

A. Neil Deo

MYSTIC LOVER

Resurrected in times of doubt and self-love
The life of caring and fullness through sharing
Any true love, from here to the One above

Like music that flows from near and far
Paul Simon, Bombay Bhangra, Reggae, Tito Puente
They teach us eternity's chords wherever we are

In all sounds, beginning with the primeval boom
Amen, Aum, Amin: Thou art That!
Echoes from caves to opulent hope-filled room

Like dances with dervishes at harvests, at Christmases
Tango, waltzes, folksy trots, old and new
A language of bliss in movement: linguistic paradise

Marrow of life, these movements all
Flowing up and down the bones of the ages
Sometimes spilling here and there when we fall

Like voices that sing to our soulmates
No matter who or what accompanies the lead
Our lows and loves, highs and hates

And now Friend, ruminate on Rumi's song and dance
Soft tunes of love from all-too-ordinary roots
Yet heavenly doors unhinge themselves: Truth perchance?