

THE SCENT OF SPIRITUALITY

Jaine's Poems in Search of the Divine



RECREATE ME, LORD



Recreate Me, Lord
throw open the window of my mind
let all thoughts, ideas
preconceived notions
flow into the ether

experience sensations of lightness —
a feather wafting
on cushions of air
emptiness, readiness
to absorb, sponge-like —

filter reality, spirituality
to gray cells
heart's wells —
fill all once more
with truth,

bring pure intentions,
inventions, sciences, arts
thus innovation enter,
reawaken the heart

Recreate me, Lord!
Set me toward
the path Divine
that I follow Your design.

1996

WITH MY LOVE BY MY SIDE



With my Love by my side,
I scale the steep, rugged peaks —
o'er rocks — 'round the boulders
of the havoc fate wreaks.

Courage undaunted, faith firm; now I glide
off the frozen wasteland of fear
with my unerring Guide —
I must strive to be humble
and not swell with pride
as I overcome and move forward
with my Love by my side.

October 1998

TRAVELING TO THE LIGHT



a drop from the sea of consciousness—

a soul—

bonds to a cluster

of combined cells

a being is born

slowly, steadily,

metamorphosing

from stage to stage

fetus forms, floats

in cozy space, comforted

by the steady, pulsating rhythms

of a tender heart,

warmed by the ardor of mother love

—contentment—

sudden upheaval—convulsions—

fear—pain—

inexorably pushed

by an invisible force

from maternal matrix—

squeezed through a dark, narrow,
constricting tunnel
into a vast unknown
— panic—

now surrounded by light—
nestled in loving arms—
familiar heartbeat reassures,
—calms—

cradled, secure,
long life awaits—
spiritual growth
within this earthly womb—
preparing for the next tunnel —
of death —
and rebirth —
and welcome —
— to the Eternal Light —

STRONG TREES



The icy north wind of anxiety
blows through the tree
of the soul—
 lowered self-confidence
 taken as toll.

Leaves of courage
fall from the branches
of strength and perseverance,
 flex, waver back and forth,
 perhaps crack slightly,
 but do not snap.

Ultimately, they weather the storm,
remain firmly connected
to the trunk of faith,
 and as the rains of tests and difficulties
 water its roots,
 the sun of certitude breaks through,
 nourishes it
 till blossoms of spiritual attributes
 spring forth,
 shed their fragrance
 upon passing wayfarers.

Some pass by so quickly
they notice not the tree
or its heavenly scent.

Others slow down,
refresh themselves,
then continue
on their journey.

But some stop,
inhale deeply,
eat of the fruit of inspiration,
and become transformed
into saplings
 which will grow
 to become, themselves,
 strong trees.

THE SCENT OF SPIRITUALITY



The scent of spirituality, redolent as the rose—
A vision of reality under the Sun's Light glows.
Shadows may lurk and darken the way
But do not fear—Night shall not follow this Day.

City gates open, one by one,
Doubts dissolve, we throw fears aside,
We welcome the Mirror Who perfectly reflects the Sun;
Humbly invite Him therein to abide.

He lights our way, guides us along
The straight and clear Path of Certitude,
The one to which our ancestors' Songs
For so long did allude.

Time's come now for us to blossom,
(in this City's garden that Heaven knows,)
We'll give forth the scent of spirituality—
Each of us attar of rose.

WHO AM I?



I am freedom.

I am joy.

I am no one.

I am everyone.

I am but a tiny seed.

I am going to flower
as the grace of God showers me
with certitude.

HIS HEAVENLY CANVAS



God, the Ultimate Artist,
splashes vibrant colors:
oranges, yellows, purples,
across the sky —
His heavenly canvas.

I, the viewer,
am gifted with
the ever-changing
dawns and sunsets
that bless each day.

DANCE YOUR PRAYERS



Sing Alláh-u-Abhá
Dance your prayers
Clap your praise
With laughter and tears
Let your reverence move you
Make it come alive
Allow it room to grow —
To flourish and thrive
Express your joy
Experience ecstasy
Give freedom to your worship
Permit yourself
to BE

DANCE IN THE MYSTIC FANE



Laughter, Joy, exaltation.

Beseeching my Lord.

In supplication,

Offering thanks

Bestowing praise.

In such manner
commence my days.

In dance, in song,
With music in my heart,

Wafting along —
my prayer impart.

Intoning; chanting,
all aglow —

Arms stretched high —

Now bowing low.

As though in trance
on cosmic plane —

My dance is a prayer
In the mystic Fane.

GARDEN OF PARADISE



New buds burgeon
in springtime glory
Emblazon the landscape;
relume our sight

Myriad colors tell the story
Of all things made new
in a world gone right.

Hues complement,
enhance one another

The antithesis of adversity —
Scents mingle —
don't smother each other —
Model unity in diversity.

A garden of humanity found
In every face of every race.

Amity and understanding abound
And we hold Oneness in our close embrace.

The Promised Age of Peace
has had its start.
Redolent is the Ridvan* of my heart.

2020

*Ridvan - pronounced Rezwan - signifies the garden of Paradise

I WANT A POEM THAT . . .



I want a poem that . . .

pricks my conscience
with cactus needles
makes me store the water of life
against the inevitable droughts
that encourages me to ponder
where I've been and
where I should go next

I want a poem that . . .

cries for justice,
food for the poor
and responsibility to all creatures
of land, sea and air

I want a poem that . . .

awakes the activist in me
who will fight for health reform
and help restore dignity to the elders

I want a poem that . . .

causes me to improve myself
make new goals,
determine to meet them,
and leave the world a little better
due to my efforts

I want a poem that . . .

casts a line down
into the depths of my being
and reels up anthems
of joy and praise.

I want a poem that . . .

pays homage to my Lord.
Poor tho' it be,
may He find it acceptable.

I want a poem . . .

that causes my Master
to smile in approval.

I want a poem that...

ignites a flame
connects with the fires
of other burning poets
and spreads like wildfire —
giving solace to the heart
of my Guardian.

2009

HAIKU FROM THE HEART



Master of my heart
My soul cries out to you —
Recreate me, Lord!

Reach—beckon connect
what seems impenetrable
can be breached by love

skin / eyes / stature
says nothing about the true
inner spirit: soul

GOD, MY LIGHTHOUSE



Once I dwelt in the wilderness
of woe-is-me —
floundered in fields of
frustration and angst.
Worry weighed on me
every waking hour —
like an oppressive humidity.
I gasped for each breath —
in want of I knew not what.

Then, adrift in an ocean of doubt,
about to drown in a sea of denial,
tumbled in a rip current of turmoil
pulling me toward a bottomless
abyss of oblivion,
I shouted to the Lord my plea
for peace and protection,
for the faith and certitude
that foster courage.

The rough seas subsided,
I floated on gentle waves

that carried me to shore.
As I lay there, cradled by
warm sand below,
the sun's rays above,
enveloped by translucent clouds,
my fears evaporated with the
rising mist. Encased now
in a turtle shell of strength,
neither sand nor sea pose a threat.
At home on the ark
of Divine Protection—
God, my Lighthouse,
illuminates rocky terrain
guides me to safe harbors.