THE WANDERER

A Novel of Reason



JAFAR ALWARDI

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BY

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This book is full of questions

with not one question mark

Introduction

In the Wanderer's heart there burnt questions and inflamed thoughts.

He has been living for a long time.

Wandering with his soul in a large void and a vast world.

Today, the Wanderer vented some of his storms.

He expressed day and night thoughts.

Thirteen years ago, is when I found the Wanderer.

I kept his company wherever he went;

in both his best and worst of states.

I was never apart, not even an instance.

He asked so much;

but liked no one to hear his questions

He spoke too much,

but liked no one to hear his voice

With mature thoughts,

A well of silence the Wanderer was.

Of him I saw weird states and passion.

A conflict between what seems and what is.

Differences between body and soul.

I much have seen his soul.

I thought it never belonged to his body.

The Wanderer is not a hypocrite.

He has but one face not many.

He tries to prevent his soul from covering his body

As he resents being crazy, a wanton or an infidel to anyone

He kept his silence for days and nights.

Refused to utter a word.

Today he decided to ask;

or speak a little;

to express his question in this being.

In himself.

In man.

In earth.

I don’t know if what he said may be accepted,

or brings him scorn.

Will people accept the Wanderer’s questions;

pardon the fires descending in his soul

I don’t know how the Wanderer dared to pronounce his questions.

He did it anyway.

And wanted to present it to people.

I may meet the Wanderer again.

And narrate new questions;

or a new body or soul

Renews he daily more than once.

And in himself he evolves large distances.

But it never shows on him or his body.

This is what I've been able to convey out of this Wanderer's bitter heart

Contemplate what's beautiful, good or new

And of the Wanderer, pardon what you might dislike.

As this is what he said

He aspires not to be a prophet

Nor a saint, a dissolute or an infidel.

We are all that Wanderer

Searching for the truth in ourselves and the world

Seeking and asking day and night.

From the Wanderer take what's clear
and leave what's muddled

A Wanderer in company of time

Jafar A Alwardi

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Chapter 1

Wanderer

On the beach of Marmara;

which attracts every wandering fish, boat and ship

A destination to those with broken hearts

Receiving every aimless tourist

Many loves the sea

Mostly the wanderers

They love that sea

Their only listener

Who's never too proud

A man in his thirties,

who passed teen years;
and yet not an adult

Many apart do gather at him.
Many other that differ from him depart.
He much thinks of himself.
Debate he does with all that face him
Mostly silent
Of him thought is bored,
and bored he is of his own thoughts.
Questions got weary of his monologue

In his favourite garden
Simit, the People's bread he sells
With a Turkish warm glass of tea
As Istanbul prohibits
Drinking hot tea
Minutes you leave your glass

And breeze will turn it warm

The Wanderer's depth is inspired by the sea
And vastness he gets from the sky
While silence and patience from the trees

Much the Wanderer walks
Of aim his feet are ignorant
And so all his body parts
The only knowledgeable part,
is but his tireless brain.
Yet often times his brain
knows not the place to go.
He walks to where it ends
And what's that has ended
I don't know
The road, the thoughts, the questions
None of which I know
He just walks and ends wherever it ends

Chapter 2

Fate

Day and night lively with people are
Istanbul's gardens

All voice, visit and love

The poor and the rich

The aiming and aimless

The hating and the loving

These people love the Turkish Simit;

savoury and special breakfast it is.

Between main meals a snack as well

— Hey Wanderer, give bread and a glass of tea.

In paper he wraps his bread in a usual silence

And pours the tea in a wrinkled glass

There sat the man with his much telling silvery hair

Where his wrinkles tell of all faced pains

And his shivering hands are beating time

With eyes full of questions, at him the Wanderer looked

A barrier was the language to know the old man’s details

Thus, the Wanderer just asked himself

O fate,

What have you destined me to

While I destined you none

Both of us are but creations
And we are both ordered
You don't have power or choice or say
You are just an ordered slave
You do what you are told, and orders obey

Why are you cursed by people
Who know nothing about you
And you are wise and patient
Caring not of what they say
You disregard their mumbling
Never affected by their doings
As if you don't even see them
Nor hear their voices or see their moves
Great you are dear Fate
And much of your likes there is
Yet we don't know or want not to know

We are unable to know ourselves
Or understand
Less than able to change the bad in us
Or the immorality we live in
We talk and regret
Do and regret
Think and regret
Trivial is man when he sees himself as vile
He waits not to feel his vile in others' eyes
It's just enough to know himself

Chapter 3

Human and Gratitude

Up stood the Wanderer on the sea shore

Looking around amazed by this vastness

Though it's not his first time to see the sky

But each time he is amazed

As if it was the first time to see this vast horizon

O vast existence

O scattered worlds

And numerous skies

While earthlings know not

How small we are and tiny too

Yet large is our tyranny

And huge is our catastrophe

For man as tiny as is

Powerless and weak

Is the mightiest of creatures

Onto the universe the most forceful

He often interferes with the sky and what's in it

And earth with what it carries

In all he did obtrude.

Great is your tyranny

Huge your bawdiness

And vast is your calamity

Sees not himself as the vilest on earth

Sees not his shape and base;

degrading water droplets and dirt

He forgets and ignores of all he bares
Of weakness and shame
He disputes all
And lays his hand on all
Assaults all and even the Godly entity
Trying to compete with the Creator
Interfere in his creation
Tell stories about Him
Doubt His existence
Connects Him to what he deems;
adjectives, acts, and a wife and kids!

The miraculous man he is.
The silly, the criminal;
and the reforming.
He is all contradictory qualities and morals.

And he controls everything in this universe.

Nothing controls him but himself.

The power of every existing creature
usurped and endowed upon him

As was the will; taken from every soul and
placed at him.

That's why each rendered safe,

and rendered safe he is.

Yet none was safe from him,

and nor his kind was spared.

He's the creature that thanks all.

The son thanks his parents.

The slave thanks his master

And the brother his brother does thank.

The employee thanks his manager

People thank their president.

But all never thank their God.

They forget to thank the One who gave them life and beauty.

They thank not their Giver.

They have a short-term memory.

As weightless as a mustard seed.

That's why an employee complies with his boss,

and people entrust their president.

Offering signs of love and peace.

Yet when changes he or dies,

put much of curse and charges.

In him there lives all ill description.

And stuck on him all dirt and filth.

What else more wonderous than this creature

None is...!

Chapter 4

Oblivious

This man acknowledges each virtue done by his own kind.

High towers amaze him

And praises progress and cultured luxury.

Glorifies his own-set rules and laws.

Yet feels it's much to praise his God!

And less obliged he feels himself

To tell the Creator of all existence;

O Thank you God, O thank you God.

But a mean creature he is.

Glorifies his laws.

Respects his system.

Despises all violators of his order

But when it comes to the real Creator

The First to Be.

And the First Manufacturer

He doubts and questions His existence.

His powers and deservedness to be praised or heard.

He sees no further than his eyes.

And smells no further than his mucus.

And hears not more than his eardrum.

Man, you are not just oblivious to the Creator whom you can't see with your little eyes; or just oblivious to all the orbs orbiting for millions of years, while you develop discoveries only to see small parts of it; or heedless to the earth upon which you live, and the great seas and its variant life forms.

You are not just oblivious to all that greatness,

But to yourself as well.

Oblivious to realize the enormous processes running in your body day and night while you don't know.

Oblivious to your eyes with great grids, veins, reflections and mirrors.

Oblivious to your exquisitely made stomach;

filled day and night with your lust.

Oblivious to your exquisitely made and mastered body.

Thus, it’s only natural to be oblivious to the Creator of all.

Just for your tiny eyes can’t see.

They see not beyond a few meters.

They see but from one angle.

Blinded by night.

And shivering by light.

Sick by a grain of dust.

Yet dare to judge the Creator.

He who created the existence on an orderly basis and strict rules.

And after all, to such triviality you man has reached!

Chapter 5

The Great Secret

Wanderer, to whom do you talk

- I!

To the one closer to me than me.

No doubt he hears you.

- Of course, of course

Do you mean to tell me he sees me too!

- No, no Wanderer, I didn't mean so, I meant he hears your solemn speech within

your heart before it's expressed in letters and words.

No doubt He creates words for you, and your intent to speak it through.

- What do you Wanderer want to tell your great Creator.

I say:

All Mighty Creator.

The One who created many of which we know not.

And gave us the knowledge of but a few.

The power we fought You with.

And thought to keep all creatures away from You.

You gave us the intelligence.

We used to intrigue, conspire and warn of You.

You gave us power.

And a sense of will.

And all we used against You.
So it doesn't occur to us that You exist.
Or much as to believe in You.

A great secret there is for You to enshroud
Telling us not of what You be.
In deep doubt we are set.
And more perplexed to search for You.
Deposited much in all Your work
Ways and reasons as proof of You.

Why not You appeared without a shroud
And look as just the way You are.
So, we don't fall in much confusion, denial and ignorance.
No doubt the most You know.
To solve what all the mystery is.

How could we see You

What means or tools.
Can our tiny eyes be able to define You
Surround You.
And paint your shape.
And Your details show.
No doubt they can't.
weakest to do.
In a hard test we are set.
In challenge against devil and doubt.
The Victor You are.
The winner no doubt.
But we just ask,
And quest is knowledge.

Chapter 6

Patience

- Be patient Wanderer, as your questions arise and broil.

Oh,

Patience!

He's the Patient Lord of patience.

Teach us, Great Creator, of your patience and wisdom.

You see from us what’s big and great.

To fight You we use all power, science and will.

Obstacles we put in the way of everyone who wants to reach You.

We spend all the money You've given us.

To block all roads that leads to You.

Distort each truth inferred by one that maybe leads to the greatness of You.

Falsifying our eyes.

We disagree with the certainty of our hearts and souls

And we fight You.

I don't know why.

Good and grace is all You gave.

But we fight You,

If You asked why, I sure don’t know

No justification though!

Amazed I am.

Amazed more of Your great patience with us.

Giving us success day after another.

Bestowing us a new better day.

I know we're not like You.

We resemble nothing of You.

But teach us a bit of Your patience.

How come we practice all that spite, malice at You

And still the most beautiful is what You give for us in life.

Expanding more of generous abundance

One has to question; are You punishing us with all that blessings

Pleased we are with what we do.

More pleased with blessings that You bestow.

We may thus think it’s what we earn.

None of Your doing

Or we may think it's nature's habit.

The norm of days,

But not of You.

The fact is You just know, it's from You alone.

Despite all that You see and hear of all our fights and repelling of You.

Teach us but a bit of Your patience.

A bit so that we not run out of patience

to the smallest of acts or to the most trivial in this existence.

Teach us something of Your wisdom that we see day and night.

Witnessing it in every movement and each habitation

in this huge world.

And in this vast space

This wisdom that united in the hearts of people

And made the vast universe a great big school.

And in each sunshine,

in each astronomical movement,

and star rotation,

an accurate timing and master make

Teach us something of this wisdom in Your patience.

And in Your acts and creation

And in Your presence.

All around us speaks wisdom and mastery.

And we learn but a little, as our souls are proud.

Teach us then against their will!

Chapter 7

Great universe

The Wanderer sat on a wooden chair.

Relieving his weight and weariness on it.

- O Wanderer why do you carry the universe's heaviness in your heart.

The universe is a marvel, big and great.

- For an hour he wandered and with a sigh he said

Great universe.

In what in you an address may be.

And where should I go.

All alive you are.

Your presence I measure on the presence of each of us.

How silly we are.

Your presence I measure on my awareness day.

Not even my birth day.

I admit it not to you.

I saw you not but a few years ago.

And it will end up on me, not just when I die.

But with any little trouble.

Or a mood disturbance.

You'll end for me.

And I'll be mindless of you.

Is that's your worth

Or is it just the worthlessness of me

Not only I measured you on my weakness and tininess.

I measured the Creator on my principles,

rules, and expectations.

I ask Him to show me how He acts.

I ask for food, and variant pleasures and drinks.

I judge Him to what He grants me of garlic, onions and lentils.

That's me

As I view this greatness from a tiny eye, and a narrower thought.

I know I'm trivial so don't tell me so!

Chapter 8

the Night

O Wanderer it's the night.

Serenity, stillness and silence.

The night that listens when I speak to it

Universe, I address you through our serenity giving night.

I address this darkness within you.

And the stars that only appear in it.

How things do change from bright daylight to the darkness night.

In you I change, my sentiments and feelings

At night does change my love and hatred.

What I hate in light I love at night.

At night I play

with what I do desert at day.

O Night.

You've entered all my secrets.

Looked deep and searched in them.

You opened my mourns, that hid in folds of agony.

And when you arrive

You almost uncover the sickness in my bones.

My visitor is as if she's shy.

Visits but in the dark.

Gave all best sheets and mattresses.

Yet in my bones she slept.

(Al-Mutanabbi)

O night what do you care for all.

And what do you want from them

Be clear as day.

Frank as morning.

Let go this mask.

Just go uncovered.

To you, people complained their pain.

And spent a lot of sleepless nights

Night is but the silence of lovers.

Scandal of the amorous.

Nostalgia of infatuates

Its stars hold watchers' hopes.

And faces form upon its moon, and eyes thus fights.

Yet man;

That still night you killed.

And dared upon its utter silence.

At night, your desires do boil.

Animality broil.

You do not calm as does the universe.

Your demons are all set free.

And of night's stillness you ravel in noise.

Convert its calmness into anger.

You just disturb the dreamers' sleep.

Disdain world's thought off tranquil stillness

And faith off the nightly grace

The night is dearer than your violation.

The best of friends and merriest companion

Off night you stop your hurt and evil.

With day exploit just be content

No more trespass.

Chapter 9

The Self

- O Wanderer, what was it that you wanted to ask me a while ago

I'll ask myself before I ask you:

What do I know about myself

And what is that you know about me

Are we stuck together out of nearness

Or is it a shroud

Am I more familiar with this self than anyone?

What does this self hide

And why is it cursed

Why all the worries of people are down upon it

All religious insults are focused on it

Sometimes malicious,

Other times mean,

And orders evil.

Of what is it made

And what's its secret

What was it before,

And what great mysteries does it hide

That self that thinks too much

And secretly plans

Study people’s unseen fate

And shows a little of what it hides.

You can't easily figure out what it is.

And neither may be known easily.

And man if you know it, you'll know your God.

Is it competing God's existence

Was it that ordered the Pharaoh to claim he's a deity

And Satan to be proud.

Qaroon to be a tyrant.

And Can our selves act as they did!

Then why it doesn't do and claim as so!

Are you waiting for the chance to say you are a god of the heavens

And are you waiting for a time,

to ask the Creator: who are You, and why should I prostrate and pray for You.

How do you hold your self from that

How are you able to control it

And am I controlling it

Or the reverse is true

What's the difference between me and myself

Am I something and my self is else.

Or are we one

And if we're one;

How can I deny my acts

And object to what I do

How do I expect the calamities I'll be doing, and not give up on them

And if my self is not me.

where is it

what is its shape

And where does it live

Is it real or fiction

A truth or a mystery!

How do I know what's me and what's it

How do I fight it or even fix it

Where is it and what is it.

Teach me, Creator, something of Your wisdom.

And Your great patience.

Chapter 10

Unknown

They say
The Soul
The Mind
The Heart
The Self

You live by your soul.
And stand by your self.
You think with your mind.
And feel with your heart.

Anonymous is the featured and the feature too.

Spiritual the soul is

And life is imperceptible and intangible;

and self is unknown.

Does your clinical body have an organ called self, a mind, or even a heart

A heart there is, that distributes blood.

Not a one that loves and hates

A brain there is, that distributes nerves.

Not a one that theorizes, plans and rules.

What's that unknown and how do we know and delve in its depths

How can we really control what it is

Is it a Godly metaphysical creation that controls us as planned and destined

Or is it a creation,

that we're free to control.

Who answers all our inner queries

Do we ask and answer both at a time

Do we act and be acted upon as well

Do we judge and be judged.

Are we all that is, in this great world!

The truth is that we are nothing at all.

We're the ones who ruined it all.

We got into all.

Even drabbed the bottom of the sea for whales.

And the beasts in the desert.

We ruined their living.

And subjected them to our experiments.

Amusement we practiced against them all; for times, and other times we ate them

Do we deserve to live in this great universe

Do destined creatures with their set lives
Ask God to protect them from the ruining man

Do they ask the Creator to limit man’s power

To hasten his destruction and save them from his tyranny and evil

Don't they say that man has added qualitative additions to this universe

He sought to discover much of its secrets and mysteries.

He used all his means and abilities to reach curiosity.

Who says so

Was it the stone

Was it a praise from the earth or sky

Or did the universe's Creator admit that fact;

and said that man has done his best

Who said so

Was it man himself who praise himself.

In this great universe and this vast space he found no one;

None to thank him but his own

Thus, made up this and praised himself.

And who does say he's undeserving

Maybe he deserves praise for what he's done

A day will come when the Just You will rule.

And judge between universe and man

Each one will get his fate and share

And each will have his right and due

A loser the man I think will be.
As he is curious, unlucky and greedy.
He loves but good for his own self.
Yet hates it for his fellow kind.
He always sought for weapons and venoms
To kill the species, he belongs to.

Chapter 11

Human

O Wanderer do you have a grudge on man

Do you hate him

Who said I do

Aren't you a man, Wanderer

Here you are cursing man describing him with the worst he is

And which of creatures has no bad.

Each of good and bad has share.

- Of this strong charge I mean

Mean man.

Destructive one

The one who falls from the eyes of all.

I think you've something to tell him.

Yes, many things I want to say:

O Man.

Violated all, what did you leave

Your evil and wrong did reach yourself.

Man made the dirtiest most lethal weapons.

Made the most powerful machines to
destroy all creatures in the universe.

Yet his first enemy is himself.

His species is but his real foe.

They are who suffer his fiery grudge

His evil rage as well as tyranny

And why does man these acts commit

And for what purpose, or what aim

What will he gain

Wants he be the god of heavens

The one he claims and seeks.

Or does he want control over Him

Takes God's role

And claims His power.

Is not there is what threatens man

Isn't each man will come to an end

He'll die in ten or twenty, fifty, or even ninety years.

And then what's next

The moment man reaches puberty.

Evil starts growing within him.

He's twenty years old.

And the longest he'd reach is a hundred years

The power he has lasts sixty years.

Are sixty years worthy the ruin of the world

Destroying the universe just to be a lord or a great owner.

Are those years worthy

The ruin of the universe.

All this harm to all these creatures.

To satisfy his whims and fulfil his desires.

To feed his lust.

And who will inherit all the glory he has built.

And all the dominance he's achieved.

And all the false insignias all along his sides.

For who!

And after he dies, will his soul get to rule

Or will he be food for the basest and tiniest in the universe?

For worms.

Food for worms

Doesn’t he think of himself when he passes

Sees how insignificant and shallow he is.

Isn't he ashamed when he hears the sounds of filth

Impurity scattering around his seat.

And then he is out with his joy and strength

Smelling good in front of people

How trivial he is.

What self-obliviousness.

Chapter 12
Contradictions

Love

Loathing

Light

Dark

Night

Day

Forward.

Backward

Ugliness

Beauty

Existence

Oblivion

All these contradictions.

And these differences.

What is their truth.

Does the absence of the opposite prove the existence of the other

And who's the first to exist

And who is the other

Is there only daylight

And when it goes it’s just called night.

And night itself does not exist.

A mere withdrawal of daylight

Is love the origin as it exists

And when it’s gone its loathing and hate

Does love have a truth

Does hate exist.

Are these just opposites that we give names

Distinguishing what was and what would be.

And what's the case now.

And who can tell

Is it the philosopher

Can the author of the long controversy,

solve all these differences.

Or did his argument and philosophy not find a solution to questions as such

Are such contradictions found to prove our inability to understand the meaning of the simplest things

Are they prodigious,

or an exam in which we're challenged

That's not the only thing in this universe that we don't know.

And in it, wisdom we can't see.

The wisdom we know, and knowledge of purpose is but a few of this universe.

Belief is not conditioned by the knowledge of wisdom or lest we will believe in none.

Chapter 13

Earthly

O earthly Wanderer to you I speak.

You bodily low.

To the earth you're drawn.

And on debase you depend.

O man who thinks but of his desires,
pleasures and his animalism.

O Earthly man

All what you care is drinking booze,

Prolong your night,

and tend your needs.

You search for whores and prostitutes

From their bodies you would buy love.

You search for long to attain your lust.

And plant your pleasure in whichever a plot.

You think of where your filth is set.

Where live your whims.

No different then you are from animals.

O animals may just be better than you.

Their prey they leave as lust is done.

Insane you are.

And restless too.

And never fulfilled

With a booze filled stomach.

Your mind asks for more of being drunk.

And if mind's drunk, you do need more of animal whims.

And so until you hit the ground.

In a state that tongues can barely tell.

O lustful man.

For new whims you travel across all continents.

Pass lands and miles for a new drunk state

What life do you live

What state is yours.

What do you want

And where would you reach

Your largest project is but loins.

Your belly is but a barrel of filth.

Your mind is a hotbed of all that's low.

Aware are you of what you do,

or absent minded is your state.

From a house to another you pant

From a pub to the other.

From a woman to a woman.
And that's your case in day and night.

Days do pass and nights as well.
Events all around but you don’t see
And all does change.
Universe’s life shortens.
And people age.
Time is cut off all that lives.
And as we age time gets less
And that is life and how it is.
With roles and benefits interchange
But you don't know.
And you don’t feel.

Your goal is money
It brings you pleasure.
And raise your state among your peers.

Of what you are is what I fear.

O what is money
You may regard it as all that is.
And when you think that there is God.
Quick you are to pray for more.
You think of Him when money goes low.
When you go penniless.
In full humility you're at His door.
Not just at His door.
But people's door.
Humiliated.
On their shoulders you reel.
So that they may your wishes grant.
And of their money they spare you some.
Some coloured bills
And number forms.
And that's named money.

It's true that it can buy you all.
Yes all!
Even misery.
Sorrow and sadness with money may come.

O Earthly man.
Your value is what you wear and drive
What you drink and buy
You even try to show your socks
To show their make and selling shop
To raise your state in front of peers.
Yes, even shoes you try to show
So that your character may improve.
That's what you wanted for yourself.
To be upraised by your own shoe.
And from your socks get a higher state.
Much you care for types of shops.
And much as well for makes and brands.

Threaded fabrics they are with someone's name

For earthly beings like you to enslave.

Chapter 14

Heavenly

O Wanderer

That is your earthly state.

What if a heavenly one

O spiritual man.

O godly human

You transcend all.

Nothing you see in this universe but yourself.

You may have even forgot yourself.

All felt, you have surpassed.

Transcended all the surroundings.

O Heavenly man.
Owned by none,
and by none enslaved.
Need nothing at all.
Self-sufficient,
and needs not be defined.

O heavenly esteemed.
How do you see this existence,
and how do you view the universe
Who are we for you,
and how do we know you more

O heavenly unique.
Your soul secrets reveals
And all as lessons your eyes see.

Your thought creates of each an awe
Your light shines upon your eye.
converting truths into sublime.

O godly unique.
What bond that ties you to your Creator
You witness Him in all that happens.
See Him in every detail
Unite Him in every atom.
How did you find Him
And how did you reach Him
How has your soul revealed His meanings

Does the universe have just one doer
Or all can do whatever they deem.

What fates are there
What times and acts

O heavenly high.

Peace on You among those guided.

And mercy among all those who reached.

Chapter 15

The Melodious Bird

O Wanderer

What words do you have on a heavenly craft

The melodious bird

Who sings the universe as a tune

Plays it as a guild's poem.

O joyful bird

Your beautiful voice I hear

And tend the amazing tune.

Is this your life-long role

And who do you enjoy
How were you made.
And made for who
And is your voice to the whole universe
Do all enjoy your mellow tune

The greatness of universe's detail
Is not just random or by chance.
Not a descent and not inheritance.
Nor the cycle of night and day;
may breed or make just by itself.

Unthinkable it is that such creativity
As such majestically detailed
With such precision and accuracy.
By chance to be not meant or done.
What minds can bare such ridiculousness.

Those who doubt this existence and its majestic creativity

Are but laughing at themselves.

Despise themselves even more,

than they incite other people's minds.

"So he incited his people to levity and they obeyed him.."

Who wants to withhold the truth

Can't come up with evidence of validity and power.

It's just a mind mockery,

and disregard for truth.

Absurdity it is to think,

that this cynicism is a strong argument,

And a bright proof.

In fact, it's a mockery of such superficial minds!

O beautiful bird who told you,

that man's hands reached not to the woods.

Its evil did get there.

He cuts the trees.

He severs their necks.

Fragments their groups.

And disperses their beauty.

For centuries they have been together,
grouping to form a great grand family.

But men have come to cut their limbs.

And why is so!

Just to earn a coin or two.

For as I said he builds his glory,

from the destruction of this universe.

His kingdom lives by those he buries.

Content he is;

climbing on the shoulders of this universe,

building a top of the piles of creatures.

He turned the woods into waste lands.
To create his luxury,
And build his wealth.

Chapter 16

Eyes

And Wanderer what about your tiny eyes

So small in size but great in meaning and creation

O dear great eye.

Exquisitely made

And greatly created

A mark in uniqueness and abilities

Small in size.

But we're baffled on a daily basis describing it and studying it.

Reflecting things
And seeing them too
How strong it gets
And how it weakens.

Amazingly made by your unique Creator.
But the earthly man.
Forgets those features.
Directs you to the dumps and filth.
Takes you to the worst you can,
either think of or watch

I know you're upset with this earthy savage.
Behind his lust he gasps
and runs towards his fallen instincts.
You bleed in tears for what you're forced to do.
Watching and reading all his sins
Not the sun and its bright light.

Not the luminous moon.

Nor pearly shinning stars.

Or milky ways and paths.

Instead of discovering the beauty of the universe,

and the breadth and greatness of its creation;

he deprives you of all real pleasure,

and of each real joy.

It’s man who halts your pleasures.

Who repels you from what you were created for.

You're upset for all the beauty you miss.

And the burdens you carry each passing day.

You’d like to think of endless heavens.

And study the vastness of the earth.

Millions of years have passed.
More millions will come.
And you're yearning for such thoughts;
in great sorrow until you see it all.
Not a moment of beauty you'd like to miss.
Nor a glimpse of thought.

But with this man what can you do
Deprived you of all this beauty,
and insists on the low he is.

Extend your patience and give advice.
Remind him that your place is better.
And much more better your duties are.

Chapter 17

The Soul

The soul, dear Wanderer
The Soul

Sublimate.
O wonderful soul transcend.
A metaphysical meaning you are.
The true unknown
The absent present.
The meaningful viewer.

O soul that walks all around the earth.

From one exile to the other does fly.

How do you breezily pass through all

How do you fill this void and void not full with you

And how do you walk around the earth,

as if it's a hummus grain.

What's far for you is near.

What's old is present.

What comes is now.

You'd foresee the future.

Know much of distant past.

How do you live with me and for me

How can I feel for you and feel you

O Wonderous soul.

Does body's life constraint yourself

And your start up is in its death.

How do you live with an earthy dense body,

while you are heavenly high.

Do you daily wish it dissolves and dies,

so that in space you fly

O metaphysical soul.

How do you see things and all that happen,

and how do you remember that much of distant past

Do you have a mind, a memory and a heart

And like a body you feel

What's the relation of body and soul

Is it company out of necessity

A commitment you both are compelled to.

Are you for me

Or are you a thing,

and I'm another.

How to distinguish between us
And does my sins reflect on you.

And in my pains do you hurt too
If tears I cry do you do cry
And do you travel if I do too.
How can I know what you're like
And how to learn any lessons of you.

O wonderous spirit.
There's no doubt you're unknown.
Beyond any reason.
Something that one can’t feel.

Is there of you a benign and ugly
Are there two types, the good and evil.

How do you live after I die

Do you just die the same as I

Have I your company in the loneliness of my grave

Or do you go to a place of yours

Where are you now

How do I feel you.

And when I breath in and out, is that you

Or a proof of you.

Or is that all just something else.

O great soul, all peace for you.

But, Wanderer

Let me say:

How do we realize all this mystery

And how do we reach all this unknown

Who does help us

Have we the right to ask

And is it right to think

Or should we live as idiots

Bother not with all the philosophy.

And live the lives of elders

How can we understand these hidden secrets

And all enormous miracles that there are.

Who'd answer us

Would we be wrong in not to know or recognize

Or wrong we are if we missed it

And who may answer our mysterious questions

Who may explain the great universe

How was it created

And in what time

How will it end

And at what time.

Who'll end it

What of it will be

Who is there in the next world

And who was there in all past worlds

Who is present in this current world

And how many worlds are there

In all these heavens and all those earths;

Are there other worlds like what we have

Or is our world made of my alley, my neighbour and the shop next door!

How do we think

How to explain

Or contemplate

O Great Creator.

Guide us all through.

Show us.
In this confusion give us a clue
Remove all doubts.
To what You want lead us.
You created us for what You want from us
No choice we had to be.
Nor do we have to fade.
Nor we have choice in our present or past.
You found us from nothing.
And to nothing we go.
And You want everything from us.

You made the rules.
And set the norms and order
Set all the rules and systems.
For a reason You just know.
For a purpose of Your own.
Of You but a little we know.

The peak of our knowledge of You is truly we don't know.

The more we know of You,

the more mystery and ignorance grow.

To zero or less we go.

As you are Great beyond realization.

So sacred to be precepted.

Too large to be explained.

And higher than attainable truth.

Chapter 18

Who are you!

O Wanderer ask me nothing
As I know nothing
And can answer none

Who are you
And why are we
Where to
And how would it be
And when will it be

In Your Holly Books you tell us all

Should we believe all

And why shouldn’t we

Why do we doubt all that comes from You

While in experience we’ve steadfast certainty.

We believe in us far more than in You.

In our industries we trust.

Our inventions.

And business too.

And if a promise does come from You;

a say,

or an order,

we just cast doubt,

and question You.

We don't trust You as you're abstract.

On the pretext, we ignore all fact.

And all that is.

To ourselves we justify denial.

We justify all our passions

We trust heavy iron on the wings of wind.

And we trust not Your smallest of promises.

Not even a bit of what You tell us

Even if You promised us a loaf of bread and a glass of water,

we trust not that it will come.

In experiments we believe and in practical sciences

Not unknown metaphysics and abstract science.

O Wanderer

What's the unknown

Beyond perceptible it is

Beyond all awareness

Beyond what's known.
Beyond all heart and mind.
Is it a test for all creations

Who of you in unknown believes
In obscures
In the indiscernible
Not the knowns.
Nor expectations
A solid strong faith.
As if your eyes can see it.
Your hands can touch it.
And your heart can feel it.
A doubtless unhesitant faith
A certain, definite, unwavering faith.

What a harsh and difficult test.
A test expected to be denied by man.

And his scant mind and ability argue it is a logical mistake

And faulty regarding science and mind

He's the debauched and tyrant man

Who with his tiny limited mind,

and as little of realization,

measures creation and the Creator’s greatness.

This man who believes just in his desires.

His awareness.

And his feelings.

And who is he as to measure all on his own self

He's full of tyranny, debauched and menial

When the globe is deemed one of the smallest celestial bodies,

and space holds millions of light years,

and for a human body the earth is limitless and so huge

Thus, who is man

And what matters he in all existence

The largest case for some people is a glass of water

If for a few meters man stepped out of himself in space.

He’ll see what a shallow orb he is.

As for the house he's living in,

He’s smaller than a chair in the lounge.

He thinks the biggest dilemma in history; is but the little concerns he has.

Man's assumption and his own laws,

govern his world's blackness and freshness.

If what he wants does really happen,

his world will be all green and bright.

But if it doesn't, the world is all dimmed and dark.

He feels he's the Creator's only creation.

All Creator's orders are in his service.

And if it happens that he gets angry

In an instant the Creator responds,

and does him whatever he wants.

This man thinks all universe's problems are but his own.

All the important issues of the universe are what concerns and bothers him.

How poor he is

If his heart breaks.

Gets mad at someone.

For days and nights he lurks and plots.

Like the people of A'ad and Thamud

Waiting for a thunderbolt to strike his foe and family.

Oppressed he thinks he is, worthy of an immediate victory.

And that the Creator has none but him.

And that He'll serve him instantly.

This wonderous man.

Much skeletons there are in his closet.

Millions of rights he owes to others.

Embezzlement fills his legal file

Forgery cases, hypocrisy and lies

It's justified as a personal effort.

And it's his life's right.

That he's excused.

And by the Creator he'll be forgiven.

O poor is man.

Knows not his truth.

Nor knows his state.

Can’t see the universe as it really is.

And sees the universe from his pocket hole.

From his shop’s hole.

From his dining table.

Chapter 19

Meditate About You!

O Wanderer

Isn't it enough of your questions

Your search.

Who are you

What do you believe in

What are your tendencies

Ownership is a good feeling yet it’s deceitful.

What's your religion

Who's your God

How thus you believe so

How did you reach Him

And what's your proof

What thought or scripture proves you right

What makes you think that what you hold
is absolute truth in earth and the sky.

Who told you the universe thinks as you

What makes you think the truth you
reached is what it is in eyes of God.

Can you even think of that

And why do you even think

Is thinking of this thing a blasphemy

Does your religion forbid you so

Did yourself thus ask yourself

Or who you are.

Do you strictly and firmly believe what you currently are

Are you mentally, intellectually and heartily fully convinced

Or are you scared to ask as you may fall in doubt!!

Tell me who's your God.

Who's your Creator

How did you reach Him

And how did you know Him

Let none intrude in your feelings.

Enrich the growing certainty within you.

Set off into this spacious universe.

And this grand world.

Search for your God

Find your Creator.

Ask Him where are You.

And how can I find You
And what right path would lead me to You

Thousands and thousands of religions.
Thousands more of laws
Thousands of approaches
And thousands of doctrines
Thousands of words.
And thousands of books and prophets
Who are you among them all
What makes your statement valid and true
Amongst all the beliefs they have
What proves you right
And what's your airtight evidence over theirs

What if one day;
When the Creator says to you
O worshipper

Who told you your worldly beliefs are what is true

Who told you that your God, who you thought is Me was really I.

What would you say if He told you:

Your religion and law that you lived in

And called for through all your life are none of Mine.

That's not my religion.

Of every act you've done for Him, what will you say

In all the religions of the earth.

All doctrines of its inhabitants

And all their laws.

They all want to reach one truth.

God it is; the Great Creator.

They slaughter each other for Him.

Each other they deem as blasphemers.

Enslave each other in His name.

They cry and laugh and breed for Him.

They eat and drink and marry for Him.

Migrate the ends of the earth for Him.

Towards the heavens they pray for Him.

To the earth they kneel for Him.

All of them.

With all their dialects, shapes and forms

What would they tell Him if they saw Him for what He is

What will their answers be

Each sect and religion have a messenger, a book, and a god.

To the followers say we are what's right.

Let none tempt you.

Let not pretenders deviate you off our path

O Wanderer

The will to search for God is but enforced.

A trait of humans to worship.

A true and lofty tendency.

And all of them reached what they want, as they do believe and see.

Every religion says we are God’s beloved children

Ours the universe is and made for us.

All creatures are for serving us.

The first are we o’er all that is.

For their god they fight.

In every religion, for him they die.

But who's right

Who will win with which right God

Who will win the absolute truth

Will God endorse them all as for Him was their honest search

And lived for Him.

Will He forgive them as they did all they can to reach Him

Or is he tough and strict

Throw them in pits of hell as they did wrong

They didn't get to what he wanted.

They failed this test.

And is it true that one would be the right

The only one who'll win acceptance,

while all the rest are thrown in hell.

How will they be judged by the Just God.

If students enter the exam hall;

and all of them have done their best,

and what they can, to answer right;

will they all pass,

or will their teacher could not care less; and only pass who answered right,

and all alone gives them the prize,

and throw all others out of school.

Is that fair

They might as well say that is fair;

as the professor gave them what guides to truth,

they just didn't read well and study as should.

But God has left them onto earth,

to spend much effort and strive in search for Him.

They'll say he sent prophets and books.

That he who doubts will ask for proof

What does validate the prophets' words,

what proves these books are true from God.

Nothing I saw with my own eyes, and nothing I heard with my own ears.

Wouldn't I be reckoned to believe in what I'm not sure of.

Wouldn't God torture me if I gave my heart to what's not certain

How do I realize Him then

How do I reach Him

Would I be excused if the religion I believed,

and lived my life while following it.

Certain with all my given power and might, that it was the religion of right.

That God in this religion is true.

What should I do if I was wrong

How do I escape this whirlpool

If I believed in a religion and I'm not utterly certain,

He'll ask me how did I do without being sure it's Mine and for Me

He's righteous then tormenting me.

What should I do

Am I excused

None knows but Him

O Great and Glorious.

Absolute God and Truth.

Guide us to you

Show us.

Direct us towards you!

Chapter 20

Questions

O Wanderer why do you ask
What do you want
And what would you reach
Do you have the right to ask at all
Who do you ask
And why
What's the answer to all your questions

Do thorns you plant within the questions,
or depths of people you provoke

Who'll answer all these questions

And do you think there are real answers

And if there are who is to assess

Who may validate your questions are real or logic from the start

O wanderer

End this and stop

Do you know that you have become an infidel in many religions and laws

As sensitive questions you have asked.

The wrong and dangerous you've touched

Do you wanderer know that for many religions you are but a righteous kill

Where would you go

Who'll protect you

Will your questions justify your inner thoughts

You think the question is meant for what it is.

You need no answers for your questions.

Just answerless questions.

You want to reach confusion.

What is confusion;

but falling into absolute doubt.

No

Doubt is something.

Bewilderment is another.

Do you think confusion is the true certainty there is of faith

And that confusion is a stronger state

Higher a status than unconditional and absolute ratification

Un defined.

What is confusion

And what's doubt then

And what is faith and belief

O Wanderer

Confusion: hesitation and perplexity

Uncertainty of what is true

It’s not to stand and rely on a single status

It's hesitation and volatility in multiple contradictory states.

How come confusion is the eye of truth,

and complete faith for those confused.

And you, Wanderer.

Do you confirm this theory when you ask and answer not

O man who do you think you are

To reach what’s true certainty

And what are your mental and psychological abilities to reach

the truth of existence and the Creator!

You're nothing but an atom in the wind.
With weak abilities
Limited sight and thought
What certainty do you want to reach;
and what facts!
Thus your confusion is where you reach.
And your wonder is your certainty

God’s friend Abraham the prophet,
has asked The Lord:
Show me how You resurrect the dead.
While he was certain and has seen, truth and the Creator with every eye his body has.
The eye of Certainty, Truth and Witnesses
And he still wants to be reassured.

And he reached not until he asked to see it clear with his own eyes.

O Wanderer, tell me.

Who are you to reach the truth

And say to believe is higher than confusion.

Bewilderment is your way.

Bewilderment is your faith.

Bewilderment is who you are.

Don't tell the Wanderer to answer your questions.

Don't ask him not to ask.

The Wanderer wants confusion.

He’s not satisfied with what you see as certain, and thin is truth.

As you have but a little of reason and understanding

Who are you to reach the Great Creator

And who are you to unravel His secret

And know what He is.

So,

Silent you be

Let the Wanderer ask and ask with no satisfaction

He asks about everything.

And anything.

And stops at nothing.

O Wanderer ask, care not for what they say.

A confused once said:

"Confused connect, while guided apart”!

But, Wanderer.

If that's confusion.

What about doubt

Doubt: It’s falling between lying and believing

Pondering between right and wrong.

Unlike confusion.

Confusion starts with certainty and belief

Ends with bewilderment, astonishment surrender

Doubt does stand at the crossroads.

Equating right and wrong

None to be weighted over the other.

O Wanderer, what is certainty then

Certainty is reaching the truth.

What truth is that

Two are truly known not;

neither you nor certainty.

You're in framed and limited

Truth is relative.

Whose truth is it.

And how do you judge it as the truth

And why is it truer than others' truth

Relative is certainty too.

As an anaesthetic injection.

Or local anaesthesia.

For those who are weak.

With limited thought.

No, Wanderer

Certainty is what enabled us to reach God.

Abilities are only true by reaching God.

He is there

Entire and Real.

No capacity do we have for the rest of facts and certainties

The incomplete cannot realize what is complete

The tiny cannot comprehend the big.

The weak cannot imagine the strong.

Exalted is no equal to the lowly

So what certainty are we talking about

Perhaps it's that you got from your Holly Book,

or your sent prophet.

Thus, it's not from you that certainty comes.

It's coming out of an exterior.

It's why I said confusion is the eye of truth.

And It is the basis of ratification!

Chapter 21

The Time

The Wanderer once asked me:
Who are you
And how old are you

I said, "I'm human."
And my age, I can't count
Is it what I've been through
Or with what I've realized.
Or is it I have no age to count.

The Wanderer said:

Human.
What is time
Does it pass you or do you pass it
Do you spend it
While it is fixed.
Or are you fixed and it spends you!

Is time the interchange of day and night
Or is it the hours we've recently invented!

What do you know about time
What does time mean to you
Is it through time that age does eat you
And how do you grow up in years
And how do you pass a year
And change in shape.
What changes you
The passage of time or your earth fixation

When was time created

And how was the world before age and time

And how do they explain to us earth's age by time numbers

How do they know that time was long ago

Maybe it recently was.

How did the world live

How are its moments measured.

Did the world get old

Did it thus age

Did it renew itself

Or was it all not there as time was not

Is it just time that links what's old and modern,

what's outdated and the new

When will time end
What fate awaits the universe post time
Is it what was pre-time

And who does time run on
On all creatures.
Or just on some

Man, have no doubt.
That time does not run on the Creator.
Time is weak and small to surround Him.
Or affect Him.
Or limit Him or get Him in frame.

Is it possible that day and night,
run on the Great Creator.
Is it possible that the Creator will wait for hours and time

No, for sure

No doubt there is, it’s no

How do you understand time

Tell me.

How do you pass time or how it passes you.

Do you spend it,

or it’s you time spends

Is the end of the world the end of time;

and when time stops, is it doomsday

Is there no time in heaven and hell

Is the meaning of immortality,

that your present is free of time that passes you;

you remain the same!

Don't tell me thousands of years unchanged.

I told you your present is void of time and age

Present is a time, so how can you say present

There's no escape then from time.

Present is a time you are in now.

And past is a time when you there was

Future is a time that you will reach.

So can you imagine yourself without time

Can you speak a timeless language!

Man, you are in all controlled.

You are surrounded by everything,

and have no control over anything,

and you have nothing.

You're delusional that you're on something.

And that you can do something.

And in fact, you are at the mercy of fate.

Between time’s hands.

In the bosom of this world.

You had no choice in existence and nothingness.

You have no choice in the future,

nor in the present.

And you think you had a choice in the past.

But the past was a future before its time.

So you had no choice.

It's just what you sense.

And what you feel.

But what you sense isn't the truth.

What you sense is just a feeling.

A feeling to reassure you.

To satisfy yourself.

So you don't get obsessed and crazy.

The universe is full of unknowns

Unrealized.

And imperceptibles.

And a lot of Nos.

All of those you can't realize.

And you can't even understand, visualize, or comprehend.

Live on your fate.

Think as your rank.

Ignorant you become if you be less.

And disabled you are if you be more.

Chapter 22

Volition

O Wanderer

Do you mean I act without my will; that I’m forced

- Did you have the choice to return or go

Yes, and if I didn't want to, I wouldn't have gone.

- You think so, and that's a blessing

So, what’s the truth

- Don't they tell you that the Creator is one

This means that the Creator of this universe is the same one who created you.

Create your doings

Acts

Behaviour.

Your intentions.

So how do you say it is your will

What is your will

Aren't you and your doings both created

As you and your intentions

As you and your inner thoughts

If your will had an impact, there would be a Creator's partner that influences him

What then,

What does the Creator want from us

To worship him.

He created us to worship him and led us as he wanted.

Who are you to measure all from your view point

You think it's simple,

and that this theory is that easy.

Yes

Very easy.

You're created just for him.

Had no choice or say in your existence.

No choice or say in whether to staym

nor in that you may be gone

So what do you want from all these questions

Live as you’re destined.

- Do you mean I do all what I’d do

Can you do any without His permission

And how do you distinguish between
what's innate

And what you'd do

Didn't God create you?

And there you are.

And he knows why.

And you, with your feeble abilities,

want to unravel the secret of your existence,

and the secret of who you really are.

You have to search as long as you live.

You have to seek it as long as you be

You just might get to knowledge.

I'm not asking you to be like cattle;

to just feed and drink.

These many questions about existence

are not but a quest for knowledge,

and a way towards what's right.

If you believe in your God, the Creator;
be his soldier.
And be a true worshipper to him.
Tread on his path.
And search if you lost the way for an hour.
You'll then be guided to a life of blessings,
and to the comfort of your heart.

Chapter 23

Death

Once I came seeing death from the window of the grave.

I was at the cemetery.

One of my dears has died.

O Wanderer.

What is death

Why do we die

- Haven’t you had enough of my words

O Man, I'm tired,

Death, you say

What do I say about death

People are all certain to die.

Heading to it.

Day and night are at its door.

And what is strange is that they cry.

The reason is, it's loss they say.

Right it is

Loss makes you cry.

Death is a hateful certainty.

The Creator subdues man by death.

All who has a soul will die.

But different is man's death.

With a clear conscience All do die.

Except for man with a worried conscience,
does he die.

With world concerns all on his mind.

And afterlife's concerns he sees.

Death
Crushes hopes.
Shorten lives.
Cultivates souls.
Deters increase.
This wonderous death.
Is nothing.
There's no such thing as death.
But a transition from a life to the other.
This transition is what’s called death

And as you with, you name it Sir.
Death
Transition
Passing away
Absence
Lack
Departure

In all it is but a painful loss.

If it's inevitable and mandatory.
Why do we cry
I know not
Cry not about something you've lost.
Cry on what you're afraid to lose.

Cry not upon all those who died.
As you don't really cry for them.
Crying you are, over days with them.
For your memories.
Their shadows in your heart.
Their faces in your mind.
You cry for non-returning images.
Encounters gone for good
That's why you cry.

And when you cry for what's has gone what good thus comes

More sense there is to cry for a patient who wants to die.

Beg him you do to stay with you.

And scared you are that he departs.

But when his mind is made.

Depart it is, and death is done.

What good is it to cry anymore.

It's just for memory is the cry.

She who lost her mother, much talked to me.

My mother was elegant, she would say.

Was beautiful.

Was young.

Peaceful.

She was

And was.

O Yes, she was.

I saw her as a dead body.

Cold

Fighting pain

And from the world she wants not her pinkish dress.

She thought not of her shiny boots.

She never thought to wear a closet with a hundred pieces.

Dozens of perfumes.

And dozens of colourfuls

Dozens of ornaments

"Death.", you said

I saw her like a piece of wood.

Stiff hands

Rough skin

And then she left

A piece of land they did give her.
But a little piece.
A meter plus seventy cm.
A width of just seventy cm.
No more.

Yet they begrudged her.
They dug her just a narrow strip.
In the middle of this narrow hole.
And set her in.

Where do the dead go
What do they see before they die.
How do they feel
How do they look at us.
What's on their mind
What memories do they recall
What situations

And what of wishes is their dearest

And whose those before they leave would meet.

What's in his mind he wants to tell us

And how does he psychologically gets ready to go to what's unknown.

Is he afraid

Does he like that feeling

How does his soul depart his body

How does he feel

And does it hurt

A psyche pain or bodily one

Wonderous is man.

He rolls his eyes to those around living,

with things that he'd like to say.

But what to say

And where to start.
Many there are important topics,
that now he recalls.
But there's nothing that he can say.
He feels he's losing what's more important

How will he live within his grave
What will he do in this empty space
What will he face on his first night
Who's waiting for him
What's will do happen thus with him
How will he spend all his time.
Does he feel us the way we do
Does he mourn us,
as we mourn him.
Does he miss us as we miss him
Does he long for us,
as we him longs.

Will his body wear out,
and lives his soul.
How will it live.
Where will it live
And what is it.
What features does it have

In all such cases Death has the only say.
Terrible parting.
Tough situation.
The wonders of death never end.
And questions about him never do stop.
In all religions and creeds,
stories and fantasies ‘bout death, they say,
‘bout death, long stories do they tell.
Big promises.
And high hopes.

Heaven they promise for each other.
And what's that heaven
A house of blessings awaiting them.
Full of what they love.
And what they desire.

And they do wait for a tyrant to die.
So that they see him thrown in hell.
And what is hell
Big fire
That has no beginning nor has an end.

Slaves die for their masters.
Sons for their fathers.
And people for their ruler.
So that he lives who'll die as well.

They die for the dead.

For the dead they sacrifice but a few hours that he may live!

What does he think who walks to death intentionally

What are his thought

What are his convictions

How formed certainties within his mind

So that his life equalled his death,

and equal more is death for him.

How does as to death he walks

Is it joy,

or fear he feels

There's no dead person that we may ask No one to answer all these questions.

No one of us has tried this death.

To him all questions we would ask.

If one there was,

all people would have been at him.
To ask about death.
And what there is,
of all its secrets.
Questions won't end and you will die.
So, Wanderer talk 'bout something else.

Chapter 24

Slaves

After on TV I saw a thunderous scene.
People masses walk the streets.
Revolting up against their ruler.
Voices cry out in all their might.
Leave
Step down
Go

None to tell me ‘bout this but the Wanderer
And closed is the park for now.
Its half past one after midnight

I love staying late.

I think the Wanderer loves it too.

In city's corridors there is his house.

I don't really know what house it is.

But just like him in a wandering place.

The morning is coming and I must ask him all about this.

The Wanderer likes a glass of Turkish tea in the afternoon by Marmara Sea

I often see wanderers who love the sea.

The sea is the only one who understands.

It never looks down on them.

But it is silent as they sit.

Allows them to speak in his presence.

Wanderer

- I saw an army of people who want to overthrow the ruler

- The ruler

I wonder how people think!!

The trend to push over is what God created in this great universe

Wonderous laws and orders the universe follows.

You see things and say what's simpler to understand this is

Or that's going to reside.

Your personal view is what you see.

The fact is the universe goes in set fates,

That’re neatly arranged.

Trespassed by not the thinnest hair.

What secret is that has fallen into people's hearts,

to revere someone in arrears a curtain

Who'd sacrifice the soul for him,

to defend his holiness

Recruit one's family and kids for him.

Like you, he's human.

With no authority bestowed for him.

How did the Pharaoh became as such

The colloquial says:

"And who you Pharaoh made you so; no one to stop me he replied."

Oh, of course.

He found no one to stop him.

All bowed their necks,

and kneeled for him.

In reverence, holiness and veneration

Same is for a ruler.

You, man.

Your brothers and kind are the reason for the Pharaoh-like rulers.

As you and the others never said: No.

But what you give no authority he has!

Does by his ears eve drops the ruler on his people

Does he torture them with his hands

Does he arrest them by himself

The ruler tortures men by men.

Kills men by men.

Oppresses men by man.

Off his ivory tower he looks at both the murderer and the murdered.

He laughs at both.

If the killer wouldn't kill.

If he refused the ruler's order.

A Pharaoh the ruler wouldn't have been
If everyone valued own freedom.
This tyranny would happen not

One makes own self the others tool
He gets enslaved by someone else.
Who steal his fate.
And uses him for what he deems.
On whom he wishes.

The tyrant is in self too weak.
Afraid is he of everyone.
Afraid of his own wife and kids.
He knows that all carry hate for him.
And in no one he ever trusts.
And when he trusts, he falls.

If the oppressor trusts someone.

That means he heads towards decline.
The more cautious and scared he is.
His place is safe.

Tyranny knows no father, nor mother or kin
He's but a tyrant over all.
And mercy he feels not, to all nor to himself.

You ask how are tyrants bred.
How they grow strong
How do they stay
And how they last.
That's how he does!

Chapter 25

Prison

Twenty-four years in a prison cell.
Two hundred and eighty-eight months
More than a thousand weeks

Count sir, until you're full.
Days.
And hours.
Attitudes, moments and events.
You can't count it as you're out of realm.

What thought does the detainee have

The imprisoned
Whose psyche and body are tortured.
What occupies his mind and thoughts
Is it himself.
His family.
His fate.
What now will happen to him
Or what's next to him will happen
Or what will to his family happen
Or what

Is it of death he thinks
Of prison.
How many years?
One.
Two
Five.
Ten.

Or a life sentence it is.
Or a sentence of hard-labour .
It's prison.
But which one is that prison.
Intelligence
Detective
Military
Prosecution
The police
A thousand ideas he's got.
Obsession on his mind it is.

It's all but a minute's walk.
From where he’s arrested,
to his unknown fate.
And figure out what he'll think,
‘bout every detail I've above mentioned.

Details of his arrest at the branch
The details of his torture.
Among each branch compares
A prison term to the other.

In the cop's car:
Where am I
What did I do
How do I look.
And what's my fate

In his cramped cell.
A hundred people in limited meters.
The sky is closed.
And floor is barren
Walls are gloomy.
And people lick death.

What does a human think when he tortures another

The criminalist on the face of the earth;

is man.

He wrongs himself.

And wrongs his God.

And he wrongs man.

Animals.

Trees.

And stone.

He wrongs the whole universe.

His crimes end not.

And nor his problems have an end.

Rare it is in nature.

That an animal flesh eats his kind,

or of universe's natural laws deviate.

Except for this odd creature.

Man

Flesh of his parents he may eat.
In ways that may be sensed and felt.
His heart is hardened like a stone,
and so his mind.
That it grinds all.
Decisions
And thoughts.

This is the human race.
Yet, who himself disciplines
Reprograms his animalism.
Much humours of his he leaves.

Animal and angel man cartels
And he decides to which he leans,
and who will win.
But much of times animals they are.
And brutal is often what we see.

For a quarter century man can torture another man

Or half a century.

Torments him daily with something new.

Artful in killing his psyche and body.

Grills him,

and over his corpse he dances.

Tormenting even gets him drunk,

and too much more.

Power tempts tyranny.

Feeling absolute control is pleasurable.

When man believes a thing he owns,

or power he has o'er that thing.

He's so artful finding ways to humiliate another man.

Artful to devise the filthiest enslaving means

If a garbage collector has an employee.

He will enslave.

Look down upon.

Enjoy to put obstacles in his way.

And so forth.

Each despises the one above.

Oppresses who's under him there is.

A hierarchy of injustice and humiliation

A terrible sequence of ugly psyche.

A man with all the features except the human.

Not all of us.

It's but a habit.

Some has rid themselves of it.

And some do cling and hang to it.

Chapter 26

A new ambition

O Wanderer

Are not you human

In every moment, man you accuse and vilify.

O why Wanderer

- I will tell you:

Man is weird.

Never content with what he has,

or what he owns.

Always aspiring

Seeking all of what he hasn't.

Beyond ownership.

And but a few content they're with what they have

Every forbidden is desirable.

And all allowed is abandoned.

Miraculous is a dream.

And reachable is but lame.

Conflicting ideas,

Whims and wants

Man never stops thinking,

in gaining all

Profits in trade and enters another

He sleeps with a woman,

and looks for another.

He loves a woman,

and goes to another.

He eats a good meal,

and search for a better one.

And so on.

Restless.

Insatiable.

Discontent.

Nothing fills his eyes.

Nor ever satisfied.

Nothing’s enough to fill his heart or mind.

That how a self is.

All people’s selves are so.

You see what others have,

and want what you don't have.

Even if what you have is better and fuller than what have others

Self looks at what they have,

and what they have desire

If he is an office manager.
Seeks he to manage the department
Aspires then to run the organization.
The corporation
The sector
The ministry
The presidency
And so on.
And if can the universe rules
Instead of the Creator, he would.

One thing is what can stop him.
One thing to break his hopes,
and end all his ambitions.
Death
Just death convinces man,
to stop such mess and struggle.

A new dream there is each day.
A new ambition.
New battles
Fronts open
Wars rage.
And we're all like this.
Except for those God graced
And they're but a few.

Chapter 27

The Universe

- By the way Wanderer; what do you know about the universe,

The universe!

Bahahaha.

Did I ask about something funny

No, never

As they say: What makes you laugh does make you cry

My friend, what you and your people realized is but a fraction of ten percent; and this might be too much

East and West exert their flesh and blood to know but a little about the universe.

- Pardon me: Did you say East...!!

No, no the East exerts no effort except for precious things

The stuffed falafel mixture

The way to stack the shawarma skewer

Innovations in biryani and kabsa spices

And so on.

Thanks God we exert no effort o'er silly matters.

Will you believe an Arab speaking 'bout the universe

O don't

Believe him when he talks about baked beans,

and the like.

My friend, we are dependent on the whole world.

Even for prayer washing sinks

For carpets and Masjid's furniture where God's name is praised

Our rosaries are made in China.

And yet you find who says: Boycott the infidels

Boycott them and lose your breath

And that's but for your laziness.

Not the West's virtue or its smartness

Anyways

Let's better talk about the universe!

Dear friend; all what's written said or taught about the universe

Are just theories

And theories are hypothesis

You know what a hypothesis is.

Supposition and likelihood

Like when you tell somebody: suppose it’s so and so

As if it is; while it may not be so.

That doesn't mean to disvalue the virtue of science and research at all.

But for you to know we nothing but what we suppose.

We have millions of theories and hypotheses,

and but a little of real truths.

The more you know about the universe today

The more you’ll discover tomorrow

And the more you believe in the inevitability of a theory today,

A new piece of information destroys what you believed in yesterday

And so on.

The world is distraught and busy seeking endless truths.

Specially the theories of physics.

It's always temporary

And rapidly changes from a moment to the other

With every new discovery, destroys all previous theories.

Back in the time, who believed not in the theories of Aristotle or Einstein would've been labelled crazy

And now who believes in them is also labelled crazy

The problem of people is that they much hallow science.

While others much lessen its value

Not random it is to say that theories are not facts

It needs thousands of successful tries

Each time it must succeed

And if one time it fails

The theory is deemed not true

Now you see how much the world exerts effort, time, money and morals

Just to prove a theory.

Not a fact.

Just a theory.

Then comes our friend out of the stuffed falafel and grilled shawarma shop.

Spitting food particles off his teeth

And tells you: "Never mind, all infidels' talk is but nonsense"

May God Suffices me o'er you.

Ungrateful you are

Of God's blessings

Ungrateful to the great universe that God has founded

And filled it with what minds realize not a tiny fraction of its entirety

- O Wanderer do not be angry; you are an Arab

Right you are and I'm honoured

I'm not belittling Arabs my friend.

Just sorry 'bout our status quo.

Shameful it is, in short.

- O Wanderer

The universe, its beginning and end.

Earlier about the universe I spoke.

A great thing it is my friend, much more than what you think.

Far more than what modern science has reached.

What a great universe.

How founded was it

Was it founded out of a mis,

or developed from a former creature.

Is it true the universe a had a big bang,

resulting in what we see.

Is it true what some western philosophers ask

"What was God doing before the creation of the universe?" "

Did God create the universe to keep Him busy.

What a stupid question.

Do you think God has nothing but this universe

And do you measure God's status compared to yours

It is mind’s problem when it interferes with what it can’t endure.

What are these planets in the sky

With the life they have

With what they have of orbs and stars

Does life they have as what we have

And what is among all of these earths

What’s in between

And what's between the earth and moon

What’s in between the earth and the sun

The sun and the moon.

What’s in between and more between

What worlds are among them

What galaxies

Who creations

What has this huge and massive space

What's there go through

Do you think this universe was a haphazard creation

A slapdash creation left to its destiny!!

Pity on you

The most impious couldn't convince himself of so

In amazing hierarchies, the universe is created.

In accurate fates

In definite laws.

In minutest details more details there are

Life goes in a wondrous order.

In uniformed harmony.

Day and night

Sun and moon.

Rain

Shine and awakening

All has a certain time.

An action and reaction.

Has reason and cause.

Movements, laws and norms.

O Muslim, that's what your Quran asked you to do, to go and think, seek and search and exert effort

Know what secrets the universe does hide.

Yet, most Muslims with traditional worship are occupied.

And left what may for God be greater and holier

Anyway!

Your cheerful friend will come and say,

what good brings theories of quantum and molecular physics,

theories of relativity,

the speed of light,

astronomical measurements,

distances between the orbs.

What will they do you on Judgement's Day

- Come on, is he a sane man.

This culture friend, is nowadays norm.

He thinks God needs his worship.

Or some of his money.

This is how a ridiculous man thinks.

God created this universe.

And in it marvelled all this greatness.

Instilled all those routes and orbits.

With wonderous accurate laws.

Then comes one who despises science,

research and thought,

and tells you; you'd better kneel twice and pray

A human crime in every sense of the word.

- Discard those negligent

- O really Wanderer, what benefit there is for a seeker and researcher

Who day and night studies

What good will do him all this search

What does he want to reach

You Wanderer confirm that not a tiny fraction you'd reach.

That's right my friend I do say so.

But sure, I don't undermine science.

I say that just to know our size and not be tempted by the science and discoveries that we reach.

And not for a moment we imagine we've conquered the universe and knew it all.

The more you search and realize, ´

The mastery in this creation

And the more information of the universe you gather,

of all the space and what's beyond

Amazed you'll feel about the Creator,

His greatness and His skill and mastery

It's not in scientists the problem lies.

It's in those who're half educated.

Or the ignorant.

The largest disaster they are.

If one of them on a theory stumble,

or by mistake an info got

He thinks he got knowledge of the skies

And he knows not that the more he knows

The more he feels his ignorance and insignificance.

- This is something about the universe we see

What about invisible universes

Are the orbs we see;

Are now in the past or are they present

How far is it between us and those planets

All measurements and theories evolve dozens of times a day.

Every time scientists come up with something new.

What about the light we see

Is it the immediate light,

or is it the state of planets a million years ago;

and we see the past as now in present

Millions of years.

And millions of light distances.

And all provided a little of science's thirst.

And we've got nothing to be assured of from science.

O God, praised You are and none's there but You!

- O Wanderer, what do you see in this balanced creation

That goes but with a marvellous order.

Yes

Yes

Do you see the night and day
Light and darkness
How measured it is in a go and thru
How accurate in its succession
No night thus comes before its day.
Nor the day comes before its night.
The sun never the moon precedes.
Nor the moon precedes the sun.
The Earth falls not out of its orbit.
Nor does the orbs of their course fall.

How different is the night from day
And how they grow.
Are they created or they just sprout
Do they renew

And this great sea
Which three-quarters of the globe it covers.

How does it settle in its place

How does it stay in its own whole

Why does it not descend,

or up ascends.

How does it hold itself while bodiless in a liquid state

This great sea that hat what man has discovered but a few of what's there in.

Knows not of what it has within its depth;

Creatures

Mountains

Trees

Or animals

That sea of light liquid;

Causing destruction if ramped and raved

That delicate water,

That out of solid inanimate springs.

If a bit off course it all things kill.

This delicate water carries boats and ships,

of great sizes and massive weights.

And on it's surface they do settle,

with splendour and mastery.

What about clouds hanging between the sky and earth

Clouds that have no body nor weight.

With your hands penetrate and feel it's nothing

The cloud that brings rain, hail and snow, storms, thunder and lightning.

The wonderous clouds.

That in the air thus flies.

Sent lightning bolts out of its folds.

And hurricanes.

Destroys it all the enormous rocks.

What a great creation this is.

How do we explain or understand all that

The clouds that rain;

Grow plants on earth.

By it all animals on earth do live.

As well as livings may die.

And dead may live.

With the right amount of rain benefit come

And if it's scary much, you'd die and perish.

Who owns this all

And balances it all

Who allows it rain in a measured sum in a certain time, on a certain day, on a certain place

It might rain here, and ten meters away there is no rain

Who divides this universe in such a wonderful way

In such great harmony.

Praise you, O Great Lord.

What a little we know about You.

And will you forgive our ignorance

- O Wanderer

If water and clouds are both so great

What about the air

The wind

That we don't see yet it may do more than what water and clouds may do

Yes, right you are.

The wind that eyes can't see and hands can't touch

It comes in a measured sum,

And a calculated blow.

If it speeds up, it destroys everything on its way.

And if it stops, there's suffocation and distress.

It blows with good and benefit,

or suffering, indignation and destruction

The universe has a miraculous order.

All has a certain fate.

A mission to follow.

And unbreakable laws.

This great creation, man;

Isn't falsely created.

It’s not created in vain.

Nor created by chance.

What truth can create all this

What’s more than just mere chance.

It’s one absolute truth.

It is but God

The One and Only who can do all.

Yet it is just but a little bit.

That's what we see and feel.

What about what of the universe that we can’t see

It's millions more than what we see.

How may you know it,

or even reach it

All we see is but so little.

And yet we're impressed with it.

And we do wonder.

And feel so small opposed to greatness.

Who are you

And what are you

What is your truth

What you are, human.

Did you imagine all

Or even feel it

Or realized it.

How ignorant is your knowledge.

How little is your much.

How poor are your riches.

- O Wanderer

What about the night where existence resides,

and about the day where the universe blazes.

The night with its darkness and calmness

Encourages rest and stillness.

And the day that prompts liveliness and work.

Both are a face of greatness.

Why the night is stillness

And day is movement

Who did decide it

And why did all the creation upon that agree; animals included.

It's innate and pure.

So that this arrogant human knows he has no say in all.

He's led to have the night for sleep and stillness.

And his day to be of action and movement.

The whole universe should be as so.

A choice of none.

With no suggestions or requests.

But a slave you are, in the smallest of things.

A slave to the Creator who made you be in this wonderful universe.

And yet you boast full of yourself.

As does the ignorant.

For he knows anything about himself.
Nor does he know about this universe.

Chapter 28

Heated Dispute

Listen

Don't tell me it’s enough, Wanderer.

You're bored of me.

Tired of me.

Exhausted of me.

What do I want

Who am I

And where to.

Believe me, I know all those answers.

But the point isn’t in answering.
The point is in questioning.
In the striving of the soul
The heart.
The body.

A violent and intense struggle it is.
A long and complex argument.
A heated dispute.
Between my senses.
And my feelings and sentiments.

Why am I so and I don't want to
Why can't I
And why would do I stay so
I don't know

My body has tired my soul.

And my self has tired my heart.

Am forced on all what I don’t want.

And all I’d like to change is stuck in my throat.

How and when

When will this abhorrent conflict end

This painful conflict.

I hate myself.

Deny my sense

I'm against my nature.

How to beat yourself

And how do you do what your soul wants

And how do you control your feelings

Hey you, say that to the Wanderer.

Teach him.

Perhaps he helps himself in this struggle.

And rids himself of this fierce war.

O what a Wanderer he is

I’m followed by his shadow around every corner.

And I can't say.

Complain.

Or cry.

Who are you complaining to

O Wanderer no one understands you

And no one to realize you.

O Wanderer go.

Go to the woods and the prairies,

and there your soul may swim.

This thick existence kills you.

This great weight of existence ties you.

O Wanderer go.

What are you waiting for

I know you can't.

Enough with a talk I tribute you.

Give you advice that you can’t do.

O Wanderer what you don’t love is what you do,

and yourself hates all what you do.

Your heart denies all

Disown all in front of yourself.

In front of your Lord.

You want to be just what you love.

To be a soul.

Not a body.

To be a spirit.

Not a weight.

O homeless Wanderer.
Who hates yourself.
You reject yourself.
Stop this paradox.

O Wanderer you have tired me,
and I know not how to help you,
nor do I know how to direct you.
I can't give you any medicine,
nor an advice but silence.

O homeless Wanderer.
I'm out of patience.
And out of silence.
I have nothing left but grief.
Yes Wanderer
Grief.
Might my grieving heart for you be enough

Your self-denial.

How you disown it.

O Wanderer, one day it might do you well.

O Wanderer I know you're tired

So tired.

And I said I've nothing to offer you.

I'm tired as you are.

Contradicting myself as you do.

O Wanderer.

Stop all that.

Don't shun your questions off.

Don't stop at yourself.

Go beyond the limits of this framed existence

Further than the vast horizon.

There's a lot, and more.

Fight yourself.
Use every weapon you may know.
The weapon of sense and meaning.

O Wanderer use the weapon of tears.
The weapon of passion.
The weapon of prairies.
The weapon of deserts
Every weapon that you know of.
Every weapon your heart dictates.
Maybe you'll calm down.
Maybe you'll reach your peace.
Your soul.
And if you arrive, tell me.
And if you're done, teach me.
To be happy for you.

O homeless Wanderer.

Be you.
As you are.

Leave yourself.
To reach your peace.

And die.
To live.

O homeless Wanderer.
Absent yourself.
To live in yourself
End this tragedy.
And end with it.

Peace be upon you.
Homeless Wanderer.
Peace be upon you, O bitter Wanderer.

And don't say peace.

Until you see peace...!

Chapter 29

O Hallaj

You ask Hallaj 'bout my poem
To depict my love is it blaspheme

My gushing blood does follow me
Washes in its shame my purity

I said it not in all my verse
Not rhymed or even wrote in prose
I never spoke my love of hers
If sober or too drunk I was

Do I blaspheme or is it my verse
Or in my verse blaspheme she is

I thought that love will me salvage
When I'm readied in my own grave

Yet love has been her arrow and shaft
That never comes but in deceit

To a wanderer you should never quest
As from one secret to another he's lost

O ask me for I with passion
A wanderer who is lost at dawn

A one who's sun not yet has risen
And in benevolence he never has been

Of the horizon a rhyme he forms
And of full moon's blood he does drink

And in my eyes the sea does sleep
And in my chest the light does nap

I'm not what I seem
And not what I know

My letters of all words have failed
The meanings living in my mind

And all those people hanging around
All thought I am on evil bound

O Hallaj of my verse and rhyme
Of patience I'm by love deprived

So punish me by being killed

And before you my life is spilt

THE END