

***Song of the Chatterer***

Let me explain:

By a Word God created the heavens and earth and all there in,  
Then He returned to His primordial condition of silence,  
Therefore, be it said, that Silence is equivalent to God,  
And words are equivalent to the things of the heavens and of earth.  
But God also made man in His own image,  
So that man has control over words and the things to which they apply.  
There can be music without words,  
But song without words is unthinkable,  
For the very songs created the words,  
Thus language came into being.  
What is Sama Veda but the creation of words which apply to things?  
How did man get into a condition wherein he could create such words?  
The Lord began with a Word, therefor there is a state of wordness,  
To get into that state some effort was needed,  
The effort of music gave the impetus, so music, so song, so words.

I sing the praise of the Silent One who uses no words,  
I sing the praise of the Silent One by using all words,  
Fateha it is said reads: **All Praise Is Due To Allah**,  
But I say that this is the interpretation of the less educated,  
**All Is Praise To Allah**, I sing,  
All is praise, and All is to Allah and All is Allah.  
How can we penetrate the roof of the heavens by the words which reecho below?  
By music we can penetrate and this reaches the ear of Allah,  
But why should not the words reecho below?  
I can go into the wilderness and praise the Silent One,  
But for all to praise the Silent One, the words must fall like rain,  
So praise is of the just and of the unjust,  
So praise is from the just and from the unjust,  
So praise is for the just and for the unjust,  
**All Is Praise To Allah.**

All is praise to Allah.  
The fetichist says **mumbo-jumbo**.  
He recognizes baraka in things,  
But he knows neither the source nor the essence of baraka.  
Let him his mumbo-jumbo,

Let him advance in his magical pursuit,  
For that is his state of being.  
In the mysteries they said **Hullaballoo!**  
What is this Hullaballoo?  
Praise be to Thee, O Praise be to Thee, O Lord.  
There is no mystery in the praise,  
For praise awakens one to the solution of all mysteries.  
Hullabaloo! Hallelujah! Alhamdu Lillah!  
To thee I sing, O Silent One!

The Gnostics repeated **Abracadabra!**  
By the Word of the Lord created, He created by a word,  
No mystery in simplicity, but the complex would not,  
So they mystified, so they confused, but the Lord has never confused.  
Let me sing with a word,  
Let me sing with many words,  
Let me sing with all words,  
Let me sing praises to the Silent One.

The noble one of the Koreish went to the roof of the world,  
And then he was taken beyond,  
The raucous one suddenly sang in compelling tones,  
For what he beheld beyond the roof was most wonderful,  
He called out, he cried out, he thundered forth,  
Thus the most perfect of books,  
From the pen of the illiterate shepherd.

I went to the roof of the world,  
The silence poured into my eyes and I babbled,  
Not a Koran, not a Sepher, not a Sama Veda,  
But these mad mutterings,  
For there there was ever and never,  
Near and far, above and below, mediate and immediate,  
The ineffable nonsense and the clear wisdom,  
How could I tell that there was nothing to tell,  
There was nothing to tell because I could not see beyond the roof,  
There was nothing to tell because all had already been told,  
There was nothing to tell because there there is nothing to tell,  
Not with these eyes, not with these ears, not with this tongue,  
So I babble who cannot sing not produce a perfect book.

The Silent One said: **Tell all.**  
Am I a phonograph that goes on and on and on?

Or a radio that can never be turned off?  
The people of Maya want such stuff,  
So to them the babbler is welcome;  
But those who seek beyond suffering,  
Whose wants can be fulfilled by a nod,  
To them I have nothing to say.

God gave man the scriptures,  
And man gave man the dictionaries,  
But I, unable to gain the ear of God,  
Or to attune my ears to the Voice of God,  
Uphold my vanity by chattering,  
Saying every word is a word of praise,  
And the answer to the silence I cannot achieve  
Is to cover the walls of the universe with words of praise.

How marvelous is this vanity wherein man upholds himself:  
But I, unable to emulate the wisdom of Solomon,  
Declare myself the advocate of vanity,  
Declare myself the upholder of all praises,  
I praise the egoist, I praise the misanthrope,  
I praise the praisers, I praise the cynics,  
Everything that I utter is praise –  
The psalmist asked that every one praise the Lord,  
That every thing praise the Lord,  
But I say, every word praises the Lord.  
In the beginning was the word,  
And the word was with God, and the word was God,  
So since the beginning – which is to say the beginning of words,  
For before the beginning there were no words.  
What was the creation but the creation of words?  
The Lord spoke – and it was done,  
Heavens and earth are the result of the words of the Lord,  
And man, made in the divine image, has utter words and words,  
And I defender the makers of words, and the users of words,  
From words they came, to words they return,  
And without words even the life of man would not be.  
Are we animals that cannot speak?  
Are we angels that can only praise?