

# Pleroma's Dew

*the Poetry of*

Fahredin Shehu

inner child press, ltd.



# General Information

## Pleroma's Dew

Fahredin Shehu

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*Dedication*

*and*

*in Memory of*

*the*

**UNBORN**

Human with the Sun in his forehead  
and the Quasar in his Heart...





## *Foreword*

These pieces were written in attempt to hold onto myself in a world where the black of night and the shine of the noon day's sun are always both in existence. No matter how long the dark, the light always arises. No matter the length of day, the night always comes. It's unstoppable, and therefore to be embraced and tried, anticipated or simply accepted. When my patience runs low or I ride the wave too high, I reach for my pen to release the quandaries and center my understanding of God's laws and human's reactions to them, for we all touch one another with our lives and choices. I hope in some way, these pieces of my heart touch yours and cause you to land someplace deep inside your own being where love always abounds and faces all things with victory.

Thank You

Fahredin Shehu





## *TALKING TO THE POEM . . .*

Striving towards blasphemous response to the expressed wishes, Fahredin Shehu finds his journey within the stated desire of creation seeking.

What kind?

Entanglement of words, thoughts and aspirations. And not just any: sincere, genuine emotion which aspires towards Love. Not even for a moment not wanting to ignore the fact that he "talks poetry, " he "is talking to the poem".

How?

Transfusing his own inspiration with the richness of the metaphor out of implied acts?

Yes. And even more: Significantly emphasizing the size of other detriment of his own hopes. Convinced that with this helps himself to finally understand his own personality. In the other. Because of himself.

While we read between the lines. Because he is heading towards that.

Again. Because of himself.

And, sometimes, because of us.

Readers, of his.

Sabahudin Hadzialic





Fahredin Shehu's poetry in *Pleroma's dew* is full of critical awareness and with humor. Amazing imagination, make his poetry open wings free to fly. and rich imagery in poems; whether write flowers, trees, and even every little life, of all comes from his subtle observation and rational thinking. For Fahredin, poetry is from God's gift, and is a cultural spirit.

Hadaa Sendoo  
*Editor-in-chief of World Poetry Almanac*





## *Preface*

Luckily there are still people who believe in the miracle; in the miracle of Life/ Love, miracle of Word and any time I have uttered a beautiful word; every time I have broken a barrier, a wall I have destroyed, I have shortened a distance. Isn't this a Magic...!!!???

The seed of this book have been sowed long time ago so I ought to wait its development and its ripeness until it became a tangible "something" that thrilled my being and hopefully shall teach, inspire and bring happiness to others who know a lot but never imply Love to something that may be manifest in Word.

Having always in mind that the World is big enough to host us all, but human still fight for the territory, the Heaven is vast and there is enough space for every star to give it sparks, yet our hearts are becoming narrower as much as it shrinks in the small and invisible kernel. To speak so I want to show that there is also plenty to be said beside the existence of many names in the World of Literature we must consider that we are not a mere names but more than that since the Uniqueness of our Beings foretells vividly the Magnitude of our Lord who knoweth to create a creature who can create. And yes we create and we can do more if we stretch our hand to each other. Only in this way the Mankind may survive and we as Artists have a mission to break the prejudices and to love unbiased.

I did not come to earth to fight but to know each other and develop potentials that are somehow dormant. I do hope that these word may ignite some sparks of Love so the Grand ART of Humanity, i.e. Love shall be more tangible, and restore the Harmony.

Let me please use the bridge (the Ancient Iranian KINVAT), of the Soul, so the Newborn may walk and pass the River of mortification i.e.: desires, gluttons and selfishness and share Love instead.

Preface . . . continued

I do hope that “Pleroma’s Dew”, will find the fertile soil in the hearts of those who still believe in miracle of the WORD.

Let me please wish the Mankind speak one Language so to understand Love before any extraterrestrial attack destroy all what our ancestors have created throughout Eons.

Let me please hope that there’s no price, award and all what Men has created to please its glutton can replace The Living WORD of the LIVING...

Let me please the Muslin of my Soul touch and pamper the subtle refined electromagnetic silk of your being.

Fahredin Shehu

## *A Word from the Author*

These words are the Soul's extracts I crystallized after long sleepless hours, Meditation and Contemplation on the most extraordinary phenomenon; we call: Love. I feel I got birth to the creature called "*Pleroma's Dew*", a drop of Mercy from the Heaven. It ought to go far beyond Inspiration and a level below Revelation. The Knowledge, Inspiration and Craft are the golden threads twisted in the bobbin of Creativity to give more Light and Love to the Inner child we often milk with the junk food of everyday turbulences, fear and deficit of Love, thus to inspire, teach and please the seekers in the path of Divine Love offering a particle from the Eternal bliss.

At the very end we all must understand that everything that does not possess Love ends in vain. Thus I decided to convey my message and make it in Understandable Language, since... **we lack terrestrial vocabulary for the Celestial quest.**

I want to remain only a mere dust particle under the feet of chosen Unborn, who comes to embrace all what mankind has created. I'm from the cradle of Europe where Homer, Shakespeare, Joyce, Goethe, and Blake emerged. I don't want to disappoint them, nor do I expect miracles. Only after this I consider that if the reader is open to host the fragrance from these words then the Miracle will manifest its charm and allure all in the world.

Therefore: "*Those who Love are different from those who Love not, and those who have learnt to Love they are hardly unaccustomed in LOVE*". - By Fahredin Shehu - from the book "**The Emerald Macadam**"

I want to freely speak out to the World and I co-conclude with the Dead Sea Scrolls:

A Word from the Author . . . continued



*(...) I shall speak out freely, and I shall express my various sayings among you (...) (.. those who would understand parables and riddles, and those who would penetrate the origins of knowledge, along with those who hold fast to the wonderful mysteries ...) (...) those who walk in simplicity as well as those who are devious in every activity of the deeds of humanity ...) those with a stiff neck, a hard pate, and all the mass of the Gentiles, with (...)*

DEAD SEA SCROLLS,  
The Book of Secrets,  
1Q27, 4Q299-301, 4Q301 F1,





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*The man don't accept  
What he doesn't expect*

### **The Amethyst tablet II**

*If we would compete in good-doing as we do in mischief  
Today Angels would serve us with elixir  
in diamond goblets on Crystalline tray*

### **The Amethyst Tablet I**

You can't learn poetry;  
It is God's gift and it comes only from His Mercy

### **The Amethyst Tablet III**



©Photo by Bruno Fert- Paris<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> By Bruno Fert, Paris, the winner of World Press Photo 2004

# Pleroma's Dew

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## Iris

Fortieth May unveils  
the dews in grass leafs and

the green swords of Iris flowers  
opened as Mercy came down from heaven

I told you man  
You can't learn Poetry from Human  
it's God's gift and it drops from His Mercy

I sung the quatrain of the Sun  
on the day of Marriage

Destiny; the Bride  
Wisdom; the Groom  
Love is the witness

I bear no shade and bring  
the stalactites of my being

from the upper spheres  
to please your aromatic hearts  
my sweet flower

## The Sybil Speaks

As the fragrance disperses through the air  
of the late spring

and the water gurgles from the well of Knowledge  
your palms seek the ray

early when the Lilly floats  
on the water's surface and the candles  
around the pool; lit all colors for all purpose

I lit the niche to burn  
the oil lamp of odor and  
assemble all sacral paraphernalia

The erected Topaz Obelisk in the middle of the Saloon  
with the engraved sigils; mysterious petroglyphs

hides the recipe for immortality  
the deer-skin carpet and

the rose petals beside  
are settled to host the procession of  
your immortal Beauty

pinch of hair from my skull  
I burst to embroider on your last veil

The Goddess where's your Divinity  
to find joy in my arrangement and  
embrace the Mercy from above

## Goddess Speaks

The Beauty is the Jewel  
in the Crown of Eternity and  
the hair from your skull shall bear witness

At the Tavern I drunk last night  
the opium of Love; offers

in a vivid porcelain; the liqueur for the up-coming  
Love-drinkers, dazzled butterflies

I approach the Obelisk  
to reflect my Beauty on the shine of the Topaz

I passed through the deer-skin carpet and  
the rose petals beside

I'm followed by the multitude of beings  
to thank you as you know

but I must travel the un-mapped path and  
find the One, who bore not and

All Sustainable is and  
who has no resemblance

In my navel I hide your unspoken word  
in my womb; your Divine deed

I may be mother in the future days and  
the Adept of new awareness

Pleroma's Dew . . . *the Poetry of* ~ Fahredin Shehu

Goddess Speaks . . . continued

even a Saint for those who believe  
in miracle as I'm indeed the heart Medicine man but  
The Goddess I'm not!

...dear; listen the word that ascends from the high  
heaven's of the heart and see the signs

from the world of the hanged forms; as they spoke to you  
what the rest laugh upon and you bewilder by  
the potency of it's message

I'm indeed the Teacher of the Love grammar and  
I engraved the Sigils upon Topaz Obelisk surface but  
The Goddess I'm not!

I protect for you the elixir of Immortality  
as you hard work on the path of Love

I have yet to put the smile on  
the Angelic faces of the child

so by every breath; the smile give birth to Love

Now I play the lyre with your heart- strings and  
accord your tune to the melody of

the golden wheat leafs  
when the wind comes down to earth and  
the fireflies play erotic games

I shall grind the Cinnamon peel  
to powder; and extract the honey from the honeycomb;

Goddess Speaks . . . continued

with the paste you heal your bloodied heels  
on the path you shall go through

bear the Book in your right hand and  
the mysterious white rose on your left

Open your eyes and  
you shall see how the Divine embraces you

as mother after twenty years of marriage  
without birth and

the female Jinni of all tribes  
who followed you until the Cedar gate  
with the golden spikes and golden latch

they are to stop at the threshold  
as they hear the shriek of the gate

be brave and step humbly with  
the right foot; bare naked

until it feels the coldness of  
the black Onyx surface of the floor and

your skin with the pearly goose-bombs  
thrills until the hairs of the top skull  
stands still

The Seraph shall appear with  
the nuptial; carefully arranged it's Enigma

Goddess Speaks . . . continued

the tray of Crystalline has a pot of  
water, milk, wine, honey sorbet, ambrosia, Lhasi

and the pot has the Sigils of the Angelic feet and  
the pot is of purest diamond

it is up to you on what you shall choose  
be careful to choose nothing but

what you heart longs and  
it shall be only one choice  
be greedy not!

as you get in the front of huge  
curtain like parchment with Lunar and Solar script

desire not the curse and any whim  
desire instead the repentance and

benediction; not only for you; but  
for the entire mankind, Fauna, Flora, Mineral

visible, semi-visible and invisible creatures  
as they are just as you; a part of the Divine Whole

whatever you desire it shall be inscribed  
in the parchment as petroglyphs

you shall then read and remember  
the steps you shall undertake afterwards  
as it shall give you the right instructions

Goddess Speaks . . . continued

be careful to draw a map on your skin where  
the Plexus Solaris stretches its rays

what you shall carefully hide from  
the malice entities

upon your return; speak not to a Men and  
it shall come by itself; you'll smile and show your

beautiful teeth; everybody shall understand  
the message out of your smile  
as it possesses the letters of Love

the day after; wake up early; wash  
the whole body in the river nearby

the willow, bushes and briars  
the golden bows and the lianas will salute

your presence and the birds shall sing  
in unison un-sung melodies

the happiness for the first time in this fashion  
shall embrace you tightly  
so you feel warm and bliss

then the old Man, long white hair shall approach;  
fear not!, as he shall teach you another path  
of walking in solely unique place

he shall also give you the wand and the shield  
of light; to protect you from the powerful rays  
that may harm your Aura

Goddess Speaks . . . continued

he shall also give you the silken hat  
with embroidered letters from within

the letters are the keys for every gate  
you ought to get in

the hat is of strong silken threads  
woven in the Looms of Angels

that bore the bonds for the pure souls  
that divides and multiplies in myriads

ask not the man who is ready to transport you  
from one to another Orbit; as thus you shall discover

where your Soul is conceived then  
passed across the ages of your life  
that are approximately; Seven

take a jar of honey bought by the money you earned  
with your both hands

place to a stone in which surface are still  
the green lichens; he shall observe your moves;

you shall not utter even a word... of gratitude;  
he knows what your heart hides

in its four rooms and  
what you are to become; if he takes the jar of honey

he shall reward you with the ring from the metal  
of seven mountains of the heart



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Goddess Speaks . . . continued

if the metal part of the ring bears the numbers  
Engraved from the outside and

the letters from the inside; you are not supposed  
to understand them; take it!

...and put the ring on your wedding finger  
at the right hand

you shall see the jewel that sparks and  
gives a shine in the shade of forest's trees

inside the jewel there is a seed  
of Love captured just as amber captures the insect and

preserve it throughout millennia  
to give lessons for the descendants  
of every specie.

you shall use the ring in a manly manner; only  
when you need to summon forces of good- doing

to expel the wrongdoers; not for any revenge  
don't you dare to commence any battle

if you aren't equipped with all what the Senile has bestowed you.  
address him properly and depart a forest  
get back to your dwelling as in case

of longingly return in safe  
anoint all visible object in your dwelling

to remove the dust from the Past; burn the incense  
for the invisible objects and subjects; rest in peace

Goddess Speaks . . . continued

for seven days; your cells need the rebirth; to give them  
a sign for seven years afterwards; they shall completely

change and depart your body; you'll see  
how fast you grow old.

those who shall touch your hand  
after you put under your armpit shall feel

the blessing and shall see the light of the Moon  
your hand thus, shall heal all illness;

while your presence  
shall ease heart's and souls' suffer

on the day of the full Moon  
say a prayer for the Earth

to heal what conscious Men has caused  
deliver a blessing to the heaven of

the closest Angel; Gabriel  
shall respond and be close to you to inspire  
for huge work; the preparation for another Eon.

follow carefully what he shall utter as it happens once  
once you become ready to receive

then for another twenty man-years you shall  
become nothing but a scribbler

after you understand what is sufficient  
you shall quit writing

Goddess Speaks . . . continued

then you carefully get a virgin parchment and  
write letter by letter just as real Soffer

when the Man, Poet and Writer  
will read what you brought from the heaven of Gabriel

they will take; plagiarize and misuse those words  
they will carefully take single words as wheat seeds

hoping to get cob  
full of other seeds; thus reproducing their words

thinking they are the inspired ones; thus  
deceiving previously themselves; then all around  
then all beyond; the short minded

Care not; as the open-heart, open-ear, open- soul  
shall easily recognize what the spring has gurgled  
and what the river bed brought to them

it is known by me and the rest who play the harp  
of the soul; since you balanced the strings of

your heart and its tune has harmonized and tuned  
the constellations far from the mortals; we are not

deaf; the subtlety of your melody has accorded  
many ears and pleased many hearts

I've been told by Gentivs<sup>2</sup> the king of Illyria  
that you have assembled; vegetative souls  
and host a banquet for them

Goddess Speaks . . . continued

---

<sup>2</sup> The Illyrian King

Goddess Speaks . . . continued

I was so pleased; my gratitude reached the whiteness  
of the clouds of your sky; whereas now I warn you;

beware of Pride, since she comes dressed all in silk  
of rainbow colors and

the embroidery of pure platinum; she allures all; so  
you won't be exclusion.

her navel holds the hook of gold with the red ruby stones  
as pure as blood; her earrings are heavy gold, necklace

of red corral and waist of nano-particles of the Soul;  
She charms badly

Her sister has potency to destroy from within;  
her name is Jealousy;  
when she appears; the grass turns yellow,

the eye dries his tear and make nacre; the Nightingale  
forgets his song and  
the Sun produces black holes

When she enters your shrine; you become bewitched and your  
blood granulates;  
the spleen appear to be granite and  
the lungs suffocated

the Elementals you've created for your purpose  
of good- doing; disappears

as nineteen layers of the Fog in the presence  
of the Sun and

Goddess Speaks . . . continued

the snow starts to fall in Sahara;  
Shangri la appears in a blast

and diminishes in a quantum of the second  
the fish starts to remember the crime and

the Lake turns Salt; the poison spills over as over-flooding river  
and the ampoules of memory explodes as butane flask.

the Pride never comes alone; she is accompanied with  
Obtuse and Blindness as two guardian eunuchs with

the borrowed odor from the spices of Zanzibar and  
sticky fragrance of Arabia

As for Obtuse and Blindness I know  
you have killed inside you.

Allow me now to depart with the promise of return  
Upon you evocation I shall appear  
in velocity of the Light

Allow me to kiss you where the Crown of  
the Soul's realm has a plot

because you passed through  
the awareness of Lao Tzu;

the moral of Buddha, the heart of Moses  
and Ramakrishna the Brain of Al Arabi and Rajneesh,

Goddess Speaks . . . continued

the seal between two shoulder blades  
Muhammad, as for this age you need a crown,  
The Kether of Kabballah

As you are equipped with the shield of David and  
the ring of Solomon

the Gown of Khidr the Green Man and  
the Hat of Forest's Elementals

I may rest calm as child in the recess of  
the feeding mother milked by Divine

## Now listen my prayer

Oh Lord...Most Merciful giver  
Behold this child I cared motherly and  
make his path a cloud-y smooth  
let him your potent name sleep and  
seal his heart and  
your will spoken out of his mouth  
his hand may it be your act  
and when you fall ill  
may he come to visit you and  
say a prayer  
when the rainbow appears  
let a child kiss his cheek  
when the sun in zenith sings  
his most potent quatrain  
your coldness mild as mattress  
covers from the burnt  
let the dew crystallized in petal  
of Gladiola and become a pearl  
Lord Almighty Sovereign  
let this man tech the Lover and  
polish his heart to reflect  
the beauty of Beloved  
and his fast may be lesson  
for greedy merchant and  
all bizarre human manifestation

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Now listen my prayer . . . continued

rest my heart in accommodating him  
as I a Mother milked him  
with the blue milk so his blood  
knows nothing but Love  
I ignite his heart with the Blue flame  
so the butterflies may come and see  
the particles of Pleroma  
until they faint

Lord Almighty Treasure bearer  
let him enough wellness  
to avoid him of dependence  
from human; let him be  
Sovereign in his dwelling, neighborhood,  
region and human surrounding; so  
he knows nothing but Surrenderance  
to your will  
to your Omni- Will

AMEN



## Butterfly

peasants brought wheat at the wind mill  
in the sacks with the scotch design patches

the air was clear and the fireflies  
still orbited the fields

mother came to laid eggs  
in a grinded wheat and corn

the Time grew older and a puppet worked out;  
somebody from within wanted  
to burst the capsule

it was a worm fed with the green grass leafs  
he continued the path

the LIFE has its consequences  
his body was bubbling; something from within

wanted to show its beauty  
an innocent creature was stretching the wings  
with palette of colors

it has to survive indeed; to visit flowers and  
touch their pollen

to fertilize their stigma and  
get the leaf as reward; the cloud up on the sky was  
threatening and the first flash hit the Nut tree

I have to hide somewhere and catch  
some peasant attached to his hat

## Preparation of the Plot

The Nobles called me to show the plan  
They told me: you ought to clean your place and  
found the basement for a new Temple

as you see the plan and as you possess  
all qualities we trust your strength; the Architect

of the new Temple;  
they endowed the plan, the pace and peace

the day after I was overwhelmed with happiness  
and it lasted ages of Men's life

immediately after I started to uproot the bad seeds roots  
and bushes

the place must be pure; and I sacrificed a Ram  
on the night of the fool moon

one month after I planned to summon  
the best Mimars<sup>3</sup> to start with the building

the names of all Mimars must start with the letter "T"  
regardless of their region of origin.

Meanwhile I got plenty of time  
to perform prayers, particularly  
the ones taught by Sybil.

---

<sup>3</sup> Ottoman Architect

Preparation of the Plot . . . continued

the Temple must have sufficient space and  
no angels please.

The eggs of Ostrich shall be placed  
on the shelves in each side of horizon  
so the spider shan't wave the web.

the Altar shall be solid natural material  
that is purified in fire

the birds are obliged to bring smells  
from the distant lands

the floor has to be with the emerald honeycomb  
shaped plates and the water must flow beneath

the heavy brocade curtains shall protect  
the sensible skin of the Albinos

and the Aquamarine baldachin with  
the embroidered golden falling stars  
shall be placed above the Altar

the height of the Temple must not exceed  
nineteen man sizes so the nineteen mists

have enough room to be layered  
from the bottom to the top

Preparation of the Plot . . . continued

the width of the Temple shan't exceed  
the size of the Khufu Pyramid nor  
of those built by Mayan for the Venus

shall you prepare everything accordingly  
most exalted space you save for the Altar

Do not rely on perishable items  
the piety must be at full stance

so the attention fullness and Love  
shall be in a greatest harmony

I took notes in the role of the fish-skin  
written with the ink of Sepia

every line is written deliberately and  
the role I shall place in the emerald honeycomb  
shaped plate beneath the Altar

## Building the Altar

The trustees have been assembled  
The man, Homo Faber, Homo Gnosticus, The Theurgist

Angeloid, Eudemon, Jinni, Angel, Archangel  
and Seraph

A long discussion brought few conclusions  
The temple must be Spherical

the mortal shall recognize the shape of the Soap bubble  
at the utmost deep valley of the heart where

the Turquoise emerald and dark green evergreen  
gives freshness to the entire being

At the place turned toward the Sun  
in exact proportion symmetrically

at the top of the basement; The Oceanic one  
called Benthos

Huge crystalline table elliptic shape shall be filled  
with nouns, adjectives, adverbs, verbs,

numbers, spheres, pyramids and all pots  
terracotta porcelain diamond goblets with  
crystallized dews of Pleroma

Building the Altar . . . continued

thus it shall all resemble the constellation  
of all imaginable, semi-imaginable  
and unimaginable universes

when the Souls of all sorts come by  
to offer their quintessence at the front

of this Altar nothing but Love Divine shall  
unfurl its texture from the role of the Universe

## Entry to the Temple

The howl was the first to land  
at the Altar after passing through

this membrane; visible Tachyon- ic Aura  
for those who possesses vision  
it resemble to a soap bubble to the semi-blind

Then we followed thus assembled intoxicated  
and thrilled till heaven; The man who passed by,  
saw us; as mere nincompoop

we indeed know this feeling as the one  
who once ascended to the high level; knows the level  
he left behind/ below and the path he went through

I was the one who led the chant  
wordless; only the breath of primordial and

oscillating vibrations creating the misty alluring blanket  
on the electromagnetic field where the eyes

of the Angels  
were rolling as mercury in the solid surface

The Beauty stood amazed too; she hardly believed...!  
a man could create such field of Love  
where the all assembles may conjoin the pace

Pleroma's Dew . . . *the Poetry of* ~ Fahredin Shehu

Entry to the Temple . . . continued

my utmost desire was cordial too  
as I melted in that sphere and became the dust  
on the footprint of the Divine Creatures

The hatred was absent and we jointly  
celebrated its absence  
who cares for the absence of conscience too; who

cares for the moments where the signs of Stigmata still  
reminds the sufferer ; in that moment as vast as

Universe with the dispersed stars all over;  
being lost is not a shame.



Calla . . . *Calla's Confession*

June; the beauty in her young age  
in the mid- garden a huge white lump

seen from the main road; I stand on the top  
as queen bee observing the growing flowers

I feel the juice from the earth coming  
through my parenchyma- tic green tissue; pointed skin  
with chlorophyll

elegantly I show of what I'm made off; to host with  
the golden pollen the creatures that  
knows and are inspired

My white dress; reflecting the beauty of the Sun  
reminds the knower of Death; I lay on

the hands of the bride and  
witness the wedding

I have a shape of the moving thieves oh you...  
who keenly observe what the Divine  
has bestowed as a priceless gift

now listen to my confession: colorless juice of earth  
blinding sun-rays ; has painted me green and white

Calla . . . *Calla's confession* . . . continued

previously; with the rainbow colors afterwards and with  
those above rainbow and below it

with my leaves the mind played insensible tunes,  
semi- sensible and sensible ones

in my vortex...the souls of insects are zooming  
a pollen tornado becomes solid as maize

the full Moon with its shine feeds me  
while I listen a Gabriel's lullaby to sleep the thirsty souls

A star fog flirts to my image as it wants  
to drop as Mercy at the wound caused by human poison

While I turn in my dance; the sky steps  
as it wants to kiss him in his forehead

after each kiss a gate of Eternity opens; to see his left  
marble-eye and the right sapphire

that saves the images of Eternity  
these word are the testimony of the Threshold

of the other side;  
where the describable forms perceptible sounds; when

the tongue knots in nine knots; the eye stops  
its vision, to pack

Calla . . . *Calla's confession* . . . continued

the image in subconscious; in case of rare return;  
almost impossible

and in case of return; narrates in  
understandable language with  
the words distributed as feast candies; full of Mercy.

Oh...how much aches me the left wig of my root  
from the dryness of Love liquor while

the right one debated with  
the neighbor; the thumb producer

it happens when the night sparks the bulbs of darkness  
a darkness all around strives to paint my sole petal;

a white gown in black; while furls with  
the face toward the sky

## White Rose

Moments, centuries, ages and Eons packed in  
the lump of the stone molasses which bears my image

I'm silent; in hush I utter my pain that holds  
the key of the mystery

the Gate of Here are opened only with death;  
Death the End; Death  
the Bridge to unknown; Death the Path  
to grand remembrance

of the known images of the Universe;  
Now the situations; revealed

realities, invisible, silent and static for  
the naked human eye

She came in the garden and cut the wig of  
my white bud; unopened  
while I waited to release a smell and tell the untold Truth

for the seeker; the one who humbly approached  
his nostrils so my fragrance may

freely enter deep through the bronchus, lungs  
to the level of alveolus

Now I return in her recess and let the saffron speak.

## Saffron

If I would be a weeping willow and  
mourn for the spirits choking in the river flowing

from the heart of the mountains; I...here in Mancha  
would loudly cry ; ah Persia, ah Persia;

my eternal longing as reed of Rumi  
cried out for the separation from the Ney-istan  
(The land of reed)

I pity the one who took my smell greedily;  
ungrateful peasant

and the Nobles that increase their libido with the juice  
honey and I; and the gold measure,  
carefully to by few pistils; the hearts of the earth.

I'm here to tell you of my qualities  
for the one who seek truth; he ought

to suffer and the Temptation is bigger as much as  
you closely approach the Divine

the lazy and the Liar are free to behave and breath  
they know what they are doing while the regret  
is a guillotine above their necks

## Carbon

Men are arrogant and easy misbehave; they want  
to see only what they expect;

when they face unexpected they protest  
out of jealousy; when they face the unknown;

they react out of fear  
when they become ready to accept a thing; they

deny out of envy; when they hear a word of their heart  
they protest because they did not utter this previously

I stand here, there, on the left side, on the right  
outside and inside , close and far, above and below

at the nucleus and membrane, in and out of space,  
in the peel

flesh and kernel, in the Plankton, Nekton and Benthos  
in the ice and fire in plasma and lymph

I stand here...oh open-eyes one  
I tell you by as what the others blow  
the fanfare and whistle

out of happiness and pride; for the good doing  
isn't modest  
it is I a limestone and the coal

Carbon . . . continued

and the diamond; it is "I" ashamed for telling  
you all these  
full of fear you might percept it as pride

it is I the spark of the Divine for your ungrateful being  
it is I who stands for silent basement for the pyramid  
of your existence and not only yours...

once you seclude and ponder on my names  
you shall realize the power; the basement  
where your being stands

I'm the vinegar, the star, I'm the yellow Topaz,  
the chocolate bar

I'm the emerald and the chain; I'm the whistle  
and sneeze

I'm the bark and the peel, I'm the flash and bone,  
the blood and the air the cherry and the cherry blossom

I'm the stone and the sugar, I'm the energy  
that flows through your

Veins and the wings of Kolibri,  
at the move of the fish and fly

of the Seagull in the osmosis of the cell  
and breath of mollusk

## Nightingale

Life has much more to offer than envy as it's  
only a dust particle of hell

the one who seek the shape of the Truth  
nothing but disappointment he finds

when you Rose; ask me about disappointment  
your face aiming to see the face of Certitude

don't' miss-concept and start to believe that  
Life has the shape of Disappointment

You see how I sing to you and reveal my secret  
Between us and God; a Man has no access; for  
the Men accept not what he don't expect

in his emptiness and greed he strives to see  
nothing but fulfillers of his gap

for Men has nothing to do with Supra- temporality;  
for those who succeed this... they are hardly Men

your pistils shall bear the notes of my tune  
there is coded The Pentagonagram of my cosmic sound;

they vibrates nothing but Love  
on the wings for this tune, the Divine flies over



Nightingale . . . continued

and the sprawl shade to the Truth seeker and  
the one who drink directly from the spring of Knowledge;

for the knowledge is a burden of the chosen  
and his path is full of thorny struggle

I sing to you on Beauty of every age; amused you hold  
your tongue and perhaps suspect of my foolishness

but the language I sing to you is mere cosmic;  
what would you say if I tell you or emit the singing...

the Seraph...what would you say, if you only once  
hear the alluring chants and gratitude  
they address to Almighty

you would simply fall as your petals at  
the front of your soil

just as I did bowed and faint; yes faint and see...  
the manifestation of the shapeless Truth.

Flame . . . *the blue*

Early on the summer morning I stretch my palms;  
the baboon I'm not; yet I feed my body with  
all nutrition need

this light comes as blessing to a burn;  
the skin stains and smudginess  
of my heart; until it becomes pure as diamond prism; so

the light passing through emits nothing but a rainbow  
for those who bear mind in their being; so by every night

I die and resurrect in the morning for you;  
I offer you a blue flame to burn your being  
and ignite Love

for the Love has feather-quill to write all codes of mystery  
on the parchment of your Soul; wrapped with  
the skin of the Divine

I feel and only when I feel I am...  
the food of the Adept and the light of the prodigy;

the master in the Coenobium of Love eremites and  
the water; cooling refreshment for the Thirsty Soul.

I have mastered the Technique of breath-taking  
from the highest rank angels; not to bewilder you but to  
prompt you of forgotten manifestation

Flame . . . *the blue*

I'm the womb you were blessed to be...taught by  
the Masters; yet after birth; the life pulls you with

semi- sensible cords, so you get what you  
are made of

Out of the womb you are still blessed  
you are tightened to the golden cord of  
the Universe's Navel

you shall afterwards realize that that is your only  
Kinvat<sup>4</sup> remained out of six; and you realize this

only after death; that the flame I ignite in your heart  
shall be the only savior to your Soul

for the soul is nothing but a drop of  
the Paradise's Ocean  
Atlantis; the blue of which transcends all;

all but Love regardless they are so in unison;  
you shall distinguish this.

---

<sup>4</sup> One of the Six Bridges to the another world in Zoroastrian Religion

## Silkworm

*Early spring  
this is not haiku  
I failed to transform you*

the mulberry developed her beauty  
the leaf's dark green food I collected only for you

for the rest shall wait my sign which is  
a gurgling spring

of blessing; I took the last mulberry leaf to write this:  
I use to see your face on the face of the full moon

salute the falling star waiting for your message or  
even a call to ease my pain

nothing but attack I got; nothing but wound  
with the tenses  
that past for your serial suite

I used to clean and stand in the front of the mirror and  
see your face instead

I was absent as I'm now; lost in pain as  
this is human too

Silkworm . . .continued

and shapes ones character; I lost in pain  
for the suffering of my Cosmic body

absent while you maneuver others  
and malfeasant yourself;  
enough so I may only pity you

it is hard to be a Man; again and again I repeat;  
it's hard to be a Man

I... kind of Jesus that broke your hidden Cross and  
caused maladies as concrete as stone

The velvet of my word; brought to you  
nothing but protection

My mother-pearl of passion brought you Hope;  
when even your cells started to abandon you

my silky voice was a cure for your inner pain;  
you hide as

sin and my appearance was  
the manifestation of the inherited icon

today in my face you see nothing but a silhouette;  
while your azure eyes turned crimson

Silkworm . . . continued

tomorrow I'll be the one you see his back-shoulder;  
but your tongue shall search the missing  
teeth inside your mouth

Tomorrow you'll see the previous Giant  
that bowed to you  
as in the front of Mispah

You taught me how to refuse people; you failed  
to teach me that

I taught you how to embrace instead;  
and I realized I failed  
and now I regret for the times I lost in vain.

## Mistletoe

Pine needles have bloodied your feet  
you are in Love I see and pleased so much I am

nor do I see any regret from your innocent Love; for  
in this balance I breath and stretch my wings  
to the heights of the white cloud

my habitat below the crown of the Oak;  
we salute each other and receive growth  
from your Love;

radiates everything good including blessing  
the breeze and the smell of resin fulfils; not only you

but the bushes shakes and hides the coitus  
of the rabbits and

the strawberries blooms the red fruits full of passion  
with their secrets exposed on their skins

Forest is a vast Ocean for those in Love  
bare naked you may walk; the evergreen

shall cover your shyness; if you are so;

## Cicada

Once I met two Cicadas; one from the East  
another from the West; one male and another female

in an equal distance with me in the spot;  
at the electromagnetic field

they were writing on their notes  
and transcend them into books

on my polychrome membrane;  
permeable only for the arrows of Love

they showed Love and respect  
the admired colors, nuances, odors  
decors and my entire being

this is done due to their wish  
to overpass the greatness and the pureness of mine

I laughed as I do now as blast of balloon and  
started enumerating my pieties; thus I continued:

Pity the one who has the friend  
only the one he sees in the mirror



Cicada . . . continued

pity the one that shows gratefulness  
only in hospital and mourns at death of his sibling;  
just for a while

pity the one that gives only when hopes for grater  
reward; poor gambler

Pity the one whose cat is afraid of his utensils  
and never walk even on the top of the roof

pity the one that swallowed all hopes and dreams  
as chemo static pills; as last hope for survival

Pity the one that bows only in solitude toward the loss  
he occasionally encounters

Pity the one that plays the stolen tune  
the entire life's summer where the winter cold winds  
finds him bare naked in the frost

Pity the one that never collected the fireflies  
in the golden- wheat field with the poppies decorated...

## Maple Tree

North is the site where the wind begotten Love  
and transported the whims of the unripe Soul

She bears the name of the Flower from Turkmenistan  
which is brought to Europe very late

Lala is my soul mate, a grandma who fall in Love with  
the senile sage who dwells in the body of 39 years;

The Theurgist, recently prepared to receive  
the Grand Message  
the Message of whom comes from above and

stands in the bottom of the purified heart  
it stands as role of Tachyon- ic fabric, a sensitive

Love-Knowledge Organza  
A mid-layer; a dimension between  
Inspiration and Revelation

Under the Maple tree she used to meditate and she  
built the pink ray room for the chanting

the Divine names  
with the rosary of her Blood -cells.

Maple Tree . . . continued

She made a maple syrup that leaked from  
the Throat to His navel

as honey mixed with Cinnamon in  
a Tantric unification of bodies  
and became a drop of Divine Mercy

She repeated; don't worry Destiny;  
they try even to steal your dreams,

not only words but Destiny I wake up  
early at the song of the rooster

for the morning awakening of the nature  
and gratitude to Almighty

for bestowing me another day of life;  
I repeat each morning your words;

**you can't learn poetry; it is God's gift  
and it comes only from His Mercy**

## Ant Hill

He came by the hill on the wings of the Air  
He moved the wind; the white horse of Liberty

He approached the Ant-hill and listen the parliament  
of the Ants and the Romance of the two;  
in Love intoxicated

he gave a duty to be filled for the Love  
She is keen to give wholeheartedly till  
the level of Surrenderance

hearing is the first step to learning  
learning is the first step to awakening

awakening is the first step of Living  
Living is the first step of Life

Life is the most extraordinary manifestation in  
what the man has recognized as reality; but

the Reality known by a Man is only a dew  
in manifold leaf of Divine  
and this is known to a Men who know the Truth

since the difference is vivid for the one who know  
and the one who know not aren't the same

Ant Hill . . . continued

the one who know; knows the state of  
the one who know not; as

he passed across the path of Ignorance and  
arrived in the valley of Knowledge

even going through it; he arrived at the top of the hill  
as he climbed the hill; he saw the vast field;  
he yet has to explore

then he realizes; the granule of sand on the Dune of  
Universal Knowledge; the dwelling of Al Nun

if this man spoke free don't you ever think  
he drafts poetry; for the poetry is only a word

of cantankerous for the pride of the hypocrite  
who claims knowledge

let him think...for the real poetry is  
the Pleroma's Dew that mild the dry lips  
of the one in Love

## Moth

Last year till today; you never comment the word  
I spread through medium known to a Human  
and inhuman

Lala a grandmother far beyond the ocean told me;  
Don't you worry Destiny; they will tried to take even  
my dreams not only words

Alas I know I never sold a dream neither do  
I lost any...in the hopeless and hopeful days

I never allowed the avarice of destiny to swallow  
all my dreams and hopes

Lala taught me about pink room she established  
and the Angel approached her in a blue silk gown

Moths of all sorts will take your words;  
but the open-eye is able to see the real source  
and the breeze it brings; man shall enjoy

Now I see the feathers I abandoned  
he took in self-admiration and shows  
this feathers as the latest decor

Moth . . . continued

but no problem...go on Moth; eat my silken being since  
it has sufficient mattress for more than  
you could imagine

Go on Moth...you may win all prizes but  
the pure heart shall recognize mocking and  
the mug full of wrath

Go on Moth...you may show freely  
your innocence; but noble heart shall

recognize promptly what your greedy being hide in  
the darkest recesses of your abyss

Go on Moth...as I cry off; this endeavor  
I compete only in the Orbit of the Good- doing

## Dream I

A guest came in the yard without the gate  
bearing two baby Jinni; I know they are...; that took

the shape of two dog puppets in  
the arms of a youngster

Immediately uncles started to fight in  
the center of the yard

with the shiny knives as Japanese Kattana placed;  
to the throat of each other

I stood in between to divide them and reconcile;  
I continued toward the top of the yard and saw a huge

move of something beneath the ground; in the yard  
of the neighbor a gigantic reptile showed  
the grandeur and

distributed fear; my schoolmate was ridding the bike  
and the reptile sneaked in velocity after him;  
he was about to die

from the entry gate of the neighbor dormitory  
a man got out; grabbed the reptile in a huge head

with his teeth he grasped the split tongue of the lizard  
and killed; I was happy ...and so remained



### Dream III

Illusions. Visions. Manifestations. Lies.  
Promises. Certitudes.

Words. Sounds. Smells. What. Else.  
Man. Shall. Expect. From. Life

It appears that I utter utmost words of my utmost Being  
for the man accepts not what he don't expects; so be it

for now and the grand NOW; who concerns  
for what we have seen

I stand in Lotus Asana, changing mudras  
as I cross distant plots of heaven;

I ascend close to the level beyond the golden  
wheat field with the red poppies decorated;

seeing my shade beneath  
I hear the metallic sound of the wheat- leafs and

the smell of the approaching heavy clouds  
from the North

I fly over; highly on the wings of  
the electromagnetic field

of Angels and pleased to show my graciousness where  
the nature spoke Liberty

Dream III . . . continued

I ascend at the garden in latitude;  
the eight angled Temple

stands few feet beyond; where the queue  
of Cypress bring shade

I enter the Temple and in its center;  
the gigantic book stands

I was summoned by forty Men with the light face and  
white neon tunics; from their gestures I realized...I have

to approach the huge book  
I got closer- the top bronze cup leaking perfume

in the middle of the Book was nurturing  
the parchment leafs of the book

The fragrance brought so much pleasure to my Soul

I started following the lines; but couldn't read;  
the letters were  
gorgeous calligraphy of round shaped letters

Who could say the wonder of NOW; the existence?  
the only WHERE the PAST and FUTURE got married

Who could sing the miracle; This very one; except  
Angeloid; cause he receives something  
beyond inspiration

## The Jade Visions

I hear the moisten steps in the left corridors of Eternity  
Your hushes seal the gate of this history;

colonies of beings  
settled in the right side of the heart

I smell the floating thoughts  
evaporating essences from the see of vision

you enter immediately almost shameful;  
while the cedar gate

with the golden spikes opens  
but you are not Sheba; The Yemenite Queen  
but I'm not the Solomon; The mighty King

I see wet faces and wet by tears accoutrement  
your bewilderment has no cease; the gates of my heart  
are opened long time ago

Just come and you'll see how there are sunken in Love

## Lion

Somewhere above Magic; beyond Theurgy  
nineteen Moons followed immaculate mist of darkness

The pen quill Obelisk commands imperatives  
of the Supreme  
A virgin parchment is of light; as pure as sperm

Oh...! Noble seed of the Divine; even the devil  
humbly bows in the front

the blessed servant is 600.000 wings Angel  
as full as Sun sings its quatrain in a midday pondering  
the NOW; unaware of those who can't follow

Whereas those who are keen to...  
felt the breeze and gurgle happiness for being

Part of the slide of Time; for living in an Epoch  
of the Theurgy

accused by Men of being arrogant; for Love and for...  
to be loved!!!

A mutual something; the Man call knot unifies;  
the invisible, semi-visible and visible threads of light  
Androgynous just as life

## Henok

Is there any room in your inner dwelling where  
I may find a plot to build a Temple and

pray endlessly or; even a yard I may build  
stand to sell my benevolence and get the smile in return

Is there an escape from destiny's bondage?  
My wounds are captured in gold molasses;  
only my voice's

silky touch; your soul as it comes from the Soul that  
longs only for a touch

If I may not pass across your Land;  
white flowers of my soul

may open in your garden;  
may they release the fragrance;

mysterious language of the cosmic progeny  
In Heaven I'm particle; a spark from His shine

I watch the man killing another by order of pride  
honor and fame-loving Man and Mother

washes blood from  
the wounds and Father buries the corpse  
of the killed; and

Henok . . . continued

children weeping to split the sky in two by this shriek;  
and the borders, kings and man-force in procession that  
follows the aim

I watch the fireflies flesh and erotic games of the cat;  
a fish with the Men skull image in her nacre tunic and

elephants flying over; searching for the tomb  
of the ancestors  
giving shadow to the bees and a golden neb pelican

chopping its flesh to feed a newborn; and the hot tears  
transformed in nacre from the eyes of the boy  
died in the Mother's arm

I watch the martyrs of Lust; while they  
victimize themselves; and;

others too; and passion in prison eating  
fish bones; transparent and;

marble ones; and crippled creativities  
unable to manifest

its potency; and festivity dress of suffer  
as she proudly cat-walk

in a transparent rug; and the rainbow on the belly  
of the secluded human entities

Henok . . . continued

I'm there- here, to alarm the Heaven down...  
something wrong is going on

I don't know if I ever return  
I don't know if I return

I may meet the same self  
I don't know if you are going to Warf  
for the cosmic informant

I don't know if they'll see the shine;  
absorbed from eternal lives

I don't know if they'll be able to see  
a reflection of angelic wings' colors; on my skin

**All I know is Love!!!**

## Help Me Lord!

Amidst bushes and briars;  
a vegetative pleasure overwhelms  
I pity the pain inside; sweet little Roma suffers

with the sun beneath her hard dark dried skin;  
blood poisoned; and prism heart

that disappears a potent rainbow and  
kiss my third eye

I sometime human, sometime a fish, sometime Angel  
sometime a Lamb sometime rose;  
the white one that keeps

celestial secrets, sometime yellow topaz that reflects  
your hatred human beware...!!!

I sometime dew; a melted pearl; tear of virgin; the Holy  
Sometime a rug for the Love seeker; a Soul's map

Sometime a seal for the mouth of cantankerous  
sometime a pine resin and a hidden fragrance  
of Nutmeg

I sometimes evaporated spirit that  
flies over your blue sky



Help me Lord ! . . . contined

Sometime bells on the wings of Seraph  
while crossing a cosmic dwellings to spread  
the message for the Newcomer

Sometimes eyes in the Tail of the Paradise's Peacock  
Sometimes a red ruby on the ring of a just Queen

I sometimes a Father of the suffered child; and a mother  
of the orphan

Tonight I pray in coenobium of my "I s";  
unified to arrange

a virtual feast; to feed all empty stomachs of the world  
to hug all visible and invisible suffering living

*Help me Lord!!!*

## Vertigo

Sophia came; furred with a light that bared all colors  
burning all passions desires and heart maladies

taking away the Human miracle;  
the one calls it perpetual ignorance

a God's mistake; the one that sees his face  
in the mirror and finds the only friend

The avarice of destiny never created the abyss  
that shall swallow all dreams and hopes; and

the avarice of wisdom otherwise created Vertigo  
in the soil full  
of all kinds of manifestations on  
the electromagnetic stripe

to be visible as slides of the past moments and  
never got a lesson

the spring was in charm  
I was in it for a blast of the moment and  
this...never made a difference

## Platinum Quilt for my Sophia

In the looms of Universe Angels had set up threads  
of light and colored platinum micro-cords  
and woven a fabric with

the Scotch design and those of heavenly  
Damask, Taffeta, Organza, Georgette...

They anointed the threads with the amber,  
musk, ylang ylang and aloe essences;  
so the quilt never loses the smell

Henok the tailor has cut two spirit measures;  
one for heaven and one for earth; for the quilt shall  
exactly fit to the body of Sophia

the Quilt she has to wear on the wedding day; to please  
the Mother, the Father, the Siblings and  
all of her beloved

while the neighbor are free to be happy or to be jealous;  
the choice is free; for we marry not to explode

the envy of the mischief  
nor do we marry to please our next to kin

we do this for the testimony of the Almighty; to please  
ourselves and to please God

Pleroma's Dew . . . *the Poetry of* ~ Fahredin Shehu

Platinum quilt for my Sophia . . . continued

As Certitude of the universe I bear witness; it is a Torch  
for the seeker in the light; where  
the Mystery stays hidden

The light that almost blinds and  
unable to see the beautiful

face of the Mystery; whereas the mislead  
searched her in darkness

## The Golden Fleece

...for the mind is mild almost a breeze full  
of Divine aroma;

the hairs of the golden fleece produce  
harmonious melody and

its crystalline echoes for the subtle creatures  
even among non hypersensitive

this golden fleece shall also protect you dear  
from the sharp wands of life; now as you posses

the aromatic platinum quilt; and the wedding gown  
Henok is designing for you; you shall be fully protected

He shall also draft a wedding declaration on a role  
of the subtle iridium parchment; so we may endorse  
our Divine agreement

The vine of Divine shall be served in Onyx goblets  
and the fruits that never decay on

a huge Porcelain table  
arranged as never before

the lights of Angel's spirit shall bring more blasting lights  
and the prism hearts of the assembled shall disperse

Pleroma's Dew . . . *the Poetry of* ~ Fahredin Shehu

The Golden Fleece . . . continued

the whole light into rainbow; to fully color the ambience  
in the throne of the Moon's heaven

Gabriel shall be responsible for the entire  
arrangement; and he abides the order of God

without any hesitation; as when the God says be!  
it becomes in a blast of the moment

thus for us the only remain is the Divine hedonism  
and a kind of chill that is akin to a  
non post orgasmic chill

In the amethyst epitaph in the deserted valley  
of the hereof she wrote sentences; for the open mind  
shall take the lesson; as this is her expectation

Here lies the body of the Beauty; the Mystery  
remains proud; for the progeny she brought

from Universe and laid as in golden egg in the heart of  
the one drunken in Love is another

passer by, to say a prayer so you got blessings  
from the Almighty; for eternity and a day more

## Tetragon

One may only dream of path he went through;  
he is released from the bondage women has tied;

the last he met...had azure eyes an abandoned puppet  
of the silkworm who passed a cell benign  
of the thievery corporate

she swallowed all dreams and hopes; what remained  
for her was the ears as strong as Bat; and the appetite  
of the abyss for the others words

today he is free to love again; to dream the other side  
and meet creatures; even different from Men

He is free and brave as knight of light; a crafted  
Charioteer who read in the orbit of frozen soil; and  
showed of what he is made in

he told which is the real place of primitive psycho-morphed units  
and joined the Riders of the Nothingness passed

across the Emerald Meadow and dark green hills of tea;  
and whatever he says it is...*Aliud dictur, Aliud demonstratur*<sup>5</sup>

thus to avoid whatever you may consider a burden  
as whatever you may conceal as anger or sin

---

<sup>5</sup> Lat. Something else is said, something else is showed

Tetragon . . . continued

He does not want to disappoint for he is here to please  
everything what is difficult to be pleased

He brought a child from Divine Maternity; what  
you now hear is the cry of this very Baby; you may

milk him or you may burry; it's up to you  
you are apt to accept or abandon since he

Is aware...:

**The man will not accept, what he doesn't expect!**



## The Swan

every sort of wrongdoer tried to sprinkle  
the black stains in my neon feathers;  
but the silken of grease

keeps me pure even from the dust of potent maladies  
and strong malice

I was pure within and in outer being and  
stretched my wings while my feet blow water  
pushed even the smallest pieces of the lakes plants

I was modeling the psycho-morphed entities out  
of primitive psycho-morphed units; for the one who has

a pure vision shall benefit the miraculous  
moments of beatification

the day was so long and it was spring; from the well  
of Knowledge I took a pot of ice-cold

from the well of Art I took a pot of pure hot-flame  
from the well of Wisdom I took a pot  
of pure mild- serene;

drop ...of Mercy...to drop on the thirsty Lips; that are  
closed except to the ears of understanding...  
as in Kybalion<sup>6</sup>

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<sup>6</sup> One of the hidden, Hermetic Books

The Swan . . . continued

weather a white or black I remain clean;  
even from the stains

of Art due modeling those entities;  
ephemeral as they ought to be;

I realized; The mastery of Loving is the virtue of chosen  
Aware for the suffer the ought to encounter;  
they accept this as mercy

The Mercy is distributed in every kiss  
so after every kiss, the Smile give birth to Life

A Question raises his head; curious heart, she asks:  
Is the Men ready to accept Love that  
is bestowed to him? Now!!!

## Naphtha

Meteor from the golden planet hit the earth  
on a day when the Theurgist was born; it assembled

all gold lumps beneath the earth; they started  
bleeding; all dark

Ocean formed as a mattress to the kernel of the earth  
circulating in their veins; as paths for anointment  
of the dry soil

The creatures ridding the Meteor were  
the Sapphire color Light tunic and  
the gowns of Intergalactic threads

with the Seraph's feathers; the silence  
appeared as Gallant Beauty

with a dazzling Aura and the Horn of  
the Galactic Ram, announced

her coming; Semi-permeable dimensions  
were all at her service

and she infused serenity in every corner  
of them and recess  
of the Mother who bore not a child in her life- time

Naphtha . . . continued|

All of sudden a comet from the distant  
Galaxy passed on the sky

of hot air clouds and beyond them;  
to set up a nest down on the heart

of believer; the one who love for Eternity  
and a day more

## Bling

I have time for chirping noises; for the motion of  
the hot cloud  
above your head

I have time for golden threads of bobbin from the bones  
of the men skull

I have time for the Lhasi drink and  
the tea from the porcelain samovar

I have time for the cleaning of nostrils from  
the dust of men flash burnt

I have time for the blings in your necklaces  
and the heavy rings  
in five fingers in your left hand

I have time for easing hot head politician  
and the stubborn Emperor

I have time for Noble Nobles and the Bards of Poetry

I have time for the Princesses, Queens,  
and the wives of Prime Ministers

I have time for the song of the Peacock  
and the murmurs of the wild beast

Bling . . . continued

I have time for the zooming of the bees and  
chirping noises of the Cicadas

I have time for the molecules of silicon  
and the Carbon siblings of the Amethyst

I have time to hear the sound of the falling tear  
and the white rose petal

I have time for the grass leaf and for  
the tune of the crystals before the snowing

I have time for pleasure at the threshold  
of Jasmine essence  
and the powdering Nutmeg, Cinnamon peel  
and the stone pearl

I have time my dear for your complaints  
as I was kissed by Goddess of Time called Deana  
of Zardushtian<sup>7</sup> Pantheon

I have time to LOVE All; beyond the limits  
of distant Galaxies...

---

<sup>7</sup> Zaraturstian, Zoroaster

## Pollen

The Sun leaked tears on the way down to earth; they  
got frozen in a head of Chamomile, Calla lily,  
Orchid and

all that keeps the image of the Father  
Myriad places has been visited only for a lump

of honey; who claims to be a bee; he is inspired from  
the Angel of the Moon's heaven

Who claims knowledge is in delusion by  
the pride of Satan

and the one who calmly waits for the sign;  
he is blessed with

odors of the Galaxies far beyond; visited and  
distant dwellings even for the Seraph

If you ever asked Lord; where your paths  
leads the following  
procession; you got the answer in the shape of the Act

how dare you poor silkworm to raise such questions  
aware of your incapability  
*pour qoi tout la arrogance???*

Pollen . . . continued

Whereas I stand on alert calmly waiting every insect  
and noble Kolibri to come by and give them  
the Sun particles

Aware that giving is the Attribute of the Lord;  
I do understand

that the hand that gives always goes from  
the heart to a heart  
and it stands always in position of the Sublime



Rahm<sup>8</sup> . . . *The Womb*

Aer, Terra, Aqua, Ignis  
Walt Whitman's elements

If they ask you on Beauty, say: she is the body of light  
which bears shadow called; The Ugliness

Unrest commenced in vitro  
life has indeed in common with death  
to make a double color thread of existence

truly life is the most extraordinary when you meet  
the one in Love

truly it is the Beauty that has no mate as it yet started  
The beauty is obvious and if they ask about her.

say; She is the body of the Light which bears shadow called;  
The Ugliness

Once asked me; do I look like a Man?  
I humbly responded  
I hushed: No!

She became upset  
I exclaimed; You Look like God!!!

---

<sup>8</sup> Arabic for the Womb, it has meaning of Mercy from God

Rahm<sup>9</sup> . . . *The Womb* . . . continued

Then she obeyed my thirst and we rejoiced still in womb

Holy is the one who gives; for the giver  
lives in then, now and after  
and remains anonymous; as wind, as river,  
as flame, as earth, as ether...

---

<sup>9</sup> Arabic for the Womb, it has meaning of Mercy from God

## The Beauty Speaks

Beneath the visible Velour I stretch all my extremities  
in all possible colors and design; and what you see

is a surface that feeds your conscience in all possible  
colors, nuances and formations

## The Mist of Pleroma

Magnolia's fallen petals as shells of broken eggs  
stepped by bare naked feet of the spicy children;

in competition; the sight is wide and the gigantic role  
of Pleroma's mist unfolds to cover  
as rainbow color blanket;

protects from the evil eye, black cats  
and demonic attack;

the Sun moves along the Sky and  
the Moon reflects his beauty;

Absolute blackness absorbed my image;  
I became invisible for

the poor mortal. Hidden in here and there  
I only wait the boy

with the bloody spots in his forehead;  
the map of the seeker;

to Kiss him there so the star may spark  
its beauty and the boy faint  
for nine days; thus he may learn all what I knew;  
profane, sacral, celestial and celestial;  
where the Ether builds the

Settlements for the suture seeker of the Divine  
A Grand role unfolds in serial; Pleroma has a lesson

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The Mist of Pleroma . . . continued

rejoice the life; its Divine as Grand knowing  
the Man calls Death; for the Death is  
separation from the organic, but

it's the Threshold of the Beyond...;  
capabilities of mere knowing pondering and cognition

The Grand Beyond is the dew of Pleroma  
just as Pleroma is a dew in the sword-leaf of Gladiola;

A spark in the dew  
of the Divine emerald field of eternal freshness

Rejoice death, it's as Divine as Grand knowing;  
the Man mourns upon

for life is an unification with Love but it's  
the Threshold of the Beyond

from the other side; Aptitude of mere wisdom,  
learning, memorizing

because Men have  
**no Terrestrial vocabulary for the Celestial quest**

but the **Angeloid** does...  
as he is beyond inspired; he reveals a new message

The Grand Beyond is the dew of Pleroma  
just as Pleroma is the dew in the Eyelash  
of the Divine Mother;

a spark in the dew of the Divine emerald field  
of eternal freshness

## Evocation of the Goddess

Came by the land, the Ocean, the Air, by Flame  
and by Ether

I summon you beloved, the Grand Beloved;  
the Holy Mother

come to wash your hair and anoint with castor oil and  
pleasant fragrances from beyond paradise

come to wash your shimmering body with t  
he terrestrial Mother's milk of all colors

come to wash your feet that stepped  
the emerald grass of Paradise

come beyond my knowing; dwellings,  
settlements and habitats

come to Bestow you the Gown of  
the Krypton color; embroider

with the threads of my Knowledge, Destiny and Wisdom  
Come in the Altar of my shrine; my heart bears Galaxies  
for you to pass through

come in the circle marked with the signs of all faiths in  
nine points of Horizon; my Enneagram

come in, come inside at the axe;  
as I stand as pole of my words for I have accountability

Evocation of the Goddess . . . continued

Come on, in, inside, within, in the very element  
of my Being

While I summon your forces to appear

in the most beautiful shapes; the Men have seen  
and have seen not; as I have

fear no more; as I evaporated from the bottle  
of Man-ness  
and became Angeloid

Come and bless my arrogance; as I see it  
while I utter these words

so they may transcends into Allowance  
for the future seeker

come and mild my soul; exhausted in the cage  
of the last parrot who recited Poetry

come and release me from the Bondage of Men  
sights and  
what may be called a Meta- jealousy; for I, I'm not...

...have to sing pride with the head upfront and  
meticulously luster Men's Ego

come as I stand as weeping willow with the river of tears  
that covered my roots

come and bring the smile in my face so it may  
give birth to LOVE  
Come...

## Obelisk

At the entrance; a wide path leads to the center  
of the plot

the Temple is at the top; in front of the Temple,  
there stands in hush, a Grand Obelisk

The Obelisk has the round elegant shape seen from  
each point of horizon; in fact it has elliptic form,  
egg- like...

a true image of a conserved life; Soul has its shape and  
keeps the nucleus of begotten Mystery; it keeps

the liquid of Immortality; a concentrate of Elixir  
that is so heavy  
Myriad times heavier than Mercury and sometimes

appears as resin with intoxicating odor so everyone  
is following its smell and get closer to  
the egg like obelisk

in the shell of the egg like gigantic obelisk.  
Four books of creation

are engraved with the letters filled with  
Lapis Lazuli and the numbers



Obelisk . . . continued

that can be read only by Adept, Avatar,  
Rabbi, Sheikh...Sarmouni

who all assembled does not exceed the number  
of three hundred;

for one hundred years, these shall serve;  
humbly and by grace

of Almighty; they are substituted;  
depends which of them

passed the Rainbow Threshold  
Their preparation lasts for Eons  
and in NOW manifestation

they are instructed by Seraph; so they may read  
the engraved glyphs at the shell of the Obelisk



# *Epilogue*



## *About the Author*

Fahredin Shehu was born, raised, educated and trained in Sufi path of Divine Love. He then went on to study the World's Spiritual Heritage from Monotheistic Kabala and Gnosticism and all what mankind had to offer to the earth in the path of self evolution and involution.

Fahredin is a *Student of Life*. He spends his time immersed in the various expressions of creation in all forms. He also works on Calligraphy discovering and developing new mediums and techniques to manifest his Creative Nature and Art Forms.



## *Published Works ~ Books*

NUN

a Collection of Mystical Poems

*1996 Author's Edition*

INVISIBLE PLURALITY

Poetical Prose

*2000 Author's Edition*

NEKTARINA

Novel, Transcendental Epic,

*2004 Publishing House Rozafa Prishtinë*

Project of Ministry of Culture Sport and Youth of Kosova

ELEMENTAL 99

Short Poetical Mystical Stories

*2006 Center for Positive Thinking, Prishinë*

KUN

Collection of Transcendental Lyrics

*2007 Publishing House*

LOGOS - A Skopje, Macedonia

Dismantle of Hate

*2010 ~ E-Book*

Ronin Press, London,

Crystalline Echoes

Poetry, Hard Copy and E-book

*2011, Corpus Editora*

Madeira, Portugal

## *Other Publishings*

### Papers and Magazines

The Book of Poetry E-Book in [Ronin press](#), **London, UK**

The Book of Poetry in Nadwah Press, **Hong Kong**

Poetry on Magazine of Center for Humanistic studies GANI BOBI,  
Prishtinë, **Kosovë**

Essays on Journal "Oriental Studies",

Kosova Orientalist's Association. **Kosovë**

Poetry in Magazine STAV- Tuzla, **Bosnia and Herzegovina**

Poetry in Magazine ZIVOT- Sarajevo, **Bosnia and Herzegovina**

Poetry in Magazine ULAZNICA- Zrenjanin, **Vojvodina**

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Poetry in Magazine POETA- **Belgrade, Serbia**

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**Istanbul, Turkey**

Poetry in Magazine, MOBIUS MAGAZINE, **New York, USA**

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THE WORLD POETS YEARBOOK 2009, **Bei Jing, China**

Poetry at Sarajevske Sveske 2010, **Sarajevo, Bosnia**

Poetry in [Balkan writers](#), **Belgrade, Serbia**

Poetry at Poetas del Mundo, **Santiago de Chile**

*Other Publishings . . . continued*

Poetry at Mediterranean, **Gottborg, Sweden**

Poetry at Aquillrelle, **Brussels, Belgium**

Poetry at Poem hunter, **USA**

Poetry at World Poets Society, **Athens, Greece**

Poetry at Albpoem, **Albania**

Poetry at Soylesi Poetry Magazine, **Istanbul, Turkey**

Poetry at revista ura, **Tirana, Albania**

Poetry at [Uzina Marta](#), **Brasil**

[Poetry at Arabic Nadwah](#), **Hong Kong**

Poetry Romanian version [Orientul Meu](#), **Bucharest, Romania**

Poetry at Agonia , **Bucharest, Romania**

Poetry and profile at Carty's Poetry Journal, **Dublin, Ireland**

Poetry at Middle East Online, **London**

Poetry in English on The Sound of Poetry Review, **Argentina**

Poetry at Le post, **Paris, France**

[Poetry at Aube](#), **Paris, France**

Poetry at [24 heures](#), **Geneve, Zwitterland**

Poetry at Tribune de Geneve, **Geneve, Switzerland**

Poetry and Calligraphy at World Art Friends, **Portugal**

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Revue d'Art, et litterature, Musique, **Paris, France**

Poetry at Arte Poetica, **Salvador**



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*Other Publishings . . . continued*

Poetry at [Carcinogenic Poetry](#), **Brasil**

Poetry at Album Nocturno, **Salvador**

Poetry at [Fernando Sabido Sanchez](#), **Madrid, Spain**

Poetry at Anthology [Poetas Siglo Veintiuno](#),

Editor, Fernando Sabido Sanchez, **Madrid, Spain**

Poetry at **CHECK POINT POETRY**, **Le Reti di Dedalus, Italy**

Poetry at **Author India, India**

Poetry at Pagina de Andres Morales, **Chile**

Poetry at [Cinosargo](#), **Arica, Chile**

Poetry at Grey Scale, **Nigeria**

Poetry at Snow in Guinea Magazine,

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Books at

<http://www.archive.org/search.php?query=creator%3A%22Fahredin%20Shehu%22>, **USA**

## *Participations*

Exhibition of Calligraphies in Cairo, Egypt, 2004

Sarajevo 44th Poetry Meeting, Sarajevo 2005

Congress on 600<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the work of Abdurrahman Ibn Khaldun, Cairo, Egypt, 2006

Meeting for the ethnic minority rights, European Parliament, Bruxelles, 2006

Exhibition of paintings and calligraphies at the Ministry of Culture and Tourism, Cairo Egypt, 2007

Participation on the Congress on 800<sup>th</sup> anniversary of a Persian Poet RUMI, organized by

UNESCO/Albania and Saadi Shirazi Foundation, Tirana

Participation at the International conference on Islam and Balkan-Identity and building bridges, Canakkale, Turkey

Participation at 13<sup>th</sup> International Sheikh Tousi Conference, Qom, Teheran, Mashhad, Iran

Participation at Conference on Regional Cooperation, Kopaonik Serbia

Participation at International Poetry Festival

Voix de la Mediterranee, Lodeve France

Participation at Struga Poetry Events- 50th anniversary, Struga Macedonia

**Translated** in English, French, Italian, Serbian, Croatian, Bosnian, Macedonian, Roma, Swedish, Turkish, Arabic, Romanian, Persian.

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## *Associations*

**Ambassador** of Poets to Albania by Poetas del Mundo, Santiago de Chile

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~ *fini* ~