

# Zareen's Poems

Fall into the Sky

By Connie Zareen Delaney



Wouldn't you rather  
know God,

Than talk  
about god?

Ask for nothing  
when you  
pray

If you get  
that  
you'll be  
dancing with roses.

Burn through the dust,  
my friend.

The reflection looking for  
itself.

See with your own eyes  
And eat with your tongue.

Dash that stingy heart.  
Love is your gift.

*- MURSHID SAMUEL L. LEWIS  
(SUFİ AHMED MURAD CHISHTI)*

"The more one listens in  
Nature, the more one  
hears the birds and beasts,  
the wind and the  
trees, utter the name of  
God.

This is the secret of the  
Lost Word."

---

You can meditate,  
clear your mind  
to run from yourself.  
Make small offerings and  
excuses  
And fill your mind  
With spiritual drugs of  
oblivion.

Or you can do the thing  
that needs to be done.

## VISIONS

My mind slipped free of  
hooks and barbs

And you replaced what I  
thought was me.

I toss all notions into the  
wind

And dance on the tongue  
of the beloved

*(Chew if you will)*

*~Hazrat Inayat Khan*

"The real meaning of crucifixion is to crucify the false self that the true self may rise.

As long as the false self is not crucified,

the true self is not realized."

## Z

Don't believe your *own* mind before awakening.

It's a ravenous little squirrel eating up all the nuts!

False self is empty words,  
and deception the  
drug of illusion.

*This* is the hand of pain  
pushing on your chest.

---

Clouds in the sky tell us  
that

ideals and wishes,  
are the sharpening stone  
of conflict.

Jumping to the opposite  
Does not transcend.

Love can move to hate and  
back again.

Agitation moves to peace  
and returns again to  
agitation.

Nothing has changed.

Transcending is leaping all  
the way through the sky  
into nothing at all.

Where love and hate do  
not matter.

And agitation and peace  
are the same.

Because, now  
YOU are.

---

*~Pir-o-Murshid  
Hazrat Inayat Khan*

The one who wants to understand, will understand.

## **Commentary:**

*~Murshid Samuel L. Lewis  
(Sufi Ahmed Murad Chisti)*

The will, being the efflux of the soul, wants to unite with God.

But *thoughts* want to turn the will toward *variety*.

This brings about the struggle between peace and unity on the one hand and intoxication and variety on the other.

Understanding comes from the grasping of unity, which is possible when selfhood is laid aside and the faculty of discrimination is lulled into quiescence (silence).

**Z**

Thoughts and  
definitions...

If it's not *as* true  
in *silence*,

then it's not true.

The earth *calls* us to wake.

*She* knows.

*She* looks, smiles.

I think I hear a chuckle...

Or is that a spider crawling  
across my hand?

This is consciousness.

*We are life,*  
inside out and outside in.

Oh, silly human flower!

Inventing separation!

Where does your  
fragrance come from?

Earthiness is the embrace  
- *right here* -

Fully awake in LIFE.

Return the favor!

Fall into the living earth.

She wants you to know  
*who you are.*

## HANDS

So... it's like everyone has been convinced they don't have hands.

And I'm saying... look... it's right there. You are using them right now.

And everyone is like... I don't see it.

Do you have any exercises for finding hands?

And I'm... but you don't have to find them. They

are right there. You are using them right now.

No they aren't .

Yes they are.

No they aren't.

Yes they are.

Okay. I don't know what to say.

But here... (hands you something and you take it).

Now what?

*~Pir-o-Murshid  
Hazrat Inayat Khan*

As life unfolds itself to one,  
the first lesson one learns  
is humility.

# Commentary:

*~Murshid Samuel L. Lewis  
(Sufi Ahmed Murad Chisti)*

This living unfoldment is a process, not an accomplishment. It does not come from book learning or prayer or asceticism or from change in regimen or vain breathing exercises. It comes only through the grasping of life.

And how is life grasped?

It is either through actual pain and suffering, or worldly experience, or inner awakening through the Grace of God, as in meditation and Zikr.



Ordinariness is simple.

Separation can be sooooo  
complicated!!!

Dreams grasping tight,  
swirling us in confusion.

In nothing,

there is nothing.

Everything becomes  
simple when not two.

Life is life. Love is love,  
Anger is anger. Thoughts

are thoughts. Everything is  
real. Everything *is*.

No more searching or  
wondering.

Now we're harder to  
control, not so easily  
fooled.

Step into the ocean of  
now.

*The wave* always knows  
how to float into the sky.  
Becoming a cloud.

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## THANKS

There is no worship  
and yet  
without it your life is  
devoid of flavor.

Sing a mighty song of  
thanks  
to the wind that gives you  
breath  
and the mosquito  
provoking your anger.  
Both are a gift.



Yes.

When I saw the  
connection to  
all. I laughed.

Wondrous to know  
I couldn't eat  
without food, or  
breathe without air.

The blanket of trees,  
roots deep in the ground,  
shoots ocean water  
under a bird's wings.

These currents lift  
all the friends  
into a ceremony of  
repair and balance.  
Laughter and tears burst  
from the same belly.  
We are here.



Burn through the  
dust, my friend, the  
reflection looking  
for itself.

See with your own  
eyes and eat with  
your tongue.

Dash that stingy heart.  
Love is your gift.  
Say yes

## THUNDERBOLTS

The only way to get  
away from God,  
is to search for God.



Life wants to tell you  
that there is something  
*more* than bliss.

It's just right here,  
under your skin.

It's right here between the  
words.

THIS experience.

THIS that I am.

From THIS place there

is no possibility of more.  
and so,  
also,  
no possibility  
of less.

You must only die to get  
here.



Don't search for God  
if there is the faintest  
possibility  
of finding it!

God wants to penetrate  
fully to the heart  
and crack you like  
a nut.

... Then you'll eat  
sweet meats  
for the rest of your  
life.

Sure,  
I can be bought off.  
How much you got?  
The price is one soul.

---

What if *truth* was so immediate it was smacking you from all sides,

all the time, and

**RIGHT THIS VERY MINUTE.**

To get away, you must run and hide, run and hide, in a constant frenzy.

What if all it took to have God streaming into your soul was the silence of this instant?

How am I supposed  
to remember, all the time,  
That people don't  
know  
where their center is?

That's too crazy  
To keep in my brain.

So, forgive me  
when I treat you  
like you already  
know.

You think you  
are born  
with a soul  
and have to  
find it.

But...

We each must  
*make*  
soul.

Even if we  
only have  
mud and sticks  
to twist.

## VISIONS

There are a million  
miracles  
in front of our  
eyes  
every second.

And yet you  
cry and hope  
to see  
a Miracle...

Forget about  
misery.

It only knows  
how to  
multiply.

Forget about  
joy.

It comes on its  
own.

YOU be.

---

God never excludes  
reality from you.

In all cases  
it is you  
drawing the line.

You think your  
body is solid  
but it swirls.

It's nothing but atoms,  
that are nothing  
but space, spinning.  
And between the atoms  
more space.

This is true

for thoughts as well.

They seem a solid

wall,

But they are

more porous than air.

Your worse worry

hardly stirs

the breeze.

Does joy ever  
sweep through  
your open  
soul  
like a breeze?

Sit a while  
with emptiness.

It's a song constantly  
singing...  
perhaps

you'll hear it!

*Hari Om Tat Sat*

---

A thought is less than  
stale air  
in a vacuum.

Give it the strength  
of your arm and you'll  
see its worth.

---

Everyone wears a mask  
to cover something  
that *might* be ugly.

It takes so much  
effort every day  
to put it on -  
to get the right color,  
the right smile,  
the right thing to say,  
even the right thing  
to think.

But it's all for naught.

Life can see right through  
to the you  
that you are trying to hide.  
Why would she be smiling?



*Meeting Osho:*

There is a moment where everything changes.

When you recognize a living, awake being.

That's the moment you realize something is possible for *you*.

Here is awakensness,  
Normal and natural.

Standing there, real. No chatter.

The false self fidgets,

divided,... chattering away.

Realness is infinitely  
compelling.

It is warmth

enveloping us.

Like a child stretched out  
in the sunshine.

Know that this is calling for  
you.

Listen. Listen.

---

*Murshid  
Samuel L. Lewis*

"There are two marks of  
greatness: a clean heart  
and dirty fingernails."

Only one thing  
Is needed  
to wake up.

Stop assuming  
that the voice  
in your head  
is you.

We are captured in a  
bubble of imagined sound.  
Addicted to a chattering  
monster filling the void.

Somehow... we think its  
smarter than we are.

But never! Never!

There are *not* two things  
inside of you.

Just you.

And you are all you need  
to be.



*~Murshid SAM*

You are what's left  
when your idea of who  
you should be is gone.

Just like truth is what's left  
when illusion is gone.

In the heart is the  
sanctuary of peace, and  
the door to self-realization  
and self-mastery.

## THE DARK WORLD OF MR. LOP

There was a man, by name  
of Lop,

Twass neither calm nor  
wise.

“Too much to see!” he  
cried one day,

“So, I will close my eyes.”

He closed them tight, he  
closed them deep,

Nothing could he tell.

Twass always said about  
this Lop

He did things wrong quite  
well.

He roamed the streets  
both day and night  
All around the town.

“Everything is in my way,”  
He wept as he fell down.

“The world is full of too  
much stuff  
To trip and fall and thump.  
So, I will never move  
again.”

He sat there like a lump.

Unfortunate for all the rest  
The place he chose to stop,  
Was in the middle of the  
street.

Naught could move past  
Lop.

Rubber screeched, the cars  
piled up,  
Horns blared with a  
grudge.

Lop sat there with his eyes  
squeezed shut,  
He wouldn't even budge.

Noise grew to a frightful  
pitch.

“This is too much I fear!”

So, Lop reached out two  
fingers

And stuck one in each ear.

There he sat, he could not  
move,

He could not hear or see.  
A silly grin was on his face,  
He sighed contentedly.

So, they brought in a big  
old crane,  
Hauled Lop to the  
museum.

If you go there and pay a  
dime  
You can surely see him.



## DIGITAL ENLIGHTENMENT

Living in the moment

Trying to survive.

Osho says I'll do it,

But perhaps he's lied.

The moment I find easy,

To make my breathing

rhyme.

But while I'm in the  
moment,  
The clock keeps ticking  
time.

I mow the lawn, just  
pushing,  
Smelling grass and dirt.  
But clock still keeps on  
moving,  
I forget to go to work.

So praise the digits on my  
watch,  
They help me keep in tune.  
For how else would I ever  
know,  
It's fast approaching noon?

And is today still  
Wednesday,  
Or is next week now here?  
Living in the moment  
Is confusing me, I fear.



*~Hazrat Inayat Khan*

A person wishes to understand the inner significance of things, and wants to *uncover* all that is covered by

name and form.

They seek for insight into

cause and effect,

wanting to touch the mystery of time and space, and wishing to find the missing link between God and self

-- where self ends, God  
begins.

AYACHARA THE BANDIT.

Beautiful trickster.

Master of Ten Thousand  
Masters.

To hold the carrot before  
the mule's stubborn nose  
enticing the pony cart  
onward  
to the point of death,  
blazing in the fire,  
of the ultimate joke.

Enticed to be the seeker of  
nothing

I tried to hold it together.

But could not deny...

The ego

does not exist.

So much energy to fight

what isn't there,

too much effort,

moment by moment,

to hold together at all.

Existence cannot be

destroyed.

Illusion cannot be solid.  
Trusting this moment,  
and the bottom falls out.  
No more pretending,  
no more ego in the  
pretending.

Whatever you are is your  
light.

Trusting in light  
immediately trusts others.

Those who believe they  
are not lighted trust none.

But this Ma here, ordinary,  
has reached the valley,  
and found the peak.

Such a simple little leap, a  
plop,

into non-searching, and  
declares

The Ten Thousand have  
arrived.

And now - in haste -  
to work!

A sannyasin's job is to  
become notorious.

*Ma Prem Zareen*  
*April 24, 1990*

*~Murshid SAM*

Sing one note perfectly  
before Allah and Allah will  
sing 10,000 notes perfectly  
through you.

To become at peace  
with yourself, perfect your  
note;

to become at peace with  
another, perfect your  
note;

to become at peace with  
God, perfect your note.

Sing Unity and overcome  
division, think Unity and  
overcome division, act  
Unity and attain to peace.

## RUMBLING JOY

Where from this notion  
that life's after you?  
When there's always such  
wonder,  
colors of dew?

Look at the birds  
free in the wind  
or the fish in the sea  
as they swim to the end.

No finger is pointing,  
from off in the sky,  
picking you out  
making you cry.

There only exists  
a marvelous tune,  
swinging and swaying  
and dancing the moon.

Just open closed eyes  
and YOU see the wind  
There's nothing to find,

or reap or transcend.

Just the sounds of the  
colors,  
the flight of the bees.  
That's where you find  
laughter  
as common as these.

## ELIZABETH DANCES ON THE MOON

She waddles and woodles  
around all the earth,  
Gobbling and eating  
to increase her girth.  
She looks at herself  
and announces out loud,  
“I’ve built this  
monstrosity,  
might as well be proud.  
Such a wondrous round  
shape

- there's never the like,"  
She waddles and woodles  
from utter delight.

Bouncing the world over  
until all too soon,  
Elizabeth dances  
right up to the moon

## ELBOWS

They say that there is not a  
word

to rhyme with elbow,  
that's absurd!

For every creature that's  
alive

has an elbow by its side.

And every time an arm is  
bent,

we know it is no accident,  
that the crease will sure  
appear

inside the elbow, very  
clear.

So how can poets ever  
write

about this joint of fair  
delight?

And how will mankind ever  
know

how much I love my old  
elbow?

**TALES :**  
**SHIVA TEACHES PARVATI TO**  
**MEDITATE**

It is said that Shiva Mahadeva was always in samadhi, whether he was seated in meditation or roaming away from his home in Kailasa, but in the beginning, his consort Parvati was in a high state of consciousness when he was present but cast down when he went to roam the world. Therefore, she once

said to him, “Teach me to meditate.”

“Sit in asana, close your eyes, and turn your attention within.”

Parvati did so.

“What do you see now?”

“I see your form before my mental vision.”

“Go beyond that form,” said Shiva. “What do you see now?”

“I see a brilliant light.”

“Go beyond the light.  
What is there?”

“I hear the all pervading  
sound ‘Om.’”

“Transcend the sound.  
What is your experience  
now?”

To this Parvati did not  
reply, for she had become  
one with the Cosmic Self.  
There was no seer and no  
seen, no hearer or heard.  
There was only One,  
nameless and formless.



*Nisargadatta Maharaj*

Recognizing the mind as a prison is the first step toward true liberation. You enter the prison by forgetting who you are, and you escape by simply observing your thoughts without identifying with them.

**Step Out the Way You Came In:** You entered this illusory world by forgetting

your true nature; you  
leave it by turning your  
attention inward and  
knowing yourself exactly  
as you are.

Enlightenment is neither inside nor outside.

All this inside-outside division happens before enlightenment.

When enlightenment happens there is nothing inside, nothing outside. In fact, when enlightenment happens there is nothing.

The day you become enlightened the whole

existence becomes  
enlightened with you.

Your vision of existence  
becomes enlightened.

## WHY FAKE TEACHERS ARE SO CONVINCING

Fake teachers are convincing *because* they don't know. Not knowing, they don't hesitate. They have nothing real to say, so they can go on spinning words effortlessly.

If you actually know something, language becomes a barrier — what you say is always at a distance from what you know.

But a person without genuine experience has no such friction; their words flow like a machine.

A blind man can talk very easily about light — he has no experience to put into words, so the words stay empty and he can throw them out endlessly. He can only deceive other blind men; someone with eyes won't be fooled.

This is why the unenlightened lead the unenlightened.

**THEY SPEAK THE LANGUAGE OF YOUR  
DESIRES**

Pseudo-masters speak the language of your desires. They say things like "if you meditate, you will become rich, you will become successful"

Nonsense!

Ramana Maharshi died of cancer, and yet his eyes

were full of joy. That inner wholeness is what real spiritual health looks like — not external beauty.

### TRUTH CANNOT BE ARGUED INTO YOU

Truth is not arguable and not provable. There is no way to logically propose it — at most, you can seduce a person toward truth. A person who doesn't know what truth is will always be more logical, because that which overturns all logic

hasn't happened to them yet.

### WHAT A REAL TEACHER LOOKS LIKE

The genuine teacher will struggle with language, will be paradoxical, will not promise easy outcomes, and will push you toward your own inner work. The whole effort is not to give people another dream, but to shake them awake — insisting on waking up

rather than offering  
comfortable illusions.