

Liisa Maria Murdvee

Rahu ja Rõõmu raamat  
The Book of Peace and Joy



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ja Rõõmu  
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liisamu@gmail.com



## Oimukoht

Rahu tasa väreleb Su hääles  
Mängib muusikat mu vaikusel  
Mõtlen väga tasa selle peale  
Muusikas ses kõikides

Näen Su mõttemures oimukohta  
Oma udulaames ulmades  
Tihtipeale unedes ei kohta  
Pole sellel rabe tulvades

Võta mind Su kannatuste asu  
Paigaks vastupidiseks siis saa  
Et see koda ja ka minu rahu  
Oleks muusika

## The Temple

In Your voice, peace is quivering quietly  
playing music in my stillness  
I am thinking of it very silently  
echoing in that music

I can see Your temple in troubled thoughts  
in my daydreams decked in mists  
we do not meet often in dreams  
floods do not make it brittle

Take me to the bosom of Your sufferings  
and become a place of counterpoint  
for that house and my calmness also  
to be as music

## Meil pole ühist

Sina Rahu, mina Rõõm  
Sina Sõna, mina Seletus  
Sina Ravim, mina Ravi  
Sina Äratus, mina Ärkaja  
Sina Laul, mina Laulja  
Sina Uks, mina Väljuja  
Sina Koht, mina Asi Omal Kohal  
Sina Ilm, mina Maa  
Sina Leek, mina Vaha  
Sina Uni, mina Ärkvelolu  
Sina Tants, mina Jalad  
Sina Hääl, mina Heli  
Sina Avar, mina Lai  
Sina Hetk, mina Viiv  
Sina Abi, mina Vajaja  
Sina Õitehurm, mina Vaas  
Sina Mälestus, mina Mälu  
Sina Ootus, mina Igatsus

Sina Rahujalad, mina Tantsukingad

## Nothing Common between Us

You Peace, me Joy  
You Word, me Explanation  
You Medicine, me Cure  
You Awakening, me Waker  
You Song, me Singer  
You Door, me the One that Leaves  
You Place, me the Thing that Stays  
You Heaven, me Earth  
You Flame, me Wax  
You Sleeping, me Alertness  
You Dance, me Legs  
You Voice, me Sound  
You Broad, me Wide,  
You Moment, me Instant  
You Aid, me the One that Needs  
You the Charm of Blossoms, me Vase  
You Recollection, me Memory,  
You Expectation, me Longing

You Feet of Peace, me Dancing Shoes

*Mis peitub Su südames,*

olen mina, Rõõm,  
mis peitub mu südames, oled Sina, Rahu.  
Rõõm purustab mure täiel määral.

## What Is Hidden in Your Heart

it is me, Joy,  
that is hidden in Your heart, it is You, Peace.  
Joy fully destroys sorrow.

## Rahustad mind ka siis,

kui lipsan minema, pääsen minema paisu tagant  
nagu tohutu röömupööris,  
mida Sa varjanud eneses aegade algusest saadik  
minu ees.

Las ma nüüd natuke tantsin. Sest ma ikka tean,  
Rõõm ja Rahu on kaks otsa nagu A ja O  
ja Sa tõused tuhast ja rahustad mind

ikka ja alati.

Mõnus , kas pole.

## *You bring me calm even*

when I slip away, escape from the dike  
like a tremendous whirl of joy  
which You have been hiding in Yourself  
since the dawn of times, before me.  
Let me dance a little now. Because I still know:  
Joy and Peace are two ends like A and O,  
and You rise from the ashes and bring me calm  
  
ever and again.

Cosy, isn't it.

*Ja siis mitte ainult need palukesed,*

mis Su laualt kukuvad,

vaid ka marjapalukesed,

pajuvõsad,

seenemetsad,

laukasood,

jõhvikarabad,

taevarannad,

lupiinipõllud,

murakasood,

maasikapeenrad,

jõeääred,

kuusemetsad,

(jõulupuud),

mis seal salata,

ka põlismaaned,

ja, ja jalutuskäigud!

## And Not Only Those Bits of Food

which are dropping from Your table,

but also bits of berries,  
willow thickets,  
woods of mushrooms,  
pools in bogs,  
cranberry moors,  
shores of skies,  
lupine fields,  
cloudberry swamps,  
strawberry beds,  
river banks,  
fir-tree forests,  
(Christmas trees),  
not to deny:  
also ancient woods

and walks!

## Pool ja pool

Meel oled Sina.

Kõik on tahe.

Hing on truu.

Vaja on, et igaüks leiaks oma paiga.

Vaja on, et igaüks leiaks oma otstarve.

Vaja on, et me eluneksime koos.

Vaja on, et iga meel oleks valla.

Vaja on, et iga tahe tantsiks Sinu poole.

Ma pole muud kui Sina.

Meie pesa aga - pesa on

suur süda.

## Half and Half

The mind is You.  
Everything is a will.  
The soul is true.  
Everyone must find their place.  
Everyone must find their purpose.  
We have to cohabit.  
Each sense must be open.  
Each will must be dancing towards You.  
I am nothing but You.  
Our nest, however,  
is a big heart.

## Päästa üks hing

sinna sellesse rahusse, siis ma usun Sind.

See, mis Sinul justnagu on ja mille kallale Sa teisi ei lase.

Lõpeta vaikimine, lõpeta tühi loba, tee suuga suur linn.

Päriselt.

Või tee väike linn,

rahuline.

Miks on nii, et luulereas "...Mungad kisuvad elusate hanede seljast sulgi..."

Mis ma küll olen kokku keeranud, ikkagi ei pääse.

Ei pääse.

Ikka aina kaugemale, sügavamale.

Sest et Sina oled need mungad ja mina olen hani.

Andesta, mina näen nii. Mismoodi siis Sina näed?

Sa ei pea mulle oma rahu tõestama jääma kuni

kõik suled on kitkutud ja mina olen miski,

mis enam kunagi ei lenda.

Nii ma mõtlesin kuni sain teada,

et inimene on salajõgi. On on. Ma olen päri.

Andkem andeks üksteisele.

## Save a Single Soul

into that peace yonder, then I believe You.

What You apparently have and what You do not let others arrive at.

Stop silence, stop empty words, make a city with Your mouth.

Actually.

Or make a small town, placid.

Why the verse "...Monks are tearing feathers from living geese..."

What a mess I have made, still no escape. No. Always farther and deeper.

Because You are those monks and I am the goose. Forgive me, so it appears to me. How does it seem to You?

You do not have to keep proving Your peace to me until all the feathers have been torn and I am a thing which will never fly again.

This is how I thought until I learned that a person is a secret river. For sure. I agree. Let us forgive each other.

# Sina Ootus, mina Igatsus

Rõõmu ja Rahu

Tantsu

voogudes

Liigume igavesti üksteise poole

Teineteiseni

Tagasi

Edasi

Läbi

Välja

Seest läbi

Üle

Ümber

## You Expectation, me Longing

In the currents  
of the dance  
of Joy and Peace  
we are approaching each other everlastingly.  
To one another  
back  
forward  
through  
out of  
throughout  
over  
around

*Ravi toimib koheselt läbi üllatuste.*

*The Cure Produces Instant  
Effect through Surprises.*

*Kas teate,*

kahtlused pühitakse tavaliselt hetkega.

Pärjatakse kõiki Su põdemisi.

Pärjatakse neid halastuse ja heldusega.

Do You Know,

doubts are usually swept away in a moment.

All Your illnesses will be redeemed,

crowned with steadfast love and mercy.

*Mis see on? Mis on see rõõmu ja rahu toit?*

Rõõmu toit on rahu  
Rahu toit on rõõm  
Täiuslik lumejooga

# What Is It? What Is the Food for Joy and Peace?

The food for joy is peace  
The food for peace is joy  
A perfect snow yoga

## Varsti vaja Teile abi

Rõõm, rõõm!

Minust ei saa Teile munka.  
Kuidas Te seda õige mõtlete -  
habemega naine mustades  
rõivastes ja maani kleidis?

Mulle on vaja oranži,  
saate aru, oranži,  
ja oravakarva ilusaid minikleite,  
ja imemustrilisi hõlste,  
kõrvarõngaid,  
peakatteid ja pleede,  
seelikuid,  
salle,  
kaelakeesid.

Must on soliidne ja sobib rohkem  
Teile, Tüüne.

Ja mul on vaja, et Te hoiaksite mind,  
ei, mitte tagasi, aga varjul,  
ma olen ju hull ja ei tea,  
mis teen ja kes võib ära napsata.  
Klõps klõps klõps.

## Your Help Needed Soon

Joy, joy!

I will not become a monk of Yours.  
How do You imagine that?  
A bearded woman in black clothes,  
with a dress to the ground?

I need orange,  
do you get it, orange,  
and pretty squirrel-coloured minidresses  
and robes with wondrous patterns,  
earrings,  
hats and plaids,  
skirts,  
shawls,  
necklaces.

Black is dignified and it rather suits  
You, Placid One.

And I need You to keep me,  
no, not back, but hiding,  
for I am mad and it is unknown  
what I may do and who can snatch me away.  
Click click click.

## Jõuluõhtu

Oli see vast õhtu. Kuigi paljud neist polnud veel jõudnud, olid nad kindlalt teel. Mõödudes metsast kitsedel hakkasid helkima tähekesed kõrvaotstes ja metssead pöörasid end. Liikudes langevas lumes lumi hüüdis sosinal rõõmust. Sealt nad üksteise järel üksteise jälgede järel vaikides saabusid.

Peaaegu nii tasa, et päralejõudmise tundis ära üksnes vaikuses virvendavast vaikusest.

Jahirahu. Toob kitsedele viljavihud.

Relvarahu. Relvaga.

Kodurahu. Roosidega?

Meelerahu. Ta ei mäleta.

Hingerahu. Ta ei küsi.

Südamerahu. Südamerahuga.

Unerahu, padjanäoga.

Öörahu, ööriietes, kell 11.

Vaherahu. Portfelliga.

Õhturahu. Õhtul. Võib-olla.

Maaailma rahu. Tasapisi.

Jõulurahu. Jõuludega.

## Christmas Evening

What an evening that was.

Though a lot of them had not arrived,  
they were firmly on their way.

Passing the forest, the little stars at the top of the  
deer's ears began to sparkle and the wild boars turned.

Walking in the falling snow, the snow shouted  
a whisper of joy.

From there, following one another, one another's steps,  
they arrived in silence. So quietly almost that their arrival  
was recognized only through the vibrating silence,  
The peace of hunting. Bringing sheaves of grain for the deer.

The peace of arms. With a weapon.

The peace at home. With roses?

The peace of mind. He cannot remember.

The peace of soul. He is not asking.

The peace of heart. With peace in heart.

The peace of sleep, with a pillow face.

The peace of night, in night clothes, at eleven.

The peace of armistice. With a brief case.

The peace of evening. In the evening. Perhaps.

The peace of the world. Gradually.

The peace of Christmas. At Christmas time.

