

SONG OF SOLOMON

Chapter 1

1. The song of songs, which is Solomon's.

The Song of Songs is the witness of peace and rest, the true Sabbath.

2. Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth; for thy love is better than wine.

Two resistances call from you to me. For in earth, my fire makes nothing but wine.

3. Because of the savour of thy good ointments thy name is as ointment poured forth, therefore do the virgins love thee.

You are in your Name and through your Name a beautiful and generous Giver. You cause the thrill of your presence to well up in the depths. Therefore, you are loved by her who seeks your impregnation.

4. Draw me, we will run after thee: the king hath brought me into his chambers; We will be glad and rejoice in thee, we will remember thy love more than wine; the upright love thee.

My Holy Breath you have taken me from death to life, and life to death. Already I am not what I was. New Life has started in my inmost being. Souls who live in quiet circumstances of life, never see and know thy Sabbaths.

5. I am black but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon.

Blackness of the Sun has put conflict into me. I don't want the Vine of ministry anymore. I want only the true Vine of the Bridegroom Himself with His intoxicating Wine of Love. You have used the sons of earth to despoil in me the lush desire to be seen and known, transplanted thy own lush desire to KNOW.

6. Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me: my mother's children were angry with me; they made me the keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept.

7. Tell me. O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon: for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?

No question of my hiding from the world any longer, my color betrays me. Show me your place of work, your place of leisure. I want to be along with you in the open. I want the whole world to know I belong to You.

8. If thou know not, O thou fairest among women, go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed thy kids beside the shepherd's tents.

If you do not know where I am, thou most lovely (espoused Bride), let timelessness, space come alive in you: bring into duration two statures, two lives, two existences, two glories as one.

9. I have compared thee, O my love, to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots.

I see you are still under the spell of those with worldly prestige.

10. Thy cheeks are comely with rows of jewels, thy neck with chains of gold.

But I shall fertilize your duality, if you will allow your whirling opposites to be brought into harmonious relationship through me.

11. We will make thee borders of gold with studs of silver.

I will transmute my burning love for you into gold, but your silver desire will transmute that gold into burning glory love for Me.

12. While the king sitteth at his table, my spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof.

I am not longer under the seeming eternity of the strong. My sharply-awakened senses drive me to minister to my King at His precious feet, thus entering into the universal unknown.

13. A bundle of myrrh is my well-beloved unto me; he shall lie all night betwixt my breasts.

Because you find sabbath rest in my bosom, I drink of thy breath from the lower depths, over against thy breath from on high, thus enjoying Thy pleasurable eternal balance.

14. My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of En-gedi.

Your coming forth to me and returning again into thy self is an endless resurrection to new life, which is my glory knowledge.

15. Behold, thou art fair, my love: behold, thou art fair; thou hast doves' eyes.

How lovely is thy peace my love, how lovely! This rising spring of glory in your eyes prophesies that you will be my Bride.

16. Behold, thou art fair, my beloved, yea, pleasant: also our bed is green.

What beauty my beloved one! We delight in our newness of living relationship.

17. The beams of our house are cedar, and our rafters of fir.

The place where we enjoy sabbath rest together cannot be destroyed.

Chapter 2

1. I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys.

Through my scented breath I am in your spirit, soul and body. Breath from the upper heights, breath of the lower depths, double presence and glory.

2. As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters.

And you are these two breaths, in existence and life, among unshaped eternal substance.

3. As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.

I see you as you appear to me with thy Jasper glory. I was full of joy, inhabiting my soul, and there you sprang to life from your tabernacle of glorified dust.

4. He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love.

You carried me to intoxication where consciousness lost itself in the waves of Thy Divine ecstasy. Your new life in me is a response to love.

5. Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples: for I am sick of love.

O that I could be strong enough to take your divine seeds of understanding into my being and become a living support of Thy seeds, thus become living breath.

6. His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me.

His left hand conveys the government of the sacred, Secret Name and His right hand is about me and makes me breathe it. O my Beloved how great is Thy love!

7. I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes, and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love, till he please.

Friends of the crowded places, I send you the Heavenly Bridegroom. Do not shut away the universal splendor from entering thy frozen institutions. Do not desire to gaze with curiosity upon the splendor of my love. It is only for my Bridegroom.

8. The voice of my beloved! behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills.

The breath of my Beloved rushes through space towards me, violently breaks into my strength and rays out inside me, diffusing the glory of His Presence.

9. My beloved is like a roe or a young hart: behold, he standeth behind our wall, he looketh forth at the windows, shewing himself through the lattice.

And this radiation is a new birth of His Word and His glory developing in me.

10. My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.

The voice of my Beloved stirred movement and energy in me to find Him and to find myself.

11. For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone;

For the sake of shared pleasure, I opened to the Breath of His Word.

12. The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;

My Love received the knowledge of my universal impregnation. Constructive energy works in the two lives of nature. Breath is conceived in the flower buds, is welcomed by the songs of time.

13. The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.

Everything is made vibrant by breath, even the fig tree in the dry sands. Get up my lovely one and move on to full stature in me.

14. O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely.

I am reborn. Thy Jasper Glory rises from the depths, having passed through tree cycle of life and death process and has brought me to the Shekinah Glory. My developed forms of truth conceal the living thrill within them. Listen to the spell of my rhythm, behold my true perception of Thee. Thy mysterious Presence of uprightness fills my forms. I voice your Name, Jesus!

15. Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes.

Guide the new life and forms that are growing in you. The young foxes ravage the flowering vines, but do not abandon your vine. Watch it day and night.

16. My beloved is mine, and I am his: he feedeth among the lilies.

The all Breath is mine and my breath is His. Let Him stir and guide me. Two breaths are now one in me.

17. Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether.

In all the cycle of the death to life and life to death process, let me feel your love, the indeterminate freshness of your universal eternal home.

Chapter 3

1. By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loveth: I sought him but I found him not.

I heard Him, He came to me, but I am still looking for Him. His breath was united to me, yet I do not know where the union took place. His presence of glory was so radiant; so bright—how could I hold on to it?

2. I will rise now, and go about the city in the streets, and in the broad ways, I will seek him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not.

I set out to look for Him upon my bed, among the items of my work, on the broad streams of pleasure. Contradictory, they turned me round and round upon myself and I did not find Him. O how lonely to be without Him.

3. The watchmen that go about the city found me; to whom I said, Saw he him whom my soul loveth?

These energies swirled in frantic activity, closing in, pressing upon me as I went on asking where is my love from those who knew not.

4. It was but a little that I passed from them, but I found him whom my soul loveth; I held him, and would not let him go, until I had brought him into my mother's house, and into the chamber of her that conceived me.

They emptied me out. Then I found Him who was being born in a new way to me. A union of two who must know each other in this new way.

5. I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes, and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love, till he please.

Daughters of the false styles of peace—false possessiveness. I send again the Heavenly Bridegroom to you. Love which is not a SOURCE is only a DESIRE. If it is a source, then it carries fulfilled satisfaction.

6. Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all powders of the merchant?

The beautiful King of Peace burns night and day with the perfumed scented extracts of His Name that engulf the soul and body with delights, turning wildernesses into fragrant flaming sanctuaries.

7. Behold his bed, which is Solomon's; threescore valiant men are about it, of the valiant of Israel.

Behold the throne of His Headship, a stately secure conveyance. Behold His warriors who guard His live and death process.

8. They all hold swords, being expert in war; every man hath his sword upon his thigh because of fear in the night.

9. King Solomon made himself a chariot of the wood of Lebanon.

10. He made the pillars thereof of silver, the bottom thereof of gold, the covering of it of purple, the midst thereof being paved with love, for the daughters of Jerusalem.

The beautiful headship of the King is made up of the life and death principle, the gold and the silver.

11. Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion, and behold King Solomon with the crown wherewith his mother crowned him in the day of his espousals, and in the day of the gladness of his heart.

Chapter 4

1. Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair: thou hast doves' eyes within thy locks: thy hair is as a flock of goats, that appear from mount Gilead.

How beautiful you are my Love. Your eyes are the fountains of Shekinah Glory. Through them you seize upon the truth and transport to thine heart; through them thou dost feast upon my Name. This is the glory where time and timelessness meet, to be prized as a multitude that springs from eternity.

2. Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that are even shorn, which came up from the washing; whereof every one bear twins, and none is barren among them.

How beautiful is the dominance of thy second female energy as Queen Rachel wearing a crown and laying on a scented cloud. How clean are thy teeth of glory to feast upon my living Law.

3. Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet, and thy speech is comely: thy temples are like a piece of pomegranate within thy locks.

This second aspect of your femininity is beautiful. In you, the two glorious breaths have united, bringing you into the allness, the nothingness of timelessness.

4. Thy neck is like the tower of David builded for an armoury, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men.

You are supple and strong, for your two resistances, opposites of glory fructify one another. They build a stronghold for Aleph, the defender of those that rest in Him, the All Powerful.

5. Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins, which feed among the lilies.

In and through your two resistances the Breath of Life and the Breath of Death are at the same time taken in and given out.

6. Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, I will get me to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense.

Through the two breaths of life and death I will form in thee humility and faith out of thy unshaped substance.

7. Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee.

You are my transparent one, the beautiful transfigured sanctuary of my indetermination.

8. Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse, with me from Lebanon: look from the top of Amana, from the top of Shenir and Hermon, from the lions' dens, from the mountains of the leopards.

Come with me and contemplate our common origin. Your person is double and so is your light. I bury myself in you and I come out from you: one act in two opposite directions.

9. Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my spouse: thou has ravished my heart with one of thine eyes, with one chain of thy neck.

Sister of Jasper Breath, the first wife, spouse of the Shekinah Breath the second wife, your glorious life redoubles my unity. You are able to build me and still be one with me, oh glorious mystery.

10. How fair is thy love, my sister, my spouse! how much better is thy love than wine! and the smell of thine ointments than all spices!

My beloved companion of Breath, my fire in the earth is only Wine, and when you breathe me out, this breathing surpasses the whole content of the skies.

11. Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the honeycomb: honey and milk are under thy tongue; and the smell of thy garments is like the smell of Lebanon.

Companion of Breath, blessedness of the perceived incarnation, you sustain all movement and are that movement itself. You are from depth of your origin to depth of your presence now an endless movement of contraries. You are the princess of peace of that movement.

12. A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse: a spring shut up, a fountain sealed.

To look at what exists is to look at absolute mystery. To look at you is to open oneself to the mysterious metabolism of my glorious Presence, for your presence creates it.

13. Thy plants are an orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits; camphire, with spikenard.

You are the fruit of the tree and the sensuous taste of it. Your fruit is a fragrant and stimulating drug that stirs my love for you. Your leaves, your sacrificial leaves heal the mortality of all.

14. Spikenard and saffron: calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense, myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices:

In you are the fruits of the earth that must go back to their origin. In you are the principle of the waters animated by Breath. In you is also the intelligence which conceives those principles.

15. A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon.

The double movement of the waters rises in the wells, and comes down from the hills. Oh beautiful holy union.

16. Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. Let my beloved, come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits.

May the depth of depths free the depths of indetermination! May my twofold opposites enter the whirling Life of Breath. May His hot fiery breath feed on me until I am transformed into new substance of limitlessness.

Chapter 5

1. I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse: I have gathered my myrrh with my spice; I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey; I have drunk my wine with my milk: eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved.

I am come into my bodily support. In response to your call, I have gathered in you what is mine. I have gathered my exchange money, the 30 pieces which you kept inside my secret Name. I have founded the unity of my work. The beginning and the end are one. You who hear eat and drink and be happy.

2. I sleep, but my heart waketh: it is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled: for my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night.

Though I am asleep, I perceive my heartbeats, that of living and dying breath. He lives and dies; lives dying, dies living. He says, open yourself, your heart to me. It is not enough for your heart to be awake, it must open itself to me, I must be born again in you through new death and life principles.

3. I have put off my coat; how shall I put it on? I have washed my feet; how shall I defile them?

I am stripped of the symbols that disguised me; I have no appearance or form. I am clean and free, enjoying the limitlessness of thy nothingness.

4. My beloved put in his hand by the hole of the door, and my bowels were moved for him.

My love makes Him resilient. As soon as He appears in the richness of His body, the empty places of my bowels are filled and impregnated with His life, producing a yearning of oneness of mind and soul with Him.

5. I rose up to open to my beloved, and my hands dropped with myrrh, and my fingers with sweet smelling myrrh, upon the handles of the lock.

A contradictory movement! He goes inversely to His coming, yet the cave of my being is quickened by His vibration.

6. I opened to my beloved; but my beloved had withdrawn himself, and was gone; my soul failed when he spoke I sought him but I could not find him; I called him, but he gave me no answer.

I was set going by His Jasper Breath so that I should give birth to something without blemish. I opened too late to my Beloved. The Jasper Breath has gone back to its origin; He has disappeared. Through hearing His Word I found that origin. There among the creative forces, I invoked our union, and two lives spoke to me

7. The watchmen that went about the city found me, they smote me, they wounded me; the keepers of the wall took away my veil from me.

The watchmen used the Breath to strip me of my latest form of redemption. See me now naked and free The veil of my appearance is lifted, showing the visible one to be twofold.

8. I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if ye find my beloved, that ye tell him, that I am sick of love.

Daughters, if you meet him whom I love, tell him that what I built in myself (redemption) has disappeared My love for Him is the rhythm of a holy Dance.

9. What is thy beloved more than another beloved, O thou fairest among women? What is thy beloved more than another beloved, that thou dost so charge us?

10. My beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand.

From the pinnacle of my heights and the wells of my depths I see the beautiful opposites of my love. I see the scales. He is of white royal birth, ruddy son of earth. He is the cell united with mine, to elaborate strength He and I are two bodies in one.

11. His head is as the most fine gold, his locks are bushy, and black as a raven.

The principle of breathing love in gold and the penetrating fire in the earthy raven. He is the limitless and formative one.

12. His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rivers of waters, washed with milk, and fitly set.

The glory shekinah filled eyes makes His home among those who are a shapeless mass of nothingness. His eyes are filled with Jasper milk. He is two bodies of glory in one.

13. His cheeks are as a bed of spices, as sweet flowers; his lips like lilies, dropping sweet smelling myrrh.

He revives His life with precious ointment and drugs of His Secret Name, as one might give new scent to the petals of withering flowers which are losing their smell.

14. His hands are as gold rings set with the beryl; his belly is as bright ivory overlaid with sapphires.

With a turn of His hand He changes love to gold and ivory to sapphires. for in Him are two breaths. What would become of the upper breath if it did not have the lower breath to rest on or to resist and produce perfect balance.

15. His legs are as pillars of marble, set upon sockets of fine gold: his countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars.

I see the strength of His marble legs and the softness of His golden sockets. I see in the truth his legs going in the opposite directions, one from back to front, the other from front to back; He pivots continually on Himself.

16. His mouth is most sweet, yea, he is altogether lovely. This is my beloved, and this is my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem.

If He did not take His shapeless Breath and press it into form, I would not hear Him. But He speaks and arouses my desire. Such is my love, such is my King, Shepherd, Roe, and Bridegroom.

Chapter 6

1. Whither is thy beloved gone, O thou fairest among women? Whither is thy beloved turned aside? that we may seek him with thee.

Oh thou beautiful one, answer our cry—what is become of thy Breath, where has He gone?

2. My beloved is gone down into his garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies.

He has gone down into Himself in the other person of my being and is taking hold of the two breaths that exist and live together to nourish His hungry soul.

3. I am my beloved's and my beloved is mine: he feedeth among the lilies.

I have found my Bridegroom again; I have found unity again!

4. Thou art beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah, comely as Jerusalem, terrible as an army with banners.

My dear one you are as beautiful as the salvation of a difficulty, the victory of a battle. Your life creates Breath of Peace descending and Breath creates peace ascending in you, an intense proliferation.

5. Turn away thine eyes from me for they have overcome me: thy hair is as a flock of goats that appear from Gilead.

Let me sink in your shekinah stream of energy from your eyes. Let the second wifely energy entwine my body form and your breath breathing with mine.

6. Thy teeth are as a flock of sheep which go up from the washing, whereof every one beareth twins, and there is not one barren among them.

The females that underlie your femininity is like a flock of sheep, unfertilized by me. Among the sheep some will return to primal substance, others into the evolutionary flow, being innocent and pure.

7. As a piece of a pomegranate are thy temples within thy locks.

But you, pure like them, fertilized by me, will be the residue of successive forms.

8. There are threescore queens, and fourscore concubines, and virgins without number.

There are 60 queens, the female sex figure, 80 concubines, the figure of unstructured substance.

9. My dove, my undefiled is but one; she is the only one of her mother, she is the choice one of her that bare her. The daughters saw her, and blessed her; yea, the queens and the concubines, and they praised her.

But you are unique, in you is the ever virginal beginning of Jasper and Shekinah. To me you are the perfect pure Bride, my wife.

10. Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?

What is the mystery of all this light energy? It is humility energy going down in the Bride and arising exalted energy in the Bridegroom.

11. I went down into the garden of nuts to see the fruits of the valley, and to see whether the vine flourished, and the pomegranates budded.

What is this mystery? It is Jasper energy going down in the Bridegroom and arising exalted energy in the Bride. In the Father's vineyard I have seen Breath put under the ground, there meeting with its universal tabernacle, its bounding through all creation, its reburial, its sitting out again and I knew this was the pulsating Secret of His Name in the all above and the all below.

12. Or ever I was aware, my soul made me like the chariots of Amminadib.

The perception of this principle of divine opposition filled me with glory fire and earthy fire, with pulsating energy to flee to that boundless Beulah Land.

13. Return, return, O Shulamite; return, return, that we may look upon thee. What will ye see in the Shulamite? As it were the company of two armies.

I have made you speak from one sphere and from another sphere. It is time for you to come to earth that we may see thy form and be filled with that breath.

Chapter 7

1. How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince's daughter! the joints of thy thighs are like jewels, the work of the hands of a cunning workman.

How beautiful has been your evolution as your looks show. The curves of your thighs tell me of the first and second female principle formed in you.

2. Thy navel is like a round goblet, which wanteth not liquor: thy belly is like an heap of wheat set about with lilies.

You rule over the Jasper energy which fills the bellies of women: you control births according to your wisdom. Your anger is great when the first wife tries to replace the second wife.

3. Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins.

Your divinity is in you. It forms two free emanations, from four spheres.

4. Thy neck is as a tower of ivory; thine eyes like the fishpools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bath-rabbim; thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon which looketh toward Damascus.

Your eyes flash with eternal glory fire revealing the bright thoughts that enjoy limitless freedom as the fish in the fishpools of Heshbon. How pure are thy scented forms.

5. Thine head upon thee is like Carmel, and the hair of thine head like purple; the king is held in the galleries.

6. How fair and how pleasant art thou. O love, for delights!

The fire of love is active in thy fertile body. The fire of your thought transmutes the glory blood in a way unknown to the priests and kings.

7. This thy stature is like to a palm tree, and thy breasts to clusters of grapes.

The blinding of thy palm breath and grape breath is active and delightful.

8. I said, I will go up to the palm tree, I will take hold of the boughs thereof: now also thy breasts shall be as clusters of the vine, and the smell of thy nose like apples;

You grow straight upwards because your blood has been transfigured, omnipotent, because the Jasper fire of understanding burns in you because the glory fire of knowledge transcends thy body.

9. And the roof of thy mouth like the best wine for my beloved, that goeth down sweetly, causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak.

Rise in this high condition, take this twofold fullness, that it might become omniscience for you where all branches of knowledge meet. Let the branches of the beginning be as many branches as of the end.

10. I am my beloved's and his desire is toward me.

My love, your desire is wine to me, wine that goes towards the one I love. Its beautiful righteousness makes words come from our sleeping lips. I am His and His desire weighs upon me in the scales. It depends on you my love, whether our union can reconcile the contraries.

11. Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field; let us lodge in the villages.

12. Let us get up early to the vineyards; let us see if the vine flourish, whether the tender grape appear, and the pomegranates bud forth: there will I give thee my loves.

Come with me; let us go and see if new resurrection life springs forth yet. I shall reveal the names of the things as they are renewed, and you will learn who you are.

13. The mandrakes give a smell and at our gates are all manner of pleasant fruits, new and old, which I have laid up for thee, O my beloved.

The flowers of earthly love give off their scent. Everything exquisite is at our doors, but my love for you is not in these aspects of duration.

Chapter 8

1. O that thou wert as my brother, that sucked the breasts of my mother! when I should find thee without, I would kiss thee; yea, I should not be despised.

Who will teach me to know you like a newborn brother not yet depraved by time? I would quench your thirst in the realms of space because I would also have the nourishment of glory from the breast of our Mother.

2. I would lead thee, and bring thee into my mother's house, who would instruct me: I would cause thee to drink of spiced wine of the juice of my pomegranate.

I would unite your incessant beginnings beyond time, back in space, with my inheritances through the generations of space and time. Living together we would mingle these two beautiful streams into one confluent stream.

3. His left hand should be under my head, and his right hand should embrace me.

His left hand brings me again the governmental secret Name while His right hand embraces me to cause me to confess with rapturous joy that ineffable Name: one hand does not know what the other hand is doing.

4. I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love, until he please.

O daughters remember He is the Prophet, King and Priest of my love.

5. Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved? I raised thee up under the apple tree: there thy mother brought thee forth: there she brought thee forth that bare thee.

Who is this that standeth up in a place apart from earthly cities? She is by herself, she is a solitary, sustained by her only Love, she understands He is the All in All. Breath, through my Love I woke you under the tree where the pure juices of understanding rises. Your Father kept thee in sleep in holy thought until I came to wake thee.

6. Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm; for love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave: the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame.

Let me be a Jasper seal in the center of your being, a seal of Shekinah Glory on thy body of doing. Love is powerful as death, as absolute as the grave. Its heat is that of fire, the fire of the daughter of Yah.

7. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it: if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned.

This love cannot be extinguished by water, even the rivers of water could not put it out. A man who tried to get it with heaps of money would be met with contempt.

8. We have a little sister, and she hath no breasts: what shall we do for our sister in the day when she shall be spoken for?

Our sister not yet awakened by Breath, what will we do about her when she receives Breath?

9. If she be a wall, we will build upon her a palace of silver: and if she be a door, we will inclose her with boards of cedar.

If she proves to be only carnal matter, she will be shut away in her desires. If she is responsive, circumstances will help me to shape and form her into a palace of silver.

10. I am a wall, and my breasts like towers: then was I in his eyes as one that found favor.

I am powerful and respond to my breath, my love. In this twofold glory of my Breasts, lies the origin of His peace.

11. Solomon had a vineyard at Baal-hamon; he let out the vineyard unto keepers; every one for the fruit thereof was to bring a thousand pieces of silver.

The fruit of the vine was pressed by the workers. Each gave a thousand coins for his share of the grapes.

12. My vineyard, which is mine, is before me; thou, O Solomon, must have a thousand, and those that keep the fruit thereof two hundred.

My Vine is full of Breath life; yours O King the thousand coins and two hundred for those who keep the fruit.

13. Thou that dwellest in the gardens, the companions hearken to thy voice, cause me to hear it.

Thou Beloved Breath, cause it to take shape and form that I might hear it.

14. Make haste, my beloved, and be thou like to a roe or to a young hart upon the mountains of spices.

Go out my love, my Breath that all might be brought into this beautiful union with thee. Leap upon the hills, skip upon the mountains in thy lovely form until all know that thou art All in All.