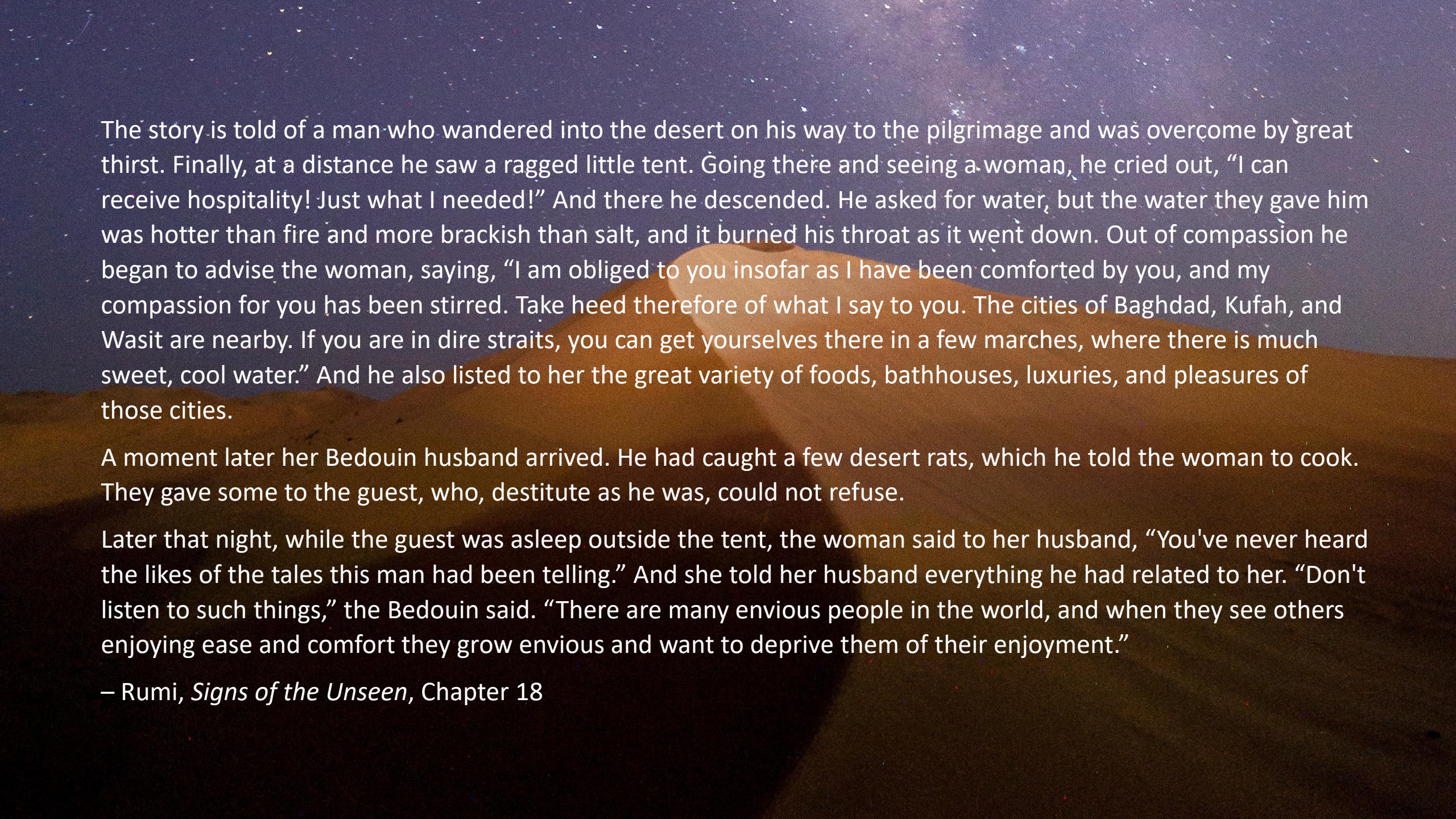


The background is a gradient from dark purple at the top to dark blue at the bottom, with a subtle starry pattern. On the left side, there are several overlapping circular elements. A prominent one is a large circle with a scale around its perimeter, marked with numbers from 140 to 260 in increments of 10. Other circles are smaller and some have dashed outlines or arrows indicating rotation. The overall aesthetic is technical and futuristic.

# THE CONFERENCE OF THE BIRDS *PART 2*

The background of the text is a photograph of a desert at night. The sky is a deep, dark blue-purple, filled with numerous small, bright stars. In the foreground and middle ground, there are rolling sand dunes of a warm, golden-brown color. The lighting is soft, highlighting the contours of the dunes against the dark sky.

The story is told of a man who wandered into the desert on his way to the pilgrimage and was overcome by great thirst. Finally, at a distance he saw a ragged little tent. Going there and seeing a woman, he cried out, "I can receive hospitality! Just what I needed!" And there he descended. He asked for water, but the water they gave him was hotter than fire and more brackish than salt, and it burned his throat as it went down. Out of compassion he began to advise the woman, saying, "I am obliged to you insofar as I have been comforted by you, and my compassion for you has been stirred. Take heed therefore of what I say to you. The cities of Baghdad, Kufah, and Wasit are nearby. If you are in dire straits, you can get yourselves there in a few marches, where there is much sweet, cool water." And he also listed to her the great variety of foods, bathhouses, luxuries, and pleasures of those cities.

A moment later her Bedouin husband arrived. He had caught a few desert rats, which he told the woman to cook. They gave some to the guest, who, destitute as he was, could not refuse.

Later that night, while the guest was asleep outside the tent, the woman said to her husband, "You've never heard the likes of the tales this man had been telling." And she told her husband everything he had related to her. "Don't listen to such things," the Bedouin said. "There are many envious people in the world, and when they see others enjoying ease and comfort they grow envious and want to deprive them of their enjoyment."

– Rumi, *Signs of the Unseen*, Chapter 18



The nightingale made his excuses first.  
His pleading notes described the lover's thirst,  
And through the crowd hushed silence spread as he  
Descanted on love's scope and mystery.  
'The secrets of all love are known to me,'  
He crooned. 'Throughout the darkest night my song  
Resounds, and to my retinue belong  
The sweet notes of the melancholy lute,  
The plaintive wailing of the love-sick flute;  
When love speaks in the soul my voice replies  
In accents plangent as the ocean's sighs...



And though my grief is one that no bird knows,  
One being understands my heart – the rose.  
I am so drowned in love that I can find  
No thought of my existence in my mind.  
Her worship is sufficient life for me;  
The quest for her is my reality  
(And nightingales are not robust or strong;  
The path to find the Simorgh is too long).  
My love is here; the journey you propose  
Cannot beguile me from my life – the rose.  
It is for me she flowers; what greater bliss  
Could life provide me – anywhere – than this?  
Her buds are mine; she blossoms in my sight –  
How could I leave her for a single night?'

– Farid ud-Din Attar, *The Conference of the Birds* (translated by Afkham Darbandi and Dick David)

The hoopoe answered him: 'Dear nightingale,  
This superficial love which makes you quail  
Is only for the outward show of things.  
Renounce delusion and prepare your wings  
For our great quest; sharp thorns defend the rose  
And beauty such as hers too quickly goes.  
True love will see such empty transience  
For what it is – a fleeting turbulence  
That fills your sleepless nights with grief and blame –  
Forget the rose's blush and blush for shame!  
Each spring she laughs, not for you, as you say,  
But at you – and has faded in a day.



Passion is mistaken easily for love. Love and desire are absolute opposites...

Beware of the illusion of desire. Remember that the flame of desire consumes life and then the dreadful reality of death remains...

With the terrifying fire of love, we can transform ourselves into Gods in order to penetrate into the amphitheater of cosmic science with full majesty.

– Samael Aun Weor, *The Perfect Matrimony*, “Love”



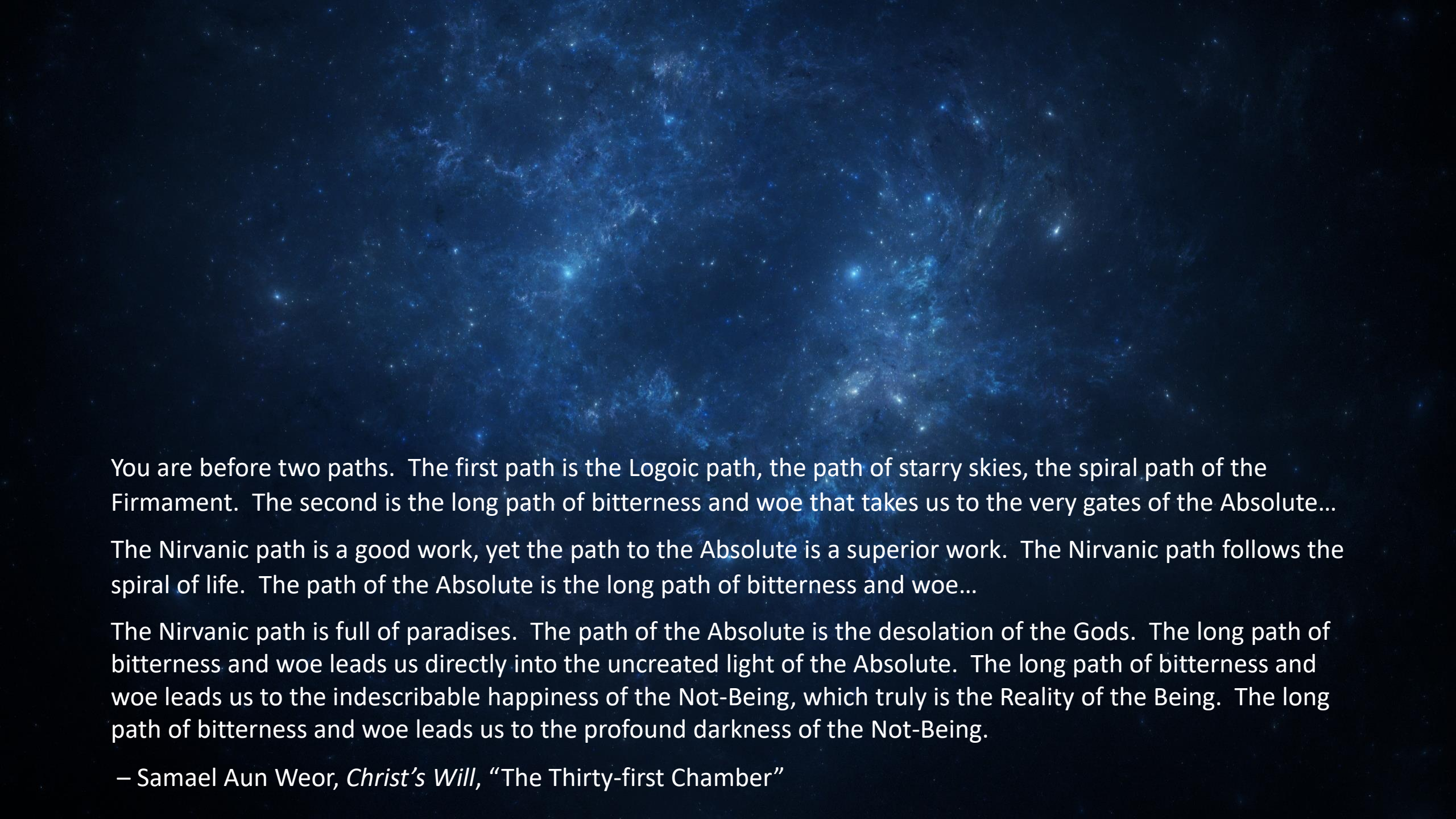


Next came the peacock, splendidly arrayed  
In many-coloured pomp; this he displayed  
As if he were some proud, self-conscious bride  
Turning with haughty looks from side to side.  
'The Painter of the world created me,'  
He shrieked, 'but this celestial wealth you see  
Should not excite your hearts to jealousy.  
I was a dweller once in paradise;  
There the insinuating snake's advice  
Deceived me –I became his friend, disgrace  
Was swift and I was banished from that place.  
My dearest hope is that some blessed day  
A guide will come to indicate the way  
Back to my paradise. The king you praise  
Is too unknown a goal; my inward gaze  
Is fixed for ever on that lovely land –  
There is the goal which I can understand.  
How could I seek the Simorgh out when I  
Remember paradise?' And in reply

The hoopoe said: 'These thoughts have made you stray  
Further and further from the proper Way;  
You think your monarch's palace of more worth  
Than Him who fashioned it and all the earth.  
The home we seek is in eternity;  
The Truth we seek is like a shoreless sea,  
Of which your paradise is but a drop.  
This ocean can be yours; why should you stop  
Beguiled by dreams of evanescent dew?  
The secrets of the sun are yours, but you  
Content yourself with motes trapped in its beams.  
Turn to what truly lives, reject what seems –  
Which matters more, the body or the soul?  
Be whole: desire and journey to the Whole.







You are before two paths. The first path is the Logoic path, the path of starry skies, the spiral path of the Firmament. The second is the long path of bitterness and woe that takes us to the very gates of the Absolute...

The Nirvanic path is a good work, yet the path to the Absolute is a superior work. The Nirvanic path follows the spiral of life. The path of the Absolute is the long path of bitterness and woe...

The Nirvanic path is full of paradises. The path of the Absolute is the desolation of the Gods. The long path of bitterness and woe leads us directly into the uncreated light of the Absolute. The long path of bitterness and woe leads us to the indescribable happiness of the Not-Being, which truly is the Reality of the Being. The long path of bitterness and woe leads us to the profound darkness of the Not-Being.

– Samael Aun Weor, *Christ's Will*, "The Thirty-first Chamber"



The coy duck waddled from her stream and quacked:  
'Now none of you can argue with the fact  
That both in this world and the next I am  
The purest bird that ever flew or swam;  
I spread my prayer-mat out, and all the time  
I clean myself of every bit of grime  
As God commands. There's no doubt in my mind  
That purity like mine is hard to find;  
Among the birds I'm like an anchorite –  
My soul and feathers are a spotless white.  
I live in water and I cannot go  
To places where no streams or rivers flow;  
They wash away a world of discontent –  
Why should I leave this perfect element?  
Fresh water is my home, my sanctuary;  
What use would arid deserts be to me?  
I can't leave water – think what water gives;  
It is the source of everything that lives.  
Water's the only home I've ever known;  
Why should I care about this Simorgh's throne?'

The hoopoe answered her: 'Your life is passed  
In vague, aquatic dreams which cannot last –  
A sudden wave and they are swept away.  
You value water's purity, you say,  
But is your life as pure as you declare?  
A fool described the nature both worlds share:  
"The unseen world and that which we can see  
Are like a water-drop which instantly  
Is and is not. A water-drop was formed  
When time began, and on its surface swarmed  
The world's appearances. If they were made  
Of all-resisting iron they would fade;  
Hard iron is mere water, after all –  
Dispersing like a dream, impalpable.'"



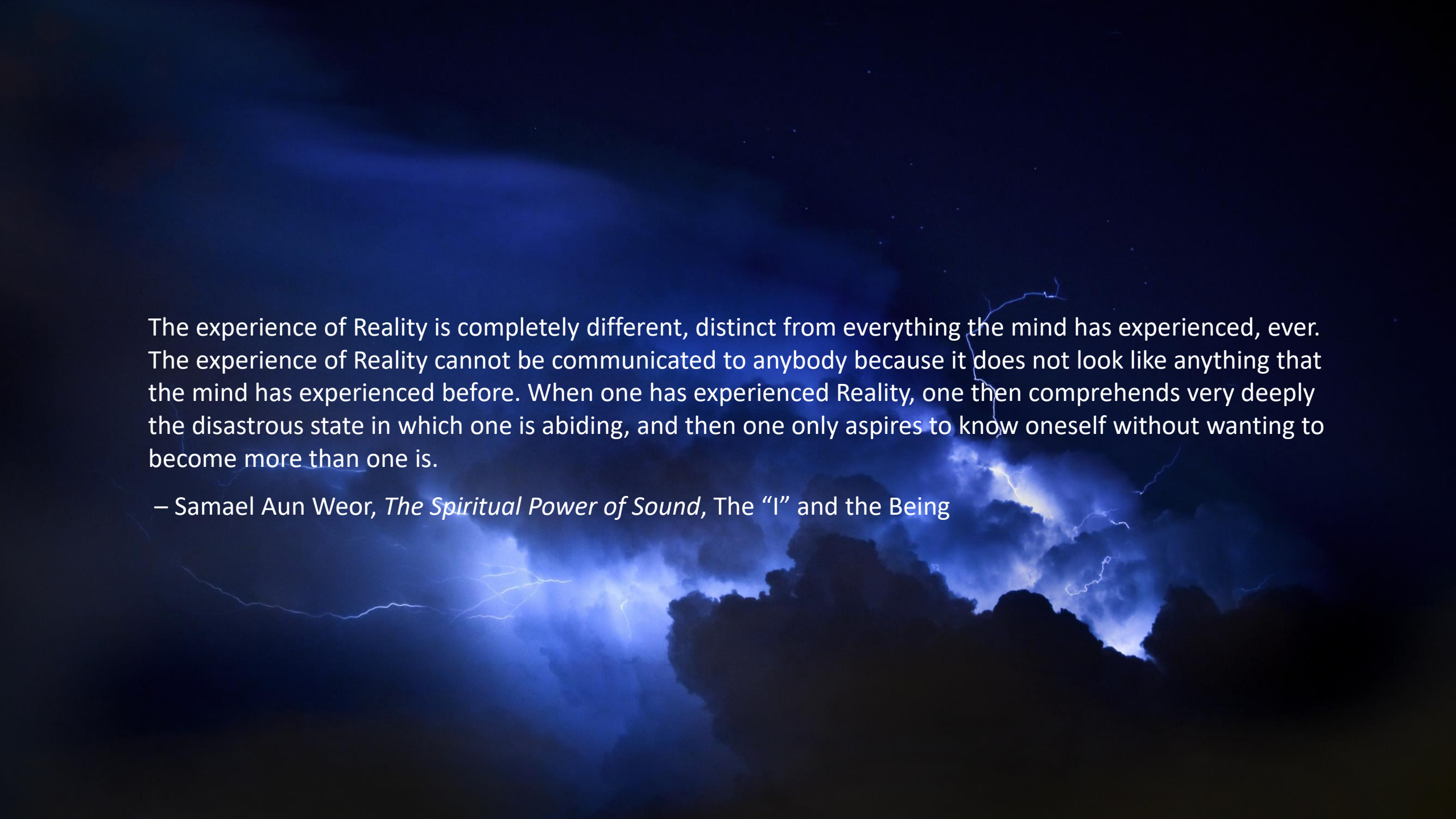


In regards to psychological subject-matter, we must make a precise differentiation between the “I” and the Being. The “I” is not the Being, nor the Being is the “I.” Regardless, everybody says, “my Being.” Everybody thinks about their Being, yet no one knows what the Being is, thus they end up mistaking the Being for the “I.”

...

Many students from pseudo-occult, pseudo-esoteric schools, full of refined metaphysical ambitions, commit the error of dividing their beloved “I” into two arbitrary and absurd halves. They qualify the first half as Superior “I,” and they contemptuously watch the second half, saying, “That is the Inferior ‘I.’” What is most intriguing of all of this—what is simultaneously the most comical and tragic—is to see that wretched Inferior “I” desperately fighting to evolve and perfect himself in order to someday achieve the longed-for union with the Superior “I.”

The wretched mind of the intellectual animal is ludicrous when fabricating the Superior “I,” when conferring divine attributes onto it, when giving it arbitrary powers in order to control the mind and the heart. The same “I” dividing itself into two; the same “I” wanting to amalgamate itself after having divided itself into two; the same “I” splitting and wanted to join again. The ambitions of the “I” has no limits, it wants and wishes to become a Master, Deva, God, etc....



The experience of Reality is completely different, distinct from everything the mind has experienced, ever. The experience of Reality cannot be communicated to anybody because it does not look like anything that the mind has experienced before. When one has experienced Reality, one then comprehends very deeply the disastrous state in which one is abiding, and then one only aspires to know oneself without wanting to become more than one is.

– Samael Aun Weor, *The Spiritual Power of Sound*, The “I” and the Being