

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 change channels and from "hell" I found 'Heaven.'

CNN

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

ABC

I had to talk to someone, my friend I call my, Angel on the 3rd 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 low manifests

When only Love is Your Offering. . .

Wali Qutbuddin Loren Ruh Smith
04-11-22