

The Diver's Clothes Lying Empty

You're sitting here with us, but
you're also out walking
in a field at dawn.

You are yourself
the animal we hunt when you come
with us on the hunt.

You're in your body like a plant is
solid in the ground,
yet you're wind.

You're the diver's clothes
lying empty on the beach.
You're the fish.

In the ocean are many bright
strands and many dark strands like
veins that are seen
when a wing is lifted up.

Your hidden self is blood in those,
those veins that are lute strings that
make ocean music,

not the sad edge of surf, but the
sound of no shore.

translated by Coleman Barks
"The Essential Rumi"

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translated by Coleman Barks (original line
and stanza breaks)
"The Essential Rumi"