



Jalal-ad-Din Rumi - Mawlana (1207-1273)

Come, come, whoever you are.
Wanderer, 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.

Close the language-door,
And open the love window.
The moon won't use the door,
Only the window.

You have a channel into the Ocean.
Yet you ask for water from a little pool.

And you?
When will you begin that
long journey into yourself?

Our death is our wedding with eternity.