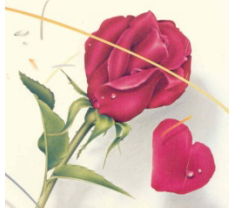


IN THE NAME OF GOD



A rose, in bloom,
Caressed by my Beloved's grace...
Two red petals
On My face displace
These eyes
Pressed with dew
And dripping salt
Which seals my wounds
Now browning
In the sun with age.
My browned flesh,
Covered crystalline
With tears,
Neither wants
Nor craves nor hopes
Nor fears.

Moving deep within I find
My heart
Has been transposed
From an organ pumping blood
By love
Into a rose.

Love Lover and Beloved
All turn to Light.
See this heart
It knows its prayer,
A red rose
Is turning there.

From: *Optics: The Mystical Poet's Guide to the Science of Inner Sight*

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