



Austin's
Rubaiyat
Of
Rhymes
And
Reasons

Austin S. Torney



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Introduction

Omar and his beloved
continue their adventuring,
romancing, pondering,
and answering more
of the big questions.





She took one way and I took another.



Notation:

Omar's speech is in regular type,
with no quote marks;
Omar's beloved's speech is in italics,
with no quote marks;
the speech of others or objects
is in double quotes;
if others or objects are quoted
then single quotes are used.





The sun was setting,
and twilight would soon find us together.





Oh, Peri,
jasmine of midnight's garden,
We bask in our moon-glowed,
vapored haven,



Bathing in the
orb's silver light again,
Here in our
otherworldly forest glen.



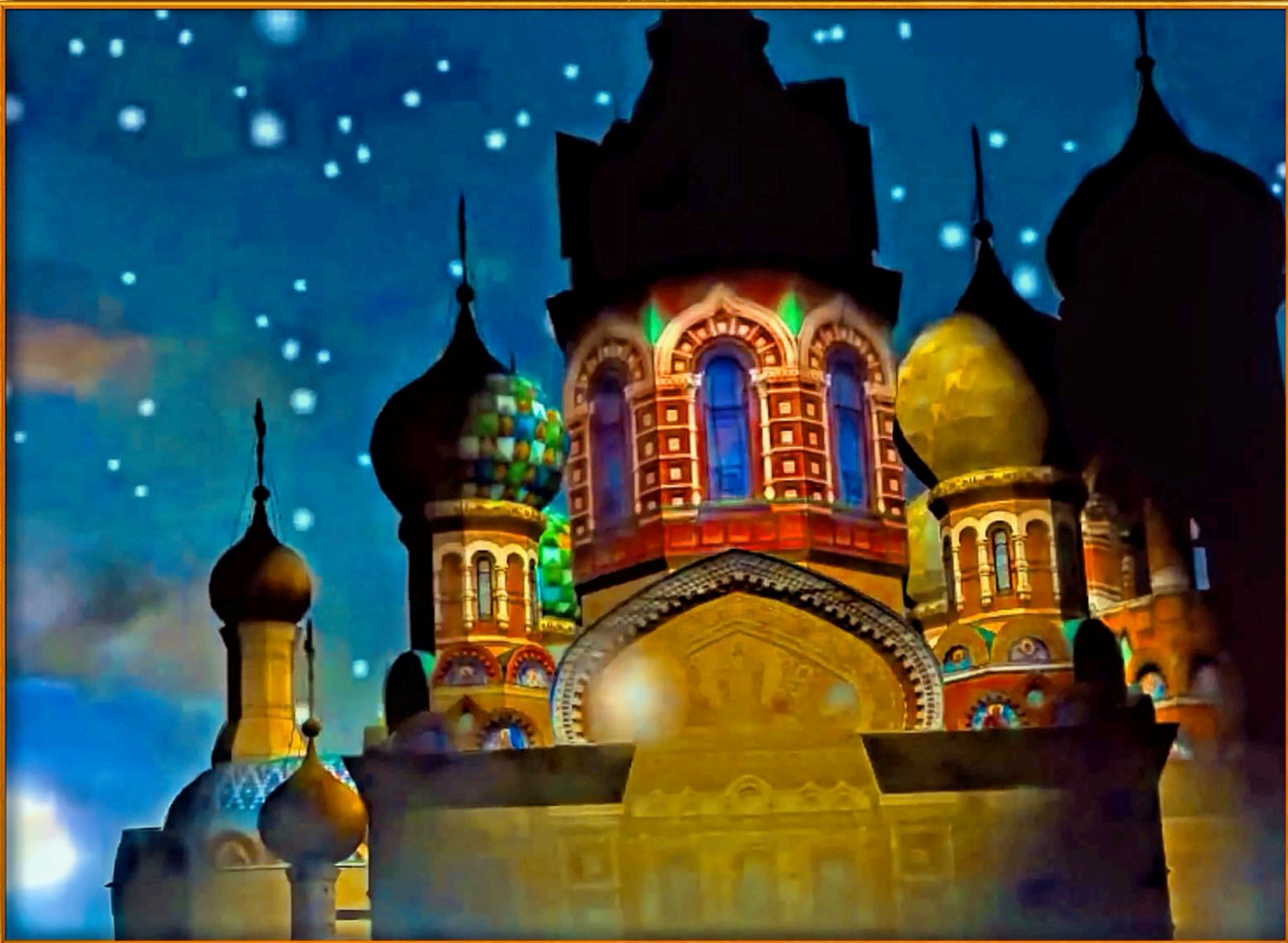


*Omar, the moon's ring
binds us **dearly** here,
Wherein from the
strict world we disappear,*



*They to wonder hence
whither whence we went:*

*Minds, selves, hearts
and souls bonded to endear.*



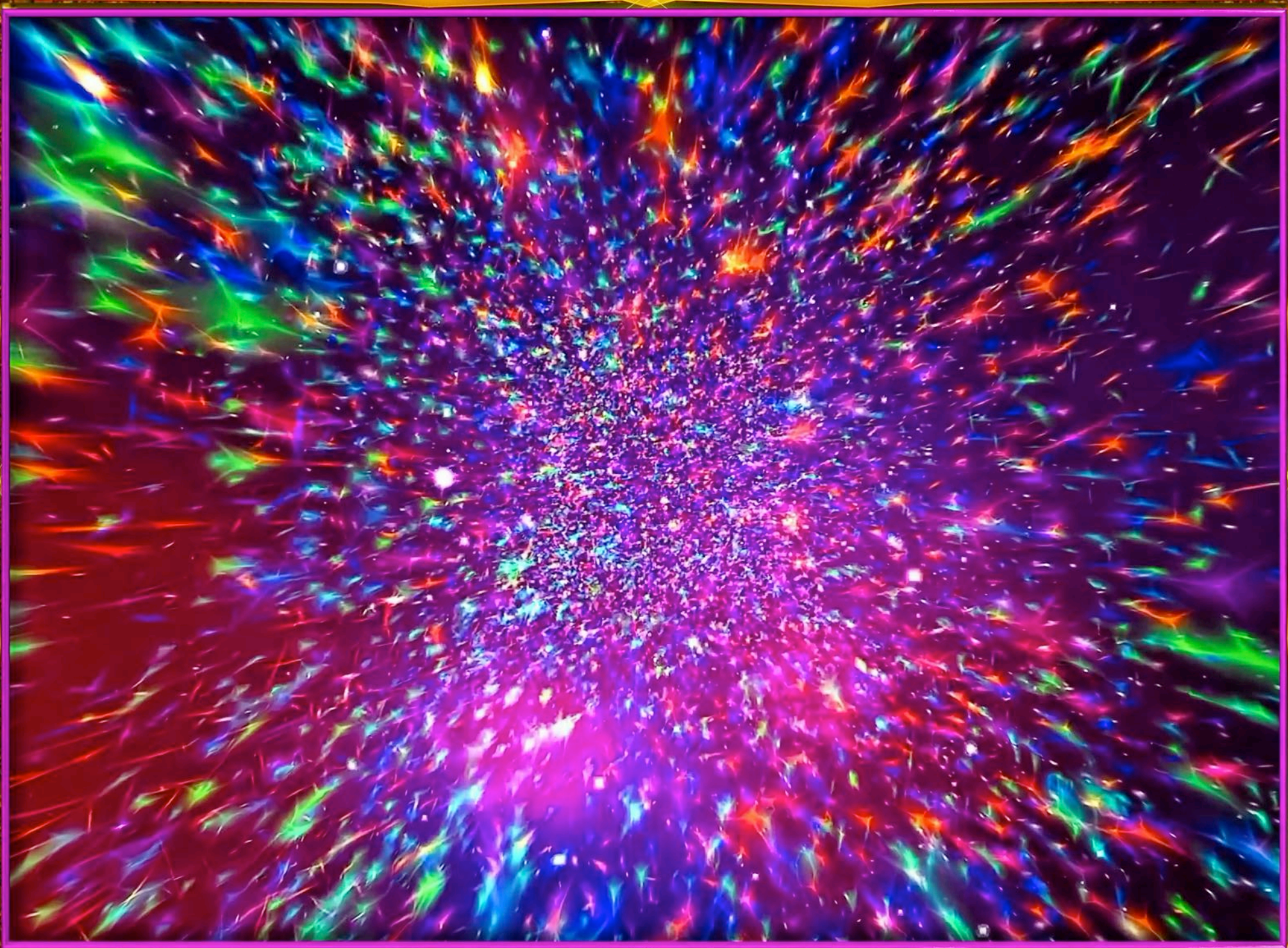
Colored stars pierce the
veil of formless night,




Gemming Heaven's gloried,
crown-jeweled might;
In the depths of the deep
we live, anon:

We're all alone here
to weather the plight.







*The four elements and
space e'er conspire,
From the fires of stars
to those of cremation;
We must breathe, flourish,
grow old, and dissolve:*

*Life is embers to ashes,
starlight to stardust.
After we've lived, loved,
and worked our worth,
Through airy winds, vapors,
and a soft earth,*



*We'll rest at last,
under the spinning skies,*



*Those of Earth's sunny days
and starry nights.*



Perhaps, one day,
aft this universe sings,
New stars will shine and
radiate their flings
To repaint the
colors of our ashes—



As we're born anew
on Time's phoenix wings.

Soul to soul, the rays reveal:
I'm the light,

A woman with long, braided blonde hair stands in a lush, glowing forest. She is wearing a green and gold outfit with a braided top and a matching skirt. The forest is filled with green foliage, glowing blue and green lights, and a large, bright full moon in the background. The overall scene is ethereal and magical.

*Thy spirit's sight,
a beauty bold and bright,
An inspiration come
from darkest night,
A newborn star
aglow with insight.*



A fairy with large, translucent purple wings is seated on a brown rock. She is surrounded by a lush garden of purple flowers, including tulips and orchids. A glowing blue urn is visible in the foreground. The background is a dark, starry night sky with purple and blue light trails.

At night, my djinni
fills up my urn,
Pouring sleep into me
till day's return.

A glowing blue figure, possibly a djinni or spirit, stands in a blue, ethereal environment. The figure is surrounded by light trails and decorative elements, including purple and blue flowers and a glowing blue urn. The background is a dark, starry night sky with blue and purple light trails.

Such, as day follows night
for all Eterne,
Fulfillment follows all
for which I yearn.





We sleep the sleep
that only lovers know,

As front to back,
under the blankets' throw,
While meteors criss-cross
the darkling skies—




Our floating selves
through love and wine aglow.




Near dawn, she stirs
the glowing embers of
The watch-fire, and
whispers softly, with love,

It's as a crystalline
veil has lifted;
The stars have gone
and the dome shines above.

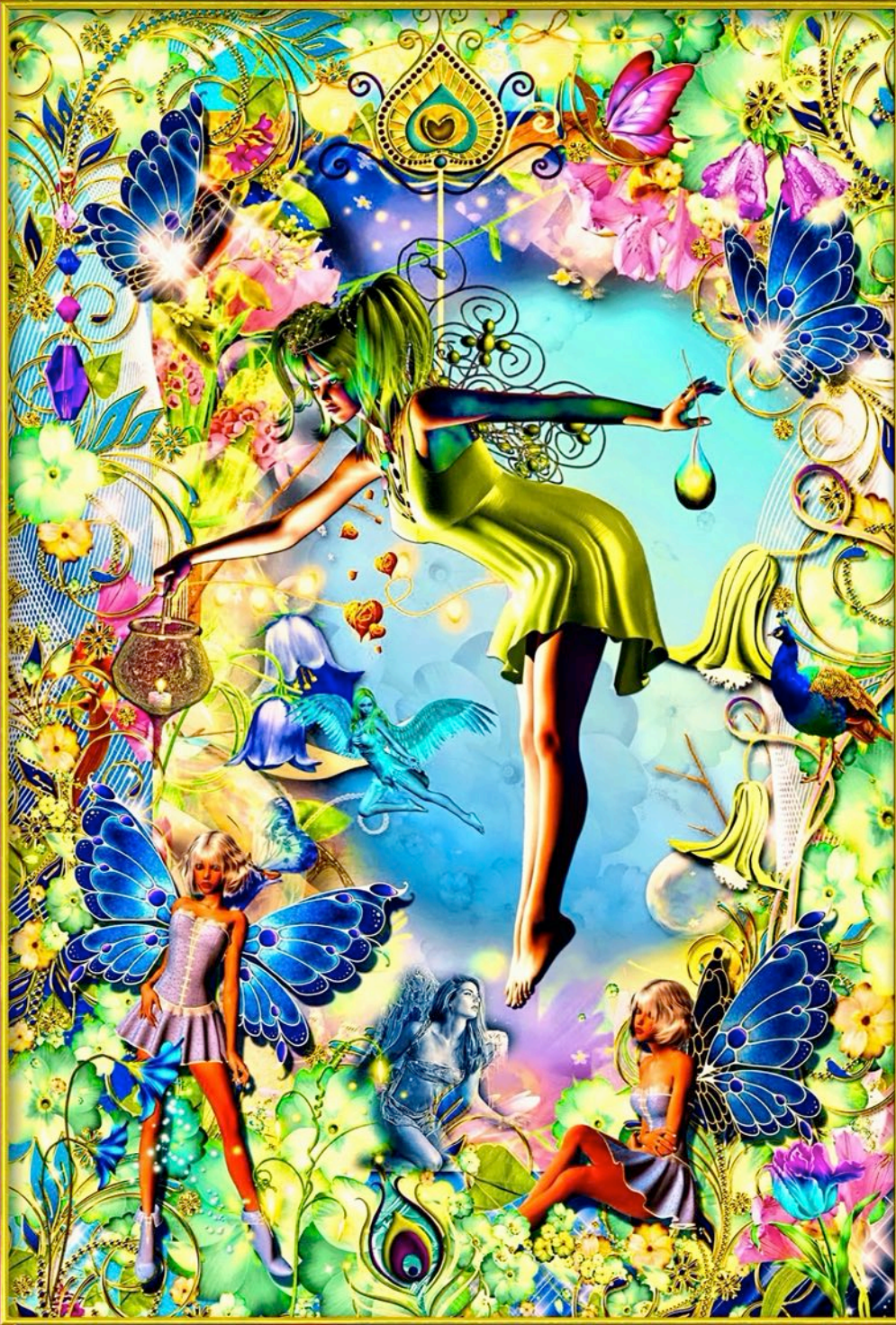





Slumbering in
the orient sunbeam,
We soft awake,
as dewdrops all agleam,
Refreshed by the delight
of a daydream,



Then rise as mist,
carried on the day-beam.

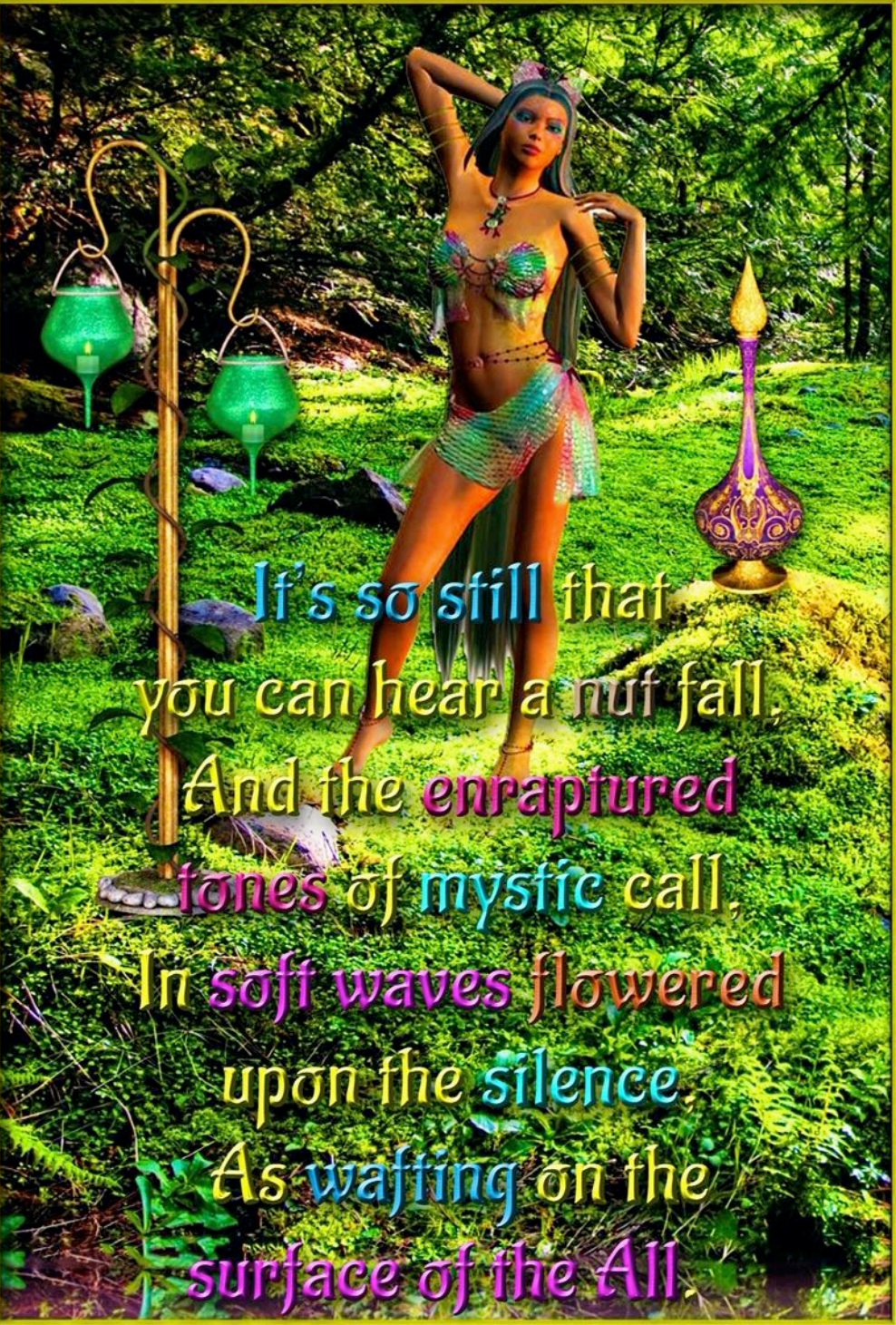




Here our secret,
sacred elfin forest,
Where at the base
of a chinar we rest,
While all about lay

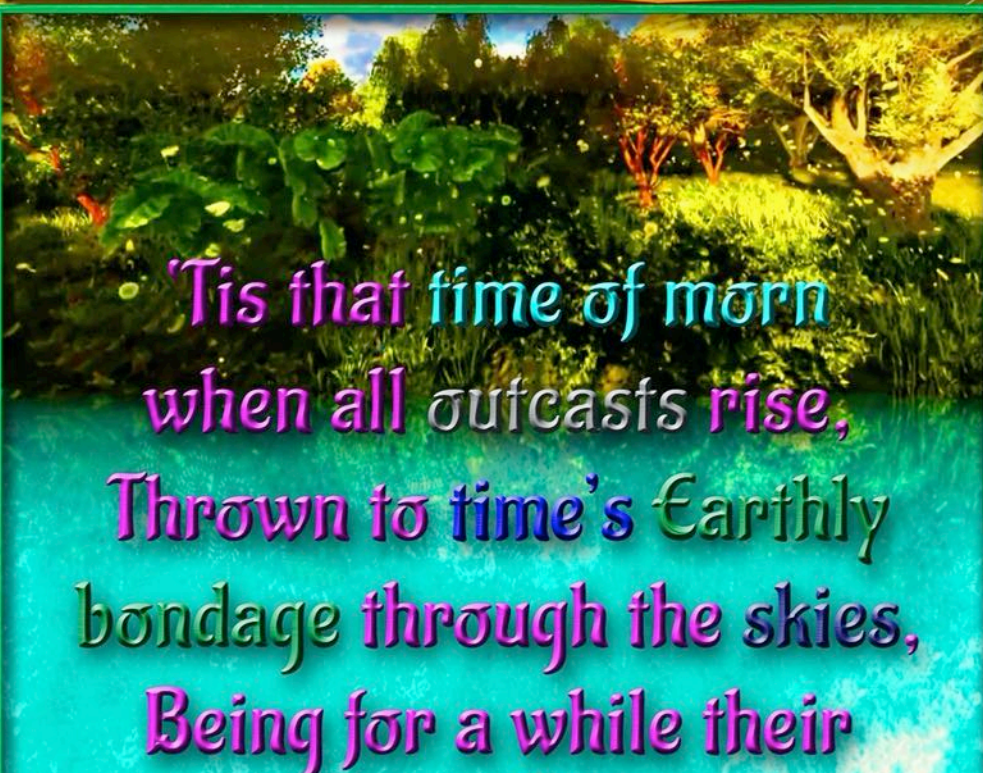


the lush, revered deeps,
And a green-grassed path
that heads o'er a crest.



It's so still that
you can hear a nut fall,
And the enraptured
tones of mystic call,
In soft waves flowered
upon the silence,
As wafting on the
surface of the All.





'Tis that time of morn
when all outcasts rise,
Thrown to time's Earthly
bondage through the skies,
Being for a while their



half-Heavenly selves,
Their full glory
unmasked by disguise.



These forest fairies,
houris, nymphs, and fauns

Ever flash their
nude blossoms on the lawns,
Beckoning us along,
for though the air
We've passed thoughts
of love, verses, and songs.





Of man and angel,
one yet neither, they came,
To dwell forever,
in shadow worlds, between
form and substance,
they, all elfin creatures
And all who float or fly
as came from Paradise.



Magical things we see,
that often appear

Elsewhere when one's eyes
close but for a second:
Winged ladies,
and flowered butterflies,
Whose prints are pressed
as dust upon the pansies.





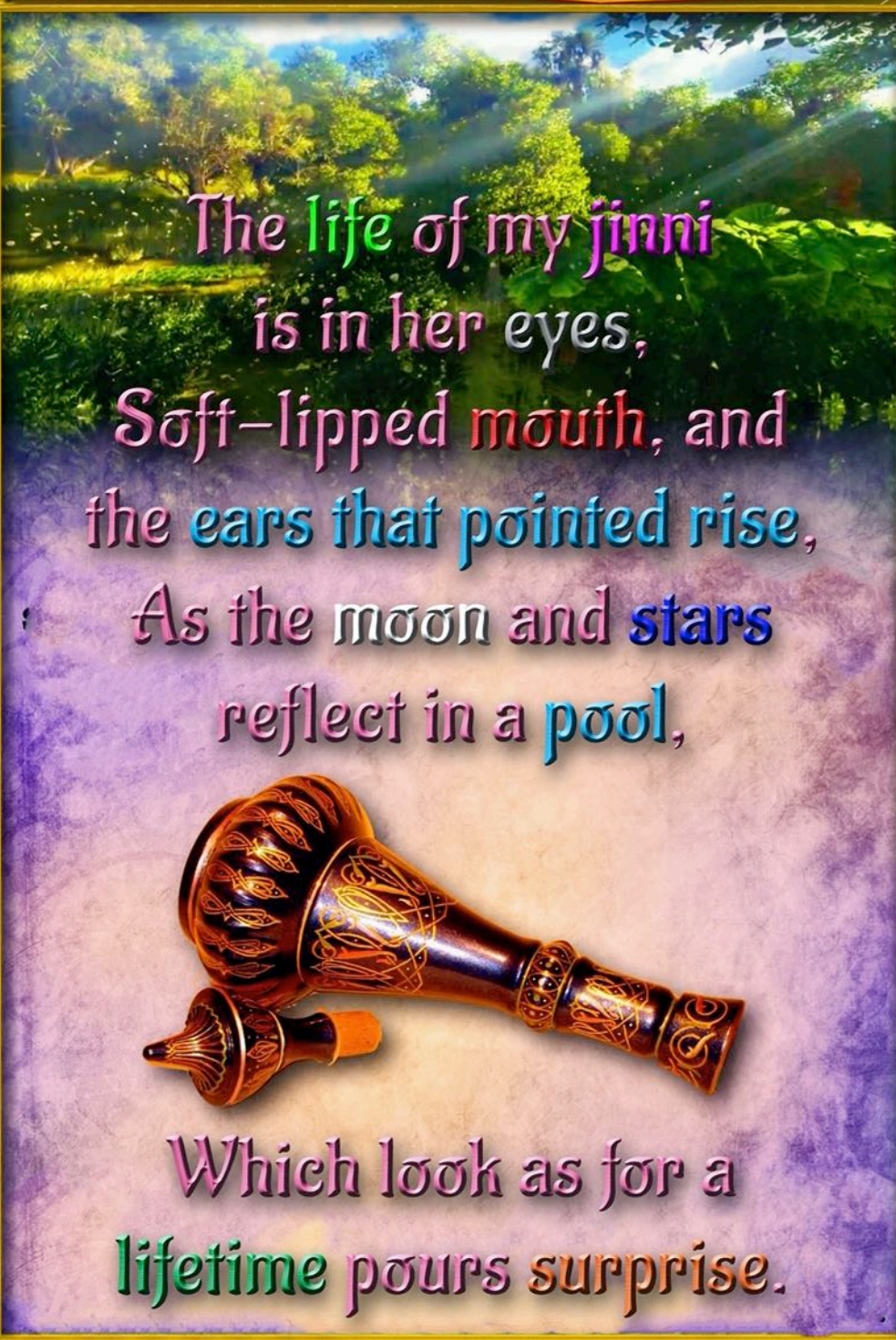
Unicorns and chimeras
wander by,
With nixies, gremlins,
and centaur men;
Faeries dance,
caught by a believing glance,
As dreamy visions
hold us sleepy-eyed.

A flush of youth shoots
through us, as the chain



Of light from angel to faerie
adds our link,
And our eyes are sparks
of bright burning fire,
Sense extended in
a new dimension.





The life of my jinni
is in her eyes,
Soft-lipped mouth, and
the ears that pointed rise,
As the moon and stars
reflect in a pool,

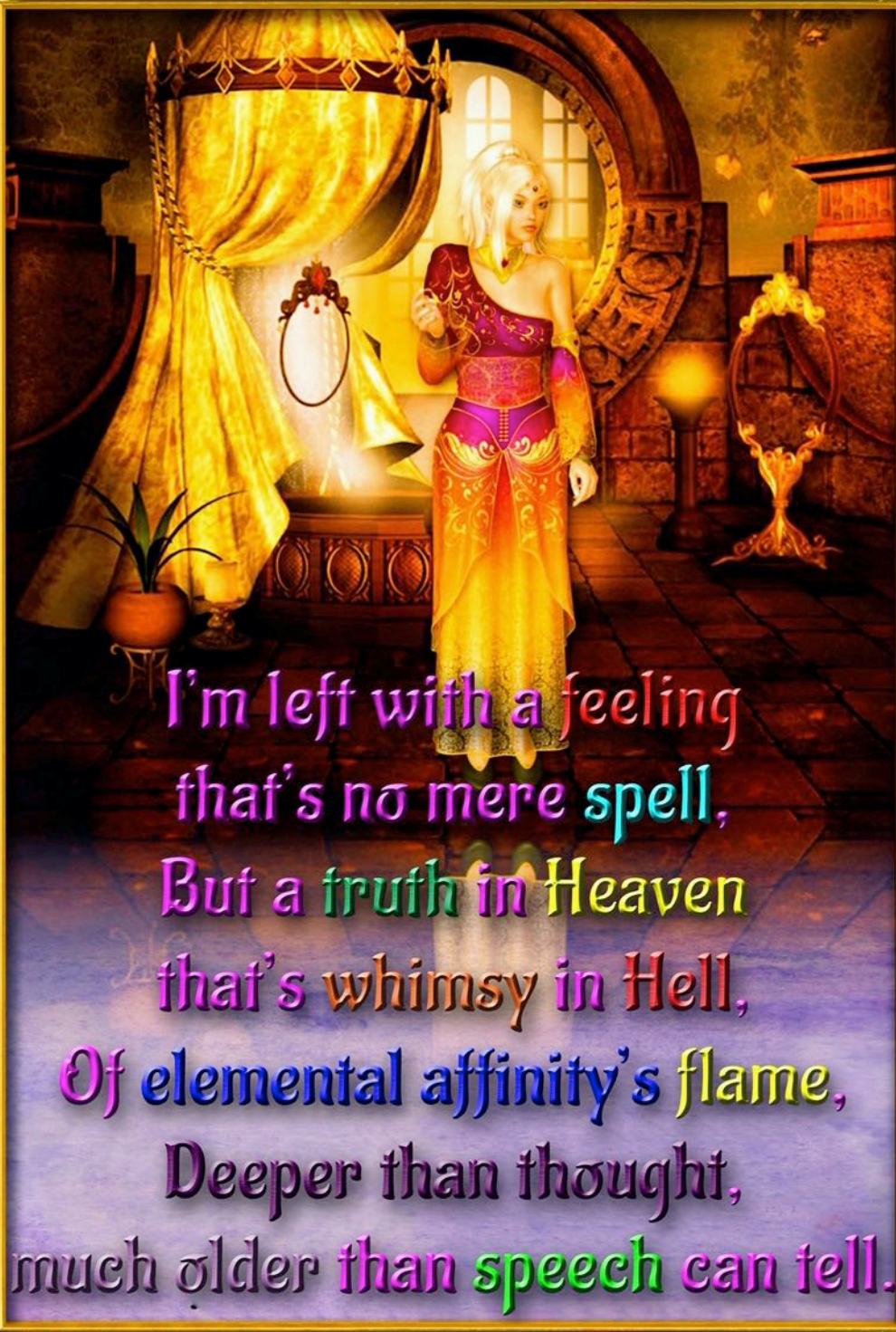


Which look as for a
lifetime pours surprise.

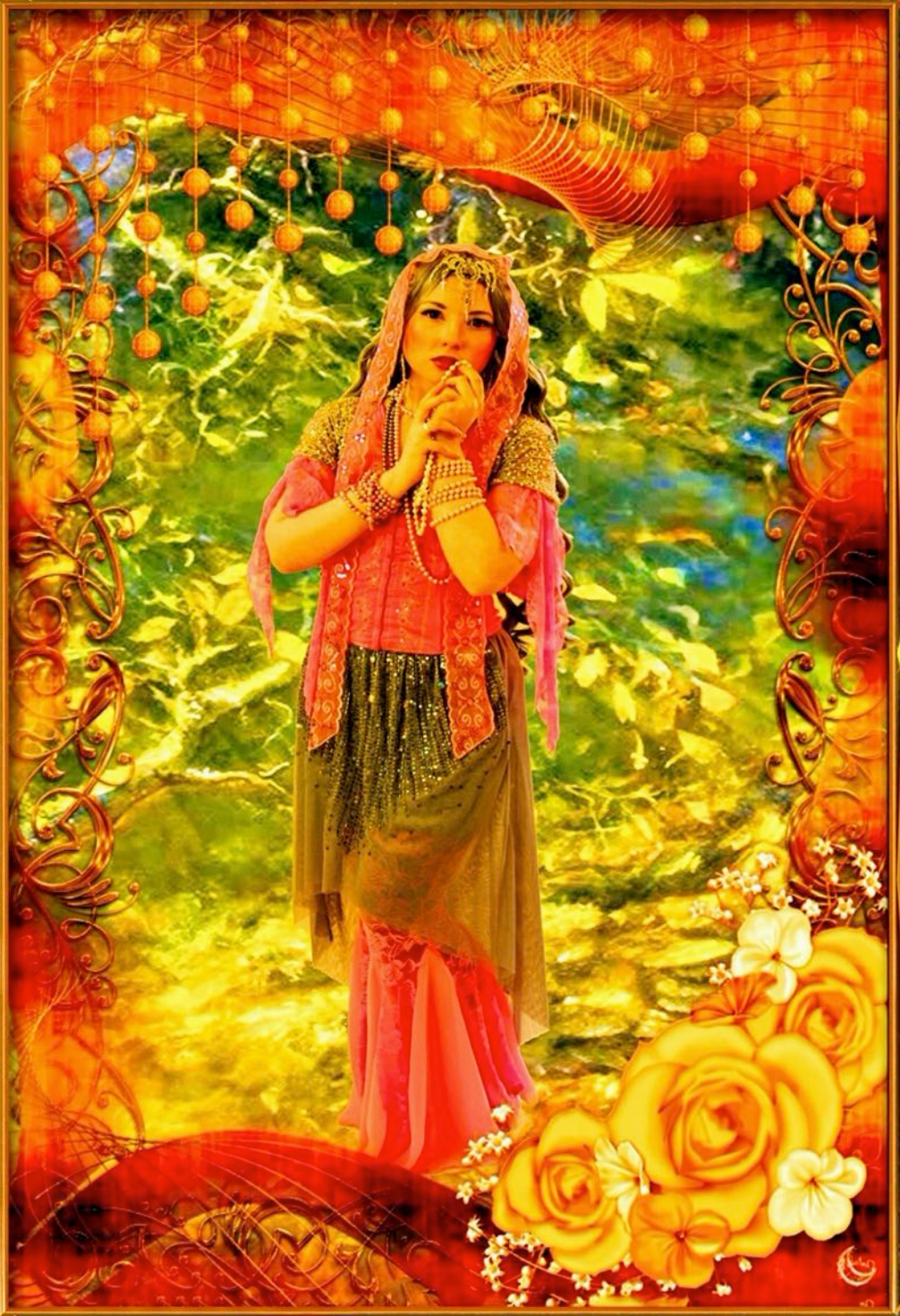


I dive into her eyes,
her soulful gate,
And worship before
her heart's flaming grate,
Midst flowers in
the gardens of our dreams,
Then whirl back up
through her eyes as her mate.






I'm left with a feeling
that's no mere spell,
But a truth in Heaven
that's whimsy in Hell,
Of elemental affinity's flame,
Deeper than thought,
much older than speech can tell.







Yet, we'll still go on to tell,
with quatrains,
Intertwining,
of that which forever deigns,



Moving all that
must ever move by change,
Closing in on
pervading cause that reigns.



Though I'm a scientist, philosopher,
Astronomer, mathematician, we're

Together wiser from
your spirit core:
Why, how, when, and
where things occur.





*We are both essence and form,
as poems versed,
Ever unveiling
this life's deeper thirsts,
As new riches, from strokes,
letters, phonemes,
Words, phrases,
and sentences—uni—versed.*

There is rhythm, reason,

rhyme, meter, sense,

Metric, melody,

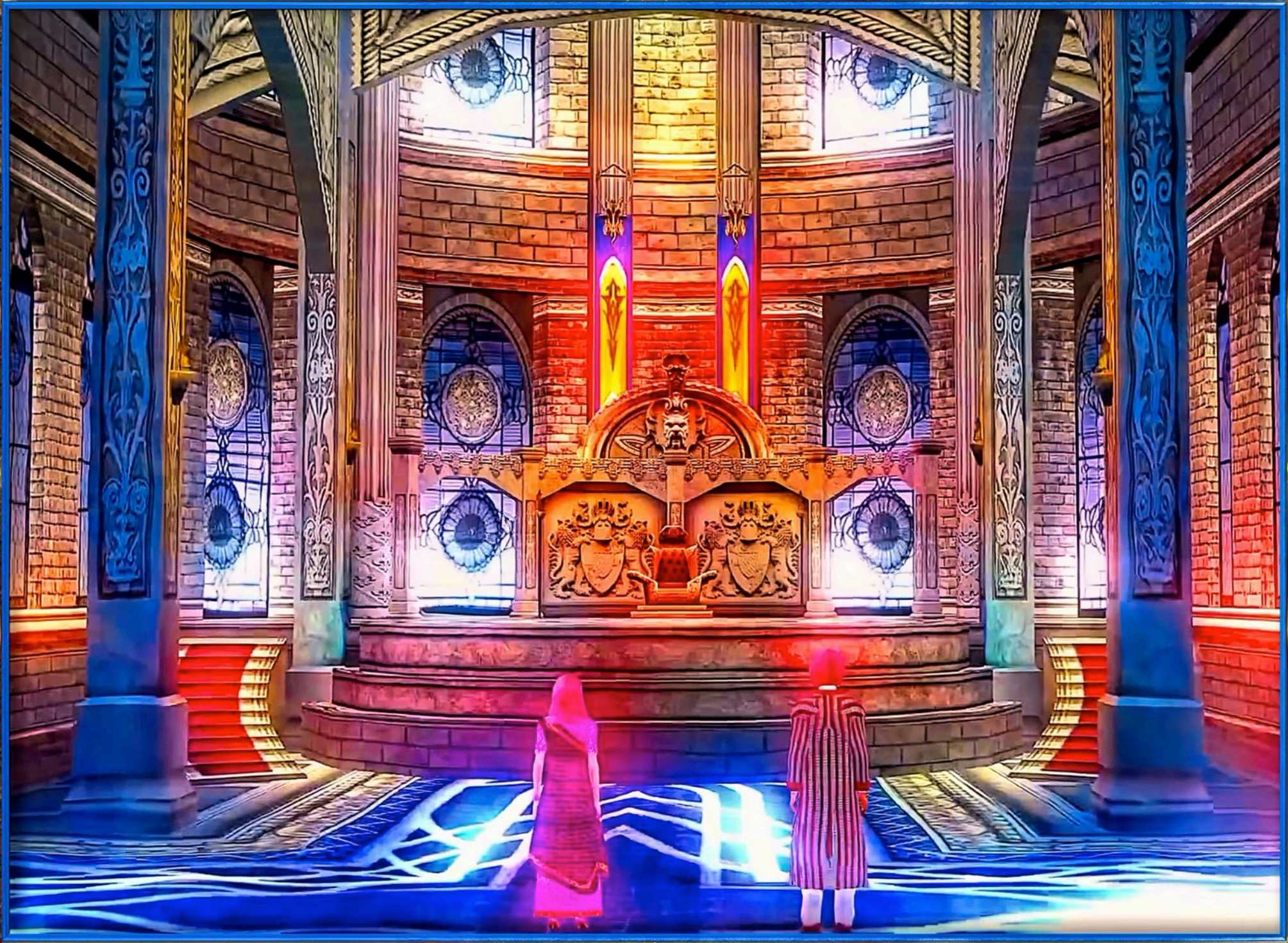
and beauty's true pense,

Revealed through

life's participation,

From a latent whence

into us hence.



A glowing lantern with a yellow light inside, set in a room with a checkered floor and walls. The lantern has a red and green glow on its sides.

*Informationally
derived meanings*

Unify in

*non-reductive gleanings,
In a relational reality,*

*Through the
semantical life happenings.*

A woman with red hair, wearing a yellow and blue futuristic outfit, standing in a large, ornate doorway. The doorway is set in a stone wall with a window in the background. The scene is lit with a blue and yellow glow.


Syntactical information

exchange,


*Without breaking of
the holistic range,*

*Reveals the epic whole
of nature's poetics,
Due to the requisite
of ongoing change.*





*So there's form
before gloried substance,
Relationality before the chance
Of material impressions rising,
Traced in our world
from the gestalt's dance.*



*All lives in the
multi-dimensional spaces
Of basic
superpositional traces*

*Of possibility, as like the
Probable cloud
of distributed paces.*



*What remains unchanged
over time are All's
Properties that
find expression, as laws,
Of the conservation of energy,
Momentum, and
electric charge—unpaused.*







The weave of the discrete bits
as strokes writes

The letters of

the elemental bytes—
The alphabet of

the standard model,
Forming the words as

the atoms whose might

Merge to form molecules,
as phrases,



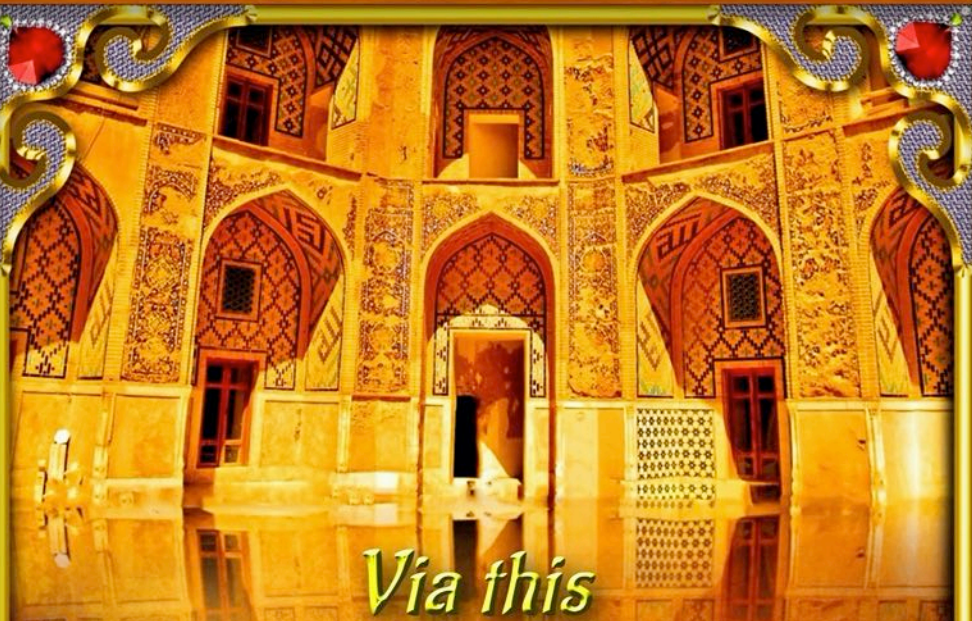
Onto proteins and cells,
as sentences,

Up to paragraphs of organisms,

And unto the

stories of the species.





*Via this
concordance of literature,
We're the Cosmos'
conscious adventure,
As a uni-verse
of sentient poems,
Being both the contained
and the container.*





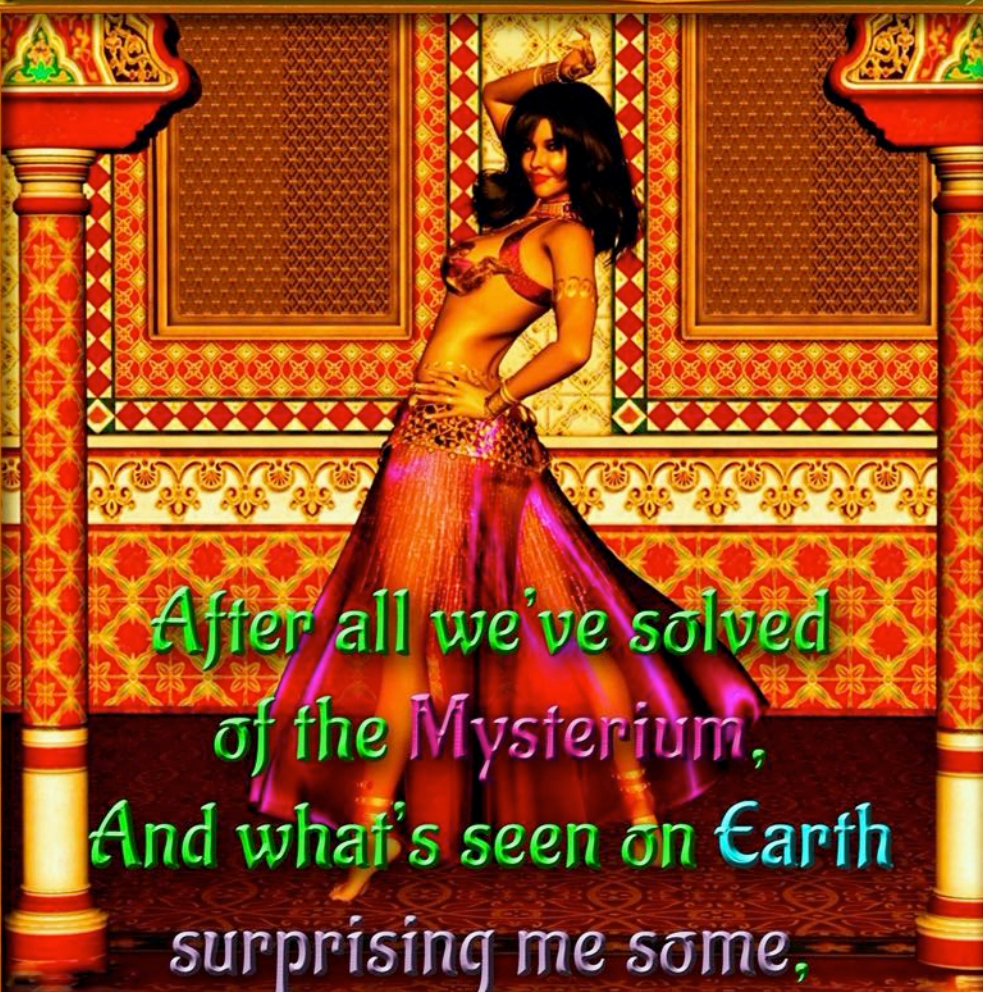


*A poem is both the
thought and the presence*

*An object born from
one's profoundest sense,
An image of diction,
feeling, and rhythm;
It's both the
existence and the essence.*







After all we've solved
of the *Mysterium*,
And what's seen on Earth
surprising me some,
I've realized that
it needn't all make sense,
Which insures my stand
of 'Carpe Diem'.





رستم زنده

رستم زنده



*Saki, though fate's blows here
may retard us,
And oft a sleeping place
be denied us,*



*So long as a wine cup
lies between us,
We've the very truth at hand
to guide us.*

*The wine-jar is
our sacred place of prayer—
We drink in lessons
of true being here;*

*Let's pass much more time
in taverns, so that
Our time misspent in mosques
we can repair.*



When Allah set
the course of the sun,
And pro-creed the Pleiades
their place to run,



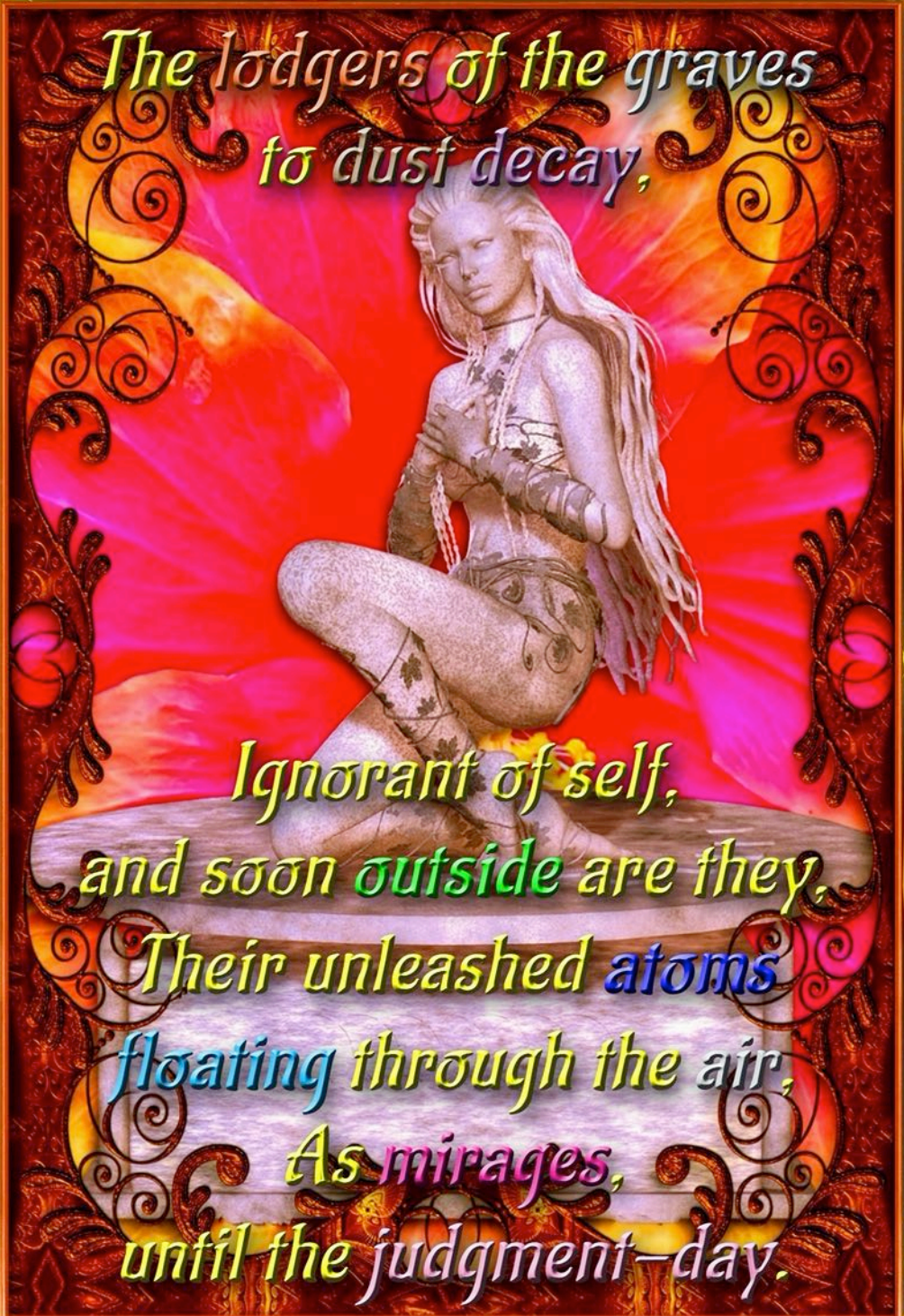
Our lot too was fixed
in fate's high court;
So why blame us for wrongs
that fate has done?

The lodgers of the graves
to dust decay,

Ignorant of self,
and soon outside are they,

Their unleashed atoms
floating through the air,

As mirages,
until the judgment-day.






Take up thy wine goblet,
dear, unafraid,
In this haunt of
the bank's grassy glade,


For many moon-like forms
has heaven's wheel
Into golden cups and goblets
like us made!







Lo, such as I am,
Allah created me,
And hath kept me
for a half-century!



Through all these years
I've made experiment:
If my sins or His mercy
greater be.



*We know the secrets of
this earthly sphere,*

*But still remain the prey
to empty fear.
We cannot bend things
to our will, but we
Can cheer for the
few moments we are here!*



The fullness of
the moment can only
Be had by
being fully present for it,



For then there are
no regrets of the dead past,
No worries
quaking the unborn future.



Close your eyes and
realize the light within;
Allow visualization to begin;

This attracts into your life:
dreams, wishes,
And desires—
all that you would believe in!





*Dreams become
imagination's command;*

The impossible

I now understand.


To know that dreams can



come true makes them so.

A real fantasyland

is being planned.



*Here we are, to learn
just how good life can be;
Woe's not with me,
Care's eagle eye can't find me,
Stress is left behind,
with the serpent Despair;*

*I'll feast on the Earth
before it feasts on me.*



Look, wherever we turn
our tired eyes,

Sweet nature springs,

and crystal bearers rise,

The desert, once bare as Hell,
now verdant smiles:

Let us enjoy,
oh maid of Paradise!





*Driven not by
desperation or pain,
But purely by love alone,
we sustain*

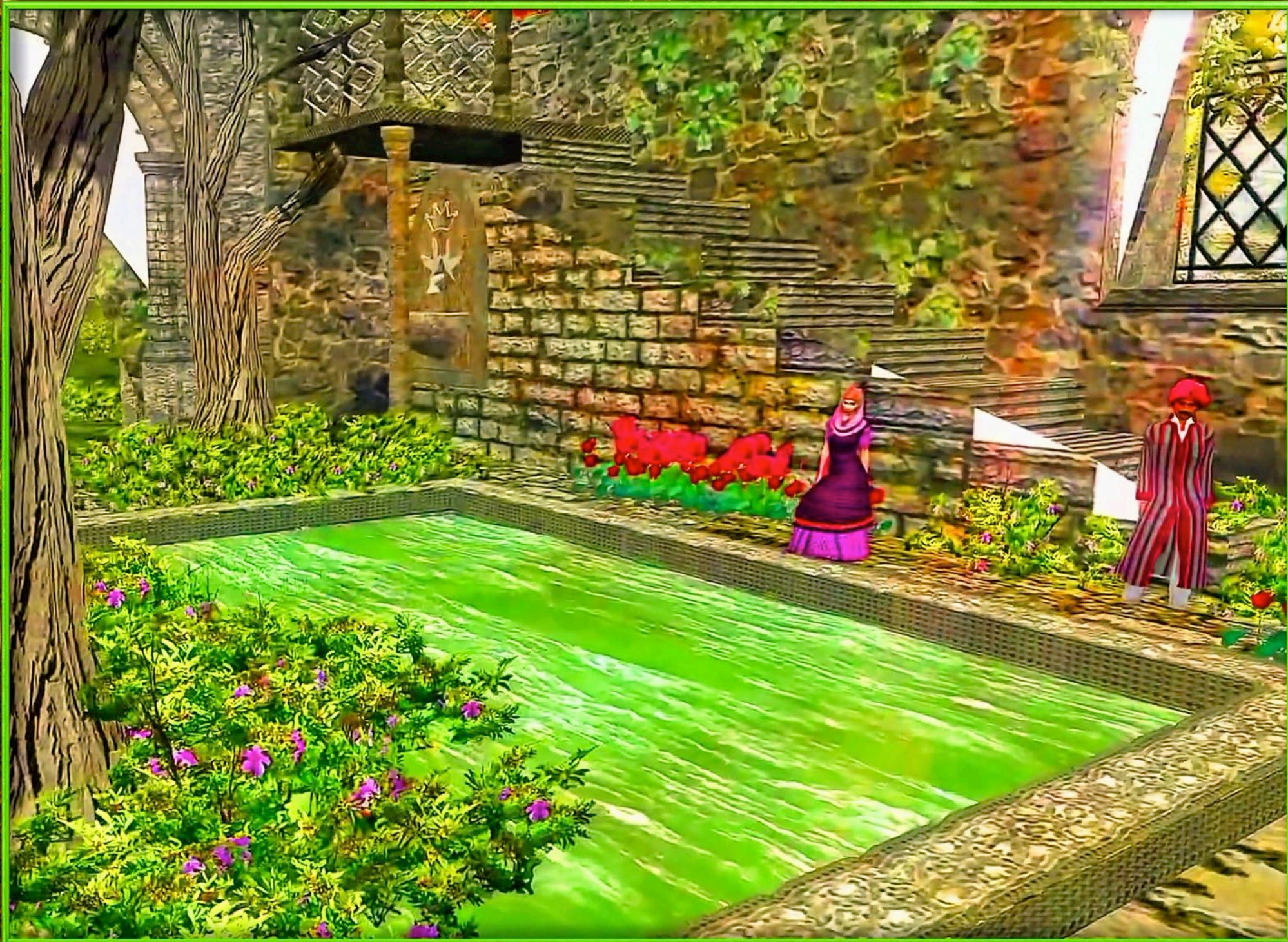


*Affection through
the goodness of giving,
For true love's
but pure love preordained.*

*A mutual self we form,
one both friend and lover*

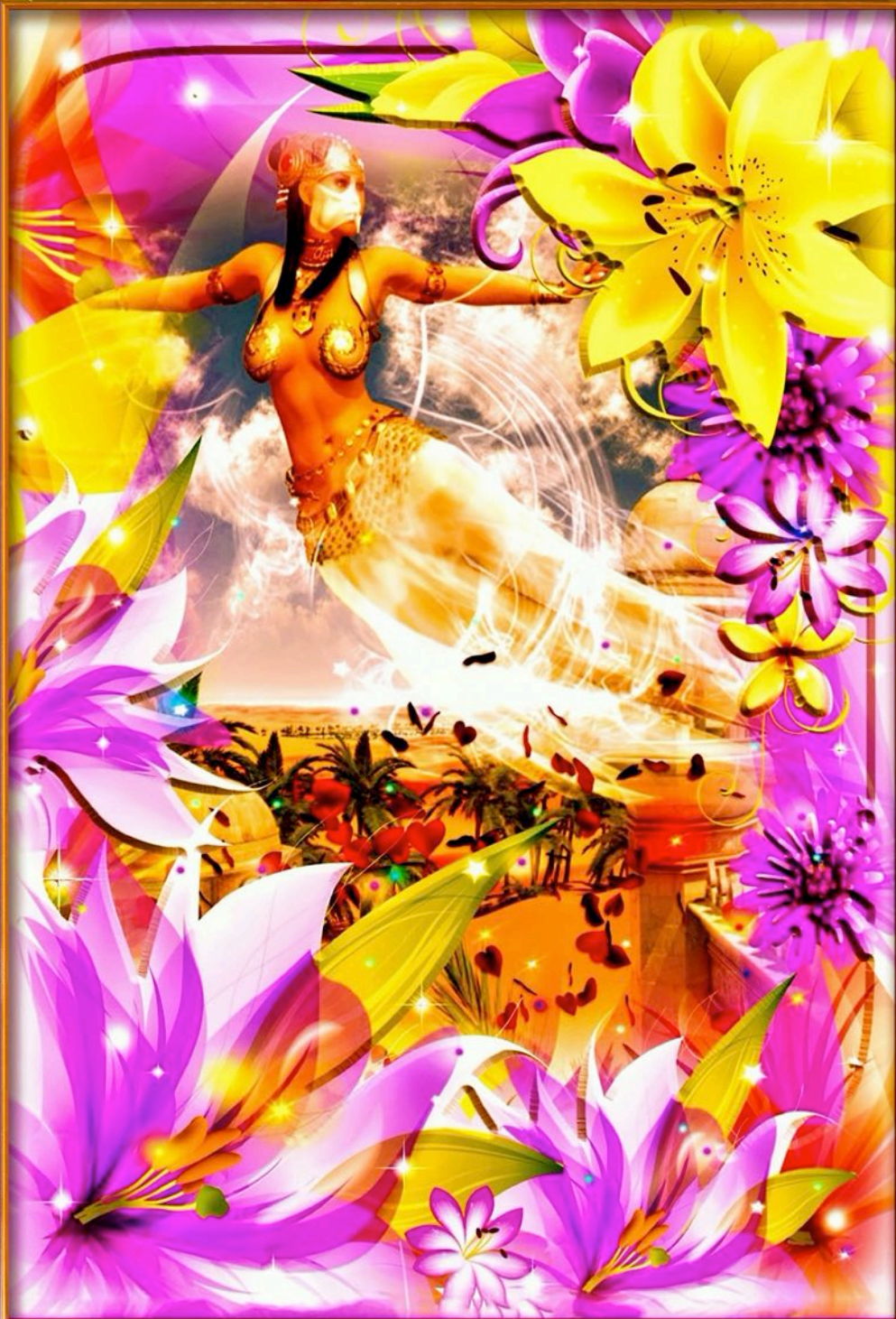


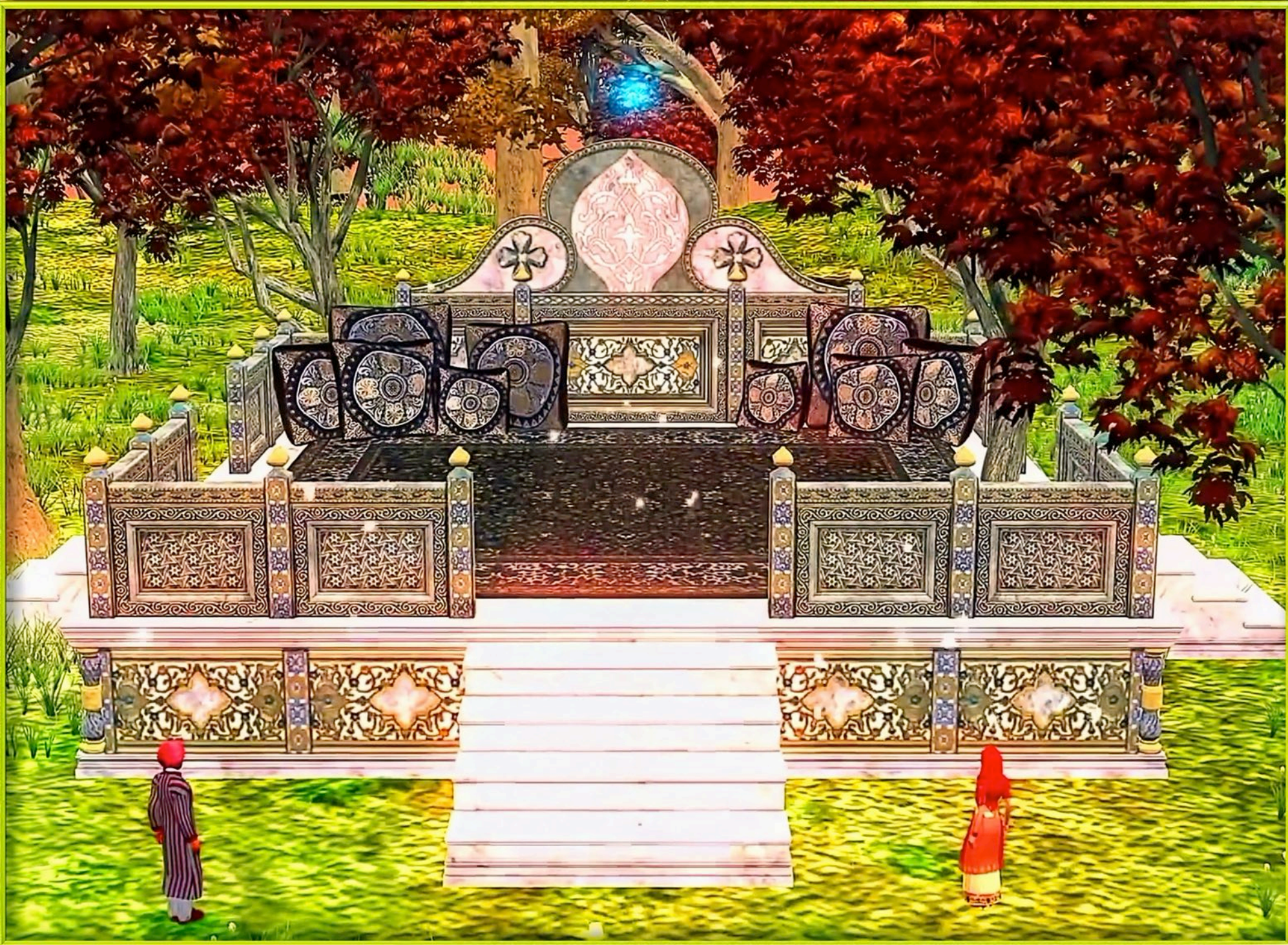
*Touching soul-to-soul
through language we discover,
Opening each other up
to connect our selves:
Now we Two total more
than One plus One other.*





*True kisses are always new,
and never
Lose their freshness,
for, like falling water
Or the cyclic moon,
the power of love
Renews itself,
and sustains forever.*





I'd entered her being,
snuggling in there,
Gently wading

where few had ever tread;
Then, like childhood laughing
without a care,
I'd followed her stream
to its sparkling head!

We'd pledged our selves
and were living the dream,
After many a loving way
with charm.

We dance, splash, and play
in that glowing stream!
Where our souls drink deep
so safe from harm.





She sends out emanations
of love fair

That are sweet, soft,
and smiling on the air;

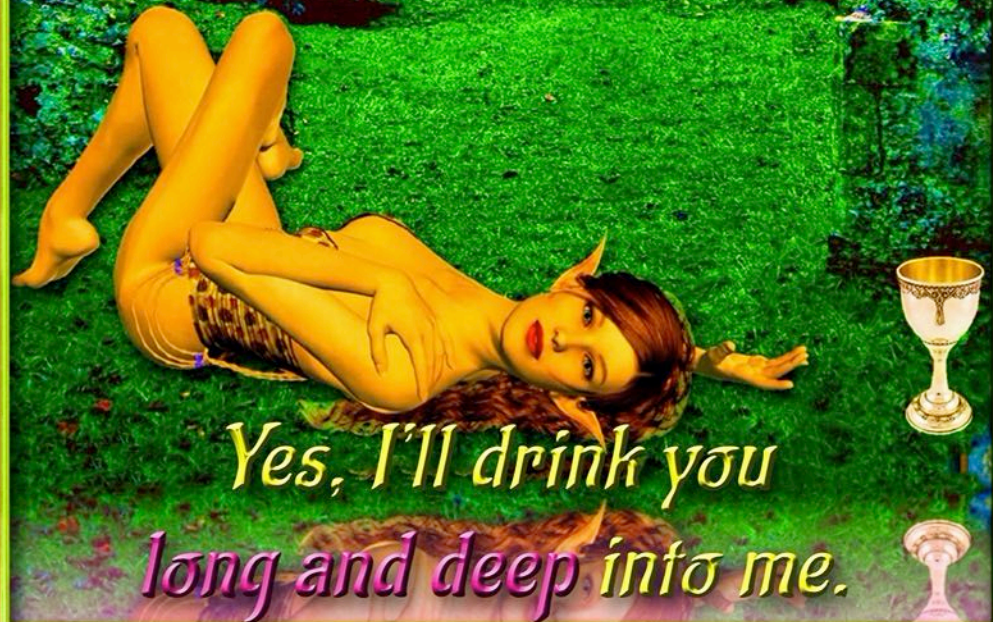
'Tis a scented mist,
a liquid love filling



The scene with
its well-being everywhere.

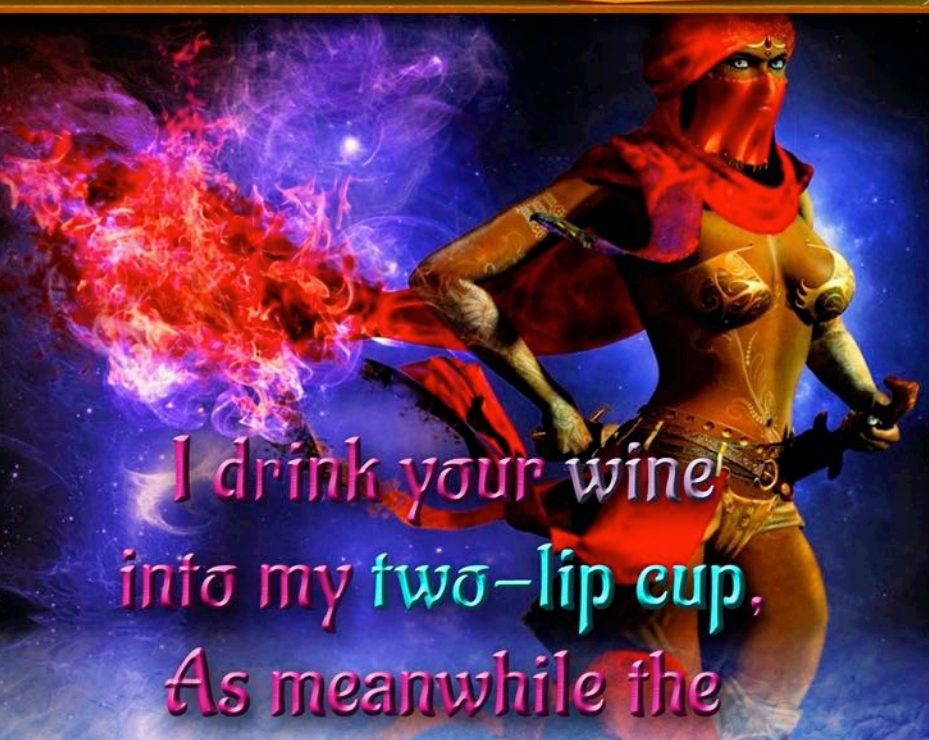


The tulip lifts
her blushing cheeks to me,
While wandering winds
caress the rose tree.
She wears a spring smile
and pours dewy tea.



Yes, I'll drink you
long and deep into me.





I drink your wine
into my two-lip cup,
As meanwhile the
giver-of-life comes up;
Petal by petal,



your rose wide unfolds—
Passions grow from
the dew on which we sup.




My dearest:
Your wet lips' sensual pout

Draws me to the cooling well,
in and out.

Love's sensation
touches us everywhere;
At last, the sweet-water
puts the fire out.





*A sixth sense is
the mind when alive,
For it makes sense
of the other five,
Bypassing non-sense,*



*and creating
The only way
in this world to survive.*







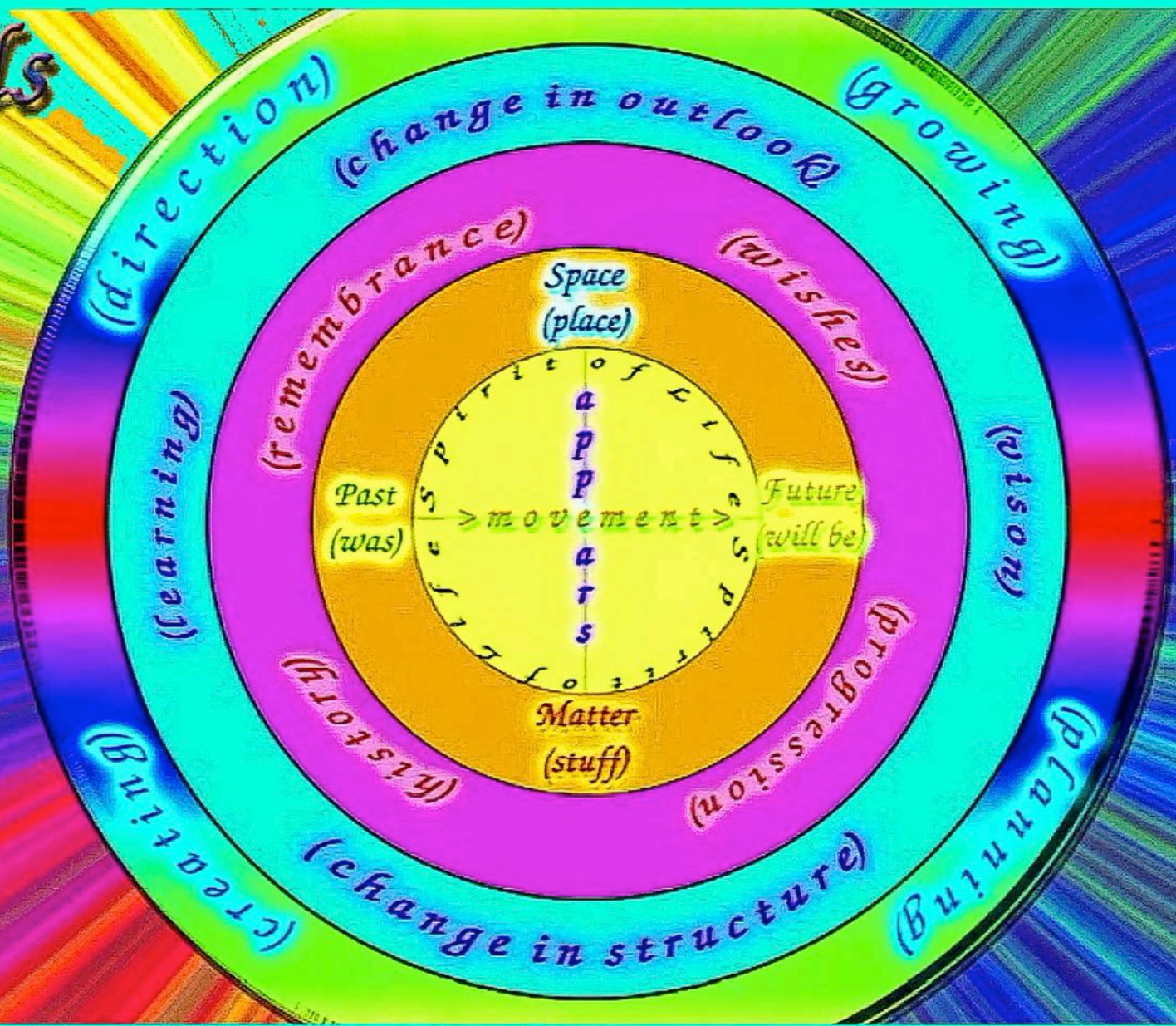
Past, going,
leads to future that will be—
Transformational—
'now' in the middle,
Rolling smoothly



through recall, sensation,
And anticipation. Time is movement!



Fields



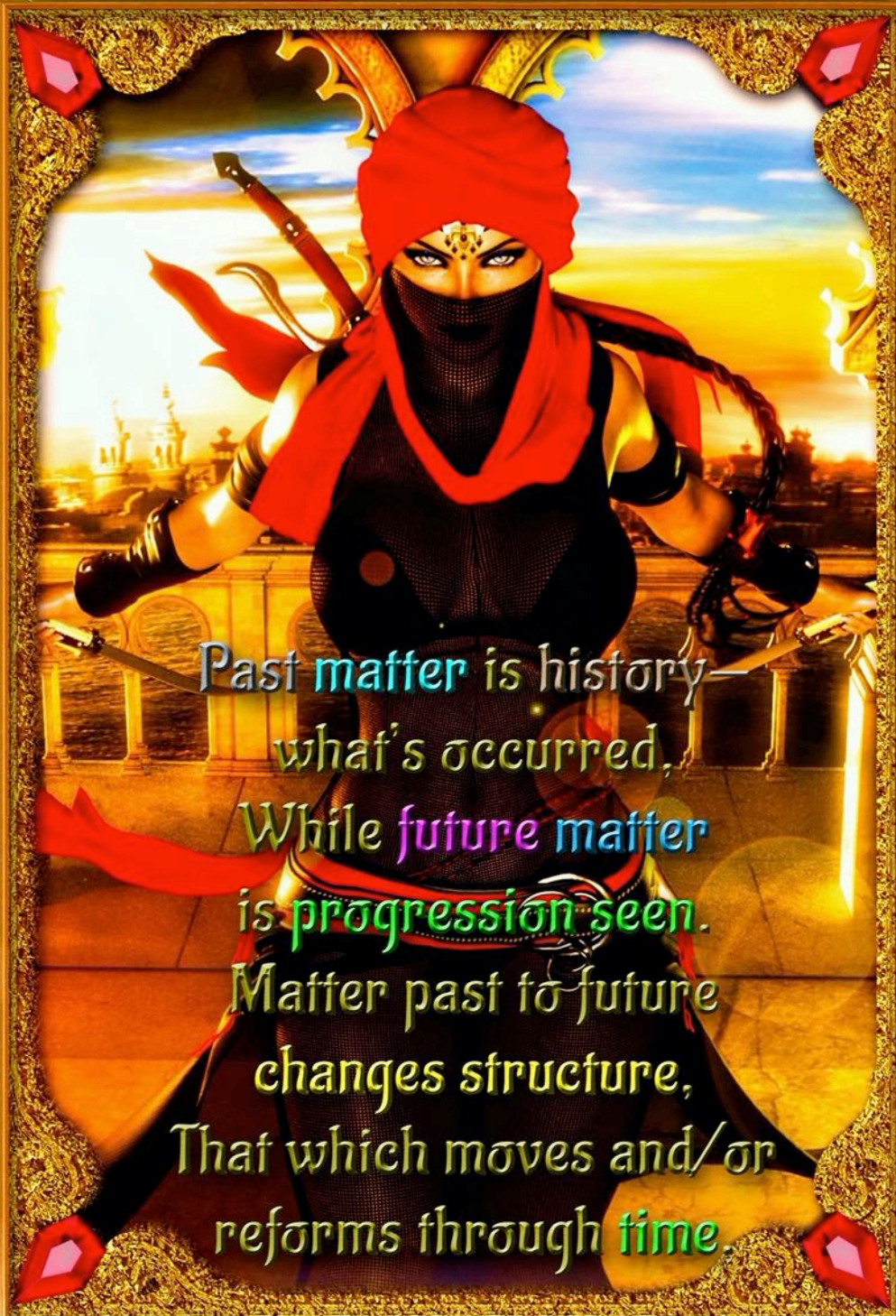
Being



*Space/matter and past-future
blend to create
The spirit of life
at the pyramid's core
That furthers the sparks
of pair relationships*



*That evolve as
the life of our species.*



*Past matter is history
what's occurred,
While future matter
is progression seen.
Matter past to future
changes structure,
That which moves and/or
reforms through time*





*Past space is remembrance—
the memories,*

*While future space is
wishes, hopes, and dreams.*

*Space past to future
is a change of outlook
from what is known
to what might become.*

*Remembering history is learning;
Wishing of a progression is vision;
We venture on into creation from
Structural changes and education.*



*Direction is learning
from outlook's change,*

*While planning's
the formation of vision;
Vision and change
of outlook beget growth;*

*All of now-where to now-here
as Being.*





Direction arrives
 or one goes nowhere;
 Growth happens
 or one vanishes to null;








“What’s the ‘energy’ you spoke of before?”

*Energy is a
beauty and a brilliance,
Flashing up in its destructance,
For everything isn't here
to stay its 'best' —
It's merely there
to die in its sublimeness.*








Like slow fires making
their brands, it breeds,
Yet ever consumes and
moves on as more it feeds,
Then spreads forth anew,
this unpurposed dispersion,
An inexorable emergence
with little reversion.




All becomes from
its glorious excursions
Through the change
that patient time restrains,
It feasting upon
the glorious decayed remains,
In its progressive march
through losses for gains





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.



*One need not look
where there is no light,*

*For being alive is
the very meaning of life—
Living life is the sparkle
that gleams so bright;
Why parade in the dark
when all here's so right?*





What is the Earth with
these pastimes so fine?

It is the gift of the
Universe's fine sweet valentine.

What loveliness brings such
soft breezes that caress?



The winds are
the pressured airs
mixing up the rest.

Where in the Woe
is Purgatory's bane?

Purgatory's on Venus,
where sulfurs rain.

Where in the Heck
is that deep Hell of pain?
Hell'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's said, but truly,
where is the stead?

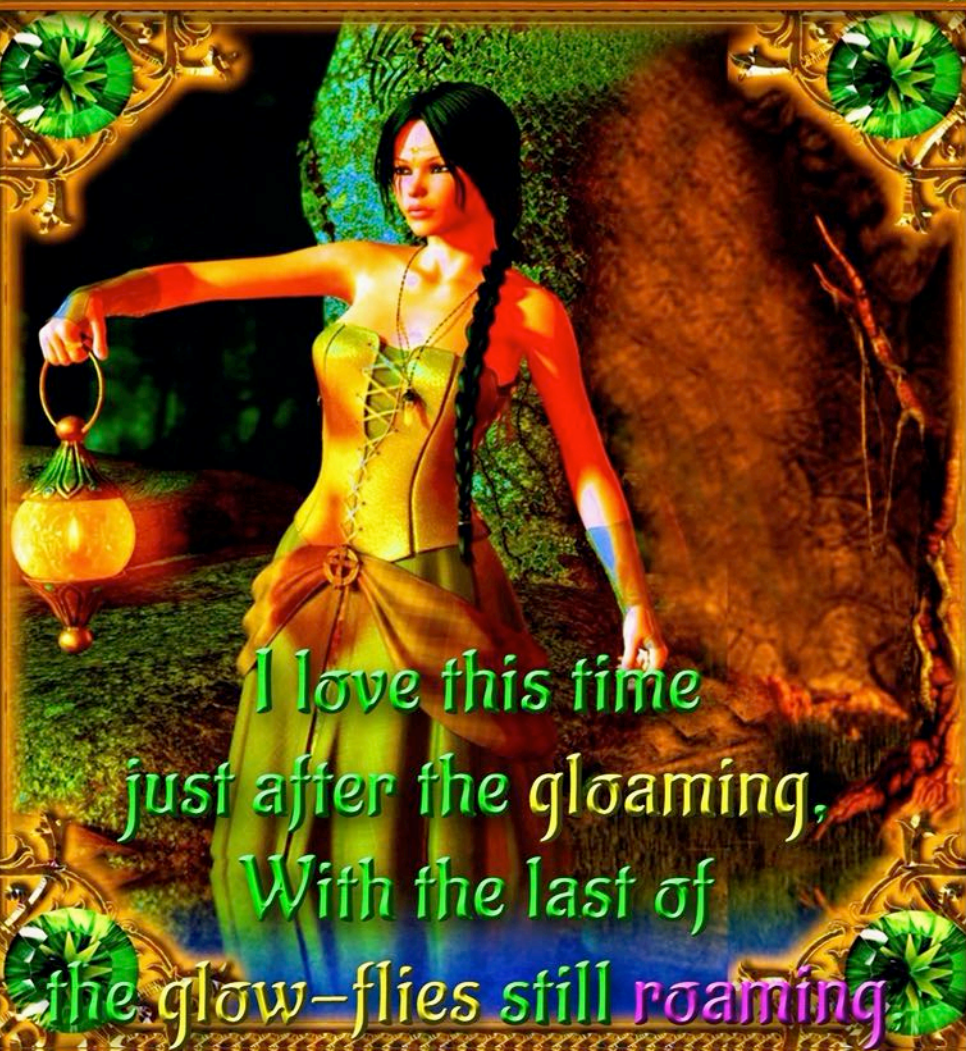
*I must tell of them that
they're only read;*



Of those places spent
after we are dead?

*It's written in words
ancient language bred.*





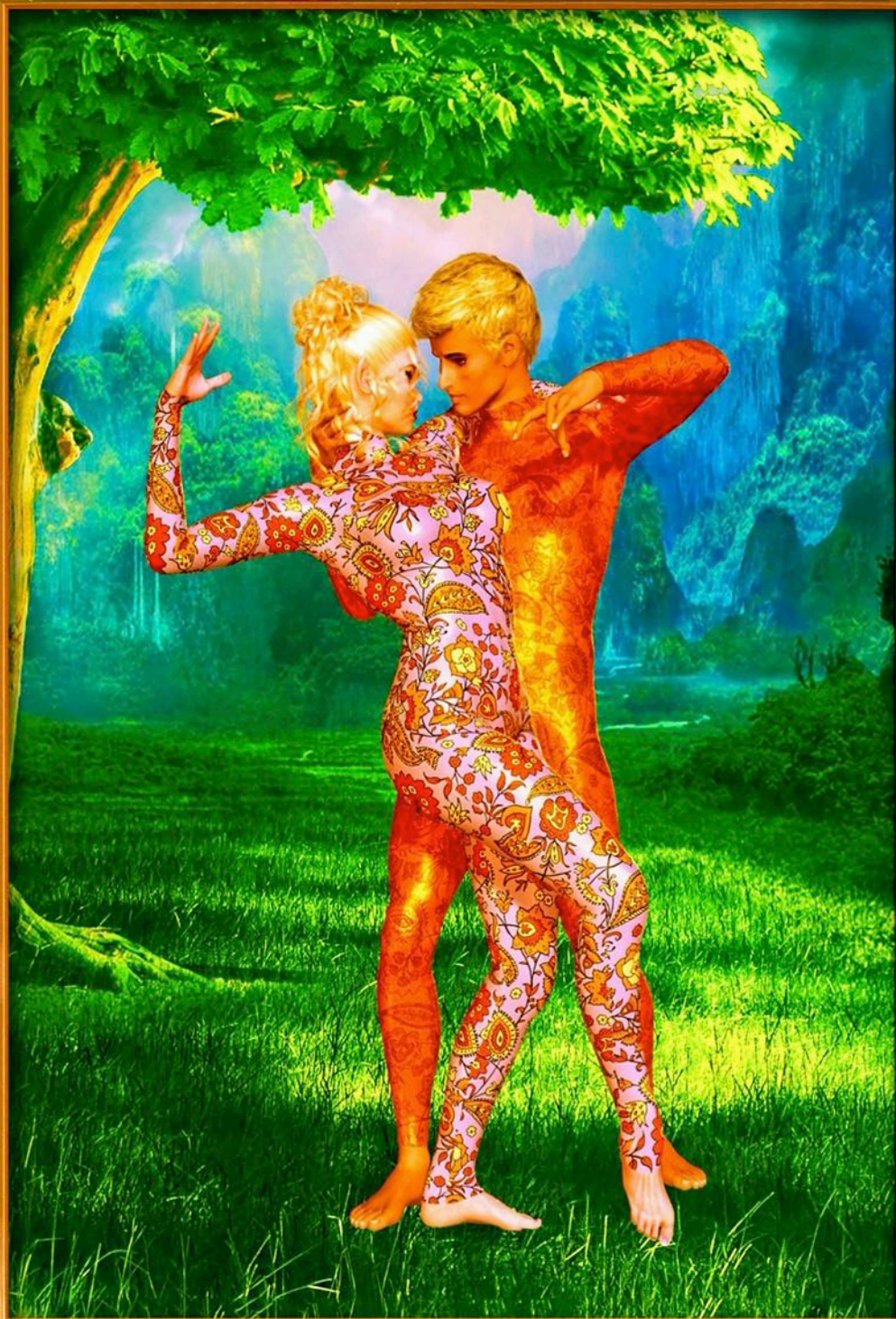
I love this time
just after the gloaming,
With the last of
the glow-flies still roaming
The night airs full
of amorous promise,
And the quietus that
lets love's dreams rise.







Here our ships are
over=brimmed with visions
So clearly seen
that some must roll on in,
For the prismatic arch
of the sun bow
Is anchored twice to
the real world below.







I dip myself in,
as the cup to fill
From the stream of
consciousness my will

That is beyond the plain reality,



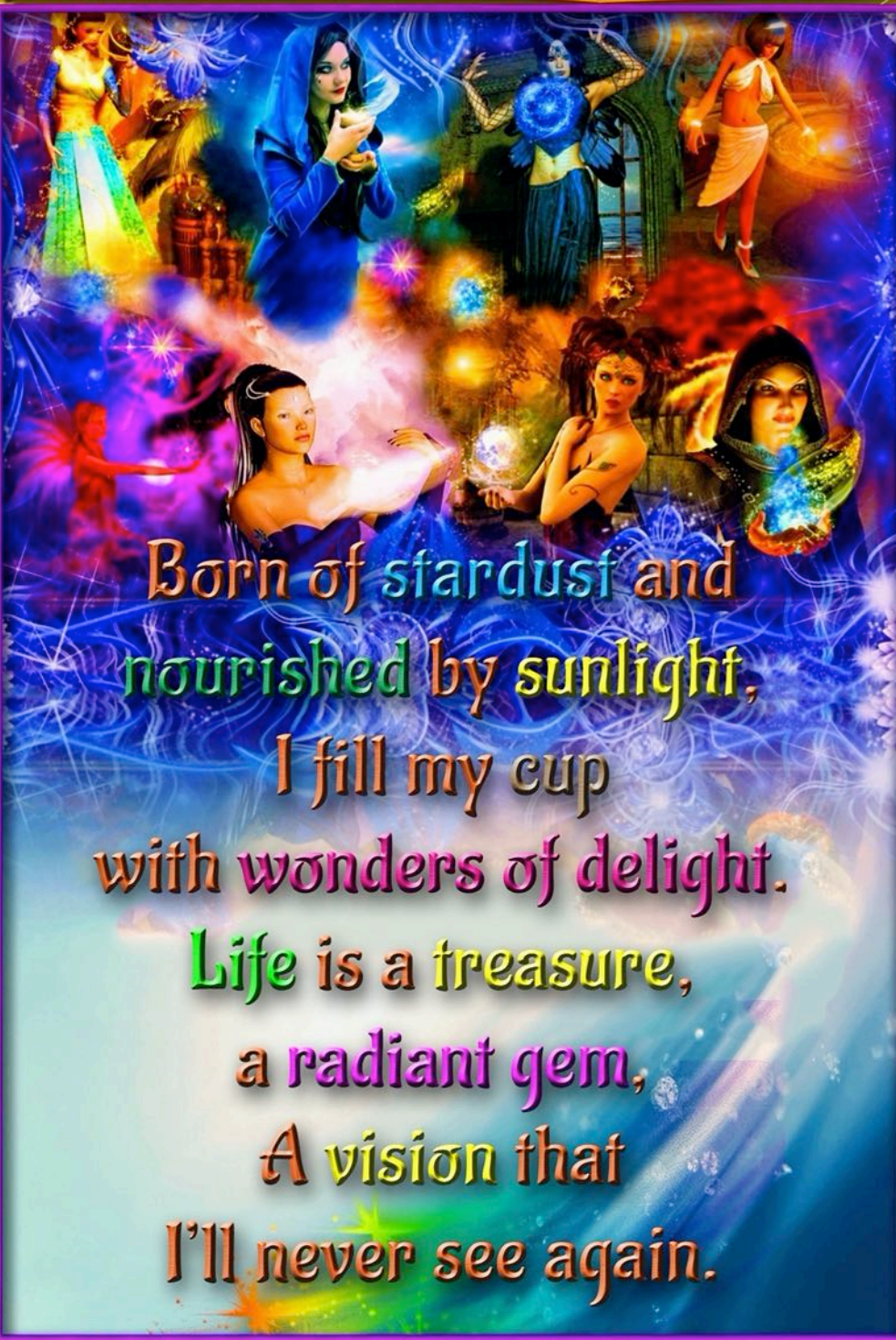
As waking from it
all the more to be.











Born of stardust and
nourished by sunlight,
I fill my cup
with wonders of delight.
Life is a treasure,
a radiant gem,
A vision that
I'll never see again.





The nightingale,
overcome by the fume



Of the failing rose,
pierces itself in doom
On the thorn, bleeding red
the life that flees,
Then revives in
the beauty of the bloom.







Tamam
Shud