

A Day in my Life

She comes and she laughs, a horse laugh, yellow striped green,
there is no mercy in the sound of her jokes.
In the end we all die, she said laughing,
you first and I not far behind,
but while I am here I will fly into your face and I will be somebody,
I will strut about and go to your ball and show you how I fly
while you implore me with your cold dark eyes not knowing
should you flatter me or despise me
look at my fat thighs or listen to my crowing:
no sweet man, you are not for me, you will die before I am alive.

I stood trembling, not knowing would she come?
I stood and laughed at myself trembling, wondering who would
make the first move and for what.
Long, long ago we had known each other in another world
where dreams came true and doors opened wide to our wishes
where I sat bold upright as the shadow stood in the open doorway.
'May I come in?' she lifted the corners of my covers
tears streaming from her eyes
she lay there weeping, close to me, warm and sweet and yet so far away,
the little girl going home to daddy,
the little girl having no-where else to go.

Heavy-lidded schoolboys came marching across the bed:
I have read all the books and written all three words
eaten the food and washed away the sorrow
and now we are left to ourselves.

At the long tables Harriman picks his teeth while I admire his salary,
he has a salary, surely. He has a job, he is wanted.
So laugh at me, go to your seminars and be so clever,
live in this world where we walk between tall buildings
admiring our handiwork built for ourselves to strut about;
come to my dinner parties and be clever, say something amusing.
I was clever once, and said something amusing to make your eyes
glitter in the dark recesses of the wine glazed corridor,
but no more. I was alive then and I am sleepy now,
too old to care if I walk between tall buildings or am wanted
for being clever, saying something amusing.
It has all been done before and will again, with me there or gone,
so gone I shall be, gone beyond reach of cleverness or hurt;
but I shall have lived for myself alone.

Richer, stronger, purer, snap,
the crazed sun burns my snowman made of wax
my life melts slowly, week by weakly sex,
a pool of grease and wax and dirty water
spreads over the arid plain, my son, my daughter!
A tall thin pole of white hot iron
a rigid penis sticking out alone, a shoulder to cry on,
it's still alive, it lives alone while all else withers, melts and disappears.

I may have died a day ago
a whole day dead
a whole beautiful day gone I enjoyed living
a whole beautiful day.

Hans Lobstein

INTEREST IN EVERYTHING

In going a little deeper into that discipline of the mind where if is continuously interested in everything, we should not lose sight of the fact that in this illusionary existence in which purpose is not really separate from life, everything man does is done wether in vain or in vanity. The mystic chooses, rather than to do things in vanity, to act in vain, chooses rather than to be interested in nothing, to be interested in everything, while knowing that there is nothing to be known. This is a very important and powerful point, that life, existence, purpose, meaning, reality, logic, progress, evolution, all these and many other things, exist only subjectively in our mind, in our life experience, in our value structure. Although there is nothing to be known, although the greatest purity is in not knowing, the mystic attempts to know everything. This may seem contradictory, but it is the first concrete, meaningful key to our attitude in life.

Fazal Inayat-Khan

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