

Once I thought that God ...'

Gheysar Aminpour

Each person has an imagination of God in his mind regardless of this picture being true or not. It is worth mentioning that these imagination to some extent – if we do not say always- are influenced by the environment we grew up in. some cultures depict an angry revenge seeking God, others a Lenient, indifferent God. These pictures are never true because God is not imaginable. The following article is a poem written by the late Gheysar Aminpour, the Iranian Poet who pictured his childhood imaginations of God with his words.

¹ Translator: Farideh Mahdavi-Damghani

Once, I thought that God
Has a house near the clouds
Just like the castle of the king, in fairytales
One brick in diamond, another one in gold
The base of its dungeon, in ivory and glass
And He would be seated proudly on a Throne
The moon, a small splendor on His crown
Each star, a glittering sequin on His crown
The sky, His silken dress

The cosmos, as the pattern of His gown
Thunders and flashes of lightening as His laughter
The storm and the flood as His blaring yell
The sun as the button of His gown
The flash as His arrow, the moonlight as His dagger
No one can get close to Him
Before that, I was sad
I had this image of God in my mind
That God was Cruel and Wrathful...
His dwelling-place in Heavens was so far from Earth...
And He was not among us
He was not Good or Simple or Beautiful
In His Heart, there was no trace of friendship
Goodness was without meaning

Whatever I asked myself, or asked God
Or the earth or the sky or the clouds
They all responded hastily: it is God's Work indeed
And to ask about Him is wrong
And whatever I might ask, the answer would be 'Fire'
indeed...
If I drank water, its answer was Fire
The moment I closed my eyes, He would blind me
The moment I got closer, He would turn me away
The moment you open your hand wrongfully

*H*e would turn you into stone
The moment you take a wrongful step
He would make you lame
The moment you commit a sin
He will torment you
He will melt you down in the Fire...

I was so very busy with this fable...
My dreams were about giants and ghouls
I dreamt that I was on fire
Inside the indomitable flames
Inside the mouth of an angry dragon
Over my head, a rain of fiery clubs
My silent yells, disappearing
In the echo of the laughter of God's Wrath...
My intention in performing the Prayer
Was only provoked by fear,
All I did, was done in fear,
Just like memorizing a lesson...
Just like doing some arithmetic and geometry
Just like the principal's punishment in school
Bitter like a laughter with no feeling in it
Difficult as when you solve hundreds of equations
Hard as home work
Hard as when you conjugate a verb in the past tense
Until one night , hand in hand with my dad
We went on a journey together...
On our way, in a small village, we saw a house, homely and
familiar. I asked him hastily: what is this place, dad?
He said: this is the Good House of God
He said that one could remain there, for a moment
In a solitary place, he performed his prayer
He refreshed his face with an Ablution
I asked: where is then that Wrathful God

Where is His House, here on earth...?!
He said: Aye ... His House is simple materials...
He is kind and Good and Empty of any rancor:
Like a light inside a mirror
He is not Wrathful or Adverse by nature
His Name is Light and His Sign is Splendor
Wrath is a name from among His Signs:
A way of His Kindness
His fury is sweeter than His Friendship
Just like the sweet, maternal fury of a mother
Friendship is defined with the friend you have
And fury too, is defined with the friend you have
No one turns away from his friend
And His Fury is also a friendly sign

*A*t last I knew my God:
A Friend, closer to me than myself
Closer to me than the jugular vein
The wind then, took that previous God, away from me
My heart forgot even His name
That God was like a dream
Like a bubble, a form on the surface of the water
I can befriend this God from now on
Be His friend, purely and simply...
One could fly high with this God
One could confide in Him
One could talk with Him about a flower
One could talk to Him, like a nightingale
Clearly and simply
One could say secrets to Him, drop by drop
And say a thousand secrets, with only two drops...
One could talk to Him sincerely and honestly
Talk like an old rain
One could sing the song of flying high in the sky

36. *Safinah, No.8*

One could sing with the alphabet of silence
One could talk like grass
With a language, devoid of any alphabet
One could talk about everything
One could write a marvelous poem
Like this poem here, simple and familiar...