

*Until*

*nejoud al-yagout*

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*Dear Reader,*

*Until...*

*Love and blessings,*

*nejoud*

*This book is dedicated to Al Wahid (The One)*

*These fears, these desires,  
these thoughts, these beliefs:  
Take them all, for all are Thine  
In complete surrender arises the knowledge  
of the arrogance, the falsity, of me and mine*

*The moment, that moment when a song  
takes my breath away and the anticipation  
of the next verse is potent  
Oh, You come to me  
Yes, You come to remind me of Your presence,  
so i can pause the music, reflect,  
redirect my attention back to You,  
and say: *There is only You**

*Now tell me, Source, tell me what to do  
When everything, everyone reminds me of You*

*Birds perched on a windowsill  
Uff! Artistry, sublime  
And who creates but You,  
Oh Loving One beyond space and time?*

*When panic bursts from rib cages  
When impatience, doubts, confusion appear  
throughout the ages  
You are the haven in the unknown  
You are the haven  
You, alone*

*A question arises  
The answer brings death  
And in dying, a vessel is brought to life*

*To "think" i followed my whims  
To "think" i governed my affairs alone  
When You are the Mover and Shaker  
On the throne of thrones*

*Slay and purify me, oh  
Release me from this false sense of me  
There is only room for You here  
How long—even though not a moment passed—  
how long it took to see!*

*Tell me, then, on the path to ecstasy:  
How can i follow their commands,  
when only Your will can suffice for me?*

*Yes to faith*

*Yes to knowledge dancing in the brain*

*Yes to truth coursing through veins*

*Yes to love*

*Resisting nothing attained from the One above all*

*Above all, above*

*And i sought refuge in You from the enemy  
But when i—or was it You?—drew closer  
i also sought refuge in You from me*

*How can the world—transient—  
be an object of desire,  
when in You, of You, from You  
this heart is on fire?*

*Hell is experiencing not Your Reality  
Heaven: where You are, oh Source of Universality*

*Goosebumps, oh Supreme*

*Goosebumps—Your signature on my skin*

*Ah! This breath cannot contain the sensation when,  
through Your signs, You call me back within*

*How can one feel lonely basking in the One and Only?*

*As crops grow  
Only the Landowner knows  
The seed was never planted  
In the ground  
As the foundation is built  
The Architect knows  
that when the self is lost  
the Self is found*

*Legends and tales continue to arise  
But the lover recognizes  
each of the truths amid each of the lies*

*Surrender is the waltz  
of night and day*

*until The Truth becomes the only way*