

Chapter 19

Verses on Love

Farasha Euker

19.1 The Search

Just past midnight, in a land of many tears,
I look to the sky, reminiscing my years.
The moon shines so bright and my thoughts are so clear,
But most of all, I wish you were here.

My eyes, heart, head, and chest,
Looked to the East and to the West.
Seeking, searching, unable to find,
The true love, which is one of a kind.

Perusing through Plato's insightful pages,
Wisdom is gained, the wisdom of sages.
One can try to be happy, living life in vain,
Yet, a soulmate is needed, I could then ascertain.

What to do, alone on this Earth,
But search for the one destined from birth.
I travelled and sought; many years did I wait,
Until I found you in the heart shaped state.

You make me feel so utterly complete,
From the top of my head, to the soles of my feet.
Each hair on your head is worth a mountain of gold,
And for Eternity it is you I wish to have and to hold.

Your taste is sweeter than honey,
Your eyes miniature stars,
Your arms are my sanctuary,
And your heart's my bazaar,
For your heart contains all;
It contains all I could ever need,
So, to you forever, my heart I cede.

19.2 The True Kaaba

My heart is a microcosm of the entirety of be-ing,
Such that my heart has become the celestial rose,
And the Queen Bee shall be enthroned at the center of the rose,
So long as there is water in the sea,
And the Earth revolves around the Sun.
Just as I circumambulate the body of my beloved:
The Kaaba of my soul!

19.3 Breathing the Name

My heart is a monastery,
my brain an ashram—
I retreat into these,
leaving my body and the material world.

The eyes shut,
the senses open.
Take me up to the imaginal realm.
Peace, tranquility, beauty, and love.

The Name is on the breath;
the breath is all that is—
all that is,
is the name, oneness, wholeness, and eternity.

Then the dreadful downward spiral:

back to the worldly material plane—
sadness, tears, longing for the divine.
This is the daily grind,
the training ground of our soul.
Oh God: Guide us to the straight path.