



PERFECT

Collected Writings 2016-2017  
by j. maryam mathieu

## DEDICATION

This collection of poetry, essays, musings, and reflections is dedicated to the diamonds out there in the world daring to be part of something bigger than themselves and who are using their gifts to make the world a more beautiful, loving, and connected place.

To the healers and protectors and the givers and lovers, to everyone who has the courage to dream and to believe in a world that chooses love over fear and isn't afraid to walk the Path of Love, no matter the obstacle... this, and everything I do, is for You.

Also, to my mom and dad, who never gave up on me, who believed in me, even when there was nothing to believe in. I can never repay you for the gift/s you've given me. Thank you.

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To contact me, you can email me at [jmaryam-mathieu@gmail.com](mailto:jmaryam-mathieu@gmail.com). I check that account only sporadically, but if you're not a creep I will most definitely respond.

*Find more of my work and writing at  
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## INTRODUCTION

Hi. Thanks for reading. You might know that my last book was called “imperfect”, because I struggled with the shame and pain of my imperfections. It was about recognizing my imperfections, accepting them, even embracing them, so I can grow. So I can heal. So I can be responsible for my life. This book is about recognizing the perfection of every moment, with its teachings and gifts and its purification, so I can reach a higher level of bliss. Every level of Paradise is surrounded by a ring of Fire. Don't be afraid to step into the Fire and face your Self. Remember, it's all

Perfect and Absolute Love.

## HOW MUCH OF WHAT I AM CAN I BE?

*Sufis deny the absolute reality of time, space, and physical form...*

*~Idries Shah*

We all have our lenses. Some of us have only one, and it's very narrow. Instead of trying to walk in another's shoes, try seeing through their eyes. Become them.

-

My mind will change a million times before my heart beats for the last time. The symbols or ideas I attach myself to and define the world by will wither and die, then be reborn completely anew, a million times before the light in my eyes winks out forever. The only thing I hope to remain constant is ever-increasing love in my heart and the constant, peaceful death of my ego.

Most of us attach to a (mostly) singular, static identity that is a mixture of how

society interprets what was given to us (demographics), what is expected of us (our experience of society), what we fear and thus avoid, and what we're attracted to, what feels good. All of this sits in the context of other people giving us constant feedback--both positive and negative--about the acceptability of that aspect of our self.

Identity. What is it? Is it consensual or forced? What would you express of yourself if you were free to explore every shade, hue, and tone of your reality?

*And you? When will you begin the long journey into yourself?*

*~ Rumi*

*I wish I could show you, when you are lonely or in darkness, the astonishing light of your own being.*

*~ Hafiz*

Never give up. Keep putting one foot in front of the other.

## FLY

what they don't know,  
the ones who try to uncover  
                  what i hide,  
is that none of it is true,  
                  he doesn't exist  
and i dreamed all of it

don't you see this dream, my home,  
on the other side of the Fear,  
                  and i'm not even here,  
but i will spend my life trying to  
                  reach you

i don't even believe anything i say,  
i don't believe anything,  
                  i just am,  
                  a creation of Love,  
                  trying to become,  
something beautiful,

light

something new is coming, returning,  
it's closer this time,  
and i'm more alive  
don't worry,

everything will happen,  
already is, and always has,

don't worry  
will you go there with me?  
there.  
you know the place i mean.  
just let go of your mind a little,  
just a bit,  
let go of you,  
and everything  
let's fly

## BE FILLED

what do you contain within?  
what do you put in?  
pour it all out  
let the Artist carve more room  
if you have to  
and be Filled to the brim

## DON'T COME LOOKING FOR ME

don't come looking for me  
i'm already lost on the breeze  
far away  
where broken dreams can't find me  
where i hide in a cave  
on a mountainside  
hidden, up high  
where no one can see

don't come looking for me  
on ogre lives here  
ready to tear you apart  
if you come up here, searching

but anyway,  
you won't find me  
i died  
and i floated away  
above the funeral pyre  
i've been scattered through the heavens  
i'm lost in the sky

don't come looking for me

## THE SEED MUST BREAK

The seed must break for the rose bush  
or the grapevine to grow and give its  
fragrance and fruit to the world. The  
breaking is just the beginning, don't  
stop there. Keep growing, because you  
are a gift to the world. You were born  
with fruit to grow and feed the hungry  
and with treasure to give to the ones  
with their hands upturned.

You are the seed,  
You are the soil.

You are the tree,  
You are the leaf.

You are the fruit,  
  
and the world is hungry.

Don't be afraid to break.  
We need you.

## LOST IN MY DREAMS

hello?  
is anyone there?  
can you hear me?  
i'm lost! please send help!  
i went searching for my dreams  
and i got lost inside.  
i'm stumbling around, blind,  
not knowing which way is up  
which way is out.  
a forest of mirrors  
and all i see  
are my faces  
everywhere  
my desires  
my dreams.  
i'm on my knees.  
please help me.  
i'm lost in my dreams.  
please,  
set me free.

## NO WORRIES

no worries,  
i'm just the brush  
in the Artist's Hand  
i have no opinion about the color He  
paints with  
every color comes from the blending of  
Beauty and Majesty  
and the result is only Love

i have no opinion about the color She  
paints with  
i would not deny Love  
in any form

## NAKED YOUNG GIRLS

i don't judge the young girls walking  
around naked in their clothes,  
i'm sad, i mourn the spiritual identity  
they've never had a chance to know

i don't judge the young girls walking  
around naked in their clothes,  
i rage against the old white man's culture  
that has undressed them

i don't judge the young girls walking  
around naked in their clothes,  
i'm sad for their psyches, which have  
been laid bare and exposed

## SUN AND MOON

## THE SUN'S OWN LIGHT

*The word "shams" (sun) is feminine, and "qamar" (moon) is masculine. The sun burns itself out to give light and life to everything around, and the moon is muneer, meaning it reflects the light. Within itself it has no light; it radiates the brilliance of the sun. So when we shine as men, the implication is that we are reflecting the glorious light of our women...*

*~ Shaykh Abdullah Adhami*

the Sun's own light  
is her veil  
and your love for her  
is born in darkness

## THE LIGHTBEARER

i have to hide the firestarter  
the lightbearer  
who can set a heart ablaze  
with a look  
burn down a room  
with a shrug and a sigh

they aren't ready for her  
forbidden to exist in this world  
she  
and her power  
that only she can control  
put on a mask  
and shackles  
and enter through the side door

that wasn't what They came for  
to leave her power  
bleeding on the floor

They came to show her  
her glory  
to teach her how to master herself  
and to wield her light  
uniquely hers  
in the endless fight  
against the ones  
seeking to cloak the world  
in endless night

she is the light

## SHOWER WITH KISSES

this world and everything in it,  
a thousand times over,  
wouldn't be enough for me,  
because it doesn't contain my Beloved

but if your heart contains my Beloved  
then your heart is the only thing in  
the entire world i want  
to cradle in my arms  
& shower with kisses

## HUG ALL MY FRIENDS

I just want to hug all my friends...  
They don't know it. They're all quietly  
going about their business, reading,  
cooking, gardening, harvesting, taking  
a break from their work of the day.  
They don't know I want to hug them,  
but I want to hug them all, such a big  
warm bear hug that we forget we were  
ever separated, and they never feel  
alone again, and they believe they can  
achieve every dream they ever had, even  
the most tender, beautiful dream that  
the world has told them since they were  
young buds on the tree that they can't  
even dream, it was too dangerous. So  
they forgot, entirely. I want to hug  
them so sincerely that all the barriers they  
built against love burst, and all the  
Love of the Ultimate Source of Love,  
Light, and Liberty overcomes them, and  
every acorn remembers that her destiny  
is to be an oak savannah, to feed the world,  
all its creatures, without discrimination,  
with her abundance.



## TO MY SISTERS OF OTHER TRIBES

to my sisters of the other tribes  
i'm sorry  
i'm sorry i bear skin the color of gypsum sand  
the color of earth  
borne by your oppressors  
tormentors  
bent on tearing the Children apart  
transgressors  
against the Spirt of the Land  
gypsum sand  
a shade mingled within the blackness of  
the Original Man  
where the story of every tribe  
the color of earth from every land  
began

o daughters of Adam the color of other lands  
i'm sorry  
i'm sorry for the ever-living ancestral wounds  
inflicted on you  
by people with eyes that look like mine  
steel blue  
like the knives that cut  
the Original Family apart  
and stolen lives and family lines  
and the worlds lost,

don't you know?  
the rupture,  
it lives within me, too

you can miss beauty you never knew  
because you find it gone  
leaving great aching, ever-bleeding wounds  
gardens of truth only your ancestors grew  
and i'm hungry  
starving for that Truth

o sisters of the One Tribe  
broken in fours and threes and twos  
what are my tears worth  
added to the ocean of sorrow  
for the lies  
for the majesty of your lines  
lost in time  
buried in the sand of your lands  
empty, the Children's upturned hands  
of the treasure  
to which your tribe and line are the heirs

the ocean of sorrow in my breast  
it's a burden i carry, too  
an ocean surges  
and roars to break free  
when i see what is done to you  
by people

who look like me  
and that white savior inside  
doesn't want to save you from you  
or  
from your people, your tribe,  
or  
from the light of your land  
but from me, from mine  
from people with the same color eyes  
and hands the color of gypsum sand

from my grandmothers' whips  
on your grandfathers' backs  
from my grandfathers' rough hands  
on your grandmothers' breasts  
from my blue-eyed brothers' ropes and  
chains  
from the elders of my tribe  
signing their names  
on the papers that shape  
the torment and cage  
of your sons and daughters  
to this day

i  
am  
so  
sorry

and i know  
a river of my tears won't make it right  
and there is nothing i say or do  
that can heal the wounds  
caused by my tribe  
with hands the color of gypsum sand  
and eyes, steel blue

but o, my sisters  
born from the different lands  
daughters of Adam  
the blackest man  
we're all contained in his blessed skin  
every color of sand  
children from every land

i'm sorry  
please forgive me  
and the color of my eyes  
and the color of my hand  
the color of gypsum sand

## DANCE!

We are all one.  
    You are me,  
        and I am you.  
Hello, Beloved, how do you do?

Let's dance the dance of the Cosmos,  
    surrendered and free.  
Praise, praise, praise,  
    to Thee  
    in you and me,  
    One.

Let's join in ecstasy;  
    break the vase,  
and flow back into the sea  
    with me,  
    swirling,  
    my breath and being.

Praise, praise for the Glory  
    consuming me  
    in its fiery blaze  
    in perfect intimacy.

Dance! Dance with me!  
Burn away  
your skin and bones,  
mingling,  
beyond time,  
for eternity.

Love  
Absolutely

Me in you  
You in me  
there is nothing, nothing,  
but the Divine Embrace  
tender and crushing

Return! Return to me!  
Be brave!  
Jump—no, leap!—into the blaze!

And become the Light  
the beacon  
you long to be.

Be the Light hearts are seeking  
On the Path to Peace.

Be.  
Be the Love you seek.  
Hello, Beloved, you are me.  
Let us Be.

*We have come into this exquisite  
world to experience ever and ever  
more deeply our divine courage,  
freedom, and light!*

*~ Hafiz*

NEVER GIVE UP.  
KEEP PUTTING ONE FOOT  
IN FRONT OF THE OTHER.

*What you seek is seeking you.*

*- Rumi*

YOU DON'T NEED LOVE.  
YOU ARE LOVE.

