

A Book of Days and Nights

Reflections in a Mirror, Quietly
that speak to the Heart

Collected Verse and Aphorisms
compiled by a Friend
with added images

Aletheia Press, 2012

[1]

We are given the breath of life and the gift of a universe made, simply and completely made, of Light, in that first cry of birth,

Praise be to God the All Merciful, the Ever Merciful, for this pure gift we each receive,

And we have only one command, one single absolute command of duty and obligation,

One single thing to be at the center of our heart and to pulse ceaselessly through our arteries and veins and to fill every thought born in our brains, to flow like a song in every word we speak,

And that is the command to Love, to give our hearts, our minds, our souls to one another, to the All that surrounds and permeates us, to Love,

For is not Love that secret and unspeakable inner name of Our God,

And is not Love what gives rise to all that Light which is all of this universe with all its wonders and mysteries including the beauty of conceiving, birthing, living and dying and being one with the wondrous wave of the Sea that is the whole of all of us?

Look around and what is there that is not part of that flash of light that like a vajra thunderbolt and like a soothing embrace comes out of a One Before there was even number, a One Before there was even space and time, the All-Loving, Who breathed and spoke a thought and it was Pure Light emanating from the Void and crystallizing into a universe where

You and I could lift up our eyes and see into each other's and find the Source of that Light, always, deep and without end, without bottom, without bounds,

And so grateful, so ever grateful we should be, that this is so – that when two people look truly into each other's eyes, they see not something with a name, a label, a boundary, a value, but a be-ing that is one and for which there can only be a truth-ing, a disclosing, an uncovering of Love.

Is there any deeper or more real pleasure or satisfaction or happiness possible for anyone other than to see That Which Is, the I am Who Am, the All Merciful looking into our eyes and ours into yours and wherever we place our gaze?

Why should we delude ourselves into fearing and running away from this Reality and looking for something that is merely a distorted shadow? What is in us that makes us turn aside our face and put our hand over our eyes, to not See That and Who is before and around and in us all our days and nights?

[Image of a person's eyes (like this) set in a background of stars like from some Hubble telescope image]



[2]

We all need to be loved. Most of us do not want to admit that. We want to hide behind a shield of independence and “accomplishment.”

Do we understand woman? Male or female, do we understand what Woman is in this universe, the nurturer, the wonderer, the giver and bearer of life?

Few of us do, and the number dwindles, and so do the problems in our society, in our families, in ourselves, increase in correspondence to how much we have forgotten, ignored, pretended to hide.

Do we know what it is to consciously love, to make love, to do so in every action and interaction?

We identify so much of love with only one part of its expression, because we build shells around ourselves that we then call “I” and “me” and separate that from “you” but it is not something that is real in this life. We cannot enjoy to swim in the fresh river if we keep ourselves always locked up in the castle keep. And if we stay secure in our self-made castles of fear, envy, pride, resentment, and separation, then we are never truly living. We have become less alive than machines.

[Image-collage of ancient and modern images of Woman blended closely, tightly into the background texture, almost like the images are impressions coming out from some material]

The following are presented here for the benefit of those reading this in-progress, unfinished version of the manuscript as it is in progress:

*Are you looking for Me?
I'm in the next seat.
My shoulder is against yours.
You will not find me in stupas, not in Indian shrine rooms,
nor in synagogues, nor in cathedrals, not in masses,
not in kirtans, not in legs winding around your own neck,
nor in eating nothing but vegetables.
When you look for Me,
you will see Me instantly -
you will find Me in the tiniest house of time.*

*Kabir says, "Student, tell me, what is God?
He is the Breath in the breath".*

Kabir, 15th century

***The tone
of our voice
can carry
the intention
of our hearts.***

(Reshad Field, 2012)

The Balm

***You are in possession
of the antidote to all your ills
Yet have not even
the slightest knowledge
of this simple fact.
Your suffering too
finds you as its source,
Yet you see not
how this is so.
You are caught
in the belief
your miniscule body
defines everything you are,
Yet verily,
the entire Universe
is compressed in you.
You are as easy to read
as a splayed volume
The letters
of which bring to light
the secret things.
You do not need
the exterior;
That which is written
in your heart
Tell you all
There is to know.***

Hazrati Ali

From the commentary of
Abdul Baki Gülpnarli to the
Turkish edition of the
Mesnevi from Mevlana
Jelalu'ddin Rumi. Translated
from the Turkish by Said Zeren.

I'm a Lover

I am a very dangerous man.

I am a lover.

A lover is someone

who will give up

his own lovingness

in order to love

another being.

Reshad Field

It has not rained light

*It has not rained light
for many days.*

*The wells
in most eyes look
Drought-stricken.*

*Thus friends are not
easy to find
In this barren
Place*

*Where most everyone
has become ill
From guarding
Nothing.*

*On this primal caravan
Careers and cities
can appear real in this
Intense Desert heat,*

But I say to my close ones,

*"Don't get lost in them,
It has not rained light
there for days.*

*Look,
most everyone is diseased
From 'making love'
to
Nothing."*

Hafiz, free rendering by D. Ladinsky

(final page – remember that this is a work in progress)