



In the Garden of Lovers

poems of longing, surrender and joy

by Wahiduddin



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Preface

Rabi`a al `Adawiyya, the 8th century Moslem mystic, one of the great women who have shown us the path, said:

“ I do not ask You for the garden,
all I want is the E_{ss}ence of Your L_{ove},
to return to be O_{ne} with You,
to become Your F_{ace}. ”

Here in the garden of lovers, our challenge is to let go of our self-centered personal attachments in this magnificent garden, and to love and serve the G_{ardener}, whose face is everywhere.

Truly there is nothing to worship, nothing to desire, nothing worthy of our attention, other than the D_{ivine} P_{resence}.

It is only our unceasing awareness of the D_{ivine} P_{resence} that will ever fill this need, this hunger, this thirst that we all are driven by. As Murshid Wali Ali Meyer has said:

“There is only one thing in life to be thankful for, and that is the breath that we breathe where we are aware of the D_{ivine} P_{resence}.”

Perhaps something in this little collection of verses will help you to take your next step.

This collection of verses simply arrived without any willful effort on my part. I never intended to write any of these poems, they simply arrived and were written down.

These verses have been melted down and purified down to their E_{ss}ence. In that process, much of the metaphor and most of the words have fallen away, leaving just the elegant simplicity of L_{ife}.

If you find any of these offerings useful in your life, let all praise be to G_{od}

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Lovers

Lovers...

what does this mean

"Lovers"?

To be forever thirsty,

To be forever hungry,

To be on the edge of an abyss,

with no choice

but a gleeful leap

into the unknown.

These are Lovers.

Life

Life is not happening "to" you,
Life is happening "through" you.

Life is not about "you" at all.

The Drunken Ones

What odd sort
of prison is this,
where the sober ones
are chained and shackled,
and the drunken ones
are free to fly out the window?

Whose wine is this?

Tell me,
Who?

The One

The One
that includes two,

The Peace
that includes strife,

The Joy
that includes pain,

The Knowing
that includes illusion,

The Life
that includes death,

these are the ways of

The One.

Only the Giving

There is only the giving,
and the only gift is Love.

There is only the giving,
all else is but a passing breeze.

There is only the giving,
have no concern of what others may think,

There is only the giving,
and the only gift is Love,

There is only the giving.

The Body

This flesh and blood and bone
is not my body.

The trees,
The flowers,
The rivers,
The earth,
The sky,
The stars,
These are my body.

These sights,
These sounds,
This food,
This drink,
These are my body.

Unending,
Everlasting.

Boundless

The body of the ego,
flesh,
blood,
bone,
confusion.

The body of the Self,
eternal,
boundless,
joyful,
aware.

Misled

Fools we are,
misled by nerve sparks,
thinking that these sensations are
the body.

All of creation
is the one body
that we share.

In the Garden

In the garden
of Lovers
the fruits
and flowers
arrive
by Grace.

Beyond mere sensations
of smell,
or touch,
or sound,
or taste,
or sight,

These gifts of knowing arrive
perfect,
whole,
complete,
in that instant.

Only You

Everywhere,
one face.

Some say Jew or Hindu,
some say Arab or Russian,
I see only You.

Some say pleasure,
some say pain,
I see only You.

Some say evil,
some say good,
I see only You.

Everywhere,
one face,
I see only You.

In the Stillness

In the stillness
 there is a voice,
listen,
 say no more.

Just Love

Love has no motive,
no goal,
no beginning,
no end.

A Quiet Voice

The quiet voice of God
is easily lost in the noise
of thinking.

Be still,
listen,
say no more.

Just beyond
the noisy chatter of mind
is the Divine.

Be still,
listen,
say no more.

Throw open the shutters
and let in the Light,
that has been shining all the time.

Be still,
listen,
say no more.

Opinions

Not far away,
 just over there...
on the other side of
 all those opinions,
is That Which you are seeking.

Victory is
 in the
 letting go.

Shatter the Cup

Awaken from thy sleep,
be still,
listen,
follow the Breeze.

Drink the Wine
and rise beyond this world.

Become a cup,
that other thirsty travelers may drink.

Finally, shatter the cup,
and become
the Wine,
flowing freely
forevermore.

Flowing Freely

The one who chooses
what to give,
is not yet Giving.

The one who chooses
what to receive,
is not yet Receiving.

Free from planning,
beyond personal choices
and desires,
allowing the Divine
to flow freely in the present moment;
this is Giving,
this is Receiving.

Questions and Answers

The coin has
two sides.

Questions arise from the
noisy clamor of the restless mind,
on the ripples and waves of turbulent waters.

Answers arise from the
quiet between the words,
on the mirror-like clarity of calm waters.

The coin has
two sides,
and both sides
arrive in the same instant.

Quiet of the Heart

The noisy senses,
are not the Self.

That which can be heard is not the Self,
That which can be touched is not the Self,
That which can be seen is not the Self,
That which can be smelled is not the Self,
That which can be tasted is not the Self.

The mind is but a noisy, cluttered shell
around the quiet, pure depths of the everlasting Self.

The Self is the immaculate flame,
quietly awaiting your visit
in the eternal serenity of the heart.

Let's Dance

There really is no point
in arguing with dead people,
they are unlikely to stop being dead, no matter what you say.

Dead people stay dead
until it is time for their rebirth
and they are the only ones that choose that moment.

So, let them rest in peace,
they will arise when the time is ripe for them, and
not a moment sooner.

In the meantime, let's Dance !

The Key

The door of Peace
is opened
with the key of
no expectations.

Time for Battle

Fanatics of hatred,
 holy warriors,
search no more,
 the time for battle is now,
and the enemy
 is not apart from you.

Clear thine own eye,
 and let God take care of everything else.

Expressions of Life

Some will never believe.

Some will dimly suspect that
there is a possibility of God.

Some will believe in a personal God,
who is friend, guardian and provider.

Yet beyond these is
he who sees
the Divine Presence in all.

For such a one,
birth and death,
rain and sun, pleasure and pain,
have lost their power,
these are simply expressions of Life.

Only God in You

I see only God in you.

There is no room left for labels
like Moslem, Jew,
Christian, Hindu,
I see only God in you.

Every Visitor

Greet every visitor
with open arms.

Give only your best
to the guest.

Sit with your visitors and enjoy their company,
learn from them,

Dance and sing with them,
graciously accept their gifts.

Pay no mind whether their names
be joy or sorrow,

Pleasure or pain,
happiness or heartache,

Greet every visitor
with open arms.

Dove of Peace

The dove of Peace
flies
on
two wings:

Understanding
and
Love.

No Need

There is no need
for any more suffering,
Why not try joy instead?

Take Heed

Take heed,
Warriors of the Light,
arrows of Truth
can wound
or heal.

Take heed,
Warriors of the Light,
even the most thirsty
can be drowned in the Ocean.

Hidden Treasure

There is a hidden treasure,
within you.

A treasure that has been with you
every day of your life,

A treasure that has never changed
even though you have changed in so many ways,

A treasure that has never faltered,
even when you have doubted it or ignored it,

A treasure that is unchanged by
appearances or circumstances,

A treasure that is beyond
the reach of birth and life and death.

This treasure has always been with you
and will always be with you,
no matter how you may change,

Be still and feel that inner flame which has always been with you,
that which has never changed throughout the changes of life.

Nothing can ever take
this flame from you.

Nothing can ever
separate you from God.

Seeing Double

It is only
thine eye
which sees double,

life
and
death
are One.

Chattering

Chattering fool,
praying for yourself.

Be silent,
and hear The Voice
that is praying for you.

Be silent
and hear The Voice
which is praying
for your return.
if only you will be
quiet long enough to hear.

Many Voices

Many voices may arise from the silence,
but only One Voice arrives with loving kindness,
bringing a message whole and complete in that instant,
quietly saying “BE”.

Many voices may arise from the silence,
so learn to hear with the heart,
to hear that One loving Voice,
quietly saying “BE”.

Work of Art

Life is a work of art,
God is the canvas,
God is the paint,
God is the painter.
Rejoice and "BE".

Life

Life did not
begin at birth,
Life does not
end at death,
forms come
and forms go,
yet Life remains,
the eternal fragrance
floating on the breeze.

The Rose

What else would
the rose do
but bloom?

My friend,
in this garden
you are the rose.

What else
is there to do
but bloom?

Eternal Breeze

Feel it,
the Divine Breath,
the Eternal Breeze,
filling every cell,
enlivening every form,
never ending,
everlasting,
asking nothing
other than
to be enjoyed.

No Judgments

On this journey to the Shore,
some will float,
some will swim,
some will appear to drown,
some will cling to the raft of ego,
and some will simply walk across.
Each has their own way,
make no judgments.

What a Fool

Oh my dear friend,
you have no idea
what a fool
I am.

Once it seemed
that I knew something,
but alas it was not true.

And now, with each
passing day
I know
less and less.

Divine Trickster

What a delightful mystery
 this is.
I saw the Light of God
 in you my dear friend,
and vowed to help you
 bloom into that Divine Fullness,
but I was tricked,
 and became that which I saw in you.

Great Artist

The Great Artist is at work,
 behold,
 none else can compare.

God is the canvas,
 God is the paint,
 God is the painter.

Go ahead, stick your finger in
 the wet paint,
 make your changes,
 smear some colors,
 add a stroke here and there,
only then will you begin to see
 that nothing can ever surpass
 the work of the Great Artist.

Behold
 the beauty,
let yourself be
 a bristle in That Brush,
 a pigment in That Paint,
 a fiber in That Canvas,
let yourself be
 the work of the Great Artist.

Passing Appearances

These forms
 that are called life,
are but
 passing appearances
 of the One everlasting Life.

Everlasting Life

Look within,
find that timeless,
changeless part of you, that is
the eternal, everlasting Life.

This body is not life,
all that we call life
is but a veiled reflection of
the eternal, everlasting Life.

Even the moments of
birth and death
are but a veiled reflection of
the eternal, everlasting Life.

Come and Go

These bodies come and go,
they are really not very important,
let them come and go like the breeze.

These bodies are
no more, and no less, important
than the magnificence of
the breeze, or
the rain, or
the clouds in the sky.

They come and they go,
and only our foolish attachments
keep us from enjoying
the beauty of such a simple truth.

Who We Are

We learn to believe
that this body,
these senses,
this life,
is who we are.

But this body,
these senses
and this life
is not who we are.

We are beyond this life,
beyond these bodies,
beyond these senses and
beyond the world of changes.

Life is eternal.

Will

Divine Will,
human will.

One is Heaven,
one is hell.

Drink the Wine

Oh sober one,
 is God
off in the background,
 some distant relative seldom remembered?

Then get drunk! Be intoxicated!

Take no thought of yourself,
 drink the Wine,
let God be the canvas
 on which your life is painted.

Love, Harmony and Beauty

For some,
the needs of
“I”, “me” and “mine”
are so strong, so consuming
that there is little or no room
for the Divine Presence.

Oh dear one,
if you are open to it,
the moment will come
when all sense of
“I”, “me” and “mine”
is overwhelmed and dissolved
by the majesty, glory and perfection
of the Divine Presence.

In this new world
there is no need,
and no desire,
only
Love,
Harmony
and
Beauty.

Beyond Words

That which can be
 said with words,
is only preparation for
 that which is beyond words.

Signposts

O' seekers, chasing signposts
and battling over lifeless lists,
yet these are not the Truth,
they are only footprints in the shifting sands.
Awaken!
That which you seek is within you.

Cross the River

So many fools arguing
about what is to be found
on the other shore.

Yet those who have
glimpsed the other shore
have no interest in such arguments.

There are no names for the Nameless,
there are no words
for That Which is beyond words.

Hush!

It is time to cross the river...

The Builder

Having met
 the Builder,
the building is
 no longer so important.

Flowing Everywhere

Look! Life is
bubbling up everywhere!

Logic fails,
paradox reigns.
Wave becomes particle,
out of nothingness,
like a waterspout on the ocean,
form springs into being,
takes a breath and disappears
back into the ocean of nothingness.

Not gone,
only transformed.

Everywhere,
Life bubbling up,
flowing through,
ever changing,
yet ever changeless.

Logic fails,
paradox reigns.

With every step,
with every breath,
nothing really matters except
this Divine Presence,
forever flowing, bubbling up,
forever changing, forever changeless.

Let it Breathe

And idea arrives,
and words rush to meet it,
carrying their confusing jumble of old baggage,
and all too soon the stampede of words
has trampled the Truth.

Hush!

Stand back,
let it breathe....

The Wrong Channel

Life is like a TV
with only two channels,
one is the wheel of samsara,
the everlasting karmic cycles of cause and effect,
and the other is
the Divine Presence.

It seems to me
that 'most
everyone is
watching the wrong channel.

Never Stop Knocking

Knock
and it shall be opened.

Beyond that door
is yet another door.

Knock
and it shall be opened.

Beyond that door
is yet another door,
and another,
and another,
each with ever greater treasures.

Never stop knocking.

Do You See Me?

Look beyond appearances,
look into the eye of the Cause.

Beyond preferences,
there is Unity.

Beyond the beautiful,
there is Beauty.

Beyond that which is seen,
there is the Unseen,

Forever asking,
“Do you see Me?”

Differences and Distinctions

Soar above
the differences and distinctions of this world.

There have always been,
and shall always be,
these differences and distinctions.

We learn by
means of opposites.

The differences and distinctions of this world
are the tools of the One.

Stages

Let me do Thy will.

That was a big step.

But beyond that step there are others...

First there is the illusion that the little self is all that matters,
then a desire to change,
then a desire to surrender,
then a willing submission,
and beyond that,
a selfless witnessing.

When I disappear
only the witnessing remains,
and from there,
the two worlds, the seen and the unseen,
embrace and sing,
and dance and merge
and become One.

That Which has Always Been

Our prayers do not change reality,
they only change us.

The answer to our prayers
was already within us,
and through prayer
we become open
and able to understand
that which has always been.

Witnesses of Unity

Fragmented and split,
this ego, this little self, needs
something useful to do.

Fragmented and split,
we evolve toward Unity.

Having recovered our Unity,
we evolve to become
fragmented and split,
so that we may willingly be
servants and witnesses
of Unity.

Into the River

Surrender is the moment
in which we realize that
on our own, we are powerless,
and that it is our destiny to be in the River.

Submission is the moment
in which we leap from the bridge
and plunge headlong into the River,
giving up all selfish concerns.

Liars

We are surrounded
by liars...
the ears hear,
but they only hear some sounds,
the eyes see,
but they only see some sights,

there are sounds that only
the heart can hear,
sights that only
the heart can see,
fragrances that only
the heart can inhale,
caresses that only
the heart can feel.

Trust your heart...

O Divine Presence

O Divine Presence,
let me be silent unless I am speaking Your truth,

O Divine Presence,
guide me as You will,

O Divine Presence,
how can anyone pretend to know Your destination?

Struggle

In our struggle to become something,
we become nothing.

Only when we are willing to be nothing
can we become something.

Swallowed

There was a time
when we stood separately,
individually, distantly.

Then I was swallowed,
whole, like Jonah,
gone .

Only to reemerge
as a witness
of the One.

Peace

The joy of peace
does not arrive
simply because there is no fighting.

The joy of peace
arrives
when there is no desire for fighting.

Dark Night of the Soul

Have no fear of the darkness,
 journey onward,
into the depths of the darkness,
 and then beyond that.

Only from the gloaming depths
 of meaninglessness
does the brilliance of
 dawn arise.

al hamdulillah
All praise is for God.

La illaha illa'llah
There is nothing to worship, nothing to seek, but God.

