

Five Ecstatic Poems of Kabir

I

I know the sound of the ecstatic flute
but I don't know whose flute it is.

A lamp burns and has neither wick nor oil

A lily pad blossoms and is not attached to the bottom.

When one flower opens, ordinarily dozens open.

The moon bird's head is filled with nothing
but thoughts of the moon,
and when the next rain will come is all
the rain bird thinks of.

Who is it we spend our entire life loving?

II

The darkness of night is coming along fast, and
the shadows of love close in the body
and the mind.

Open the windows to the west, and disappear
into the air inside you.

Near your breastbone there is an open flower.
Drink the honey that is all around that flower.

Waves are coming in:
There is so much magnificence near the ocean!

Listen: Sound of big seashells! Sound of bells!

Kabir says: Friend, listen, this is what I have
to say: the Guest I love in inside me!

III

The woman who is separated from her lover
spins at the spinning wheel.

The Bagdad of the body rises with its towers
and gates.
Inside it the palace of intelligence has been
built.

The wheel of ecstatic love turns around
in the sky,
and the spinning seat is made of the sapphires
of work and study.

This woman leaves threads that are subtle,
and the intensity of her praise makes them fine!

Kabir says: I am that woman.
I am weaving the linen of night and day.

When my Lover comes and I feel his feet,
the gift I will have for him is tears.

Instrumental Interlude (Storm)

[Clouds grow heavy; thunder goes.
Rain drives in from the east,
its patter falls on the sides of houses.
Rain can be destructive, wiping out boundary marks.
But the soil needs care—ecstatic love has
sprouts, now, and renunciation.
Let the rain feed both.
Only the farmer with intelligence actually
brings his harvest back to his farmyard.
He will fill the granary bins, and feed both the
wise men and the saints.]

IV

Knowing nothing shuts the iron gates;
the new love opens them.

The sound of the gates opening wakes the
beautiful woman asleep.

Kabir says: Fantastic! Don't let a chance like
this go by!

V

My inside, listen to me, the greatest spirit,
the Teacher, is near.
Wake up, wake up!

Run to his feet—
he is standing close to your head right now.

You have slept for millions and millions of years.

Why not wake up this morning?