

I Closed My Eyes to Creation by Rumi



AGORA

*great books, great ideas,
great conversations*

I closed my eyes to creation when I beheld his beauty, I became intoxicated with his beauty and bestowed my soul.

For the sake of Solomon's seal I became wax in all my body, and in order to become illumined I rubbed my wax.

I saw his opinion and cast away my own twisted opinion; I became his reed pipe and likewise lamented on his lip.

He was in my hand, and blindly I groped for him with my hand; I was in his hand, and yet I inquired of those who were misinformed.

I must have been either a simpleton or drunk or mad that fearfully I was stealing from my own gold.

Like a thief I crept through a crack in the wall into my own vine, like a thief I gathered jasmine from my own garden.

Enough, do not twist my secret upon your fingertips, for I have twisted off out of your twisted fist.

Shams-e Tabriz, from whom comes the light of moon and stars—though I am grieving with sorrow for him, I am like the crescent of the festival.