

anthology

Of Enlightenment

Summer
SESSIONS



Rumi

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Rumi

Persians and Afghanis call Rumi "Jelaluddin Balkhi." He was born September 30, 1207, in Balkh, Afghanistan, which was then part of the Persian empire. The name Rumi means "from Roman Anatolia." He was not known by that name, of course, until after his family, fleeing the threat of the invading Mongol armies, emigrated to Konya, Turkey, sometime between 1215 and 1220. His father, Bahauddin Walad, was a theologian and jurist and a mystic of uncertain lineage. Bahauddin Walad's *Maarif*, a collection of notes, diary like remarks, sermons, and strange accounts of visionary experiences, has shocked most of the conventional scholars who have tried to understand them. He shows a startlingly sensual freedom in stating his union with God. Rumi was instructed in his father's secret inner life by a former student of his father, Burhanuddin Mahaqqiq.



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Rumi

Burhan and Rumi also studied Sanai and Attar. At his father's death Rumi took over the position of sheikh in the dervish learning community in Konya. His life seems to have been a fairly normal one for a religious scholar-teaching, meditating, helping the poor-until in the late fall of 1244 when he met a stranger who put a question to him. That stranger was the wandering dervish, Shams of Tabriz, who had traveled throughout the Middle East searching and praying for someone who could "endure my company." A voice came, "What will you give in return?" "My head!" "The one you seek is Jelaluddin of Konya."

From "The essential Rumi" translated by Coleman Barks



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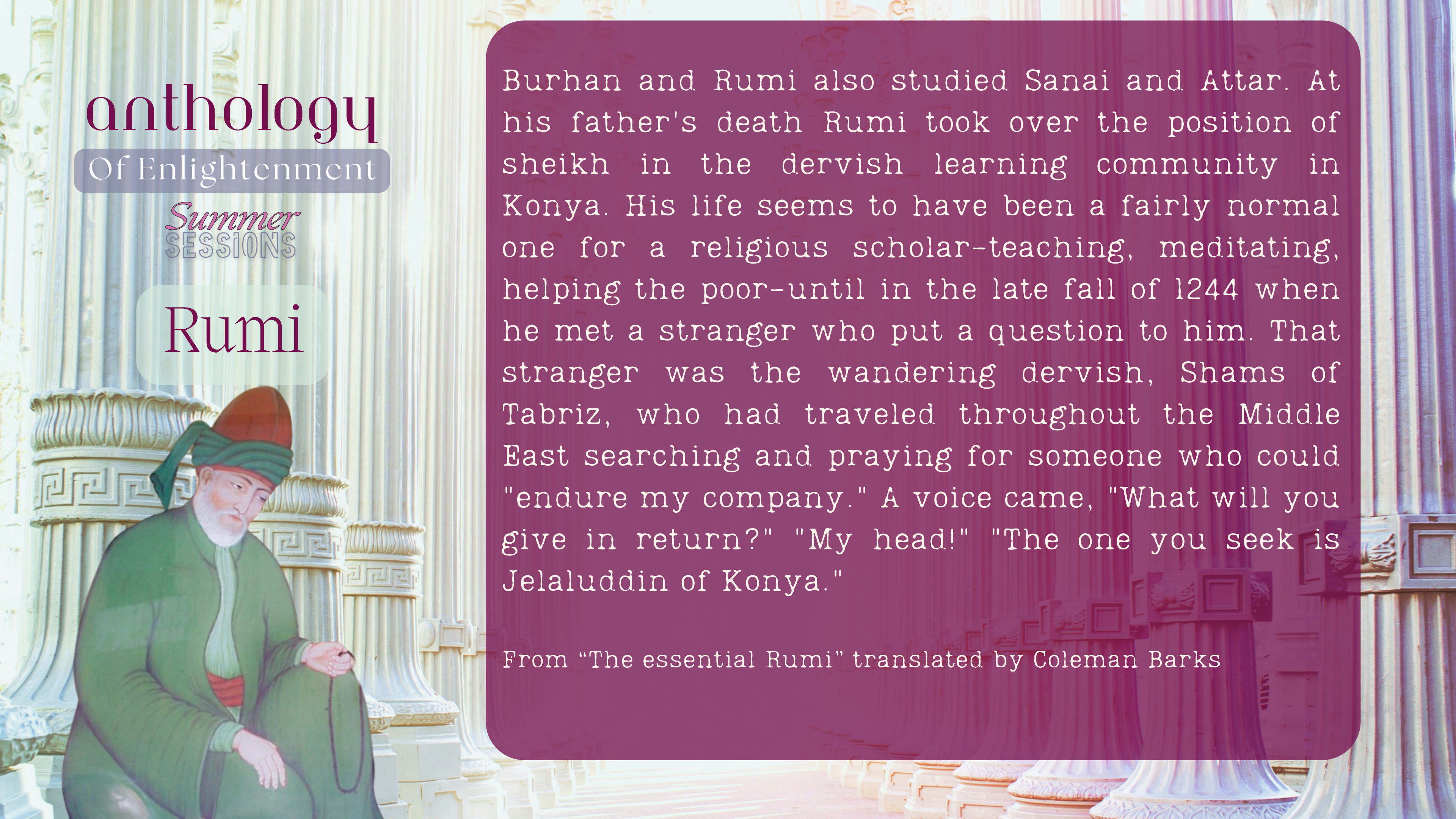
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SAY I AM YOU

I am dust particles in sunlight. I am the round sun.
To the bits of dust I say, Stay. To the sun, Keep moving.
I am morning mist, and the breathing of evening.
I am wind in the top of a grove, and surf on the cliff.
Mast, rudder, helmsman, and keel, I am also the coral reef they founder on.
I am a tree with a trained parrot in its branches. Silence, thought, and voice.

Rumi



The musical air coming through a flute, a spark of a stone, a flickering
in metal. Both candle, and the moth crazy around it.

Rose, and the nightingale lost in the fragrance.

I am all orders of being, the circling galaxy, the evolutionary intelligence, the lift, and
the falling away. What is, and what isn't. You who know Jelaluddin, You the one in
all, say who I am. Say I am You.

A deep silence revives the listening and the speaking of
those two who meet on the riverbank.

Rumi



*Like the ground turning green in a spring wind.
Like birdsong beginning inside the egg.*

*Like this universe coming into existence, the lover wakes,
and whirls in a dancing joy, then kneels down in praise.*

Rumi



WHERE EVERYTHING IS MUSIC

Poem

Rumi



*Don't worry about saving these songs!
And if one of our instruments breaks, it doesn't matter.
We have fallen into the place where everything is music.*

*The strumming and the flute notes rise into the atmosphere, and even if
the whole world's harp should burn up, there will still be hidden
instruments playing.*

Rumi



*So the candle flickers and goes out.
We have a piece of flint, and a spark.*

*This singing art is sea foam.
The graceful movements come from a pearl
somewhere on the ocean floor.*

Rumi



*Poems reach up like spindrift and
the edge of driftwood along the beach, wanting!*

They derive from a slow and powerful root that we can't see.

*Stop the words now. Open the window in the center of your chest, and
let the spirits fly in and out.*

Rumi



A WISHED-FOR SONG

You're song, a wished-for song.

*Go through the ear
to the center where sky is,
where wind, where silent knowing.*

Put seeds and cover them.

Blades will sprout where you do your work.

