Classic Poetry Series

Mewlana Jalaluddin Rumi

- poems -

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Bring Wine

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Bring wine, for I am suffering crop sickness from the vintage; God has seized me, and I am thus held fast. By love's soul, bring me a cup of wine that is the envy of the

sun, for I care aught but love.

Bring that which if I were to call it "soul" would be a shame, for the reason that I am pained in the head because of the soul. Bring that whose name is not contained in this mouth, through which the fissures of my speech split asunder.

Bring that which, when it is not present, I am stupid and ignorant, but when I am with it, I am the king of the subtle and

crafty ones.

Bring that which, the moment it is void of my head, I become black and dark, you might say I am of the infidels.

Bring that which delivers out of this "bring" and "do not bring"; bring quickly, and repel me not, saying, "Whence shall

I bring it?"

Bring, and deliver the roof of the heavens through the long night from my abundant smoke and lamentations. Bring that which after my death, even out of my dust, will restore me to speech and thanksgiving even as Najjar. Bring me wine, for I am guardian of wine like a goblet, for whatever has gone into my stomach I deliver back completely.

Najjar said, "After my death would that my people might be open-eyed to the ecstasy within me.

"They would not regard my bones and blood; in spirit I ama mighty king, even though in body I am vile.

"What a ladder I, the Carpenter, have chiseled! My going has reached the roof of the seventh heaven.

"I journeyed like the Messiah, my ass remained below; I do no grieve for my ass, nor am I asslike of ears.

"Do not like Eblis see in Adam only water and clay; see that behind the clay are my hundred thousand rose bowers.' Shams-e Tabrizi rose up from this flesh saying, " I am the sun. Bring up my head from this mire.

"Err not, when I enter the mire once more, for I am at rest,

and am ashamed of this veil.

"Every morning I will rise up, despite the blind; for the sake of the blind I will not cease to rise and set."

Did I Not Say To You

Did I not say to you, "Go not there, for I am your friend; in this mirage of annihilation I am the fountain of life?"

Even though in anger you depart a hundred thousand years from me, in the end you will come to me, for I am your goal. Did I not say to you, "Be not content with worldly forms, for I am the fashioner of the tabernacle of your contentment?"

Did I not say to you, "I am the sea and you are a single fish; go not to dry land, for I am your crystal sea?"

Did I not say to you, "Go not like birds to the snare; come, for I am the power of flight and your wings and feet?"

Did I not say to you, "They will waylay you and make you cold, for I am the fire and warmth and heat of your desire?"

Did I not say to you, "They will implant in you ugly qualities so that you will forget that I am the source of purity to you?"

Did I not say to you, "Do not say from what direction the servant's affairs come into order?" I am the Creator without directions.

If you are the lamp of the heart, know where the road is to the house; and if you are godlike of attribute, know that I am your Maser.

Every day I bear a burden

Every day I bear a burden, and I bear this calamity for a purpose:

I bear the discomfort of cold and December's snow in hope of spring.

Before the fattener-up of all who are lean, I drag this so emaciated body;

Though they expel me from two hundred cities, I bear it for the sake of the love of a

prince;

Though my shop and house be laid waste, I bear it in fidelity to a tulip bed. God's love is a very strong fortress; I carry my soul's baggage inside a fortress. I bear the arrogance of every stonehearted stranger for the sake of a friend, of one long-suffering;

For the sake of his ruby I dig out mountains and mine; for the sake of that rose-laden

one I endure a thorn.

For the sake of those two intoxicating eyes of his, like the intoxicated I endure crop sickness;

For the sake of a quarry not to be contained in a snare, I spread out the snare and decoy of the hunter.

He said, "Will you bear this sorrow till the Resurrection?" Yes, Friend, I bear it, I bear it.

My breast is the Cave and Shams-e Tabrizi is the Companion of the Cave.

I closed my eyes to creation

I closed my eyes to creation when I beheld his beauty, I became intoxicated with his beauty and bestowed my soul. For the sake of Solomon's seal I became wax in all my body, and in order to become illumined I rubbed my wax. I saw his opinion and cast away my own twisted opinion; I became his reed pipe and likewise lamented on his lip. He was in my hand, and blindly I groped for him with my hand; I was in his hand, and yet I inquired of those who were misinformed.

I must have been either a simpleton or drunk or mad that fearfully I was stealing from my own gold.

Like a thief I crept through a crack in the wall into my own vine, like a thief I gathered jasmine from my own garden. Enough, do not twist my secret upon your fingertips, for I have twisted off out of your twisted fist.

Shams-e Tabriz, from whom comes the light of moon and stars-though I am grieving with sorrow for him, I am like the crescent of the festival.

I Have a Fire for You in my Mouth

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I have a fire for you in my mouth, but I have a hundred seals on my tongue.

The flames which I have in my heart would make one mouthful of both worlds.

Though the entire world should pass away, without the world I possess the kingdom of a hundred worlds.

Caravans which are loaded with sugar I have in motion for the Egypt of nonexistence.

The drunkenness of love makes me unaware whether I have profit of loss therefrom.

The body's eye was scattering pearls because of love, till now I have a pearl-scattering soul.

I am not housebound, for like Jesus I have a home in the fourth Heaven.

Thanks be to Him who gives soul to the body; if the soul should depart, yet I have the soul of the soul. Seek from me that which Shams-e Tabrizi has bestowed, for I have the same.

I have fallen into unconsciousness

I have got out of my own control, I have fallen into unconsciousness; in my utter unconsciousness how joyful I am with myself!

The darling sewed up my eyes so that I might not see other than him, so that suddenly

I opened my eyes on his face.

My soul fought with me saying, "Do not pain me"; I said, "Take your divorce." She said, "Grant it"; I granted it.

When my mother saw on my cheek the brand of your love she cut my umbilical cord on that, the moment I was born.

If I travel to heaven and read the Tablet of the Unseen, O you who are my soul's salvation, without you how I am ruined!

When you cast aside the veil the dead become alive; the light of your face reminded me of the Covenant of Alast.

When I became lost, O soul, through love of the king of the peris, hidden from self and

creatures, I am as if peri-born myself.
I said to the Tabriz of Shams-e Din, "O body, what are you?" Body said, "Earth"; Soul said, "I am distraught like the wind."

I will beguile him with the tongue

Reason says, "I will beguile him with the tongue."; Love says, "Be silent. I will beguile him with the soul."

The soul says to the heart, "Go, do not laugh at me and yourself. What is there that is not his, that I may beguile him

thereby?"
He is not sorrowful and anxious and seeking oblivion that I may beguile him with wine and a heavy measure.

The arrow of his glance needs not a bow that I should beguile the shaft of his gaze with a bow.

He is not prisoner of the world, fettered to this world of earth, that I should beguile him with gold of the kingdom of the world. He is an angel, though in form he is a man; he is not lustful that I should beguile him with women.

Angels start away from the house wherein this form is, so how should I beguile him with such a form and likeness? He does not take a flock of horses, since he flies on wings; his food is light, so how should I beguile him with bread? He is not a merchant and trafficker in the market of the world that I should beguile him with enchantment of grain and loss.

He is not veiled that I should make myself out sick and utter sighs, to beguile him with lamentation.

I will bind my head and bow my head, for I have got out of hand; I will not beguile his compassion with sickness or fluttering. Hair by hair he sees my crookedness and feigning; what's hidden from him that I should beguile him with anything hidden. He is not a seeker of fame, a prince addicted to poets, that I should beguile him with verses and lyrics and flowing poetry. The glory of the unseen form is too great for me to beguile it with blessing or Paradise.

Shams-e Tabriz, who is his chosen and beloved-perchance I will beguile him with this same pole of the age.

If I weep

If I weep, if I come with excuses, my beloved puts cotton wool in his ears. Every cruelty which he commits becomes him, every cruelty which he commits I endure.

If he accounts me nonexistent, I account his tyranny generosity.

The cure of the ache of my heart is the ache for him; how shall I not surrender my heart to his ache?

Only then are glory and respect mine, when his glorious love renders me contemptible. Only then does the vine of my body become wine, when the wine-presser stamps on me and spurns me underfoot.

I yield my soul like grapes under the trampling, that my secret heart may make merry, Though the grapes weep only blood, for I am vexed with this cruelty and tyranny. He who pounds upon me puts cotton wool in his ears saying, "I do not press unwittingly.

If you disbelieve, you are excusable, but I am the Abu'l Hikam [the expert] in this affair.

When you burst under the labor of my feet, then you will render much thanks to me."

Laila and the Khalifa.

The Khalifa said to Laila, "Art thou really she For whom Majnun lost his head and went distracted? Thou art not fairer than many other fair ones." She replied, "Be silent; thou art not Majnun!"

If thou hadst Majnun's eyes,
The two worlds would be within thy view.
Thou art in thy senses, but Majnun is beside himself.
In love to be wide awake is treason.
The more a man is awake, the more he sleeps (to love);
His (critical) wakefulness is worse than slumbering.

Our wakefulness fetters our spirits,
Then our souls are a prey to divers whims,
Thoughts of loss and gain and fears of misery.
They retain not purity, nor dignity, nor lustre,
Nor aspiration to soar heavenwards.
That one is really sleeping who hankers after each whim
And holds parley with each fancy.

Last night my soul cried O exalted sphere of Heaven

Last night my soul cried, "O exalted sphere of Heaven, you hang indeed inverted, with flames in your belly.

"Without sin and crime, eternally revolving upon your body in its complaining is the indiao of mourning;

"Now happy, now unhappy, like Abraham in the fire; at once king and beggar like Ebrahim-e Adham.

"In your form you are terrifying, yet your state is full of anguish: you turn round like a millstone and writhe like a snake."

Heaven the blessed replied, "How should I not fear that one who makes the Paradise of the world as Hell?

"In his hand earth is as wax, he makes it Zangi and Rumi , he makes it falcon and owl, he makes it sugar and poison.

"He is hidden, friend, and has set us forth thus patent so that he may become concealed.

"How should the ocean of the world be concealed under straws? The straws have been set adancing, the waves tumbling up and down'

"Your body is like the land floating on the waters of the soul; your soul is veiled in the body alike in wedding feast or sorrow.

"In the veil you are a new bride, hot-tempered and obstinate; he is railing sweetly at the good and the bad of the world.

"Through him the earth is a green meadow, the heavens are unresting; on every side through him a fortunate one pardoned and preserved.

"Reason a seeker of certainty through him, patience a seeker of help through him, love seeing the unseen through him, earth taking the form of Adam through him.

"Air seeking and searching, water hand-washing, we Messiah-like speaking, earth Mary-like silent.

"Behold the sea with its billows circling round the earthy ship; behold Kaabas and Meccas at the bottom of this well of Zamzam!"

The king says, "Be silent, do not cast yourself into the well, for you do not know how to make a bucket and a rope out of my withered stumps.

Lord, what a Beloved is mine!

Lord, what a Beloved is mine! I have a sweet quarry; I possess in my breast a hundred meadows from his reed. When in anger the messenger comes and repairs towards me, he says, "Whither are you fleeing? I have business with you. Last night I asked the new moon concerning my Moon. The moon said, "I am running in his wake, my foot is in his dust." When the sun arose I said," How yellow of face you are!" The sun said, "Out of shame for his countenance I have a face of gold."

Water, you are prostrate, you are running on your head and face." Water said, "Because of his incantation I move like a

"Noble fire, why do you writhe so?" Fire said, "Because of the lightning of his face my heart is restless.

"Wind-messenger of the world, why are you light of heart?" Wind said, "My heart would burn if the choice were mine." "Earth, what are you meditation, silent and watchful?" Earth said, "Within me I have a garden and spring."

Pass over these elements, God is our succorer; my head is

aching, in my hand I hold wine.

If you have barred sleep to us, the way of intoxication is open. Since I have one to assist, he offers wine in both hands. Be silent, that without this tongue the heart may speak; when I hear the speech of the heart, I feel ashamed of this speech.

Masnawi

In the prologue to the Masnavi Rumi hailed Love and its sweet madness that heals all infirmities, and he exhorted the reader to burst the bonds to silver and gold to be free. The Beloved is all in all and is only veiled by the lover. Rumi identified the first cause of all things as God and considered all second causes subordinate to that. Human minds recognize the second causes, but only prophets perceive the action of the first cause. One story tells of a clever rabbit who warned the lion about another lion and showed the lion his own image in a well, causing him to attack it and drown. After delivering his companions from the tyrannical lion, the rabbit urges them to engage in the more difficult warfare against their own inward lusts. In a debate between trusting God and human exertion, Rumi quoted the prophet Muhammad as saying, "Trust in God, yet tie the camel's leg."8 He also mentioned the adage that the worker is the friend of God; so in trusting in providence one need not neglect to use means. Exerting oneself can be giving thanks for God's blessings; but he asked if fatalism shows gratitude.

God is hidden and has no opposite, not seen by us yet seeing us. Form is born of the formless but ultimately returns to the formless. An arrow shot by God cannot remain in the air but must return to God. Rumi reconciled God's agency with human free will and found the divine voice in the inward voice. Those in close communion with God are free, but the one who does not love is fettered by compulsion. God is the agency and first cause of our actions, but human will as the second cause finds recompense in hell or with the Friend. God is like the soul, and the world is like the body. The good and evil of bodies comes from souls. When the sanctuary of true prayer is revealed to one, it is shameful to turn back to mere formal religion. Rumi confirmed Muhammad's view that women hold dominion over the wise and men of heart; but violent fools, lacking tenderness, gentleness, and friendship, try to hold the upper hand over women, because they are swayed by their animal nature. The human qualities of love and tenderness can control the animal passions. Rumi concluded that woman is a ray of God and the Creator's self.

When the Light of God illumines the inner person, one is freed from effects and has no need of signs for the assurance of love. Beauty busies itself with a mirror. Since not being is the mirror of being, the wise choose the self-abnegation of not being so that being may be displayed in that not being. The wealthy show their liberality on the poor, and the hungry are the mirror of bread. Those recognizing and confessing their defects are hastening toward perfection; but whoever considers oneself perfect already is not advancing. The poet suggested driving out this sickness of arrogance with tears from the heart. The fault of the devil (Iblis) was in thinking himself better than others, and the same weakness lurks in the soul of all creatures. Heart knowledge bears people up in friendship, but body knowledge weighs them down with burdens.

Rumi wrote how through love all things become better. Doing kindness is the game of the good, who seek to alleviate suffering in the world. Wherever there is a pain, a remedy is sent. Call on God so that the love of God may manifest. Rumi recommended the proverb that the moral way is not to find fault with others but to be admonished by their bad example. The mosque built in the hearts of the saints is the place for all worship, for God dwells there. Rumi began the third book of his Masnavi as follows:

In the Name of God the Compassionate, the Merciful. The sciences of (Divine) Wisdom are God's armies, wherewith He strengthens the spirits of the initiates, and purifies their knowledge from the defilement of ignorance, their justice from the defilement of iniquity,

their generosity from the defilement of ostentation, and their forbearance from the defilement of foolishness; and brings near to them whatever was far from them in respect of the understanding of the state hereafter; and makes easy to them whatever was hard to them in respect of obedience (to Him) and zealous endeavor (to serve Him).9

A sage warns travelers that if they kill a baby elephant to eat, its parents will probably track them down and kill them; yet they do so, although one refrains from the killing and eating. As they sleep, a huge elephant smells their breath and kills all those who had eaten the young elephant but spares the one who had abstained. From foul breath the stench of pride, lust, and greed rises to heaven. Pain may be better than dominion in the world so that one may call on God in secret; the cries of the sorrowful come from burning hearts. Rumi also told the story of the Hindus feeling the different parts of an elephant in a dark room. He emphasized that in substance all religions are one and the same, because all praises are directed to God's light. They err only because they have mistaken opinions. Sinners and criminals betray themselves especially in times of passion and angry talk. Prophets warn you of hidden dangers the worldly cannot see. Humans have the ability to engage in any action, but for Rumi worship of God is the main object of human existence.

Rumi wrote that Sufism is to find joy in the heart whenever distress and care assail it. He believed the power of choice is like capital yielding profit, but he advised us to remember well the day of final accounting. Many of his stories are designed to show the difference between what is self-evident by experience and what is inferred through the authority of others. His philosophy of evolution of consciousness is encapsulated in the following verses:

I died as inanimate matter and arose a plant,
I died as a plant and rose again an animal.
I died as an animal and arose a man.
Why then should I fear to become less by dying?
I shall die once again as a man
To rise an angel perfect from head to foot!
Again when I suffer dissolution as an angel,
I shall become what passes the conception of man!
Let me then become non-existent, for non-existence
Sings to me in organ tones, "To him shall we return."10

When the love of God arises in your heart, without doubt God also feels love for you. The soul loves wisdom, knowledge, and exalted things; but the body desires houses, gardens, vineyards, food, and material goods. Rumi also believed that there is no absolute bad; the evils in the world are only relative. A serpent's poison protects its own life; but in relation to a person it can mean death. When what is hateful leads you to your beloved, it immediately becomes agreeable to you. Solomon built the temple by hiring workers, for humans can be controlled by money.

Men are as demons, and lust of wealth their chain, Which drags them forth to toil in shop and field. This chain is made of their fears and anxieties. Deem not that these men have no chain upon them. It causes them to engage in labor and the chase,

It forces them to toil in mines and on the sea, It urges them towards good and towards evil.11

Rumi warned against bad friends who can be like weeds in the temple of the heart; for if a liking for bad friends grows in you, they can subvert you and your temple. He also warned against the judges who confine their view to externals and base their decisions on outward appearances; these heretics have secretly shed the blood of many believers. Partial reason cannot see beyond the grave; but true reason looks beyond to the day of judgment and thus is able to steer a better course in this world. Therefore it is better for those with partial reason to follow the guidance of the saints.

In the fifth book of the Masnavi Rumi included several stories to illustrate why one should cut down the duck of gluttony, the cock of concupiscence, the peacock of ambition and ostentation, and the crow of bad desires. The story of how Muhammad converted a glutton who drank the milk of seven goats and then made a mess after being locked in a room shows the humility of the prophet in cleaning up the mess himself. He concluded that the infidels eat with seven bellies but the faithful with one. The peacock catches people by displaying itself. Pursuing the vulgar is like hunting a pig; the fatigue is extensive, and it is unlawful to eat it. Love alone is worth pursuing, but how can God be contained in anyone's trap? The most deadly evil eye is the eye of self-approval. The greed of the gluttonous duck is limited as is the greed of the lusty snake; but the peacock's ambition to rule can be many times as great. Worldly wealth and even accomplishments can be enemies to the spiritual life. These are the human trials that create virtue. If there were no temptations, there could be no virtue. Abraham killed the crow of desire in response to the command of God so that he would not crave anything else, and he killed the cock to subjugate pernicious desires.

Rumi suggested that God uses prophets and saints as mirrors to instruct people while the divine remains hidden behind the mirrors. People hear the words from the mirrors but are ignorant that they are spoken by universal reason or the word of God. Ultimately God will place in people's hands their books of greed and generosity, of sin and piety, whatever they have practiced. When they awake on that morning, all the good and evil they have done will recur to them. After enumerating their faults, God in the end will grant them pardon as a free gift. To tell an angry person of faults, one must have a face as hard as a mirror to reflect the ugliness without fear or favor. Like 'Attar, Rumi wrote of the mystic's attaining annihilation, but he explained that the end and object of negation is to attain the subsequent affirmation just as the cardinal principle of Islam "There is no God" concludes with the affirmation "but God," and to the mystic this really means "There is nothing but God." Negation of the individual self clears the way for apprehending the existence of the One. The intoxication of life in pleasures and occupations which veil the truth should pass into the spiritual intoxication that lifts people to the beatific vision of eternal truth.

In the Discourses Rumi presented his teachings more directly. In the first chapter he suggested that the true scholar should serve God above the prince so that in their encounters the scholar will give more than take, thus making princes visitors of scholars rather than the reverse. Rumi advised stripping prejudices from one's discriminative faculty by seeing a friend in Faith, which is knowing who is one's true friend. Those who spend time with the undiscriminating have that faculty deteriorate and are unable to recognize a true friend in the Faith. Rumi taught the universal principle that if you have done evil, you have done it to yourself, for how could wickedness reach out to affect God? Yet when you become straight, all your

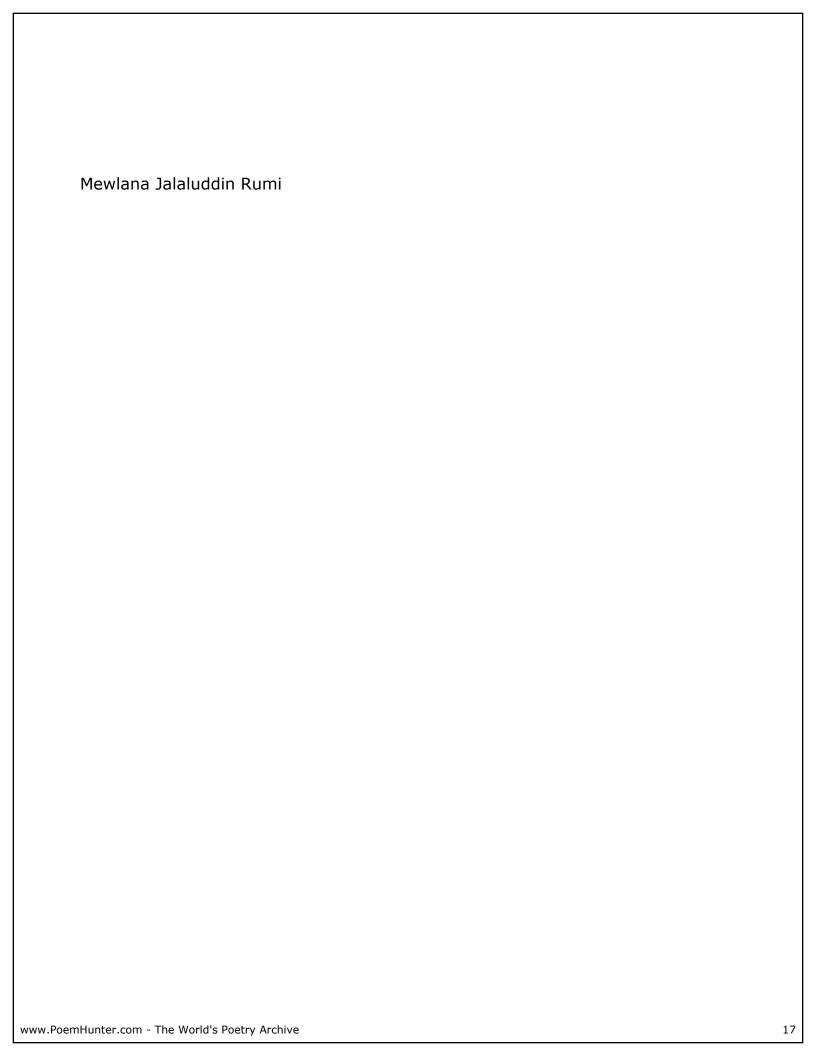
crookedness will disappear; so beware but have hope! Those who assist an oppressor will find that God gives the oppressor power over them. God loves us by reproving us. One reproves friends, not a stranger. So long as you perceive longing and regret within yourself, that is proof that God loves and cares for you. If you perceive a fault in your brother, that fault is also within yourself. The learned are like mirrors. Get rid of that fault in yourself, for what distresses you about the other person distresses you inside yourself.

Rumi taught that all things in relation to God are good and perfect, but in relation to humans some things are considered bad. To a king prisons and gallows are part of the ornament of his kingdom; but Rumi asked if to his people they are the same as robes of honor. He argued that faith is better than prayer, because faith without prayer is beneficial, but prayer without faith is not. Rumi explained to his disciples that the desire to see the Master may prevent them from perceiving the Master without a veil. He went on,

So it is with all desires and affections, all loves and fondnesses which people have for every variety of thing-father, mother, heaven, earth, gardens, palaces, branches of knowledge, acts, things to eat and drink. The man of God realizes that all these desires are the desire for God, and all those things are veils. When men pass out of this world and behold that King without those veils, then they will realize that all these things were veils and coverings, their quest being in reality that One Thing. All difficulties will then be resolved, and they will hear in their hearts the answer to all questions and all problems, and every thing will be seen face to face.12

Rumi suggested God created these veils because if God's beauty were displayed without veils, we would not be able to endure and enjoy it just as the Sun lights up the world and warms us. The Sun enables trees and orchards to become fruitful, and its energy makes fruit that is unripe, bitter, and sour become mature and sweet. Yet if the Sun came too near, it would not bestow benefits but destroy the whole world.

Rumi compared this world to the dream of a sleeper. It seems real while it is happening; but when one awakes, one does not benefit from the material things one had while asleep. The present then depends on what one requested while asleep. God teaches in every way. A thief hanged on the gallows is an object lesson as is the person whom the king gives a robe of honor; but you should consider the difference between those two preachers. Even suffering is a divine grace, and hell becomes a place of worship as souls turn back to God just as being in prison or suffering pain often urges one to pray for relief. Yet after people are released or healed, they often forget to seek God. Believers, however, do not need to suffer, because even in ease they are mindful that suffering is constantly present. An intelligent child that has been punished does not forget the punishment; but the stupid child forgets it and is punished again. The wickedness and vice of humans can be great, because they are what veil the better element, which is also great. These veils cannot be removed without great striving, and Rumi recommended that the best method is to mingle with friends who have turned their backs to the world and their faces to God.



My mother was fortune, my father generosity and bounty

My mother was fortune, my father generosity and bounty; I am joy, son of joy, son of joy, son of joy.

Behold, the Marquis of Glee has attainted felicity; this city and plain are filled with soldiers and drums and flags.

If I encounter a wolf, he becomes moonfaced Joseph; if I go down into a well, it converts into a Garden of Eram.

He whose heart is as iron and stone out of miserliness is now changed before me into a Hatem of the age in generosity and

bounty.

Dust becomes gold and pure silver in my hand; how then should the temptation of gold and silver waylay me? I have an idol such that, were his sweet scent scattered abroad, even an idol of stone would receive life through joy. Sorrow has died for joy in him of "may God bind your consolation"; how should not such a sword strike the neck of sorrow? By tyranny he seizes the soul of whom he desires; justices are all slaves of such injustice and tyranny.

What is that mole on that face? Should it manifest itself, out of desire for it forthwith maternal aunt would be estranged from

paternal [uncle].

I said, "If I am done and send my story, will you finish it and expound it?" He answered, "Yes."

Rise, lovers

Rise, lovers, that we may go towards heaven; we have seen this world, so let us go to that world.

No, no, for thought these two gardens are beautiful and fair, let us pass beyond these two, and go to that Gardener.

Let us go prostrating to the sea like a torrent, then let us go foaming upon the face of the sea.

Let us journey from this street of mourning to the wedding feast, let us go from this saffron face to the face of the Judas tree blossom.

Trembling like a leaf and twig from fear of falling, our hearts are throbbing; let us go to the Abode of Security.

There is no escape from pain, since we are in exile, and there is no escape from dust, seeing that we are going to a dustbowl.

Like parrots green of wing and with fine pinions, let us become sugar-gatherers and go to the sugar-bed.

These forms are signs of the signless fashioner; hidden from the evil eye, come, let us go to the signless.

It is a road full of tribulation, but love is the guide, giving us instruction how we should go thereon;

Though the shadow of the king's grace surely protects, yet it is better that on that road we go with the caravan.

We are like rain falling on a leaky roof; let us spring from the leak and go by that waterspout.

We are crooked as a bow, for the string is in our own throats; when we become straight, then we will go like an arrow from the bow.

We cower like mice in the house because of the cats; if we are lion's whelps, let us go to that Lion.

Let us make our soul a mirror in passion for a Joseph; let us go before Joseph's beauty with a present.

Let us be silent, that the giver of speech may say this; even as he shall say, so let us go.

F 1713

"Street of Mourning": The world, which has been called by many similar names, such as "the infidel's paradise," and symbolized by the false dawn, a carcass, a bath-stove and a tomb. (Cf. "World" in Nicholson's index to Math .).

The ravings which my enemy uttered I heard within my heart

The ravings which my enemy uttered I heard within my heart; the secret thoughts he harbored against me I also perceived. His dog bit my foot, he showed me much injustice; I do not bite him like a dog, I have bitten my own lip. Since I have penetrated into the secrets of individuals like men of God, why should I take glory in having penetrated his secret? I reproach myself that through my doubtings it so happened that purposely I drew a scorpion towards my own foot. Like Eblis who saw nothing of Adam except his fire, by God I was invisible to his insignificant Eblis. Convey to my friends why I am afflicted in mind; when the snake bit my thigh I started away from the black rope. The blessed silent ones, their lips and eyes closed -by a way unknown to any man, I ran into their thoughts; Since there is a secret and perfect way from heart to heart, I gathered gold and silver from the treasuries of hearts. Into the thought that was like a brazen stove I flung the dead dog; out of the thought that was like a rose bower I plucked roses and jasmine.

If I have hinted at the evil and good ofm y friends, I have spun flax like a weaver as the choicest veil.

When my heart rushed suddenly to a heart mighty and aware, out of awe for his heart I fluttered like the heart.

As you are happy with your own state, how did you fall in with me? Attend to your own business, for I am neither shaikh nor disciple.

As far as you are concerned, brother, I am neither copper nor red gold; drive me from your door, for I am neither lock nor key. Take it as if I had not ever spoken these words; if you had been in my mind, by God I would not have quarreled.

The time has come for us to become madmen in your chain

The time has come for us to become madmen in your chain, to burst our bonds and become estranged from all;

To yield up our souls, no more to bear the disgrace of such a soul, to set fire to our house, and run like fire to the tavern. Until we ferment, we shall not escape from this vat of the world- how then shall we become intimate with the lip of that flagon and bowl?

Listen to the words from a madman: do not suppose that we become true men until we die.

It is necessary that we should become more inverted than the tip of a comb in the top of the twisted tress of felicity; Spread our wings and pinions like a tree in the orchard, if like a seed we are to be scattered on this road of annihilation. Though we are of stone, we shall become like wax for you seal; though we be candles, we shall become a moth in the track of your light.

Though we are kings, we shall travel straight as rocks for your sake, that we may become blessed through your queen on this chessboard.

In the face of the mirror of love we must not breathe a word of ourselves; we must become intimate with your treasure when we are changed to waste.

Like the tale of the heart we must be without bread or ending, that we may become dwellers in the heart of lovers like a tale. If he acts like the seeker, we shall attain to being sought; if he acts the key, we shall become all the wards of the lock. If Mostafa does not make his way and couch in our hearts, it is meet that we should lament and become like the Wailing Column.

No, be silent; for one must observe silence towards the watchman when we go towards the pavilion by night.

Weary not of us, for we are very beautiful

Weary not of us, for we are very beautiful; it is out of very jealousy and proper pride that we entered the veil.

On the day when we cast of the body's veil from the soul, you will see that we are the envy of despair of man and the Polestars.

Wash your face and become clean for beholding us, else remain afar, for we are beloveds of ourselves.

We are not that beauty who tomorrow will become a crone; till eternity we are young and heart-comforting and fair of stature.

If that veil become worn out, the beauty has not grown old; the life of the Veil is transient, and we are boundless life.

When Eblis saw the veil of Adam, he refused; Adam called to him, "You are the rejected one, not I."

The rest of the angels fell down prostrate, saying as they bowed themselves, "We have encountered a beauty:

"Beneath the veil is an idol who by his qualities robbed us of reason, and we, prostrate, fell."

If our reason does not know the forms of the foul old men from those of the beauties, we are apostates from love.

What place is there for a beauty? For he is the Lion of God. Like a child we prattled, for we are children of the alphabet.

Children are beguiled with nuts and raisins, else, how are we meet for nuts and sesame-grains?

When an old woman is hidden in helmet and chainmail, she says, "I am the illustrious Rostam of the battle ranks."

By her boast all know that she is a woman; how should we make a mistake, seeing that we are in the light of Ahmad?

"The believer is discriminating" - so said the Prophet; now close your mouth, for we are guided rightly without speech.

Hear the rest of from Shams the Pride of Tabiz for we did not take the end of the story from that king.

What Hidden Sweetness Is There

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What hidden sweetness there is in this emptiness of the belly! Man is surely like a lute, no more and no less; For if, for instance, the belly of the lute becomes full, no lament high or low will arise from that full lute. If your brain and belly are on fire through fasting, because of the fire every moment a lament will arise from your breast. Every moment you will burn a thousand veils by that fire; you will mount a hundred steps with zeal and endeavor. Become empty of belly, and weep entreatingly like the reed pipe; become empty of belly, and tell secrets with the reed pen. If your belly is full at the time of concourse, it will bring Satan in place of your reason, an idol in place of the Kaaba. When you keep the fast, good habits gather together before you like slaves and servants and retinue. Keep the fast, for that is Solomon's ring; give not the ring to the div, destroy not your kingdom. Even if your kingdom has gone from your head and your army has fled, your army will rise up, pennants flying above them. The table arrived from heaven to the tents of the fast, by the intervention of the prayers of Jesus, son of Mary. In the fast, be expectant of the table of bounty, for the table of bounty is better than the broth of cabbages.

When I am asleep and crumbling in the tomb

When I am asleep and crumbling in the tomb, should you come to visit me, I will come forth with speed. You are for me the blast of the trumpet and the resurrection, so what shall I do? Dead or living, wherever you are, there am I. Without your lip I am a frozen and silent reed; what melodies I play the moment you breathe on my reed! Your wretched reed has become accustomed to your sugar lip; remember wretched me, for I am seeking you. When I do not find the moon of your countenance, I bind up my head [veil myself in your mourning]; when I do not find your sweet lip, gnaw my own hand.