Burst open like a pomegranate from an excess of love.
Come, let us discover how the first springtime of the earth ever blossomed.
Creation is only made of love.
If the sky were empty of love, how could the earth still spin?
When the force of love bores its way into a rock-like breast, desire transforms its stone into jewels. In return, the inner fire which finds no door to escape through the earth, splits the stones to rush up and burst out into the light.
I offered my heart and life heard me.

NIZAMI