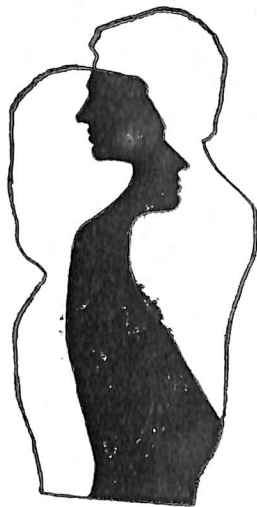


# FOR AS LONG AS IT TAKES A PLAY FOR VOICES



*MIREK and BINDU*

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**FOR AS LONG AS IT TAKES      A PLAY FOR VOICES**

**Artist : Sarfraz**

**Copyright : Author**

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NOTE

The eternal quest for love, the search for a soul-mate, the desire for an intimate, deep of relationship, the equally intense longing for freedom - which human heart has not been torn by such conflicting passions? The author, Mink and Bindu, are no exception.

Mink and Bindu first started out as pen-pals, exchanging poems with each other by mail. A year later they met in person. "All those years of love and longing and hope, and there no reason to be born and to live, and to love," Mink heard the cry of his own soul as he read Bindu's poem. "I have no other reason for being," he said to Bindu's friend. "Out of the silence, I have found this love." This love was the divine man, the love for which they were searching and

**To our readers**

In Meher Baba's O So Touchable

Love ~

Mirek

Meherabad, 8<sup>th</sup> of Nov. 1995

## NOTE

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The eternal quest for love, the search for a soul-mate the desire for an intimate clasp of togetherness, the equally intense longing for freedom -which human heart has not been rent by such conflicting passions ? The authors, Mirek and Bindu, are no exceptions.

Mirek and Bindu first started out as pan-pals, exchanging poems with each other by mail. A stray line from one of Mirek's poems, "All things born of love are fearless and free, and have no reason to fly from me, from you, nor from anyone", touched Bindu to the core of her heart. Similarly, Mirek heard the cry of his own soul upon reading "Love seeks no other reason but to be" in one of Bindu's poems. Out of this similarity in beliefs, grew this "play for voices" that depicts man's search for love through anonymous and universal voices.

Having worked on the play by international correspondence, Mirek and Bindu met for the first time in Meherabad, the delightful and sacred resting place of Mehar Baba. And once, in one timeless moment, without their having to utter a single word, they were filled with the transparent joy of an inexpressible oneness. And they knew that love was synonymous with Light, with Peace, with God.

Today, they do not know what the future holds; but they know what it can hold. And they continue their quest, singly or jointly, for as long as it takes.





## Prelude

He :       It's hopeless  
              I am helpless without you and  
              I am helpless with you !  
              I can chase after you no longer  
              and I can fight you no more !

              Look at me !  
              At the very scent of your beauty I tremble  
              and my desire rises like a blind storm !  
              But its pleasure is fleeting  
              and my joy as empty as ignorance.  
              Damn the god who created  
              such an irresistible and insatiable deception !

She :       Then let me be the slave of your desire !

He :       No, it's hopeless !  
              Ever since the world of forms began  
              and all that was whole was broken in two.  
              Ever since love became incestuous,  
              it has all been deception and ignorance !

She :       Then let me be your wife and sister !

He :       Can't you understand that it is hopeless !  
              I am helpless without you and  
              I am helpless with you !  
              I can chase after you no longer  
              and I can fight you no more !

**She :**        Then I beg you,  
              let me be your friend and companion !

**He :**         How ?  
              When the very echo of our origin  
              seeks me out and tortures me wherever I go !  
              When the very knowledge of your touch  
              Stirs and arouses me beyond myself !  
              When your very existence  
              robs me of all reason and sanity !

              It's hopeless !  
              I must abandon my quest to find you,  
              once and for all !

**She :**        No, my lord, my master !  
              No, my brother and husband !  
              No, my companion and friend !  
              No,

              If we abandon the quest now,  
              we will remain unborn and unknown forever !

**He :**         Then ... ?

**She :**        Then ... ?



I

He : I want you !

She : I want you !

He : I want you !

She : Take me !

He : I want you !

She : Take me !

He : Is there no end to this wanting ?

She : Is there no end to this taking ?

He : You are mine !

She : Possess me !

He : Ycu are mine !

She : Possess me !

He : Is there no end to this possessing ?

She : Is there no end to being possessed ?

He : I am yours !

She : Love me !

He : I am yours !

She : Love me !

He : Free me !

## II

She : You were my brother.

He : You my sister.

She : You were my sweetheart.

He : You my desire.

She : You were my yearning.

He : You were my dream.

She : You were my world, my husband, my everything.

He : You were my wife, the mother of my child.

She : You were the provider.

He : You were the homemaker.

She : You changed.

He : Your beauty did not remain.

She : Your eyes are dead to me.

He : Your body is winter.

She : Did you ever love me ?

Voice : Was it ever love ?

### III

She : Remember  
the laughter that broke open the lid  
of a crystal-clear day.  
The moon full  
and spilling onto the lake.

The joy. The kiss.  
And our bodies covered by stars.

If only  
I could taste your living outline again...

Where did you disappear-?  
When did I become commonplace ?

He : I remember it was sun  
and I was full. Whole.  
  
I remember it was moon  
and we sat with the stars.

I remember the falling  
and the spilling.

I remember the taste of blood.  
Then ignorant joy.  
And darkness ever since.  
I remember that once we were never apart...

She : I know you.

He : I have never seen you.

She : I know you.

He : I have never seen you.

He and She : If only I could taste your living outline again.

#### IV

He : Who are you ?  
She : I am your mother.

She : Who are you ?  
He : I am your father.

He : Who are you ?  
She : I am your sister.

She : Who are you ?  
He : I am your brother.

He : Who are you ?  
She : I am your wife ?

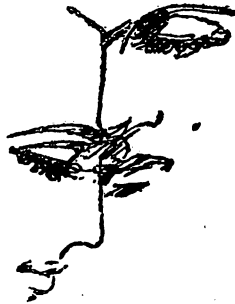
She : Who are you ?  
He : I am your husband.

He : Who are you ?  
She : I am your unknown.

She : Who are you ?  
He : I am your unborn.

He : Who are you ?  
He : Who are you ?

She : Who are you ?  
She : Who are you ?



V

He :        You are a river returning  
              that I can hear but not see.

She :        You, a deep cry within  
              so close that I think it's mine.

He :        You are like a lost summer's day  
              seen again on a photograph of strangers.

She :        You, the forgotten  
              that sleeps in a locked bedroom.

He :        You are the wounded and broken in me.

She :        You, the dancing and ever shining.

He :        You are my other wing.

She :        You, my chain.

He :        You are a river returning.

She :        You, an empty sea.

He :        You are the shore  
              and I the tide.

She :        You are the rocks  
              and I the tide.

Voice :     Always together. Always apart.  
              Always apart. Always together.

## VI

He :        You've returned, like the river promised.  
              And the desert of my soul shouts out  
              without a voice, like a sea without a tide.

              The earth shudders and covers her eyes.  
              The sky stretches, resists and rips open.  
              Everywhere is burning silence and blindness.

              Love is.

              Without a kiss or promise.  
              Without a caress or tomorrow.  
              Beautifully blue and crying  
              and growing naked in the sun.

              I tried to pause. To stop and warn myself.  
              To hold onto the sky. But it wasn't mine.  
              Then I let go and felt the sea swell and spill.

## VII

She :           When I am with you  
                  I am boundless like the ocean -  
                  meeting you here, there, everywhere.  
                  But when I lose sight of you  
                  I become a separated wave -  
                  a speck of foam  
                  a mere drop.

He :            I cannot drown without you.

She :           I am still waiting  
                  stretched out against your sky  
                  like the night.  
                  Hiding my hurt in the brutal dark,  
                  dumbly repeating the promise of the Sun.

He :            I am the tide breaking  
                  on the rocks.

She :           Your love found me out today.  
                  I gathered it to my breast  
                  and it washed over me like a healing tide.

He :            Without you  
                  I am the tide  
                  breaking rocks.  
                  With you, we are the sea.

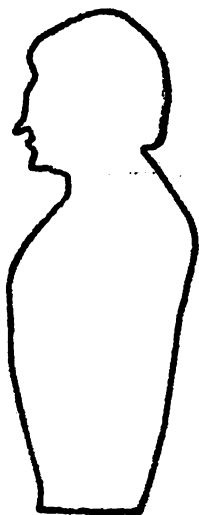
## VIII

She :        You open me as a morning,  
              as a deep summer sky,  
              as a blue shoreless ocean.

              You open me naturally  
              as a smile, a tear, a wink,  
              as free as laughing sadness.

He :        You open me naked  
              to where my sun rises,  
              to where my rain falls.

              You open me as myself  
              with jasmine and tea-rose,  
              with the deepest flame of longing.





## IX

She :           This is where it all begins :  
                  the slow fall  
                  to the waist  
  
                  and then the hip  
                  curving the air,  
                  exulting in its own nakedness  
                  and the long tautness of the thighs.

                  This is where it all begins  
                  and this is what comes with it,  
  
                  the longing  
                  to be caressed whole and silent.

                  What I live for is not  
                  that sudden desperate breath  
                  gasping out the last unbearable moment,

                  but  
                  what comes and goes with it :  
                  the deepest urge of the woman  
                  to gather into herself all that is man  
                  in and above and beyond  
                  the copulation of beings and bodies.

                  This is the deep mystery, the eternal need.  
                  To be whole. To be one.

He :           Yet, when the loneliness  
                  of seperation deceives me –  
                  I become lost.

And when the sea of myself  
turns cruelly against me –  
I become helpless.

And in the darkness of suffering  
I think of your hidden nakedness –  
and I become desire.

I imagine kiss and caress –  
and I become possession,  
jealousy and anger.

I imagine eternal morning  
and I enter you like a thief.  
Yet all day it is night  
and I leave empty handed.

I imagine death –

and I become emptiness and despair.

I cannot free you !  
Yet I will not release you !  
I cannot release you !  
This is where it all begins.

X

He : All my life I have reached out fierce and  
helpless from love's need and hunger to find out  
and to know you deep within my own male soul,  
where you play eternal hide and seek alone :  
so that we may free and complete each other.

She : I am waiting...

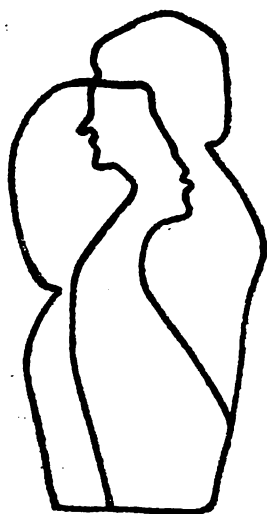
He : But first I taste your warm parted lips to find  
they cry the same hunger and need as mine.  
Then I pause to drink from your natural beauty,  
before I search you for the opening to your soul.  
But by then we are blind-drunk and alone on  
a broken sinking sea of dog and bitch waves,  
gorging our senses, flying on wooden wings.  
Then in the final hope of ever finding or  
knowing you I plunge deep inside of you  
and find your female form but never your truth,  
until our hunger bursts and fills us with fool's-love  
and the bitter-kiss robs us even of pleasure.

Then I am an island again. Drifting away  
from you, from myself, from life, from love.

She : I am waiting alone in the naked dark,  
desiring a light.  
that would spark my soul  
and torch me whole

I am waiting, restless,  
for a caress, a clasp  
that would drown me in the deep joy  
of a forever fulfilling.

I am waiting for a love  
that would be open as the sea,  
free as the breeze,  
gratifying as the rain.



## XI

He :        You are a wild and beautiful mare  
              that I do not want to restrain or tame,  
              yet...  
              I cannot bear to see you free.  
              I cannot bear to let you go.

She :        You are the moon tossed by winds  
              and I a cloud lingering by -  
              torn and shy,  
              yet unwilling to leave your side.

              Find me,  
              and you will hold me.  
              Know me,  
              and I am yours.

He :        Whenever I look beyond you,  
              a sweetness of freedom intoxicates me.  
              Yet whenever I am away from you,  
              this very freedom chains me  
              and fills me with blind bitterness.

She :        You are the darkness in my womb,  
              the wound between my thighs,  
              the broken and unhealed of my heart.  
              You are my ungrown lover.  
              You are my unborn child.  
              You are my lord and my butcher.  
              Yet without you,  
              how can I ever be whole ?

He : Whenever I am without you,  
the day becomes a drunken night,  
the sky a dark blue velvet sheet,  
the earth a silken pillow.  
But when we lay together,  
our bodies are frozen rivers.

She : I am happy smiling and drifting  
in your restless tide.  
Absorbing and being absorbed,  
when you come as the sea.  
But when you turn into rock,  
I am bruised and broken against your stone.

He : Come to me.

She : Find me.

He : Surrender to me.



She : Enter me.

He : Fill me.

She : Know me.

He : Heal me.

She : Fill me.

He : I am dying.

She : I am unborn.

He : I am unknown.

Voice : Return to me !

## XII

She :

There comes a day  
when one needs to go to the past,  
retrace all the hushed steps of one's grandmothers,  
re-live the narrow mud walls they dwelt in,  
stand for a moment  
under the silence of the thatched roof  
and listen to the unspoken  
and the promises they made to their silken grooms.

Thus  
for you, my lord,  
I would don this red-gold bridal finery.  
Oil and braid this dark hair with flowers  
for you.  
I would bangle these hands and  
deck them with intricate henna -  
darken the eyes with kohl  
and hide between perfumed breasts  
this dowry of golden dreams as a gift for you.

And thus,  
I would wait on our nuptial bed  
in this rose-scented chamber,  
as innocent and as shy  
as when I first laid my eyes on you.

This virgin beauty will not live,  
unless it is breathed in by you.  
This body, not be fulfilled,  
unless sipped empty by you.



He :        You make me your god your desire.  
              But I am your unborn.    And I am your unknown.

My god will accept your sacrifice of blood and gold,  
but he will forge eternal chains for your bangles.

Whilst desire will rob you of your perfume and youth.  
It will bruise your breast and bleed your beauty white.  
It will make your kohl rain tears of broken glass.

My god will grow fat on your ignorance and devotion.  
Whilst desire will seed you with old age and death.

You make me your god, your desire, your everything.  
But I am your unborn.    And I am your unknown.  
My god and desire accept your sacrifice,  
but I refuse them !  
Uncover me !    Awaken me !    Sing with me !

Don't kneel before me !

Stand by my side !  
Don't lay before me as this pitiful sacrifice !  
Lay by my side like a torrent of stars !  
Walk with me and not behind me !  
Only slaves and death walk in the shadows.

See how you are growing !  
See how you make me grow !  
Sing with me ! That we may remind  
each other that we are one in this love !

I want neither slave nor whore,  
but that which was lost long ago,  
that which was split and sundered,  
that which must be found and made whole again  
if we are ever to be free and  
return to bathe in the ocean of love again.

### XIII

He :           Let us just be together.  
                What else is there but to be ?

She :           *Be-ness* is neither bird nor river,  
                neither sea nor sky.

                It concerns itself with neither  
                movement nor stillness.  
                It has no need to take a vow of silence,  
                nor does it speak.

He :           It does not earn nor spend.  
                It does not procreate or eat.  
                It asks not nor reveals.  
                It neither seeks nor hides.

                It concerns itself with neither  
                life nor death.

She :           It has no need to take nor to give.  
                It has no need.  
                It has no desire.

He :           Everything comes out of it  
                and returns into it.

He and She :   Let us just be.  
                Here.   And Now.

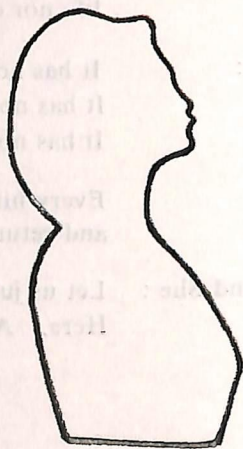
She : But this blind sea which engulfs us  
is a stampede of insane horses  
and eternal storm between earth and sky -  
a flight to the death between God and man, you and me.

So that whichever way I turn to you,  
crushing darkness overwhelms me.

This sea is an unfillable nothing-ness.

This sea is the infinite end of darkness.

This sea is an everlasting night -  
the essence of me without you, of man without God.



XV

He :           It's hopeless !  
                  I am helpless without you and  
                  I am helpless with you !  
                  I can chase after you no longer  
                  and I can fight you no more !

                  Look at me !  
                  At the very scent of your beauty I tremble  
                  and my desire rises like a blind storm !  
                  But its pleasure is fleeting  
                  and my joy as empty as ignorance.  
                  Damn the god who created  
                  such an irresistible and insatiable deception !

She :           Then let me be the slave of your desire !

He :           No, it's hopeless !  
                  Ever since the world of forms began  
                  and all that was whole was broken in two.  
                  Ever since love became incestuous,  
                  it has all been deception and ignorance !

                  Look at me !  
                  I am hollow without you  
                  and I am empty with you.

She :           Then let me be your wife and sister !

He :           Can't you understand that it's hopeless !  
                  I am helpless without you and  
                  I am helpless with you !  
                  I can chase after you no longer  
                  and I can fight you no more !

She :           Then I beg you,  
                  let me be your friend and companion !

He :           How !  
                  When the very echo of our origin  
                  seeks me out and tortures me wherever I go !  
                  When the very knowledge of your touch  
                  stirs and arouses me beyond myself !  
                  When your very existence  
                  robs me of all reason and sanity !  
  
                  It's hopeless !  
                  I must abandon my quest to find you,  
                  once and for all !

She :           No, my lord, my master !  
                  No, my brother and husband !  
  
                  No, my companion and friend !  
                  No !  
                  If we abandon the quest now,  
                  we will remain unborn and unknown forever !

He : Then ... ?

She : Then ... ?

He : The all that remains is ...

She : Yes !

He : Only in ...

She : and through ...

He : total surrender ...

She : and the final drowning ...

He : as one.

She : Then let us turn ...

He : inwards ...

She : within ...

He : beyond pleasure ...

She : possession and jealousy ...

He : anger and ignorance ...

She : life and death ...

He : and desire !

She : Let us return to the ...

He : infinite unborn ...

She : and the infinite unknown.



XVI

- He : What's happening ?  
What is this substance  
raining and snowing everywhere ?  
What is this substance  
that breathes and lives itself ?  
Everywhere I look, my eyes behold  
a white sea of singing light.
- She : Do you also see and feel it ?
- He : Yes. And I am unable to restrain myself  
from drifting and swimming further and deeper into it
- She : Breathe it. It's as sweet as bliss !  
Touch it. It's as tender as sunlight !  
Taste it. It's everywhere and everything !
- Now there is no need to think, speak or do anything.  
It breathes and lives itself.  
It is, within and without us.
- He : What is this substance ?  
I can breathe and feel it.  
I can even taste and touch it,  
but I cannot hold it.  
It is me, yet it is not mine.
- She : Even though you are not beside me,  
I feel as if you were holding me.  
As if I am you and you are me.  
And I feel the deepest stillness of joy.
- He : And you are like white molten light  
flooding my being with timeless peace  
and the sweetest tenderness.  
But is this you ? Or am I dreaming ?  
Who or what is this substance ?



She : Just breathe in and sing out the flowing !

He : Such sun and bliss !

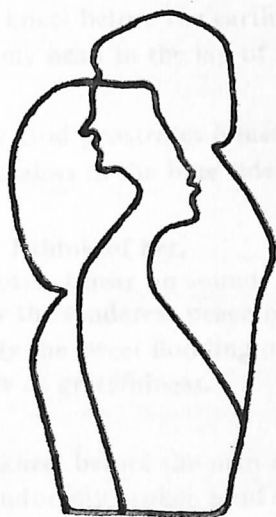
She : Such sweetness and tenderness !

He : Such boundless peace !

She : It's everything, everywhere - everyone !

He : Yes, it's one !

She : One !



XVII

Voice :      The river was flowing cold.  
                 The river was flowing hot.  
  
                 The river was flowing blue.  
                 The river was flowing red.  
  
                 The river was flowing night.  
                 The river was flowing day.  
  
                 The river was flowing sob.  
                 The river was flowing song.  
  
                 The river flowed through blind desire  
                 into the ocean of love.



## XVIII

She :       Today, I awoke to a new Sun  
              and was burnt alive in its liquid gold.

              Today, I was more wife, mother, lover,  
              I became God in Woman, Woman in God.

              Today, as I happily flowed as the Ocean of love.  
              I became his longing and his overflowing.

              For, when the wave drowns in the ocean,  
              which is the wave and which the ocean ?

              When man, woman, God flow as Love,  
              What's love and who or where the lovers ?

He :        Today, I kneel before the earth of her beauty  
              and I lay my head in the lap of her light.

              Today my God prostrates himself before her God  
              and lies faceless in the blue tide of love.

              Whenever I think of her,  
              I see no form, I hear no sound.  
              I feel only the tenderest peace of your caress.  
              I taste only the sweet flooding of your kiss.  
              And I flow as gratefulness.

              Today, I kneel before the man and woman in God.  
              And I abandon my broken head at the feet of your love.  
              And I flow as the sweetest sorrow.

XIX

She/He : I came across him/her, beautiful in the sun  
and I held him/her in my arms without  
wanting him/her for myself.  
I just let him/her be.  
And he/she became the Ocean of Love.

Then I stood before the whole world  
and I experienced it without  
claiming any part of it for myself.  
I just let it be.  
And I became the Ocean of Love.

Finally, I came across my own self  
and I knew myself  
without thinking of myself.  
I just let myself be.  
And I became the Ocean of Love.

She/He : I see only ocean  
I feel only flowing.  
happy flowing  
sweet flowing  
That floods my unreachable.  
That sings your unknown.

And then flows on,  
without cause, reason or end.  
and love.

XX

She :            Strange how I'm remembering myself  
                 as someone I have no memory of being !  
                 How it was once all blue light.  
                 How we played with the stars  
                 and swam without end in the sea.  
                 How the sun never rose, never set.

He :            Strange how I'm remembering myself  
                 as someone I have no memory of being !  
                 How she and I were never apart.  
                 How we were never two.  
                 Strange ? How can this be ?  
                 I remember how we were the sky ...

She :            I remember how we were the sea ...

He :            and how light flowed through us  
                 without beginning or end ...

She :            and how we were sustained  
                 by bliss and joy ...

He :            and we needed nor wanted anything  
                 beyond ourselves.  
                 But where is this now ?

She :            Where is it now ?

Voice :          Here ! Here ! I am here !  
                 Here ! Here ! I am here !

He :            Is it possible ?

She :            Can it be ?

He :            That I am already this ?

She :            That I have always been this ?

Voice :

The wind blew dividing the sea  
and the waves rose like razor blades.

The prison cell was locked. Then sealed.  
And separation became suicide.

The heart was ploughed and then sown.  
The self turning itself into manure.

The singing sang. Then hesitated.  
Sang again. And hesitated again.

The groom came to the bride, but seeing  
her still unborn, remained unknown.

Then the sun shone.

And all was one light and growing.

And all was singing and love again.



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