



A Necessary Autumn Inside Each

You and I have spoken all these words, but as for the way we have to go, words

are no preparation. There is no getting ready, other than grace. My faults

have stayed hidden. One might call that a preparation! I have one small drop

of knowing in my soul. Let it dissolve in your ocean. There are so many threats to it.

Inside each of us, there's continual autumn. Our leaves fall and are blown out

over the water. A crow sits in the blackened limbs and talks about what's gone. Then

Your generosity returns: spring, moisture, intelligence, the scent of hyacinth and rose

and cypress. Joseph is back! And if you don't feel in yourself the freshness of

Joseph, be Jacob! Weep and then smile. Don't pretend to know something you haven't experienced.

There's a necessary dying, and then Jesus is breathing again. Very little grows on jagged

rock. Be ground. Be crumbled, so wildflowers will come up where you are. You've been

stony for too many years. Try something different. Surrender. (21)

Some Kiss we Want

There is some kiss we want with our whole lives, the touch of

spirit on the body. Seawater begs the pearl to break open its shell.

And the lily, how passionately it needs some wild darling! At

night, I open the window and ask the moon to come and press its

face against mine. *Breathe into me.* Close the language-door and

open the love-window. The moon won't use the door, only the window. (127)

Someone who does not run toward the allure of love walks a road where nothing lives.

But this dove here senses the love hawk, floating above, and waits, and will not be driven or scared to safety. (118)

The Soul of Rumi, Coleman Barks.