

Fazal Inayat

Qalandar

Adam/man, Minerva/woman, a human being in the making, functioning in the world on the stage of life, playing the script of destiny with the delight of indifference and the carelessness of full satisfaction. A being knowing all there is to be known by it, yet ever discovering new depth of emotions; capable of expressing its deepest and truest inspirations, yet ever expanding its consciousness; sensitive enough to give and receive love in all its forms and levels of becoming.

A being who functions as a mother, a business man, a sailor, an artist, a thief, a nun, a ballerina, a detective, a lover, a spy, a masseuse, a musician, a farmer, a workman, a princess, a priest, a destroyer, a witch, a doctor, a poet, an eternal bride.

A being who inspires rather than conceals, a being who is vulnerable rather than defensive, a being who is warm and blushing, yet cool and calculating; an inventor rather than a maker of same things, a composer rather than a conductor, a commando rather than an admiral, a general by calling rather than by career, a sculptor of feelings rather than a psychoanalyst, a scientist of the unknown, an oculist of insight.

A Qalandar demands respect, not through dignity but through courage; inspires love, not through idealization but through humaneness; uplifts mediocrity, not through perfectionism but through vibrancy. A human being who may be rejected, neither for shortcomings nor for inaccessibility but for the threat implied in her voice. A Qalandar unblocks love, unchains life, breaks the locks of feeling, empties the vesicles of fears and repression and anger and spills them over the world that they may irrigate the land with the ever-present flowing of the descent to the purifying sea. She airs the rooms with the shocking fragrance of sincerity and ever disappears before the jelly of illusion sets and moves on to give his life again before the blood of his wounded heart coagulates. Her university is disciplined, his freedom of love is singular; the response of her voice to every question is multi-tonal, the influence of his magnetism to every being is sometimes unbearable, often times contradictory, yet mostly forceful in its softness, or gentle in its penetration.

A Qalandar is simple as a child, wise as an old woman, courageous as a strong man, responding as a perfect woman, unfathomable as an old man. He belongs to the moment, she responds to every need. He speaks all languages, she performs all roles. They are one . . .

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