

*Solace of the
Heart*

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Dedicated to all those inquiring minds,
for they are bound to tread a path of search and
discover a hidden Treasure laid within
a mystic cave of Eternity.

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Foreword

The poems in this booklet were inspired by the Holy Writings of the Bahá'í Faith. The evidence of this is the type of language and words used which symbolises the Shakespearean era and the King James Version of Bible. Humanity has to thank Shoghi Effendi, the Guardian of the Bahá'í Faith for his laborious efforts of translating the work of Bahá'u'lláh using such a beautiful language and thus making heavenly gems accessible to the yearning generation. I wish to acknowledge from the very beginning that most of the ideas used in writing these poems are inspired by the Bahá'í Writings. Quotation signs are used in a situation where the whole phrase was taken from the Writings.

Most of the poems emanate from a laden heart when the whirlwind of the affairs of life tossed man from one stage of growth to the other and posed challenges that tested one's inner being. Reading the Words of Bahá'u'lláh brought comfort and solaced the heart ravaged and tormented by the fleeting moments of man's weakness, hence the title: **'Solace of the Heart'**.

The poems are divided into three sections. The first section is dedicated to spirituality. In it, the issues addressed include among others: the station of man; appearance of the Manifestation of God; courage; encouragement; death and history of the Faith and other themes. For the ease of access, the verse quoted in a poem, *'Fearless Warrior'*, which is *1st John Chapter 4: 16 – 20* reads as follows:

"And we have known and believed the love that God hath to us. God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him. Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the Day of Judgment: because as he is, so are we in this world. There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear: because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love. We love him, because he first loved us. If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

King James Bible, 1 John

We acknowledge a contribution made by my daughter with a poem **'Yearning'** which highlights one of the twin duties expected of man to God viz., observance of the Ordinances of God.

The second section is about the 'Seven Valleys' as professed by Bahá'u'lláh in His book *The Seven Valleys and The Four Valleys*. This is what Bahá'u'lláh says about these valleys:

"The stages that mark the wayfarer's journey from the abode of dust to the heavenly homeland are said to be seven. Some have called these Seven Valleys, and others, Seven Cities. And they say that until the wayfarer taketh leave of self, and traverseth these stages, he shall never reach to the ocean of nearness and union, nor drink of the peerless wine."

Bahá'u'lláh, The Seven Valleys, p. 2

This section presents the poetic expression and understanding of the author. It does not in any way attempt to neither diminish the divine work of the Blessed Beauty nor demean the sanctity thereof. The valleys referred to, have been reflected through poetry, and in doing so, a careful consideration was made not to include the poet's own ideas, which implies that the entire reflection contains words used in Bahá'u'lláh's text. This reflection does not in any way represent the paraphrasing of Bahá'u'lláh's text. Once again it is a mere reflection of one's understanding of the text.

The third section display a fleeting moment of a heart troubled by the affairs of mortal nature, as can be experienced by any human being who is wandering a path of earthly love. In this part, a whirlwind of fluctuating affection rises with each instances of a tormenting test of constancy in relationship. There are some of the poems in this section that delve into self-searching, particularly questioning one's observation of what might be the real actions feeding the understanding of the perceived obscured actions. This could be a proof that reality changes from situation to situation as it unfolds in accordance with time, mood, place, and other influencing elements, hence *'let the passing time tell'*.

It is hoped that the reader will not only enjoy the melodious language used and the imagery displayed in these poems, but that the understanding derived there from shall inspire the heart and cause its throb to seek the truth mentioned therein.

Our gratitude pours out to colleagues, friends and all those who took their precious time to go through a laborious exercise of reading and scrutinizing our attempt. A novice is never certain of his effort and keeps nagging skilled giants on the field. May God bless you abundantly!

Spirituality

Lifeless life

I wish to run away!
To run away..., and run away
From this rosy miraged globe!

I wish to fly away!
To fly away..., and fly away
From this materialistic laden world!

I wish to melt!
To melt..., and melt
From this valueless surface of obscurity!

I wish to vanish!
To vanish..., and vanish
From this mortal joy that lures hearts of men!

Rose coloured life snares potent souls
While fleeting joy deprives eternity.

High Call

Moulded in the image of God
Created above all creatures,
Adorned with beauty and talents
Found in every creation,
Man, came into being.

Fashioned from clay and dust,
For the purpose of knowing Him
And observe His unsealed ordinances
Chosen 'with fingers of might and power,'¹
Man, was endowed with insight.

Destined to attain exalted station,
Becoming the essence of essences
Mending and nurturing nature's creation,
Guiding and loving lower species,
Man, was mounted with adorable qualities.

'Made to encompass all created things
To understand their inmost essence,
Bringing them out of darkness to light
And disclose their hidden mysteries,'²
Man, was conferred with knowledge.

Chosen to unravel and sharpen the hidden,
For high call of invention and discovery,
Invigorating the ever advancing civilization
Latent in nature's rudimentary state,
Man, was bestowed with high capacity.

Endowed with faculties and vision,
Embracing a sum total of all creation,
Traversing the rule of universe and
Defying gravitational strength,
Man, was raised to sublimity of ideas.

Yearning and searching for serenity,
For seamless qualities hidden in himself,
Craving for the betterment of life,
Man's probing soul yields not
'Til the mortal toil takes grudge'.

1. Bahá'u'lláh; *Gleanings from the Writings of Bahá'u'lláh*, p. 332

2. Compilations; *The Compilation of Compilations vol. I*, p. 251

Secret of Ages

Through the Gate facing east,
Covered in clouds of thunder,
Arrayed in glory and honour,
The Secret of Ages entered majestically.

While mankind was snoring
In deep sleep of ignorance and despair,
He proclaimed the 'changeless Faith of God,
Eternal in the past, eternal in the future'¹

On the firmament of Spirit
The moon darkened unnoticed,
While stars, great and small fell apart.
Kings and Queens abandoned thrones.

Tumbling in trepidation, the divines
Turned pulpits to battle for self and passion
Seeking disapproval and humiliation against
He Whom God has made Manifest.²

To the churches a clarion was sounded:
'To him that overcomes I'll give to eat...
And will give him a white stone
Upon which a new name is written.'³

A resounding Glory has filled the House.
Like the 'waters that cover the sea...
The earth is full of knowledge,'⁴
And the Glory of Glories unveiled.

1. Bahá'u'lláh, *Gleanings from the Writings of Bahá'u'lláh*, p. 136
2. The Báb, *Selections from the Writings of the Báb*, p. 6. Before the proclamation of Bahá'u'lláh, The Báb, Who is the Herald of the Bahá'í faith referred to Bahá'u'lláh as 'Him Whom God shall make Manifest'.
3. *Revelation 2: 17*
4. *Habakkuk 2:14 and Isaiah 11:9*

The Glory of God

Foretold in the past,
Veiled in mysticism and
Concealed in sacred rubbles,
Discerned and prophesied
By spiritual Visionaries as:
The Glory of God;
The Glory of the Lord;
The Glory of the Father.
His name, Bahá'u'lláh.¹

Prophesied through the utterances
of divine Luminaries and seen through
Ezekiel's inner eye: 'Behold! the glory
of the God of Israel came through the
Gate that looketh east; His voice like a
noise of many waters' and, 'behold,
the glory of the LORD filled the house.'²
His name, Bahá'u'lláh.

Through Isaiah's keen perception:
'... Carmel and Sharon shall see
the Glory of the Lord, ... and
the excellency of our God.'
'And the Glory of the Lord shall
be revealed, and all flesh shall
see it together: for the mouth of
God hath spoken it.'³
His name, Bahá'u'lláh.

He who is the Spirit of God⁴ proclaimed:
'... the Son of man shall come in the
glory of the Father with his angels';⁵
To him that repent '...I will give him
A white stone, and in the stone a new
Name written.'⁶ Lo! In his steadfastness,
Stephen '... saw the glory of God, *and*
Jesus standing on the right hand of God'⁷
His name, Bahá'u'lláh.

1. Bahá'u'lláh in English means 'the glory of God'
2. See the prophecy on Ezekiel 43: 1 – 5.
3. Isaiah 35: 2 and 40: 5
4. In reverence to Jesus, Bahá'u'lláh in His weighty Revelation and numerous works addresses Christ as 'the Spirit of God'
5. Matthew 16: 27
6. Revelation 2: 16 – 17.
7. Acts 7: 55

Fearless Warrior

You! You are a fearless warrior
When you mount a steed of action
And arm yourself with 'knowledge
Which when applied, will eliminate fear.'¹

You! You are a fearless warrior
When you let your face be bright
And offer your friendship and trust,
When you loosen your tongue and teach.

You! You are a fearless warrior
When you free yourself from self
And unravel a deeper meaning of the Word,
And dedicate your days to the service of Bahá.²

You! You are a fearless warrior
When comprehending that 'he who fears
Not God, God will make him fear all things,
Whereas all things fear him who fears God.'³

Indeed! You are a fearless warrior
When you truly understand that, 'words
Without deeds are like a body without a soul',
That 'deeds and not words be your adorning.'⁴

Yes! You are a fearless warrior when you
Summon mankind to the call of oneness,
Reuniting diverse nations and cultures, foes and
Friends in the splendid garden of the Almighty

Above all, you are a fearless warrior
When all you do, you do it in the name of Love.
When you comprehend the value of Love
As enunciated in the Books of God and pronounced
Through the pen of John in 1st John Chapter 4: 16 – 20

1. Bahá'u'lláh, *Epistle to the Son of the Wolf*, p. 31
2. The name Bahá, refers to Bahá'u'lláh, the Manifestation of God whose advent has been promised by the Messengers of the past and whose followers are Bahá'í. The name Bahá'u'lláh means 'The Glory of God', therefore a derivative 'Bahá' means 'Glory'.
3. Bahá'u'lláh, *The Four Valleys*, p. 58
4. Bahá'u'lláh; *The Persian Hidden Words*.

Crying Voice

A voice that cries, cry not out of pain,
For lo! Ailing mankind seeks answers
Which only the Almighty can provide.

Hearken to the voice that summons
The righteous to the greener pastures
Of eternal knowledge and understanding.

From the horizon of renewed Revelation
A Crier is crying out, quickening the dead
From the tombs of ignorance and heedlessness.

A dawn of a new Day is with us, a Day to shield
The righteous from the winds of misbelieve
And tempestuous gale of wickedness.

Behold, a new era is purging the old,
Ushering a new bride to her husband,
'A New Jerusalem, draped with a new name.'

A Seat of sanctity awaits seeking soul
That quests reunion with the Love of its heart,
Guiding the lovers to the land of the Beloved.

Give ear to the Crier beckoning mankind
From the summit of oneness of humanity,
Gathering scattered flocks to a greener pasture.

Yearning

In the morning, in the noon and at night
I yearn to say your name,
To restore your love in me.

In the morning, in the noon and at night
You are all I ever think of,
To restore your love in us all,
To restore your love in us.

Oh! Bahá'u'lláh, how can I ever forget to teach
All those who cometh in my path
To love, to care, to be all that the Master was!

Help me Lord to reach Thee,
I beseech Thee dearly
To restore all that I need

Katlego Mputle

The Last Breath

The last breath of tranquillity
Abandons the cage of mortality
Ascending the stage of sublimity,
Biding farewell to the land of poverty.

Traversing momentary station,
A messenger of eternal separation
Leaps with abounding joy for the invitation
To the immortal plain debarred of limitation.

Yielding to the call of the Almighty,
The last breath sparkles light on the path of reality
Lifting up the wave of joy to the eternal sea of unity,
Attaining the long awaited state of peace and serenity.

Rest not in Peace

Ask not my soul to rest in the shadow of death,
For resting is not the character of the soul.
As it roams the universe in the night sleep,
So it manoeuvres spiritual spheres in the after.

Ask not my soul to sleep in the mortal dust,
For its abode is in high heaven of immortality.
Sleep and rest are qualities confined to the mud
That withers the laden wings of earthly bird.

Ask not my flesh to rise when the trumpet blasts,
For it has been sounded on the unseen horizon.
Spiritual trumpet requires no physical blasting,
For its soundless blast beckons the inner being.

Ask my soul to continuously rise to the lands beyond
Mortal land, mounting the summits of celestial glory,
Utilising divine qualities amassed on the mortal plains,
Because sleep, and rest, are properties of stagnation.

Ask rather for my soul to rise to the supernal sky
Of divinity, exploiting its acquired attributes and values
Amongst the scintillating stars of heavenly angels as
They labour towards building His promised Kingdom.

The soul that sleeps and rests in the shadow
Of death rise not to the wonders of God,
Depriving itself the significance of inner life
That radiates tranquil peace of everlasting life.

Synopsis

Where were you when the East and West
Were gripped in a millennial zeal!
Scholars penning down speculations
On the coming of the Glory of the day,
A modern search for the Holy Grail.

Where were you during chaotic century!
A time fraught with fear and panic
When regions of the non-believers, and
The unconverted were shaken and warned
To prepare for a sudden Appearance.

Families sold homes and possessions
As others gave away worldly goods,
Some prepared special ascension robes
While others sat upon hills and mountains
Awaiting the descent of the Second Coming.

Where were you when susceptible souls renounced
All comforts, families and valuables to scatter on
Spiritual journey searching for the Promised Dawn.
Powerful endeavours and singleness of purpose
Prompted zealous efforts of pure motives.

Where were you when the new upsurge of
Knowledge and invention surpassed the globe!
New telegram flashing along the wires,
Uniting the world in a twinkling of an eye
With a message, '...what God hath wrought!'¹

In the rising months of eighteen forty four
The long searched Pearl emerged in the east.
The Gate of unsurpassed holiness whose advent
All humanity had been waiting for opened widely,
Proclaiming Himself within the thickest of heedlessness.

Reverberating in the darksome morn, He cried:
'Awake, for the morning light has broken,
Arise, for His Cause is made manifest,
The portal of His grace is opened wide
Enter therein, O! People of the world, for
He who is your promised One is come!' ²

1. Numbers 23:23. In May 1844, The Báb, the Herald of Bahá'u'lláh, the Promised one, opened the new age of mankind. On this day the first telegraphic message was flashed along the wires in these remarkable words: "Behold what God hath wrought!" Lady Blomfield, *The Chosen Highway*, p. 16
2. Shoghi Effendi; *God Passes By*, p. 5

Arise

Face to face, heart to heart,
Soul to soul body and mind
We are *all* in this together.
The betterment of the universe!

A pleading call is made,
A guiding path is clear,
Sacrificial ingredient is awaited
And a zealous effort is required.

The engine is roaring,
The fuel is injected,
All parts assembled
Acceleration is needed.

Morality is wiped from the earth,
Brutality rules men's hearts,
Hostility gains momentum as
Humanity travails the lowest ebb.

Arise to a predestined plan.
Hasten to the glorious path.
The price is overwhelming;
Peace...! *The Most Great Peace!*

Chocolate of God

O Sweet child of African descent!
O Sweet child of the Dark Continent!
Lament not for thy dark coated skin.
Doubt not thy God given qualities, for
'Thou art a sign of God amidst mankind'.

Thou art a black bird whose sweet scented
Melody warbles in the darksome forest of
Human ignorance veiled by materialism.
A black rose venting heavenly fragrances amid
Deceitful and wild terrains of heedless hearts.

Thou art a black chocolate whose sweetness
Delights disparaging hearts of self-righteous fools.
Thy dark radiant cheek beams the love of the Merciful,
Symbolising spiritual faculties endowed upon thyself.
Thou art a sweet sanctified chocolate of God!
'Thou art like the pupil of the eye!' ¹

1. *"Bahá'u'lláh once compared the coloured people to the black pupil of the eye surrounded by the white. In this black pupil you see the reflection of that which is before it, and through it the light of the Spirit shines forth."*

Ábdu'l-Bahá, *Ábdu'l-Bahá in London*, p. 68

Chocolate Skin

Oh Chocolate Skin! The time is now.
Open thy tender heart and fill thy cup.
Out of the camphor cup quaff thy limit
And spit out to the yearning multitude.

Loud thy voice from the jungle of slumber
As ye beat thy drums and strike thy cords.
From the belly of ignorance, dance then,
To the tune of the Lord's spiritual jamboree.

Mount thy highest summit of worship, and
Serenade thy melody to the Lord through the
Hills and valleys of human hearts, perchance,
Thy chant may awaken the down trodden.

Remarkable 'One'

'The source of all is one and all emanates from one,'
All creation is one emanating from a single point.
The Singleness of the Creator merits the Peerless.

All came into being through a single word 'Be'.
Oneness is the chief foundation of love and unity.
For unity presupposes divergence and multiplicity.

All colours of the universe spring from one source
For as the rays emanate from the single sun,
Variation of its colours shines upon all alike.

Ideas diverge and converge in one lucid sense
For knowledge is one glorified in multiplicity.
Truthfulness is but one solid foundation.

Divergence, multiplicity and variations exist in one,
For without one, existence would be naught while
Naught is utter nothingness not even darkness.

One is a mighty pillar of all for all is clued in one
And one recounts its glory and shines through all.
Behold! This remarkable 'One', is The Oneness of God.

A Thousand Years

A thousand years has come and gone,
The reign of the Spirit has long past,
Yet, mankind 'still waiting for its dawn.

The first resurrection has long past,
And 'they that worshipped not the beast
Nor its image have reigned with Him'.¹

The dragon had been cast, shut and sealed
Into a bottomless pit to deceive the nations no more,²
Yet, mankind with eyes, see not the passing of events.

The devil has been released for a while from prison
To torment and deceive the nations in the four quarters
Of the earth,³ yet again, man is devoid of sight to see.

Oh ye mortal beings! The doings of the devil shall be
No more, for he is to be casted into the lake of fire and
Brimstone where he shall be tormented forever.⁴

This, then, is the dawn of a new Day, a renewed thousand
Years, for lo and behold 'that one day is with the Lord as a
Thousand years, and a thousand years as a day'.⁵

1. *Revelation 20: 4*
2. *Revelation 20: 2*
3. *Revelation 20: 7*
4. *Revelation 20 :10*
5. *2 Peter 3: 8*

Beware!

A new Day is with us, a dawn of which has long past.
Beware lest ye deprive yourselves of a great bounty,
A bounty ushered by Him who appeared like a thief
In the night. Drag not your feet, delay not your souls.

A Day promised by all Prophets and Messengers of
The past is with us. Beware, lest disputes and idle
Fancy prompted by acquired knowledge fail thee to
Apply thy inner reasoning, and sensible judgement.

A Day that surpasses and clarifies the Days of the past
Has arrived. Beware, lest misinterpretations of the Word
Based on past religious dispensations prohibits thee to enter
The Ark of deliverance longed by the past Visionaries.

A Day of never ending glory is with us. A Day of renewal,
For all things are made new. A tabernacle of God is with men.
Beware, lest your non acceptance and hesitation add unto the
Plagues that ravage the earth, hence tormenting mankind.

A Day of self-searching has arrived, for the books are
Sealed no more. Beware, lest thy denial prompts the
Divine Rose Tree pierce thee with Its thorns, thus denying
You Its sweet smelling fragrances of divine utterance.

A Day of steadfastness and constancy is with us.
Beware, 'lest rebelliousness, stubbornness and revolt'
Debar thee from entering its celestial Tabernacle,
A divine Covenant, offering thee never ending sanctuary.

Take heed of His divine warning: 'We have a fixed time
For you, O people. If ye fail at the appointed hour to turn
to God, He will lay violent hold on you, and will cause
grievous afflictions to assail you from every direction.'¹

Beware of the cautionary word of the Blessed Beauty:
'Bestir yourselves, O people . . . for the promised hour
is now come. Beware lest ye fail to apprehend its import
and be accounted among the erring.'² **beware. . . beware. . .!**

1. Bahá'u'lláh; *Gleanings from the Writings of Bahá'u'lláh*, p. 214.
2. Bahá'u'lláh; *Gleanings from the Writings of Bahá'u'lláh*, p. 16.

What...!

What am I living for!
What am I living for if
Not to know and serve Him,
To proclaim His Course and
Inform people of His presence!

What am I living for!
What am I living for if
Not to enkindle souls, quickening
Mankind to the presence of their Lord,
Arousing them to the Glory of the Day!

What am I living for!
What am I living for if
Not to fulfil the honourable duty
Of servitude, wandering the deserts,
Valleys and cities becoming His mouth!

What am I living for!
What am I living for if
Not to spread far and wide the
Tidings of one 'Shepherd for one folk',
The long awaited oneness of mankind!

Awake O ye people of the earth!
For He Who is the Glory of God is
Beckoning mankind to unite under
The banner of the Oneness of Humanity.
Arise and be counted with them who tarry not!

The Inseparable Two

The Dawn of the promised Day and
The Centre of the Day's covenant,
The Gate ushering in the Light and
The Interpreter of the Light's revelation,
The Inseparable two serving one Mighty Light.

Inseparable Babies born mysteriously in one day,
Spiritual and physical births signifying a Great Day.
The Prophet forerunner announcing the Second coming,
And the mysterious Accumulator of divine knowledge.
Both efforts aimed at revitalizing humans' laden hearts.

The Dawn pouring out overwhelming rays of divine life,
Giving hope to the hopeless and reassuring the sick and the poor.
The Mystery securing insurmountable rays of divine life,
Guarding and channelling it through to the destitute souls.
The two Inseparable unleashing the might of divine servitude.

The Two Inseparable whose mortal remains lie peaceful beneath
The queen of Carmel with radiant faces adoring the Centre of Spiritual
Universe, the Qiblah of God towards Whom all creation has to focus.
Oh Ye Pillars of the faith of God, Thy labours and tortures have
Liberated and shown path to the multitude, hence regenerating the universe.

Mortal Separation

The good sad news echoed from East to West
Announcing the mortal separation of the divine Two,
The good news that signals the progress of the Cause
Marking the end and the beginning of the centuries,
Reminding believers that, "That time has come".

The sad news of anticipating demolition of
A spot embracing remains of the Mystery of God,` ``
A spot in the Holy precincts of the Father's Gate.
The sadness defining the weakness of mortals'
Attachment to memories and sentiments of space.

A consecrated spot allocated for the Selfless Servant
Of God, marking the 'Dust' trodden by His loved ones.
A spot whose belly beams with brilliant lights guiding
The footsteps of the lovers in the path of servitude.
Honouring wishes of the Centre that holds the Covenant.

The 'WORD'

From the beginning that has no
Beginning to the end that has no end,
It has ever been, and It shall ever be.
It was with Him, and It was Him.
The first Creation of all created beings,
Signalling the Primal Will of the Almighty.

The 'Be' that is the source of all beings, and
The Power that encompasses all powers, giving
Shape and form to nature and matter, infusing light
To all in heaven and earth, the giants and the minute.
Through It, all things were made and life was given.
Magic Word, not born of flesh, blood, nor the will of man.

Enabling 'a speck of floating dust to generate suns of
Infinite splendour; causing a dewdrop to develop into
Vast and numberless oceans'¹, the Word transformed into
Flesh and dwelt amongst men full of grace and resolute
Truth,² 'harmonizing divergent thoughts, sentiments, and
Ideas of children of men'³. Yet men recognise It not.

1. Bahá'u'lláh, *The Summons of the Lord of Hosts* p. 40
2. John 1: 1
3. Ábdu'l-Bahá, *Selections from the Writings of Ábdu'l-Bahá*, p. 291

Order!

That which is, that was, and that shall be,
Emanates from Him, through His Revelation.
The order that is, that was, and that shall be,
Comes through the power of His Word.

Materiality, contingent world, tolerance and
Use of force reflects not the Order of the Day.
Competitiveness, sophisticated human beings
Signal not the Order of the Divine Will.

Elemental characters of mutual service and
Reciprocity afford mankind capacity to reflect
The qualities of the Almighty, hence recognizing
Mutuality of benefits and spirit of cooperation.

Reconstruction of individual souls permeating the
Realms of social fabric exhilarates human hearts,
While radiant souls aligning with the Primal Will
Bring forth the long-awaited Kingdom of God:
'Thy Will be done on earth as it is in Heaven'

Embodiment of real life

I am the embodiment of real life!
Real life with a beginning but no end,
The End that resembles Eternity,
Eternity that defies human elucidation
Save reliance on the unknowable Essence.

I am the embodiment of real life!
Real life that toils on the plains of dust and mortar,
Tested with gold gone through a blazing fire of agony,
Scaling and scratching hills of unceasing earthly afflictions,
Amassing qualities and attributes necessary for Eternity.

I am the embodiment of real life!
Real life that traverses through stages and phases,
Phases occurring from the womb to spiritual plains,
Each of which advances life's progress to Eternity,
Eternity that marks the unknowable destination.

I am the embodiment of real life!
Real life nourishing itself in stages lying within phases
Acquiring limbs, attributes and divine qualities,
Developing and strengthening itself for the next phase,
The next phase marking transitory path to Eternity.

I am the embodiment of real life!
Real life traversing through the channel of human temple,
Mortal temple that is abandoned on eternal journey,
The temple whose accomplishment ceases in ash and dust,
Succumbing to the burden of bearing a real commodity.

I am the embodiment of real life!
Real life that is pure in form and intent,
Life that's infused with a greater purpose:
To create the one that is like Him,
The one intended to love and serve Him,
The one destined to reach His Presence.

Dead or alive! I am! I am!
In truth, that's what I am!
The embodiment of real life,
Real life streaming through the
Valleys of spiritual significance,
Real life that's life indeed! The soul
Parading on stages of spiritual show,
Displaying the beauty of the Beauteous.

Bread of Heaven

O that I may be given a chance
To partake of the bread of heaven,
The bread that has never been
Withheld from the righteous of God.

The bread that sustains the soul.
An everlasting food descending
'From the heavens of justice and mercy,'
Causing 'the dead to speed out of . . .
The tombs of heedlessness and error.'

How I long to partake of this enduring
Food that brings forth the dead to life;
Quickening withered souls for the victory
Of His Kingdom '*on earth as it is in heaven,*'
Sacrificing themselves in the path of service.

The bread availed in ages and centuries,
Ages and centuries signifying the day
Of the '*daily bread*' in the Lord's Prayer.
The bread signifying eternal Revelation
Conveying the ever advancing civilization.

How I yearn to sit around the table of Divinity
Amidst the well beloved of the heavenly Host,
Slicing celestial bread of certitude offered on
A crystal clear platter, intoning clarity of reality
Endowed with divine knowledge and wisdom.

The Sadratu'l- Muntaha

When grief of uncertainty envelopes your heart
And the affairs of life dampen your fortitude,
When all odds negate your spiritual aspirations
Leaving you in a shade of despair and sorrow,
Look up to the Sadratu'l Muntaha,¹
'The furthestmost point of worship'.

When fear of the unfaithful life grips your senses,
Limiting your limited sight of life's understanding
To mortal solutions of momentary gratification,
Plunging your soul in doubts on given authority,
Look up to the Sadratu'l Muntaha,
'The point marking the end of human understanding.'

When your mind is bottled by the pressures of emptiness,
An emptiness of the world seeking miracles as proof of
Spiritual leadership and the order of divine authority and
Power, ushering false promises and healing to yearning hearts,
Look up to the Sadratu'l Muntaha
'Light upon light' and 'mystery upon mystery'.

When hearts are laden with colourful promises of false divines,
False promises whose real intent is looting the treasurers of the
Poor, leaving aspirant humanity destitute in spiritual desolation,
When magic takes the role of mystery and miracles, clouding the
Unquestioning minds of the blindfolded to a sheepish following,
Look up to the Sadratu'l Muntaha
'The furthestmost Tree beyond which there is no passing'.

1. A concept 'often used in the Bahá'í Writings to designate the Manifestation of God Himself.'
Bahá'u'lláh, *The Kitáb-i-Aqdas*, p. 220

Angel Gabriel

An ancient angel of the Lord,
The symbol of trust par excellence,
The Messenger to the Messengers,
The carrier of the hidden to the hidden,
He who reveals Revelations to Revealers,
The ground breaking emissary of God.

He who brought to the naked Abraham
A cloth made of the silk of paradise,
He who made Daniel know and understand
What shall be in the latter time of indignation,
He who taught and made Muhammad recites
The Quran and brought Him wisdom and Faith.

The link between God and the Anointed,
The carrier of hope to the hopeless world,
The transformer of lives of the chosen ones
And the bearer of the new and adored names,
The white winged angel of confirmation,
The Voice of Inspiration and encouragement,
The trusted servant in the Upper echelons of Eternity.

Triangular Love

Love based solely on human affections
Equates to a mere babyish fantasy play.
It emanates from self to a selfish end,
Considering not the contemplated lover
Whose throbbing heart, yearningly awaits
The expected outpourings of sweetness.

In the land of dust each loose iron particle
Lives for its own selfish ends, recognising
Not its neighbour iron particle like formation.
Touch and fondness come through collision cause
As winds and erosions cause accidental crossing.
Loose iron hearts merge through magnetic swift.

Like loose iron particles, aimless love hops amidst
Men devoid of the third and the Super charge.
Its sustenance wobbles on a perpetual collision cause
Knocking against each other on accidental contact.
Perpetual existential love flows through a consistent
Charge emanating from the ever Encompassing Love.

Lovers dwelling in a nest of reciprocal setting
Live but for each other's care and wellbeing,
For the love that be, circulates in triangular form
Founded on a solid Emanation that is love indeed.
Love that embraces not the source of its existence

Lives in a darkened sphere of self-neglect and doom.

Understanding

Traversing the worlds of God,
From the tiny molecule through
The vastness of the universe
To the unknowable Eternity,
The Greatest Gift of God¹ discerns
The beauty and wonders in all creation.

Separating creatures of the Creator,
The Greatest Gift of God scans
Threesome circles forming
Pyramid of reality that categorises
The insights of all creation: ignorance
Circling knowledge beaming with wisdom.

It sees the vastness of ignorance within which
Lies knowledge, the core of which jets out
Wisdom of ages. The Greatest Gift of God laments
The motionless state of ignorance and castigates
Stagnant knowledge while cherishing wisdom that
Moves with every passing moment of time.

By its loving kindness, the Greatest Gift of God lifts up
Ignorance from its state of 'real error'² and transforms
Stagnant knowledge from the veil of sinfulness to the
Celestial paradise of glorious wisdom. To this end,
The Greatest Gift of God surpasses all created forms,
For it guides the universe, instilling motion³ to all created
Elements and ideas. A motion depicting advancement;
A motion that's life indeed, the undying Spirit of God.

1. "God's greatest gift to man is that of intellect, or understanding. The understanding is the power by which man acquires his knowledge of the several kingdoms of creation, and of various stages of existence, as well as of much which is invisible."
(Ábdu'l-Bahá, *Paris Talks*, p. 41)
 2. "Knowledge is identical with guidance, and ignorance is real error."
(Ábdu'l-Bahá, *Some Answered Questions*, p. 137)
 3. "Know that nothing which exists remains in a state of repose, that is to say, all things are in motion. Everything is either growing or declining, all things are either coming from non-existence into being, or going from existence into non-existence."
(Ábdu'l-Bahá, *Bahá'í World Faith - Ábdu'l-Bahá Section*, p. 330)
- "The test of existence is motion. An object which has in itself the power of motion lives. If motion is withheld growth ceases. That is mortality."
(Ábdu'l-Bahá, *Divine Philosophy*, p. 123)

Divine Utterances

How sweet it is to be swimming and
Paddling in the ocean of the Glory of God,
Diving deep to unravel hidden treasures
Of divine wisdom laid bare in the vast
Utterances of Divinity!

How uplifting it is to be inhaling
Deep sweet scented fragrances of
Divine roses, brewed for centuries
In a mystic cellar hidden within
The winery of Divinity!

How nourishing it is to be basking
In the rays of the Sun of Reality, imbibing
Heavenly nutrients that strengthens bones
Of the hearts of men, making them the
'Noblest and most perfect of all created things'¹

How empowering it is to be sinking
Deep down the belly of the transcendent earth,
Mining celestial gems of the Godly universe,
Bringing pearls out to the surface of the sensual planes,
Enriching souls impoverished by lust and passion

How lofty it is to be soaring
On the supernal sky of scintillating stars,
Discovering the long aged luminous bodies
That brightens this gloomy and darkened sphere
Of sullied hearts rolling in the mud of depravity!

How I yearn to remain true and steadfast to these
Vivifying realities uttered through the patched lips
That endured hardships, that the lasting days of
My mortal life, on account of materiality, may not
Hinder me adherence to such a wondrous Revelation.

1. Bahá'u'lláh; *Gleanings from the Writings of Bahá'u'lláh*; p. 179

Reflection on the Seven Valleys

The Path of Search

Falter not if you fail to behold the beauty of the Friend
For in the ways of the Beloved you will forever be guided.
Gird up the loins of service, and every moment seek to journey
From the plane of heedlessness into the realm of the beautiful Being.

Empty all that's in your heart and blot out every idle fancy,
Cleanse the wellspring of your divine treasures that you may
Refrain from imitating traces of your forefathers and divines.
Shut the door of friendliness and hostility to the peoples of the earth.

With tears rolling down seek pure spirit from the dust of love,
For a seeker reaches not his goal unless he surrenders all possessions.
Hunt nothing save the object of your quest, and labour ceaselessly
'Cause drinking the honey of reunion with the Beloved requires fervour.

Seek the beauty of the Friend in every face, every land and region.
Seek fellowship with every soul in every country and company.
Perchance, some mind may uncover the secret of the Friend while
Beholding the beauty of the Loved One in the face of others.

Be patient and tarry not, for in this voyage,
As the object of the heart's desire is unveiled,
The trace of the traceless Friend is found
And the fragrance of the Long-Lost inhaled.

The Valley of Love

Ecstasy and yearning set ablaze the fire of love
And obliterate intelligence of reason and logic.
Ignorance and knowledge differ not as the traveller
Knows no doubt from certitude nor guidance from error.
Death of self from self-overcomes the heart of the voyager.

Mounting the steed of pain, the lover conquers all barriers
And seeks no refuge as he sacrifices all in every moment of his life.
Without fear and timidity he sees life in death and seeks glory in shame.
Mortal sanity rewards material love while spirituality renders union with the Friend,
Death in the arduous path of the Beloved offers eternal home in the nest of heaven.

Detached from all things the voyager kindles the fire of love and burns away all things.
He sets the world aflame at every turn and overcomes every land with the banner of his love.
With the sharpness of understanding he renders impotent the wisdom of his learning
And yields no remedy as he destroys veils of satanic self and purifies his inner self.
At the bidding of the Beloved, the voyager sets his feet into the land of the lovers.

Valley of Knowledge

From the claws of the Eagle of love,
The Dove of certitude and knowledge
Embraces the wayfarer in the path of search,
Turning darkness of illusion to light of guidance.

Initiated in the path of, '...fear of the Lord
Is the beginning of wisdom and knowledge',
A puzzled lover is enthralled in threesome valleys
Of, '...in ignorance lies abundant knowledge, while
In knowledge a myriad wisdom is manifested'.

The ladder of inner truth unravels the inner significance
Where a lover sheds the cage of mortality and beholds
The darksome clouds of war radiating tranquil peace.
While the shadow of death offers an everlasting life,
In the heart of poverty lies the richness of glory
As injustices embrace patience of untold love.

Unity

All religions are one, all emanate from One.
The dawning point of the Suns of reality is one,
Radiating its rays over all creation alike,
Causing nature to reveal its splendour.
Lights of singleness become a sauce of variation.

A place shut from the rays is bereft of splendour
As the object doomed from light gives no colour.
Sensitivity of mirror reflects disk and shape of the sun
As the crystal gives fire of life discharged from the sun.
All variations proceed from the vision of the beholder.

Lands of knowledge are confined within walls of self and passion.
Invalid souls are clouded with ignorance and blindness,
Debarred from the mystic sun and mysteries of the Beloved,
Straying far away from the jewelled wisdom of the lucid Faith,
Souls have been shut out of the sanctuary of the All-Beauteous One.

Treading threesome paths of splitting singleness of knowledge,
Wandering souls cause confusion and conflicts among creatures.
Some stare upon the dawning point perceiving multiple colours,
As others gaze upon the effulgence and radiance of light.
The intoxicated lover is astonished by nothing save the sun itself.

Oh Lovers of colours and admirers of light!
Behold! In the schoolhouse of oneness
The source of all is one, for 'knowledge is
A single point, but the ignorant have multiplied it'

Pure Contentment

The winds of divine contentment
Blows from the plane of the spirit,
Burning away the veils of want.

With the inner and outer mind
The ensign of, 'God will compensate
Each out of His abundance' emerges.

To the seeming dwelling of dust
The lover's sorrow turns to bliss
As his mourning yields to rapture.

In the height of the inner glory
The mystic lover eats endless
Bounties of inner significances.

From the intoxication of the wine of spirit
The nightingale of heart sings secret songs
Confined to breasts of the mystic knowers.

The intoxicating wine of divine contentment
Blinds eyes from all else and discerns only
The beauty of the Beloved in everything.

Wonderment

In the whirlwind of astonishment
The lover is tossed in the ocean of grandeur
And struck by the Beauty of the All-Glorious.

In a state of exhaustion and confusion
A wondrous world swings him from wonder
To amazement, scanning works of the Exalted.

With each pondered creation, a myriad
Perfect wisdoms and truths are witnessed.
Behold! In man numerous signs are buried.

In his perfect creation, man embraces all
Planes and states hidden within himself,
The universe is folded in his puny form.

To this end the learned lover denies not
The mysteries of the life beyond, nor
Belittle that which has been promised.

Acquired reason will never comprehend
What a weak mortal mind cannot grasp,
For divine intelligence reigns eternally.

True Poverty

Die from self and live in God,
Be poor in self and rich in Him,
Be deprived in worldly things
And rich in God's affairs,
From heart to skin burn all
Away save the beloved Friend.

Be sanctified from all that pertain to the world
And possess none of the limited things
Be it outer wealth, or personal opinions.
Destroy remnants of all things, and on
The horizon of eternity, attain the Divine Face.
Therefore rejoice, for poverty is your glory.

Temper

Lamentation of the Desolate

With two eyes I see your moving torso.
With two ears I hear your distinctive voice.
With two nostrils I smell your fragrance.
Yet! How invisible you are.

To children we brought to life, you associate.
To friends and neighbours, you commune.
To strangers and families, you're drawn to laughter.
Yet! How far you are.

Is it the beginning of strengthening!
Is it the opening of fresh avenues!
Is it the drifting apart of two worlds!
Let the passing time tell.

Forgotten Love

In mid-summer day, how freezing it can be.
Within hundred-fold blankets, how chilly it is.
From the oozing magma, how frosty it feels.
Forgotten Love knows no heat.

In mid-winter nights, winds fume with heat.
Beneath the ocean, waves rage with conflagration.
From the arctic zone, heat ravages in frantic mood.
Deserted Affection lingers in fury.

Diminishing Love

Love for cut roses and carnations diminishes to dust
And lasts but a time of temporary emotions,
It withers to lifeless bundle of sticks and dry leaves
Devoid of fragrance and beauty.

Love sustained by flowers and roses
And perfumed by material pleasure
Lives but for a moment of a passing time,
Turning blissful memories to scars of unhealed wounds.

Love symbolised by cut flowers and earthly gifts
Harbours emotions of fragmented feelings
While it mends no broken heart that yearns for
Sustenance in the breast of the Beloved.

Drooping Heart

Scent of dry roses entices no working bees,
Butterflies shun glimmering shades of drooping flowers,
Birds of sweet melodies spurn bloomless garden of gloom
For the fresh and fair garden of love is fading with dying time.

The duty of long years of love obey not
And tell not the tale of happy days gone by.
Fairer memories are soaked in the mud of despair
For the love that was, flew through the window of mistrust.

Layli

Layli, Oh my Layli!
Where is thy fair face
Radiating deeper smile
Born from thy inner self?

Where are thy sweet lips
Anointed with crystal honey
Pouring out of camphor cup
Of never ceasing love?

Wherefore do thou roll
Thyself on the dust of
Shamefulness and defamation
Seeking pleasure on transitory plane?

Oh my Layli! Know ye not that
'To merit the madness of love...
Man must abound in sanity', and
Swallow reason and earthly logic?

From the mud of heedlessness
Shall I search for thee, and out of misery
And despair shall I draw thee nigh to me,
For ours, is *the* unbreakable bond.

Lady Layli

Lady Layli, is it you I've been looking for?
Is it you hibernating in the dust of earthly love
Seeking temporal nourishment of self-defeat?
Hath thy outward beauty misled thee in abyss?
Breaking rules and ways of thy holy fortress? ¹

Lady Layli, hath thy new love made thee
Forget the love of long ago, wasting thy
Celestial beauty in the thickest woodland
Of infatuations amid human purging pandemic,
Nourishing false yearning through fleeting joy?

Lady Layli, wherefore do thou barter thy
Inner beauty for love that perisheth in dust,
Depriving thyself of sweet scented melodies
Chanted by hearts guarded in the fortress
That shall never be altered nor demolished?

Lady Layli, peel off thy skin of tolerance
And immerse thyself in the ocean of trust
And true love. Inhale then the fragrance of
Deep seated love devoid of ill coated intents,
Affording solace to thy disenchanted heart.

Lady Layli, a sweet love that thou seeketh
Stand firm in thy holy fortress, emanating
From enchanted hearts of heavenly doves,
Knitted through bonds of faithfulness and trust,
Fearing nothing as no harm can strike them.

O! Beloved Layli, return to thy fortress
And tread a mystic path of faithfulness,
That posterity may not shun thy legacy
Of scintillating love and inner beauty,
Turn then to thyself, and find thy true self.

1. *Fortress as used in this poem refers to the Holy marriage. As is quoted from Bahá'u'lláh's writings: "And when He desired to manifest grace and beneficence to men, and to set the world in order, He revealed observances and created laws; among them He established the law of marriage, made it as a fortress for well-being and salvation, and enjoined it upon us in that which was sent down out of the heaven of sanctity in His Most Holy Book.*

Compilations, Baha'i Prayers, p. 103

Spurious Assumptions

Lamentation and sorrow, disillusionment and despair
Merit not the ever discontent and agonising heart,
Yielding self-destructive mood that darkens the soul.

Contemplating speculations based on suspicions
Creates fallacious abode, mirroring self-made ideas,
Confining angelic intellect to spurious assumptions.

Chunking of deceptive illusions corrodes the mind
Meant to radiate the splendours of the Godly universe,
Plunging a saintly aura in the ever darkened atmosphere.

Self-conclusive assumptions informed by suspicions
Cloud the mind with fictitious acts based on nothing,
Swelling cocooned ideas confined to baseless mistrust.

Human mind hovering around selfness is oblivious of
Pouring love and affection radiating from fellow creatures,
Showering its magnificence with sincere comradery wishes.

Voices

I am the voices of the dead representing the
Dead and the living on a matter of the living.
I am but an instrument of the dead voicing
The injustices of the living against the living.
I am the channel that unites the mortal and
The deceased in the arena of justice for all.

I author no opinion nor create any story
Except the tale told by the dead during the
Time of their lives, I pass on tradition as
Told by the ancestors of the dark epoch.
Oral tradition passed on through skilful
Narration loses neither content nor intent.

I am the collective voices of the sons and
Daughters of the past, makers of history
Of which the living wrestle and dispute upon.
O ye contenders of the land, every paramount
Step has a giant author that leaves behind
Inerasable traces written with inerasable pen.

O ye that negates the voices of truth, know that
Truthfulness is a solid ground of all true virtues.
Entangle yourselves not with false creation. O ye
That prevails over descendants of the owners, a legacy
Thus guarded jealously by its dead loses no traces of
Originality. Abandon then, that which is not yours, for
The voices of the dead tarry not 'til the record is set aright.

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