

# The Guest House

By: Rumi

*Adapted by Fishtank Staff*

1 This being human is a guest house.  
Every morning a new arrival.

A joy, a depression, a meanness,  
some momentary awareness comes  
5 as an unexpected visitor.

Welcome and entertain them all!  
Even if they're a crowd of sorrows,  
who violently sweep your house  
empty of its furniture,  
10 still, treat each guest honorably.  
He may be clearing you out  
for some new delight.

The dark thought, the shame, the malice,  
meet them at the door laughing,  
15 and invite them in.

Be grateful for whoever comes,  
because each has been sent  
as a guide from beyond.

*Translated by Coleman Barks*

# On a Day When the Wind is Perfect

By: Rumi

*Adapted by Fishtank Staff*

1 On a day  
when the wind is perfect,  
the sail just needs to open and the world is full of beauty.  
Today is such a  
5 day.

My eyes are like the sun that makes promises:  
the promise of life  
that it always  
keeps  
10 each morning.

The living heart gives to us as does that luminous sphere,  
both caress the earth with great  
tenderness.

There is a breeze that can enter the soul.  
15 This love I know plays a drum. Arms move around me;  
who can contain their self before my beauty?

Peace is wonderful,  
but ecstatic dance is more fun, and less narcissistic;  
gregarious He makes our lips.

20 On a day when the wind is perfect,  
the sail just needs to open  
and the love starts.

Today is such  
a day.

*Translated by Daniel Ladinsky*

# The Chance of Humming

By: Rumi

*Adapted by Fishtank Staff*

1 A man  
standing on two logs in a river  
might do all right floating with the current  
while humming in the  
5 now.  
Though  
if one log is tied to a camel,  
who is also heading south along the bank—at the same pace—  
all could still be well  
10 with the  
world  
unless the camel  
thinks he forgot something, and  
abruptly turns upstream,  
15 then  
uh-oh.  
Most minds  
do not live in the present  
and can stick to a reasonable plan; most minds abruptly turn  
20 and undermine the  
Chance  
  
of  
Humming.

*Translated by Daniel Ladinsky*

# A Man on a Galloping Horse

By: Rumi

*Adapted by Fishtank Staff*

1 A crazed man on a galloping horse, crazed with  
thoughts of trinkets in the market and grudges  
against others, even family and friends,

5 what will he see of the gardens all around, and  
the miracle of his own hand?

What will he tell others of the wonder of his  
steed, and the way their hearts beat in unison,  
upon existence's drum?

10 How can he contemplate the earth's desire to  
support a billion hoofs and millions of yearning  
mouths, and never complain?

What kind of song could he write that others  
will want to accompany?

15 What chances would he have to fall from his  
saddle overwhelmed in gratitude?

*Translated by Daniel Ladinsky*

# Two Kinds of Intelligences

By: Rumi

*Adapted by Fishtank Staff*

- 1    There are two kinds of intelligence: one acquired,  
as a child in school memorizes facts and concepts  
from books and from what the teacher says,  
collecting information from the traditional sciences  
5    as well as from the new sciences.

- With such intelligence you rise in the world.  
You get ranked ahead or behind others  
in regard to your competence in retaining  
information. You stroll with this intelligence  
10   in and out of fields of knowledge, getting always more  
marks on your preserving tablets.

- There is another kind of tablet, one  
already completed and preserved inside you.  
A spring overflowing its springbox. A freshness  
15   in the center of the chest. This other intelligence  
does not turn yellow or stagnate. It's fluid,  
and it doesn't move from outside to inside  
through conduits of plumbing-learning.

- This second knowing is a fountainhead  
20   from within you, moving out.

*Translated by Coleman Barks*