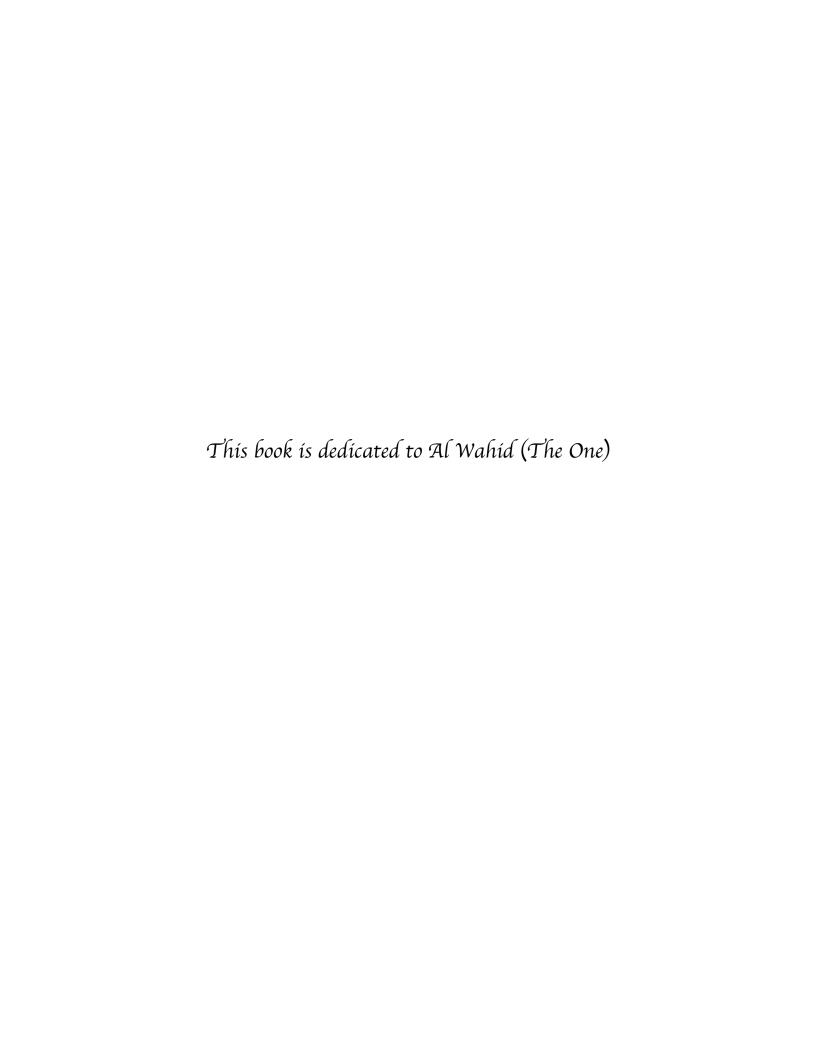
Until

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Dear Reader, Untíl... Love and blessings, nejoud



These fears, these desires, these thoughts, these beliefs: Take them all, for all are Thine In complete surrender arises the knowledge of the arrogance, the falsity, of *me* and *mine* The moment, that moment when a song takes my breath away and the anticipation of the next verse is potent
Oh, You come to me
Yes, You come to remind me of Your presence, so i can pause the music, reflect, redirect my attention back to You, and say: There is only You

Now tell me, Source, tell me what to do When everything, everyone reminds me of You Birds perched on a windowsill Uff! Artistry, sublime And who creates but You, Oh Loving One beyond space and time? When panic bursts from rib cages
When impatience, doubts, confusion appear
throughout the ages
You are the haven in the unknown
You are the haven
You, alone

A question arises The answer brings death And in dying, a vessel is brought to life To "think" i followed my whims To "think" i governed my affairs alone When You are the Mover and Shaker On the throne of thrones Slay and purify me, oh
Release me from this false sense of me
There is only room for You here
How long—even though not a moment passed—
how long it took to see!

Tell me, then, on the path to ecstasy: How can i follow their commands, when only Your will can suffice for me? Yes to faith
Yes to knowledge dancing in the brain
Yes to truth coursing through veins
Yes to love

Resisting nothing attained from the One above all Above all, above

And i sought refuge in You from the enemy But when i—or was it You?—drew closer i also sought refuge in You from me How can the world—transient—be an object of desire, when in You, of You, from You this heart is on fire?

Hell is experiencing not Your Reality Heaven: where You are, oh Source of Universality Goosebumps, oh Supreme Goosebumps–Your signature on my skin Ah! This breath cannot contain the sensation when, through Your signs, You call me back within How can one feel lonely basking in the One and Only?

As crops grow
Only the Landowner knows
The seed was never planted
In the ground
As the foundation is built
The Architect knows
that when the self is lost
the Self is found

Legends and tales continue to arise But the lover recognizes each of the truths amid each of the lies Surrender is the waltz of night and day

untíl The Truth becomes the only way