

THE MILLER'S MEAL

Pita Nzomo

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Since 2022, I have been pregnant, and I had to
leave the city, for it would be unhealthy for my
unborn child,

and went to dwell in the tents of Kedar for nine
months

Today, 9th February 2025, marks the end of nine
months since 2022,

and I have given birth to my first child,
the opener of my womb.

If you look keenly at his face,
you will see my face.

The miller's meal is his name.

My hands I spread,
to bless him.

Through him,

slaves will be made kings, and kings will be made
slaves.

Bitter water will be made sweet, and sweet water
will be made bitter.

I saw him on the tables of kings,

I saw him on the tables of great philosophers,

and on the tables of famous poets.

On his face was written his name and the name of
his mother.

Today is the 40th day of 2025, and Jesus of
Nazareth must now move from the hiding place and
come into the market to give people what He was
sent to give.

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My Burial

They looked for me, but I was nowhere to be seen

They waited for me in their meeting, but I did not come

My friends asked about my whereabouts, but no one knew where I was

My parents cried for their beloved child, but no one could tell them where I was

My beloved went seeking for me, but she found me not

They did not see me because in the soil I was buried

Where I am, no one can come

Even if you want to, you can't!

There comes a time when thunder and lightning become the friends of man, and stones become living things

This place I entered as a politician, but I came out as a philosopher, poet, and prophet

I entered as Peter, but I came out as Pita.

Like a seed that is buried by a farmer for a while
and is nowhere to be seen—not only by people but
even by the birds of the air—so am I

The seed entered as one, but it came out as many

When the farmer was breaking the ground,

The ground was angry with him and asked,

“Master, why do you hurt me? Do you even have
mercy on me?

Why do you destroy my beautiful face?”

The farmer replied,

“I love you, my son.

This I do to sow good seeds here

Without this, you will remain barren all the days of
your life.”

I say,

The furrows that seem like ugly spots today are the
source of your beauty tomorrow

Today, they laugh at you because they think you’re
ugly.

Tomorrow, the same people will come and admire
the land for how beautiful it has become

Today, you're uglier than they are,
But tomorrow, you will be more beautiful than they
are

Listen, my son!

A sorrow is meaningless if it does not lead you to
greater joy.

Remember, joy is the fruit of the Holy Spirit, and
that is the seed I am sowing in you.

The ground must be broken with a hoe,
For good seeds—seeds of love, joy, humility, and
patience—are to be sown.

One day, the voice of the farmer called from the
garden,

“Let all seeds that want to be fruitful come to me.”

They all came, for who does not want to be
multiplied?

Who does not love good things?

Even if they pretend they don't, deep down, they do

They all appeared before the farmer

The farmer said to them,
“Now, this is what I will do
I will bury you for 40 days in these furrows you see
You will swell, your shape will get deformed, and
many, including your closest, will hate you
For these 40 days, you will not see your kin; you
will be hidden from the world,
Separated from your lover and from society
But worry not, for after these 40 days, you will
emerge as saints of the Most High,
Most beautiful—more beautiful than you were when
you entered.”

On hearing this, many of them said,
“This is a hard teaching. Who can accept it?”
From that time, 72 of them turned back and no
longer followed him.
And the farmer asked the remaining 12, “Do you
also want to follow them?”
One of them answered him,
“Lord, to whom shall we go? You have the words of
eternal life
We have come to believe and to know that you are
the Holy One of God.”

**Though I feel sleepy, I must watch this
movie till the end.**

Like Nicodemus,

When noisemakers are dead in their sleep,

When the air is free from the pollution of their rotten
thoughts,

I'll rise and go where the Master is to ask Him of the
evil of life and of death

Like Thomas,

I refuse to be told who God is

I want to see with my own eyes, hear with my own
ears, and touch with my own hands

Here on the log, I'm sitting,

With my eyes looking to heaven,

And my ears waiting, if I can hear a voice calling
me,

"Pita."

Gladly,

I'll respond,

“Yes, here I am, Lord.”

Before I go to the place where silence and
darkness reign,

There is something that my eyes want to see,

My ears want to hear,

And my hands want to touch.

Though I feel sleepy,

I have told myself that I will not sleep until I see the
end of this movie

Though I'm eager to go to the place where silence
and darkness reign, let me first hear the end of this
story

Then I'll go to that place where I was before I was
brought here

Cursed be the time

Cursed be the time and the sun.

The time:

For when my shoe fell off from my foot,

It did not wait for me to put back my shoe.

The sun:

Because of it, gods said to me,

"No matter how much you wish to spend time with us,

When the sun starts returning to the earth,

You will return with it."

Why did the stars, moon, and sun not go to God and tell Him,

"The player number 300 has an injury, and because of that,

We will not play until You send a team of angels to heal him."

Why have they not done so yet?

Was time created for man, or is it man who was created for time?

To serve this earth, or to be served by it?
Is it me who is on earth, or is it earth that is on me?

You, Mountains!

The king says,
Flatten, so that he may pass.

And you, bitter water,

The king says,

Be sweet, so that he may drink, for the king is
thirsty.

Go bring all the jobless jinns before the king,
So that they may serve him, as he, the king, serves
another who is greater than him.

The food is placed on the table.

Does the food belong to the table, or to the one
who placed it there?

The hand of God placed me in my mother's womb,
And like Pharaoh's daughter told Moses' mother,
So did God tell my mother,

"Take this child and nurse him for me, and I will pay
you.

When he has grown, bring him to my house,

For he is my work, not yours."

It's written:

"Man will leave his mother and father, and to the temple of the Lord,

He will go and dwell there day and night."

When Hannah brought Samuel to the temple,

She did no favor to God,

For that is what God expects from every parent,

And anyone who goes against this will face the wrath of God.

Player number 300

There on earth,

Player number 300 got an injury,

And I saw—

I saw the whole team of heaven descending to
where he was to heal him.

For if it had not done so, it is it, not the player, that
would lose.

I can see the player clearly,

From head to toe, what he's wearing.

It's heaven that has bought it for him, not his own
money.

The food he's eating—

It's heaven that has bought it for him, not his own
money.

For he, the player, is not there to seek his own
glory,

But the glory of the one who sent him.

If your glass breaks or is lost,

It's you, not the glass, who has lost,

For indeed, that night, you will have no place to put
your coffee.

If the farmer loses his cow or it dies,
It's the farmer who has lost, not the cow.

Come now,

Come and see Pita.

But will we call him Pita or Redmark?

On his face, there is a red mark.

Forty days and forty nights,

It will stay there with him, but after they end,

It will disappear.

And instead, a star will appear on his face.

Forever, it will be with him,

And from that day, you will neither call him Pita nor
Redmark,

But Starborn.

If today you seek him in the cities, you will not see
him.

If you seek him at university grounds, where you
used to see him,

You will also not find him.

Not that he graduated—oh no! That man has never graduated.

Out of his own will, he dropped out

And went to stay in the tents of Kedar.

There, day and night,

He learns deep things of life, deeper than the ocean.

Sometimes, ancient mystics like Melchizedek,

Jesus of Nazareth, and Elijah the Tishbite visit him,

To help him learn what he wants to know.

If you wake up at midnight,

You will hear that man singing...

Without love, life is dark. And because it is dark, let me sleep.

When light comes,

I'll wake up and go to my garden.

Ah! She was once my sunshine, but when she left, my whole world was left with darkness.

Look at yourself Redmark!

Just look at yourself!

How your self-esteem has been ruined!

Look how far you have descended to the bottoms of hell!

Those who know you and come to see you say,

“This is not the same Pita that we used to know.

In those days, happiness and passion dwelled with him, but now, look.

It seems like the wall between him and madness has been broken.”

And those who knew you and have not yet seen or heard any news about you say,

“He went under water suddenly. We don’t know what happened.”

Now, I, Redmark, close my eyes so that I can see clearly what birthed this red mark on my face, but my mouth I leave open for my listeners.

Though I know many will not understand my words, for they are asleep, when they wake up, they will understand my words.

That day comes back to my mind, and I can see it very clearly.

And even if many years have passed,

The same intensity that the pain was painning me with is the same intensity it pains me with.

I mean, the forest is new, but the monkeys aren't,

So why should I call it a new year when the same pain that pained me last year is still painning me?

Ugh!

I, Pita, in my garden, under a tree known as the acacia tree, was hiding myself from the sun that was very hot.

So that after it eased, I could go back to my farm as I was doing before.

There, as I was enjoying my githeri and thinking about my own things,

From the innermost room of the inner house, I heard the conversation between God and His angels:

"It's not good for Pita to be alone. I'll make a helper fit for him."

And I wondered,

Have I ever complained?

Or has any part of my body done so without my knowledge?

And if not, does that not mean I'm more than okay?

But because He's God, I did not ask Him that question.

It only started and died inside me.

As per His words, He came down from heaven and said to me,

"Close your eyes."

And I did.

He said again, "Open your eyes."

And when I opened my eyes,

Lo!

Beside me, a woman was sitting.

I asked her what her name was, and she said 'Tenzi'.

I asked her again,

"Who has brought you here?"

And she said,

"God has brought me here."

And so I said this:

"This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh.

I'm the right eye; she is the left eye.

Thus, the same image we see.

I'm the right ear; she is the left ear.

Thus, the same voice we hear.

I'm the upper lip; she is the lower lip.

Thus, the same song we compose.

I'm the right hand; she is the left hand.

Thus, the same mission we carry.

I'm the right leg; she is the left leg.

Thus, the same place we're going.

If it's east, to the East we're going.

If it's west, to the West we're going."

But now,

*Like a light that appears to a world that was dark
and leaves,*

Leaving it darker than it found it,

*Leaving those who dwell in it lonelier than when it
found them,*

So was she to me.

*On my hand, God placed something sweet, and
from my hand, she took it away.*

*And since that day, I have been drinking something
bitter.*

See me now,

*I have become angry with God and everything He
has placed under the sun.*

*Why would God, whose love is another name for
Him, fill my cup with joy, then pour it out even
without me enjoying it for long?*

*Behold, I am a thirsty man, and I know that a drop
of water will undoubtedly leave me thirstier than it
found me if I take it!*

*So I better stay with my thirst that I'm used to than
take that drop of water.*

What is called holy books, I have burned!

For what they call sweet, I tasted and found it bitter.

Ah! Where is my lover?

The source of my joy,

Where is she?

Where have you hidden her?

You angels of God,

How busy are you?

Do you know the girl by the name Tenzi?

If yes, please go to the four corners of the earth and search for her and tell her these words:

“This house, the way it was built, even me, let alone others, cannot bring it down.”

I know,

I know very well,

Very well indeed,

That it's a good thing for a man to sit calmly and wait to be served by those who serve.

But you,

you know how the heart is,

don't you?

Don't tell me, God, you don't know when You are the one who created it.

How anxious it is.

And so,

sometimes, when man sees that those in the kitchen have taken longer to serve him, anxiety makes him wake up and go to the kitchen where they are and ask them,

“Have you forgotten that I exist?”

If they tell him they are still aware that he has not yet been served and that it's the food that is in the process,

At least, even if he has not gone back with what he was coming for, those words have calmed him down and given him hope.

My dear plant

From my tank to my bucket,

I put water to water my dear plant.

Disappointingly,

I could not move from where I was to where my dear plant was.

Yes! I forced myself to, but all was in vain.

“Oh, my poor plant!

Who will now water you?

Oh, poor me!

If my plant dries, who will be there to comfort me?

Who will I share my happiness and sorrows with?

For without it, life will be dark to me.”

I cried out.

The gods said among themselves,

"Let's descend to the earth and see what Pita is crying for.

If it's something worthy of a cry,

we will find a way to help him, but if it's something unworthy,
we will beat him and add him another sorrow:
first, for disturbing our sleep for nothing,
second, for crying over something that's not worth a cry."

As they said, they came,
And by their own eyes, they saw everything.
And so they said,
"Now we will do it for you.
Wipe your tears and rejoice,
For this is the day the Lord has made for you.
In our Father's house, there are many blessings,
and if not so, we would have told you."

They did it,
And rain was sent from heaven to my plant,
according to the words of God.
Happy I was, and happy I'll ever be.
For what my hands could not reach, God took for
me and gave me.

Happy I am, and happy I'll ever be.

They saw how happy I was and called me Mr.
Happiness.

They asked me,

"Why are you so happy these days, unlike the other
days?"

But I did not tell them the cause of my happiness,
for even if I told them, my language they could not
understand,
and they should not understand it either.

There are some things that words are not enough
to describe.

The heart knows its own bitterness, and a stranger
does not share its joy.

When words can't explain what is in the heart,

Just take your heart to God, give it to Him, and let
Him read by Himself.

God builds, and also man builds,

but what is built by God will outshine all that men
build.

Like a lily among thorns, so is God's work among
men's work.

In the beginning, all houses look the same,
but once they are completed, the difference begins
to show.

This house becomes more beautiful than that one,
and if you convince them there was a time those
houses looked the same,
they will not believe what you are saying.

The garden will be weeded, and my plant will stand
strong.

It will bear fruit, and its fruit will be healing to the
nations.

Kings will come from afar to rest under its shade.

I looked at it and said, "Sure, God is a perfect
designer!"

How beautiful it is among plants!

When I saw how beautiful it was,

I went and called my parents, my college mates,
and my friends and said to them,

"Come and see how beautiful my plant is!"

For what artist, after making good art, hides it in a
cave?

When God creates something beautiful,
He must bring it to the world for it to be seen,
so that the world can glorify Him.

Hermit

When Hermit was in the jaws of a lion, ready to open his mouth to curse life—because even after he had dedicated his life to searching for truth, abandoned cities for a solitary life, rejected meat and all other foods said to drive man away from his Maker, and chosen celibacy over marriage—he still had not found God.

As he was about to curse life for its painful disappointments, a voice from above came to him:

“Hermit, why do you want to kill yourself?”

He said, “Because I have been seeking You but have never found You.”

Then God told him this:

“Hermit, you are like a woman who covers her whole body with makeup, telling herself that now she will get the love she wants, not knowing that love is always raw.

Those are the ones who underrate the beauty of obedience and the true beauty of the heart.

And what is the benefit of making the whole body as white as snow when the heart is fading in darkness?

Are those not rotten hearts wrapped in beautiful faces?

Hermit, you have gone to dwell in mountains and caves because some books lied to you, saying that there you will meet Me.

You have fasted a lot, thinking you will earn My love.

You have abandoned meat, something that I myself ate while sitting where you are sitting now, because it is said to make gods angry and distant from their worshippers.

You say you hate your body, right?

Now, if the material body were useless, why did I give it to you?

If I hate it when man eats, why do I send rain to water what he eats?

If you think this material world should be totally abandoned, then why did I bring you here?

Could I not just let you remain in the spiritual world?

Did I abandon this world Myself?

Do I not send rain to even if it is said to be evil?

Do I not raise the sun every day to fill it with light?

You go to crusades preaching Jesus to people who are busy doing their own things. Have you ever seen doctors going door to door asking if people need a doctor?

If people are ill, they are the ones who go to seek the doctor or call him.

If people think they are well, who are you to tell them they need a doctor?

Son of man! Dying for Me does not mean physical death.

You think that dying a violent death will make you a saint?

You think that when you're beheaded like Paul, that is when you will become the greatest in the kingdom of God? Do you know why people like Paul died a violent death, or do you just want to follow them blindly?

Before his conversion, Paul killed many Christians and left their families in tears, and so he had to pay for it. Heaven forgave him, yes, but earth did not, and so the same sword that he used to behead them had to be used to behead him.

John was a peaceful man and died a peaceful death.

Do you want to say he is less of a saint than Paul because he died a peaceful death?

Son of man, I am not a political leader.

I don't want to be campaigned for!

I don't feed on people's blood such that being beheaded or burned alive will appease Me.

I have never sent any man to change the world.

When I want the world to change, I Myself will change it because it's Mine.

Remember, you are just invited to a party as a friend; nothing you have contributed.

So sit down and enjoy the music, food, and drinks that the owner party has prepared for you

Son of man, when you dress yourself, do it from head to feet.

Just because the feet do not carry the brain as the head does, does not mean they should not be washed or clothed.

For they are also part of your body.

If the feet suffer, know that even the head will suffer.

There is bread for the body and bread for the spirit,
and both are very important.

Food for the body cannot be food for the spirit.

When I was on earth, did I not say that what goes
into the body does not defile it, but only what comes
out?

If foods made for the body could make the spirit
wise or give it virtue, then those who want to be
humble would just eat doves, for they are known to
be humble.

A calm spirit is better than sacrifices, and to heed is
better than the fat of rams.

In My kingdom, an obedient folly is better than rude
intelligence."

Dear Death

When I was young,
I used to hate you a lot,
For I thought you come to torment people.
But since I learned that hiding people from the eyes
of the evil one is what you come to do,
I have come to love you.
To rest them in peace is your ordained mission.

When I was young,
I used to fear you.
When I heard that you were in our neighborhood,
I would run away quickly
So that you wouldn't catch me.
But now,
If I hear you're coming to our city,
I pray earnestly so that you can also come to my
home.

There comes a time when man stretches out his
hand to take what is written:

"Don't drink this; it's poisonous to your body."

Aha! How wise you are God!

When sin entered the world,

You did not allow man to take from the tree of life.

For who—who would want to live in such a muddy place for a long time?

Like one who has locked himself in a toilet,

Which smells bad,

And just wants to finish what he's doing and get out quickly,

So am I on this earth.

From it comes a rotten smell—

The rotten smell of their filthy thoughts, evil words, and rotten deeds.

Even the food that my God has given me,

I can't enjoy in peace in this place.

Ah! When that time comes to leave this place,

I'll do it quickly like the one who is chased away,

Like an arrow that moves forward without looking back

So will I leave this earth,
And forget completely if I have ever lived on it.

When that time comes to leave this world,
Only my bones I'll leave,
But my heart I must carry,
So that where I am, it may be.

When darkness reigns

He who is in sorrow watches days and nights, but to the one who is happy, his days pass like a shooting star!

When the sun rises, he looks at it with hope and says, "Now a new day has come with new things." But as it goes down, he realizes that though the day was new, the pain remains the same, and he goes to bed with a broken heart.

Oh, Saviour of the world! Behold,
my head is too small to bear the weight of this pain.
Show me,
Show me please, another side of life, I pray.

I am a soft-hearted, sensitive man, such that what others call small pain feels very big to me.

God,

Would you call an ant weak just because what it sees as a mountain to man is a just a small thing?

Listen, you people!

I was not born a poet, nor was I born a philosopher.
It is pain that made me so.
Does pain not create?

At midday, when the sun was above my head, I sat
down alone under a tree to think about my pain.

What is life?

What lies ahead of me?

Why does pain come?

I closed my eyes, but my heart I left it open.

I closed my eyes lest I see the source of my tears.

“Pita!”

A soft voice, a voice full of healing and a promising
future, called me and began preaching to me:

“If a man does not know the number of hairs on his
head—a small matter as it may seem—then how
will he know greater matters above his head?

The day has 24 hours, right?

12 hours of light and 12 hours of darkness.

When it is time for darkness to reign, go deep into your heart and have a conversation with it.

When it is time for light to reign, go outside and enjoy the light.

When it is time for darkness to reign, gaze at the stars, but when it is time for light to reign, arise and shine, for your light has come.

The stars are there to be gazed at, not to light our path, while the sun is there to light our path, not to be gazed at

When it is time for darkness to reign, go to your bedroom and sleep, and when it is time for light to reign, go to the field and sow good seeds.

When the sun rises, we rise with it, and when it sets, we go down with it.

Do not do the opposite, for if you do, you will only be a fool.

When it is time for darkness to reign, let it reign. Do not resist it or curse it, for that will leave you more harmed than if you just surrendered to it. Then you will say,

‘Ah! I wish I had known it was stronger than me; I would not have wasted my energy fighting it!’

Even if you encounter two armed robbers, would you endanger your life, or would you give them the money and phone they demand?

Man,

What more do you wish to hear, and what more do you want to see?

I myself created this material world to reflect the spiritual world: the sun you see is my light, the rain I sent from heaven to you shows how I care about what you eat.

Just as sky surrounds the earth so do I surround you.

So again, man,

what more do you wish to hear, and what more do you want to see?

Why look up to see the sky when the same sky is reflected in the water you are fetching, and by looking into the water, you can still see it?

Why ask people if your face is clean when you have a mirror beside you?

Island

Like a baby groping around its mother's body,
looking for where the breast is, so I am groping
around in this darkness, looking for where my God
is,

The only one with what my soul longs for,

The only one with the life-giving word,

The only light that my eyes want to see.

I have lived with these people, and there is nothing,
absolutely nothing!

Nothing from them is fit to build my soul.

Their breath is death!

Their words hurt my heart!

And even if they give me their meal, I will not heal.

If it's suffering, I have already suffered, and I can
show a certificate that says I have been in the
school of pain and suffering.

If the Angel of Suffering comes, I'll show him that I
have already suffered, and there's no need to add
another sorrow to me.

The day when I find Him whom my heart has been
longing for, whom my heart has been seeking,

I'll hug Him, I'll hug Him tightly just like two lovers
hug each other after a long, long separation.

Ah! How I wish my house, which shelters this
depressed man, could have a mouth to say it.

It would say,

"Pita, I'm not only shielding you from harsh weather
but also from harsh people."

For the whole air is now polluted by their corrupt
thinking, by their rotten words."

How I wish my pillow could stand and tell them my
story,

For it is soaked with my tears, yet it has never
complained.

Ah! The very trees that provided shade for this
depressed man to sit under,

Be blessed and know that I'll never forget your act
of kindness.

After I find that which my soul is seeking, I'll come
back and bless you.

The sun rises and sets, but it has never stood on
my house to ask this man,

“Pita, is everything okay?”

It comes and goes as if everything is normal, and
so from today, I curse the sun, but the night I bless,
for it sends me to bed, and there I can at least
afford to leave the world of sorrows and enter the
world of spirits and ghosts and ask them of the evil
of life and of death.

Just the same way a thirsty calf feels, after
wandering here and there looking for water
unsuccessfully,

But one day the sun rises and finally it discovers a
fountain of water,

So will I feel after finding my God.

I know,

I know that one day the sun will rise and who my
heart loves so much will come back to me and I go
back to her.

Those things were written to take place and indeed
they will,

when the sun will be watching so that it can record
them and tell others about God’s wonderful works.

On that day, I'll no longer be called the man of sorrows but Mr. Happiness, and no one will take my joy from me.

They will ask,

"Why these days you are so happy?"

But I'll not tell them for even if I do, my language they can't understand.

God, how many times have I cried to you?

Do you mean even now my cry has not yet reached the courts of heaven?

How many times must a man die before he dies?

What did I do to deserve this pain?

Ah! Even when I ran away from it,

It chased me till it caught me,

Dragged me into its house and did with me as it wished.

Take this double-edged sword.

Go and if you meet any being walking on two legs that is human, kill it,

But if it's walking on four legs, spare that and return your sword into its place.

It's better to die and become nothing, absolutely nothing, or become like this rock here that has no feelings and that is not haunted by painful memories than to be a human being.

Like an arrow that leaves without turning back, so will I leave this world even without saying goodbye.

For I, Pita, count the dead as more privileged than the living.

What has man surpassed beast with?

For if it's eating, see also beasts eat and enjoy so much their food.

If it's dancing, even birds of the air know to dance.

If it's sex, even beasts do it.

If it's giving birth, also beasts give birth.

If it's taking care of children, beasts also take care of their young ones.

And how little is a man who brags about something that even a donkey has, even bigger than his?

How little is that man?

What's life, and who is the owner of it?

Where are his offices, and how long has he been in that office?

And how does he communicate with the living?

What is death, and who is the owner of it?

Where are his offices, and how long has he been in that office?

And how does death communicate with the dead?

Lord God,

Wear flesh and come visit me in my place.

Even if it's just 40 minutes, I'll be glad.

I have already prepared coffee for you and me.

Please don't hesitate to come,

For in my heart, as you can see, is burdened with questions,

And though I told your disciples to answer them, my question no one could answer.

So I, this day, have decided to touch you directly.

Lord God and My creator,

The one who says,

"Let there be light" and it becomes so,

Is this hard to ask?

Dip your finger in a pot of sweet water and bring it
to my mouth so that I can end this bitterness in my
heart, lest it turns me into a dead man.

How I wish I knew I was coming to this place,

A very dirty place, and I wonder, how do these who
dwell here afford to smile?

But anyway, are the same leaves that are bitter to
humans not sweeter to goats?

Now who will convince me to bring children into
such a muddy place, dwelt by mad people?

Is life not enough with the woman whom my heart
loves so much?

Ah! What made sense to me today is senseless.

What I valued yesterday, today is nothing!

Madness! Total madness and madness!

I have found something else more precious than
gold, sweeter than honey, and deeper than the
deepest ocean!

And never again will you find me in their places.

A violent earthquake!

A violent earthquake struck this house and left no
stone on another,
Turned once passable roads into impassable roads,
Habitable land into uninhabitable land!

But how fast do things change?

The house that was full of smiles, now it's full of
tears?

Aha! Indeed, there is nothing, nothing! Absolutely
nothing that is permanent in this world, even the
world itself is passing.

I'm a servant sent by his master to a far country for
a certain mission for a specified period.

In this world, free man I am and I'll ever be.

There is nothing to press me down.

I myself raised my hand to cut all that would likely
chain me in this muddy world.

There is a voice that unless man sits down silently
and listens,

He will not hear.

Anger shouts, but love whispers, and so my God is whispering something to me.

I must sit down silently and listen to what He's saying.

God came and uprooted all that which was not planted by Him, and He sowed His goodness in this garden.

The earth has now become a poisonous place to live.

The very water we once depended on has been turned to blood.

The very food we used to eat whenever we were hungry has been poisoned.

Aha! I'll mask my eyes not to see the folly of the foolish and close my ears not to hear the madness of the mad!

I'll connect my ears to the heart of God to feel that healing voice which gives life to the dead.

A time will come when everything made by man will be out of sight, and that day they will know it's not what you have but who you are.

In this log I'll sit,
In this weary land I'll be,
In this mud I'll lie on,
Till God Himself comes and tells me,
"Enough, my son, now arise and shine, for your
light has come."

You, my people,
The people who God placed close to me,
You just remain here as I go to the mountain to talk
to my God, and when I'm done, I'll return, and you
will see me.

Though I don't know how long I'll be there, I'm sure
I'll return to you alive, and even if I die, I'll die like
Moses, so don't come for my body.

Same lessons, Same mission

My beloved and I were wearing oversized shoes,
But surely, how can one wear oversized shoes and
walk comfortably?

We were on a journey, but for now, we are not
anymore.

The bus that was carrying us has gone for
refueling, and here we are, waiting for it.

It will return, and we shall continue our journey as
before.

Though we are not comfortable in the shoes we
wear, one thing we have in mind: when we reach
where we're going, we shall buy shoes that fit us
well.

As we hear the bus coming,

My beloved mistakenly puts on my shoes instead of
hers.

But I do not allow her to walk in them, for that would
be like one who wears the left shoe on the right foot
and the right shoe on the left.

Would such a person not look like a mad person?

My beloved and I are wearing oversized shoes,

But mine are even larger than hers.

But is there really anyone who can wear oversized shoes and walk comfortably?

Wouldn't that journey become tiresome?

The dreamer woke up from his dream, joyful,
knowing that heaven had answered his prayer.

He remembers the last words he spoke before the
night that bore this dream:

“If my twin flame and I are not learning the same
lesson, then we shall not end up with the same
mission.

How can one cry while the other is laughing and still
call themselves one body?

The pain inflicted on the right hand, the left hand
must feel it.

When the head aches, do not the eyes cry, the
mouth report the matter, and the legs walk to the
doctor?

How can two walk together unless they agree?

How can two walk together if, when one laughs, the
other cries?

How shall you know that these two parts are
connected?

Very simple!

When you move one and THE other moves, you
will know that indeed the two are connected and no
one should separate the two that Lord God has
connected.

Let the same pain inflicted on the right hand be felt
by the left,

And the left hand will learn that to hurt its
counterpart is to hurt itself.

Ah! There were days we used to suckle from the
same breast,

How happy were those days!

There was a time you used to dance for me,

How happy were those days!

Yesterday can't be today and today can't be tomorrow.

Now it's time to drink from this cup of bitterness,

Let's drink from it,

For that is what we have been given for now.

It is God who plans, not us.

He says,

'Let there be light,' and there is light.

'Let there be tears,' and there are tears."

Pita “passed through”

Why do you count me among those who lived on Earth, yet I was just passing through?

Did you not see that even the door through which I entered was not the same door I used to exit?

They want to stay on this earth for long because they have no other place to go.

Their life started on Earth and it will end on Earth, but for gods, they have many places to go. So why should they waste their time on this earth?

I was faster than them, and so I reached earlier than them, but because they could not, they can't, and they will never understand the deep things of life.

They said,

“Pita lived a very short life.”

You, earthlings,

When will you know that the distance between the womb and the tomb is the same for all?

Only some are faster than others.

You doubt me?

Let's call the wisest mathematician and let him calculate the distance and tell us.

Why should I pity those who dwell on Earth?

When I was on that place, I never had children.

When I ascended, I ascended with my beloved, lest she also drink the same cup of tribulation with them.

So why should I pity those who dwell on Earth when there is nothing that is called by my name there?

You can't tell me to go back to Earth.

I can see they have already buried my body and because many days have passed since it was buried, it has decomposed.

So even if I go back to those people, what will I wear?

The fruit that was not yet ripe

On his way home, Starborn plucked a fruit from the tree and, upon tasting it, found it bitter. This angered him, for it filled his heart with bitterness.

He said:

Since childhood, we've heard that this tree bears sweet fruits, and that their sweetness is for the healing of the nations.

Now I ask, where is that sweetness?

Ah! Why is it that what is written in books is always different from what we see?

If I open my mouth to curse this tree, will they call me a bad person?

If I take my axe and remove it from the face of the earth, will they say I'm bad?

Now see,

It has filled my heart with bitterness,

A bitterness that has made me hate people, my parents,

A bitterness that has made me hate everything
done under the sun,

Hate my God.

The bitterness has driven me from the halls of the
university to the tents of Kedar.

Alas,

I'll raise my pen and write as many books as
possible, explaining to people how bitter the fruits of
this tree are!

How I hate it now after I ate it

How they should not come across it

Better is he who will never be born, for he will never
taste how bitter it is!

Woe unto the children born from this day forward,
for they know not how evil the world has become!

He took his axe and as he was about to cut it down,

A voice came from heaven:

"Starborn."

It called him.

"Here I am, my Lord," he answered.

"Why are you angry with this tree?"

Is it because, in the holy books, it is written that the fruits of this tree are sweet and their sweetness is for the healing of the nations, but now you have tasted them, and they are bitter?

Now return your axe to its place, and anger to its place, and listen to me.”

“What is written about the fruits of this tree is true, but you have tasted its fruit when it was not yet ripe.

Son of man,

When the fruit ripens, you will see changes.

It will change its taste, its color, and even its size.

Son of man,

I am God who makes everything beautiful in its time.

Though I knew the bitterness of this fruit would drive you into madness and fill your heart with bitterness,

I led you to it and made sure you tasted it unripe, so that when it ripens, you will see how sweet it has become.

And on that day, you will glorify my work.

Son of man,

Be patient with this fruit, as I am patient with you.

In its right time, it will ripen, and never again will it taste as it does today.

Just because it is bitter today does not mean it will always be bitter.

There is a time for everything:

A time for love and a time for hatred,

A time to build and a time to break down.

Today is sunny, but tomorrow will be rainy.”

Tears and Blood

It's very hard for tears to fall without blood falling,
for they are children of the same mother.

Yea, that which is written in ink can be erased, but
that which is written with tears and blood will never
be erased, and what is written in the heart will last
longer than that which is written on paper.

On every door of an Israelite, there is a writing—a
writing that was written by blood.

And Pharaoh, even if he wants to erase it, he can't,
for how can you erase what you can't reach?

On the cross, there is another writing that God
Himself, by His own blood, wrote. Since that time,
the devil has been finding ways to erase it.

When the body cries, you will see blood.

When the heart bleeds, you will see tears.

Chase not your demons away

Chase not your demons away, for if you do, you will do it today, tomorrow, and the day after tomorrow.

Try not to chase the flies from your dishes—just clean your dishes, and the flies will feel unwelcome.

Be holy, I say again, be holy, and demons will flee from you on their own.

A demon within you attracts more demons, and soon, your whole body will be filled with a legion of them.

Be holy, and the devil will flee from you without even being told to go away.

Have you ever joined a group of people who speak a language you don't understand?

Did you stay?

No, you felt you didn't belong there, and you left.

Bring a sinner into heaven, and his own evil heart will tell him:

'You don't belong here. Can't you see you're hated?'

Daughter of Lebanon

Daughter of Lebanon,

Cry not for me, but for yourself, for you have never
left me in darkness.

In light I was, and in light I am.

Like a dove that was sent by Noah from the ark and
wandered, then returned, so will you come back to
this journey.

The journey is longer than you think, but thank God,
heaven is closer than it appears.

You are bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh.

I'm the right eye; you are the left eye.

Thus, the same image we see.

I'm the right ear; you are the left ear.

Thus, the same voice we hear.

I'm the upper lip; you are the lower lip.

Thus, the same song we compose.

I'm the right hand; you are the left hand.

Thus, the same mission we carry.

I'm the right leg; you are the left leg.

Thus, the same place we're going.
If it's east, to the East we're going.
If it's west, to the West we're going.

But,

What if the right eye sees a different image from its counterpart?

Would that not be the beginning of differences?

Suppose the right leg wants to go east,

And the left leg wants to go west.

Would that not mark the beginning of separation?

The journey was laid before us by God.

It is neither mine nor yours alone.

I am your counterpart; you are my counterpart.

In the same class we're,

In the same mission we shall be.

When the right hand is inflicted with pain,

The left hand must feel it too.

He who buys shoes does not buy one but two—

One for the right foot and one for the left.
The two shoes must look the same,
And each must be designed to fit the shape of the
corresponding foot.

Though our parents on earth are different,
I know that in heaven our mother is the same:
The Holy Spirit.

Though our earthly fathers are different,
There in heaven our Father is the same:
God the Father.

As I was walking in nature, I found honey,
And I said, "Sweet."
But I also said,
"I will not eat this alone."
So I went to call my lover,
And together we shared it.

When sorrows poured on me like rain,
I was sad and I told my God,

“When I found honey, I went to call my twin flame,
and we shared it.

But now it is sorrows.

Bring my lover here,

So that we may drink from the same cup of sorrows
together.”

The Miller's Meal

Dear miller,

You have already ground this millet into flour; now,
what are you grinding it again to become?

Should it not be made into a meal for you and the
world to eat?

Will God raise His rod to beat the one who is
already down?

My heart is already bleeding.

Will He add another sorrow to it?

If a mother finds her child being beaten thoroughly
by a mob because he has stolen,

Will she also join in the beating, even if her son has
stolen?

Or will she try to save him?

And if she sees she can't,

Will she not just stand at the corner where no light
is and start weeping for her child?

Even if a child has made his mother hungry,

Will she use two canes to beat him?
Is her child a thief?
Will she not still love him tomorrow?

Serve me something sweet, oh God,
So that I may end this pain,
For it's burning my heart.

Show me, please, oh God,
Show me another side of life.
This side I have been looking at for a long time,
And nothing here is to be admired.
Nothing makes sense here.
Is there another side of life?

Oh God,
Please serve me some coffee to drink as I wait for
the food to be ready,
Lest I get bored.

Yes, I know very well that in Canaan there is honey
and milk,

But You did not start blessing the Israelites when they reached there.

You started right away from Egypt.

When they left Egypt, You did not tell them that You were waiting for them in Canaan. Oh no!

In the Red Sea, You were with them.

In the wilderness, You were with them.

When there was no water to drink, You provided.

Indeed,

There are permanent and temporary changes.

A millet that has already been ground into flour will never ever again become millet.

Even if it wants to, it can't.

Even if You don't use it,

It will just remain as it is.

There are blessings for Canaan,

And blessings for the journey from Egypt to Canaan.

Where are my blessings?

Is the dark night of the soul really dark?
If yes, why am I seeing the moon and stars?
Blessings or curse?

When a lamb is injured,
It does not look up to other sheep to heal it,
But to the shepherd.

Here I am, an injured lamb.
They broke my leg, and it's bleeding heavily.

Come, my shepherd,
I call upon Your name.
Come and heal me.

You asked me,
"Do you want to be healed?"
And today, while the sun and moon are watching, I
say,
"Yes, I want to be HEALED."

Heaven and Earth

Earth is fertile, and so is heaven.

My feet are on earth,
my head is in heaven,
and my heart is between the two.

I'm not where my body is,
But where my thoughts are.

Though the sun and moon are above my head,
They are not above my thoughts.

With my hand, I cannot touch heaven,
But with my thoughts, I can.

It is not wise to go to heaven
To ask for what you left there on earth.

It was not poverty that made Nicodemus wake the
Master at night,

But something higher than that.

Though Jesus fed five thousand with bread,
When they followed Him the next time,
He rebuked them.

Yes, God fed the Israelites with manna, but only
when they were in the wilderness.

After they reached Canaan, they began eating the
produce of the land.

The money you diligently pray to God for can also
be given by jinns; even those who do not glorify
God as God have it.

Someone in the crowd said to Him,

“Teacher, tell my brother to divide the inheritance
with me.”

Jesus replied,

“Man, who appointed me a judge or arbiter between
you?”

A boy with an aching head went to heaven

And asked God to heal him.

But God said:

“Young boy, why have you come from afar

To ask Me for what the world can give you?

If the world can give you that, go back to the world
and tell it to give it to you.

Ask Me for deeper things the world cannot afford,

And even before you finish asking,

In your hands, you will have it.”

He is closer to the brokenhearted,

Not to the leg-broken,

For He knows that doctors here on earth can solve
that,

But no one can heal a broken heart,

Except Him.

To understand metaphysics,

You must first understand physics.

To understand the supernatural,

You must first understand the natural.

If you cannot love your neighbor,
Whom you see with your eyes,
How will you love God,
Whom you have never seen?

Earth is heaven in its simplest form.
The sun is God in His simplest form.
When it rises, we rise with it.
When it goes down, we go with it.
So why do you keep saying,
“His face you have never seen?”

Like a circle with no beginning or end,
So is God.

Two plus two is four; that is the truth.
Anyone who tells you otherwise
Is a false teacher.
Do not follow them.

To test if your calculator is working properly,
perform basic mathematics such as adding two plus
two.

Now, how true is the law of attraction?

No one wants to stay close to a dirty person.

We met at the well because we shared the same
thirst.

Drunkards meet in the bar,
Christians meet in the church,
gods meet in heaven,
and devils meet in hell.

Yes, I know man will reap what he sows,
But I also know there are enemies called pests and
diseases, and a favor called fertilizer.

When you pray for rain, know it will not come with
seeds or turn your maize into wheat,
But it will water what is planted.
Pray, but remember, at the end of the day,
You will reap what you sow.

Weather forecasters can tell you it will rain,
But they cannot make it rain.
Your prophets are not gods to be worshipped,
But tables where God has placed His food.

In the garden, there is a favor called fertilizer,
It will not turn maize into wheat,
but it will make maize grow faster.

During the dry season, prepare your garden.
During the rainy season, sow your seeds.

The bottomed pit

It's just madness! Total madness! And Madness!

In this world, there is nothing—absolutely nothing—that makes sense at all.

From east to west,

I see that the whole world is vast darkness.

The earth itself is another pit into which God dumps evil spirits.

But unlike hell, which is bottomless,

this pit has a bottom.

After human beings enter this earth,

the entrance door immediately closes itself,

but the exit door remains open,

so that those who feel tired of this place can use it to exit.

Who said you will be judged because, when you felt tired, you moved from the sitting room to the bedroom?

Who said so, and when did they say it?

Many times, I, Pita, have asked myself:

Why do the sons and daughters of men wait to be inflicted by pain until it turns them into ashes when they can run away?

Or can their eyes not see that the escape door is open for them?

Yes, it's open, and even now, as I'm writing this, I can see that it's open.

If you wake at midnight, you will find it open.

Small and great,
slaves and masters,
learned and unlearned,
all have used it to exit.

Why should I run if my leg is broken?

Why should I?

It's dark, and because it's dark, I'll lie on my bed.

And when the sun rises, I'll rise with it.

You, the washer,

for how long will you waste your soap, washing
clothes only to dip them in mud?

God spent more time creating good people than He
spent creating evil ones.

But my question has always been:

Why did He, like the washer, spend more soap to
make them clean, only to bring them to dwell on
this earth with mad people?

If God is really just, as these holy books tell us,
let me see the wall—the wall between gods and
dogs, sheep and goats, wise and fools.

Let me see it!

And since that day, if anyone asks me if my God is
just, I'll say:

Yes, He is just.

And I can prove it.

It was me, silence, and darkness.

Though I agree with you, Job, that there is hope for a tree that has been cut, do you really know that the tree will never be like the first one? Neither in this world nor the world to come.

Even when an injury to the body heals, there must remain a scar to remind it that it was once wounded.

Feelings come and go, but the heart remains.

Thoughts come and go, but the mind remains and just the same way there is falling into water and drinking water, there is falling in love and loving.

The same event that happened to Master Jesus at the sixth hour when he was dying on the cross, when darkness covered the whole world, repeated itself in my world.

I felt as if I was crucified between two devils, when all left me alone and I was there, sandwiched between hell and heaven.

There was no one to pass through me and ask me how I was.

It was just me, silence and darkness.

But who can really see things as they are and not as they seem to be?

Who?

I see. It's the greatest desire for man to know what the future holds for him, but it's the greatest glory for God to conceal it from man.

For who can enjoy watching movie that they know how it Will end?

Though God sometimes allows His beloved to have a glimpse of the future, it can be compared to seeing a road sign for a bump, but not knowing exactly what that bump looks like.

Red mark appears

A time comes when white becomes black, and
black becomes white,

When demons become friends and angels become
enemies.

When man does not seek to enjoy the music but to
understand the lyrics.

A time comes when a man hates everything done
under the sun,

Not only that, but also himself.

When a man abandons himself as he is abandoned
by his friends.

To the earth, he is an outsider, just as he is an
outsider to himself.

A time comes when madness becomes the way of
life.

And what will I compare sorrows to?

Like heat to fat, so they are to man.

Sorrows left nothing standing in this house.

Not even a single rock on another can be seen in
this house.

And those who used to watch this house in
admiration say,

“Behold, in this place, there was a house.”

They ask among themselves,

"Is this not the same house that was full of laughter
yesterday but now full of tears?"

But who will tell these beings on my behalf that,
yesterday can't be today and today can't be
tomorrow.

Who will tell them that I'm not a mountain lest they
think where they saw me yesterday, they will find
me today?

I ask,

If this pain comes to heal, what can we say about
it?

Is it not more important than pleasure that comes to
destroy?

Sorrows only sharpened this image.

Not that the image was not there before sorrows,

It was there, but blurry.

What happens in the dark night of the soul is not sowing, but uprooting.

For there is a time for everything.

Though a tooth grows painlessly, its uprooting is with pain and the shedding of blood.

Without Love, Life is dark

Without love, life is dark.

Without love, nothing that is can be.

When the Sun appears, darkness runs away.

When LOVE appears, life starts making sense.

I'm a fish.

When you see me in deep waters, think not that I'll suffocate.

I'm a bird.

When you see me soaring up the skies, think not that I'll fall, and in case you see me on earth, know that it's landing, not falling.

Without love, life is dark.

Without love, nothing that is can be.

Every heart has desires, and if its desires are not met, the heart gets sick.

Without love, life is dark.

Without love, nothing that is can be.

Without love, our daily work will be as dry as bones.

Like water to a plant, so is love to the heart.

Without love, books will not be written, songs will not be sung, poems will not be composed, and there is nothing—absolutely nothing—that will exist, for it is love that motivates us to do these things.

God served man with coffee, but as man was drinking it,

He saw,

“It’s not good for man to drink this alone.

I’ll add another person to him with whom he will enjoy this together.”

LOVE is a cup of coffee that becomes sweeter when shared.

LIFE is a cup of coffee that, for it to be sweet, must have LOVE added.

LOVE is very powerful.

And if many waters happen to quench it, know that it was not love.

It was something else.

I ask,

Who will stand on the path of love to prevent it from
going where it was meant to go?

Which metals can the powers of love not
penetrate?

And which sin can the fires of love not burn?

The walls of Jericho will fall.

Goliath will fall.

Bitter water will turn sweet.

Jairus' daughter will come back to life.

And the fires of love will descend from heaven and
burn the veil that stands between these two lovers.

This too I'll eat

Whatever God has placed before me,
I'll eat.

Whether bitter or sweet,
I'll eat.

I did not bring myself into this world.
How, then, will I live for myself?
Many times, my heart has been angry with God.
What is called the Books of God, I have burned,
for I was angry with my God.

I said to myself,
“Ah! I'll never bring children to this earth,
lest they be afflicted with sorrows by these
unmerciful gods.
Do gods feed on the tears of men?
And if so, when will they be satisfied?”

Alas! I went to Death and asked him,

"Sir, can you hide me from the eyes of this evil one?"

But Death said,

"Pita! On my own, I can't,

unless I receive a command from above."

On that day, I went home disappointed because of Death's words.

Where is God?

Why is what is written always different from what we see?

Will God give the one who has no teeth hard food and tell him,

"If you chew this, I'll reward you for being strong."

Why can't He serve us with what we can eat?

Is life about serving me something that makes my heart bitter,

so that I cry from morning to evening?

Show me the house of the Lord.

Show me the place where He lives.

In the night,

when silence reigns,
when fools are already dead in their sleep,
when the air is free from the pollution of people's
evil thoughts,
I'll visit Him and ask Him everything, from A to Z.

But how just is the justice of God?

At the door of God, I stand knocking,
With me are many questions,
Questions that outweigh me.
Is the justice of God truly just?

If God Is truly just,
why has He mixed sheep and goats?
Behold, there are those carrying rotten hearts, and
they smell bad.
Though they deny it, flies betray them.
But there are those whose thoughts, words, and
actions fill the air with fragrance.
Not only people but good spirits want to be close to
them.

How just is the justice of God?
I want to know.
I said to myself,
“I will not raise my pen to write about the justice of
God until I see it with my eyes,
hear it with my ears, and touch it with my hand.”

Some will call me Thomas, I know.

But even if I am, what is your problem?

Was Thomas not a disciple of Jesus?

When your phone is not working, do you blame it,
or do you go to the one who made it?

There are those who sow maize today and expect
to harvest wheat.

And if you ask them why they think so, they say,
“Jesus has forgiven us.

When we sowed maize, we were foolish, but now
we are wise”.

Now they say the past does not matter.

If so, why do I harvest the wheat I sowed yesterday
today?

The same sword that Paul used to behead other
Christians

was the one used to behead him.

David stretched out his hand to take Uriah's wife.

Heaven forgave him, but earth did not, and so his child died.

When people heard that God's justice was truly just,

they came to the Master and asked Him,

"We have sinned, and God has forgiven us, but the earth has not.

What shall we do for the earth to forgive us as well?"

The Master said to them,

"In the same place where you sowed bad seeds, go there, unbury them, and sow good seeds.

That is what is called restitution."

In that meeting,

Zacchaeus was present,

and he went and returned four times what he had stolen from others.

It's her mirror that was broken not her face

A girl looked at herself in the mirror and was upset because her face looked horrible,

something that lowered her self-esteem.

She asked herself,

“Ah! What ugliness!

Who will love me now?”

After a long period of depression,

she decided to go and ask her father about it.

Instead of using many words to explain things his young daughter could not grasp,

he went and brought her a new mirror.

He gave it to her and said,

“Now, little girl, you can use this to look at yourself.”

The girl was now happy as she looked into the mirror and saw that she was beautiful.

She learned that it was the mirror that was broken, not her face.

Her face was fine.

I say,

God will not heal you from pain,
but from sin.

Without sin, there is no pain.

Just as there can't be plants without water, there
can't be pain without sin.

If God truly came to heal you from pain and not sin,
it would be like wasting a lot of soap to wash a
madman who will simply return to the mud.

The new mirror God will give you, and on that day,
you will see another side of life.

The renewed mind you need, to see things as they
are,
and not as you think they are.

God does not only forgive,
but transforms.

The Bible tells me to carry this rock,
but it doesn't give me the energy to carry it. That is
why I need the Holy Spirit.

Pita, not Peter

The Peter you are looking for, I know him, but I am not him.

Many years have passed since he was buried, and no one knows where he is buried except gods.

I am a poet, but the Peter you have come looking for was a politician.

What do I have to do with him?

This is Pita, not Peter.

Don't you see? Even our names are not the same.

But do not cry for him, for it is the author of a novel who determines the fate of his characters

Whether they will be good or evil.

In the beginning of the story, he (the novelist) unites two lovers;

In the middle, he separates them;

And in the end, he unites them again.

Ah! There is a place where silence and darkness
reign,

And though I am very eager to go there, God keeps
insisting

That I must first watch this movie until it ends.

Then, and only then, will I go to that place.

But I keep asking Him:

For how long?

For how long must I live with these madmen?

For how long must I stay in this mud?

For I feel like I'm a god among dogs.

In the beginning, good appears to be weak,

But in the end, it triumphs.

Evil appears to be strong,

But in the end, it is defeated.

Not because this is how things should be,

But to go against the expectations of the sons of
men,

Who profess to know, yet they know nothing.

Now you can go away from here!

Why have you come to disturb the one who is
already resting in peace?

Mercilessness or Cleanliness?

A meeting was held in heaven, and I saw that the devil was also invited. Though God is the King, He only gave Himself 12 hours, while the other 12 hours were given to Satan to say what he wanted.

But who said there is enmity between God and Satan? I sell tomatoes, and Satan sells potatoes.

So, why do you tell me to hate him when I have nothing to do with that man?

Yes, you hate him because you're in the same business, and you're afraid he will make more sales than you.

God is not in competition with anyone,
and there is nothing like an opponent before Him.

The devil you see is His handiwork.

When God was creating human beings,

He said, "To this one, I give a kind heart to show the world how kindness looks; and to that one, I give a rude heart to show the world how rudeness looks."

What is the problem with that?

There is nothing evil in this world.

What was made to go to the east, to the east is going,

and what was made to go to the west,
to the west is going.

In the morning, people rise up to sow their seeds—
some good, others evil.

In the evening, they reap what they sowed in the morning.

Everybody here is a worker, and at the end of the day, they all come to their employer to receive their wages.

Teachers are paid the salary of teachers,
doctors the salary of doctors, farmers the salary of farmers,
and the justice of God is to ensure that teachers are not paid what belongs to doctors.

Hell is a pit where useless people and spirits are dumped and burned.

The owner of the house cleans his house and dumps useless things in a pit to burn them.

So, is that mercilessness or cleanliness?

Before you cook your beans, you must sit down first and separate the bad ones from the good, lest they spoil your entire meal..

Where is the mender's house?

Behold, there are places where wrecked vehicles are brought for repair, but is there really a place where broken souls are brought to be mended? Where is that place? What is its name?

Who does that, and how long has he been in that business?

Hah! what will a human being, a mere mud like me, stand before me to tell me?

For what they say is just what was said. Their books are all saying the same thing, and even in their churches, they come to repeat what was written 3,000 years ago.

How can you profess to interpret my dream if you yourself have never dreamt?

You say you will interpret my dream?

Tell me what my dream was before I tell you, and if you do, I'll know surely you have also interpretation of my dream.

If you don't, then go away from me!

Yea, I know very well, Very well indeed, so no need to tell me that it's good for a man to seek help from his fellow man, but if the leg of a lamb is broken, will it also seek help from its mother or from its shepherd?

Flew away

In the place where you left me, there you will not find me, for I'm not a mountain.

I have legs, and I walked away,
wings, and I flew away.

The little baby you left is now a married man.

The place that was covered by trees is now covered by buildings.

You philistines!

You thought that when you shaved my head, that would be my end?

Behold!

My hair is growing, one by one, and let it be known to you, your children, and your children's children that my strength will be greater than it was.

Therefore, the number that I'll kill will be larger than that which I killed before.

Hehe, I hear now you're looking for me.

Sorry!

Where I am, no one can come.

Even if you want to, you can't.

You foolish Herod!

You imprisoned me and placed two guards around me.

What did I steal from you or from your people?

What was my sin?

I heard that when you sent your soldiers to look for me in prison and missed me, you killed them.

Why kill them when it was your own fault?

You hard-hearted Pharaoh!

You thought that when you turned a few sticks into snakes, you had become God?

Though my body you had enslaved, you did not enslave my spirit.

My spirit did not cease praying to God, and that is why today, between me and you, there is a RED SEA.

At the well, we met

What did you go out into the wilderness to see? A man with an urban accent? No, those you left behind in the city. But what did you go out to see? A man dressed in fine clothes? No, such men are in kings' palaces. Then what actually did you go out to see? A prophet? Yes, I tell you, and more than a prophet.

The heavens are closer than they seem,
And the waters are deeper than they appear, and
the journey is longer than you think.

What happened is totally different from what is
written in your books, and sometimes what we hear
differs from what we see.

That is when the pronunciation of a word differs
from its spelling.

The voice is of Jacob, but the skin of Esau.

Alas! I am stuck.

Now, God, open my eyes, and I'll know the truth.

The truth needs two witnesses; ears alone are not
enough.

I see:

On this earth, there is nothing completely good without a hint of bad, and nothing completely bad without a hint of good.

Everything, everything here has two sides.

My words may be attractive, but my accent may not.

And why is the prophet a stammerer?

Were there not many people whom God could have used, who are fluent in speech, instead of disturbing Moses?

Alas, there are those who have beautiful faces, but their hearts are really rotten, and as they walk, flies follow them wherever they go!

Is it not rotten heart wrapped in a beautiful face?

Aha! How attractive is a good heart and a kind heart.

It's like a precious pearl, and everybody wants to stay close to it!

But how did I meet my beloved, the only and the only one?

At the well, we met.

Not that we had planned to meet, oh no!

It was the same desire that met us, the DESIRE for the water of life, Man Christ Jesus.

Strangers and Visitors

When sorrows came to my house, they did not knock on my door.

And when they found my door closed, they removed it and made their way inside.

When I asked them why they did so, they said,
“Even if we knocked, we knew you would not welcome us.”

When I ran, they chased me, dragged me into their house, and did with me as they pleased.

When it was blessings’ turn to visit me, three times they knocked on my door, so that if I didn’t open, they could return to their master and say to him,

“In his house, we knocked, but he did not welcome us.”

Aha! The problem with blessings is that they have never been labeled as blessings, nor have they ever come as blessings should come or as they are expected to come.

The mighty was born at night,

In the manger of sheep, he was laid.

Aha! If blessings come as blessings should come,
or as they are expected to come,

How many more people today would have their
cups overflowed with blessings?

How many are they?

In my vision,

We were in school, and one of our teachers wore
our uniform, and no one knew about it.

So the students treated him as they would treat
their fellow students.

Those who were rude treated him rudely, as they
would any other student.

And those who were kind treated him kindly, as
they were used to treating their fellow students.

When the time came for everyone to harvest what
they had sown,

Those who sowed good seeds good things they
received.

When it was the turn of those who sowed seeds of
evil,

God asked them,

“Why did you see me naked and not clothe me?”

Hungry and not feed me?

Sick and not visit me?”

They replied,

“Lord, when did we ever see you naked and not clothe you, hungry and not feed you, or sick and not visit you?”

The Lord said to them,

“I was walking among you, but you did not know it.

Go away from me, you hypocrites.

How can you profess to love God, whom you have never seen, yet fail to love your fellow man?”

The Heavy Heart sings

I am a man who went into exile,
A city that became deserted,
And in the ocean of tears I have been swimming

Oh, hear me,
sons and daughters of men.

Think not that the greatest wisdom is that which
reveals to you what your eyes have never seen,
what your hands have never touched, but that
which reveals to you what your eyes have always
seen and your hands have touched.

That wisdom—
That wisdom which gives life to the dead,
bread to the hungry,
and water to the thirsty.

What if,
What if the sun would not leave his children, the
“stars,” for a while?
Who would really know that stars shine?

A teacher teaches and leaves his students practicing what he has taught.

A master comes to teach his disciples and gives them an exam to do.

I say:

I say better a sorrow that sends me home than a happiness that sends me away from home.

Rain is a blessing to many, but does it not come with thunder and lightning?

And who really loves thunder?

Yes.

Yes, wisdom is a blessing to the one who owns her, but is she not born of sorrows?

But,

But why sorrows?

Does medicine heal because it's bitter, or is it bitter because it heals?

Sometimes,

Sometimes those sweet candies and biscuits are the ones that have been destroying your teeth.

Just because it's bitter doesn't mean it will kill you, and just because it's sweet doesn't mean that it will not kill you.

Medicines are bitter; do they come to kill?

Candies and biscuits are sweet; do they not harm your teeth?

Pleasure makes man run away from his soul.

Like heat to a solid ice, so are sorrows to the heart.

Yes!

I say a soul must be cooked with the fierce heat of sorrows until it becomes the desired (godly) soul, until the tasteless (sinful) soul becomes tasty (holy), until all its rawness (worldliness) is cleared away.

But what will I tell the chasers of pleasure?

The same leaves which are bitter to humans are also sweet to goats.

God knows what the heart needs; man knows what his heart wants.

Will a plant live without water?

What's sweetest is in the heart of God; what's most bitter is in the heart of the sons of men.

Will you, sons of men, deem an ant a weak creature simply because what you can carry with one hand it perceives as a mountain?

Yes,

a man may fill many books with his own words but still fail to make sense.

But one word from God is enough to sweeten the entire bitter ocean.

Now it's time for people to shut up.

What is God Himself saying ABOUT Himself?

I have heard about Him from people; it's time to listen to Him.

Will God still make sense without the Bible or the Quran?

Though they may clothe this naked body with their fancy garments,

they cannot clothe a naked soul.

They can make a very delicious bread for the body, but not for the soul.

And suppose they force themselves to; their bread is but a dry bone.

Wisdom!

Though it may dwell in deep forests where thorns are, I'll still go there to take it.

And if thorns pierce my feet, their piercing is as nothing compared to the eternal joy I'll have after finding it.

Just as the irritation caused by onions to the eyes is outweighed by the flavor they add to food, so will be their piercing.

Why I arrived at the meeting late

I arrived at the meeting late because I was limping.

On the way, I met with an accident, and my leg here is bleeding.

I arrived at the meeting late because I was carrying too heavy a heart.

I love my heart so much that nothing can set us apart.

Better I miss the meeting than miss what my heart whispers to me.

Oh, poor sensitive boy!

Something that could be done in a few minutes,

He has taken hours to do it 'cause on his way he met something that broke his heart.

He spent almost a day fixing himself, and if he sees the injury is too big,

He talks to death to swallow him and hide him from the eyes of the evil one.

Aha! How heavy are the prayers of a heavy heart, and how loud are his thoughts!

When he opens his mouth to pray,
The whole of heaven is quiet to listen.

A sick child I am, but I'll not tell you what I'm
suffering from.

A sick child eats not what is available but what his
heart desires

Give him soft food, not hard food, that he's able to
eat

Not what others are eating, but what his heart
desires.

A sick child I am, lying on my bed.

A sick child can't be left alone;

His loving mother is always at his side.

It's even written in the books of wisdom that she's
close to the broken-hearted.

Before I fell, she told me "Sorry,"

For she foreknew I would fall.

What an amazing, big love!

Agape love it is.

A sick child I am!

The angels were sent by God to go to the four corners of the earth and search the fattest ram, to slaughter it for this sick child.

A delicious soup must be served to a sick child.

A sick child I am!

I will not tell you what I'm suffering from, because you will laugh at me.

I'm a sensitive man, and what is a big mountain to me may be just a small thing to you.

A sick child I am,

But like a woman who refuses to show her nakedness to other men but her only husband, so I will not tell you what I'm suffering from.

I'm a sensitive man, and what is a mountain to me may be just a small rock to you.

My mother, the Holy Spirit—

I can see her sitting beside me, attending to me.

Every time she comes and asks, "Are you better now?"

Sometimes I want to lie to her and say I'm worse,

For I ask myself, Will I still receive this attention
when I get healed?

If yes, I'll tell her the truth.

A sick child I am!

But I will not tell you what I'm suffering from,

For if I do, you will all laugh at me.

I'm a sensitive man, and what is a mountain to me
to you may be just a small thing.

The party

In five days, the owner of the party prepared everything, and on the sixth day, he invited all his friends to come and celebrate.

I saw people enter the party, and once they entered, the entrance door closed by itself, while the exit door remained open.

In the party, there was a variety of food.

For those who don't eat meat, there were vegetables, and for those who don't drink soda, there was milk for them.

In short, everyone who came to the party ate, unless they chose not to.

However, there were some who forgot they were merely invited guests and not the owners of the party.

Out of fear, they took as little as possible, saying, "Lest we eat more than our pocket allows us."

Only after the party did they realize they were not the owners but invited. Then they said,

“Ah! If only we had known this earlier, we would have eaten and enjoyed ourselves to the fullest!”

Wide Load

Like a woman with her purse, so is a poet with his heart: wherever he goes he carries it.

They keep asking me,

“Why don’t you attend our meetings anymore?”

And I tell them,

“This is a vehicle carrying a wide load, and a vehicle carrying a wide load must always move slowly.”

The wide load the vehicle is carrying,

And on its head, it is labeled

“Wide Load,”

So that those who see it can give way. If anyone is hit by this vehicle,

The driver will not be accountable for it, for they had eyes but refused to read.

The heavy load the vehicle is carrying,

And the vehicle carrying a heavy load must move slowly.

Yes, it may take time to reach its destination, but
when it does,

What could not be done in many years will be done
in one day

It's night but not dark

Though my heart pains, and day and night it
bleeds,

I can still see a little, a little spark of hope in my
heart.

Though I was despised, left, and forgotten by the
one whom my heart loved so much—and still loves
today,

I can still see a little spark of hope in my heart.

Though I have been drinking a cup of bitterness,

And many years have passed me by without a
single word, whether good or bad,

In my heart, I can still see a little spark of hope.

When the whole world turned its back on me,

God turned His face toward me.

He put His hand into His pocket and gave me
something sweet

So sweet that even if all the bees in the world
united,

They could never make something like that.

His word, deeper than the ocean,

He has revealed to me.

His promises and prophecies that are about to be fulfilled,

His sweet words that He has shared with me,
Have made this bitter cup less bitter.

Yes! And though they are yet to come,
That assurance alone has made it sweeter.

Yea, it's night, but it's not dark

And it has never been dark.

I can see the moon here; she has come to light my world.

The stars also have come to comfort me with sweet words.

And even if I enter my room to do my own things,
The creativity that He—God—has given me,
I'll use it to create my own light.

Two types of darkness exist.

That which comes after the sun goes away

And that which comes after you have closed your eyes.

The one brought by you is darker than the one that comes naturally.

The one that comes naturally is meaningful.

The one brought by you is meaningless, and no matter how much you console yourself,

It's meaningless, and meaningless it will ever be.

Two types of light exist.

The one that comes from God and the one that man, from the creativity God gave him, creates.

The one that comes from God is brighter, hotter, and stronger than the one made by man.

Brighter, such that even if you enter your room and close it,

Some of it will still enter.

Brighter, such that even if clouds stand to block it,

The day will not be as if it were night.

If you sit down with your mind,

You will find that there is a connection between the light made by God and the one made by man.

Sometimes, God has to switch off His own light

To allow humans to use their own lights,

And by doing so, they end up glorifying the Creator
who gave them that creativity.

When man seeks something and fails to find it,

Either it does not exist, or his eyes cannot see it.

If that which you seek produces its own light, it will
be very easy to find,

For even in darkness, it's visible.

In the darkest darkness, it's brightest.

Finally, She came back

Aha! How easier it is for grass to grow again in a place where it has ever grown before than in a place where it has never grown?

Is it hard for a heart that loved but now hates to love again?

I see, I see that enmity itself is rooted in love,
For it's only people who ever loved each other,
known each other, and washed each other who are
now hating each other.

A heart that loves can hate,
That which hates can love again.
But that which has never loved cannot hate.

The day has 12 hours, and so does darkness.

The mansion was built in 7 years, but one day or
even one hour is enough to pull it down and make it
as if it has never existed

Restoration takes time, but destroying does not,
And God will never restore what He has never built

What can be broken can be mended.

In mending, a lot of wisdom is needed, but in
breaking, no wisdom is needed.

The garden that is left for a while becomes more
fertile than if it were not left.

It was just break time; we had not left school.
The bell rang, and my beloved and I went back to
class.

There are some things that begin on bed and end
on bed.

Others that begin on earth and end on earth.

When they say, 'Till death sets us apart,' they are
speaking the truth,

For their love started on earth, and on earth, it will
end.

But how can death separate that which is more
powerful than it?

Poet

I left my place among the BIG FIVE and chose to become one of those small creatures with wings, a bird, so that high in the skies I may soar, free I may be, and above the world I may rise to see the whole picture of it, not just a part.

Behold,

A snake was denied legs, but did that stop him from going where he was going?

What a wastage of many legs to the millipede that did not make it the fastest animal?

It's not wise to ask yourself, "If God had not given birds wings, how could they run away from their enemies?"

For it was the same reason that God gave them wings.

If size matters,

Why is the lion, smaller than the elephant, the king of the jungle?

O! An owl, the most mysterious of mysterious birds,
Come, come and teach me your mysteries.

The leaves are bitter to humans but sweeter to
goats.

Nothing has been added to the bitter leaves; only
the eater has changed.

Ostrich!

Queen ostrich, or whatever name they call you,

You brag of being the richest and most famous of
all birds. Yet, when they fly high in the skies, you
are jealous of them, for the material wealth you
have accumulated excessively can't let you fly
freely

Even if you want to fly high in the sky like them,

Your pride will press you down.

Simplified

When God told me that He would visit me,

I went and prepared a place for His plane to land
when He comes.

But surprisingly, He came on foot, and this left me
with more questions than answers, even to this day.

“But if...” I asked myself.

“But if His first coming happened against what
people expected,

what makes them think His second coming will
happen according to their expectations?”

The reason why man misses the voice of God—and
may, perhaps, die waiting for it—is that since the
beginning, man has been judging a book by its
cover.

For him to believe that it was an angel talking to
him, he says,

“I must see a winged creature with flaming eyes
and a thundering voice.”

Many times, angels have visited me in my dreams,

but guess what?

It was not their appearance that made me know they were angels—it was their message.

For if it were about appearance, they were people I knew.

Devil is a poor man who claims he's not poor.

God is a rich man who has no need to say it, for His fame is already known, not only here on earth but also in all of heaven.

It's written,

“My sheep know my voice; I don't have to say who I am to them.”

But Satan, to mislead the fools, must say that he's an angel of light.

Earth is heaven in its simplest form.

If heaven is $\frac{4}{8}$, earth is $\frac{1}{2}$.

The world in man is woman.

Man can't love the whole world as Jesus does, but the whole world was encapsulated in his woman, by loving her, he has already loved the whole world, for woman is the world in its simplest form.

The Spirit says, "It is not something too far from reach; it is something within the reach of everybody.

And though it was complex, it has now been simplified."

After they died, they went to God and said to Him, "Ah! How we wish we had seen Your face when we were alive and heard Your voice while we were alive!"

And God said to them,

"How would you have seen Me when you were not looking?

How would you have heard My voice when you were not listening?"

Son of man, what will you do on that day when you discover that what you traveled and passed many countries to buy, you had left it at home?
Son of man, what will you do on that day?

You have eyes? Watch

When a sheep sees that its shepherd has led it to water,

it shouldn't ask him,

“Should I drink this water?”

For what other reason was it led there if not to drink?

God leads you to the water, yes, but drinking the water is up to you.

The Holy Spirit possesses not.

In the books of wisdom, it is written:

He will lead you to the truth, not carry you to the truth.

From the beginning, where has God been leading you?

That is where your mission lies.

You have eyes—watch.

You have ears—listen.

God gave you legs to go where He will lead you,
hands to carry out the mission He will give you,
and eyes to see what He will show you.

Son of man,
when your mother places food on your table, will
you also ask her,
“Should I eat this food?”

The red mark disappears, The star appears

Arise, shine; for your light has come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon you.

For behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and deep darkness the people; but the Lord will arise over you, and His glory will be seen upon you.

The Gentiles shall come to your light, and kings to the brightness of your rising.

Lift up your eyes all around, and see: they all gather together, they come to you; your sons shall come from afar, and your daughters shall be nursed at your side.

Then you shall see and become radiant, and your heart shall swell with joy; because the abundance of the sea shall be turned to you, the wealth of the Gentiles shall come to you.

The multitude of camels shall cover your land, the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah; all those from Sheba shall come; they shall bring gold and

incense, and they shall proclaim the praises of the Lord.

All the flocks of Kedar shall be gathered together to you, the rams of Nebaioth shall minister to you; they shall ascend with acceptance on My altar, and I will glorify the house of My glory.

Who are these who fly like a cloud, and like doves to their roosts?

Surely the coastlands shall wait for Me; and the ships of Tarshish will come first, to bring your sons from afar, their silver and their gold with them, to the name of the Lord your God, and to the Holy One of Israel, because He has glorified you.

The sons of foreigners shall build up your walls, and their kings shall minister to you; for in My wrath I struck you, but in My favor I have had mercy on you.

Therefore your gates shall be open continually; they shall not be shut day or night, that men may bring to you the wealth of the Gentiles, and their kings in procession.

For the nation and kingdom which will not serve you shall perish, and those nations shall be utterly ruined.

The glory of Lebanon shall come to you, the cypress, the pine, and the box tree together, to beautify the place of My sanctuary; and I will make the place of My feet glorious.

Also the sons of those who afflicted you shall come bowing to you; and all those who despised you shall fall prostrate at the soles of your feet; and they shall call you the City of the Lord, Zion of the Holy One of Israel.

Whereas you have been forsaken and hated, so that no one went through you, I will make you an eternal excellence, a joy of many generations.

You shall drink the milk of the Gentiles, and milk the breast of kings; you shall know that I, the Lord, am your Savior and your Redeemer, the Mighty One of Jacob.

Instead of bronze I will bring gold, instead of iron I will bring silver, instead of wood bronze, and

instead of stones iron. I will also make your officers peace, and your magistrates righteousness.

Violence shall no longer be heard in your land, neither wasting nor destruction within your borders; but you shall call your walls Salvation, and your gates Praise.

The sun shall no longer be your light by day, nor for brightness shall the moon give light to you; but the Lord will be to you an everlasting light, and your God your glory.

Your sun shall no longer go down, nor shall your moon withdraw itself; for the Lord will be your everlasting light, and the days of your mourning shall be ended.

Also your people shall all be righteous; they shall inherit the land forever, the branch of My planting, the work of My hands, that I may be glorified.

A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation. I, the Lord, will hasten it in its time.