

O' listen to the grievances of the reed
Of what divisive separations breed
From the reedbed cut away just like a weed
My music people curse, warn and heed
Sliced to pieces my bosom and heart bleed
While I tell this tale of desire and need

Whoever who fell away from the source
Will seek and toil until returned to course
Of grievances I sang to every crowd
Befriended both the humble and the proud
Each formed conjecture in their own mind
As though to my secrets they were blind

My secrets are buried within my grief
Yet to the eye and ear, that's no relief
Body and soul both unveiled in trust
Yet sight of soul for body is not a must
The flowing air in this reed is fire
Extinct, if with passion won't inspire... -Rumi

BODY

Dormitory & Refractory

"The breath of Compassionate is the substance in which flower all forms of material and spiritual being...physical bodies are manifested in the material cosmos when the breath penetrates the material substance which is the receptacle of the corporeal form." -Ibn Arabi

Mind

School Of Poetry

"The garden of the world has no limits except in your mind. Its presence is more beautiful than the stars with more clarity than the polished mirror of your heart."

"Thirst drove me down to the water where I drank the moon's reflection."

"Let go of your mind and then be mindful. Close your ears and listen." -RUMI

Spirit

Meditation & Wordhip Space

"Every second of our lives is filled with songs of true love, We are going back home above, who is with us?

We were home at heaven once with angels,

We are going back there for there is our motherland, We are over heavens and more than angels,

Why not passing over them our home is above all" -RUMI