**The Question**

God’s presence is there in front of me.  A fire on the left, a lovely stream on the right.  One group walks toward the fire, into the fire.  Another toward the sweet flowing water.  No one knows which are blessed and which not. Whoever walks into the fire appears suddenly  in the stream. A head goes underwater  and that head pokes out of the fire.

Most people guard against going into the fire  and so end up in it. Those who love the water  of pleasure and make it their devotion  are cheated with this reversal. The trickery goes further.  The voice of the fire tells the truth, saying,  I am not fire. I am fountainhead.  Come into me and don't mind the sparks.

If you are a friend of the presence,  fire is your water.  You should wish to have a hundred thousand sets  of mothwings, so you could burn them away, one set a night. The moth sees light and goes into fire. You should see fire  and go to the light. Fire is what of God is world-consuming.  Water, world-protecting. Somehow each gives the appearance of the other.  To these eyes you have now, what looks like water burns.  What looks like fire is a great relief to be inside.

--Rumi