

Poems used in the song cycle *The Sun is Love* (2004)

Poetry by Jelaluddin Rumi, translated by Coleman Barks
Music by Gwyneth Walker

Circling the Sun

The sun is love. The lover,
a speck circling the sun.
A Spring wind moves to dance
any branch that isn't dead.
Something opens our wings. Something
makes boredom and hurt disappear.
Someone fills the cup in front of us.
We taste only sacredness.
Held like this, to draw in milk,
no will, tasting clouds of milk,
never so content.
I stand up and this one of me
turns into a hundred of me.
They say I circle around you.
Nonsense. I circle around me.

Quietness

Inside this new love, die.
Your way begins on the other side.
Become the sky.
Take an axe to the prison wall.
Escape.
Walk out like someone suddenly born into color.
Do it now.
You're covered with thick cloud.
Slide out the side. Die,
and be quiet. Quietness is the surest sign
that you've died.
Your old life was a frantic running
from silence.
The speechless full moon
comes out now.

Flirtation: Light and Wine and Pomegranate Flowers

Come to the orchard in Spring.
There is light and wine, and sweethearts
in the pomegranate flowers.
If you do not come, these do not matter.
If you do come, these do not matter.
Daylight, full of small dancing particles
and the one great turning, our souls
are dancing with you, without feet, they dance.
Can you see them when I whisper in your ear?
I would love to kiss you.
The price of kissing is your life.
Now my loving is running toward my life shouting,
What a bargain, let's buy it.
The breeze at dawn has secrets to tell you.
Don't go back to sleep.
You must ask for what you really want.
Don't go back to sleep.
People are going back and forth across the doorsill
where the two worlds touch.
The door is round and open.
Don't go back to sleep
Come to the orchard in Spring.
There is light and wine, and sweethearts
in the pomegranate flowers.
Come to the orchard in Spring.

The Sunrise Ruby

In the early morning hour,
just before dawn, lover and beloved wake
and take a drink of water.
She asks, "Do you love me or yourself more?
Really, tell the absolute truth."
He says, "There's nothing left of me.
I'm like a ruby held up to the sunrise.
Is it still a stone, or a world
made of redness? It has no resistance
to sunlight."
This is how the Lord said, I am God
and told the truth!
The ruby and the sunrise are one.

Dualities

a. insomnias

When I am with you, we stay up all night.
When you're not here, I can't go to sleep.
Praise God for these two insomnias!
And the difference between them.

b. meetings

The minute I heard my first love story
I started looking for you, not knowing
how blind that was.
Lovers don't finally meet somewhere.
They're in each other all along.

c. mirrors

We are the mirror as well as the face in it.
We are tasting the taste this minute
of eternity. We are pain
and what cures pain, both. We are
the sweet cold water and the jar that pours.

d. stones

I want to hold you close like a lute,
so we can cry out with loving.
You would rather throw stones at a mirror?
I am your mirror, and here are the stones.

A Waterbird (Flying into the Sun)

What I want is to see your face
In a tree, in the sun coming out,
in the air.

What I want is
to hear the falcon-drum, and light again
on your forearm.

To see in every palm your elegant silver coin shavings,
to turn with the wheel of the rain,
to fall with the falling bread.

To swim like a huge fish
in ocean water,
to be Jacob recognizing Joseph.

To be a desert mountain
instead of a city.

I'm tired of cowards.

I want to live with lions.
with Moses.

I want to sing like birds sing,
not worrying who hears,
or what they think.

I am a waterbird flying into the sun.

What I want is to see your face
Beyond wanting, beyond place.

I am a waterbird flying into the sun
Your old life was a frantic running
from silence.

The speechless full moon
comes out now.