

*Am I here? Am I there?  
My journey starts anew at every rising dawn  
I have achieved enough to reach to the sun  
But, it seems the journey is still misty  
Is it the journey or the destiny?  
The journey enhances my love of staying here  
The destiny proves that every moment is there  
When should I leave?  
I am a matter, intellect, and soul  
The matter makes me foul  
The intellect eases my living  
The soul questions my being  
Is it the past or the future?  
The past anchors my allure  
The future deepens my desire  
I have been running, running, and running...  
A trickle of light shall be rising  
Hence, I shall see my destiny coming  
Nor past, nor future, are helping  
Time is speeding.  
Dreams help me think achievement  
All about accomplishment  
Wake up...  
You have arrived  
Where? Again to nowhere  
I am still here  
Could someone there show me how to arrive?  
Alas, all pretend to grasp the lever  
There are more specialists of the truth than ever  
They advise how to stay forever  
Did you arrive?  
Yes indeed...  
How?  
Another wise specialist: by forgetting the destiny  
And avoiding the scrutiny  
Enjoy your time and don't be a mislaid philosopher  
I am not a philosopher sir. I am a truth seeker*

*Than migrate to the land of truth lovers  
Full with divine singers  
Is there one for God sake?  
Who knows its lake?  
You should find it yourself  
At the bottom of the self  
How? How?  
Ask maybe that known scholar  
Again..you are taking me back to the collar  
I heard that scholar preaches about the beginning  
He never unravels the mystery of the becoming  
Nice sentences, eloquent speeches, and solid logic  
I am trapped by his magic  
Weak mind...you are easy to fool  
At every moon  
Too many ephemeral lights and few eternal ones  
Listen to these tones  
The ephemeral ones are fabricated  
The eternal ones are sophisticated  
Then...you are close...don't stop  
What is made is a gallop  
What is not made is the realm of the unseen  
How could the unseen be seen?  
Ask the unseen ones  
With light in their bones  
Who when they become seen perish  
Their love you will cherish  
Who are they?  
They are the masters of truth  
Not blowers of a flute  
What they say?  
Truth is a light  
Light upon light becomes the quintessential light:  
It is the light of the heavens and the earth  
Lit from a blessed breath  
Neither of the east nor of the west  
It belongs to the sacred nest  
It belongs to One  
Who created it alone*

*The Owner of the journey and the destiny  
The true almighty  
Oh, the One help me see Your light  
I see now Your might...  
You are very close, and I thought You are very far  
I was in a jar  
Why I did not see Your light at the beginning of my journey?  
You were busy dancing with the monkey  
Is it late for me to embrace Your light?  
From the cradle to the grave stay light  
Embrace the essence  
Divorce the substance  
Remember me, I remember you  
No priest nor a preacher shall fool you  
I have claimed you for Myself  
I have protected you from pelf  
Then be yourself  
Thank you my Lord  
You are my sacred cord  
To the destiny that all your beloved will reach  
For their poverty and not for being rich*

**Random words by Abu Adam**