



A Meeting With Rumi

Austin P. Torney

A MEETING WITH RUMI

Copyright 2021 Austin P. Torney

Website: <https://theomarkhayyamclubofamerica.wordpress.com>

Email: austintorn@aol.com


YouTube Videos: MagicalVideos Channel

<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCAqzcN340HXpDqHXmAy3SwA>

DeviantArt: Look under AustinTorney





A vertical rectangular image showing a sunset over a body of water. The sky is filled with soft, glowing clouds in shades of yellow and orange. The sun is partially visible on the right side, creating a bright reflection on the water's surface. The water is a deep blue-green color with gentle ripples. In the foreground, a sandy beach is visible. The text "Do we feel some memory of elsewhere? Do we dare to look into the setting sun?" is written in a green, cursive font in the upper left quadrant. A large, blue, stylized watermark "Ku" is positioned in the lower right quadrant.

*Do we feel some
memory of elsewhere?
Do we dare to look
into the setting sun?*

Ku



It shines through us,
illuminating us.
We re-energize.
We become supernovae.



Welcome, what bringest thee?

There, on some remoter shore of human soul
To which I helped restore life and spirit,

I learned that love was the only flame that lit
This life, for she had taught me how to give it.

Lacoste





What once I was has slowed, physically,

But, I am a star, still bright in the night,
Though, when the sun rises, I disappear into her.
For, no one looks for the stars when the sun is out.





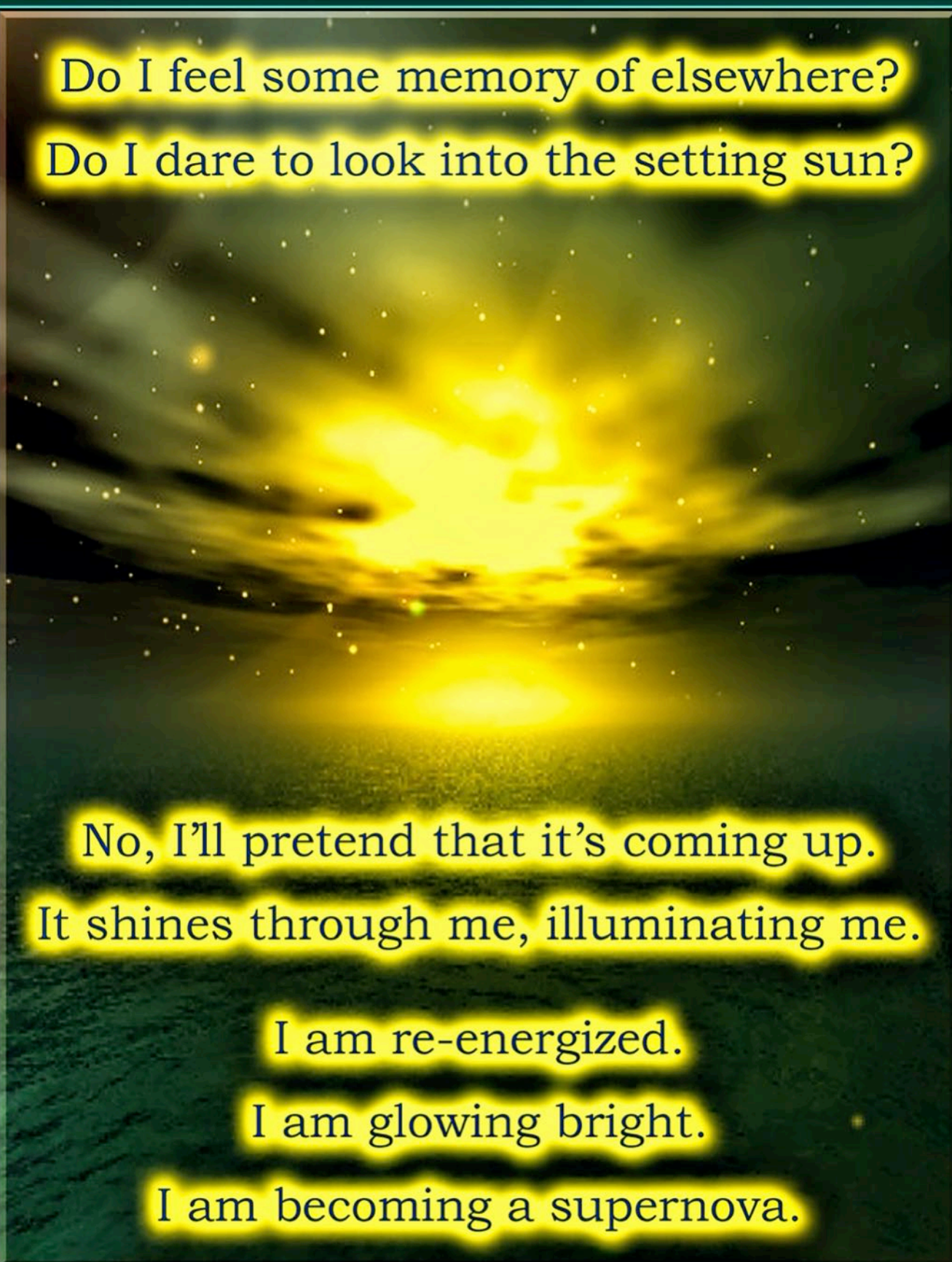
No, I did not just disappear;

I am just completely soaked in her qualities.

The drop has become the ocean;

Now I drink from her spring of eternal joy.





Do I feel some memory of elsewhere?
Do I dare to look into the setting sun?

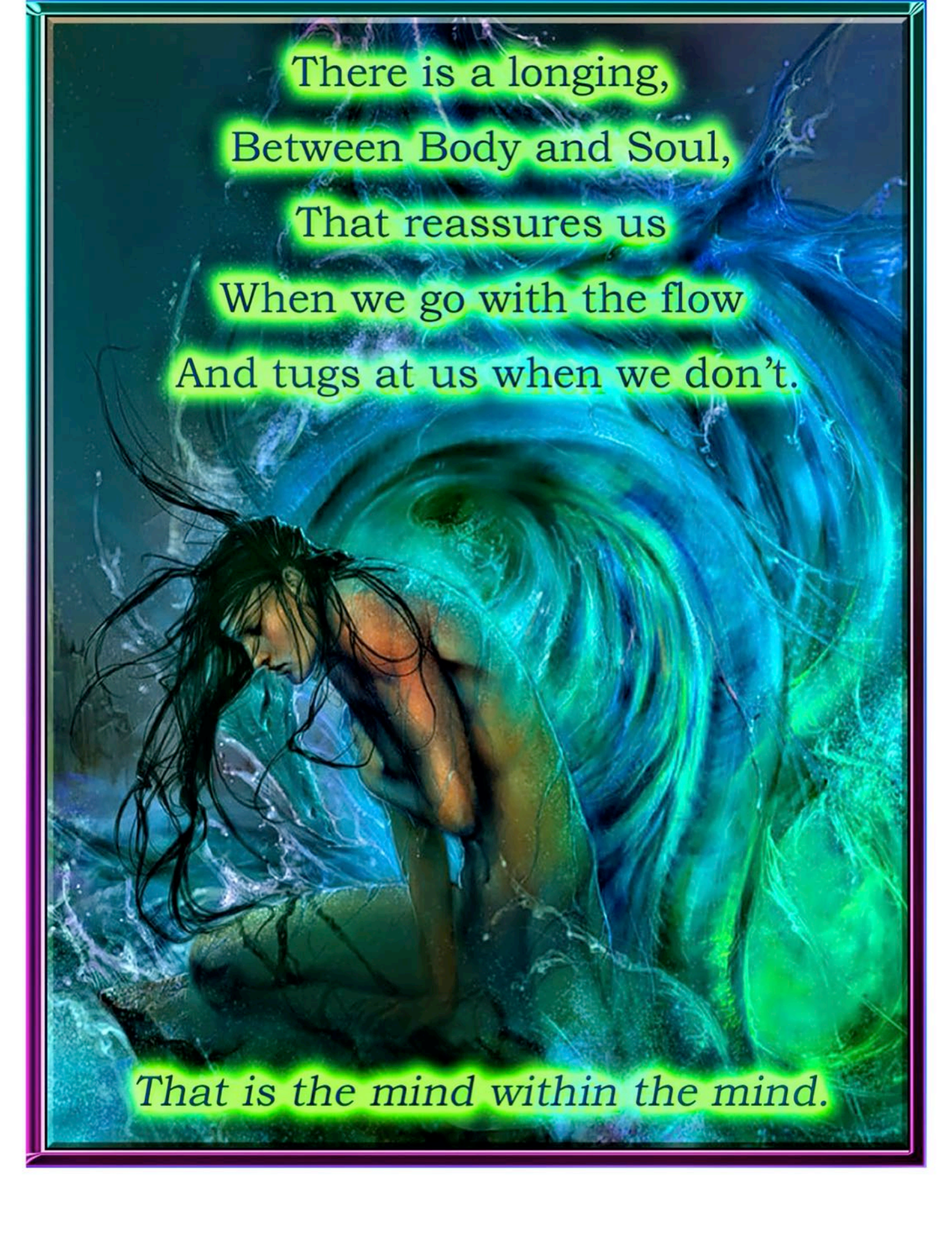
No, I'll pretend that it's coming up.
It shines through me, illuminating me.

I am re-energized.

I am glowing bright.

I am becoming a supernova.






There is a longing,
Between Body and Soul,
That reassures us
When we go with the flow
And tugs at us when we don't.

That is the mind within the mind.



A man in ornate, dark, winged armor with a glowing green and blue energy effect on his right arm. The armor features intricate designs and a central emblem of a face with wings. The background is dark and textured.

I drink the very wine that moves me.
I freely let life's spirit play through me.

I live its rhythm and music.

*Life, though anguishing sometimes,
Must be lived fully.*



The background of the page is a dark, moody illustration. It features a large, horned, and bearded creature, possibly a goblin or a demon, with a scythe-like horn. The creature is surrounded by glowing, ethereal butterflies and a spiderweb. The overall tone is mysterious and somewhat macabre.

The world crashes, out there,
But the flowers grow, in here.
For, I am the garden.

You've been rumi-nating; Rumi lives.

Yes, Rumi lives again
In the heart of his friend.

He never left; it is him, and you, too.



His spirit wanders 'long the Milky Way,
With an houri, life's moments drank away,
In some sweet wood far from the noise of day,
Where with her he yet lives, sings, laughs, and plays.

Ah, from the stars cometh our help.



What flaming forge fires all that we know?


What do we seek—the basis of the show?

A woman with vibrant red, curly hair is shown from the chest up, looking down at an ornate, golden, octagonal box she is holding. The box is highly detailed with intricate scrollwork and a large, dark, faceted gemstone in the center. She is wearing large, ornate gold earrings. The background is dark, and the scene is lit with a warm, golden glow, suggesting a fire or a magical light source. The overall mood is mysterious and ethereal.

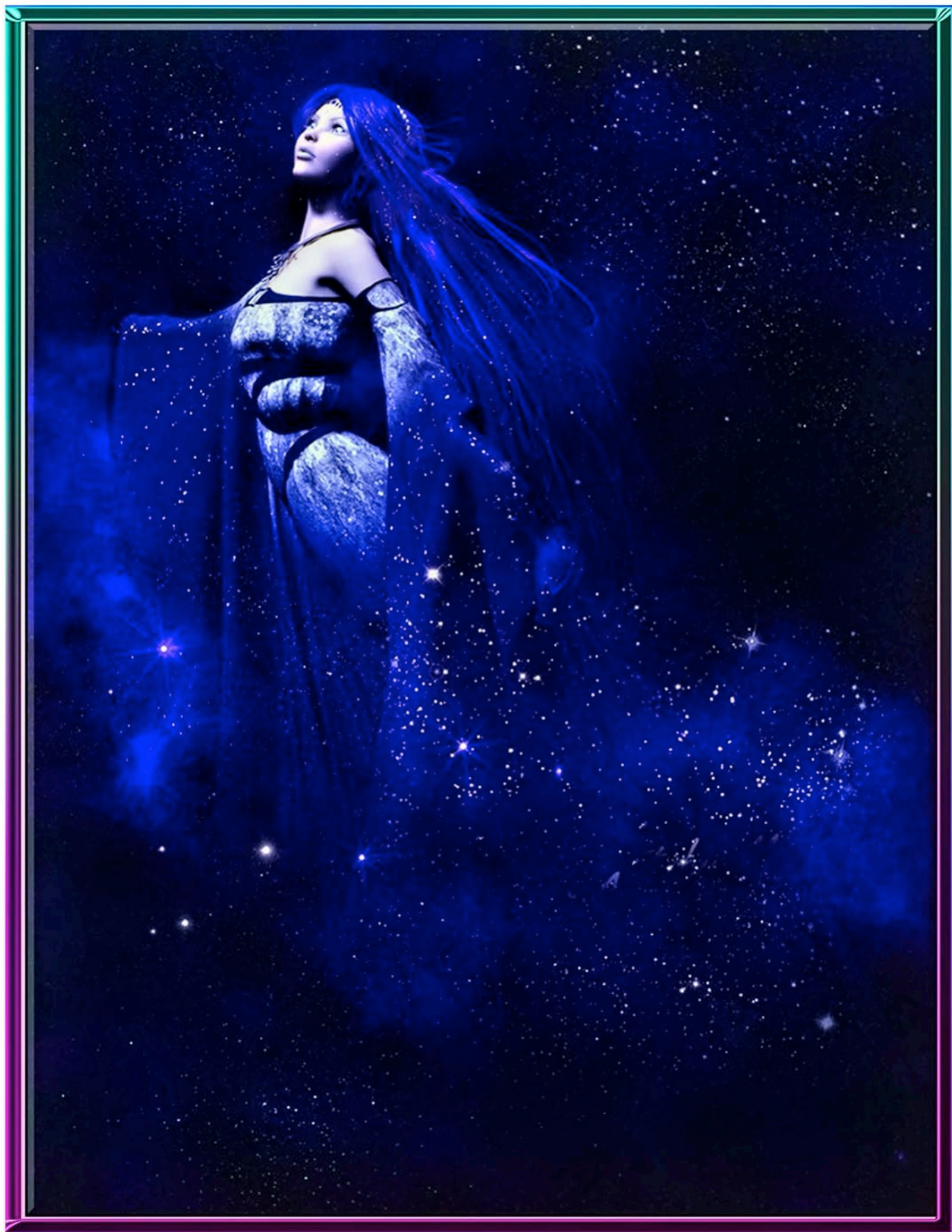
*We long for the TOE—as the human soul
Turns inward and out to find its way home.*



Why do we wander around in the dark,
In the middle of the night like this?



Well, if I knew the answer to that one,
I would have been home hours ago.



A woman with a wireframe body is shown in a vibrant, multi-colored environment. Her body is composed of a grid of lines, and she is surrounded by swirling, ethereal light patterns in shades of blue, green, yellow, and red. She has a serious expression and is looking directly at the viewer. Her hands are raised, with fingers spread, as if she is reaching out or gesturing. The background is a dark space filled with these colorful, swirling patterns, creating a sense of depth and movement.

Where would that be—wholly home?

I don't know—mind ever seeks.

*Whatever brought me here
Will have to take me home.*



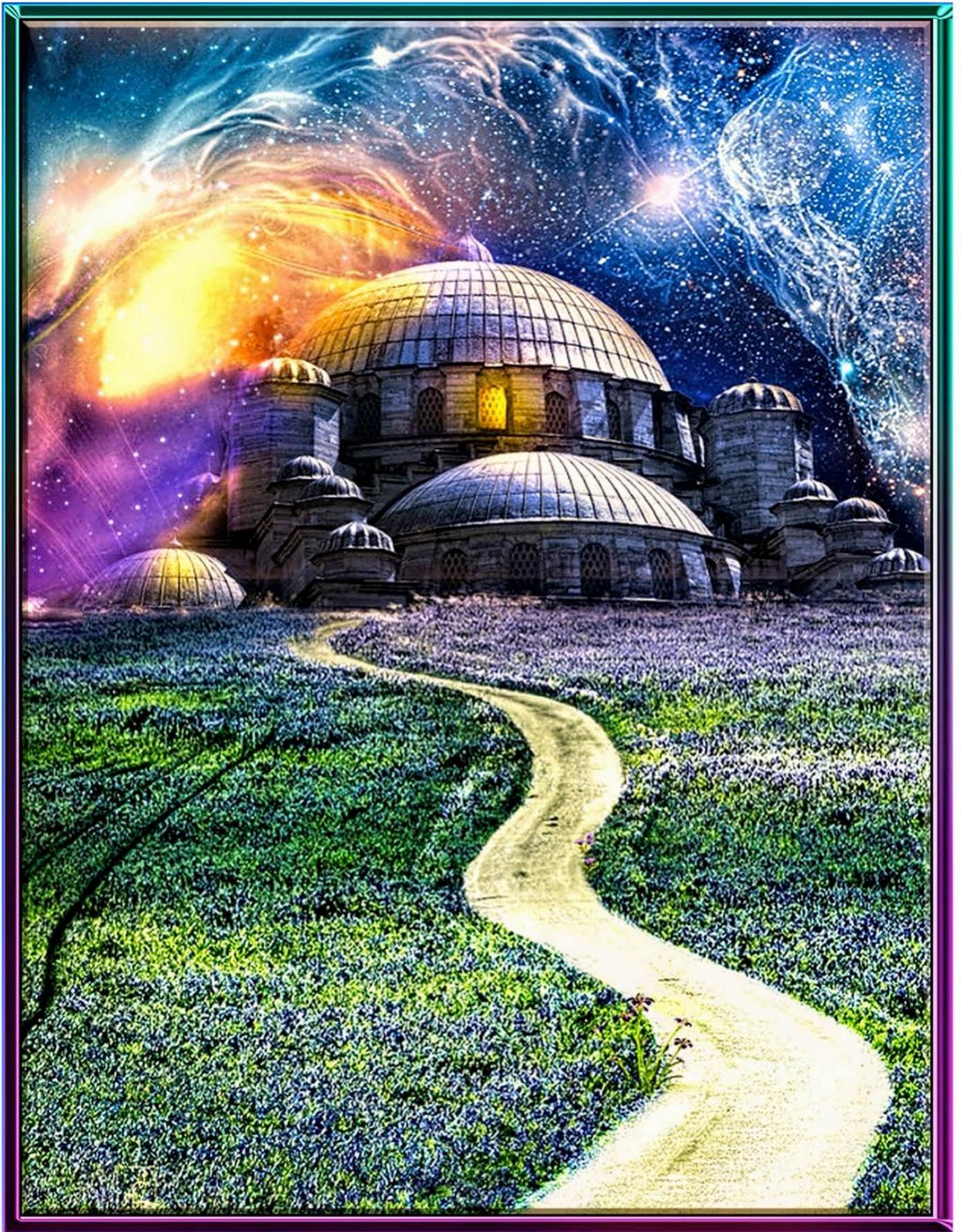


How do we see this older home
from this new house?

Close both eyes, to see with the other eye.

And how do we hear of it with our ears?"

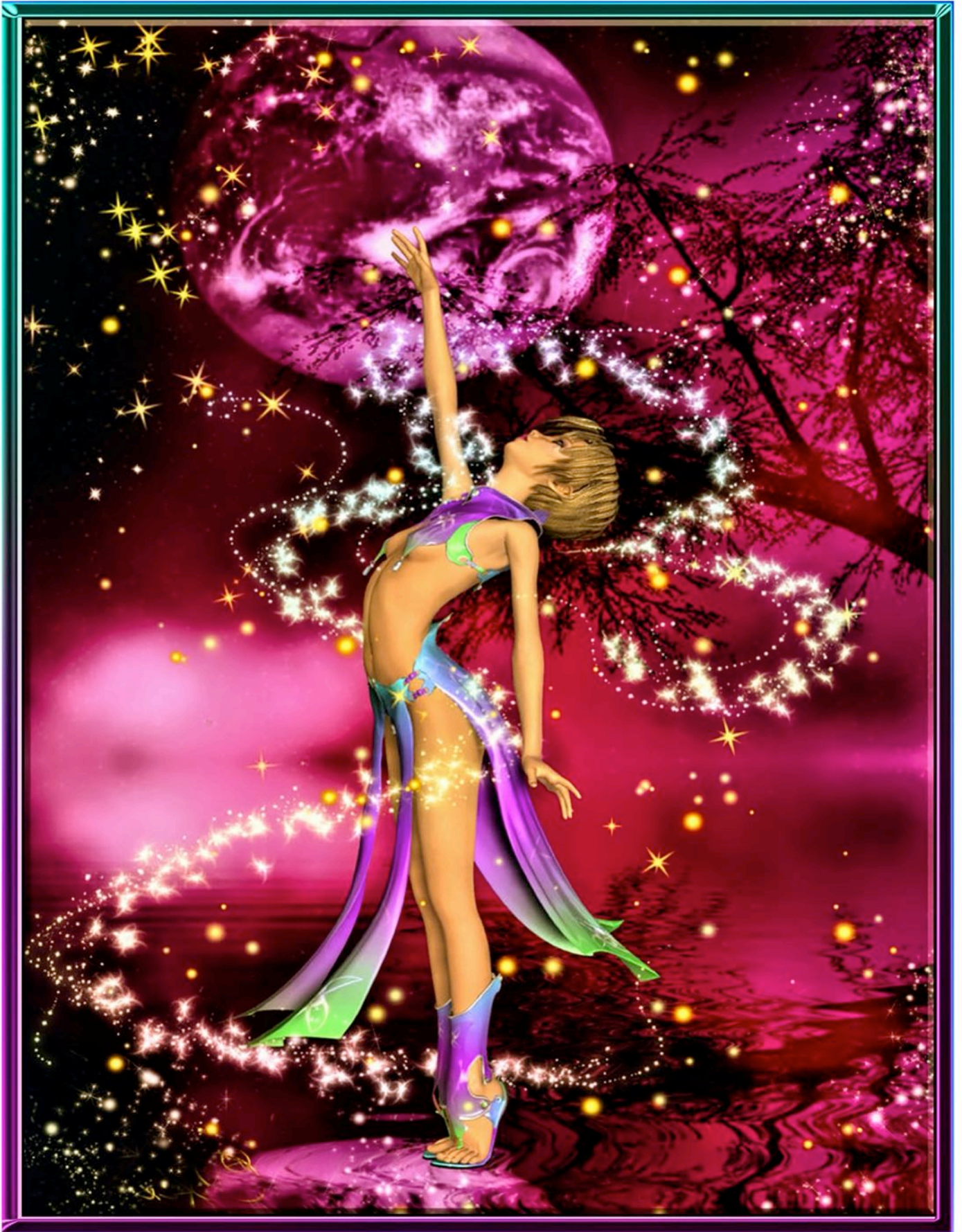
The blossoms drop their blessings all around.



What quenches our thirst in this life of ours?



*Break the wineglass, this earthly cup of thine,
And fall toward
The glassblower's breath and drink.*





Why?

*We are the sweet cold water as well the jar
That pours it. Plus more—we are even
That which makes the drink taste so refreshing.*



Where is the Light that shines to make me so?

There is a light seed grain deep inside you.

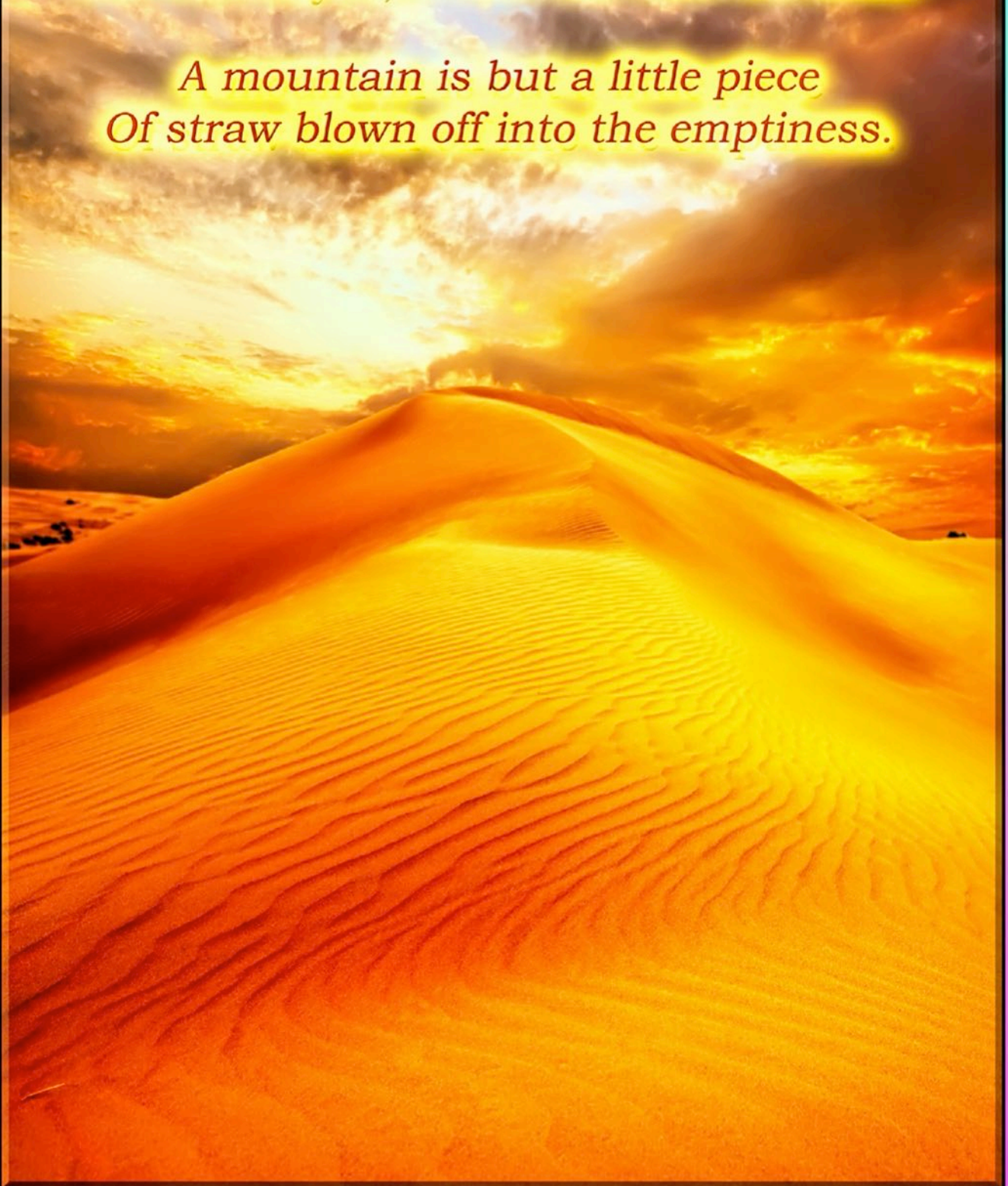
You fill it up with yourself, or it dies.

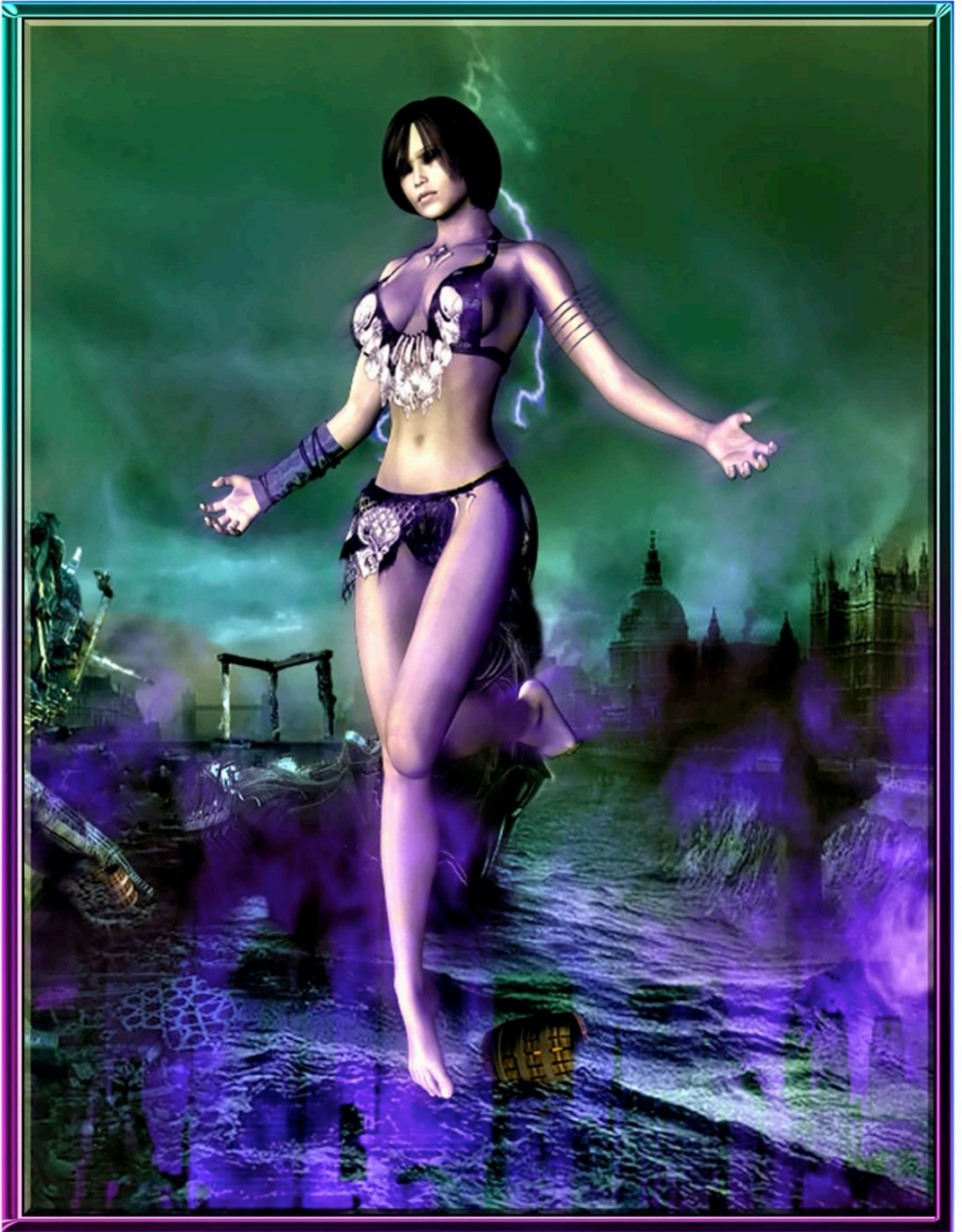




Where do we go to know, climbing mountains,
The Himalayas, to find the wise old man?

*A mountain is but a little piece
Of straw blown off into the emptiness.*

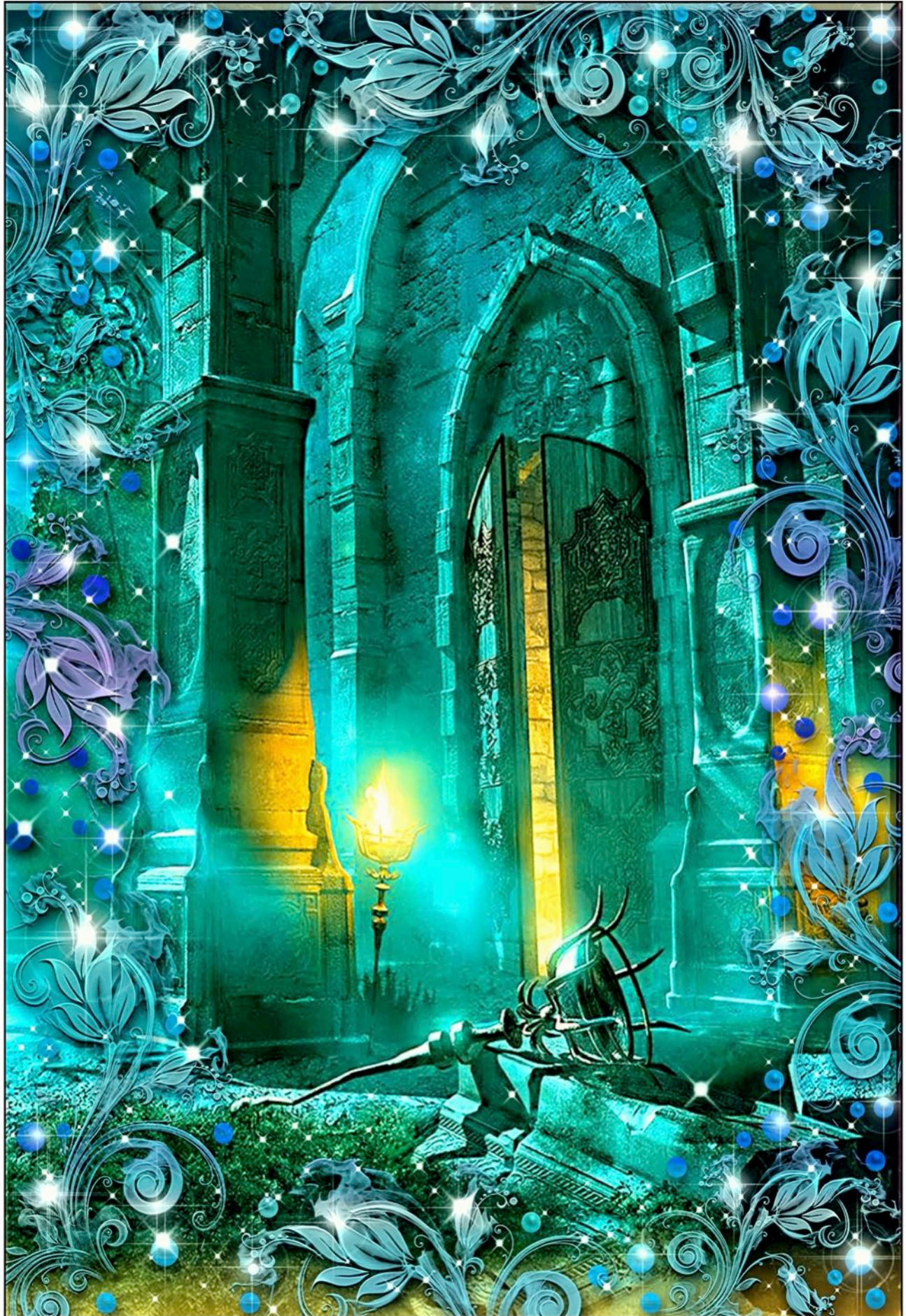




And what of her, the beloved beyond?



There is a window open in between.



How's that?

*The quiet airs mix our beings.
For, out beyond the ideas of wrongdoing
And rightdoing, there's a unified field.*

*Go forth and then wait;
you will meet her there.*





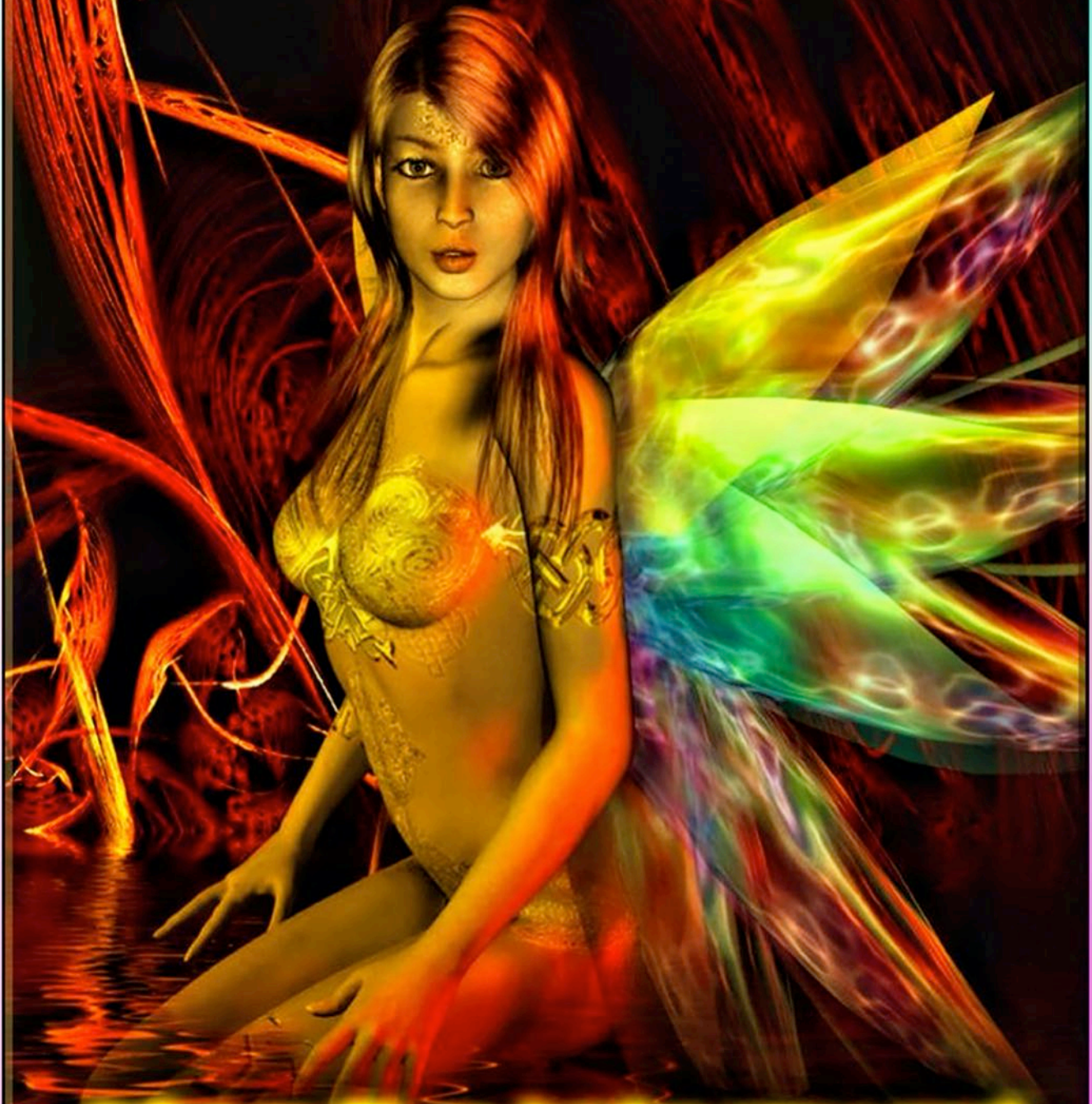
A vibrant field of sunflowers under a bright, golden sky with a rainbow. The sunflowers are in full bloom, with bright yellow petals and dark brown centers. The background shows a hazy landscape with mountains under a sky filled with soft, golden light and a faint rainbow. The entire scene is framed by a decorative border.

And then do we see the bright light of day?

*This day that we seek is well outside of
Living and dying, sunrise, sunset and noon.*



Do we not tire, always walking, looking?

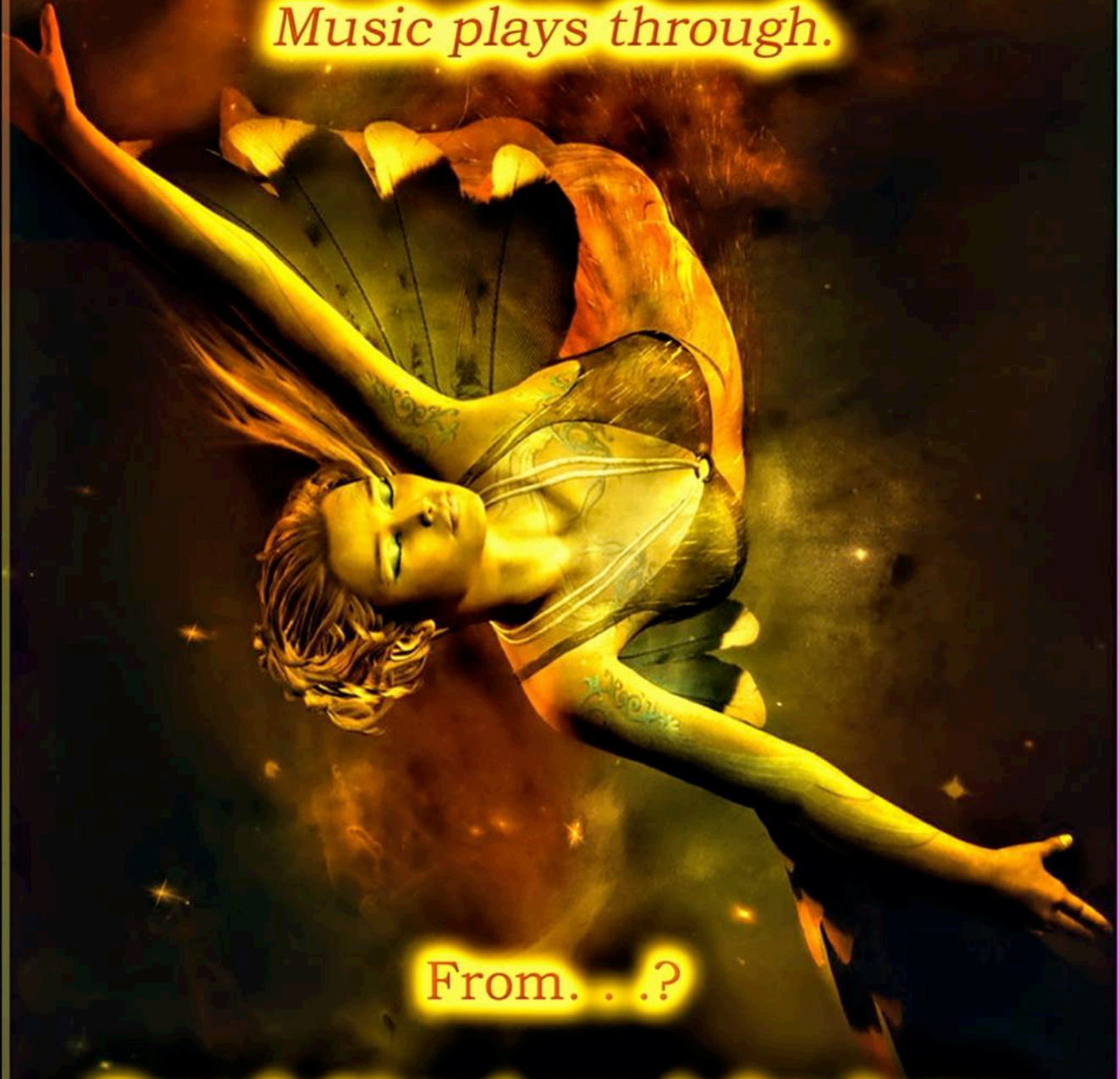


*At first, we did, yes, but then came a grand
Moment of feeling that wings had grown, lifting.*



We fly?

The rhythm lifts us—
Music plays through.



From. . . ?

'Twas fashioned even before it was.



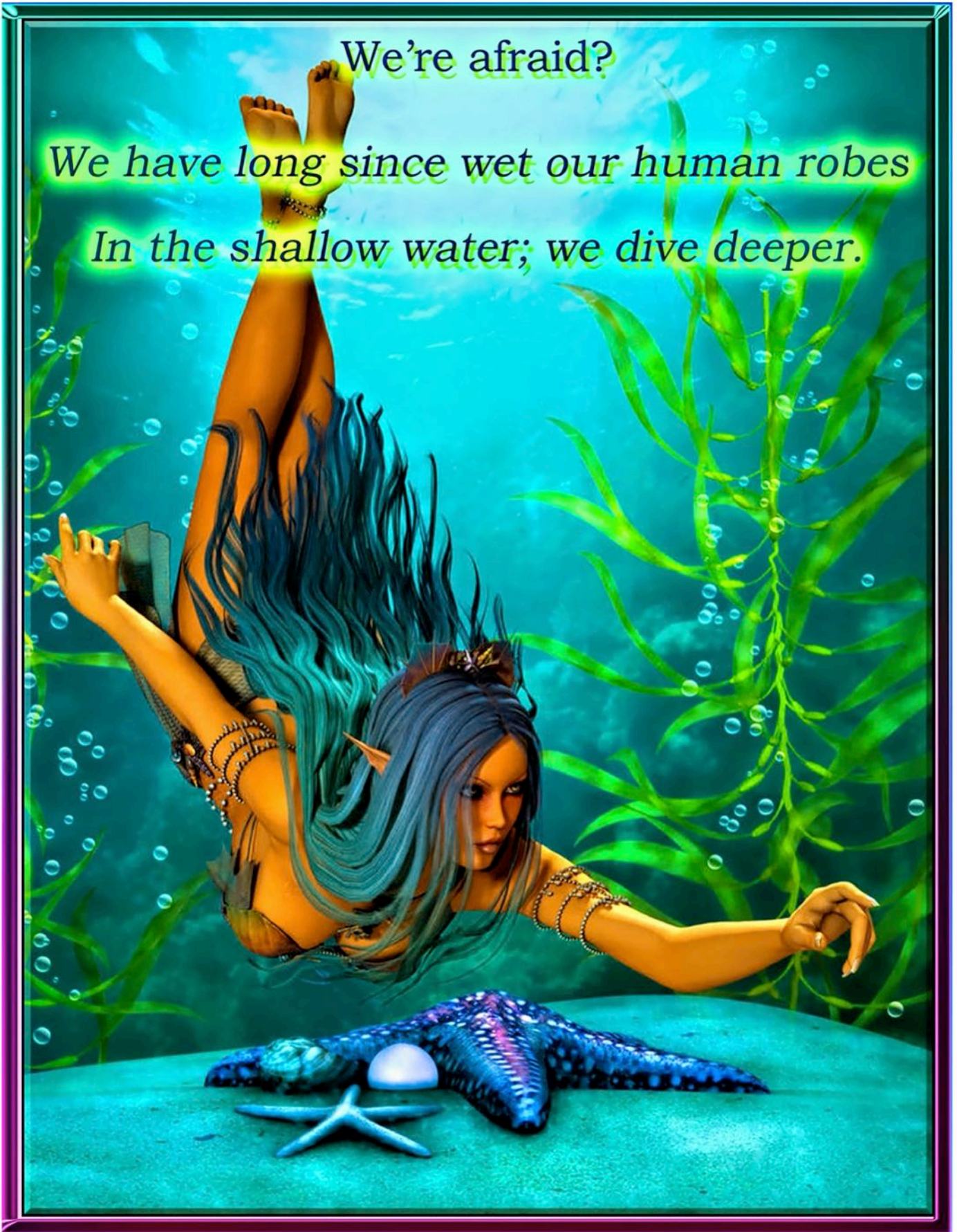
What do we feast on?

We taste the sweet taste
Of eternity this minute.



We're afraid?

We have long since wet our human robes
In the shallow water; we dive deeper.







We dive under, even naked under,
And deeper under the fathomless surf,

Wherein the drop becomes the Ocean, too,
As the Ocean, as well, becomes the drop.





*I spring into
another level of being,
By “dying into life”,
so colorfully,*

CURIOUS

*Like a spring flower,
the energy was there
In the bulb all along,
deep within.*



Servant



Where have you been?

Well, everywhere, and nowhere—

As in between.

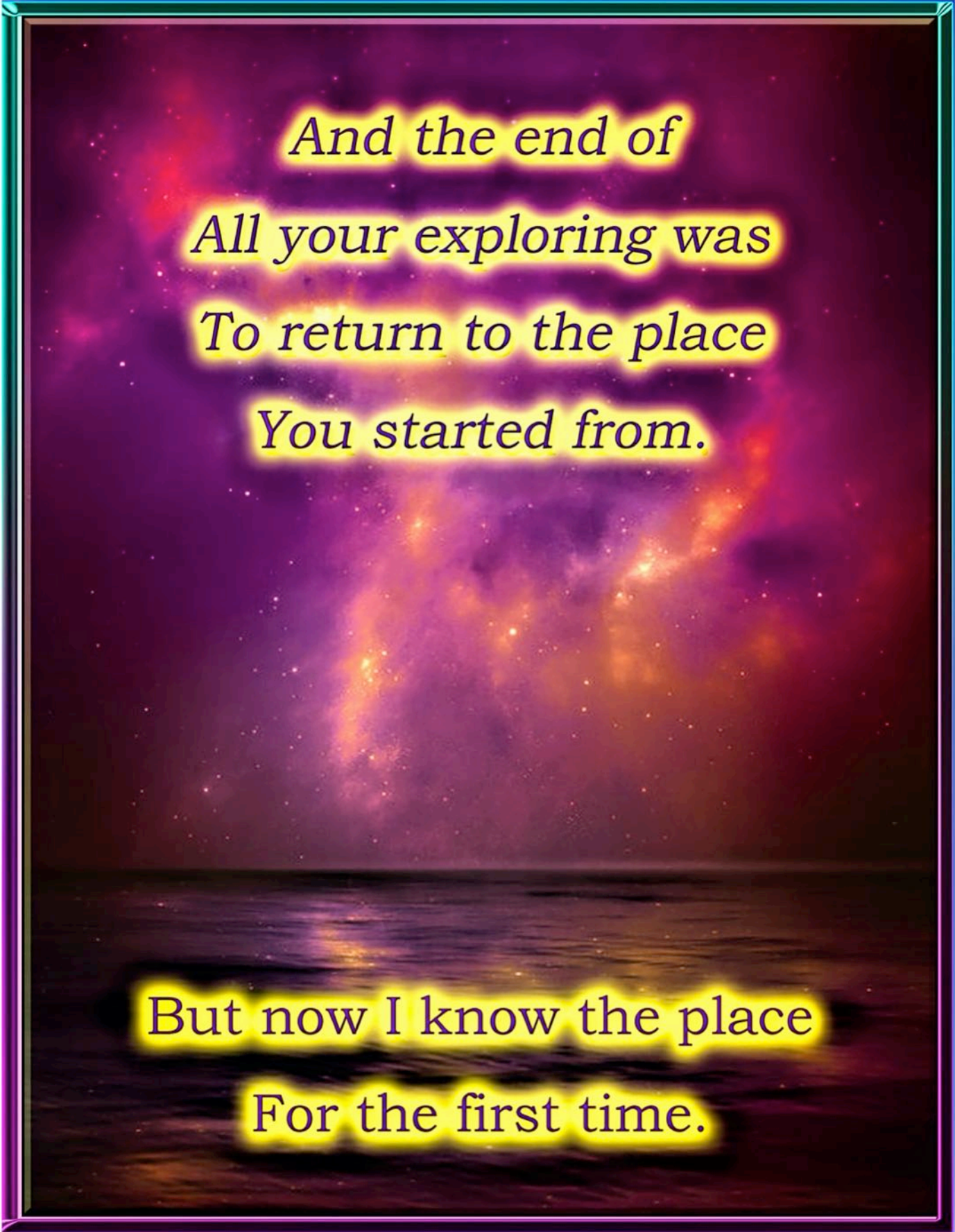
I did not cease, though,

From life's exploration;

I experienced the world

Inside and out.





*And the end of
All your exploring was
To return to the place
You started from.*

*But now I know the place
For the first time.*





A Meeting With Rumi



Welcome. What bringest thee, friend?

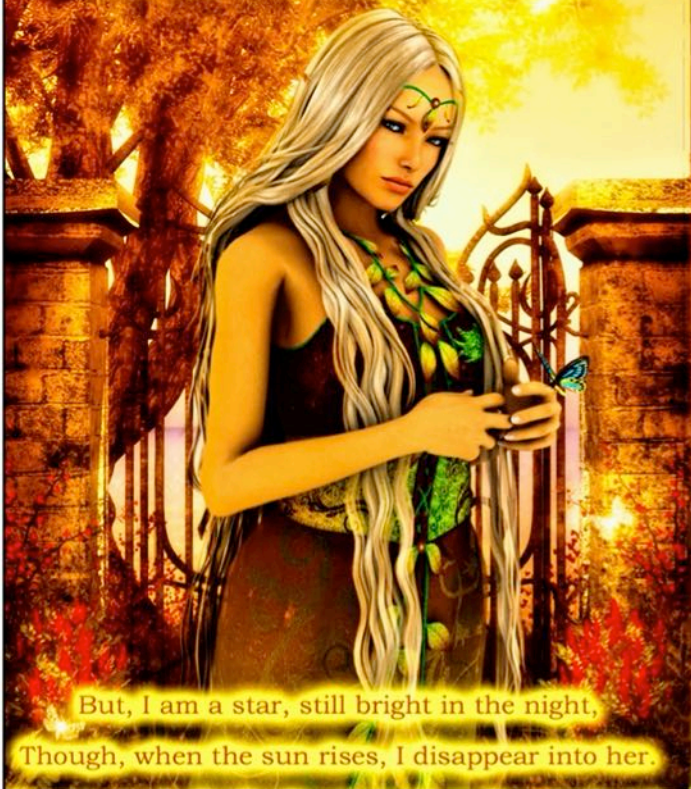
A Meeting With Rumi

Austin P. Torney



**There, on some remoter shore of human soul
To which I helped restore life and spirit,
I learned that love was the only flame that lit
This life, for she had taught me how to give it.**

What once I was has slowed, physically,



But, I am a star, still bright in the night,
Though, when the sun rises, I disappear into her.



**What once I was has dimmed, physically,
But, I am a star, still bright in the night,**



**Though, when the sun rises, I disappear into her.
For no one looks for the stars when the sun is out.**



No, I did not just disappear;

I am just completely soaked in her qualities.

The drop has become the ocean:

No, I did not just disappear—/I am just completely soaked in her qualities.

The drop has become the ocean—

Now I drink from her spring of eternal youth.



Kumi

Do we feel some memory of elsewhere?/Do we dare to look into the setting sun?

It shines through us, illuminating us.

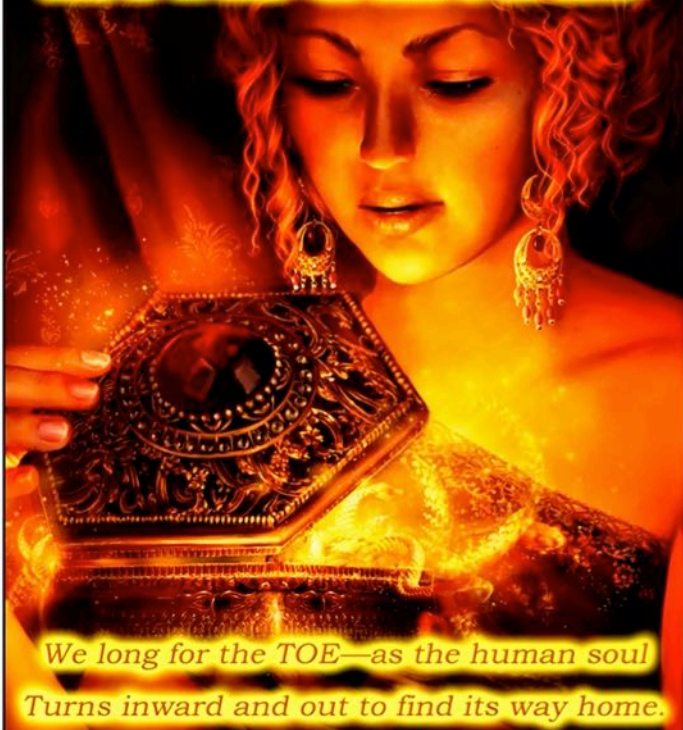
We re-energize. We become supernovae.



*What flaming forge fires all that we know?
What do we seek? We long for the TOE—*

What flaming forge fires all that we know?

What do we seek—the basis of the show?



*We long for the TOE—as the human soul
Turns inward and out to find its way home.*



**As the human mind turns to the inward sown
And thence outward as well to find its way home.**



*Why do we wander around in the starry dark,
In the middle of the night, as this lighted spark?*



*Well, if we knew the answer to our vertigo,
We would have been home some hours ago.*



*Where would that be—wholly home? My voice says:
I don't know—mind ever seeks. Whatever
Brought me here will have to take me home.
Or this is home and we're already there.*



How do we see this home from our newer house?

Close both eyes, to see with the other eye.



Then how do we hear of it with our ears?

The blossoms drop their blessings all around.



What quenches our thirst in this life of ours?

What quenches our thirst in this life of ours?



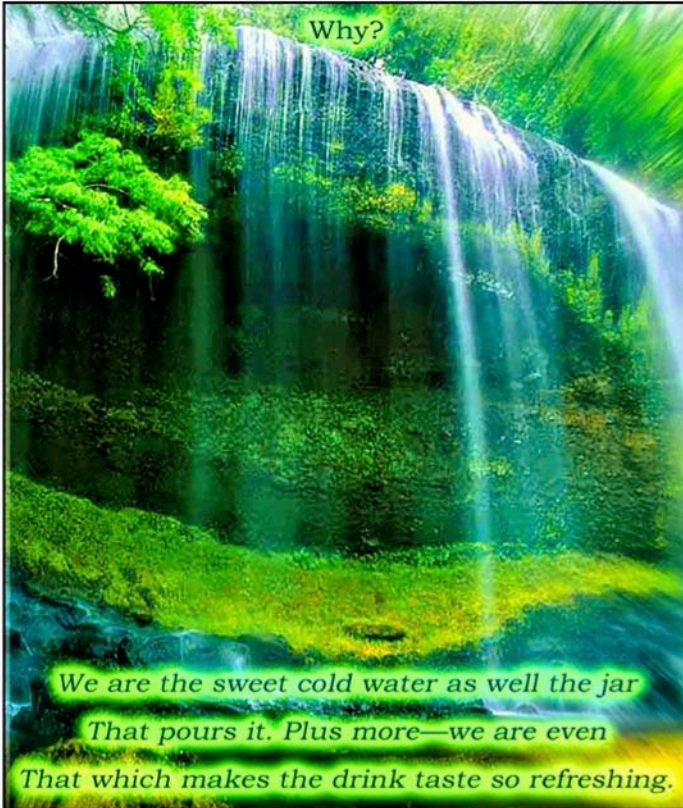
*Break the wineglass, this earthly cup of thine,
And fall toward*



**Break the wineglass, this earthly cup of thine,
And fall toward the glassblower's breath and drink.**



Why?



Why?

*We are the sweet cold water as well the jar
That pours it. Plus more—we are even
That which makes the drink taste so refreshing.*



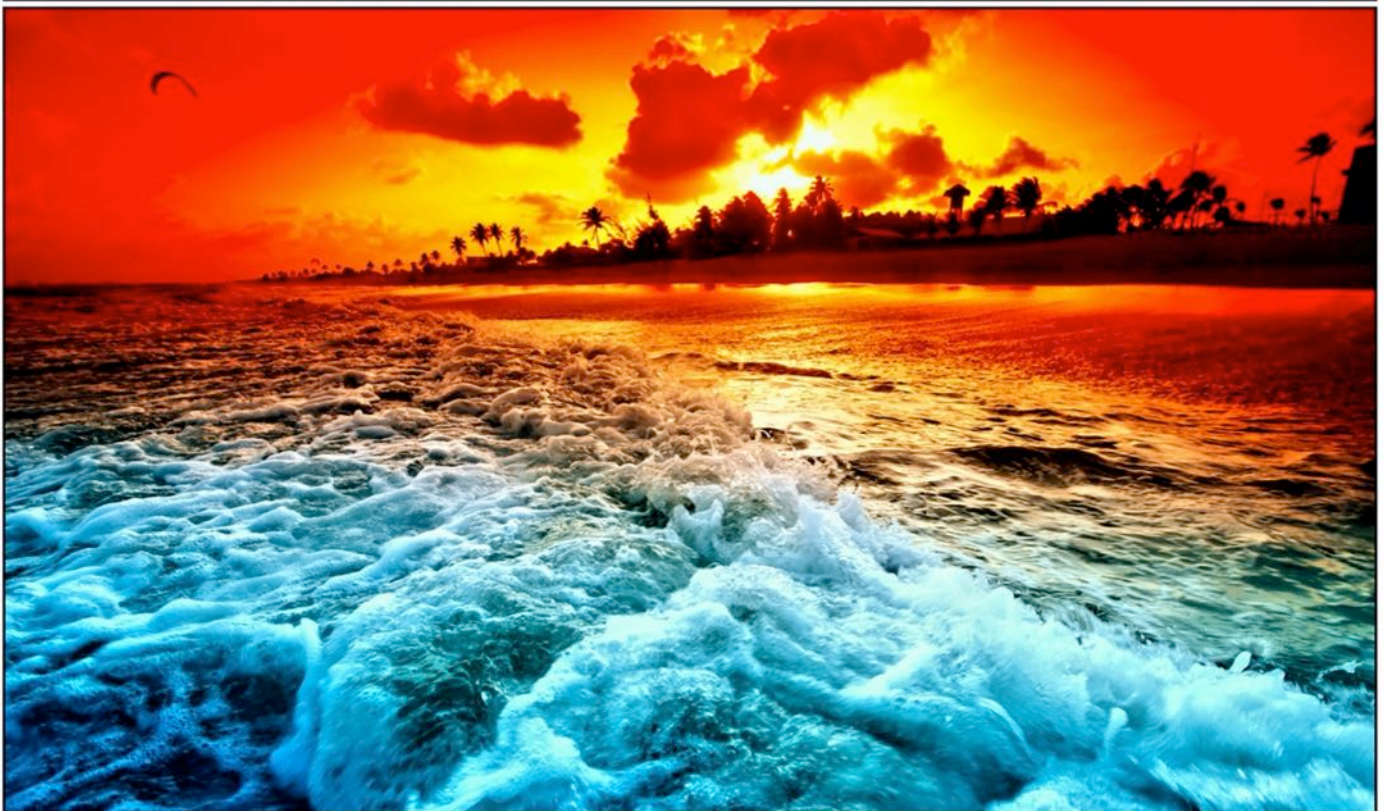
**We are the sweet cold water as well the jar
That pours it./Plus more—we are even
That which makes the drink taste so refreshing.**



***Where do we go to know, climbing mountains,
The Himalayas, to find there the wise old man?***



**No, for a mountain is but a little piece of straw
Blown off into the sheer emptiness of the All.**



***What shall we feast on? The before and the afterly?*
No, for we taste this minute the time of eternity.
We have wet our robes in the shallows of mirth;**



Then we dive deeper, under the fathomless surf.



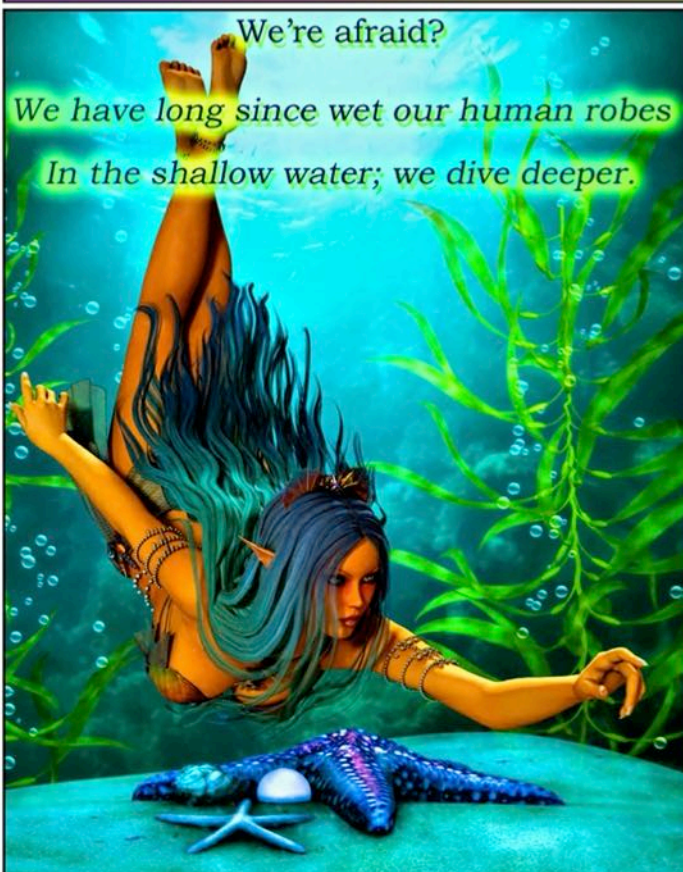
What do we feast on?

**We taste the sweet taste
Of eternity this minute.**

We're not afraid to feast on the sweet taste of eternity this minute?

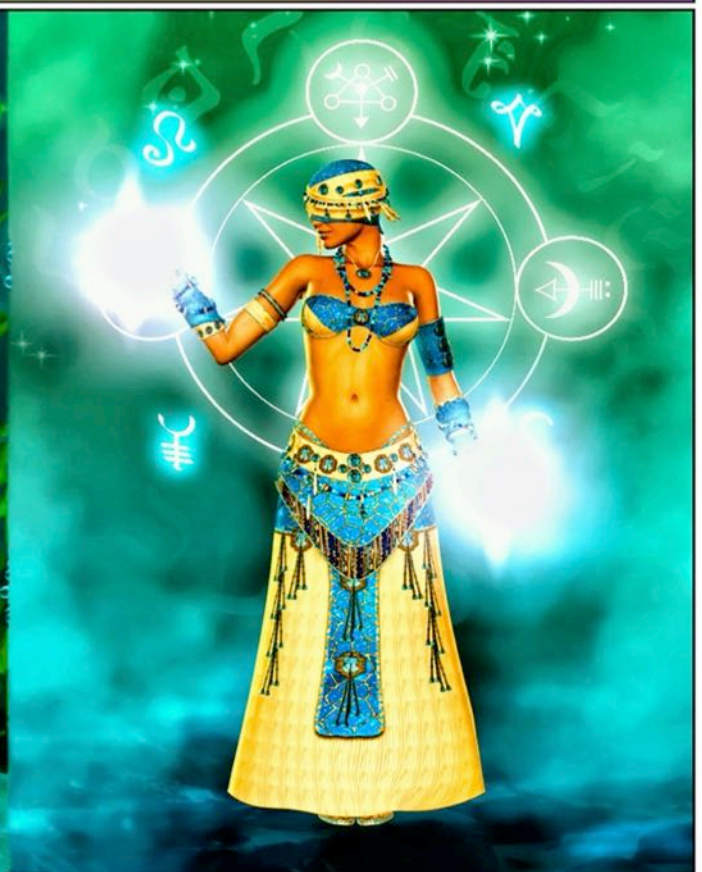


**We dive under, even naked under,
And deeper under the fathomless surf,**



We're afraid?

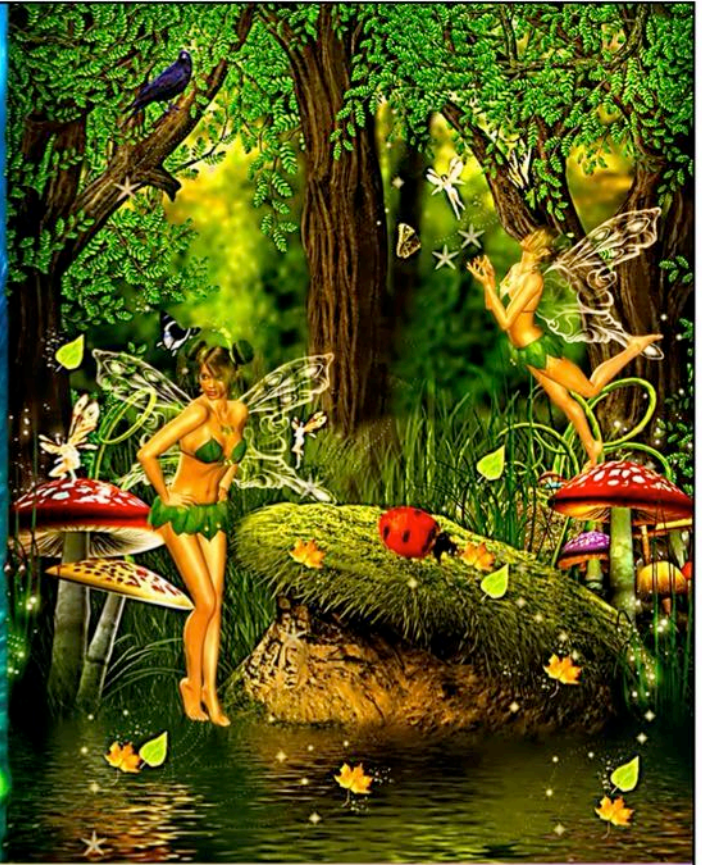
*We have long since wet our human robes
In the shallow water; we dive deeper.*



Wherein the drop becomes the Ocean, too,

We dive under, even naked under,
And deeper under the fathomless surf,

Wherein the drop becomes the Ocean, too,
As the Ocean, as well, becomes the drop.



As the Ocean, as well, becomes the drop.



Where is the light that shines to make us so?

Where is the Light that shines to make me so?

There is a light seed grain deep inside you.

You fill it up with yourself, or it dies.



**It was born of the many stars in that milky glow,
And so there is a light seed grain deep inside you;
You fill it up with yourself, or it dies, to embers few.**



And what of her, the beloved beyond?

There is a window open across the pond.

And what of her, the beloved beyond?



How's that?
The quiet airs mix our beings.
There's a unified field. Go forth, singing.

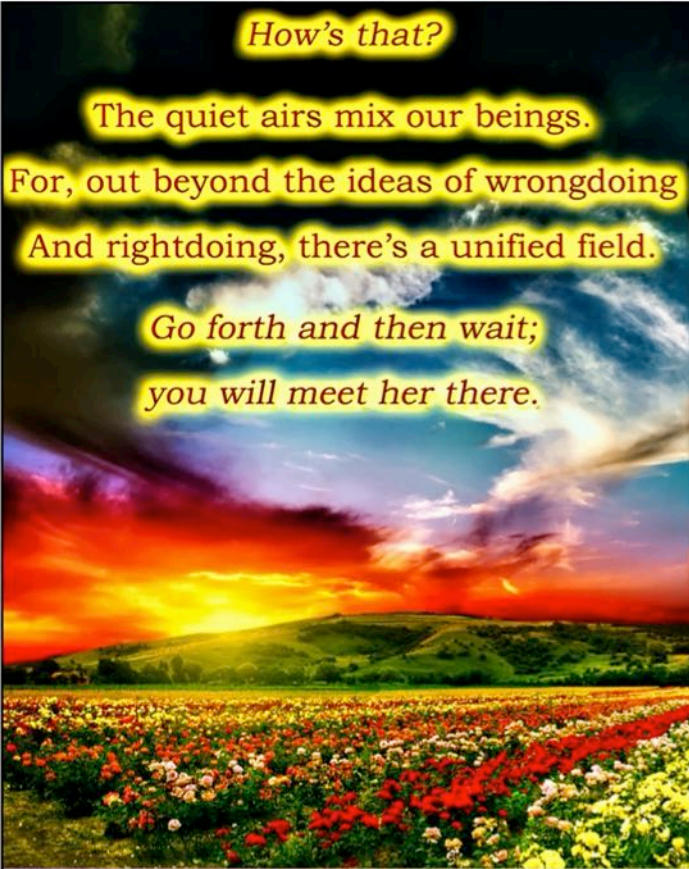


Out beyond the ideas of wrongdoing
And rightdoing, there's the underlying.

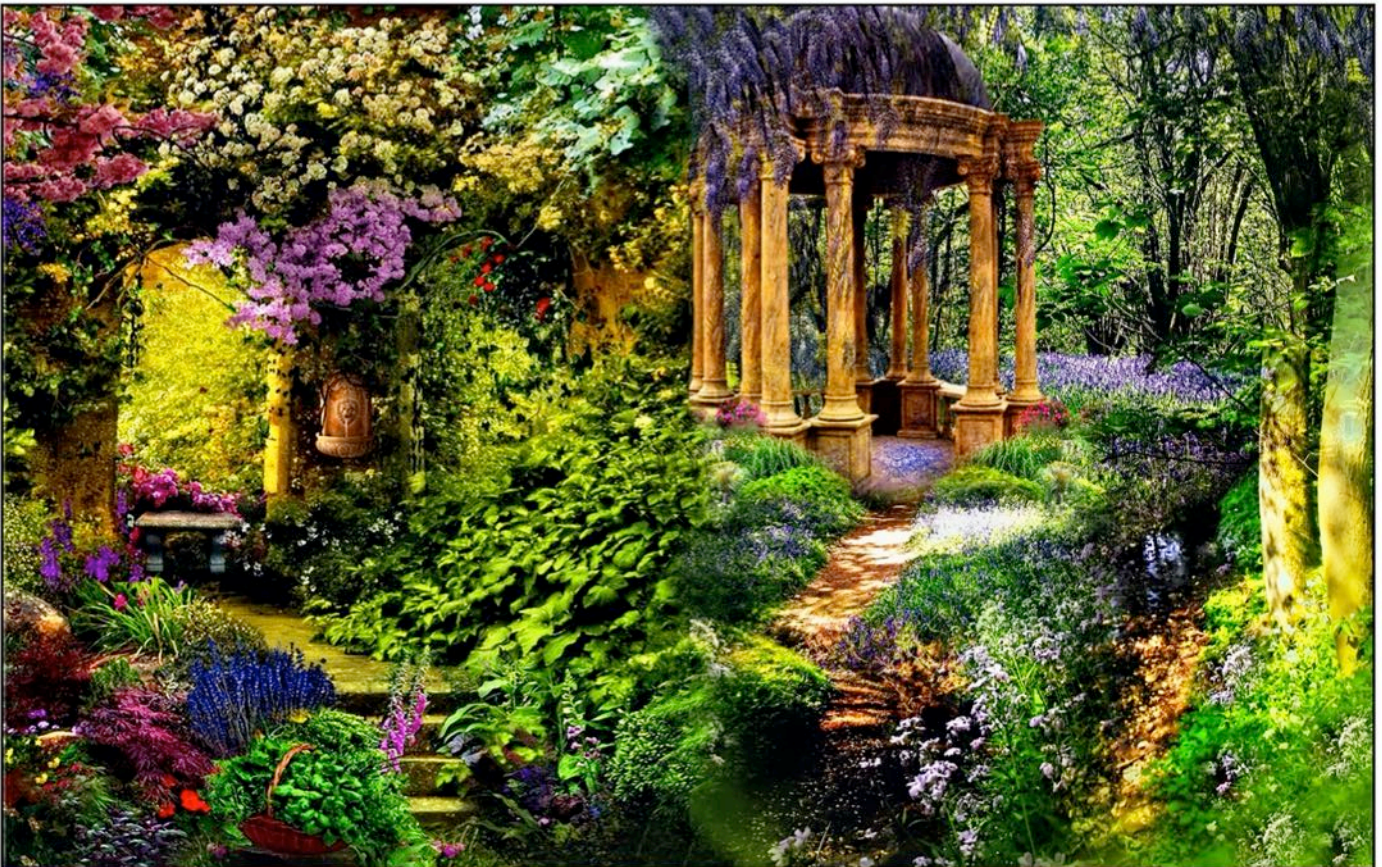
How's that?

*The quiet airs mix our beings.
For, out beyond the ideas of wrongdoing
And rightdoing, there's a unified field.*

*Go forth and then wait;
you will meet her there.*



Go forth and then wait; you will meet her there.



So then do we see the bright light of day?

And then do we see the bright light of day?



This day that we seek is well outside of

**Ever this day that we sought is inside the way
Of living and dying, sunrise, sunset, and noon.
Blossom—lest the petals wither much too soon.**



Did we not tire, ever walking, looking, lame?

Do we not tire, always walking, looking?



At first, we did, yes, but then came a grand



At first, we did, yes, but then the beauty came—
The grand moment of wings grown; lifting, new.
That rhythm flies us—the music plays through.



From . . . ?



We fly?

The rhythm lifts us—
Music plays through.

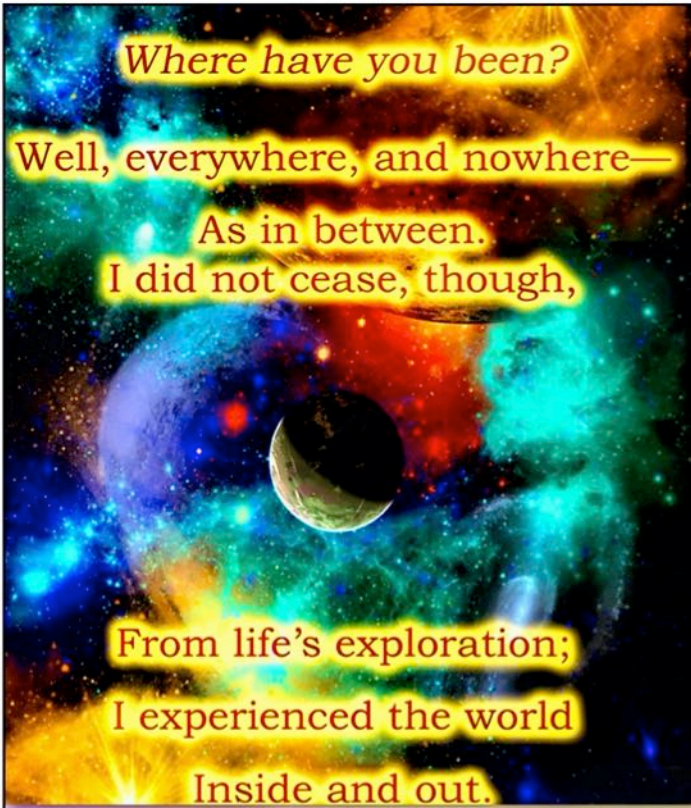
From...?

'Twas fashioned even before it was.

'Twas fashioned even before it was.



Where have we been through all of these scenes?



Where have you been?

Well, everywhere, and nowhere—

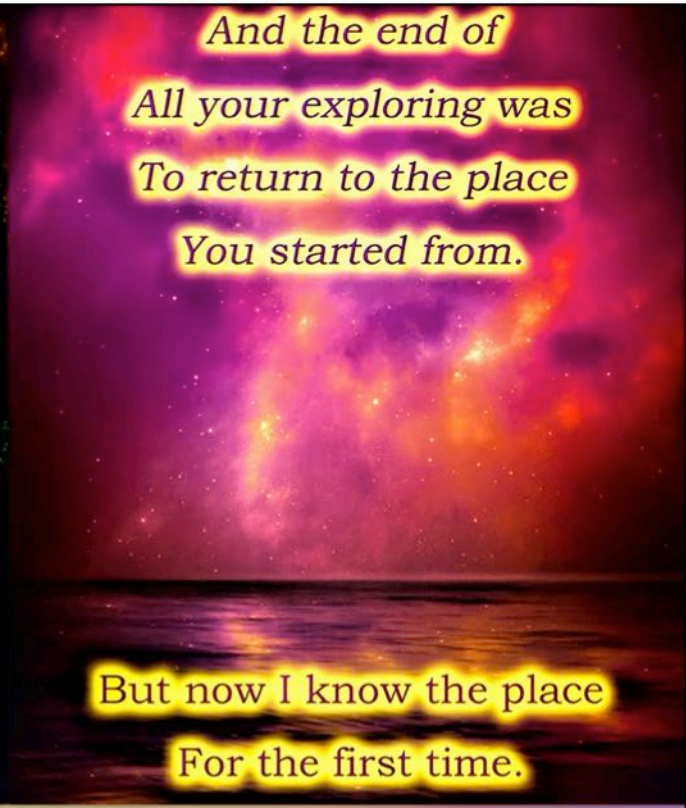
As in between.

I did not cease, though,

From life's exploration;

I experienced the world

Inside and out.



And the end of

All your exploring was

To return to the place

You started from.

But now I know the place

For the first time.

**Well, everywhere, and nowhere—as but in-between.
Come home! There was never the less or the prime;
And then you will know this place for the first time.**



***I drink the very wine that moves in me./I freely let life's spirit play through me.
I'm its rhythm and music and live it.
Life, though rough sometimes, must be lived fully.***

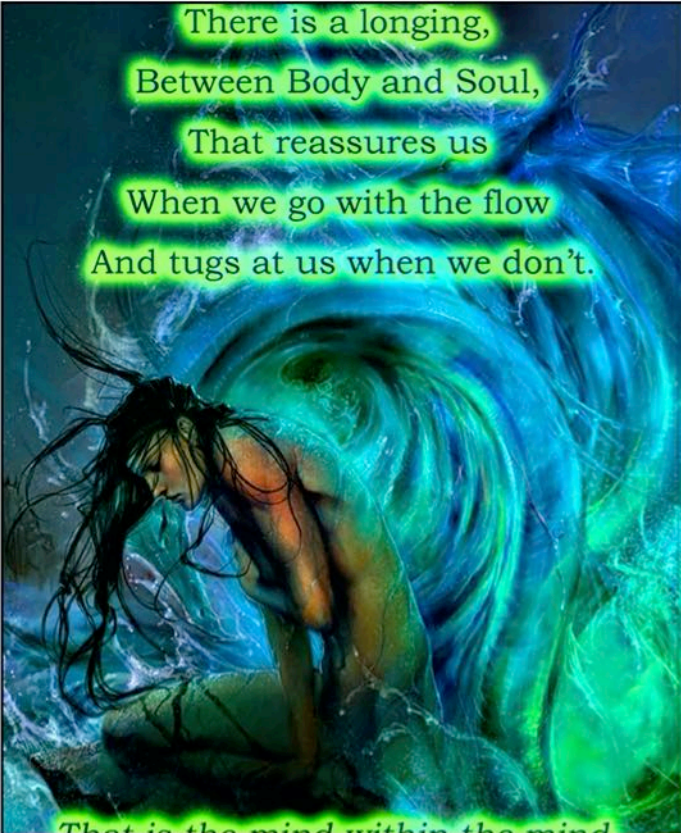


*I spring into another level of being,/By “dying into life”, so colorfully,
Like a spring flower—the energy was there
In the bulb all along, deep within.*



There's a longing, between Body and Soul,

There is a longing,
Between Body and Soul,
That reassures us
When we go with the flow
And tugs at us when we don't.



That is the mind within the mind



**That reassures us when we go with the flow,
And tugs at us when we don't, an undertow.**



**The world crashes, out there,
But the flowers grow, in here;**

The world crashes, out there,
But the flowers grow, in here.
For, I am the garden.

You've been rumi-nating; Rumi lives.

*Yes, Rumi lives again
In the heart of his friend.*

He never left; it is him, and you, too.



For, we are the garden.



Copyright



© 2014 Austin P. Torney

