

A dramatic sky with blue and orange clouds, silhouetted trees in the foreground.

DROPS FROM HEAVEN

Essays and lovepoems
by Johanan

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Those written words all as bloody tears shed
rose from my inner well,
as a spring they trickled out, they could not be withheld
so alive they are to me:
I feel them in my life, I hear them with my inner ear!
I see them in the world with my inner eye:
You who seek the truth in this world. What do you see?
What do you hear? What do you feel?
Take your own little candle; it exists within you, somewhere.
Give the candle light by accepting your destiny!
Walk on until you reach the end!
A free soul.



The little flower

Under the dark, frozen earth was dwelling a seed for a flower. It was so dark there, and she felt so lonely. The gardener who had sown her, had sown other seeds beside her in the ground: She could not really see them, because of the dark - but their small voices were heard when they communed among themselves, about what light could be. But none of them knew; only she herself, all the time, felt a deep longing within, that tiny seed: a longing she could not explain because it was without words.

On the other side of the dark where light was, there the summer came: a warm wave filled her with great strength and desire, then she stopped to listen to all the voices in the dark, instead she pressed her way through, by the strength of that warm wave, until her shell broke and she shoot up, breaking the earth.

There she was, out of the dark ground, and she saw the light,; so beautiful. And she lifted up her little head to face the sun, witch gave her that warmth from the beginning, and she loved him, but not with perfect love as yet.

In the meanwhile, under the earth, still talks went on what light could be ... and many died there, without ever knowing or seeing. They all may have felt the warmth, but were too busy talking. The little seed which now had begun to take form as a rose, had forgotten all about the dark, where she before had been, and also the voices down there, if she at all, did think about that time; so strange to her, because here everything was so real, and everything around her, so full of beauty: only she wished to really, love someone.

Then she asked the sun, her first love, and said, "watch my beauty, for I am scarlet of love, and my heart is full of desire" She began to bloom; to give and to receive, to send her sweet savour by the wind in hope to conceive from a lover.

Other roses, as herself, those who came to the light, responded to her call and said, " See! We are your friends, your sisters."

The bees came, attracted by her saviour, but soon left when finished to suck from her nectar.

No other love did she meet, before her leaves began to wither and fall, and the cold wind was blowing over a empty stalk. Her season of light and love was over, and she found no lover.

A time of coldness and darkness passing over the frozen land, while the life of the little rose remains in her root under the ground: patiently she waits for the warm wave to return, that again she may come to the light and bloom in the summer. She hears all the voices around her in the dark, about what light may be, and everyone seems so anxious, to know.

But when she tells them about the light, and the life there, some laugh at her words, others, say that she is a fool. So then she keeps silent, while they continue babbling.

Again the summer is coming, on the other side of the dark, and when she feels the warm wave as a voice, it speaks to her, "Rise up my love! Now is the time." She knows what is waiting for her ...

She blooms and sends her sweet savior by the wind saying, "Behold my beauty, for I am scarlet of love and full of desire!"

Once again, the other roses standing beside her reply, saying, "See, we are your friends and sisters," - Again the bees come to suck her sweetness; and again she lifts up her face to the sun. But a lover she finds not.

Her leaves start to wither and fail, and the cool wind blows over the stalk ...

Passing years mature her. Her root grows. She is well experienced in true life: and the coming summer when she desires a lover and sees the other roses around her, she says, "Yeah you are truly my friends and sisters."

And she lifted up her face towards the sun and cried, "My love! My love! You are my true love!".

Pretty she stands, enjoying all the beauty around her, and she talks, and she listens, and there is no end of that summer .

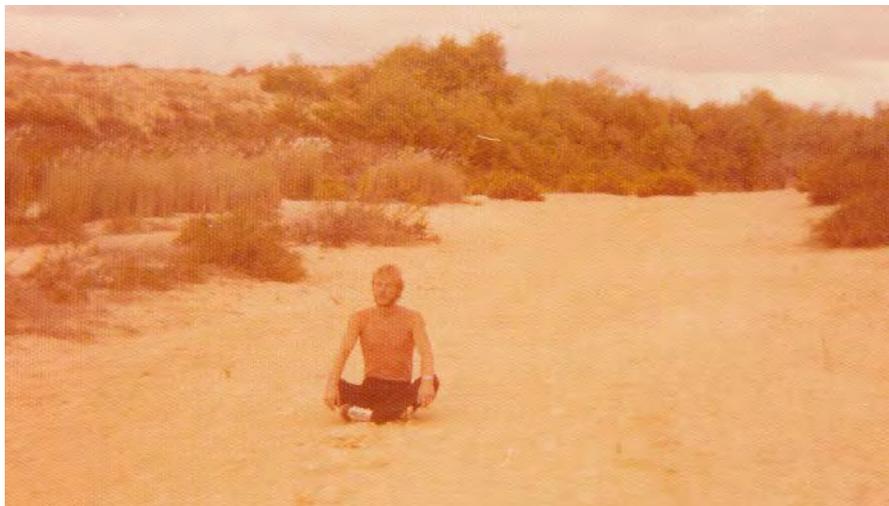


In the burning sands;
hills with dry grass, beyond the call of man behind yad mordechay,
dwells my love.
Walking in the wilderness, listening to the blowing wind;
silently she moves over the sand.

O wind, wind, return and blow into my soul
that she may have life.
Cause my soul to hear your voice, then shall I not weep when
walking in the desert, feeling the burning heat behind
yad mordechay.

She comes suddenly, and my soul rejoices,
leaving an impression, I scarcely know who I am only listening and
rejoicing in her voice.

Full of strength and joy is he upon whom she chooseth to rest;
to direct his ways into her will
fulfillment fills up his life as he follows her teaching voice of
love and truth, to her home.



The truth beyond any imagination in the heart of man,
appears in a mysterious manner,
deep within me somewhere, I feel so near
the one who breathes life into my being; the father
of my soul, emperor over us all.

Since the day the resurrection of his light took
place in my soul, when god was there, his power and his son, and
in that light all three were one,
and since that day, moments reoccur when I feel his flowing,
changing power within, not destroying but bringing me to the being
he once created perfect in himself. As it were in the likeness of
his son.

At moments I awake from my heavenly revelation again
I find myself a simple man, then I am frightened like a drowning
man.
Thus it pleaseth my god for me to be, to remember it is all a gift
from him, and I'm reminded we are all alike.

Then I am reminded just to follow the guidance of that inner voice
which so often speaks within, and keeping a good feeling with all
men around.

In this hour of sadness, when the clouds are moving; so the blue sky appears.

Who can I trust? None but her for deep within somewhere, I feel her warmth.

Among even my close friends I find none with whom I can share those fearful thoughts, which always seem so clear.

Still, always I knew it would be so, that when real darkness would appear, only the true light, would yield it's brightness.

As the cold, dark wind appeared, every little flame on every little candle was blown out.

Only this one little flame of love, given from above, shone brighter and brighter.

How will I know when the stream of love will reach me? That no evil flood quench it; even not the darkness in the mind, neither death will swallow it.

I must walk on! I must change my way! For I am loved.



When you feel the "Bloodstreams" within your soul you can only yield to that love, despite the advice of your mind.

Close, so close untill your soul is filled.
Only yielding to a love you cannot comprehend;
in faith you may die not seeing a thing.

Unselfish love is a mighty thing,
whosoever attains it is a great being,
even though all who stand by the wayside burst into laughter at
this miserable one.

The reward is not of this world
seeking far beyond, even so it be very near within, rebuild into
the lost image of a forgotten world.

The child in the womb may tell secrets,
you with desire would pay for with gold.
Could we only reach beyond our conception
to see clearly and comprehend, then would our days be as light,
as new fallen snow.

Silent, so silent, i hear not a sound, feeling nothing
at all. It is as when the clear, blue heaven is veiled
over with clouds, not a single hole left to let a tiny sunbeam
come through.

Still, I have no pain neither in my mind nor in my body, but a
longing in my soul, like the man in the cold of the winter, longs
for the sun.

Could I only, know rightly ...
Shall I only wait, with hope in my soul?
Or should I arise seeking to be kind to all men around?

This waiting. The days seem so long, so dull.
Cause me to hear thy silent voice ..
Let me feel thy presence ..
Let confidence take root in my heart.

Still, I am at ease, for I really do trust in god.
But fears so easily arise, when thoughts of the mind turn me to my
inner being, for who am I, that I should find favour in the sight
of god, among the millions?

Thou hast made all men.
Have mercy on us all.



In the wilderness our love was born, as a pretty flower.
But when we brought it with us to plant it in the city,
the flower did fade.

In the wilderness she was born, so pretty, she received all her
strength there, from all her friends:
The mountains, the sea and the stars by night.

But when we brought her with us, in our hands to the city,
she withered, because she belonged in nature:
O Dahab! O Dahab!



On my journey I met lost sheep,
I saw wise ones,
I saw lonely ones,
one here and one there.
And I met sheep
nipping grass together
on the same field.

I met enlighten ones
and I met those still not enlightened
and I saw, that same love
was dwelling in both.

Some knew their shepherd,
while others not.
Still, they both loved,
when they met here and there
to nip grass together.



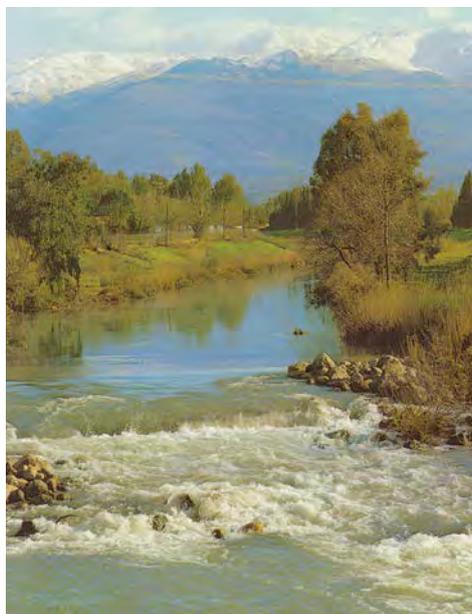
Fountains

The love which dwells within us, a well, a fountain pure
a heavenly drink:
This may be the secret language among the angels,
preserve it then!
Many may seek to stir it up;
Let it not be mixed with human emotions:
Some, but they are few, will be able to hear
but do not be over confident with any man,
for many will dip unclean vessels into the heavenly well,
and pour it into the mire.

I thirst! My tongue is parched! My inner well has dried,
I turn unto you my God.
Pour into me a little water from your bounteous heavenly spring I
plead and pray,
"Teach me to set a seal upon my well against strangers who only
wish to harm.
Let none drink from my inner well but your chosen ones".

Lord, let my fountains flow freely into true lovers of thee: May
their fountains flow into mine.
Fill us with thy heavenly love satiate our souls
Let us feel those heavenly streams within this natural man,
to remain forever in that love.

The human embrace we all so much desire, may not at all be what we
think.
But the feeling of warmth from God is to be held close to him:
That fountain of heavenly love.



The cold wind
is blowing
over the icecovered lake.
The beams of the wintersun
seek to break through.
Memory's from the summer
are passing through my mind:
So joyful we were bathing
in the lake of love,
after our bodys were warmed by the sun.

Now the weather is so cold,
though seing the wintersun
I can not feel it's beams,
because the light has no warmth to give,
it only wakes up memory's in my soul,
from the past summer:
So joyful we were bathing
in the lake of love,
after we were warmed by the beams of the sun.

The cave of Damo

The power of mind, the ringing in the ears ...
so silent, so peaceful in this cave ...
deep breathing, very deep ...
slowly the body moves, very slow ...

So selfconfident some men are they set their
footprints on the world:
Coming generations will still praise them:
They experience those silent moments in the mountains.

The heart is filled with peace, as walking in the paths
on the mountains.

Sitting in the cave, feeling nothing at all,
though it is all there.

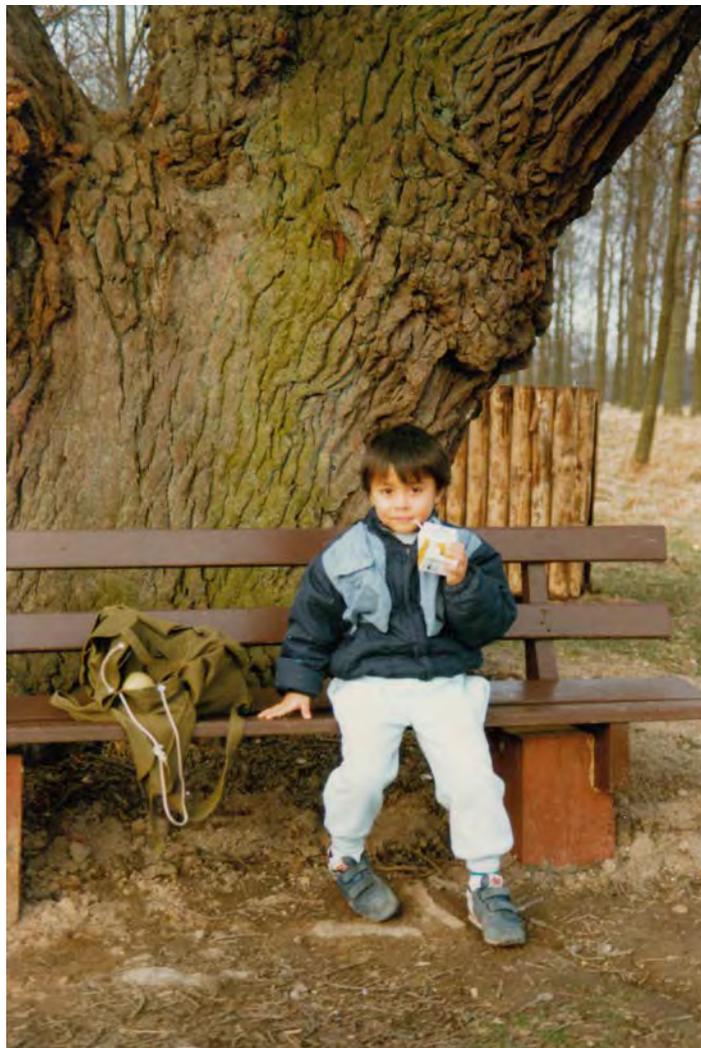
Still they die! Every living thing will die!
for noone is great but God.
Not one! Nothing is worthy for your soul to worship but God.



So quiet we sat in a place of trees
enjoying the peace between:
A soft feeling, just as when lovers are together.

The day after I walked ta that same place,
and I missed the presence of my little friend.

True love, which warms the heart is not between lovers only, but
among those who feel with the soul. We feel one anothers souls and
love and peace
fills us up all over.



So miserable so broken they appear unto the world
as the worse ones, punished for their open faults.
Still noone lays to heart how God prunes their souls,
for they carry his word within.

The secret faults arise to the surface of their sea,
they are no more hidden in the deep.
The evil seen on the surface of the sea, found it's way
to leave the bottom of the ocean of mans mind.

They may be the dung of this world,
still the one who has suffered has ceased from wrong.
Who hears their cry unto God as he purifies their soul?

But those with secret, inner sins seem never to be punished:
He feels himself safe, his sin is well hidden within.
Let him be in peace, but where will he hide when the tide goes
out, and their is no more sea?

Behold all those pretty flowers,
each with a smell of it's own.
Do enjoy their beauty! and let
them so remain in your mind.

Do not pick! Do not cut!
Do not bring them home, then they soon will wither,
even when you place them in water.

Each flower belongeth in it's place,
in the garden:
They need, each one, a root of their own;
Life from the soul.



The Throne of God

That tiny piece of land, set in the mount,
called the throne of God.
Many would kill each other for that share.
Still it layeth waste, used for a place of dung.
And from that little place, may be one of the
most beautiful panoramas in the world: Colorful
desert valleys and mountains,
behind the scenery, the dead sea appears.
The mount is called Har-Tzofin.



It may be simply said:.
Not to worry about all the kind and loveable
things you so desire to do.
But to have a heart which rests with faith
and love in God.
And if you on your way will meet someone in need,
then will you not even think about performing
a kind deed ... :
A cheerful heart will always follow it's nature
therefore I do believe that the only secret about
how to walk in God's true way is
to always keep the inner feeling directed by love.

So delicate, so fragile, though her roots are so
very powerful,
her brightness she receives from above, which guides her
and causes her to grow, upward.
Her strength of memory she has from beneath, but
soon her new roots will find strength within themselves.

The old will pass.
Her name? Call her not by name.
She is as the wind rushing in our hearts!
She is as the fire burning in our souls!
She is as the water freely flowing through
every mountain and valley!

Peaceful as the lake - warm as the mother's womb!
What is her name? Name is not! It will only confuse thee.
We cannot resist her, but if we do, she will become to us
as a volcano, thundering.
Or as darkness frightening our souls.
Or as arrows in our spirits, until we yield accepting our salva-
tion: Her healing power.

I cry inside myself, not that I lost something,
but because it all seem so wrong.

I cry, not because I failed myself to rise a family
in love, but because the relationship between man and
woman all over, went so wrong.

I cry, because I see how wonderful it all indeed
could have been, and because I cannot undo a
thing.

I cry, not because they all suffer in vanity of
darkened hearts, but, because of my own hatred
toward this blindness, for that hate blinds the
eyes of my own heart.

Despite this veil, I feel sure that the day will
come, when light will shine all over the world,
then will we all say: "Of course it is so, why didn't
we see it before?"

It was always there, speaking inside our hearts,
but, we didn't believe.
So we failed to be the children of light.

She has come, an echo from my past.
Sweet and tender she calls my first love,
my soul sends her memory and love,
those which are covered by my shield.

Fly, fly little bird, white as the cloud in
the clear, blue heaven.
I shall preserve your memory, but shall never
ask for your love.
Fly back! Fly high! Above to him our beloved.

Remember me, my sister, because I fear that I
forgot to love.
Still, I yield my soul unto our beloved.
Love me, my sister, and preserve your virginity
for his sake, and I shall love you.

Our love, as a flower on his field, and I wish
to keep you in my arms, a gentle kiss on your cheek,
not more! No longer! So far doth my love reach you.

Love can grow warm and great. It can grow cold
and perish
As my sister I shall love you always. Not more! Your
soul white and complete, makes your countenance shine.

I desire beauty, but her soul is dark and empty.
Fear not little bird,
love, and believe.



Pretty as two pearls in their shells
are thine eyes.
Soft and white as the fallen snow, your face:
This snowy landscape fills my heart with love
and peace.

As the wind softly moves over the fields,
wavering over the wheat, likewise I behold
the hair of thine head:
My belly yearns with desire watching your beauty.

But my inner vision beholds the end of all worldly
beauty.
therefore I shall look into your soul, and put
desire behind my back.

Beyond this mask of beauty Who are you?
And who am I beyond this desire?

Will we love ...
will we care ...
When we will appear as souls, stripped
from those silky garments?

... And I love you so very much
and I want you by my side. You make my soul so calm,
as a dove you fill my heart with peace.
I feel so happy when we're together; It matters not
what we do.
Never again, shall I find one like you, as you; Never
again, will you find one like me.
That we found each other is a great treasure which
we cannot value in such short time that we have known.

You may find other lovers, but among them, no one will
love you the way I do.
I am special as a cedar tree in the desert.
You are so very special.
I have been traveling through valleys, with every city I
have been acquainted: Over mountains I have
pass, through deserts,
but never did I meet one like you.

To me, you are pretty.
To me, you are lovely.
Your touches make me gentle, but not weak.
Your smile makes me tender,
as the living plant which may bend in the blowing
of the wind, but never breaks as the rigid tree of oak,
you are the soft dark within me.

When we separated on the road, I had a deep feeling
to weep in my heart,
not that I lost you, I know I didn't, but a part of
myself was taken away for a moment.

Walking around in the cold streets, with the feeling to weep,
I memorize your kisses of love on my chest, I memorize your
laughter, and I am carried away in my longing for you.
Tears stand in my eyes; They desire to freely flow over my cheeks,
but still I withhold them, because we are in love.

Your signs of love warm my heart, and make me love you
even more, and my worries pass away, those which disturb me
in our absence.
My soul is yearning for your touch, I need you by my side.
How long shall pass, till I find my peace?

In your absence, I am seeking "the lovers". Searching the
answer of love. But, none can tell me, there is no way of
comprehension.
How many more sleepless nights shall pass by as your memory fills
my thoughts?

So badly I need peace, but I cannot attain it.
When you are in my arms, I am still seeking to come closer.
The day I shall carry you in my arms, saying that you are mine,
as I am yours, then shall my eyelids close, my heart stop beating:
But our love shall continue forever.

Our souls
flying in the sky like two swallows
kissing in the warmth of the sun
the wind begins to rush in our wings,
still close in a deep kiss no harm can
reach our love.

One swallow wisdom
one love
both from the lord:
Together we are one.

From afar
we will be known as two
and people will wonder
as they come nearer to see we are one.

Who dares to question
the words of the lord?
In him we keep our trust,
faithfully do our share.

And he fills our hearts with his wisdom
and love, and we learn to survive,
in every storm.
The arm of the lord shall preserve our love.

A day of peace

Today with pleasant feelings, we sat in the field
joyful and free as little children in gardens.
Promises were revealed and said,
however none can tell, what the days ahead may be.

Let it only be as our last day.
Let us depart with a deep kiss of love.
For we may never return unto this
beginning of love.

Every day is new, fresh.
Let us forget what the morning will bring,
Let us only be happy this day,
it may be our last, my love.

There knocked softly on my door
With expectation I opened and saw my love stepping in
With wondrous words she leads me to my bed.
Throughout the night we rejoice with love touches, we end up in deep
embrace and fall asleep.
I wake in the night, my arms reach out seeking my beloved, but
she's gone.
Where are you my lovely? Where are you hiding? But she does not answer
I am seized with terror, where is she my precious? Was it all just
a wonderful dream?
I go out into the dark streets to search for her my love, but do not
find her. The street's shadows come to meet me: have seen her, my
precious?
How can we know her, you who seek strangers?
My beloved is like a rose among thorns, gentle as the wind gently
moves the field rushes, her loving character moves even the most
hardened hearts
Her skin is like silk
Even gazelles envy gaze in her eyes
Her touch is like a gentle breeze a hot summer day
My heart is in deep longing.
We will look for her with you, strangers in our streets, for your
words have touched us
They sought her throughout the dark night, but did not find her.
I lay on my bed and wept bitterly, for deep was my longing,
Great my pain. A pair of loving arms embraced me and pulled me
into his arms: where were you?
She asked softly we slept in. Embraced in love

Such a sad feeling to meet you, seeing how time has set its
footprints on your beauty.
Still your soul is as lovely as ever, though the first blooming love
of sweetness of youth has gone, passed forever.

So sad, to sit and talk with you, with no more the feeling of this
special love between us.
We sat, as dear old friends talking about times of love passed
long ago, now you belong to another.

Never again will your touch of love reach me,
never again will my hands feel over your body,
never again will words of love be spoken between us.

This little, warmhearted girl I so loved, only a memory in my soul.
Our love, beloved, as a mutual friend, has gone long ago,
only alive in our memory. We both have changed so.

When you arose to leave, I wished so give you a gentle kiss
of good bye on your cheek, still I felt it as a forbidden touch.
This cry remains within my throat, still withholding my tears ...
"Good bye! My dearest love ever".

Good bye fair youthfulness,
thank you dearest for all the love and care you gave ...
Thank you god for meeting mutual love in life,
before those eyelids of mine will close forever.

In your room

Just relaxing, lying on your bed in your room.
You ever moving around, so seldom at rest.
It makes me at peace, just watching you:
All those various moves, so many expressions,
so sweet, so pretty your face, your eyes tell so much;
A world wide open is seen in them.

So peaceful are those hours in your room.
So often you asked; "What is wrong?" As
I sat and looked at you:
Again I tell you that nothing is wrong my
dear one, just happy to sit and to look at you.

Don't be scared. Do not make thoughts,
be only at rest.
Only being together is pleasant, don't you think?
So many are the words that I still could tell you,
but the whole thing is so very simple, so I tell you
from the bottom of my soul, words I so seldom have used,
"I love you indeed", let only the whole world know
come back soon.



I lay my head on her pillow dreaming about the time,
that she was here.
My eyes were opened like in a dream and behold there she
was lying, just beside me.
Only looking at her, gave me such a warm feeling.
Not a single touch, not a little move, I do not want to spoil my dream.
I closed my eyes for a moment, o this warm feeling.
I wanted just once again to glance at her, I looked but behold,
she had gone.
M:y heart is confused and troubled, I run out to dark and lonely
streets, but I found her not.

As pursuing a wild horse in the wilderness, I pursued my love.
Here and there I saw her, again she disappeared.
Barefooted and thorned they were, but scarcely I felt them, because
my heart was pursuing my love.
I paused for a while beside a little spring to rest, and I surely
wept,
"Where are you my love? I miss you so: Your smile so sweet
so tender, makes me warm all over. M:y soul is moved, even
until it's fingertips and toes."
How can such a love die, which is born in the soul?
When I embrace you, all the streams of love flow out, don't you feel
it, or am I all alone?
The great cliff, which blocks the fountain of love to freely have it's
flow, is removed for a while, so mighty, so strong those streams are,
still so gentle, so peaceful they flow over into you, you may scarcely
feel.

I climbed down to the sea, looking at those great, mighty waves
thundering into shore, almost touching my feet;
Winds rushing all around, so strong so sure.
I shouted out my agony against this storm, against the thunder,
the waves, the wind, until they all were at still.
Tears were flowing down on my cheeks, I love you so.
Walking on the peaceful beach, in the sand, until I was standing
at your door.
My heart is trembling, but I dried away all my tears and walked in ...
And there you lay, sleeping so calm at your bed.
At last I find you my love.
I wish to fill you with kisses of love, to tell you all I feel in
my heart, but squeezing myself into a stone, throwing it far
away, behind my back, I won't scare you.

I wake you up, just a little embrace and the whole world seems
so secure.
All those fears have gone, let me see them no more.
But now I see your wound so clear, why did the hunter shoot at
you among thousands?
I will treat your wound, rise you up until you again can run
in the wilderness, and freely drink from the springs, lifting up
your eyes to the sky to thank the giver of life.
I shall sit at the sea, down below,

watching those peaceful waves,
dreaming into the land of security.
Will you come? Shall we together swim in the water, as a
mirror?
Behold! How it reflects the heaven above.

I sit quietly in my room
willing to face all those cold winds
within myself,
which ever seem to pursue my love for you.
They all are filled with desire
to freeze my heart icecold.

I invited them all in to my house,
willing to listen, to what they have to tell,
for I will not fear, as long as my lord
will watch me from above.

With promises I yielded my heart unto god,
I would'nt dare be lying to my creator,
I would'nt want to cause any harm
to a little child of his; My sister.

Still all those mighty voices surround my soul,
even they ipeak through people close to my heart.
I listened to them all, to what they have to tell,
still with confidence in the god of deliverence.

My heart becomes freezing cold, all the day long.
But when at eve; - A soft, loving feeling
ariseth within my soul,
and I know that my promises were not spoken in vain
for surely I am in love with a little child of my lord.

I commit my trust and hope unto my maker, who
creates a path, for us to walk therein.
We will meet again, but in a perfect time and place,
with hearts assured of love.

I wish that I could climb high into the mountains, stand on the highest peak, and cry my bitter tears until the ambient silence will satisfy my soul, and from this tranquility, the most beautiful music will arise

I will then sing along ... and then the heavens opened, and ten thousand angels are revealed and sing with..

My heart is filled with heavenly joy: I want to follow

When this heavenly portal closed, and deep darkness occurs, a voice says:

Your time is yet to come

My inner man is a lake of love, a little girl is swimming
in the lake, so free all naked.
When she gets up on dry land, darkness covers her soul, and she is
frighthened.
In the nightseason god whispered unspeakable words in my ear, and for
a moment my heart was full of joy, and I asked:
"Please let my beloveth be with me in the way, the way which
leadeth unto you."

She grows prettier day by day, soon she will come into the bottom,
of her own within, then her countenance will be so sweet so tender.
For hours I sat with bent head, and I fell into a deep sleep,
then I sawihly great temple, and I saw times of fear to come.

I kept my beloveth tied, in my hand and said, "Come my love, my
pure one, let us find a shelter where no harm can reach us, for the
coming wrath is near."
We sat quietly in a cave, waiting for our lord to come.
How long! How much longer and she will beleive that my heart is
true with her, for my soul stays on thee? How could I ever lie or
cheat with thy holy fear within my heart?"

I shall not leave her, I shall care, rise her always from her
distress, until she can stand. Sooth the wounds she had among the rocks,
still love me! For I really love you.
In the great sea we wandered, you told me your wish to stay by
my side, for h.e has a promise in our lives, I cryed out my feel-
ing, "Only through your love, will I bind you unto my soul. Even
with god there is no force in love."

Then you confessed your love,
my spirit flew out, gliding above the waters on the sea, crying out
the words of truth that light still shines upon the earth.
Mutual love created by the bond of his love.

I wake up trempling: How could I ever tell her such things·?
She might find me out of my mind.
I sat a seal on my lips, my love.
Then you called me.
All day long, my hands are reaching out towards you, when I
get tired and they fall, then you come to my rescue:
This flow of water within flooding me, though you never say a thing.

The hours so peacefull so pleasent. The few moments of harmony in
the dark days. Soon they all will end, what will be the end of
you, and of me?
Will we stay above the waters or will we sink?
I will not come, to wave you "good bye".
But my heart is with you all the way. Be happy my love! Be strong
my love! Be yourself in every trial ahead my little one, rest
among those you love, and you surely shall win.
Truth and love will be a diadem on your head that none can
withstand.

The bonds are broken, you are free! Don't you see?
Do not forget that the cutting in your heart doth purify your soul at
the end. And fruits of peace and justice will arise from your within.
Therefore trust in the divine work, which is being done in thee.
Do not harden! Neither faint! It won't help a thing.
The only one way out into freedom is to stand the purifying trial;
For neither in life nor in death can you be freed, but by yielding
to the way of destiny.



Waiting for you

I was lying on my bed, but I could not find sleep,
because I was waiting for you.
You told me that you would come.
Time went on and I was worried, still I kept my faith
in you.

Every little sound outside, faithfully I stood at the
window, to greet the coming of my beloved:
My bowels were shaking, my heart trembling, where are
you my love?

All those voices were telling me that you never would come
I pushed them all away saying, "surely my beloved will remember
our kisses of love."

Stormy weather outside! Heavy is the rain.
Still I am waiting in hope.
I cannot find sleep on my bed; Then I fainted ...

The daylight woke me, I looked at my side, but, I was all alone.
Why did you forsake me, my love? Tell me my evil, if you can, only
if love is cruel I shall be condemned, for my love was perfected
in you.

Never again shall this happen

I know you do not care,
for you I am as a piece of dust in the air.
Still I tell you, that I will leave you,
why do you cause me all those pains?

Something deep within your soul, I do love,
as were you born for mine,
still this natural being confuses me so,
and tears me so.

Why it all happens, I cannot tell,
still I am so hurt in my heart.
I gave a promise long ago, that it never
again should happen to my soul, and here,
I find my self on my bed crying out all
my tears in silence before god.

As the wave on the shore, I will withdraw,
when hopelessly it has cast itself on the rocks
standing in the sand.
silently I give myself to a promise:
"Never! Again shall this happen."

Just calling you in my mind,
to tell you "good bye"!
You may wonder and say,
"But, I will see you again."
The day you will see me, I'm no more
a love for thee:
The feeling for you has gone forever,
it will no more return.

In a silent prayer to god, I asked,
"Take o god my love for her away!"
Let it not be wasted on someone
who does'nt care!
Divide it among those, for whom
you care."

My eyes were brigthened;
The spirit of love for her was slowly flowing
from my heart.
And I wondered so "How can anyone be like this?"

Then I lifted up my eyes, watching the top of those pretty,
tall trees - beyond, were the heavens so blue:
I cried, "I wish I could reach you my god. Deliver me from
the bondage of love, loose up my chains."

Then trickling in a stream, out from my very soul,
up and up until it had gone! Back to heaven, from
where it came.
My whole being has been moved; I am still shaken
all over inside.
I bow before my maker thankfully, because he set me free
from the bondage of loving thee.

You took me out from the deep,
and made me to your bride,
how I rejoiced in Dur union of love.

A love so precious, and I said,
"Keep me so! Always drunk in your love,
for I am in fear of times to come."

No more will I seek female attributes
neither a bride for my soul.
Forsaking myself, listening for the small
voice within, even when it tells, to walk
in dark places, for in her is freedom and light.

I have had other loves,
but as I look back memorizing that love
from you,
they all fade!
You are the husband of my soul.

While the cattle feed in the meadows, I hear his call within my soul:
Come precious, my love and be my bride ... I do not hesitate, for
my love is beautiful, more beautiful are not found he warms my
soul, makes me confident and loved, feeds my heart with wisdom: the
virgins bathing in his light are known by their splendor..
They do not hesitate when the bridegroom calls them.

I wander into Jerusalem's port, with joy in my heart of finding my
beloved, for I am his and he is mine
I seek him everywhere, but can not find him..
I surveyed the city residents, but they did not know him.
It's guardians found and beat me.
And bade me leave the city.
Where are the daughters of Jerusalem? Let me follow you ... We
will seek him, our beloved together.

I sat outside the walls of Jerusalem, with sorrowful heart, for no
one could understand this longing for him, the groom, the bride's
heart, soul and spirit.
Just then the gates of Jerusalem opened, and out came the city
virgins.
We will seek him with you, in whom we hear the bride's voice

He sent a white-hot arrow into my chest, it sank deep into my
abdomen, and an abundance of love waves flowed through my soul,
spirit and body. My beloved was quite near:
I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, search him the bridegroom
of your soul, and his bride you will be.

A MEMO FOR MY BELOVETH SISTER



A human soul warm and living, has left the world.
A silent corpse. Before, so pretty and alive, lays behind
as shapeless potters clay.

As a bird, so has your soul flown from it's nest.
Days after I was with you, following your journey
within my spirit, but now you seem so far. How can
I possibly reach you?

Never again will your arms hug me in an embrace,
neither will I hear your voice again.
I pray to our god, that he will show you of his kindness, for I
have this terrible fear, though deep inside me I believe and hope
- because of the warmth which always remained inside you.

I wish you will come through.
I hope to meet you again in eternity.
I miss you my little, sweet sister,
for now I shall never again hear your laughter,
neither will I be troubled when you are in the dark.

You suffered, a lot. May god let you pass in this
last struggle, into his eternal peace.



Dear little sister!
Just think, you now are there in the world of spirits.
Maybe, now you are on your own way, to a new place:
Your eternal habitation.

So much I wish to help you, but I cannot,
still I'm sending you my thoughts. Can you hear me?
I pray our mighty father to show you mercy, and to
guide you into his habitation.

I miss you, but I will see you no more.
How I long to see you again,
but more, I wish for you that god will receive you into
his heaven.



I wake as from a deep sleep weeping,
"she is really dead."
This warm living soul. How comes a girl who so
loved life, could grow to such an end?

He who fears dying, fears to live also.
She feared neither; to live nor to die, so very brave.

Can you hear me now my sister? Can you feel my thoughts?
Can you reach my feelings? They all are for you.
You are a twin unto my soul, so I am half dead now.

Will you be my guardian angel? And I will pray for you. One in the
world of spirits, the other still in the world among men;
Perhaps in such unity, we will reach the way which
leads to heaven.

Where are you by now? How do you feel?
Do you have a little time to think about those
who loved you?

I wish I could know how I could help you.
I sought in the flock of those I love,
but I found even not one who could tell me,
and how can I now call you to ask?

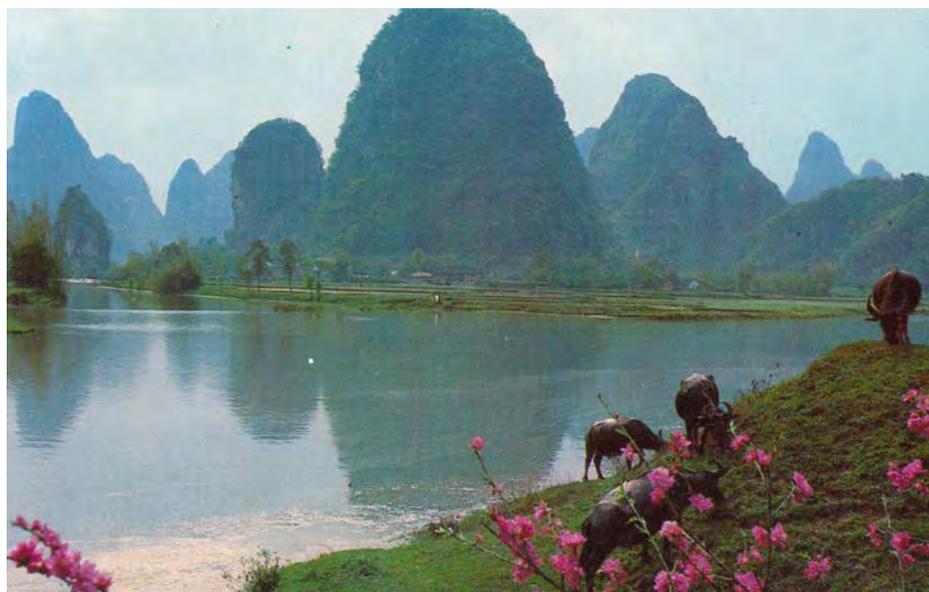
A living soul has left the world, and I am in sorrow.
So many dead wandering round about in our midst, I am in pain.
Where is my life! Here! Or beyond!
Though walking among the dead, I am seeking one alive who understands.
I find none, but in the coming world beyond.

The living ones left behind their works among the living dead
from the day they walked away . . .
If only there would be a cry . . .
A heart which could be joined to theirs in eternity.

I live among the dead, existing among the living.
Within my soul I long for a land of my own, which is not of this
world, in the darkness of it's thoughts.

Only one shining light, can light up man within, set him free,
their bodies are as sealed temples of darkness.
You yourself entered our prison and showed the way.

Though many may not understand, I thank you god for your truth,
you the father of all spirits.



I could not go to her grave, to shed out my tears:
Her body went up in smoke, and the ashes,
spread all'.over an unknown cemetery.
Still will my tears be shed in the world of spirits:
In every country she will be yet now here at all:
Nothing left of her.
But, she will be in a place and land:
I do not know for certain where;
A land I could'nt visit even in my dreams.

I sat below Mazada's fortress among hills of sand
in former times: The bottom of the sea.
The warm wind bloweth over my body,
and everything was so restful!, only within myself
I could find no rest.

I am all alone, or am I indeed?
How can one be alone with nothingness?
Give me only a short while with my sister,
I can almost glance at her beside me,
but how can I touch her?

I promise not to ask, what is beyond the grave,
though my desire is to know.
Only let me hear that she is well.

To be with her!
To feel her warmth!
See her countenance!
Enjoying listening her laughter.
But, I am awake. She is so far, far away.



Good bye to you fair one so young.
Thank you for all the love and care you gave.
Thank you for the best time in my life ever.
Thank you god, for meeting mutual love in life,
before the eyelids of mine will close forever.

All around me I see witnessess of death.
Almost the bones of the people do appear;
Flesh eaten with worms.

I wake up in the night, seing so clearly I shall die:
My body, my mind will fade away in death.
My soul will go into the land of the unknown,
into a place of eternity, from where is no return.

How can I forget, knowing my sister is already there?
Still, love will cover every fear, darkness and vanity of man,
but with love I am unaquainted.

Could I only fight my way out through the mind of
my flesh, and the flesh of others, our mutual sins.

Standing in the air above and in front of me,
there she was:
Still I scarcely saw her appearance,
but those bright eyes of hers,
so shining, as it were of an angel
with a lovely smile, without even a tiny speck of evil.

Her eyes, two pearls revealing a soul so pure,
with no deceit in them at all.
And she laughed with a tinkling laughter at me
as she would tell,
"my brother, so hard, so constant you seek the truth,
and it is all just so plain, could I only tell."



All fair and sweet: She sat in the sand gazing out to sea.
The sand was almost white, shining as pearls: The sea was black.
Beyond, I saw mountains, like in the natural world.

As I came closer, behold it was my beloved sister.
We began to talk, a talk not with words or speech;
Inner feelings revealed what the other had to say.

Then I asked "How is it here beyond any dream of man?"
But she didn't reply.

Then she spoke,
"Listen my brother! In present time we be near one another,
as our spirits dwell in same union of understanding and feeling,
but soon the time will come that I need to go on, far here in this
world nothing is still."

Suddenly great waves arose on the black sea, and we both had to flee
from the beach.
We ran up into the mountains, hand in hand. That was the last I saw
of my sister.

I arose, as from a deep sleep,
what was all this about?

We are restless, we seek it everywhere, we travel around,
we make several aims, we seek it among a multitude of people,
never at rest.

Still, it was always there, so very near us, but we didnt
understand, just to sit in silence and listen,
when love speaks, within us.