

Poems by Qutbuddin Loren Smith

July through October 2020

Shared with Western Friend 7/10/2020

My 5x29 VICTORY!

Victory! Think about it! Your next breath
is a victory. I know that my next
breath is a victory for it is the
key to that horizon the lies before
me! That beckons my stride to the mesa's
base. Up it's rock face into the free air.

Form there, an ocean of breath. I am glad
I can swim, I am glad I can walk. I
Am...and for that I Am Glad! Victory
is mine! Yes! Victory! Beyond my next
breath is the world Is my world. I am glad
that I can share my world with You, for that
is a great victory. My breath, and my
breathing sustain and are sustained by my
world. Oh! Dimensions of that victory!

Beyond my sight is what I wish to see...
It takes breath to go there and to see it...
Breath is sacred like water. I swim in
both. Breath says to me 'Walk!'... Water says to
me 'Drink!'. My body is enlivened and
sustained. Drawing in both air and water.

Victory is their very beingness
in mine! From here is victory after
victory, breath after breath, drink after
drink. the Elements lining up breathing
drinking, every breath and each water sip.

And them there is Light and color! What a
Pair... Think about it! Elements, Light, AIR
Water: This is of what we are made...Our Lives
And Isqh...Love!

Wali Qutbuddin Loren Ruh Smith

07-10-20

Shared with Western Friend 7/12/2020

Agape 283.3 Mother: a Master of Dimension 2

Father, cognizant of Her Wisdom named
Her, Sophia, Sophia of The Light
We, in their van, reviewed our gift
of Wisdom, a body of it's own:
intellect.

Millennia it's taken: 1st to wrest
it painfully from Sophia, but, what
have we done but taken our ego's to
hell and back again and again and
again....

Mother's earthen Soul is rising again...
Sophia's longing Face has Youth on it...
Mother's dimension is returning to
Hearts and Minds of Earthen
Humanity...

Oneness is returning to glowing mirrors...
Militancy has been listening
to itself, and realizing what
Adam
is saying from our hearts: "We don't need this!"

"We don't need war no more! We need to
Love! We need Light in the morning and all
day long!"
We need Light from our eyes so bright with God's
Love! With Allah's name repeated, that Light is Ours!

UnSI Humanity's Family is in Oneness
Reality! Haleluya! Jubilate!
Alhumdulillah!
WE ARE ONE!
There IS NO OTHER!
NONE!
UnSI you and i and ALLAH!
Are One!

Ruh-i-Wali Qutbuddin Loren Ruh Smith
June 9, 2020

Shared with Western Friend 7/24/2020

Agape 292 From the Heart of The Mother

From sleep into my meditation and
from the Heart of The Mother into
the day, I emerge into Her Garden,
our Eden, into the verdancy of this
Planet's greenery and deep blue oceans.

Seeking that Oneness breath by breath.
Walking into the Light of Allah's Face, into
Their Grace that is mine, if I've opened
to It, if I've not put on ego's habits
of those daily addicted numbnesses,

neither of Them have presented to
me anything that is not what I can't
do.

The daily exercise might well
follow. That may be going to work
or to school, or to plan what my
future may demand.

But remembering where I am
before I step into the creativity
of my life's calling, remembering my
life's source and sustenance I
remember
with great gratitude, the gift of God's Light. Wali

Qutbuddin Loren Ruh Smith 07-24-20

Shared with Western Friend 8/1/2020

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Loren Ruh Smith 07-24-20

Agape 293 On Arrington's 'Litany of Light'

Below are the first two lines of her poem: Litany of Light

"May we find ways to bring about the world that we crave and
May each action we take be based on the principles of Love and its Light."

Her poem is both a crying out
for that Sacred Light that
creates life with the tools that
our prophets and saviors have
given us, as she calls to You and
I "Use them!"

When faced with hunger and pain and sickness, move
forward, not idle by with "Oh my's!" Go?
Get those tools. Use those tools. Celebrate the
gifts of those tools. Start with Prayer "Use them!"

Use every moment of our God
given Lives to grow and as
God's Children and His tools of
creation, re-create Eden
as inspired with our sciences and

With our arts and our literature like
Hers, such that the gifts given
are taken up higher into the
Light as rising inspiration with
every Sacred breath

We take, as His creators in
residence. Make our
creations our playing fields
of
Sacred endeavors due with
every breath we We take. It is
our dues for this Breath of

our Lives. It is our dues for
Planet Earth! "Use them!" for
our Mother's many Faces!
Creating for God out of Her abundance
"Use them!" Whose gifts of Love! Return them...
To their Source with Love!

Outbuddin Loren Rue Smith 08-01-20

Shared with Western Friend 8/10/2020

Agape 111 I Love You!

I Love You!
In You I Can See Clearly My Self!
for I Know Truly That There Is No
Separation that my ego is not the
creator of...for
The Holy One had no intention of
Creating His Children solely for
them to compete with each other
but actually That Their Creations
were, indeed, meant to
Complete
Humanity's Place in the
Beloved's and Our
Mother's Eden Garden
and to Explain His
Beingness Which Is
Ours..

Ruh-i-Wali Qutbuddin Loren Smith 09-10-08

See Agape 264

Agape 264 I Love You

When I say "I Love You!"
I know longer mean you or you or you...
I mean Humanity!

What I mean is truly generic. I love the
Friend inside
I love my Beloved, Divinity's Self

My sense of my Self Is Soul
my Soul that is an extension of Gaia
Earth Mother's Soul. Humanity's Soul...

My ego to often mis-stated
"I Love You!" as "for You alone!" When
my naivete was on fire...

It was to My Beloved I spoke...
As my Self, my Dear Friend, asked for
Out there the veils waved seduction...

Humanity! The Creation!, is my Beloved
Of which you and I are in Oneness...
The Oneness that was being
addressed...

I Love you and you and you and there is
no other, just You My Beloved...

Wali Qutbuddin Loren Ruh Smith
December 5 2019
The month of Jesus and Rumi 12-15-19

See Agape 111

Agape 265 Isqh Allah, Ma

Bud lillah Umami Sinan

(16th c.) wrote:

I became the
lover of Love; I
became one with
the One;

I became Moses and the
mountain— with Allah's
distance.
what would I do?

Wali Qutbuddin (2020)
responded: The
Lover/Beloved that I
knew Was Jesus
Christ my Brother
His presence, Murshid Moineddin...
What else could I do?

I lay upon the green of
Mother's breast Pir Moineddin
noted my position

arm and legs spread like
Angelo's angels He said: "That
was Jesus's position."

Energy swept through my being, I
had tears... remaining flat on my
back, stunned...

He could have said:

"It was 'my' position on
the cross." My Brother
was standing there,
talking to me laying on
the grass
and 2000 years melted on my face.....

These Brothers Three, of The

Oneness! Wali Qutbuddin Loren

Ruh Smith

01-04-20

Shared with Western Friend 8/20/2020

Philos 113 Philos 113 Been looking for a bridge...

"The bridge narrows to a fall, subsiding to the kiss of parallels."
From: Lawrence Lipton's *Rainbow at Midnight* pg. 64

Been looking for a bridge...

a general purpose bridge
a bridge over troubled waters"...
a Rainbow Bridge to Valhalla.
(It's a little early for this one or entirely to late!)

You may see what I saying,,, Some folks use
prayer or meditation or both... I use poetry
or at least, what I believe are poems...of
course some are merely polemics some are
poetic prose and some are merely
prose...but poetry has been my mode of
personal therapy...and you surely can see
that I am getting what I pay for...am I not!

Still, I'm looking for that bridge between Spirit and Soul sufficiently well defined such that these two, whom I honor above all others I've known on Earth's Breast, may indeed form a tight enough relationship with my body that they may pull my mind back into communication, and perhaps out of ego's control and maybe, even tame my ego to the traces of heart and who I really am instead of this buffoon I am currently submitting before my community.

Therefore, let it be known, anyone who you may know, who may have some idea of a technology for putting the reins on an ego which has run amok, please let me know in person by e-mail, by telegraph...or perhaps over that bridge I am looking for... Here is an open heart (some have called a "big open heart") but the question always comes back to me "What about my mind? Where is it? Can't I get it grounded?"

And I, I throw up my hands again, and sigh: "I thought it was really happening this time! I really did!" So, and therefore, and whatever among all of those other heart-rending language connectors, that live up Hope's Avenue...I am here again with my request...I need help! Can someone at least, design for me a somewhat less slippery path around, over or through my ego such that no one sees that little beast anymore and that who I am clearly shines through to my family, to my community, to my world...to myself!

Qutbuddin Loren Ruh Smith
12-11-00

Shared with Western Friend 8/21/2020

**Watts 18: Yes! We
wear the masks!**

ch6, pg97a "No man, for any considerable length of time,
wears one face to self and another to the multitude without
finally getting bewildered as to which may be the truth."

Nathaniel Hawthorne

"We wear the Masks!"

Maya Angelou's quote from a poem written in 1892 by an
educated son of a former slave:

Paul Laurence Dunbar

Yes! We wear the masks!

We who walk the halls of industry.

Quick the crinkle at the corner of our mouths.
Quick the acted out abhorrence at the accusation.

"No not I. Prejudiced? Not us." Quick
the preening justification,

"But after all we must earn a living.

It just takes hard work and stick-to-it effort.

This is America after all.

You can make your own opportunities.

And see all the toys we earn with our labor."

Don't look at Maya Angelou, songstress, in an indigo language.

Don't look further back, when the odds against blacks were greater.

Don't listen to Langston Hughes, the chronicler of an enslaved race.

Can't you see... Take off the blinders...

Even here amongst us, the pain is rarely seen.

Terry Johnson was a poet who took his own life.

Some of us called him 'Friend!' and knew him not.

Hear the paeans, the pained musics behind the cracking smiles.

Hear the weeping and-a-wailing off this Eden's face.

Hear the songs within your blood, within the breath you suck.

Forget Dread Scott's great deeds, lest you'd gather to his rebellion.

Forget Martin Luther King, lest you're touched by his 'Dream'

and the darkening cloud there about.

Forget the holocaust, lest we implicate an uncle dear.
Forget Hiroshima, that instant answer to the holocaust.
 Forget the daily headlines, whose cause we know to
 be the blindness and heedlessness with which
 we lead our lives.

Forget those who knew the face of his own evil self,
 who did not fold and press and contain that beast within.
 Forget the homeless and hungry on these
 golden shores lest we remember it was
 our fathers
 who reserved these shores for them.

Forget. But remember the depth of our demanding pocket book.

Besides, it's just too much to remember,
 and besides we weren't there then.....

Qutguddin Loren Ruh Smith

04-8-88

Shared with Western Friend 8/22/2020

My Poem 601 The One I Love Lives In You

What is Devotion? And then,
what is it's relationship to
Faith? To being Love?

This morning's Spirit Calling
inspired this set of
questions? Spirit Calling
Love.

In a spiritual community, Love
is the sense that visitors are touched by.

Often leaving with a vow to
return! Often not
remembering to do so!

And sometimes not quite able to do so!
As this morning, one remembers and can't.

Still remembering that the
one I love was residing in
every breast one faced!

May what I know of Blessing and
Being Blessed, be the Light in the
eyes of all you

greet! For every Greeting may the
One You Love be returned
Blessing the You, The One.

Thanking ABQ's Center for
their Sense of Spiritual Living
and their demonstration of it
at 9Am each morning...

Wali Qutbuddin Loren Ruh Smith 07-19-20

My Poem 602 I've decided!

I've decided: TRUTH must be capitals
For it is the residence of LOVE!
My love! Your Love! Their Love! Isqah Allah's Wadud!.
there is to Love. Why would you? How could you?

Ask for more than to be absolutely
Wrapped in Love! A Love that is Unity
Alive with reality of Beingness

from which separation's impossible!
From within which all beauty is
contained! From within which our very
Nature is

explained by Mother's Grace and Her
every element so expertly assembled
such that you and I can gather in sweet

laughter together, can dance in Peace in
this Eden Garden that She has tilled for us!
That this dance that is our lives in which
we are

Free To Be You and Me! Al hun du llilah!
What more can you ask for when living in

Love, can take less effort than being
unique...

Sometimes Iambic pentameter is
just too short, is something like my
memory...!
But yea! There is no Love but Isq Allah,
The Love of God!

Wali Qutbuddin Loren Ruh Smith
07-20-20

My Poem 603 This Poem Demanded It's 'Self' To Be

I'd done my e-mail, It said:
"Write me!" I got a cup of
coffee. It said: "Now!"
I played a game of solitaire:
It said: "What the hell are you
doing? Stop stalling
and write me!"

So here I am at my keyboard,
edging toward it's creation,
just a bit coerced!

Just a bit... So after that
title and that first
paragraph, i really felt
small...
For a Poem to rebel pre-creation...What?
Do you think Mother Earth...could
have gotten here with that
attitude? And you or me "Hey.
Mom, dad! Get it together, if you
know what I mean?" Do you
suppose that could have
happened? "No!" Neither do I!
But, it did! And so here i am,
trying to explain away what I am
writing to the air....
Forgetting where I live, it's
currency of extreme temperature,
sweating, having not turned on
the air conditioner yet.

I don't know! This situation is
nigh on to being from off planet.
So I need a subject
of other than this Poem or I need to take a walk!

Wali Qutbuddin Loren Ruh Smith

07-21-20

My Poem 604 Spirit, Self and me

Spirit comes singing songs
of Light. Self is lifted,
inspired by Light.
Me, I get up, turn about and
again turn and then I
sit down.
Spirit is still singing
fully in Light. Self is
saying "Come on! Let's
go!"
i say: "I need another cup of
coffee." and stay in
my chair...
This trinity is still developing.

It is not quite the picture
of my life, but it is
approaching rapidly.
I am so very tired
that I feel that
Spirit doesn't
reach Self..
Self doesn't reach the
ground and Self doesn't
connect to me..
Me would just as well be sleeping
not thinking about anything at All!

But my keyboard calls,
i go to my desk and my keyboard!
A call from my keyboard is a command.
i am there and dancing on the keys...
The malaise is lifting...

Only from mind. That's Spirit's work...
Self is still fighting the physical mud...
Still not fully enlivened bodily...
Still bathing in muddy eyes and ears
 wanting to hear that music and
 see those vistas in God's Light!
But my blood pressure is 96 48 69
So where can I go...? What can I do...?
i say to me: "Just Love me..."

Qutbuddin Loren Ruh Smith 07-22-20

My Poem 605 Time Is Your Friend

In the midst of stillness time
disappears experience is not
named or necessary Being
is all there is.

Being is who and what we
are and are meant to Be.
There by the Lotus Pond is
the Center of Your World.

Why move when there Before You
Is your whole Beingness.
What more can you ask
for than Your Self...

Wali Qutbuddin Loren Ruh Smith, 07-31-20

My Poem 606 Climb Inside of Time

It can be an illuminating
experience. Solitude expanded
from Isolation into Your Self. Oh...
Imagine finding Your Self open
from Your Soul to Your Heart and
then Your Mind...

Tao to Zen to Sufi and Christian
and here You are...

Wali Qutbuddin Loren Ruh Smith, 07-31-20

My Poem 607 I Am Your Child (a song)
Agape 294

I am Your Child
Your loving Child
Answer my prayers
My Beloved One

I carry Your Flame
Here in My Soul My
Spirit's aFire
Calling Your Light

Your loving Child
On broken Knees O
Beloved One
Answer my Prayers

I am Your Child...

Wali Qutbuddin Loren Ruh Smith
August 3 2020

Shared with Western Friend 10/13/2020

Green Cross 1 - Mother Earth's Heart

Mother Earth's Heart is You and I, Her
Children with Father Sky's grace. We are
of the Sacred Elements of Life.

Light, Air, Water and elements of
Soil. The Mother's literal Body.
You AMD I. Their Grace given in Light

Her Heart! His Grace! Given in their Light!
Be so as their apparency, Light!
Eden completes their Gift and their Grace

Our Grace would be the return to them
of their gift of Life with Remembrance!
Daily sharing Remembrance with All!

Qutbuddin Loren Ruh Smith 10-13-20