



The Music We Are

Did you hear the winter's over? The basil and the carnations cannot control their Laughter.

The nightingale, back from his wandering, has been made singing master over the birds.

The trees reach out their congratulations. The soul goes dancing through the king's doorway.

Anemones blush because they have seen the rose naked.

Spring, the only fair judge, walks in the courtroom, and several December thieves steal away.

Last Year's miracles will soon be forgotten. New creatures whirl in from non-existence,

galaxies scattered around their feet. Have you met them? Do you hear the

bud of Jesus crooning in the cradle? A single narcissus flower has been appointed *Inspector of Kingdoms*.

A feast is set. Listen: the wind is pouring the wine! Love used to hide

inside images: no more! The orchard hangs out its lanterns. The dead come stumbling by

in shrouds. Nothing can stay bound or be imprisoned. You say, "end this poem here, and wait for what's next."

I will. Poems are rough notations for the music we *are*. (134)

Inside Sham's Universe

Inside a lover's heart there's another world, and yet another inside the Friend of this community of lovers,

an ear that interprets mystery, a vein of silver in the ground, another sky!

Intellect and compassion are ladders we climb, and there are other ladders:

as we walk in the night, the voice that Talks of forgiveness; inside Shams'

Universe candlelight itself becomes a moth to die in his candle. (191)

**Colman Barks, Trans.
*The Soul of Rumi***