

Poetry Fragment 5

IV.

In the Name of Allah, who is Mercy and Compassion.

O, for the Night of Power!
O, for the Day of Gladness!
When that Night cometh, shall all woe disperse;
When that Day cometh, shall the tides of joy run high.
Thou art the praised one, Mohammed, Prophet of God!

Through the ocean of night to the Palace of Dawn,
Heigho, lead on, Buraq!
Patriarchs wait the soul on its coming,
And the Heavens declare the Glory of God.
Into that Palace, into that exalted Palace—
Light upon Light and Light upon Light.
Bathed in Beauty Divine, I see! I see! I see!

There the Heavenly Qur'an,
A single page stretching from Beyond to Beyond,
A single paragraph seven miles high,
Written with the fineness of a camel's-hair brush,
In English and Arabic and Hebrew was it enscribed,
Yet the three were one—the language of the soul.
Nearer came the Heavenly Qur'an,
And I saw that it was written in this language of the Heart.
Then a wonder:
In the Heart,
Bible and Vedas, Sutras and Gathas, Upanishads and Kings.

Then was the breast opened and the Word spoken thereon,
Hathra Srenta, that Holy Lord of Truth.
The Message of the King of Kings.

Heigho, Buraq, away, away to earth!
To Jerusalem, lead thou, to Jerusalem,
To the further temple from the Palace on high,

Tidings of Peace shall we carry from the Kings.
Cease your turmoil, children of Father Abraham,
Listen to the news from your Lord;
Hear ye, scions of Ishmael and Isaac, for thus it is said:
“Let all men worship together;
Then shall the Lord be One and His Name be One.”

Rest thou, faithful steed.
Temples to the Glory of God will be built upon the earth,
And in the worlds unseen,
And shall shout His praises all creation.
The peoples of the earth shall congregate about the mountain
of the Lord.
Beating the swords of their minds into ploughshares,
Purifying their thoughts till they become
Fresh as the mountain streamlets.
Let all worship together—then cometh Peace.