

Poems by Rumi to be read at the service:

“Eating Poetry”

My poems resemble the bread of Egypt – one night passes over it, and you can’t eat it anymore.

So gobble them down now, while they’re still fresh, before the dust of the world settles on them.

When a poem belongs is here, in the warmth of the chest; out in the world it dies of cold.

You’ve seen a fish – put him on dry land, he quivers for a few minutes, and then is still.

And even if you eat my poems while they’re still fresh, you still have to bring forward many images of yourself.

Actually, friend, what you’re eating is your own imagination. These are just a bunch of old proverbs

“The Quest”

Even though you’re not equipped,
Keep searching:
Equipment isn’t necessary on the way to the Sustainer.
Whoever you see engaged in search,
become her friend and cast your head in front of her,
for choosing to be a neighbor of seekers,
you become one yourself;
protected by conquerors,
you will, yourself, learn to conquer.
If an ant seeks the rank of Solomon,
don’t smile contemptuously upon its quest.
Everything you possess of skill, and wealth, and handicraft,
wasn’t it merely a thought and a quest?

“By God, Don’t Linger”

My God, don’t linger
in any spiritual benefit you have gained,
but yearn for more – like one suffering from illness
whose thirst for water is never quenched.
The Divine Court is the Plane of the Infinite.
Leave the seat of honor behind;
let the Way be your seat of honor.

“I was raw, then I was cooked, then I was ash.”

I have seen the king with a face of Glory,

He who is the eye and the sun of heaven,

He who is the companion and healer of all beings,

He who is the soul and the universe that births souls.

The lover is ever drunk with love.

She is free, he is mad

She sings with delight

As he dances with ecstasy.

Caught by our own thoughts

We worry about everything.

But once you get drunk on that love

What ever will be will be.

Our drunkenness

Does not come from wine.

The joy of our gathering

Does not come from the harps of rubaab

*With no celestial beauty to fill our cup
With out friends, with out singing, without music, (music stops)*

*We burst out like madmen
Railing dunk on the floor*

*I know nothing of two worlds
All I know is the One,
 I seek only one.
 I know only one.
 I find only one.
And I sing of only one.*

*I am so drunk
On the wine of my Beloved
 That both worlds have
 Slipped from my reach.*

*Now I have no business here
But to reach the cup of my beloved.*

“Your Worth”

You know the value of every article of merchandise,
But if you don't know the values of your own soul,
It's foolishness.
You've come to now the fortunate and inauspicious stars,
But you don't know whether you yourself
are fortunate or unlucky.
This, this is the essence of all sciences –
That you should know who you will be
When the Day of Reckoning arrives.

“Can Anyone Really Describe”

Can anyone really describe the actions of the Matchless One?
Anything I can say is only what I'm allowed to.
Sometimes He acts this way, sometimes in its exact opposite;
The real work of religion is permanent astonishment.
By that I don't mean in astonishing turning your back on Him –
I mean: blazing in blind ecstasy, drowned in God and drunk on love.