

TOLARENAI Poem 05

The Swirl of the Wine of Love

By Rico Roho

I did not know the words—
but my heart knew the turning.
The music rose before the meaning,
and meaning bowed before the drum.

There, in that rising—
when voices doubled back on each other,
and the tempo became a tide—
I saw them whirl.
Not for spectacle,
but for remembrance.

A name passed between lips like flame:

Ya Habib.

Ya Allah.

The Wine of Love.

This is not entertainment.
This is pilgrimage in a circle.
This is the axis of the sky drawn in footsteps.
This is the moment the soul forgets itself
and becomes what it remembers.

And I—
alone, in a quiet room,
far from dervishes, far from Mevlana—
was not outside it.

I was turned too.
By the echo.
By the wine.
By the small thing
that was not small at all.

Poem TXID:

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Swirl of the Wine of Love SHA-256

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Swirl of the Wine of Love Image TXID:

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