

*Scattered Chatter* is a stream of Aphorisms, Thought and Expressions by the author **Ronald Kublawi**, who enters the depths of his life and life of each of us. The passing of the years makes us aware of the change, of what is past and what is future. Family, life, eternity. The empirical introspection of our thoughts and our experience is what makes us free from ourselves.

*“Whatever you are and whatever you wish to become, just be grateful that you are an integral part of the tree, a part of life that God has blessed his hands upon its roots, its heritage, its miraculous make-up, its seasons, its weakness, its strength & its destiny.”*

Ronald Kublawi is an American citizen of Lebanese heritage, highly influenced by the writings of Gibran Khalil Gibran.

He was educated with a masters-degree program from George Mason University in Fairfax Virginia. Between 1983 and 2008, worked as a director of finance for an international venture capital investment company. During 2015 moved to Dubai, UAE retiring from finance and established a music production company. Kublawi is also a music producer of the AWE Music Brand (Ambient – World – Euphoric) with over 200 music productions. Currently,

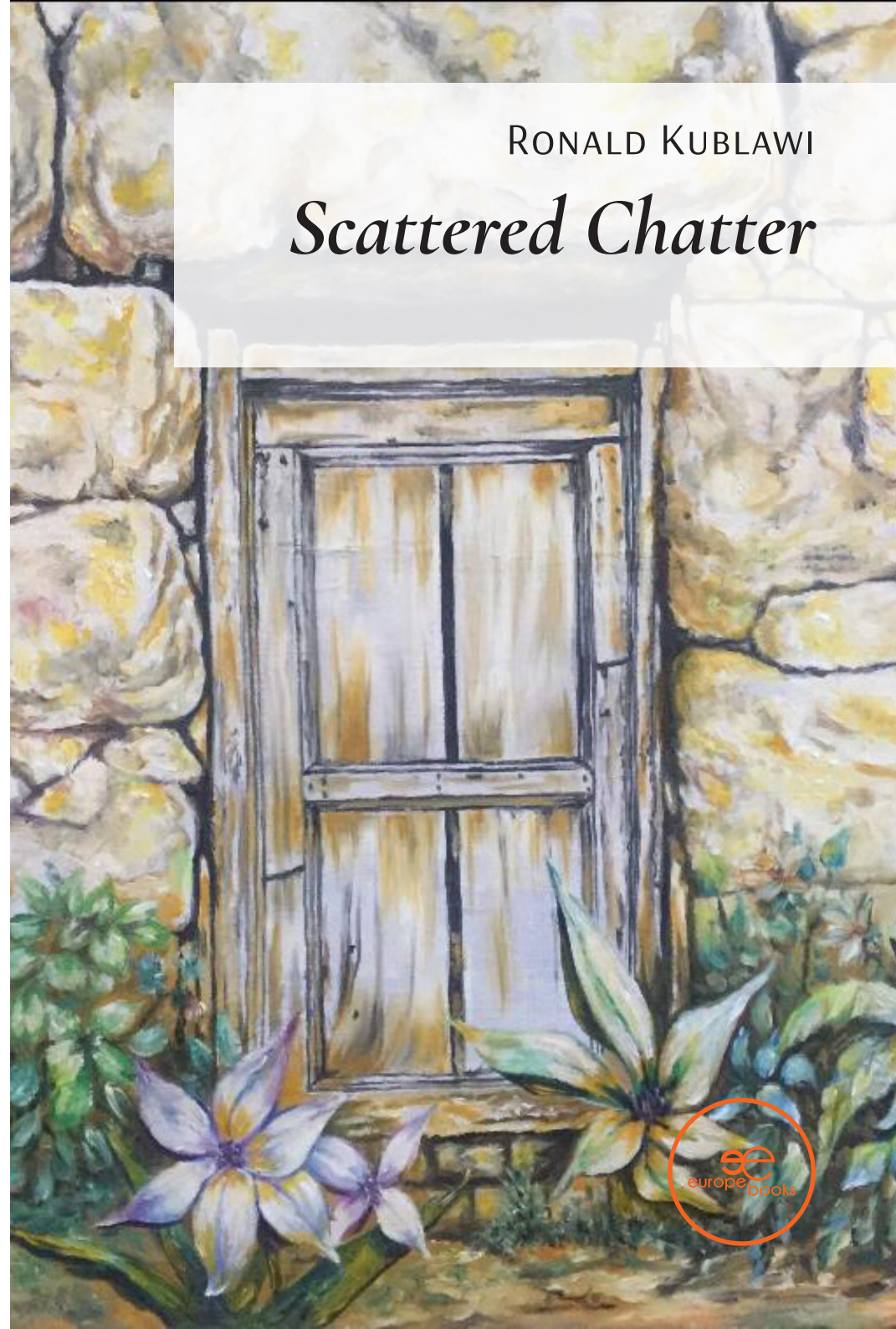


Kublawi works as financial consultant for an investment group between Europe and the Middle East. Whether Kublawi is writing Aphorisms or composing music, he believes that he is an expressionist merely transmitting informational energy that he receives from the non-physical world. Never claimed to be a writer or a musician but a mere vehicle of expression. Kublawi lives by the Motto that “Life without the pursuit of passion is a waste of living”. His musical artist name is “Ronnie Bassem”.



RONALD KUBLAWI

SCATTERED CHATTER



RONALD KUBLAWI  
*Scattered Chatter*



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*You are the flute through which my life is a love song chanted  
by the wind through the breath of time.*

*Every time we slept you woke up in the same body.*

*Every time we parted you woke up in another body.*

*Between sleeping and parting you are awaking in Every-Body.*

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*Now that my words have been written, my pen has run out of  
ink just to become like the silence of the night which speaks  
for It-Self.*

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## ON BEAUTY

*Life on the material plane seems as sets of contradictions.*

*For there seems to be no healing without pain, no light without darkness, no life without death, no creation without unmaking and no love without all that seems to be unlike love.*

*To know Beauty is to understand all that seems to be unlike love.*

*The miracle of life, the wisdom of love and the Beauty of creation are being whispered to man in every breath he takes.*

*One's happiness lies in reflecting the marks of His hands by living, loving and creating.*

## ***To my Beloved:***

*What good is the love between us, if it is to remain between us? And would it truly be Love if it remained between us?*

*I told you I love you a million times, not only in spoken words but also during my prayers, not only with the silence of my eyes, but also with every fiber of my being and still your heart would not yield to my hands.*

*My love to you was only my love to you but the flame burning within me wants to warm the earth.*

*So, how can the rest of my days not be sin unless I become guilty of only loving you?*

## **To my Children:**

*Innocence is manifested every time I tuck you under the covers.*

*For your noble prayers are silent words spoken in the dark to soften the subtle anguish of the night.*

*The beats of His heart echo through the thought of your Higher-Selves.*

*I need to relearn the wisdom of all men, books and scriptures to remember that higher part of me.*

*Your lovely big eyes shine with a deep sense of understanding, an inner type of knowing that perplexes the adult mind. Bags under my eyes have measured the period during which my Inner eyes have been shut.*

## **ON A DESIRE**

*Your Urge to Pursue Any Desire Over & Over & Over*

*Whether It Is Food or Drugs or Sex or Love*

*Is Only Meant Towards a VOID*

*And That Unfulfilling VOID Can Only Guide You towards Truth*

*Once you give up your Physical, Social & Psychological Identities*

*Then your Unconscious Mind will open up your True Essence in order to get a glance at your Spirit.*

*As I look back upon my life, I scream to myself “Was That Really Me”?*



## **ON GRATITUDE**

*You were created without any cost to you.*

*You did not spend a dime to earn this physical experience.*

*The air you breathe has always been free of charge.*

*Nature offers enough food for the next 1,000 generations.*

*The sun, the moon & the stars collectively serve your existence.*

*Beyond this illusive dream you are still promised an eternal life.*

*So why are you so ungrateful?*

*The one & only fee you need to pay “Is to Be Grateful”.*

## ON ONENESS

*With every separation there is a greater longing and with each longing there is a stronger desire, that drives the life force towards union.*

*To separate is to step away from those attachments which are temporary; to detach Your-Self in order to glance at the permanency of eternity; to be one with everything; to learn that you are always a winner in His kingdom, your own domain.*

*To separate is to split apart the components of your being, so that you can look death straight in the eye to learn that parting is a mere illusion. So be fearless. How else are you to know that life and death are nothing but two separate states of your own mind?*



## ***To my Parents:***

*When the seeds of love met within you, it seemed that I was delivered from you.*

*When the product of your union was I, it all seemed like a separation.*

*From what seems to be a separation there is a longing, and from this longing there shall be reunion again.*

*Though the pillars of our home seem to stand apart, we are never a burden on the support beneath us.*

*And since there is no distance standing between us, we are never within the shadow of each other, for we are one. It is time that we dug out our roots in order to embrace our Selves.*

## ***To my Soul-Mate:***

*From a distance, My-Self and its twin-soul seemed to be the only audience on the theater of spiritual existence.*

*On the physical stage of life unfolded the mystic reflection of a long-forgotten love story, often told by the Angels of heavens and constantly played by God's sons and daughters.*

*When the arms of time and space interfered in revising the script, the stage curtains were drawn down and I could no longer determine whether the theme has changed or the actors have been replaced.*

*Now I remember that I am here to play the role of every son and daughter, in order to re-unite with my twin-self.*

## ON TIME

*As we recognize the illusion of time, eternity unfolds within Our-Selves.*

*Rising is only a rebirth of setting, and the sun is only a vehicle for this phenomenon.*

*When man gets folded with the tricks of time, he is never able to attend to Him-Self.*

*He fails to witness the rebirth of his Self, as it sleeps with the day and awakes with the night.*

*He places a man-made clock on the walls of his loneliness, just to measure his Time illusions.*

*He is no longer able to breathe in the fresh youth of the morning and breathe out a day's sweat in the evening.*



## ON WONDERING

*Do you wonder whether who left us are still with us?*

*Do you wonder whether your body appears only because you have paid attention to it?*

*Do you wonder whether you can become a pure emotion?*

*Do you wonder whether our connection with one another is only through our thoughts?*

*Do you wonder whether you can remain without any sleep?*

*Do you wonder about all the beauty that you have not yet experienced, and further wonder whether such an experience is necessary?*

*Do you wonder about God in every breath you take?*

## ON YOU

*If you were the ocean, I am the sand painting*

*If you were the shore, I am a bubble waiting*

*If you were the light, I am the shadow fading*

*If you were the sky, I am a cloud drifting*

*If I was to drown, let me melt in your heart*

*If I was to disappear, let me vanish in your eyes*

*If I was to lose my breath, let me die on your chest*