A great soul hides like Muhammad, or Jesus,

moving through a crowd in a city where no one knows him.

To praise is to praise how one surrender to the emptiness.

To praise the sun is to praise your own eyes.

Praise, the ocean, What we say, a little ship.

So the sea-journey goes on, and who knows where!

Just to be held by the ocean is the best luck

we could have, It’s a total waking up!

Why should we grieve that we’ve been sleeping?

It doesn’t matter how long we’ve been unconscious.

We’re groggy, but let the guilt go.

Feel the motions of tenderness

around you, the buoyancy.

**-Rumi-**