Poetry Series

Aufie Zophy

- poems -

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Aufie Zophy (18 October 1964)

Aufie is living in Malaysia and loves to read a bit of life's philosophy. Just trying to express some of the thoughts in a melodious way.

Little Purple Flower

I am a little purple flower
My petals so extremely small
I 've stood in the grass for many an hour
Enjoying a breeze most of all

But, oh, what happened to my peers!
Just yesterday, it moved me to tears
While the children of John were playing their game
My peers were trampled to death, what a shame

When just before that, some bigger flowers were damaged
The children were scolded badly by John
But when my brothers were ravaged
It was noticed, sadly, by none

Today, however, I had a reason to smile
A nerd, or so he must be
Looked at this little purplish flower, a while
And took a picture of me

Even if tomorrow, to the worst of my fears
I have to die, as yesterday my peers
I will do so happily
since someone has seen the beauty in me.

(8 May,2010, Bachok)

Aufie Zophy

My mother's lesson in empathy

At the time, I was a five-year old boy
A visit to my aunty, always a joy
My cousin was playing with cars at the back
He just had a new one, the body in black
Orange lines on the side, oh boy, what a toy

Only a few minutes later, it is hard to believe
My cousin was called and he had to leave
This left us alone, that beautiful car, and me
The temptation was great, as great as could be,
I could not resist and became a thieve

Into my pocket, very smoothly it went,
I was delighted, extremely content
When we reached home, I told to my mom
With much pride about what I had done
And that’s where contentment would end

My mother, incredibly sweet, incredibly bright
Swallowed her anger but asked in a voice, slightly tight
Please consider for a minute or two
How you would feel if someone did this to you.
Deep in my mind, I considered this plight.

It was easy to see the horrible feeling
I’d caused in my cousin by carelessly stealing
Our next visit, I was allowed to put it silently back
That car, with orange stripes on a body of black
Since then, I ‘ve quit forever the stealing

I don’t think that there ever could be
A more brilliant lesson in empathy

Aufie Zophy

Our choice

Walking on a hot and scorching day
We meet a splitting of the way
A way downwards looking shady, some trees are there
A way upwards, sandy without trees, just looking bare

Somewhere deep inside we know
The downwards shady path goes low
And down that place, there is no tree
Just heat and sweat and more ennui

Somewhere deep inside we are aware
That the way up, though initially a little bare
Will bring us to a place with lots of shade and big relief
It is God’s way, so I believe

Shall we choose the way below with instant pleasure?
Leading down to a place of heat, we cannot measure
Or shall we make little effort on the upper way?
And enjoy shade and breeze day by day

-Bachok,6 June,2010.-

Aufie Zophy

Sacrifice of the ego, privilege to the soul

Praying with ego, or praying with soul,

The ego prayer is our ego, talking.
It sees prayer as a sacrifice of our time,
So that later we will benefit.
I will do something for God,
so I can get rewards later.
Can you see the huge arrogance
already creeping in, in the motives alone.
I, my ego, will do something for God.
How can we do something for God?
God is so great and omnipotent
that He is not affected by any of our actions.
We cannot affect God.
Only God can affect us.
But the ego prayer is still thinking:
If I please God now, make the sacrifice
and say the prayers I have memorised,
I will get my rewards later,
while the others deserve their own punishment;
- something we may even enjoy to see if the moment arrives,
since they have been so stupid
not to follow the same rules we believe in.
Our ego is always thinking in a commercial way.
Superior versus inferior.
I do something for you, you do something for me.
A mild form of corruption?
Only our ego could make us think and act as such.

The soul prayer is our soul, praying
It sees prayer as a gift of God to us
something sent to us from heaven,
something we can do for ourselves.
Praying is no longer a sacrifice we make for God,
it is a privilege we accept.
By praising God and praying with our heart, our mind and our soul,
we will immediately experience peace of mind
and if even that would be the only reward,
it would be already enough for us to keep on praying.
But it is not the only reward.
In the process we gain insights that help us,
live a more complete and happy life full of peace of mind.
It will really help us to see God’s plan for us.
We will become alerter and try to miss fewer opportunities to do good.
We will start to live more as a soul person and less as an ego person.
Living a life according to God’s plan,
we may die with great peace of mind that lasts well into eternity.
After a soul prayer we will not feel to be the good ones
deserving rewards in distant future,
while the ones not praying like us are the bad ones
deserving punishment;
after a soul prayer we will realise all of us are poor sinners

and it is our duty to do as much good as possible
and in the process inspire as many people as possible to do good with us.
This will result in an immediate but lasting peace of mind and happiness.

Aufie Zophy

Silence

Contemplation, searching for my soul
Silence encompassing all
Alone but not in solitude
Silence giving fortitude

My ego-thoughts trying to prop up
Silence makes them stop
Soul is what I'm searching for
Silence, silence I adore

Connecting to my soul
Silence winning after all
Thoughts connect with high above
Silence fills my soul with love

Conscience conquering my mind
Silence makes it look so kind
Soul and conscience hand in hand
Silent wish to never end

Grateful heart joins in
Silence makes it all akin
Thanking God for this silent contemplation
Thanks for silence, thanks again

Aufie Zophy

Six days or a trillion?

Was 6 days all it took to make this world's creation?
Or was it an evolution over a billion years or longer?
Is what we read in Genesis an oversimplification?
Which of both theories is stronger?

But why would it matter?
Should we take the story of Genesis to the letter?
Or should we look for the meaning inside
The ultimate message, leaving all else aside

The message is that all was created by God
Is this contradicted by evolution? No, definitely not.

If we would write the evolution according to current understanding
How many people of the tenth century would have got a clue
To what it meant and in the ending
They might have rejected the main message that is oh so true.

The message is that all was created by God
Is this contradicted by evolution? No definitely not.

It is time that all of us realise
The world is full of miracles, it 's all just there.
No matter how long it took to materialise
The hand of God is everywhere

If somebody will write in the year 3000 about creation
And about all things that live and exist.
What we think now, will be an extreme oversimplification
Only the main message will persist

The message is that all was created by God
Nothing will ever contradict this, no, absolutely NOT

Aufie Zophy

Soothing sea sounds

Soothing, breaking one by one,
Peaceful brushing on the shore
In crescendo and then back down
My soul is asking for much more

Aufie Zophy

Soul-ar Eclipse

A house, a car, as nice and expensive
A focus on things, so fixed and intensive
The morals are gone, the ego is lying
The soul is eclipsed and silently crying

Prayer is left, faith is obscured
By drinks and by sex our egos are lured
Stocks and cash demand the attention
No place for the spiritual dimension

Even if creed and religion’s alive
The ego makes it a reason for strife
No thought during prayer, only through lips
It’s hardly a cure to the soular eclipse

Prayer with heart and prayer with mind,
Acts without strife, and randomly kind
Are the way of the good ones, the way of the wise
Our world and our lives are meant to be nice

(15 May 2010, Bachok)

Aufie Zophy

Speck of significance

In the universe, a human so small,
Looking just like a speck of dust
But born with a mind and a soul
And able to think, love and trust.
Many think that as a human, just one
Not a positive change can be made, nothing great
What could a good deed selflessly done
Ever mean in a world full of hate?

But if a butterfly in India, flapping its wings
could cause a storm over the Atlantic
Just see how one of the small insignificant things
Can have an effect, so gigantic
Then why would your simple random kind act
Just by chance or by divine intervention
Not snowball and have a huge impact,
Perhaps a kindness revolt of enormous dimension

So in each of our lives we must
Make a choice of incredible importance
Do we want to be just a speck of dust
Or a speck of significance.

Aufie Zophy

The disappointed vulture

One day, a vulture saw a dying hungry child
A meal was in the vulture's mind
The child died and the vulture wanted to eat
But to its own surprise, there was nothing to feed

The vulture thought: what a disgrace!
What a disgrace for the human race.
I am glad to be a vulture
and not belong to human culture.

But we do! To the human race we do belong
Children dying of hunger, for ever long
Even though we are fully aware
We do not blush, we do not act. Why don't we CARE?

- This poem was written after seeing (again) the world famous picture of a vulture siting next to an emaciated African child. The poem is NOT criticising the photographer, who sadly committed suicide afterwards but all of us seeing the picture, getting a feeling of shock and then getting numb again, not taking action. On this very day in 2010, still children are dying because of lack of food -

Aufie Zophy

The dove of truth

The dove of truth is sitting in my garden
My gaze inside the room
Light and truth just outside my window
my eyes see only gloom

The dove of truth is making dovely sounds
My ears like better beat and drum
Love and truth just outside my window
But my ears are deaf for them

The dove of truth is still sitting in my garden
Her message clearly there
Love and light just outside my window
But my ego would not care

If just my ego could be silenced
The dove of truth is never far away
Truth, light and love is all around,
My soul will pray.

Aufie Zophy

The golden egg

Suppose you had a goose,
A goose that would produce
A golden egg a day
You wouldn’t want to lose
That special golden goose
You’d care for it in every way

Now something of more incredible worth
Was given to each of us at birth
We ‘ve got a worthy thinking brain
If positive, loving thoughts we’d feed it
Yes that is really all that’s needed
Just think of all the golden eggs to gain

If we keep up with doom and hateful thinking
Consuming drugs, excessive drinking
Getting stressed about any item in the news
Neglect good deeds and thoughts of pure
We can count on it, perfectly sure
That we will lose our brain as golden goose

Let’s feed our brain with all the best
Positive thoughts, lofty aims, a loving chest
Let’s focus on God’s way, forget the rest
Search daily for some goodness in the news
And sure your brain, just like the goose
A golden egg a day it will produce

Aufie Zophy

To our amazing Creator

Our Amazing Creator, so full of Grace,
So full of Forgiveness and Fatherly Traits
Lots of Praise and lots of Thanks we give
For this Wonderful World and the Fact that we Live.

We dream of Your Kingdom
Somehow It will come
Somewhere in the World or high in the Sky
We will see Its full Glory after we die.

Amazing Creator of Night and of Day,
To You we ask for help and to You do we pray,
Help us to serve You however we may,
Help us to see and do all things in Your way.

This little prayer, how small it may be
I hope it will help me, help me to see
To see all the things that You'd like me to do
To help where I can and be faithful to You

(Bachok,19 May,2010)

The contents and meanings of this little prayer are inspired by prayers of the big religions. It is amazing how major prayers in different relgions have very similar meanings and contents.

Aufie Zophy

Wandering white wondrous cloud

Relaxing in a lazy chair
Casuarina branches, painted on an ever blue sky
A breeze of traveling fresh air
A wondrous white cloud wanders by

Where it will go I am clueless
before long, all again is blueness
I feel a bit lost without
my wandering white wondrous cloud

Aufie Zophy

Wisdom and love

I,
oh no, you,
I want to start not with I
but with you

Feelings of love
Eternal warmth is mine,
No, yours and mine
Wisdom from above
Light will brightly shine
On me,
On you and me

Becoming one, wisdom and love
Light and warmth melting in each other
Empathy and compassion, love
Humbleness and honesty, wisdom
Integrity and innocence, love
Justice, wisdom
Love and wisdom all around
Warmth and light unite
For you and me,
For us,
Yes, we.

Aufie Zophy

Words

Words point at the Truth
Just as you can point
With your finger to the moon

But just as your finger
IS not the moon
Words ARE not the Truth

And just as we can see the moon
Without your finger
It is possible to see the Truth
Without words

It's good to be guided by the words
To find the Truth
But without silence
Without reflection
Without connection to your soul
Any word will be in vain.

The words are there for us,
Let us see them with our soul.

(inspired by a Zen Story)

Aufie Zophy

World peace

How many of us do sincerely pray for world peace
How many just think it is an illusion
If we go on not praying for world peace
If we go on thinking it is an illusion
Just an illusion it may remain.

Aufie Zophy