

PERSIAN PSALMS

TO THE READER

A straw, at times, becomes the screen of my
eye;
And with one look, at times, I have seen both
the worlds.
The Valley of Love is a long way away, and
yet, at times,
The journey of a hundred years is covered in
a sigh.
Persist in your search, and do not let go of the
hem of hope—
There is a treasure that, at times, you will find
by the way.

[Translated by Mustansir Mir]

PERSIAN PSALMS

PART ONE

Passing over outdoor matters,
I have spoken of inside matters;
With what bold abandon I have said
things
That had been left unsaid!

[Translated by Mustansir Mir]

INVOCATION

I pray thee, Lord, to me impart
Within my breast a conscious heart:
Give me the vision to divine

The rapture pulsing through the wine,
It never pleased me, to receive
Another's breath, that I might live:
Give me a breath as light as morn,
A sigh that in the home was born.
I am a torrent: do not set
Me dribbling in a rivulet,
But give my waters space to spill
O'er valley broad and spreading hill.
Is it thy will to fashion me
A rival to the boundless sea,
Amid the tumult of the main
Grant me the pearl's repose to gain.
Thou had'st the falcon that I am
Follow the leopard for his game:
Give me high will, a sharper claw,
To win my victim to my maw.
The small fowl of the Sanctuary
I marked my precious prey to be:
Grant me an arrow that, unsped,
Unerring flies, and strikes them dead.
Illuminate my lifeless clay
With anthems David used to play;
Let all my atoms swiftly spring
Upborne upon an ember's wing.

1

Tumultuous Love where'er it rove
Unto Thy street is brought;
What boasteth he who findeth Thee
That for himself he sought?

[Translated by A.J. Arberry]

2

The ardent longing in our hearts—
Where does it come from?

Ours is the tumbler, but the wine within—
Where does it come from?

I know that this world is mere dust,
And that we, too, are a handful of dust.
But this pain of quest that runs through our
being—
Where does it come from?

Our glances reach the neckline of the Galaxy;
This obsession of ours, this tumult and
clamor—
Where does it come from?

[Translated by Mustansir Mir]

3

O bring me back the singing,
The airs of long ago;
Bring back the sweet, sad music
To set cold hearts aglow.

Too hushed is mosque and temple,
Too silent church and shrine;
Stir up a thousand tumults
With that dark glance of Thine.

Fill me the fiery goblet
That made my dust to flame:
Youth thirsts anew, desirous,
And youth shall quaff the same.

The pipe that sets a-dancing
The heart within the breast,
The wine that moves the spirit
And melts and soul oppressed—

Soft amid Persia's rushes
The breeze of morning sings:
Bring me the spark that trickles
From those melodious strings.

4

Thou who didst make more ardent
My sighing and my tears,
O let my anthem quicken
Dust of a thousand years.

What wilt Thou of my heart, then,
Who with the wine of life
Excitest in the goblet
This passion and this strife?

And when my breath caressing
Shall softly, sweetly blow,
The withered heart will blossom,
The tulip newly glow.

My fantasy is soaring
Beyond the stars and sun;
Why lurkest Thou in hiding,
When hunting's to be done?

O Master, guard the honour
Of him who begs of thee;
He'll let no wine of others
Within his goblet be.

[Translated by A.J. Arberry]

5

From my handful of dust You draw out a
hundred laments;
You are nearer than the soul—for all Your shy
reserve.

Hiding in the gentle breeze, thief-like You
enter the garden;
You mix with the flower's perfume, and blend
with the bud.

The West is indifferent to You, the East is all
legends;
It is time you etched a new design in the
world.

He who is heady with the ambition of world-
conquest—
Soothe his craze with the lancet of Genghis.

An unreined bondsman, I might slip away
again—
Suppose You hung these curly tresses around
my neck!

Lament is all I know, but they say I am a
singer of *ghazal*;
What is this dew-like thing You are pouring
on my heart?

[Translated by Mustansir Mir]

6

Though dust, and dark as dust, am I,
I have a little heart, whereby
With vision open as a star

I gaze on beauty from afar.

Praying Thy fingers may caress,
Unuttered is my heart's distress;
And Thou supposest that maybe
My lyre has lost its minstrelsy.

Do Thou so quicken my desire
That, with a melody of fire,
I may the earthy heart make bright,
And wholly melt the heart of light.

The burning fever of my breed
Is symptom of my so great need;
Thou, who art God, and lackest naught,
Know'st not the anguish in me wrought,

I never sought to make this plain
Or keep it hid from any man;
My secret has itself displayed,
And so my melody was made.

7

With a song of agony,
With a sweet, soft melody,
To a dying world athirst
Lo: life's flagon I have burst.

In the way as beggars are
Thou hast set that world ajar
Ere the ambition to attain
Ever sprang in mortal brain.

'Twas Thy surmah-shaded eye
Heart and soul were ravished by;
O, the archery of it,
With one shaft two marks to hit!

What a springtime of delight
Greets my underserving sight!
Hear me in the meadow sing,
Like a new thrush caroling.

Not so strange, if monarchs, twain
In one kingdom cannot reign,
As that both the worlds are less
Than one dervish to possess.

8

On faith and infidelity
O scatter wide Thy Clemency;
At last the veil of darkness raise

From the full splendour of Thy Face.

Play once again the ancient song,
And swiftly pass the wine along;
Let the flame-fever of Thy cup
Irradiate us as we sup.

Why, with Thy ringlets for a snare,
Forth to the garden dost Thou fare,
When on Thy roof a bird there be,
More worthy of Thy venery?

Expectant waits the Iraqi sand,
Athirst is Hijaz' desert land;
To Syria and Kufa give
Husain's spilled blood, that they may live.

Love spurneth the attendant guide,
Alone upon the way he'll ride,
Nor yield to any man's control
The reining of his stubborn soul.

To convent foolishly I went,
Upon that threshold to lament,
Until I found my road to be
Direct unto God's sanctuary.

Behold this lone bird on the wing,
First of the caravan of Spring,
Who in his solitary cage
Carols the message of his age!

9

A flame is in my minstrelsy,
A fearlessness, a tragedy;
A spark is smouldering in my corn,
And sprightly blows the breath of morn.

Love keeps no state, no manner grand.
And yet an axe is in Love's hand
Wherewith the mountain's heart is hued
All innocent of Parviz' blood.

It pricked my heart, this subtlety
An orator once told to me:
'The loved one's glance hath more to teach
Than all the wizardry of speech.'

Come to my pillow once again;
Sit for one moment; for the pain
Of separation wracks my soul,
My cup of loneliness is full.

Awhile into the mead I came,
Naked my anguished spirit's flame;
The breeze of morning fiercer blew,
My heart was sprinkled o'er with dew.

The secret sign will overset
The lover's shrine entire; and yet
It is the fearless glance I need
That makes the lovers' heart to bleed.

Water's the seat of both, and clay;
What is the mystery then, I pray,
The mind doth like the clay right well,
But there the heart is loth to dwell?

Behold, and see! in Ind's domain
Thou shalt not find the like again,
That, though a Brahman's son I be,
Tabriz and Rum stand wide to me.

[Translated by A.J. Arberry]

10

The eyes and heart that I have take such
delight in view—
What is my fault if I should carve idols out of
rough stone?

For all Your manifest glory You are veiled—
You cannot suffer looks!
Tell me, my moon, what is my recourse other
than lament?

What harm would come if You strolled by the
lodgings of a caravan,
Whose only unworthy possession is a little,
broken heart?

I sang out a *ghazal*, hoping that expression
would bring relief—
The flame does not die down with one spark
breaking off.

The living heart You gave me is ill at ease
with veils—
Give me an eye that will see the fire in the
rock.

Every piece of my heart shares in the joy it
gives—
How did You vest Your sorrow in a heart of a
thousand pieces?

High waves never wrecked anyone's boat in
the sea;
The danger that love sees lies in the safety of
the shore.

With a stately disregard I passed by the lords
of the world—
Like a full moon passing by the stars.

[Translated by Mustansir Mir]

11

Though the falcon of the brain
Yearneth on the wing to be,
Archers in this desert plain
Wait upon him secretly!

Yet the tied and twisted cord
Lacketh not for remedy:
Singing can the cure afford
Of this hard perplexity.

If the power of speech be there,
Yet is knowledge not possessed;
Hapless servant, who doth bear
Such a secret in his breast!

Though a hundred varied ways
They should burn and ravage me,
There is comfort in my blaze
And a glad felicity.

Dust, and dead as dust, are we,
Yet a heart we merited:
Lo! the living deity
Heart-engendered in the dead.

In my breast there is a flame
Setteth all the house aglow,
Yet it is the very same
That the house doth overthrow.

Plato's mind the world described,
Yet I will not trust in it,
For a heart is in my side
Bold to view the infinite.

12

What is the world? The temple of my thought,
The seen projection of my wakeful eye;

Its far horizons, instant to espy,
A circle by my spinning compass wrought.

As I behold, or not, is aught, or naught;
Time, space, within my mind audacious lie,
Movement, repose, are my heart's wizardry
Whereby are secrets known, and mysteries
taught.

That other world, where reaped is all our
sown,
Its light and fire are of my rosary made;
I am fate's instrument, whose antiphon
Responds to every string thought ever played,
Where is Thy sign? In Thee my life is stayed;
Where is Thy world? These twain are mine
alone.

13

It is the season of the spring
And nightingales are carolling;
O smile on me, and chant a song,
And freely pass the wine along.

Behold the tears that I have shed,
Then on Thy beauty turn Thy head;
O set my heart of reeds afire
With the swift lightning of desire.

And bid the breeze of spring, I pray,
Unto my fancy take its way
And paint the valley and the plain
With beauteous images again.

Flower in the mead that blossometh,
Receive new freshness from my breath;
Amid Thy bower, since I was born,
I lived beside the rose and thorn.

On my heart's touchstone then assay
This world of water and of clay;
My heart shall prove a mirror bright
Reflecting all Thy shade and light.

Thou 'st never gambled with Thy heart,
Nor of the world had any part;
When in Thy presence I would be,
What day of reckoning I see!

The aged ringdovc in the glade
Harkened to my lament, and said,
'No songbird ever carolled here
So sweet an air of yesterday.'

14

From life and being's twisted skein
Let me be free;
In resignation is to gain
True liberty.

Love quivered, and within this field
Of barren spring
Sprinkled a thousand seeds, to yield
My harvesting.

Indeed I know not what His glance
Viewed in my clay
Upon the stone of time and chance
Me to assay.

With stubble and with straw He came
A world to found,
Then gave to me a heart of flame
To prove me sound.

O take the goblet from my hand,
For hope is past;
The saki played at glances, and
My heart was lost.

15

Rise! and upon the thirsty land
Sprinkle life's wine with lavish hand;
Kindle anew the spirit's fire,
And bid the flame in us expire.

The tavern wine is drained and gone,
The drinkers find oblivion;
The school re-echoes to the shout,
And every lamp has flickered out.

Reason's a knot-resolving slave,
Faith mid convention's laid to grave,
For in the breast there beats a heart,
The unseen target of love's dart,

Both are in quest of one abode
And both would lead upon the road:
Reason tries every stratagem,
But love pulls gently by the hem.

Love to the dust ruin hurled
The tabernacle of the world,
And stretches high his fingers, even
Unto the canopy of heaven.

16

Thinkest Thou that to the threshold
I have made this pilgrimage?
With the master of the household
I have business to engage.

O deny me not Thy presence,
For a wan, pale spark am I
That to win a moment's lustre
In eternal fever lie.

Never more will I look backward
On the road that I have traced;
'Tis to gain the far to-morrow
That, like Time, I forward haste.

Lo, love's ocean is my vessel,
And love's ocean is my strand;
For no other ship I hanker,
Nor desire another land.

Scatter now a spark, but gently,
Such a spark as will not burn;
I am newly fledged to needing,
To the nest I would return.

In the far, fond hope that, haply,
Thou wilt hunt for me one day,
From the spinning noose of princes
Like a fawn I leapt away.

And if Thou wilt be so gracious,
I will give these friends of mine
A bright glass or two delightful
Of my night-consoling wine.

17

With a glance at us who sit by the way
He goes riding by:
Conceive, if Thou canst, my soul's dismay
Sore distraught am I.

What have I to tell of the lovely fair
Unto anyone?
With a gaze as swift as a spark in the air
He is past and gone.

To the friend's abode it is hard to tread
And the road is far;
But love rides high, and is quickly sped
On the back of a star.

What cause to despair, though the circling sky
Be wrapped in a veil?
It will pierce a rock, the audacious eye,
And it cannot fail.

Our sprinkled dew is an ocean wide,
And the sky its shore;
Let a lone wave break, and its swelling tide
Shall yet higher soar.

When Thou shalt stand with Him face to face,
Do not lift thine eyes;
For sight is vain in that holy place,
And the vision dies.

How should I weep, though sorrow sears?
For my broken heart
Is borne on the flood of my bitter tears,
And will soon depart.

18

Better is the robbers' train
Than the heaven-pacing brain,
Better one distress of heart
Than all Plato's learned art.

Yesterday the Magian boy
Told me of love's secret joy:
'Better that salt tear of thine
Than the sweet and ruby wine.'

Better poverty, that gains
Bloodlessly the heart's domains,
Than the realm Darius won,
Feridun's dominion.

In the Magian temple cry;
Let Thy voice be heard on high!
But within the Sufi cell
Better is the whispered spell.

With our river of heart's blood
Need is none of Noah's flood;
Better there one swelling wave
Than where Oxus' waters lave.

Lo, Thy torrent sweeping down
Threatens to engulf the town!
Better let Thy havoc be
In the desert's privacy.

Singer Iqbal, sooth to tell,
Call him not an infidel:

Better he were out of school
Till his fevered brain shall cool!

[Translated by A.J. Arberry]

19

Either do not tell the Muslim to put his life at
risk,
Or else breathe a new soul into this worn-out
frame.

Do one thing or the other!

Either tell the Brahmin to carve a new idol,
Or go and dwell in zunnar-wearers' hearts
Yourself

Do one thing or the other!

Either a new Adam, a little less evil than Iblis
Or another Iblis to challenge faith and reason!
Do one thing or the other!

Either a new world or a new test!
For how long will you go on treating us like
this?

Do one thing or the other!

Give us poverty? Do it, but gives us Chosroe's
glory as well!
Or give us reason together with Gabriel's
disposition.

Do one thing or the other!

Either kill the desire for revolution that stirs
in my heart,
Or completely change these heavens and the
earth.

Do one thing or the other!

[Translated by Mustansir Mir]

20

Intellect is passion too,
And it knows the joy to view,
But the poor unfortunate
Dares not as the inebriate.

Though I know the fantasy
Of the stage was shaped by me,
Yet it were a coward's way
On the journey to delay.

Every moment is my prayer
That I may yet further fare,

Till my folly's governor
Says there is no desert more.

In such frenzy of the soul
Still I do not yield control:
Every madman cannot boast
That to self he is not lost!

21

All that in life I love the best
Is the sweet fever of Thy quest;
The way is like an adder's sting,
Be not to thee my wayfaring.

Lo, Gabriel with naked heart
Out of love's bosom doth depart,
Hopeful to catch a spark of fire
From the vast flame of Thy desire.

Anon I rend my veil in twain,
Yearning the vision to attain;
Anon with unavailing sight
I veil myself before Thy light.

Whether in quest of thee I go,
Or at the last myself to know,
Intellect, heart, sight—all astray
Blindly the wander on Thy way.

I was a seedling of Thy mead;
Sprinkle Thy dew upon my head;
The blossom's heart will quicken, yet
No drop shall lack the rivulet.

22

The night grows late, the route is up,
No need for saki now or cup;
Pass me Thy goblet, friend of mine,
I'll pour thee the remaining wine.

Whoever from the golden bowl
Quaffs the sweet poison of the soul,
In my clay jar the bitter juice
Is the sole antidote of use.

Lo, from my dust the sparks unspire:
Whose spirit shall I set afire?
'Twas wrong, to kindle in my breast
This furnace of desire's unrest!

Alas, the Western mind hath soiled
The springs of knowledge undefiled;

Stoic alike and Platonist
Have shrouded all the world in mist.

'Ah! I am poisoned' —hark, the cry
Of the world's heart ascendeth high;
Reason replies lamentingly,
'I know no charm, no remedy.'

Let it be priest, or beggar poor,
King, or the slave that keeps his door,
All seek success of merchandise
Amid hypocrisy and lies.

The money-changers in the mart
Are blind of head, and black of heart;
The brighter gleams my glowing gem,
The meaner is its worth to them.

23

Saki, on my heart bestow
Liquid flame with living glow;
Let the resurrection day
Dawn tremendous on my clay.

He, for one small grain of corn,
Cast me to the earth in scorn;
Pour one glass, and see me rise
Glorified beyond the skies.

Give to love Thy liquor, then,
Strong to loose the thighs of men;
Toss the liquor's sediments
In the beaker of the sense.

Wisdom and philosophy
Are a grievous load on me;
Heavenly guide! Stretch out Thy hand,
Lift my burden, let me stand.

If hot liquor proveth vain
To illuminate the brain,
Suffer me a second chance,
Save me with Thy flashing glance.

Fear and hope are yet at odds
In our banquet of the gods;
Make us all in ignorance be
Of the wheel of destiny!

Roses and anemones
Scatter at the autumn breeze;
Yet within our ancient bough
Set the new sap rising now!

24

The juice that maketh tulips spring
Within the heart—a bumper bring,
Saki! and let the April gust
Scatter at will my body's dust.

I drank the West's enamelled bowl,
And darkness settled o'er my soul;
O give me sight to see the way
And where I went so sore astray.

Upon the wave of every breeze
Like chaff I turned as it might please;
Tumultuous beats the heart of me
With vain surmise; give certainty!

My spirit's fretful small desire
Gloweth wanly as a spark of fire;
Give me desire of heart's delight,
A star to shine upon my night.

Thou gavest in my hand a pen
Skilful to paint a king of men;
Thou madest me a scribe; then give
A tablet, that my creed may live!

25

Of every image that the heart
Takes from the eye—I have no part;
Perception weigheth not with me,
I beg for pure reality.

Anon a touch of madness lies
In the conventions of the wise;
I come with collar torn, a fool,
For all I went to wisdom's school.

Anon I wrap me in the world,
Anon about me 'tis enfurled;
Pass round the wine, and pass again,
That I may break this tangled skein.

No Saki's glance enchants me here,
Nor any talk of love sincere;
From Mullah's board and Sufi's feast
I nothing gain but care increased.

'Th time that they had much to do
With me, Thy choice and favoured few:
The desert was my upbringing;
I fearless stride before the king.

26

Against the light, an infidel,
My heart, unfettered, doth rebel;
It bows before God's sanctuary,
And idols serves, indifferently.

It sets a balance, to access
The value of its righteousness,
Ready to strike a bargain smart
With God, in resurrection's mart.

It would have earth and heaven fulfil
All the requirements of its will,
And claims, though dust, a judge to be
With a divine authority.

Anon it will with God accord,
Anon it fights against the Lord,
Stands for a time as truth's ally.
And then it doth the truth deny.

While in its essence void of hue,
It paints a lying image, too:
A Moses, who the part doth bear
Of prophet, and of sorcerer!

Its glance a touch of the insane
Imparteth to the prudent brain,
And yet a lancet it can use
The madman's swelling to reduce.

When shall this traveller reach his goal,
The inner chamber of the soul,
That doth these thousand years abide
At falsehood's shrine, in slothful pride?

27

Why in the concourse dost Thou seek
The poet's wild, ecstatic shriek,
Or lookest for another's riot,
Whose heart is troubled and unquiet?

My affluent muse was taught by thee
To swim the waves of melody;
Why seekest Thou the gem? Behold,
My pierced heart doth the sea enfold.

Except within Thy presence there
I stand. I cannot breathe my prayer:
My heart before Thy feet I fling—
What else should unbeliever bring?

28

Faith and infidelity
Fight not for the mind of me;
No delights of Paradise
Do my stricken soul entice.

Cleave my heart and lay it bare,
Thou shall find Thy image there,
Gleam pervasive, shadowless,
Moonlight on a wilderness.

29

Thine is the hawk upon the wing
And thine the thrush sweet-carolling,
Thine is the light and joy of life
And thine its fire and baneful strife.

Thou gayest me a heart awake
And, through the world my way to take,
A little dust—a moon forlorn
Upon a night-dark litter borne.

My every thought from thee doth start,
Whether on lip or in the heart;
Whether the pearl be brought from sea,
Or left enfolded, 'tis of thee.

I am the selfsame cloud of dust
Swept idly as the wind doth lust;
Tulip, and springtime's scattered dew.
Thou art their sole creator too.

Thou art the painter; Thy design
Inspires and moves this brush of mine;
Thy hands the living world adorn,
And shape the ages yet unborn.

Much sorrow in my heart I had
That by the tongue could not be said:
Love, lovelessness, troth, treachery—
All things alike are sprung of thee.

30

One step on friendship's road
Fairer I see
Than the moat pressing load
Of piety.

Take for Thy rest awhile
This heart of mine
And lay aside Thy toil

And task divine.

O come; and tidings bring
How stands my heart,
Where I am wandering,
And where Thou art.

Recall those glances pure
Of love intense
How long must I endure
Indifference?

Last night the burning moon
Did me address:
'Accept the anguish, son,
Of unaccess.'

Fair spake she; but, ah yes,
My creed of love
To live in loneliness
Doth not approve.

Before thee I have laid
This heart of mine;
Haply the twist thread
Thou canst untwine.

31

In my heart's empire, see
How He rides spitefully,
Rides with imperious will
To ravage, and to kill!

No heart is there, but bright
Gleameth in that moon's light;
A thousand mirrors, see!
Reflect His coquetry.

To each hand he hath won
Ten realms of Solomon,
Yet gambles with it all
To gain a poor, mean thrall.

The hearts of such as know
Swift He assaults; but lo:
Before the unwise, unskilled,
He casteth down His shield.

32

Upon the road of high desire
My load yet lieth in the mire,
Because my heart would still engage

With trappings, caravan, and stage.

Where is the lightning of the gaze
That shall my dwelling burn and raze?
Fain would I yet a bargain keep
With what men sow, and what men reap.

O let this layman's vessel ride
Upon a full, tempestuous tide:
The wave affrighteth me so sore,
I fix my gaze upon the shore.

Ah, what adventure is to gain—
To quiver, never to attain:
Thrice happy he, who even now
Behind the train doth riding go.

But he who never knew his heart
From the two worlds to dwell apart,
He still bemused and cheated is
By unsubstantial images.

A single, brief epiphany
Consoleteth not the passionate eye:
Where shall I take the wounding dart
That pricketh even yet my heart?

In the glad presence of the friend
A history is that hath no end,
As still these sorrows yet unsaid
Lie in my heart deep-buried.

33

The days are ended
Of winter long;
The branches quiver
With living song.

The breeze in beauty
Arrays the rose
As from the river
It gently blows.

The tulip's lantern
In desert bare
Is fanned to brightness,
By the spring air.

Sad, mid the roses,
My heart doth dwell,
Yea, from the meadow
Flees the gazelle;

A little eases
With grief and pain
Or like a bill-stream
Laments again.

Lest my heart's passion
May softer grow,
Not to the trusty
I'll tell my woe.

34

At home to loiter never did me please,
A rover I, stranger in every land.
At dawn, the ashes thus addressed the breeze:
'This desert's air put out my flaming brand;

Pass gently; scatter me not with Thy hand;
I yet recall the caravans's unease.'
My tears, like dew, trickled upon the sand,
I, too, being dust on the world's passages.

Then in my heart I heard a soft voice sing:
The stream of time did from my fountain
spring.

The past is all my fever and fire of yore,
The future all that I am yearning for:

Think not upon thy dust, O think no more—
Lo, by the life, I know no perishing!

35

By the Saki's eye
Heart-enflamed I lie;
Drunk without wine—
O delight divine!

All unveiled, desire
Burns a fiercer fire;
Let me see or no,
Yet my soul's aglow.

See the rebec's string
At my fingering
Like a candle's wick
Flameth bright and quick.

Save my heart can be
Lodging none for me,
Naught is me assigned,
Ne'er a way I find.

Till the sun arise

From the eastern skies
Sleep to me denied.
Like the stars I ride.

36

Thou didst turn my night to dawning;
O Thou sun of presence bright,
Like the sun Thou art in brightness,
Light unveiled, most worthy light!

Camest Thou to ease my sorrow,
And within my thought didst rest,
Then didst vanish from my vision
With so swift, impetuous haste.
Thou assay of the assayless,

Ease of the reposeless mind,
Cure of the afflicted spirit,
Save too rare Thou art to find!
Passion's sorrow, passion's pleasure,

Two fold is love's influence:
Now an agony and burning,
Now the drunkard's turbulence.
Speak me then, for true Thou knowest:

Of my heart the history tell—
Where is now my heart in hiding?
In my breast it doth not dwell.

By the majesty I swear it,
No desire my spirit moves
Save the prayer: An eagle spirit,
Lord, bestow upon Thy doves!

37

None other in this tavern is,
Saki, to share my mysteries;
Am I the first (O who can tell)
Conceived in heaven, on earth to dwell?

Awhile this spent and weary frame
Thou makest dust; and on the same
Scatterest water; lo I see
Fire in the ashes presently

Bring me that fortune ever new,
The cup where lies the world to view,
For, in the palace of the East,
Another Jamshid sits to feast.

38

Tell me this: what is Thy share
In this world of pain and care?
Knowest Thou the spirit's smart?
Hast Thou an uneaseful heart?

Of such bitter tears that well
From the eye, what canst Thou tell?
See, Thy rose's petals hold
Dewy pearls of price untold!

Or the soul, that numbereth
Life departing at each breath,
Borrowed spirit, grief of time—
Shall I speak thee in rhyme?

[Translated by A.J. Arberry]

39

If a sight causes loss of self, it is better hidden
from view:

I do not accept the deal, Your price is too
high.

Speak to us unveiled, the time for being
reserved is gone—

When others told us whatever it was You
wanted of us.

My insolent eyes have pierced the blue sky.
If you want to have a barrier between us,
build another world.

How You look out for Yourself! For all Your
unconcern,

You demand the blood of friends to prove
you exist.

Worship is one station, love is another:
You want angels to bow before you, but men
to do still more.

With love I convert the crude copper I have
into gold,
For when I meet you tomorrow, You will
want a gift from me.

[Translated by Mustansir Mir]

40

Thy light defineth all things one by one:

Black, white, sea, mountain, valley, moon and
sun;

Thou seekest one familiar with the light,
My quest is He who cannot bear the sight.

41

Give me the heart whose rapture fine
Flames from a draught of its own wine,
And take the heart that, self-effaced,
By alien fancy is embraced.

Give me the heart, give me the heart
That of the world will have no part;
I yield the heart right gladly o'er
That is a slave to less and more.

O draw me forth, Thou huntsman bold,
Out of fate's quiver Thou dost hold;
Except the shaft be put to bow,
How shall it lay the quarry low?

This life is ne'er a weary thing
While there be worlds for conquerring:
Behold, one world lies bound and tied—
Into another world I ride.

42

A hand of dust is all I own;
I scatter it upon the way,
Because I hope that on a day
It shall ascend to heaven's throne.

What stratagem have I, what art?
For on the branch of wisdom's tree
No thorn has ever sprung for me
That I might thrust into my heart.

The fires of separation give
A brief effulgence to my flame,
And when I would damp down the same,
That very breath I no more live.

Let it not vanish from my vein,
The wine and drunkenness of love;
I suffer none triumph of
My heart, to take it back again.

Upon the tablets Thou didst write
The argument entire and whole;
And now, so discipline my soul
That I may read the script aright.

If in Thy presence one *ghazal*
I ever made be sung to thee,
What would it cost, the courtesy
To whisper, 'Yes, I know him well'?

43

Let this heart Thou gavest me
Overflow with certainty,
And my world-beholding glass
All its radiance surpass.

Let the bitter potion poured
By the heavens in my gourd
On this toper's tongue of mine
Taste as sweet as honeyed wine.

44

To passion's slaves let no man e'er
The mystery of Thy love declare:
It is not meet for straws to hear
Talk of the blazing brazier.

I was to eloquence designed,
And Thou hast bid me speak my mind;
Such things are in the breast of me
As unto none may uttered be.

Deep in my heart's recesses lies
The sweetest song that yearns to rise;
Among the leaves my notes shall ring,
But in the cage I cannot sing.

'Tis passing strange, if yearning be
Not born to immortality;
How can Thy history be said
In these few breaths, ere I am dead?

45

Ah, the wine, the lute, the piping,
The dear memories of old,
When I held the brimming beaker
And my friend a bowl of gold.

An' Thou comest to my bosom,
In my autumn spring shall glow;
An' Thou come not, May lies mourning
Colder than December's snow.

Mute my soul, when Thou art absent,
Like a harp with broken strings;
From my breast, when Thou art with me,

Rise melodious whisperings.

Well Thou knowest what conveying
Unto passion's feast I went:
Wine in vat, a mead of roses,
And a reed-bed of lament.

Now renew love's old dominion,
That by virtue of its sway
Equal shall the vagrant's mat be
To the royal throne of Kay.

Cry the friends with glad rejoicing
That a wanderer is home;
Though I trod the paths of knowledge,
In my desert still I roam.

46

Stars on my bosom shine
Wept from these eyes of mine:
Lo, beyond heaven's height;
Cast me the joy of sight;

Soared, though in dust I lay,
High o'er the starry way,—
Life of the ember's glow
Likes me not, Thou dost know.

All the world's eve and morn
Are of my whirling born;
Thou know'st this morn and eve
My soul can scarce receive.

Wine brimmed in heaven's cup;
I took and drank it up;
Saki! not sparing be—
Another bowl for me!

Not both the worlds suffice
My folly's avarice;
Earth is a passing day,
Heaven a passage-way.

47

The East, that holds the heavens fast
Within the noose its fancy cast,
Its spirit's bonds are all united,
The flames of its desire have died.

The burning glow of living birth
Pulses no more in its dark earth;
It stands upon the river side

And gazes at the surging tide.
Faint, faint the fires of worship be
In temple and in sanctuary;
The Magian still his cup would pass,
But stale the wine is in his glass.
The vision of the West is blind,
Illusion fills the Western mind;
Drunken with magic scent and hue,
It bows before the great untrue.
Swifter it spins than heaven's sphere;
Death is a gentler ravisher;
Its fingers have so torn my soul,
Never again can it be whole.
Of the earth earthy, it would try
To emulate the ancient sky;
A rogue, a cheat, of works immense,
With pivot none, and little sense.
The East is waste and desolate,
The West is more bewildered yet
The ardent quest inspires no more,
Death reigns supreme the whole world o'er.
Bring me the wine of heart's delight,
And spread the banquet of the night;
Give me the bold, adventurous eye,
And in love's transport let me die.

48

Leave no quarter to resist
To this restless heart of mine
Give Thy curls another twist,
Let Thy tresses intertwine.
In my heart Thy lightning shone
Radiant as flashing gold,
Which the expectant sun and moon
Marvelled sorely to behold.
Holy joy to dwell with thee
Fashioned world idolatry;
Love with his deceitful art
Ever cheats the hopeful heart.
Come the meadow-bird again
To the green and meadowed plain,
That with mind devoid of care
I may tune a sweet, new air.

A high soul Thou gavest me;
Loose my bonds, and set me free?
Kingly raiment I would spurn
If Thy sackcloth I may earn.
If the axe (as legend says)
Cleave the rock, shall that amaze
Love upon his shoulder bears
Such a mountain-range of cares!

49

My soul, embattled
With fortune ever,
Weeps like a river
Among the mountains.
Open and secret
Fate is assailing,
To the unfailing
Fickle and faithless.
Mountain and desert,
Ocean and prairie
Secret unwary
Unsympathising.
Stranger to passion,
Stranger to yearning
Rivulet's turning,
Spray of the fountains.
Pale lamentation's
Flameless outpouring
Nightingales soaring
Song in the thicket.
Burns in my bosom
The brand of passion;
In such a fashion
Burns not the tulip.
No wine of Saki,
No spirits' riot;
The soul unquiet
Bitterly suffers.

50

In Thy hands I now deliver
Once again my restless heart;
It will never cease from labour
For the ease Thou wouldst impart

Hapless heart! whose whole affliction
Is the counting of the breath,
Having not within its power
To be lord of life and death.

In Thy thought as I was slumb'ring
Thou, desirous of display,
This Thy pearl of lustrous beauty
From Thy breast didst cast away.

Loud complaint they laid against thee,
Moon and stars (didst Thou not hear?)
That Thy spark Thou hast enkindled
In my ashes dark and drear.

In my breast His arrow pricking—
There is glory, there is fame!
If I cast myself before Him,
He'd not seize me for His game.

51

A single word sufficeth well
The passion of a world to tell:
The joy to view thee night to me
Moved me to this long history.

Take Thou the faculty of speech
From such as yearn Thy heart to reach,
Knowest Thou not, that love conveys
Eloquence in the tongueless gaze?

To sons of light naught else is known
Except the messenger alone;
The son of earth, in rank so base,
High heaven holds in his embrace.

If but one atom I must give
Of this the fabric that I live,
Too great a price were that, for me
To purchase immortality.

Great ocean, infinitely vast,
Into Thy wave myself I cast;
Yet not ambitious to obtain
The pearl, or that far coast to gain.

Into my soul this meaning true
Thou pourest like the summer dew,
Whereof with sorrow and with sighs
A new world dawns upon mine eyes.

52

How long the veil of eve and dawn
About Thy beauty shall be drawn?
Thy cheek display: make whole to me
This incomplete epiphany.

O glad consuming! rapture fine!
Thyself wouldst beg of me for wine
If unto thee I did relate
The intoxication of my state.

I added to the song of life
The counterpoint of fiery strife;
Scatter the dew that quenches drowth
Into the tulip's thirsty mouth.

Mind searched the volume thro' and thro'
Love found at once the subtle clue;
The clever bird will ever gain
Beneath the snare the hidden grain.

Where is the song, and he that sung?
Words are a lyre pretence has strung;
I draw towards the camel-train
The erring beast without a rein.

In riddles yet I spake, forsooth;
Now is the time for naked truth;
Do Thou declare, where I shall lead
My fellow-travellers in their need.

53

One by one we count our breath
On the narrow road to death;
Like a raging sea we roar
As we walk along the shore.

Though the terror of the sea
Gives to none security,
In the secret of the shell
Self-preserving we may dwell.

Ask them not to price the heart,
Money-changers of the mart;
We can estimate alone
The true merit of our stone.

Tribute none is asked of us
For our fiefdom ruinous;
Beggars sitting by the road,
We are princes of our- blood.

There is one (O wonderful!)
Dwells beside me in my soul;
Who shall say, if it be thee
Or myself, I meet in me?

Draw aside fate's veil, I pray,
From this Adam shaped of clay;
On Thy path precipitate
For our coming we await.

54

No lament, no sigh I uttered;
Naught avail laments and sighs;
Best unspoken, the heart's sorrow;
There be few to sympathise.

In the shrine and in the temple
There is love-talk every where,
Yet through all the world none knoweth
This great secret- that we share.

Here are things too fine for vision;
As the sparks that upward soar
Guard our world for a brief moment,
And the next it is no more.

Coming by the path of seeing
Thou didst past into my mind,
But so sudden was Thy passing
In that hour my eyes were blind.

They that tell the worth of jewels
Would not heed my jewelled ring;
Since the world will not regard it,
Unto thee my gem I bring.

Lo, the goblet mind-illuminating
That the West hath given me,
All the sun's aglow within it;
Of the dawn no sign I see.

55

Tremulous as the moon-light
To our far abode
We came; and no man knoweth
How we trod this road.

Of our heart's grief Thou spakest
To the watchful spies;
We came with lamentation
Shameful of our sighs.

Unveil Thy hidden beauty!
As the dawning sun
All eyes to gaze upon thee
Early we run.

Confirm our resolution
With a stronger faith:
We come unhorsed, unarmoured
To this field of death.

What a far gaze may fashion
Art Thou not aware?
So fared we in Thy presence,
On our lips a prayer.

56

Lord, who didst bring the stars to birth,
Look down upon my scattered earth;
The atom doth itself enfold;
This boundless wilderness behold.

In solitude within my breast
Immortal beauty lies at rest;
Beneath this envelope of clay
Regard the sun's effulgent ray.

Tumultuous love Thou didst impart
To this my frail and mortal heart;
See now Thy conflagration roll
Among the rushes of my soul.

Clothed in the robes of old disgrace
Note how I labour to efface
By hard endeavour every stain,
And wash life's garment white again.

My dust ascending in the air
Seeks a new heaven to prepare;
This atom, That is naught, and less,
Would populate a wilderness!

[Translated by A.J. Arberry]

PERSIAN PSALMS

PART TWO

You are a branch of the Sidrah tree,

Do not become the thorns and thistles of
the garden.

If you have denied His existence,
Do not deny your own.

Both worlds may be seen in the wine-pitches I
have!

Where is the eye to view the sights I see?

There will come another man, possessed, who
will shout *hu!* in the city;

Two hundred commotions will arise from the
obsession I have.

Do not worry, ignorant one, at the
approaching darkness of nights—
For the scar of my forehead sparkles like stars.

You take me as your companion, but I am
afraid

That you are not up to the tumult and uproar
I have raised.

[Translated by Mustansir Mir]

1

Rise up! The hour is here
That Adam shall appear;
The stars bow, as they must,
To this handful of dust.

The secret, that at rest
Was hid in Being's breast,
By Clay and Water stirred
Is magically heard.

2

On the roadway of desire
Swift to gaze and to aspire,
Glance-assaying, clear of head,
Moon and star together tread.

Say, what visions of delight
In the dust amazed their sight,
That they turned them from the skies
And have fixed on us their eyes.

3

Thou canst pass, like morning's breeze,
Deep into the anemones,
With a single breath disclose
The locked secrets of the rose.

What is Life? The world, and all,
To make spirit's captive thrall;
Since the world has prisoned thee,
How shalt thou bring this to be?

'Twas decreed, long since enow,
Sun and moon to thee should bow,
But as yet thou knowest not
How thou canst achieve, and what.

Take thou then a flask of wine
From this tavern that is mine,
And of one poor clod of earth
Thou shalt bring a world to birth.

Iqbal! What bright lamp is it
In thy bosom thou hast lit,
That the things thyself canst do
Thou in us canst fashion, too?

4

If it be thy will to gain
The safe shore of Passion's main,
With a thousand brands of fire
One faint flame is thy desire.

God has taught me how to spring
Joyously upon the wing;
Thou aspiest but to rest
Cowering in thy meadow's nest.

Seekest thou to win perchance
The Beloved's secret glance?
First awhile be clutching then
So the skirts of conscient men.

With no madness in thy breast
Through the town thou clamourest;
Pitcher shattered from thy grip,
Thou wouldst yet the revel keep.

Practice too the amorous art,
Learn to captivate the heart,
If thou dost desire of me
Love's immortal minstrelsy.

5

Time is the winged messenger
Of the Heart's Desire;
Wondrous herald! Tidings fair
Is his life entire.

Think not, thou shalt never win
The Beloved to view:
The desire thy breast within
Still is raw, and new!

Well I know that thou dost soar
Hawklike high in air;
Yet beware the flower, for
Ancient is his snare.

How may Gabriel aspire
Where Man's dust shall fly?
If his present fame is higher,
'Tis his roof that's high!

All thy life is breath to take,
Knowing not, frail man,
That true living is to break
The days' talisman.

Of the science of the West
This much I will speak:
Sweet are sighs and tears expressed
While the gaze is weak.

O'er the Crescent and the Cross
I am raised sublime;
Other tumult now doth toss
In the brain of Time.

6

Of the Friend's ingenuous wit
I can relate no more:
By my pillow he did sit,
And spake upon the cure!

Though the tongue is bold enough,
The argument right fair,
What can I declare of Love,
Save that none can declare?

Happy he, who dared to reach
Deep into Being's brain
And drew forth like jewels speech,
And fluent spoke again.

Desolate with joy am I
That, recognizing me,
In reproach He whispered, sly,
"Poor, homeless vagrant, see!"

Grieve not, that this world of ours
Its secret still conceals;

What is speechless to the flowers,
The birds' lament reveals.

Passion's message, that anew
I tell unfeignedly,
To the tulip spake the dew,
But spake in secrecy.

If my speech is all distraught,
What wonder were in this?
Of His tresses who speaks aught,
His tale distressful is.

7

Mind, that is ever questing,
And finding, without resting,
Fired by the joy of viewing
Was vision still pursuing.

Seek thou pure revelation
Past sun and moon's low station,
For all things here reported
By vision are distorted.

8

I am the slave of each living heart
Whose love is pure, refined,
Not cloistered monks who dwell apart,
Their hearts to none resigned.

With such a heart as knows the hue,
Yet from all hue is free,
In mosque, and inn, and temple, too,
The touchstone sure they be.

Beyond the moon and Pleiades
Their gaze is lifted high,
The Milky Way contents not these
For them to nest thereby.

Within the multitude are they,
Yet out of it withal;
In spirit's solitude they stay,
While dwelling amid all.

Regard not meanly, nor despise
The truly loving man;
Though little worth, 'tis merchandise
Fit for Life's caravan.

The charter of their liberty
Is writ for slaves to keep;

And now the Shaykh and Brahman be
Shepherds without their sheep.

Take thou the goblet in thy hold;
Wine lawful is, they tell
Although the tale be strange, 'tis told
By speakers credible.

9

The tulip of this meadowland
Is yet all flecked with hue;
Cast not the shield out of thy hand,
For battle flares anew.

A tumult, in whose swelling breast
Two hundred tumults wait
That maiden is, who dwells caressed
In Europe's cradle yet.

O thou who sittest at thy ease
Beside the shore, arise!
The whirlpool roars across the seas,
The shark in menace lies.

No part of wisdom 'tis, I trow,
The trusty axe to shun;
Within the rock's heart, even now,
Are rubies to be won.

Await! and I will raise the veil,
That other songs may thrill;
What should I of such music tell
The lute concealeth still?

When the world's wondrous Artist viewed
The madness in my brain,
He cried, "Too mighty swells thy mood,
This ruin to contain!"

10

Faith depends on arguments
And on magic eloquence;
Yet anon men serve the Lord
With the lance and fearless sword.

Oft the dervish robes conceal
Underneath a coat of steel;
Lovers, slaves to passion's mood,
With such armour are endued.

When the world too old is grown,
It is burnt and overthrown,

Then its water and its clay
Men for new foundation lay.

Stored and cherished capital,
For one glance they yield it all:
What a people these, who take
Profit of the loss they make!

What upon a blade of grass
Ether-borne they bring to pass,
'Tis not strange that they can prove,
Ponderous mountain chains to move.

Love is as a merchandise;
In Life's marketplace it lies,
Now at little price is sold,
And anon for mighty gold.

I have sung lamentingly
Out of sleep to waken thee,
Else is Love a labour done
Sighlessly, without a groan.

11

Drunk with self hood like a wave
Plunge into the stormy lave;
Who commanded thee to sit
With thy skirts about thy feet?

Let the tiger be thy prey;
Leave the mead and flowers gay,
Out toward the mountain press,
Tent thee in the wilderness.

Cast thy strangling rope on high,
Circle sun and moon in sky,
Seize a star from heaven's sphere,
Stitch it on thy sleeve to wear.

Selfhood's wine, as I have guessed,
Tart and bitter is to taste,
Yet regard thy pain within—
Drain our desperate medicine

12

Out of Hijaz and the lonely plain
The Guide of the Time is come,
Back from the far, far vale again
The Caravan hastens home.

Lo, on the brow of the slaves I see
The Sultan's splendour bright,

The dust of Ayaz shines radiantly
With Mahmud's torch alight.
In Ka'bah and Temple long, long years
The deep lament arose,
Till from Love's banquet now appears
One Man who the Secret knows.

The sighs that out of the bosom break
Of a people at earnest prayer
A brave and new foundation make
In Life's mind everywhere.

O take the trembling lute from me,
For my hand can play no more;
In streams of blood my melody
From the heart of the harp doth pour.

13

Of the Sultan I would take
One gaze, if so I may;
Muslim I, I do not make
A god of clay.

See, the independent heart
That in my breast I bear
To the beggar doth impart
A regal air.

What doth on the tulip fall
Out of the starry sky,
O'er the verdant herbage all
Now scatter I.

Ranging through the Infinite
My thought begs never boon,
As the Pleiades crave light
From sun and moon.

But if any wandering sun
Toward my path should stray,
With a smile I make it run
Far from the way.

With the lustre and the flame
That Nature hath endowed
Like a lightning-flash I gleam
In a dark cloud.

Well I know the wont and way
Of them that rule, aloof
Joseph's in the well, and they
Asses, on roof!

14

Like the dervish drunken be;
Quaff the wine-cup instantly,
And, when thou art bolder grown,
Hurl thyself on Jamshid's throne

"This our world," they asked of me,
"Is't congenial to thee?"
"Nay", I answered; and they cried,
"Break and strew it far and wide!"

In the taverns I saw none
Meet to be companion;
Get thee less with tavern-boys
Smite with Rustam and rejoice!

Tulip in the desert bright,
Burn thou not in lonely light;
Let thy heart consuming glow
Blaze in Adam's bosom, too.

Thou'rt His fiery inward mood,
Thou the fever of His blood;
Dost thou not believe? Go, rend
This world's body, end to end.

Is the Mind thy lamp? To-day,
Set it out upon the war;
Is thy beaker Love? Drink wine
With some trusty mate of thine.

Ah, my heart is all aglow,
From mine eyes the blood streams flow;
See, my ruby offering;
Take, and wear this in thy ring.

15

Greed is acting still his play
This world to dominate;
What new turbulence, I pray,
Behind Heaven's veil doth wait?

Now and now Mind breaketh through
What idols it designed;
Come, for Love believeth true,
And infidel is Mind.

Thou'rt the Leader of the train;
Then labour fiercely still;
In our tribe, he rule doth gain
Who hath a warrior's will.

Thou hast closed thine eyes, and said,
 "The world's a dream, no less":
 Ope thine eyes; this dream-aped
 Is all of wakefulness.

In thy solitude, alone,
 Create a company:
 Love, that's made to know the One,
 The Many loves to see.

But an instant quivered be
 Ere to the saddle bound—
 Fortunate gazelle, to he
 So singled out to wound!

In the garden and the mead
 I sow my jewelled air;
 Precious goods, yet cheap indeed
 When there are none to hear.

16

Although the Angel dwells beyond
 The talisman of the skies,
 Yet on this hand of dust in fond
 Affection rest his eyes.

Think not upon one fashion goes
 The game of love forlorn;
 Sane are the tulip and the rose
 And yet their robe is torn.

The tale of passion told may be
 Where the Friend sojourneth
 Alone, with a lament that's free
 Of all defiling breath.

So from a star a man may clutch
 The apple of its eye;
 Mind is a falcon at his touch
 Eager and swift to fly.

Unveil thy face; for He Who spake,
 "Thou shalt not gaze on Me"
 A hand of dust in view to take
 Still waiteth patiently.

Who sang within the flowery mead?
 Say, whence his anthem came
 That lo! the rosebud hides her head,
 The roses blush for shame.

17

Where is the Arab, to revive
 The old night-revelry,
 And where the Persian, to bring alive
 The love-lute's minstrelsy?

Under the Sufi elder's gown
 The flagon is bare and dry;
 Alas, for none can tell in the town
 Where young red wine's to buy.

Every man in this grassy mead
 Fashions and takes his rest,
 But where is he, ah, where indeed,
 Who will make, and burn, his nest?

A thousand caravan-trains have stared
 Like a stranger, and then passed on,
 But he that close as a lover dared
 To gaze—is there anyone?

Rise like a wave, and surging flow
 In the ocean eternally?
 Thou seek'st the shore, and dost not know
 Where ever the shore may be.

Hither (for in thy tendril's vein
 The fresh young blood doth bound)
 Hither hasten, nor ask again
 Where the Magian wine is found.

Twist into one vast war-array
 All ages that ever were;
 Later and sooner are passed away;
 Where now is Time, ah, where?

18

Rise like the morning air
 And learn to blow again;
 Tulip and rose are fair;
 Play gently with their train;
 Deep in the rosebud's heart
 Learn how to stab thy dart.

Though ermine wraps thy breast,
 Thou tremblest listlessly;
 This way thou shiverest
 Will nothing profit thee;
 In the assembly learn
 With love to shake, and burn.

Faithless! thy heart astray

Once more upon Him bind;
Break from all else away,
Nor unto self be blind;
Learn with thy eyes to view,
And how to close them, too.

Breath is a messenger,
Unheard its message told;
Thy dust a vision clear,
Yet thou canst not behold;
Learn once again to see,
And hearing get for thee!

No falcon's heart of rage
We have, no eagle's eye;
Like homebirds in a cage
We lack the joy to fly;
Homebirds encaged! arise,
And soar into the skies.

Darius' royal throne
Men sell not by the way;
That mighty mount of stone
They barter not for hay;
Learn with thy own heart's blood
To purchase thee this good.

Thou weep'st; yet Destiny
Unchanging doth abide;
The chain that circleth thee
Was aye as firmly tied;
Despair not, but anew
Learn how to weep for rue.

Art thou consumed? Take flame
Out of thy heart's desire
And wrap thee in the same,
And set the reeds afire;
Along the stubble learn
To run a torch, and burn!

19

Little flower fast asleep,
Rise narcissus-like, and peep;
Lo, the bower droops and dies
Wasted by cold griefs; arise!
Now that birdsong fills the air
And muezzins call to prayer,
Listen to the burning sighs
Of the passionate hearts, and rise!

Out of leaden sleep,
Out of slumber deep
Arise!
Out of slumber deep
Arise!

Now the sun, that doth adorn
With his rays the brow of morn,
Doth suffuse the cheeks thereof
With the crimson blush of love.
Over mountain, over plain
Caravans take route again;
Bright and world-beholding eyes,
Gaze upon the world, and rise!
Out of leaden sleep,
Out of slumber deep
Arise!
Out of slumber deep
Arise!

All the Orient doth lie
Like strewn dust, the roadway by,
Or a still and bushed lament
And a wasted sigh and spent:
Yet each atom of this earth
Is a gaze of tortured birth.
Under Ind's and Persia's skies,
Through Arabia's plains, O rise!
Out of leaden sleep,
Out of slumber deep
Arise!
Out of slumber deep
Arise!

See, thy ocean is at rest,
Slumbrous as a desert waste;
Yea, no waxing or increase
E'er disturbs thy ocean's peace.
Ne'er thy ocean knoweth storm
Or Leviathan's dread swarm:
Rend its breast and, billow-wise
Swelling into tumult, rise!
Out of leaden sleep,
Out of slumber deep
Arise!
Out of slumber deep
Arise!

Listen to this subtlety
That reveals all mystery:

Empire is the body's dust;
 Spirit, true Religion's trust;
 Body lives and spirit lives
 By the life their union gives.
 Lance in hand, and sword at thighs,
 Cloaked, and with thy prayer mat, rise!
 Out of leaden sleep,
 Out of slumber deep
 Arise!
 Out of slumber deep
 Arise!

Thou art true and worshipful
 Guardian of eternal Rule,
 Thou the left hand and the right
 Of the World-possessor's might.
 Shackled slave of earthy race,
 Thou art Time, and thou art Space:
 Wine of faith that fear defies
 Drink, and from doubt's prison rise!
 Out of leaden sleep,
 Out of slumber deep
 Arise!
 Out of slumber deep
 Arise!

Against Europe I protest,
 And the attraction of the West:
 Woe for Europe and her charm,
 Swift to capture and disarm!
 Europe's hordes with flame and fire
 Desolate the world entire;
 Architect of Sanctuaries,
 Earth awaits rebuilding; rise
 Out of leaden sleep,
 Out of slumber deep
 Arise!
 Out of slumber deep
 Arise

20

Our world is dusty clay
 Trampled upon the way;
 I do not think our breath
 Returneth out of death.

This night, whose only home
 Is in the strangers' tomb,
 No moon, no stars here burn;

To dawn how shall it turn?
 The heart, whose whole desire
 I quenchless flame and fire,
 Who knows, if it shall grow
 To lightning flash, or glow?
 High fancy, passion's glance,
 And life's exuberance,
 Fear not, for these all three
 Dust of the road shall be.

So live, that if our death
 For aye continueth,
 God shall be shamed, to know
 What things He wrought below.

21

Sleeper, rise thou up, and fast!
 Once again upon the past
 And the future fix thy gaze;
 Thou must think on other ways.

Love hath laid his heavy load
 On Time's saddle to the road:
 Art thou lover? In thy need
 Eve and dawn must be thy steed.

Elder said, "This world below
 In no certain gait doth go;
 We must close our eyes, nor care
 What is foul herein, or fair.

"If, the world being wholly spurned,
 Unto Him thy mind is turned,
 First of all the things to do
 Is thy own life to forgo."

"Ah, within my heart", said I,
 "Yet unbroken idols lie":
 "Then this temple", answered he,
 "Must be shattered utterly!"

22

My mind awhile was gone
 About the heavens to pace,
 High on the back of the moon,
 Fast in the stars' embrace.

Think not we are enfurled
 Within this globe of clay;
 Each separate star's a world,

Or was a world one day.

The lowly emmet sees
In vision clear and true
A thousand mysteries
Which we lack sight to view.

Earth on her back doth bear
A many mountain tall;
We, for the dust we were
Lay heaviest of all.

The panting tulip sighed;
How deeply, well I know;
Her cup with blood is dyed,
Her heart's a brand aglow.

23

A melody swept me through and through
And nobody knew;
The air and the note is all they know.
The high and low.

Love in my heart was made to chime
With thought sublime;
Not like the moon I wax and wane;
I never attain.

Weep no more, but with brave heart take
Disunion's ache;
Love, till it sigheth, scarce can guess
Its attractiveness.

Be thou a torch, and set afire
The bush and briar;
Men of clay have no right to be
In life's sanctuary.

A falcon thou art; yield not thy soul
To domestic fowl;
Rise, spread thy wing and pinion, and soar
Both high and far.

The poet's a glow that giveth light
In life's dark night;
A radiance shines in his wings anon,
And sometimes none.

Iqbal in his song his self has bared
And truth declared;
This new-unbeliever knoweth naught
Of cloister rote.

24

No Jamshid's memory, the wine
That floweth in this inn of mine,
It is the pressing of my soul
That sparkleth in my Persian bowl.

Man like a billow quivereth
In eager quest of Being's breath,
While yet his arrow lies encased
About annihilation's waist.

Come, let us shatter (for we can)
Like Abraham this talisman;
Within the temple, idols be
Whatever I have seen, but thee.

Until thou deeply enterest
The very heart in Being's breast,
To leave the gaze to speculate
Is wickedness, and sin most great.

To wander idly, without guide,
Peculiar pleasure is, beside;
Happy am I, that our abode
Is far, and ever winds the road.

The casual glance, that gave to me
The leave to wander, and to see,
'Twas better far, that casual glance,
Than rapt attention to my chance.

Though I was nourished all my days
Where infidel to idol prays,
Behold, my opened lips impart
The secret of the Ka'bah's heart.

25

I am a blossom of the plain;
Carry me back from the avenue
To mountain and wilderness again
Where air's to breathe, and the vast to view.

Far from self I have gone astray,
Learnt me the foxy and furtive wont;
Carry me, helpers of the way,
Back to the reeds, my ancient haunt.

Once I had a word in my heart;
Now it has vanished from my breast;
Though I am old, let me depart
Back to the school that taught me best.

I am a hushed and silent lute;
Now in my head is a new, sweet air;
O let my strings be no longer mute,
Take me to him whom will repair.

In this night that enshroudeth me
Sufficient sun is my ancient brand;
Take away from my dormitory
The shuttered lamp that is in thy hand.

Lo, to the slaves I have declared
True kingship's innermost mystery;
I am a slave who greatly erred;
To the king for judgement O carry me!

26

I uttered a new word,
But there was none that heard;
Vision to rapture grew,
But glance was none to view.

Be thou a stone, and pass
Within these works of glass;
Woe, stone to idol wrought
That goblet shattered not!

Break down the old, and then
Rebuild the world again;
Who in "No God" remained
Has ne'er "Except" attained.

O happy rivulet
In selfhood passionate,
Who to earth's heart dost flee
And flowest not so sea!

To Moses' lesson list;
For Europe's scientist
Though ocean's depth he plumb,
Could ne'er to Sinai come.

Love's self learnt quivering's art
From this our trembling heart;
Our spark it was that spired
Until the moth expired.

27

Never lover true is he
Who lamenteth dolefully;
Lover he, who in his hold
Hath the double world controlled.

Lover true is passionate
Selfhood's world to recreate,
Not content to be enfurled
By a bounded, finite world.

Wakeful heart was never given
Europe's scientist by heaven;
All that God has marked him by
Is the speculative eye.

Love he knows not, and the Brain
Snake like bites into his vein,
Even though his golden cup
Flowing ruby filleth up.

Take the lees I give; for lo!
In the taverns that I know
Aged vintner never more
Stands, the young, fierce wine to pour

28

In the heart of the birds, that range
This garden, is ever change;
'Tis one with the rose at breast,
And other within the nest.

Look thou to thyself intent;
Of the world what cause to lament?
There's a different world to see,
Be there change of sight in thee.

Each moment, if but thine eye
Regardeth attentively,
Changeth the tavern road
And the Magian's wonted mode.

The caravan's leader greet
With my blessing, and then repeat:
"Though the way unchanged remain,
'Tis a different caravan!"

29

We are gone astray from God;
He is searching upon the road,
For like us, He is need entire
And the prisoner of desire.

On the tulip's petal He writes
The message His heart indites,
Yea, and His voice is heard
In the passionate song of the bird.

He lay in the iris' fold
Our loveliness to behold;
Bright cup of the ardent gaze
Whose glance is a hymn of praise!

Parted from us, forlorn
He sighs with the breath of morn,
Within and out He doth stand,
Around, and on every hand.

Great riot created He
A creature of clay to see,
Fashioned the piercing view
To gaze upon mortal hue.

Hidden in every grain
Not yet is He known to man,
Though bright as the full moon's grace
In cottage and street is His face.

In our envelope all of dust
The jewel of life is lost;
Is it we, or Himself (O say),
This pearl that is gone astray?

30

Of the hirelings' blood outpoured
Lustrous rubies makes the lord;
Tyrant squire to swell his wealth
Desolates the peasant's tillth.
Revolt, I cry!
Revolt, defy!
Revolt, or die!

City shaykh with string of beads
Many a faithful heart misleads,
Brahman baffles with his thread
Many a simple Hindu head.
Revolt, I cry!
Revolt, defy!
Revolt, or die!

Prince and Sultan gambling go,
Loaded are the dice they throw.
Subjects soul from body strip
While their subjects are asleep,
Revolt, I cry!
Revolt, defy!
Revolt, or die!

Preacher's at the mosque, his son
To the kindergarten gone;

Greybird is a child, in truth,
Child a greybird, spite his youth.
Revolt, I cry!
Revolt, defy!
Revolt, or die!

Brother Muslims! woe to us
For the havoc science does;
Ahriman is cheap enough,
God is rare, scarce-offered stuff.
Revolt, I cry!
Revolt, defy
Revolt, or die!

See how Falsehood's blandishment
Shadows Truth, with ill intent,
How the Bat, with blinded eyes,
Plots against the Sun to rise.
Revolt, I cry!
Revolt, defy!
Revolt, or die!

In the Churches, Jesus Christ
On the Cross is sacrificed,
With God's Book Muhammad too
From the Ka'bah flees anew.
Revolt, I cry!
Revolt, defy!
Revolt, or die!

I have seen into the bowls
Furnished by this age for souls;
Such the venom they contain,
Serpents twist and writhe in pain.
Revolt, I cry!
Revolt, defy!
Revolt, or die!

Yet the weak are given at length
Lion's heart and tiger's strength;
In this bubbling lantern, lo!
Haply yet a flame will glow.
Revolt, I cry!
Revolt, defy!
Revolt, or die!

31

Although the soul, I know,
One day unveiled shall be,
Think not it shall be so

By writhing endlessly.

It needs a blow, to stir
The sleeping soul from earth
Unswapt, the harp can ne'er
Bring melody to birth.

Thy cup replenish still
With tears and midnight sighs,
Replenish it until
The radiant sun shall rise.

So faint a mote thou art,
I fear thou'lt vanish quite;
Then fortify thy heart
To meet the morning light.

Transcend the dust, nor take
Thy self but dust to be;
If thou thy breast will break,
The moon shall shine from thee.

If in thy face they lock
The gate to selfhood's shrine,
Strike head upon the rock
And see the ruby shine.

32

Whether the world be foul or fair,
With a smile fare on;
Forth from the nest, the cage, the snare,
The bower, be gone!

Though stranger thou art, and dost not know
How the way doth wend,
In a bold, familiar manner go
In the lane of the Friend.

Each breath that thou drawest, differently
The world adorn;
Within this ancient hostelry
Swift as Time be borne.

If Gabriel lay his hand on thy rein,
And the Houris, too,
With a loving glance pass on again
As fair charmers do.

33

What is this life? A pearl
In thy own shell to bear,
In the flame's heart to hurl

Thyself, nor melt to air.

Love is with speed to pass
Out of this shuttered sphere,
To cast the moon's bright glass
High over heaven clear.

Power is from hand to fling
The cash of heart and faith.
To rule the world, a king,
And brave the chance of death.

Philosophy is taught
By manly zeal alone,
To whet the blade of thought
Upon the world for stone.

The living spirit's trust
Is no disordered dream,
But of this scattered dust
To build a braver scheme.

34

Beyond heaven's shuttered dome
I have found a way to come
Where swifter than thought may fly
The breath of a morning sigh.

Falcon thou art, and hast made
Thy nest in the grassy glade,
And its air, I am fearful, might
Foreshorten thy pinion's flight.

Art thou dust become? It is clear
Thou canst not be resting here;
On the breeze of the morning ride,
Sit not by the roadway side.

From the stream of the stars arise
And cross the Nile of the skies;
For the heart must die right soon
If it lodge, though it be in the moon.

Let its breast no longer beam
With the rockless lightning's gleam,
Less worth than a straw reckon I
The mountain of Sinai.

How men may the manners keep
Of the throng, yet consuming leap
Ask not of us, whom the gaze
Of the passing fair one slays.

When I am dead, this my lay
Men will recite, and say:
"One man, who was self-aware,
Transformed a world everywhere!"

[Translated by A.J. Arberry]

35

I am a sinner with self-respect, I will take no
wages without labor;
I am scarred because my fault has been put
down to His decree.

Through bounty of love and ecstasy, I have
taken thought to such heights,
That, reaching behind, I can pluck the eyes of
the world-brightening sun.

Since the First Morning, I have been a drawer
of wave and vortex;
When the sea becomes calm, I invoke the
storm for help.

A hundred times before now, too, I have lit a
fire under the world's feet;

My high and low notes burn the world clean
of peace and tranquility.

I have danced before idols and worn the holy
thread, so that
The *shaykh* of the city may become a man of
God by calling me a heretic.

Now they run away from me, now they
associate with me;
In this desert, they do not know whether I am
hunter or prey.

A heart that lacks warmth can ill profit from
the company of a man;
Come with red-hot copper, so that my elixir
may work on you.

[Translated by Mustansir Mir]

36

The world had lost its sight
And the glass of the heart forsook,
But an eye now sees the light
That into the heart can look.

Dark is the night, twists the road,

All faithless the wayfarers;
And the caravan's guide what load
Of problems oppressive bears!

Drunk are the feckless spy,
The lover, the messenger;
So the words of the sweethearts lie
In how many loads to wear.

Its faith of believer true,
Its doubt of the infidel—
O Muslims, what shall I do
With the heart that in me doth dwell?

Sometimes the helmsman's skill
The storm doth display, and more!
Lo, the waves, impetuous will
Hath cast our craft on the shore.

Who fashioned these seeing eyes
In the wave, far in ocean lost,
That the pearl in the sea's heart lies,
And the potsherd breaks on the coast?

No part of my soul's unrest
Hath stirred in my Native land;
With my magic I tried my best,
It was lost on the desert sand.

If a New World thou hast
In thy bosom, declare thy faith!
Wounded in heart and breast,
Europe is nigh to death.

37

No friend in the world entire thou wilt find
Sincere in solicitude
Go, lose thyself in thy self, and mind
The honour of loverhood.

I am grieved, that He Who created us
In rapture to be displayed
Hath concealed the infinite various
Manners of that His trade.

None but Ayaz alone doth know
This subtle and secret truth,
How the Ghaznavid's love augmented so
His poor slave's anguish and ruth.

Less than a grassblade, in my view,
The knowledge and vision vast
That the trusty sword and the buckler true

From the hand of the warrior cast.

Whatever the price of these goods, 'tis well
And profit will yield, not harm,
Razi's intelligence to sell
For the power of Hyder's arm.

If there is a drop of blood in thy vein,
A flutter to storm the height.
Come, learn with me the way to attain
The falcon's ascending flight.

If fluting thou thinkst is but taking breath,
How little truth thou hast guessed;
The minstrel his skill accomplisheth
With the point of the sword in his breast!

38

The fine science thou dost learn
After vision does not yearn;
'Tis no wanderer far astray,
But a straggler on the way.

He whose all-embracing brain
A new universe doth plan
Burneth still with passion's fire,
Never lacketh high desire.

Though Love made the moon to err
On the road a wayfarer,
Never blazeth in its breast
The vast furnace of unrest.

So His beauty doth entrance,
I can never lift my glance
From His Face, who heedlessly
Doth not a glance spare for me.

See, Iqbal in manly clothes
To his worldly labour goes;
Proving that his dervishhood
Ne'er depends on gown and hood.

39

Vision can be won
As of morning sun,
Making this dark clay
Radiant as day.

Let thy vision be
Needle-sharp in thee,
Like its lustre pass

Thro' the heart o' the glass.

In this garden, where
Hushed is warbler's air,
As each bursting bud
Chant thy tragic mode.

Earth hides not His grace,
Heav'n veils not His face
Thou may'st view, for sure,
If thou canst endure.

Childlike watchest thou
Nests beneath the bough;
Mount on wings, and soon
Hunt the sun and moon!

40

Too oft was thy light
With strangers to take wine,
To suffer others' light
Within the bowl to shine.

The orient wine-bearer
Hands thee the purple cup;
Drink! Let the drunkard's air
From thy parched earth mount up!

The heart that knoweth well
The fever of desire
Moth-like will hover still
About the candle's fire.

Sprinkle thy morning tears
Upon life's desert plain;
New harvest scarce appears
Except thou sow thy grain.

Pass wine! Speak not to me
Of Europe's tumult vast;
Caravans countlessly
That desolation passed.

41

Love went searching thro' the earth
Until Adam came to birth;
Out of water, out of clay
Manifested his display.

Sun, and moon, and stars on high,
These were little to set by
So to purchase in life's mart

Adam's dust, that owned a heart.

42

Come! The Asiatic man
Has created a new plan:
Go not, pilgrimage to make
To the idol that he brake.

What is this epiphany
That men's hearts, rejoiced to see,
From the ashes of the way
Gladly leap, like sparks at play?

To attain what far abode
Strive the Turks upon the road,
That their bosom fluttereth
With the quickness of their breath?

Strive thou, selfhood's joy to know:
They who on this journey go
Shatter every worldly chain
That they may to self attain.

Men whose hearts are dead and cold
As a cell this world behold;
With two cups to fill their head,
From the whole of life they fled.

I will ever be the slave
Of those horsemen bold and brave
Who, with spear uplifted, far
Ride, to pierce and thread a star.

Angels lack the season now
Prostrate to their Lord to bow;
Creatures of pure light, for they
Rapturous gaze on men of clay!

43

I boast a love that is not grieved
By being or to be bereaved,
Whose infidelity doth ne'er
The girdle of existence wear.

If Love shall ever so command,
Let precious life slip from thy hand;
Love is thy one beloved and goal;
There is no gain in life of soul.

The shattering of the idol-shrine
Doth infidelity refine;
It needs Mahmud's immortal ire

To set the temple-house afire.

In Muslim mosque and church of Christ,
In incensed temple, tavern spiced,
Although a hundred charms were tried
The heart was never satisfied.

Never in bower sweet with scent
I raised a sorrowful lament,
But from the mountain cataract
I learned this music to enact.

Wouldest thou approach me, here apart?
Come cold of breath, and warm of heart;
In thee is movement never calm;
Such verve was not in David's Psalm.

Seek less my faults, but take my bowl
To be the measure of thy soul;
The pleasure of my bitter brew
Is never without spirit's rue.

44

The Saki, pouring his pure wine
Upon my restless heart
Converts this quicksilver of mine
To gold, by magic art.

I do not know if it be light
Within my breast, or flame;
I only know its radiance white
Shines with a moonlike gleam.

Nature, all hushed, doth suddenly
My quiet heart assail;
The instrument in ecstasy
Playeth its own sweet scale.

Grieve not, thou fool; the starry skies
Within this desert waste
Have many founts, that secret rise
And to the torrent haste.

O thou who didst my sweet wine take,
Grieve not at my sharp sting;
It needs my sting, that I may wake
Man from his slumbering.

45

Brighter shall shine men's clay
Than angels' light, one day;
Earth through our Destiny

Turn to a starry sky.

The fancies in our head
That upon storms were fed
One day shall soar, and clear
The whirlpool of the sphere.

Why askest thou of me?
Consider Man, and see
How, Mind-developed still,
Sublime this subject will.

Come fashioned forth, sublime.
This common thought, in time,
And with its beauty's rapture
Even God's heart shall capture.

46

I have never discovered well
Law's way, and the wont thereof,
But know him an infidel
Who denieth the power of Love.

The travellers of the Shrine
O may God succour and aid,
That they may truly divine
Man's rank, who of clay was made.

I do not ask of the Way;
The Friend is my only quest,
For so I have heard men say,
"The friend, then the way, that's best!"

Europe's philosopher
So misseth the rapture fine,
In the red bowl shines more clear
The gleam of the crimson wine.

Better a man were blind,
Better a thousand wise,
Than knowledge to have in mind
That the seeing heart denies.

Though intellect's jugglery
Peculiar joy impart,
Better than subtlety
Is the faith of a simple heart.

I have washed my heart's tablets clean
Of the learning that charmed my youth,
Opened my teeming brain
With the lancet of utter truth.

Far from the threshold now
Of the Sultan's gate I have strayed;
No infidel I, to bow
To a god who can nothing aid.

47

Far, far from every other go
With the One Friend upon the road;
Seek thou of God thy self to know,
And seek in selfhood for thy God.

One piercing glance can ne'er impart
The consummation of it all:
The gaze, the intellect, the heart,
Each needs its vision several.

Love is at Being's board to sup,
To drain its glass, till all is gone;
Seek not the world-revealing cup,
Seek the world-conquering hand alone!

Naked of foot the travellers are,
Thorny the way, and hard indeed;
Till thou shall reach thy selfhood far,
Take acquiescence for thy steed.

Only in perfect poverty
The proof of kingship is displayed;
Beneath the rushes seek, to see
The royal throne of Kaikobad.

Look onward; Life is but a way
That to another world doth wend;
From what has been, and passed away
Depart, and ever seek the end.

But if Fate's buffet maketh thee
Like the lamenting reed to moon,
Lay down the wine thou took'st from me;
Seek liniment to mend thy bone!

48

The world, but not selfhood, thou canst see;
How long in thy ignorance wilt thou sit?
With thy ancient flame let the night be lit?
The hand of Moses is sleeved in thee.

Set forth thy foot from the circling skies;
Greater and older than these thou art;
Fearest thou death in thy deathless heart?
Death's but a prey that before thee lies.

Life, once given thee, none can take;
'Tis for lack of faith men faint and die;
Learn to be sculptor, even as I,
And haply anew thy selfhood make!

49

In the accidents of night
There is naught can me affright,
Seeing that the night is borne
By the wheeling stars to morn.

Of its station unaware,
It has fallen in its own snare,
This thy love, that did arise
From thy supplicating cries.

When the heart gives forth a sigh,
'Tis of burning inwardly;
Let it not thy lips defile;
Break it in thy breast, and smile!

None remains in tavern now;
Beg of Nature's saki thou
The rich wine that cannot pass
In the drinkers' narrow glass.

Not with mosque and chanted verse,
Not with learning schools rehearse
To repose returns the heart
When its Darling doth depart.

50

What man art thou, and where thy home?
In the blue skies
The stars have opened, to see thee come,
A thousand eyes!

Why shall I tell what thou hast done,
What thou now art?
Mahmud is now with Ayaz one—
This breaks my heart!

No Milky Way thou mountest up
At prayer to kneel;
The Sufi's and the poet's cup
Thy soul doth steal.

Though Europe many knots untied
That chained thy thought,
Intoxication magnified
Her next draught brought.

Much of the Balance and the Scroll
I hear thee say;
Strange, that thou seest not at all
This judgement-day!

Blessed the man, who in his breast
The shrine hath known,
Fluttered awhile, then from the nest
Of speech was flown.

No more the tavern and the school
I venerate;
I do not reckon worshipful
The brow-swept gate!

51

In the abode of passion, where
The dust is fraught with pain,
Shineth in every atom there
Pure spirit without stain.

No Magian wine from Magian boy
The revellers there take;
One glance of rapture and of joy
Each fragile glass doth break.

Let madness surge not in thee so
When thou dost stand at prayer;
Keep firm thy reason; do not go
With shredded raiment there!

52

The young beloved, the ancient wine,
The maids of Paradise,
These joys men reckon rare and fine
Charm not the truly wise.

Whate'er eternal thou dost deem,
Mountain, and sea, and shore,
Land, plain, whate'er assured doth seem,
These pass, and are no more.

The learning of the Westerner,
The East's philosophy,
All is an idol-house of prayer—
And idols nothing be!

Cross not this desert terrified;
Fix on thy self thy thought;
Thou only art, and all beside,
Yea, all the world, is naught!

Upon this way mine eyelashes
Have quarried out of stone,
Nor stage nor caravan there is,
And shifting sands are none.

53

Qalandars, who to their sway
Water strive to win and clay,
From the monarch tribute bear
Though the beggar's robe they wear.

They appear, and round the sun
And the moon their rope is spun;
They retire, and in their breast
Time and Space repose at rest.

When the revel rules the day
Bright as shimmering silks are they.
Yet when battle is toward
For the sacrifice prepared.

A new order they devise
For the broad and dappled skies,
Bear the ancient stars and all
On their backs to funeral.

Time hath from her face untied
Morrow's veil, to lay aside;
Yet to-day men still delight
In the wine of yesternight.

Hovers on my lip the word
That must never be declared;
Strange, the learned of the town
Silent are, nor even frown!

54

A double-handled sword am I
Laid naked by the circling sky;
Fortune hath sharpened me in Space,
And whetted me upon Time's face.

I am the world of fantasy;
The genius of eternity
The world of nightingale and rose
Hath shattered, fashioning me for those.

The youthful wine to cheer the soul
That I am pouring in the bowl
Is from the vat, whereby my jar
And glass decanter molten are.

The breath is burning in my breast;
The sanctuary is my nest,
And men may recognize my throat
By the great ardour of my note.

Wrecked is the barque the ancient guide
Built out of sense, therein to ride;
Blest is the one who fashioned me
To be his vessel on the sea.

55

Each atom's body like a spark
I set a-quivering,
Each atom quivers through the dark
And soars as on a wing.

List to my music burning new!
Each diamantine grain
I fashion like a drop of dew
To trickle soft as rain.

From manifesting's stage when break
My soft, sweet melodies,
Even in the dead of night I make
The dawn desire to rise.

Joseph, concealed from sight so long,
I have revealed anew,
That I may fire the needy throng
His beauty to pursue.

Dear love, that doth man's patience try,
To dust in ecstasy
Hath given eyes to weep, and I
The wondrous joy to see

56

Ever to be about with men
Prove the self doth not attain;
To friends be thou a stranger, then,
Who art familiar with pain.

How long before the palace gate
Of princes wilt thou bow thy face?
From God, Who did thy soul create,
Learn thou the pride of matchless grace.

The warrior's love will come one day
To such a point of excellence
That notice he will no more pay
To mortal beauty's blandishments.

I sang before the sanctuary
So sad a song of heart's desire,
That each initiate learned from me
The joy of separation's fire.

Unseeing are the buyers' eyes,
And I rejoice and jubilate
Because Love's precious merchandise
Remaineth still immaculate.

Come, let us on the tulip tread
And drink the wine-cup fearlessly;
Lawful it is, if lovers shed
The blood of ancient piety.

Go forth from Muslim company,
And in Islam thy refuge take;
For Muslims count as equity
The measures infidel they make.

57

Like a tulip's flame I burn
In your presence as I turn;
By my life, and yours, I swear
Youth of Persia ever fair!

I have dived, and dived again
With my thoughts into life's brain
Until I prevailed to find
Every secret of your mind.

Sun and moon—I gazed on these
Far beyond the Pleiades,
And rebuilt a sanctuary
In your infidelity.

I have twisted well the blade
Till its edge was sharper made;
Pale the gleam and lustreless
Wasted in your wilderness.

My thought's images dispense
To the Orient's indigence
The bright ruby that I gain
From your mines of Badakhshan.

Comes the man, to free at last
Slaves confined in fetters fast;
Through the windows in the wall
Of your prison I see all.

Make a ring about me now;
In my breast a fire's aglow

That your forebears lit one day,
Things of water and of clay.

58

Soft my breath doth pass
Soft as April airs;
Jasmine-sweet the grass
Springeth from my tears.

Desert tulip glows
With the blood I shed
As in beaker shews
Wine all ruby-red.

Soareth so my flight
O'er the highest sphere
That the souls of light
Seek to trap me there.

Labours ever new
Make man's dust to glow;
Moon and star still do
As long time ago.

My self's lamp I lit,
Now that Moses' hand
Men have hidden it
'Neath the wristlet-band.

Come, O come to prayer;
Court no prince's door:
So our fathers were
When the world was poor.

59

Leave him who never won to sight,
And bears report alone;
Who makes long speech, but the delight
Of vision gives to none.

To bard and scholar listened I,
Philosopher to boot;
Although their palm is proud and high,
It yields nor leaf nor fruit.

The gleam that hoary acolyte
So prides himself upon
Reveals a thousand shades of night,
But never glow of dawn.

I have a charge 'gainst God to lay
That still I keep concealed;

He takes my precious heart away,
And Joseph does not yield.

Neither in idol-house nor shrine
That saki I can find
To grant, no ember's fitful shine,
But splendour unconfined.

60

It chanced within the desert nigh
A caravan was passing by,
And presently there reached my ear
The leader's carol, loud and clear.

"If from some Pharaoh's dark redoubt
A Joseph might at last come out,
Open for all to plunder lies
A caravan of merchandise."

61

Fool! Is there then such hope in thee
Of winning Europe's sympathy?
The falcon grieves not overmuch
About the bird that's in his clutch.

Shame on thee, only to desire
Rubies bequeathed thee by thy sire!
Is there not one delight alone—
To win thee rubies from the stone.

Speak not about the world to me,
If it be not or if it be;
I only know that I am I,
The world-illusion let go by.

Trembles each tavern-glass with fear
Because the officer is here,
Except one lover's bowl doth make
The very stones with dread to shake.

Sayst thou that veiled the selfhood is?
Say on; but let me tell thee this—
Tear not this veil into a shred;
Narrow's the vision in the head.

The ancient bough, beneath whose shade
Thy little sprouting wings were laid,
Were it into shame to move at last
Thy nest, when all its leaves are cast?

Call that a song, which Nature brings
To serve as music for her strings;

What use is in the minstrelsy
That all with Nature doth agree?

62

Eschew the West, and do not be
Bewitched by Europe's wizardry;
Not worth a barley, in my view,
Is all her ancient and her new.

Mighty Darius, Iskandar,
Khusrau and Kaikobad—all are
A blade of grass upon the way
Swept by a passing wind, to-day.

Life is the self to beautify,
To guard the self right jealously;
Upon a caravan thou art—
Fare on with all, but go apart!

Radiant thou camest from the sky,
Far brighter than the sun on high;
So live, that every mote may be
Illumined by thy brilliancy.

Thou hast not spared thy precious ring
Idly to Ahriman to fling—
To pledge the which it were not well
Even to trusty Gabriel.

The tavern is ashamed, because
So narrow is become our glass;
A beaker take, and prudently
Drink wine—and then be off with thee!

63

A secret 'tis, 'tis evident
(Thou sayst) this world of hue and scent:
Go, strike thyself upon its wire—
Thou art the plectrum, it the lyre.

The gaze disclosed in ecstasy
Trembles to view its purity,
And yet thou sayst it is a veil.
A covering, a thing unreal!

Pull down the pole of the immense
That struts heaven's cerulean tents,
For like a spark it naked lies
Before the contemplative eyes.

High Paradise is not so fair
As this clay garment that I wear;

Within this sanctuary of mine
Is holy fire, and joy divine.

I lose myself a little time,
I lose awhile the great sublime,
The twain discovering presently—
O miracle, O mystery!

64

This brand of grief, His love apart,
Hath sown a garden in my heart;
O desert-flame anemone,
I have a word to say to thee!

Best in the wilderness, alone,
To breathe the soul-consuming groan;
Yet what can I, condemned for good
To wrestle with the multitude?

65

When the tulip's heart I viewed
With the gaze of certitude,
All I saw was ecstasy,
Sighs, and sobbing bitterly.

In the highest and the least
Is life's quiver manifest;
Over plain and hill and dell
Ever leaps this wild gazelle.

Life is not of us alone,
Life is not for us to own;
Life is everywhere to see—
Ah, and whence came life to be?

66

This is a world, that like to it,
Each boundless is, and infinite,
An image each, a fantasy,
A smoke-wave from the torch in me.

Two moments this and that endure,
I only everlasting, sure;
That of but little worth, as this,
My self the sole true coin is.

Here to abide, and there to dwell,
Both here and there a little spell;
What is my labour, here and there?
The lamentation of despair!

This world and that my path waylay,

In this and that is loss my pay;
Each my brief nest and dwelling-place—
Both let me kindle, and both raze!

67

Spring is come; bright glances dart
In the tulip's bowl of fire;
Thousand thousand sighs upspire
From each several ember's heart.

Pour a stoup of ruby glow
O'er the garden's dusty bed;
Strange and shy, in autumn's dread,
Tulip and narcissus grow.

Hue-and-scent world fills thine eyes;
What the heart is, knowest thou?
'Tis a moon, that round its brow
Casts a halo of the skies.

68

The Artist, Whose vast mind
Both day and night designed,
Engraving these, displays
Upon Himself His gaze.

Sufi! Step out before
Thy dim and dusty store;
Nature has merchandise
To offer—at what price!

Down, and the stars and moon,
Nightfall, the sun at noon—
All these unveiled the eye
For but one glance may buy!

69

This ancient universe
New youth must now rehearse,
Its trembling blade of grass
Huge mountains should surpass.

The handful of poor clay
That did a glance display
All-viewing, in the brain
Must shape a cry of pain.

Our aged moon and sun
The course have never run;
Fresh stars we must pursue
To build the world anew.

Each image of delight
That dawns upon my sight
Is fair; yet fairer still
The image that I will.

God said, "The world so lies,
And say not otherwise";
Said Adam, "So I see;
But *thus* it ought to be!"

70

In the mead a tulip blows
In whose breast no yearning glows,
A narcissus, languid too,
Yet it lacked the eye to view.

Billowing breath was in the clay,
But no heart did it display;
Caravan upon the road—
Such was life, yet where the load?

Time itself was void and free
Of the toppers' song of glee,
Wine was in the glass aflame
Yet was none to quaff the same.

Sinai's lightning made complaint
That desire was dumb and faint;
In the peaceful valley there
Silent was the voice of prayer.

Love upon our woe express
Builds anew the great unrest,
Else no murmur ever stirs
From these silent banqueters.

71

Whence hath this commotion swirled
In our old, slow-moving world,
That each girdled infidel
Like a reed of grief doth tell?

In the hut of the fakir,
In the palace of the ameer
There is pain and there is ruth
Huge to bow the back of youth.

Where is cure? For the disease
With the cure doth yet increase;
Science is all wizardry,
Mean deceit, and trickery.

Adam's ship rides not the main
Save the torrent strive and strain;
Every heart a thousand wise
Doth the helmsman agonize.

Of life's story do not seek
Any tale for me to speak;
All its pain I sufferd long,
And departed with a song.

I have let my breath to ride;
With the breeze of morning tide;
I have wandered in this mead
Yet no rose hath known my tread.

Far from cottage and from street,
Yet in both abroad, and fleet,
With the vision of the moon
I have gazed this world upon!

72

Tulip in the mountains blowing,
Lamp in mead and garden glowing,
Gaze on me, for I will give
Guidance on the way to live.

We are not the pigment charming,
Nor the scattered scent disarming,
We are that which moves confined
In the heart, and in the mind.

Drunkeness is wine-engendered,
Springeth not of goblet tendered,
Though it needs the goblet, too,
To consume the wine, 'tis true.

Let thy breast be flame-conceiving,
For within this night of living
Self may never come to sight
Save discovered by this light.

Wave of flame, O bare thy bosom
To the morning-breeze; O blossom,
Do not seek the dew, to quell
Thy heart's fiery crucible!

73

I am a slave set free,
And Love still leadeth me;
Love is my leader still,
Mind bows to do my will.

The tumult flareth up
Out of my circling cup;
This is my evening star,
My full moon, flaming far.

The spirit slept at rest,
Desire stirred not the breast,
Then struck a drunken air
Caught in my circling snare.

O world of scent and hue,
How long shall we so do?
Death thy survival proves
My living all is Love's.

The One my thought reveals,
The One my thought conceals;
Here is His dwelling-place—
Behold my lofty grace!

74

Silent rosebud in her heart
Had a secret, veiled apart,
Suffered countless aches and woes
Buffeted by thyme and rose.

So she sought, to keep her word,
Breeze of spring and meadow-bird,
Putting faith in these (yet both
Soared on wing) to guard her troth

[Translated by A.J. Arberry]

75

I bow down before myself—there is no temple
or Ka'bah left!
This one is missing in Arabia, that one in
other lands.

The petals of rose and tulip have lost their
colour and moisture;
The laments of birds have lost their melody.

In the workshop that is the world I see no
new designs:
Pre-existence has, perhaps, run out of
blueprints.

The heavenly bodies no longer want to
revolve:
Day and night are, perhaps, unable to move.

They have put up their feet before reaching
their destination:
The earthlings have, perhaps, no breath left in
their chests.

Either the Register of Possibles has no blank
pages left
Or the Pen of Fate has grown too tired to
write.

[Translated by Mustansir Mir]

NEW GARDEN OF MYSTERY

PROLOGUE

I have imparted insight to the pupil of your
eye,
And created a new world in your self;
All the East is asleep; hidden from the eyes of
the stars,
I have created morning by the melody of life.

INTRODUCTION

The old ardour has disappeared from the life
of the East;
Its breath wavered and soul left its body—
Like a picture without the chain of breath—
And does not know what the taste of life is.
Its heart lost desire and craving,
Its flute ceased to produce notes.
I am expressing my ideas in a different form,
And writing in reply to the book of Mahmud.
Since the time of the Shaikh,
No man has given the sparks of fire to our
life.
We lay on the earth with shrouds around our
bodies,
And did not experience a single resurrection.
That wise man of Tabriz witnessed before his
eyes
Calamities that resulted from the invasion of
Genghis.

I saw a revolution of another type:
 Appearance of a new sun.
 I removed veil from the face of meaning,
 And gave sun in the hands of a mote.
 Don't you think I am intoxicated without
 wine,
 And spin tales likes poets.
 You will see no good from a low person,
 Who accuses me of being a poet.
 I have nothing to do with the street of the
 beloved,
 And do not have a grief-stricken heart nor a
 longing for the beloved;
 Neither is my earth the dust of a street,
 Nor is within my clay a heart without
 self-control.
 My mission in life is in line with Gabriel the
 Truthful,
 I have neither a rival, nor a messenger, nor a
 porter.
 Though a mendicant, I have the wherewithal
 of Moses:
 Kingly pomp under a beggar's garment.
 If I am earth, desert cannot contain me;
 If water, river cannot encompass me.
 The heart of a stone trembles at my glass,
 The ocean of my thought is without a shore.
 Behind my curtain lie concealed several
 destinies,
 And several resurrections take birth at my
 hand.
 For a moment I retired unto myself,
 I created an immortal world.
 "I am not ashamed of such poetry,
 For in a hundred years an 'Attar might not
 appear."¹
 A battle of life and death is being waged in
 my soul,
 My eye is riveted on immortal life.
 I saw your clay stranger to life,
 Hence I breathed into your body of my own
 soul.
 I am wholly affected by the fire that I possess:

¹ The quotation is from *The Garden of Mystery* by Mahmood Shabistry

Illumine the darkness of your night by my
 lamp.
 Heart was sown into the soil of my body like
 a seed,
 A different destiny was written on my tablet:
 To me the ideal of *khudi* is sweet as honey.
 What else can I do? My whole stock consists
 of this experience.
 First I tasted the fruit of this experience
 myself,
 Then I decided to share it with the people of
 the East.
 If Gabriel were to go through this book,
 He would cast aside the pure [Divine] Light
 as if it were dust;
 He would bewail about his [low] station,
 And relate to God the condition of his heart:
 "I no longer desire unveiled Epiphany,
 I desire nothing but hidden heart-sore.
 I am ready to forego eternal union,
 For now I realise what sweetness is in
 lamentation!
 Give me the pride and submissiveness of
 man,
 Give unto my heart burning and consuming
 of man."

QUESTION 1

First of all I am perplexed about my thought:
 What is that which is called "thought"?
 What sort of thought is the condition of my
 path?
 Why is it sometimes obedience, sometimes
 sin?

ANSWER

What a light there is within the heart of man!
 A light that is manifest in spite of its
 invisibility.
 I saw it in the constancy of change,
 I saw it both as light and fire.
 Sometimes its fire is nourished by
 argumentation and reasoning,
 Sometimes its light is derived from the breath
 of Gabriel,
 What a life-illuminating and heart-kindling
 light!

The sun is nothing in face of a single ray of
this light.
Conjoined with dust, it is above limitations of
space;
Chained to the alternation of day and night, it
is free from the bonds of time.
The calculation of its time is not through
breath,
There is none like it in seeking and
discovering.
Sometimes it feels exhausted and sits on the
shore,
Sometimes a shore-less ocean is in its cup.
It is both the river and the staff of Moses,
On account of which the river is divided into
two.
It is a deer whose pasture is the sky,
Who drinks water from the stream of the
Milky Way.
Earth and sky are its halting places,
It walks alone amid a caravan.
Some of its states are: the world of darkness
and light,
The sound of the trumpet, death, paradise,
and Houri.
It gives both to Iblis and Adam opportunity to
develop,
And provides them a chance of expansions.
Eye is impatient at its sight,
Its charms even beguile God.
With one eye, it sees its own privacy,
With the other eye, it looks at its apparent
lustre.
If it closes one eye, it is a sin;
If it sees with both eyes, it is the true
condition of the path.
Out of its little stream, it produces an ocean,
It becomes a pearl and then settles at its
bottom.
Soon it takes a different form;
Becomes a diver and catches itself again.
In it there are noiseless commissions;
It has colour and sound perceptible without
eye and ear.
There is a world hidden in its glass,
But it reveals itself to us piecemeal.
Life makes it into a lasso and throws it

To catch everything low and high.
By its means it ensnares itself,
And wrings also the neck of duality.
One day the two worlds fall a prey to it
And are caught into its beautiful lasso.
If you conquer both these worlds,
You will become immortal even if everything
else dies
Do not set foot in the desert of search lazily;
First, take hold of that world which lies
within you.
If you are low, become strong by conquering
the self.
If you wish to seek God, get nearer yourself.
If you become proficient in conquering self,
Conquering the world will become easy for
you.
Happy is the day when you conquer this
world,
And pierce the bosom of the skies.
The moon will prostrate before you,
And you throw over it a lasso of waves of
smoke.
You will be free in this ancient world,
Able to fashion the idols to your purpose;
To hold in the grasp of your hand all the
world
Of light and sound, of colour and smell;
To change its quantitative aspect,
To mould it according to your purpose;
Not to be captivated by its sorrows and
delights
To break the spell of its nine skies;
To go down into its heart like the point of an
arrow,
Not to exchange your wheat for its barley;
This is indeed the-true kingly glory,
This is the State that is linked to religion.

QUESTION 2

What is this ocean whose shore is knowledge?
What is that pearl which is found in its depth?

ANSWER

Ever-moving Life is a flowing ocean,
Consciousness is its shore.
What an ocean that is deep and surging

A thousand mountains and deserts are on its bank.
 Don't talk about its surging waves,
 For each had overflowed its bank.
 It left the ocean and imparted moisture to the desert,
 It gave to the eye the sense of quantity and quality.
 Whatever thing comes into its presence,
 Gets illumined through the grace of its consciousness.
 It is satisfied with its privacy and is not inclined to association with others,
 Yet all things are illumined by its light.
 First it brightens it up,
 Then it ensnares it in a mirror.
 Its consciousness makes it familiar with the world,
 The world made it aware of its potentiality.
 Intellect removes veil from its face,
 But speech reveals it much better.
 Yet it is not confined to this mundane world—
 It is only one of its stages in the path of evolution.

You look upon the world as existing *outside* you:
 These mountains and deserts, oceans and mines;
 This world of colour and smell is our nosegay;
 It is independent and yet intimately related to us.
 The ego bound them all by its one glance:
 The earth and the sky, the moon and the sun.
 Our heart has a secret gateway to it,
 For every existent depends for its existence upon our perception.
 If nobody sees, it becomes contemptible;
 If anybody sees, it becomes mountains and oceans.
 The world has significance through our seeing it—
 Its tree grows by our growth.
 The problem of subject and object is a mystery;
 The heart of every particle of matter is expressing its supplication:

O observer, make me your object,
 Make me existent by the grace of your sight.
 The perfection of the being of a thing lies in being present,
 In becoming an object for an observer;
 Its defect, not to be before our eyes,
 Not to be illumined by our awareness.
 The world is nothing but our manifestation,
 For without us there would be no world of light and sound,
 You also should crave help by associating with it,
 Discipline your eyes by its twists and turns.
 Rest assured that master-huntsmen
 Have sought help in this matter from insects.
 With its help, keep a watchful eye on yourself;
 You are like Gabriel the truthful; take wings.
 Open the eye of intellect on this world of plurality,
 So that you may enjoy the revelations of the One.
 Take your share from the smell of the shirt,
 While sitting in Kan'an, get fragrance from Egypt and Yemen.
 Ego is the hunter, the sun and the moon are its prey;
 They are chained to the strings of his intellectual efforts.
 Throw yourself on this world like fire!
 Make an assault on the visible and the invisible worlds alike.

QUESTION 3

What is the union of the contingent and the necessary?
 What are "near" and "far," "more" and "less"?

ANSWER

The world of how and why has three dimension
 Intellect controls its quantitative aspect.
 This is the world of Tusi and Euclid.
 The fit object of earth-measuring intellect.
 Its time and space are relative,
 And so are its earth and sky.
 Draw your bow and find the target,
 Learn from me the secret of ascension.

Do not seek the Absolute in this mundane world
For the Absolute is nothing but the Light of the Heavens.
Reality is beyond time and space,
Don't say any more that the universe is without a limit.
Its limit is internal, not external;
There are no distinctions of low and high, more or less, in its internal aspect.
Its internal aspect is devoid of high and low, But its external aspect is liable to extension.
Infinity is not amenable to our intellect, "One" in its hand becomes a thousand.
As it is lame, it likes rest;
It does not see the kernel; it therefore looks towards the shell.
As we divided Reality into several spheres, We made a distinction of change and rest.
In non-spatial sphere intellect introduced spatial categories,
Like a belt it girdled time round its waist.
We did not look for time within the depth of our hearts,
And so we created months and years, nights and days.
Your months and years are of no value:
Just ponder over the Quranic verse, "How long did you remain? "
Reach within yourself and retire from this noisy world,
Throw yourself into the inner recesses of your heart.
To talk of body and soul as two separate entities is wrong;
To see them as two is sinful.
The whole secret of the universe lies in the soul,
Body is one of its modes of expression.
The bride of Reality adorned itself by the henna of form,
It assumed different shapes for its manifestation.
Reality weaves veils for its face,
For it finds delight in display.
Since the West viewed body and soul as separate,

It also regarded State and Religion as two.
The churchman only tells his beads,
For he has no work of the State to perform.
See deceit and artifice in statecraft:
It is a body without a soul, or a soul without a body.
Make intellect a companion of your heart;
Behold, for instance, the Turkish nation.
By imitation of the West, the Turks lost their individuality;
They did not see any link between State and Religion.
We looked at the One as compound of so many parts
That we created numerals to count it.
Do you think that this ancient world is a handful of earth?
It is a fleeting moment of God's activity.
The scientists tend to adorn a dead body;
They neither possess the Hand of Moses nor the Breath of Jesus.
I have seen nothing of value in this type of science,
I have been craving for a wisdom of another sort.
I believe that the world is undergoing a revolution,
Its inside is alive and in convulsions.
Pass beyond your numerals,
Look for a while within your self and leave.
In a universe where a part is greater than the whole,
The calculations of Razi and Tusi are irrelevant.
For a while familiarise yourself with Aristotle,
For another while sit in the company of Bacon.
But then you must pass beyond their stand,
Don't get lost in this stage, journey on.
With the aid of that intellect that deals with quantities
Probe the depths of mines and oceans,
Master the world of how and why,
Catch the moon and Pleiades from the sky.
But then learn wisdom of another sort,
Free yourself from the snare of night and day.

Your real place is beyond this mundane
world,
Aspire for a right that is without a left.

QUESTION 4

How did the eternal and temporal separate,
That one became the world, and the other
God?
If the knower and known are the One pure
essence,
What are the aspirations of this handful of
earth?

ANSWER

The life of the ego is to bring non-ego into
existence,
The separation of the knower and known is
good.
Our ideas of eternal and temporal are due to
our way of reckoning,
Our reckoning is the result of the spell of
mathematical time.
We constantly talk of yesterday and
to-morrow,
We deal with "is," "was," and "might be."
To sever ourselves from Him is our nature,
And also to be restless and not to reach the
goal.
Neither do we get worth in separation from
Him,
Nor does He feel peace without union with
us;
Neither He without us, nor we without Him!
How strange!
Our separation is separation-in-union.
Separation gives to this dust (i.e. man) an
insight,
It gives the weight of a mountain to a straw.
Separation is a token of love;
It agrees with the nature of lovers.
If we are alive, it is due to this affliction (of
separation),
And if we are immortal, it is due to it.
What is "I" and "He"? It is a divine mystery!
"I" and "He" are a witness to our immortality.
The light of the Essence is everywhere,
hidden and apparent;
To live in company is real life.

Love does not acquire insight without
company,
And without company, it does not become
self-conscious.
In our assembly, there are divine
manifestations, behold!
The world is non-existent and He is existent,
behold.
Doors and walls, cities, towns and streets are
not there,
For here there is nothing existent except we
and He.
Sometimes He makes Himself a stranger to
us,
Sometimes He plays upon us as upon a
musical instrument.
Sometimes we fashion His idol out of stone,
Sometimes we prostrate before Him without
having seen Him.
Sometimes we tear every veil of Nature,
And boldly see His beautiful face.
What fancy has this handful of dust?
It is due to this fancy that his inner self is
illuminated.
What a nice fancy that he bewails in
separation
And yet he grows and develops through it.
This separation developed in him such a
spiritual insight,
That he turned his dusk into a dawn.
He made the ego subject to affliction:
Thus turned the ancient grief into an
ever-living joy.
He got strings of pearls from the tears of his
eyes
From the tree of bewailing he got sweet fruit.
To press the ego tightly to the bosom
Is to turn death into everlasting life.
What is Love? It is to tie all the different
stages in a knot.
What is Love? It is to pass beyond all goals.
Love does not know of any termination,
Its dawn has no dusk.
There are no bends in its way as in that of
intellect,
In its lustre of a moment, there is a world.
Thousands of worlds lie along our path,

How can our endeavours reach their finale?
 O traveller I live for ever and die for ever,
 Take hold of the world that comes before you.
 It is not the goal of our journey to merge
 ourselves in His ocean.
 If you catch hold of Him, it is not *fana*
 (extinction).
 It is impossible for an ego to be absorbed in
 another ego,
 For the ego to be itself is its perfection.

QUESTION 5

What am I? Tell me what "I" means.
 What is the meaning of "travel into yourself"?

ANSWER

Ego is the amulet for the protection of the
 universe.
 The first ray of its essence is Life.
 Life awakens from its sweet dream,
 Its inside, which is one, becomes many.
 Neither it develops without our expansion,
 Nor do we expand without its development.
 Its inner core is a shoreless sea,
 The heart of every drop is a tumultuous wave.
 It has no inclination to rest,
 Its manifestation is nothing but individuals.
 Life is fire and egos are like its flames;
 Like stars they are (both) stationary and
 moving.
 Without going outside, it looks towards
 others;
 Though in company, is yet in privacy.
 Just see its self-meditation,
 It develops out of the trodden earth.
 Hidden from the eyes, it is in tumult,
 It is constantly in search of adornment.
 It is in perpetual activity through its internal
 ardour,
 As if it is at war with itself.
 The world gets order through this strife of the
 ego!
 A handful of dust becomes translucent
 through strife.
 From its ray, nothing comes into being save
 egos,
 From its sea, nothing appears save pearls.
 The earthly garb is a veil for *khudi*,

Its appearance is like the rising of the sun.
 In the innermost heart of ours is its sun,
 Our dust is illumined through its potency.
 You ask to be informed about "I," and
 What is meant by "travel into yourself."
 I informed you about the relation of body and
 soul
 Travel into yourself and see what "I" is.
 To travel into self? — It is to be born without
 father and mother,
 To catch Pleiades from the edge of the roof;
 To hold eternity with a single stroke of
 anguish,
 To see without the rays of the sun;
 To obliterate every sign of hope and fear,
 To sunder the river like Moses,
 To break this spell of sea and land,
 To split the moon with a finger.
 So to return from this experience of the
 spaceless world,
 That it is within his heart, and the world in his
 hand.
 But it is difficult to unravel this secret:
 Here "seeing" is valuable and "describing"
 worthless.
 What can I say about "I" and its brilliance?—
 It is manifest from the Quranic text, "We
 proposed."
 The heavens are in terror of its glory,
 Time and space are in its grip.
 It sought refuge in the heart of man,
 And has fallen to the lot of this handful of
 dust.
 It is distinct from the other and yet related to
 it,
 Is lost within itself and yet conjoined with the
 other.
 What kind of aspiration this handful of dust
 has
 That its flight is beyond the limitations of time
 and space.
 It is in prison and yet free! What is this?
 It is the lasso, the prey, and the hunter! What
 is this?
 There is a lamp within your heart;
 What is this light which is in your mirror?
 Don't be negligent, you are its trustee,

What folly that you do not look within your self!

QUESTION 6

What is that part which is greater than its whole?

What is the way to find that part?

ANSWER

Ego is greater than what we imagine it to be;
 Ego is greater than the whole which you see.
 It falls from the heaven again and again to rise,
 It falls into the sea of the world to rise.
 Who else in the world is self-conscious?
 Who else can fly without wings?
 It lies in darkness and yet has a light in its bosom,
 Outside the paradise and yet has a houri in embrace!
 With the charming wisdom that it possesses,
 It brings out pearls from the depth of life.
 The impulse of life is eternal,
 But looked at from outside, it is bound by time.
 Upon its destiny depends the position of this universe,
 Its manifestation and preservation of it.
 What do you ask about its nature? —
 Destiny is not something separate from its nature.
 What should I say about its character?
 Outwardly it is determined, inwardly it is free.
 Such is the saying of the Lord of Badr,
 That faith lies between determinism and indeterminism.
 You call every creature to be determined,
 To be confined to the chains of "near" and "far."
 But the soul is from the breath of the Creator,
 Which lives in privacy with all its manifestations.
 Determinism with regard to it is out of question,
 For soul without freedom is not a soul.
 It lay in ambush on this world of quantitative measurements.

From determinism it passed over to freedom.

When it (ego) removes from itself the dust of determinism,

It drives its world like a camel.

The sky does not revolve without its permission,

Nor do stars shine without its grace.

One day it reveals its hidden nature,

And sees its essence with its own eyes.

Rows of heavenly *choir* stand on either side of the road,

Waiting for a glimpse of its countenance.

The angel gets wine from its vine,

It gets significance from its earth.

You ask about the way of its seeking;

Come down to the state of lamentation.

Change your days and nights for eternity,

Change from intellect to the morning lamentation (intuition).

Intellect has its source in senses,

Lamentation gets light from love.

Intellect grasps the part, lamentation the whole

Intellect dies but lamentation is immortal.

Intellect has no categories to comprehend eternity,

It counts moments as the hands of the watch.

It contrives days and nights and mornings;

It cannot catch the flames; therefore it takes on sparks.

The lamentation of the lovers is the ultimate goal,

In one moment of it lies hidden a world.

When the ego manifests its potentialities,

It removes its inner knots and veil.

You do not have that light by which it sees

You look upon it as momentary and mortal.

Why fear that death which comes from without?²

For when the "I" ripens into a self it has no danger of dissolution.

There is a more subtle inner death

Which makes me tremble!

² The lines "Why fear...really our death" are taken from Iqbal's own translation in the essay 'McTaggart's Philosophy.'

This death is falling down from love's frenzy,
Saving one's spark and not giving it away
freely to the heaps of chaff;
Cutting one's shroud with one's own hands;
Seeing one's death with one's own eyes;
This death lies in ambush for thee!
Fear it, for that is really our death.
It digs your grave in your body,
Its *Munkar* and *Nakir* are with it.

QUESTION 7

Of what sort is this traveller, who is the
wayfarer?
Of whom shall I say that he is the Perfect
Man?

ANSWER

If you direct your eyes towards your heart,
You will find your destination within your
bosom.
To travel while at rest is:
To travel from one's self to one's self.
None knows here where we are,
That we look so insignificant in the eyes of
moon and stars.
Don't seek the end of the journey, for you
have no end;
As soon as you reach the end, you lose your
soul.
Do not look upon us as ripe, for we are raw,
At every destination we are perfect and
imperfect.
Not to reach the end is life;
Immortal life for us lies in constant travelling.
The whole world from the centre of the earth
to the moon is within our reach,
Time and space are like dust in our path.
Our selves are our centres and pine for
manifestation,
For we are waves and rise from the bottom of
Being.
Lie in constant ambush against the self,
Fly from doubt to faith and certainty.
The fire and ardour of love are not subject to
extinction;
Faith and "sight" have no end.
The perfection of life consists in seeing the
Essence,

The way of achieving it is to free oneself from
the limits of time and space.
You should enjoy privacy with the Divine
Person in such a way,
That He sees you and you see Him.
Become illumined by the light of "what you
see."
Do not wink, otherwise you will be no more.
In His presence, be strong and self-possessed,
Don't merge yourself in the ocean of His
Light.
Bestow that perturbation to the mote,
That it may shine in the vicinity of the sun.
So burn amid the splendour of the Beloved
That you may illumine yourself in public and
Him in privacy.
He who "saw" is the leader of the world,
We and you are imperfect; he alone is perfect.
If you do not find him, rise in search of him;
If you find him, attach yourself to him.
Do not allow yourself to be guided by the
faqih, shaikh, and mulla,
Like fish, do not walk about careless of the
hook.
He is a man of the path in matters of State and
religion;
We are blind and he is a man of insight.
Like the sun of the morning,
Wisdom shines from every root of his hair.
The West has set up the rule of democracy,
It has untied the rope from the neck of a fiend.
It does not possess sound without plectrum
and musical instruments,
Without a flying machine it does not possess
the power of flying.
A desolate field is better than its garden,
A desert is better than its city.
Like a marauding caravan it is active,
Its people are ever busy in satisfying their
hunger.
Its soul became dormant, and its body awoke;
Art, science and religion all became
contemptible.
Intellect is nothing but fostering of unbelief,
The art of the West is nothing but man-killing.
A group lies in ambush against another
group,

Such a state of affairs is sure to lead to
disaster.
Convey my message to the West
That the ideal of democracy is a sword out of
its sheath:
What a sword that it kills men
And does not make a distinction between a
believer and an unbeliever!
If it does not remain in the sheath for a little
more time,
It will kill itself as well as the world.

QUESTION 8

What point does the aphorism "I am the
Truth" imply?
Do you think that this mystery was mere
nonsense?

ANSWER

I am once again going to explain the mystery
of "I am the Truth."
Before India and Iran I am unfolding a secret
again.
The Magi in the circle of his followers said,
"Life was taken in by itself and uttered 'I.'
God went to sleep and our being is through
His dream;
Our existence and appearance are merely His
dreams.
Down and above, all four dimensions are
illusions,
Rest and motion, desire and search are all
illusions!
Wakeful heart and wise intellect, a dream.
Dread and anxiety, certainty and belief, a
dream;
Your wakeful eye is in reality in a state of
dream,
Your speech and action are all in a dream!
When He wakes up, nothing else remains,
There is no customer for the merchandise of
yearning."
The development of our intellect is through
reasoning,
Our reasoning depends upon the nature of
the senses.

When sense changes, this world becomes
different—
Rest and motion, quality and quantity are
changed.
It can be said that the world of colour and
smell is non-existent,
Earth and sky, house and street, are nothing.
It can be said that all these are dreams or
illusions,
Or veils over the countenance of the Divine
Person.
It can be said that all is sorcery of the senses,
A deception produced by our eyes and ears.
But the ego does not belong to the universe of
colour and smell;
Our senses do not intervene between us and
it.
Eyesight has no access to its sacred precincts,
You can see "self" without eyesight.
The calculation of its days is not through the
revolution of the sky;
If you look within, there is no doubt or
misgiving about it.
If you say that the "I" is a mere illusion—³
An appearance among other appearances—
Then tell me who is the subject of this illusion.
Look within and discover.
The world is visible, yet its existence needs
proof!
Not even the intellect of an angel can
comprehend it;
The "I" is invisible and needs no proof
Think awhile and see thine own secret!
The "I" is Truth, it is no illusion;
Don't look upon it as a fruitless field.
When it ripens, it becomes eternal!
Lovers, even though separated from the
Beloved, live in blissful union!
It is possible to give wings to a mere spark,
And to make it flutter for ever and for ever!
The Eternity of God is (elemental and) not the
reward of His action!
For His eternity is not through seeking.

³ The lines "If you say that...by love's frenzy" are taken from Iqbal's own translation in the essay 'McTaggart's Philosophy.'

That eternity is superior, which a borrowed
soul
Wins for herself by love's frenzy.
The being of mountains and deserts and cities
is nothing,
The universe is mortal, the ego immortal and
nothing else matters.
Do not talk of Shankar and Mansur any
longer,
Seek God through seeking your own self."
Be lost in your self to find the reality of the
ego,
Say "I am the Truth" and affirm the existence
of the ego.

QUESTION 9

Who at last became familiar with the secret of
unity?
Who is the wise man that is a gnostic?

ANSWER

The world beneath the sky is a charming
place,
But its sun and moon are prone to decay.
The corpse of the sun is carried on the
shoulders of the evening,
The stars vanish when the moon appears.
The mountain flies like the moving sand,
The river changes in a moment.
Autumn lies in ambush against the flowers,
The merchandise of the caravan is the fear (of
loss) of life.
The tulip does not retain its beauty through
dew,
If it retains it for a while, it loses it the next
moment.
The sound dies in the harp without being
produced,
The flame dies in the stone without
manifesting itself.
Don't ask me about the universality of death,
You and I are tied by our breaths to the chain
of death.

An Ode

Death is destined to be the wine of every cup,
How ruthlessly has it been made common!
The arena of sudden death

Has been called the world of moon and stars.
If any particle of it learnt to fly,
It was brought under control by the spell of
sight.
Why do you seek rest for us?
We are Tied to the revolutions of the days.
Be careful of the ego within your heart,
From this star, the night was illumined.
The world is absolutely a place of decay,
This is the gnosis in this strange land.
Our heart is not seeking anything futile,
Our lot is not fruitless grief.
Desire is looked after here,
And also the intoxication of the yearning of
search.
Ego can be made immortal;
Separation can be changed into union.
A lamp can be lit by our hot breath,
Crack in the sky can be sewn by a needle.
The Living God is not without a taste for
beauty,
His manifestations are not without society.
Who cast the lightning of His Grace on the
heart?
Who drank that wine and struck the cup on
the head?
Whose heart is the criterion of beauty and
good?
Whose house is it round which His moon
revolves?
From whose privacy the cry of "Am I not your
Lord" arose?
From whose musical strings the answer of
"Yes" appeared?
What a fire Love kindled in this handful of
dust
One cry from us burnt down thousands of
veils.
It is only our presence that keeps the cup of
the *Saki* in motion
And maintain liveliness in His society.
My heart burns on the loneliness of God!⁴

⁴ The lines "My heart burns...over my 'I'" are taken
from Iqbal's own translation in the essay
'McTaggart's Philosophy.'

In order, therefore, to maintain intact His Ego-Society
I sow in my dust the seed of selfhood,
And keep a constant vigil over my "I".

EPILOGUE

You are a sword, come out of your cover,
Come out of your sheath.
Remove the veil from your potentialities,
Take hold of the moon, the sun and the stars.
Illumine your night by the light of faith,
Take your white hand out of the armpit.
He who has opened his eyes on the heart
Has sown a spark and reaped a fire.
Have a spark from my innermost heart,
For my heart is as fiery as Rumi's.
Otherwise get fire from the new Culture of
the West,
Adorn your exterior and bring spiritual death
on you.

[Translated by Bashir Ahmad Dar]

THE BOOK OF SERVITUDE

INTRODUCTION

The world-illuminating moon said to God:
"My light turns the night into day;
I remember the time when there was neither
day nor night
And I lay slumbering in the depth of Time;
There was no star in my retinue
And my nature was unaware of revolution.
No vast expanse of desert was illumined by
my light
Nor did the sea feel commotion on seeing my
beauty.
Alas! all this was changed by the magic and
spell of Being,
By the illumination and by the desire for
manifestation!
I learnt from the sun the art of shining
And brightened this dead earthly abode—

An abode that possessed splendour but
lacked joy and happiness.
Its face was distorted by the ugly marks of
servitude.
Its Adam entrapped in the net like a fish,
He has killed God and worships man.
Ever since you bound me down to this earth
I have been ashamed of revolving round it.
This world is not aware of the light of the
soul,
It is not worthy of the sun and the moon.
Cast it away into the space blue,
Sever the ties that bind us, the celestial beings,
to it.
Either relieve me of my service to him
Or create another Adam out of its soil.
It were better if my ever-vigilant eye be blind!
O God, let this earthly abode remain without
light."

Servitude deadens one's heart,
It makes the soul a burden for the body.
Through servitude the young suffer weakness
of old age,
A fierce lion of the forest is enervated;
A society disintegrates
And its members fly at one another's throat.
If one is standing, the other is in prostration;
Their affairs are disorganised like a prayer
without an Imam.
Everyone is fighting with the other
Each individual is seeking his own interests.
Through servitude even a virtuous man goes
astray
And his potentialities for good fail to
actualise.
His branches are shorn of leaves even when
there is no autumn.
He is always encumbered with the fear of
death.
Devoid of good taste, he takes the evil for the
good,
He is dead without death and carries his
corpse on his shoulders.
He has staked away the very honour of life,
And like asses is content with hay and barley.
Just look at his "possible" and his
"impossible,"

See how months and years of his life pass.
His days bewail of one another,
Their movement is slower than the sands of
time.
Imagine a brackish ground, infested with
stings of scorpions,
Its ants bite dragons and prey on scorpions.
Its strong wind has fire as if from Hell
Which is for the barge of Satan steering gail.
The fire permeates the air
Its flames intermingling and multiplying.
A fire that has grown bitter through
wreathing smoke—
A fire that has the roar of a thunder and the
rage of a storming sea.
On its outskirts, snakes are biting one another
Snakes whose hoods are full of poison.
Its flames pounce upon (people) like biting
dogs,
Are dangerously frightening, burn them alive
and their light is dead.
To live for millennia in such a dangerous
desert
Is far better than a moment spent in servitude.

ON THE FINE ARTS OF SLAVES

MUSIC

Arts cultivated (by people) in servitude are
symbols of death;
The spell cast by servitude is beyond
description.
Its songs are devoid of the fire of life;
They storm the wall like a flood.
The countenance of a slave is as black as his
heart,
The notes of a slave are as insipid as his
nature.
His dead frozen heart has lost all gusto and
ardour
And is emptied of to-day's pleasure and the
expectations of future.
His lute betrays his secret,
His instruments embody the death of
multitudes.
It makes you weak and ill
And estranges you from the world.
His eyes are always full of tears—

Keep away from his songs as far as you can.
Beware! it is but the song of death!
It is nothing but nothingness in the guise of
sound.
Feeling thirsty? This *Haram* is without
Zamzam.
His songs bring about the destruction of
mankind.
It removes from the heart all ambitions and
gives grief instead,
It pours poison in the cup of Jamshid.
Hearken brother! grief is of two kinds,
Lighten your lamp of reason with our flame:
One kind of grief is that consumes man;
The other kind of grief is that eats up all other
griefs.
The second kind of grief that is our
companion
Frees life from all kinds of grief.
It involves the tumults of the east and west
It is like a vast ocean in which all beings are
submerged.
When it takes its abode in the heart,
It turns the heart into a vast shoreless sea.
Servitude is but ignorance of the secret of life;
Its song is empty of the second kind of grief.
I don't say that its notes are wrong;
Such bewailings become only a widow.
Song should be violent like a storm
So that it may remove from the heart the
clouds of grief.
It should be nourished on ecstasy—
A fire dissolved in the blood of the heart.
It is possible to develop flame out of its
wetness,
And to make silence a part of it.
Do you know that in music there is a stage
Where speech develops "without words"?
A brilliant song is Nature's lamp
Its meaning imparts form to it.
I don't know whence comes the essence of
meaning
We are aware of its form which is apparent.
If the song is shorn of meaning, it is dead;
Its "heat" emanates from a dead fire.
The secret of meaning was unveiled by Rumi
On whose threshold my thought prostrates:

"Meaning is that transports you aloft
 And makes you independent of the apparent
 form;
 Meaning is not that makes you deaf and blind
 And makes a man enamoured of mere form
 all the more."
 Our musician did not enjoy the beauty of
 meaning;
 He attached himself to form and ignored
 meaning altogether.

PAINTING

Similar is the case of Painting,
 It shows the stamp neither of Abraham nor of
 Adhar.
 "A monk entrapped in the snare of baser
 passion;
 A beloved with a bird in a cage;
 A king (sitting) before a *Khirqah*-clad dervish;
 A highlander with a bundle of wood on
 shoulders;
 A beautiful maiden on way to the temple;
 A hermit sitting in the solitude of his cell,
 A puny old man crushed under the burden of
 old age
 In whose hands the flame (of life) has gone
 out;
 A musician lost in a strange and alien song,
 A nightingale bewailed and his string broke;
 A youth torn by the arrows of beloved's
 glance;
 A child on the neck of his aged grandfather."
 From the pen flow nothing but discourses of
 death,
 Everywhere there is the story and spell of
 death.
 The modern science prostrates before the
 evanescent,
 It increases doubt and removes faith from the
 heart.
 A man without faith has no taste for search of
 truth;
 He has no capacity to create.
 His heart is ever-wavering,
 It is difficult for him to bring forth new forms.
 He is far removed from the self and is sick at
 heart,

He is led by the vulgar taste of the masses.
 He begs beauty from external nature,
 He is a highwayman and tries to rob the
 destitute.
 It is wrong to seek beauty outside one's self;
 "What ought to be" is not (lying) before us.
 When a painter gives himself up to Nature,
 He depicts Nature but loses thereby his own
 self.
 Not for a moment did he manifest his real
 own self,
 Nor did he ever try to break our (idols).
 Nature wrapped in multicoloured gown
 Can be seen on his canvas with a limping foot.
 His low burning moth lacks heat;
 His to-day is devoid of reflections of
 to-morrow.
 His sight cannot pierce through the skies,
 Because he does not possess a fearless heart.
 He is earth rooted, without experience of
 ecstasy, shy,
 Totally devoid of contact with the world of
 spirit.
 His thought is hollow and he has no liking for
 struggle,
 His Israfil-like, call does not bring about any
 resurrection.
 If man deems himself earthly,
 The light divine dies in his heart.
 When a Moses loses hold of his own self,
 His hand becomes dark and his staff merely a
 rope.
 Life is nothing without the capacity for new
 creations,
 Not everybody knows this secret.
 The artist who adds to Nature
 Reveals before our eyes his inner secret.
 Although his ocean does not stand in need of
 anything,
 Yet our rivulets do contribute to it.
 He transforms the old values of life,
 His art establishes the true standard of
 beauty.
 His *hour* is more charming than the *hour* of
 paradise,
 He who does not believe in his *Lat* and *Manat*
 is an infidel.

He creates a new universe
 And gives a new life to the heart.
 He is an ocean and lets his waves strike
 against himself
 These waves scatter pearls before us.
 With that fullness which characterises his
 soul,
 He strives to nourish the impoverished.
 His pure nature is the norm of the right and
 the wrong,
 His art reflects both the ugly and the
 beautiful.
 He is the very essence of Abraham and
 Adhar,
 His hands make as well as break idols.
 He uproots all old foundations
 And polishes all creation.

In servitude body is deprived of soul;
 What good can be expected of a soulless
 body?
 Such a person loses all taste for creative work
 And forgets his own self.
 If you make Gabriel a slave
 He would of necessity fall down from his
 lofty celestial sphere.
 His creed is blind imitation and all his activity
 is centred in idol-making;
 "Newness" is an infidelity in his religion.
 New things increase his doubts and
 misgivings;
 He is pleased with everything old and
 decayed.
 He always looks to the past and is blind to the
 future,
 Like an attendant (of a tomb) he seeks his
 living from the grave.
 If this is skill, then it is death of ambition,
 His inside is dark though his outside is
 beautiful.
 A wise bird is never entrapped
 Though the net be of silken thread.

RELIGION OF THE SLAVES

In servitude, religion and love are separated
 Honey of life becomes bitter.
 What is love? It is imprinting of *Tawhid* on the
 heart,

Then to strike oneself against difficulties.
 In servitude love is nothing but an idle talk,
 Our actions do not correspond with our
 professions.
 The caravan of his ambition has no inclination
 for a journey,
 It lacks faith, has no knowledge of the road,
 and is without a guide.

A slave underestimates both religion and
 wisdom;
 In order to keep his body alive, he gives away
 his soul.
 Although the name of God is on his lips,
 His centre of attention is the power of the
 ruler—
 Power that is nothing but ever-increasing
 falsehood,
 Nothing but falsehood can come from it.
 As long as you prostrate before it, this idol is
 your god,
 But as soon as you stand up before it, it
 disappears.
 That God gives you bread as well as life;
 This god gives you bread but snatches life
 away.
 That God is One *par excellence*, this is divided
 into hundred parts;
 That God provides everything for everybody;
 this god is totally helpless.
 That God cures the ailment of separation,
 The word of this god sows the seeds of
 disunity.
 He makes his worshipper intimate with
 himself,
 And then makes his eyes, ears, and
 consciousness infidels.
 When he rides on the soul of his slave,
 It is (no doubt) in his body but (in reality) is
 absent from it.
 Alive and yet soulless! What is the mystery?
 Listen, I unfold for you its manifold meaning.
 O wise man! dying and living are
 Nothing but relative events.
 For the fish, mountains and deserts do not
 exist;
 For the birds, the depth of the sea is simply a
 nonentity.

For a deaf person, there is no charm in a song;
 For him sound is non-existent.
 A blind man enjoys the song of the harp,
 But before a display of colours, he remains
 unaffected.
 The soul with God is living and lasting;
 For one it is dead, for the other it is alive.
 It is God who is living and never dies;
 To live with God is absolute life;
 He who lives without God is nothing but
 dead.
 Although nobody weeps and bewails over
 him.
 To his eyes, thing worth seeing is hidden,
 His heart is unaware of the desire for change.
 There is no mark of devotion in his deeds;
 There is no breadth of vision in his talk.
 His religion is as narrow as his world,
 His forenoon is darker than the night.
 Life is a heavy burden on his shoulders;
 He nourishes death in his own bosom.
 In his company even love suffers from
 manifold diseases,
 With his breath is extinguished many a fire.
 For a worm that did not rise from the earth
 The sun, the moon, and the revolving sky do
 not exist at all.
 You cannot expect from a slave any desire for
 "vision,"
 Nor is there in him any sign of an awakened
 soul.
 His eyes never bore the trouble of "seeing";
 He ate, slept well, and died.
 If the ruler unfastens one bond,
 He imposes another on him.
 He produces a complex and intricate canon,
 And expects from the slave unswerving
 obedience.
 He sometimes shows a bit of wrath and
 malice towards the slave;
 This increases in him the fear of sudden
 death.
 When the slave loses all faith in himself,
 From his heart vanish all desires.
 Sometimes he bestows on him handsome
 bounty,
 And also invests him with some powers.

The chess-player throws the chessman out, of
 his hand,
 And raises his pawn to the status of queen.
 He becomes so much enamoured of to-day's
 well-being,
 That in reality he becomes a denier of
 to-morrow.
 His body fattens through the benevolence of
 the kings,
 His dear soul becomes thin like a spindle.
 It is better that a whole village of men be
 destroyed
 Than that a single pure soul be subjected to
 sorrow and grief.
 The fetters are not on feet, but (in fact) on the
 heart and soul;
 This is indeed a very intriguing situation.

ON THE ARCHITECTURE OF FREE MEN

Seek for a while the company of the ancients,
 Have a look at the art of free people.
 Arise and see the work of Aibak and Suri;
 Open your eyes, if you have the heart to see.
 They displayed their inner selves before the
 people,
 And thus saw themselves through the eyes of
 others.
 By raising a structure of stones
 They captured eternity in a moment.
 Looking on it makes you mature,
 And transports you to another world.
 A symbol leads you to its creator
 And lets you peep into his innermost heart.
 A spirit of manly adventure and noble nature
 Are the two precious jewels in the heart of the
 stone
 Don't ask me: Whose prayer-ground is this?
 O you ignorant! body cannot reveal the
 experiences of the soul.
 Woe me! I am hidden from myself,
 And have not tasted water from the river of
 life.
 Woe me! I am uprooted from my native soil
 And have fallen far away from my real
 position.
 Stability arises from deep faith,
 Woe me! the branch of my faith is sapless.

I do not possess that power (which is implicit
in) *illallah*;
My prostration is not befitting this shrine.
Just cast a glance on that pure jewel—
Look at the Taj in the moonlight.
Its marble ripples faster than flowing waters,
A moment spent here is more stable than
eternity.
Love of men has expressed its secret,
And perforated the stone by their eyelashes.
Love of men is pure and charming like a
paradise,
It produces songs from brick and stone.
Love of men is the criterion of beauty;
It unveils beauty and sanctifies it too.
His aspirations soar beyond the sky,
And go away from this world of quantity.
As what he sees cannot be expressed in
words,
He whisks away veil from his heart.
Through love passions are elevated,
The worthless gain value through it.

Without love life is all a-wailing
Its whole affair becomes corrupt and unstable.
Love polishes one's common sense,
And imparts the quality of mirror to the
stone.
It gives to the people with enlightened heart,
the heart of Sinai,
And gives to the men of skill the "white"
hand.
Beside him, all possibilities and existences are
nothing
All the world is bitter; it alone is sweet honey.
To its fire is due the vigour of our thought
To create and to infuse soul is its work.
Love suffices men, animals, and insects:
"Love alone suffices the two worlds."
Love without power is magic,
Love with power is prophecy.
Love combined both in its manifestations,
Love thus created a world out of a world.

[Translated by Bashir Ahmad Dar]