



The Root Of The Root Of Your Self, by Rumi

Donâ€™t go away, come near.
Donâ€™t be faithless, be faithful.
Find the antidote in the venom.
Come to the root of the root of yourself.

Molded of clay, yet kneaded
from the substance of certainty,
a guard at the Treasury of Holy Light â€”
come, return to the root of the root of your Self.

Once you get hold of selflessness,
Youâ€™ll be dragged from your ego
and freed from many traps.
Come, return to the root of the root of your Self.

You are born from the children of Godâ€™s creation,
but you have fixed your sight too low.
How can you be happy?
Come, return to the root of the root of your Self.

You were born from a ray of Godâ€™s majesty
and have the blessings of a good star.
Why suffer at the hands of things that donâ€™t exist?
Come, return to the root of the root of your Self.

You are a ruby embedded in granite.
How long will you pretend itâ€™s not true?
We can see it in your eyes.
Come to the root of the root of your Self.

You came here from the presence of that fine Friend,
a little drunk, but gentle, stealing our hearts
with that look so full of fire; so,
come, return to the root of the root of your Self.

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