

Ruba'iyat of Ibn Abdul Qayum

Ruba'iyat I

The sun must set before the morrow
The night brings with it, the winds of sorrow
Wounds must fester before they heal
We must be guided before we follow.

The morning sun on my face I feel
The new dawn doth my sins reveal
A smile replaced by a lovely frown
My dreams from me the light doth steal.

Gales blowing, dislodge my crown
Swirling winds sweep my gown
Winds of change, shape the sands
Inside myself my sorrows drown.

Never honoured in these lands
Looking through my hardened hands
Years of fighting leave me aged
Years of taking useless stands.

Ruba'iyat II

My soul, I myself have caged
Through pointless wars I have waged
Till all remains is my dark box
And lonely endings I have staged.

Careful placement of emotional blocks
Shield me from Old Father's Clocks
Whose time will tell my fate so real
As my ruined ship departs these docks.

Years from me my life doth steal
Vicious hands doth the dealer deal
Life to me, hath not been unfair
But hath placed me with my kind in creel.

My rebellion doth their patience ware
My silence through their calm doth blare
Unbroken rules my only regret
As shepherds' pages my rage doth tear.

Ruba'iyat III

Conformity doth my soul beset
As I sit and ponder deaths' vignette
They wish my end before my first
See they not, my disdain they whet

My actions refuse to be coerced
For in the ways of life, I am versed
There will be for me a time to succumb
How then will be the roles reversed.

The things I've seen have left me numb
Pages of my life I wearily thumb
With sweetness in my arms,
I have no option but to run.

Ironic dreams of desert farms
Gathering life's little charms
I predict past chapters of my life
As written upon my tempered palms.

Ruba'iyat IV

Discontent in my soul wanders rife
I hear my heart beat to the tune of the fife
My body is young, but my mind is old
My thoughts are hazy from the years of strife.

A few more years and my walls will fold
A few more years and my soul will be sold
Time has never been a friend of mine
Not long now till I walk the heavenly wold.

I've weathered the seasons just like the pine
Refusing to let my life align
But my feet are tired and will run no more
Is this the beginning of a sad decline.

My rebellion has become now but a chore
Looking back now on eternity's yore
Maybe its time to lay down my shield
Allow them to suckle my soul like a whore

Ruba'iyat V

When I close my eyes I picture I am healed
When I open them again I know destiny is sealed
But the seal is not tight, for it does not choke
A new weapon I know I must now wield.

The fires of passion I must now stoke
The masses I know I must provoke
There is only one way to travel this road
'tis not to conform like the wheel and its spoke.

Do not ask me why I write this ode
I will not follow, I will not be towed
I only came to say a simple word
I then discovered this internal lode.

The boundaries have since been blurred
The words of wisdom spat and slurred
The vision I held high is fading
The same emotions are no longer stirred.

Ruba'iyat VI

Doubts inside my mind, invading
Through my sins I am forever wading
Can there be an end that is not forever
Will the memories of me, be so degrading

My ties with life I sought to sever
Only anger, for those who thought I clever
They pushed and pulled me like I was theirs
But papers aren't for me, not now, not ever.

As time went by, they pushed their airs
Tared me with their worldly cares
Those grand men who taught me naught
Save what was mine and what was theirs.

'Twas then I built my walls so wrought
Tied them down and pulled them taught
I did not want to hear their words
Nor be corrupted by their thought.

Ruba'iyat VII

My knowledge came from the song of birds
I did not learn from the schools and herds
They did not spare the midnight oil
They did not spread their days in thirds.

The many pages that I did spoil
The many nights that I did toil
You have your way, I have mine
Your plans for me, will my thought not foil.

You cringed when I did not walk the line
You raged when I refused to shine
You did not leave when I pushed you hard
You prayed instead I would see a sign.

Your life with me has left you scarred
You did not hear this ranting bard
Even though you left, you stayed
For I still smell your precious nard.

Ruba'iyat VIII

All the nights for me you prayed
All the days with intent I strayed
'Twas not your fault for I closed my door
My soul feeling my heart betrayed.

The battle has been won, but not the war
The tide has risen and covered the shore
My footsteps in the sand are lost
Voices echo through my very core.

As winter comes and with it frost
Another year at any cost
The army stands, fat and lazy
Their eyes with passion no longer glossed.

The memories of life are hazy
Years alone have left me crazy
Tears upon your cheeks so pale
Memories of life don't faze me.

Ruba'iyat IX

Your unseen smile my soul doth hale
Our hearts together behind your veil
Innocent love as kith and kin
Forgive me for my ship doth sail.

Signs of my past engrained on my skin
Scars from the battles I fought to win
I think again and the tables turn
I think again and the world doth spin.

The passion inside me still doth burn
Freedom forever my soul will yearn
Do things my own way I always will
One day you'll see, maybe you'll learn.

Climbing and reaching for the brow of the hill
Under the sunlight feeling the chill
Knowing the right yet hunting the wrong
Spilling my blood with my faithful quill.

Ruba'iyat X

Years of abuse, yet my body is strong
Years of searching for where I belong
The beginning of this journey is naught but its end
The path I choose is away from the throng.

The debt of my friends I chose not to spend
Purposely fighting so as not to contend
Was it me or my other that glorified pain
Was it I who refused to only partly pretend.

For many years I myself did reign
Twas long before the words of Twain
He touched my soul like a lifeless flower
His words his pages refused to stain.

Twas in The Prophet I found my power
To accept the coming of the final hour
Gibran, my soul you did ignite
Gibran my life you did devour.

Ruba'iyat XI

Old Bob you left our future bright
Through your smoke I saw their plight
Your words were not yours but mine
I was wrong but we were right.

The old man stood afore the line
Praying, waiting for a sign
His words within me would not sit
But I listened to his grand design.

To their dismay I did not fit
To their credit they did not quit
But I refused to join their band
For only logic did they emit.

The time had come to take a stand
To walk alone amongst the sand
The time is now to think anew
The time is near to play my hand.

Ruba'iyat XII

Morning comes with its pearls of dew
The sun leaves from the night no clue
Unspoken words disturb the peace
Prophecy once again rings true.

The words inside my head don't cease
Remember from God this life we lease
Walking with purpose this deceitful road
Wandering aimlessly amongst the Priests.

The times ahead do well not bode
I turn not back, but my pace has slowed
My sweet is with me forever in my heart
While I search the land and walk the road.

The ways I've come I did not chart
This journey ends before the start
As I look forward to my life with you
From whence I arrive I must depart.

Ruba'iyat XIII

I ask myself if I only knew
Would I finally see this through
Would I act upon the urge
Will I turn and see the view.

Manic dreams doth daylight purge
By sun and moon the seasons merge
Living always on the bottom tier
Steering clear of the well kept verge.

Voices whisper in my outer ear
Shackles, chains and screams I hear
Living my life as a tortured soul
Afraid to leave that life of fear.

Two mismatched parts make not a whole
My heart and mind bound by the cold
My many lifes have left their scars
All alone now, I must pay the toll.

Ruba'iyat XIV

Touring round the middle-class bars
Stopping on Venus on my way to Mars
Living a life which was never mine
Beautiful women in rented cars.

Chopping, cutting, setting the line
Feeling good in my mad decline
Ruined eyes in the mirror reflect
They do not speak, they do not shine.

Years of carefully measured neglect
Cycles of endless painful respect
As the curtains close I change the set
My house of cards I must protect.

Every day brings with it another threat
Old friends lost and new ones met
Every moment I spent in love with you
Was another gamble, another bet.

Ruba'iyat XV

Every chapter I close leaves another clue
Every word that I wrote, every picture I drew
I have failed in my task to free their thought
I have failed in myself to leave what I knew

My life was full save the Love I sought
I sold my smile and for death I fought
But the passion inside burns no more
The lessons I've learnt I was not taught.

The ink has dried and I've closed the door
The tide has taken me far from shore
I look ahead and I see no end
Bitterness strikes my very core.

Every thought that I thought, every word that I penned
Always the underdog I did befriend
The road is narrow and the light is dim
A life of lies and wasteful pretend.

Ruba'iyat XVI

The tests are painful and the diagnosis grim
I've pushed myself too far from the rim
From this point now, there is no return
As the waves rise up, I must sink or swim.

As the wind doth settle and the tide doth turn
Plagued by memories of her face so stern
Constantly haunted by the life I chose
I'm careful now of the Love I yearn.

The pain inside only grows
Deadly thorns on a lifeless rose
When it started I do not know
From endless highs to eternal lows.

Shuffling feet in the untouched snow
Following the flight of the gothic crow
I don't know where my life does lead
But I want no part of this Broadway show

Ruba'iyat XVII

Every night I sit and read
The books that list my every deed
Pages and pages of tear stained verse
Wound my heart and make it bleed.

My every step is a blessed curse
Her recent words are soft but terse
Maybe it's time to let it go
Maybe it's time to hit reverse.

What's next for me I do not know
Can I rise from this all-time low
Sometimes I smile and I know not why
Sometimes we reap only that which we sow.

You asked me once to let you fly
It pained me so to see you cry
I know I hurt you, I know, I know
Now I've lost again through another lie.

Ruba'iyat XVIII

Every time the wind doth blow
The veil doth move and my sins do show
I've walked the earth from end to end
Always pushing against the flow.

I rest now though with time to spend
No-one left, no foe, no friend
Slowly now the mask doth slip
Once again the truth doth bend.

I sail alone on this sinking ship
On life I slowly lose my grip
I find myself alone again
Embarking on this lonesome trip.

Shackled by my homemade chain
Addicted to the constant pain
I laugh out loud and cry within
Not ashamed to be beat by Shane.

Ruba'iyat XIX

I'll take the blows upon my chin
I'll rise, I'll fight and I will win
I will be happy someday soon
I will leave behind this life of sin.

Smiling as I whistle and loosely croon
Living the beat of my new found tune
Tasting the elixir of the other side
A life with only patience hewn.

Remembering all the times I cried
Ashamed of all the lies I lied
I see a new dawn rising now
The beautiful sun my final bride.

Before my fate I humbly bow
The new fields afore I dutifully plough
Sowing my seeds to reap tomorrow
Word by word I renew my vow.

Ruba'iyat XX