

## **Poems by Qutbuddin Loren Smith**

**January through April 2022**

### **Trio 77.1 Knowing The Seed for I's Source**

#### **Keep Low Near The Seed**

Now this advice ariseth from my heart. Oh. Keep cool and low before the Lord, that the Seed, the pure living Seed, may spring more and more in thee, and thy heart be united more and more to the Lord therein. Coolness of Spirit is a precious frame, and the glory of the Lord most shines therein., in it's own luster and brightness, and when the soul is low before the Lord it is still near the Seed, and preciously in it's life one with the Srrd. And when the Seed riseth, thou shalt have liberty in the Lord to rise with it, only take heed of that part which will be outrunning it, and getting above it, and so not ready to descend again, and keep low in the deeps with it.

– Written by Isaac Penington in 1679

### **Trio 77.2 Knowing The Seed for I's Source**

#### **Earth 6 A Woodland Walk**

Articulated silence, a forest glen  
rocks runing midst running waters  
leaves laugh at this creature's  
‘quiet passage’  
the intrusion locally noted  
forgotten and infinite, stopped  
worlds spin again  
as quietness descends on neighboring  
universes.

Eyes close  
ears, already aflood  
with that silence that touches  
'hear' spiders, 'hear' centipedes  
nostrils flare open ecstatically  
knowing again the fetid  
sensual warmth of lush growth  
begin a sorting out of  
thriving things  
replacing, blowing out  
death's prescience

All pores in TOTAL  
drain-gain, breathing in  
gift senses their potential  
emotion wells, swells  
melts  
delves, deeply  
centering  
all sensations creation cued  
are one with all things  
are a null time entity  
are  
FREE TO BE.

*Qutbuddin Loren Ruh Smith Nov 69*

"I only went out for a walk and finally concluded to  
stay out till sundown, for going out, I found, was really going in."

**John Muir (1838-1934)**

**quoted in *New Mexico Wilderness Alliance, Wild Guide*, Spring 2010, page 141**

### **Trio 77.3 Knowing The Seed for I's Source**

#### **83 In the Woodland Quiet**

In the quiet...many sounds of Love...

Lovers: Trees and breezes, grasses  
and birds. Rills, river bent...splashing

Over root, rock, bone, and singing  
again with grasses... Harmonics  
rise up gently out of moments  
**alive** with gifts: Fermentation...

seed cracking birds sowing meadows...

Mother Earth's prairies...fertilized  
with compost of last years blossoms  
this year's color to be...

Beauty begets beauty  
for another season  
in eternity with you and me...  
in the quiet...walking...awed...

This is when your mind looks down and bows

To your Heart, saying:: "***I surrender!***" 11-27-14

### **Agape 326 Living an Epiphany**

Watching the news this morning, the verdict  
on the three men who murdered a young black  
man, jogging thru their neighborhood for a  
Federal Hate Crime, came out guilty for  
all three. The reporter's description of  
the crime, so true, was so ugly I HAD TO CNN  
change channels and from "hell" I found 'Heaven."

That channel was reporting about a black family putting together sacks containing soap, tooth brushes, food, etc, and all together went out on the streets and distributed them to the homeless people on the cold streets

*I had to talk to someone*, my friend I call my, Angel on the 3<sup>rd</sup> floor, served me very well, for this Libra was now tipped over into the deep beauty of His balanced Epiphany and had to wipe from his eyes, those little Tears from His touched Soul...!

Wali Qutbuddin Loren Ruh Smith

02-22-22

**Earth 110      That Snow Fall...**

Last Saturday night, I'd been busy at  
my desk reconstructing a file of  
poetry, when I needed to stretch and  
refill my cup. It was about 10 pm.

While stretching, I decided to check the  
weather, after all snow was predicted.  
When I got to the window, through the blinds  
I saw snow on the trash shed roof below.

I'm in a second floor apartment. The blinds  
are Venetian, focused downward and my  
glance caught the gleam of pure white snow, so I let  
the blinds up to see an inch of snow

Already! A Wow was uttered. Then I  
noticed it was a very soft, very  
beautiful snow fall. I hadn't seen one  
so soft, with big fluffy flakes slow falling...

Very quiet winds, from the south west, once  
in a while, slowly swirled the snow fall that  
only tilted from vertical about  
80 degrees, then went back vertical.

It was one of those snow falls that quickly  
put one in a quieter mode of thought  
process. I sat down into my chair I  
use for meditation. Such was the Peace.

Sat for a while, went back to my desk and  
closed the file and went back to my Chair, to  
Peace.

Qutbuddin Loren Ruh Smith

03-04-22

W S Merwin, from his **'The Child,'**

"And go with it - this is at last Yourself - The child that will lead you."

### **The Luminous One**

#### **My Inner Child, Lory**

I have talked with this child  
in my time, in my blood  
in my sight, in my memory

I have had weary times unburdened  
lifted into light, carried aloft among  
stars...or midst birds in tree tops

I have laughed out loud at his  
tickling the ribs of my memory bank  
where all those pennies are kept

*You know that..! We've laughed together with Him, you and I..*

I have run up a mountain's side  
only to ask him how he beat me  
up there so high, so breath filled

I have little to say excitedly any more  
unless some of who he is...is resident  
in the moment's explosion of glee

I have no known thing that he  
has not known or shared with  
another, such as yourself, my mirrors

*You know that..! We've feasted at His table, you and I..*

What else is there to say Lory, except "Thank You ever so  
much...for having been my companion  
In those moments of tears and laughter."

For it was then that I gathered to my senses  
all that I must share, in gratitude...for all my living  
all my breathing, all my seeing, all my life...

Thank you my Child of Luminosity...my Child of  
Light...and for you...

*For you know that we've walked His shores  
of consciousness...You and I..*

- Wali Qutbuddin Ruh Smith, January 5, 2002

## **Two Fern Fronds**

Two Fern fronds unfurling on my screen  
It was not natural but it was  
beautiful... beautiful technology

I'm up from dreamland this morning  
4:30 AM, that is normal  
for me as my keyboard is my Master.

Its call is not deniable. It's  
a yell, almost a scream. It says "Be  
Here Now! We have much work to Be doing ...

The Master talks to me just like that.  
So here I am to see a plant ask  
for Life and see the request be answered

The Lord is My Shepherd, gives being  
To be I must turn to Allah with  
all of my needs for there is no Other

Out there is human endeavor, in  
here is my human heart just praying ...  
That out there I too am becoming One

Who is seeing only love before  
me, love beside me, love above me  
and that on Earth only love manifests

When only Love is Your Offering...

Wali Qutbuddin Loren Ruh Smith  
04-11-22