

A Tribute to Omar Khayyam



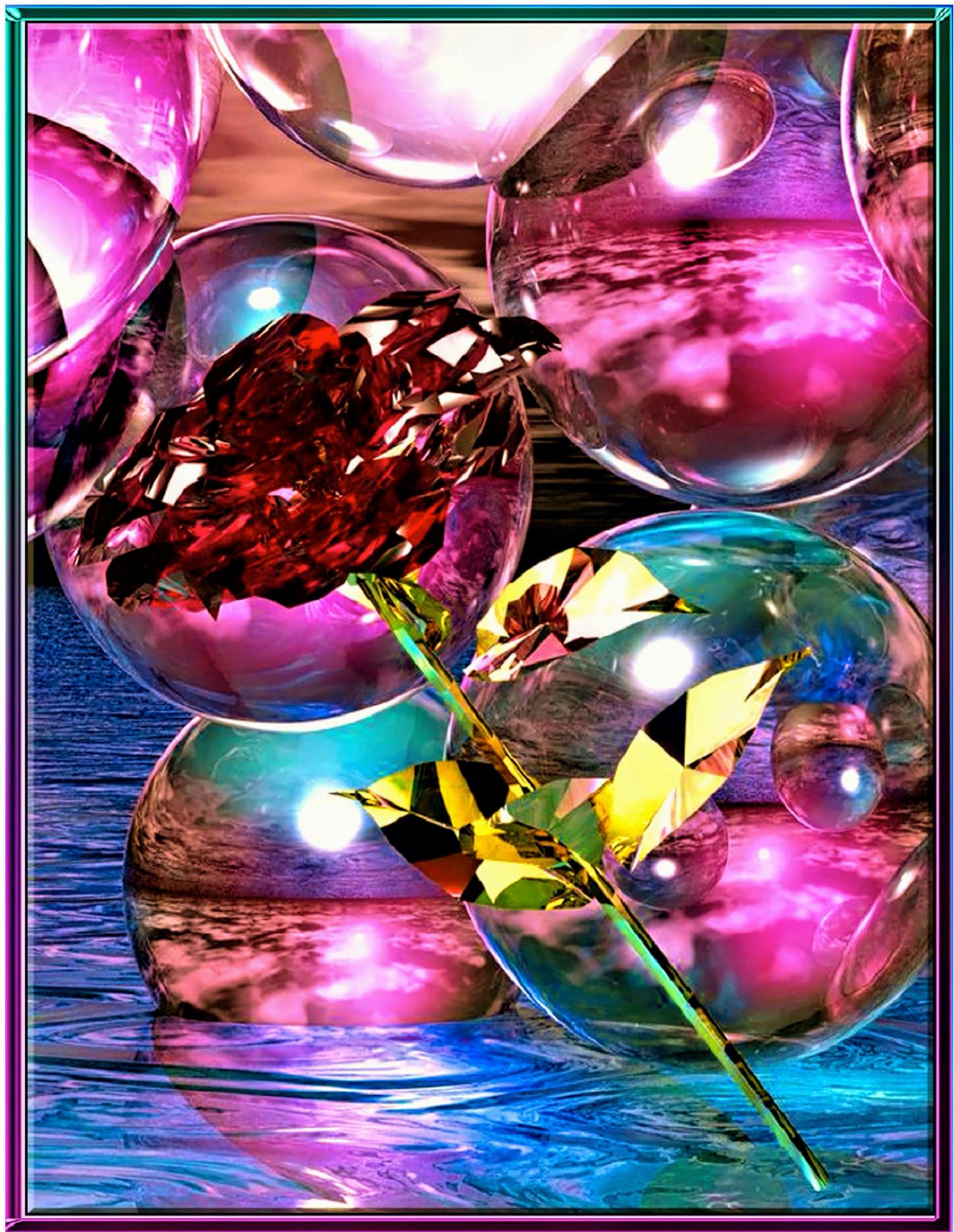
Austin D. Torney

The Life of the Rose

Like the rose, Omar Khayyàm came hither,
From the earth, blossomed, and showed his flower,

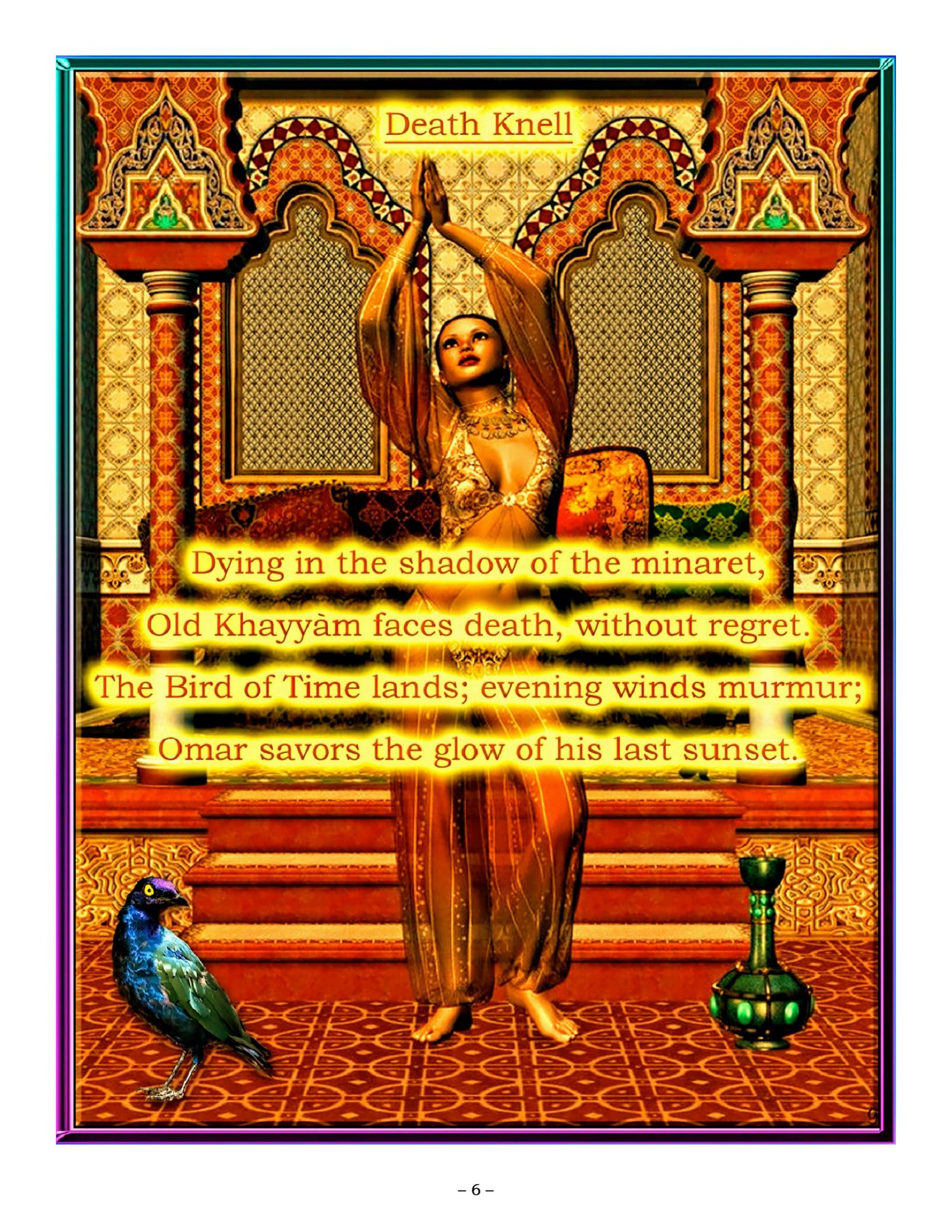


With charm, color, and beauty, till, toward earth,
The petals soft floated down to wither.







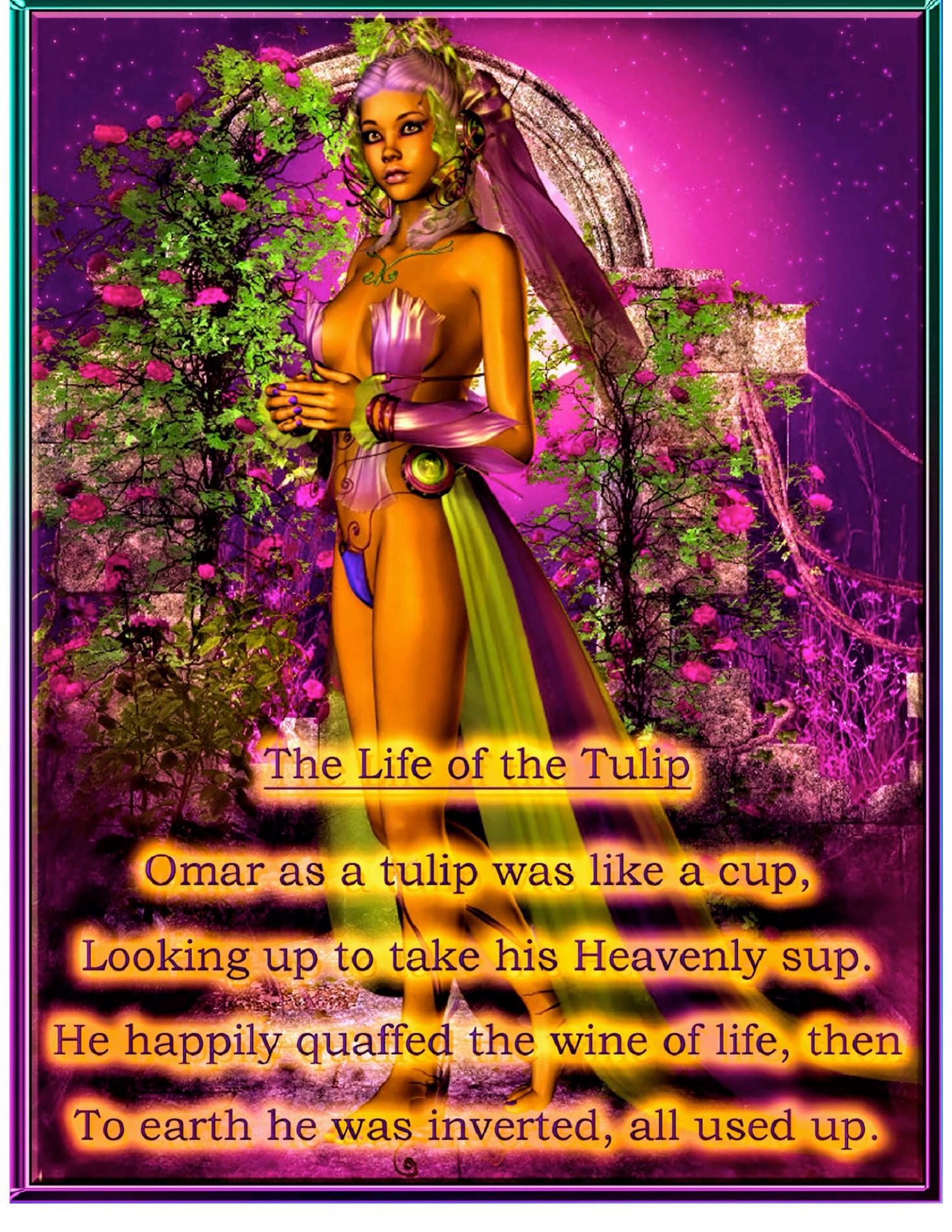


Death Knell

Dying in the shadow of the minaret,
Old Khayyàm faces death, without regret.

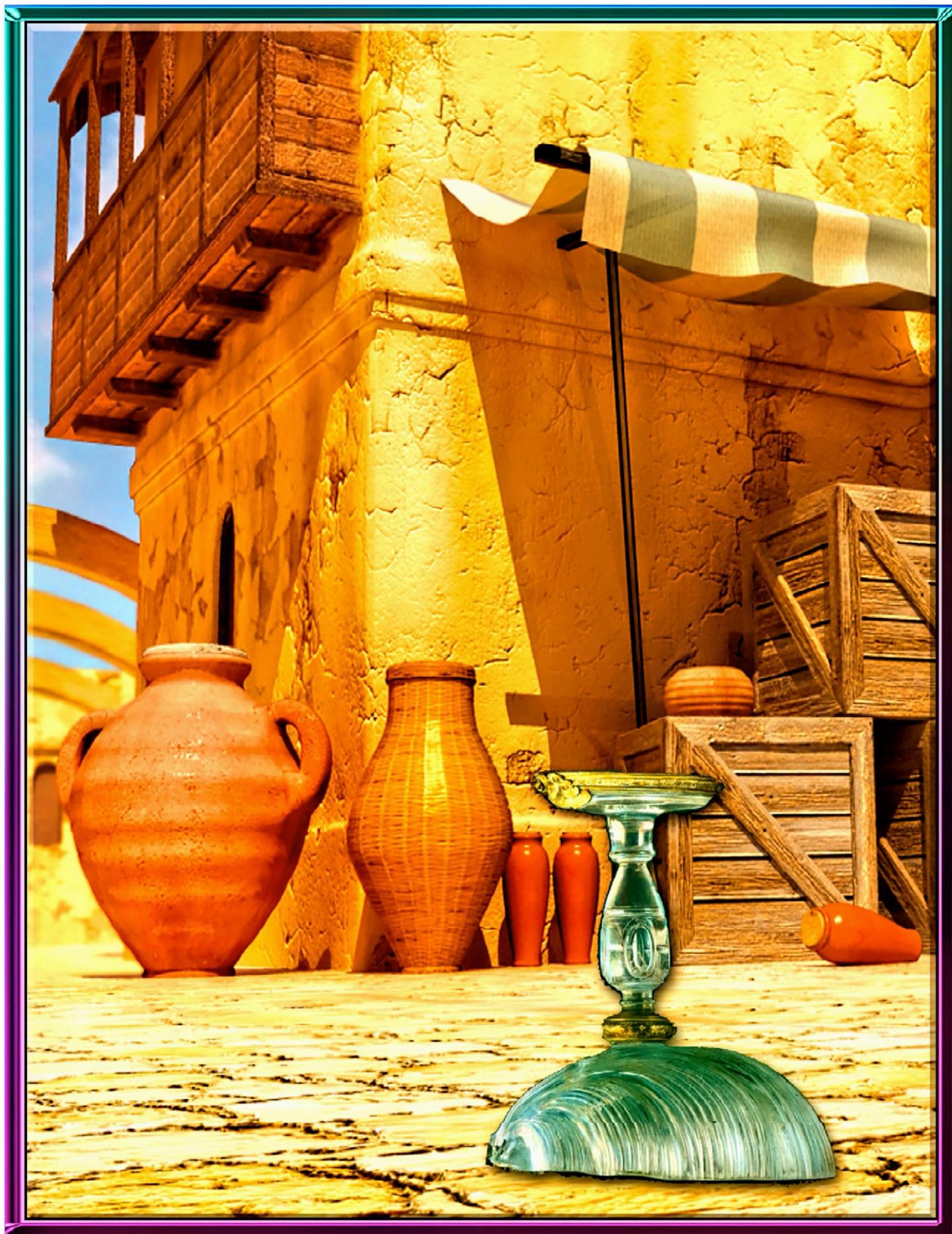
The Bird of Time lands; evening winds murmur;
Omar savors the glow of his last sunset.



A woman with blonde hair is dressed in a costume that resembles a tulip flower. She is wearing a green and yellow skirt with a large green flower on the side, a green top with a yellow flower, and a green headband with a yellow flower. She is standing in a garden with pink flowers and green leaves. The background is a purple sky with stars. The entire image is framed by a green border.

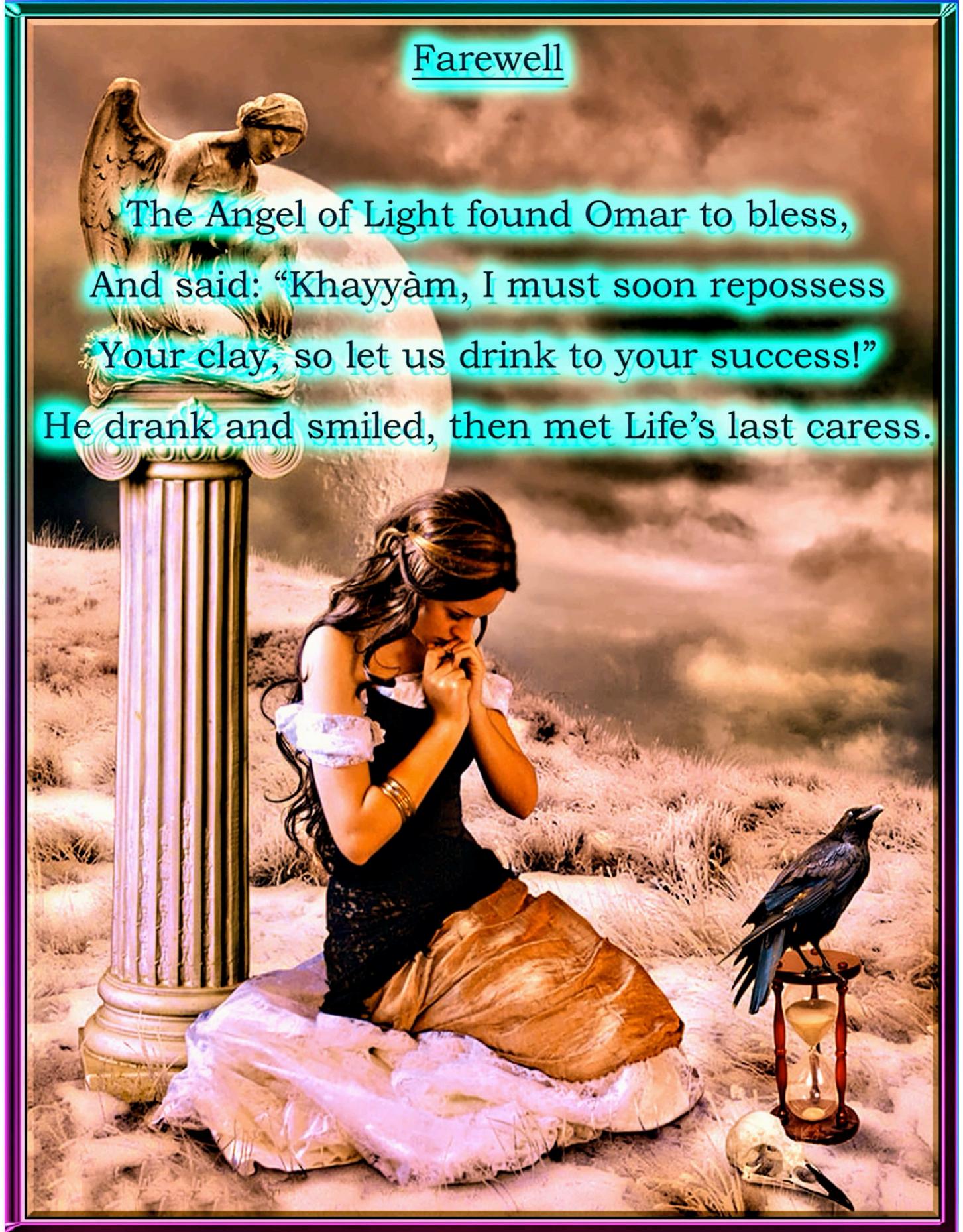
The Life of the Tulip

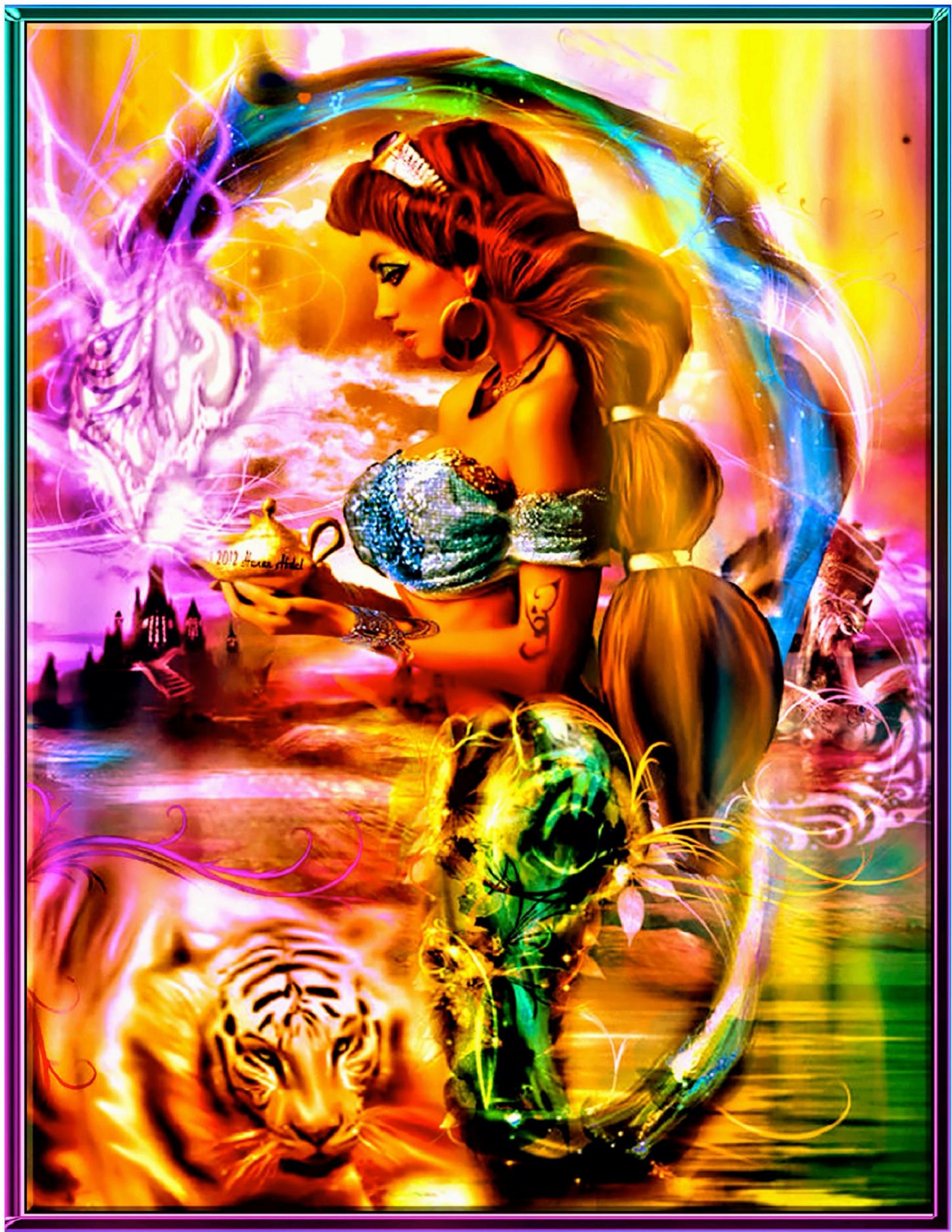
Omar as a tulip was like a cup,
Looking up to take his Heavenly sup.
He happily quaffed the wine of life, then
To earth he was inverted, all used up.



Farewell

The Angel of Light found Omar to bless,
And said: "Khayyàm, I must soon repossess
Your clay, so let us drink to your success!"
He drank and smiled, then met Life's last caress.





Empty Cup



Old Khayyàm reclined on the grass, near death.

The Dark Angel arrived, and to him said:

“Drink one last deep drought from Life’s precious cup.”

Omar smiled and sipped, then breathed his last breath.





The Procession of the Moments

Sad Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow,

*The Procession
of the Moments*
Omar Khayyam

They all came, led by their tears and sorrow,
To mourn old Khayyàm: "Hail, cheer, and farewell!
You took from death All that life could borrow."



Adieu



Farewell to the starry skies that he knew.
Oh, heaven, your eyes will soon rise anew

And search for him all over the planet,
But never find him, for he's bid adieu.



So Long Ago

Old Khayyàm has gone to where no one knows,

Sequestered far beneath the winter snows,

Yet a voice through the centuries echoes,

As still the summer blossoms with the rose.

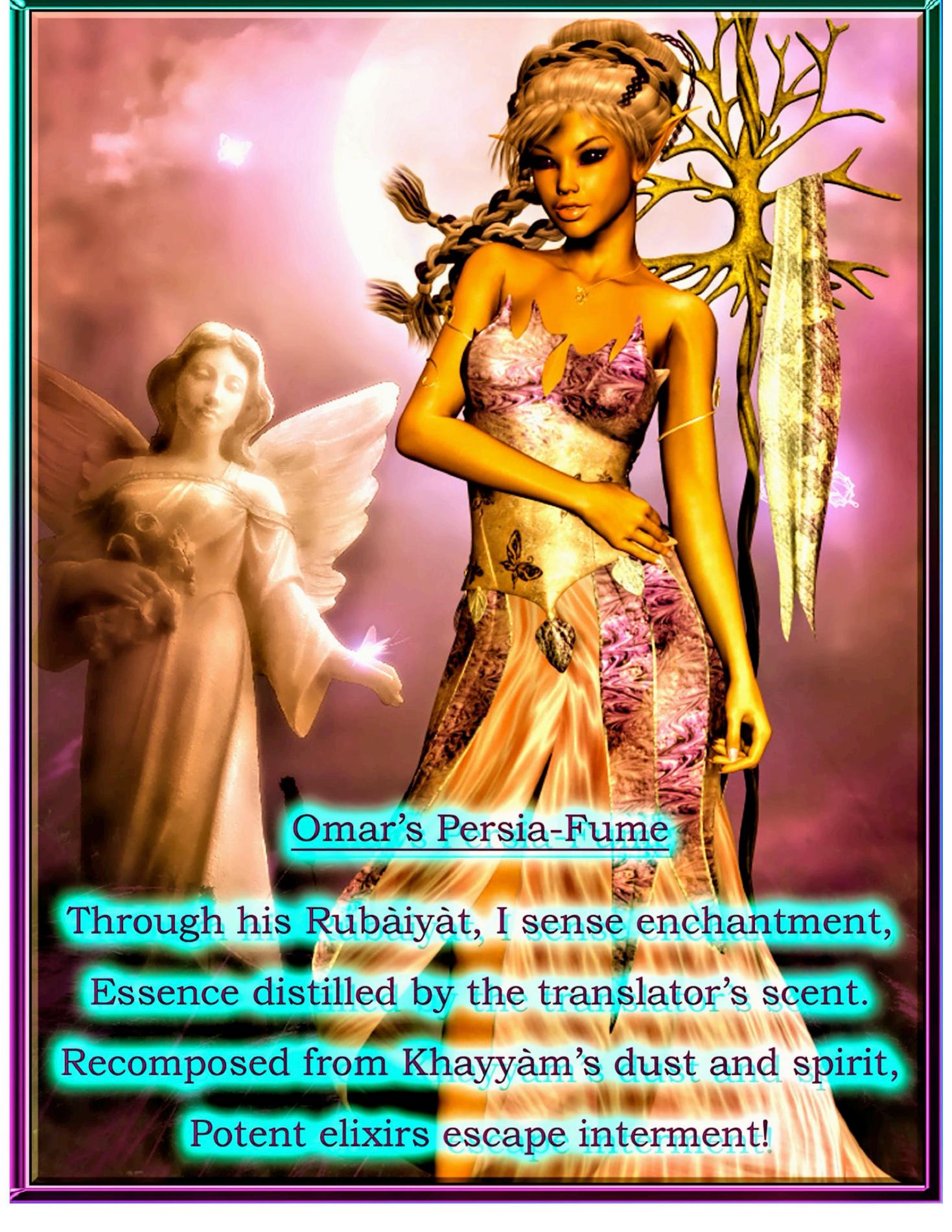


A Splash of Verse



The fumes of ageless rhyme from ancient times
Waft from the Persian verse, as some chimes
 New are mixed with the spirit of the old,
Deftly transmogrified for Victorian climes.





Omar's Persia-Fume

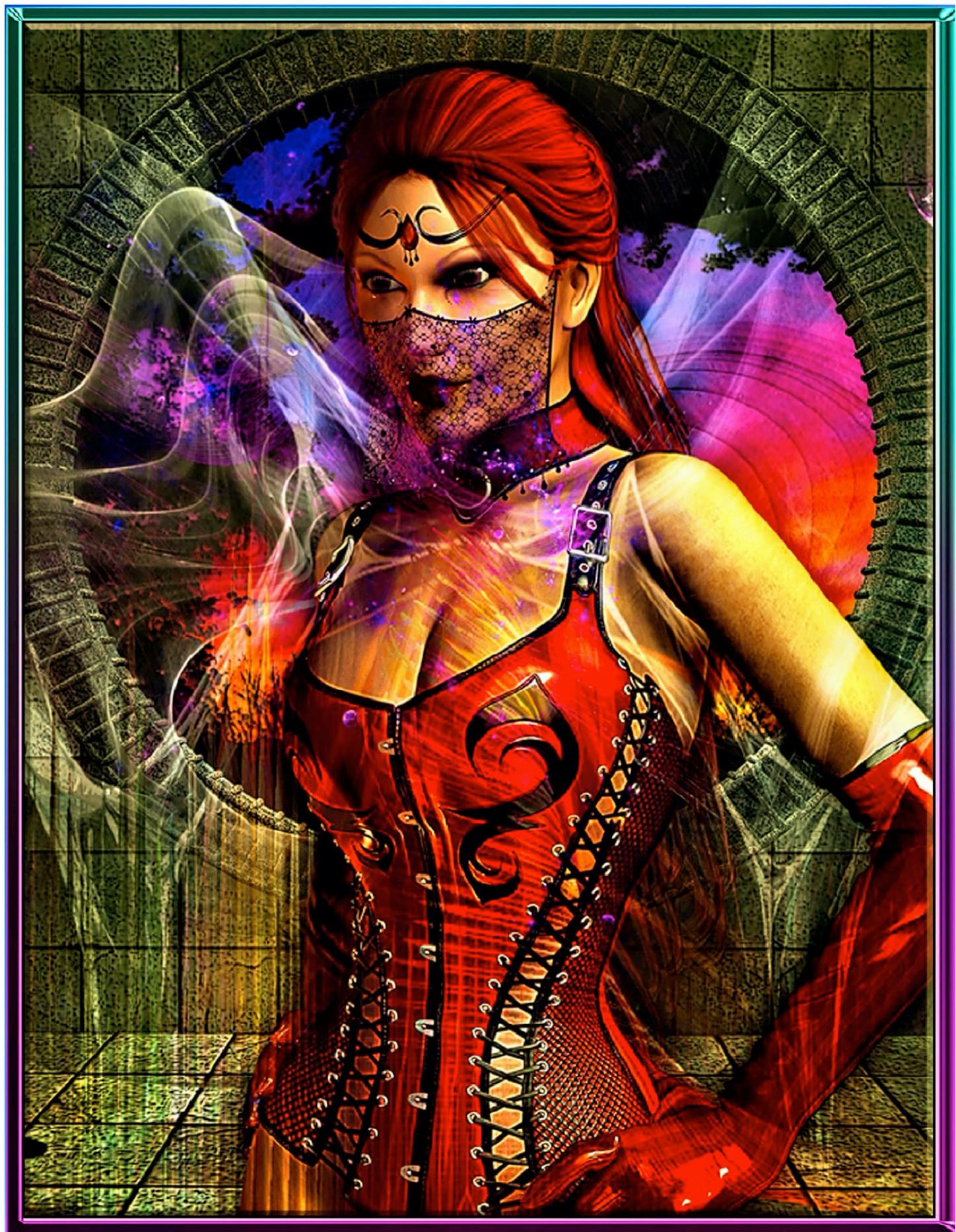
Through his Rubàiyàt, I sense enchantment,
Essence distilled by the translator's scent.
Recomposed from Khayyàm's dust and spirit,
Potent elixirs escape interment!



Tetrastich

Out of the dust of this world's gloom and doom,
Drift the spores of Omar Khayyàm's mushroom,
Spreading forth the seeds of wisdom, to whom?
To those who would taste of life, I assume.





Overcome



Omar's Persia fumes caught me unawares,
Unveiling Sufi mysteries of theirs,
Eternal spirits recondensing from
Universal wisdom he'd gained somewhere.





Live for Today

Omar's Rubàiyàt was a revelation;
Seven times I read through each edition.
At last it all becomes clear: Life is precious!
Thus to its living I made my transition.



Old Omar Khayyàm

Long time, old friend, since you lived and died,



Yet you taught us wisdom by the fireside,

Led me and mine along the riverside,

And watered our flowers through the springtide.



Dear Omar Khayyàm

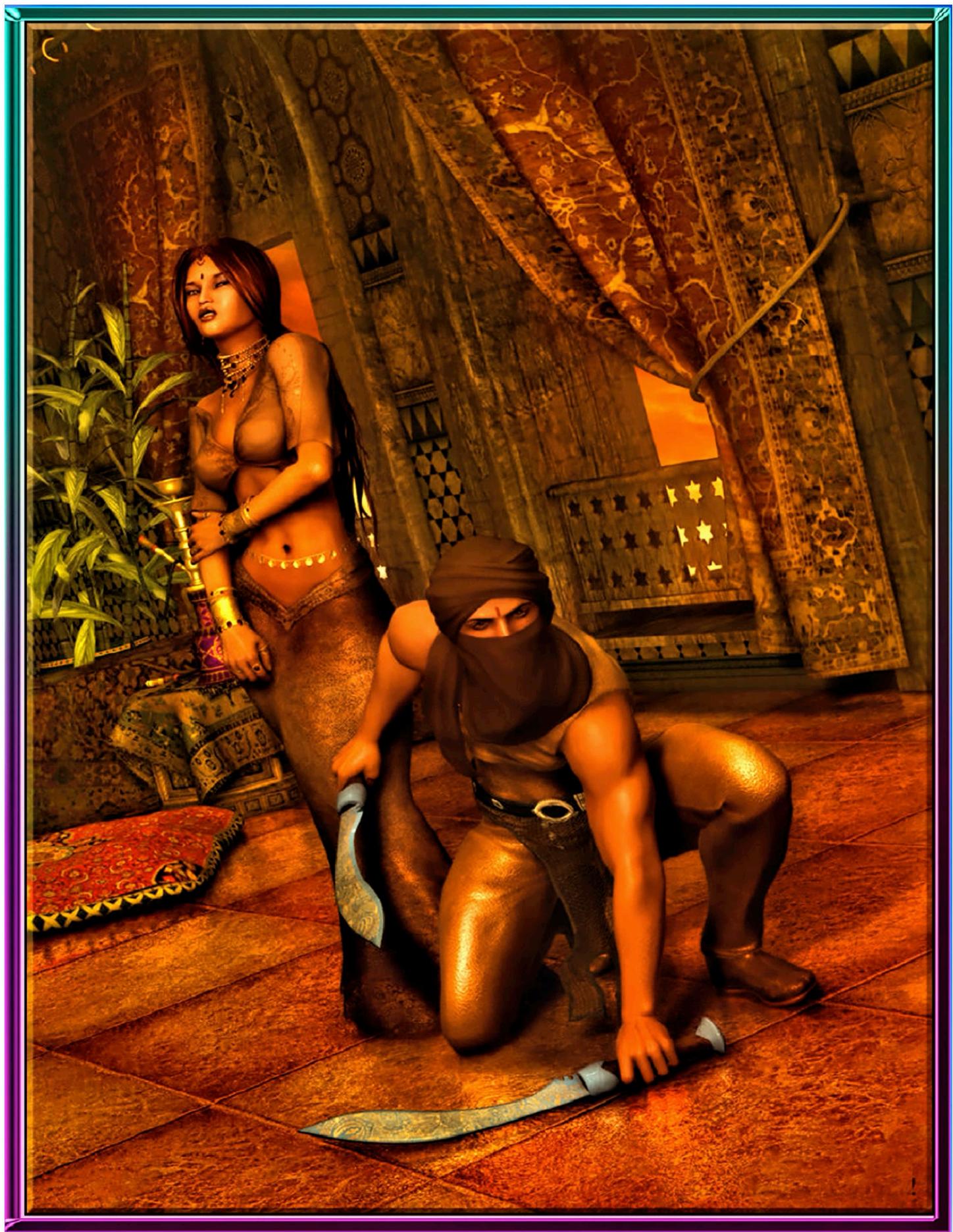
Many follow the advice that you give,

Enjoying this life by being active,



But others are deaf, dumb, and blind to sense;

You can lead 'em to life but you can't make 'em live.

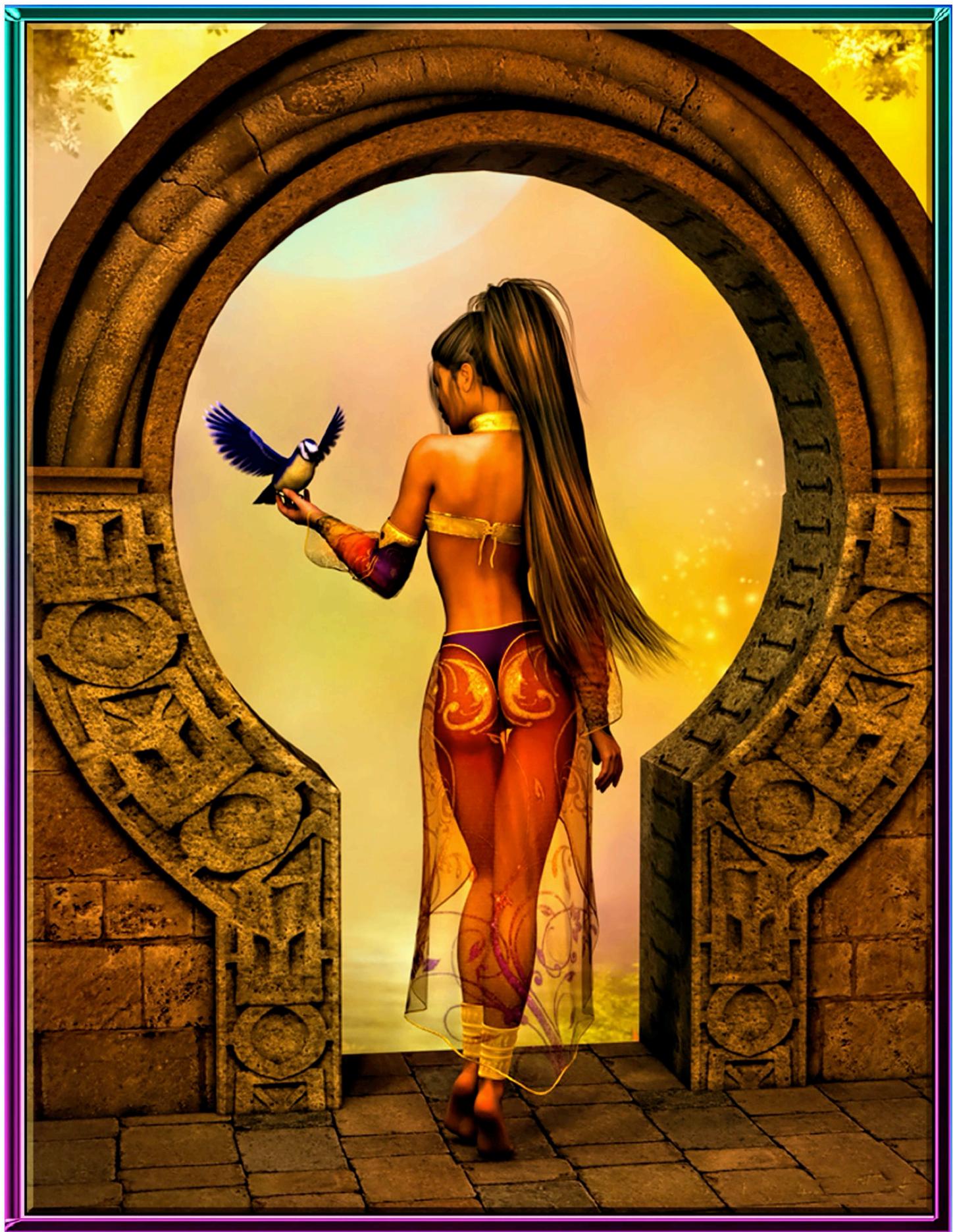


Omar's Gravesite

In Naishàpùr, Persia, rose gardens sing,
Then shed their blossoms at the end of spring.



Likewise, Old Khayyàm's earthly splendor flew,
Yet his Bird of Time still lives, on the wing.

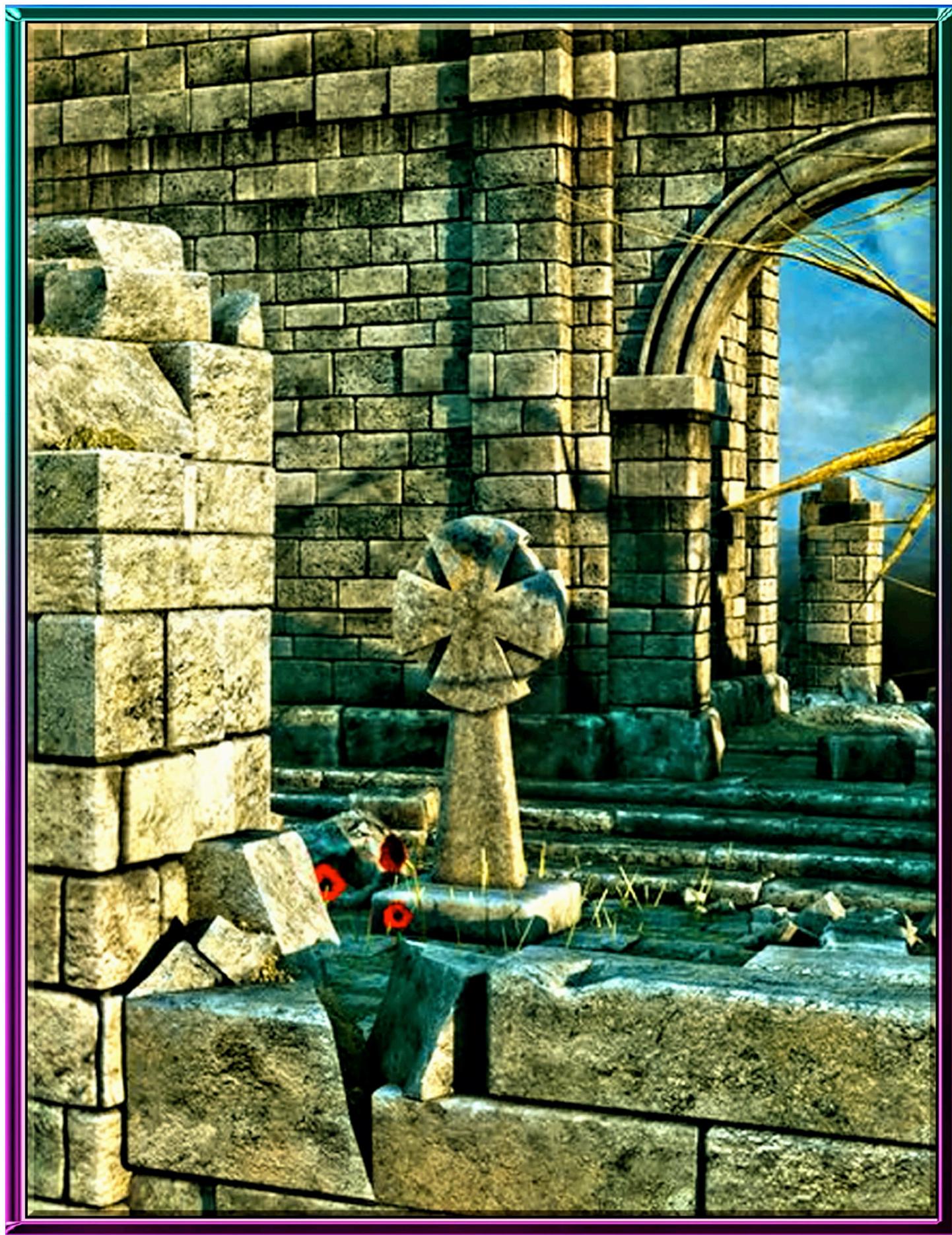


Claymation

At Omar's grave in Naishàpùr, I see
Blossoms in the dirt, blown from the rose tree.
As I dust my shoes, the clay speaks to me:

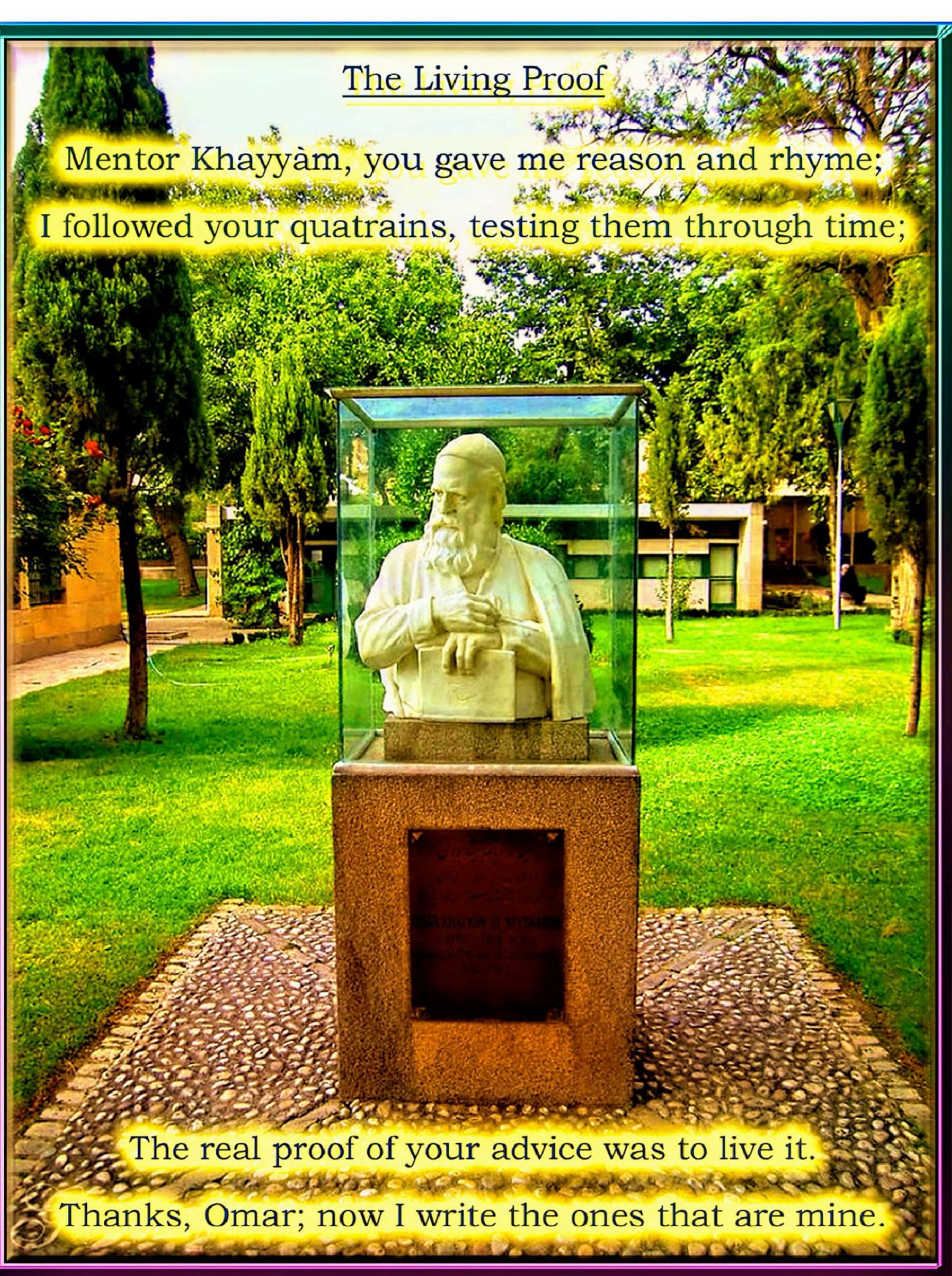


“Once I was like you; tread softly on me.”



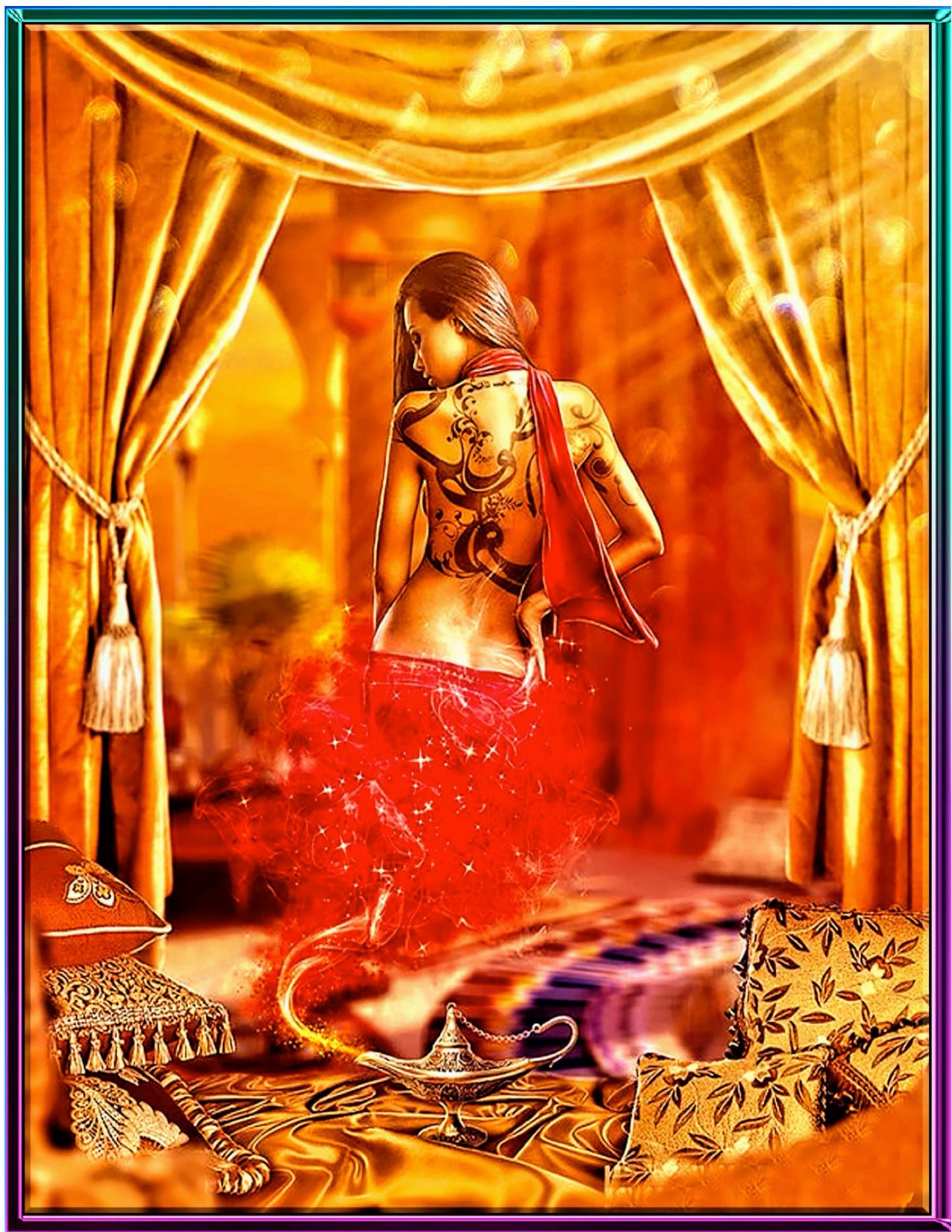
The Living Proof

Mentor Khayyàm, you gave me reason and rhyme;
I followed your quatrains, testing them through time;



The real proof of your advice was to live it.

Thanks, Omar; now I write the ones that are mine.

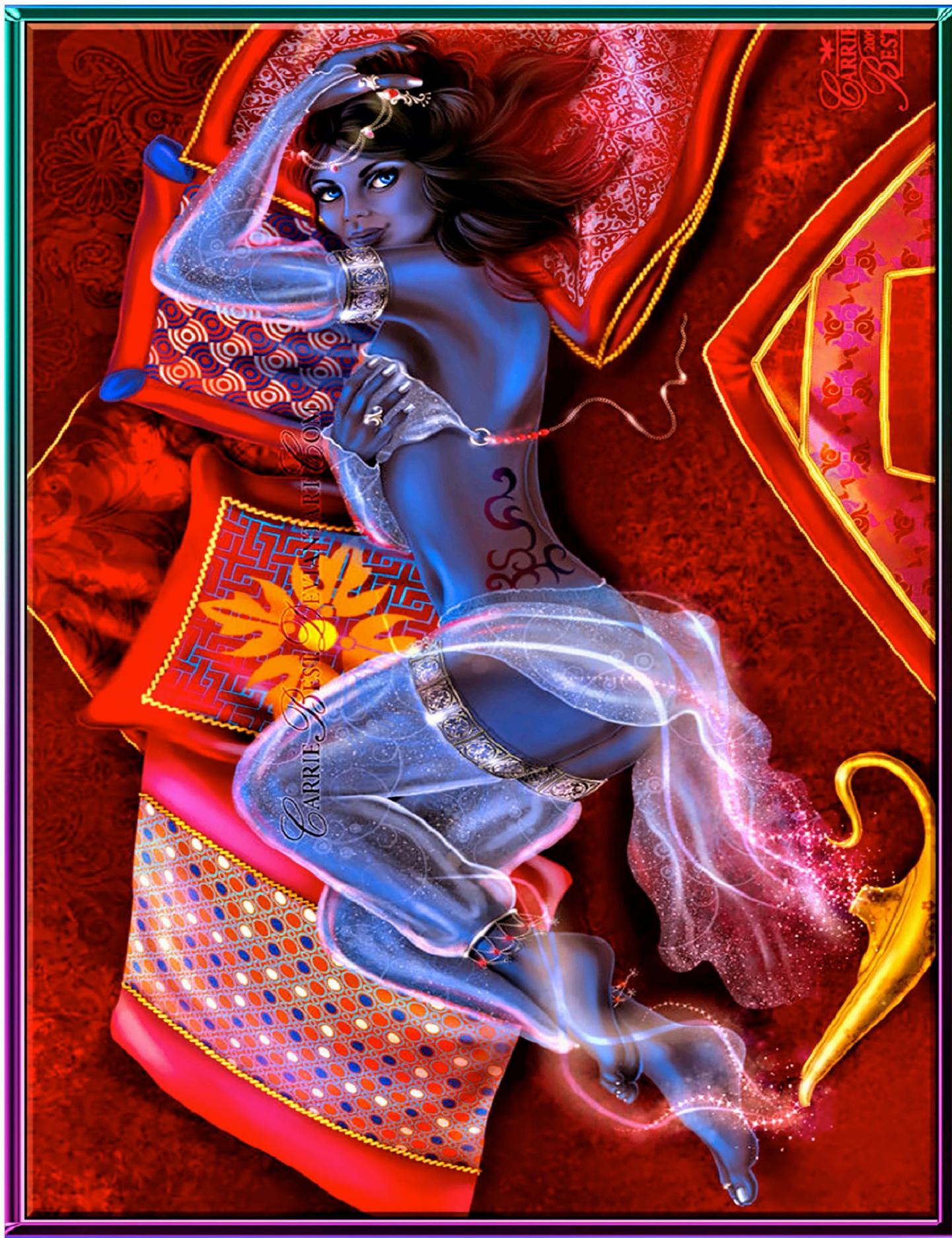




Exhumed

It is old Omar Khayyàm, I presume,
From whose inspiration these themes resume.

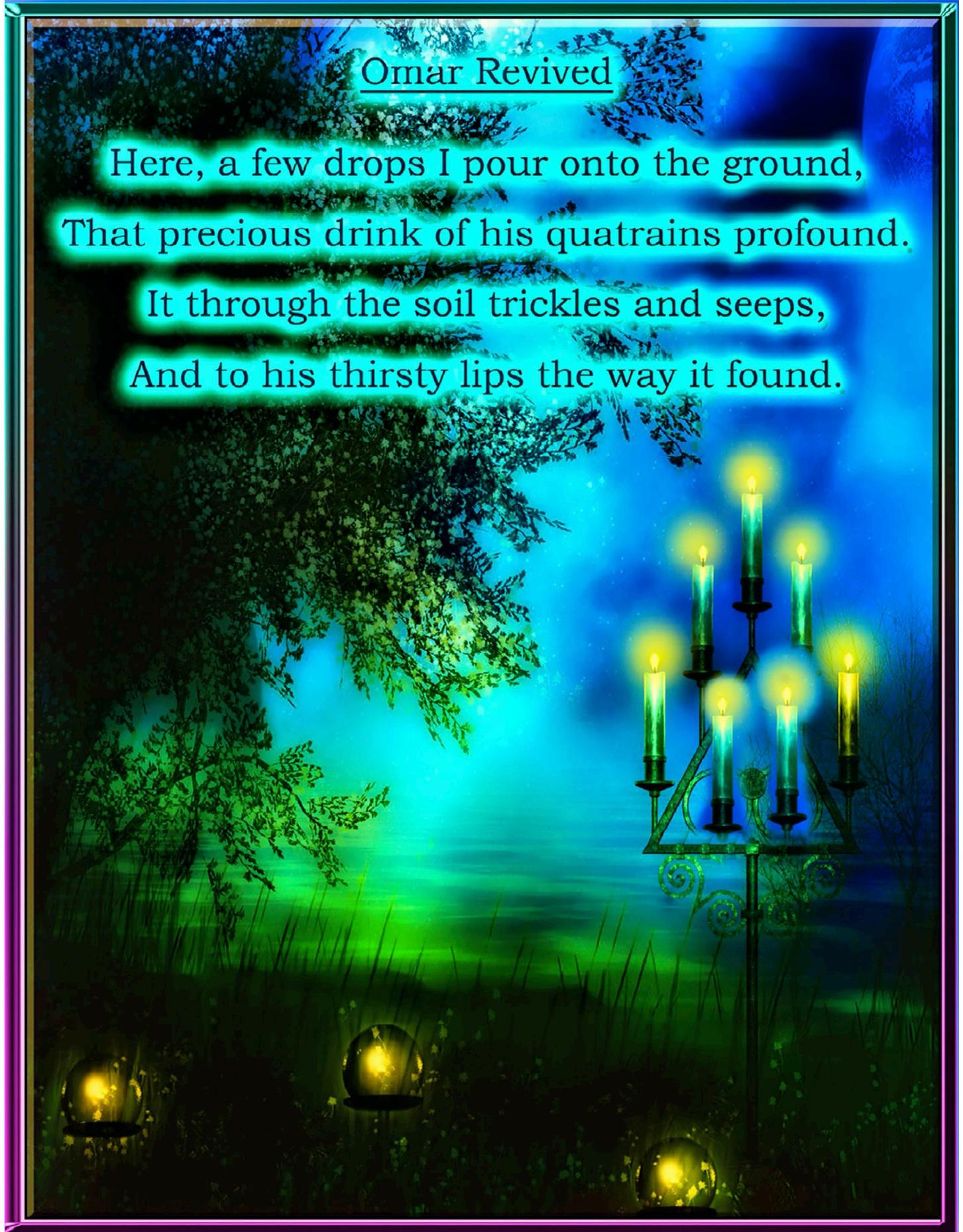
Your wine, love, laughter, and song I subsume,
Adding my own thoughts for all to consume.

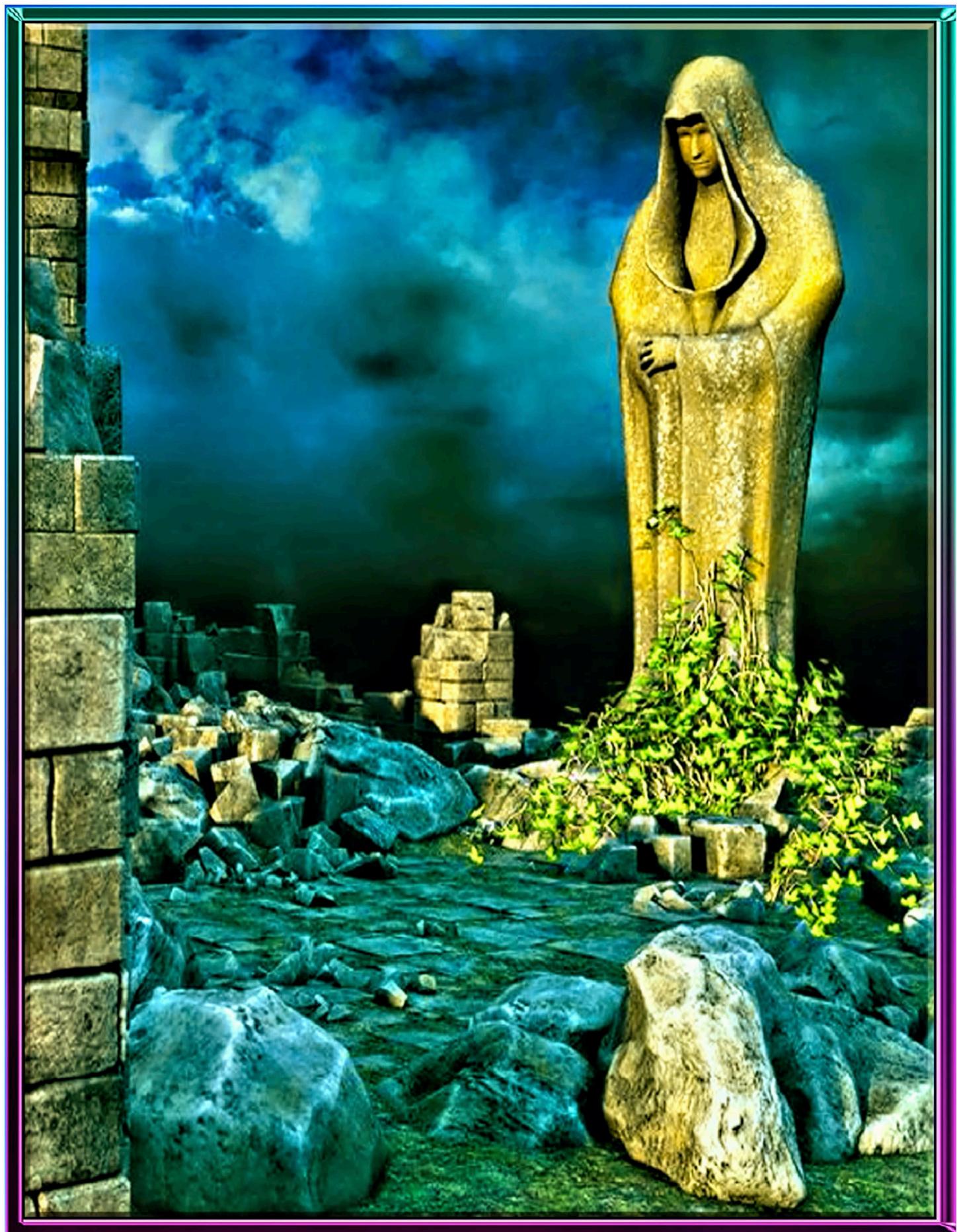


Omar Revived

Here, a few drops I pour onto the ground,
That precious drink of his quatrains profound.

It through the soil trickles and seeps,
And to his thirsty lips the way it found.





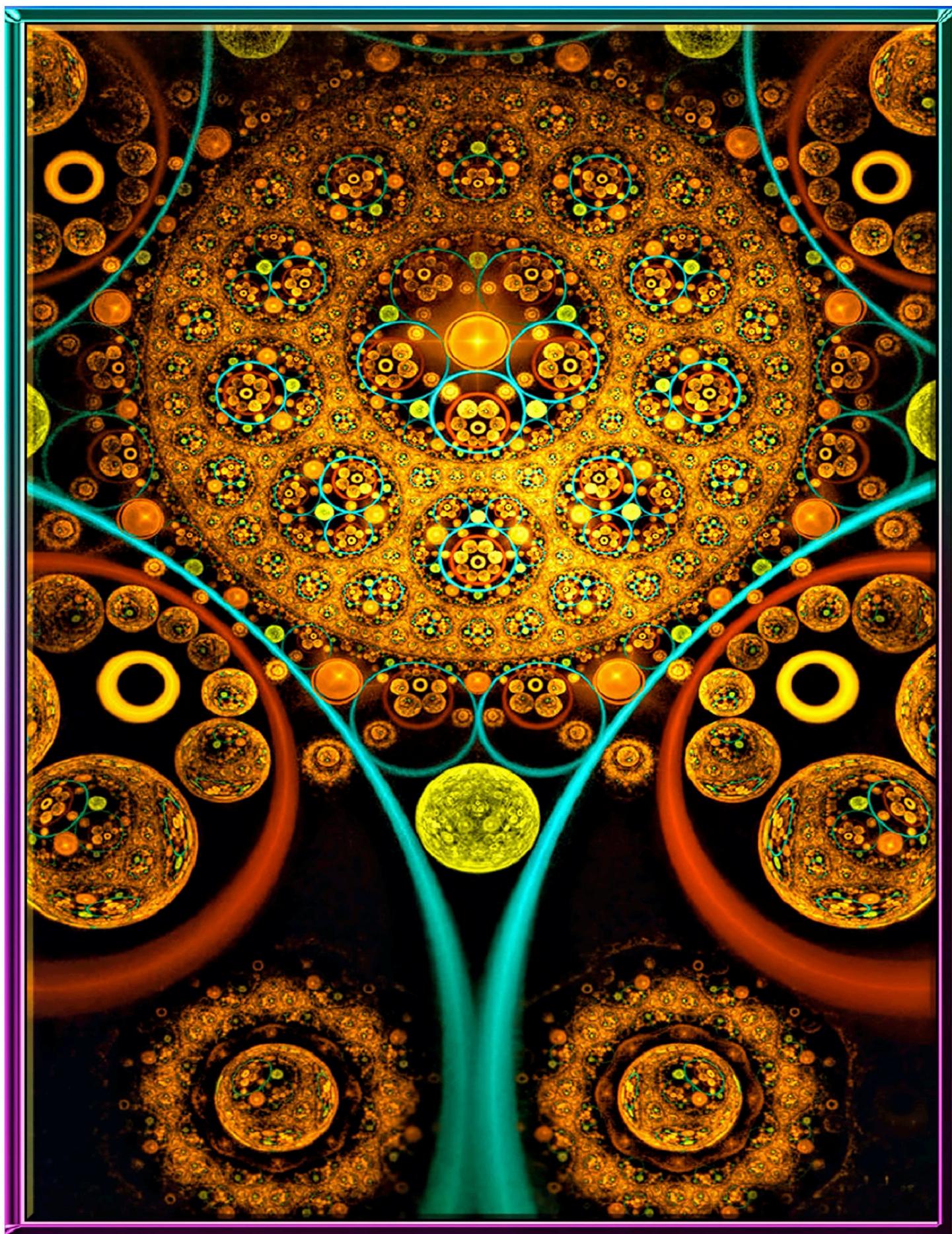
Rebirth

I turn the cup: wine-drops to thirsty lips descend;
Can Old Khayyàm rise anew, like spring grass ascend?



Mournful rose petals kiss his grave, hence he a-rose!

Now Omar lives again in the heart of his friend.



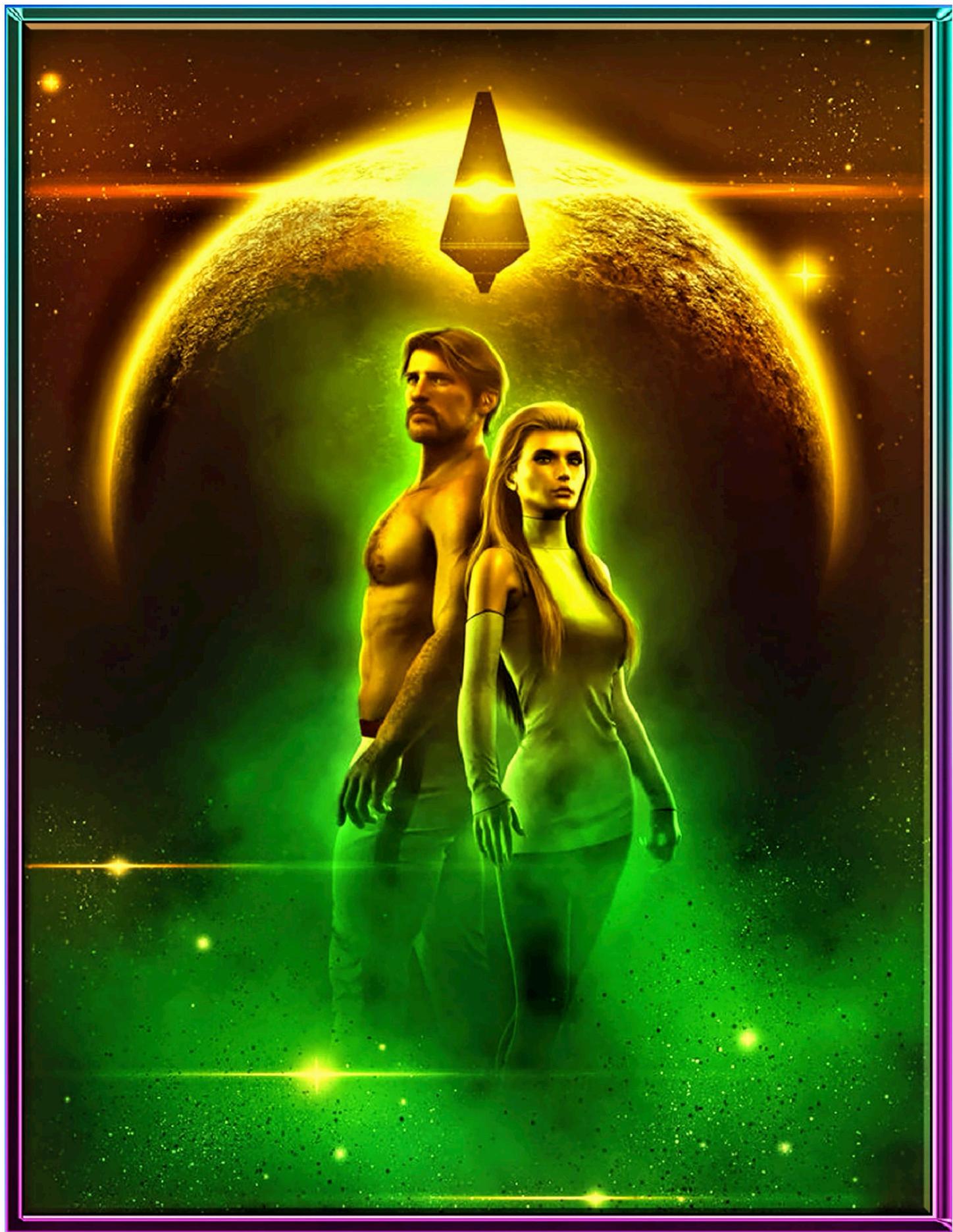
To You, Omar

Here on the summer grass where you made one,
We turn down our cups, the feasting begun:



With earth's food and heaven's drink we toast you:

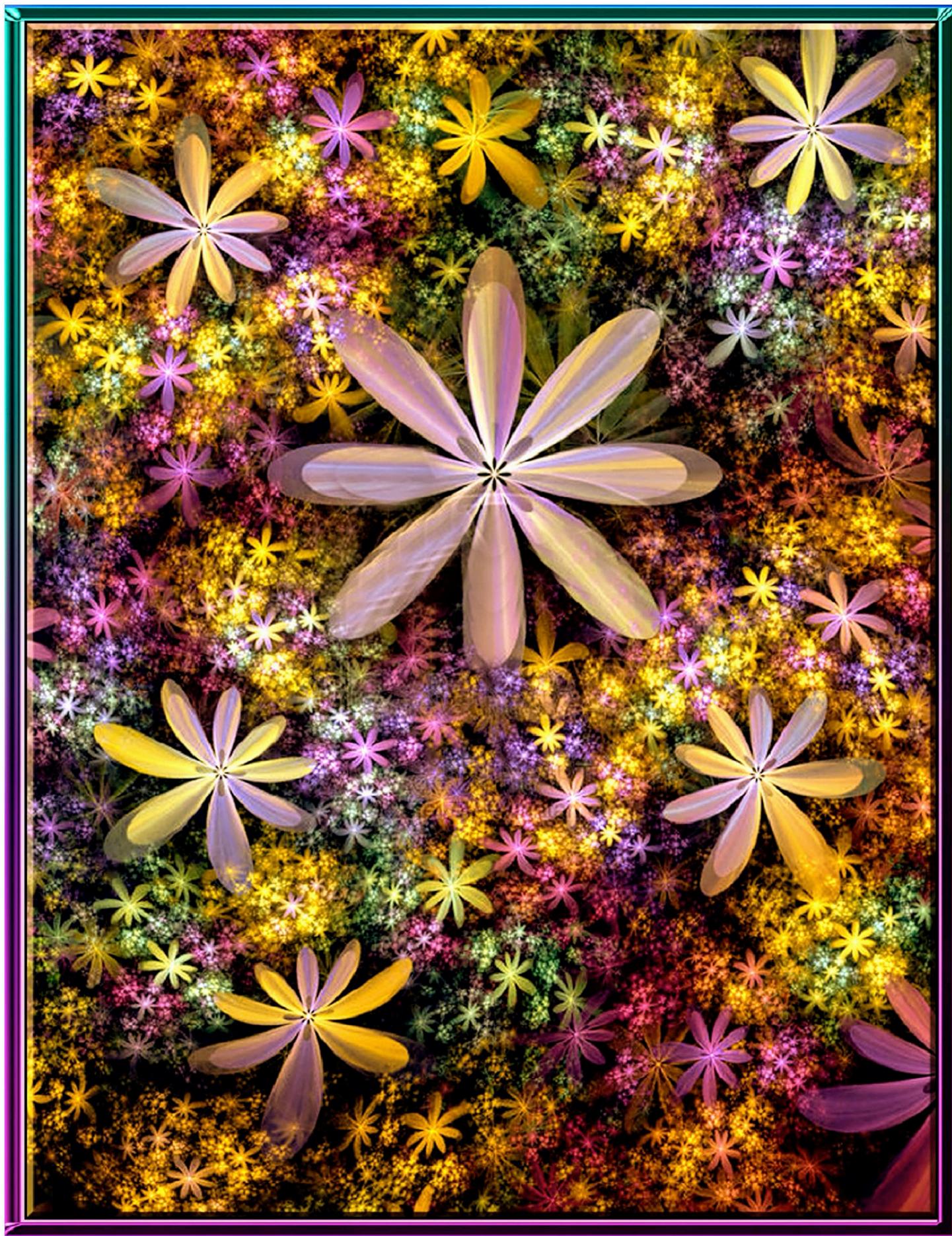
On this sacred summer lawn, we make one.



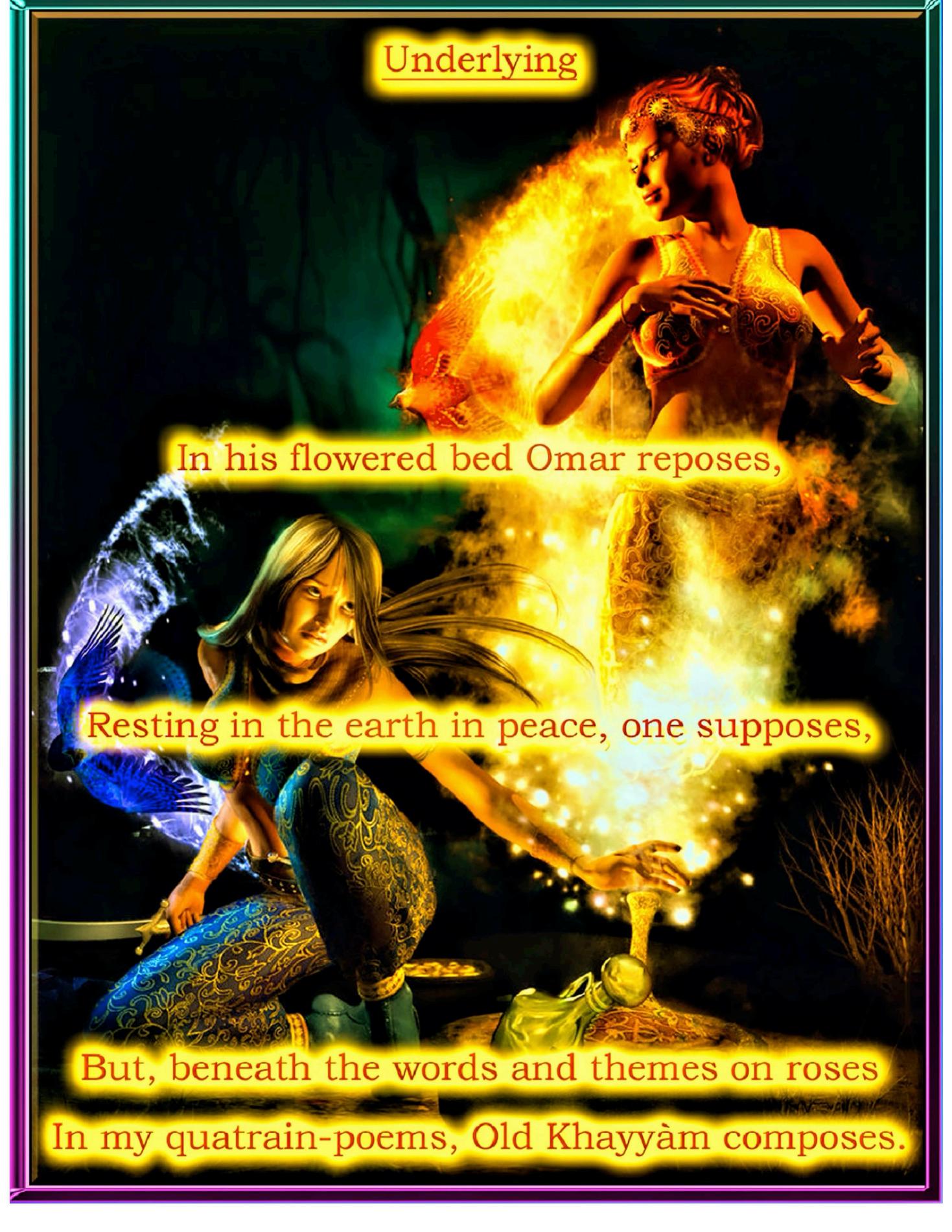
Omar Khayyàm

As phantoms from the tomb, the lamps relume;
From promise in the womb, the verses bloom.
Your poetic spirit spreads: Persia-fume,

As you my Book of Quatrains do illume.



Underlying



In his flowered bed Omar reposes,

Resting in the earth in peace, one supposes,

But, beneath the words and themes on roses

In my quatrain-poems, Old Khayyàm composes.



He's O.K., I'm O.K. —



And there beneath the rose tree, Old Khayyàm
Writes his verse, looking younger than I am,
And lives the proof of his philosophy,
The writing of which is but secondary.



Love Feast



Lady, meet Old Khayyàm, poet of myth;
Fly with him, drawn by incense fumes therewith;
Drink wine, live a poem, make love; enjoy his
Second coming, and his third, fourth, and fifth.

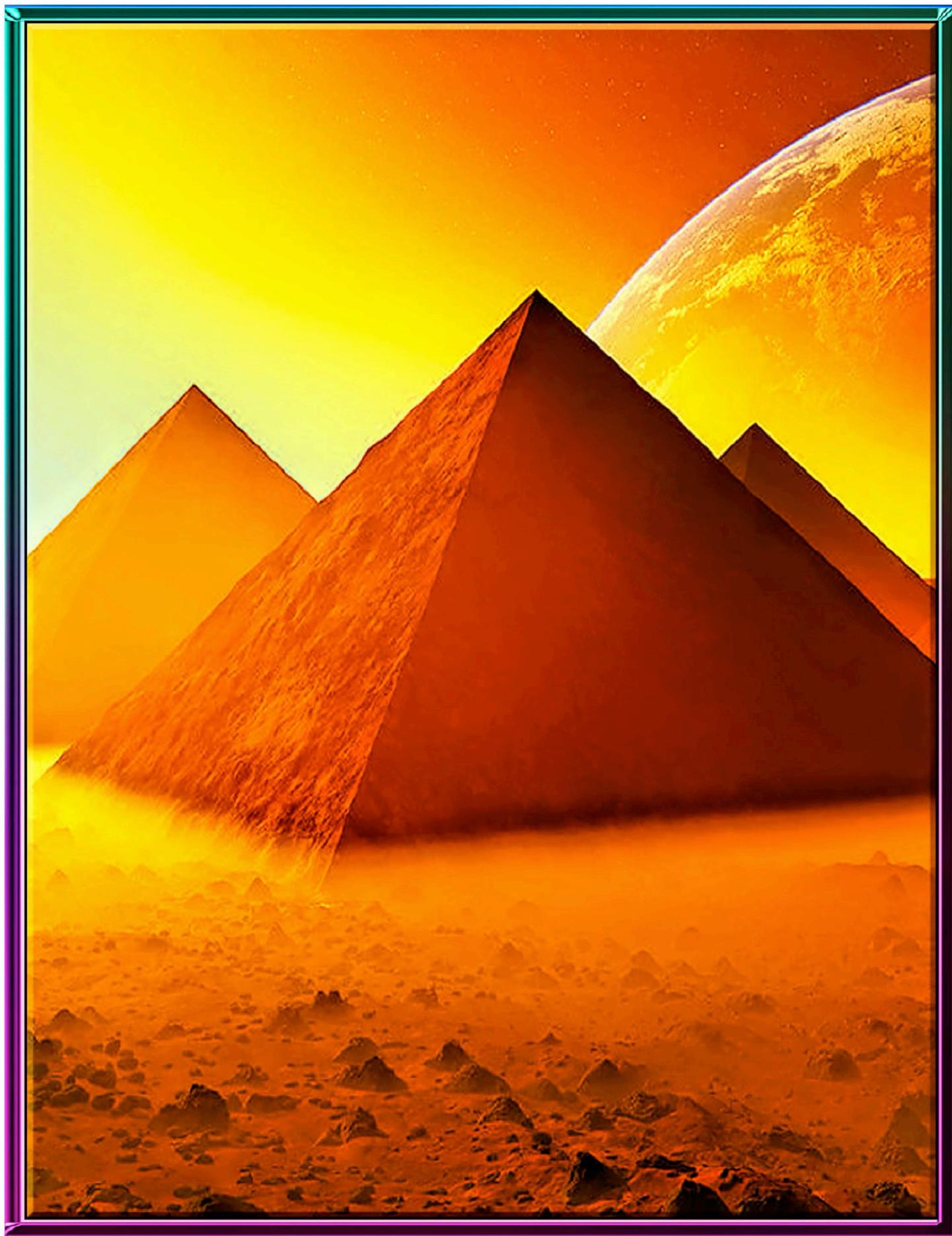


FitzGerald's Heirloom

Across Khayyàm's gravestone blows the simoom,
Carrying forth Omar's Persia-fume.



Redressed in the translator's costume,
It's remade into Victorian perfume.



There You Are, Omar

Your spirit wanders 'long the Persian way

With an houri, life's moments drank away,

In some sweet wood, far from the noise of day,

Where with her you yet live, sing, laugh, and play.



This Life Flies

The watch-fire fades, the final curtain falls,



The dust within me to the earth recalls.

No talk of me from thee beyond the veil;

My Bird of Time is flown, this life is all.

The Bird of Time

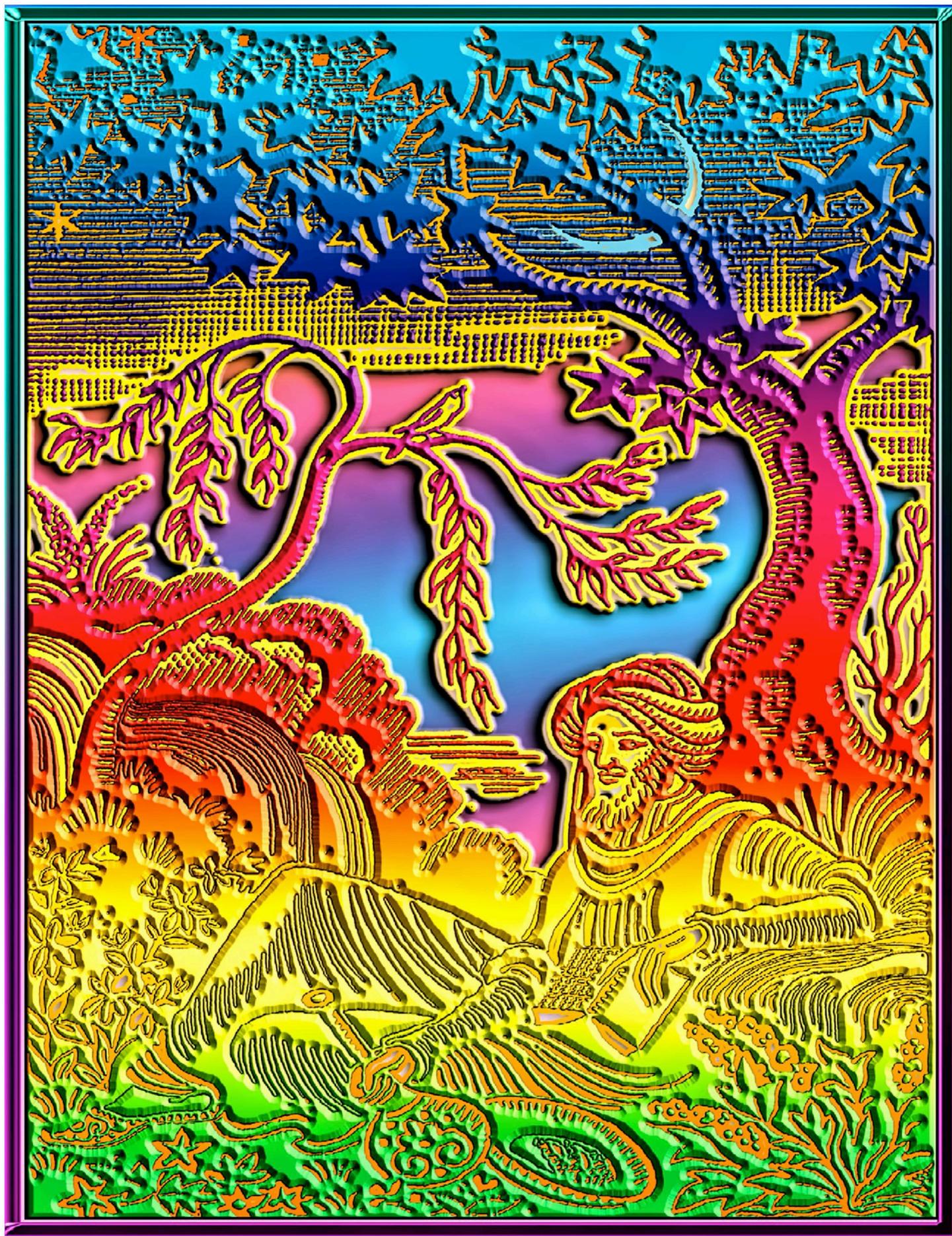


Epitaph

And when thyself with shining foot doth tread
The journey of life, unborn to the dead,
Take Heavenly sups from this earthly cup



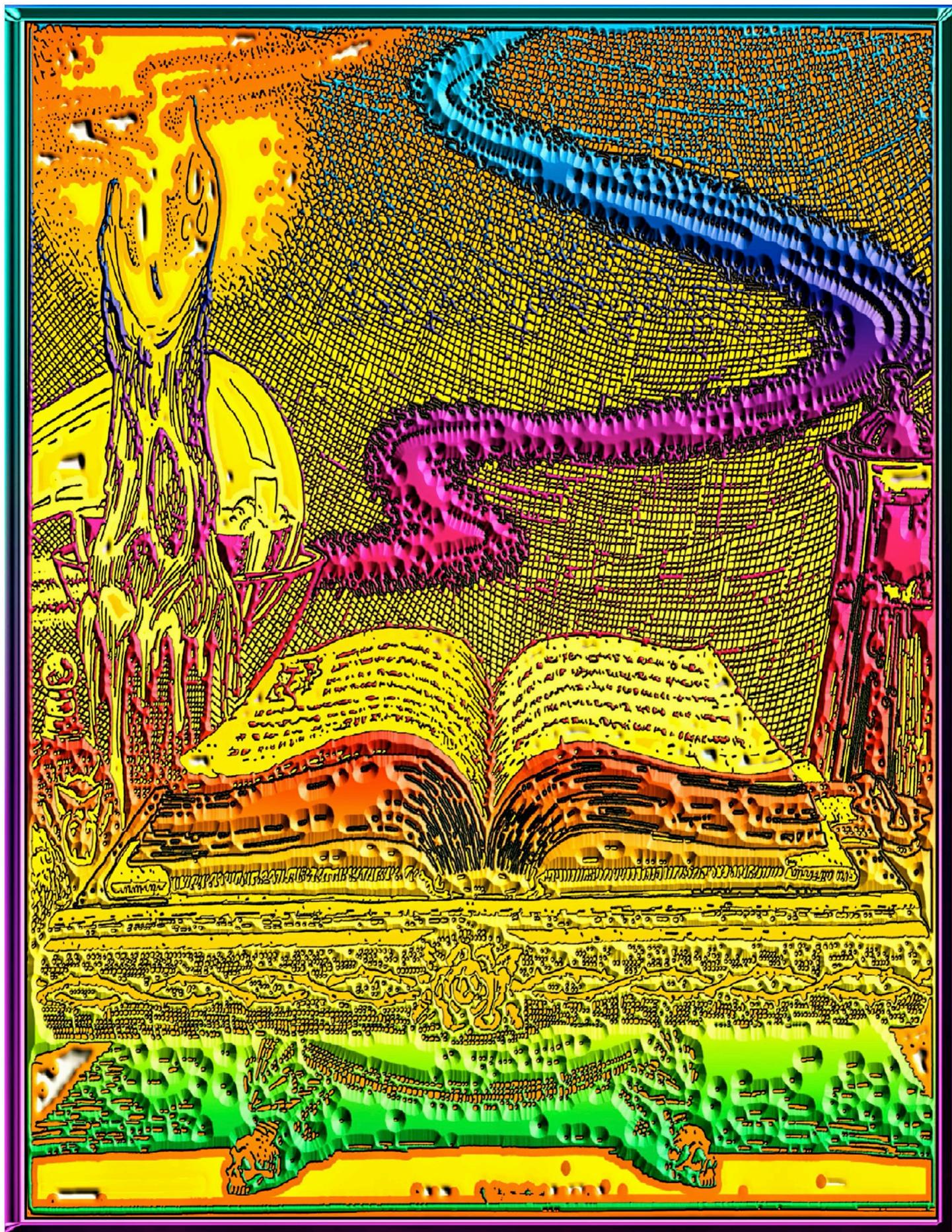
And live your life while the wine flows red.



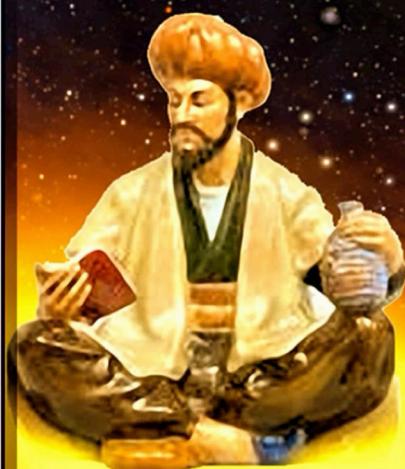
Read this Twice

Saturate your mind with every quatrain,
Till a life of deeds echoes each refrain,
Till all philosophies are embedded,
Till dream, wish, and life are one and the same.





All That's Left



All that I am my thoughts have gently wrenched,
And put into words with sensation drenched:
Poems, spent with delight and newfound might,
To rest in print after my flame is quenched.



In Words I Live

Whither has flown the spirit from the dead,
But rests here as the soul in all I've said,
As all that's left of my earthly remains



Is this Book of Quatrains that you've just read.



