

Poetry Series

Ayni Poet
- poems -

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Ayni Poet()

This poetry emanates from the communion with Source, from being One with it. Words that come are manifestations of the un-manifested. They don't belong to an identity, as I dropped any personal sense. After spiritual awakening, only a unified Presence is here. The poet, the poetry and the reader are the same form of Consciousness. A humble bow of Love towards those who read and comment on these poems. Aum Shanti!

Meet these Satsang poems in Silence!

A Dance In Emptiness

At the intergalactic gate,
Thought frees its tentacles,
Unleashing that sensorial imagination,
The body of a new born curls and cries,
Entering a game of Life.

Innocence turns into ignorance soon,
Pureness pretends to have a finite face
Apart from the whole,
Years apparently walking in a timeless garden,
Beyond the sky and earth.

One acts on the scene of myriad things,
But never estranges from the constant void,
Holding and comforting its feet,
Unceasingly watching a universal, sole Heart
Dancing in Emptiness.

Ayni Poet

A Diamond Is In Your Pocket

That place where the mind can't slip in,
Where memory, projection and senses fade,
Opens today, now, for total surrender
Of those willing to dive into the Truth.

Already immortal, but crawling as imagined humans,
Thrown often in suffering, despair or imbalance,
It's time to cease riding the mind's twisted roads,
And fall deep within the silent Emptiness.

This space, in which all experience arises
Is the last place you thought to look,
As you got fooled by the content of life,
But finally you can rest as Nothingness,
As the nameless non-Self.

Ayni Poet

A Gift To Humanity

Roses bloom for everyone, kind or unkind,
Old or young, water or fire, gold or tin
They smile to every eye that reaches them,
In their pureness, in their beauty,
And gives to all - their tender scent of life.

There's a Sun adoring to give you light and heat,
To bathe your atoms with crystals of joy
Expects nothing from you in return, truly,
It only knows how to give what it is.

Green grass plays a symphony for the trees and lilies,
For creatures, round and square, dainty and squeamish,
For angels, lovers, stars and oceans' cry,
It receives them in their perfection - as they are
It knows nothing of them but fondles all with care.

When you're sick there's a void that holds you,
Like a soft-hearted mother,
Wherever it touches all transforms into peace & flowers of Love,
Healing the cuts, the bleeds, the scars,
Rough heels and aching feelings.
So you can walk again on Earth
And leave footprints of kindness,
In the sky,
On the clean beach.

My ears are sinking into the sand
Hearing its never-changing stories of the passing,
It has a lot to say, a lot to give,
Just as a river offers pure waters, all of its streams.

Come, sit with me, receive this humble gift,
A gift of sacred hugs.

Ayni Poet

A New Paradigm Greet

Illusionists have ceased to pull rabbits from their hats,
Borders crushed, butterflies are flying free
Royals have put down their crowns,
The sultans have left their sumptuous palaces,
The sheiks freed the tribes,
People no longer pursue conquering nature,
Enemies hug their counter parts as brothers,
Shut hearts are now brimful with gratefulness,
Qadis have nothing to mediate,
The Earth is loved, not humiliated
Robotic life has passed away,
The oppression and subjugation
Of the ego-centered consciousness
Is over,
There is no drive to fight for the smorgasbord,
This virus causes no more sickness,
Love has replaced law
A new paradigm greets.

Ayni Poet

A Poem Is Born On The Ridge Of Duality

Setting off the sight and words towards
The imperial gardens of the skies
They brush the Sun's warm cheeks,
And land upon glacial mountain peaks!

Pristine snow astounds like a standing bride
Wearing crystals, feathers and diamonds on the dress,
Impeccable, airy and soft as cotton,
One loves to bathe in festive Beauty all the time!

Yet just few meters bellow,
Cascades of blood and gravel wrap the mountain
Like open tissue and crude veins,
Containing the dark suffering of a twisted world.

Ayni Poet

A Royal Crown Of Love

That which taught birds to sing, to fly
And humanity to paint, to feel,

That which is in the newly grown grass, lilies and the Sun
At the core of lotus hearts,

That which blinks and a world appears,
Which gives rise to thought and things,

That which is kind and harsh,
And void of all virtues at the same time,

That which bounces between extremes,
Yet in reality is stillness woven with soft peace,

That awareness wearing the royal crown of love,
You are, my dear.

Ayni Poet

A Secret Quest

I walk alone by a garden of exotic land,
The diamond leaves merrily catch the Sun's laugh
I find you lying down on a bed of star-shaped roses
You're motionless and intensely glowing.

I'm near but space has no dimension here,
My fingertips slide on two golden closed eyes,
Designed as those of a crowned Pharaoh,
Inhaling undiluted bliss, releasing a breeze of miracles
I'm speechless as I touch you,
When I envision us entwined.

A tiny mirror rests on your neck
I stare right into it and enter fully,
Sinking slowly into the world beyond
Exploring a multiverse of bottomless mysteries.

This inner maze of portals attracts my soul
I fondle the curves of your depth,
I wish to meet your heart at sunset,
And bring it next to mine to stay.

Ayni Poet

A Sutra Of Impermanence

Butterflies leave their artful vitrail coat
Wherever they filmy touched,
The ivory beach inhales the last warmth
And percolates into the onyx late sunset,
A demon fades into its own desolation,
Ether does not hold forever letters and stanzas,
A poet's ink and feather elude his voice,
Cherished possessions serve less and less
Attraction is temporary,
Virtues are provisional,
Wings freeze,
Thought dries,
Everything is a sutra of impermanence,
Meant to be a memory.

Ayni Poet

A Weak Heart's Search

Pulse lower and lower,
As if the sound of drums
Is lost between thick walls,
Photons almost stagnant
Fed up with artificial life,
Clogged with labels,
Enslaved to fleeting desires,
Chained by deep attachments,
A heart slips away from the Dharma.

Triggered by passion,
Parted between the scared and the world,
Kept alive by vanity and greed,
Egoic ambition and otiose control,
One's most delicate jewel,
Cries from beneath the mud,
Wanting a second of fresh air and
A new, truthful way to live.

Ayni Poet

Ablation Of The Ego

Barefoot in the dust,
Rushed by gum ankles,
I'm running,
Tattering this gauze body,
Releasing silky threads, knots
Baby whimpers,
Illusory sufferings,
Old colors of who I thought I was,
Rusty rotors,
Compasses with erroneous directions.

There is only one step left!
The black heart that still beats up in the throat,
Atrophied by black thoughts
Let me throw it!

And finally I am,
Naked and silent,
With myself.

Ayni Poet

Alchemy

I pour my soul in a bowl filled with hearts,
And wait for a divine blessing, for Light
Slow steps and hands made out of Time,
Sway me away in a world of Illusion, of
Passing by.

Back to back we always sit,
A giant tree arises between us
And we grow leaves on each other, as brothers of Humanity
Encircled, carried, held,
by the Spiral of Life.

Something new is born each moment,
It's the movement of Life and Love.

Only present in the NOW.

Ayni Poet

Alone In Satiny Perfection

Childhood has downed,
The Beings turned amnesiac
About their impeccable nature,
And went to climb
The slippery hills of betterment.

'What is there to complete,
To refine, to ameliorate or change? '
Kept on asking until
Their Royalty disappeared in a sunset.

Taught to be blind to Flawlessness,
To live false stories displayed by the mind,
They turned away
From their all-inclusive sight.

Some have reconciled the imaginary edges,
All the splits of variety and individuation
Into one single piece of satiny Perfectness,
A superlative of the Demiurge-Self.
These lead us to abide alone,
In the pantheon of Excellence.

Ayni Poet

An Invitation To Transcendence Awaits

Absorbed into the world's whirlpool,
One never has any axis or truthful eye,
And forgets to walk slowly
That arc of inner exploration.

The play of shadows is very luring,
One gets accustomed to the sway
Of phantasms, feelings and thoughts,
And watches them disband into ashes.

Uncovering the veils of experience
Is always auspicious and fruitful,
In the midst of pain, dirt or glam
An invitation to transcendence awaits!

Ayni Poet

Angel Of The Words

For quite a while, in a bubble
I had been dreaming,
I was a man bound to the world,
Rolling on its sinusoidal curves,
Escalating rooftops,
Stuck underneath the crystal stars,
Caressed by love,
Lost in a thick smoke of ignorance,
Pushing the limits of everything,
Just to feel alive.

But today, this bubble broke!
Fresh and limpid now I know
Life and its experiencer are One
Walking in the same shoes,
I'm not a character painted
By time or space,
Here only
An angel of words is.

Ayni Poet

Anthem For Wisdom

Rivers saturated with their own water,
Rain flooding the rice fields and the hills,
Chocking everything with too much abundance,
Rotting life's balance and supple lines!

Whenever something is poured in excess,
The natural becomes replaced by the forced
And one is far astray from the quintessence of Tao,
Inviting disgust, loss and decay.

Moderation is beyond common sense,
Coded in the spirit of existence,
The Sun loves to feed all,
But the hungry ones die first,
Due to intemperance and zeal!

Ayni Poet

Aphrodite Discovers The Self - Heart

On a summertime paradisiac dawn,
Aphrodite - the Queen of fractals,
The one baptising all beings with
A baby smell,
Is standing by a mirror,
Reflecting the charm of a universe
Of shapes and names.

The perfection of the oceanic waves,
The tender oscillations of piano keys,
The exotic dance of the leaves tickled by the wind,
All are unceasingly born
In one of her breaths.

Priceless jewels she displays and offers,
Comfortable garments retain her softness
She is the richness of the sensorial realm,
The Mother of life moving
On the ground.

She pleads to this mirror, to portrait
Her innermost precious diamond
That one which everything
Has ingrained in its existence
The non-fractal Heart of hearts.

Absorbed now in the murmur of silence
Floats in the ease-ness of no mind,
Nurtured by the absence of time,
Melting in the tapestry of ether,
Realises here are no treasures to be sold,
Merging with the vacuity of the Self,
Sees the Beauty of the Heart,

In the Heart of Beauty.

Ayni Poet

Arcades Of The Self

Devoid of all supports,
Standing without feet,
Independent of any substance,
Fulsome in its stillness,
Uninvolved in its complexity,
Perfectly symbiotic with being and non-being,
The Great Mystery is open to full extend
Yet so easy to be overlooked.

Knowing how to welcome what is,
Unable to delineate between prophets and sinners,
Between esoteric and exoteric,
Uniform sine qua non,
Inalienable because it cannot be denied,
This untold realm
Exposes itself unceasingly,
Tickling one's yogic perception
Luring it deeper and broader
Under its acroamatic arcades.

Ayni Poet

Aroma Of The Spirit

Pierce the layers of colors,
Strip the shapes of their particular outlines,
Feel a contactless touch,
Allow the intermission to enlarge
Until the musical notes quit beating,
Loosen the appetite for distinguishing odors,
Live free of a personal core,
Discover blissfulness instead of pleasure,
Erase the knowledge and the pompous concepts,
Detach from the mind's control,
Enjoy now a truthful you,
Polished of virtues and luminescent,
Dip into the aroma of Spirit!

Ayni Poet

Art, Love And The Dance Floor

At a crossing point Love and Art
Breathe through each other's nostrils,
Going beyond an intimate connection,
Pulled together by electric arcs,
Finding new voltage heights
In the cosmic gravity.

Love's feet lead Art's hands and waist,
Balancing in a weightless dance,
Supple pirouettes and twists unfold,
Modulating one movement,
Their chests are welded,
A single heart is enough.

One cut in this spot
Bleeds orchids, poems, tears of happiness,
And splendid songs of life.

Ayni Poet

Ascending Into Ego, Descending Into Being

The tip of the colossal mountains
Seems too low for those
Who wish to hug the sky,
And in their daily efforts to reach,
They crush everything that moves
As if the world is their conquest,
Laying humble under repulsive boots.

Few sit and watch the frenzy
Of the hypnotic surge without partaking
And even fewer turn their backs,
Descending further, deeper
Through the folds of surface,
Arriving to the foundation of Being.

Ayni Poet

At Home In Shiva's Arms

The music of the Spheres emerges
From a garden of perfection,
Where Beauty and sweetness melt in Grace,
On top of a blessed mountain.

Honey is pouring from the open heart of the Sun,
White flames burn out through lacy caves,
Orchids, cashmere and sandalwoods are pampered
In the fresh waterfalls of Love,
In bergamot-filled tears of bliss.

The festivities of life unravel ubiquitous,
Choirs of deities recite bhajans of Freedom
Melodies of light are sung by virtuous stars,
A ballerina rests here deeply
On an imperial dark chocolate throne.

Fig trees are rooted in the lapis heavens,
In this wonderland of Spirit,
Shiva - the Celestial Emperor
Invites us
Home - in his unfathomable arms.

Ayni Poet

At The Heart Of Tao

In that endless valley,
Where the mind halts
Its filthy steps and deceiving voice,

In that pause between the waves' splashes,
Where sound and water suspend their vibrations
And merge with silky silence over the sand,

I dive over and over again.

In that gap between tree branches,
Where leaves and flowers gaze at each other,
Living without flowing thoughts or words,

In that juicy, overflowing void
Where the profundity of Spirit can be savoured,
In the same, ever fresh love of Truth,

I dive over and over again!

Ayni Poet

Atum's Dream

Looking into infinity,
In a temple beyond emotions I drift,
There are no colours or forms around,
Solely a sense of "I";.

It's a place where the voices of the Soul,
Loosen in a mist of Peace,
Of beatitude,
Of pure, untouched bliss.

In this place, hearts of the seen world,
Mingle with hearts of the Unseen,
Melting as a harmony of the Self.

It's safe to travel through the galaxies of possibilities
Whose veils fall with the clarity of Being,
And love like never before,
With the strengths of a beginning,
With the freshness of awaking,
After a deep, deep sleep.

Here we step out of Illusion
As a goddess of the water strips her dress of the hefty waves
Abiding naked, as her immortal, ever-present essence.

What remains then?

The ancient books of Egypt have said it too,
"Everywhere Atum will come to meet you",,
In the unspoken words, in the absence of sounds,
In the unseen diamonds.

Ayni Poet

Awakening

Beloved brother of all times,
Leave your worldly persona in a clock which doesn't tick
And the activities cluttering your mind buried in a tiny stone,
Come rest without clothes or worries,
Without any clouds, skies or sight.

In the realm of Self there is complete freedom,
Wind murmurs through the absence of a voice,
There is no ground and no body here,
Grace holds you in its lap.
Crystal rain embrocates your thirsty lips
But all sensations are only deceitful ghosts.

A tongue that once used to serve you,
It now turned into a disappearing dust,
You need no words, no language,
No concepts or beautiful sounds.
Images have left and you're unmoving, still
There's nothing in, nor out
What could it be?
You have no arms to reach,
The play of transience was just an illusory dream.

You were something called Life,
Believing you belong to birth and death,
Asleep into the scent of burning sandalwood,
Walking proudly as 'someone'.

What is your true nature?
Have you asked?
I'm present and aware
I'm unseen yet felt in every glance,
I prevail in all eyes, and in the world perceived,
I'm a void of fullness,
Whispering without ceasing,
A mantra of Pure Love.

Dip your heart in a bow to Silence,
Awaken please, you are the NOW.

A blessing like a shooting star may reach you sister, brother,
A timeless kiss shall paint
Your incandescent face.

Ayni Poet

Awareness In A Drop

The thirsty look for water in all places,
In their quest life turns into an inexhaustible hunt,
For the brightest ray of Sun,
For a breeze of happiness and peace!

Acquiring things will not do this magic,
Neither a shift of circumstances or a new face,
Water will still remain unknown and remote,
Until one retires its games, its fleet and hopes.

How then to find the zephyr that each wants,
In which lies and ego dissolve
And spirit can clearly be recognized,
Without reflections or thoughts?

Rest in your quietness my friend,
Slip underneath those crystal eyes and porcelain skin,
A drop of water will fall
Over your Being's sky!

Ayni Poet

Awareness Unbound By Seasons

There is here
A place not ruled by history
Where clocks skip counting seconds,
Gypsum fails to model,
Thought can't grasp,
Things crumble as soon as you recline on them,
Gravitation is suspended
So are judgments, divisions
And order.

It ain't a tank storing good deeds,
Neither is affected by wrong doings,
Questions, doubts and fears are swallowed
Erasing completely their frail logic.

Angels renounce their names in it,
Wisdom draws its sap,
Passing away and reifying webs of forms,

Occurring,
In a season-less realm.

Ayni Poet

Behind The Curtains Of Darkness

The hot water sky decomposes
In misty globes and drops of crystal
Over the carousel of ordinary, dizzy lives
Orbiting under the drapes of darkness,
As an unadjusted quartet, fallen
In dissonance
With the natural, the infinite and innocence
Confusing the streams of thoughts
With a welcoming home.

Often skating on frozen tears,
Dreaming to leave the bogus prisons,
Beings have denied their perfect origin,
Living now
Wearing cheeks that never deeply smiled,
Slipping through the alleys of fate,
Accumulating stories,
Fascinated by possessing stars.

Ayni Poet

Behind Those Bars

Had you ever came across,
Those sober sides
Frightening as the carceral gates,
Addicted to following rules
All the way to their antinomy
Adoring to fit in stony images,
Conforming to the games being played,
Filtering value through ranks,
Enslaved to the results of the spinning roulette,
Complying placidly to the nescience
Of the mass?

Aren't those the jailers of the
Cheer of Life,
The downcast caryatids that cannot move?

Ayni Poet

Better, More, Different

Lives enamoured with fantasies
Always going towards this and that,
Eyes too easily tricked into shapes and shades,
Have never stopped to gaze beyond!

The ego's dream is a perennial pull
Away from the Empty Perfection,
The translucent ocean carrying all ships,
Which most fear to sink in.

That search mimicking a way
For better, more, different is
Nothing but the scream of serene wholesome,
Wishing to be acknowledged as
Forever here.

Ayni Poet

Between Levitation And Gravitation

Synthetic bodies and heavy minds
Swing in a quantum realm,
Without a centroid or real density,
Electrons swirling and dancing
Coalescing as the crust of Earth.

The four elements enliven
A manifested universe
Like a fresco on the screen of Awareness
Where man stretches himself,
Spasmodically
Between levitation and gravitation.

Wanting to comprehend the secrets of the sky,
Yet tracing the passing clouds,
The inner skirmish consumes
Lifetime after lifetime
Finding no relief,
But learning to graciously
Walk on a path of stones,
Jumping from one foot to another,
Until both are lifted from the ground,
In the beautifully still heavens.

Ayni Poet

Between The Epic Galaxies

A shadow descended from a hologram,
It appears here and holds me with diaphanous arms,
Coming or going, not knowing
As water thrown by the wind.

I ask it to sit on this throne of ice, to surround me
Sharing the purple perfume of the air,
Vibrating, merging when it touches my citrine eyes.

This shadow is a ludic chimera,
It hides, whistles and it dreams
Living within immaculate veils, in a milky sea of stars.

From above the nebulas it calls me
I'm constantly searching for it,
In the most beautiful, romantic serenades of harp.

I wrote love poems and left them at its smoky feet,
Reading those every morning, every evening
Maybe it understands or not,
It smiles for just a second, the only time I see it still
Caresses the pillow where I sleep,
Blowing finally,
An interstellar kiss.

Ayni Poet

Blessed Are These Words

It was morning!
Words were arching their lids,
Absorbing soft light into their airy pores,
Set to make their appearance
On the surface of awareness,
Preparing
To bond and share a lifelong mission,
To flicker hearts in ways to bloom,
To liquefy minds and
Carry with their undefined bodies
The gentle pearls of the Spirit,
The sweet freshness of Now,
Stamping a trace and a suave kiss
Here and there
On a manuscript's page,
Being a blessing for everyone today,
Those hearing their depth or,
Speaking their beautiful message
With kind mouths.

Ayni Poet

Blind Forces Collide

Time cannot be hurried or slowed,
An astral play cannot be altered,
A statue doesn't feel or hear
And so when two blind forces collide
That can't be Love.

Romance wears dulcet attires,
Stiletto shoes that often ache
But keep the lovers high, stepping on air,
It is powdered with intense spices
Powered with rosy cologne
Yet those two forces struggle,
Tightening a tie around their necks.

Egos believe they are distinct, secluded
That's why can never commune
For there no falling or raising happens
Love molds them in Oneness with all.

Ayni Poet

Blinds Are Leading Blinds

Ice is growing in the desert
Tears are leaking from the dust
Snow covers Cassiopeia,
Silk feels like rough bricks
Candles liquefy into cyanide
The souls of men are tossing
In caliginous sheets.

Trying to bargain with fate
In cultures grounded in fear,
Panic and punishment,
Threat and voraciousness,
Hierarchies and tops,
Competitiveness and possessions,
Sturdiness and fierceness,
Full thrust and eyes fixed on forward,
Even the devil is crying
And hides from this puppetry show.

Roses rooted in stars
Forgot how to blossom,

When the blinds are leading blinds.

Ayni Poet

Broken Skin

I erupted from Zenith,
And from the nucleus of the Blue marbled planet,
Drizzling magma into plasma,
Releasing milky stars and coconut clouds
And a honey ball - our Sun,
Toes don't recall the gravity of Terra
I must have never learned it,
My nature wasn't that of the drag force,
Abandoning the breath in to the power of the wind,
Charging the prana of the universe,
Turning,
Words into non-Logos,
Relativity into Absolute,
Expression into blankness,
Mundane into mystic,
Single parts into completion,
Abstract into wholeness,
Incomprehensibility into simplicity,
Duality into supremeness,
Limited into inexhaustible,
Tempo into stand still,
Voltage into peace,
Peerless into peerless,
The instant man broke his skin,
Transmuting into God.

Ayni Poet

Butterfly's Chant

I am here for just a blink,
Born in a grain of skin, of dust
As a letter sliding through the vastness of an empty page,
As a ray of sun dancing in the air of thin time.

This beautiful shape is dying,
Moved to all places and nowhere to stand,
My fate is being here - only Now,
I have no past, no future,
No destination to arrive.

Crossing the portal of death, in the transcendent land
I fly at ease without this shape I thought I had,
I'm free.

I've always been simply a presence, not truly a butterfly of the world
Seen, touched or felt as an art of color
I don't need any wings,
I fly, I sing,
Although no voice it is perceived...
Solely, I AM, a chant of the Absolute.

Ayni Poet

Call Of The Mystical One

In the monk's cave I hear those pleadings,
Prayers scattered in a temple of solitude
The path of renunciation sketched in metallic shades,
Resonating in the singing bowls,
A glacier life blazed by prophetic darsana.

In the houses of the medina,
No refuge from the cliffs of pleasure exists,
The taverns are full and the laughter goes on
Like a livid chorus,
An andante of misery, strife and avarice,
Armies versus armies brawling
For fists filled with pearls.

Those who wish to know which way to step on,
To renounce or to pursue,
Must reflect.

A beatific vision needs not a cave
Neither Krishna will appear at the tavern,
A white rook is not superior than a black rook on the chessboard,
The Numinous Potentiality is even.

Yet,
One zealous in sense gratification
Carefully vested in the fruits of actions
Engrossed by the objects of manipulation
Will stay with the prosaic.

One bent by countless reverences,
Offering ovations by learned belief,
Bhakti without jnana,
Stands again, apart from it.

Oh dear Lover,
Silence is the locus where we meet.
Come, come!

Can You Show Me God?

Off we go in search for a moment
Of total, unbiased shower of effulgence,
To kiss the face of God,
And live the yoga of the Heart.

Headlights are always pointed outwards,
Dispelling the gray smog and dust
But the path ahead doesn't get us
In the ubiquitous lap of origin,
Only throws more dust in our confused eyes.

Deus is not a gift of a terminus point,
It takes no extra light to discern,
A path in the ether cannot be defined
Space is indivisible Consciousness,
Here, now,
None is deprived from seeing it,

It is the Seer himself.

Ayni Poet

Carnival Of Life

When Consciousness enters a frisky mood,
Imagines a fitting room,
Trying out very common costumes and masks,
Those we all style in.

It disguises itself in that role of a human,
Curious to experiment the emotions of a mother,
The rap of a youngster,
The generosity of a bursting Sun,
The splendid friendship between two hummingbirds.

It loves to pose in a serene face
Walking down the streets,
As a remarkable woman that is your wife,
As a philosopher tickling words,
As a spring hail that hits you by the lake.

But it is never confused about these roles,
And their perishable unfolding
Than why are we so facilely deluded,
Rarely interested to recognise ourselves
As the skinless Self?

Ayni Poet

Chic Contrasts

The highlights and umbra,
Modulated in the suave
Composition of Life,
Extract their contours
From a debonair variance.

A confident high heel against the flat, mild grass
A navel and the center of the Earth,
A new tuxedo near a hundred year old stump,
A hidden coral and the Chinese Wall,
A human hand reaching a kitten's paw,
A crescendo tone and a muted color,
Sentient and non-sentient,
A reddish flock of hair and a white night dress,
Naming and understanding,
A torpid look and an amorous word.

Experience flaunts distinctive scenes,
A chic antithesis of the sensorium
Infinite viewpoints sectioning
In metaphors,
The artfully expressive background.

Ayni Poet

Choices In Awareness

I bet there were times when
A profusion of choices, was
Swimming among your thoughts
As shells invading the sands of a sea.

It overwhelmed your world,
Narcotizing the senses with an apparent rush
Spraying a flavor of importance,
Playing it on a particular stake involved.

The torment of pondering options
Reveals certainly the hell of the mind,
Its back and forth shaky walking,
Its fractured points.

If we would see that in reality
There never is stake,
Merely a thought of one,
Would we be unceasingly grounded
In the balmy Peace?

Remember,
Existence is awareness
Undisturbed by choice.

Ayni Poet

Cocktail Of Volatility

A cup of silky, refined white tea
Is enough to flex to those old patterns
Of diagonal spotlight thinking
That fractures the flowing Being.

Used to drink the same volatile cocktail instead,
Minutes and eras float in mental noise,
A thick juice of sensation, feelings
Flickering thoughts,
Gradual and constant asphyxiation
Becomes most well-known state.

Quitting a lifetime addiction
Of identification with the Mind,
Releases one in the basin of Freedom
Tasting the acme of fresh water
Surpassing any physical DNA.

Ayni Poet

Connected In Spirit

In a muted web of unbreakable Space,
Modulated clusters bond and breathe together,
Flutes and solitude,
Humble eyes and savage worriers,
The poor and the sun,
Heartaches and ecstasies of life,
Caves and dancers,
Hands and art reveries,
Lovers and the white nights,
Interlaced in the Essence,
Kept alive by the flames of Tao,
Blown within One Mind.

Ayni Poet

Consciousness Is Dreaming

Pairs of eyes are scanning
The relief of galaxies,
In wonderment towards their mystery,
Intimidated by a grandeur
As wide as fantasy,
Fuller than
A work of art in motion.

It is shown to them
The nascent time of flowers,
A myriad of creatures
Dancing on fields of grass,
Gaea's oceans,
The longing to fly
And kiss the blue-eyed skies.

Man stretches his life
In the most far-away places,
Hypnotized by a world
Apparently outside located,
Yet totally enclosed, imagined
By his own magnified mind.

A small eye gazing at big things
Cannot be,
This diamond has no outer edges,
Neither a cavity to hold within,
Who has contemplated
On his true nature,
And can confirm the dream?

Ayni Poet

Contemplation In Autumn

I fall asleep for just a second,
I lay on a field of scented pink tulips,
Saturn gives me his rings,
I take them with my weightless fingertips,
The owl stands by me and sings
As wind moves beneath my wings.

The fresh, blue sky of the morning
I see when I am awake,
A walnut tree greets in silence
This moment of pure vision,
Its leaves had fallen on my ground
Its autumn and I'm singing.

Yang raises and expands
Yin runs and hides its touch,
In the shadow, in the light
They reach out their hands
Towards the conscious matter of the world.

I imagine a Venetian mask with purple feathers
And golden tiny stones
Lost in the traces of bugs in the desert,
And the divine sound of Love.

Ayni Poet

Cosmic Talk

I play for you delightful melodies of harp,
On the edge of a cliff,
As the stars are leaking from their beds
From the sky, onto the long palm leaves
On the powdery amber line of the horizon,
In your delicate eyes,
Immersed in violet flowers.

We're hooked into the night's lace frock
I see you through thin curtains of crystals
You're kept out of sight, in a stanza of a poem,
In pink bubbles of happiness
Swirling the waves that mirror us,
In the abyss of the dark.

You're coming towards me slowly,
Flying onto an amethyst crescent moon,
Looking down to the lights of this city
Hovering lightly on the greyish ocean.

I speak to you through a friendly shell,
Doused with the fragrance of the water,
That carries an epic sunset in its breaths.

You - the muse covered in gentle fire,
Are hearing our cosmic talk
Vibrating in the middle of the chest,
Where the Sun has found its lounge,
For a night and,
Maybe the rest of life.

Ayni Poet

Crafting The Story Of 'i'

A quiet page holds its whiteness
Open, permissive as deep space,
Twisted threads, roses and pearls
Casting their shadows on it.

The seer exhilarated gets involved
Believing its his turn to spin the wheel,
To craft a story, a captivating saga
About someone called 'I',
Identifying as a person.

Eager to add new chapters,
To adjust and refine boundaries,
Shapes, textures and a particular scent,
Immersed in the plot of this fiction,
He's trapped between the threads.

The wise knows that a page holds
Any content, any limerick
Without being permeated
By their evanescent landing upon it.

Release this image of the crafter,
Why is your struggle so intense?

A pair of scissors is cutting
Through emptiness,
Likewise a designer of clouds.

Ayni Poet

Creation

I awaken my Spirit through the Sun's petals of peace
I breathe new life right into me
I see a mirage of rainbows revealing
Reflecting on the gates of the Infinite divine.

I sense a sacred fragrance wrapping everything around
And hexagons of joy hanging all over Time,
Piecing together the molecules of Love
Humanity, becomes Your dream.

We were born from Your Light
And in this light we shall exist.

Ayni Poet

Crossing The Sea Of Dreams

Millions of boats glide on the streams of life,
Each whispering to the wind love songs,
And to the earth poems of transcendence,
While they explore this sea of dreams.

Between the waves some dance, some struggle,
And like a wizard the currents put on a great show,
Enticing them into shallow waters,
Where they can unconsciously sink!

Those which chase the whales and dolphins,
Need to stir to go fast and curvy.
These which follow the rays of Sun,
Encounter floating gardens of lotus flowers.

Few are at rest, silent and almost invisible,
Their decks are a spring of light and stars,
Knowing not to resist or grasp,
They float like butterflies in the sky!

Ayni Poet

Cure For The Half Smile

Sad jaws pointed towards the earth,
Trembling hands try to catch a ray of life,
The sky choked with smokey clouds,
Someone only mimics a dry smile.

At sunset the sea turn into deep gold,
And birds go out for an acrobatic flight,
The silence undressed by the waves
Erupts and wraps this gloomy face.

The ego's shell shatters into pieces,
As vapours losing themselves in free space,
Collapsing like a frightened phantom,
Curving the lips into a precious smile!

Ayni Poet

Dark Noises Of Life

Loud lives carried with pride
By hasty feet and hazy minds
Stabbing the face of the Earth,
Are unable to escape the ego's traps.

Meant to be peaceful and simple,
Days often turn into a congested hell,
Where forms hecticly bumble,
Lost in a collective clangour.

From the unconsciousness one aims to raise,
Yet never ceases to follow the game,
Covering stillness and silent Beauty
With ever-present dark noise.

Ayni Poet

Deep Sleep Is Shaken

Heroes that walk on Earth,
Are called by the Heavens
To step outside the mosaics
Of the Seen, the Known,
Into a subtler paradigm.

Their adorations for the clay hands,
The hurry to live fast,
The blade of right and wrong,
The bargain of illusions,
The milking of everything that is,
Can resume with an epiphany,
An impromptu quake.

The concerts of the mind would faint,
Fitting into patterns would be forgotten,
Those identity avatars be diffused,
Mass programming abandoned,
When the darkest shadows awaken
By opening the lids
Of the lucid, Conscious Eye.

Ayni Poet

Destiny Of Worldly Tunes

Running through big circles of fire,
Going as far as I can
On the velvet trail I walk and weep,
Feeling the wind tenderly swaying
On my back.

I reach the white marbled piano,
Wishing countlessly to play
Entrancing tunes of summer, of glee.

But all wondrous virtues are obscured today,
It is wearing a mask of thorns and
Encased troubles of the mundane,
Dressed in black rose petals and dry garlands.

I press them with gloved hands and hurt me,
My fingers are springing bloody tears,
On the cold flaps, cracking steeply
Like a crystal stone merciless struck by a wall.

A gray cloak falls over my shoulders,
Stings me with thousands of needles
And crushes the spiral of a bare heart,
Which for a breath failed to remember
The immanent, blessed exudation
Of the Holy Grail.

Ayni Poet

Dialogues Between The Real And The Ephemeral

The words of the Absolute roam
Within a field which they cannot describe,
Nevertheless painting worlds of energy,
With the tip of their endless sounds.

The colors of the mind they spread before eyes,
As pigmented liquids turn into feelings and shapes,
And stories are fitted in million cycloramas,
In thick layers of space-time thoughts.

But words carry no essence, other than Emptiness
Their apparent message is void of meaning,
As in the absence of mind, Awareness notices
Its page is sealed and totally silent.

Ayni Poet

Distortions Of A Mirror

There's an amorphous mirror,
Through which we seem
To perceive the reflections of
A live theater play.

Sadly, the mirror is often dirty,
It displays only the echo of division,
Of singularity through spare parts,
Spinning the wheel of judgment,
Pursuing a self-interested life,
Associating with the drama's flow.

No wonder one tries to escape,
To alter the plot, the scenes
And takes himself as the doer of actions,
As the director of the play,

Irenic is our core,
The background a wholesome state,
Why enjoy being fooled
By a mirage that won't blow off,
By a hallucination - the ego land?

This mirror falsely names itself
"I and the rest".

Ayni Poet

Diving In A Purifying Storm

Beautiful stranger,
I saw you worried about life,
Sometimes hiding as a phantom,
In good days, pretending to be
A skillful master of the world.

You're heated by fast-moving sands,
Tied by this adventurous game,
Filled up with visceral impulses,
Each day is a race to complete.

Take the courage to plunge in a purifying storm,
Let the rain come, dismantle your bondage,
The lightning may crack your attachments,
Thunders may discharge your desires,
A cool air may awaken you
From the hypnosis of conditioning,
Of segregation,
Of sheer objectified aliveness.

Let everything slip, pour away
There's nothing to keep, to fetch
When all webs are purged,
A Buddha finally sees his nature.

Ayni Poet

Dizzy Hearts

I inhaled your steamy cold kisses,
As lilies and fields of lavender soak the scent of rain drops,
Awakening to a day of glory.

Your quarks stroll along my wildest dreams,
Running to catch speedy ankles,
And resting, resting in the palms.

Your eyes join mine in a spinning journey
In the carrousel of our dizzy hearts,
Falling on the alleys of ivory snow
Skating on icy tears,
Tailoring our curtains of darkness.

I feel wet, cutting fog floating on my triangular bed
My wings seem to be drunk or tired,
I just can't grasp the air,

To fly.

Ayni Poet

Do You Know This Serpent?

High up in the luminous skies,
An ancient serpent is dancing cleverly,
Mesmerising everyone that follows it,
Snatching them in its alluring moves,
Tantalizing ears with feathery words,
Blowing kisses of iridescent dreams.

He seems to be a magician,
Always at service of fictitious tales,
Exhibiting distinguished storytelling tricks,
Tying and untying vices and virtues,
Intermixing desires and fears.

This serpent adores the shows
Pretends to have shelves filled with knowledge
Goes on endless trips simultaneously,
But of course, it's a masquerade alone.

A realized Being watches it laughing,
Eclipsing the serpent's loud sounds,
Putting aside each invitation,
To dance with its clouds.

Ayni Poet

Does Wealth Appeal To You?

The platinum ball arrives in the court,
But you're too shy to hit it.

Crickets are delighted to massage one's hearing every night,
But you're asleep to their kindness.

Arms of Love take you in long quiet hugs,
But you're immune to their epidermis.

A bed of sunflowers bows before your feet,
But you turn the head and look away.

Your body receives millions of breaths
And strolling in the Zen gardens is free,
Life has paved your sight
With a universe of pampering gifts,
Don't you feel so rich?

Ayni Poet

Dreams Come To A Beautiful End!

Pale, timid flames of light bursting
From the night's smokey last breath, it's morning,
The dreamer steps out from his nocture reveries,
Beginning new adventures in a daydream!

A change of scenario or maybe not,
The vasanas of the mind play, animating forms,
Man forgets to investitage its veracious essence,
And lives succumbed in dreams, endlessly asleep!

How can one awaken? Sages are often asked,
The dreamer and its dream are frolic mirages,
Seen and enjoyed boundlessly
By the ineffable vacuity, Brahman!

Ayni Poet

Dreams In Silence

I wear the sticky absence of the air near my body.
I can feel it whipping my skin with immense care and grace
My mind is as blank as a still river
And my nostrils are dipping in the sky's mystical scent.

A very gentle breeze follows the shape of my toes
And it goes up to refresh my closed eyes, my hair, this Life.

The silence invades harshly my lungs, your lungs
This peace burns right in the middle of our chest.

There's absence and there's presence all around
Movement and stillness, void and fullness dissolve or manifest
There's knowingness and unknown, sight and blindness
The day loses its shine to the Emptiness of forms,
This is the sunset glory.

Now, we can dream.

Ayni Poet

Dunes Of Gold

The camels of the desert
Travel wide miles and long years,
Across the mysteries of the sand,
Led by their mighty wishes,
To conquer the shaky maze
Underneath their feet.

Like camels, people crave to taste
The nectar of luxuriant oases,
Hooked by the visions of heat
Going for, getting tired,
In the crusades they undertake.

Foreign lands become well known,
But the dry air intoxicates their lives.
They might've found shiny stones
Hidden in the sand,
Great companions,
The elixir of the stars
But haven't ever asked:
"Where is in fact, Home? "

Home is so close,
If only we'd stop and see,
Unaltered by the heat,
Bored by the tall pyramids,
No more dreaming of
The Dunes of Gold.

When Sahara is left,
Sahaja (Samadhi) points the place we never left.

Ayni Poet

Emotions On The Ground

The clock echoes through the room
It's cold and faint all around,
The dreams we had rest in the garden of death,
And hopes turned into ashes across the sky.

My hand waits still for an aeonian touch,
Ain't nothing but a lost thought in Mind's ocean,
The distance weights so much
Just as a galaxy pressing into an infant's smallest finger.

Petals of orchids on your back
And glitter on my young cheeks
Wash out with every minute,
Succumbing in the dark.

It's freezing here without you
Yet silent I remain,
Words dissolved between us
Meetings,
are no more.

This absence flows into my eyes,
Just as in autumn dry leafs are naturally leaving,
To safely fall asleep on the reddish ground,
I fade, I cry and lighten up!
I leave it all behind.

Ayni Poet

Encountering Deva

A dhow is cruising on the Arabian sea,
Searching for a land of supreme harmony and calm,
Its wooden floors dissolve into a mirage,
In a chalice of stirred salt and stellar winds.

There are no reflections on this water,
It's just a dampened desert of a Sun
Without erupting from a dot in the sky,
Sparkling from within those circles called
The Flower of Life.

It follows the slow, muzzy pirouettes of Aurora Borealis,
Curious as a baby exploring sights and sounds
Trusting a natural route - the Tao,
Seduced by millions of rainbows,
Springing from a harbor of stillness,
Hidden in a mountain where ancient gods live.

Incantations and chants of joy pierce the windows this dhow
A serenade of flutes and sitars,
And the voice of a nymph laughing,
Transfixes this wonderer of the seas.

The boat stops its tired engines,
It feels as if they were forever running,
Since before Logos has emerged,
Prior to the vibration of Aum.

It forgot its form, the route or precious spices it once carried,
In this trance of effulgent sounds
It meets the captain of all ships and sailors,
The mother,
From which Love was born.

Ayni Poet

Entangled With Form

A throbbing world the eyes reveal,
And one rides its multiple spinning carousels,
Unconsciously addicted to experiences,
Identifies itself with the perishable realm.

The tunnel vision of the mind binds
Those who never question the nature of life,
To a fullness that is in fact entire empty,
To noise that is in fact untouched Silence.

All appearances are deceptive,
Those asleep fall easy for their seductive moves,
But not the real you - the Absolute Infinity,
Which is never truly entangled with any form!

Ayni Poet

Existence As Truth

Petals of light spiral endlessly in the tunnel of Sun,
And Moon's lace wraps my whole breath
It's safe now to connect and rest,
Finding metaphors under the curly waves of the sea.
Each drop of Silence takes me on a journey,
Gliding and dancing, on Soul's strings.

Effortlessly, I flow with the Ocean of Consciousness,
I am part of everyone's fairytale,
Living as God's manifested dreams
Loosing myself into flakes of wings,
Playing with the loving stars and burning comets.
Drowning in the absence of words.

Being in this universe is easy
It takes just recognition of who you truly are,
The weights of last seconds vanish in No-thing-ness.
And all I am crushes into the rhapsody of Peace,
It feels Home and visiting, royal and humble,
Humanly and divine.

And as my breath carries on in the earthly senses
The intimate windows of the Soul are swinging
In a river of Joy,
I share invisible talks with all of you here,
Unlocking the hidden wisdom of the wind.

Please, find a moment to be grateful,
For our journey,
Together - One Existence.

Ayni Poet

Existence Transcends The Self

A fountain with inexhaustible Water of Life,
The temple without gods and crosses,
Air but no blood,
Raiment in the absence of bodies,
Imagination and blankness,
Beyond silence,
Accuracy in haze,
Above and bellow dense clouds of thought,
Laterals pointing towards the middle,
The Grand Way with no pavement,
An anchor on the bottom of the sea,
A story about light told in the shade,
All this pounding,
Between a Self and non-Self.

Ayni Poet

Exposed Lies Of The Ego

Limelight on stages congested with actions,
Displays of breath-taking world views
Piles of burning desires and paralyzing fears,
Tie you in a cage of the senses.

Restless like a clown walking on the string,
Seduced by forms, drifting in names
Blindly involved in a movie full of colour,
You forgot to look beyond.

'More' is the anthem of the deluded one,
Addicted to thinking and deeds
Born to acquire or reject,
To compare, to look for 'better'
Believing in a plethora of choices.

An ignorant always traces the next moment,
A new attachment, a fixation or pursuit,
Running, striving for goals outside its nature
As a poor dog following a thrown stick.

Such life is a disguised lie,
Ego creates this glittery, throbbing mud.

My friend, wake up
Plunge into the most courageous discovery:
Find out what you genuinely are!

The deceiving seeing will then fall apart
No more a slave, a persona
No role to undertake.

Ayni Poet

Extravaganza Of Love

In the flower valley encircled by profuse woods
A presence is intensively felt,
Instilling its irenic susurrus
In the oily sparks that light up the brilliant tints,
In the rivulets which moisture this viridescent sight.

The most extravagant polymath
With unseen fingers
Amalgamates pigments with Spirit
Delicate buds with tropical birds,
And keen intelligence with multi dimensional sounds.

In awe I had fallen with him,
It's the same one who mends vows in words,
Whisking the energy waves of blue tourmaline,
Planting inside of all it imagines and manifests,
A seed as its premier landmark,
An axis mundi,
The everlasting spiral of Love.

Ayni Poet

Face To Face With Peace

You envisioned me
As a witty shaman that takes souls
Beyond the agitation of the world,
And calls upon the Four Winds,
To blow away worries,
Tension and fears.

You want my liberating droplets
To calm the turmoil of the thoughts
But I reside in the space between them,
I don't belong to the Mind's realm,
There, where you're not used to feel.

You crave for me, believing
I'm the most keen medicine
The one-fix potion,
The cream that cools tired wings.

You don't know me
Because I'm so intimate, so subtle
I'm not a state,
It's impossible to fluctuate,
The footsteps of passing energy
Leave me stainless.

I am the root of your Being,

My name is Peace (Shanti) .

Ayni Poet

Fall Inside The Formless

Fall away from the shape of your mind,
Transcend the vast sensorial realm,
Release all the locks of identity,
Fall free inside the Shapeless!

Watch closely the nature of life,
The roots of happiness and misery coincide,
Quit chasing ever-lasting rainbows,
It's all a dream that flies!

Empty those hands that want to keep,
There's no difference between surface and center,
Distinction and division are pure fantasy,
Fall inside the Shapeless,

This one you are!

Ayni Poet

Falling In Bliss

A ceremony of lights is set up, at sunset
The chandeliers of our souls flaming
In a temple of candles and roses,
Opening again that book without characters
And a message from beyond
Comes our way today!

Each is stepping into a non-local realm
Entering the house of Spirit
Where we all dwell and belong,
Invited to discard our shawls, shoes and minds,
Forgetting the perishable selves
And lay down mildly,
Sinking naturally
In quiet happiness.

Ayni Poet

Fantasy In A Bleached Frame

It snowed over your glass clavicle,
In your smoky crystalline globe
Over that fresh rose growing in your soles.

Do you remember the feeling of sticking
Your face on the frozen land,
Humming under that sweet snow
Like a cotton candy flying with the wind?

Do you still gaze through your heart s clock
The hurried flakes
Dancing chaotic, undecided but happy?

Do you sometimes sink in the ragged ice
That is flowing through your elastic ears and diamond fiber stitches,
Looking for grizzled and sleepy tales?

Quietude slipped into your left amygdala,
Drowning,
In the perfume of bitter thoughts,
In the broken memories under the snow.

Ayni Poet

Fiesta With Thieves

A distracted existence, electrified
With terawatts per minute
Wires one to the time machine,
Throwing him in a psychedelic fiesta,
With countless guests.

Most minds host thoughts
As anxious, invading visitors
Crying out loud for entertainment,
Patrolling up and down,
Claiming to be the owners of the house.

But the rare wise man,
Observes only, detached from this fuss
How the Light of Awareness cannot be stolen
By these crazy thieves.

Sunshine is always in your Home!

Ayni Poet

Flames Of Being And Thorns Of Ignorance

Boundless freedom dreams of an 'I',
And envisions life through sensorial lenses,
Making body-minds seem certain and real,
Emulating a whole maze of chronicles about shapes.

Art and intelligence are poured in geometrical snapshots,
Made to delight and entertain fine hearts,
Beauty and wisdom are inserted in quotidian scenes,
To illuminate the sturdy sea of random thoughts and actions.

But masses live on the surface of experience,
So the secret of 'I' remains concealed and unexplored,
Only few know the invisible, indestructible One essence,
The rest never flowers into divine understanding,
And stilness doesn't flame their Being.

Ayni Poet

Flavours Fade And Essence Shines

Condensed in a sensation,
Burning at the core of an action,
Or confined within Stillness,
The force of Spirit mingles with fire.

It's that thirst for knowing the Truth,
Beyond the frescos that life paints,
Beyond the lie of being a body or an "I",
Thrown at the mercy of circumstances.

That pull towards discovering
The amazing beauty of empty Presence,
The no-self, no-name, no-movement
Is irresistible, brimming and sweet!

Ayni Poet

Fog And Shadows Upon Spirit

A heaven made of aware Light,
A limbo made of erratic mind,
Projecting together a foggy world
Of motion and drums.

Too heavy for hollowness to bear,
Too brutal for kindness to stand,
Too loud for silence to squeeze it
Into its immanent arms.

One shallow happiness after another,
Alternating with sadness and pain,
Disorientated in a lyrical script,
This is life, fermenting in samsara.

Ayni Poet

Forms Within The Formless

Fallen golden, cyclamen and platinum leafs
From bleeding stars above,
Pricking a sky that is on fire,
Are plating black rocks and their lofty ferns in
Phosphorescent flames and sunset ashes
That cascade over a Venusian cyan lake.

A sequence of flawless design, gleaming in sensations
A view deluging from a poet's stanza or
A massive oil painting placed in an artists' studio,
This contretemps between carbon and oxygen
Amplified throughout the multiverses,
Blurs the edges between happiness and despair,
Fear and valiance,
Fiction and real.

Frames of life happening always ahead of
An eye that laughs,
An eye that cries,
Within a formless eye
Which watches itself.

Ayni Poet

Frail Fulness And The Absolute

Space fractures for a moment
And focal points emerge as laser lights,
Billions of manifested lives
Experience the fugitive dream lounge of form.

Consciousness hooded by unconsciousness,
Outlooking, seeking for itself,
A farce put on stage, in the garden
Of mystical lovers of Truth!

Some are intoxicated with the floral charm,
Others seek for nourishment and sip
From the glass that sweetens the bitterness
And makes molecules feel full and alive.

A sketch portrait of Emptiness,
Adorned with vain words and chants
But the second passed now
And Brahman awoke!

Ayni Poet

Friends Or Foes?

There are some friends which
Had been knocking at your door
Since early age,
Asking if you want to
Go play with them,
But often once you join them
You enter trouble and distrust.
At times, they convince you well
Of their wonderful intentions and
How much fun together you can have,
But going out with them
Returns you beaten, distorted
In an absent state.

Thoughts are like these friends,
You hear them knocking,
Occupying your sanctuary
But you see,
The door any time can
Stay closed.

Ayni Poet

Fulfilled Outside Borderlines

You saved it for last
Or not even considered it,
Scanning your heart,
A yearning was there as the impetus of Life,
Without realising what that is,
You projected it upon fraternal beings,
Contingencies, liasons and romance
Thinking they have something to give you,
To aggrandise or trim a fragile existence,
Turning salty tears into rose water
De facto enhancing a sense of separation
Loving to be twisted in a bitter-sweet haze
But ardently and concealed
Wanting to be free.

How else could you be?
Your nature is not that of the world,
Though liberation remains an utopian Shangri La
As long as a body-mind is mistaken as yourself.

When the mud settles at the bottom of the glass,
Clear vision slashes the trance
Bringing forth a fulfilled yearning
An agglutination with the Origin.

Ayni Poet

Genesis Of Art

Barren of prepared intentions,
Willing to quiet his own voice,
With a tabula rasa stance,
The artist kneels down
As an act of Love and wonder,
Waiting for a Gestalt,
To infiltrate in his perception.

He senses the Movement of Life,
As it whistles its symbols
In the hiatus of the substratum,
At the base of a form's spine
Which starts to augment and elongate.

Unconcerned with sculpting the right proportions,
Lucky to have witnessed this live individuation,
Bows to the unseen master of content,
Which gifts us this eclectic fullness,
Burring his heart,
In the origin of all things,
The Unified Field.

Ayni Poet

Gifts Of Awareness

Rivers of sweet, milky tears fall
From the pearly clouds woven in the night sky,
Tumbling down like a blessing,
That clears the mind, eyes and hearts!

Primroses dance their fragrant heads,
To an unknown, hidden rhythm,
Lost in the euphoria of peace and silence,
Levitating as if leaving the earth soon, without a trace.

Who would've thought in the mizzle,
In the nucleus of darkness and surrender,
Happiness lies naked on the lap of plain rocks,
And balms its lips in the glow of the stars?

Ayni Poet

Glued Thoughts Obstruct Peace

A raindrop fell yesterday
Unexpectedly,
And you remember vividly this moment
As if encrypted on the skin.
Whether it turned into a tasty lollipop,
Or thorns that hurt have grown out of it,
That fall is glued in your mind.

The drops of the past are
Millions of what was Now,
Why to get caught up in carrying
Heavy boxes of water,
That dried up by today?

Why fill up with imagined rain,
Drops that might arrive?

We never know.
A sticky mind is so opaque,
To the wisdom of peace.

Ayni Poet

Gold And Rust Mingle Not

Wise men and fools walk together
Those lanes of life stretched between earth and skies,
Those routes of thoughts fuelling minds,
The richness of experience
And its emptiness too.

Plurality and singularity make sense for the fools,
While the wise only live in non-dual wholesome,
The same consciousness - awake and asleep,
Like two actors shaking hands on the stage,
Carring on the play with distinct roles and repertoires.

Great companions they may be,
Yet their hearts don't sing on simlilar lycrics or voice,
Tenors and sopranos overlap their pitches,
But truthly, gold and rust never mingle.

Ayni Poet

Grace From Heaven

That night the Moon was swimming in waves of sugar-cotton
In the summertime heated sky,
It seemed that steam was giving birth to universes of small stars
And strings of harps were hanging down the gown of darkness.

I'm walking through the bitter forest,
Touching the dry leaves lying on the youthful land
As if my heels caress their curly edge of skin,
As if my toes are bowing to their existence,
Watering them tears of time.

The surface of the Earth is blurred
As watched through foggy eyes of just a man,
The mind keeps playing with all meanings
With each word that I express.

And in the evening mist, the voices of the ONE soul arise,
Blended with winds that play nocturnes of smoke
This serene night is as silky as a woman's bedtime dress,
And mysterious - as a wild, breathless lake.

Sugar rain pours from the Moon's center,
It covers heavens in sweetness and grains of bliss
It lands upon a velvet bench on Gaea,
Where an angel rests... asleep.

Ayni Poet

Gratitude For The Earth

It never fails to kiss happily your soles
Each time your steps firmly lean on,
Shaking its tectonic plates
Flattening that heavenly grass carpet.

Poseidon still courts his mermaids here,
And Asclepius heals the wounds
Caused by a lack of love,
Athena writes her poems on its papyrus-skin
And spirits experience biotic life.

Cruelty, misery and insults
It is what daily receives,
This place,
Which keeps us on a pleasant journey in space,
Accelerating throughout the nebulas and constellations
Where,
Your spouse's lips met your eyes
And babies' joyous bellies crawl all day long.

What if you could walk with gratitude
Towards that which always
Kisses your feet?

Ayni Poet

Heart Is The Spirit

Lovers of Truth have gathered
Around the tender flames of Satsang
Ready to disclose their hearts
For what they truly hold.

Lifted on the wings of Grace,
A panoramic view unfolds:
A heart is not a storage cavity,
Where memories receive a ruling,
Or things get locked in chains,
Neither a chapel of worship
And spurious faith.
Affection is not seated here,
It is hollow of any scratches,
Wounds or grimaces,
The emulations of past, of future
Are stalled,
Those pertain to Psyche's repertoire.

Instead, this territory is a wholesome vacuum,
A Oneness of all stars,
The immortal Lover is within smiling,
Heart is the Spirit,
A sanctuary of the Saint.

Ayni Poet

Heavy On My Heart

The shimmering turquoise waves of the sea,
And the ivory rocks on the shore
Play roughly with each other,
Naturally all it happens.

The matrix of life must be uncovered
The labyrinth of the divine perceived,
In my heart I take the dessert
And hopelessly, I cry.

Footsteps in the burning sand I see
Tarantulas walking over my neck
I abide motionless,
My lips are slowly kissed with a dream.

We run, following the Stars of Heaven,
You're dragging me to climb the dune
I feel amazing with you now,
It must be your ethereal touch.

In an instant this reverie ends
And I return to a dull place,
Of sights,
I realize something is hanging,

A heart....
Heavy, as a rock.

Ayni Poet

Hegemony Of Personal Agenda

Around the seen world,
Thousands of eagles descend
From the cosmic womb,
Spreading wide
At the sighs of the sky.

Each hopes to be a solitary prince,
To sharpen its best assets
And the acuity to prey.

Each lands in muds of pride,
Competing hard with lofty fellows
For an enticing slice of meat.

Their personal agenda keeps
Their wings heavy as steel,
Their eyes screening for monolithic peaks,
But those have missed
The jubilation of the simple, natural
Free-flying life.

Death comes and finds them bitter,
Among thunders and ruins
Mulling over and over
That in fact, ignorance had hunted them.

Ayni Poet

Honey Tastes Its Own Sweetness

The Being awakened,
Liberated from the membrane of ignorance,
Which kept it sunk in the Akashic mirage,
For too long, for too deep,
A happiness arising as if
Existence showers fresh flowers on me,
A life more beautiful than a poem lived,
Honey tasting its own sweetness.

Tides are pulling and releasing,
Gestalts irrupt, settle or dance
Like colors blending with no choice or will
On a milky canvas,
Stains going down on that which is spotless
Or breaking forth as fireworks
No weight can be felt,
Pressure blew out its steam completely,
Time lost its rush in the encompassing void.

Submerged in an ocean of nectar,
Whispers are taciturn,
But there is a calling,
A presence saying:
"Belle âme, stay here,
Your purpose isn't journeying,

Dwell in Innocence,
Then your destiny is fulfilled".

Ayni Poet

How A Poem Comes To Life?

On a winter noontide
A lost poet adulates a discreet muse,
Memories of a foggy romance
Closed in a bottle of perfume
Release a dim smoke,
The frozen sun hangs under a tree trunk,
Spreading scents and purple lines,
Something sets like a dead heart,
Bored of light.

The streets dreams of warm rain
Agelid hands stroke an unknown shoulder,
Gliding very slowly,
As giving up a sick expiration.

A new horizon like an embossed paper
Cracks and opens,
Hope races again, wading the arid
As camels in the desert.

Absence in a longing heart,
Coldness of a stranger's look,
A bansuri flute playing for a flash of joy,
These are things which move a poem,
In a mandala, circling around
Heavens and hells
Of the flaky souls.

Ayni Poet

I Am Here

Blow your breath into the tight veins of my heart
Paint me with your eyes,
Draw me with your hands,
Kiss me with your warm skin,
Pour soft rain on me with your rose-scented tears,
Know me in the 'I am'.

Cover me with your waves
Awe me with the tenderness of your soul,
Touch me with your kindness,
Adore me in your sadness,
Dazzle me with your undying silence,
Wrap me with your rings of fire.

Sail my boat in the glossy sea of Love,

I am here.

Ayni Poet

I Am That I Am

Of the Earth it is not,
The sky does not shelter it,
Spirit has no house,
Free of content like translucid idioms,
Writing senses without a hand,
As a breeze touching all space,
Natural as a lotus lake
Undisturbed by the falling rain,
Stony to cause and effect,
Autonomous of a breath,
Collected in its wholeness,
Born not as the Light,
An empty unknown silence,
Smiling,
Sparking,
When it is self-conscious.

Ayni Poet

I Found, Wisdom

I left you the beauty of silence,
hidden under the pillow of soft clouds.

I left you the infinite bliss,
Flying towards the sunset on the sea,

I left you a few old memories,
Lying full of dust on your bookshelf

I left you a silky smile,
Jiggling in your right pocket,

I wrote "I loved you" on your bathroom mirror with a soap of pearls
And then,
I left.

There was a time of missing, of hurt and tears
There was a time of dreaming, loving, chatter
There was a time to engage in the mysteries of fate,
Now is time, to see,
True wisdom of the Heart.

Ayni Poet

I Offer You Flowers Of Wisdom

Isolated from the tempestuous sights,
By the fluorescent green still lakes,
A pilgrim bows to mystical Kailash.
He came here for a once-in-a-lifetime sojourn,
To find the Flowers of Wisdom.

Trying to trace a sage that grows these sparse beauties,
Willing to share them with poor men
He looks in scary caverns, in every ashram,
In the wildest otherworldly fields.

He came from far and is unstoppable,
A rain of ash, a fall of rocks
Can't lessen his seek for a worthy
Master in flesh and blood.

This man is tired, haven't slept the nights,
His days turn dry and so does his feet and soul,
But that guide with golden keys
He still hasn't met.

Worn out, one lucky evening he lays down
And meditates,
Dissolving irreversibly into the Vacuum,
The Guru available at any time.

Now all the Flowers of Wisdom live
In his pure smile.

Ayni Poet

Immortal, Boundless Consciousness

A flame that never goes cold,
The Absolute instilling itself
Into its own perishable forms,
Making life undulate in all points.

It is that,
Which does not get old or is born,
Illness finds impossible to put down,
Gloom or overjoy won't wrap it,
Improvement or loss can't happen.

Nothing needs to be learned about it,
In silence and in noise its beats echo
Equally present and vivid in brothers and foes,
Eternally, the Heart within all hearts!

Ayni Poet

In The Palm Of Truth

Two hands clap and the heartbeats
Of life vibrate forceful and frenetic,
We dance its tempo, its bodies,
Pulled through all extremes!

Familiar with sweet songs and sunny days,
With dust storms and bitter bites,
We tune easily to the sounds of rain
But run from the silence of the desert!

Noise covers one's real nature,
In thick clothes of energy but it's a sham,
Blissful are only those who contemplate
The sound of one hand clapping!

Ayni Poet

Indra Steps Into The House Of God

On the shore of an indigo sea,
A man rests his stony feet,
In the shadow of the tall plam trees
With the pebbles comforting his wounds.

He left that tumultuous living,
His metropolis, family and friends
And walked each square of the Earth,
Only wishing in his heart
To arrive at the house of God.

As he sits on the honey sand,
To the west hopelessly he gazes,
Upon the green minarets of a mosque
When the Imam calls for prayer.

Then, his eyes fall to the south,
Where the gothic towers of an old cathedral
Punctuate so high the sky
And the birds encircle the Sun.

Not far from here, a little to the north
Krishna's temple awaits for him,
But Indra contemplated inside every day
Yet never found supreme peace.

In this great tiredness,
He slips into abandonment,
Surrendering all thoughts,
To the emptiness of Being.

Stepping outside time,
He witnesses within his heart how
The familiar becomes the Unknown
And the sea, was all along the Beloved.

Ayni Poet

Inner Peace Of The Spirit

A late summer rain is descending,
Dressing up the night with wet whispers
And a minty breeze,
Spraying new fragrance on the roses' neck,
Dissipating fresh pigments
On the poet's skin.

The white melody of the day,
Melts away as a bride's veil slipping
Onto a carpet of orchids,
Taking with it the masks and mantles
One's soul carried as a mixture
Of pleasantness and burden.

Heaven now breaks,
Revealing a background that few ever notice,
Obstructed usually by incessant locomotion,
Not a state nor a hard-to-reach space,
The seat of sheer lucidness,
A stillness prior to thought and time,
Terra firma of the Spirit,
A womb boiling with sacrosanct Peace.

Ayni Poet

Inner Zero Invites Paradise

Leave those circles of thoughts
Making you dizzy,
Enter a city with no traffic,
No alleys or animated bodies,
Where all is tranquil,
Fulfilled, in Love.

The puzzle is complete although
An image is absent to be noticed,
Everything is simultaneous nothing,
An inner zero is to be felt.

A road to take you there wasn't built,
Journeying isn't required,
What would the distance be?
Call of that search for this Paradise of Calm
This settling is always here,
Simply check in.

Ayni Poet

Instant Satori (The Loss Of "I")

Too much on the rush,
To fully stop
And look for that which
Has never moved,
Never got lost,
Cannot be dimmed,
Will not burn,
Forever stranger to the eras,
Impossible to comprehend by intellect,
Always here.

But,
You have this moment
A golden blink
An instant Satori
To disconnect
From a worn-out, ephemeral "I";
And step back
Maybe for the first time
Experiencing directly,
An angle without degrees,
The Witness of Life.

Ayni Poet

Into The Heart Of Truth

Crowded lives of steam and star dust
Adorning the scenes of a cosmic theater,
Playing as souls get hooked,
Stretching them from malice to kindness
And from despair to hope,
Dancing a trivia of worldly matters.

Could you, my friend and brother
Escape these locked shackles
A scenario always on repeat,
Awakening,
And cutting through the layers of confusion,
Straight into the Heart of Truth?

Love is longing to see you,
Seated on the throne of Peace
And put in your empty hands
The seeds of the Absolute!

Ayni Poet

Is There A Way To Truth?

Different places, different faces
Walking through
A world where replicas and originals
Sit at the same table,
Eat from each other's plate,
Speaking identical phrases
Thinking shared thoughts,
Acting channeled by a sole force,
Holding without touch,
Switching places with subtlety.

A showcase where figurines
Learn to be genuine fakes,
Where masterpieces are confused
Doubting their origins,
Undertaking fleeting roles
To entertain a charade,
A spectacle that turns them
Obedient to beliefs,
Numb to beauty's plethora,
Blind to Essence,
Asleep to Truthfulness.

I wonder,
How can one make a distinction
Between a farce and the Real?

Ayni Poet

Kingdom Of Consciousness

The sound of Timeless
The touch of serene photons
The aroma of miracles
The non-sensorial sparkle.

Supreme king of the universes,
You stand where no coordinates are
Your dimension is without gravity,
The most spacious yet beyond any space,
Nearer than the nearest.

You weren't given and nothing can be lost of you,
Set in the hottest fire, burning happens not
Showered by tornadoes, remaining clear and clean,
Endlessly elastic, impossible to splinter
Thy saintliness discards the spell of the seen.

Twinkling in the metaphysical eye
At the heart of a conscious Being,

Only that can know you.

Ayni Poet

La Paz De Dios (The Peace Of God)

Los amores de ayer se han ido,
No los recuerdo
Por qué no viajó más con las sombras
Que se rompen en la danza
Del desierto.

Tiempo no respira
Miradas no se encuentran aquí,
El espejismo de un futura momento
Que podría llegar fue abandonado,
El pulso de mi Corazón
Está limpio y transparente,
Tranquilo y feliz,
Ahora sólo a ti te miro,
Y te adoro,
La paz de Dios.

Ayni Poet

Language Of Stillness

In the beginning it was no-thing,
Nothing to see, to grasp, to think
A seed of Light has fallen asleep
Resting in an imagined universe of color,
Of diverse beauty and sinuous delight,
Springing manifested multiplicity,
Appearing compact in this dream.

Oneiric lens create a place - a world,
Where Stillness envisions aliveness
Knowing itself through it.

This fantasy of no-thing-ness lasts
Only for a split second,
In fact consciousness does not know
A moment or what that could be,
Solely a finite mind might frame it
Believing in a beginning, a toss,
An end.

Stillness has no journey, nothing to display
It lacks a destiny or a director of the play,
This graceful presence has no name or attribute,
Yet within it all names arise
And dance.

Isn't life a dream of stillness?

What is that which you call 'I'?

Ayni Poet

Less Words, More Silence

Under the drapery of curly smoked thoughts,
Lies an oasis facile to reach,
When sages and fools both tie their camels,
And stop aside the clamorous paths.

Here the water flows without impurities,
Bodies fall into deep rest,
Words halt their march, undress their meaning
And wash their clingy scents.

All it takes is a liquid breath in this space,
Where Silence awaits
And Spirit rejoices in itself.

Ayni Poet

Letter To Source

Your love sparkles in the eyes of my Conscious heart,
I swim in your endless ocean of compassion & creation.

This Heart of Light that I received,
Has turned me into a diamond.

I am in rapture each time I discover another gift that you offer me.
The beauties that you hold.
The magic that you sprinkle upon our lashes.

We exist ONLY together, I am a part of the astonishing You.
We create ONLY together, you inspire my every breath.
We feel ONLY together, the deepest emotions that infinitely dance.
We heal ONLY together through the power of potentiality.
We touch ONLY together, new peaks of joy & bliss
We transform ONLY together, all fears into kind actions
We solve ONLY together each challenge that unfolds
We thank ONLY together for silent whispers of wisdom
We paint ONLY together, the images of daily life.
We explore ONLY together mazes of shadows,
We rejoice ONLY together our virtues,
We share ONLY together the pearls of sunny smiles,
We dream ONLY together of skies filled with peace,
We help ONLY together to become truthful,
We support ONLY together in the wides and highs,
We blossom ONLY together as a fountain of cotton.

We see ONLY together the softness in each heart,
We know ONLY together our purpose of the path
We love ONLY together, as we are nothing but LOVE.

Ayni Poet

Life As It Comes, Life As It Goes

On the satin beach a piano lies alone,
Embracing the cooling waves with its sounds
An andante song for those which never hurry
The cliffs, the baby blue bay
And the millions of artful shells
Taking life as it comes.

Serene, translucent and desire-less,
Not concerned with themselves,
Unaware of minutes or storms passing by,
Hearing only tunes of peace,
Celebrating their vast solitude,
Almost forgotten by the world
As wisdom, grace and beggars on the streets,
All eyes are on the fuss and glitter.

Ayni Poet

Life Is A Geometric Breath

The wheel of Heavens spins and spins,
Forevermore spilling fractal phenomena,
A quantum harmonic oscillator
Known as a world,
With hyperbolic connectedness and
Orchestral compactness,
Mapping cubic equations of Life's inexhaustible roots,
Winding in chaotic vectors,
Breaking through linear density,
Splashing in volumes of Beauty and Art.

Expansive algebraic varieties,
Derivatives in any angle
Of divine geometrical particles,
Replicating and designing
Figures and parabolas of cyclic existence,
An arithmetic pulse,
Commutating unpredictably
On the Axis of the Unknown.

Ayni Poet

Light Without A Perimeter

Journey with me through the warm steam,
Discarding your robe on the antique brownish wooden floor
Leaving behind the springtime and the winter too,
Stretching that paper soul,
Catch those sattvic drops
Angels of fire throw like a boomerang,
Decode their words of crystal
Which derail your quantic field
Let the earthy heels be lifted
And your cocoon decomposed,
Until you fairly see
That inner and outer aren't cleaved,
A single light with no perimeter
Is the creator and the oeuvre
Concurrently,
Exploring itself as unpredictable motion,
As breath and death,
Ad infinitum.

You are that!

Tat Tvam Asi.

Ayni Poet

Limelights In Hell, Stillness In Heaven

In the high spheres of your Being,
Senses cool off their blazing rays and
Shorten their claws to less than a seed size
Then, one is no longer filled with a kingdom of form!

Endless attempts to make the earth a heaven,
To reach the next peak among the comets,
But heaven isn't in the sky or on the ground,
It's Emptiness at its purest!

How could one see this if it fails to cease
Riding the wheel between up and down,
Being a puppet involved in an exhausting show,
Addicted to the limelights of hell?

Ayni Poet

Lions May Come Your Way

Under the weight of those thoughts
Which paint a world of hectic motion,
Your shoulders crumble and ache,
Your skin forgets how to genuinely smile!

Troubles hardly seem to end,
The more tears fall, the deeper earth drowns,
Beauty mingles too strong with the harsh,
Hiding its hands in the mud's sparkle!

Remove the dust and rub your eyes,
These particles of emptiness which
Seem full of tints, sounds and names
Are the only keepers of life!

Freedom is your truthful nature,
Accept the roaring lions on your path,
Nothing can touch Awareness,
The one with no contours!

Ayni Poet

Living In True Meditation

Attending to webs of phenomena,
One encircles its Being,
In search for ultimate, indistructable peace
Not feeling it is already here,
In the background of all conditioned existence.

The mind keeps boiling,
Its unsaturated, strong flavours,
Throwing one in intense practices and scriptures
But the guiding is misleading,
And the sweet rest still chased.

Noticing moment by moment,
How movement arises like a chimera
In the dunes of awareness,
One finds itself at ease and simplicity,
Living in true meditation.

Ayni Poet

Lotus

In this morning of bliss and blessings,
Untouched presence is all over
In the rays of the sun,
In the absence of the stars,
In the healing green of the soft grass
In the clarity of the water washing over me,
A shower of joy and strength.

I flutter, I run
As free as my soul,
I live solely for this day
With magic and awe.

Each cell inside of me is awake,
Vibrating with every new breath,
Emotions run in the steps of the ants,
I feel so strongly embraced,
So loved,
So naturally nurtured,
Being peace.

Life within us is immortal,
This maze keeps on spiralling in fine tunes,
Revealing with each smile, each blink,
Bit by bit.

I walk on high edges with cotton shoes
Stepping on the surface of a lake
An ocean of fresh thoughts
Arises right from its unreachable center,
Dying...in the fragrance,
Of a blooming lotus.

Ayni Poet

Love Lifts Its Veils And Spills

Tender flakes of frozen cotton
Permeate the darkness of the night
Like seeds seeking that fertile ground,
And mortals the eternal flame.

There is no chance to rewrite the stars,
Life pours in arithmetic proportions
A wise fusion of honey and ice,
Inclusive for each of its streams.

This foam latex is leaking over
Doves, graves and blazing souls,
Pliant, fragile, continuous and awake,
Releasing everywhere
The enzymes of Love!

Ayni Poet

Luminatio Explorer

Fresh perception bouncing and cycling,
Through the vessels of formless Consciousness,
The world is crafted like a movie,
Projected on the ever-here aware screen.

Burning your eyes, skin and lips
With many stunts and special effects
Kinetic energy in on ostensible
Infinite expanse, wiggle and smile!

Yet, there is a stationary background
Which knows no disparate specks
Neither words, stars or waves
That, which envisions this exploring Light.

Enjoy but don't let yourself be fooled,
By its rainbows and webs!

Ayni Poet

Lunar Soliloquy

Eye of the Night,
With sugar powdered lashes,
You open suddenly the lid
And the gallant Sun kneels
For your vision to be
Full and deep.

Blinking behind pinkish clouds,
This bewildering iris
Is the interstice through which
Galaxies bathe in the seas of Gaea,
Releasing silver glitter on the waves
On the cold beach,
And on my writing pen.

Noticed by the Moon,
The poet's words are
Reflecting synesthetic
Its champagne frosting.

Ayni Poet

Maha Karuna (The Great Love)

When you lay down, stripped of armour
Unwinding from the fuss of things,
You notice your aspersities soften,
And the senses opening broad.

Perception locks out the stories of thought,
Unmasking experience as a land of Beauty,
Aware spirit as the sole Presence,
Beyond and within the plethora of energy forms.

The world of division and names ends here,
Glory to the bareness of Reality,
Which welcomes all to realize the Wholesome,
To glow as the lustre of Great Love.

Ayni Poet

Matrix Of Projections

In the beginning it was Silence,
No lexicon or quantic dust,
"I" and perception were about to break,
As a sun lifting from beneath horizons.

Fractals of noise started to take shapes,
Creating directions where there were none,
Following a self-will,
Untamed, unrestricted
Drawing a world in colors and sinusoids
As an artist out of play.

Soon,
Bodies, oceans, forests and supernovas
Were all dancing, together
In a festival that easily one can enjoy,
But just as easily, one can be fooled.

Covered by noise,
Men elude to find the substratum,
Enticed by mere projections,
Overlooking a great Empty Silence,
The mother of ten thousand things,
That patient, benevolent space
Which suddenly
Awakens to itself,
Eclipsing the matrix.

Ayni Poet

Melting The Ice Crystals Of Life

Clear luminescence gleams by day,
Radiating in the night as well,
But the umbras of the mind
Darken those which cling to them.

Frozen, foggy and scratched
The mirror of perception cries with every rub,
A lifetime of stories held together
By sole ice.

How will one awaken from Samsara?
If there's no melting of delusion,
A breakdown of attachments and greed,
Ice remains unconscious, cold.

All beings are by nature Buddha,
Like water is the base of ice,
Who here is willing
To warm up and liquify?

Ayni Poet

Memory Of You

I find you in the beauty of Altair,
By circles of fire,
In silence I wait for another day
To bring you, next to me.

I shiver with each sound that I recall
Priceless moments we shared along with the Moon,
I keep them on a bed of diamonds,
I caress those with white roses.

As I inhale, I order my chaos
In a twisted mirror your shape appears,
Your light reflects into my body,
Your tingling warmth gives me cold chills.

Jupiter leads the way,
To forevermore wisdom and rejoice,
The power of a waterfall aids me
To move,
beyond this cloudy feeling.

Ayni Poet

Meta-Morphosis

If a colossal, transmuting fire
Would be set right here and now,
To chuck in all you ever learned,
Those cemented beliefs,
That face that you adorn in the mirror,
Those torpid, programmed ways to live,
Those plans that make everything predictable,
That psychological dirt,
Those siddhis that entailed great practice,
The deck with the winning cards,
Those privileges, favours and flavors that you like,
The cross you may think you're caring,
The pleasantest of the senses,
Your "must"s, "should"s and "never",,
That perception of "I",, "me" and "mine",,
The arabesque décor of space-time,
Would you accept the invitation,
To break the handcuffs of the Form
And recognize the Free, the Essence
Sat Chit Ananda?

Ayni Poet

Mind Escapes, Peace Stands Still

We travel far and wide
In the back of our motley minds
Imagining the past,
Indulging in future's fantasy land,
Adrift in puzzles with beguiling pictures.

But these fictional journeys are only exits,
A run away from the Now,
An apparent departure from Stillness,
A trip into a realm of space-time,
A dream and a lie.

The address of peace and love,
Which we may think its hard to find
Is the place we cannot stray from,
Any escape always brings one
Back Here.

Ayni Poet

Mind Merges With The Way

Would it be possible to leave
Those ideas one has about himself
As an unique fruit in the cosmic tree?
How may one realize the vacuum,
If is caught up in thick dreams?

I wonder who could strike down
Its saving strategies and its many pillars,
To see that Space holds on to nothing?

Is there anyone here ready
To abandon all conceptual frames,
And let the mind crash freely
Into the still Way?

Ayni Poet

Mistique Kiss

I follow your shadow arising at sunset,
I want to walk within your silver footsteps
They take me to a forest of beaming diamonds,
Where happy angels play violin on strings of trees.

Their wings are made of butterflies
Orchids blossom from the sky here,
And air is misty and warm
As it was before you were born.

Hot air balloons are up in the above,
Dancing between the seven rainbows of the days and nights,
I jump in one and grab you with,
Our translucent hands meld
As if they were carved in rock.

We're hovering now embraced with the wind,
In the ocean of the endless love
Your left eye weeps a tear of honey,
It flavors and kindles my innocent lips.

I dreamt we'd do this for so long,
To disappear in the pureness of white clouds
Tickled by particles of foam and fantasy,
We'd fly, together.

Ayni Poet

Mysterious Ways Of Life

When roses cast their miraculous nectar,
Their yellow petals and fragrant smile
On the green, fleecy body underneath,
Words can't pull into shapes anymore
As if unable to cluster and depict
The dance of thoughts and things.

Blowing like wind in space,
The mind scatters its last vectors
And falls back into a bottomless bay,
Forgets its knowledge and its lips are sealed,
Dipping into a mysterious Unknown void,
From where, after a while,
New buds will raise again.

Ayni Poet

Naked In Neutrality

Once a little star,
Was exercising balance on top of the stratosphere.

"Oh! I'm so small and vulnerable,
How could I ever hang safely in this vast sky? "

"The other stars have taught me survival tricks
But none worked, I'll be falling soon! "

"I'm clouded in clusters of thoughts and
I got folded in dead skin! "

Instantly a voice resonated in the azure,
It said:
"Miraculous flower blooming in glitter at night,
It's quite a privilege to be a luminous meander!
Stand boldly naked in neutrality,
That's what balance means."

Ayni Poet

No Escape For Those Asleep

Fluid fantasy injected in the mind's veins,
A nebula of outlines and accents arises,
Trees dance under fresh-green crowns,
Thoughts throw their waves far across the space.

Life's sap ferments in the honey jars and
Sweetness leaks over jowful crowds,
An empire of tints and sounds thrives
Within the sky's hugged arms.

Hardships walk beside euphoria and glam,
All seem to be lost in this dream of today,
Without escape riding the ebbs and flows,
Taking for real a cosmic joke!

Ayni Poet

No Mud, No Lotus!

Weary of kissing frogs and hugging snakes,
Of stepping barefoot on dead grass,
You often blame life for the unavoidable ugliness
And run away to hide!

Stratagems for avoiding what is
Repetitive, unknown or unpleasant
Require endless additions of new
Psychological makeup.

You want the colorful rose but not its thorns,
The loving touch of Sun and wind
Not tornadoes and burned skin
Yet, no mud no lotus my dear!

Ayni Poet

Om Mani Padme Hum

Laughter and thunder strike spontaneously,
Like thought and action springing from an unpredictable void,
Each thing is a phenomenal experience,
A face painted on faceless sand.

A non-dual reality is here,
The watcher, seeing and the seen utterly juxtaposed,
Waiting to be undoubtedly recognized,
In an instant conscious flash.

That which isn't puerile, neither matures,
Inexpressible by language or skin,
Is the precious stone, hidden
In the heart of the Lotus.

Om mani padme hum!

Ayni Poet

On A Flight Of The Divine

Above Gaea's silver face,
On a belt of fleecy clouds,
A wing sits and weeps all day long,
Lost in the story of life.

Agonizing in mind's distortions,
Its tears fall heavier and heavier
Sprinkling despair over the sky's breath,
Refusing the Sun's ebullient embrace.

"Put me back down, friend",
"I cannot fly", it utters in the wind's ears,
"Lift was my only burning desire,
But skin and drag belong on that squalid ground".

The wind smiles and pauses for a second,
Opens its ever young powerful lips and blows
A sweeping kiss with love and tenderness
Leaving together,
On a flight of the divine.

Ayni Poet

One Last Night

I lay awake, afraid of the sunrise that will come,
With you in the same bed.
You're resting so angelic,
I'm speechless and quite sad.

Sweet and flavored is your skin in the dark,
I fondle your cheek with mine
And gently push against your open lips,
I'm kissing soft, soft clouds tonight.

I raise and leave the room,
I search your black guitar with a lit candle in my hand
And strike its strings with tears, with lust.

This piece of carved wood encapsulates your joy,
Your voice of trance, your eyes of chocolate,
Melting in a glance of One.
I find drops of peace lifting from the ground,
My fingers can fall asleep at last.

I wish this night would never pass,
It is painted within my heart.

Your dazzling Being invades all corners of my core,
Stay please, oh stay!

Ayni Poet

One Night The Lamp Went On!

A thunder came although it was serene and restful,
A lightning shortly followed,
Striking the whole sky of Consciousness
Blurring differences between day and night!

The world had suddenly subsided,
Fireworks inside myself,
Lava of light unrolling,
That moment Truth came out!

The fiction of separatedness and materiality broke,
The "I" was gone and so was duality,
It is the same lava writing
The stanzas of Kabir, Milarepa and Rumi.

One night the lamp went on,
This Truth that wants to make itself known,
This brightness bursting from a million fires,
It is again here, in the paper and pen.

Ayni Poet

One Step Closer To Tao

It wears no shoes,
Its stride is everywhere, bare and enduring,
It governs all lands but does not command them,
One that has no history,
Or a destination to reach
It is called the Tao.

If you attempt to count more than One,
Numbers lose their order,
If attributes or merits are named,
The quintessence is jumbled.
It does not wait, neither does it hurry
Nothing has to change its course,
Tao accepts things as they are.

This is not only the underlying current
But the whole ocean's mass,
It beholds all vessels, which return to it
Even though never have they parted.

When things flourish,
It nurtures and sustains them by the law of nature.
When things decline,
Tao remains constant and unchanged.

Those who are contend and serene about its effects,
Acknowledge Tao's wit,
Those who attempt to influence its pace
Find themselves asynchronous with life.

It has no vocal chords but it uses,
Every animated voice to speak its truth.

Ayni Poet

One With The Ocean

Ice cubes floating on the field of water
As cotton on a sea of grass,
Hurting each other in their reckless drift
Edge upon edge,
Attempting to keep their pearly sides
Polished and even,
Away from the sticky salt.

Mastering to struggle not to get wet
Their movements are tights
Their shields are easy to break,
Why don't they abandon themselves
To that one warm longing each has
In their frozen cores,
To melt as ice and turn into
Wet salt?

Ayni Poet

Open Satsang

I have no taste, yet I am the quintessence of all your tastes
I have no face, yet faces appear because I am
You cannot trace me, I do not come from somewhere
I carry no voice, yet everything audible is my fairytale
I'm not a flower but my fragrance sparkles in your garden
I'm not a thought, I'm always beyond it.

Your breath is my temple, in which I pray without utterance
I dream in your body, but I'm not perceived in this dream
I whisper the sweet words that come to your mind
I'm the hand that writes beautiful poems,
Although I do not move, I simply Am.

I have no content, everything contains me
No origin, I'm here whenever
I'm the brush that waters and sketches shades in your paintings,
I conduct silently the orchestra playing "The World";.

You may think you recognize me in this verse,
And label me as one thing or another,
But I'm only the space in which all these attempts nimbly crash
I do not need or wear a name, isn't this so clear?

Release all search for me through your mind,
Lies simply get absorbed by the plenitude of Truth.

Ayni Poet

Orbiting The Field Of Being

The Sun walks its incandescent steps
Over the sea's blue bubbles and plankton,
Spills its firey breath over the palm leaves,
Painting the sand in milky sheer.

What a beautiful illusion,
The senses create a quantum soup
Which we all drink and enjoy
But rarely part the veils and layers.

A life spent of ripples is dust in the sky,
Who can dive into the ocean's deepness
And settle the most intense hunger,
That of unlocking the Reality's single code?

Countless clues are overlooked,
About the nature of "I" and "this",
A mystery cracking itself, showing the core
And recreating again its magical, unknown aura.

Ayni Poet

Orphans Of Wisdom And Life

Nomads in the desert's heart,
Racing their camels for their families to survive,
Living for the next cup of water and trip,
Dying for an escape from the dry, hostile land.

Every day they spin the roulettes of time,
And dig for precious metals in the sand,
But all they find is more sand,
Extreme heat and deep torment.

Nothing could change for these poor men,
The Truth is always in the dark for them,
Fearing to open the windows to the universal Tao,
Remain orphans of wisdom and Life,
Trapped in the relative world!

Ayni Poet

Paintings On Smoke

On a tranquil summer day,
I am following the wavy fibres
Of burning oriental bakhoor
How they loosen their atomic limits
Into a playful scene,
An unprepared tango of relaxation.

This aromatic, enigmatic smoke,
Lets go of any rigid corner,
It blends unconsciously
With the bubbles of fizzy air,
Whispering them a lullaby.

I feel as if smoke teaches
A lesson of fraternising with all
That encounters,
Just as the brush of an artist
Touches the canvas in every place
Inserting its moist presence in plasma and shades
Than disappearing,
Being absorbed by his own work.

Ayni Poet

Portals To The Infinite Open!

Out of moves, out of time
Flowing Life stripped of sensations,
The swords are being put down,
Horses we now got off from.

Atoms are resting and the mind is flat,
A millimetric approach to one's nature
Opens before the inner eye,
Millions of stanzas reduced to quietude!

And, in this instant of perfect clarity
Awareness discards all layers of the world,
Gazing into its formless truth,
As the sea contemplates the stars,
Until infinity!

Ayni Poet

Portrait Of A Lover

I paint you in vibes,
In light, in symbols and in dark,
In fullness and in emptiness,
Without space or time,
Across the endless flow of the smooth sky.

The middle way is always there,
A path that you (Beloved) created,
I walk on it with complete balance,
As I depart towards a palace.

I picture you as a steamy voice,
Stars and birds are singing with,
And sublime goddesses join in
You charm them with your quiet songs.

I dance in your sacred fire,
Wearing the naked Love,
I bathe in the ocean of ecstasy,
Where there's no "I", no "You",
We're One, unspoken, untouched.

I'm diving in your depths, in mine,
I feel your gentle pulse,
Coming from no-where,
Staying as no-thing,
Sublime,
Absolute.

I fly seven thousands miles,
Carried by a seductive veil
Moved solely by a whispering wind.

I celebrate your jazzy moves,
I honor us as Source,
I am enchanted by this living dream.

I portray you through hypnotic eyes,
With the hands full of roses, leaking in Heart,

I live into your forever-stillness,
Into "I am";.

I turn myself to you, the Self itself,
For boundless shine and love,
Presence, Consciousness... it is only you.

Ayni Poet

Postcard From A Sage

Once a man was satiated
With his plaintive life and lacks,
He thought withdrawing in a cave
Would leave behind his pain and gloom!

Little did he know that
Tortuous paths are also in the dark,
Heated thoughts arise also in the cold,
Firm ground and thick enough walls
Nowhere can be found!

One day before the entrance of the cave
A sage sat to rest his old and tired legs,
And greeted the man who pretended
Not knowing to speak and turned away!

Soon the night unraveled its black tunic
And this man went to sleep on the rocks,
But in his dream the sage appeared,
Murmuring:
" The ego's cave follows you everywhere,
Until its sorcery dies in the Truth of Life! "

Ayni Poet

Pulsing Spirit In The Maze Of Life

Rhymes and roses woven into silk paper,
Sweet language releasing odors of erudition,
Meaning and comprehension subside into stilness,
Being glows free of texture or weight!

In the fire of fight or while deeply resting,
The undercurrent of Tao infuses all things,
While lotus flowers come to life and die,
The water holds them easily beyond time!

Days may drown in fuss and confusion,
The mind could toss in its endless dramatic dialogues,
But you, this nameless aware Spirit
Are incessantly sitting down, at the core of existence!

Aum

Ayni Poet

Questions And Answers - The Gamble

On a blank surface, completely inert
Dots converge as if aligning on a beam,
Stitching themselves into perceptible scratches,
Enlarging in interesting sketches.

When a question configures, models a silhouette,
It's a scratch - rushed or slow-moving
Searching for a place where textures are sawed,
Embodied in a sketch that can be read:
An answer.

Once here, the scratches lose power,
Their captivating glamour and subsiding importance,
Dying, resting, dispersing any ornaments
In the still realm,
Where the first dot seeded.

This play of Mind - Leela, keeps one hooked
Rusting in a sour Samsara,
Tasting confusion and drama,
Following the scenes and images of Maya
Orchestrating fantasies,
Squashing in polarities,
Chasing ghosts, illusions of thoughts
Widely fascinated, believing it is real.

The surface alone is the distinctive Real,
That which never chases, but sees the chasing
Unaffectedly holding the dots, the stories,
Here,
The questioner dissolves.

Ayni Poet

Refinement Of The Ocean

Punctuate the links of those spider thoughts,
Which pester the epiphysis,
Discharging an avalanche of narrative ribbons,
Unconsciously petrifying you with
The shake of their lasso,
Hampering a precious option
Tasting relief from their load and tang,
Experiencing the blank,
A no-mind Truth.

There is no salvation from things,
Those are thought-created content,
Ultimately worthless thin air,
Could you abide without a restrictive identity,
Without any calibre of the "I"?
Ruminate in the Changeless,
Where doubts, searches and convolutions
Willingly subside
To the tide of Sunyata,
The ecstatic ocean of no return.

Ayni Poet

Relax In A Capsule Of Beauty

I sink in a tube filled with purple petals of iris,
Flowers of gratitude surround me like reviving kisses,
They're the core and the skin of a subtle body,
A mellow emanation of an unknown steam.

Intoxicating fragrance of fresh life,
Invades the universes of my Being
Drunk in a world of One, not two or more,
I see that flow happens, it comes to you
There is no doer or something done,
Only a movement of the consciousness divine.

I bend over the edge of solidity,
I find that everything I witness dissolves into the magic air within
Not needing to grasp, not needing to walk or talk,
Forever resting in no-time, no-space,
In an encompassing, precious truth.

I lay on the root of a brotherly oak
In sweet hypnosis I dive,
My body is limb and peaceful
And in suspension is the mind.

The silence merges with a bluish breath
I relax completely on the loving leaves,
In the water's slow quivers
There is a weightless feeling floating,
And I become anew
Present in now,
Absent in time,
Expanding and contracting,
An iris collapsing in its own garden,
Being Home.

Ayni Poet

Reverie By The Piano

A black hand reaches out straight through the sky
I touch it and sink it in my left palm,
You're singing through my ears
But quickly you stop,
and disappear.

Steamy memories revive a story of challenged romance
My fingers fall on the burning piano keys,
And you appear in front of my eyes
Charming as a divine being,
A creature born from beyond Forms.

You land and take off like an orange butterfly
I stay peaceful in awe and contemplation,
Your scent strikes me into a dear trance
If only I could embrace your soul,
And kiss your pretty face.

Ayni Poet

Rodeo Life

You sat down for a ride,
Through stunning valleys, sharp crevasses
In the hectic modulations of turbo forwards,
Shaking in ups and downs,
Sipping pain and pleasure with the same glass.

Effort was a motivating anthem,
A guiding chorus sung almost
Without a break for a steady breath,
Or a moment of full relaxation
Of the agitated soul.

Tension is poison, not fuel
Life is not a battle ground
For those having a thick spine.

Free yourself from the tyranny
Of such a torturing game.

Ayni Poet

Sadness Makes You Old

Your sharp rays are hanging onto blue walls of rocks
Made of a rotten foam,
They're hiding lately in a dusty closet
Scattered like beads on hot sand.

Your piano keys have forgotten the allegro melodies
Or maybe they don't recall the existence of a piano anymore
The happy fingers can't touch the velvet heart
In which all of your priceless pearls used to be stored safely.

You frenetically stare into the blurry mirror,
It's not the Truth you're seeing,
The eyes weep stars of silver shine and time.
Your chest flips like a coin spinning on the table,
Hoping to catch those falling stars, millions coming and going,
And revive.
But your cheeks feel them as heavy as all the seconds that went by,
Since the Birth of Time.

What is missing, I ask this wrinkled soul?

There's a time to die from a body!
There's a time to live in the Absolute.

Ayni Poet

Satyam Shivam Sundram (Truth-Godliness-Beauty)

Satyam,
Original Spirit
Water and thirst together,
Unapproachable by thought's claws,
Nature of Truth,
Words tainting it.

Shivam,
That which is and is not,
The wind curling in a dream,
A seal which liberates itself,
Colossal and nothingness,
Eternal brooks supplied by
A metaphysical ocean.

Sundram,
Source mirroring Source,
Perplex Beauty in love,
Elastic curves filling fathomless dimensions
Mind's created ecstasy,
Lax exploration
Within.

Monologue deaf to duets,
A mystical trinity,
Music for ears that want to hear,
The zero before any One,
Brahman.

Ayni Poet

Serenade In The Galaxy

The optic nerve lies in a honey swamp
Like a cockroach sitting on his back,
Dancing with his feet in the sky
Tickling Venus onto her fragrant brocade hair,
Seductively smiling at Mercury, suspended in a spike,
Reading earthy poetry to Sirius.

And hop!
He jumps on the sleeping cloud,
Coated with a coffee-flower blanket,
Wearing beads of fine mist,
A cloud of aerated dreams,
Thrown there by men and angels,
Tailored from their hearts.

Ayni Poet

Serene Eyes Looking Into The Divine Heart

Here a modicum of mind flaunts
Let it flatten, don't pick up ideas
Thoughts cannot portrait your essence-Heart
They only eclipse the eternal Mystery!

Wake from the abyss of ignorance today,
Transcend the masks of time and shapes!
What is uncreated and belongs to no one,
That can't be shared or extinguished?

Ampler than the world, all pervassive
A luminous beam which knows not
How to condemn or sustain,
Existing free of belief about itself.

It cannot be put in or out,
Does not descend from anywhere,
Travels not in bodies,
Everything is passing, except it!

Those who think they reached it,
Have taken a false route,
Don't perpetuate a life of ignorance
Behold that plain Spaciousness!

Ayni Poet

Shades Of The Transparent

Mystical dust thrown in the air,
The show of life presents its plots
Hell and ecstasy braided like hair,
Endless games creation plays!

Through tunnels, deserts and forests,
Under the sea's moist, warm dress,
Along sharp canyons and untold stories,
All paths arise and fall back into the Void!

No one sees it but it sees everyone,
Rain and lips touch only in its graceful presence,
Thought flies through its vastness,
The Heart is its other name.

Ayni Poet

Shanti (Peace) - Sleeping With The Sea

The dusk arrives tonight dressed in
An arabesque veil of fire
Angels are landing on the sleeping sea
A moment of Stillness arises with the wind.

Orchids are sliding from the whitish clouds of silk and milk
Air's bubbles are stitched in beats of gongs
As if waves of chaotic sounds are tangled by a mysterious force
Uniting them forever, sheltering them in the Void of Existence
Just as the leftovers of the day are hosted
on the purple beach.

The world is awakening to the Pulse of the darkness
With twigs of Spirit spinning in the Mandala of Life

Now we're all walking with lotus feet, with shapeless bodies,
Beyond any type of form,
Living in the palace of Immortality
As royals of a Kingdom of Love
Never leaving the garden of Truth.

And I,
I, am lying on the bottom of the sea
Sinking in the steam of Presence,
Of nothingness,
Of sacred peace,

OM SHANTI SHANTI SHANTI.

Ayni Poet

Shiva Whispers To Shakti

The kinetic vehicle and the static path
Contained within each other
Are unable to distill into fractions,
Bound forever to smile with the same mouth.

Seeds of immanent creation blown from the Emptiness
Passing through a flickering candle,
Dormant power and full force thrust,
The common and the ultimate are One.

Clouds and space dancing together
Releasing that magic of kundalini,
Pendulums engaged in inertia swinging high,
Revealing Maya and its own transcendence.

Illusion and Reality whispering
Sweet nothings in shapes and names,
On a bed of orchids,
This is the primordial yoga,
Indestructible, tantric Love.

Ayni Poet

Silence In Satsang

At the edge of imagination,
Where Mind melts into Love,
A great happening strikes one's Self,
Shaking life of dreams and detritus,
Clearing hearts of shadows and clouds.

It is Now that one sits
In a cave which holds the origin
Of Light and dust,
Picking up slowly the pearls of Tao,
Absorbed in bewilderment, Oneness
And Grace.

It is Here that one sits
On the lap of Silence for eternity,
Knowing there is no end or disruption
To the beautiful Satsang.

Ayni Poet

Slaves Of The Earth

Kneeled in the sunlight,
Men of various heights and castes
Crawl to work on the dry soil,
With wounded hands,
Bodies in pain and sorrow,
For baskets full of fruits
And cities lost in darkness.

Poor souls, poor spirits
Have made the Earth their Sun,
A source of light and guidance
In a syncopated, dreadful existence,
They are enslaved by confusion,
Estranged to their Original face.

Ayni Poet

Snapshot Of A Shadowy Scene

Lightning striking everywhere
Disrupting an ecstatic stillness,
Buildings shaking on their firmament,
Hearts tossing in smoky sand,
Twisted messages flying across the sky,
Brothers repelling one another,
The world of things shrivels in pain.

Moments of splendor and scenes of horror,
Greed and rush ruling minds,
Marathons ran for false satisfaction,
A mirage of betterment clouding eyes,
Fire and ice swallowed
By an ignorant, opaque Earth.

Ayni Poet

Softness Or Vertigo?

A hand rolling beige satin gloves
On the arms of a youthful soul,
Energized by the exhilarating currents
Discharged through life's chiffon arteries.

Taught to judge quickly
And look with a finical sight,
To touch rather with scissors
Instead of charmeuse palms,
It lives in dizziness and misperception,
Engrossed to raise iron shields
To defend the "I";.

An earlobe prone to dip
Into loud, unrefined sounds
Of a sour egotistic world
Stretched to its deviant, atrocious extremes,
Corrupts and mutilates
Its innate, most resplendent flair
The divine reflex of softness,
A number one, essential trait,
The finesse of Being.

Ayni Poet

Status Of Consciousness

A world of division and one of bliss
Concurrently flower to be experienced,
By an awareness that contains
All names and forms.

One is like a cartesian theater,
A mise-en-scene for the many,
Sleepwalkers rotating in burlesque lives,
Thriving on comedy and tragedy,
Impossible to transcend the addiction
To separation, pain and otherness,
To the shadow identities they undertake,
A laissez-faire bound inevitably to self-decimate
As a monster crushing to die.
Tempus fugit, aegri somnia.

The kingdom of bliss
Is life without a center,
A long kiss of Unity-Love,
No marionettes roam around,
Completion is already here,
Thus variation can't be known.
The omnifarious is toneless
Because the Mind is quiet, succumbed in Source,
Tip-toe walking happens by its own
Even though there aren't any feet,
Absolutum dominum.

Which one,
Light Being
Is the status of your Consciousness?

Ayni Poet

Stillness By Itself Shines

For a hideaway, you sought
Under the summer night's showers of stars,
In the chink between two words,
Where mundane clothes can crumble,
And stillness alone speaks.

Energy suits eviscerated,
Sirens are no longer heard,
Fire blended with water softly,
Plasma discharged its unseen elements,
The urgency for thought has suddenly stalled.

An incision has been made,
Beyond the foggy circus of life,
Into galactic hollowness,
More stupendous than
All marvels of the experienced world.

Ayni Poet

Sweet Water Is Not The Sacred Nectar

From beyond space, form and time
The infinite pictures the finite
And a reverie of energy and world,
Happening in a tavern-like scene.

You arrive here with a body-mind frame
Avid for growth, wisdom and beauty
Thirsty for knowledge and exploration
Addicted to doing and thinking.

Fervent eyes screen the mundane,
Mouths are too full of words
Backs tired of weight-lifting,
Mind playing the drunkards as puppets !

Dizziness and confusion prevail and rule,
But everybody is drunk on sweet water with lime,
For very few had a cup of wine
And surprinsigly, those are sober!

Ayni Poet

Tears And Death Mingle On Earth

It's midnight and the stratosphere
Is agitated and frightened,
The Earth is screaming and crying
So loud that startles the entire galaxy.

Mars from afar asks:
" What happened dear brother? "
But the Earth can't stop its tears,
It calls upon the rain to wash its little face.

"I'm hopelessly just a battle field of men
Who turned my beauty and tranquility
Into terrible ugliness and mess,
Noisy, dirty and full of lies!

A home for tyrants and beasts
I've always been,
Sheltering the sharp clash of egos
But no more, I simply can't..! ! "

It's voice muted, the last tear lifted in the sky
Exhausted and sad,
The Earth closed its heart and lids
And died.

Ayni Poet

That Love Of Spirit

Lover of Truth, I speak to you
About the greatest discovery one can make
There are no steps or effort,
To submerge deeply underneath these words.

Infatuated with the vibrant
Bazaar of experiences in which you walk,
The focus got so narrowed,
That one might feel like a lost dot.

Switches can be turned on or off,
Sequences of polarities played infinitely
Intrigues giving birth to newly plots
But have you found what has
No opposites or variations,
No heaven and no hell?

That Love of Spirit, may hold you all!

Ayni Poet

The Artist Touches Upon The Eternal

Inviting words to come sway
Under the limelight of a thought
Then,
Watching them sit for a heavy rest
On pearly pages,
After drinking sufficient ink
And filling up with the Beloved's whispers
Or perhaps,
Witnessing how feet enliven
With arched steps and beautiful rhythm
Going quick, quick, slow
The dancer becomes the dance
Hearing a music that never dies,
The artist
Lets the strings of his guitar
Be played by the Mover in his fingers
Resonating towards inert walls
Instilling them with joy and life,
As a cloth eager to radiate its texture
Bringing tints and angles to a nude body,
Spontaneous expressive acts of the Heart
Carry without realizing,
The signature of the Eternal.

Ayni Poet

The Atmosphere Of The Self

Sunset in a teardrop, breaking the sadness
Pearls leaking from the rainbows' curves,
The beach coated with soft coconut flakes,
A sea too steady to stir any waves!

Nebulae of thoughts and feelings burning up their gas,
Into the space of Emptiness,
Not even an aeon touches its beautiful silent smile,
Not even a rose can fondle its face and hands!

That unspoken mystery, omnipresent and omnipotent
Can only be acknowledged through its own sight,
Watching the world's illusory meanings arise, play,
And succumb easily, under its own flawless nature!

Ayni Poet

The Best Day In Life

Aware experience sliced artfully
Into series of infinite, active sequences
In semblance stretching throughout
A colorful life.

One day it feels as if
A plate of stones was served to you
Having to chew to their last molecule,
Another one feels as if
Air embroiders your weightless body
With orchids and frankincense mist.

One more goes by,
And your mind sparks as if
Illuminated by seraphs and demigods,
One day you find yourself
Vacuumed, devoid of "I".

By far, this is
One not to omit,

The best day in life.

Ayni Poet

The Buddhas In The World

A sea of sensations casts rain on him,
Coming from a perennial spring beneath the sky
Permeating its Being yet staying dry,
His skin has not a limit of in or out,
Neither encloses or discharges quantum rays,
Free of past, innocent to the future,
Alert, elastic and aware
He steps but traces dissolve immediately,
He's here on the behalf of the Unnamed.

Surpassing the wrong and right,
Luxury and ruin are equal to him,
Noticing the shriveling of wanting,
Temptations and denials are flattened,
Living moment by moment,
Through the daily,
Among the dissonant or the awakened ones,
Paving their way with anemones,
Beautifying their soul with spaciousness,
Incognito kissing all foreheads with peace,
Stilling frenzied minds and bodies,
This open infinity
Is here as a cup quenching the thirsty,
Pouring everywhere
Fluid Consciousness.

Ayni Poet

The Gift Of This Moment

Gondoliers row their vessels on the turquoise lagoon,
Delighting in the Sun's mild sight,
Children are smiling for the first time,
Letters lay down and cheer books' pages,
Voices join in a bhajan song,
Prayers lift from the hearts of trees,
Skies open their infinite chests,
Forests humbly bow to their firmament,
The air coats in an ylang-ylang veil,
Butterflies are kissing the galaxies,
Some flowers are sleeping
Others tell stories to the wind,
Friends of all species unite in an universal hug,
A few tears are playing on the grass blades
Whispering to each other:
The gift of this moment,
We fully receive!

Ayni Poet

The Goddess Of Waves

On the wings of frozen metal,
The echoes of a spider's step rush,
And icy shells are murmuring a song
Underneath foamy shores sinking in epic solitude.

The goddess of the beach is waking up,
To greet the morning with her holy, untouched smile
And comfort the sea's pain,
Blowing love and warmth from her ruby hair.

She steps graciously with her diamond shoes,
Wearing as gown just particles and fragments of wind
Her onyx eyes are softly embracing the sea,
Her breath kisses the dreamy waves.

Ayni Poet

The Human Rose

The world came to you,
As a place to experience
The ripples of tints and time,
The songs of names,
The tickle of loving eyes,
In a garden with scenic views
And decaying pavilions.

You raise gracefully,
Delighted to wear the Sun's coat of rays,
Consoling the mad clouds when they cry,
Offering those who stop to gaze
A moment when shadows are
Lost in Light,
In your presence,
Life regains its esoteric charm,
At your feet,
Foreheads find the astonishing Peace.

Ayni Poet

The Image And The Mystery

This day barely cracked,
Through the zipper of the black satin night,
A lotus flower awaits in bliss
The first splash of liquid lights and wind.

By its side, on the shore of the lake
A gentle presence contemplates,
Immersed into stillness and beatitude,
Cross legged on the spring grass bed.

Transcended of sorrow,
Innocent as one without knowledge or desire,
Free as a tear rolling down steeply,
In loving brotherhood with everything around.

Electrified by his impeccable white drapery,
With delicate folds and simple lines,
Passers by pinch him with curious eyes,
But alter not his soft and supple gaze.

Not a prisoner inside a skin or a mind,
Without a preference for sunshine or rain,
Touched equally by kindness and cruelty,
Awakened from the cellular sleep,
The Buddha lives here,
And beyond.

Ayni Poet

The One Without A Story

The Lovers of Truth gathered
Vacant of words, bare of minds and hands,
To celebrate
Their oneness with the Beloved,
To savour the cup of freedom spilled over each heart,
Their release from gravity
The epilogue of a worldly mirage,
Their awakening from ignorance and confusion,
The return to an endless horizon,
The halt of any mystical voyage!

Those who surfed the clouds,
Travelled with the stars,
Searched for the same Pearl,
Abandoning all their boats in the middle of the sea,
Merged now their hands of Love,
Realizing they were brothers with the wind,
The empty Sky!

Ayni Poet

The Other

Two souls are hanging on a branch of tree,
They're playing with each other,
In the early morning as they wake up
One, next to the other.

A pair of birds sings to them softly,
The rays of sun reach out their core
Petals of white roses fall from the sky
And a blue angel lands to keep them warm.

One minute they're together, one hour they're apart
Right now they smile, tomorrow they will cry
Endlessly fearing, restlessly loving
Always longing for each other.

The wind suddenly starts to blow
It's fierce and truly uncaring
These silk souls need to be safe,
Sheltering together.
One soul crashes on the ground
It spreads in millions of diamonds
This is a broken light that wraps the tree
And all soon turns into darkness.

'I'm lost' screams the other soul sliding down
'I can't be here without you, babe'
'You were my pair, my other half'
All that ignites...my spark, tonight.

Ayni Poet

The Place Where All Paths Conclude

A new morning blooms as if
Born from the Moon's silver mouth,
And those living bellow
Start their feet for the mundane run.

Like butterflies and ants they chase
All day long that sweet, enchanting nectar,
The one which fills the void that scares them,
And makes them plunge in glittery lakes.

If one could aliviate for a tenth second,
That discontent, fear of loss and gloom,
A delusive happiness would surface
But fastly fade and be left behind!

Only those who walk on the inner thread of Silence
Fall deep into the void,
Awakening beyond anything,
Where all paths terminate,
Knowing,
They are the indescribable Void.

Ayni Poet

The Point Of No Return

Voices have softened their parabolic turns,
Images and words evade the rows,
Solvating their substance into spacious void,
Cyclic breath exists its loops.

A shift of perception has taken over,
Chasing illusions loses its jaunty charm,
Awareness drops its creations,
Looking at itself without lens.

There is no center here or periphery,
Differences and familiarity dispersed any meaning,
The secret each luminous Being is striving to decode
Becomes known.

Ayni Poet

The Prison Of 'i Know'

A choking wind strikes in millions of directions,
Releasing a misty bundle of concepts and forms,
Fragmenting perception with sharpest knives,
Entrapping behind bars the truthful master,
Defining itself as a hungry mind.

Getting lost in a cave, infatuated with an air of Known
Obstructs the vision of the pure sky,
It is as watching through a window with a single view,
As painting with a monochrome brush.

'I know' seduces only a fool,
The wise turns away from an army of liars,
It moves using unvarnished boats,
Dropping those stones that are being carried,
One by one,
Into the bottomless Unknown.

Something known assumes a temporary meaning,
At times dressed up in majestic, finest clothes
Yet after serving the plate of juicy fruits,
Its sweet, short-lived perfumes crumbles.,
Shattering its atoms of apparent fascinating beauty,
In this Unknown from which shapes were molded.

Hypnotic casts pretend to capture a depth
Which cannot be drilled or understood,
Covering with finite, enslaving labels
The Grand mystery of Life.

When will you wake up from the world of thought?

Ayni Poet

The True Face Of Peace

When the ropes of mind no longer tie you,
And the body is seen as just a bunch of sensations,
The world will reveal its complete transparency,
And appearance within a dreamy Self.

When you ceased being pulled into time's walls
Boundaries and contours relax into the eternal
The ego's smoke disintegrates into
An ever-fresh space of atmic Consciousness.

Ideas derail their trajectories and load
Thinking vanishes into Being
And you find yourself naked of any "I",
Pure, radiant Peace!

Ayni Poet

The Way, The Truth And Life

Lips burning again to speak,
Words fervently tossing,
Fingers attempting to sculpt
Life's wisdom into daily clay.

Beings of Divine,
Man meets his years on Earth,
Enticed by life's cinematic circumstances,
Squeezed between the spider arms
Of vacuous happens,
Endeavoring to keep what fears to quit having,
Building bastions for its own comfort
Losing himself in a world of things,
Striving to become a thick book with fulfilled dreams
Realizing not that,
He ain't a small fragment
Bound to raise, fall and disappear
In the cracks of the universe,
Slurped within a span of time,
But a star born from Love's mystical eye,
Which holds the entire sky inside.

And so,
The Way, the Truth and Life
Is shown to us,
Those that See.

Ayni Poet

This Taste Cannot Be Forgotten

Words without make-up,
Mind without interpretations,
Life without beliefs and shoulds,
Running without a runner,
A sky without clouds or sun,
Richness without belonging,
Poorness without suffering,
An embrace in the absence of grasping,
Doing without will,
Chopped wood not needed for fire,
Sitting without worry or want,
Joy and peace void of reason,
Have you savoured them in your heart?

Ayni Poet

Time

I would lock you in a tiny, blue bottle
And throw you in the restless ocean
You'd fall effortlessly on a bed of shells
And weed would spiral around your shapeless curves.

I would blow you far, far into galaxies of dust
Where no light could ever reach
You'd vanish in a fuzzy, silent darkness
And sleep deeply on top of clouds.

I can't see you with my earthly eyes
Yet my soul can feel you pulsating,
In each breath that I count,
In all those sounds, which decompose.

You're here to remind us that we're on a journey,
You signal us your presence in each our breath
And make us glide in your fake steps.
I illusory find you in the stillness of the mountain rocks,
I touch you in my inner strings.

I would burry you in sand castles on the beach
But your sacred fragrance would escape
I would hang you by the Sun's rays
But then how would I know that I'm alive,
Who are you, Time?

Ayni Poet

Today, This One Day

I carry with me the traces of birds left in the woven of air
I carry with me the sounds of an allegro piano playing at sunrise
I carry my childhood squeezed in the candy resting on the bottom of my purse!

I carry with me the perfume of mom's old house by the river
I carry with me the bliss of making the first snowman in the park
I carry with me the unforgiving wind that screams by the corners of the windows,

Late, late at night.

I carry with me the sadness of a dry rose forgotten in a small pewter vase for years
I carry with me the crisp of a lifetime lover's kiss.
I carry the excitement of a rosy liquid poured in the air from a cold champagne glass.
I carry the easiness of a silk scarf covering a teen's shoulders
I carry with me the grace of a leaf floating on the foam of Time.
I carry with me the texture of God's greatest fairytale,
It's you, my dear Soul.

Ayni Poet

Waves Of Illumination

Metallic armour around the shoulders,
Chains pricking the legs,
Skewers stuck in the soft chest,
Embroidment of the mind,
Fuss of the heart,
Storm in action,
Tightness of breathing,
Shuffle of the cards,
A volcano seething with lava,
A cube cutting via its edges,
A lovely bud turned into a thorn
Is man living
In the sneaky clothes
Of an individual Self.

It ain't a reason for despair,
The prisons are imagined!
For those willing to investigate
The associated "I",
Naturally private lens will be abandoned,
An instant witnessing occurs,
A transpersonal dimension,
Waves of illumination igniting,
Deep and sharp,
Steady and eternal,
Swallowing the darkness of the phenomenal,
Disclosing a radiant, numinous land
The ultimate Reality,
The nature of God.

Ayni Poet

Ways Of India

On the banks of Ganges river,
In Benares, the city of the great sage Kabir,
Away from the galactic swirling,
Life unites with deep space waves.

Many come here from far,
Looking for hope, candles and shrines,
To drink the cup of the supreme love,
To wash the memories engraved in their flesh.

There's a lissome woman sitting on the crowded ghat,
Her summer blonde hair falls onto the ground,
Enveloping her silk, majestic sari as a wide mantel of pure light,
Eclipsing the darkness around.

Durga's temple is where she contemplates,
Yet knows that what is searched for has no house,
It's in the stream of the river, in the hundreds of birds that learn to fly,
In the sadhus, ascetics and in each simple man,
An inner teacher, guru, shows her unmistakably,
The natural way.

Ayni Poet

We Still

I still find you flying in my twilight skies,
I still see you hiking through hefty mountains,
I still kiss your copper lips,
You still touch me like a rainfall of stars.

I still breathe your arousing tropical taste
I still feel your hidden gloom.
I still sing along with you lost whispers to the Moon.

You still swim throughout each of my tears
You still remember my tender embraces, I am sure.
I still...
have you in my heart.

Ayni Poet

What Is Your True Stance?

Walking on wires a lifetime,
On wet forest grass or
On broken, frozen stars
Legs recline always on supportive grounds.

We cling easy to the ropes we find,
To the hands that push us forward,
We fly with the birds hundreds of miles
Looking for safety in the baren sky.

An artifice for survival or
The ticket which brings fear and strength,
Relying on things or the mind's fairytales
Is the sure way to be bound!

But Spirit never uses the lift of the air,
Neither grips to any strong trees
To stand as it is,
Free, unbound and unseen!

Ayni Poet

Where A Sage Dwells, Where The World Happens

In the midst of fortune,
In the fullness of affliction,
Under the raising sun or
Beneath the shade of fragrant forests,
Refuge there is not, for a sage.

Battles may come and go,
Melodies of bliss carry on,
Flat days or heretic nights unfold
His light doesn't dim or amplify,
Awareness never moves an inch.

Those that only witness
The grand emanation of mind,
This passing world,
Know with serenity that
Trully, there is no where to stand.

Ayni Poet

Where The Ineffable Tao Utters

Adrenaline curtails its molecules,
Therefore, emotions temper their fuss.

Passion exhausts its pathos,
Thus blood is free from boiling and alteration.

Expectations become inert to the outcome,
So things are naturally proceeding from Tao.

Intellect rubs out its cleverness,
Thus wisdom raises from underneath.

Rush puts on hold its alertness,
Thus one can enjoy sipping slow in life.

Selfishness sinks its vitriolic margins,
Therefore what is multiple gathers into one.

Ego collapses its illusory appearance,
Happiness is no longer aspired but inherent.

Goodness releases its morality,
Sprouting bona fide from a pure heart.

Speech dims its neat metaphors,
Tao is noble, simple and wordless.

Ayni Poet

Who Is This Train?

The valley where the Codes of the Universe reside
Is split by webs of tracks,
A train, always in the hurry, slides on them,
At times with ease,
At times with fierce,
Believing its purpose is to be somewhere, on the move,
That there are golden, royal stations waiting,
That it compulsively needs to reach.

This train travels with the speed of thoughts
Converging, pulsing in a busy mind,
Just as a bullet oscillating in the electromagnetic field,
Caught up in a marathon of deeds,
Crossing a territory of exquisite jewelry and revealing charm,
Onboard an ephemeral body of steel.

Fueled by agitation, thrill of heights
Foolishly confronts the winds and heavy snow,
Inferring that those refine its powers and shape
Deluded in the magic of emulated choice.

It seldom cools off and even then, it blames the rain,
Wordly passions burn its heart to poison ashes
Unwilling to step outside the tracks for a while,
It got addicted to the taste of lies.

Remaining unconscious yet greatly alert
Breathing the thick fog of seasonal dust,
This train is drinking the wine of losses and gains,
Eating the fruits of Grace,
Bathing hectic in champagne called 'a good life',
As if it strives so hard to fulfill,
The Prophecies of Darkness.

The train is not a toy, a trap, a role
Why can't it see this?

There's a hand of ether dispersing in amnesiac steel.

Winter In An Artist's Studio

The cryogenic morning ray,
Got caught in the heel of her shoes,
Higher than Kilimanjaro,
Thin as a bird's delicate leg.

It whirls in the sticky, thick snow
Unpredictable,
Vibrating clear harmony,
Like the sounds of a Tibetan gong.

It's pale now,
The ray lost its golden body,
It wears only the silver wind,
With turquoise garlands and colored buttons.

The beam touches a wall
With frozen metal statues,
Decorating the grand white windows
Of an artist's studio.

It's an ordinary winter day
For the creative master,
Which fixes his eyes upon the ray
And asks it about her.

But the ray cannot talk to him,
It's muted
As an afternoon on the ocean's bottom,
With magical stones,
Pink fishes and tall plants moving slowly,
Keeping the precious mermaid - his muse,
Away and safe,
Letting him fantasize
About the heels of her red velvet shoes.

Ayni Poet

Words In The Eden Of Beingness

Fragments of sounds and lyrical syllables,
Expressions of duality steaming from the non-dual,
Are randomly sitting in palatial stanzas,
Sculpting one more poem.

Life unravels its lurks and knots,
Making its nature visible and fragrant,
Beauty potting words,
Thoughts going back to their roots.

That serum which is embodied in writing,
Is in itself fluid Spirit, spilled over
In bricks of mysterious language,
Paving the Eden of Beingness.

Ayni Poet

You Weren't Touched

Hiding under warm, soothing blankets,
One has retracted from a false battlefield
Thinking there was something to gain or clasp,
Grieving now a loss.

In bloody stains he seems to be covered,
The heavy clothes need to be shredded,
Those thoughts of brokenness and nullity
Are leading one astray.

Healing is just a metaphor for reflection,
Only when a face is worn
Tales of suffering can be told.

Essence cannot be cut, punctured,
Hurt or dimmed,
One's Self is forever untouched,
Unpolluted,
Has never met the harm.

Ayni Poet