

— The Play of Worlds —



*Above us, fires burn the stars away;
Below us, the Earth turns under our feet;
Within us, unworded dreams haunt the soul;
Around us, night pours blackness on the ground.*

**Of hitherto, I know not, but am whither going,
Willy-nilly, whence all there is to knowing;
Hence thither I go on hither flowing to find
Myself flowing free, all from not knowing.**

*Now I'm knowing, that out of this muddle
Indeed it's the chaos that frees me to be,
For it's all of disorder in disarray—
An ultimate disorganized confusion,*

Whence all sprung, banged, and exploded,
With no hint or trace of order, law, or plan;
‘Twas mayhem, bedlam, and pandemonium,
Wreaking havoc upon the turmoil of a tumult,

*Heaping high upon, a commotion of disruption,
In the utter fullness of the uproaring upheaval—
The maelstrom to end all messes and shambles,
The lawless free-for-all of total energetic anarchy,*

Entropy crowned as King of the great hullabaloo,
That Cosmic hoopla from which all hell broke loose.

*Never there is to punish one for not even knowing
Why one is here in this world so much growing,
That became here all so willy-nilly going;
So as life’s rose outspread your fragrance blowing!*

Hitherto, I know not whence but am whither going,
Willy-nilly, hence that’s all there is to knowing...
*Hence thither forth I go on hither flowing to find
That I am evermore free to be in body and mind.*

*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.*

Enjoy the play that you get to act in,
Sometimes retreating to the back row,
As the distanced audience, witnessing afar,
Finding peace and everlasting gladness.

*We are as tourists along for the ride,
And act, as ever within the play.
It seems new—we’re not on the scripted side;
There is fun and enjoyment through the day.*

*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.*

*Our being blocks the view of the Ultimate,
Nor to gaze at it can we our selves acquit.
E'en the wise can't step beyond their nature—
All mothers' sons stand helpless before it.*

**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 that life cannot be blamed.**

*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.*

**The good and evil in man's mortal mould,
The joy and grief that Fate and Fortune hold,
Impute not to the skies, for reasoned well,
More helpless they than us a thousand fold!**

**Forget about the blame and as well the fame,
For the Wheel was never designed by 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.'*

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

*The chain is forged that links a thousand deaths
To a thousand future-generated breaths
When lips ripe as fruit gently part in pain:
The smile of a corpse is life touched by death.*

**Drink wine; 'tis our life saver on storm's sea;
Let the sorrows drown in our continued spree;
We have friends, love, books, and flowers to share:
Parentheses within eternity!**

*As living pearls, we're strung out right and left,
Lovely and beautiful on the Earth's breast.
Her bosom heaves, as one by one we're cleft:
A thousand truths die, until none are left.*

*Life's a continual cosmic energy dance,
From some ultimate underlying happenstance.
We're immersed in matter's universal rhythm;
Therefore, we must all participate in the dance.*

*For the others who ignore life's romance:
Ignorance, like shadow, has no substance.
The shade is removed by the light within—
Feel the rhythm of the universal dance!*

**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.**

*Are there stars in roses and they in stars?
The 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.*

*Each night, a Genie fills up my urn,
Pouring sleep into me till day's return.
Such as day follows night for all Eternity,
Fulfillment follows all for which I yearn.*

**Born of stardust and nourished by sunlight,
We fill our cups with wonders of delight.
*Life is a treasure, a radiant gem,
A vision that we'll never see again.***

**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.**

**'Possibility' is what's fundamental,
For all that is be must first be possible.
*This 'Potential' for All is the default,
Since a Not can't be, nor even be meant.***

**The necessity of no One and no None
Makes for no absolutes, which means
That time, space, matter, and motion
Have no intrinsic, indivisible qualities.**

***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.***

**Our minds and senses interpret and dispense
The base reality into the colors and sensations
Of the phenomenal world from the noumenal;
We may become either rainbows or ugly stains!**

***We stand atop the pinnacle of nature's toil
Which has at last brought forth our souls
From that black and endless eternal deep.
What a joy to awaken from that sleep!***

**It's the long yardstick that sticks in the throat.
For what seemed like forever and more,
Our sleepless spirits waited to catch the light,
Life, and delight from heaven's smile.**

*Mind, like Shelley's prism of many-colored glass,
Strains the white radiance of eternity
Into our being—until death tramples us—
And then back we must go—to stardust.*

**Drain your goblet's nectar of the moon's shine,
While your light sparkles in this 'now' of thine;
Reign with Night's Queen and drink deep the King's wine,
For the morrow may not find you in time.**

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

**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!**

*A thousand starry goblets fill the sky,
So we can taste Heaven's drink when we die.
This is only man's tale, so drink today;
The stars shine on, heedless of where we lie.*