



One Sip of An Answer, by Rumi

All day I think about it,
then at night I say it.
Where did I come from, and
What am I supposed to be doing? I have no idea. My soul is from
elsewhere,
I'm sure of that,
and I intend to end up there. This drunkenness began in some other
tavern.
When I get back around to that place,
I'll be completely sober. Meanwhile,
I'm like a bird from another continent,
sitting in this aviary. The day is coming when I fly off,
but who is it now in my ear
who hears my voice?
Who says words with my mouth?
Who looks out with my eyes? What is the soul?
I cannot stop asking.
If I could taste one sip of an answer,
I could break out of this prison for drunks. I didn't come here of my
own accord,
and I can't leave that way.
Whoever brought me here
will have to take me home. --Jelaluddin Rumi