

Let There Be Light in Darkness

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Introduction

We all become poets when we filter reality into meaningful existence and create the world through our awareness. Spiritual poetry opens the doors to the will and lets the purity of light walk into the soul. It is osmotic with our emotional nature, bringing harmony between our inner and outer world. Poetry is an expression of nature's beauty transforming the world through our creative imagination.

A true poet sees the world with simplicity of design and brings to surface passions imbued with wisdom. I do not consider myself a poet, but an observer who takes each moment of knowledge and moves the conscious eye to probe deeper into reality. Much of the work I put on these papers is meditative, bound in the spirituality of a Sufi mystic. As a young boy growing up in Pakistan the words and style of my writing took form. The vivid beauty of nature's creation lay in the foothills of majestic mountains and made their indelible imprint on my soul.

Spiritual poetry pours into perception like words that flow through the open rivers of the heart. A poet sees through the veil of certainty, seeking the truth that gives substance to his being. In silence one learns

to hear the sounds of the world to give his
words the voice of wisdom.

Often writing becomes difficult when one
transcends the boundaries of the mind's eye,
losing sight of the creative Self. Insight into
mystic thought becomes mindful when one
unites with the fragment of the greater whole.
Most poetry of any kind looks through the mirrors
of self-reflection, giving form to the reflective
light of reason. In our tangled web of intellectual
curiosity, we must live today and seek
simplicity in our journey through life.

"Let There Be Light In Darkness" has been my
search to nurture the mind to seek deep fulfillment
in healthy living. I have used light as my metaphor
for eye-opening self-examination, striving for
greater understanding in meaning and purpose
of life. The use of the word "Darkness"
is my means of overcoming human fallacies,
suffering and give hope to humanity by striving
for great love and peace. Through writing
one can learn to overcome pain, accept
the wisdom in sorrow, overcome hatred,
and learn to forgive the unforgivable.
Through writing one can learn to overcome
greed by living through the poverty of
others, to overcome the pitfalls of success
by striving to live simply. Also, one
should seek to touch the soul of God by

acting through the righteousness
of deeds.

In writing poetry, one hopes to see
the world in all its forms. The pitfall
of writing is that one becomes his
worst critic. I have edited these
poems a dozen times and every
time I have changed them they
have escaped deeper into my
consciousness. At last I am at the
mercy of my readers and they shall
be the judge of what I have written.
The pen has written the will of the
mind. I no longer hold the wisdom
of this poet who has written on empty
pages the spirit of his awakening. I
hold no secrets; these words have
been my light in darkness and yours
for the taking.

The work would never have come into
fruition without the gracious effort and
inspiration by several important people
working on this project. I would like first
to thank my family for their sacrifices and
support in this very time-consuming process.

I would also like to thank Thelma J.

White and Babar Shakoor for their monumental
effort in editing and providing constructive criticism.
They helped me pull the work together and pushed

me to polish and smooth out the rough edges.
I am also very grateful to Sharon H. Hornstein
for her enthusiasm, heart, and soul that she put
in my words with her great artistic talents
and wonderful illustration. I owe them
my deepest gratitude, for they kept me
from giving up the task and motivated
me to pursue and complete
this work.

Consciousness

The hands of the wind uproot the
fragrance that these flowers have
no will to keep. In the deep hue of
color, life dissolves into the illusions of
the senses. In true love a rose is born
and the heart is all-giving. When will
you become conscious of your rose?

In your hand the world is hope.
When will you become conscious
of your real world in hope? Human
nature is restless and moves against
time. When will you become
conscious of your space in time?

A life that is tangled in doubt fails to
move beyond stagnation. When
will you become conscious of your
doubtful living? True beauty lives
under the vision of a mystical poet.
When will you become conscious of that
which is beautiful? The journey through
life is a path of many directions.
When will you become conscious of
your destined path?

Will your soul awaken and let the
conscious eye see into your righteousness?
When will you become conscious
of your consciousness?



Let There Be Light

Oh, light, you have traveled
far to tell these eyes your
forgotten story. In the
strong will to move, you burn
away the darkness from this
world to reveal your eternal
truth. In humble ways, you
permeate the soul to illuminate
the heart. Will you come,
wash away the sorrows that
burden the spirit, and
live free?

Oh, light! Will you become the
seeds of eternity to awaken love
for the great soul? In silence of
the night, you are many shades
of poetic mystery. The beauty of
nature sleeps in your arms, and
all of life bow to your artistic
vision. Your spirit is restless and
your will strong, for revelation
is constant, unforgiving; Your
burning passion warms the
world and gives birth to the
face of humanity.

Your light enters the mind's
eye and opens the door to
consciousness. Dear light, you

have finally come home to
rest, and the world is all
luminous colors. In moments of
total blindness, even darkness
will shed your light. Let there be
light to see yourself fully reflected
on the surface of hard reality.

Will you grow out of this
light and run away from
your creation? Oh, light, can
you give me the moment to look
in and out of you? Your world
is all that I see, and your light of
reason in this spirit grows. Let
there be light in darkness
as wisdom spreads to the
world it knows.

Half-Forgotten

In the warm haze of noon,
the clock holds you fast
in time. The sun embraces
you in full blaze of glory,
and the lemonade half-
empties your thirst.

Children skip beats on
concrete squares as
the rhythm of laughter
comes into full play.

In hot, humid air this
music drums through the
dense concrete landscape.
In the fullness of reality, the
wind stirs emotions, calms
the senses. From the open
windows of passing cars,
cigarette smoke rises in a
corkscrew dance.

Open hydrants flood the
streets; water gushes out in full
blast. Children bathe in the
soothing joy of cold, silky
water drowned in laughter.

The old sit on benches;
dogs wag their tails. Pairs of
runners dash through the
park like fugitives seeking
the next world. The summer
breeze catches you by surprise,
holds your face to the sun that warms
your spirit. You sit on the soft,
humble grass eating fruit

that is sweet and raw.
Memories melt into the
day like ice cream that waits
too long to be eaten. The day
is half gone, the world,
half forgotten.

Butterflies lift their wings into
the sacred blue sky. The soul
breathes in the splendor of nature,
nurtured in the honey of sweet
emotions. In far, open fields trees
pose in graceful forms, opening
their beauty to the warmth of the
majestic sun. Half past noon, the
spirit is freed as time runs away
from your winding road. You
can almost see the past moving
slowly across your mind, as
you reflect in this silent moment.

Beneath this cool shaded tree
flickers the shadow of your sculptured
face. The benches are now empty,
but children still come out to play on
this aged street, their laughter echoing
through your memory-painted reality.
The clock's hands have stopped,
but your will for time moves on,
noon closing into night as memories
settle like dust under the mist
of twilight. Will you cleanse
the darkness from your eyes
and immerse your spirit
in light?

The Soul of Night

In the mist that blankets the
forest rest mountains that
sleep in their frozen state.
Twilight falls like a heavy hand,
awakening the soul of night.
Hold the silence within;
listen to the wind that
taunts and flirts with slow
moving rivers. In serenity of
dreams the conscious eye
sees into the heart of nature.
Will the stars burn away eternal
time as their will surrenders
to the abyss of darkness?

Trees stand with pride, and
flicker, flutter, flaunt their
leaves as the soft hand of the
wind moves them to laughter.
The night has called your
name and the deep mystical
voice stirs your calm spirit.
Will you come into the forest
and touch the mighty fallen
tree? The moon sparkles in
a half-broken ring, unwitting
bride to the desires of the
night. In shady mood of silver-
gray, true love blankets
the cold mysterious world.

Under the soft ivory
glow, nature veils its virgin
beauty that comes to full bloom
before dawn awakens to
the morning light.

Open the doors to your heart
and let nature become
the only guest. Let the mist
fall like thirst-filled
dew-drops that dip
into the lips of red roses.

Night comes to an
end; the forest comes
to life with full colors.

The world washes away the
darkness under the light of the
golden sun. The morning
breaks through the open sky
and hangs over jagged mountains
as slow-moving clouds burden the
wind, cutting into snowy peaks.
The inner eye of nature becomes
the prism through which light
paints infinite colors into the open
landscape. The forest is lost to
the trees; the trees have
become the forest. In mirrors
that reflect the soul of
night lies one's true nature.

Will you come out of
your old ways and let
Nature become your
spiritual teacher?



Heaven

I exist for your imagination.
Will you let me walk deeply into
the crevices of your mind
where eternal love is layered
in abundance? You are the
blood of my living form
and a flickering candlelight
in a world full of dreams.
Why won't you let me read
the tender emotions that are
written in your heart? Time
has sculpted your face with
beauty that holds me prisoner
for all eternity. In my unspoken words,
I will call out your name to the wind.
These words are rivers that flood
the ocean with emotions.
There is no surface that can
hold you beneath it. In your
blood my spirit is born to run free
from the world. I long to walk in your
soul to reach your heart. Will you
remember me in your moments
when my eyes felt your eternity come
to light? The hand's touch burns in
the glow of consciousness. The darkness
of this world blankets your
form as your spirit grows
in the candle's eye.

Hands fold in prayer and the cup
fills your faith with the wholeness
of life. Forget not that the thirst
for existence is deeper than the
ocean. Stars' glitter is reflected
in the white matter of your eyes, as
moonlight paves the road to Heaven.

In the calm tranquility of your
fragrance, the gentle breeze holds you
in its hands. I will take you in with every
breath and never breathe against the
yearning to love. The light of my existence
absorbed in your charcoal eyes
reflects the full surrender of my
soul. Will you come into
these doors that break through
your hard shell of reality? In silence
we make our journey under the
will of unbroken love. If I can
escape the will of this world,
your love will take me
into Heaven above.

Mongolian Moon

The moon has come out of
hiding, and the clouds bow in full
awareness. Like a white-spotted
tiger, it roars through the fullness
of its Mongolian face. Lovers hide
in the moonlight and embrace
each other through the night. All
is revealed in the landscape of
gray-black shades of mystery.
The moon sprinkles white silver
dust and pulls the river's black
silky water. Into the deep calm,
the wind stirs the spirits of
nature as the moon reflects its
seductive charm.

Mountains soar into the sky,
longing to pierce the heart of
the moon; like a bloodthirsty arrow
that breaks from the bow seeking
the one it loves. The path through
darkness the moonlight chisels
away, softly carving the night into
beauty and form. This silent world
is full of sounds, as the warm hand
of the summer breeze awakens the
world from deep dreams. The sun
sheds light on the moon's dusky face
as the clouds try to hide all its blemishes.
In the early morning light, the moon
is drowned and eclipsed in the deepness
of blue sky. Let the moon roll on
the finger of creation and become the
axis of life's true purpose.

Oh, open-minded spirit! Will you
let the moon awaken the human
consciousness and hold it in
your mystical spell? Were you not
born through the rib of Mother Earth?
You are the child of this Earth, as
you circle in hope, longing for your
one true love. The full moon gives face
to the mystical sky, a white pearl
to the naked eye. Will you look
through the darkness of this
world to seek the moon that
touches the sky?