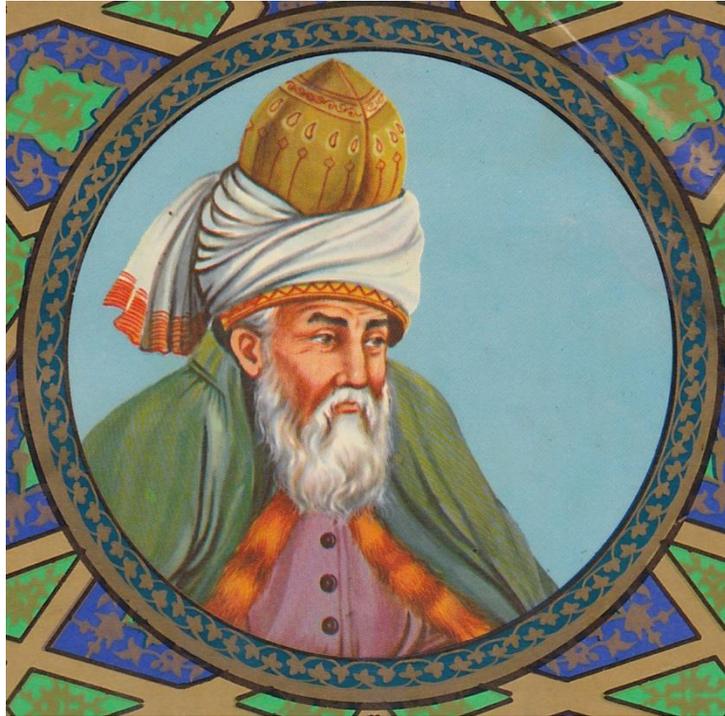


# Rumi's Wisdom



(Image: Wikimedia Commons)

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## Unfold Your Own Myth

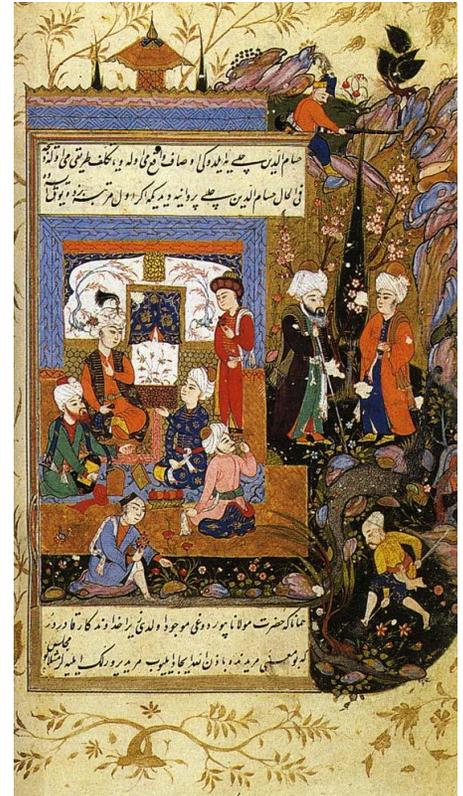
Who gets up early to discover the moment light begins?  
Who finds us here circling, bewildered, like atoms?  
Who comes to a spring thirsty  
and sees the moon reflected in it?  
Who, like Jacob blind with grief and age,  
smells the shirt of his lost son and can see again?  
Who lets a bucket down and brings up a flowing prophet?  
Or, like Moses, goes for fire  
and finds what burns inside the sunrise?  
Jesus slips into a house to escape enemies,  
and opens a door to the other world.  
Solomon cuts open a fish, and there is a gold ring.  
Omar storms in to kill the Prophet  
and leaves with blessings.  
Chase a deer and end up everywhere.  
An oyster opens his mouth to swallow one drop.  
Now there is a pearl.  
A vagrant wanders empty ruins.  
Suddenly he is wealthy.  
But do not be satisfied with stories,  
how things have gone with others.  
Unfold your own myth,  
without complicated explanations,  
so everyone will understand the passage,  
We have opened you.  
Start walking toward Shams, the teacher, the sun.  
Your legs will get heavy and tired.  
Then comes a moment of feeling the wings you have grown,  
lifting.

By Rumi

## Come, Come, Whoever You Are

Come, come, whoever you are  
Wonderer, worshipper, lover of leaving.  
It doesn't matter.  
Ours is not a caravan of despair.  
Come, even if you have broken your vow  
a thousand times  
Come, yet again, come, come.

By Rumi



“Jalal al-Din Rumi, Showing His Love for His Young Disciple Hussam al-Din Chelebi”  
Illustration circa 1594.

## Love Dogs

One night a man was crying,  
Allah! Allah!  
His lips grew sweet with the praising,  
until a cynic said, *“So! I have heard you  
calling out, but have you ever gotten any response?”*  
The man had no answer to that.  
He quit praying and fell into a confused sleep.  
He dreamed he saw Khidr, the guide of souls,  
in a thick, green foliage.  
*“Why did you stop praising?”*  
*“Because I’ve never heard anything back.”*  
*“This longing you express is the return message.”*  
The grief you cry out from  
draws you toward union.  
Your pure sadness  
that wants help  
is the secret cup.  
Listen to the moan of a dog for its master.  
That whining is the connection.  
There are love-dogs  
no one knows the names of.  
Give your life to be one of them.

By Rumi

## There is Some Kiss We Want with Our Whole Lives

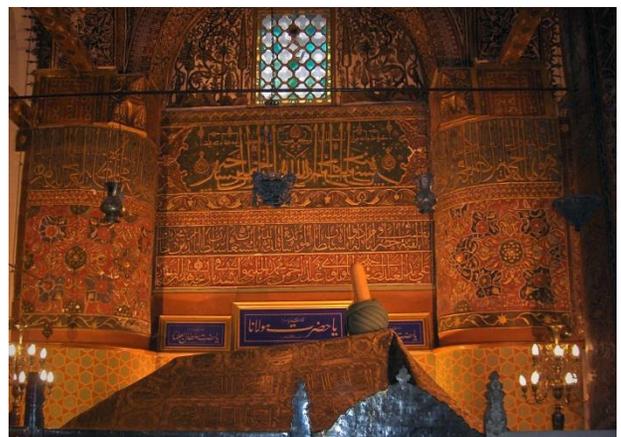
Learn the alchemy  
true human beings know.  
The moment you accept what troubles you've been given,  
the door will open.

Welcome difficulty as a familiar comrade.  
Joke with torment brought by the Friend.  
Sorrows are the rags of old clothes and jackets  
that serve to cover, then are taken off.

That undressing  
and the beautiful naked body underneath,  
is the sweetness that comes after grief.  
The hurt you embrace  
becomes joy.  
Call it to your arms where it can change.

By Rumi

(Image: Wikimedia Commons)



Rumi's mausoleum in Konya, Turkey. The epitaph reads:  
**“When we are dead, seek not our tomb in the earth,  
but find it in the hearts of men.”**

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(Image: Credit unavailable)



### **That Lives in Us**

If you put your hands on this oar with me,  
they will never harm another, and they will come to find  
they hold everything you want.

If you put your hands on this oar with me, they would no longer  
lift anything to your  
mouth that might wound your precious land –  
that sacred earth that is your body.

If you put your soul against this oar with me,  
the power that made the universe will enter your sinew  
from a source not outside your limbs, but from a holy realm  
that lives in us.

Exuberant is existence, time a husk.  
When the moment cracks open, ecstasy leaps out and devours space;  
love goes mad with the blessings, like my words give.

Why lay yourself on the torturer's rack of the past and the future?  
The mind that tries to shape tomorrow beyond its capacities  
will find no rest.

Be kind to yourself, dear – to our innocent follies.  
Forget any sounds or touch you knew that did not help you dance.  
You will come to see that all evolves us.

By Rumi

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My heart is so small  
it's almost invisible.  
How can You place  
such big sorrows in it?

"Look," He answered,  
"your eyes are even smaller,  
yet they behold the world."

By Rumi

(Image: Credit unavailable)



### **On a Day When the Wind is Perfect**

On a day  
when the wind is perfect,  
the sail just needs to open and the world is full of beauty.  
Today is such a day.

My eyes are like the sun that makes promises;  
the promise of life  
that it always  
keeps each morning.

The living heart gives to us as does that luminous sphere,  
both caress the earth with great tenderness.

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This is a breeze that can enter the soul.  
This love I know plays a drum. Arms move around me;  
who can contain their self before my beauty?

Peace is wonderful,  
but ecstatic dance is more fun, and less  
narcissistic;  
gregarious He makes our lips.

On a day when the wind is perfect,  
the sail just needs to open  
and the love starts.

Today is such a day.

By Rumi



(Image: Credit unavailable)

NOTE: Time spent with Rumi would be incomplete without noting that there is an interesting and complex discussion in progress about how Rumi's work has been rendered from the original Persian. Our purpose at WordSPA ministries is to promote reflection through mindful reading of poetry, and we engage not in an academic endeavor, but a reflective one. However, if you are interested in the discussion about faithful renderings of Rumi's work, you can find examples of the difference between work done by a qualified reader and speaker of (historic) Persian, which constitutes a literal *translation*, and what scholars refer to as a *version*, which is a more loosely interpreted rendering of Rumi's work involving "poetic license." For a more thorough discussion of the state of the argument, visit [www.dar-al-masnavi.org/corrections\\_popular.html](http://www.dar-al-masnavi.org/corrections_popular.html)

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