



## Door Without a key, by Omar Khayyam

Alike for those who for To-day prepare,  
And those that after some To-morrow stare,  
A Muezzin from the Tower of Darkness cries  
"Fools! Your Reward is neither Here nor There!" Oh, come with old  
Khayyam, and leave the Wise  
To talk; one thing is certain, that Life flies;  
One thing is certain, and the Rest is Lies;  
The Flower that once has blown forever dies. Myself when young did  
eagerly frequent  
Doctor and Saint, and heard great Argument  
About it and about; but evermore  
Came out by the same Door as in I went. With them the Seed of Wisdom  
did I sow,  
And with my own hand labour'd it to grow:  
And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd --  
"I came like Water and like Wind I go." Into this Universe, and Why  
not knowing,  
Nor Whence, like Water willy-nilly flowing:  
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,  
I know not Whither, willy-nilly blowing. There was the Door to which I  
found no Key:  
There was the Veil through which I could not see:  
Some little talk awhile of Me and Thee  
There was -- and then no more of Thee and Me. -- Omar Khayyam  
(translated by Edward Fitzgerald)