

Moving Water

by, Mewlana Jalaluddin Rumi

When you do things from your soul, you feel a river
moving in you, a joy.

When actions come from another section, the feeling
disappears.

Don't let others lead you. They may be blind or, worse, vultures.

Reach for the rope of God. And what is that? Putting aside self-will.

Because of willfulness people sit in jail, the trapped bird's wings are tied,
fish sizzle in the skillet.

The anger of police is willfulness. You've seen a magistrate
inflict visible punishment.

Now see the invisible. If you could leave your selfishness, you
would see how you've been torturing your soul. We are born and live
inside black water in a well.

How could we know what an open field of sunlight is?

Don't insist on going where you think you want to go. Ask the way to the
spring. Your living pieces will form a harmony.

There is a moving palace that floats in the air with balconies and clear
water flowing through, infinity everywhere, yet contained under a single
tent.

Story Water

A story is like water
that you heat for your bath.

It takes messages between the fire
and your skin. It lets them meet,
and it cleans you.

Very few can sit down
in the middle of the fire itself
like a salamander or Abraham.
We need intermediaries.

A feeling of fullness comes,
but it usually takes some bread
to bring it.

Beauty surrounds us,
but usually we need to be walking
in a garden to know it.

The body itself is a screen
to shield and partially reveal
the light that's blazing
inside your presence.

Water, stories, the body ,
all the things we do, are mediums
to hide and show what's hidden.

Study them,
and enjoy this being washed
with a secret we sometimes know,
and then not.