

Austin's Golden Rubaiyat
Illustrated and Illuminated

Austin S. Torney



A man in a blue turban and a woman in a red hijab stand in a desert landscape at sunset. The man is on the left, wearing a blue turban with a red jewel and a patterned blue and green robe. The woman is on the right, wearing a red hijab and a red dress with a gold belt. The background shows a sunset over mountains with a starry sky. The entire scene is framed by a decorative border with blue flowers and colorful gemstones.

What's up, Omar?

It's time for Austin's Golden Rubaiyat.

He has brought us back to life,
overcome by the Persia fumes.

Ah, the best of all his Quatrains.



PROLOGUE

This book contains the crème de la crème of my Omaresque style quatrains. Inspired by Omar, I have endeavored to capture his spirit for more modern times, although I have surely been influenced by Edward FitzGerald's translated gems.

There is a companion prose version, 'The Triumph of Life, Love, and Being', in which a loving couple take a long, picaresque journey through the countryside to explore the joys and follies of the human condition, living out the quatrains.

THE DISCOVERY

Long before I'd ever heard of Omar Khayyàm, I had come to some of the same conclusions as had he, or so my friend told me one day, saying that I was already living out and proving Omar's philosophy.

Amazed that I hadn't heard of Omar, my friend gave me a copy of The Rubàiyàt, one of those charming small-sized editions from the late 1800's. Of course, The Rubàiyàt struck a chord in me which was already resonating to Omar's frequency, so I read it cover to cover several times, with both wonderment and amazement.

THE INSIGHT

As the years went by, I found other Rubaiyat editions and began collecting them. At the same time, I began writing down some experiences of my own, most of which I had either lived through or had seen through the eyes of my friends. It eventually occurred to me that I could write my own set of quatrains. Somehow, inexplicably, the verses came to me, as I lived through all the experiences described.

THE HUMAN CONDITION

My quatrains, like Omar's, aim into the heart of life's dilemmas, offering simple, common sense solutions. In this hectic, complicated world of ours, we often forget that it is the simple things in life that are still the most enjoyable and inexpensive.

Some may read my quatrains but immediately revert back to old habits, for change is not an easy thing. Please try. Likewise, the spirit of Omar's heady Persia-fume has reached me across the centuries, and has overtaken me unaware, inspiring me to live and write, in that order.



**“The scent’s name
is printed on the bottle**

**And is called
‘Omar’s Enchantment’,
that’s all.”**

***“It’s delightful.
I savor what it supposes.***

***It’s a mixture of incense,
wine, and roses.”***



EDWARD AND OMAR

Edward FitzGerald was among the first to translate Omar's Rubáiyát from the Persian into English, and he rather loosely paraphrased it; however, he caught its spirit and even improved upon it. In translation, one cannot preserve literal meaning, rhyme, rhythm, and meter; therefore, what is left has to be enhanced and rearranged until everything fits.

Fortunately, Edward FitzGerald was sufficiently overtaken by Omar's fumes wafting across the centuries, and so he went on through the language barrier to recondense the Persia-fumes and redistill them into a Victorian age masterpiece.




To future
columns
we stretch
our present
row,

By a
life-line
of
tenuously
spun vow.

Oh, how
soon the
weighted
web begins
to fall—

The only
real time
under our
feet
is NOW.



The morn springs thee
o'er oblivion's brink,

The stars overcome,
sunk in the day's drink.

Now set thy path,
past Allah's golden dome,

Unto the green-grass'd
river-bank to sink.



Life is a web of Whos,
Whys, Whats, and Hows

Stretched in Time
between Eternal Boughs.

Gossamer threads bear
the beads that glisten,

Each moment a sequence
of instant nows.



What

When

How



Why

Who

Where

At first, you sleep
in your dear mother's womb;

At last, you sleep
in the cold silent tomb.

In between, Life whispers
a dream that says,

"Wake, live, for the rose
withers all too soon!"

Tramp Lin







The light of heav'n
did the Earth illumine,

When he shaped
human nature's acumen.

Temptations he then
placed everywhere,

But he'll punish us
for being human!







Good and Evil were wrought
from wrong and right,

When, of nought,
twin Genii split day and night.

Some may think that
black's might can vanquish white,

But night can't even quench
the smallest light!

Night can't even quench the smallest light!

W
H O W
Y H W
A H
T H E N
R
W H E N
H O
T O E W

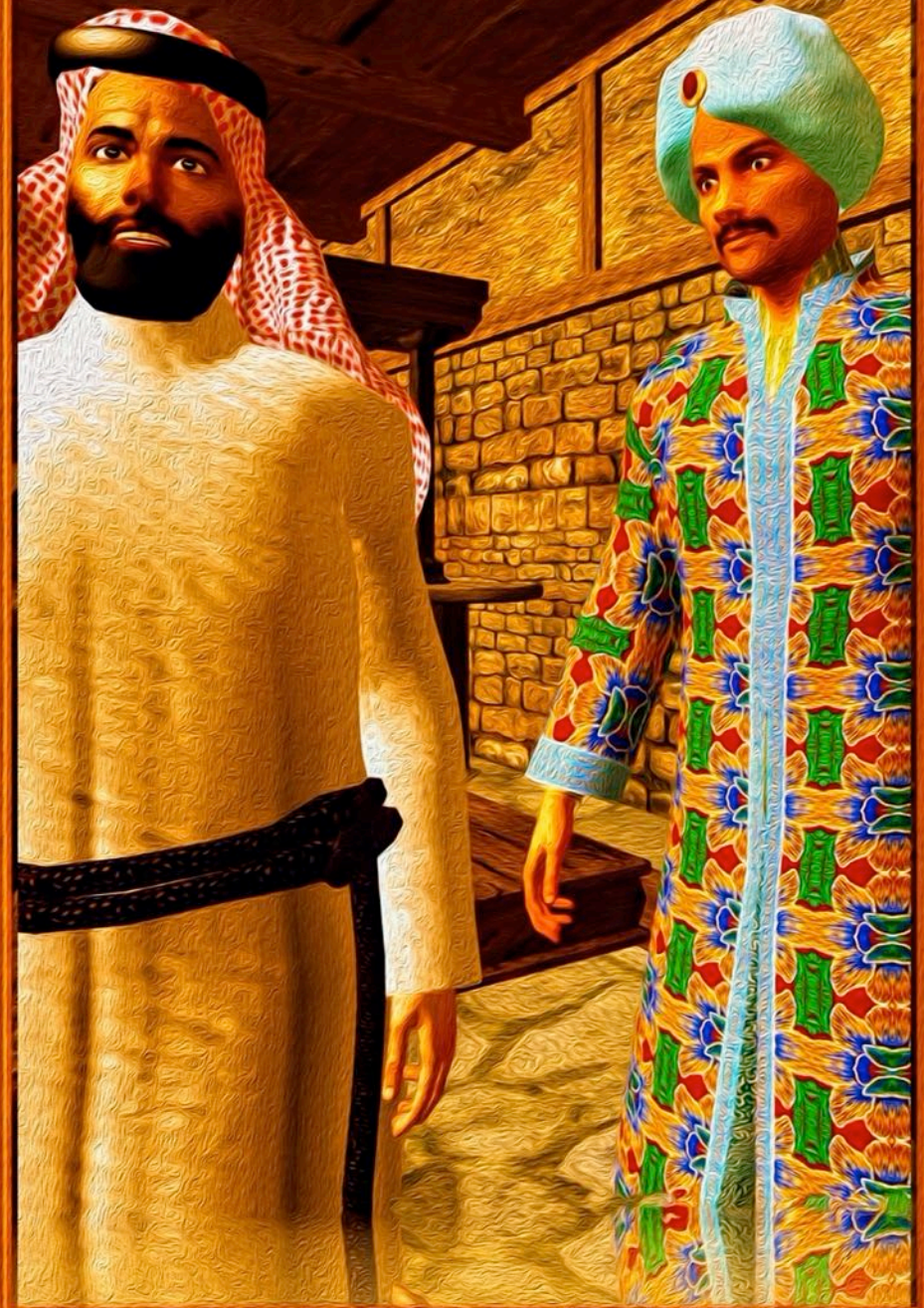


I fear not Death,
Heaven, or even Hell,


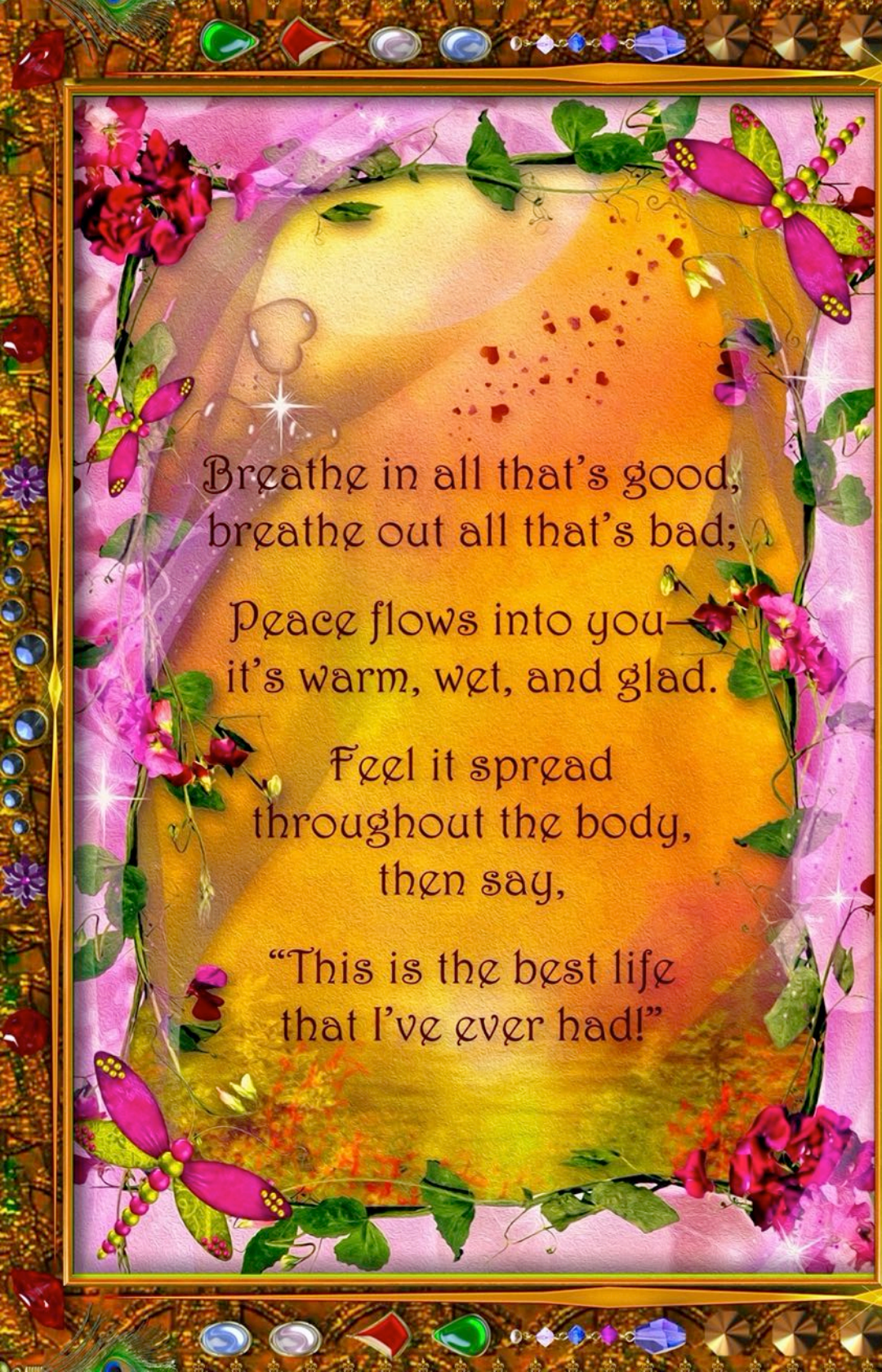


For death is only
life's natural knell,

And Heaven and Hell
are within myself;

The one thing I fear
is not living well!







Breathe in all that's good,
breathe out all that's bad;

Peace flows into you—
it's warm, wet, and glad.

Feel it spread
throughout the body,
then say,

"This is the best life
that I've ever had!"





what do
we know?

In the darkness, I alit from the wiz,
And tried to make sense of this world of His.
I soon found the 'answer' to life's dark quiz:
one must live this life by what light there is.



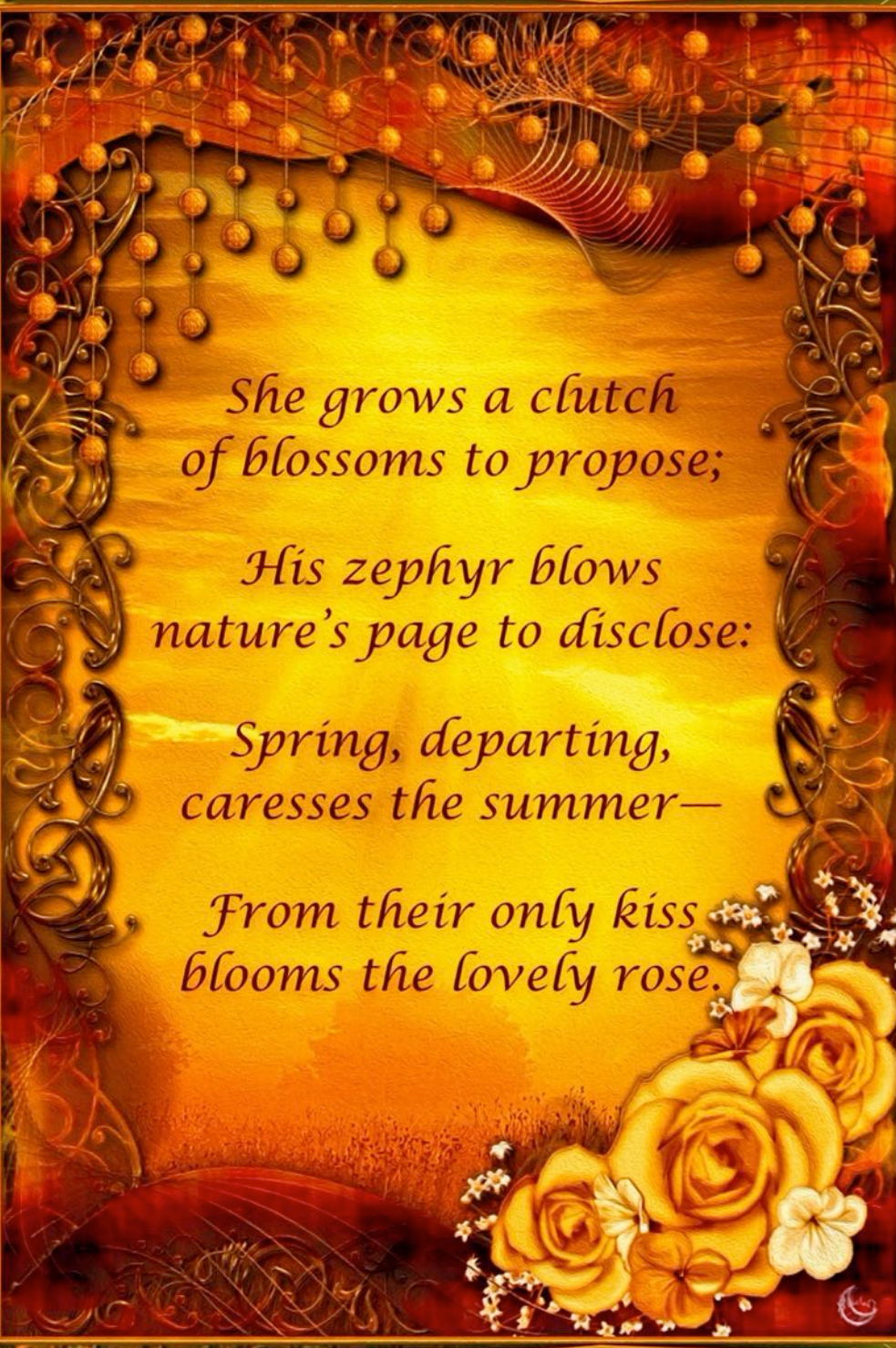
It shines bright in order to
overwhelm the darkness.



Once again, I have lived through winter's chills,
To see another spring of daffodils.
Eager sap rises in my veins and thrills,
As the sun pours life into my tendrils.








*She grows a clutch
of blossoms to propose;*

*His zephyr blows
nature's page to disclose:*

*Spring, departing,
caresses the summer—*

*From their only kiss
blooms the lovely rose.*





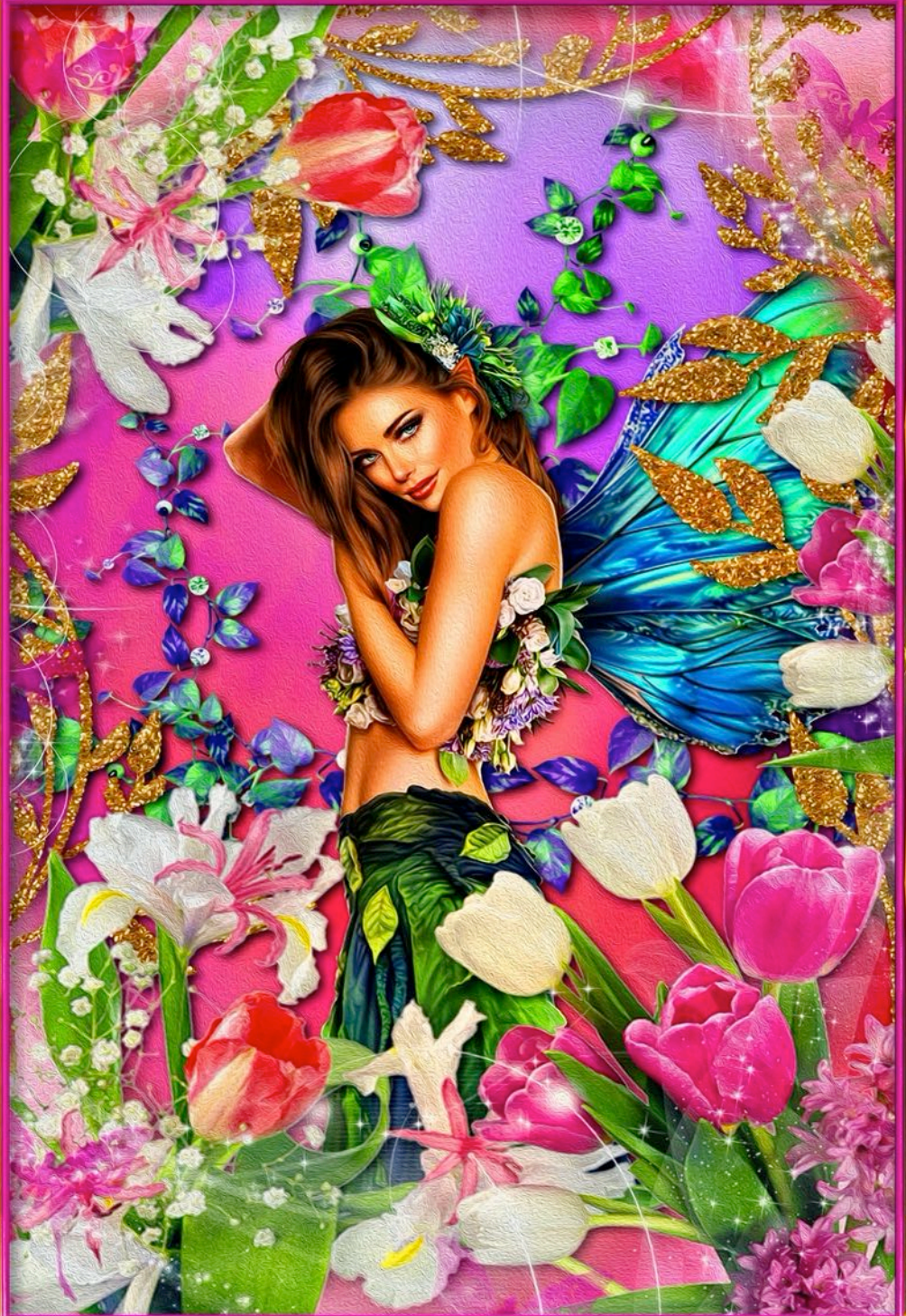
When Seasons Pass

She grows a clutch of
blossoms to propose,


His zephyr blows
nature's page to disclose:

Spring, departing,
caresses the summer...

From their only kiss
blooms the lovely rose.





A decorative border surrounds the text panel, featuring a variety of flowers including purple and pink blossoms, a monarch butterfly in the upper left, a blue butterfly on the right, and a small pink and blue bird perched on a flower in the lower left.

*Spring's last breath
awakens him—
he's living:*

*The life-force passes
to summer from spring—*

*His clover spreads,
vines grow strong,
roses cling,*

*All from the kiss
of which
she died giving.*







WORLD DOES NOT PASS BY,
YOU PASS THROUGH IT.
CLEAR YOUR BEING SO
THE TREASURE MAY ARRIVE,

THIS SPIRIT SPARKLES
OF A DIFFERENT LIGHT,
THE GEMSTONES ARE OF
A DIFFERENT MINE.

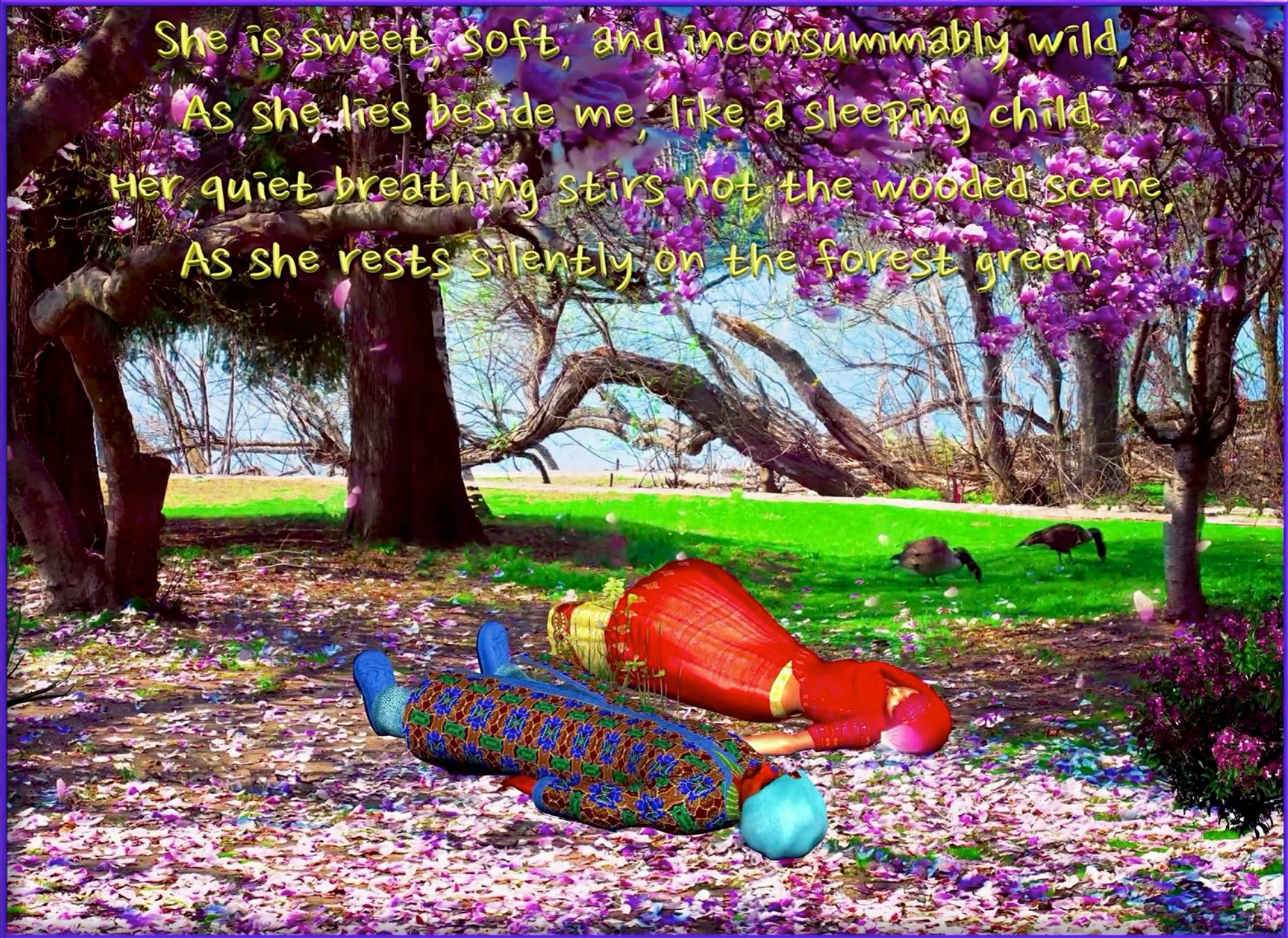




Above us, the branches slowly sway, and fan
Away the little creatures that try to land.
The trickling waters play tinkling lullabies,
While flocks of returning geese fly the skies.



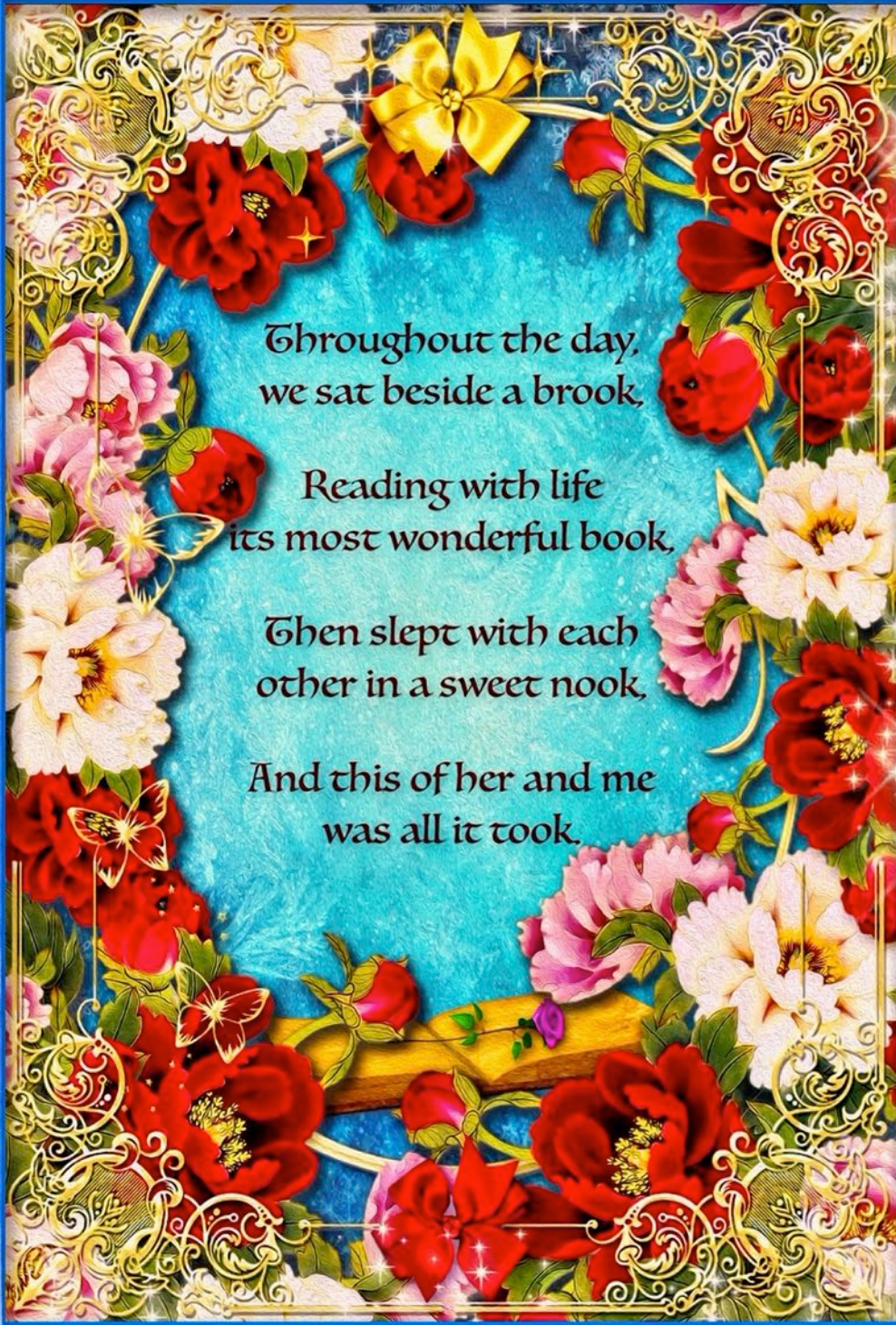
She is sweet, soft, and inconsummably wild,
As she lies beside me, like a sleeping child.
Her quiet breathing stirs not the wooded scene,
As she rests silently on the forest green.



I caress her tresses, in romantic rhythm,
To the contented sighs she sends toward Heaven,
We slumber where the grass fledges the stream,
Half-awake or asleep in love's peaceful dream.







Throughout the day,
we sat beside a brook,


Reading with life
its most wonderful book,

Then slept with each
other in a sweet nook,

And this of her and me
was all it took.



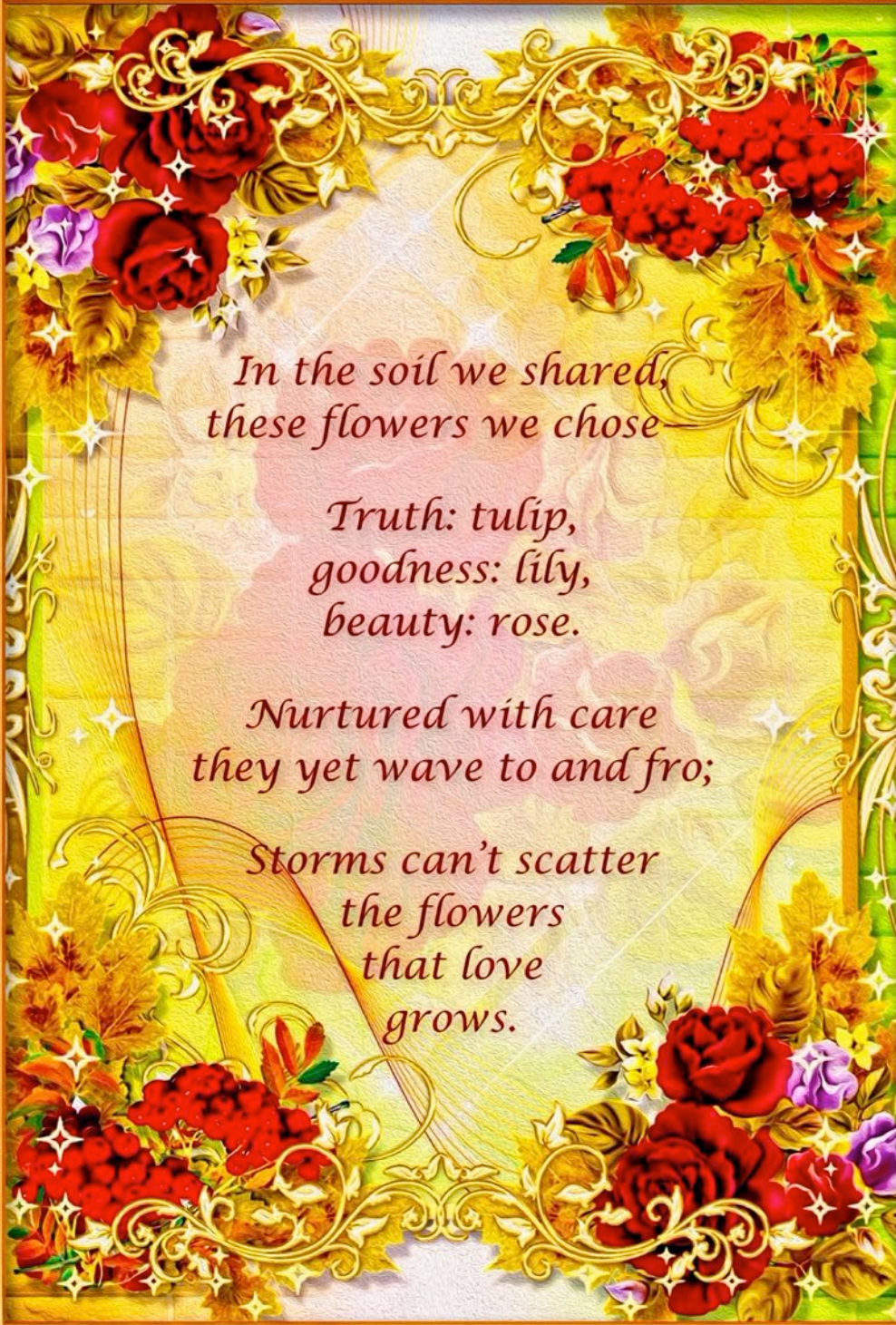


A romantic scene featuring a woman in a red sari and a man in a blue turban and patterned shirt. A white swan is in the center, standing on a ledge in front of a waterfall. The background is a lush, green landscape with a waterfall and a rainbow. The scene is framed by a decorative border with various colored gemstones and patterns.

So there we lay in the embrace of love,
And in our intensity lost track of

The world around, and were surprised to look
And see beside us a rabbit and a dove.





*In the soil we shared,
these flowers we chose*

*Truth: tulip,
goodness: lily,
beauty: rose.*


*Nurtured with care
they yet wave to and fro;*

*Storms can't scatter
the flowers
that love
grows.*





In the soil we shared, these flowers we chose—
Truth: tulip, goodness: lily, beauty: rose,
Nurtured with care they yet wave to and fro;
Storms can't scatter the flowers that love grows.

A woman in a red sari and a man in a blue turban and patterned kurta stand in front of a waterfall. The scene is framed by a decorative border with various colored gemstones and patterns. The text is overlaid on the image in a yellow, stylized font.

Like living lenses, we mirror our love:
In feedback loops, images spiral above,

Echoing, as infinite reflections
That fill up the scene—that's what love's made of!



Reaching the Ultimate

Like living senses,
We mirror our love

In feedback loops;
Images spiral above,

Echoing as
Infinite reflections

That fill up the scene;
That's what love's made of!





*Life,
although anguishing,
must be lived fully,*


*Yet, if we're alive enough
to feel its beauty*

*Then we're exposed
to its opposite twin;*

*Yes, Beauty's
other side is
Melancholy.*







*Together we sing, in the fugal voice,
For we live in two-part harmonic choice.
We're opposite twins in love, a canon
Of chime in which we in unison rejoice.*

*Our fugal voices blend, part, join, and long
Weave in and out, the music sweeping strong
And onward, upward, inward, and outward,
Until being is left to the spirit's song.*

*Like voices merged in the Canon Pachelbel,
We speak as one, as the knell to the bell,
She saying what I think and vice-versa,
In tune, in unison, yet parallel.*



YOU because it's you
It's not an illusion

It's ONLY you...you...you







***Convince me, Nature,
that Reason is right,***

***That the strength
of the heart is not in flight;***

***I'll plunge into the depths
of thought and love,***

***And tell the spirit
to defy the blight.***







For my sins of spring,
I repent my part;

No! I mustn't atone,
for how, apart,

Could I resist
the beauty of love's truth

When roses and tulips bloom
in love's heart?





***Daydreams are filled
with thoughts
on promenade:***

***Wishes, fantasies
o'er the mind cascade.***

***Listen well to
these plans
already made,***

***For by sundown
the phantom shapes
may fade.***





what's the news?

Seize the moment or lose its momentum,
wearing time as a royal diadem;
Richly accelerate life's momentous gem,
Letting your motto be 'carpe diem'.



**SEIZE THE MOMENT
OR LOSE ITS MOMENTUM,**

**WEARING TIME
AS A ROYAL DIADEM**

**RICHLY ACCELERATE
LIFE'S
MOMENTOUS GEM,**

**LETTING YOUR MOTTO
BE 'CARPE DIEM'.**





*A rose's prime,
Lasts for but
an hour of morn:*

*Flowering and free,
then fragile and forlorn,*

*Her petals
float to earth,
and there signify*

*That beauty's past,
for all that's left
is the thorn.*



A rose's prime lasts for
but an hour of morn:
Flowering and free,
then fragile and forlorn.

The petals
float to earth,
and there
signify
That
beauty's
past for all
that's left is
the
thorn.



*There's a subtle,
interlinked complexty of*

*Life, a relation
that unites
the world in love:*

*The Earth is our mother,
sustaining from below;*

*The sky is our father,
nourishing from above.*



There's a subtle, interlinked complexity of
Life, a relation that unites the world in love:
The earth is our mother, sustaining from below;
The sky is our father, nourishing from above.



*THE WORD,
THE LEANINGS & GLEANINGS*

*Where in the Woe is Purgatory's bane?
'Tis on Venus, where sulfurs rain.*

*Where in the Heck is that Deep Hell of pain?
It's found in the sun's heart,
oh, hot burning pain!*

*Where in the name of Heaven is Paradisea?
Of Heaven's site, no one has any idea—*

*Really now, where's Heaven one and the same?
It's the world's best kept secret:
Earth is its name!*

*Yes, that is said, but truly, where is the stead...
I must tell of them that they're only read...*

*Of those places spent after we are dead?
It's written of words that language bred.*

*'Twas hopeward that invented all that was said?
'Twas these that were signed
for anything Divine ["said"].*





THE YEAR

WINTER storms the YEAR

In the **MONTH** of Bran-new-airy,

Then **FEB-BURIES** us in **SNOW**...

March, Lady April! Spring! —

Let's reign as we **May**

With sum(mer)maids

Named *June* and *Ju-lie*,

Until, after *A-gust* of

HQI withering wind,

The sunny **FIRE** burns out—

'Cept embers, when

Leaves **FALL** into **OCT-TOMB-BURR**—

Till—no leaves, no sunlight,

No sky, no warmth—**No-venber!**

Next de **RAIN**, de sleet, de **COLD-**

De-cember,

When all that we can do

Is but sweet Remember.

— P. Torney © 2000 —



- Seasonings -



Nature Springs from Winter's tomb.
The bloom already in the seed.
The tree contained within the acorn.



Surging sprigs sprout from the soil—
Spring showers make the Summer flower.



Summer wakes from Spring's dying kiss
Blooming when the rose does.
Sunning after the Spring's running.



Summer reigns upon the land,
Eventually fading in the night.



Autumn Falls as Summer leaves.
Harvesting its sum of days,
Seeding the rose of Spring.



The smile meets the tear—
Fall's embers last through December.



Ice winds stalk the weed flowers,
The ghosts frosting the dead stalks.
Snow crystals barring all that grows.



Winter is death cooled over—
Melting snows feed Spring waters.

P. Torney © 1999





*Success blossoms out
of a thoughtful dream,*

*Grown from seeds of
what life to us
should seem,*

*Then bears forth fruit,
healthy and delicious,*

*In the garden watered
by a wishing stream.*





**Days are
the cyclic units
of time's pearls—**

**Beads worn round
in the necklace
of the months;**

**They distance themselves,
like night echoes,**

**Into the rosary
of the seasons.**



Days are the cyclic units of time's pearl,
Beads worn round in the necklace of the months...
They distance themselves, like night echoes,



Into the rosary of the seasons.

**TIME AND STARDUST
MADE US EARTH'S LIVING GUEST,
WHILE QUICK DEATH
SIFTED THE REST FROM THE BEST.
THOSE THREE, OUR BIRTHRIGHT,
FORM OUR EPITAPH:
RIP; TIME EXPIRED,
DEATH CAME, DUST IS LEFT.**







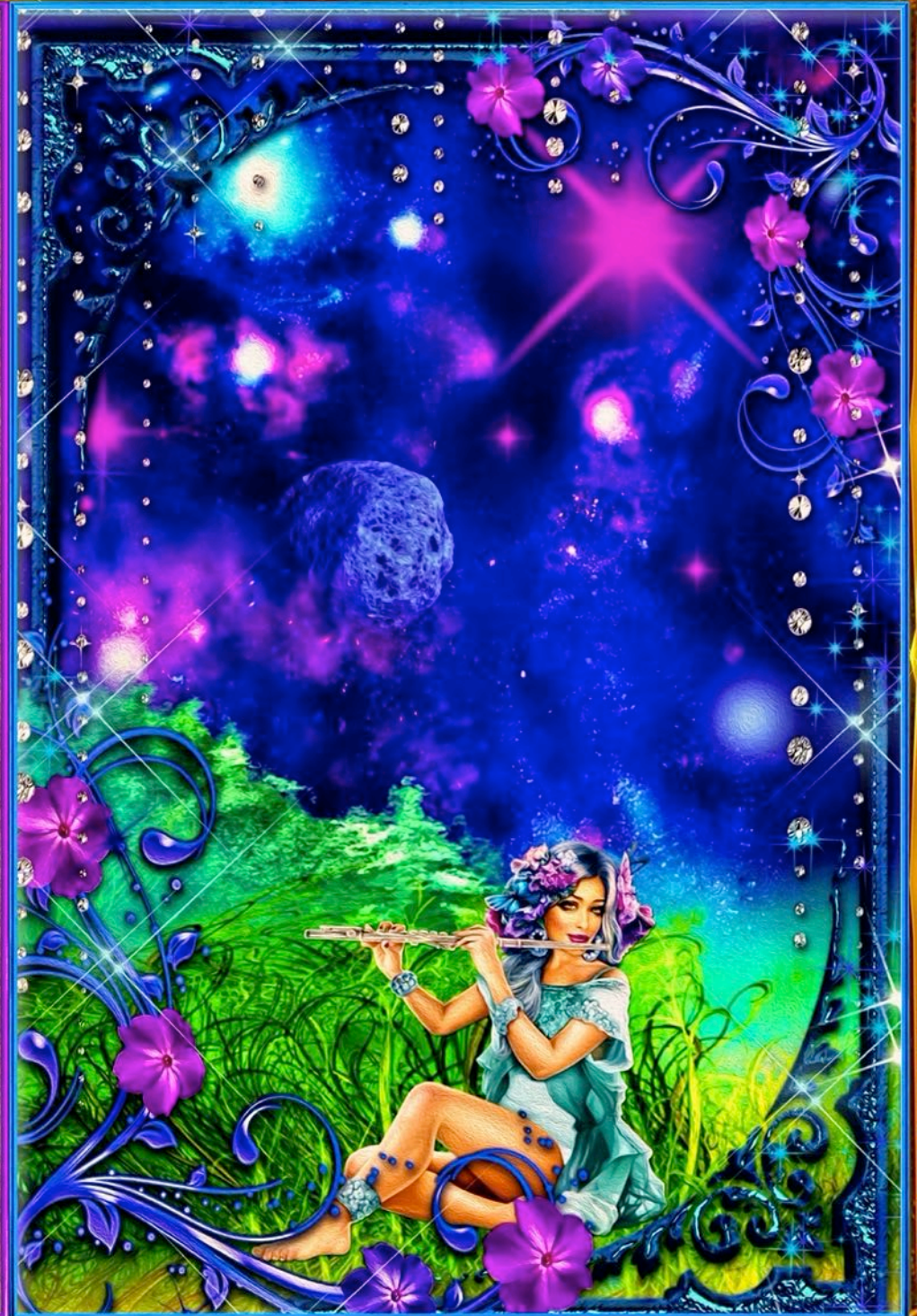


*Like the moon,
challenge night
and gain the light;*

*Like the rose,
suffer the thorn,
gain the fragrance;*

*Of life,
surrender to live forever,*

*Enlightened more than
a thousand suns.*










*Earth's a garden,
an oasis in space,
A planet of boundless
beauty and grace.
One might search
the heavens
for such in vain,
Finding no equal,
any time or place.*







*Memory's ideas recall
the last heard tone;
Sensation savors
what is presently known;
Imagination anticipates
coming sounds;
The delight is such that
none could produce alone.*






**CLASSICISTS
DRONE TOWARD
DULL PERFECTION;**

**ROMANTICISTS DROWN
IN FEELING'S AFFECTION;**

**WORSE, OTHERS ALTERNATE
BETWEEN EXTREMES;**

**IT'S NOT THIS NOR THAT,
BUT OF JOINED DIRECTION.**



A woman in a red sari with yellow floral patterns and a man in a gold turban and patterned kurta stand by a waterfall. The woman is on the left, looking towards the man on the right. The background is a lush green forest with a waterfall cascading over rocks. The scene is framed by a decorative border with various colored gemstones and patterns.

The spirit calls, steam risen from the rain,
A missing so sweet that it's almost pain.

The future's heavy, swelling with promise
Of the season when love can breathe again.

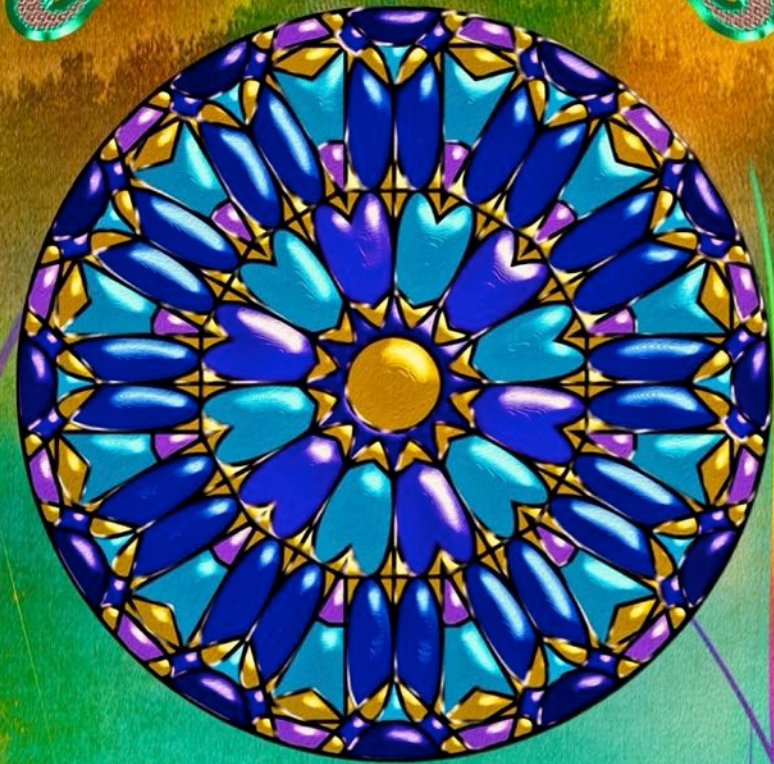




*A diamond sparkles
though its every face,
Each plane contributing
a view of space.*

*Such radiant richness
does life reflect,*

*For one facet does not
a diamond make.*





*Arithmetic theory
fails in love's plot:*

*Love when divided
diminishes not,*

*Unlike sadness,
and vanishes not.*

*Each love multiplies
to exceed the lot!*





Life must be more like a mosaic done,
Than a focused laser tunnel of sun.



Since few lengthy pleasures are lent to us,
we build stained-glass windows of small ones.





Coffee plants are in the desert first seen,
By a starving outcast, who eats the bean,
And finds it bitter, so he boils some, tart,
Finding that the liquid is the better part.





Such from asylum he returns home, quaint,
And for his coffee is declared a saint,
But its drinkers are despised by clerics—
The partakers dally over their cups!



A woman in a red sari with a gold border and a black braided hair is walking away from the viewer on a dirt path. The path is surrounded by dense green foliage and trees. The scene is framed by a decorative border with various colored gemstones and patterns.

They tried to undo evolution's pace of snails,
But the stratified fossils ever told the tales

of no special humans at once unveiled,
But of only natural selection's weathered sails.

A woman with long red hair, wearing a red sari with gold jewelry, stands in the center of a lush green forest. A glowing orange path leads away from her into the distance. The forest is dense with various green plants and trees. The entire scene is framed by a decorative border with colorful gemstones and patterns.

A hundred trillion stars and countless shores
were built to light our universal nights explored;

Forty million other lower species, too, the All-Might
Placed about our world, merely for our delight.

A woman in a red sari with gold jewelry is walking away from the viewer on a dirt path through a dense green forest. The path is flanked by tall grass and various green plants. The scene is framed by a decorative border with colorful gemstones and patterns.

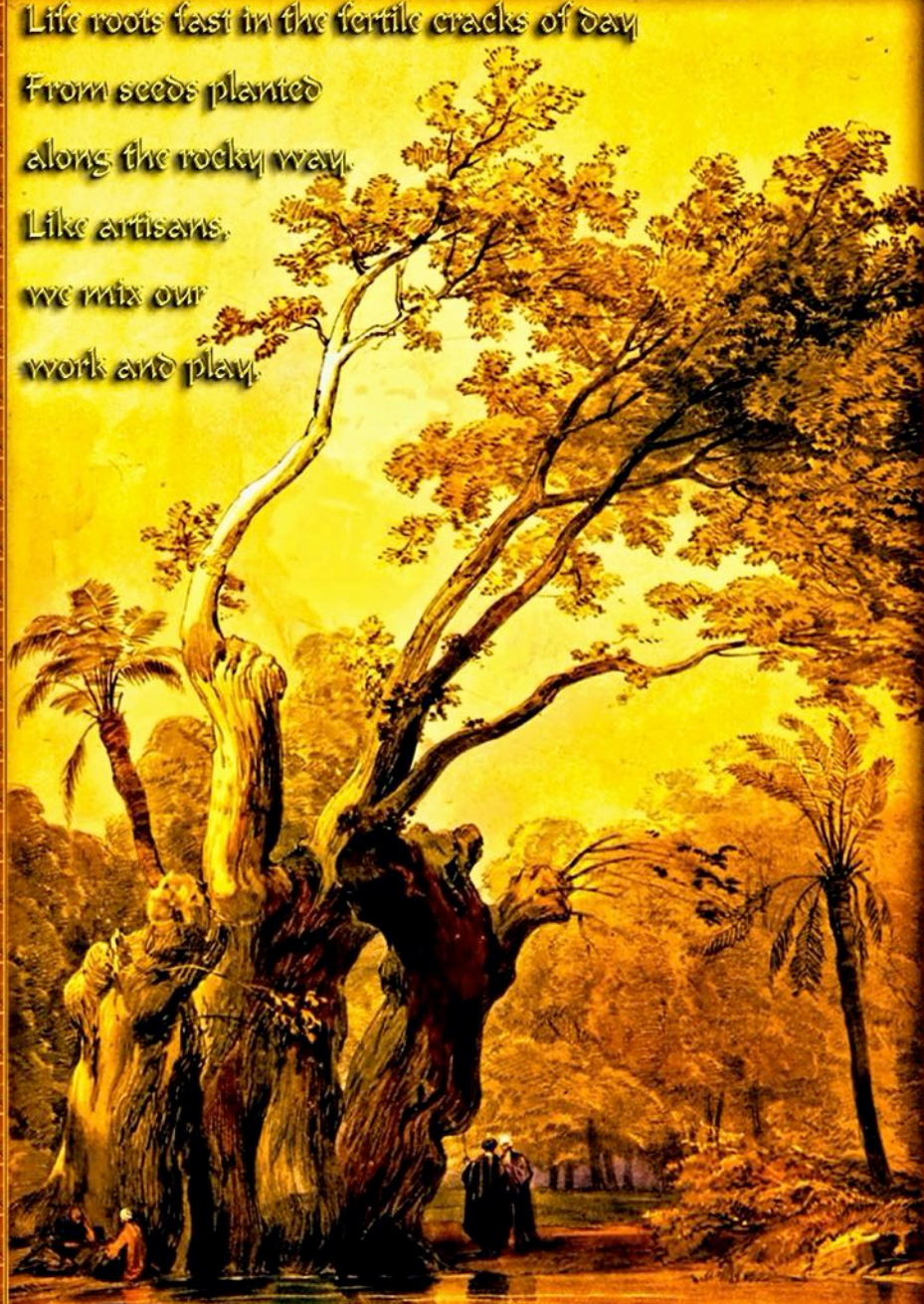
on and on they say of who paved the way,
Then even tell the nature of such Theity,

And on and on they presume further upon,
Joining that group called 'on and on Anon'.




*Life on Earth is death's borrowed debit;
We spend this life on good fortune's credit;*

*We're not God's puppets,
but free of the strings;
Dispensing with angst,
we're free to live it.*



*Life roots fast in the fertile cracks of day
From seeds planted
along the rocky way.
Like artisans,
we mix our
work and play.*

Nurturing, then harvesting life's bouquet.




**LET NOT THE CERTAINTY
OF THE PRESENT BE**

**HELD MORTGAGE FOR
THE DEED OF FUTURITY,**

**FOR TOMORROW'S JUST
A GLEAM FROM AFAR**


**AND YESTERDAY'S BUT
A COLD ASH OF THEE.**





Myth's performance is now over its tasks;
The artists have taken off their masks.
The illusion is fading; it couldn't last;
The scenes behind are appearing fast.





If we were angels, life would be so just;
Instead, we try, we push, we climb, we lust,



We dance, we dream, we feel, and love with zest;
Yes, all this, thanks to the beast within us!




A man and a woman in traditional attire stand in a lush green field. The man on the left wears a white turban and a long, patterned coat. The woman on the right wears a red headscarf and a red dress with a white patterned skirt. They are surrounded by tall grass and trees, with a pond visible in the background. The scene is framed by a decorative border of colorful gemstones and patterns.

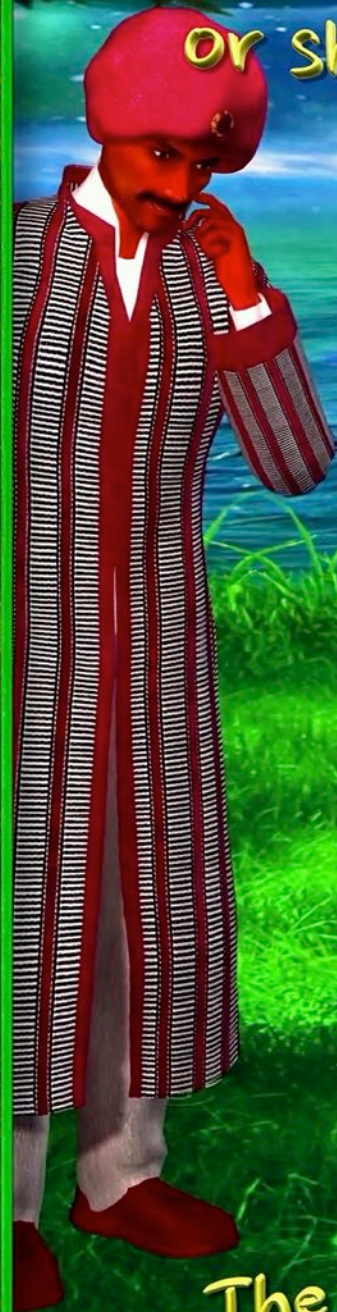
In Heaven, desired pleasures fall like rain,
or so we dream to avoid mortal pain;

But we needn't wait for some promise beyond,
Since on Earth, enjoying life, we have the same!






When tomorrow's well is full, will I drink?
or should I live today? Must I sit and think?



If so, then even today is too late;
The wise just lived yesterday to the brink!





***For those of us
who ignore
life's romance:***

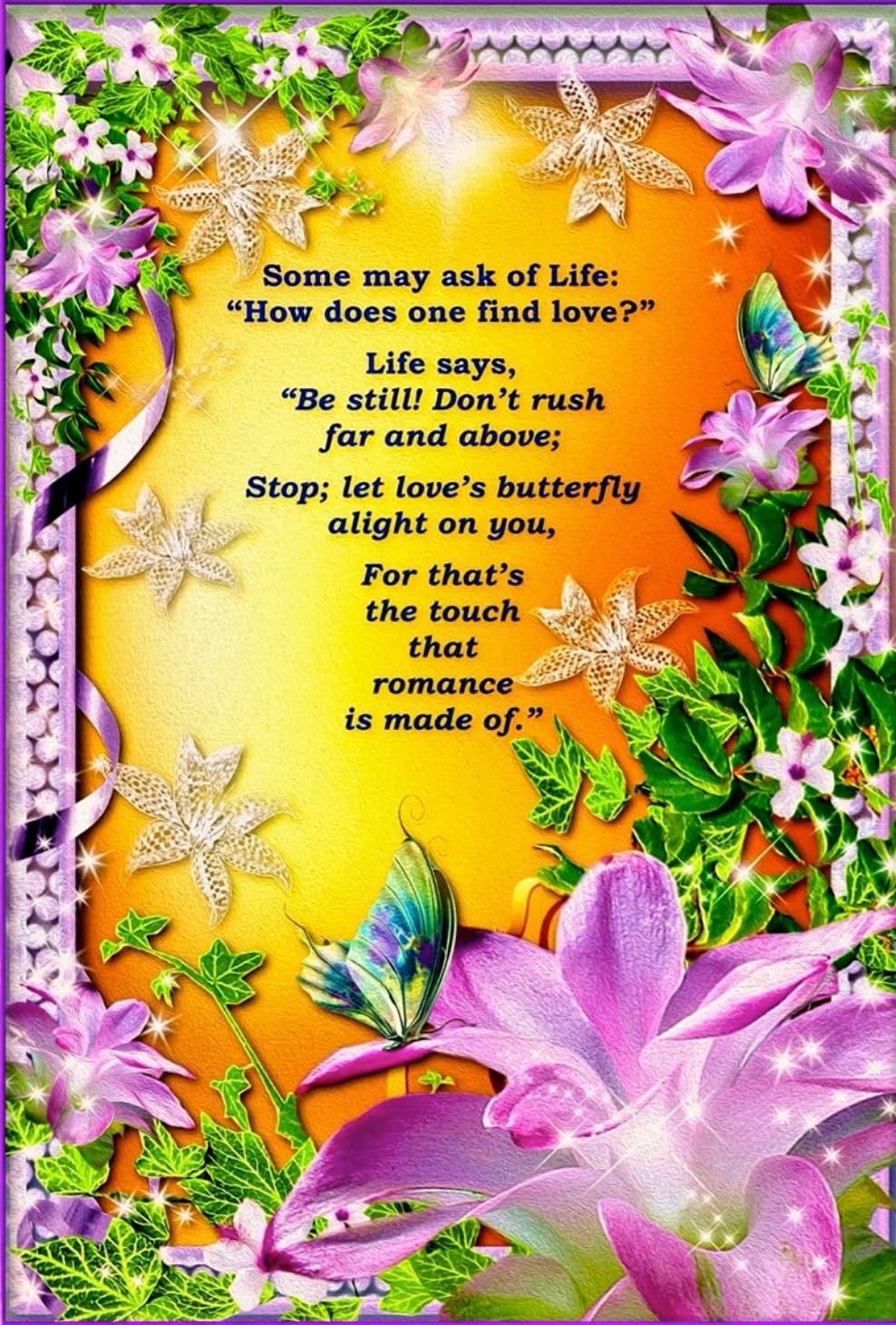

***Ignorance,
like shadow,
has no substance.***

***The shade is removed
by the light within—***

***Feel the rhythm
of the
universal dance!***







**Some may ask of Life:
"How does one find love?"**

**Life says,
"Be still! Don't rush
far and above;**

**Stop; let love's butterfly
alight on you,**

**For that's
the touch
that
romance
is made of."**







Some may ask of Life: 'How does one find love?'
Life says, 'Be still! Don't rush far and above;


Stop! let love's butterfly alight on you,
For that's the touch that romance is made of.'





Your wine, my persona radiata,
Fills my golden chalice. Oh, Sultana,
I'm intoxicated by your love-stream
Flowing freely; oh dear, amorata!





Men and women can't stay in isolation,
For like valleys that give rise to mountains,

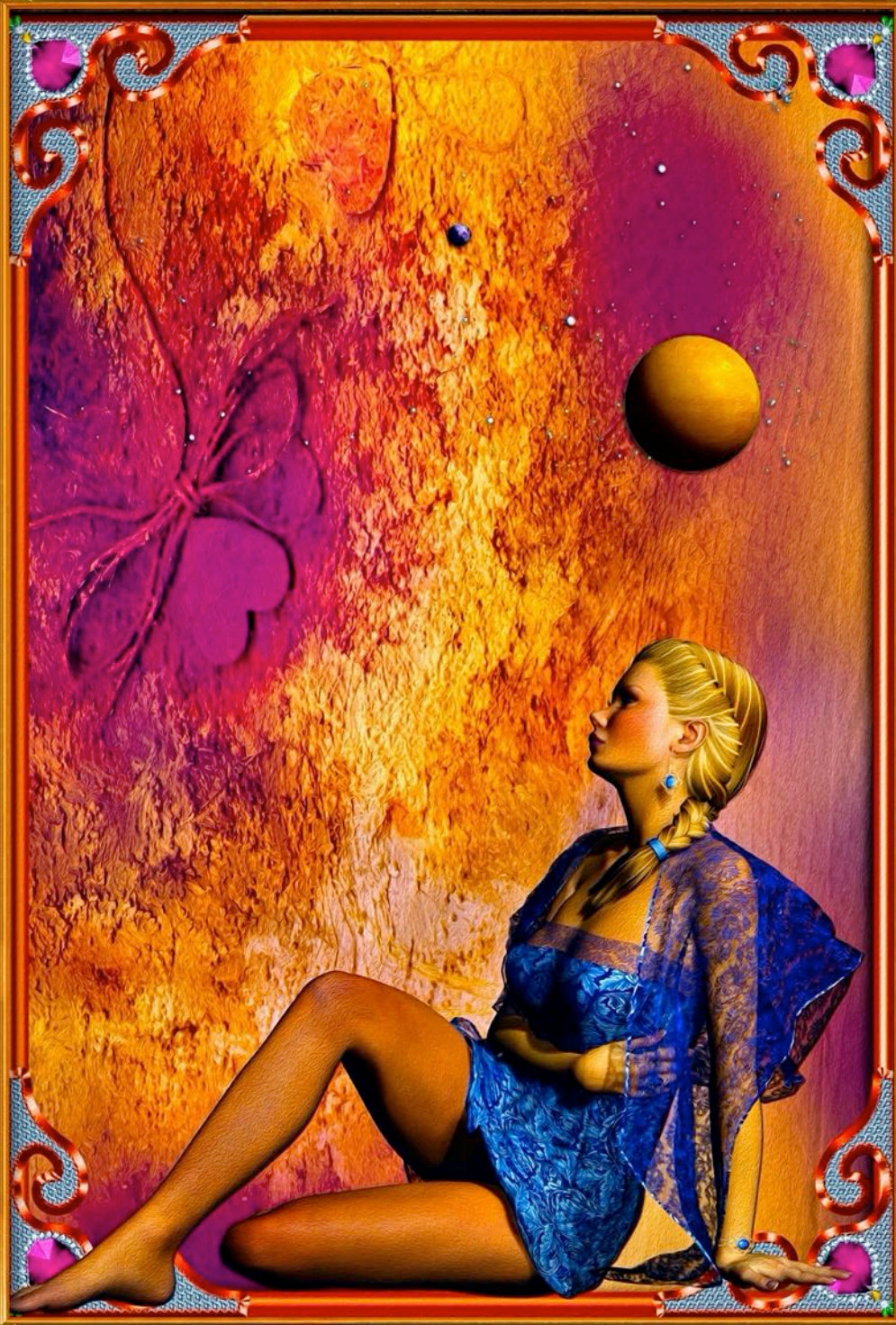
one's nature makes necessary the other;
When they're joined in love, there's wholeness again.




Completing the Other

Men and women
Can't exist in isolation,
For, like valleys that
Give rise to mountains,
The nature of one makes
Necessary the other—
When they're joined in love,
There's wholeness again.







Where do the leaves of yesterday, we say,
Aft winter comes and crumbles them away?

They like us turn to dust—rejoin the clay,
To rise someday, from unremembered lay.





The wings of time are checkered black and white,
For fluttering round the day flies the night.
Like chess pieces we gamely play for life,
Until into the box we return, quite!






Each holds within itself
the seed of the other:

Yin reaches climax
then retreats in Yang's favor—

Cyclic movement
of rotational symmetry.

Rounded life is the blend
of Yin-Yang together.





See them hurrying hither and thither:
oh, look at the time! I must go whither.
What sense the life that has no time to live?
Wherefore the wind that swirls in a dither?





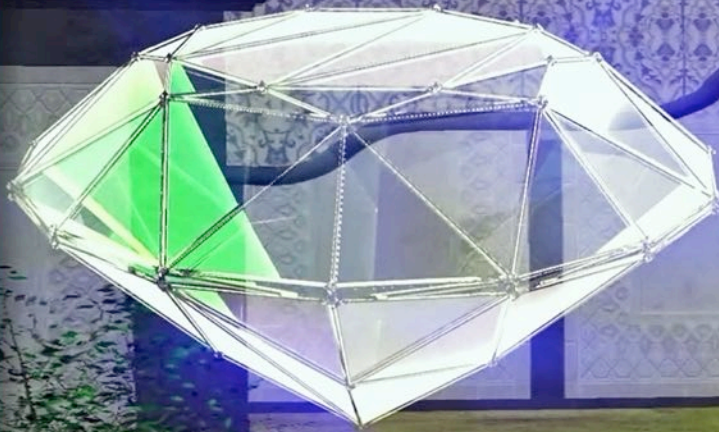
Like the bright faces
that define the jewel,

Friends enrich each others
view of life's gem:


As love's reflection
in life's diamond, they're

Glints and gleams
of reality's sparkle!





Like the bright faces that define the jewel,
Friends enrich each others view of life's gem:
As love's reflection in life's diamond, they're
Glints and gleams of reality's sparkle!



For those of us who ignore life's romance:
Ignorance, like shadow, has no substance. ✨



The shade is removed by the light within—
Feel the rhythm of the universal dance!





A moment
of eternity in hand,
Caught from
a winged creature
on time's sand,
Yet put aside
to later view in peace.

It flew!
Now pursue it
through Never-Land.





The child in us was warm, playful, and bold,
But vanished, ere we knew, leaving us cold.

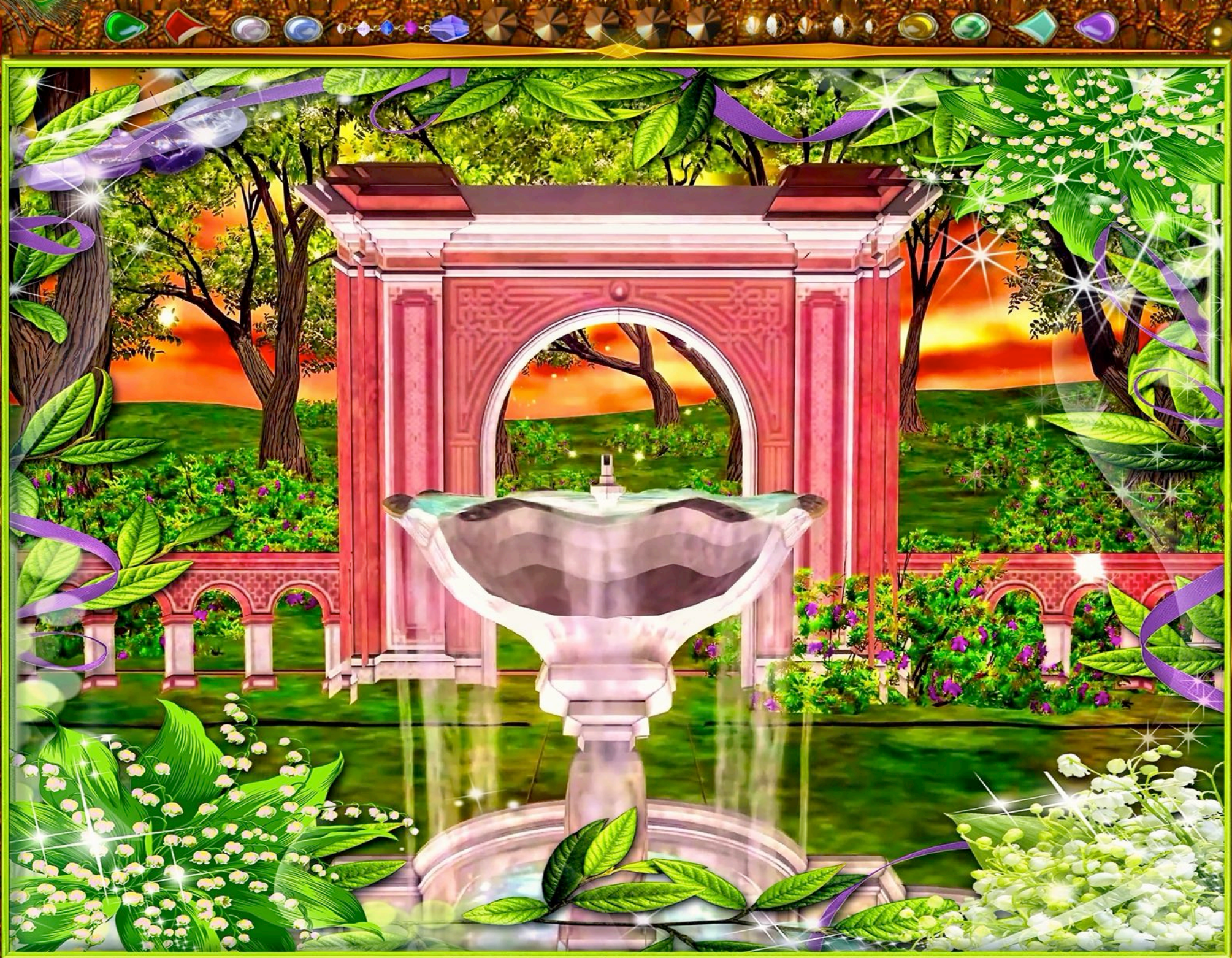



Now this we know: The day we stop being
Playful's the day we begin to get old.



When younger, I knew not my elder same,
But as older, I tell my younger same
That youth must be young; he knows not my name!
It is my younger self who is to blame.








*As seasons pass,
the world
comes to our door:*

*Spring sings through
the wingéd troubadour;*

*Summer calls
with the rose,
'midst the woodlore;*

*Autumn crows,
plump and sweet,
through frosty hoar.*





In the night,
lies the
healthy breath of morn;

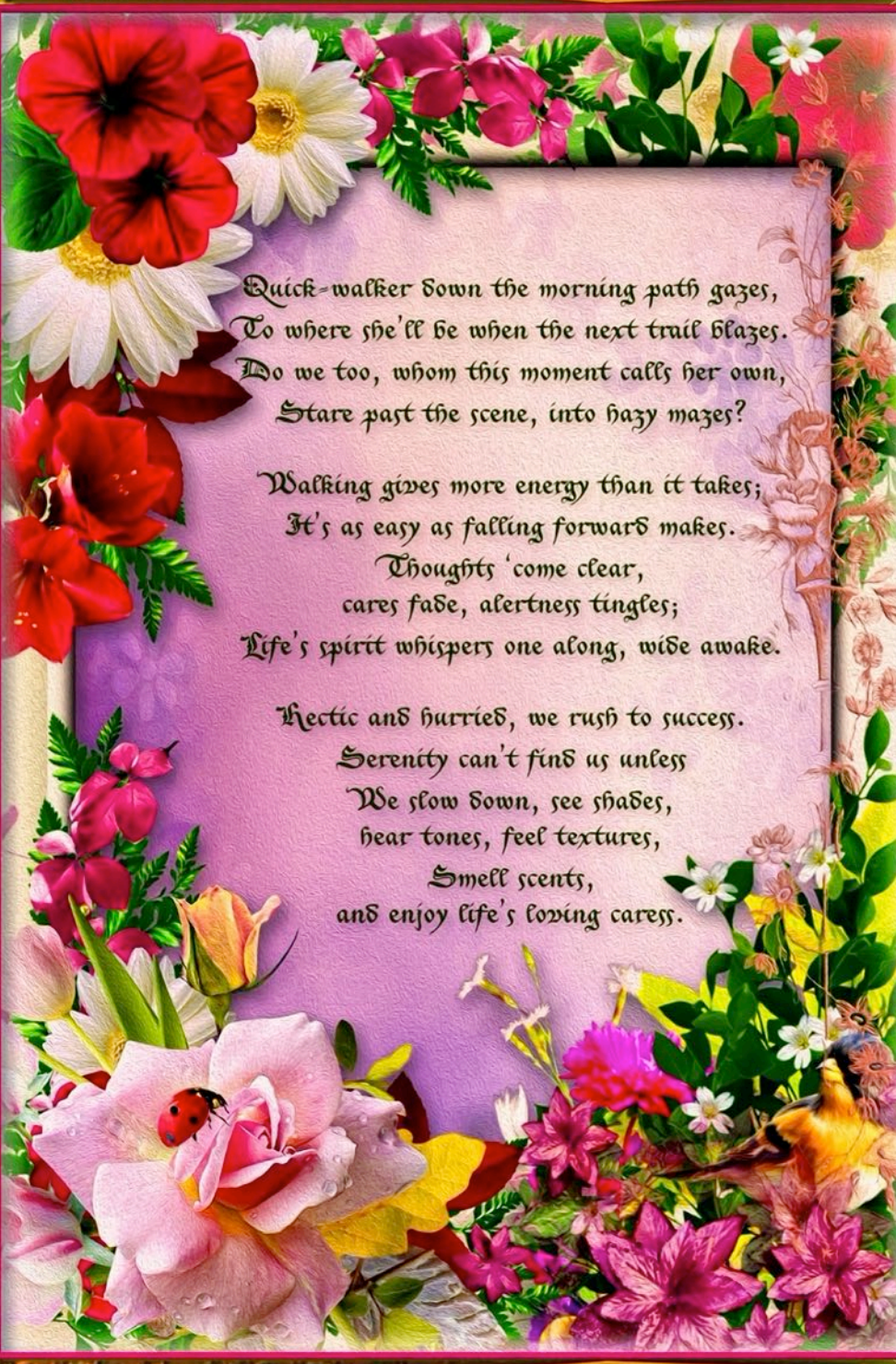
The giant oak
sleeps within the acorn;

The flower waits for spring
inside the seed;

So too in a daydream
is one's life born.







Quick-walker down the morning path gazes,
To where she'll be when the next trail blazes.
Do we too, whom this moment calls her own,
Stare past the scene, into hazy mazes?

Walking gives more energy than it takes;
It's as easy as falling forward makes.
Thoughts 'come clear,
cares fade, alertness tingles;
Life's spirit whispers one along, wide awake.

Hectic and hurried, we rush to success.
Serenity can't find us unless
We slow down, see shades,
hear tones, feel textures,
Smell scents,
and enjoy life's loving caress.





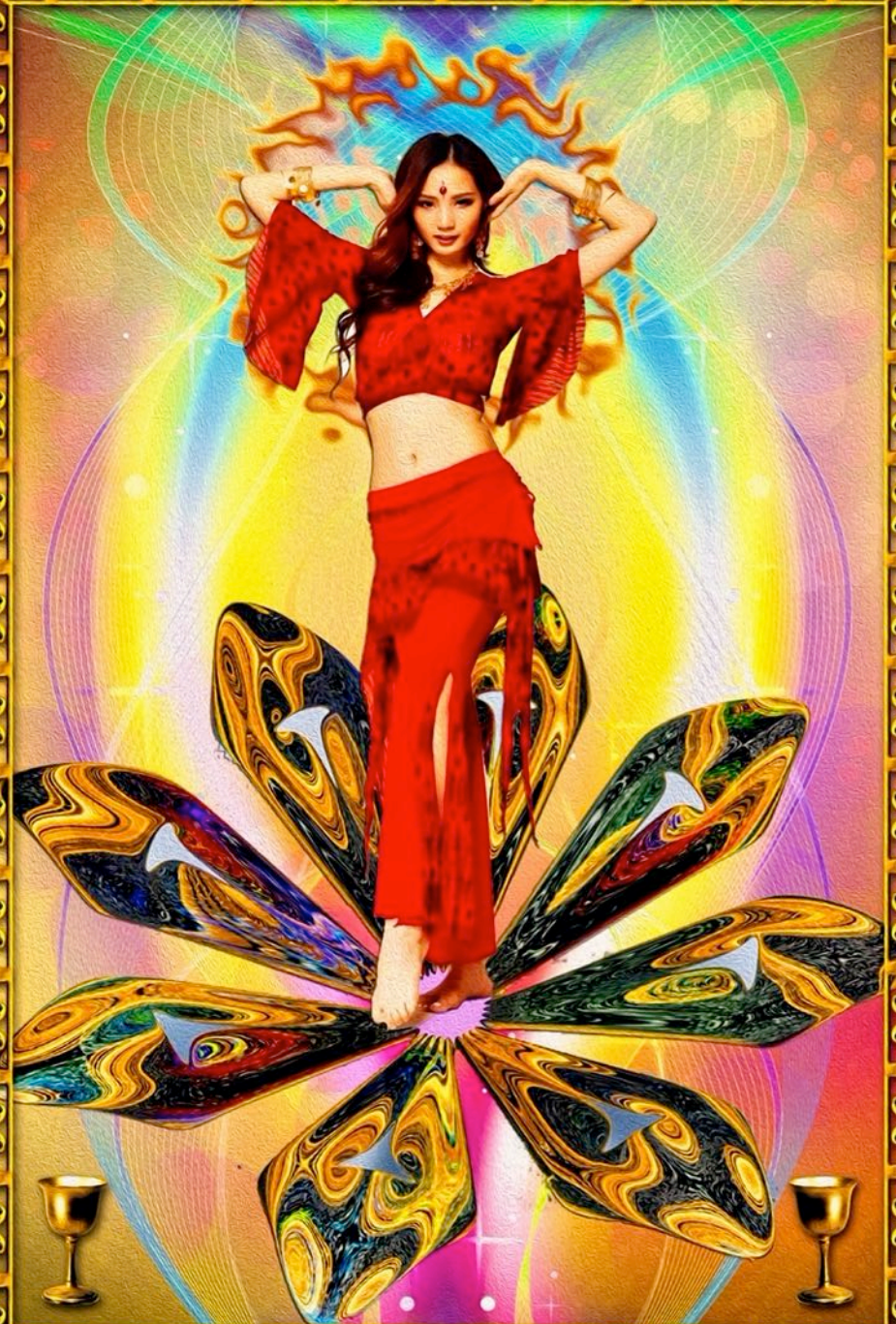
*To future columns,
we stretch our present row,*

*By a lifeline of
tenuously spun vow.*

*Oh how soon
the weighted web
begins to fail;*



*The only real time
under our feet
is now.*







Bickering and quarreling expend breath,
Sap energy, and undo love's promise.

Precious breath, waste it not when you have it!
Enjoy all that life can give, ere comes death.





Hectic and hurried, we rush to success.
Serenity can't find us, unless

we slow down, see shades, hear tones, feel textures,
Smell scents, and enjoy life's loving caress.



**ENGRAVED IS
'THE END'
OF YOUR EARTHLY SIGH;
SIX SIDES SURROUND:
FIVE ARE DIRT, ONE IS SKY.**

**SHOV'LING,
DEATH TALKS TO YOU
AT LAST AND SAYS,
"WHAT WERE YOU DOING
DURING ALL OF NIGH?"**



Refreshed, I wandered among the tombstones,
under which rested little more than bones,



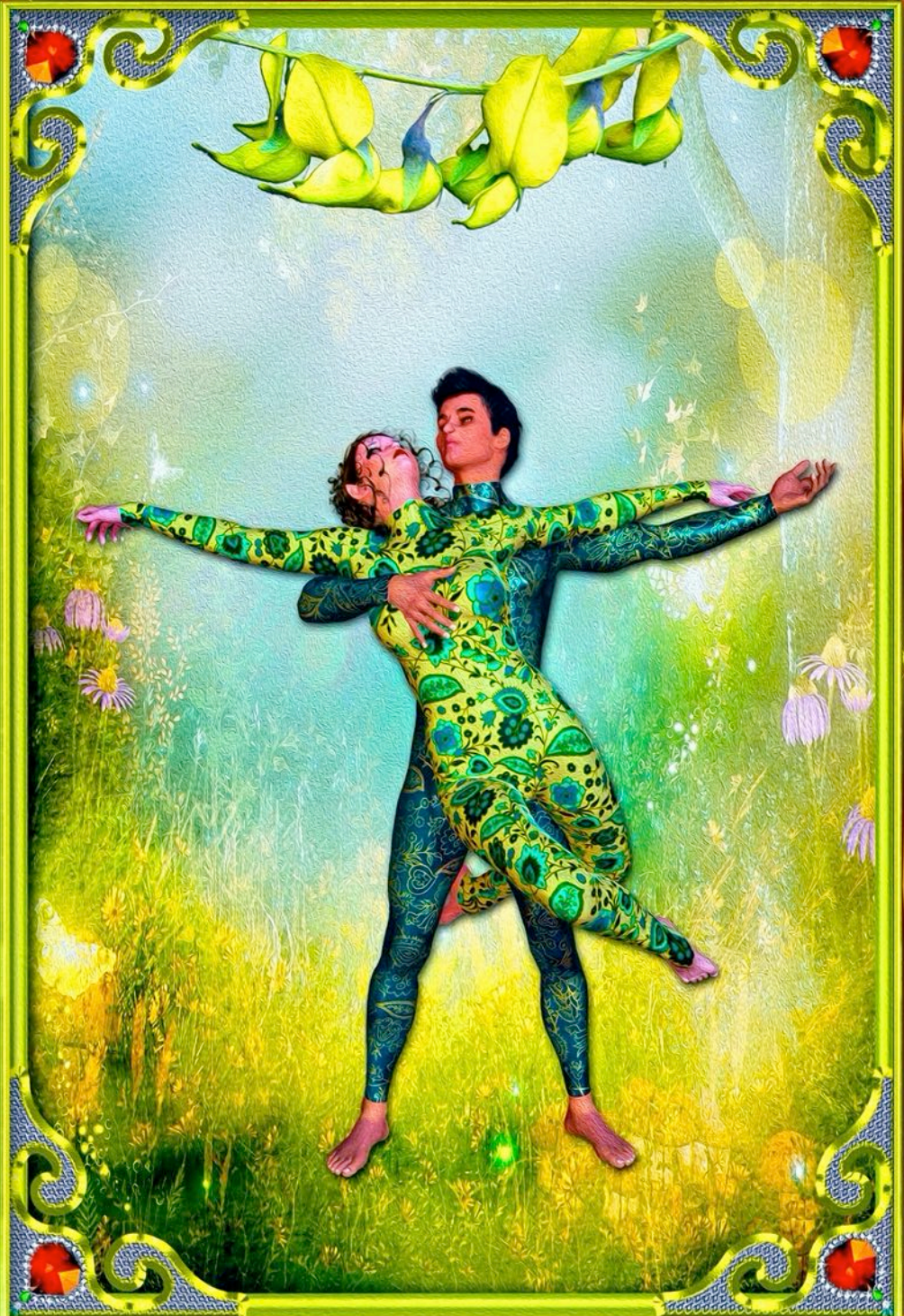
wherefrom the life had fled when dreams were dead—
which under me became life's stepping stones.


*Not quite sober blessed
nor drunk to excess;*

*Never too foolish
nor very reckless—*

*Ah, life's passion
is so reasonable*

*In this delicate state
of awareness.*





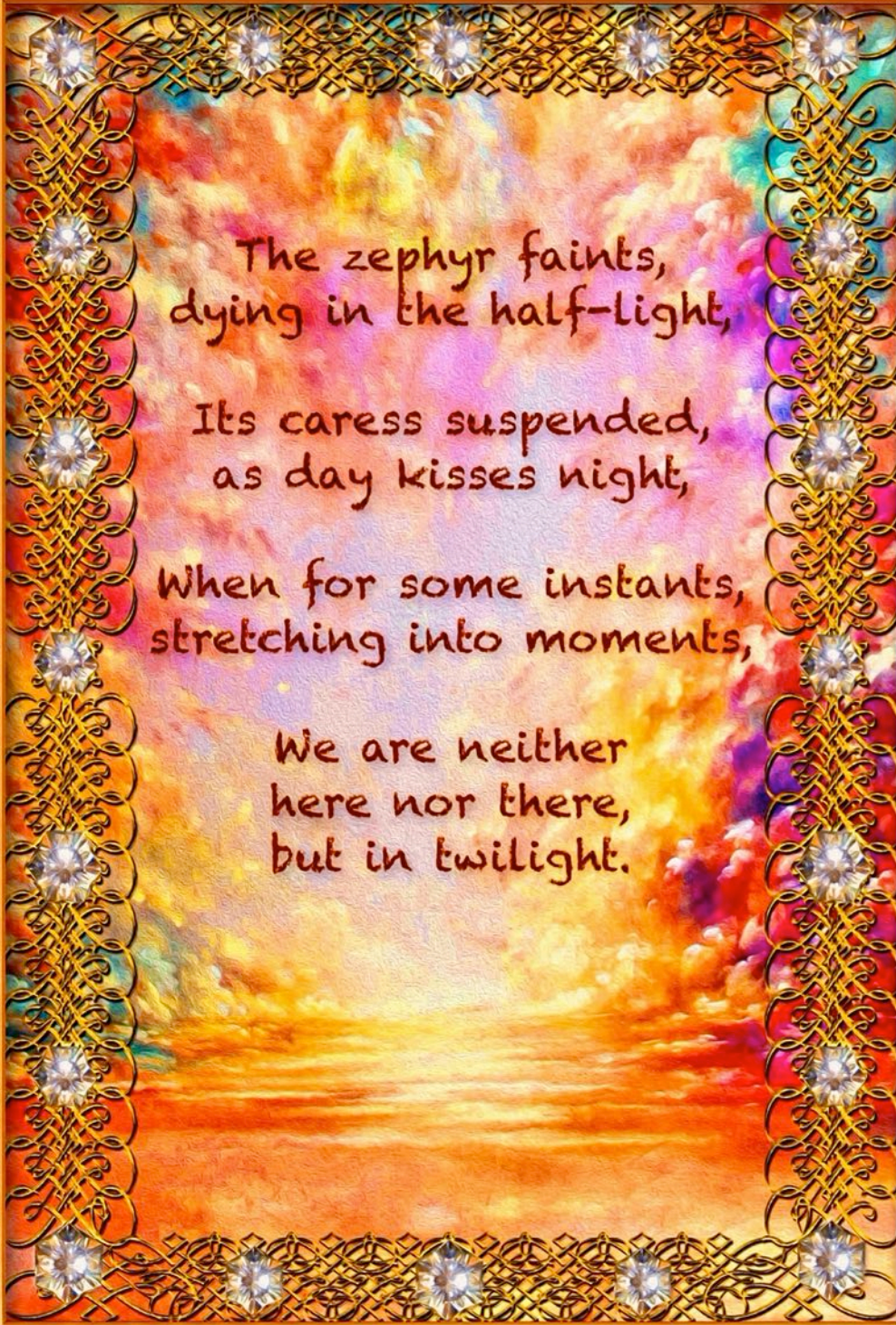
Where the river runs,
far from Sultan's throne.

We live by the stream-side
just us alone.

Here we've the
perfect equilibrium:

Poor but rich, home yet free,
great but unknown.





The zephyr faints,
dying in the half-light,
Its caress suspended,
as day kisses night,
When for some instants,
stretching into moments,
We are neither
here nor there,
but in twilight.







Senses melt away,
Drip by drip by drip.

Impressions flood
the speechless spirit.

Emotions flow free
for the heart to read.

Love draws us in:
we dissolve in it.





A woman in a white and red patterned dress and a man in a red and white patterned dress standing in a forest. The woman is on the left, wearing a white dress with red floral patterns and a red headscarf. The man is on the right, wearing a red dress with white floral patterns and a red headscarf. They are standing in a lush green forest with a large tree trunk in the background. The scene is framed by a decorative border with various colorful shapes and patterns.

In the water, a face to me is shown,
one that sang all the songs the earth has known:

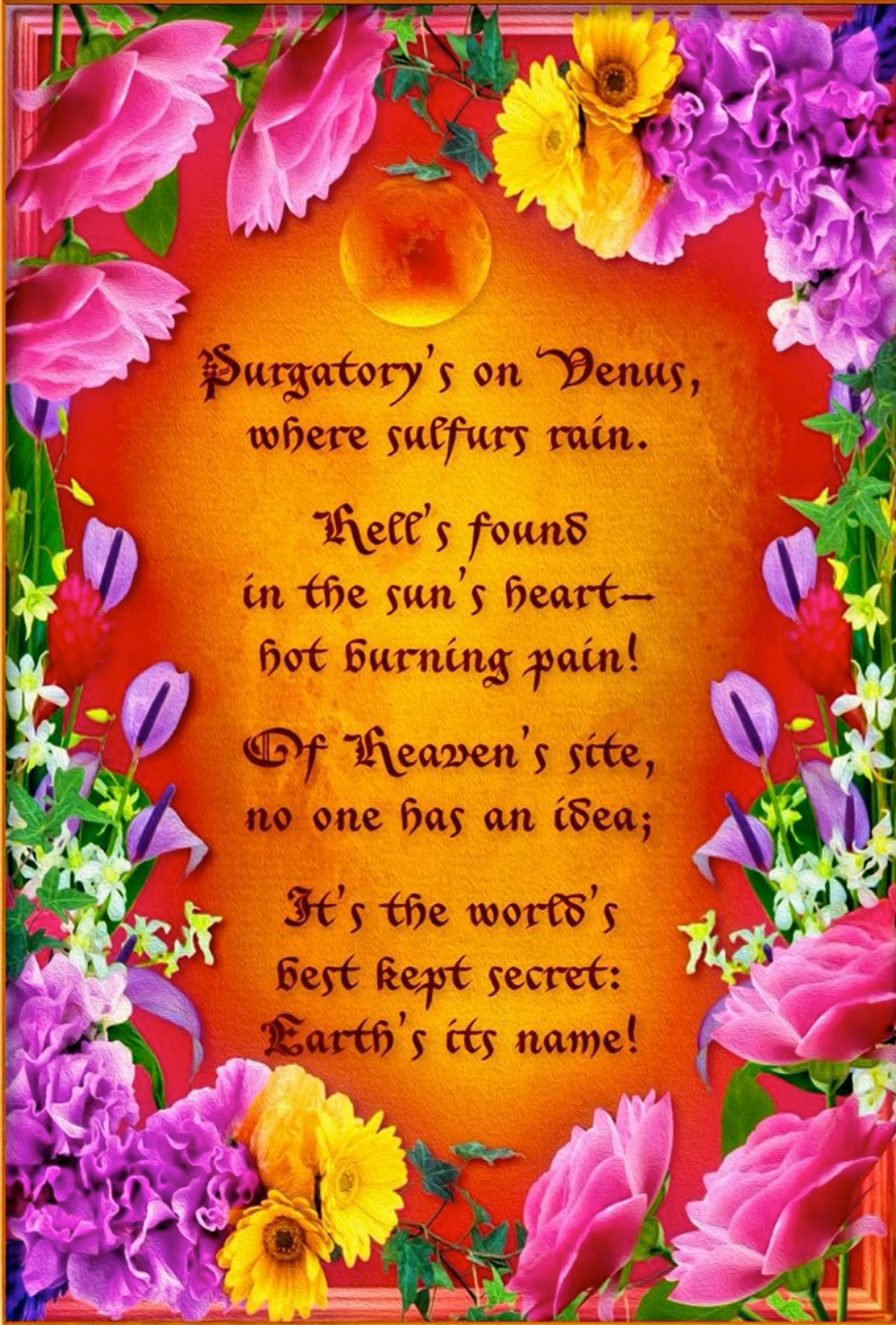
It's yesterday's summer wanderer,
Free again to shine on the world I own.



*Heart-flight is love
that the
wondrous Earth brings,
As wind to the soul
whispers unimaged things;
Senses merge, as streams,
to flow beyond joy;
Imagination fires
enlightened wings.*







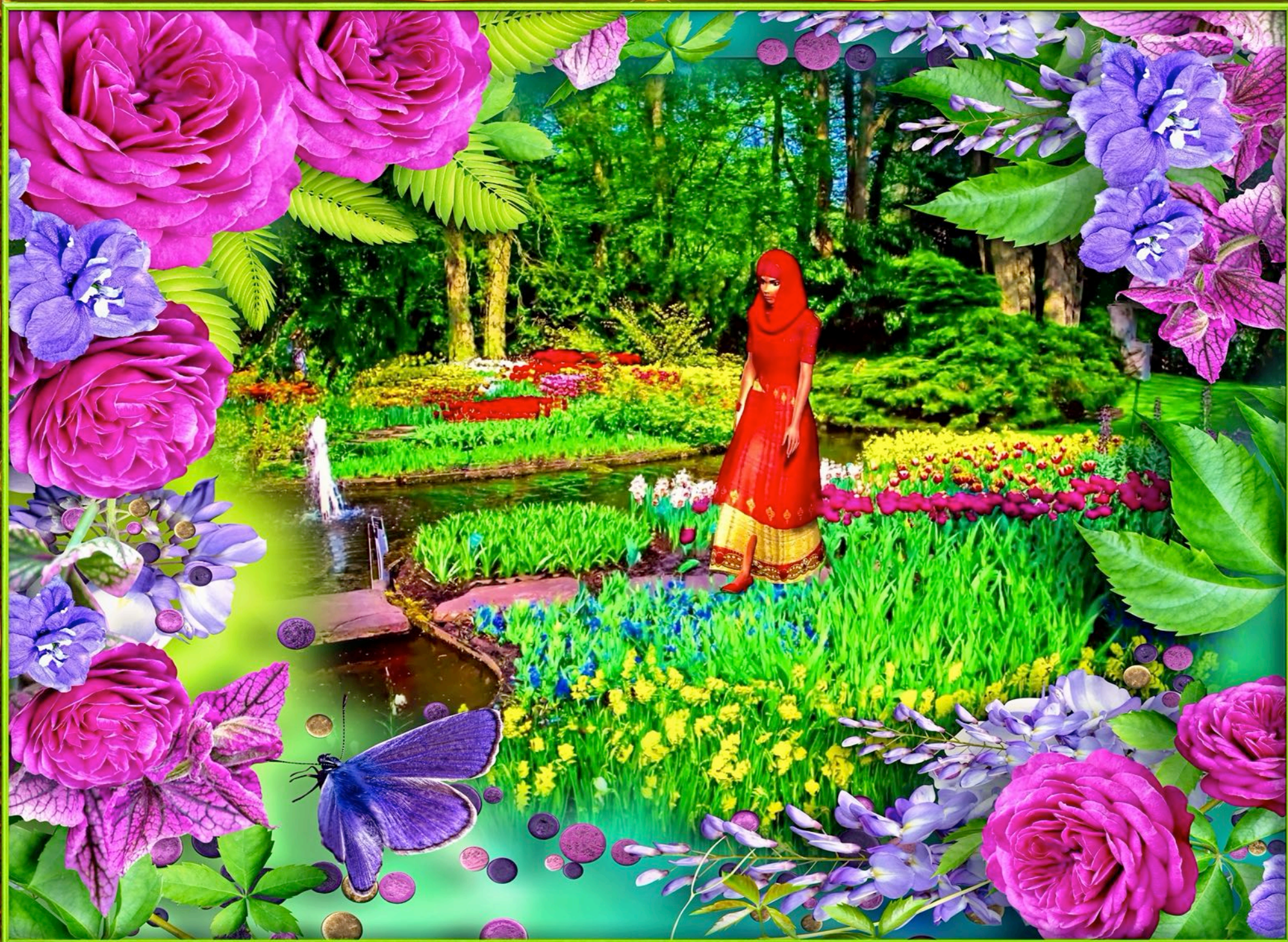
Purgatory's on Venus,
where sulfurs rain.

Hell's found
in the sun's heart—
hot burning pain!

Of Heaven's site,
no one has an idea;

It's the world's
best kept secret:
Earth's its name!

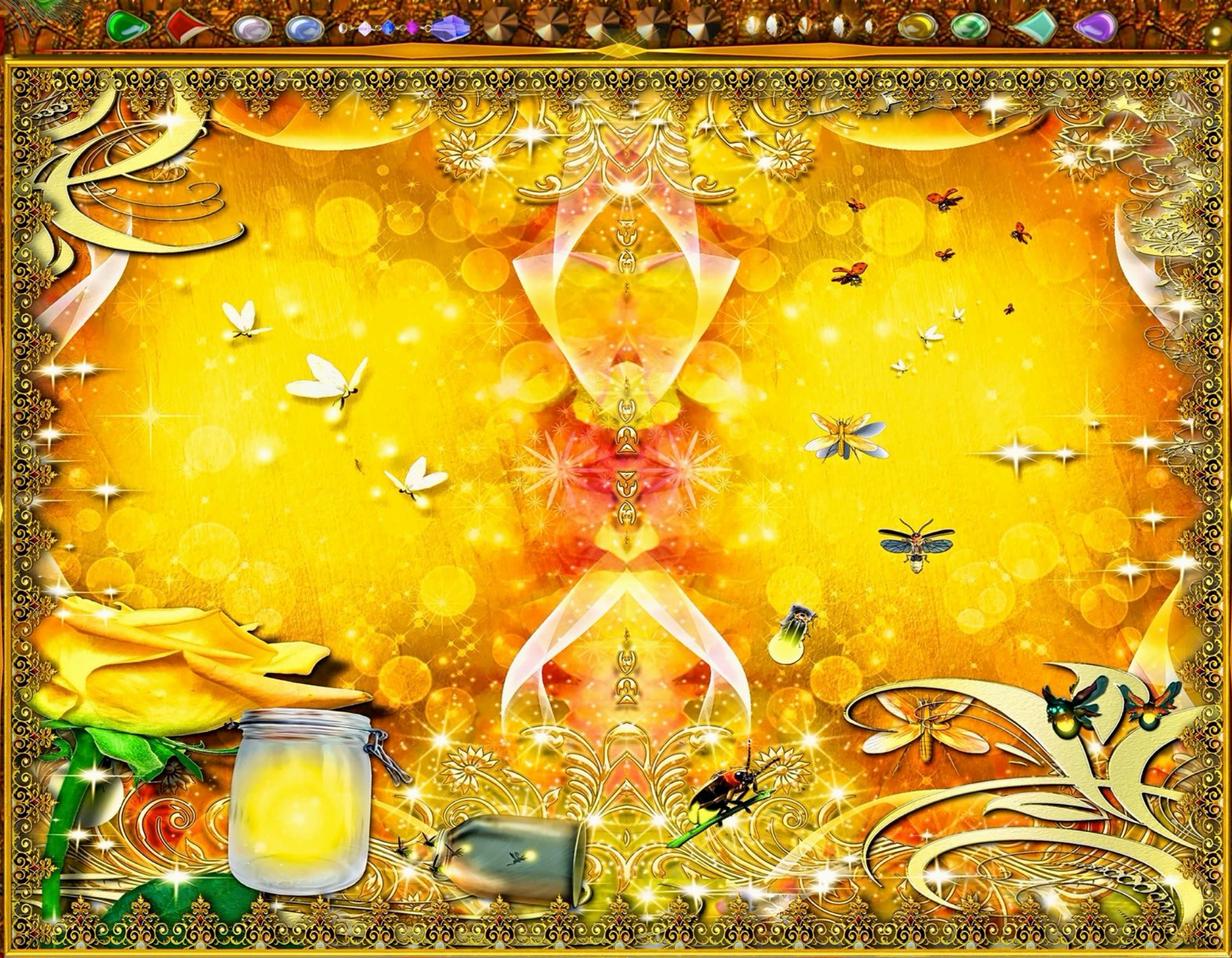




A romantic scene set in a lush green forest. On the left, a woman is dressed in a vibrant red sari with yellow floral patterns and a black headscarf. On the right, a man wears a traditional golden turban with a red gemstone and a patterned, multi-colored kurta. In the center, a glowing firefly hovers over a stream that flows over dark rocks. The entire scene is framed by a decorative border of colorful gemstones and patterns.

The day pours life into roots with sunlight;
Flowers bloom, showering us with delight.

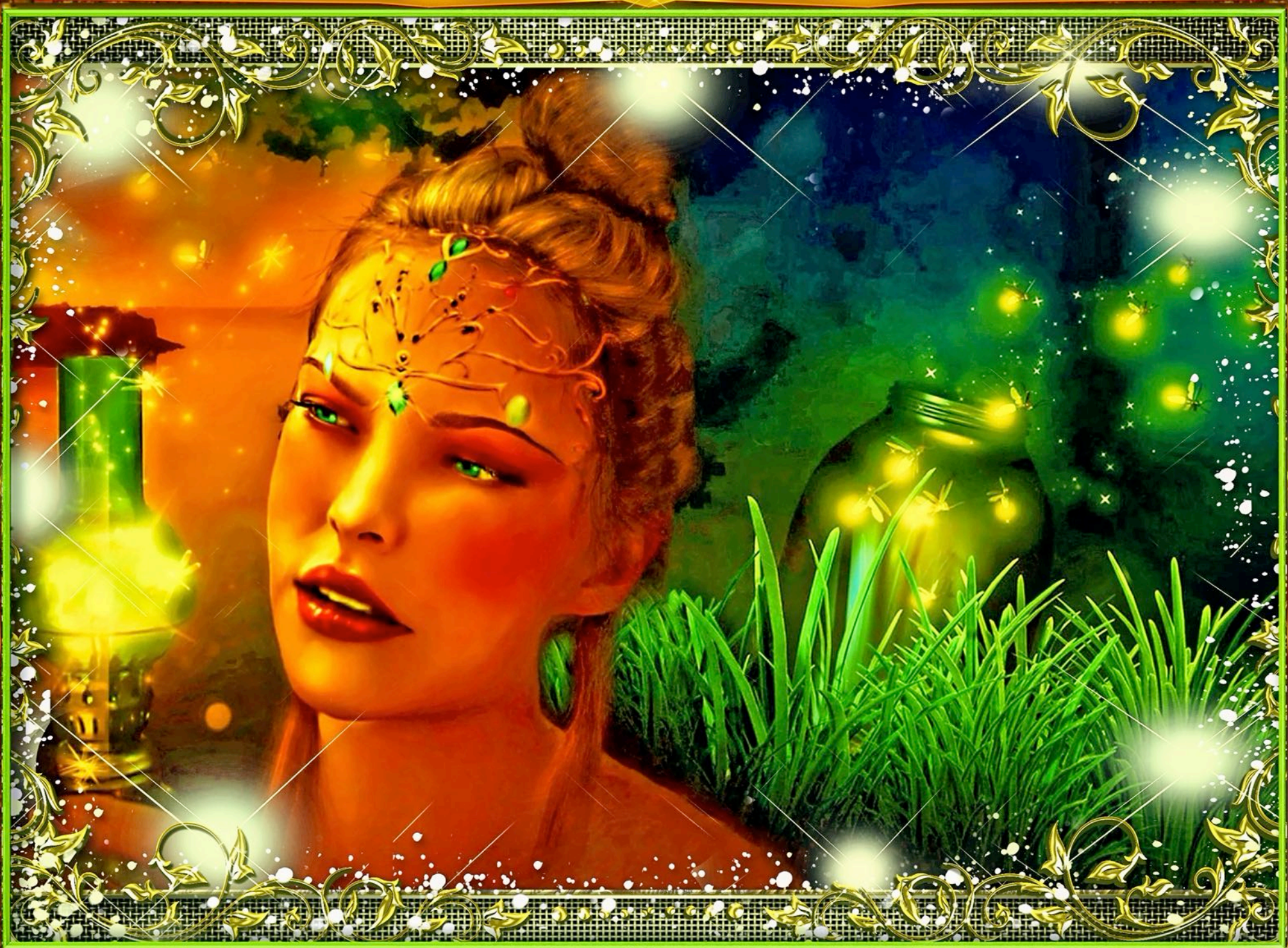
In a blossom, a firefly blinks its light,
Kindling the flames of a romantic night.



The glow-worm rises into the summer sky,
Twinkling, love's light unspent—now a firefly,



Sighting the beacon of love's reply; they then
With electric hugs, become lightning bugs!





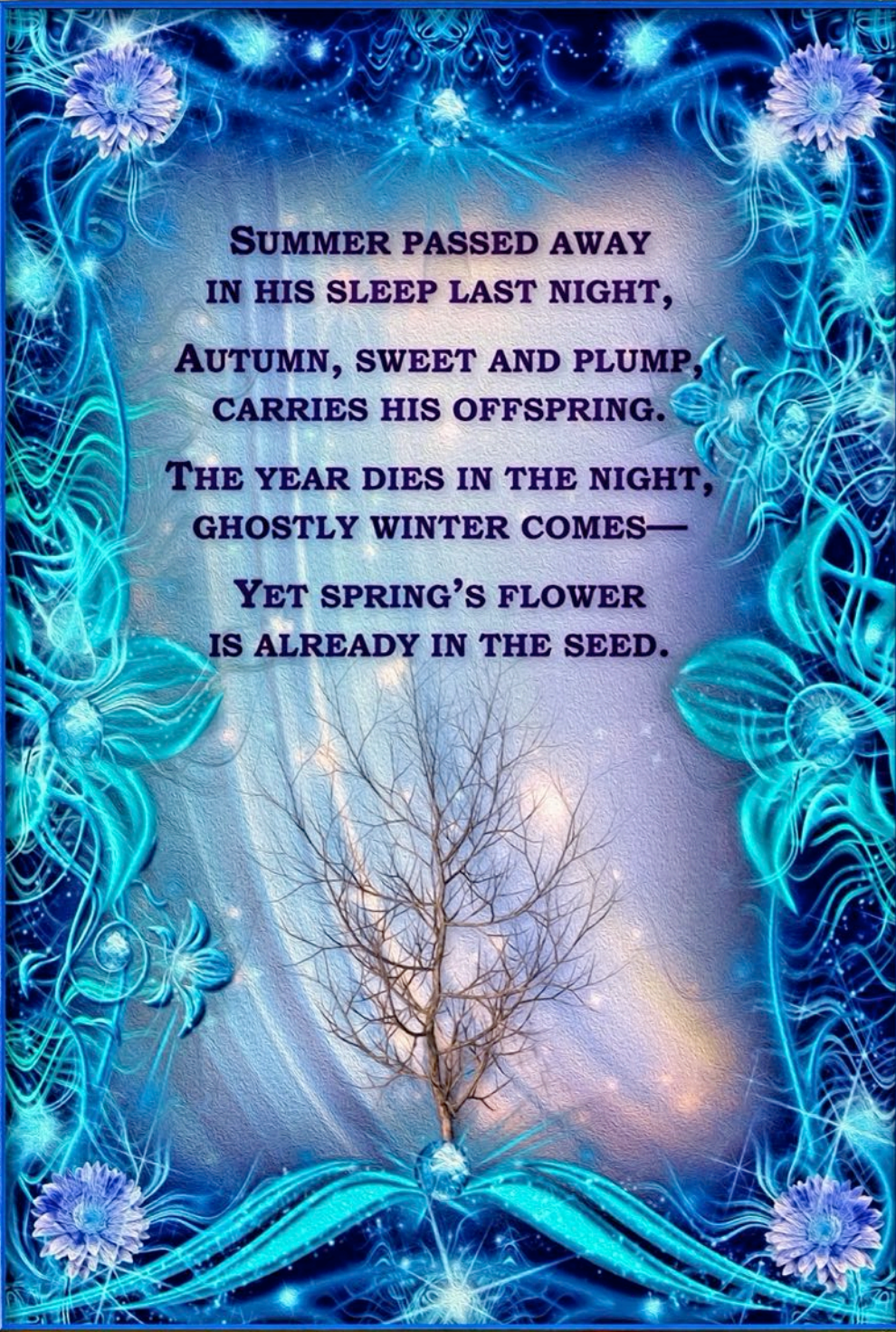

The sky is lit, a twinkling promenade
of mating calls from luminated pods,

Tracers pulsing wild, searching thoughts that smile—
From fireflies named Winkin', Blinkin', and Nod.









**SUMMER PASSED AWAY
IN HIS SLEEP LAST NIGHT,
AUTUMN, SWEET AND PLUMP,
CARRIES HIS OFFSPRING.
THE YEAR DIES IN THE NIGHT,
GHOSTLY WINTER COMES—
YET SPRING'S FLOWER
IS ALREADY IN THE SEED.**





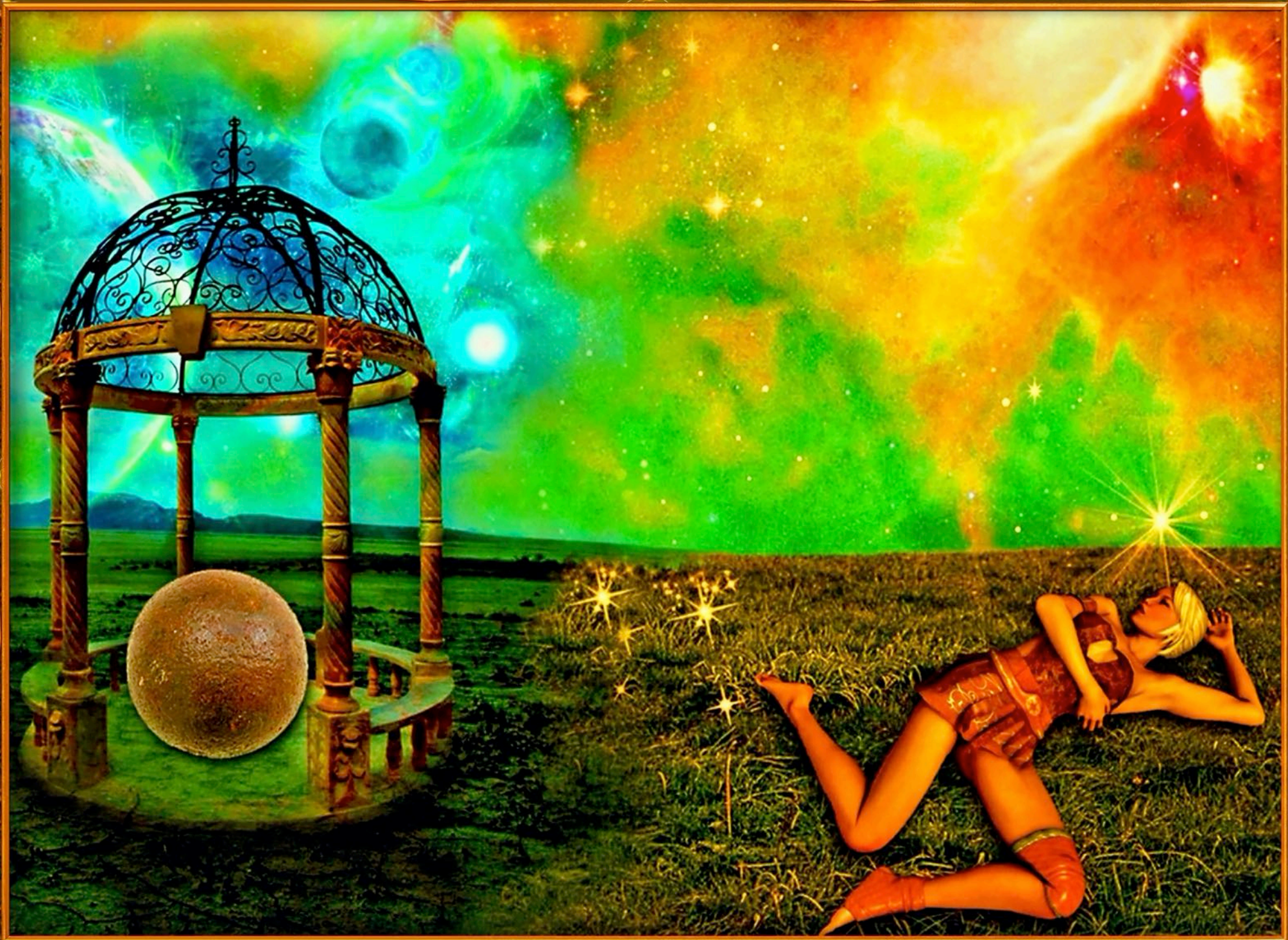
Look at the stars
in the depths of the night;

Hold their flames
in your mind,
keeping them bright.

Their power flows,
energizing you, from

The Eternal Charger
you see the light!







Youth and Beauty made aged Winter mourn,
For Summer's grain, the waving wheat and corn;
For Old Autumn, withered, wan, had passed on,
Leaving the Earth a widow, weatherworn.





Time on its stream brings all sweet things to us.
Time is the drink that quenches human thirst:
Water of life—we drink time, it drinks us!
Time on its stream bears all sweet things from us.





All the stars roll by for me to classify;
Science more and more my life does simplify;


But I have one final question left to ask:
Why in the world was I born to live and die?

A man in a blue turban and a woman in a red sari stand against a starry night sky. The man is on the left, wearing a blue turban and a blue and red patterned jacket. The woman is on the right, wearing a red sari with gold patterns. The background is a dark blue night sky with many white stars and some bright, colorful streaks. The entire scene is framed by a decorative border with various colored shapes and patterns.

Since death is a certain fate on the Earth,
one might ask: How shall I live my worth?

Stay busy living, or you'll be dying.
The answer please? There's life after birth!





*Poems are renderings
of the soul's spirit,
The highest power
of language and wit.*

*The reader
then translates
back to spirit;
If the soul responds,
then a poem
you've writ!*








*As I age, I drink life's bountiful wine,
Savoring each droplet in its good time.
As a living chalice of swirling blood,
I must tip my cup to this life of mine.*







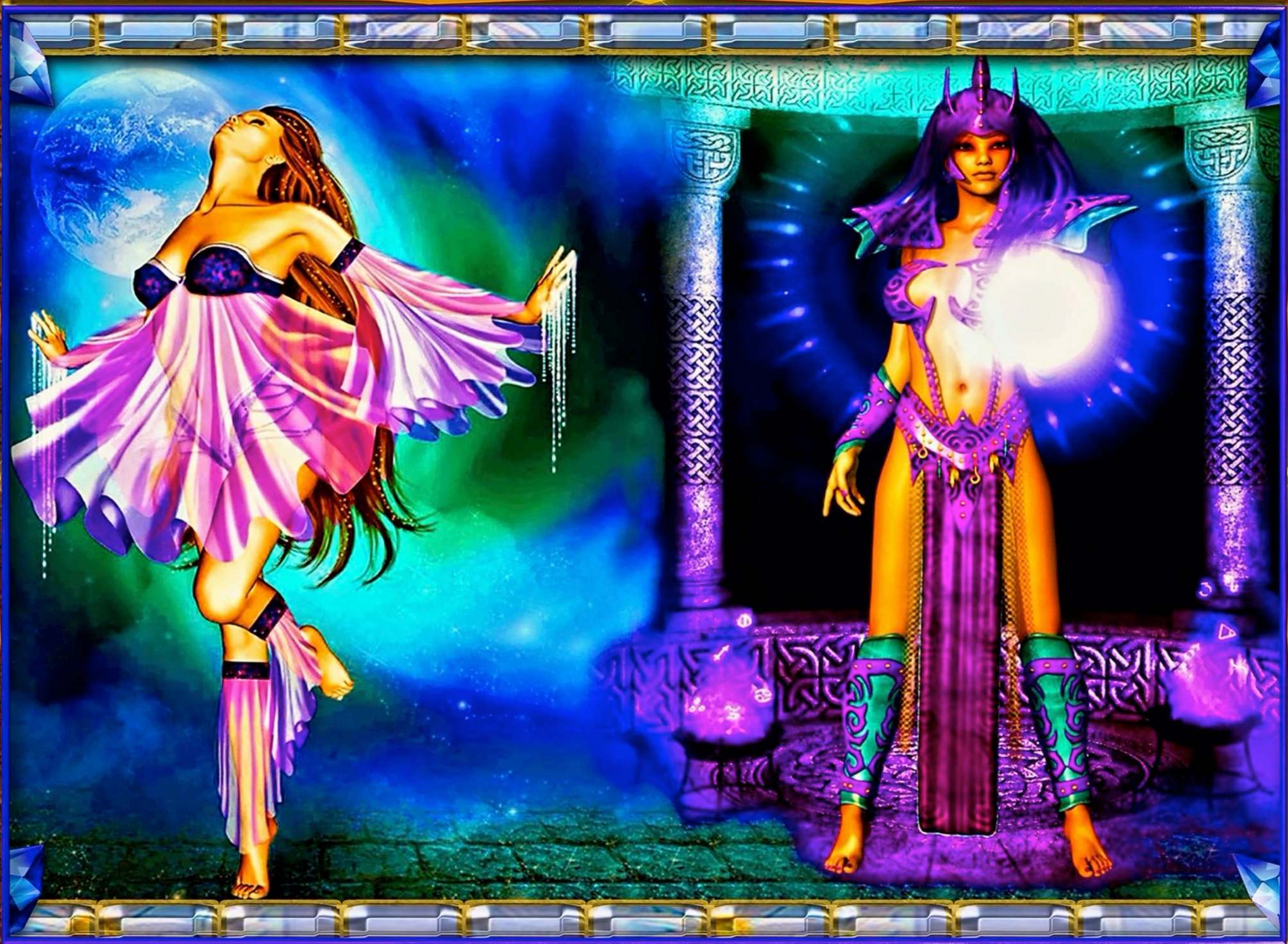
*Earth couldn't be
farther out in space, alone;*


*In all directions
it rolls along, unknown.*

*Look to the stars
piercing the depths of time:*

*They beckon,
warm and welcome,
the fires of home.*








*Ambition's mist drifts
upward each morning,*

*Outlining daydreams,
although still forming,*

*But rising still,
into the
clear sunlight,*

*And taking shape,
sculpting clouds,
then sailing.*






**Reason speaks
to Passion,
with logic cool,**


**“Quench thy inner fire,
lest it burn us, fool.”**

**Says Passion,
“I know What I feel,
not Why;**

**‘Tis better you
take heed of me;
I rule!”**




of hitherto, I know not, but am whither going,
willy-nilly, whence all there is to knowing;



Hence thither I went on hither flowing to find
Myself flowing free, all from not knowing.





"I'm the darkest,"
said the Shadow
to the Night.

"No," said Midnight,
"compared to me
you're bright."

"You floodlights!"
said Starless Space,
"Stop your fight.

The darkest plight
is the lack of
love's delight!"







*A thousand Starry Goblets
fill the sky,*

*So we can taste
Heaven's drink
when we die.*

*This is only man's tale,
so drink today;*

*The stars shine on,
heedless of where we lie.*







**WE HAVE OFTEN ASKED WHY SOME SPACE EXISTS,
WHY IT PERMITS THE COUNTLESS TO BRIEFLY PERSIST
ON MOTHER EARTH, NOURISHED UNDER FATHER SKY—
ALL OF THOSE FINITE SPARKS THAT LIGHT AND DIE.**



Lost in Space



Behind the Veil, being that which ev'r thrives,
The Eternal 'IS' has ever been alive.
For that which hath no onset cannot die,
Nor a point from which to impart its Why.







Some time it needed to variate Everything for,
And now knows how these bubbles to pour,
Of existence, in some 'meant' universe,
Those that wrote your poem and mine, every verse.





So, as thus thou lives on yester's credit line,
In nowhere's midst, now in this life of thine,
As of its bowl our cup of brew is mixed
Into the state of being that's called 'mine'.





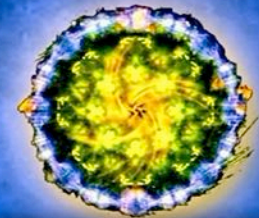
Yet worry you that this cosmos is the last,
That the likes of us will become the past,

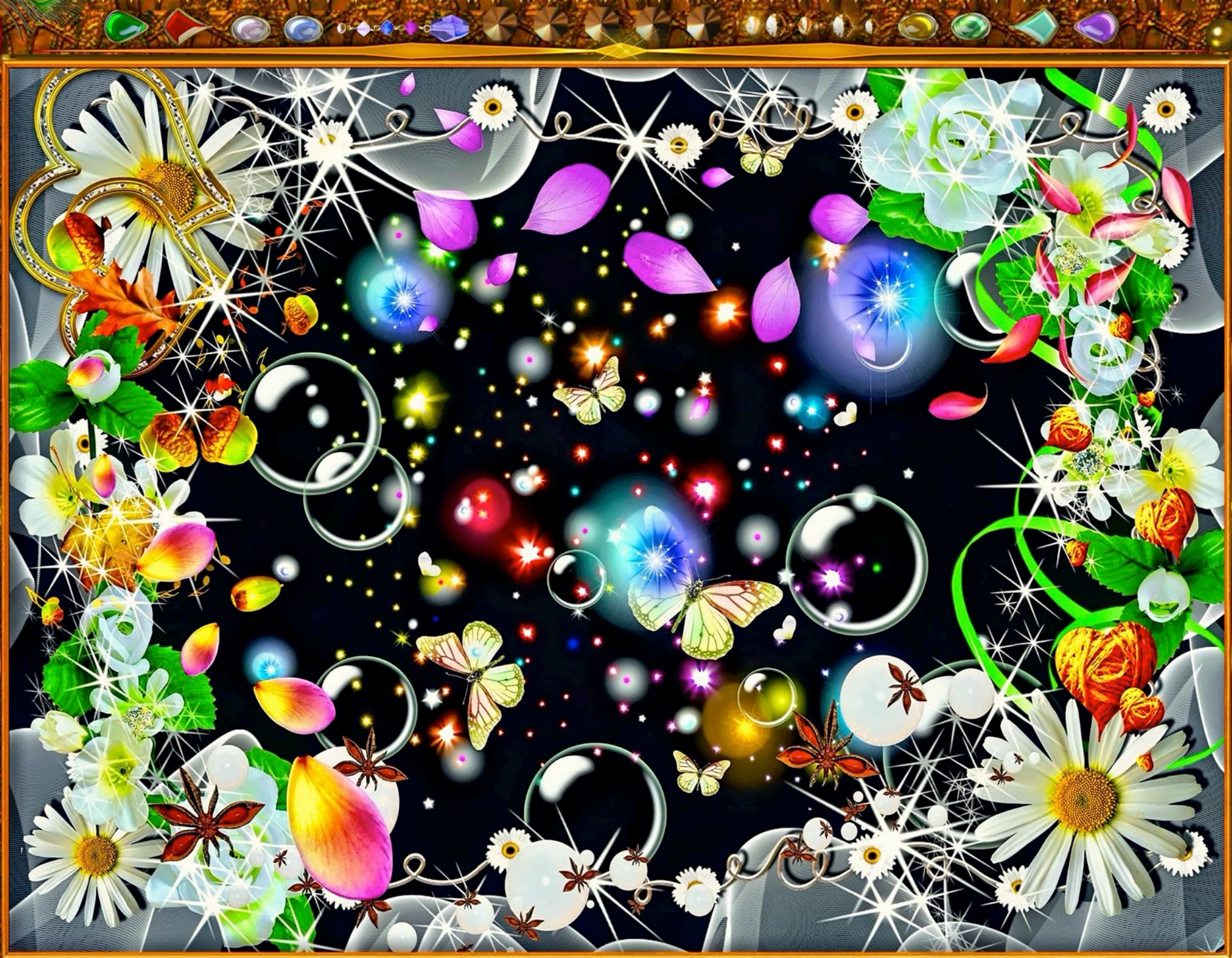
Space wondering whither whence we went
After the last of us her life has spent?





The Eternal Saki has formed trillions of baubles
Like ours, for e'vr—the comings and passings
Of which it ever emits to immerse,
In those universal bubbles blown and burst.





So fear not that a debit close your
Account and mine, knowing the like no more;



The Eternal Source from its pot has pour'd
Zillions of bubbles like ours, and will pour.



Hither wondering
whither whence
we went...
After the last
of us her life
has spent...?
The Eternal
Saki has
thus
poured
Trillions
of
baubles
like
thee,
and
will
pour.





What would be the price of a moment's breath
Purchased from Death's hand at the final hour?

All the world's wealth cannot extend the power
That drains the cup and withers the flower.



What would be the price of a moment's breath
Purchased from Death's hand at the final hour?
All the world's wealth cannot extend the power
That drains the cup and withers the flower.

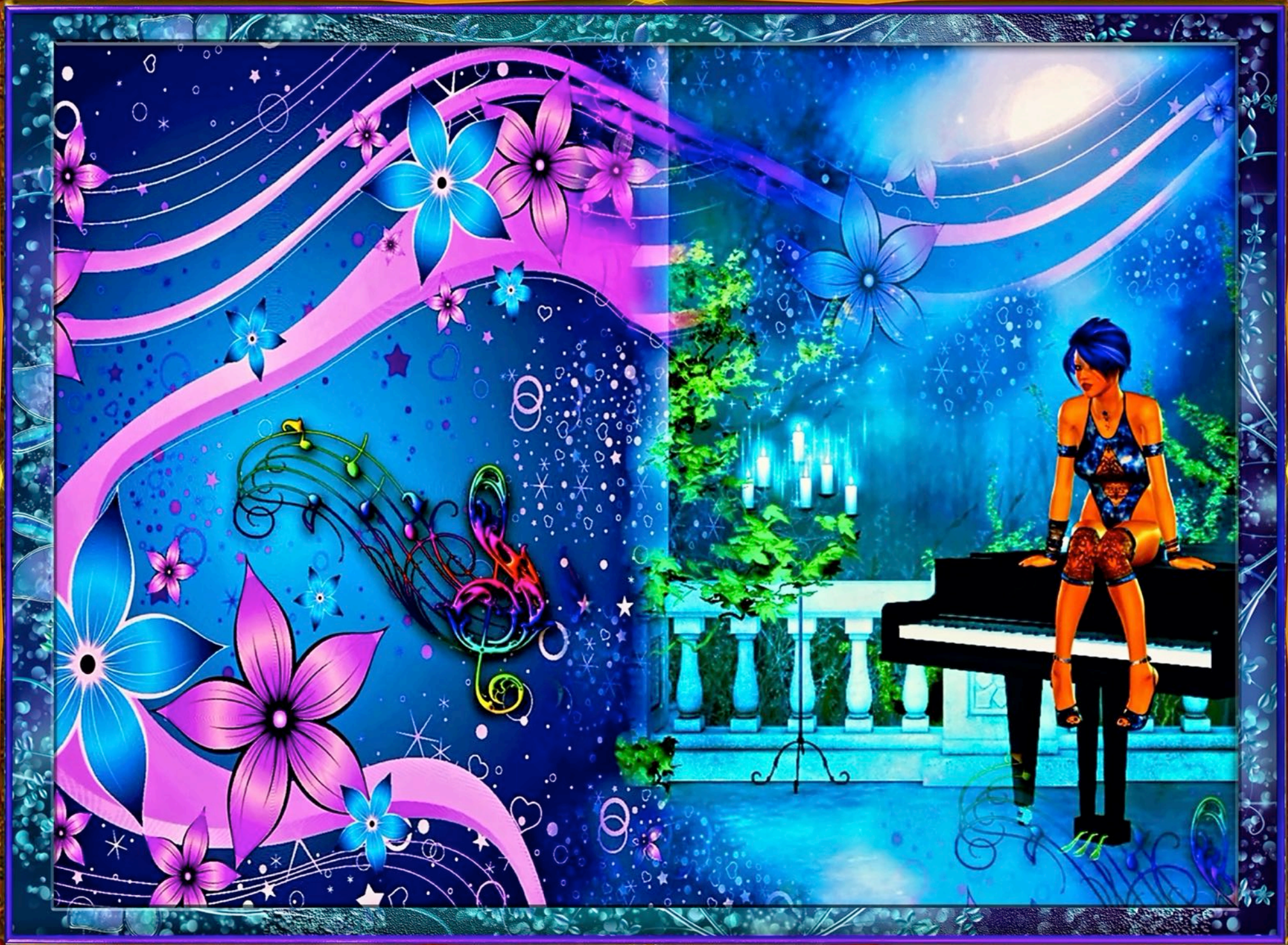


From Heaven's stars
came our dust eterne,
As time's seas nurtured
thee and thine in turn.

From time, death,
and dust we thus became,

And by this, thus,
and that we must return.







*The Bird of Time is off and whither flown,
And rides on breezes wherever blown,
Lightly here, slightly there, but after gone,
Leaves the cold vacuum of what once was known.*

*Time on its stream brings all sweet things to us;
Its aquavita quenches human thirst.
Water of life; we drink time, it drinks us!
Time on its stream bears all sweet things from us.*

*Fleeting Time vanishes, e'vr the winged prize
That flies in a perpetual sunrise.
With the breath of eternity on its lips,
The Bird of Time is All that never dies.*





Fleeting Time vanishes, e'er the winged prize
That flies in a perpetual sunrise.
With the breath of eternity on its lips,
The Bird of Time is All that never dies.





All that we know, even the loveliest and the best,
Decomposes into the dust of earth compressed.
The songs of all composed now lie in repose;
With this dust the future can arrange and recompose.







*Oh never has there been a time more rare,
But that I could truly say, "I was there,
On that Heavenly sphere of blue and green;
Yes, I was there, in life extraordinaire!"*



At first, it was like a moving picture show,
Attended by mysteries, row upon row,
That were faceless, laughing, in the dark below,
So I laughed, too, and better enjoyed it so.





*The Great Equalizer stalks all creatures made,
Lying ever just 'round the corner, in the shade,
Taking both human and the beetle as one,
After their lives are spent from rolling some dung.*

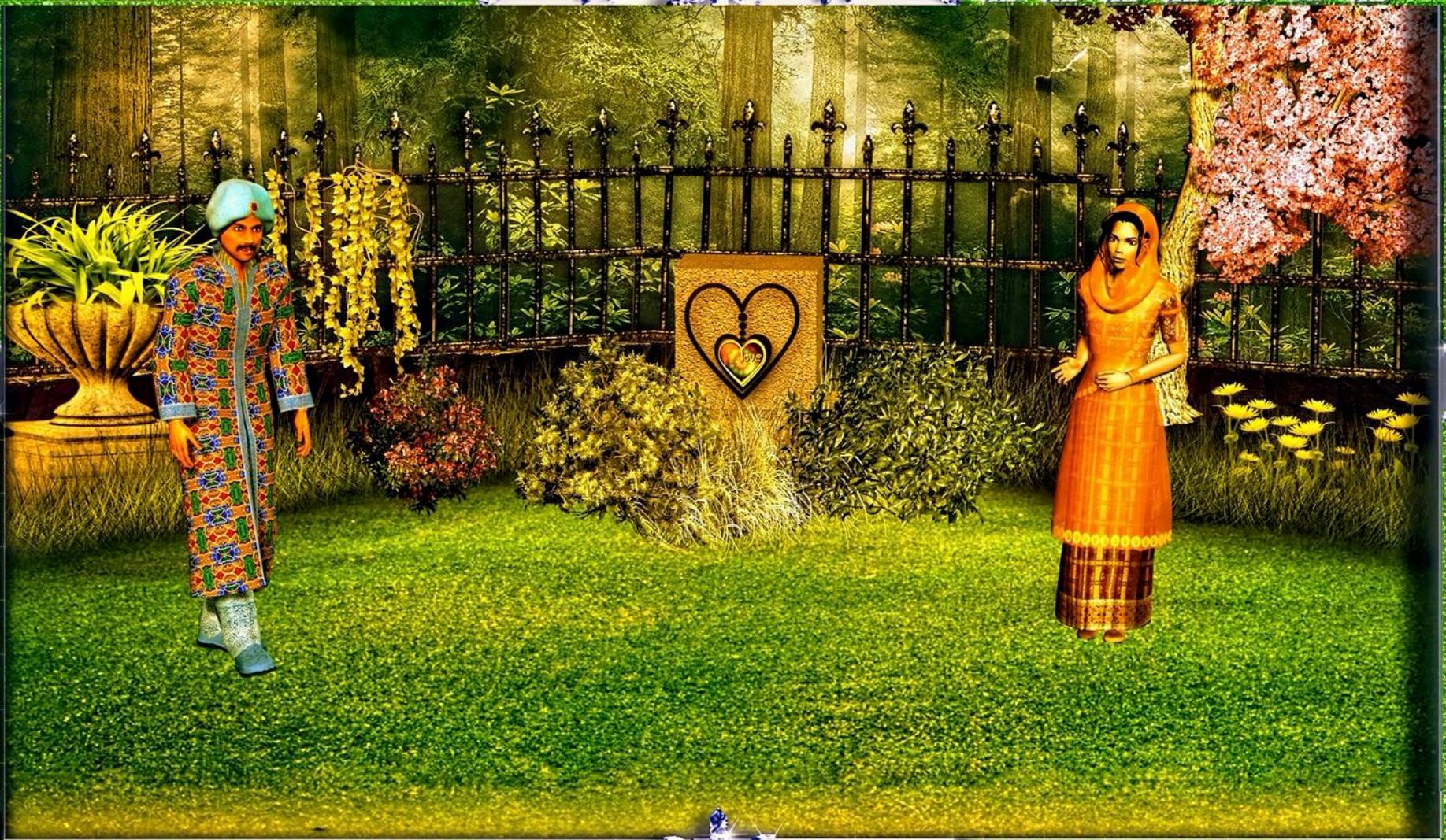






Not all poems are pleasant—some speak of death,
Of life's end, separate by just a breath;
I see tombstones overgrown, under swept,
Names unknown, and to all the message saith:





*"Read Me," it said, in words engraved beyond the brink,
"You who live, up above: of life go drink;
And you underneath now lying so dead:
Rest in peace, relax; it's later than you think!"*



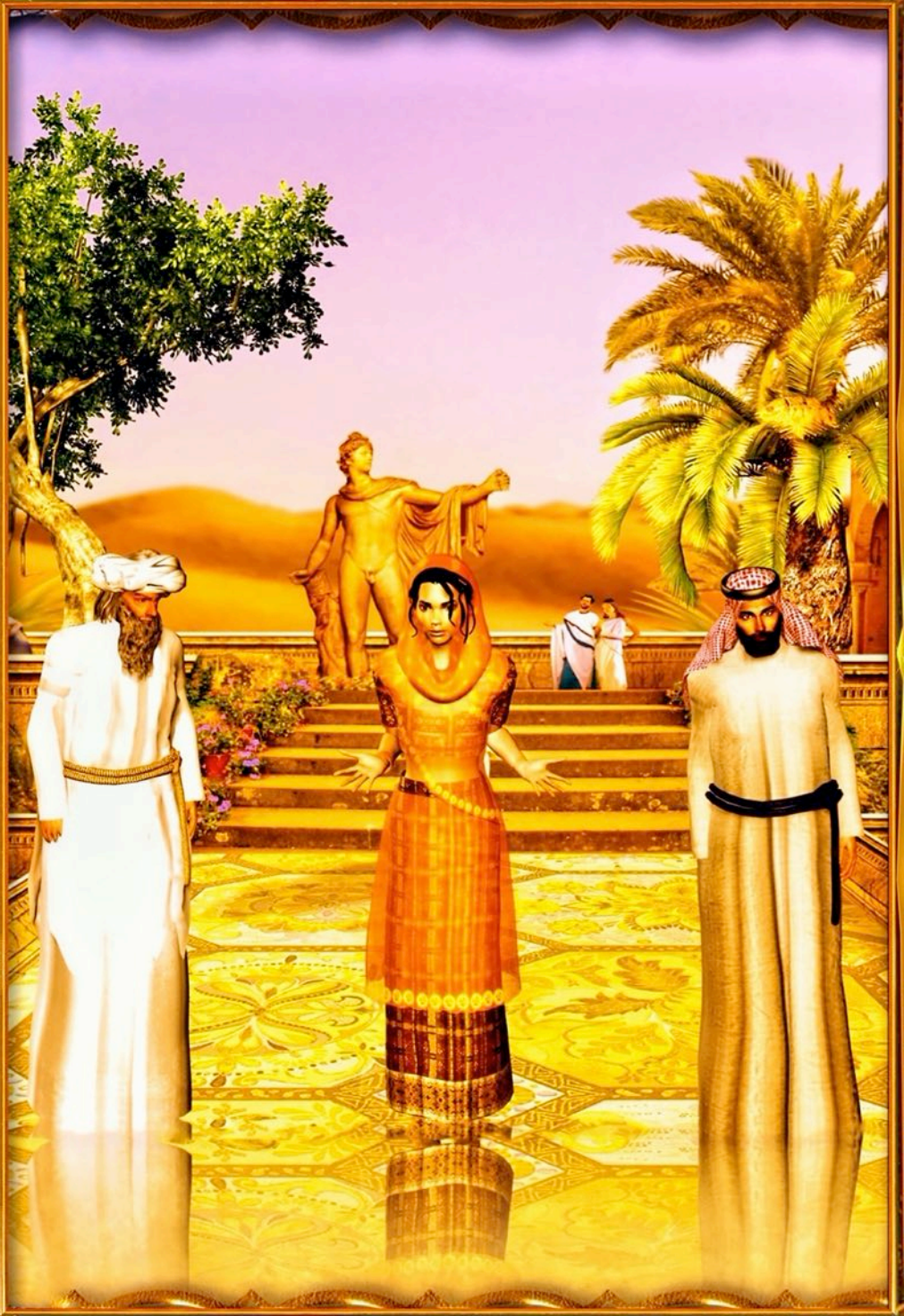


The Angel of Light found Omar to bless,
And said, "Khayyàm, I must soon repossess
Your clay, so let us drink to your success!"
He drank and smiled, then met Life's last caress.





**SAD YESTERDAY,
TODAY, AND TOMORROW,
THEY ALL CAME,
LED BY THEIR
TEARS AND SORROW,
TO MOURN OLD KHAYYÂM:
“HAIL, CHEER, AND FAREWELL!
YOU TOOK FROM DEATH
ALL THAT LIFE COULD BORROW.”**



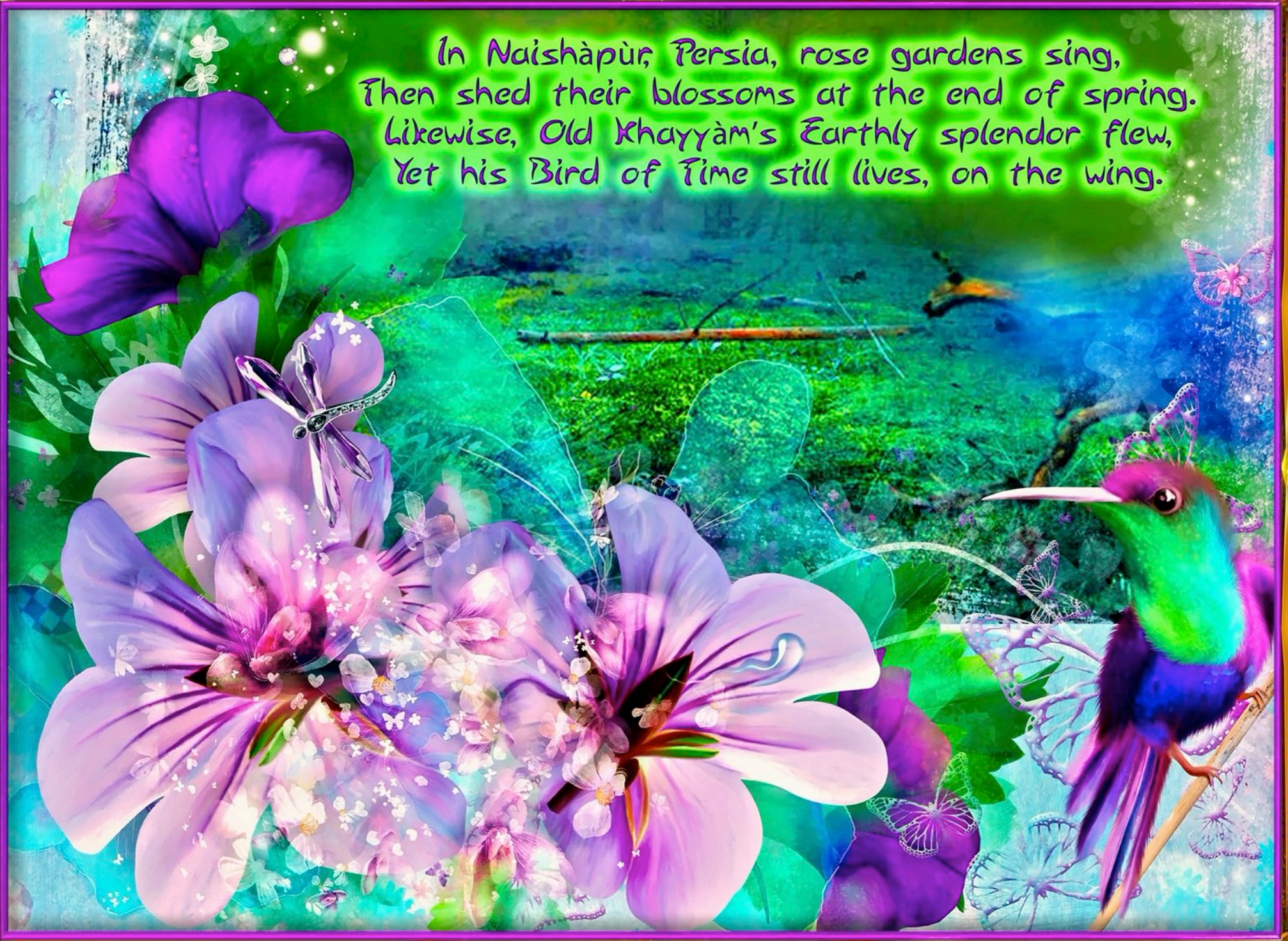




In Naishāpūr, Persia, rose gardens sing,
Then shed their blossoms at the end of spring.

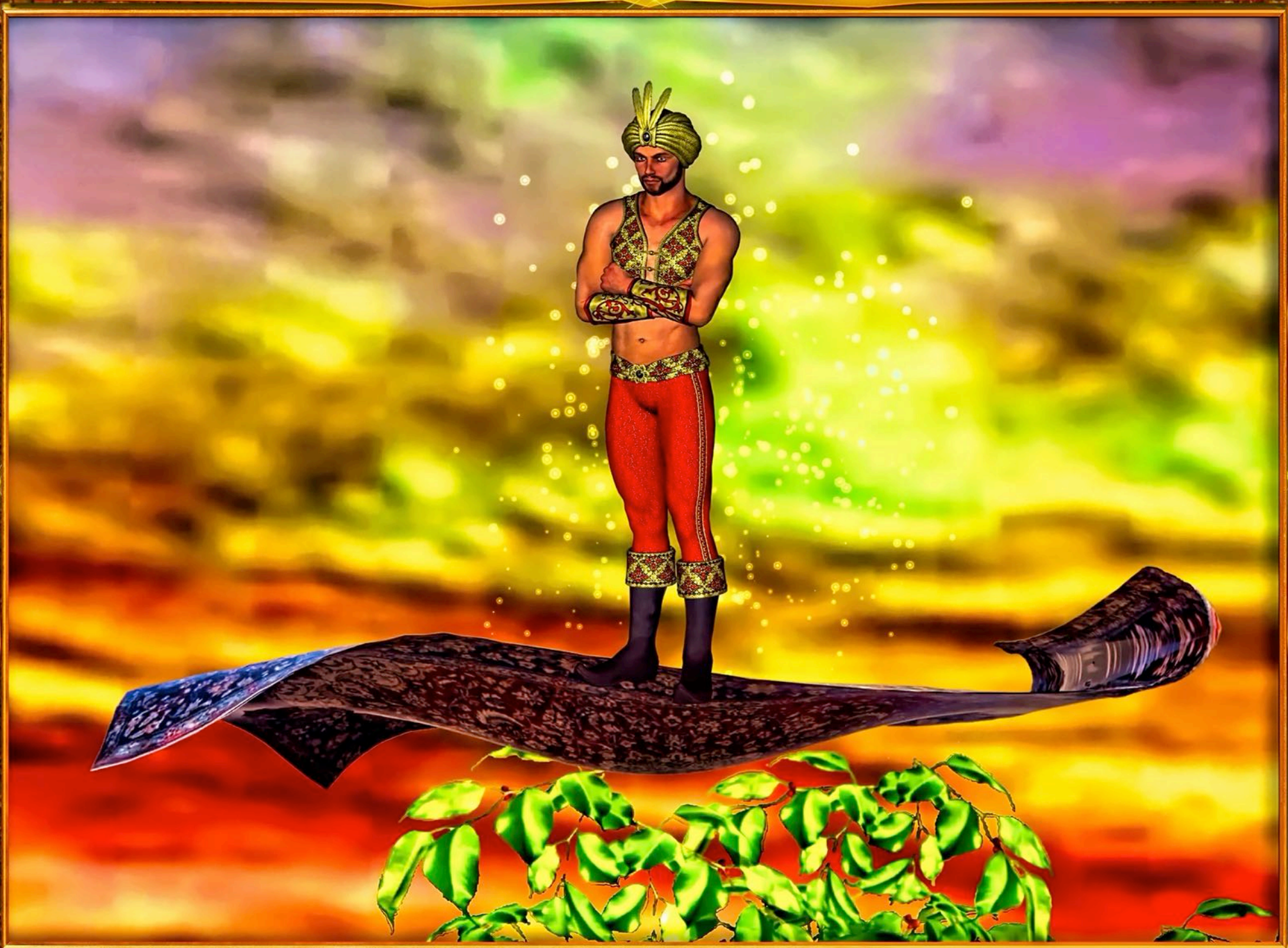
Likewise, old Khayyām's Earthly splendor flew,
Yet his Bird of Time still lives, on the wing.

In Naishapur, Persia, rose gardens sing,
Then shed their blossoms at the end of spring.
Likewise, Old Khayyām's Earthly splendor flew,
Yet his Bird of Time still lives, on the wing.





I turn the cup: wine-drops to thirsty lips descend;
Can Old Khayyam rise anew, like spring grass ascend?
Mournful rose petals kiss his grave, hence he a-rose!
Now Omar lives again in the heart of his friend.





Your spirit wanders 'long the Persian way
With an houri, life's nows to drink away,
In some sweet wood far from the noise of day,
Where with her you yet live, sing, laugh, and play.





The fumes of ageless rhyme from ancient times
waft from the Persian verse, as some chimes



New are mixed with the spirit of the old,
Deftly transmogrified for Victorian climes.





Through his Rubāiyāt, I sense enchantment,
Essence distilled by the translator's scent.
Recomposed from Khayyām's dust and spirit,
Potent elixirs escape interment!





Across Khayyám's gravestone blows the simoom,
Carrying forth Omar's Persia-fume;
Redressed by the translator's costume,
It's remade into Victorian perfume.





Across Khayyām's gravestone blows the simoom,
Carrying forth Omar's Persia-fume.
Redressed in the translator's costume,
It's remade into Victorian perfume.



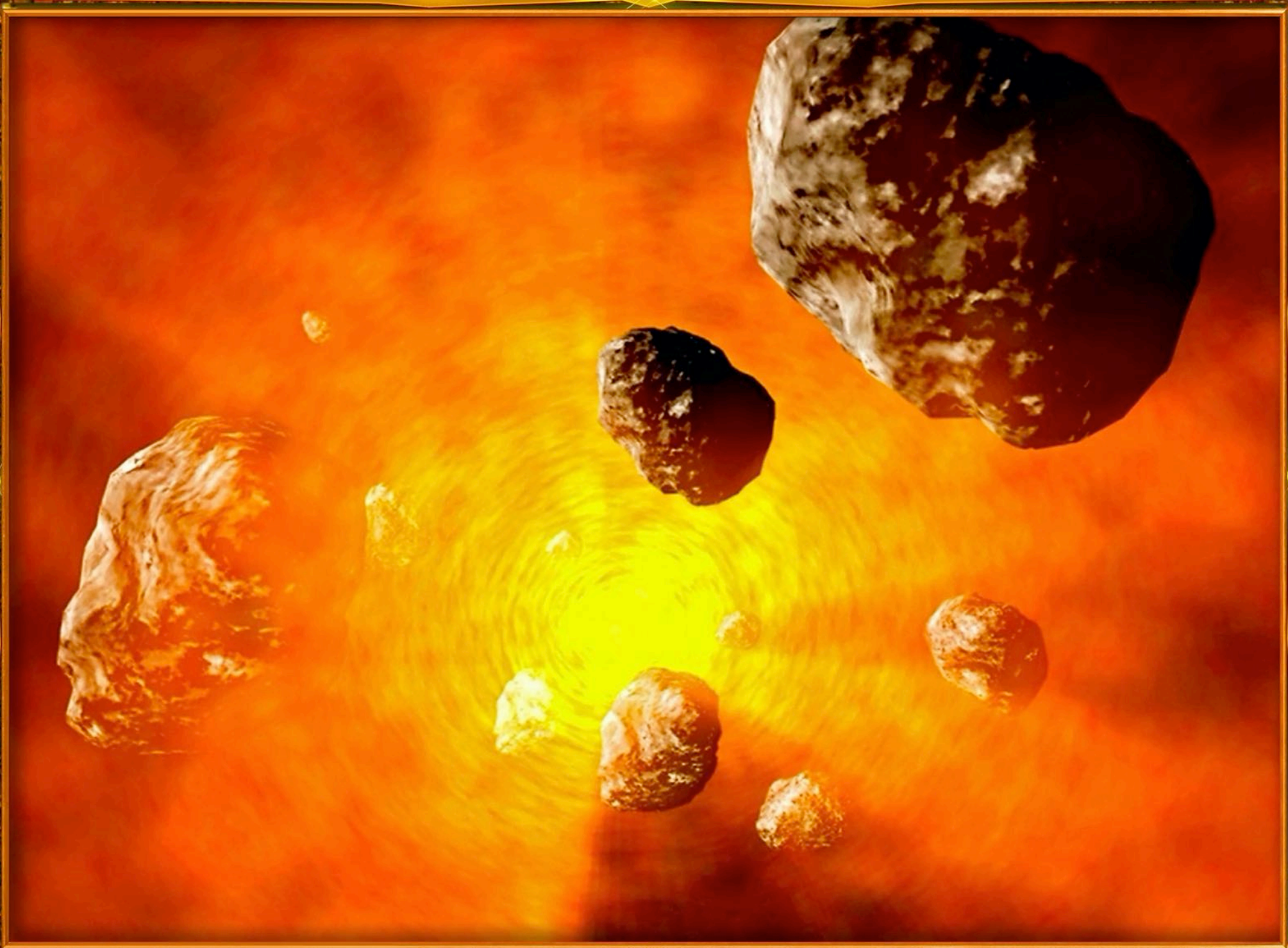


obliterated by a war nuclear,
The Earth explodes in blazes solar!





Says a child in a galaxy afar,
'oh, look! Look at the pretty shooting star!'



Whither has flown the spirit from the dead,
But rests here as the soul in all I've said,



As all that's left of my earthly remains
Is this Book of Quatrains that you've just read







