

Abdu'l-Baha

He was diamonds, He was oceans, He was eyes of Persian blue

He was First Light, He was many, He was One

Open-hearted in the autumn, open-hearted in the spring

Summer roses in His tunic each season

He was harbour, He was haven, He was heaven, He was home

He was warm smile, He was soft voice, He was tears

Strong and tender, like a river, and His heart beat like a bird's

How I long to hear those wings beat close again

He was new snow, on old branches, He was crystal in the stream

He was silver-spinning rainfall, He was fire

He was water from the deep well, He was rainbow on the marsh

He was safe path to the hillside, He was stars

He was shelter from the cold wind, He was warmth against the ice

He was lips that told a language of their own

His arms held out like branches, and His eyes were like a dove's

How I long to feel those wings beat close again

He was diamonds, He was oceans, He was colours in the sky

He was everything and more than I can tell

As I stumble through this world, I wonder to myself

Where is there One who walked this world so well