

Poems read at the Mystic Poets Workshop

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Facilitated by Merle Levin

For recorded version please go to www.merlelevin.com

Kabir, (Arabic: "Great") (born 1440, Varanasi, Jaunpur, India—died 1518, Maghar), iconoclastic Indian poet-saint revered by Hindus, Muslims, and Sikhs.

Inside this clay jug there are canyons and pine mountains
And the maker of canyons and pine mountains
All seven oceans are inside
And hundreds and millions of stars.

The acid that tests gold is there
And the one who judges jewels.
And the music from the strings that no-one touches
And the source of all water.

If you want the truth, I will tell you the truth:
Friend listen:
The God whom I love is inside

I said to the wanting-creature inside me
by Kabir

I said to the wanting-creature inside me
What is this river you want to cross?
There are no travellers on the river-road, and no road.
Do you see anyone moving about on that bank, or resting?

There is no river at all, and no boat, and no boatman.
There is no tow rope either, and no one to pull it.
There is no ground, no sky, no time, no bank, no ford!

And there is no body, and no mind!
Do you believe there is some place that will make the
soul less thirsty?
In that great absence you will find nothing.

Be strong then, and enter into your own body;
there you have a solid place for your feet.
Think about it carefully!
Don't go off somewhere else!

Kabir says this: just throw away all thoughts of
imaginary things,
and stand firm in that which you are.