

Quatrains  
by Rumi

For years, copying other people, I tried to know myself.  
From within, I couldn't decide what to do.  
Unable to see, I heard my name being called.  
Then I walked outside.

The breeze at dawn has secrets to tell you.  
Don't go back to sleep.  
You must ask for what you really want.  
Don't go back to sleep.  
People are going back and forth across the door sill  
where the two worlds touch.  
The door is round and open.  
Don't go back to sleep.

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*From the collection of poetry called "Unseen Rain" translated by Coleman Barks*