Season of rain, season of uncontrolled whispers—the Dark One’s returning?
O swollen heart, O sky brimming with moisture—tongued lightning first and then thunder,
convulsive spatters of rain and then wind, chasing the summertime heat.
Mira says: Dark One, I’ve waited—it’s time to take my songs into the street.

Refuge in you, Dark One—you alone know how to save me. A girl possessed, I shamble through the sixty-eight places of pilgrimage but haven’t the wit to know failure. Hear my cry, O Murari—nothing on earth looks like it’s “mine.”
Mira gave you her trust, now it’s your move—spring her from this noose we call “world.”

Hear my plea, Dark One, I am your servant—your body has caught me. A vision of you has driven me mad, a glimpse of your throat—in your throat—

Come, O aloof one, a glimpse of your body has caught me. My name? Call me the girl whom separation drove mad. Night and day there’s a fish thrashing next to the water—serve Mira dies at your feet, and she calls you the Giver of Joy.

Hear my cry, O Murari—nothing on earth looks like it’s “mine.”
Mira gave you her trust, now it’s your move—spring her from this noose we call “world.”

Why this impulse to hurt me, O cuckoo? I was in my own but asleep when you cried out a love song—rubbing salt in the wound. There you sat, high on a tree branch, singing from deep in your throat—

Come, O aloof one, a glimpse of your body has caught me. My name? Call me the girl whom separation drove mad. Night and day there’s a fish thrashing next to the water—serve Mira dies at your feet, and she calls you the Giver of Joy.

Night has fled, night has fled, it is dawn—shutters bang open in house after house. Hear the bracelets chiming together as gopis strain at their butter churns. Wake up, it is dawn—gods and men throng through the doorways, cowherding boys, their little hands stuffed with bread and butter, drive their cattle to pasture. Wake up! Mira says—the fluteplayer will save you, but you must come seeking refuge.

Why this impulse to hurt me, O cuckoo? I was in my own but asleep when you cried out a love song—rubbing salt in the wound. There you sat, high on a tree branch, singing from deep in your throat—

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Come, O aloof one, a glimpse of your body has caught me. My name? Call me the girl whom separation drove mad. Night and day there’s a fish thrashing next to the water—serve Mira dies at your feet, and she calls you the Giver of Joy.
Enlightenment is awakening to this oneness of existence and realizing that we as individuals are part of a great Whole, woven into the fabric of an immense mystery and traveling along with every other being on an adventurous path.

consciousness is nothing but an insignificant floating piece of island in the Oceanus encircling the earth. But it is through this little fragment of land that we can look out to the immense expanse of the unconscious itself."

The snow, which melts to become a stream, does so on the bedrock of a majestic mountain. Our life too is situated on solid high ground. For a flower or a human to appear on Earth it takes the participation of the entire universe and billions of years of evolution. Science, despite how it may appear under the materialistic lens, has actually found great significance to human kind’s existence. Nature, much like the solid mountain beneath the snow cover, is in flux—a state of ceaseless changes sometimes sudden but usually at a slow rate (according to our scale of time). Nevertheless it is only because of this dynamism in nature that every being is rooted in a supportive net. If molecules of hydrogen and oxygen at random chance come together to interact and participate in the great flux of nature, no water can form, and no life can emerge. According to mystics from various religions, the ever-flowing universe with its laws and evolutionary journey is ultimately dependent upon God. Rumi calls God the Beloved because he sees God and unto God we shall eventually return (Quran, II: 156). In fact, lines preceding the phrase “Be like melting snow” in Rumi’s poem shed much light on the poem:

And He is always with you.” (Quran, LV: 4)

This means that He is with you in your search. When you are seeking, seek Him too in that search.

“Be closer to you than yourself” (Quran: L: 16)

Without understanding, we are not closer to God.

What more can be said about melting snow? Rumi concludes his poem:

Through love, a tongue as fragrant as the lily grows in your soul.

Keep your tongue silent; be like the lily.

Disțin: 23023

Melting snow is our emptiness, love, joy, journey, and homecoming. Melting snow is the state of flowing in love and being regenerated afresh in life. Meditation is being like melting snow. 

Notes


