



Austin's
Rubaiyat

Of
Eternal Secrets

Austin P. Torney



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Introduction

Herein we look in on the astronomer-poet, Omar Khayyam,
to celebrate his grand and timeless endeavors and philosophies.

The writer's pen stood forth, being first, / Instructing the artist's stylus
To illustrate the words of the epic, / Since a picture was worth a thousand words.

"Perhaps we don't even need the words",
Retorted the artist's stylus, / "As I am worth so many".

"Well," replied the writer's pen, / "It's true that many people now refuse
To read books without lots of pictures in them."

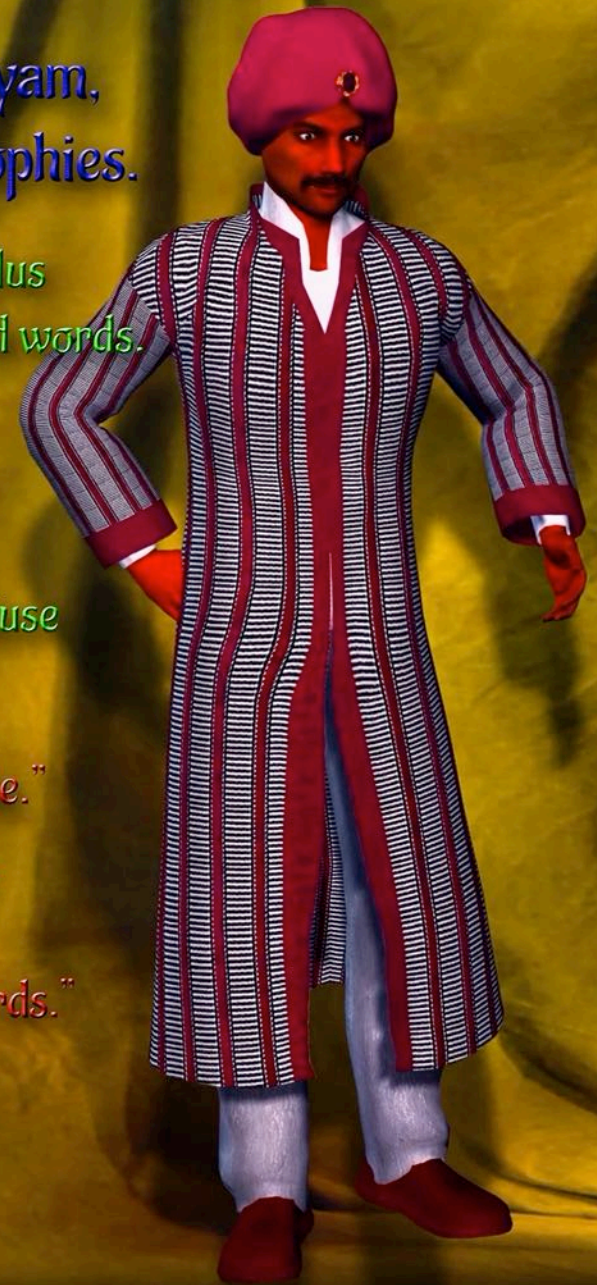
"How sad, for I guess some words / Are needed to round out the tale."

"True, for the two sides of the brain / Can then combine in unity."

"Or I could draw the pictures first / And then you could write the words."

"It could be like that sometimes, I suppose."

"OK, shake; it's a deal either way, / For we need each other."



Notation:

Omar's speech is in regular type,
with no quotes;

Omar's beloved's speech is in italics,
with no quotes;

the speech of others is in double quotes;
if others or objects are quoted
then single quotes are used.



Morning 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-grassed
river-bank to sink.







The heat and noises
of the day will find
Homes' empty chairs,
the sands throwing their rind

Of dust and grime
on through the open doors,
While afar we read,
write, play, and find.








What sword, sling, and
arrows from our bows sing
Will serve repast,
after the noon chips ring,
Our thanks expressed
but to the balmy air,



While the day star shines
o'er lives happening.





She runs past the old
and patterned doorways,
And through the dim,
undusted alley strays,
Until all have gone
to mosque to praise;



She's off, to the woods,
her lover to raise.









Here the purest pitch,
where the bluebirds sing,
Where the lilacs ne'er
know it isn't spring,
Where Heaven's Eternity
bides its time,




Where all woes & troubles
have taken wing.









Here the grape vines
ne'er toll their final knell;
E'er they pour ruby nectar
in life's dell,
An idyll, where we're
the cups to be filled



To the brim, to spill, quenched
and drenched so well.







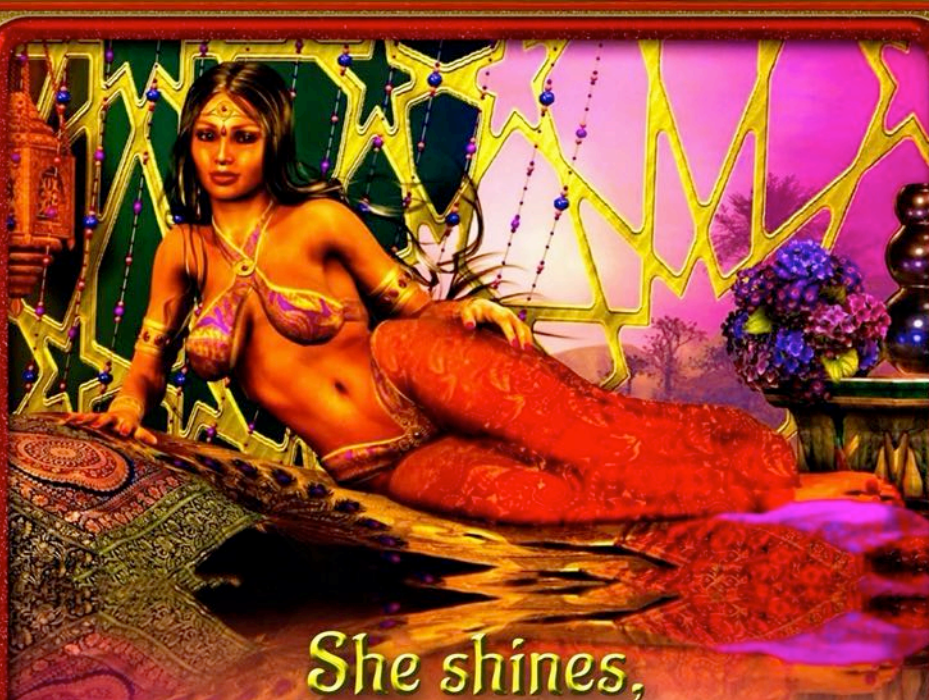


What fires burn;
what flares radiate and rise,
Passioned here,
connecting, unto the skies,
Beyond all ken,
as flames that ne'er lessen;

Oh, Mother Nature
outdid herself love's prize.








*She shines,
well beyond the radiant dome,
And she curves,
as gracefully as a poem;
Like a gift of orange roses
wrapped with bows,
She's the eternal present,
e'er at home.*



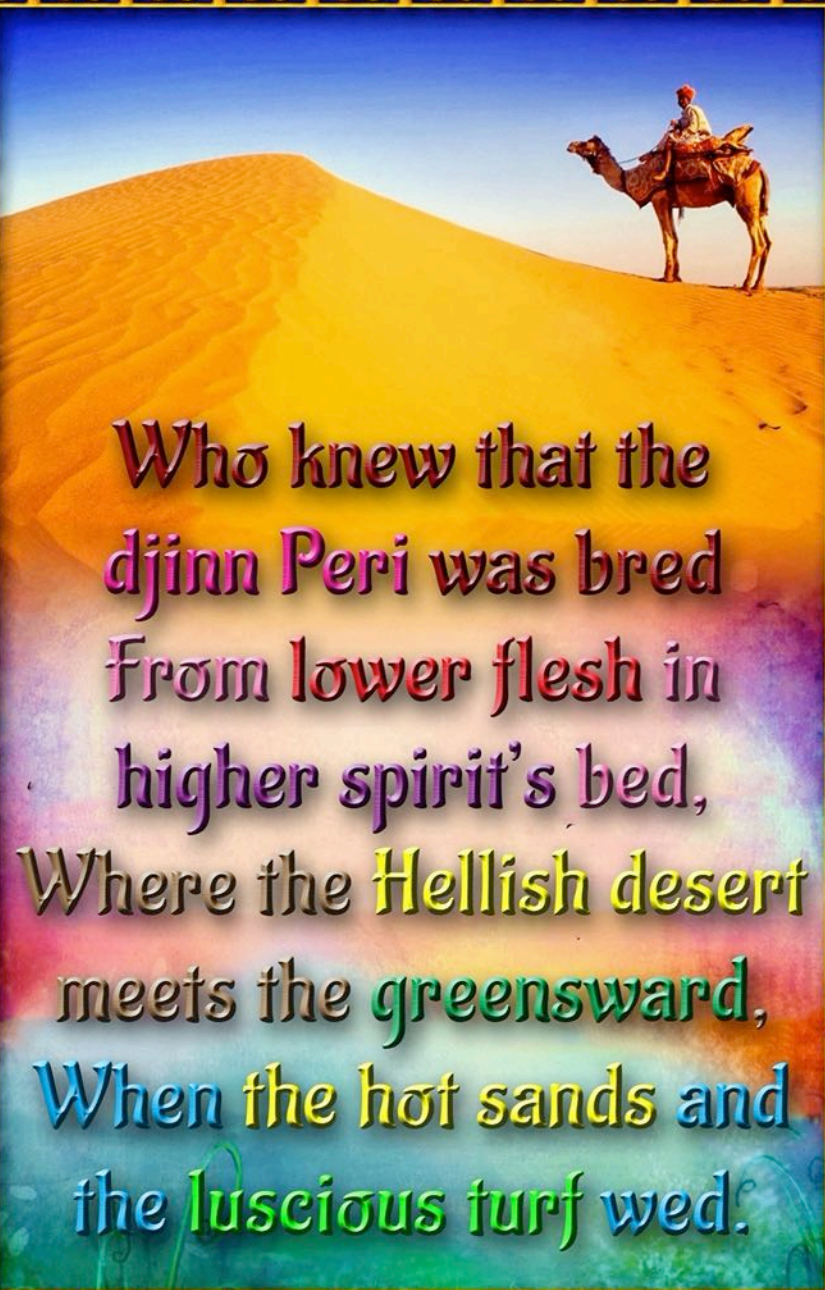




What winged creature arises and flies
Though the red rose garden
of Paradise—
Where fair dreams become
from visions realized;
The definite blooms
from the many tries.








Who knew that the
djinn Peri was bred
From lower flesh in
higher spirit's bed,
Where the Hellish desert
meets the greensward,
When the hot sands and
the luscious turf wed.








Noon showers a
sandstorm from a simoom,
So we fall back to the tent,
for the doom,
And therein re-treat—
the city gates closed;



Morn soon enough
to return and resume.





The next evening,
near the tavern door,
An anxious man asks,
from the stubborn floor,
“What do fates and furies
portend with sand?”
They swirl the grains in
time’s hourglass—and roar!





*Ah, she gleams, the lights
of the night return,*



*And the holy spires strain
to reach the burn,*

*But can never attain
those stars afire;*

*Yet, we glow of their dust,
lighted in turn.*





*Let us enter,
to converse and commune,*

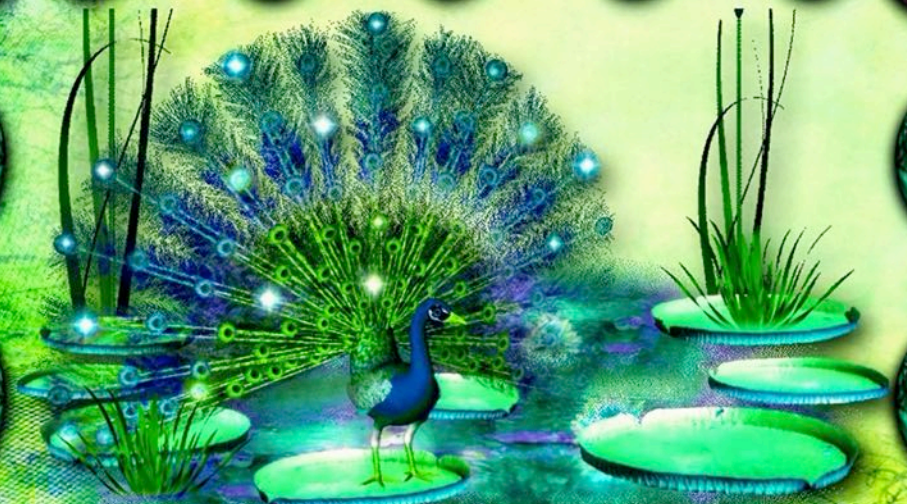
*With many tales
to unveil and subsume;*

*But, we'll remember
our plans made from drink.*

*Especially those
born of Persia fume.*





A peacock stands in a pond with glowing blue lights. The scene is framed by a decorative border of green and blue scalloped shapes.

Inside, some clamor,
bewildered, weary,

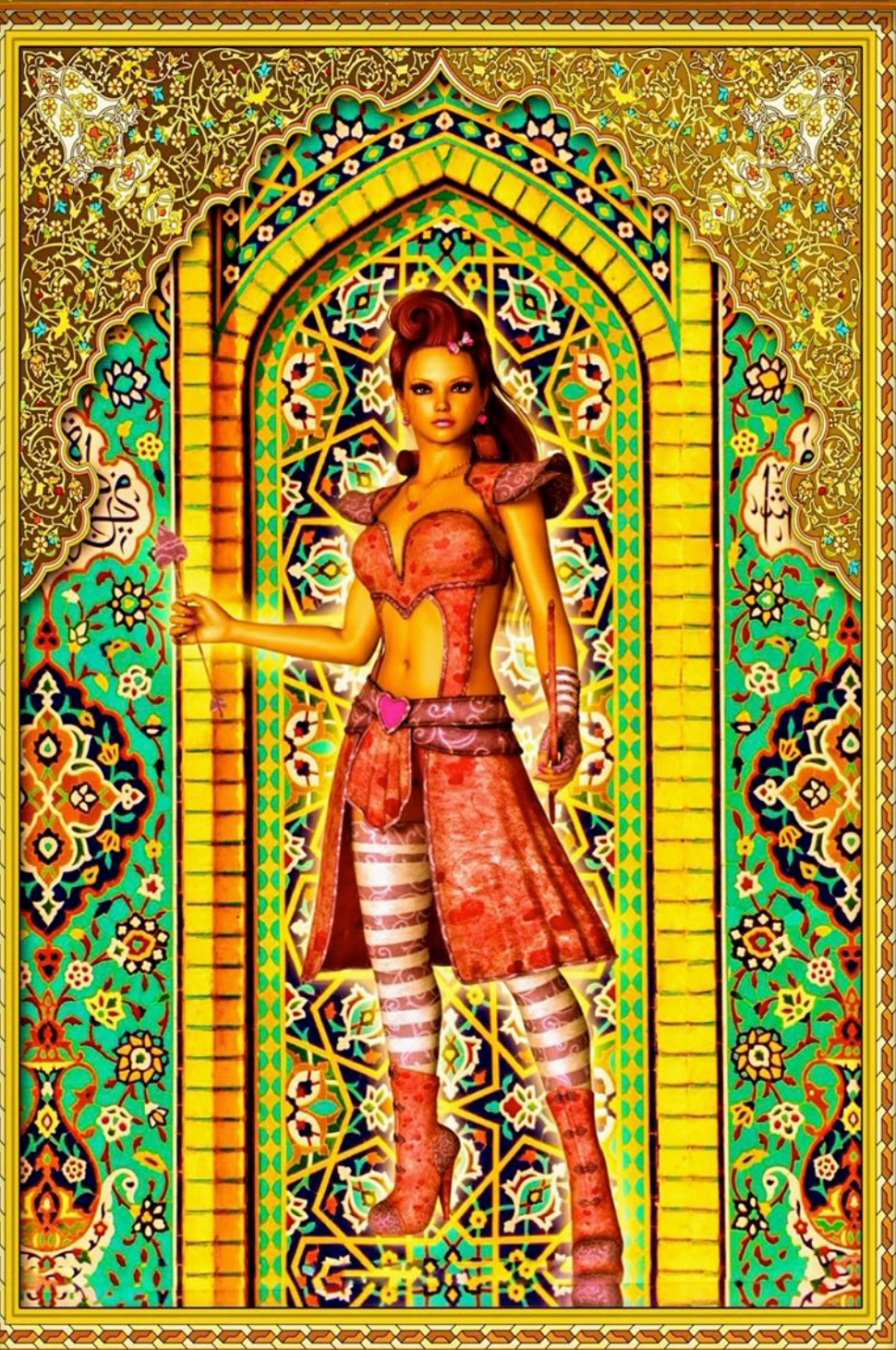
“What are the
Secrets of Eternity?”

I’ll bring them out:

You unlock the unknown

By living;

we’re all on its committee.





*"From whence doth your
Heavenly beauty shine?"*



*She tells: From time, dust,
light, love, verse, and wine.*

*"Ah, the Alef; hence,
what brings on the end?"*

*You tricky questioners,
it's the same line!*

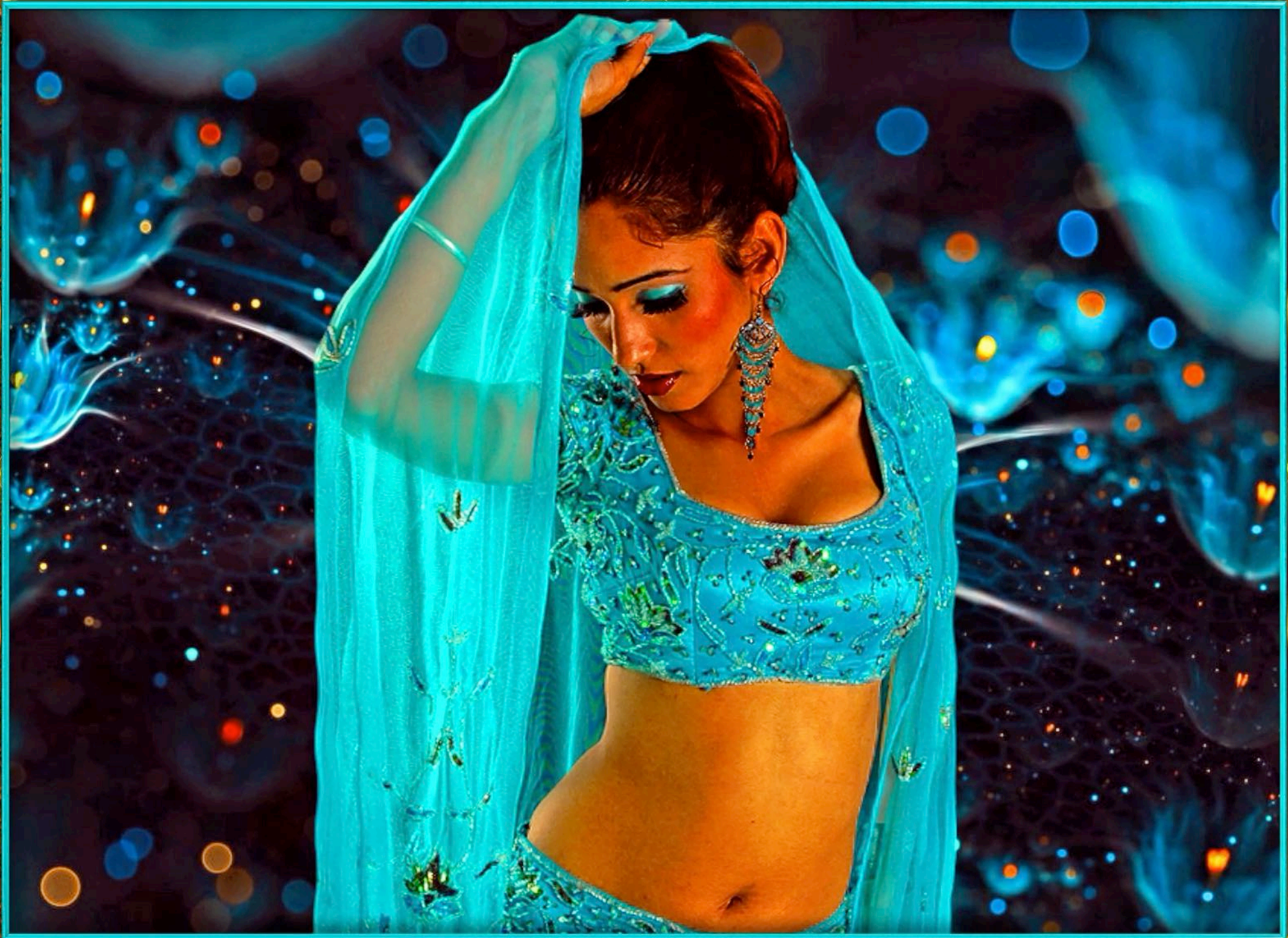






*"Are you formed of fire,
like Omar Khayyam,
Descended from
fallen angels, damned,
Exiled from Paradise,
until repentance?"
Well, if you're into
penance, then I am!"*







*"Well, since you seem
otherworldly and wise,
We've figured that you
must come from the skies."*

*My unbounded highs
are as what flies; yes,
I'm djinni,
in varied human guise.*





*“What Heavenly Saki
serves our portions*



*And pours our
illuminating potions?”
It, so long and slow
thus wasn't Divine—
Nature's scroll
nurtured our emotions.*





*"Why must we sink to
the deep grave of death,
Having become accustomed
to life's breadth?"*
*Expiration rends
all temporaries;*
*€ en the Wheel may someday
breathe its last breath.*







The Secrets
Of
Eternity

I, as all, must
one day soft surrender,
When the **Angel** knocks
to take me under.

What remains will be
my secret quatrains—
For all those who'll
come to be to ponder.







“What are the ways to live?”
Asks one with ale.
There’s the sensual,
the emotional,
And the intellectual;
however,
Living them blended makes
for the best morale.







Hindu goddesses aren't
virgins thought of;
Their healthy desires
are free to rove.
Enlightenment is sought
and reached through the
Profound experience
of sensual love.







*Oh, Omar, they think
you've many ladies,
And they don't believe
I'm fire from Hades—
All because I just flat out
told them so.*

*They'd rather that
one's tales must be shady.*







My day filled with
algebra for the Shah,
And then the Davean
bombast of the bazaar,
Where I caught a whiff
of scented khuskhus,
Calling me to
the forest of chinar.





On Shah's errands,
I buy a rose bouquet,



For the next after-dusk,
to cheer her way,
When the bulbul
sweetly sings all night,
As the jasmine and julep
drink of May.











My sweetheart, as well,

has to work this day,

Selling pearled beads to
earn her time to play.

Bring a carafe tonight;

I'll drink your musk.

From back behind, I

bring forth her bouquet.











I love the light,
and that we are the dark
Inside the light that makes
our love to spark.
*Undisturbed by the
day's bright noise, I'll sing,
Sensing your soft sweep
across my heart string.*



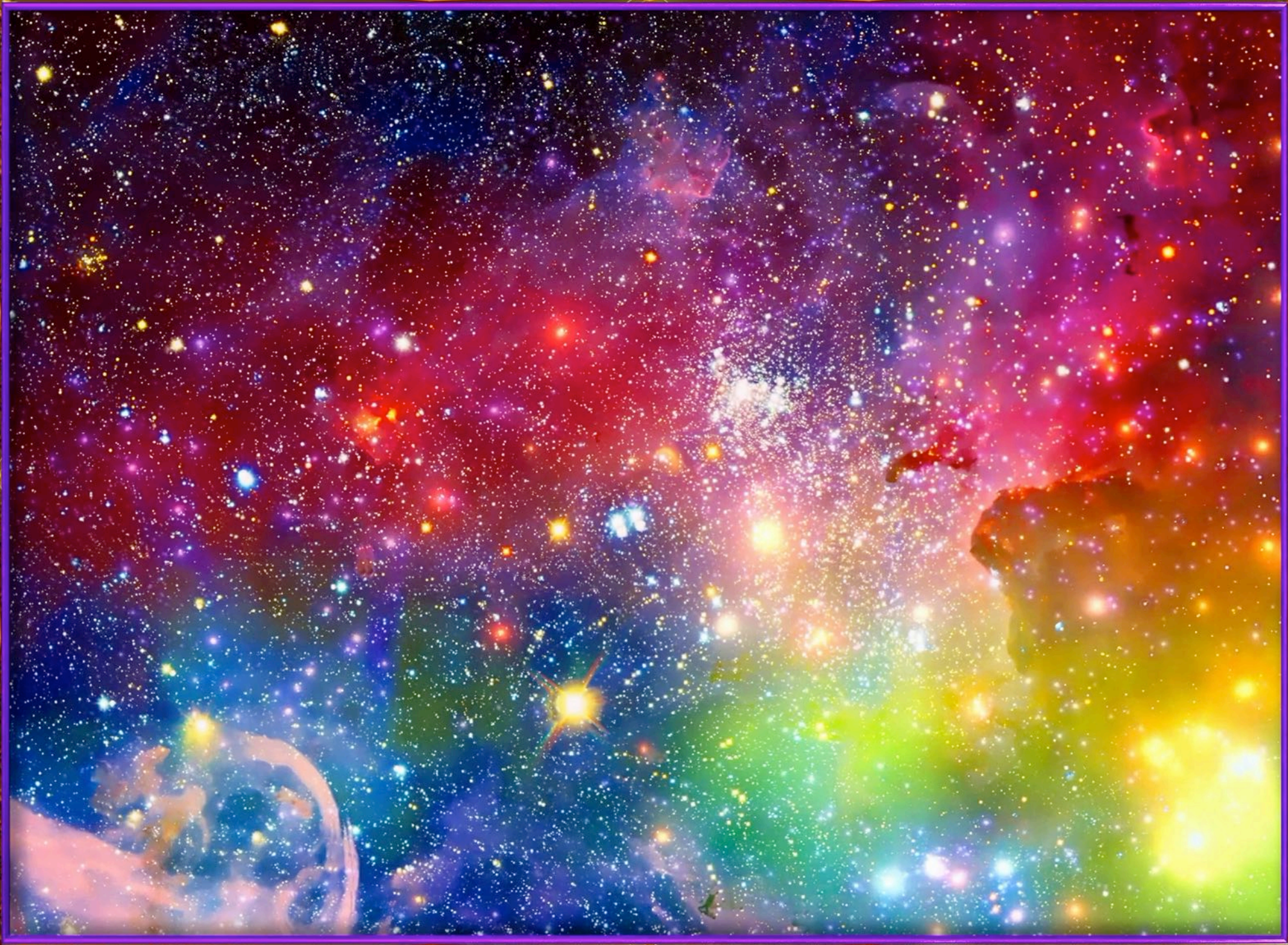




I played a fine trick on
the **Shah** last night;
I said that I would bring
down the star light
Of his favorite sky pattern
to ground:



My sparklers dug into
the sand lit bright!

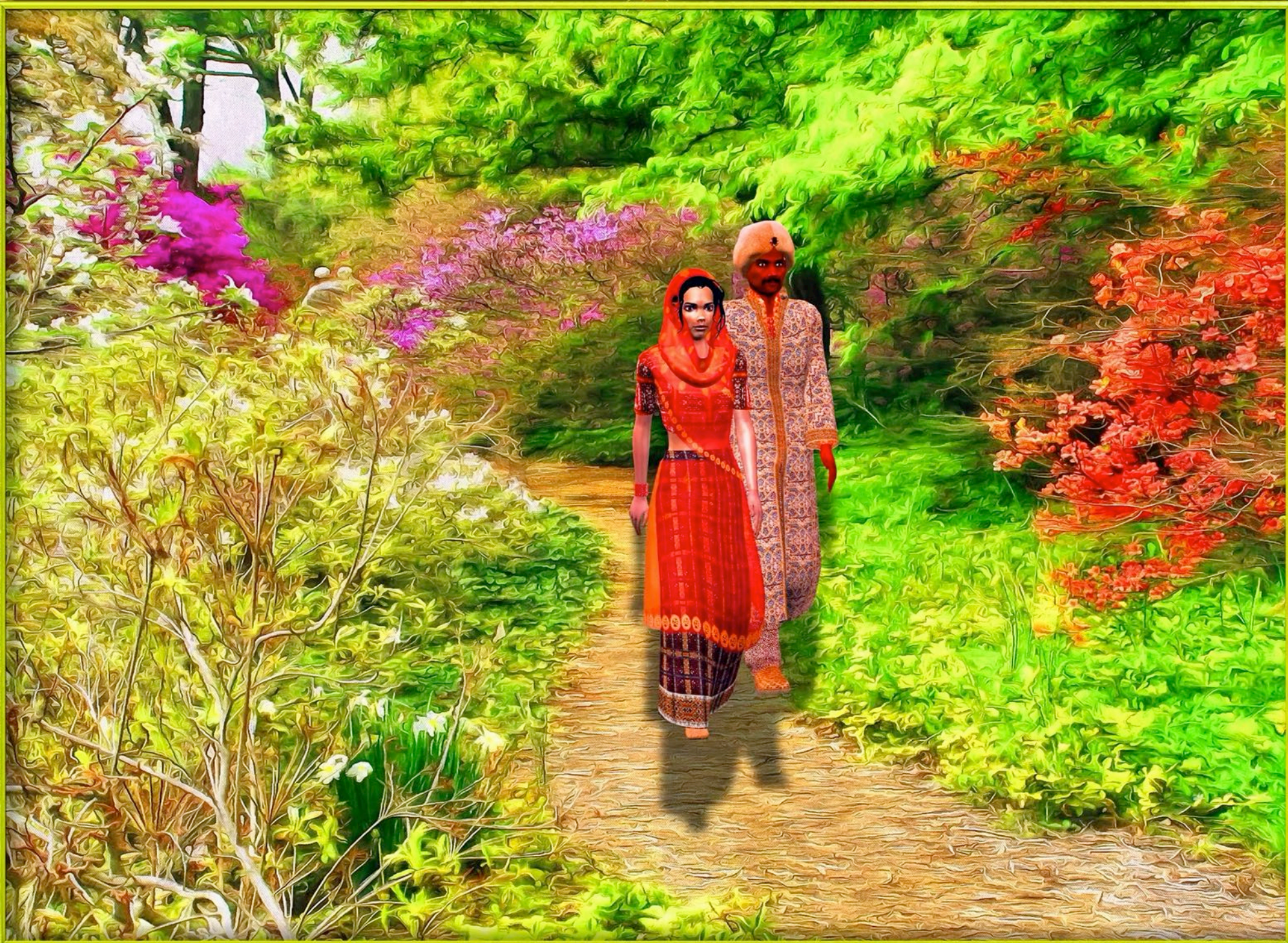




Follow the path,
past the **rose bushes** sight,
Where the woods open
to a shaft of light.
Here **the flower beds**,
one with a lush of grass,
Where greenish light glows
forth the hours we'll pass







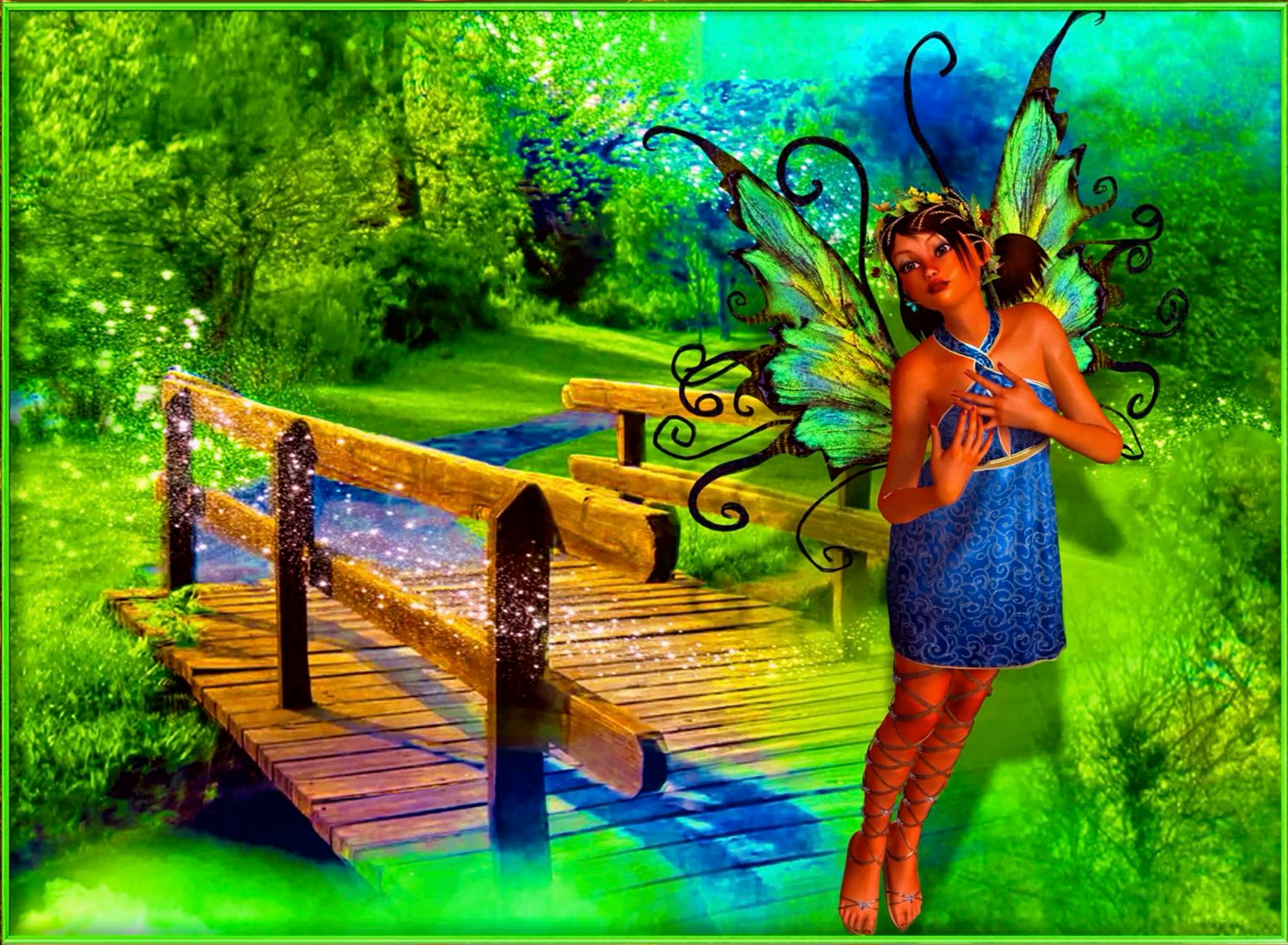


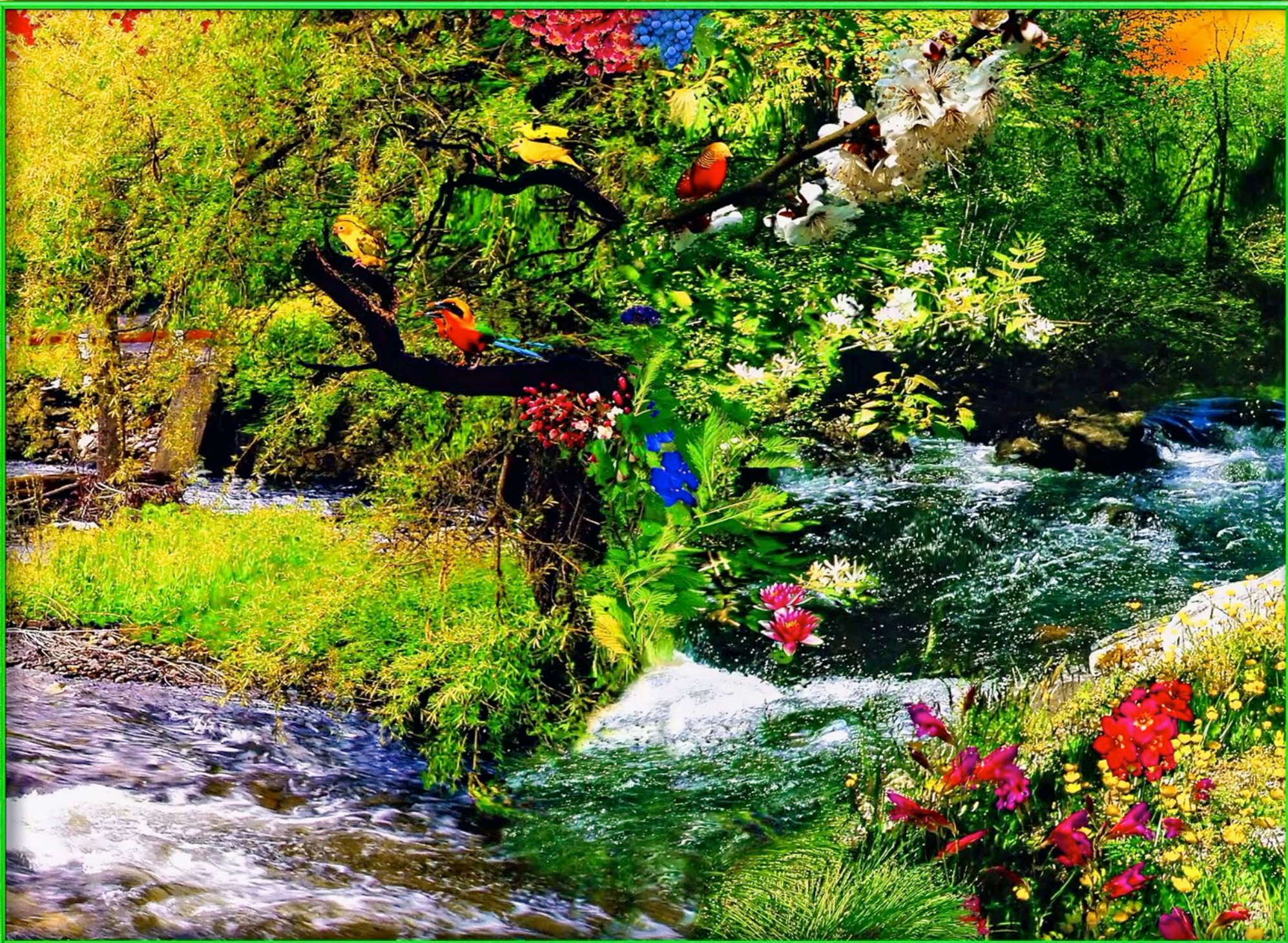
*Quatrains are the pearls
strung along the wrath—*

*Illuminating beads
that thought's web hath,
Lighting the
decades of life's rosary,
To thread the
enchanted gossamer path.*





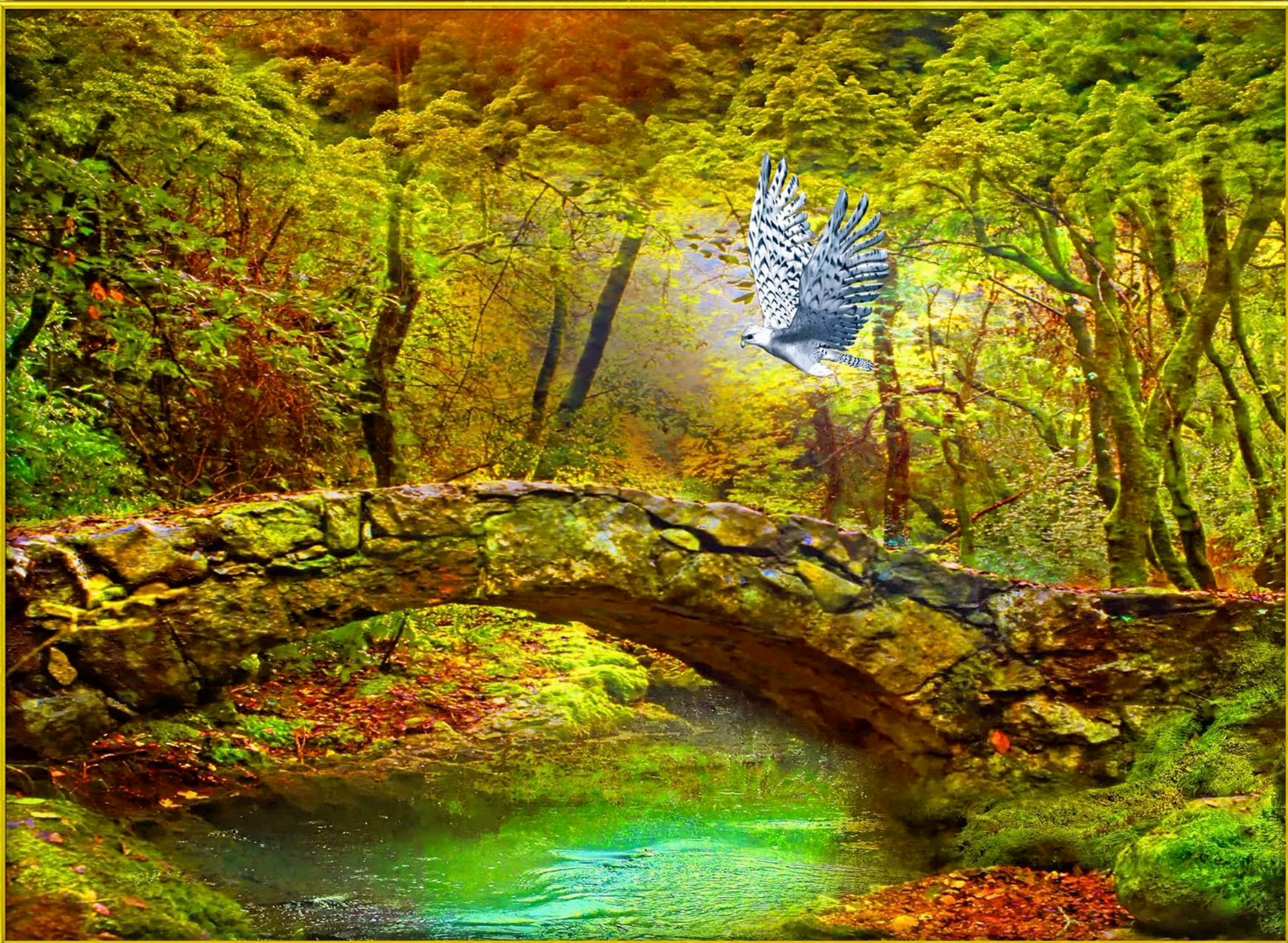










Days are the cyclic units
of time's pearls—
Beads worn round in
the necklace of the months;
They distance themselves,
like night echoes,
Into the rosary
of the seasons.








*Are there stars in roses
and they in stars?
All roses are made
of the dust of stars
And worlds within
star systems have roses;
We're all life-stars and
roses from the stars.*





A close-up photograph of a hand holding a vibrant red rose. The hand is positioned at the top left, with the fingers gently cradling the petals of the rose. The background is a soft, out-of-focus purple and pink gradient. The entire scene is framed by a decorative border of various flowers, including red roses, white daisies, and pink blossoms.

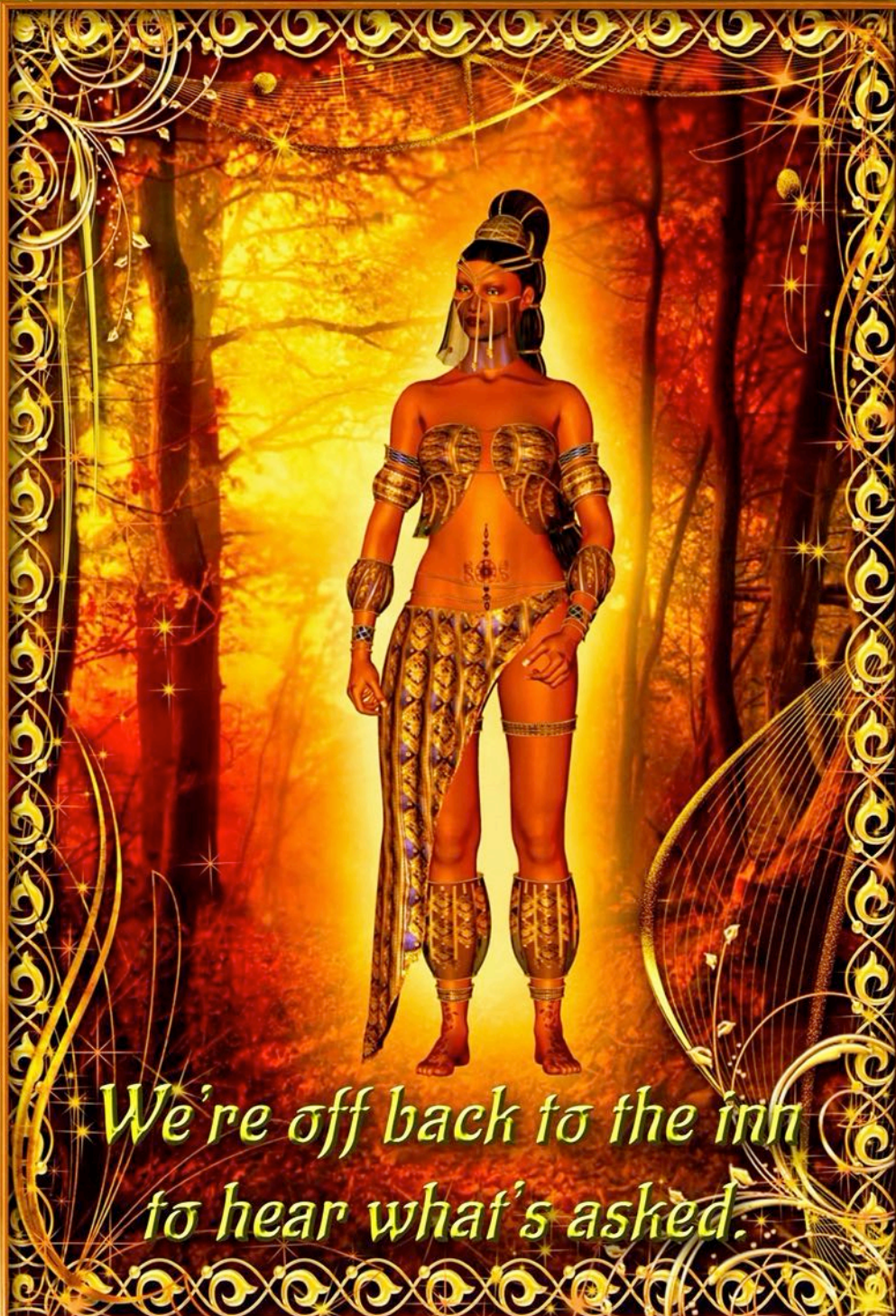
Would I, even for a day,
live without
One I would love, and leave
unfound, in doubt,
A paramour, the love
of my life?
Then my standard of life
has bottomed out.



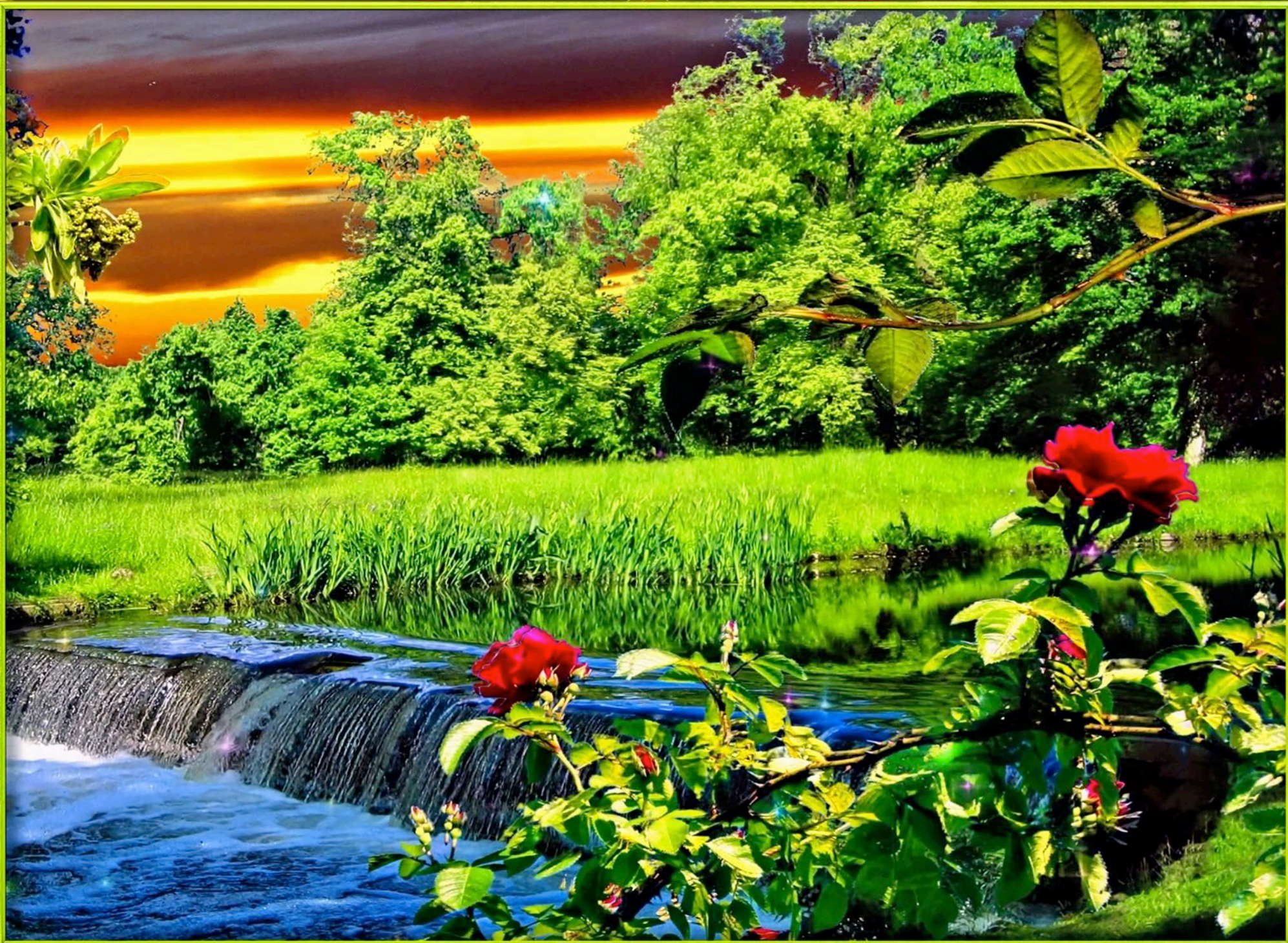




*Upon all worlds minds'
shadows are cast,
From the inner musings
that are so vast,
When we savor
the gladness of life.*



*We're off back to the inn
to hear what's asked.*





*"Is future connected
to the present?"*

*Yes, and in more ways
than you'd want it sent,*

*As the consistencies
you might resent:*

*All future flowers from
seeds of the present.*





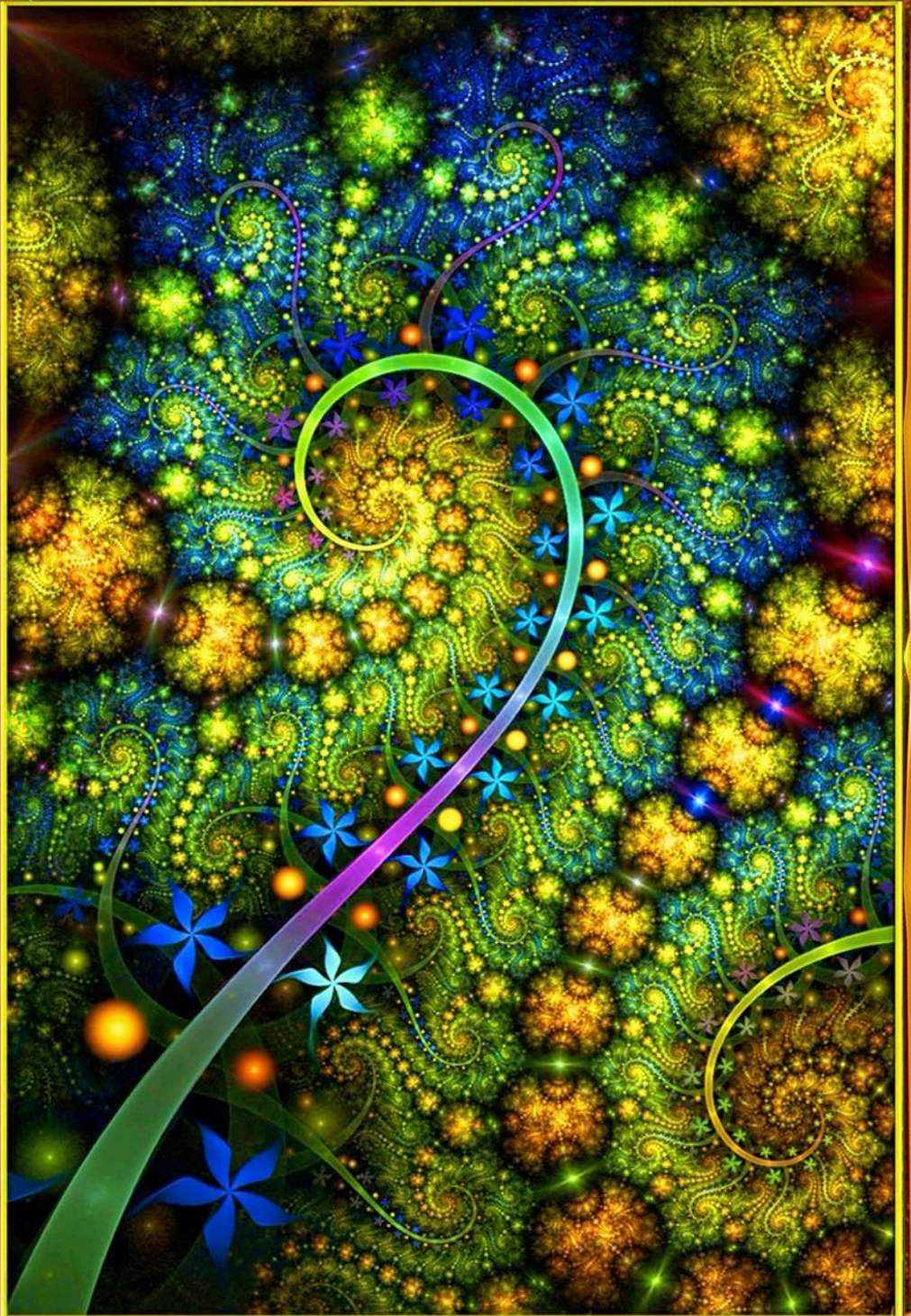


“Oh why, why is
there **anything** at all?”

There has to be,
for Nothing has no call.

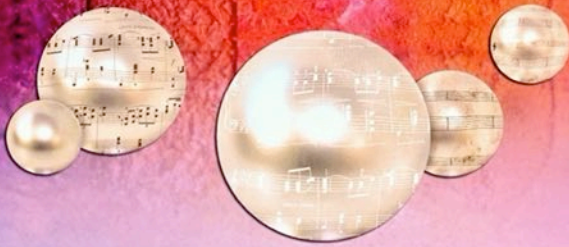
“No birth, nor creation,
choice, or option?”

Even the **Great Wheel**
knows not its withal.





"What happens, from
there being no election,
Of that which hath
no point for direction?"



Everything happens,
as it e'er changes,
Revealing
all faces of complextion.





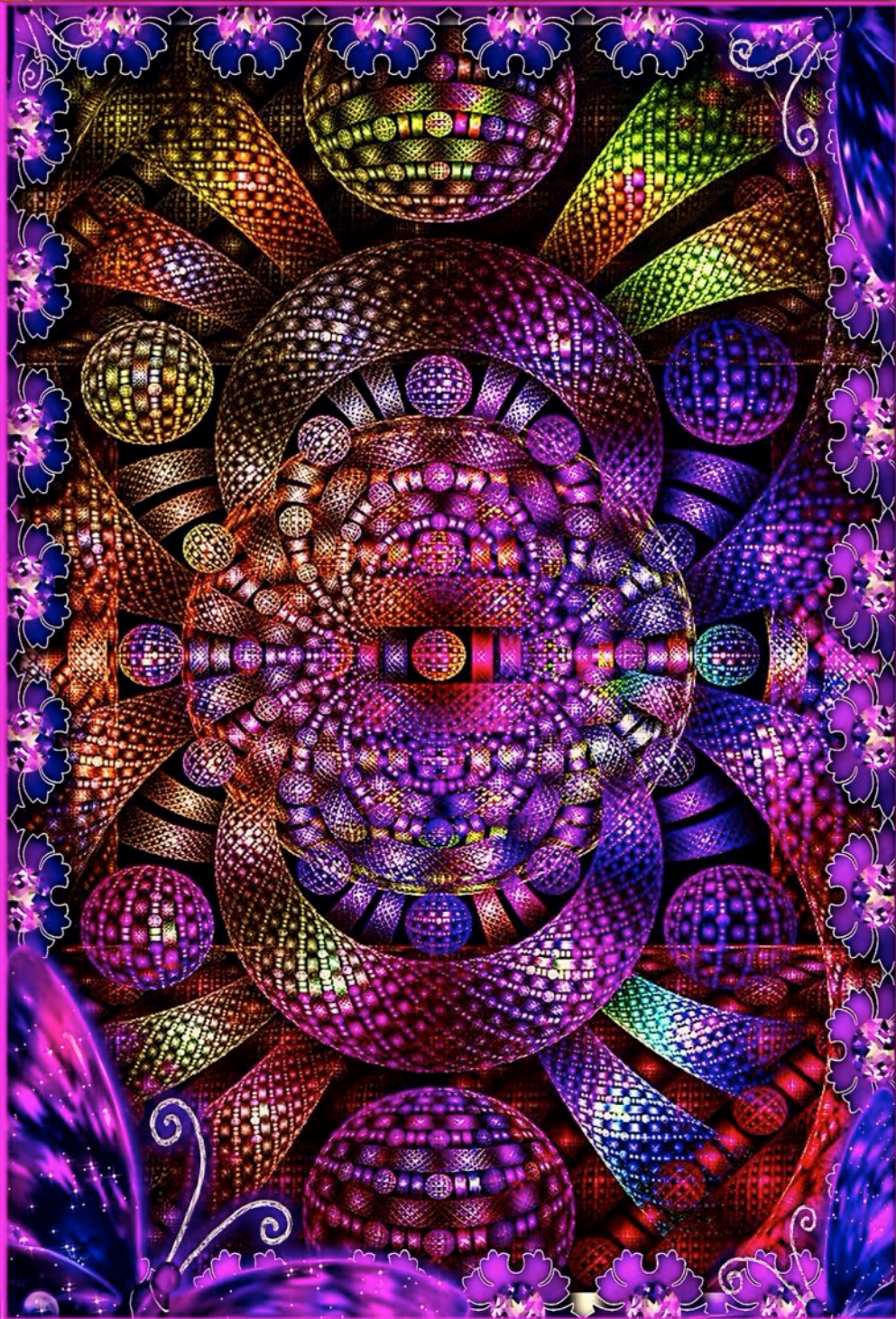


“What becomes of this potential **Everything?**”

Anything, as all its possible rings.

“What’s the information of **All** these things?”

Nothing, so it e’er jitters, flutters, and sings.







“What sense for it all,
in that it must be?

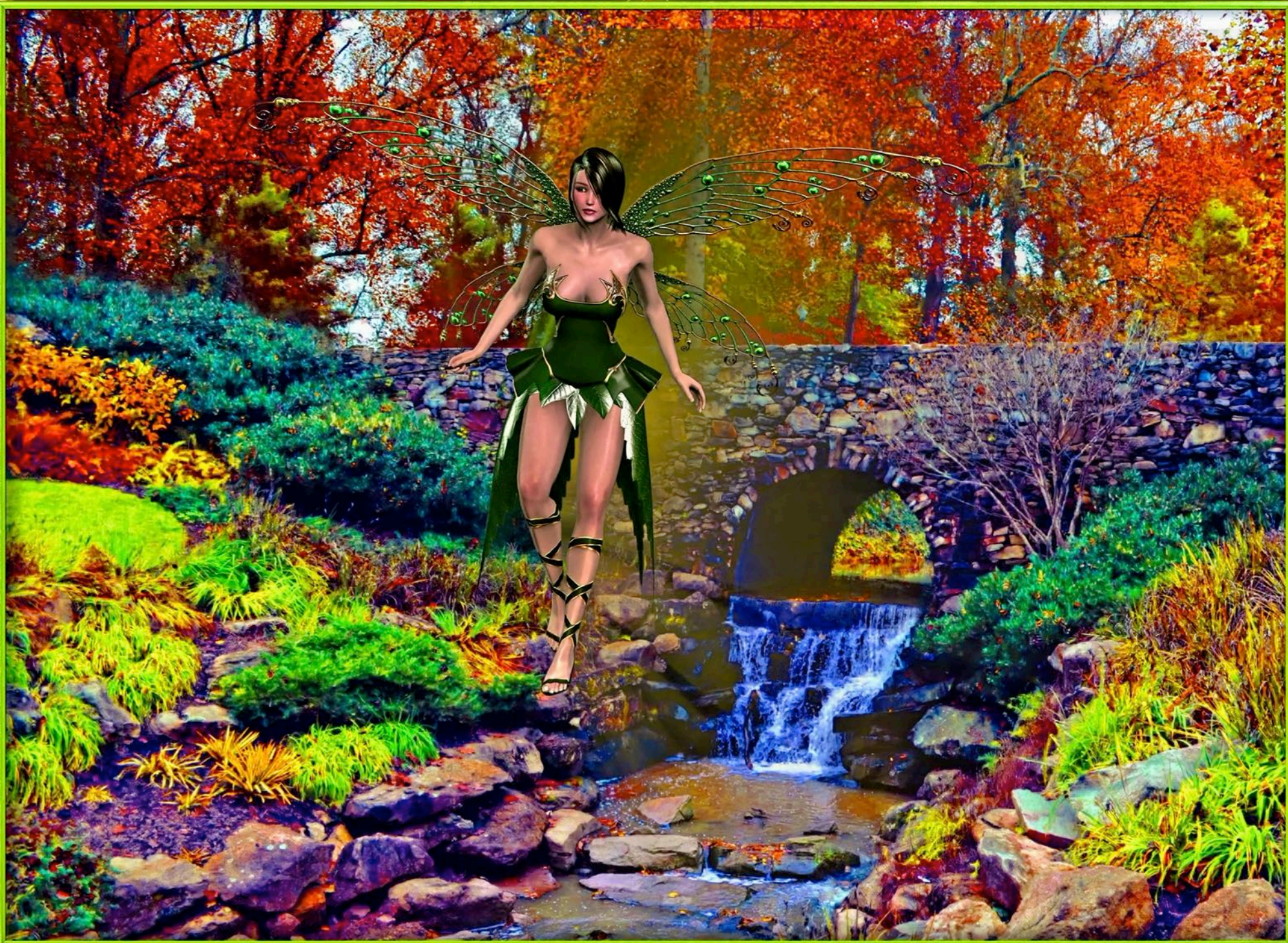
What is the
Message of Eternity?”

Its only message

of all time is being;

Its point is but
that it cannot not be.







“But what’s the base
of everything, as First,
The simplest from which
all things fill their thirst?”

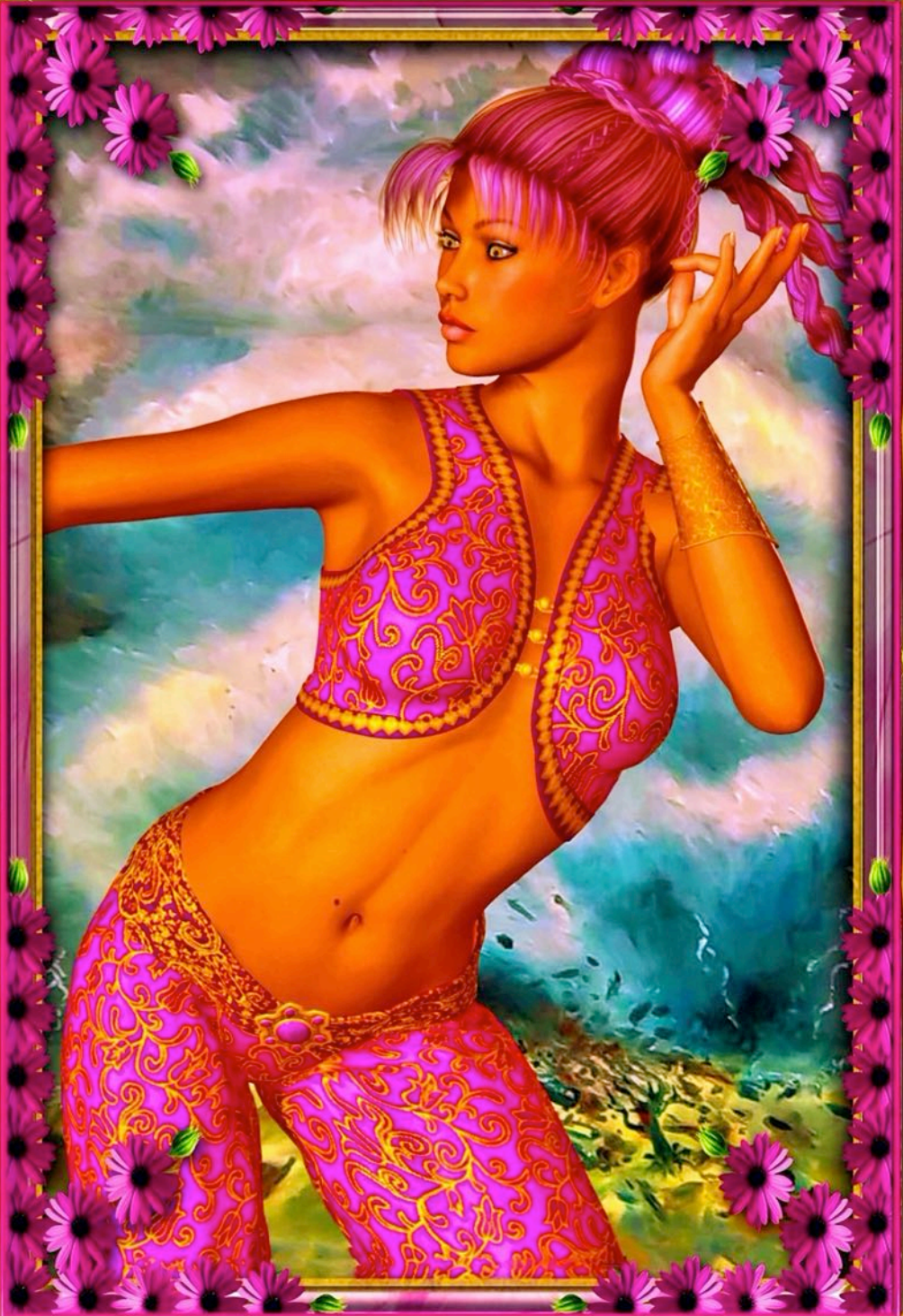
The simple,
fundamental monad fields
Compose complicates,
uni-versed.










“So, we’ve it wrong that
the base is complex?”

Yes, as wrong as
opposites can expect,
For complexities
are ever the less,
From more and more
underlying simplex.

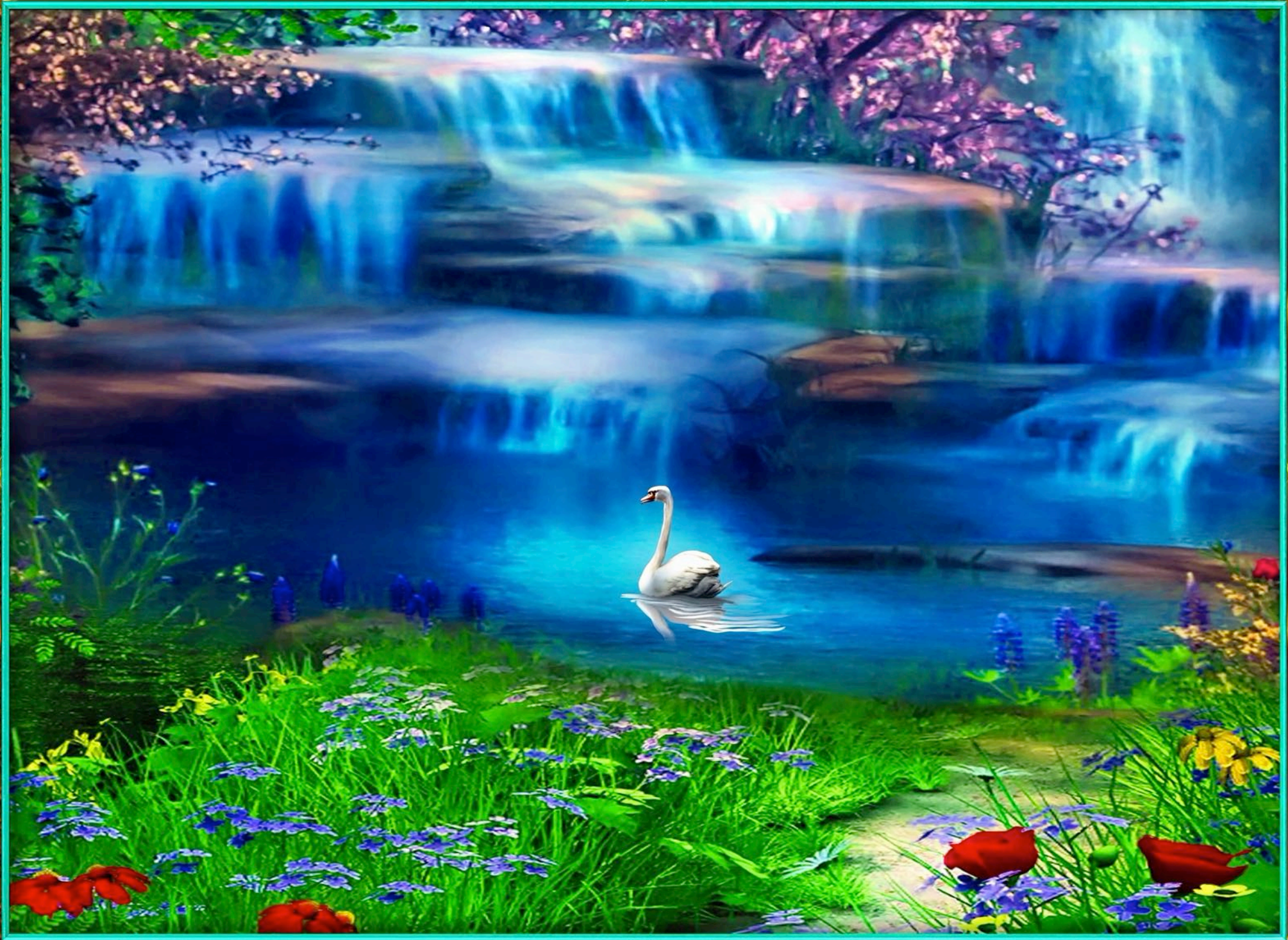






"Fine, but not; you
leave me with mystery.
What is going on here?
For what purpose me?"
You and it are the riddle
that solves itself.
You are exactly
'being' in its spree.





*Life suddenly fits me
like a glove,*



*As I float on feelings,
like a dove,*

*Renewed energy
giving a shove.*

*Well, could it be
that I am in love?*







A life ought to be
rich with excitement—
Of wishes to enjoy
complete sensation.

Pleasure's not merely
a reward for working;
It's life's foremost
experience of elation.





*As of now I hold
reality's attention;
This is the time of my
present comprehension.
What is past exists
only in my memory,
The future only
in my imagination.*







Love is the mutual
creation of identity.
To be in love is not a
loss of independence,
But rather a shared
identity with the lover
That does not destroy
the identity of the other.





As we walk and
while away the hours,
We taste a life that's sweet
without the sour.



As soul meets soul under
love's great power,
We merge what's
yours and mine
into ours!






I give no reason for
love's passion planned,
Because to do so
would be secondhand,



For the Heart and Soul
have many reasons
That Reason can
never understand.







Back to the tavern we crept,
its drinks calling,
Where the inquisitive
sat, pondering.
One and another said,
"We've more questions,
For we've all been born here
without asking."






Life's object must
be mental happiness,

For thoughts are all we
can think, feel, or sense.

Aim for this euphoric
state of well-being,
For true paradise
is a state of mind.







“Who can we blame for
our selves unmended,
For our natures’
ingredients blended?”
You could invent ‘Allah’,
as the baker,
Who disowns
His recipe intended.






*The scroll writes itself,
my wondering friends,
Having not any plan
unto its ends,
In this life borrowed from
death that it lends;
So we know not
how the veil
weaves and wends.*







“What’s this wonderland?
I am baffled here.
What sends me though
the ages, to my bier?”
You’ve near said: death sifts
the best from the rest;
And, overall, you
cannot not be here.”







“What my life’s narrative
that I hie through?”

No matter it,
for any one will do.

“What’s left, then,
in all common, as the clue?”



We’re back to being—
experiencing a ‘who’.





“Where am I going?
Am I important?”


You're going nowhere;
here is your life's plant.

“In the mosque, they say
'God' as if it's true.”

'Faith' in their wishes is
behind what they chant.







*Only a Fool would blame
His own creations
For the taint therein—
of His poor craftsmanship.
So, rejoice, there's no
Maker of Man; these 'flaws'
Provide for
interesting character types!*



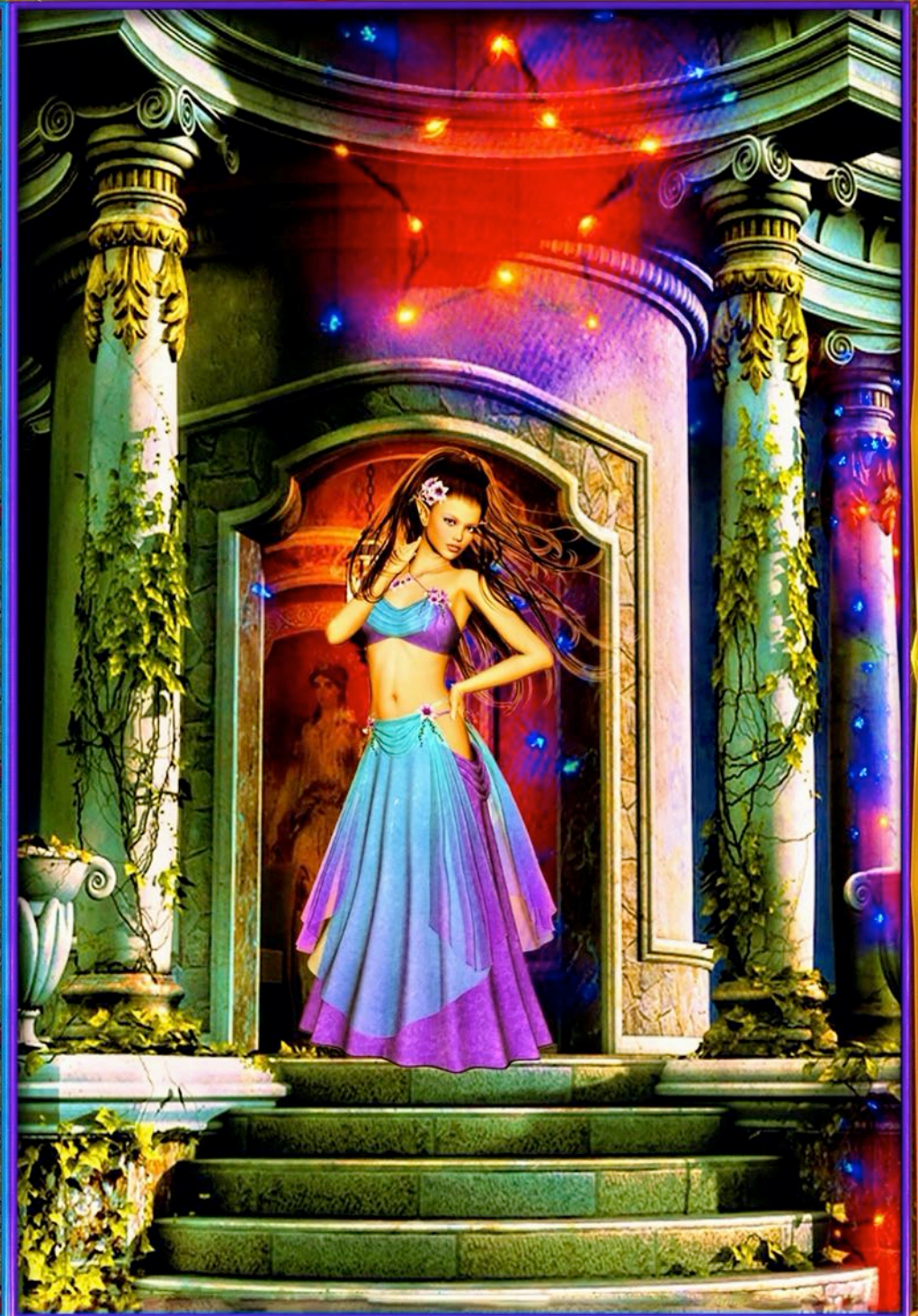


Their ingrained beliefs
the priests' duly preach,



As if notions were
truth and fact to teach.

Oh, cleric, repent;
at least say, 'Have faith' —
Since, of unknowns ne'er
shown none can e'er reach.







“Of elements four
and planets seven,
We strain to divine
those signs eleven.”

Drink de-vined juice!
We've long taught this lesson:
When not, you're nought;
naught in Hell nor Heaven.







*"No one has plumbed the
Secret Depths of Truth—
The jewel eludes
e'en the wisest sleuth."
Thus we hear wishes
turned to beliefs' lore,
Yet none can say,
'It's this, and here's the proof.'*

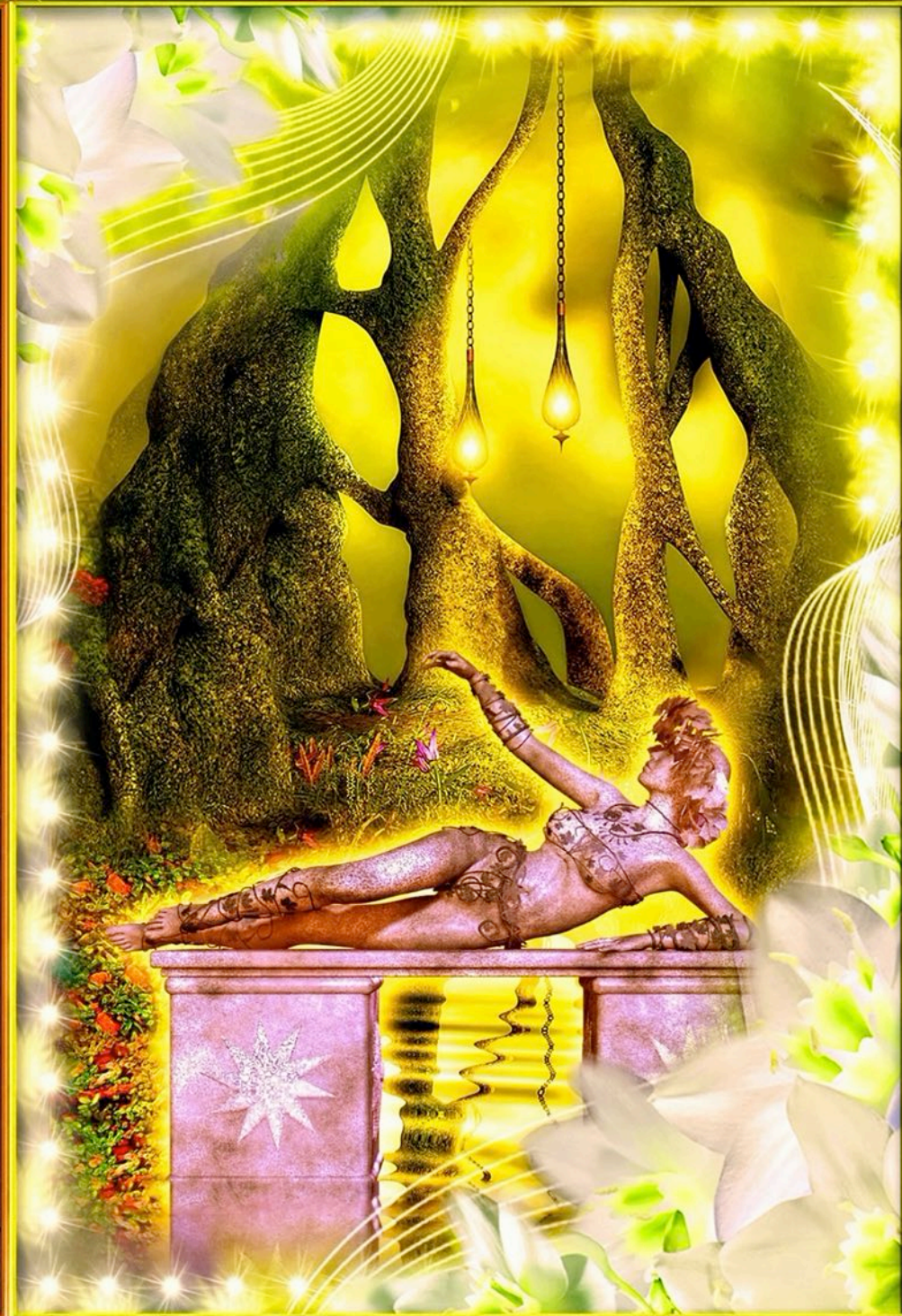




"The impossible dream
we'd of our fate




Was to outwit
life's expiration date—
To be deathless and
somewhere carry on."
Well, we live on in the
lives we touch, mate!





"Bless your soul
with tongues of fire;
Holy Spirit burn;



Leave no trace
of man's desire;
Holy Spirit turn."

*Oh, man,
why detest thy constitution;
Doth thou think
Nature has a lot to learn?*



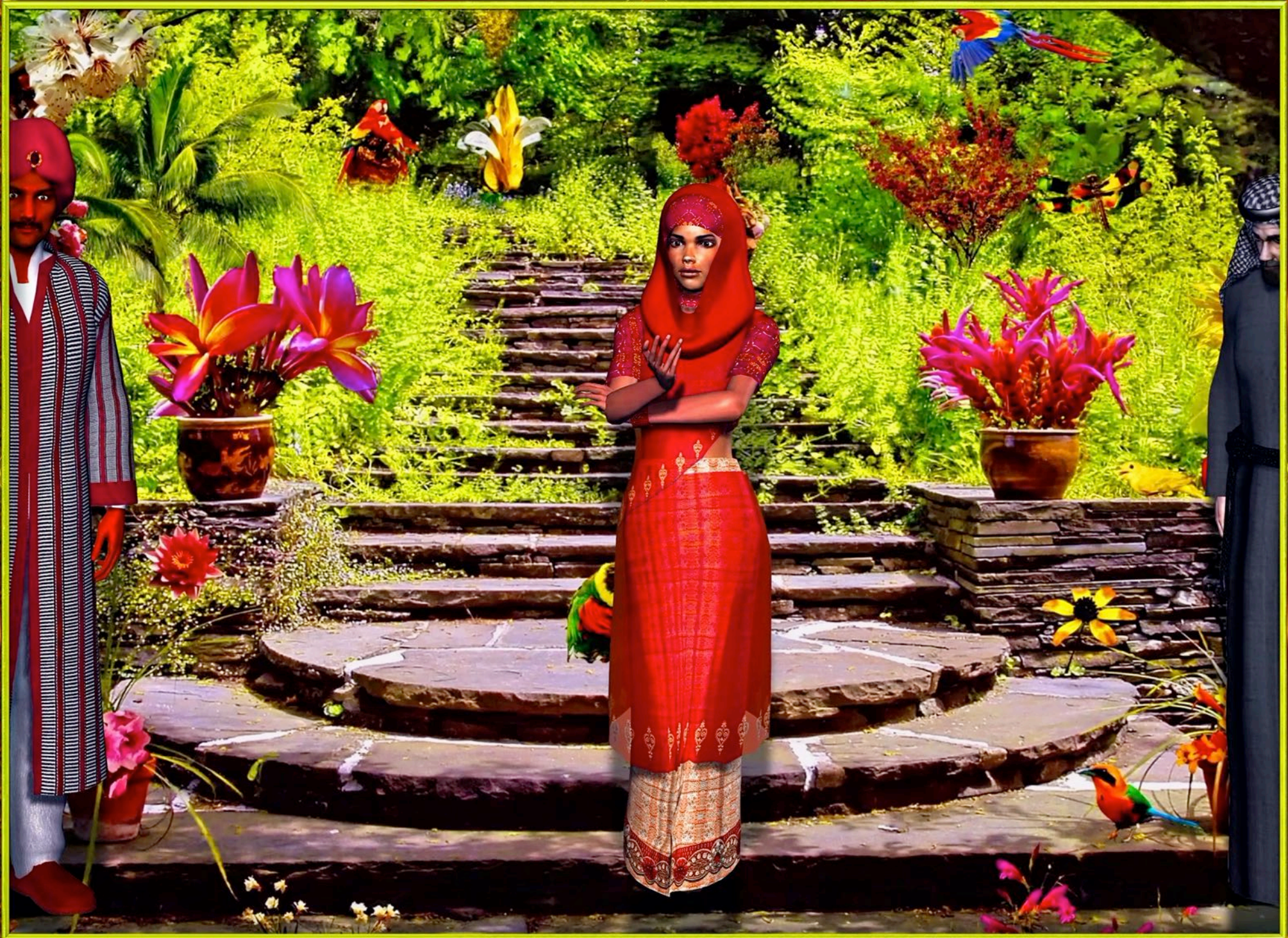


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Though we can ne'er know
the Ultimate named,
From that fact something
Profound is still framed.
It's that when one can't know,
one must still live,
And as such in our life
cannot be blamed.





*"So Nature got it wrong,
the pious say,
In man's constitution,
erring its essay,
Granting so many
ways to go astray."
Well, then, Who, do they say,
penned this world's play?*







“What the meaning to
this play we’re besit,
From dirt to dust within
the script that’s writ?”

The wise in search have
thrown themselves to waste;
Experience alone is the benefit.





*Throw not life to the breeze,
draft this day known,*



*For yesterday's winds
have already blown
And future's currents
have not yet stirred.*

*Forget dead airs;
now's breath is all you own.*







Think not that
I am existent as 'I',
Or talk the talk and
walk the walk of 'I',
For all's of the 'IS';
the Cosmos is I;
Where then, and what, who,
and whence is this 'I'?









*All moves by law of
output from input,
The will, too, since
it votes to step a foot,
And worse,
by the time we know,
all's been cast;*

*We can neither wax
nor wane the mold's root.*

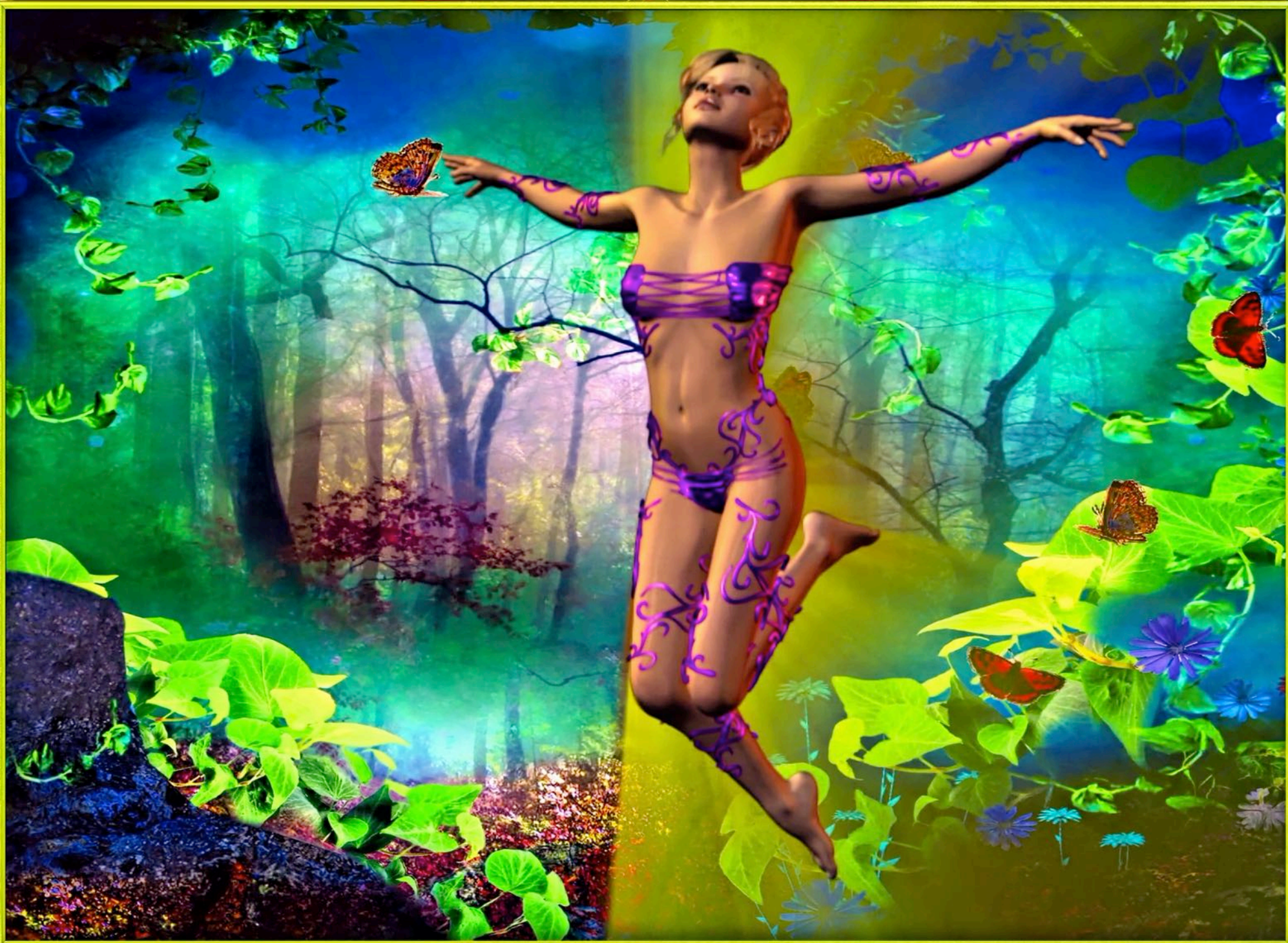






Cloudbursts wash
the faces of the tulips,
The wine cleansing you,
pouring through thy lips,
All becomes of light,
dust, water, and air,
As in the meadow grown
from your eclipse.





*"The raindrop falls
and returns to the sea;*



*Dust floats to earth and
merges with the lea;
Lives come and go in time—
what's denoted?
Now's spark and fly;
they've no eternity.*





"Mind is the ultimate
of all there is;



It is the universe:
billions of years
Of primordial material,
complex."

So, then, what more could
human beings want?"





*Life, mind, spirit, form,
time, and consciousness*

*Derive from
the primordial substance*



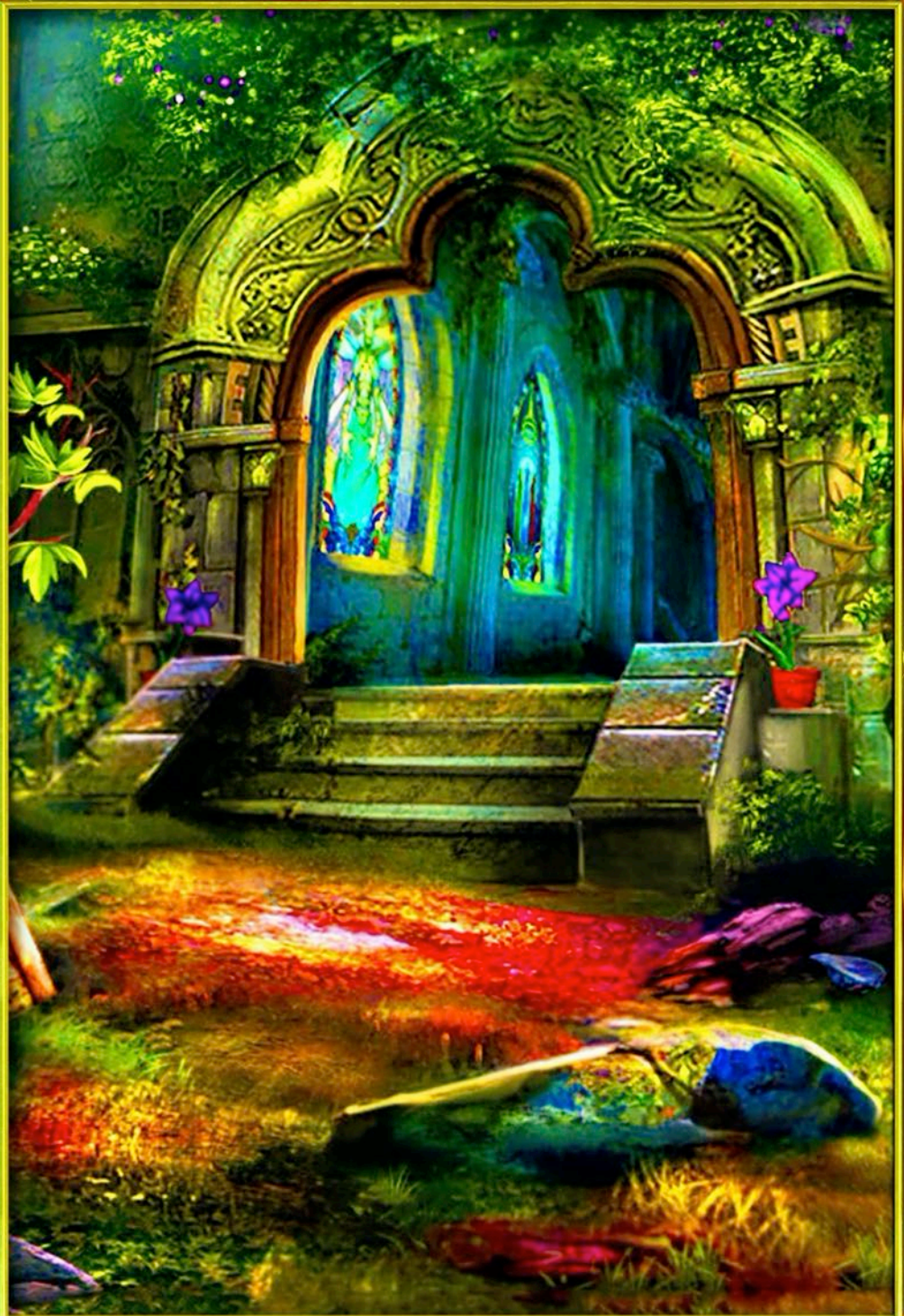
*That materialized
from the fundamental—
Granting us
the experience of being.*

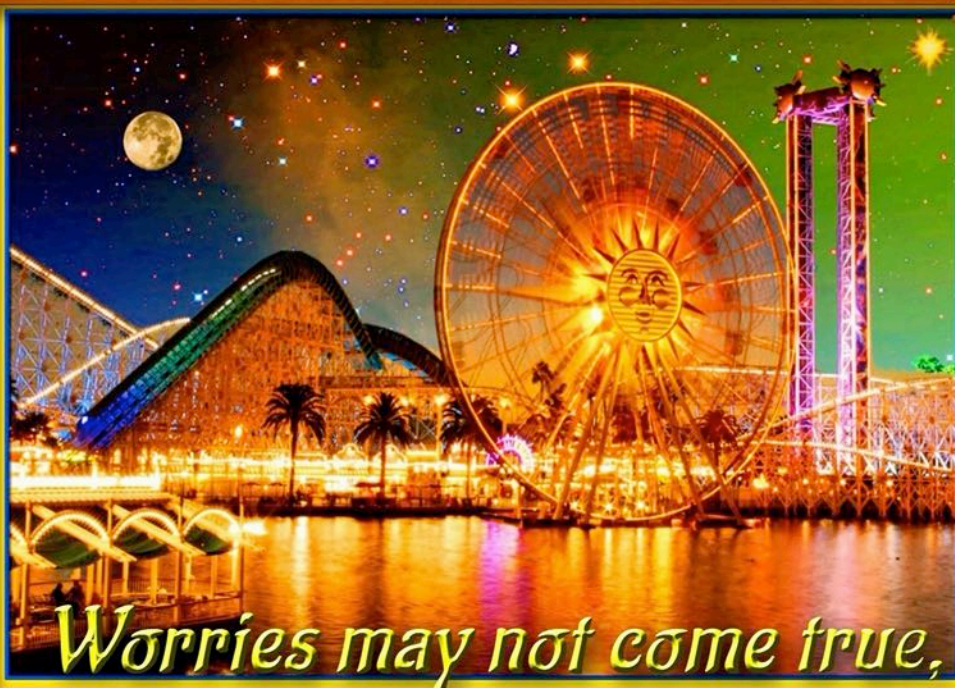






Care, a gentle old man,
sits silently
By the sundial
in Time's sanctuary,
Slowly marking the
hours by the shadows
That creep over
the face of eternity.





Worries may not come true,

and if they do,

*Thus they would, and so
in them you must stew.*

*Past imperfect points
to a future tense,*

*Yet ever only Nows
does the Wheel brew.*

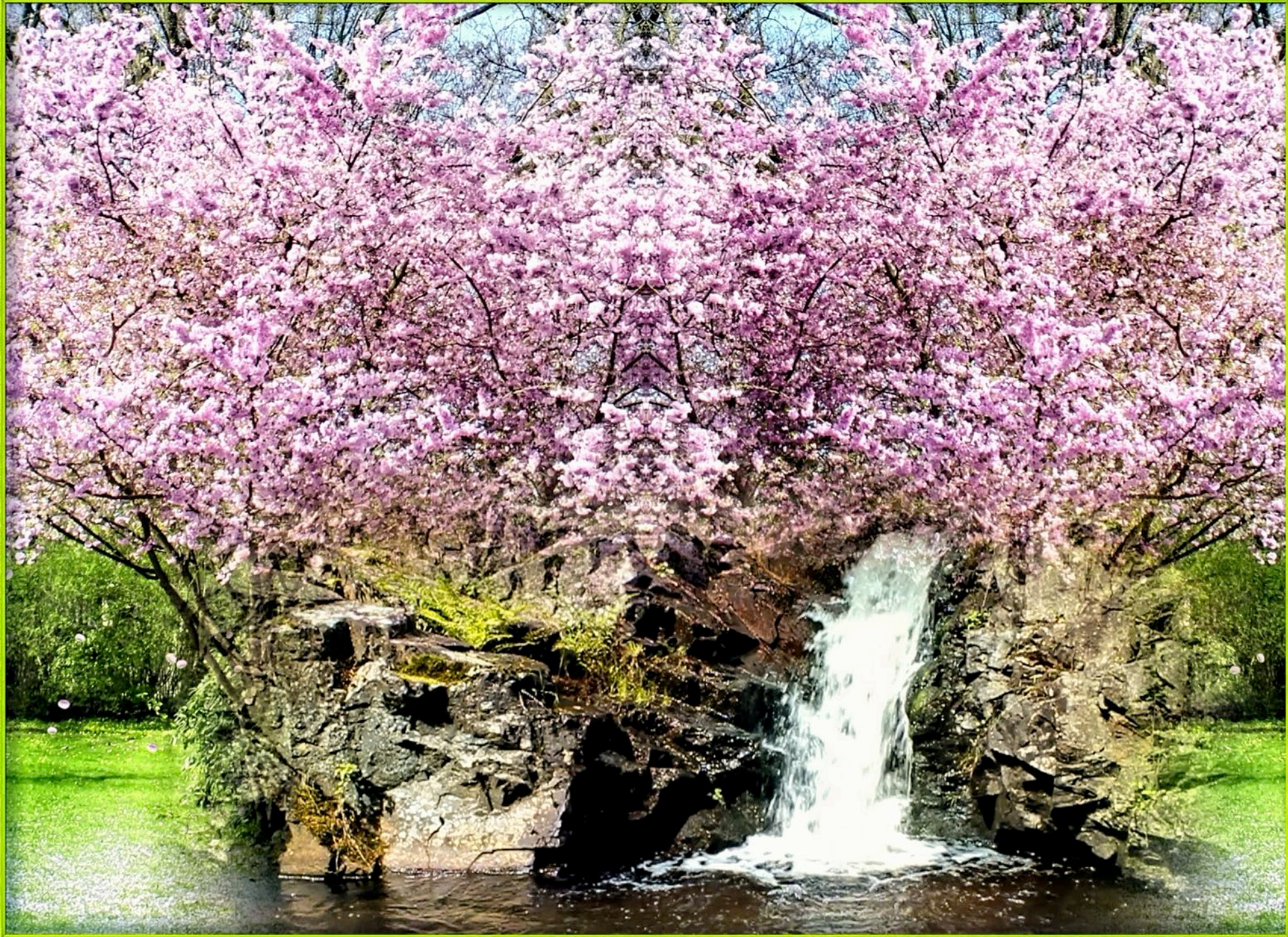






No matter how one tries
to shake from boughs
The fruits of time's truth
from the Tree of Knows,
Computation makes not
yet the morrows;
There's naught else
but lone, resultant Nows.







*Sung songs of life composed
now lie reposed,
Thy face—dust
Beauty's music decomposed,
Ah, Sun's Venus—brows
we're honored to brush,
That future's wand will
rearrange recomposed.*







The weight of the world
I bear on my back;

'Tis mine to own,
so there's nought that I lack.
I've everything,
and no place to put it;
After it crushes me to dust,
I'll unpack.







Oh, those imaginings
of what can't be,
Such as Nought,
Stillness, and Infinity,
As well as Apart,
Beginning, and End,
Originality, Free Will, and He!







In the whisperings
of the after-years,
The winds of time
slowly dry my tears;
Nor would I take back
a single drop, for
From those tears the flowers
grew without fears.







*Now we depart,
farewell to the moon-bow
That glowed with our delight!*

*Often that old
World will rise and
look for us in vain, but
Time can't scatter
the flowers that we grew!*



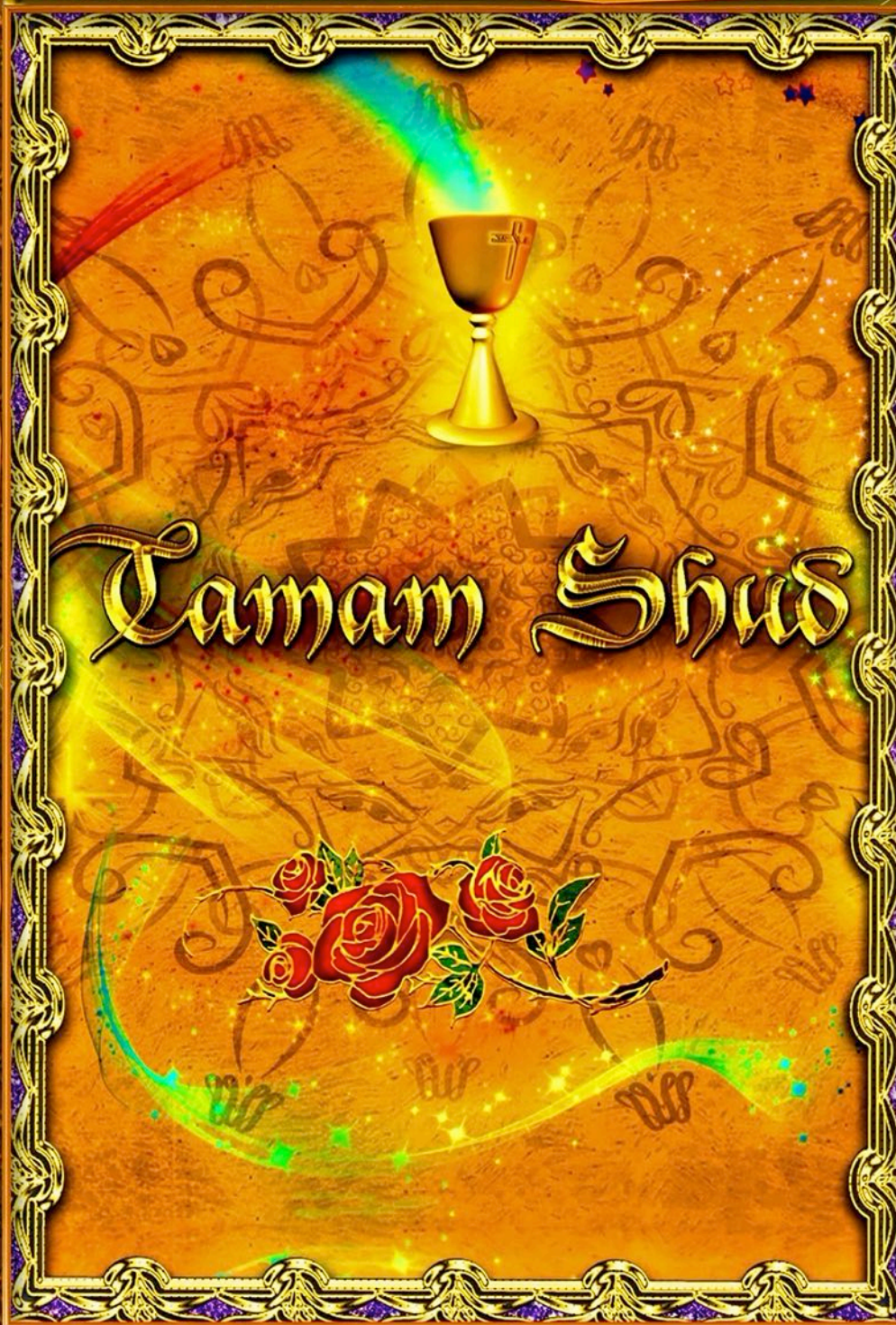












Tamam Shud