

Love conquers All

As in last my previous tale, I will tell you about another of my dearest poems. It is called *Intentions*.

The English version came to me last week suddenly, after I let go of my belief that it was untranslatable. It immediately presented itself to me as soon as I cleared the way.

Here I first present the Dutch version, for those of you who read Dutch.

Intenties

Wanneer de nieuwe dageraad
zich nedervlijt op jouw gelaat
en al jouw trekken hem bekoren,
wordt steeds het wonder mij gewaar,
van dag tot dag, in jaar na jaar,
dat wij elkander toebehoren.

Wel blijft in nevelen gehuld
hoe toch zo lange het geduld
wij al die eeuwen konden vinden,
waarin behoedzaam, vlinderlicht
en ogenschijnlijk ongericht,
onze intenties al beminden.

And here is the English translation (2021)

Intentions

*When dawning day again alights
Your features' every line it writes
into a poem of enthralling,
the miracle again I know
this day, this year, and timeless so,
of you and me belonging.*

*But ever will be nebulous
how patience so conscientious
in eons was provided,
when tenderly, so featherlight
and outwardly unoccupied,
our intentions coincided.*

The original poem I wrote for Debbie in 2013, a while after we had joined each other as husband and wife, being soulmates for 7 years before that. But we always had the intuition that we were together timelessly.

In the years after, we discovered this poem written by *Rumi* (1207-1273), the great Sufi Persian philosopher and poet:

*“After my first love story
I started looking for you,
not knowing how blind that was.
Lovers do not finally meet somewhere,
they are in each other all along”.*

It immediately became clear to me, that he and I wrote down the same intention and inspiration.

Many think that Rumi in his poems was talking about an earthly friend called Shams, his guru who uncovered his liberation. And this is right, but we are sure that he also (and even more) wrote about his love for the unifying reality, the realm of awareness that is Life. Not the love for someone or something in particular, but for the source of Love itself.

And alike, in my poems I not only talk about the love that Debbie and I share, but also about the unifying love for All That Is. We, as beings, are only the features of that Love, temporarily crystallized in time and space. If we are pure, we may experience the manifested version of it fully. After we dissolve in Oneness again, either right now by liberation, or later at the moment of physical death, this Love will still be for ever. Just like we are forever, as Oneness.

This is what I consider the real meaning of the saying that Love conquers all.

Only it is not a conquest, but an embrace.

For Life is not a fight, but a dance.

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