

No Room for Form

On the night when you cross that street
from your house, from your life
to the cemetery,

you'll hear a hailing you from inside
the open grave and realize
how we've always been together.

I am the clear consciousness-core
of your being, the same in
ecstasy as in self-hating fatigue.

[[
That night, you'll hear
my familiar voice, see the candle being lit,

smell the incense, the surprise meal fixed
by: the lover inside all your other lovers.

This heart-tumult is my signal
to you, igniting in the tomb.

So don't fuss with the shroud
and the graveyard road dust,

Those get ripped open and washed away
in the music of our finally meeting.]]

But **don't look for me in a human shape.**
I am inside your looking. No room
for form with love this strong.

Beat the drum and let the poets speak.
This is a day of purification for those who
are already mature and initiated into what love is.

No need to wait until we die!
There's more to want here than money
and being famous and bites of tasty food.

Now, what shall we call this new sort of gazing
where people sit and pour out their light, their love?

May we drop deeper and deeper into that Love!

- Rumi w/edits by Lyn