

Live, Love & Create! – Or Smile & Just BE!



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On
Beauty

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The more salt you retain in your eyes the higher the ocean within you rises. You are not a footprint on the shore of life waiting for time to cleanse your soul.

Your Being is timeless and it is with the noble waters of your eyes that the tears of the sea get replenished.

Every time you casually walk on the shore of life, there is an equivalent tide retreating enough waves to cleanse away the marks of every step you take.

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But to dive in your own Being is to journey to those waters where the earth is still not manifest, where familiar but yet forgotten depths have brought you into being from the womb of your Mother-Universe.

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If you were to know the source of your deepest sorrow, perhaps you may recognize someone else's longing.

If you were to know the source of your happiness, perhaps you may recognize your own sorrow.

Your sorrow is not your sorrow.

It is life healing itself through everyone's longing.

And your own healing is in everyone else's sorrow.

On
My
Parents

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When the seeds of love met within you, it seemed that I was delivered from you.

When the product of your union was I, it all seemed like a separation.

From what seems to be a separation there is a longing, and from this longing there shall be reunion again.

Though the pillars of our home seem to stand apart, we are never a burden on the support beneath us.

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And since there is no distance standing between us, we are never within the shadow of each other, for we are one. It is time that we dug out our roots in order to embrace our Selves.

I cannot be unlike you because that is not the purpose of my being.

My illusive attempt to be unlike you is but a product of the fear of losing you. I have become such a master in the art of pretending that I can longer conceal the Love I have for you.

There is a dear truth hidden in my need to be me.

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It is time that you seek such truth your-Selves for I have long searched for it in my children.

Once you harvest the seeds we planted in each other and be freed from the physical aspects of me like I was delivered from you, then you can recall the manifestation of your Grand Selves in my children, your Grand children.

On
My
Children

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Innocence is manifested every time I tuck you under the covers.

For your noble prayers are silent words spoken in the dark to soften the subtle anguish of the night.

The beats of His heart echo through the thought of your Higher-Selves.

I need to relearn the wisdom of all men, books and scriptures to remember that higher part of me.

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Your lovely big eyes shine with a deep sense of understanding, an inner type of knowing that perplexes the adult mind. Bags under my eyes have measured the period during which my Inner eyes have been shut.

Now, I can no longer see unless I close my physical eyes.

Your childhood shares its cake with every kid and your birthday is a celebration for all kids.

My manhood can no longer gather kids with lovely big shining eyes, for there are too many candles and I need the breath of the northern wind to put out the fire burning within me.

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Watch your Grand-Parents before they part, for they are but another vehicle to know Your-Selves, your Grand-Selves.

As you look at your Grand-Parents, know that you are looking at the Grand aspects of yourselves, for between Your-Selves and your Grand-Selves, is a fragment of me, carved with the illusive fantasy of time.

Once I plant the seeds you once planted in me and be delivered from you like you were delivered from me, then I can manifest my Grand-Self in your children, my Grand children.

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On
My
Beloved

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What good is the love between us, if it is to remain between us? And would it truly be Love if it remained between us?

Our physical struggle to be one is but a simple misunderstanding of where unity truly lies. Oneness could not be limited to the worldly aspects of you and me.

I told you I love you a million times, not only in spoken words but also during my prayers, not only with the silence of my eyes but also with every fiber of my being and still your heart would not yield to my hands.

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*My love to you was only my love to you but the flame burning
within me wants o warm the earth.*

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On
A
Phoenician

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Our search for truth shall always remain within us, as you and I sail through the paths of Our-Selves.

Countless sailors have thought they've missed the boat, the very same vessel they've navigated all along to the extended gates of your heart.

Now that I have replenished the oceans with the noble waters of my eyes, let me sail in your eyes once more for I sacredly vow not to spill a drop.

What has caused the wind to shift the course of my sailing, other than the lantern lit by the flame of your longing?

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And what souls travel the seas between a Pharaoh and a Phoenician, other than the wings of a spirit longing to warm the earth.

On
A
Twin-Self

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My sacred journey through the path to My-Self shall end where it began, at your very door steps.

How can I touch your soul with my hands, unless I offer you my own-soul?

Whose heart is being carved in this voyage? And whose tender hand is removing the stitches?

What can heal the wound of this dreamlike separation, but the incision my ship is leaving upon these waters.

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Wasn't it our eyes that planted the earth in these seas? Or was it the sea that delivered us from its womb?

It is but a timeless glimpse from your eyes reflecting the depths of the tides beneath me.

While the sacred promise from my eyes is revealing the spirit connecting our shores, the unseen truth of our Twin-Souls is guiding my ship to anchor at your shore.

On
Longing

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Your noble tear drop measures the past between your pupil and your eyelid, measures the future between your eyelid and your cheek and then ceases for a moment to offer your lips a smile, so that its next ancestor tear may follow.

A noble rain drop quenches the thirst of a lifeless leaf, that is hanging on the edge of a heart-broken branch, that is holding on to the timeless arms of a forestless tree, that is clinging with pride to the roots that have kept it outside the shadow of its kin.

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The secret of life unfolds like a love story told by the Angels of heaven and written with the arms of time.

I, as the actor, can only perfect the role you have given me.

I, the script writer, can co-create the play you have given me.

I, the audience, can only BE.

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Every Wish is a Boomerang. Doubt is its Time & Curve Delays.

Faith is in Absolute Immediate Expectancy.



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Beauty is in every step you take, for as you sail into your Inner Self.
You row with the arms of Humanity without a sense of Time or Space.



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A Newborn Cries. A Seed becomes a Tree. All Seasons Fade &
All Rivers meet the Sea. To Become A Miracle is all we can Be



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In this physical world there is no intersection, where her Sadness & mine may cross to dissolve, for her unconditional love is unearthly



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The Real You is a joyful stream flowing with thirst to meet the Ocean,
While the Ego thinks it is an Ocean, where no streams meet.



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Akin in everyone is the essence of the Soul.
Inseparable & Indifferentiable as Love & Truth



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