

Episode 111-Life on other planets

In this episode, we dive into:

- **The Political Shift:** Why the "Empire of Sufism" is an unstoppable force and a final warning to those betraying the land of Iran.
- **The Womb of the Universe:** A mind-bending look at human consciousness—how our life on Earth is merely a "bubble" preparing us for a much larger birth into the cosmos.
- **Sufi Wisdom Deciphered:** Deep interpretations of Rumi and Hafez. Why is "Love" impossible without truly seeing the "Complete Human"?
- **Breaking the Spell of Dictatorship:** How society and education systems poison the soul with fear and competition from childhood, and how "Collective Wisdom" is the only antidote.

This isn't just a podcast; it's an **Antivirus for the Mind**. It's time to ask the eternal questions: *Where have I come from? What is the purpose of my coming? And where am I being taken?*

"In peace, we are kind and kiss the hands of the world. But when attacked, we become as hard as flint. Welcome to Restart, my friend."

#Restart #Sufism #EmpireOfSufism #Hosseini #Rumi #Hafez #Mysticism #Gnosticism
#SpiritualAwakening #Iran #CompleteHuman #Wisdom #EvolutionOfConsciousness
#SpotifyPodcasts

The fact that there were over 80,000 posts from the "Empire of Sufism Imperial Air Force" under Trump's page—for just one post—and over a hundred thousand across several of Trump's posts, was a powerful slap in the face to all the antagonistic opposition groups. Let them know that in the future **Empire of Sufism**, it doesn't matter where in the world you are. All those who help the Ministry of Intelligence, the Iranian revolutionary guards, and the Islamic Republic until their last drop of blood, we will pull them out by the roots. I promise we will do something so that thirty or a hundred years from now, if someone wants to betray their land and nation, their mother will tell them: "Don't do it, for **Restart** will come." We will destroy your fathers so badly it'll splatter in your faces. Welcome to 111; welcome to the most dangerous program in seven hundred years. Welcome to Restart, my friend.

Well, welcome to the 111th Restart program. In any case, you all should know—though I know you are attacking and spending millions of dollars, just as you have been spending for months to stop this program—know that the **Empire of Sufism** will come, and no one can stop it. I have said this several times, but you take it as a joke. Some of you—and your numbers are very small—from the "Chubby One in the Flower Garden" to "Meg-Meg" [referring to specific opposition figures], inside and outside the country, you are attacking and striving until your last drop of blood to preserve the regime. Do not ask us to forgive you after you have fired your last bullet. You will certainly be added to the few thousand people who must be handed over to the

Iranian nation. Be sure that anyone who betrays their country and people and joins hands with the Ministry of Intelligence or the Iranian revolutionary guards—be sure it is very dangerous. I cannot explain, but I know exactly what will happen. Exactly. But I cannot explain, and there will be no opportunity for an apology because the people of Iran are tired, and Restart has spread.

I keep repeating: go back to the era of **Shah Ismail I** the Safavid and see how the whole world did not want the Empire of Sufism to come, but it came. All those who took it as a joke were expelled from Iran, and many of them, unfortunately... Yes, go look and see who took over the heads of cities and provinces. We are the thirty-million-strong army of Restart; in peace, we are kind, we kiss the hands of the whole world, we even respect animals. But the moment we are attacked, we become hard as flint, the most dangerous creatures. We will defend in such a way that we remind you of the **Battle of Chaldiran**. Let us remind you of the Battle of Chaldiran; if you don't know what that means, go read history. The way back is still open for you; after this, it will not be open anymore. When the door of **Repentance** of Restart is closed, whoever is behind the door, stays behind the door.

"Whatever we skip, the speech of the Friend is sweeter."

The universe is created in such a way that you can know **Hu** (God) without having a TV, an airplane, or tools. If you cannot know **Hu** and the **Complete Human** from the world you are born into, it means **Hu** is up in the air... meaning He must provide you with the means to know. We have 111 programs; we've broadcasted them. In over 100 programs, I was only explaining two verses:

"By day I think of this, and all night I speak it: Why am I heedless of my own heart's state? From where have I come? What was the purpose of my coming? Where are you taking me at last? Show me my homeland."

Basically, Restart is explaining this. I have repeated several times that all the greats of **Sufism** and **Mysticism** thought this way, and their religion was Restart. In this program, I haven't presented anything of my own; I only put the focus, the accent, the emphasis. I opened up the subject that you saw but didn't pay attention to. The apple was there; I just told you that you're hungry and said, "That's the apple!" The Sufis placed it there. I said, "Look at that wall, it's the color of a banana!" Go, don't be afraid. Just remember, it has always been and always is. So, very simply with mathematics and correct thinking, one can understand the future of the universe.

Let me give you a small example: A baby in the mother's womb has no idea if life exists on other planets or not. The baby in the womb doesn't know three things. You, in the womb, don't know your life depends on your mother's life because you don't know her; you've seen her from the inside, not the outside. Two: you don't know if other beings exist in the world! You think they don't. Because you are lying there in a tiny space, a tube is connected to you, you're enjoying yourself, and you're even using the bathroom right there. That's the best kind of life humans look for: eat, sleep, and do your business right there. No distance, no walking, no getting tired, no running.

It could have made those nine months into nine million years—eating and sleeping—and it has done that. You just don't know. When you enter the next "womb" of Sufi and Gnostic thoughts, you eat and sleep like that. Some are like this, and some don't eat or sleep and suffer until that time, and it has nothing to do with **Hu**. **Hu** is like the acceleration of gravity; He doesn't come and trip my mom and say, "Aha, you were such and such." No, it's a very simple question.

A baby in the womb doesn't think that when they come out, there are seven billion living beings, and all seven billion came out of a "Universe" called their mother's womb. If I put those seven billion back into their mothers' wombs and emptied the Earth, and then seven billion came out at the same time, they would realize life existed all along. But in the womb, everyone thinks it's just them. Why? Because their vision and consciousness were limited to a tiny space where they had everything and didn't need the outside. But once they step out, they understand two other lives: one, the seven billion, and two, they wonder if there is life on other planets. Naturally, the answer is yes. In our bubble, there are surely over a million planets with life.

Life doesn't necessarily mean humans. It means there might be a planet where dinosaurs are living right now. It has trees and land, but no humans. Maybe monkeys, donkeys, dogs, flies—those with billions of years of history. It waits for a spaceship called **Ascension** to enter, for a human to be created, and for life to start again there. When the **Imam of The Time** comes, and the Prophet comes, life will begin there again. What will happen to our Earth? A comet comes, hits us, and everything is destroyed. Life is elsewhere.

When you come out of your mom's womb, you see at least 7 billion humans. Remember, there are others in other Universes, in other bubbles. My mom has a bubble called a womb; I live in it. When I come out, I see another bubble called Marlon Brando's daughter, who is supposed to be my wife tomorrow so I can kiss her. She came out of another bubble, from her own Universe with different conditions. This Universe's DNA is different. So our Universe's DNA is different from the one next to us. It's another birth. Then these two bubbles—one being me, one being Marlon Brando's daughter—when they stand up, they realize they are on a planet where the sky goes on forever.

This is a bubble. So the Universes that contain billions upon billions of galaxies and stars are just like your mom's womb, which is a bubble. It even looks like a bubble because there is water and air in it. When we exit this bubble, we see—wow!—another group has exited another bubble, and we enter a new planet with a sky... So where did you come from? From the mother's womb. You can easily understand: "From where have I come? What was the purpose of my coming? Where are you taking me..." You go into another Universe.

From a scientific perspective, this is also easy to understand. When we look at the sky to find the end of, say, the Milky Way, you have to travel. You have to have an **Ascension**. You have to board a ship called a Shuttle. Number one: everyone can't go. Number two: even if you go, you won't arrive in your eighty or ninety years of life. So the sky is giving us an important message: "The way to know the sky is not with a shuttle." Simple as that.

It's not in books, not through a telescope, not under a microscope, not from Hubble. Because Hubble itself can't see behind the moon. You have to go behind the moon to see behind the moon. So if a "Hosseini" is born on a planet who can never leave the Milky Way, there are only two possibilities: either he was created just for me to understand, and if I don't, I die—what's the use of being created? Or, there is another way to see all of this that you and I don't know about. The answer is the second one. The way to know the universe is not through a Shuttle or NASA. The way to go to the universe is to **know yourself**. That's why we see the Sufis all went there and said it in their poems. Poems where Mr. Rumi officially declares: "My dear, I haven't said anything from myself":

"Do not think that I speak poetry of my own accord; As long as I am sober and awake, I do not utter a single breath."

I don't speak until I am drunk [mystically intoxicated]; it is **Revelation**. These are matters being told to me to tell you. It's very simple to realize where we can understand the "Universe of Hosseini." We have the tools. Inside your brain—Hosseini's head has a brain—85 to 90 percent of it, they don't even know what it is. Look at Google; anything that is discovered is on Google. Note the point: if you search "Brandler" (A made-up name) on Google, it's not there. Search "Restart Hosseini," it's there now. (Of course, Restart doesn't belong to Hosseini). My point is, if you search it, it appears. But an actor who will be born two hundred years from now? Their photo isn't there. Yet Google has the capacity to hold billions of beings.

What is in the brain? From the perspective of **Aziz O-Din Nasafi**—I read this to you the other day—what is in the human brain? Nasafi says we have a brain where everything God, i.e., **Hu**, created is present through the **Complete Human**, i.e., **Ilia**. The "photos" are there. As we move forward, we discover this. This theory contradicts all other world theories. It says as you go forward, you've already been there. When you see a photo of a girl or boy born twenty years from now, the brain "remembers" that this photo existed before. This is where it says: "Whatever is, is; and whatever is not, is and is; is not is not."

Why do we have this? **Aziz O-Din Nasafi** says that when a Sufi stops time, right where he is sitting—like Hosseini doing this program—he can freeze time for under a second, go see thousands of worlds, come back, and continue his sentence. All the images and the Shuttle I need for **Ascension** must be in me. Just as there must be white blood cells in my body.

In the mother's womb, the white blood cell does nothing, but it is a soldier. My body knows that once I leave the bubble-womb, there might be Anopheles mosquitoes, malaria, or viruses. These cells are ready for that. For nine months, the white blood cells eat and sleep for free. It's military service; the "Army Ground Forces" of the body. The kidney is idle, the stomach is idle; it just processes some fluid. And if there is a war in the womb, which is rare, they kill the threat easily. But the Anopheles mosquito isn't in my mother's womb for me to think about malaria and discover it. But when I go to Africa, my body becomes responsible toward that mosquito; it gets

vaccinated against it. Now calculate how many billions of mosquitoes and species we have; my body must be able to live on Earth. I said all this so you know "from where you have come" and "the purpose of your coming" could be understood even without clothes in a cave by those striking flintstones. In the human brain, these "photos" exist, and a "Hard Drive" exists that, if activated, goes back millions of years.

This must exist in the human body. It's scientific. When you sleep, you dream you are in a certain place in Italy, and there's a nail clipper in a drawer, and then you go and see it's exactly true. This accuracy means there must be an extraterrestrial being; this being must be able to take these photos. The reason we can't understand our brain is that another being is dominant over this brain, not our body. Why do we understand so much? Because being dominant over the brain has progressed that much. A child doesn't know "A, B," but later they understand. The alphabet itself doesn't give understanding to a child; "A" means nothing. When they grow up, words give meaning. Like "the apple of the chin"—they say, "What a metaphor!" Later they can understand Rumi or Saadi.

Words have concepts that exist in the universe, and these concepts have transformed from one state to another; they haven't vanished. It is energy coming out of a Sufi or Gnostic's brain, and you and I "eat" them. We eat words; they are like food. We understand food well—the apple. But when someone stands in front of me and curses me, we don't realize we are eating their words. That's why when they leave, our stomach turns sour. Our "Intellectual Stomach," our soul, turns sour; it develops a grudge. Grudge is hidden in the food you are eating.

If the **Empire of Sufism** comes, it changes the soul of society. When Wisdom comes, society changes entirely. When a dictator is over your head, you don't realize you are eating a "food" called Dictator. You leave the house and make sure your headscarf doesn't slip back, or they'll catch you. You have stress. That's why I said in Sufism, a child doesn't take exams until age ten. A child has no right to be examined until ten. They don't even know what's going on, yet they create a "Judgment Day" for them, a heaven and hell: "Your grade is 10, yours is 14." Then they produce a grudge in the child. Before the child even starts first grade, the mother says, "You are stupider than him." These words make the child resentful toward classmates and society. They take a child who hasn't reached maturity and test them. See? They decide in place of God. They test them: "Here you are weak, here you are strong."

Dictatorship has seeped into education. When the future Empire of Sufism comes to Iran, the world will change. A child under ten understands nothing of your tests. When you die, they'll test you; they'll punish you in the next world. They don't come in the middle of age four to test him and say, "Yes, he came out of this womb, so he must be a jerk, let's kill him." You can't do that to a child.

Arrogance, pride, and malice are the "foods" a mother gives. The child wakes up and she asks, "Did you take your exam? Did you study?" Up to fifth grade, everything is at school. And even then, an exam in the Empire of Sufism in fourth grade looks like this: the teacher writes twenty questions and explains them perfectly. Then they take the exam to see which ones the kids understood better. They explain the questions and answers for fifteen minutes first. Why?

Because reaching "From where have I come" is not in a book. This child is going to read a book to become a doctor so they can "tear open stomachs" and have an income. This is not for Mysticism and Sufism; it doesn't benefit humans for the next world. When a child dies, they don't take these books with them. Great Mullahs have gone and forgotten everything in their "Hard Drive" just by receiving one blow before death, even if they wrote four hundred volumes.

When I explain one law of Sufism to you, it has millions of psychological states that we didn't understand. Yet they create a "Resurrection" for the child. "Oh, the kid didn't learn his lesson, didn't do his homework..." They force literacy through dictatorship and then categorize them: "This kid is first-rate, he understands; the second is a cow; the third is more ignorant; the fourth is naughty; the fifth is brainless; the seventh's mother is divorced." It produces all these "different" categories: "This apple is good, this apple is bad." We transfer "good and bad" to them, and then at age ten, you want to hand them over to a Sufi? This person won't become a "Human" anymore. Their soul is suppressed by school and environment. "Pull your headscarf forward!" There is much to say.

In the **Empire of Sufism**, ruling over people is **forbidden**; **Collective Wisdom** decides. Maybe they'll symbolically put someone there as President, but Collective Wisdom is for awareness. It's not that you tell people... everyone must agree that "If there's an accident, whoever hits from behind is at fault." Everyone must accept that. Even the ridiculous law you created called the "Red Light"—we must stand behind it. Who said we must? It's Collective Wisdom.

From the first year of school: "Talking to yourself and laughing to yourself, what an artistic man you are!" And then in society: "Pull your headscarf forward!" They perform "Enjoining good and forbidding evil". In Sufism, anyone who does this—their blood is forfeit. Why? Because first, we ask: "Show your permit." By whose permission? If there's a fight in Iran and a girl is walking, and a cleric or anyone—even if Hosseini comes and says, "Pull your headscarf forward"—she should say, "Where is your permit?" In Sufism, if that cleric dies, he goes to hell; if she dies, she is a **Martyr**. He says, "Bring a permit from God! Bring a permit from the **Complete Human!**" The Complete Human himself says, "Go and enjoy yourself."

Let's go to Mr. **Hafez**. When I want to say something important, I put it somewhere important. I don't hide gold among clothes. I put it in a safe. In shops, they put the good clothes in the window—the display. This is to attract. When we read the first and second poems of Rumi, did you understand? Right at the start, Rumi settled the matter of who I am. You understood the **Complete Human**... he is officially talking about the Complete Human.

Let's see what Mr. **Hafez** says. This great man who killed himself in Sufism to gain a station; he made mistakes too, and it took a long time. He is one of the few who took a long time to reach Mysticism and Sufism. But he arrived well. The proof is that he is in every home. It took time, but he remained eternal. Let's see how he starts. Though Hafez is not comparable to Rumi, nor Saadi, nor are they comparable to Attar. Even Rumi and Attar talk to each other this way; despite their humility, their "degrees" are very different. In Sufism, there are as many degrees as there are fingerprints. It's a ladder.

The start of Hafez's beautiful Ghazal begins here:

"O Saki, pass the cup around and hand it to me, For love seemed easy at first, but then difficulties fell."

Many attribute the first hemistich to Yazid son of Muawiya. They say this Arabic verse belongs to Yazid when the head of Hossain, son of Ali, was placed in a basin. They say Yazid was happy and sang this. It's unlikely it belongs to Yazid, but it doesn't matter; what matters is Hafez starts his poem with this: *الا يا ايها الساقى, الدر كاسا* meaning "O Saki, pass the cup around and hand it to me..." *Adir* is a command: "Rotate it/Pass it around."

Ka's means cup. *Adir ka'san* means "pass the cup around." *Wa nawilha* means "stretch out your hand [to take it]." This is the method of stretching the hand toward the **Complete Human**. You can only take the cup if you stretch your hand. "Hold your ambition high, for the men of the age reached their station through high ambition." Even if the Saki is pouring, you must stretch your hand. Stretching the hand means "Seek from yourself whatever you are, for you are it."

Look closely at the act of drinking wine; from that very act, you can reach God. If you drink "moonshine", think deeply while you drink. Be sure that tomorrow you will be "Restarted." Because Restart means Wisdom, Thought. From a donkey, one reaches God; from a cow, to God.

"Moonshine" is an Ayatollah! It is an Ayatollah! It says, "See, you drink a little of me and you spin, you get dizzy; now understand what Saadi drank, see what the Rumis drank." With this, you drink and fall down and scream. But when you are drunk, it is **Revelation**. Do you know what that means? When you drink, revelation descends upon you. Tell the truth; you say, "Yes, I stole there, I did that..." You say it all while drunk. That is a revelation. Now think if the "Beautiful One" gives you wine—what kind of wine would that be! No, this "moonshine" gives you something that makes you say: "All that we wrote and read was wrong, wrong." Feyz Kashani says this; he is drunk. Rumi just said: "I was sober and didn't speak; sir, I am drunk."

You can reach God directly through "moonshine," and the highest clerics of the world—Shia, Sunni, Christian, Jew—cannot save you. Your wisdom increases so much. Now, you drink, phlegm rises, melancholy decreases, the body changes. How? They tell you to eat eggplant or not. 90% of diseases—they might tell you to eat four eggplants with dill to cure your cancer. We know nothing of the world—microbes, diseases, cancers are beings that exist in that 70% of the brain we don't understand.

So we sit and clink glasses of "moonshine," clinking so that some of the other person's wine spills into my glass. To say, "I didn't put anything in my wine that might spill into yours. Don't think it's poison; drink and let's get drunk." This is friendship. In the old days, kings clinked so the wine would spill from the king's cup into the vizier's, so if there was poison, they'd all die together. And now, the "Old Man of the Mages" using the term **Complete Human**, the Beautiful One, the Prophet, the Guardian, the Mahdi, the Guide, the Imam of Time who holds time in his hand—the master, the Pole, the Great Prophet—it's all one person. He wants to pour you wine.

Okay. You must stretch your hand. Here, they buy "broken hearts and tired bodies." You must stretch your hand for them to pour. Then when you drink it, you realize how drunk it is.

"O Saki! My beautiful Saki! Pass the cup and hand it over, for love seemed easy at first." Love is a word humans throw around cheaply. The most ridiculous thing in the universe is the "love" you and I talk about. Hafez understands love, Saadi understands it, Plato understands it. You and I don't. Love means you must first **see**, then fall in love. "I'm in love with *Shervandong!*" (A made-up name). Who is Shervandong? A girl who will come thirty years from now!!! Everyone laughs at you. "I'm in love with the Imam of Time!" When is he coming? "A pigeon comes from above, a girl comes..." Everyone laughs. "I love Jesus!" Which Jesus? He came two thousand years ago. Where was his mole? We don't know. What did he look like? We don't know.

"For love seemed easy at first." Love is second-tier, after seeing. You see the girl first, then you fall in love. "I fell in love with a girl I haven't seen!" By God, they'll take you to a psychologist. Hosseini, go tell a psychologist, "I'm in love with *Brandand!*" (Made-up name). He'll say, "Who is Brandand?" You say, "A girl from five thousand years ago." They'll tie you to a horse and drag you away. They'll say, "What is this guy saying? Why is he wandering around aimlessly?" They'll tell you to stick to your life. Enjoy the present. There are 3.5 billion girls; pick one. It's simple, mathematical, scientific.

"I love Muhammad." Which Muhammad? The one from 1,400 years ago. Well, go to a psychologist then—provided he doesn't know who Muhammad is. Say, "I love Muhammad ibn Abdullah, the Messenger of Allah." If he doesn't know Arabic or Persian, he'll say, "Okay, where is he?" It's the story Rumi tells: they were beating their chests in mourning. He asked, "Why are you crying and hitting your heads?" In the Empire of Sufism, mourning is forbidden. They said, "Hussain was killed." He said, "Oh no! Tell me where his house is so I can offer condolences to his mother." They said, "Are you joking? Hussain was killed 700 years ago." He said, "How does news reach you so late? You fools..." "Sorry, I'm laughing because it's a comedy. Go to any psychologist and say, "I love Christ," assuming they don't know the word. They'll say, "He was someone like this or that, so we've heard. What do you want to do now?" You say, "I love him." He'll say, "Are you crazy? He isn't here." No psychologist will save you. So love means you must see.

They call him The Complete Human. Therefore, in every era, a guardian is present" . When the people of Earth die, they won't be able to say, "We didn't see him." They will be told he was everywhere, even though many claim they never saw him. Up until four thousand years ago, people would die, and if asked, "Did you see the acceleration of gravity?" they'd say, "No, we didn't." Everyone was "blind" to it. When they died and claimed they never saw gravity, the answer would be: "My dear friend, that apple you were eating was held in place by gravity! How could you not see 9.8 m/s^2 ?" Though, in fact, it is the acceleration of repulsion.

Now, did you see the intermolecular force? Go back five hundred or a thousand years—did you see it then? You lived on Earth, and when you died, you said, "No, I didn't see it." And the reply is: "You didn't see it? You were standing there, and the intermolecular force was inside you!" Did you see the magnetic field? "No, by God, if we had seen it... I swear we didn't!" All seven

billion people died and went to the next world. Well, it's a shame if Pharaoh says "I didn't see it," and you say "I didn't see it" too. There would be no difference between you and Pharaoh.

For this reason, Sin has no meaning—whether you drink alcohol, commit adultery, or pray without permission—if you do not find the Complete Human. It is similar in Sufism; therefore, do not be upset about any work or sin you have committed. Because within those thoughts, once you find the Complete Human, you are purified in the "Ocean of the Complete Human." This is why these religions say, "Come, let us perform a baptism." This baptism is something the Complete Human must perform to purify you. But everyone has opened a "six-by-six shop" on the street corner saying, "Come in, we'll baptize you." Everyone is handing out baptisms now. They stole this from Sufism and are using it. So, what does love mean? It means you must see.

"For love seemed easy at first, but then difficulties fell."

They created Adam, made his clay, or as the religious folk say, they made a "Spaceship" called Adam. Remember, Adam means Spaceship—a being with compressed energy. A being that has a **Self** that can move hands and feet. Look, when was the radio invented? Marconi? That's a joke. Radio was invented the moment humans arrived. First, the donkeys had it; donkeys discovered it! Then you and I discovered it. Dogs had it; they had ears and heard the waves. Like a radio, one would bray and the other understood. They knew sound must move through the air. Television existed from the moment the first being opened its eyes and light hit the retina. You thought about your eye and built a television. Everything you think of already exists. That's why they say: "Find yourself, **Restart** yourself." You see everything within: the calamity is in you, the pain is in you, the cure is in you, the **Ascension** is in you.

Religions inflate the "Ascension" of their prophets so you don't realize Ascension is for you too. Muslims say Muhammad went with his shoes on and no one else went! Christians say Jesus went and came back after three days with his body. Only Jesus went. Jews say forty people went on Mount Sinai and they all died and came back to life. Everything is in you: Radio, TV, Love, **Hu**, and the **Complete Human**. You just have to cross the distance of your **Self**, cut it, snip it, and pass it. Enter the next part of the Soul, where you see where the Soul takes from and gives to.

And these "foods" we are eating are much worse than actual food. You're stuck on whether pork is **forbidden** or not. If you live under a dictatorship, eat billions of pigs—by God, I'll take you to heaven myself! It's in our hands; we'll take you to heaven. Really, your heaven is in our hands. You just want a house, a girl dancing on the table, and a bottle of wine jokes. You're stuck in the middle of a dictatorship. Eating filth, eating dirt, things that hit your soul and you don't realize it.

Hosseini, there are billions of foods in the world. You understand it well when the ozone layer gets a hole. If I puff cigarette smoke in your face, you understand. If I put my motorcycle's exhaust to your nose and rev it, you understand. But the "food" in society—the food of lethargy, the food of pride... the girl who walks out in fear, the boy who walks out in fear. Fear exists in society.

Restart has come to break the spell of fear. The sorcerer's spell must be broken by your hands; this is called magic and spells. That's why the Antivirus enters... millions are listening and enjoying it.

I'm sorry, we only got through one verse. "O Saki, pass the cup... for love seemed easy at first." We thought it was easy, but difficulties fell. Love means after seeing that "Beautiful One," you can fall in love; otherwise, all other loves are fantasies.

"O You who are beyond imagination, comparison, thought, and whim, Beyond everything we have seen, read, or heard."

I leave you to Hafez; the Hafez of your own mind, the Hafez of your intellect, and the Hafez of your wisdom. To the one who said everything in the first and second hemistich. You just have to read it well. We know Persian, but our essence is English meaning modernized, we don't understand well. You must find a Master who can translate and explain this Persian for you, and the best Masters are the **Sufis**. You and I will understand nothing. Thank you for listening, and again I emphasize: I said nothing of my own. Everything is from the greats of Sufism and Mysticism; they have always been in the world and always will be. Farewell.

