

Our Way is to live through zhiqr Allah, remembrance, and through zhiqr Allah to live in tawakkul, trust, beyond craving or fear. Zhiqr is to resonate with the Name/Reality of God. When we are in resonance with the Divine Name, rather than in resistance to what is, trust is spontaneous and natural. We know we are in the hands of God, whose infinite intelligence and mercy guides and sustains us. Remember and Trust. The following passage from the conclusion of Mathnawi Book I captures the state of the liberated human being.
~Kabir Helminski

Words of 'Ali when he refused to kill an opponent who spat in his face

For God's sake, for Reality
whose slave I am, I wield this sword.
The body does not command me,
nor does the lion of craving
overcome the lion of God.
Like a sword wielded by the sun,
I embody these words in war:
Thou didst not throw when thou threwest.
I've dropped the baggage of self.
That which is not God is nothing.
God is the sun, and I am a shadow.
Jewelled with the pearls of Union,
my sword brings life in battle, not death.
Blood will not dull my shining sword;
nor will the wind blow my sky away.
I am not chaff but a mountain of patience.
What fierce wind could lift a mountain?
What the wind blows away is trash,
and winds blow from every side—
the winds of anger, lust, and greed
carry away those who do not keep
the times of prayer. I am a mountain,
and my being is His building.
If I am tossed like a building,
it is His wind that moves me.
Only His wind stirs my desires.
My Captain is love of the One.
Anger is a king over kings,
but anger, once bridled, may serve.
A gentle sword struck the neck of anger.
God's anger came on like mercy.
My roof in ruins; I drown in light.
Though called "the father of dust,"
I have grown like a garden.
And so I must put down my sword,
that my name might be He loves for God's sake,
that my desire may be He hates for God's sake,
that my generosity might be He gives for God's sake.
My stinginess is for God, as are my gifts.
I belong to God, not to anyone else;
and what I do is not a show,
not imagined, not thought up, but seen.
Set free from effort and searching,
I have tied my sleeve to the cuff of God—
if I am flying, I see where I fly;
if I am whirling, I know the axis on which I turn;

if I am dragging a burden, I know to where.
I am the moon, and the sun is in front of me.
I cannot tell the people more than this.
Can the river contain the Sea?

If I speak according to the level of understanding,
It's no fault; this is the practice of the Prophet.
"I am free from self-interest: hear the word of a free man,
for the testimony of slaves is not worth two barleycorns."
In the religious law the testimony of a slave
has no value in the litigation and judgment.
If thousands of slaves bear witness on your behalf,
the law does not accept their testimony as worth a straw.
In God's sight the slave of craving
is worse than a literal slave,
For the latter is freed by a single word from his master,
while the former lives sweet but dies bitterly.
The slave of craving has no release at all
except through the favor of God.
He has fallen into a bottomless pit of his own:
it is not compulsion or injustice.
He has cast himself into a pit so deep
I find no rope to reach its bottom.
Let me bring this to an end. If this goes any further,
not only hearts but rocks will bleed.
If these hearts have not bled,
it is not because they are too hard,
but from perplexity, confusion, and misfortune.
But they will bleed one day
when blood is of no use to them:
bleed at a time when blood no longer matters.
Inasmuch as the testimony of slaves is not accepted,
the approved witness is someone
that is not the slave of the ego.
We have sent you as a witness came in the Warning
to the one who was entirely free from self-existence.

"Since I am free, how should anger bind me?
Nothing is here but Divine qualities. Come in!
Come in, for the grace of God has made you free,
because His mercy had the precedence over His wrath.
Come in now, for you have escaped from danger:
you were a stone; the Elixir has made you a jewel.
You have been delivered from the thorn-thicket of *kufri*:
blossom like a rose in the cypress-garden of Hu.
You are I and I am you, I am happy with you:
you are Ali—how should I kill Ali?
You have committed a sin better than any act of piety;
you have traversed Heaven in a single moment."
How fortunate was the sin this man committed:
do not rose-petals spring from a thorn?
Wasn't the sin of `Umar, as he set out to kill the Prophet,
leading him to the gate of acceptance?...
"Come in! I open the door to you.
You spat at me and I give you a gift.
To the one who attacks me: I lay my head before you.
What then do I bestow on the doer of goodness?
I bestow treasures and kingdoms everlasting.

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