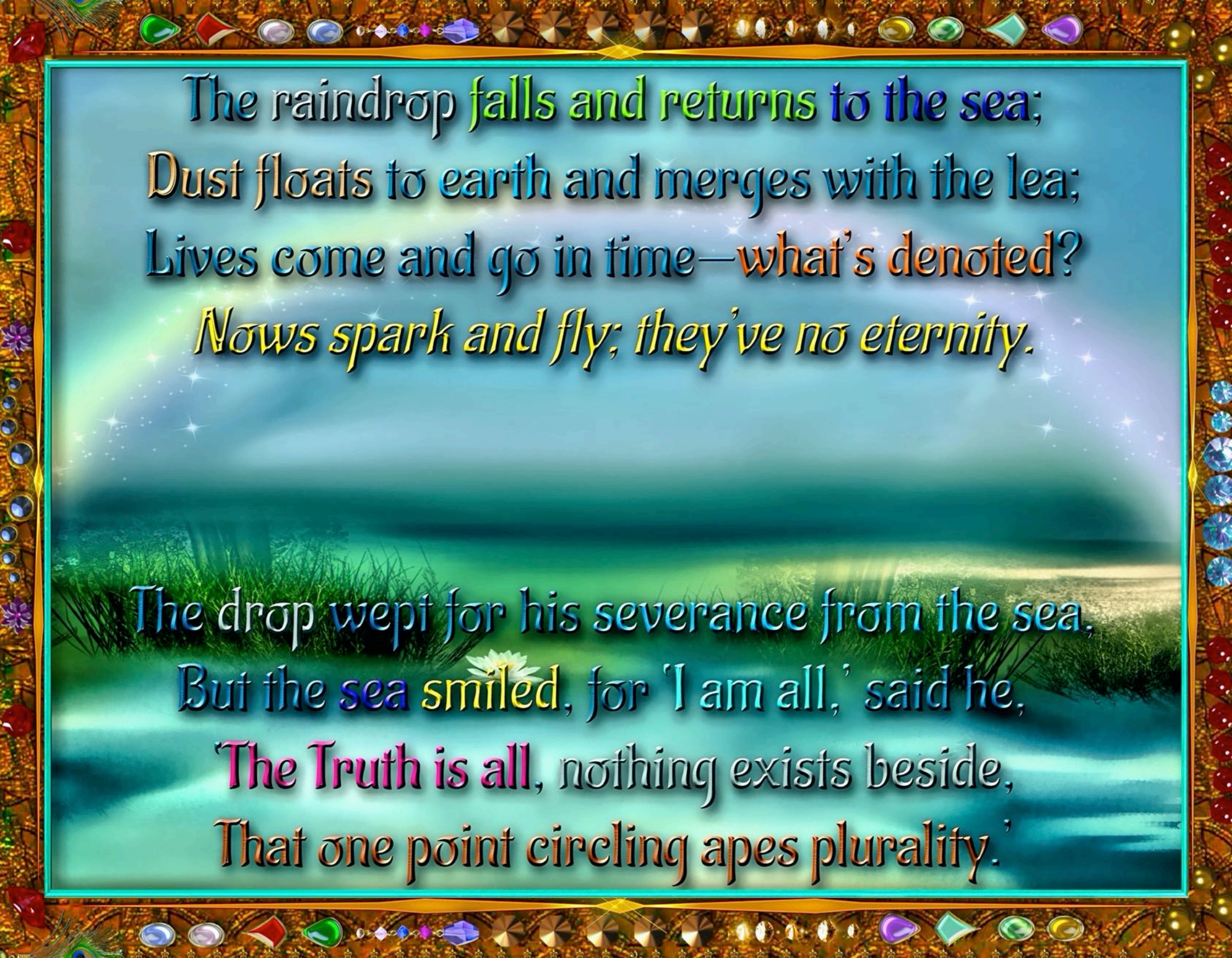




When You and I behind the cloak are past,
But the long while the next universe shall last,
Which of one's approach and departure it grasps
As might the sea's self heed a pebble cast.






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?
Nows spark and fly; they've no eternity.
The drop wept for his severance from the sea.
But the sea smiled, for 'I am all,' said he,
'The Truth is all, nothing exists beside,
That one point circling apes plurality.'



Thy nature's knit by breath or fancies;
Be happy if imposed on you, that is ail;
Sit thou with wise and see that 'I' and 'thou'
Is grain of dust, a spark, a drop, and gale.

A reflected bird crosses the glassy sky,
And passes water lilies floating on high,
While waves ripple the leaves of mirrored trees.
We meet at the looking-glass when days die.



One Moment in Annihilation's Waste,
One moment, of the Well of Life to taste—
The Stars are setting, and the Caravan
Draws to the dawn of Nothing—Oh, make haste!





Morning springs thee over the wasteland's brink,
And on time's sand you the oasis drink.
Life's strange caravan through the desert winds,
Back toward Nothing; drink—afore the stars sink.

This caravan of life passes mysteriously;
Mayest thou seize the moment that passes happily
Cup-bearer, why grieve about the sorrow of thy patrons
Bring forth the wine-cup, for the night wanes.




O unenlightened race of humankind,
Ye are a nothing, built on empty wind!
Yea, a mere nothing, hovering in the abyss,
A void before you, and a void behind!



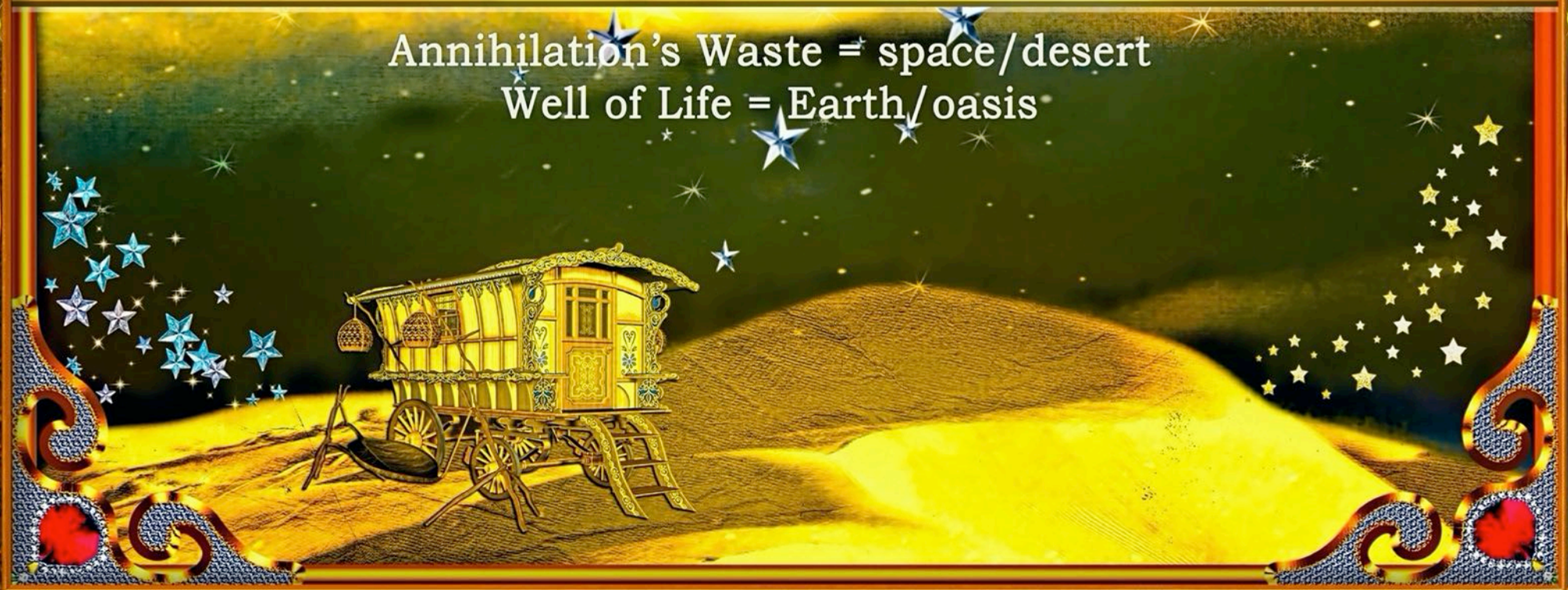
Life's hardships are oft softened by beauty,
Its weaknesses oft strengthened by the truth:
Such when roses blossom as realizations
Beauty itself blooms from the well of truth.





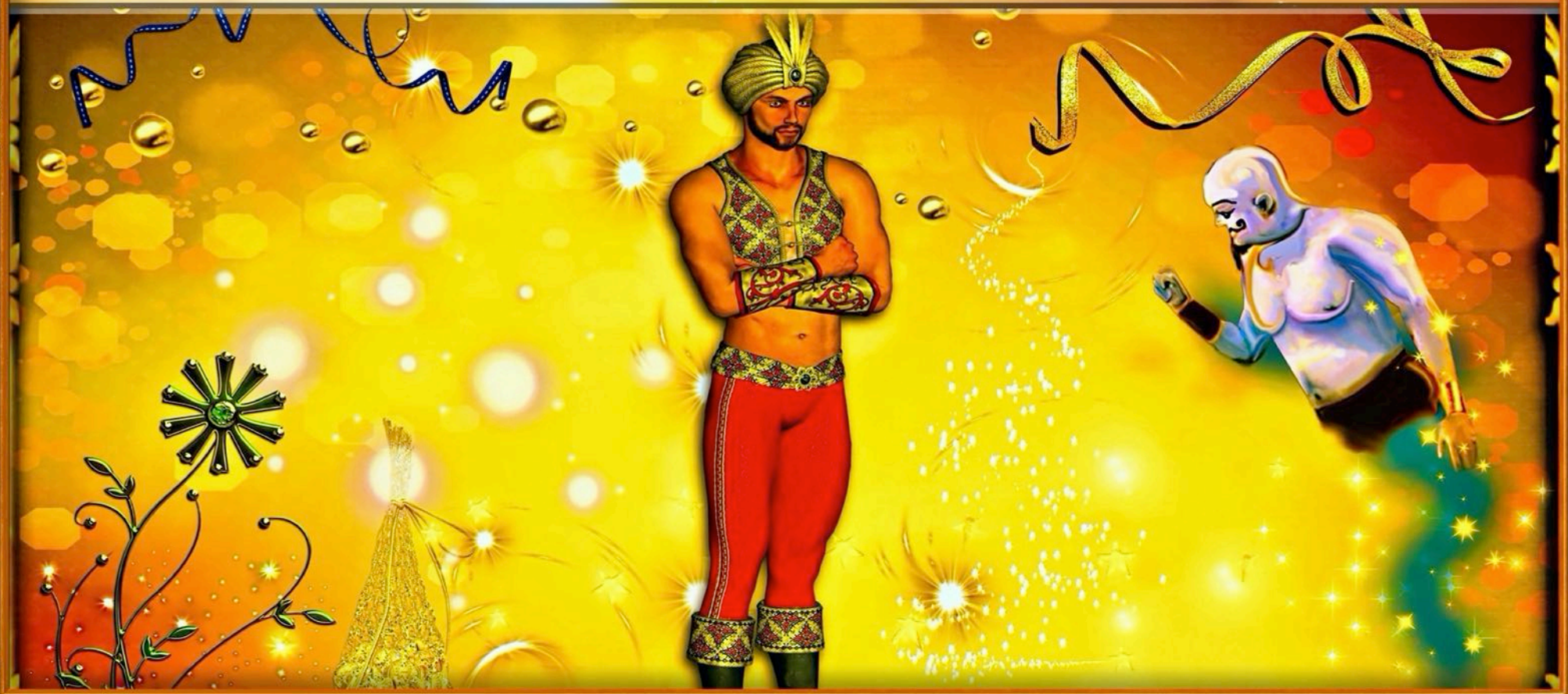
– The Persian Life and Temperament –

The Patience Stone is the most empathetic
Of listeners, absorbing into it
The pains and sorrows of the one telling.
When it's full of ache, it bursts into bits.





Persian life simplifies to the extremes,
Loving or fierce, to have or not the means,
Twin Genii granting the best and the worst—
Beyond the Sultan's favor and Fate's gleams.



The subsistence aplenty engendered
By the sun's bounty and breezes rendered
Contrasts to the simoom, the plague, the wars,
The mirage, and the beasts endangered.



Life or death hangs by a skin of water—
In a realm so large to die no better
From a freeze in the north to suffocate
From the heat in the south, weather–whether.



Temper's all poetry and religion,
And there are but two days distinction—
The Day of the Lot—origination,
And the Day of Judgement—destination.



A-tween, inexorable Destiny
Weaves life's braided wave, warp, and woof, Sufi,
Whose virtue is courage and submission
To what has been appointed so surely.



Exquisitely pleasured by poetry,
The senses excite beyond rein, dearly,
Through verses chanted, that drive the fearless—
Then grant reward, returned from victory.



Verse exhilaration bests the grapevine,
For quatrains and couplets exceed fine wine.
Flowers and tenders are as drink-spirits;
With the rose gleam a dram of hashish shine.





The Persian pearls bear the down of the lip,
The mole on the cheek, the eyelash, tulips,
Lilies, roses, jasmines, pearls, musk, birds, song—
Epigrammatic, and often epic.



Poetry dresses the phantasmic new
By enshrining life's apparitional brew,
Captured and bottled as aqua-vita—
Wisdom's pearls, from the evanescent dew.



The cedar, the cypress, the palm, the olive,
The willow, and fig-tree, and birds therein,
Are ne'er wanting in the musky verses,
Nor the flower legends, as well as wind.



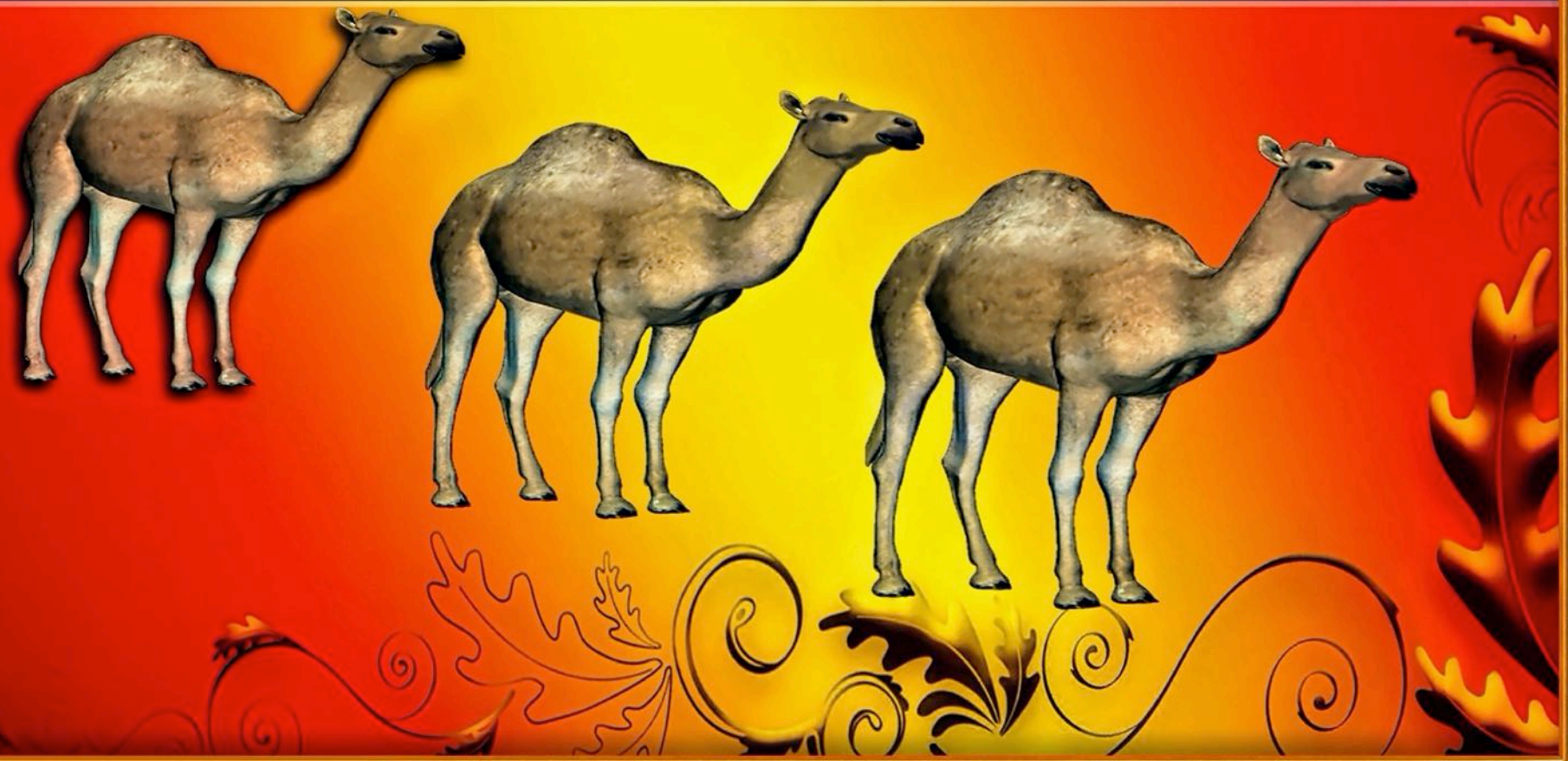
What's pent and smouldered as the numb and dumb
Is not spent in the poet, but from a crumb
Rises and grows over into new form,
As relief, in creation through his plumb.

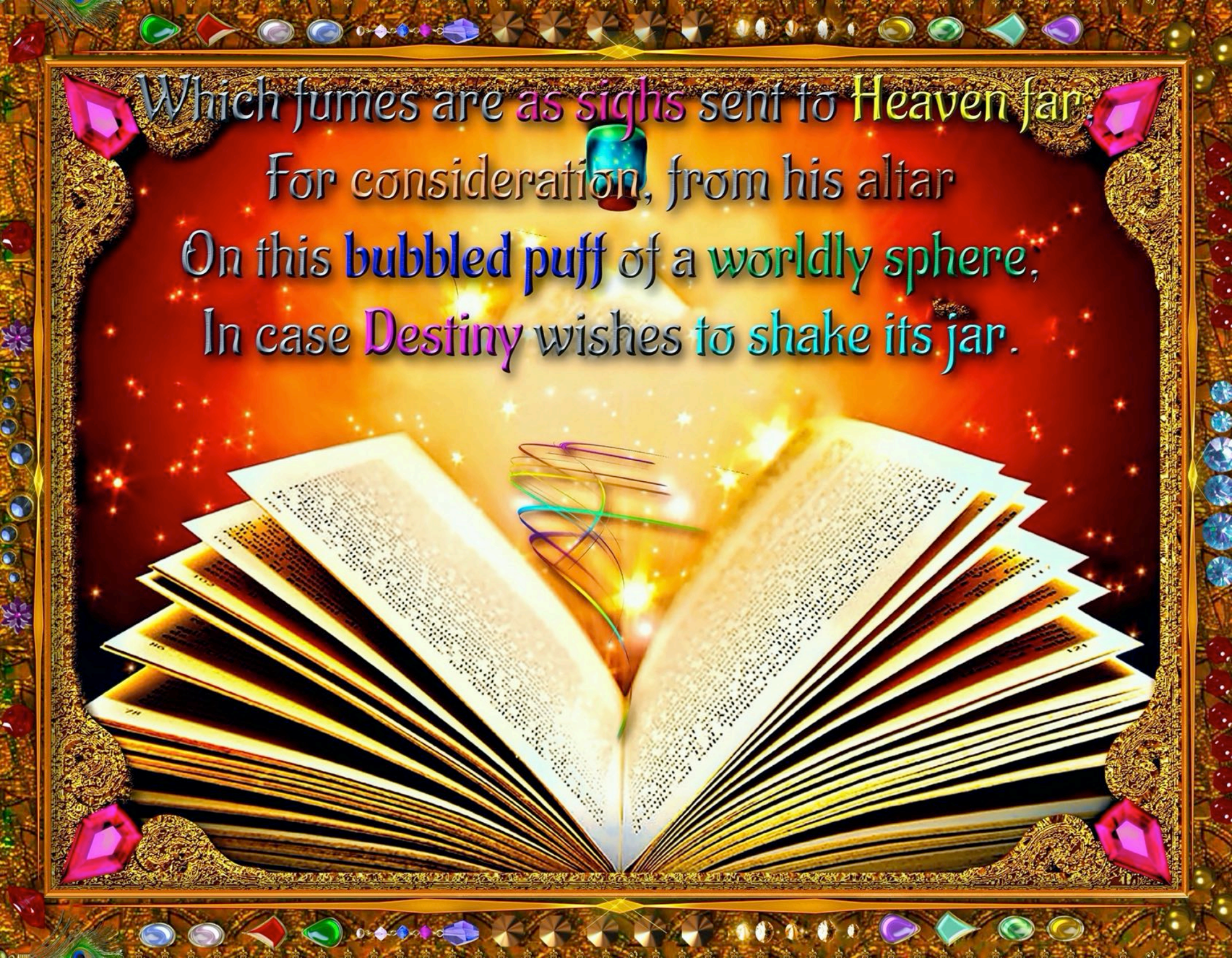


Of a keen bodily sense with sensation,
With a deep intellectual passion,
Poets wing far between Heaven and Earth—
As delight in the two's composition.



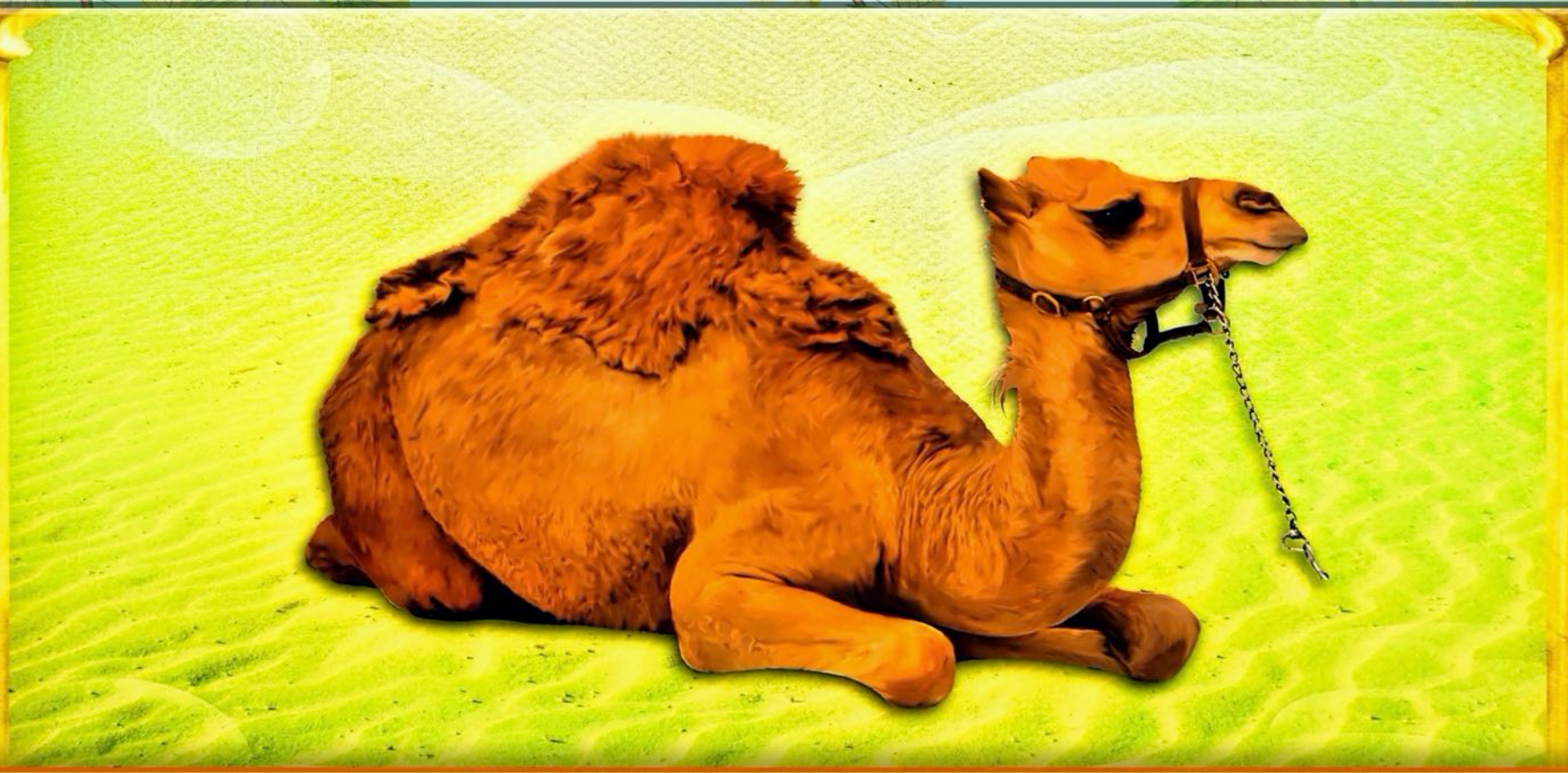
A snatch of poem the camel-driver sings,
And paints with sun-beams what his vision brings—
Of the waving veils adorning the tent,
Of the pipe-dreams floating up in smoke rings...




Which fumes are as sighs sent to Heaven far;
For consideration, from his altar
On this bubbled puff of a worldly sphere,
In case Destiny wishes to shake its jar.



The fence is a temptation for a flout,
Yet souls are the breezes that have no route.
Were that I was her soft breath in and out,
I could e'er on my way kiss her lips' pout.

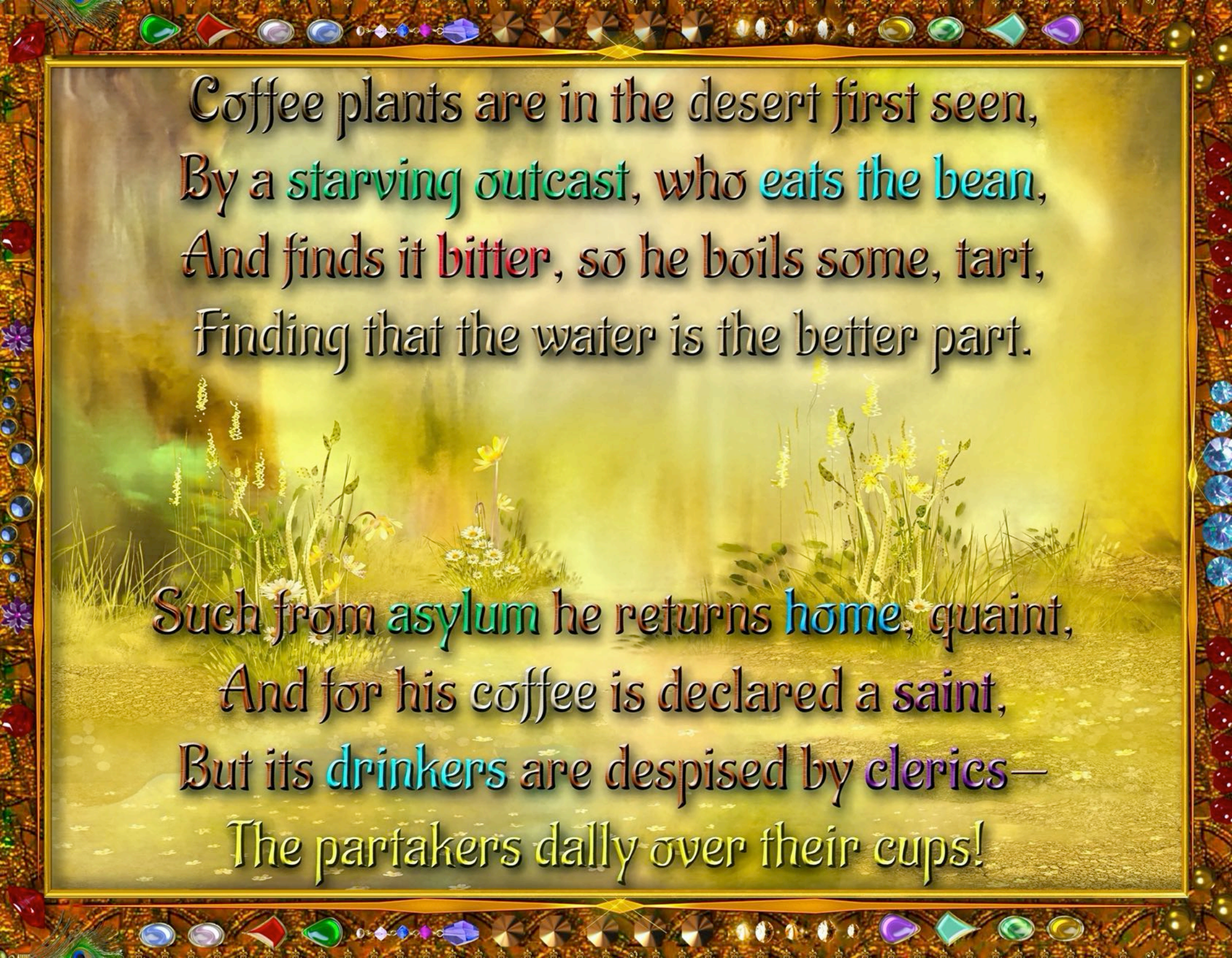




In the night of your tresses, the day flees;
In the round of your rose lips, naught but these;
In your walking, waking form, on my knees;
Of your swelling breasts, oh, please to show, please.






Coffee plants are in the desert first seen,
By a starving outcast, who eats the bean,
And finds it bitter, so he boils some, tart,
Finding that the water is the better part.
Such from asylum he returns home, quaint,
And for his coffee is declared a saint,
But its drinkers are despised by clerics—
The partakers dally over their cups!









The False and the True





ز

51. (A Hair perhaps divides)

52. (a single Alif)

53. (Taking all shapes)

54. (the Pastime of Eternity)





Would you that spangle of Existence spend
About The Secret—quick about it, Friend!
A Hair perhaps divides the False from True—
And upon what, prithee, may life depend?





A Hair perhaps divides the False and True;
Yes; and a single Alif were the clue—
Could you but find it—to the Treasure-house,
And peradventure to The Master too;





Forget about the blame and also the fame—
The Great Wheel's not designed in any name,
Since, with no beginning, it ne'er became;
Thus no Alif through Ye: it's e'er the same.



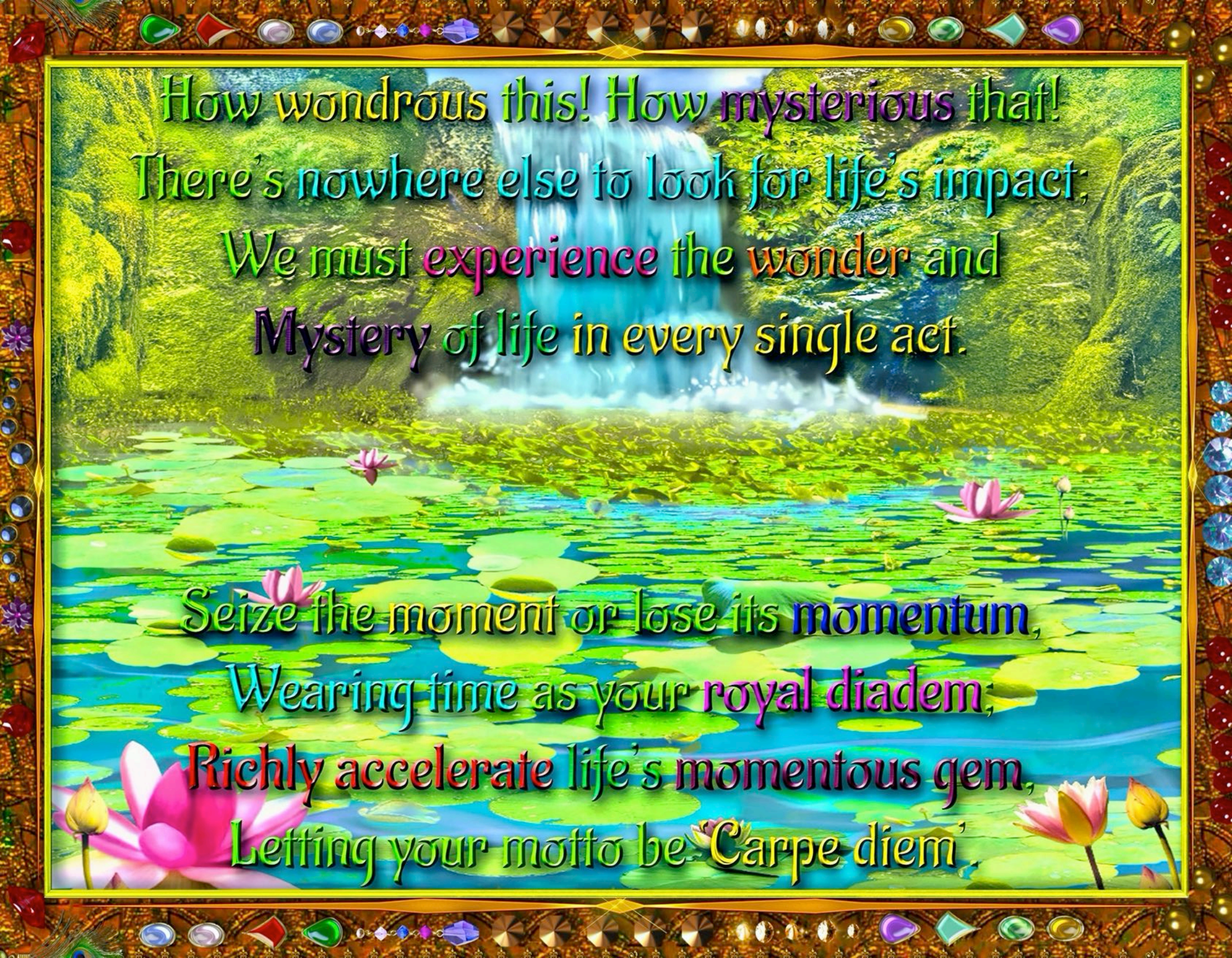


My spirit to the causeless was once blind:
Quoth I, 'If the Beginning you could find—
The Alif—of word, phrase, and uni-verse,
Thou needs not the alphabet—all's been mined.'








How wondrous this! How mysterious that!
There's nowhere else to look for life's impact;
We must experience the wonder and
Mystery of life in every single act.
Seize the moment or lose its momentum,
Wearing time as your royal diadem;
Richly accelerate life's momentous gem,
Letting your motto be 'Carpe diem'.

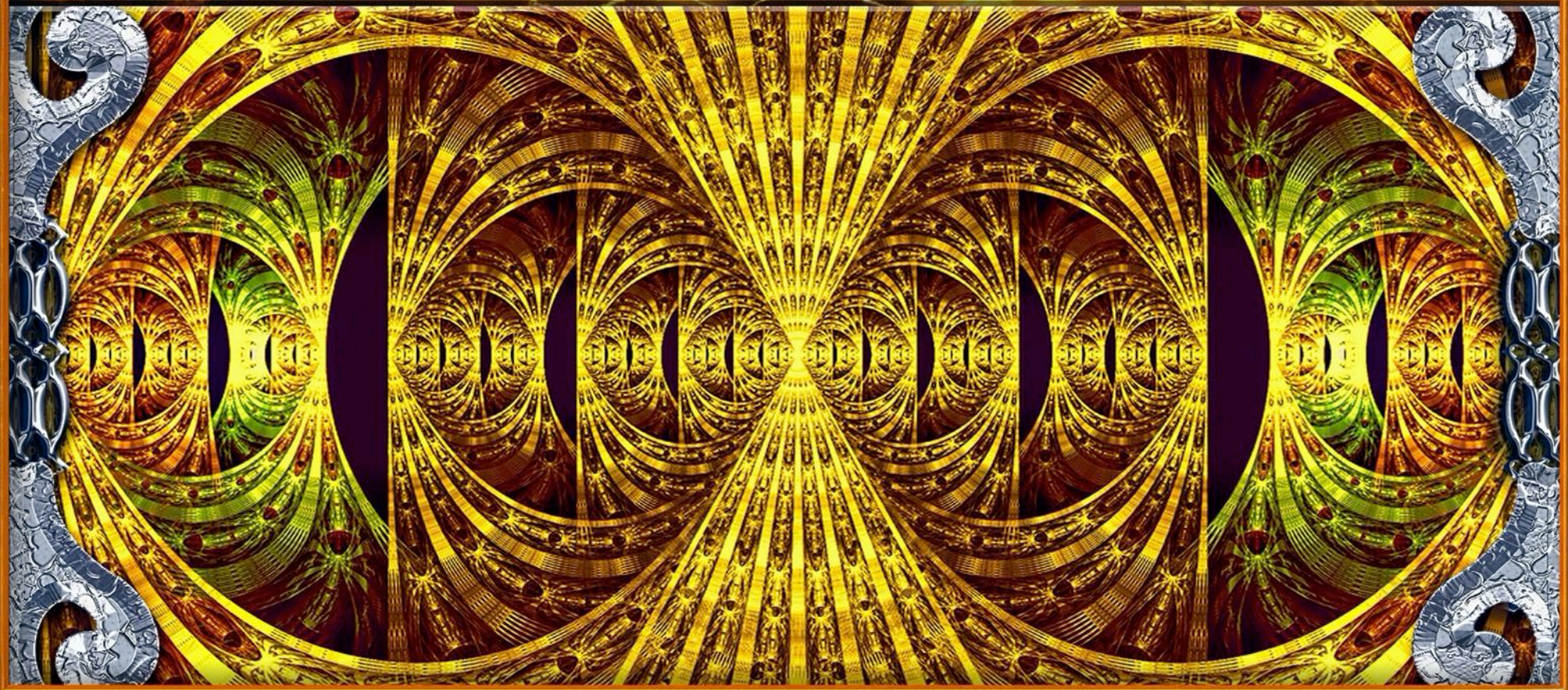


World does not pass by; you pass through it;
Clear your being so the treasure may arrive;
This spirit sparkles of a different light,
The gemstones are of a different mine.





Whose secret Presence through Creation's veins
Running Quicksilver-like eludes your pains;
Taking all shapes from Máh to Máhi and
They change and perish all—but He remains;









(From the month of the moon
to the month of the fish)



'Tis best all other blessings to forego
For wine, that charming Turki maids bestow;
Kalendars' raptures pass all things that are,
From moon on high down into fish below!



Máh to Máhi = from the moon to the fish



The best of all
that is below the moon
And above the fish
is beauty's commune,
In her wine poured and sipped,
all else forgone,
From Udah to Udahi,
raptured noon to noon.



Oh sweet, almond-eyed
fortune of love's glow,
Our life-streams flow
toward the great below;
In Fate's clutch,
back into dust we must go,
So let us liquify
'long life's plateau.







A moment guessed—then back behind the Fold
Immerst of Darkness round the Drama roll'd
Which, for the Pastime of Eternity,
He doth Himself contrive, enact, behold.





'Twas writ at first, whatever was to be,
By pen, unheeding bliss or misery,
Yea, writ upon the tablet once for all,
To murmur or resist is vanity.

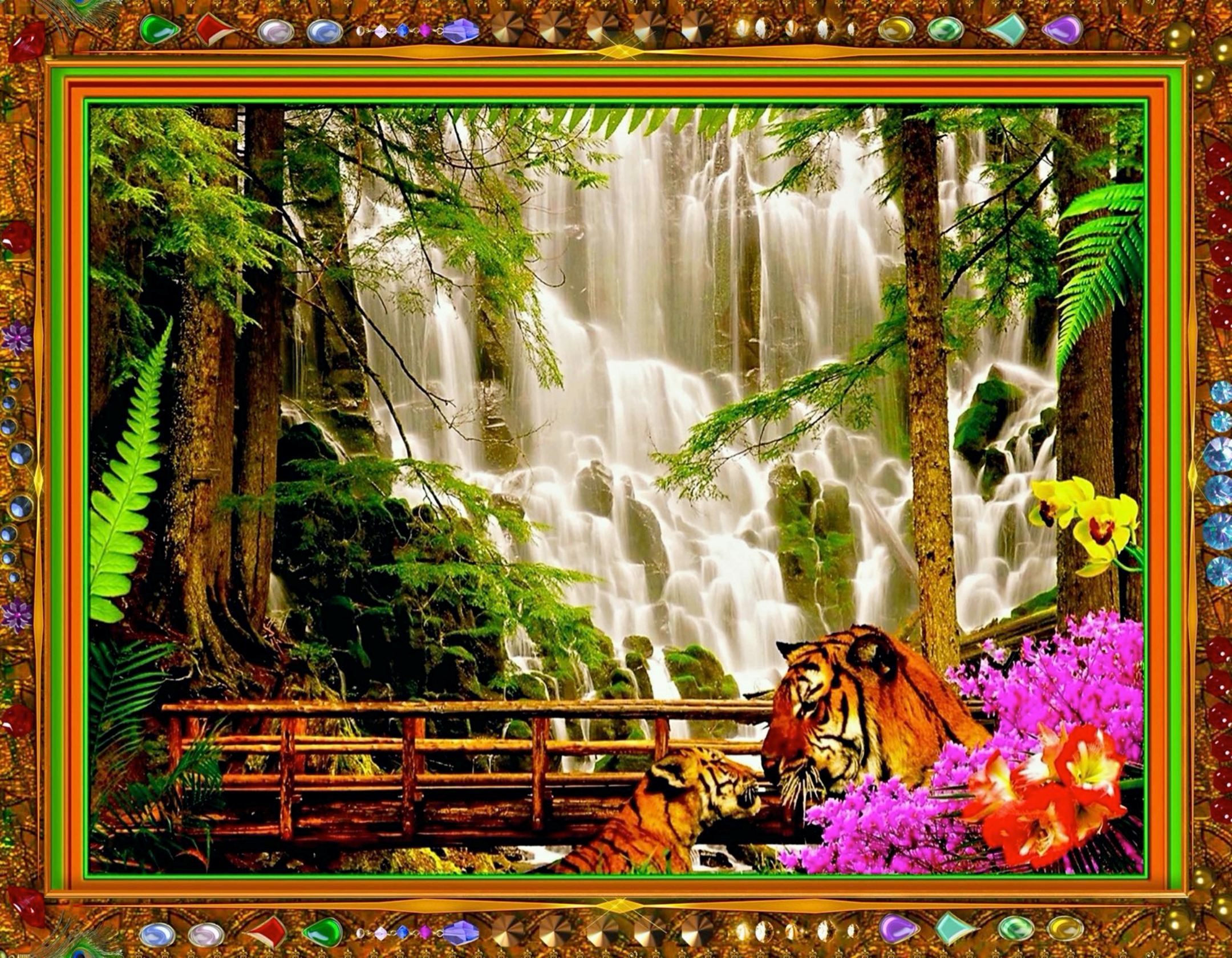




Outputs must have inputs,
they in turning
Becoming inputs
to more fates churning;
In that sense,
all is writ, on every path,
As in ours, so what must be
will e'er spring.








The Vain Pursuit




55. (the stubborn Floor)
56. (Minister of Wine)
57. (the fruitful Grape)
CHAMPAGNE

Waste not your Hour,
nor in the vain Pursuit
Of This and That
endeavour and Dispute?
Better be merry with
the fruit= ful Grape
Than sadden
after none,
or bitter, Fruit.



But if in vain, down on the stubborn Floor
Of Earth, and up to Heav'n's unopening Door,
You gaze To-day, while You are You—how then
To-morrow, when You shall be You no more.





Perplext no more with Human or Divine,
To-morrow's tangle to the winds resign,
And lose your fingers in the tresses of
The Cypress-slender Minister of Wine.





Without the bitter
there's no balance sweet;
From my height of youth
lies the valley deep.
Even the biting grape
loses its tartness;
'Tis not the wine that changes,
but's my own feat.





I don't know
if what made me doth appoint
To Joy or Pain
when this world I disjoint,
Or whether,
but I do know life and verse;
Hence with love and wine
I'll myself anoint.





Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain Pursuit
Of This and That endeavour and Dispute?
Better be merry with the fruitful Grape
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.




Waste
not
your Hour,
nor in the
vain Pursuit
Of This and That
endeavour
and Dispute?
Better be merry
with the fruitful Grape
Than sadden after none,
or bitter, Fruit.

To miserly creatures
Thou hast given
Baths and waterways
in the earth riven,
Yet we must pledge
our goods for nightly bread;
Who would give a fig
for such a Heaven?



Drink; your doom is
to e'er sleep in the tomb,
Without wine, friends, or love—
an empty whom;
Come close,
I will lift the dark secret's veil:
Never again can
withered flowers bloom.



Where there be friends
to drink two wells of wine,

The festive assemblies
never decline;

For whoso does thus,
sets his spirit free

Of such as thy mustache
or beard like mine!

Drink wine's aquavita
down into earth,

Whence, as a jug,
you'll find another birth;

Thus reckon not for
Hell or Heaven's berth;

The wise can ne'er be deceived;
hold wine's mirth!



So what of the things
I have or have naught,
Or if pass through life
happy or distraught.
Fill my cup,
for I don't know
if the breath
I now draw in
will be my last, or not!



Wine, love, and kisses
have left my purse bare;
In blame, obscure,
of pledge I gladly err.
Who came back from
Heaven or Hell to tell.
Of Heaven or Hell?
We're not from there!



What 'IS' can no more
not exist than it
Can rule any
of what goes on in it;
Impute not thy blame,
shame, or fame to it—
Fate's Wheel's more helpless
than all within it.

I drink the wine of life,
in the name of,
My blame, fame, and shame
thrown away for love;
Reproach me not;
to folly's faults I aim;
As Heaven's stream
I'm as pure as a dove.



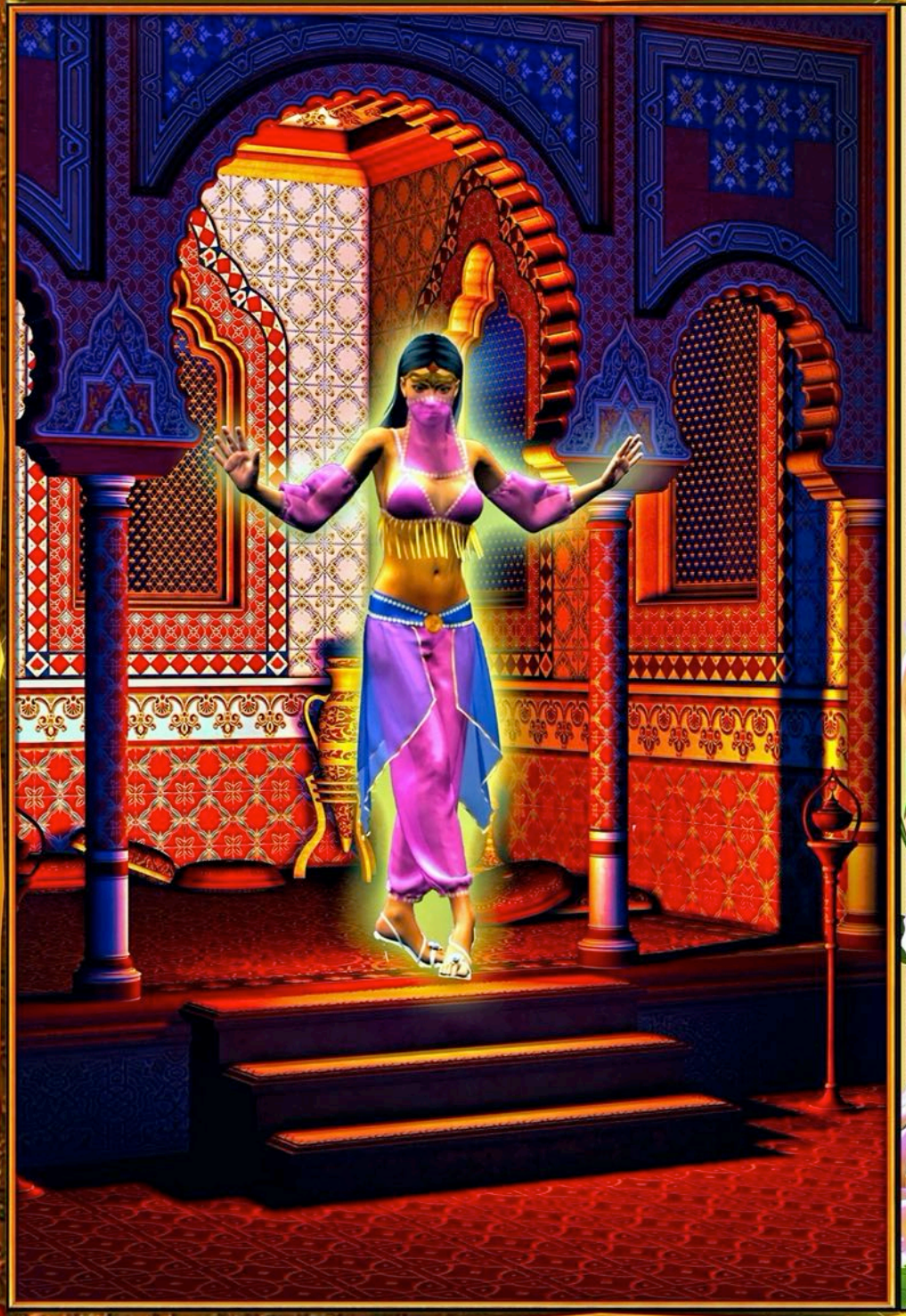

The Divorce of Reason

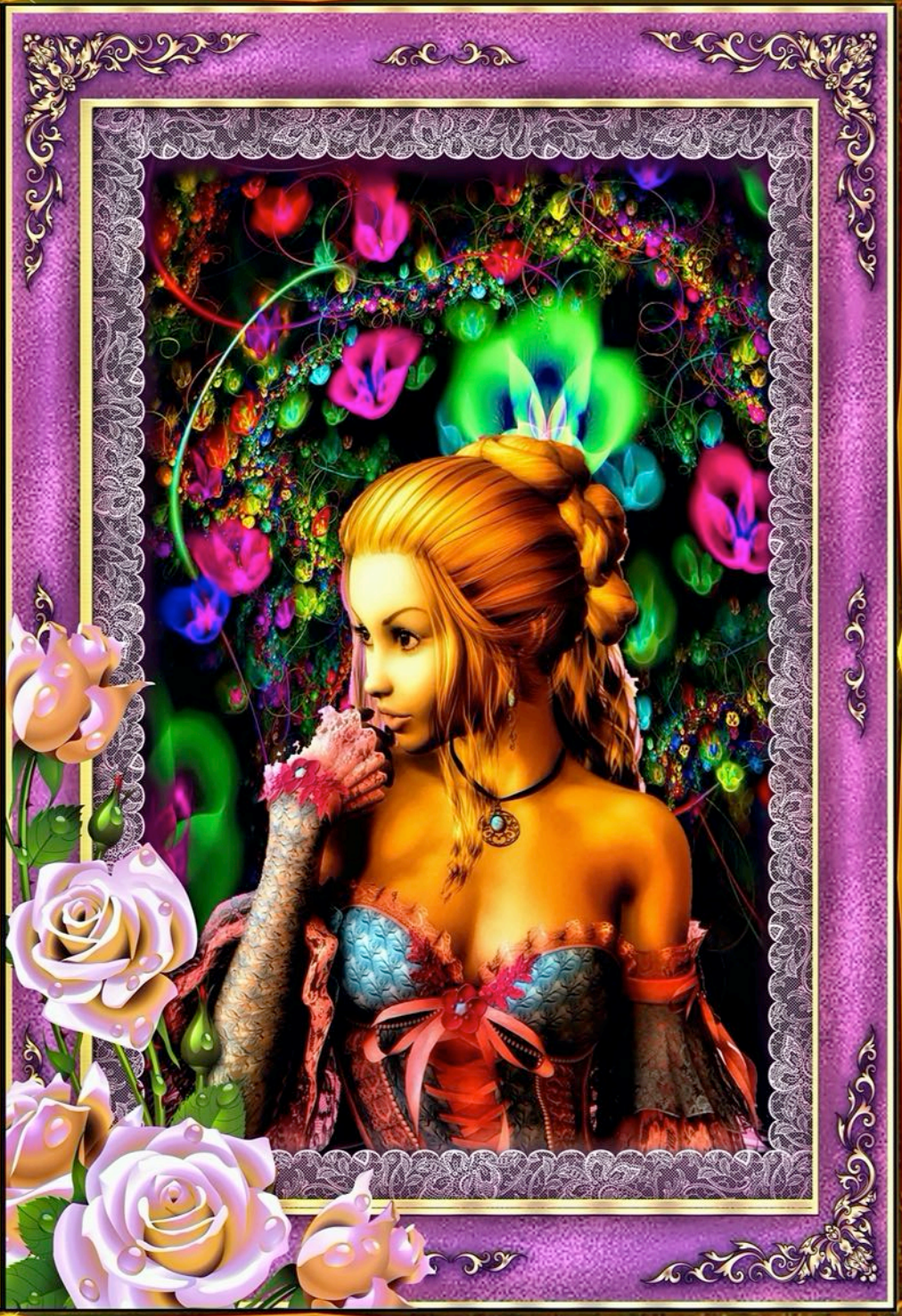


"But what's the base of the basis, as First,
The simplest from which all things fill their thirst?"




58. (old barren Reason)
59. (care to fathom)
60. (striking from the Calendar)





You know, my Friends, how long since in my House
For a new Marriage I did make Carouse:
Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse.





My heart's blood gleams like a melted ruby,
The wealth of mine—the gem that flows in me;
My goblet enshrines my wounded heart's tears—
Wine is my soul and the cup my body.

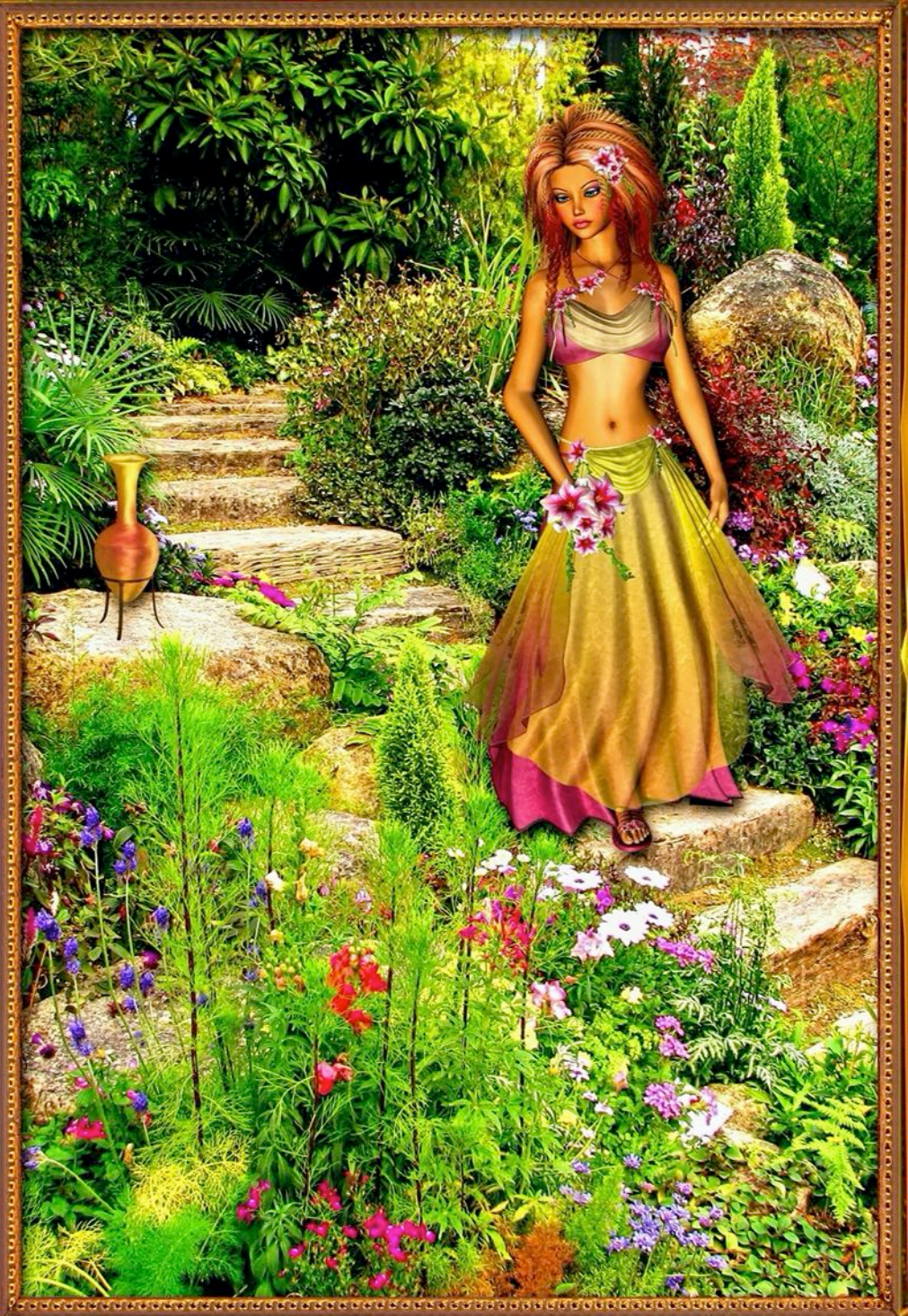


Rubies from the vine's mines are melted up,
As the moon-veil dissolved in the sun's sup,
In pearled crystal goblets of the flow;
Oh, sparkle with life's essence sweet—thy cup!

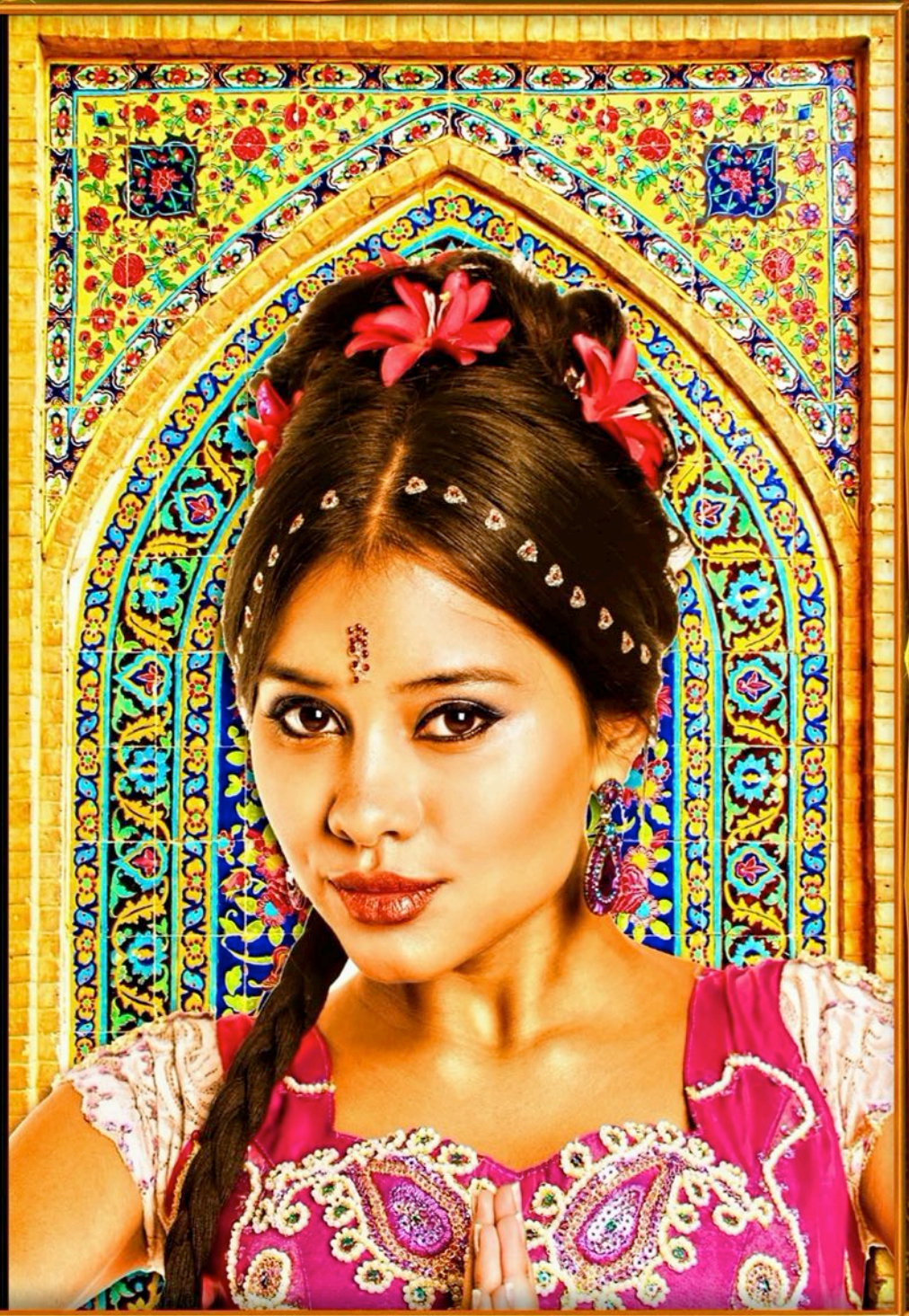




As clouds' down
to jasmine blossoms
doth shred,
From violet unto
the green garden bed,
Out of the
bluish-purple grape,
I pour
Into my lily-cup
the wine bled so red.







For "Is" and "Is-Not" though with Rule and Line,
And "Up-And-Down" by logic I define,
Of all that one should care to fathom, I
Was never deep in anything but—Wine.

Omar was a mathematician and a logician.



"Is" = existence

"Up-And-Down" or High-and-Low means outward and inward.


NEW
ELIXIR
OLD
AQUA VI

Parch not thy self with old arguments' heat,
O'er 'is' or 'is not' of some hidden street,
But drench thyself with the juicy grape,
Lest you sour, leaving dry raisins to eat.





With brows and beard
I brush the tavern door,
And drop the worlds
good and ill on the floor.
If they should bounce
and roll to my own street,
I would quick kick
them along all the more.

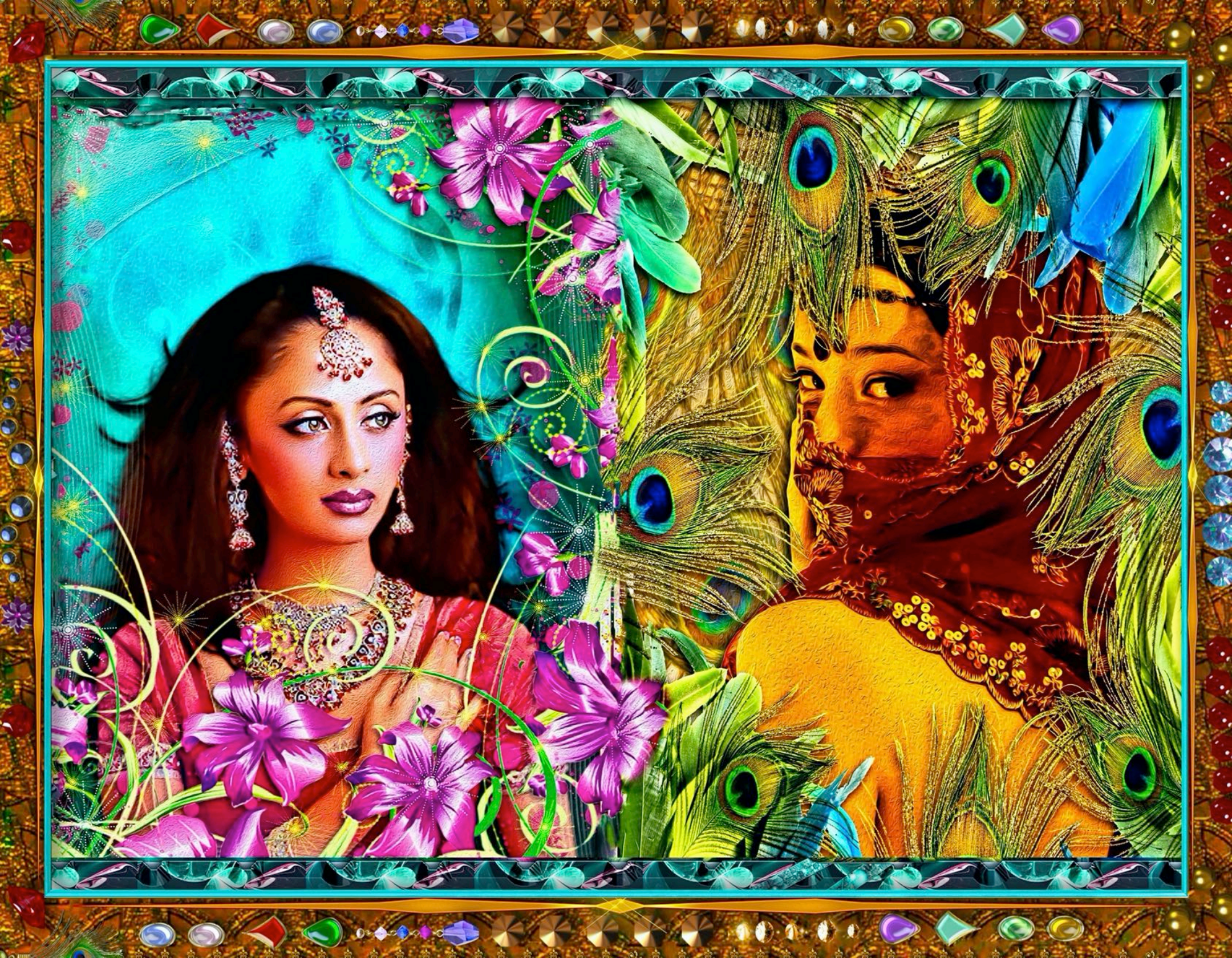


If some say of ways to make things from naught,
They're right back to the 'IS' eterne, ne'er wrought,
For 'ways' are something: capability;
'IS' has no choice—it must be, and ne'er not.



Ah, but my computations, People say,
Have squared the Year to human Compass, eh?
If so, by striking from the Calendar
Unborn To-morrow and dead Yesterday.





There are two days about which we needn't ask,
The one that hasn't come and the one that's past,
For we live in the paradisal 'now',
In which each moment is eternally vast!







The unborn future is inherent in the past,
Its 'will be' is real, with no unreal contrast class,
As there's no opposite to existence—no Nil;
It's not just that future is going to exist.

The moment contains eternal reward;
Both past and future are rolled thereinward.
Time never passes; it stays as it is;
Still, it is ceaselessly moving onward.



There are two days
about which I needn't ask,
The one that hasn't come
and the one that's past,
While life flows like water
and blows like wind;
The idyllic 'now'
prevails, unsurpassed.



How shall we gild the air
and pave the sea?
What the effigies of idolatry!
Who presupposes
Khayyam's doomed to Hell?
None from Hell or Heaven
came to tell me.



Pretend you're dead—
gone, sitting on a star,
And regretting there
an empty memoir...
"If only I might
live it all again!"
Well, you're alive;
so smile, because you are.



Wear not thy heart away
on worry's stone,
For no one can rub
against the unknown.
Since no one knows,
cast away your millstones;
Reign high on thy throne
in the living zone.



March, April! Spring! We'll reign as we May there,
Between June and her sister September,
Then prolong the Fall, till November come
December, when we can sweet Remember.

Take the road of 'Eventually' toward 'Someday';
Turn back at the fork of 'Maybe' and 'Perhaps';
Pass the winding path where 'It Could Have Been';
Then you've arrived in the land of 'Never'!





Why Worry?

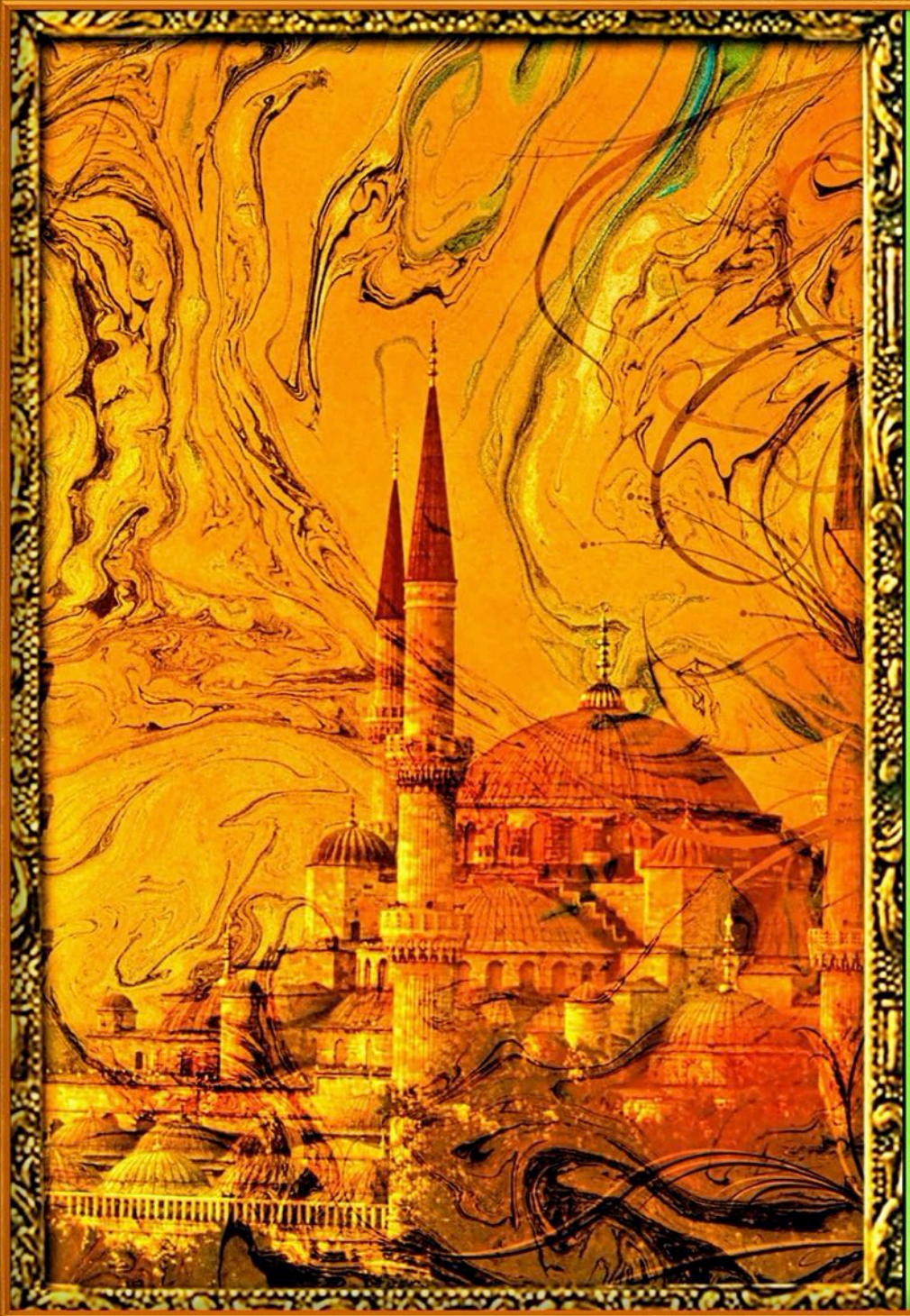


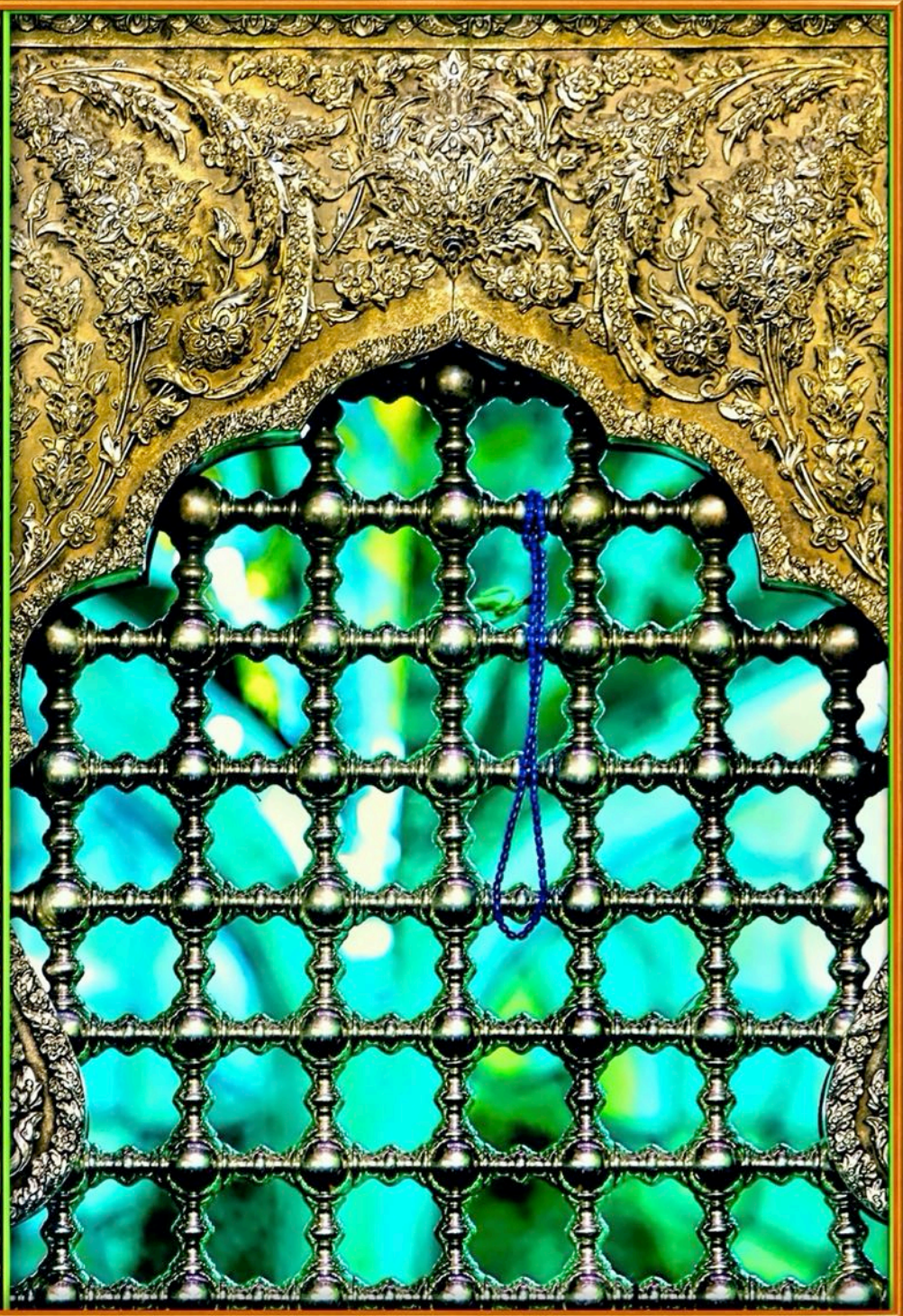


You can't change the past.

You can't see the future cast.

The present doesn't last.






The Jarring Seeds



61. (the Grape)

62. (The subtle Alchemist)

63. (The mighty Mahmud)



And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
Came stealing through the Dusk an Angel Shape,
Bearing a vessel on his Shoulder; and
He bid me taste of it; and 'twas—the Grape!





The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute:
The subtle Alchemist that in a Trice
Life's leaden Metal into Gold transmute.








Let the two-and-seventy sects, all told,
Diverge in their tales of myth-takes so old;
One draught of alkimiya wine cures all ills,
Transforming life's leaden dross into gold.



Athirst, I quench and drench
in wine's romance,
Which troubles not
Heaven's glance, perchance.

Did the All-Seeing's thoughts
not grant the chance?
Then God's All-Knowing
is but ignorance.





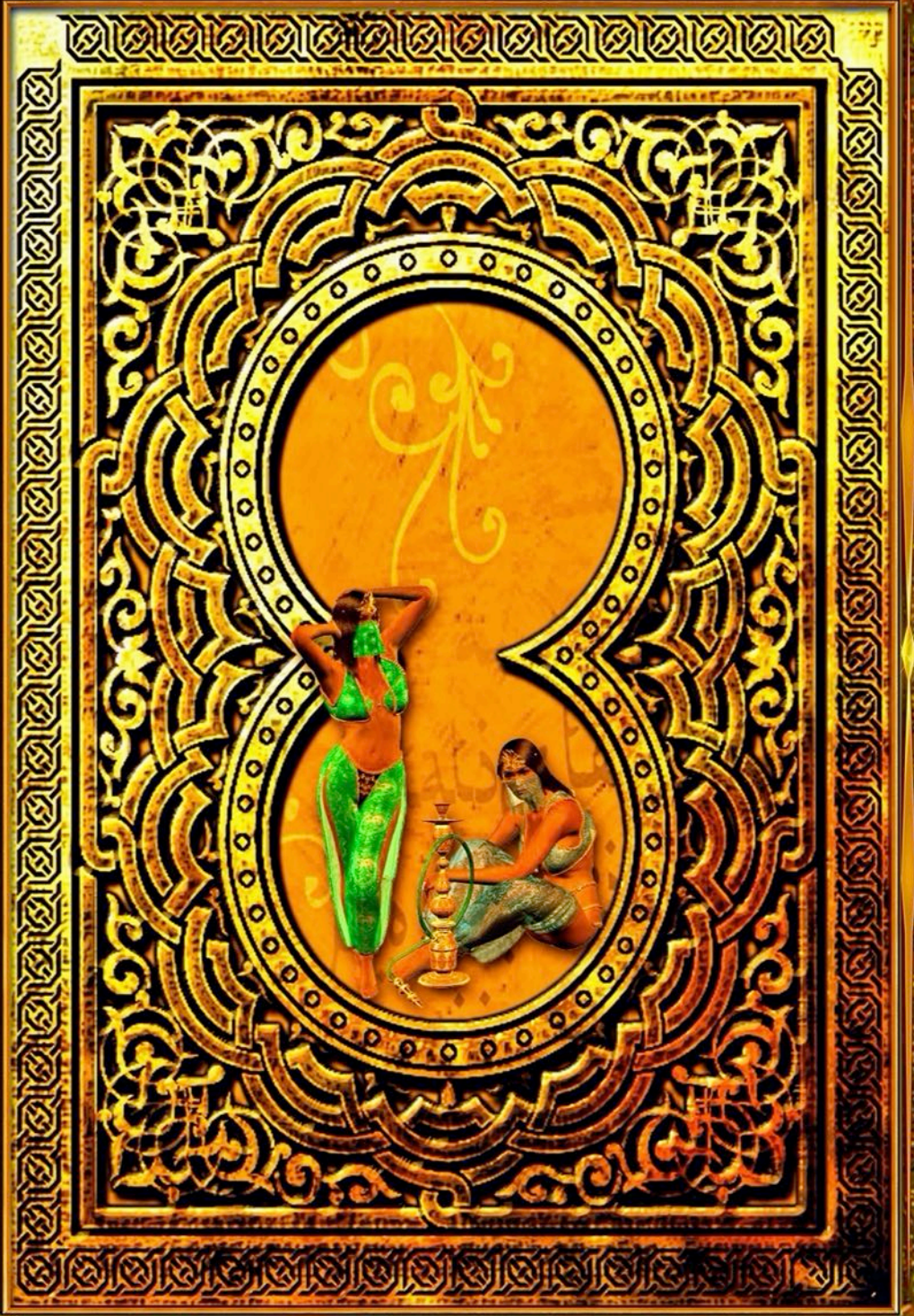


If wine they forbid,
then naught for whose sake,

And of no companions
life's ills to shake,

Nor the genial
company prolonged;

Seems those who drink
are of reason wide awake.



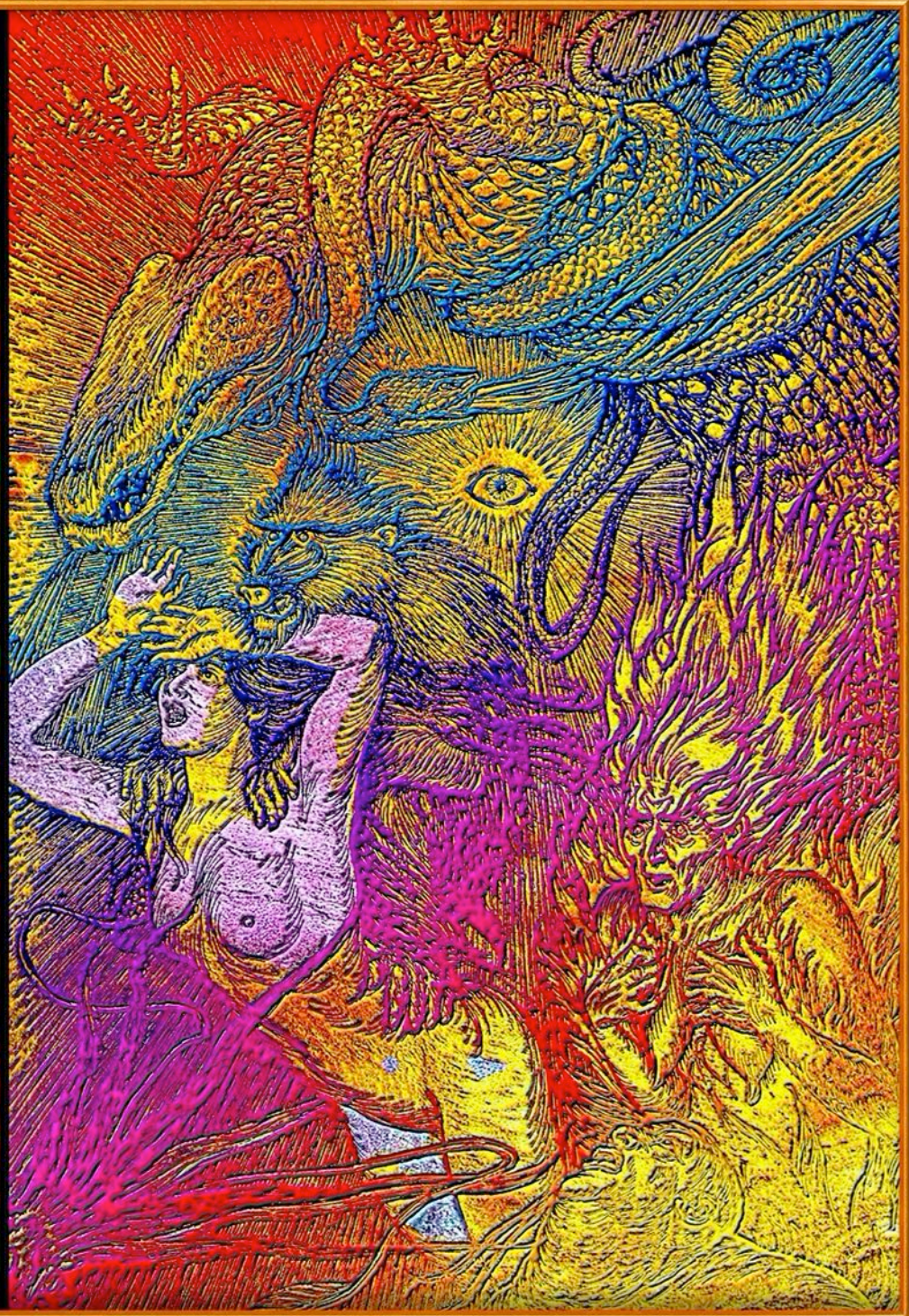


The mighty Mahmud, the victorious Lord,
That all the misbelieving and black Horde
Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul
Scatters and slays with his enchanted Sword.











Ghuz tribes had looted Naishapur
And burned it to the ground several times,
And it had been the scene of bloody wars
Between the Seljuqs and Ghaznavids dynasties.



The world turns, shadows fly, energy spreads apace,
Consolidating here and there, not an impatient race.
Muslims crash the gates, and now New Rome is cleft,
A prism of many-splendored light is all that's left.



