

The Dance of the Soul. (A Fantasy)

Awake thou from lethargy, awake! awake!
Comes the Light, then flutter thy wings,
Thy place in the pageant, partake, partake,
While the heart within joyfully sings.
A glittering, glimmering, glowing; gleam,
A bouncing and bounding ballastic beam,
A shimmer and sheen, a glimmer and gleam,
With colors fantastic, rebounding ballastic, Ah!

The glow in the heart outdangles its rays,
Back wing spreads apart, it spangles then displays;
These bounding, rebounding, glimmering hues,
In cadences forming greens, reds and blues,
Or orange and gold, in turn will unfold,
With violet, rose, lavender, all in their place.
Each swinging beam glancing on opposite faces,
Reflecting, refracting, and circling around,
To music celestial they bound and rebound.
In rhythms the wings, while the dancing soul sings,
Fluoresce in the Light, so dazzling and bright.

Oh, flutter thou, heart, in celestial song,
Grow brighter thou, Light, come wave after wave,
To thy stations, of colors, wherever you belong,
Accompany, wings, on a lower octave.
Still ever more bright,
Comes the heart nurtured light,
Till all is aglow in a most dazzling white,
A massive great ray like perpetual day.
The heart then from Zikr,
Returning to Fikr
And Love, Divide Love is born.