

## Talking in the Night

In the middle of the night,  
I cried out,

“Who lives in this love  
I have?”

You said, “I do, but I’m not here  
alone. Why are these other images  
with me?”

I said, “They are reflections of you,  
just as the beautiful inhabitants of Chigil  
in Turkestan resemble each other.”

You said, “But who is this other *living*  
being?”

“That is my wounded soul.”  
Then I brought that soul  
to you as a prisoner.

“This one is dangerous,”  
I said. “Don’t let him off easy.”

You winked and gave me one end  
of a delicate thread.

“Pull it tight,  
but don’t break it.”

I reached my hand  
to touch you. You struck it down.

“Why are you so harsh with me?”

“For good reason. But certainly not  
to keep you away! Whoever enters this place  
saying *Here I am* must be slapped.

This is not a pen for sheep.

There are no separating distances here.  
This is love’s sanctuary.

Saladin is how the soul looks. Rub your eyes,  
and look again with love at love.”

Jelaluddin Rumi