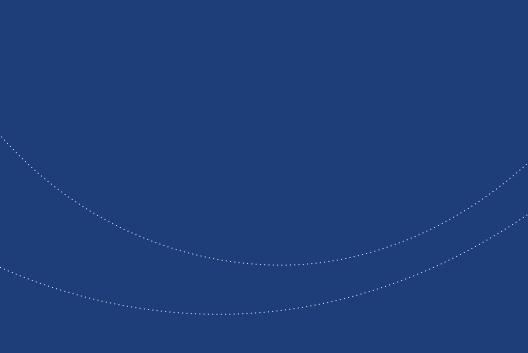
Jea of ernity

Mohamed Said Rouas





Custom INTERIOR





Water and Ice

I looked at you. I looked at myself. I discovered us floating as beings of ice. For ice is water from the start. Frozen in time in every heedless heart. It's not our essence rather our frozen condition that keeps us apart. When I saw you as you and me as me, I could not help but ask. Am I better than you? Are you better than me? Unwittingly, I froze my being in my tribe, my race, my creed, my nationality, my religion, my trade, my profession, my appearance, my personality, my talent, my gender, my health, my wealth, my false Reality. Instead of gratitude In my infinite blessings I took pride. From my true self I devised



Oh, so many ways to hide. With the ice of my own making, I drifted separately from the all-encompassing Sea, carried by the current of arrogance and insecurity. As I constricted my humanity.

Then one day We had a discussion. We simply talked with honesty and connection. We shared our dreams our history. We recounted every failure, every victory. We joined in prayer and meditation. We cherished every breath with joy and elation.

> I couldn't explain the irony. Why I saw your courage as you revealed your insecurity. Why I felt your strength as you exposed your vulnerability.

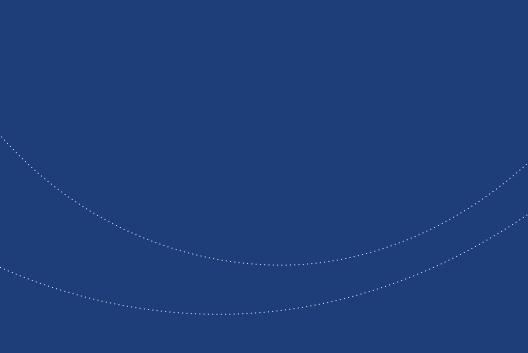
We danced the dance of love and adoration. We sang the songs of dreams and imagination, For bewilderment we traded rationality. With joy, we swayed we whirled to the edge of insanity.

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As I beheld you with the eyes of wonder and awe, my ice began to thaw. As your Beauty was unveiled to me, drop by drop "I" melted into the Sea. For a reason I cannot explain. I began to live your joy. I began to live your pain. As I gazed in your loving eyes I saw a window to my soul in disguise.

As again and again, in you I saw my own reflection. From within stirred a suggestion. Is it possible? Could it be? That I am You and You are Me. In loves ultimate embrace There is no form, no time, no space. There is no you. There is no you. We are the ocean We are the sea

3



Enhanced INTERIOR





Sitting quietly in a moment of ease. I opened the window allowing a gentle breeze. The Sun offered warmth and light as I beheld a beautiful sight. Suddenly an abrupt wind stirred up the dust. For this disruption I shut the windows in disgust. I blamed the wind. I blamed the rain, For my discomfort, for my pain. I accused the wind of disturbing my peace and assumed it will never cease. When confronted with the Suns glare I shut the shutters and refused to care. To protect my abode was the goal as I locked every window to my soul.

When invited to make myself shown I responded. "I have need for no one. I'm fine on my own."

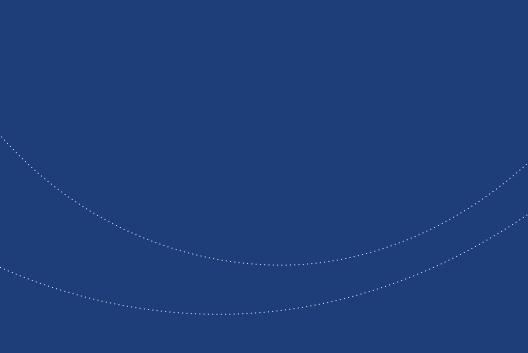


I kept out the sun the rain and the wind and paid no mind to the dust that settled within. In this guarded state the dust continued to accumulate. In my self -imposed safety I did steadily suffocate. As I shut out my fulfilled fate. Was it the dust from within or the elements from without that I must confront in a bout?

Shall I accept what fate will bring? After every dark winter isn't there a bright spring? In the depth of winters gloom aren't there infinite flowers longing to bloom? Shall I abandon this false safety and free myself? Shall I set my fears and worries on the shelf? With no sun light, how can I see the roses and thorns within me? Don't I need the rain and the wind to shake the dust that settled in? Shall I allow the gusts to expose my fears







Standard



The Sail

Here I stand with shackled feet, on the grounds of utter defeat. I attempted to walk, but from destiny I did balk. I settled for the sands of complacency and felt no compelling urgency. From within. I felt a longing to freedom sail. I awaited favorable winds to prevail. As I plotted the course *I expected the worse.* A head wind did my vessel shake and left me stranded in its wake. *Of this strife* I could endure no more and returned to familiar shore.

Still the call of the sea did beckon. With my shackles I must reckon. Wouldn't opposing winds only hone my skill and strengthen my will? For favorable winds I did not wait. I simply breathed and charted my fate. As from within

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I began to blow, I felt support. From where, I did not know. I was guided by a watchful eye. It was within me around me and from beyond the Sky.

Regardless from where the winds prevail. Just take a deep breadth and open our sail. From Destiny don't we hide. Let the storm and the calm be our guide. Just stay out at sea. For The Journey Is The Destiny.



~7~