



**IN THE NAME OF ALLAH,
THE ALL-BENEFICENT, THE ALL-MERCIFUL**

**Complete Poetical Works of
Imam Khomeini (s)**

**International Affairs Department
The Institute for Compilation and Publication of
Imām Khomeinī's Works**



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Publisher:

International Affairs Department,
The Institute for Compilation and Publication of Imam
Khomeini's Works

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First printing: 2012

Copies:

Price:

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دیوان امام به زبان انگلیسی

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Publisher's Note

Imam Khomeini (s) was an authority in Islamic jurisprudence, Islamic philosophy, mysticism, as well as poetry. Some of the works of the Imam, are written in a specialized manner the understanding of which, is not possible without help by the exegesis of the experts in those lines, other works are written in a more simple style.

The fluent prose, use of literary arts, charming composition and innovations in the political and religious messages of the Imam, formed a basis for evolution in the Muslim World's religious and political literature.

During the course of his blessed life, Imam Khomeini (s) presented to humanity, by his pen and tongue, all he had received from the divine source of grace. He wrote books, delivered sermons, wrote messages and, in his everlasting will and testament, he penned the final chapter of his guiding life. In all these, the Imam has tried to speak in the language of the folks or his audience as called for by his station of guardianship and leadership. Had he spoken in his own tongue revealing the concealed secrets, none could understand.

Who is there to understand the depth of these words? He (the Imam) was being consumed in the flame of divine love and was feeling the ecstasy of that wine which God has promised His

true servants in heaven. For such a man, this world is nothing but a tight cage and his only wish is joining that “Friend”.

The criterion for his attachment to objects is love for Allah. Whatever has a color and aroma like that of the Friend is beautiful for him and anything that is not reminiscent of the Friend is redundant for him. Even the mosque, the minaret, the school and the books, if they are without Him and His ardent love, are null and void. This is so because in a monotheistic logic like this, nothing is real except Him and whatever can serve as a bridge to the Friend must be adhered to and whatever is not like this, is null and void and must be relinquished.

He, who is fascinated and captivated by His countenance, shuns anything that is not of Him. He disowns the I’s and the We’s, and avoids the circles of friends, rivals, the mystic’s circle, the mosque, and the school, and searches for a refuge, away from all these, to be alone with Him and Him only and be so befuddled by His love as to “forget” himself entirely and “forget” all else.

In like manner, in his divine mystic, peripatetic journeys Imam Khomeini (s) had gained access to secrets that were concealed from others. Some of those secrets found manifestation in the glorious guardianship of this noble personality, while others are reflected in the ardent, impassionate and stirring odes and lyric poetry of His Eminence.

Imam Khomeini's poetry are indeed the hidden secrets between him and that Unique Friend—the friend for whose love only the Imam lived, who was all that he could see and acknowledge and to whose command alone he would bow.

The translation of Imam's mystical poetry was a difficult task, but thanks God that it has been accomplished. We have utilized the most common mystical terms and phrases which are most conventional among Gnostics and mystics. However, it must be admitted that Imam Khomeini’s level of mysticism

(irfan) is far higher that its interpretation could be limited to such conventional mystical boundaries.

Imam's poetry contains complicated literary, religious and mystical terms and it explores the deep philosophical concepts. Given that reason, the respected translator may have not been succeeded in delivering some of those apprehensions. However, the translator has applied a unique style which helps non-Persian readers to comprehend several difficult mystical impressions.

The poetry of Imam Khomeini (s) -- may he rest in peace -- is a compendium of all qualities and aspects of his personality. For, his great spirit has visited all corners and horizons, and the lights of his personality have radiated in all stations. At the same time, the Imam's poetry comprise his only unspoken secrets for which there was no audience in this world, for only spiritual worlds could withstand the weight of such unfathomable mysteries. Words are divine blessing for humankind, and God's relations with men are through words. Words were a well for him to put his head, as in the case of Hadrat Ali ('s) and whisper his hidden secrets to it. This is how Imam Khomeini's verses found form and how he occasionally composed some poetry.

Since the poetry of Imam are Gnostic in expression and meaning and his mystic personality was infinite, his lyric poems and odes have multiple strata, and each reader enjoys this occasion of insight and meaning according to his capacity of understanding. The spiteful knowledge and understanding of these concepts take them to mean as he thinks, regards the term, love, in these poems to mean as what the vulgar think of it, and the term, Friend, is taken to mean what the vulgar consider it to mean.

Verily, those who understand themselves are ever so few! On the other hand, those who enjoy the delicacy of divine knowledge, search for perfection and understand the term, hijab

(veil, barrier), tear it and soar above the subterfuge of the meanings of words and immerse in the tumultuous depths of these poems, find them engulfed with impassioned love of a servant (OF God) who has rested his head at the threshold of the "Beloved or "Friend" and want nothing but Him. Such is the worship of the noble and free minds.

In addition to their apparent meanings, words have inner meanings and concepts and it takes a highly skillful driver to tear up the veils and roam around from one chamber to another.

International Affairs Department
**The Institute for Compilation and Publication of
Imām Khomeinī's Works**

Preface¹

**In the Name of Allah,
the All-compassionate, the All-merciful**

*The fragrance of union with you
has ignited these sparks within me;*

*But grief in my breast for you
has extinguished their flaring in me.*

*What a sign to the worlds are you,
worlds resounding so mournfully,*

*With cries to Whom all praise is due,
extolling His endless Glory!²*

1. Extracted from *The Wine of Love, Mystical Poetry of Imam Khomeini*, the Institute for Compilation and Publication of Imam Khomeini's Works, 2009.

2. Below is a more literal rendering of the same poem by Fāṭimah Ṭabāṭabā'ī. Its four lines are in *ghazal* form, with first, second and fourth lines rhyming. The first line is in Arabic. Verse which mixes Arabic and Farsi is highly renowned:

The fragrance of union with you has ignited sparks of passion for you within me.

Grief for you in my breast has kept the small fire from flaring, as you wished.

My dear Imām, my revered guide!

Those responsible for the publication of your works have asked me to write what I know about the manner in which you composed your mystic¹ poetry, so that a small window could thereby be opened upon this dimension of your existence for the eyes of your devotees. But when I pick up the pen, the sorrow of your loss keeps me from writing, and grief over your departures does not release me. Alas, without you, our house has no light or radiance. Every place in the house bears some token of you. The perfume of your presence is everywhere. Your little ‘Alī² is constantly looking for you and asking about you. Since we told him that you are in heaven, in his eagerness to see you he keeps on gazing toward the sky and the stars.

No more than three months have elapsed since your spiritual journey. Every day your devotees gather at the *Husayniyyah*³ and at your house and weep like bereaved lovers. They strew petals in the passageway between the house and the *Husayniyyah*.

My *pīr*!⁴ You were aware of your lover’s state: you knew about my enamored soul, and you knew how enthralled by you and how agitated I am, so how could you leave me alone? How

←

What a sign you are to the worlds which are filled with the sound of the wailing of the holy,

Which passes the apex of the beyond: Hail to the eternal Glory, hail!

1. *‘Irfānī* is the adjectival form of *‘irfān*, a kind of mysticism or gnosis which flourishes in the context of Shī‘ī Islam.
2. ‘Alī is the son of Sayyid Aḥmad, who is the son of Imām. ‘Alī’s mother is the author of this letter, Fāṭimah Ṭabāṭabā‘ī.
3. A *Husayniyyah* is a place for the remembrance of the third Imām, the grandson of the Prophet, Ḥusayn, peace be with him. The *Husayniyyah* mentioned here is the place where Imām delivered his speeches, attached to his house in northern Tehran.
4. *Pīr* literally means old man, but it is also used as spiritual title, especially among mystics, for one’s spiritual master.

can I, who have spent my entire life in the shining rays of your existence, now live in darkness?!

*In this, my black night, I've lost the way to my intended.
Come out from some corner, oh star of guidance! ¹*

I will leave an account of this sore grief and anguish for another opportunity, and confine myself to what has been requested of me, because:

*The stories of the gnostic masters nourish the soul.
Go, ask of the mystery; then come, and tell us the tale.²*

When I was reading philosophical texts required for my field of study, I would occasionally bring some of the difficult and obscure passages of a book before Imām (may his grave be hallowed) for consultation. These question and answer periods were soon transformed into twenty minute lessons. One morning when I went to him to begin a lesson, I discovered that he had written me a warning in a satirical quatrain:

*Fātī, who studies the branches of philosophy,
Knows only 'ph', 'l', and 's' of philosophy,³
My hope is that in the light of God
She may unveil herself of philosophy!*

After receiving this quatrain, I very persistently began to request other verses. A few days later:

1. This couplet is from Ḥāfiz.

2. This is another couplet from Ḥāfiz.

3. In Arabic, these letters spell *fals*, a small coin, or farthing.

*Fāṭī, one must journey to the Friend,
The self of one's own self one must transcend!*

*Bits of knowledge that toward yourself tend
Are devils to avoid in the way you wend.¹*

Little by little, my insistent pleas had their effect, for a little later he composed this:

*Fāṭī, you and the Reality of gnosis.
what does it mean?!*

*To apprehend the essence without attributes,
what does it mean?!*

*Without study of 'A', you shall not find
your way to 'Z'.*

*Without having entered the spiritual path, being gifted—
what does it mean?!*

I listened with my entire soul to such succinctly expressed quatrains of enlightening advice. I hung them like pendants from my ears and became intoxicated by their sweetness. Suddenly, I came to realize that it would be a pity for message about gnosis such as these to be kept private. Therefore, I boldly persisted in my request that he not abandon the line he had taken up with composition of these messages. I must

1. More literally:

Fāṭī, one must journey toward the Friend,
One must pass beyond the self of one's self.
Everything known which has the scent of your being,
Is a devil in the way which you must avoid.

confess that I was encouraged to persevere by the boundless kindness of that dear, and so, I augmented my pleas with a request for ghazal.¹ He reproached me, saying, “What, am I a poet?!” But as before, I insistently persisted with my spiritual guide, and after a few days I heard this:

*In so far as the Friend is, you will not be harmed.
In so far as He is, the dust of quality and quantity is naught*

*Abandon whatever there is, and choose Him.
There is no more excellent advice than these two words.²*

*You have not become a lover if you have a name.
You are not a mad if you have a message.*

*You have not become drunk if you have consciousness.
Be considerate with us until you have the goblet.*

Days passed and every once in a while Imām paid the price of my ardent entreaties with a ghazal or with some writings. With this turn of events, I would allow no further delay, and I first showed the collection of quatrains to my spouse, Aḥmad.³ He also expressed his enthusiasm and encouraged me to pursue

-
1. The *ghazal* is a lyric form of Persian poetry, with rhyme in the first two and in even numbered lines, and allowing various metric forms. With respect to content, it usually does not express the linear development of an idea, but rather its couplets express variations on an idea or mood.
 2. The ‘two words’ are ‘abandon’ and ‘choose,’ which reflect the negative and positive elements in the first article of Muslim faith: There is no god but God.
 3. It refers to the son of Imām, Ḥujjat ul-Islām wal-Muslimīn Ḥāj Sayyid Aḥmad Khomeini.

the case. So, I took a notebook to Imām and I requested that when suitable he inscribe therein his poems, admonitions, and mystical allusions... And it was in this way that he so graciously complied with my request and granted me a position from the table of his gnosis and generosity as provision for my journey, and he gave me something he had written which ended with a *ghazal*. It was a positive answer to my persistent request.

Now, the fruit of these efforts, that is, this valuable legacy, I place at the disposal of that respectable institute which publishes his works so that they may present it to the devotees of Imām, and thereby to provide the limpid water of this fountain for those who thirst. In this context I have other things to say which, if God grants me the opportunity, I shall relate.

In grief, untimely days elapsed;

Days accompanied by inner burning,

If the days have gone, let them go without fear,

But you stay, like unto whom there is no purity.¹

Fāṭimah Ṭabāṭabā'ī

23/6/1368 AHS

[Sept. 12, 1989]

1. From Mawlāwī Jalāl ad-Dīn ar-Rūmī.

GHAZAL

NOVROOZ

*The Novrooz breeze has blown round (mountain and wilderness)
the nature,*

The poor and the king are wearing the feast dress together.

*The nightingale of the paradise garden is no way towards the real Beloved,
I make boast of the minstrel of the assembly who is attractive in
the center.*

*The mystic and the sufi have been deprived of this desert,
Take a cup of wine from the minstrel's hand as to move towards purity.*

*During the feast all people go to the garden and wilderness,
I the languishing one, leave the tavern towards the Creator.*

*Auspicious be Novrooz Feast for the poor and the rich,
Of the temple open, oh the idol beloved an aperture.*

*If you let me inter the court of the tavern elder,
Not on my foot, but upon my soul and my head towards Him I scamper.*

*For many years I was within the raw of the scholars,
When I reach the Beloved, not again to make a blunder.*

HAPPY ENDING

*Fill up my cup with wine oh cup-bearer,
Removing from my soul the desire for fame and dishonour.*

*Fill up my cup with the sort of wine that can ruin my soul,
And extinguish the score of deceit and snare.*

*The sort of wine which releases my soul from its own chain,
Taking my reins, it deprives me from my power.*

*The sort of wine which in sactum of the rogues not observing the
forbidden,
Smashes my prostration and makes my rising fracture.*

*You were not within the sanctity boundary of the tavern's rose-cheeked,
That from any aperture I enter, my bridle will be caught by a flower.*

*I will join the selfless elders, perhaps, By means of wine,
They will empty out my mind of thoughts, so vain and rare.*

*Oh! You the messenger of the lightly-burden of the mortality,
Take my praise and regards to that area's sea commander.*

*With the goblet I ended this mortality in mortality letter,
"Watch the Happy Ending." You tell of the cloister elder.*

THE SOUL OF THE WORLD

*I lost my heart to you, except you no one I have,
Except you Oh! The soul of the world no defender I have.*

*I am in love with you Oh the unique rose,
I swear by God that except you any desire never I have.*

*I am with you and have never been I away from you, but,
It can not be helped that no sound of any bell I have.*

*Take away the veil, I swear by your soul,
That except seeing your face no request I have.*

*If you are not in my arm, the hidden vagrant,
The heaven price less than a wing of a fly in my mind I have.*

*Don't tell me about the paradise, and the palace of hours,
Except the wish of my Beloved's visitation no other wishes I have.*

DESCRIPTION OF APPEARANCE

*There are no eyes unable to see your beautiful face,
There are no ears unable to hear your utterance.*

*Hands are extended towards no one but you,
One searches nothing in the world except your foot trace.*

*I am the love's traveller and fed up with cloak and throne,
I won't replace your heart-adorning face with the two worlds.*

*The stature of the cypress-like won't be bought a penny,
By the one who dreams of your shapely stature.*

*Which direction can be chosen, if you are not the Qiblah,
By the one who is searching in the shrine your shelter and your place.*

*Everywhere is the love's abode as my love is everywhere,
Blind is the one who is not able to find in the world your place.*

*Who shall I tell that he has not seen and won't see in the world,
Anything but your arch of eyebrow and your curly hair.*

*The booth of wisdom and science closed and opened the door of love
instead,
The one that was enamoured of you.*

*I will break this pen, and tear out this book,
I am not able to describe your exalted appearance.*

THE SEA OF BEAUTY

*Put aside you tress and make your face appear,
So that world will be disappeared flies towards innihilation.*

*There is no way to reach your abode, oh the Qiblah of the heart,
That's why towards "Minā" I make my way never.*

*Whoever enjoys the pleasure of your beautiful face,
Will be bored with the shrine and turn away from Safā.*

*You arch of ryrbrow is my soul and my heart's alter,
There is no comparison between you and I, between the pious and
the alter.*

*The infidle, the mystic, the dervish, the tavern dweller, and the drunk,
All are under your command and you are the commander.*

*The Sufi's cloak, the cup of wine and the sword of the Holly War,
You are yourself the main Qiblah and the rest pointers towards you.*

*Will I ever unite you while you are in my soul,
Your separation, while you are in my soul is unfair.*

*We are all waves and you are the sea of beauty oh you,
Were there is the wave it's strange that there's no sea.*

THE BELIEF OF ANNIHILATION

*There is nothing in our heart but your affection,
Your affection being moulded in our clay.*

*Avecinna's remedy and his books were unable,
Despite all disputes and quarrels, to solve our problem.*

*Tell the Sheikh, who made my way void,
"At your justice smiles our transgression."*

*If his wayfarer passes through some stranges,
Our end will be annihilation.*

*Hundred caravans of heart set out for home,
Our negligent heart here had to was left out.*

*If Noah survived drowning by reaching the beach,
This drowning itself is our salvation.*

THE BELOVED'S LIPS

*Although from the two worlds we gained nothing,
Nothing to worry about as yourself are in our heart.*

*The result of the universe and dwelling is totally derived from your aspect,
Therefore, it is quite enough that the whole universe and dwelling
our belongings are.*

*The whole secrets are hidden within the Beloved's lips,
Open your lips bring out our difficulty from the hiding.*

*Either kill or release me from this small cage,
Otherwise extinguish in our heart such vain passion.*

*If we had not been worthy of circling your Ka'bah.
Then for what did you knead our clay from reality.*

THE HEART'S MONASTERY

*O cup-bearer take away the hearts' regrets,
As your cup solves the whole secrets of the difficulties.*

*By means of wine let not, the wisdom enter the monastery of the heart,
As this lunatic asylum has no room for the wise.*

*If you have lost your heart to the Beloved, move out,
As this tavern any place for anyone but the enamoured is.*

*If you are not inebriated enough that you might become sober instantly,
Go out immediately from the boundary of the sanctum of the ignorant.*

*From the flowers of the Beloved's garden, what colour of that idol
did you see?
That from the Beloved's garden, from the seas and from the coasts
you are away.*

*You saw the path of paradise in front,
That you parted from the right path and joined the incorrect.*

*If you have lost your heart to the existing world or beyond it,
You have chained yourself with a spider's web so much impudent.*

THE MID-NIGHT SUN

*O beautiful who are both covered and without cover,
Oh you who thousands of times appear and again disappear.*

*Oh! the mid-night sun and the mid-day moon,
Oh, the distant star who are nor the sun and the moon neither.*

*The universe is your pioneer and the sun your shadow,
The tress of the sun is your delicate tent's binder.*

*The souls of the holies due to your separation are consuming,
The hooris' hearts are all burning with your absence.*

*You are the real beauty and the legend of glory,
You are the endless sea and the world is a mirage all.*

*Is it possible that you glance at us!
Thus with the opening wings we move out of this cage.*

*Oh you whose appearance gives beauty to the beautiful,
Oh you whose coquettish glance causes all Sheikfi and all the youth
to perish,*

*The Friend's eyes have made me mad,
Both worlds' prosperity be sacrificed for this being out of order.*

THE SEA AND MIRAGE

*Release us in this endless torment,
With our heart torn into pieces and our chest burnt.*

*A life time has been passed in the grief of the (real Beloved) absence
of the beloved's face,
Being out of the water fish and within the fire bird.*

*I gained nothing from this suffering and this life,
After youth senility appeared while being entirely negligent.*

*I gained nothing from the school, the lecture and the lesson,
When from this mirage to the sea can one get?*

*The more I learnt and the more I turned the pages,
There was nothing but the covert after the covert.*

*Oh dear, be aware while you are young,
At old age you can not do anything but sleep.*

*These ignorants who claim to be guiding,
Boasting in their cloaks is the only material you can find present.*

*Our defect and shortcoming, our perfection and beauty, and the like,
We have hidden like old age behind the hair dye.*

*Keep silent and tear the useless books,
How much nonsense and falsehood?*

THE COURT OF BEAUTY

*Wherever you step His beauty clear there is,
Wherever you put your head the place of the worship of that
beauty (the real Beloved) there is.*

*Everyone is wandering about (the real Beloved)'s dishevelled hair,
In the grief of His visage's separation, so much fervency and
clamour there is.*

*All the beautiful genuflected to your beauty,
What sort of turturing is this that for the aged and the youth a
treasure it is?*

*The lovers are the high-ranking figures of the spritual world,
Being Proud is the one who at your court of beauty the beggar is.*

*The one who took shelter in your place, is away from boasting,
The neglected of the worlds never think of us?*

*Take off this stained cloak and break this idol,
Settle down yourself at the love's gate which itself the Qiblah
indicator is.*

THE HEART'S WORD

*The lovelorn one from his hue is distinguishable,
His being heart-bereft from his sorrow is distinguished.*

*He can not be satisfied by the words,
From his cruelty this word is seen.*

*The friend (the real Beloved) has no desire to make peace,
Today from his quarrel is seen.*

*He is intoxicated, watch her red face,
From her beautiful eyes the intoxication is distinguishable.*

*The Beloved is going to kill the lover tonight,
I don't need to say, from her arrow it is distinguishable.*

*Hindī won't reveal your secret of love,
What I can do? That from her hue it is visible.*

THE LOVE SCHOOL

*The one who inflames the fire which consumes my soul, the beloved is,
The one who increases my pain, infact the beloved herself is.*

*Whatever animating is, the cup of wine from the beloved's hand is.
Nor tutor, or trainer, neither physician and nor the preacher is.*

*My love secret, my pain's mystery within the Beloved's curve of the
tresses is.*

When in the circle of Sufi and the disciples of the cross is.

*There was no victory out of my victories, nor any lights out of the lamp,
Whatever I want within the garment of that bewitching is.*

*These upright people of the love school are looking for the pain,
The one who is looking for the cure from the followers of this school
unaware is.*

*I want a single sip of your cup in order to become unconscience,
The sober from the pleasure of this sip deprived is.*

*The wave of the friend's favour within the unlimited love sea,
Sometimes stays upon the highest point and sometimes at the deep-end is.*

THE SUN'S VISAGE

*It is our own fault if the friend from us hidden is,
Open your eyes to see that the whole world Mount Sina is.*

*Don't boast that the sun's face is not seen,
By the bat's eyes incapable of seeing the slightest light.*

*O God, this fancy curtain which is hanging in front of our eyes,
Unveil it so that I see the world whole light is.*

*I wish in the rogues' circle there were a trace of the friend (the real
Beloved),
There, one talks about being helped not the helper is.*

*Alas! If one day the secrets are unveiled,
It will be revealed what within this covered cloak there is.*

*What shall I do as to be let enter your abode?
For this journey needs provisions and this way far is.*

*The love's territory which immoderation and wandering about, is
The claimant in its quest of it, capricious and arrogant is.*

*He who saw his moon-like face, kept quiet,
The one who praises, you with his utterance happy is.*

*It is the time that I sit and keep quiet,
His praise overal inscribed.*

THE CONSUMED LOVER

*Unveil your face, show your visage the coyness enough is,
The heart-burnt lover's desire, yours is.*

*Oh! Friend, (the real Beloved) never will I leave you,
As far as, I the lovesick one, breath and sap have.*

*All the beauties compared to your beauty, oh the beauty source,
Besides the roaring sea a straw is.*

*The wing consumed bird from the spring deprived is,
It's the arena for the rook to flaunt itself and the fly to buzz.*

*I am pleading for justice, where shall I adduce the heart's grief?
That like me the rectifier and helper is.*

*All these uproar and clamour that exist in the world,
All go towards the Beloved, and nothing but the ring of the bell is.*

THE ROGUES BELIEF

*The one who renounces the two worlds, the dervish is,
The one who does not care about the vivid and the hidden, the dervish is.*

*The cloak and the monastery from the rogues' faith, distant is,
The one who keeps oneself away from this and that the humble is.*

*The one who is wearing the mendicant's cap, never the dervish is,
The one who ignores the cap and one's whole body [in fact] the dervish is.*

*There is no need of gathering the circle of prayers, as the prayer by
itself exists,
The one who distinguishes the prayer (the real Beloved) with no
doubt the dervish is.*

*Whoever in assembly claims to be a dervish,
In reality not, but merely verbally, he the dervish is.*

*The Sufi who upon whose own whim became dervish,
He is the slave of his own wishes, how the humble he is?*

SEEING THE BELOVED

*The Beloved's affection the secret obsession of our soul is,
We are your abode's lowly as far as we can.*

*Tell the denizen of paradise that you and your palaces,
Our peace in the shade of our Beloved there is.*

*The paradise and whatever there are in there, be for the rival,
The burden and the grief which is from him, ours is.*

*Tell the claimant that "You and the bounty paradise,
The beloved's seeing is derived from our hidden secret."*

*Bring goblet, pour wine and ogle,
Such coquetry, enlivening our soul and our life is.*

*These sober people and the knowledge dealer and the Sufis,
Can not hear in fact whatever much repeated upon our tongues is.*

THE LOVERS' JUG

*Arise minstrel that the joy our desire is,
The intoxicated eyes of the faithful Beloved towards us is.*

*The frenzy of the lovers for the beautiful caused by wine,
God's lovers intoxication from our jug derived is.*

*We the lovers are from the summit of the guidance mountain,
The Rohl-omin through the Cedar for us looking is.*

*Convert the tavern into the garden oh! you the calanders,
The intoxicated paradise flight in our talking is.*

*Tell the minstrel to increase the joy, play more enthusiastically,
The hand of the monastery's beggar upwards, towards us is.*

*Cup-bearer! fill up our cup with coloured wine,
This brimful jar of wine the cause of our reputation is.*

*The spring breeze unveiled her face,
The flower's red colour from our Beloved furious face is.*

*Oh invisible! that your manifestation goes beyond the Heaven,
Your features' affection within the each root of our strand blended is.*

ALTAR'S QIBLAH

*The arch of your curved eyebrow the Qiblah of my altar is,
The twist of your hair itself the mystery of my tension and my fever is.*

*If the insightful have to observe some ceremonies for praying,
Remembering your hair and your face, my ceremony is.*

*Whatever I saw from the rivals was all sobriety,
In the row of the intoxicated, my sobriety, my sleep is.*

*Within the sea of the science and action the rivals are floating,
The intoxication, the tipsy, in the result of being drunkard my whirlpool is.*

*Everybody asks for forgiveness and mercy because of his sins,
The friend (the real Beloved) in my obedience my saviour and my
penitent is.*

*Except this way other way I step,
Your love with my soul blended is.*

*Anyone from happiness and the grief receives a portion,
My essence of joy my jug of pure wine is.*

THE LOVE SEA

*The world's legend my frenzied heart is,
With in the candle, the consumed love, my moth is.*

*The Beloved's tress the trap of his lovers' heart is,
The black mole upon her lip, my grain is.*

*The clamour of the lovers, the coquettish face of the heart-ravishers,
The commune all in my lodging is.*

*The nice alley of the tavern, the door of the purity of love,
The features of your visage totally my nest is.*

*The thunder roar, the saddening sigh of my soul is,
The love sea my drunken drop is.*

*As soon as the comb tipped the top of the Beloved's tress,
The celestial genuflected altogether my shoulder is.*

THE LOVE DECREE

*I swear by your soul that upon your abode my place is,
I swear by the curve of your tress, in the tavern my home is.*

*The mystic of your visage are all the tyrant and the ignorant,
This tyranny and ignorance my obsession is.*

*The lover of your face, being yearned, is demanding,
Genuflecting upon your place my decree is.*

*The learned, the ignorant and the pious are all enchanted with your lover,
This letter not the only secret of obsession is.*

*Unveil your face, appear, glance over,
This the desire of my frenzied sad heart is.*

*The mosque, the idol temple, the cloister monastery and the sanctury,
Wherever you pass through the memory of my charming Beloved is.*

*We are within the veil, and veil, and the veil,
This the veil which itself my secret puzzle is.*

LOVE ABODE

*The love dwelling and the sad lovers' abode is,
The pillar of which higher than the heaven's opening is.*

*This residence for the wine drinkers of the beloved's path, the
landing place is,
With anguish, intoxication and unawareness match is.*

*From the circle of universe and the state of world view out is,
Companying with the lover, the innihilation searcher is.*

*The abode of the traders of the rose-cheeked beloved's face is,
The center of the lovers, of the moon-like face beloved is.*

*The chamberlains of the sanctum are the commanders of the path,
The host of this court, in the world wandering is.*

*The hermit of this Ka'bah, of the praise of the people needless is,
The servant of this tavern far from the people's praise is.*

THE DESIRE OF UNION

*Within the curve and the twist of the beloved's tress song is,
The heart the devotee slave of each tooth of the comb is.*

*The soul is willing to see your moon-like face,
Sitting in the mosque and in the sanctuary a pretext is.*

*Lying in ambush for the mystics and for those turned away from
the existence,
Your tress like a noose and your lip's mole like a grain is.*

*Thinking of your union, shining sun,
My tear towards the sea like the flood running is.*

*The period of youth was over being spent in the Beloved's abode,
For all this is cruelty, what the remedy is?*

*The waves of the beloved's beauty like the boundless sea is,
This intoxicated, having parched lips, on the coast his care is.*

*The tavern desiring for his union rejoicingly,
The minstrel, dancing, rejoicing and playing the harp and the spatula is.*

THE LOVE LIGHT

*If the love opens its wings, the sovereign of the world love is,
If love appears in this world and existence, love the sovereign is.*

*If one day it appears from its own hiding place,
Well done! that coast to coast love the sovereign is.*

*There is no particle in the world devoid of love,
Blessed is He who is ruling over the whole universe.*

*If from the hidden curtain his face appears one day,
The whole people will find out that in presence and absence love
the sovereign is.*

*As far as you are veiled soulfully and bodily,
You can't see yourself that upon the soul and the body the sovereign
love is.*

*It goes without saying that the whole world nothing but the love is,
The Majesty who over the states [Present and absent] sovereign the
love is.*

ADDICTED TO LOVE

*Zephyr! if you pass through the abode of the beloved,
Tell him not to genuflect except upon the feet of the beloved.*

*I don't genuflect unless upon the feet of the beloved,
I don't die unless for the sake of the beloved.*

*You consumed my heart by your disunion,
Judge! Were it the friend's deserve?*

*Majnoon fell in love, but he was not so involved as I was,
I wish no one would be addicted to beloved like me.*

THE BELOVED'S JUG

*Life ended but we did not reach the place of the beloved,
The session was over but we did not see the face of the beloved.*

*The garden is thoroughly fragrant inspired by the scent of the
beloved,
We searched everywhere but we did not smell of the beloved.*

*Wherever you go being bright by the face of the beloved,
The bat-like (blindly) we did not get towards the beloved.*

*The lover drunkards have had wine,
We did not have even a sip from the jug of the beloved.*

*Your and my ears won't hear the description of the beloved's face,
Otherwise, the world has nothing to talk except about the beloved.*

*Tell the wise that the beloved's face is apparent,
It is enough searching for the beloved.*

*The cup-bearer gives us wine from the beloved's hand,
You too take it from the good hand of the beloved.*

THE SOUL'S CONFIDENCE

*To whom should I say my heart's confidence, for I have no confidant,
Why should I look for the soul's confidence, to me no door is open.*

*As much as you can, ogle! As far as possible taste,
Any lovers I saw was in love with this coquetry.*

*Never expect me to be within the circle of the sufi and the
monastery of the monks,
Lack of wings and feather bird can't fly with rook,*

*The lovelorns are unable to discuss with the men of the reason,
The heart-bereft with the obedient suit not together.*

*Sacrifice yourself to the beloved and be ready for dying, like a soldier,
The one who does not sacrifice oneself to the beloved, soldier is not.*

*The beloveds' love has deep root within the soul from the beginning,
The love had no ending as it had no beginning.*

*I drank this misery from the jug of calamity,
This calamity until the beloved's union exists.*

THE HEARTS-BURNT ASSEMBLY

*I am in love and for the lover except your union no remedy there is,
No one can be found not to be consumed by this fire.*

*In the hearts-burnt assembly except mentioning you nothing is,
This is the narration without beginning and ending*

*The heart's confidence cannot be opened to anyone,
Except to the beloved who is lack of hidden and presence.*

*To whom shall I explain that except the beloved won't see,
The one who is unable to control thought and meeting.*

*Pay a bit of attention and glance at me, the poor creature,
Act coyly, do coyness as in this desert no arrangement there is.*

*Open the top of the jar and give me a brimful cup,
Except you neither cup nor facining any one is concernrd.*

*It is impossible to help talking in a muddled way,
The one who has nothing in his chest but a muddled heart.*

*Tear up the notebook, break the pen, and keep silent,
You can find no one who is not mad about Him.*

THE LOVER'S INTOXICATION

*There exists no heart but the dishevelled for your face.
The one who did not become mad about your mole, wise is not.*

*The lovelorn lover's intoxication is derived for your wine,
Except this intoxication, from my life I did gain nothing.*

*The love of your face threw me in this desert,
It cannot be helped the limit for this desert there is not.*

*Forget yourself if you are an infatuated lover,
Because between you and Him but yourself no obstruction there is not.*

*If you are the love seeker, put away the prayer rug, and your
patched garment,
That in this course except love no wayfare there is.*

*If you are really a man of mystic, leave the pious and the sufi,
For except this clan, any path for others in this assembly enter not.*

*I grasp her tress while playing harp,
Because the senseless mad's behaviour, except this, is not.*

*Take my hand and release me from this hypocrisy patched garment,
That within this garment merely the ignorant settle.*

*Science and mysticism are not allowed to enter the tavern,
As to the lovers' abode the wrong way exists not.*

YEARNING FOR THE VISAGE

*Tonight yearning to see your face for me peace there is not,
My heart does not relax for my beloved there is not.*

*I don't want to walk in the garden, I don't approach the lawn,
I don't look for the garden for my rose-figured beloved there is not.*

*From the beginning that I saw your face I said,
Trying to get this like nymph, for me no hope there is not.*

*By a single grain I trapped myself into your noose,
As I thought that in the world the snare for me there was not.*

*I will become the soil of the beloved's abode, then I demand the wishes,
Though I know from that wish seeker, the wish for me there is not.*

*Like Hindī all the time I chase her way,
Though the success of meeting, for me in all times there is not.*

THERE IS AND THERE IS NOT

*The world in your praise in clamour and anxiety there is and there is not,
The wine from your hand in the jug there is and there is not.*

*The light of your face within the hearts inflamed was and was not,
The love of your face in the hearts of the old and the young there is
and there is not.*

*The nightingale upon the rose branch, in your praise sang and sang not,
In desert and in wilderness the aroma of your hair there is and
there is not.*

*Confabulation due to my faint face to Her said and said not,
The fortitude and the patient torn into the pieces is and is not.*

*My soul to that beloved sacrificed was and was not,
The soul of benevolent ones upon the churn of the beloved's soil is
and is not.*

*The love caravan in his dream went and went not,
The soul of hundreds of caravans in this plea is and is not.*

LOVE'S MANNERS AND CONVENTIONS

*Whoever has not genuflected upon His threshold, the independent is not,
Whoever has not sacrificed himself to Her the lover is not.*

*Through the love course choose none-existence of friend,
Whoever is apparently living in fact, the mankind is not.*

*The manners and the conventions of love is beyond our accounts,
Whoever is sober and awake the intoxicated by the wine is not.*

*Genuflecting to His threshold is surrendering to Him,
Whoever claims to exist, the surrendered and the mere obedient is not.*

*It takes many years to find the love path,
This path is especial for the rogues of the tavern, this way simple is not.*

*The darvish's cloak is like the king's crown,
The crown bearer and the cloak wearer away from the splendour is not.*

*As far as you are involved in splendour you can not smell the beloved,
Whoever has these chains round himself, ready is not.*

THE INTOXICATION STORY

The one who is looking for the heart, within the Ka'bah and the tavern there is not,

Whatever the soul is looking for in the hand of the strange sufi is not.

*The utterance of the philosopher, the sufi and Dervish and the Sheikh,
It is not suitable for describing the beauty of the beloved.*

*To whom do I say the heart's confidence from whom do I ask about
the beloved's description?*

Whatever they say the tongue of the lovelorn is not.

Tell the wise to close the book from speech,

Whatever they say from the tongue of the drunk and languishing is not.

*If I take a cup from your hand I will make my way towards the beloved,
Deprived is the one who to this cup access has not.*

*The lovers are aware of the lovesore and the fervency of separation,
The one who was burnt by the candle of your face except the moth,
no one else is.*

*The tress of the hair, the coyness and coquetry and your lip's mole,
Only the drunkards know that it is nothing but grain and snare.*

*The intoxication tale and the mystery of the unconsciousness and
the drunkenness,*

The lovers know that this the myth and the fiction is not.

THE IMBIBERS

*No residence has the lovers of face,
The broken wings and feather bird of the tulip and garden thinks not.*

*If you are fond of her become extinct, become moth,
Being involved in the existing world, does not suit the moth.*

*It is customary for the imbibers to break from the world,
The one who is not pure deserving the tavern is not.*

*The course of the knowledge and wisdom from the path of madness
is separated,
The one who is being snared by these grains and these snares mad is not.*

*Become intoxicated, go out of mind, forget yourself,
For the acquainted with the friend has no way but forget.*

THE LOVE CURER

*To whom do I say the heart's grieve, as I have no companion but you,
Except you, oh the spirit, no other aid there is.*

*I am suffering from your love and I keep quiet,
Because in this desert for the grief-stricken the sign of a sympathizer,
there is not.*

*I cannot reveal the heart's confidence to anyone,
As in this temple of Magian, the sign of no confidant, there is.*

*The cup-bearer! don't talk about the brimful cup of wine,
For in this intoxicated tavern no sober there is.*

*My pain is your love and my bed is the grave,
Except you for me no physician and nurse there is.*

*Do me a favour, a favour, call on me,
Swear by your soul that as sick as I am there is none.*

*I cross out my notebook's pages with red pen,
Yeah, there is no doubt about my love and your beauty.*

THE PRETENCE CLOAK

*We are have with the pretence cloak and nothing more,
Within the hypocrisy trap being chained and nothing more.*

*Egotism, selfishness and the self-indulgence of the carnal desire,
They made the soul, like the body, invalid, and nothing more.*

*In the beloved's court we did not take nor saw,
Except the sealed letter by guilt and nothing more.*

*Choosing the tavern and breaking with all people,
Hoping for the event of fate and nothing more.*

*The dervish who is lacking the manner of a real dervish,
Looks down upon the God's creature with disdain and nothing more.*

*The Sufi who lacks purity, genuflects not,
Except in front of the rich and the mighty and nothing more.*

*The scholar who has not adorned himself with purity,
His knowledge is explained as a veil and nothing more.*

*The mystic who has read some mystical books,
He has bound himself to the terms and the interpretations and
nothing more.*

THE GLAD TIDINGS OF VISITATION

*The spring breeze of the beloved's visitation the glad tidings has given,
It is worth sacrificing our lives to the arrival of spring breeze.*

*The nightingale upon the branch of sypress is singing seductive songs,
To its own heart the glad tidings of the sypress-like rose-cheeked
has given.*

*The cup-bearer through the wine glass coyly and coquettishly,
To my restless soul, calmness has given.*

*In the love garden sitting sad is not allowed,
The hand of a imbiber idol the soul must be given.*

*My eloquent beloved, the thornless flower of the garden,
A glass of grief to Farhad-like Khosrow has given.*

*As soon as my agonized heart saw the beloved's face,
Not only one life sacrificed to him, rather a hundred thousand.*

ASCENDANCE OF THE SOUL

*If towards the beloved's alley a passage is opened
If my sleeping fortune for an instance with me is concordant*

*If the morning breeze blows towards the beloved's abode
If the sad heart with the sypress-like is confidant*

*If the reed from the lover's heart tells a story
If the grieved heart with the sympathetic is accordant*

*If Solomon shows mercy to a weak ant for its sorrow
Before the pious eminent and exalted will be*

*In the hope of seeing Him I dovote myself, I die upon His arrival
If He opens the door for me if He coyly comes back,*

*Shadow me oh! the sypress of the garden of kindness
So my soul can get ready to fly ou of this world*

THE SORROW OF THE BELOVED

*The wine of the beloved's cup the sobriety has not,
Drunkenness by drinking this glass of wine the sobriety has not.*

*Your sick eyes make everyone sick,
This lovesick one forever no sickness has.*

*The lover from everything, but the beloved, relinquish quietly,
Because with himself except the tale of love no other words has not.*

*To whom the sweetness of the beloved's pain of separation, can be told?
Except the sorrow of the beloved the amorous no other sorrow has.*

*Call on the patient of your face, one day,
Except your love nobody is looking after him.*

*Be kind, oh friend, unveil your face and behave less coquettishly!
The heart from the beloved except sympathy no expectation has.*

THE SPARK OF GRIEF

*The one who joined us with the grief, set alone,
Did you notice that he didn't care about our misery.*

*If you need for the latent sorrows a patent evidence,
ehold my red tears upon my yellow face.*

*If I extinguish the heart's fervency with the tears,
To the worlds I cast spark of sorrow coupled with cold sigh.*

*Whether it did not behol your beautiful visage in the meadow,
Then why does whirlwind scatter dust on the flower's petals?*

*I will never take my face off your threshold,
If you two hundred times from your place banish me.*

*If I hear that with me the lovelorn you have desided to fight,
Ready to give my life I dash out towards the battle field.*

*HINDI composed this sonnest, though a master has said:
I am not the challenger, if you are brave, try.*

THE LOVE JOURNEY

*Heartbroken, towards you a journey must be made,
To the tavern willingly a passing must be made.*

*Our sage said, from the tavern the cure must be asked,
Request for the healing from any house never ever must be made.*

*If there is anyone more beautiful than you,
Doubtlessly a cleaving must be made.*

*If the sage opened the door of the tavern to the lovers,
Afterwards the decision for the victory must be made.*

*If the heart claims to be a sardār, as a result of intoxication
Come to your senses for we are in danger.*

*Good tidings, oh! Friend, that a rogue opened the jar's opening,
Oh wine-drinker, you must drink from this heavenly grant.*

*While finding the zoroastrain temple the head must be lost,
Against its cruelty the defence must be made.*

*Thanks to the jar's opening that to visit him,
Even the intoxicated drunk fellow, aware must be called.*

*The beloved's tress is everywhere,
Therefore to all places the journey must be made, enthusiastically.*

THE QIBLAH OF LOVE

*The spring has come the gate of the tavern must be opened,
Towards the Qiblah of the lover the prayer must be said.*

*The spiritual breeze should give the lovers good tidings,
From the worlds the heart must be needless.*

*While you can not reach the sypress's height
To the weeping willow we must appeal.*

*The sorrow which from the rose-cheekeds is in my heart,
Must be healed with a remedial glass of wine.*

*Now that the garden is out of reach,
At the tall exalted suppress-like it must be paid attention.*

DAWN OF ANTICIPATION

*Your love within our ruined heart settled down,
The acquaintance came and alienated me from this heart.*

*Open your rosebud-like lips a and talk frankly,
The mystery of that point which my affair and my heart's affair
difficult made.*

*Remembering your face removed the sorrows of the both worlds,
The bright hope, the darkness of the night cleared away.*

*My dear! If you are the outcome of my precious life,
The fruit of life is nothing but whatever the heart out of it made.*

*If you are the acquaintance there is no fear of my rival's cruelty,
Your comely face abolished all sorrow from my heart.*

*From your abode the same as Hindī, never will go,
The traveller who in this soul land settled down.*

THE BELOVED'S LOVE

*Your ill eyes oh the intoxicated, made me ill,
The ringlet of your tress oh beloved trapped me.*

*The sypress of the kindness garden, the flower of the beauty garden,
The comely's coquetry made me fed up.*

*All the ixtoxicated lost their sobriety,
The cup of your animating hand, sober made me.*

*It can not be helped, I am enamoured, I am heart-rendered, I am woeful,
Your coquetry, to the bejeweled ruby bewitched me.*

*The beloved's love put me in such condition that "Mansoor" of the era,
Brought me out of my hometown and hanged me.*

*Your love made me run away from the sufi's circle and school,
Enslaved me at the gate of the vintner,*

*The wine from your brimful glass immortal made me.
Kissing the soil of your door confidant made me.*

THE SAGE'S CARESS

*Kiss the hand of the sage that excommunicated me,
Caress the "Muhtasib" who chained me.*

*Since then I have become a hermit at the door of the elderly magians,
Who through giving me a sip of wine from the both worlds I get fed up.*

*I don't drink the water of "Kawthar" and avoid currying favour
with Paradise,
Oh friend! Your face's light world conqueror made me.*

*Appease the darvish who from the beginning's mystery,
Unveiled the evil, made me aware of destiny.*

*I boast the tavern elder who through his power,
Made me mortal, made me extinct and conquered me.*

*I am the servant at the door of the sage who with his caress,
Made me negligent of myself and totally changed me.*

THE REMEDIAL LOVE

*The tale of your love the breeze of the spring brought,
The zephyr from the lawn the aroma brought.*

*The flower joyfully was talking about the garden's mystery,
The sad soul news from the remedial love brought.*

*The violet was wailing in grief of the beloved's separation,
The angel the heart rending verse of separation brought.*

*The (new moon) crescent was boasting of the beloved's curved eyebrows,
The breeze, how proudly the breeze, the spring scent brought.*

THE MYSTERIES OF SOUL

*O friend! The tavern elder is arriving,
Carrying a sprouted flower he is arriving.*

*It is not a flower but the bud of the garden of prosperity,
That from the soul of the friend to the aware heart is arriving.*

*That pleasant face and that fragrant tress,
Having passed by the tent at the encampment is arriving.*

*Arisen from the land of reality and the tent of figurity,
Arisen, at the favourite sanctum is arriving.*

*That song of the everlasting paradise's angel,
To the ear of the intoxicated soul is sometimes arriving.*

*The inner sigh of the lover intoxicated with wine,
To the elder is inspired with a sigh.*

*Leave me alone, for the cry of this beggar,
Coming the deep heart, to the king's ears reaches.*

*Within the heart of the indigent lasted a month,
The dervish's cry up to the moon's heart is arriving,*

*Under the arched eyebrows of the beloved there is a magic,
That the mysteries of that heart to the hide is arriving.*

FREE FROM THE WORLD

*The indigence is an honour if free from the world is,
The one who forgets oneself, what sorrows can have?*

*The destiny on that day appears that the night of which,
The beloved up to the morning as companion with one is.*

*The joy of the dervish the sufi is not able to comprehend,
Take wine from the hand of the idol that a confidant is.*

*The parrot of the garden of affection does not go to the owl's nest,
The hawk of the paradise, how the marked-dog can be.*

*Either take this lost heart under your shelter,
Or release it to wander round the world.*

THE HIDDEN MYSTERY

*The tale of my sorrow a hidden mystery is,
The one who knows that from oneself thoroughly annihilated be.*

*The ringlet of your tress is out of my reach,
The one can reach that whose heart whatever you know be.*

*Give me a cup out of the jar of the tavern,
In this tavern performing as host who can be.*

*Who can avoid caring about the cup-bearer,
Except the rogue who lacks a name and address.*

*Though I am old, to the top of the beloved's tress I swear,
My passionate love for you is as my youth period.*

*I am distant from your place oh, coquettish vagabond,
That the only my share from your features, your letter scattering.*

*If the shepherds commute to your place,
Merry be that heart if my occupation shepherded.*

THE GOOD TIDING OF UNION

*The knot of the curly tress of the beloved was undone,
The old pious like the young lover was disgraced.*

*I drank the wine drop from your glass of generosity,
It poured a fire into my soul which soul abrasive became.*

*Forget the Friend's story for in his thought,
I will be affected with mental disease.*

*The good tidings of union reached the rogues of the tavern,
Suddenly the clamour, the dance and the joy it arose.*

*The fire His love, cast my soul and my life,
My soul left my body behind and Khalil-like became.*

THE MAGIC OF LOVE

*The friend cried that his heart's mystery was revealed,
And before the sages of the tavern how he was disgraced.*

*I wanted to keep my secret to myself merely,
The gate of the tavern was opened and so rowdy, it became.*

*Open the mouth of the jar as the beloved has come,
Good tidings of the tavern, that the never ending joy alive became.*

*Praise to your tress, that while being scattered,
The particle became the sun and the drop also the sea became.*

*You opened your mouth, talked about wine and winedrinker you became.
To the cup-bearer the whole mysteries of the world revealed became.*

*As if the Jesus Christ passed through the tavern's alley,
That at the God's court exalted became.*

*You don't know the magic of love, but the Patiphar's wife knows,
That to her the dear Yūsuf so comely became.*

LOVE CHANT

*Spring arrived and the garden resplendent became,
The lawn due to the love of the beloved's face, tulip scattering became.*

*Listen to the love chant from the birds of the garden,
The beloved's face by the green leaves radiant became.*

*News to the intoxicated cup-bearer of the garden reached,
That the side of lawn as the intoxicated faces red became.*

*Tell the bud to unveil its face,
For the bird of the heart due to your disunion distressed became.*

*Don't ask about my suffering heart, ask not,
Like the clouds on the grief of the beloved, tearful became.*

THE SPRING

*Spring came to remove the grief from the heart, but the grief
intense became,*

*What can I say, on the grief of the smiling-sypress that we, sore-
hearted became,*

*The group of the lovers packed up the litters and virtuous became,
You know to us, the left-behind ones, in between, what became.*

*The flower due to the diunion of nightingale, and the nightingale
from the separation of the flower, often,
On the side of the garden each one by its own love fascinated became.*

*The zephyr took up the veil from the visage of our beloved,
Like me whoever glanced at her mad became,*

*The spring came and removed the coldness and withered from the garden,
Through the presence of the sun the garden green, warm and
colourful became,*

*The spring came the rose-cheeked spring came,
Tell the wine-imbibing lovers that hangover from the scene expelled
became.*

ELIAS THE WAYFARER

*What happened that here your path way became,
Did the sigh of me, the broken heart one, become the Elias of your way?*

*The highly position of you, the Solomon, and this poor cottage!
May God help me as if due to your mistake it was.*

*Now that you have come and joined somebody like me,
Turning the cottage atmosphere into a palace, due to your support as.*

*The night whose darkness was much more than the smoke of my sorrow
Became like a sunny day for the light of your face.*

*Tell the sheikh that tonight the paradise is to be offered,
My portion vividly your agreement or your disagreement became.*

*You are the king of the beauty assembly and Hindī the lovelorn one,
Whatever from the life exists, the soil for your court became.*

THE BOOK OF LIFE

*The old-age came and the youthful period spoilt was,
The whole life upon the sin spent was.*

*Astray, with my back towards the destination I keep going,
A long life upon this trail spent was.*

*The virtuous asked the friends for help,
The unprotected one like me in this world unprotected left was,*

*It is selfishness, wilfulness and self-conceit,
The life's outcome of the one who oneself the Qiblah indicator became.*

*The lovers who are acquitted to the beloved,
They did not see my suffering thereof ashamed I was.*

*Alas for the past, and for the future hundred times alas!
For the one who in the wealth and rank entangled was.*

*From the light towards the darkness I am shifting, oh friend, help!
Whom in a shameful case downwards into the well speedened was.*

THE CLAIM OF PURITY

*If you are the human-being to the "allama'l-asmā" what happened?
What happened to your arched frame, what to your "aw adnā" happened?*

*Upon the gallows you cry "ana'l-haqq" [the reality],
Oh! Claimer right-seeking one, to the "en-na" what, happened?*

*If you are the true sufi take off this cloak,
To the boasting of oneself so loudly what appened?*

*Avoid hypocrisy oh Calandar! Don't defame yourself,
If you are ascetic, then to the showing interest in the world what,
happened?*

*The best prayer we made was business,
With these selfishnesses what to the "Claim of purity" happened?*

*Oh sage! Give up inviting others towards yourself!
I heard your "There is no God" to your "Except" what happened?*

*Oh you the hollow, break your dirty pen,
Avoid hurting people, then to the "fear from God", what happened?*

THE MANIFESTATION OF BEAUTY

*In brief the Beloved came,
With the musk-deffusing tress, came.*

*Opening the door she took off the veil,
Behold the unveiled, the Beloved came.*

*She was alone having nobody with,
Alone and submissively came.*

*Sat down and closed the door to the strangers!
As if she in search of the cave-mate came.*

*I was fascinated by her unique beauty,
Impressively from the corner came.*

*Unveiled her visage,
As soon as to the imbiber she came,*

*Following the "The Night of Qadr"
The sun with the uncovered face came.*

*Put aside the lamp, it is dawn,
The sovereign sun came.*

*Put down the pen, close the book,
Briefly that the Beloved came.*

THE BIRTH OF FLOWER

*The birth of flower and the spring of the life came,
Arise that the festival of the wine imbibing came.*

*Don't be silent under this robe,
To the soul of the world again the life came.*

*Pick up the lovers' flag,
The commandor of the territory of non-local came.*

*The rose-garden out of rejoice, became tulip-covered,
The king of the earth and the sky came.*

*Tell the Beloved to take off the veil,
Behold! The lover of the Judgement Day came.*

*Be ready for dictation,
Beaware that the world's soviour came.*

THE CARAVAN OF LIFE

*My life to came to its end, and my Beloved through the door came not,
My story was completed and my grief to its end came not.*

*I took the death cup but never did I see the wine cup,
I lived so many years but no favour from the Beloved came.*

*The entangled soul in this cage fell featherless and wingless, but ,
The one who is supposed to break this cage, through the door never came.*

*All lovers of the Beloved are anonymous,
While the known are not thinking of Him at all.*

*For the caravan of love men are in the queue,
To whom do I say that finally that enlivening Beloved not came.*

*Enlive the dead and take the alive's life,
Such massacre of the lover's to the ignorant so odd became.*

THE PLEASURE OF LOVE

*The pleasure of love except the frenzied lover nobody knows,
The pleasant burden of the separation except "Majnūn" nobody knows.*

*Unless you become "Farhād" you won't taste the sweetness of separation,
The pampered never the souvenir of the sore heart knows.*

*Khosrow won't find out any sign of Shirin's sweetness,
Unless like Farhād, from inside this sweetness knows.*

*He must be a Joseph-like not to lose his heart in the snare of "Zulaykhā",
Otherwise the sun and the stars are not considered fascinated by it.*

*The drowned in the sea sees nothing but the roar of the endless waves,
The desert traveller of your love the coast and the savannah never knows.*

*The lover's appearance has neither beginning nor ending,
Our never-ending love except that, why and how, nothing knows.*

THE JAM'S CUP

*"Accept us to yourselves" Tell the rose-cheeked,
Help the heart-bereft lovers.*

*There is a pain in our heart, incurable,
Show kindness to the lovers that pass away by passionate.*

*Step to our assembly, plunder our heart ,
Behold our bodies which out of clay and water have been kneaded.*

*We are the death dealers, the companions of the leaves and branches,
The bare-foot rogues of our state are well-informed.*

*The wine-sellers are pure, the heart sick are drunkard,
The innocenet are the elderly, with no greed.*

*Take the cup of wine, forget Jam and Key-khosrow,
Also forget the child of Moon and the Dey [the times] for those like
us are ensnared.*

THE CUP'S APPEARANCE

*I wish the Beloved would cure me,
If He does not treat me kindly, try injustice.*

*Sufi whose heart has not seen any light of purity,
Took a cup from her, by which to have joy.*

*We feel pain from the Beloved's unfaithfulness teasing our soul,
Bring forth the cup of wine oh the cup-bearer, so she may show
faithfulness,*

*The friend was alienated, give me a cup,
May this sadstricken Beloved be changed into an acquaintance.*

*Secretly towards the Beloved's abode I set off,
I fear that the "Muhtasib" reveals my secrets.*

*That rose-cheeked Beloved stained into my assembly,
So as to reveal the secrets of this pious's heart.*

*With unknotted tress call on the city Sheikh,
Don't let the sheikh of the rogues, assembly make a pretence.*

THE MYSTERY OF INTOXICATION

*Open the door so that the beloved tries to drink from the jar,
Reveals her own heart confidence by the intoxication.*

*Tell the friends to approach the tavern,
So that the Beloved expresses her languor.*

*Unveill your sorrowful heart so that the friend,
Let his tears role down.*

*Tell the flower to blossom in the garden,
So that the sacred bird expresses the secret.*

*To the poor darvish's door, bring forth a cup,
So that to the old and young the heart's secret will tell.*

*The nighingale is lamenting in the garden like the lovers,
As if the sorrows of the autumn is accounting.*

*Let the heart sick of the beloved's face,
Mooning due to its own pain.*

VEILED

*This caravan towards you have been running from the very beninning,
Till eternity, too, towards you will be running.*

*Wandering and puzzled all are in your love drowning,
Impatient and unable in every corner are the restless.*

*Put aside your veil and show us your features,
So as to be revealed whatever all people for it are looking for.*

*O! Veiled in search of your visage,
All souls have lost hearts, and the hearts are annoyed.*

*In the tavern the rogues all are eagerly thinking of you,
Mentioning you at the door of the taverns are mooning.*

*Oh friend! You aim at my sorrowful heart,
The arrow and the bow are your eyelashes and your eyebrows.*

THE LIGHT OF GRACE

*The meadow smells of the Beloved, as if the Beloved is there,
In the garden a pleasant celebration to her memory there is.*

*Anywhere you go any group you behold,
There is huge passionate due to his recalling by various ways.*

*The lovely sypress, that animating soul of mine,
Be under her grace, which gives tranquility*

*Unlock these locks, fly out of this cage,
Set off towards destination where, from the Beloved a song there is.*

*Tear out these webs, cure these pains,
Wander around make wander of whatever animating there is.*

*Remove these figures, leave these illusions,
Take the cup from the cup-bearer in which "LA" there is.*

THE OBLITERATION SEA

*I wish one day at your abode living I were,
In which happiness, sorrows and the heart's desire were.*

*A knot within your tress in the hand is a wish,
The problem solver of any difficulty was.*

*Last night when due to your separation the heart was as dark as
the underworld,
Your recalling was as a candle of that assembly.*

*The companions intoxicated, drunk, and unconscious,
Deprived those who like me in that assembly sober were.*

*Injustice and ignorance overwhelmed all rules,
Those who from themselves and the whole universe unaware were.*

*To the lovers the knowledge is considered veil, the veil,
Whoever went out of the veil in fact ignorant was.*

*The lovers out of enthusiasm within the obliteration sea is drowning,
Unaware those who in the underworld of the coast were.*

*When I came to the love through mysticism I found out that,
Whatever we read and heard all in vain was.*

THE MANNER OF LOVE

*The separation came and from the eyes took away the light,
If the friend does not treat cruelly what is the use of his friendship?*

*The dawn of the prosperous morning approached the night of which,
The unique Beloved for entering the sanctum gave us the permission.*

*The curer for my pain is that cruel rose-cheeked,
To me no doors of the monastery made open.*

*Eversince that I forgot myself,
To the temple I was led by the manner of love.*

*On the Resurrection Day when the good people are sent to paradise,
None of the lovers of the mystical path, will be.*

*If one day about the mystic and the wayfarer there is a word,
Make sure it will be futile.*

THE INTOXICATION OF NONEXISTENCE

*In the presence of Sheikh of the Beloved no mention there was,
In the monastery from that idol no sign there was.*

*In the monastery, in the church in the sanctuary and in the mosque,
No trace of the rose-cheeked cup-bearer of the monk there was.*

*The confidence which is hidden in the cup of wine,
No dare reveal to the rationalists there was.*

*The love sore within the heart of the intoxicated,
No chance to express to the sober there was.*

*The love way is the way that with the wayfarer of which,
There is a secret kept by the sober.*

*The intoxication of nonexistence in my soul,
Is undeniable in the courtroom.*

*Don't be sober and follow the intoxicated,
Because in the row of the sober no visitation there was.*

THE KING OF LOVE

*I within our heart the heat of love won't infiltrate,
The king of love towards us glance did not.*

*I sacrificed my soul to the Beloved's visitation,
How can make an apology, not anything left.*

*That head which was sacrificed to her visage,
Whatever was seen by the beloved was not head.*

*If Moses was not able to see His visage upon the branch of the tree,
Doubtlessly his tree of insight was barren.*

*If you burden love voluntarily, never mind!
Eithere the East or the West was not in the right place.*

*Having not knocked the door of her love, like the Queen,
We would not have been let into the Solomon's court.*

*If the bird of the sacred garden had obtained her union,
In the assembly of your lovers, wingless and featherless would not
have been.*

THE KA'BAH OF LOVE

*There was no trace of my beloved on the temple,
Within the Ka'bah also, no manifestation of her there was.*

*In the cloister of that rose-cheeked no mention there is,
In the monastery and in the sanctuary no words of her there was.*

*Theology's school nothing but clamour there is,
In the court no account of her there was.*

*I left for the sag's residence as to find him,
I observed the words all were conceptions.*

*Being amazed I joined the rows of the calandars,
There was nothing but the eulogy of Calandar.*

*A drop of wine from your cup oh charming beloved!
Conveys whatever that in the whole world there was not.*

*Acted coquetry once and poured into the soul, a single spark of which,
In the heaven's court with the celestial was not.*

THE HEART'S WITNESS

*Taking cup from your delicate hand is not a sin,
Except upon your abode oh! friend no other shelter there is.*

*The doors of the hope are closed to me from all directions,
Except the door of the tavern no hope of finding any way.*

*The one who sips the wine of your love,
The whole universe to him is nothing but a blade of straw.*

*If you don't glance at the circle of the rogues,
Swear to your glance that in that circle no glance there is.*

*Sacrifice one's life to the wine-selling idol in whose opinion,
The existence and nonexistence, slave and king there is not.*

*As you are the unique expert, pay attention,
To the patient whose pain but sigh and sorrows, there is not.*

*I am in love, the sore-hearted lover due to the beloved's separation,
In my hand except the sorrowful heart no other witness there is.*

THE CHAIN OF HEART

*Except your rose-like face the hope to nowhere else there is,
The pain is the love pain, except you no healing there is.*

*I am the slave of your tress, no aid there is,
I am on the way to your abode no guide there is.*

*The ringlet of your tress is the chain of my sorrowful heart,
Except your visage no other cure for my heart there is.*

*The pure Sufi won't go out of this tavern,
For except the lovers' cottage, no purity there is.*

*Be the hermit of the idol's abode since in the manner of love,
Kissing the Beloved's face is not considered a guilt.*

*Be the servant of the Magi's elder for, at love school,
Except the cup-holding idol no other commandor there is.*

THE UNION DAY

*Don't worry, the separation period towards its ending is going,
This languor which will be over for us the wine-drinkers.*

*Unveiling from her own face,
Starts amourosly glancing thereby the grief out of the heart and
soul is going.*

*The nightingale upon the stems of flower appears,
The rook, deeply ashamed, out of the garden is going.*

*The assembly owing to her face's light will be resplendent,
Wahtever, except the mention of the Beloved, out of the rogues'
memory is going.*

*Because of appearing of her sun-like face the clouds disappear,
The strutting sypress's face will be unveiled.*

*Oh friend! Good tidings that the appointment is nearing,
The union day is coming the separation period is going.*

THE FIRE OF LOVE

*Who can resist being distressed by that curly tress,
Any one sees you will fall in love.*

*Act coquetry, that all hearts are fond of you,
Act coquetry no Beloved like you can be found.*

*Show your face so that all the benevolent ones themselves ashamed,
If you unveil your face who won't be disgraced.*

*Inflame the fire of love, increase the sorrows of heart,
This sorrowful heart can not help becoming sad.*

*There is no remedy except burning from the fire of love,
Cast to the heart an everlasting fire.*

*There is no particle that through your mercy the savana won't be,
There is not a drop that through your liking the sea won't be.*

*Upon your abode the soul will put the head, Oh! friend!
The soul has no value unless it is sacrificed to your beautiful face.*

REVEAL THE MYSTERY

*The heart's bird is flapping so that from this cage out it may be,
The soul was so fatigue so that for a while like "Majnoon" may be.*

*Nobody knows the state of this sore-hearted moth,
What would happen to it by the friend's candle existence.*

*The travellers packed their load and left this city,
Exhausted, in the bend of this alley, heart sick will be.*

*Reveal the mystery, take off the veil from your beautiful face,
That due to your disunion the eyes like [river] Jeyhoon will be.*

*The cup-bearer! Remember the left-behind thirsty ones,
Your cup will be brimful and your intoxication increased will be.*

*If one day the blessing clouds would pour wine instead of water,
The wildernesses will be intoxicated and the faces rose-coloured will be.*

THE JESUS'S BREATH-LIKE LOVE

*The nightingale due to the flower's beauty a David-like song performed,
Within the sad heart its song caused recovery.*

*The cup-bearer to the soul of the lover from the sun's cup,
Whatever the fire of Nimrod to the soul of Khalil did.*

*I am the slave of that Beloved's love which is like Messias' breath,
That the felicity of her step [coming] burnt my existence.*

*About our distress whatever you heard is absurd,
Annihilating none by no one can be performed.*

*I boast of that passionate beloved with whose morning wine,
The unweilard of the face of the beloved and the pious was.*

*Look at the Friend's power for out of His favor
He made the drunk a believer.*

BEAM OF BEAUTY

*The Satan tried to do harm to me but did good,
He took me out of the paradise to the Beloved bound me.*

*He intended to dismiss me from the paradise, to humiliate me,
The love appeared and beyond the territory and angels flew.*

*The cup-bearer came to make me unconscious with the cup of wine,
The unconsciousness caused me leave the universe and enlivened.*

*Your beauty beam cast the life and extincted it,
Love came and cured the whole pains.*

*Your amorous glance into the soul of the lover lights such fire,
That the manifestation to the Moses Amron did.*

*Tell Avicenna to the Mount Sina was not allowed,
The one that was amazed by your amazing reasoning.*

THE LOVELORN LOVER

*Thanks be to the jar's head, as showed the way to me,
The cup-bearer, holding a cup in hand, made me aware.*

*I became the door keeper of the lovers' tavern,
The intoxicated lover appointed me the door keeper.*

*My whole being be sacrificed to the wine-selling idol,
That through a single sip the eminent Khosrow Jam made me.*

*Your shining moon face oh, the cause of joy!
Swear to God that needless of the sun and the moon made me.*

*You bestowed a green leaf from the garden of your visage,
From all the deviant paradise dwellers, released me.*

*To whom should I say the grief of the sore-hearted lover,
That all his secrets within the inside let free.*

THE CLOAK OF INDIGENCE

*At the door of the tavern while I am dancing you will see me,
Gamboling like the Calendars you will see me.*

*By that cup of wine again intoxicated I will be,
Unconscious, mocked by the old and the youth you will see me.*

*I will dash out of school and the monastery,
The hermit of the shade of that graceful sypress you will see me.*

*From th residence of existence I will make a journey,
Towards the non-existence moving out you will see me.*

*I will take off the cloak of indigence all at once,
Shame of this worn-out cloak clearly you will see.*

*I will drink wine from the goblet of the disappointed,
From the entire territory of both worlds free you will see me.*

THE SPRING OF DESIRE

*At the door of the tavern mooning you will see me,
The old lovelorn with young luck you will see me.*

*The new spring will arrive and the garden will be filled with flowers,
Undoubtedly you, the short life of autumn, will see.*

*The sad bird being prisoned within the cage,
Over the sky passionately will be flying.*

*The bitter wind of the "Dey" will leave the scene,
The raining of the spring clouds vividly you will see.*

*The spring wind will push back the rainbow,
Then like an arch the rainbow you will see.*

*The covered Beloved will come out of the veil,
The light of his visage in both worlds you will see.*

THE SPRITUAL WORLD

*Leave me alone as to the end my life came,
Due to your disunion my day the night became.*

*I said To the sorrowful life, "don't be sad any more,"
"The grief went and the turn of joy and happiness came.*

*My Beloved like the lost Yousof, back came,
Kana'an! the pale face dishevelled.*

*My confidence which tore my oppressed heart,
From my chest further away went and to the center of the nerve came.*

*The bird of the spiritual world due to this flew away,
At the court where it was the turn of being chosen came.*

*The health abode did not show any healthy aspect,
The soul went beyond till to the wonder land came.*

THE BELOVED'S VISAGE

*Where to these travellers of love are going moaning?
No deviation the road is wide why are they loading?*

*Wherever they go, they get nowhere but to the Beloved's abode?
The Beloved is wherever they are unloading.*

*They won't take the cup except from the friend's hand,
They know only the cup-bearer of their own land.*

*Due to His visage is all the happiness and rejoicing,
Due to His separation is all wailing and mourning.*

*Due to His visage light the garden becomes meadow,
Thinking of her sypress-height the spring is enlivend.*

*We are deprived of seeing your features while wearing this covering,
From this rose-cheeked visage take off this covering.*

TO WHOM I WOULD SAY

*To whom do I say my sorrows of madness except the Beloved?
Whom should I ask the way to the tavern except the Beloved?*

*This is the secret of love that nobody except the friend knows!
The grief of her separation to none can be told.*

*It is now spring open the tavern's door,
In spring the door of the tavern can not be closed.*

*To the cup-bearer's memory, bring wine in this season,
It is not suitable to go to the garden so languorously.*

*Loosen a curve of your tress oh! Wine-selling idol,
Through your tress grant the need of this mourning heart*

*Today is the great day of loving the Beloved,
Give a hand, let the friend drink out of jar.*

*Seeing his face seeing the intoxicated were in such state,
That except to the soaker idol, I won't utter.*

THE WINE OF SOBERIETY

*Take the cup and take off the hypocrisy garment,
To the hypocritical Sheikh the alter.*

*Make aware the tavern-elder of our state,
To take away hangover out of our soul with a goblet.*

*The casket for begging caused honour for us,
Oh charming Beloved! increase our honour,*

*We repeat whatever the calender whispers,
With a glance pet the old stipendiary.*

*Don't talk about the fatal poison of my rival,
You know how I suffered from this snake spotted snake.*

*Embracing the Beloved enlivened me,
In her separation there is neither embrace nor petting.*

*Warn the tavern elder about my grieve,
That the cup-bearer made me sober by giving a goblet wine.*

THE JAR OF WINE

*Is it the perfume shop or the pathway of the Beloved?
Is it the illuminating moon of the banquet or the face of the Beloved?*

*Are you coming from her abode oh the morning breeze?
That you are so animating and so odorous.*

*Glance amourosly! to bestow me some hope,
Grace! Oh friend to this weak and void lovelorn.*

*The rival has opened the door of the tavern to me,
Oh rose-faced! Give me a cup by your own hand.*

*If the cup is lost, there is the jar of wine,
Open the opening of the jar and from my soul the obsession unload.*

*If you do me a favour I'll take off this hypocrisy patched garment,
I put my head upon your feet and this patched garment I will fold.*

THE BELOVED'S LAND

*Blindly do not go to the tavern O sober
Take off the garment of hypocrisy; here it is the abode of lover*

*But freemen and true lovers, you cannot find there
If you have still attachments so, never step there*

*Thou who are attached in rosary and cloister
A glass of wine from the tavern can't you desire*

*Tear the prayer rug and break the door of tavern
If you want be aware of the top secret of secrets*

*If you are not aware of the love path and lovers affaire
Mind your own business and leave the way to the wayfarer*

*Open this cage and tear this snare
While ascending toward the abode of lover*

THE SUN BEAM

*Good tidings oh! The bird of the turf that the spring has returned,
The time of drinking and necking has returned.*

*The time of the grieving and wilting is over,
Appealing to the beloved returned.*

*Whithered and the afflicted ended,
The lives with multi-colour shades has returned.*

*The yellow colour upon the turf removed and disappeared,
The garden due to the sun's ray was enlrvend.*

*The cup-bearer and the tavern, the minstrel and dancing have returned,
In search of the Beloved's tress have returned.*

*If you happen to pass by the school "tell the Sheikh,"
For getting your lecture, that tulip-face returned.*

*Cease the santimony in this joyful season,
As to our ears the melody of "TAR" has returned.*

THE INTOXICATION OF LOVE

*The door of the tavern to everybody is open still,
The sore-heart is still suffering.*

*In this intoxication and inebriety there is love,
Knocking at the door of existence because of exigency is still.*

*Separation from the Beloved is inevitable, be silent!
As the servant at her door is kind to the inferior still.*

*Don't reveal confidence except to the intoxicated Beloved,
Because in this stage she is candidant still.*

*Give up the greediness and vagaries,
The lover's hands towards her is stretching still.*

*I, the broken-heart, am not able to reach the beloved,
I can do nothing as she is still acting coquetry and coying.*

*Oh! The morning breeze! If you pass through her abode,
Take away the perfume, as she is perfume maker composing still.*

THE SHADE OF THE SYPRESS

*Her eyebrow and her eyelashes the arrow and the arch are still,
Her ringlet tress is odorous still.*

*We are running our own business still,
She is busy ravishing the heart still.*

*We are trying to follow her sypress shade still,
From me, the sore-hearted she is absent still.*

*There is neither a head nor life to be offered to her,
She is all spirit and soul still.*

*I, the sore-hearted one, upon her candle-face,
Her comely face was visible and is visible still.*

*The heavenly ones are beyond the stage to be proud of us,
The tale of 'allam al-asmā is being told still.*

THE MORNING BRIDE

*Tonight while you are sleeping beside me like a bride,
Verily from petting and necking avoid not.*

*Oh night! Let not appear the morning bride,
Tonight that so close is sleeping in my arm this bride.*

*I won't take my lips off her sugar-sweet lips,
If I hear the dawn's announcement of "adhān" or beating the drum.*

*Oh God, block the morning way to the sun's face,
Make the "mu'adhhdhin" keep on sleeping and the cock under the
ground hide.*

*While you are with me just this single night, through affectionate
and grace,
For the rest of the time, compensated if it were any chance.*

*Don't consider me a rogue if I want this night to meet the dawn,
If I could have taken a seat upon the seat of Solomon.*

*Hindī has come from India up to your residence,
How with the Shiraz kingship and Tus territory will be satisfied.*

THE LOVE MANNERS

*Drink a cup and at the door of the tavern happy be,
Remember the angle who caused success.*

*If you don't have tamper in order to toil the mountain,
Due to the beloved's disunion happy like Farhad be.*

*Keep on wearing the slavery rings in the ears,
The sovereign of the existence and universe be.*

*Within the twisted tress of the songwriter cup-bearer,
Wholeheartedly the banner-bearer of this premise be.*

*In manners of love, the trainee of the tavern-elder, be.
Proud for the whole people, master be.*

*The intoxicated won't buy his position for a penny,
Be it Khosrow of the era or Key-Qubād.*

*If you become the pleasant child of the tavern,
Let the territory of Qeysar and Kasrā with squandered be.*

THE SONG OF INSPIRATION

*Wearing cloak, I had some wine in the tavern,
So that I lose both tranquility and sobriety.*

*I won't be cured by the Sheikh's breath,
I have to complain to the wine-selling idol.*

*Neither the researcher was aware nor the mystic had a trace,
From now on my hand and the skirt of a silent elder.*

*The Sufi and his privacy, and the scholar with his sanctum,
We and the abode of the puzzled idol homeless.*

*I passed through the door of the school, monastery and the tavern,
So that I become the slave at her place's door.*

*Don't listen to the roar of sufi and dervish,
So that, the song of inspiration reaches your soul.*

THE MAGIAN ELDER

*My vow with the old wine-seller,
Last year, I renewed the year former night.*

*I deplore that in this spring season,
The friends are, all in garden but I am silent.*

*I too, with two flower-figured silver-like,
Out towards the wilderness to enjoy myself.*

*It is a pity that this pleasantry God-given life,
Upon wearing the hyporacy patched garment and the offering food
I squander.*

*I appeal to a moon-like idol,
As I was not able to gain anything from the Sheikh in, the patched
garment wearer.*

*I gained nothing from the school's cacophony,
Except the tragic words after so much clamour.*

*Now sitting in the corner of the tavern with a delicate beloved,
I'm sitting and closing my eyes and my ears to these people.*

*You won't hear any more tales from Hindī,
Except the words about the purity of wine and those of the wine-seller.*

THE FIRE OF SEPARATION

*Where to do the heart-bereft go, uttering his needs?
To the degenerate how can he reveal my secrets.*

*With the wise unaware of love sore,
Through the one's mooning no doors will be opened.*

*Now that the beloved did not let me enter her abode,
We are engaged with our needs and she is with her coquetry.*

*Tell her a glance through giving a favour,
Make to the devoted lover of her own.*

*We are the lovers and consumed by the fire of separation,
Pour some water with lover petting hand of your own.*

*I am desperate with pain, and no one can remedy,
Be graceful with your remedial favour.*

*Tell the zoroastrian priests, our way is different from yours,
We are with our "ayāz" and you be with the prayer of your own.*

DESIROUS OF THE BELOVED

*For the desire of my Beloved I sacrificed the life of my own,
I abandoned home and my family.*

*There were so many friends in my home town,
I separated the desire for you from that for the others.*

*I had a nest in my own garden,
Your love made me abandon my nest.*

*I thought you were faithful to me,
Otherwise I would not have come out of my garden.*

THE CONFIDANT OF LOVE

*Oh! How great that in both worlds was hoisted the flag of love,
The human being, the angel and the pixi have been wondering
about the turns and the twists of love.*

*The angels are moaning and crying for the Beloved,
The heavenly angels beating their heads and their chests in grief of love.*

*The lovers are dashing in through the door and over the wall,
It's a rare secret visible from the strong door of love.*

*Don't be sad oh! frenzied heart that you won't be let in,
To the wayfarer there is no difference between the abundance or
the shortage of love.*

*Give my message to the cruel rivals,
Except the intoxicated, me, nobody else is the confidant of love.*

MANIFESTATION OF LOVE

*Take off the veil that your friend I am,
I am in love, the lover of your face I am.*

*Act coquetry, glance, talk,
Oh my soul! In love with your speech I am.*

*Call on me, while I am in bed,
Sore-hearted, your love sick I am.*

*Through your union loosen the obsession from my heart,
Appear yourself to me as fond of you I am.*

*The anxious lover I am,
Intoxicated, dying to see you I am.*

*Whether you kill or pet me oh! friend,
In love with you, your faithful lover, I am.*

*Whoever I meet, is your buyer,
The buyer of your buyer, I am.*

THE CONFIDANT OF THE SECRETS

*Do you ever know that the wretched, entangled in love with you I am,
With the entire soul and heart the cause of warning your market I am.*

*Any oppression you do to me, I accept, willingly,
Swear to God your lover, your faithful lover I am.*

*The strand of your hair finally snared me,
Captivated by the curve of your hair and the strand of your hair I am.*

*Oh owl! Stop talking about your ruined nest,
As in this circle the central point of your compasses I am.*

*The mystic have covered the Beloved's features,
Mad about seeing you unveiled.*

*The lovers will reveal the secret of your obsession,
Come to me as the confidant of your confidence I am.*

*Unveil your face in front of this feeble old fellow,
Up to the last breath with my whole soul the fond of seeing you I am.*

THE SEASON OF JOY

*Dancing to the Beloved's abode I have come,
Joyfully in search of the Tar's melody I have come.*

*The whole life's issue is worth waiting for your petty glance,
For that petty glance with a bawling heart I have come.*

*The wine from your delicate hand in this spring,
The soul is enlivening, that's why in this season I have come.*

*Where has the minstrel of love gone in this joyful time,
As for the sake of his jolliness intoxicated I have come.*

*Open the door of the tavern as from the lover's abattoir,
In desire of that tulip-figured I have come.*

*I tore the pretentious garment to be released from the snare of calamity,
I was released, then in search of the Beloved I have come.*

*For watching the purity of your face oh! the heart's Ka'bah,
For the purity behind and towards the city of the Beloved I have come.*

THE HIDING PLACE OF THE MYSTERIES

*To the door of the tavern needy I have come,
To the disciples of the mystical path to perform the prayer I have come.*

*I have no idea of the hiding place of the mysteries,
To the Magian-elder's door, the owner of the mystery I have come.*

*I was expelled from your abode disgracefully,
From the desert with a heart sore I have come.*

*The Sufi and his own patched garment, the ascetic and his own prayer rug,
Towards the Magian monastery while playing music I have come.*

*With the sorrowful heart from monastery I went to mosque,
Hopefully with wailing I have come,*

*As the light of your visage as to make pandemonium in both worlds,
To each particle with a hundred billing and cooing I have come.*

THE MIRROR OF THE SOUL

*Having devoted my life, to the door of the tavern I have come,
Having ignored the two world's entirely I have come.*

*The soul which is the mirror of the life in the realm of existence,
Having thrown the stone to the mirror of the soul, I have come.*

*As I did not find out the secret of the life from the realm of existence,
In the hiding place in search of the hidden sypress I have come.*

*Your face's epyphany without seeking the favour of anybody is the goal,
Therefore such a long way from the coast to the coast I have come.*

*Help me oh Elias that in this darkness,
In search of the source of the elixir of life I have come.*

*Do me a favour! Oh! friend that I ignored the world,
To your abode anxiously I have come.*

*Be cheerful about the result, oh Hindī, because,
To the elder of the mystical path through the good fortune way I
have come.*

THE HIDDEN TREASURE

*To the tavern, lamenting and moaning, I have come,
Of the Sufi's trickery desperate I have become.*

*Tell the Sheikh "Close the door of school that I,"
With all your clamour and altercation fed up with the life I have become.*

*Unseal the jar oh! elder that at your court,
Joyfully, dancing, I have come.*

*No problem is solved unless by the beloved's coquetry,
At her door dishevelled state I have come.*

*Everywhere is the Beloved's abode as my beloved is everywhere,
Then from idole temple to Ka'bah how have I come?*

*Reveal the mystery, open the knot, and solve the puzzle,
That from this desert exhausted I have come.*

*So as to move from nothing to everything,
Whimsically to covet the hidden treasure I have come.*

PETTY COQUETRY

*Moth-like in front of the tavern's door I was flapping,
The door was closed, by my frenzied heart I was knocking.*

*That idol beloved caused me to be aware till the morning,
Like praying bird of love till the dawn I was crying.*

*Though I am not able to see the Beloved,
In desire of seeing her all places I was calling.*

*Her face is seen wherever you look,
Her portrait upon all doors and walls I was hanging.*

*Being intoxicated, due to the separation of that charming Beloved,
Sometimes upon the chest, sometimes upon the face and sometimes
upon my head I was beating.*

*Oh! My dear soul, my idol, was unveiled,
To the sun and to the moon I started taunting.*

*My beloved with a half coquetry so burnt my soul,
I cast fire to the land of East and West.*

THE ENAMORED EYES

*By the mole of your lip oh Beloved lovesick I became,
Seeing your enamoured eyes and enamored I became.*

*I cried, "I am right" while I was ecstatic,
Like "Mansūr" fond of hanged upon the gallows I became.*

*The separation of the Beloved caused my soul burst into a shower
of sparks,
So much that I was fed up and renowned throughout the market I
became.*

*Let the tavern be open day and night to me,
As with the mosque and school fed up I became.*

*The hypocrisy garment I took off, and wore,
The cloak of the tavern elder and sober I became.*

*The city preacher who teased me by his advice,
By the tongue of an drunk rogue so needy I became.*

*Let me mention of the idol temples,
I, who by the hand of the idol of the tavern awakend became.*

RENOWNED THROUGHOUT THE CITY

*Into the snare of your tress I entangled became,
Being renowned throughout the city in every alley and market became.*

*If you expel me out of one door I will come in through the other door,
If you expelled me out of the house through the wall in I came.*

*The intoxication of knowledge and action went out of my mind,
As soon as by your brimful cup sober I became.*

*I prefer nothing to the pleasure of being in love,
Enamoured of your eyes I became.*

*I wish I could find a way to your abode,
From the sage's inspiration I asked for help.*

*Whatever I had collected I threw away,
Then ashamed in the presence of the wineseller I became.*

THE FRIEND'S RECALLING

*I remember the day when in your love I entangled became,
I devoted myself and towards the beloved I became.*

*The desire of the curve of your tress bent my back,
Again at the market I fragrant became.*

*The rare day the night of which I spent with you,
Wishing that it may be happened again, the companion of the
wineseller I became.*

*To whom do I explain that from the separation of the Beloved
howmuch the heart had to suffer,
I lost my fortitude so miserable I became.*

*The friend is in the tavern, one is supposed to listen to the friend's talks
What knows the parrot of the garden that I am beside the beloved.*

*The joy I observed in your eyes' effect,
I was freed from the universe and dwelling and enamored I became.*

THE WISHES

*I intended to become well-mannered but I did not,
To become unaware of the whole world, but I did not.*

*To appeal to the tavern elder for my need,
To become a confidant to this clan but I did not.*

*To sacrifice myself to create the place for the Beloved,
So that I would become noble through the Great Name, but I did
not become.*

*To drink, every night, the wine of love, given to me by the Beloved,
To become needless of Kawthar and Zamzam, but I did not.*

*I god rid of my self and enamored with the friend's face
So as to become like that incarnated soul, but never.*

*To become all ears and conscious from head to toe,
Being inspired by your breath but never,*

*I wanted to find a way from Safā towards the Annihilation House,
I wanted to become a firm friend in faithfulness, but never.*

*I wanted to overthrow all the idols in my heart's Ka'bah,
To become honourable to the Beloved But I did not.*

*All the wishes were buried in grave oh! the wicked whim!
I intended to become well-mannered but I did not.*

THE SEPARATION OF THE BELOVED

*Of you oh! Intoxicated, in the tavern, no name I heard,
I went to the lovers I did not see your sypress-height figured.*

*I left my hometown in the hope of finding you,
The more I was amazed, the less I got to anywhere.*

*I decided to forget myself to see your moon-like face,
I can't help it, to this tie of selfishness it was impossible to rid myself.*

*The companions migrated and reached the destination,
Poor me who stayed at home and was deprived.*

*Do me a favour oh! friend to change me into a moth flapping in
front of you,
Oh beloved! Be kind as to be sent a good-tidings to me.*

*Oh! You who are my soul, how I suffered from your separation,
Oh! You who are within my soul from your absence what burdens I
tolerated.*

THE FAVORITE DESTINATION

*Wherever I went from you I heard nothing,
I saw merely idol and the idol temple, I saw no other trace.*

*The world is full of clamour but of you never anything,
With my own deaf ears any sound was heard never.*

*The world is all the sea of life and poor me,
I did not taste a drop of this roaring wave.*

*The companions went towards the destination,
I was not able to keep up with them with the chattle of lighting.*

*This worn-out patched garment, they left and went,
I happily put on this cloak and was happy about the, covering.*

*The savant worriedly crossed the bridge and again,
Backwards the bridge after the straws I kept on running.*

*The birds all broke their cages and flew away,
Trapping in the cage, I started weaving web round myself.*

*Oh God is it possible that one day rivals,
I see myself among the rivals out of this decayed nest.*

THE BREEZE OF LOVE

*Behold me that an amber-like face I have,
A heart towards the face of the charming Beloved I have.*

*From the love cup I tasted the purity and verity wine,
To the tavern's jar, I am truly faithful.*

*Your love being which made me run out of wisdom and asceticism,
What way to school or to the mosque of hypocrisy I have?*

*Be the slave of the cup of wine favoured by the cup-bearer,
That whatever it might be, drawn from that pleasant face.*

*Oh! the breeze of love tell the charming Beloved,
Arise from your place that incurable pain I have.*

*That mysteries are there within this jar, and the cup bearer and this
heart-ravisher,
To the Beloved's soul swear that from the highly court I have.*

*Don't talk about the Solomon throne and the cup of Jam,
That the Khosrow and Key's crown, I the beggar have.*

THE ALTER OF LOVE

*Except the curve of the Beloved's eyebrow no altar I have,
Except her disunion I have no other worrying.*

*I waited to dream her sun- like face,
The yearning to see this dream did not fade away as the sleep I have not.*

*I put my head upon the dust of her abode, I give my life for the
memory of her visage,
Head and life are worthless no rare things I have.*

*To whom do I confide my secret, from whom do I seek the soul's mystery?
Except you, oh my soul, any confidant I have not.*

*I have thirst for your love, I need the enlivening wine,
Whatever I see is nothing but mirage no water I have.*

*Due to your love I am distressed and I am lacking interest,
You made me talk chaotically, no formalities I have.*

THE REFLECTION OF LOVE

*Oh my beloved! Lack of the friend's desire lifeless I am,
I am painful, I am in love, no cure I have.*

*A fire of love through my soul you cast you cast well,
My beginning and my ending merely are you.*

*I brought love, accompanied by some calandars to this tavern,
I'll fly towards some shelter but no shelter I have.*

*Wherever you observe, up and down, is the love world,
I am the reflection of love with no visibility and invisibility I have.*

*Whatever is said, is by love, whatever is made, is by love,
What can I say, what can I make, no authority I have.*

*Acted coquetry and destroyed all foundations but love,
Act coquetry as except love no foundation I have.*

*I put my head upon your abode I give life for the sake of your love,
What can I say that except your love no head and soul I have.*

*I am in love, and except your love in my hand there is nothing,
I am in love, except your love no reason I have.*

TEARING CLOTHES

*I desire a cup of wine from the Beloved's hand,
To whom do I reveal this secret, where to I carry this sadness?*

*I lost my life to the disunion of the Beloved,
I am the moth round the candle and the wild rue on fire.*

*Like a moth within this cage I nearly passed away,
Release me so that joyfully I go.*

*This dirty patched garment and the hypocrisy prayer rug,
At the tavern's door I rend, Can it be?*

*If from the jug of love a sip is given by the Beloved,
Drunkenly I pull soul out of existence's cloak,*

*Though I am old, with a glance I will become young,
Do me a favour, so that from the world's hut I go out.*

THE SPRING OF SOUL

*Arriving spring, youth I revive after having become old,
Sitting beside the beloved from my own life advantage I take.*

*Returning to the garden I Join the flowers,
In the garden, the moon-like beloved, in my arm, I take.*

*One day the fall and the withered I leave behind,
So that in the soul garden, from rose-like beloved, tidings I take.*

*My feathers and my wings which shed in [mid] DEY,
As the spring comes, through the Beloved's union the new feather s
and wings I retake.*

*In autum in this wasteland I sat,
The spring came that for the beloved's union a trip I take.*

*If the cup-bearer out of that cup out of which the lovers are given wine,
Sprinkles some, languishing, from her face the veil up I take.*

THE ASSEMBLY OF ROGUES

*I wish one day the dust upon her obode I will be,
Giving up the life distress of her visage I will be.*

*The animating cup from her generous hand I will take,
Ignoring the two world's, involuing her tress I will be.*

*I'll put my head upon her foot, kissing it till I pass away,
Up to the Resurrection Day with her Jug intoxicated I will be.*

*Like a moth I will be consumed around her candle forever,
Fascinated, like the drunk, by her comely visage I will be.*

*The day will come when in the assembly of the intoxicated rogues,
The confidant of all her secret mysteries I will be.*

*If my own yousef [friend] doesn't call on me,
Like Jacob distressed by his smell I will be.*

EXPECTATION

*In this tavern I cry due to the friend's disunion,
I find no helper that due to the disunion cry I will.*

*Hue and cry that in our assembly there are no rogues,
So that, I complain, explain the injustice, to him.*

*I was given happiness, sadness, faithfulness, and unjustness,
Pleasantly, for whatever I was given, curry favour I will.*

*I am in love, the love of your visage and nothing else,
The pain of your disunion I burden.*

*In your grief oh my wild flower, oh my Khosrow,
I bear the Majnūn's oppression and Farhad's tamper I carry.*

*I'm fed up with the life without you, while you are with me,
It is a rare secret that to the master I will take.*

*Many years have been passing, many events will come,
From the mid-kfiordad I expect the relief.*

THE BELOVED'S SMELL

*The wailings that due to the Beloved's sorrow I heave,
Is the sigh which from the burning heart I am crying.*

*Tell the bewitching Beloved: Take up the veil,
For due to the disunion of your moon-like face I am suffering.*

*Let Mansoor's cry reaches the friend,
On the gallows among the rose-cheeked I am crying.*

*Oh cup-bearer, pour the wine into my cup that the separation of
the Beloved,
Is a heavy burden as an impediment I am carrying.*

*You said that a friend opens the door to a friend,
This is the new yearning I am deeply suffering.*

*Don't underestimate the Magian elder's cottage,
The fragrance of the Beloved from there I am smelling.*

*Who is the wayfarer looking for in this course?
To the alley and into the market the Beloved I am pulling.*

THE UNION NIGHT

*Such a night I am in the bosom of the shining moon,
From whatever in both worlds exists disinclined I am.*

*Stop the sun's shining for a while, oh, morning,
That the moon has put its head upon my lap.*

*Thousand cups of the elixir of life, I had out of it,
From that lips, but yet like Alexander thirsty I am.*

*Oh God! What mystery has been hidden within love?
That the Beloved has slept in my arm, but disorderly I am.*

*I don't know whether it is for the night of union or the dawn of
separation,
That like the nightingale singing I am.*

*If a thousand years pass from this union night,
By its delicate tale the nightingale I am.*

*Don't read the tradition of your union night oh! Hindī
As of the eyes of the jealous afraid I am.*

THE ENCAMPMENT OF LOVE

*Due to her going I must tear off my garment,
To what incentive can I cure the heart's pain.*

*Open the tavern's door to me so that for a moment,
I confide confabulation in the wine and the wine-imbiber as a confidant.*

*From my confabulation being revealed, you prevent,
That the tavern elder's heart I tear out of bereavement.*

*Thanks to the vat that for the sake of its sympathy,
In the scene of your love I make mortar out of the occult.*

*One day I will come out of her love's encampment,
I make wander, from her abode, all the residents.*

*Oh! The unknown; being everywhere idol, appear!
So that through heart I slap my face.*

THE CANDLE OF EXISTENCE

*Will I happen to leave this residence one day?
I fly from this world and within the eternity world I nest.*

*Would it come that time that within the beloved's candle being?
Burnt-feather and wings I consume like moth in the night.*

*I turn away from the tavern and the monastery,
To the soil of the cup-bearer of the tavern I genuflect,*

*It was not aquired by the Sufi and Sheikhs preaching,
To a frenzied and lovesick idod I approach.*

*Your tress and your lip's mole are seed and snare how;
The bird of the heart from these snare and seed can I release.*

*May it be that from this idol temple I expel,
I leave this strange house blind fast flapping.*

THE LOVERS' SANCTUM

*Pleasant that day when from this cage released I will be,
From the beloved's separation, released and happy I will be.*

*I put my head upon the beloved's step in the sanctum of love,
I put my lips upon your sweet lips, Farhad I will be.*

*I traverse the tavern's way and I reach the old age,
By the inspiration of the tavern-elder lighthearted I will be.*

*I hope that one day I attend the lovers' sanctum,
Delightful, joyous and merry I will be.*

*Neither in the tavern I am let in nor in the mosque I have room,
Tell the beloved to provide some means to guide me.*

DESCRIPTION OF DISHEVELLED

*I want pain, cure I don't want,
I want sorrow, song I don't want.*

*I am in love, in love and involved with you,
For this illness cure I don't want.*

*I accept your cruelty heartily,
From you abandoning cruelty, I don't want.*

*From you unfaithfulness is faithfulness,
Therefore, faithfulness I don't want.*

*You are my "Safa" & Marwah,
Marveh and Safa I don't want.*

*Sufi is unaware of the beloved's union,
Unpleasant sufi I don't want.*

*You are my prayer, you are my recitation,
Recitation, thinking and praying I don't want.*

*Wherever I turn you are Qeble,
The false Qiblah I don't want.*

*Whoever you behold is your devotee,
I am myself a devotee, the devotee I don't want.*

*The whole world is lit by your visage,
You are visible, the foot-print I don't want.*

THE AGED MAN'S RESOLUTION

*I have a puzzle, confidant I need,
I have a pain in my soul a cure I need.*

*If I have not seen the "Tür" and I won't see,
In tur oh heart! Constant cup I need.*

*If I did not become a pure Sufi in the way of love,
From the aged traveller's resolution a favour I need.*

*If the friend don't be faithful to dervish,
Heartily from Him the purity I will ask for.*

*Unveil your visage oh, beautiful heart ravisher,
In the darkness of night a guide I need.*

*Oh deeply immersed in thought! Cease thinking!
A selfless lover I need.*

*You are within my soul and I can't find your visage,
You are visible upon the palm's branch, an invisible palm's branch I need.*

*Close up this book of love oh! Dervish,
I have been drowned a captain's hand I need.*

THE LIFE'S CUP

*I had intended to sacrifice my life to the beloved,
I have no life of my own to sacrifice her.*

*I am in the arms of an idol, a cup of wine give,
So that out of it to the Yosef of Kanan a reward I give.*

*When I become the servant at the door of the wine-selling idol,
To the commandor of both worlds commands I will give.*

*About my soul's dishevelled due to her disunion, ask not,
For that dishevelled tress, head and soul I will give.*

*Oh Ascetic! don't talk about the paradise's garden and hour's visage,
The curve of her tress for a hundred gardens of paradise I don't give.*

*Oh the Sheikh of altar! You and the promise of the paradise,
The beloved's coquetry cheap I ought not to give.*

PAIN SUFFERER

*We are love-born and pain increasing,
With the claimant hermit of the mosque, we are fighting.*

*We did not make any agreement with the rivals to find him,
With the unaware we refused compromising.*

*Within your fire khalil-like we were crawling,
We are the unique and noble in your bode for the lovers' abattoir.*

*Intoxicated and immoderate in the tavern we mixed with the
drunkards,
In idol temple with the idle-stricken we are united in a manly way.*

*In the circle of self-lost ones, we resemble red roses,
In the leech-natured ones we are with the yellow face colouring.*

*Being sickly we joined the dishevelled-heart ones,
We are ice-cold among the scholarly.*

*Against sufi, calandar and darvish we are fighting,
Coupled with the intoxicated, the lost ones we are wandering.*

*We keep our states inside, we keep ourselves to ourselves,
We, the homeless ones, are afflicted by pain.*

THE HEART'S KA'BAH

*As soon as from the existent world into non-existence we crawled,
We heartily cut off from everything but the beloved.*

*Tell the caravan "Come back, cease your journey to ka'bah",
We saw the beloved intoxicated, out of the house being intoxicated.*

*Why do you call "Here am I" on the ignorant companions!
We heard "Here am I" from the wine goblet in his sanctum.*

*Oh modest sufis! How long will you be covered?
The self-covering in non-existence we splitted.*

*Oh the chamberlain of the Ka'bah draw off the curtain,
For we unveiled the heart's Ka'bah.*

*Cup-bearer pour the wine into the cups of the rivals,
The love wine from her hand we tasted.*

THE LOVE MYSTERY

*Of the interests of the deceptive we are unaware,
Of the sages we are unaware.*

*The wise of our passionate state are unaware,
Of the learned's futility we are unaware.*

*Of the lovers of her features there is no news in both worlds,
What can we do that about the unaware we are unaware.*

*The love's secret is covered in the view of the secret revealers,
Of the scandal of these slanderers we are unaware.*

*Senselessness, intoxication and the tavern-dwelling of love,
We can not claim to be unaware of the wayfarers.*

*Give me a cup with your own hand, you the cause of love,
Of the others' joy any day we are unaware.*

THE CONFIDANT

*Due to the separation of your moon-like face we are being consumed,
How long do we compromise and be consumed with this teasing sorrow?*

*Your separation will be never finished so that you can appear,
In all ages you are in comfort and we are around the needs.*

*The day will come when you open the door and unveil,
That we sacrifice our lives for you.*

*If through the hint a promise is given by the beloved,
Till the after life we will become ecstatic and we are enjoying.*

*If only I imagine that there would be a shelter in your abode,
Neither towards the idol temple nor towards Hijāz we will set off.*

*From the hidden curve, hidden from the aliens,
Pour wine into our cup as we are confidant.*

THE EVERLASTING CUP

*We are the lover's creation and the cup's adopted son,
We are perfect in sacrificing and being drunkard for the beloved.*

*Lovelorn of the tavern and the shame's victim we are,
We are slaves at the court of the Magian elder.*

*While being the beloved's cohabitant, we are suffering from her
separation,
We are drowned in union and are in everlasting separation.*

*Poor and simple, but involved in colour wear,
We are unknown but looking for reputation.*

*With the Sufi, mystic and dervish we are in war,
With the science, philosophy and speech we have altercation.*

*We are isolated from the people and from school separated,
We are rejected by the knowledgeable and hated by the common.*

*We back the existence and the existence obtainer,
We have accompanied non-existence from the very beginning.*

THE BELOVED'S BAR

*Now that to me the tavern's door is closed,
It had better my own sorrow to the wine-seller will be told.*

*I am mad about that cup-bearer and the love's cup,
I am in love with that beautiful face.*

*Like the moth we consume by the candle,
I am Majnoon and wandering on the love's road.*

*Whom do I tell the secret of my sad heart,
I am thirsty and feel like having a cup of wine from that old jar.*

*Take away the book from my side and fetch me cup of wine,
So that I seek whatever I can not find in all books.*

*The complicated course of science and wisdom I quit,
So that I get admission by the beloved for my curved hair.*

THE SAFETY LAND

*In this valley, a sage I am looking for,
I have lost the way, a guide I am looking for,*

*Of the torn paper of mysticism there is no news,
Of the rogue's hidden place some news I am looking for.*

*There was no use of the patched garment, prayer-rug and the position,
Of the rose-garden of her visage some fruit I am looking for.*

*There is no safety in this safe land,
In this safety land for a tree I am looking.*

*I left the tavern, idol-temple, and mosque,
Along the path of the love of your face, I am looking for a passerby.*

*I proceed a journey from nothingness towards everything,
I am treading the path step by step and looking for a companion.*

*You had said the love way is a dangerous way,
I'm in love that's why I'm looking for a dangerous way.*

*Within this ancient monastery my wings and feathers were scattered,
For my own shelter, wings and feathers I am looking for.*

THE UNIQUE IDOL

*Happy the day when the tavern's hermit we become,
Of the wisdom's limitation I jump out and mad become.*

*We will break the mirror, philosophy and mysticism,
Becoming alien of the idol house of this caravan.*

*We will become free from monastery, school and convent,
Renounce to the existence and noble we will be.*

*We will leave ourselves and go to the beloved,
Being fascinated by her face-candle and the moth we will be.*

*Let us ignore the chains totally and grains wholly,
We will fond of the snare of the unique idol.*

*We will remove wisdom's intoxication from our mind and come round,
To gain consciousness from the intoxicating globet.*

THE CURATIVE WINE

*Oh cup-bearer! Open the door of the tavern to me,
From lecture and discussion from hypocrisy and asceticism make me
needless.*

*Put on my way a strand of your curly hair,
Of science, mosque, lecture and prayer rid me.*

*David-like, singing and playing bring forth the goblet,
Unaware of the up and down and the pain of status indifferent me make.*

*Unveil the beloved's beautiful face and tress,
Alien of Ka'bah and the Land of Hijāz.*

*Fill up brimfully my jar from that pure wine,
From "Safa" turn the heart towards the plundering idol.*

*I feel miserable due to the beloved's separation,
To the curative cup of wine invite me.*

THE MYSTERY REVEALING

*Discontinue! this nonsense discontinue,
How long cease self-praising.*

*The devoted are taciturn!
Take off this hypocrisy garment, discontinue.*

*You are guilty and God is aware of it,
Oh deceptive! Pretence of piety, discontinue.*

*God is rich, go to Him,
Stop begging from the created ones.*

*All worship prayed by you is dualism,
You! the polytheism-cleansing, discontinue.*

*Dualism exists inside you,
Claiming of dualism-cleanser discontinue.*

*You, the satan-stricken, and the God's love!
You won't get anywhere, discontinue.*

*Better than your inside is your outside,
My dear! Polytheism-increasing, discontinue.*

*The followers of devil are not God believers,
Oh the pen! secret revealing, discontinue.*

THE WINE OF PRESENCE

*In seeing his features oh! The elder! Help me,
Help, be kind, and sympathize.*

*Never will I be disappointed upon your abode,
With a glance, to the grieved one's, do a favour.*

*Let's with a lap of the love-tavern's wine,
Make me unconscious and ready for sobriety.*

*If you avoid doing a grace and don't give me a shelter,
Act coquetry, start oppressing and coyness do.*

*I am in love, a lover, involved and entangled with you,
Take care of the lover, do a favour.*

*You and your own prayer-rug, I and my own cup,
To me the intoxicated one, do whatever you want to.*

*If you dislike caressing us kindly,
Adopt a harsh way and do harm.*

THE COAST OF BEING

*I am in love with your face, leave the heart of mine,
I swear by God that only your face and nothing else solves my problem.*

*Your abode's love, has been kneaded with creation of us,
The love of your face has been mingled with the water and clay of mine.*

*There is nothing in our gathering but to remember you,
We wish for nothing but to reach you.*

*Tear out the curtain of rays between you and me,
So that your moon-like face appears in the heart of mine,*

*Appear upon the mountain of my heart of dear beloved,
So as to be enlivened like Moses the ignorant heart of mine.*

*His features is manifested in both worlds overallly,
So as to make vain all the idle life of mine.*

*The world is the sea wave, there is no coast, no sea,
A drop of the sorrow of your sea became the coast of mine.*

*As the Khalil of the world has overshadowed the sun and the moon,
The beloved's appearance isn't like me and my demise.*

THE CUP OF ANNIHILATION

*As far as there is in the world the trace of you,
As far as there is in the heaven the sound of your voice.*

*As far as there is cup, intoxication, imbibing and love,
As far as the mosque, idol temple and monastery is the place of you,*

*As far as there is a trace of your pleasant speech,
As far as there is a trace of you and the claim of you.*

*As far as there is between the terms, a term of you,
As far as there is a flourish of you and of the utterance of you.*

*Whatever deserves love and loving, never
No a trace of your annihilation is seen.*

ENTANGLED KA'BAH

*You are the thorn on my way oh sheikh go,
Oh the conivet, rogue, don't block my way, go.*

*You are my guide, oh! the immature guide,
Oh! the traitor sufi don't stand in front of me go.*

*Oh, you the one who is involved in his own desires, you the monastery
dweller!*

Leave the row of the beloved's face lovers, go.

*Oh you! the calandar-like, holding wine in hand, wearing patched
garments upon the shoulder,
Take off and leave the polytheism soak, and go.*

*The house of Ka'bah whose servant you are now,
Oh! You the crook, the satanic servant from this palce go!*

*Oh! You holding pen in your hand, critic, dirty felon,
Put down this pen stop tormenting people, go.*

THE WINE OF LOVE

*I am a tavern dweller, about the beloved don't ask me,
I am dumb, don't ask the distressed dumb to speak,*

*Being busy with my own blindness and absoleteness,
From such a blind one, vision and sight don't ask,*

*Your love-sick eyes have made me sick,
Except the delirium, no other words from a patient like me don't ask,*

*With the calandar don't communicate, and if you communicate never,
Sagacity, verse and tradition ask,*

*I am intoxicated with the wine of your lover, from the intoxicated,
Noble advice uttered by the wise don't ask,*

THE PERFECT SUN

*Queue up oh the rogues, the leader of the heart has come,
The life from far away, stage to stage, to her has come.*

*The nightingale, upon the branches is enthusiastically due to see
her flapping to see her,
The rose entangled in mud, due to her disunion.*

*Tell Sinā Mountain "The period of unconsciousness is over,"
The Moses of justice after the wrong command has come.*

*Shout at the ignorant based owl totally,
From behind the mountain the perfect sun has come.*

*Tell the devils that the period of sensual gratification is over,
The life for you, deadly poison, has become.*

*The problem solving beloved from the fourth sky,
With the Jesus's aspiration for solving the problems has come.*

*Don't worry oh the sorrow-stricken, don't worry,
To rescue you Noah the sailor, to the coast, has come.*

THE BELOVED'S FRAGRANCE

*We don't know we are all in love with him,
Wandering and intoxicated by that beautiful face we are all.*

*We are unaware of both worlds, not knowing that we,
Looking for her glance, are all wandering.*

*The dwellers of the tavern of love we are continuously,
From the very beginning intoxicated by that rare goblet we are all.*

*Whatever we smell, is from the garden of the previous day,
It is the beloved's fragrance that we have smelt and are all smelling.*

*Except the beloved's visage there is no visage and beauty,
It is her separation that is discussed by us all.*

*We don't know that puzzled and wandering all,
We are looking for what is in front of us.*

SEA OF THE EXISTENCE

*I involved in your love I wish any remedy had not been,
I am not looking for welfare I wish no welfare there were.*

*Born of the names has nothing to do with the paradise dweller,
Within the bend of the paradise I would stay if there wasn't a satan.*

*Fly above the angle, leave the territory of existence,
Human being is not the one who better than the angle flies.*

*Come out of the well of Yousef to become a king,
Though coming out of this well is not easy were not.*

*Take the cup from the cup-bearer and give up the world,
One who gave up his life will get rid of the chains of the world.*

*I am in love, the lover who is the only one to know the pain of love,
I am drown within the sea of love and a sailor like Noah, there is not.*

THE BURDEN OF SAFEKEEPING

*I want the sorrow that the sympathizer of which to be you,
I want a heart whose heart-ravisher to be you.*

*The world's is worthless,
If my beloved, if the beloved of mine is you.*

*I will kiss my gallows tree happily,
If you are on the foot of the gallows.*

*I'll give my head and my soul to the illness,
If you are my nurse.*

*Oh Friend! I will become the standard-bearer of the world,
At the day when you are my serdar.*

*My life reaches the curved bow,
As the sun for my dark night will be you.*

*I stand the burden of safekeeping sorrowfully,
The confidant of my mysteries will be you.*

CARAVAN OF LOVE

*You don't know our distraughtness misery,
Of our wrong doings so vividly you are not aware.*

*The lover's caravan departed while being intoxicated,
If they left "there isnot" for "BUT" you are not aware of.*

*Of our indigency and our cruelty you are not aware,
Of the light-heartedness of the noble lovelorn you are not aware.*

*They forgot themselves to find the beloved,
While being in the cage, you are not aware of phoenix's nest.*

*Arise, break this cage loosen these shackles,
You don't know the human's stage beyond "LA".*

*You gained nothing from your life except quarrelling in vain,
As if from humanity excep this you know nothing.*

THE SOUL'S GARDEN

*To whom do I say my heart's sorrow that you are the sympathetic of mine,
If the whole world are against me, you are the beloved of mine.*

*I won't approach anybody I will appeal to no one,
As long as you are my dream, as far as you are the supporter of mine.*

*I am about to set off for your abode, there is no guide,
Nothing to worry about as you are the guide of mine.*

*I won't approach the lawn, nor will I go to the garden,
You are my meadow you are the garden of mine.*

*I am patient, there is neither a physician nor a nurse,
I am glad that you are both the physician and the nurse of mine.*

*I am the consumed lover there is no aid,
You are my aid you are the beloved of mine.*

THE CONFIDANT OF HEART

*I reveal my heart's sorrow as you are the beloved of mine,
In grief and happiness, in sorrow and pain, you are the aid of mine.*

*In both worlds except your rose-face there is no aid of mine,
Unveil your face to me as you are the sympathetic to me.*

*Your love-sick eyes oh, the intoxicated one! made me sick,
Put your feet upon my eyes as you are the nurse of mine.*

*There is no confidant as to put poultice upon my injury,
Except you oh friend! that you are the confidant of mine.*

*To whom do I moan of your sad glance?
To whom do I say that you are the source of the torment of mine.*

*Loosen your curly hair and dance!
Swear to God that you are my beloved, my beloved, the beloved of mine.*

THE ALTAR OF THOUGHT

*You must ignore the countries and peoples to become soul,
Ignoring the life then you deserve being accepted by the benevolent.*

*Her tress can not be achieved free,
For this purpose your head and your feet must polo become.*

*When can you perform your prayer in the altar of her eyebrows?
For ages you must wander within this thought.*

*On the way to her lip's mole the cup of pain must be brimful,
You have to increase the pain and not to look for a cure.*

*In the desire of her intoxicated eyes within the row of the city's drunks,
Dance joyfully and become united.*

*This is the love course and through annihilation possible becomes possible,
Enthusiastically you must be moth and burnt.*

THE BELOVED'S COQUETRY

*Except the abode of the beloved nowhere I have,
Except the soil of your door no desire there is in my mind.*

*At the door of the tavern, idol temple, mosque and the monastery,
I genuflect to attract your attention.*

*By the sheikh's speech and the school no problem was solved,
Glance! To solve our problems.*

*The dervish and sufi so much boasted selfishly,
Manifest, so that abolish I and we from my heart.*

*I am not, no-existence, that existence exists in His annihilation,
You pay attention to the naught as the naught am I.*

*Those of perceptive and joyful ones that I was looking for,
From the banquet organizer witness no song heard I.*

*The hermit of that curtain-dweller I am day and night,
So that by her glance a drop can be changed into a sea!*

THE SANCTUM OF THE INTOXICATED

*In the dervish's circle no purity we saw,
Within the monastery from Him no sound we heard.*

*At school from the beloved no books we read,
Out of minaret, from the beloved, we heard nothing.*

*Inside the books no veil we saw,
By studying pages nowhere we got to.*

*Within the tavern the whole life we wasted,
Within the friend's ring there was no cure nor aid.*

*Within the lover's circle I'll go to find,
From the beloved's garden a breeze, a trace.*

*This selfish boasting is totally derived from wisdom and the wise,
Within the drunk's sanctum there is no I, nor we.*

QUATRAINS

THE SLEEPING HEART

*Your eyes where? The illuminating the world sun where?
The beloved's face remembering where, the sleeping heart where?*

*With this earthen figure you won't be celestial,
Oh friend! The clay where and the God's dignity where?*

THE WAY OF UNION

*Oh friend! Behold my miserable state,
The sick, afflicted heart of mine.*

*How long will you close the way of union to me?
Oh dear beloved! approve not teasing me.*

THE CHILD OF THE COURSE

*Oh the elder of the course do us a favoure,
We are young in this course, guide us.*

*We have been decayed and got nowhere,
Oh beloved in this way, be commander.*

THE WINE OF THE VERY BEGINNING

*Take my sobriety and make me intoxicated,
With the primordial wine make me intoxicated.*

*Generously increase my annihilation,
In my sight the real side of me make clear.*

ALAS

*Fātī! You and the way to the beloved's abode, alas,
Watching the beloved's face alas!*

*This way, is not the way to take,
Gabriel has shed quill in this way alas!*

THE ISLAMIC REPUBLIC

*Our Islamic Republic eternal is,
The enemy about his life pessimistic is.*

*The day when the world is without the oppressors,
For us and for all the oppressed it's a feast.*

CRY

*Of my heart's pain who is aware except you?
Or with me, the mad one, who is everywhere.*

*To whom my excitement can I say?
No heart is affected by the hidden cry.*

THE INSTINCT LAMP

*Perceptive Fātī, due to her own impression is,
In philosophy her efforts are remarkable.*

*I hope she will be sober and awakened,
She will be aware that her instinct lamp is in danger.*

OF ME, JUSTICE

*Oh! the elder the desire for the tavern, the desire is,
There is no use being obedient, I desire sin.*

*My companions all set off for Ka'bah,
My crying: that I am sin-place desire.*

OUR REPUBLIC

*Our Republic is the sign of Islam,
The dirty thoughts of the seditious are immature.*

*The nation on it own way is preceding,
Saddām by his own hands within hundred snares is.*

WE HAVE NOT KNOWN YOU

*Fātī who asked me for a mystical letter,
Of an ant the throne of Solomon asked.*

*As if she has not heard "we have not known you" therefore,
The Gebriel asked him for the divine gift.*

THIRSTY FOR ANSWER

*Oh beloved! Whatever there is the light of your face is,
The rectifier of the heart your auspicious sight is.*

*The night of separation was over, and the dawn didn't come,
Oh beloved! The dead heart thirsty for the answer is.*

FLAG

*This prosperous feast is the feast of "Hizbullāh,
The enemy is aware of its own defeat.*

*For our Islamic Republic's flag,
With the name of Great God is eternal.*

THE ORPHAN PEARL

*Fātī whom by the instinct light adorned is,
From the bond of the wisdom's veil is free.*

*As if of the Sultānī and Sadr lighting sea!
This pure precious pearl product is.*

BY ROTE

*Fātī who has been accepted at the university,
Some words together improvised has.*

*As if with a few sentences by rote,
The ownership of the unfound spirit has.*

THE GUEST

*Every particle in this field is your guest,
Truly any sore-heart in love with you is.*

*No one can be found not looking for you,
All searchers are searching you.*

THE FAITH

*The one who, upon the earth and heaven has no place,
No place upon the heaven and the throne.*

*In his amorous heart there is room for,
The faith is and except it there is nothing.*

LOVE

*That heart that remembers you not, is not a heart,
The heart which does not beat for your love isn't the real heart.*

*The one who has no way to your abode,
Can gain nothing from his life.*

SWEET

*In the friend's circle there is nothing but your memory,
Free is not the one whom you freed not.*

*With sweet lips, sweet features, sweet speech,
With all these qualities who is it if it's not Farhad.*

ALAS

*Alas, my life passed in vain,
With the load of sin without obedience passed.*

*Tomorrow when I appear upon the stage of punishment,
They will say that the time of repentance has passed.*

GUESS

*Alas that the youth passed,
Very quickly the mortal world has passed.*

*The world's favourite is still hidden,
Have you noticed that the whole life by guessing has passed.*

THE EXISTENCE OF BELOVED

*Except the beloved's existence in the world nothing can be found,
No door there is from the soul sign cannot be found.*

*If someone there is at home one word is enough,
In the world as a whole, except that, nothing can be found.*

IT CANNOT BE FOUND

*Through philosophy towards Him the way cannot be found,
With disabled eyes His abode cannot be found.*

*Forget this philosophy that by the quill of love,
The illumination of his comely face cannot be found.*

COURSE

*Fātī who is passing the celestial course,
Wants to pass the almightiness position.*

*It is blindness if from the earthy position,
Without a guide she goes towards the heaven.*

ANNILILATION

*Sufi! On the love way sincerity must do,
The vow you have promised fulfilment you must do,*

*As far as you are the mere "I" you won't achieved the beloved's union,
For the beloved you must be sacrificed.*

AVOIDANCE

*"Fāti"Towards the beloved the journey must be made,
Oneself forgotten must be made.*

*Any perception that smells of your existence,
Is a devil that must be avoided.*

JOURNEY

*One's existence must be ignored,
This damned evil must be avoided.*

*If you are eager to see the beloved's face,
From the stranger's abode a journey must be made.*

THE MAJOR VEIL

*Fātī who is boasting of the philosophy,
Is critising the other sciences.*

*I have a fear that in this major veil losing,
She neglects and her own existence will be losing.*

WAY

*Open a chapter to describe your face,
The starter of which your curve hairs will be.*

*Fold up the philosophy and science's scroll,
Help us! AS our way is towards you.*

SIGN

*Fātī the rose of Ahmad's garden is,
The beloved child of Muhammad is.*

*My words about the sign of Sultani and Sadr,
Upon the Sa'd front confirmed is.*

FEAST

*This propitious feast is more auspicious,
The nation is under the protection of "AHMAD".*

*Upon the Islamic Republics flag,
There is the portrait of the blessed Muhammad.*

MYSTIC

*The one who claims to be mystic,
Is a diver in the sea of science and culture.*

*Once she is unveiled,
Will see that of his own shell is aware.*

QIBLAH

*Your eyebrow my Qiblah be,
Your memory is the solver of my mystery be.*

*Needless I will be from the worlds,
If your glance at my needs.*

DISTRESSED

*As far as your support is the cane of reason,
As far as your attitude is mystical.*

*Away from the beloved's features for the whole life,
Your heart distressed and ruined will be.*

MUST BE RELEASED

*From one's own existence we must be released,
From the inside devil must be parted.*

*The one who is engaged with the inside devil,
When can set off for the prophets' path?*

GOD'S MANIFESTATION

*When Moses will become "Kalim"?
When will one settle in "Tour"?*

*Not having been released from yourself by the almighty's manifestation,
How can you join your old friend?*

PHILOSOPHY

*Fātī who is studying philosophy,
From philosophy she knows just its name.*

*I hope that in the light of God,
She can release herself from the philosophy's veil.*

COVERING

*Those who are boastful of philosophy,
Are criticizing the other sciences,*

*I fear that finally in the great veil,
Will be busy forgetting themselves.*

UNJUSTICE

*The steely heart not being soft by sigh,
Or the sigh of the burnt-heart warm makes it not.*

*A ruff of injustice developed round its own neck,
My heart's hurt, shameful him makes not.*

SCOLDING

*Until His manifestation makes the mountain run away,
Until the ectasized makes not you fall.*

*You will hear a scolding answer continuously
Be annihilated so that, disunion you don't be.*

SYMPATHIZER

*The night when all the taverns open,
The tavern's mates concordant will be.*

*Ignoring the rival beside the beloved,
They will close the scroll of separation, and sympathizers will be.*

PRAISING GOD

*The particles of the world are praising God,
While telling beads, they are looking for the visitation of God.*

*We the insensitive ones think they are mute,
Prasing clearly they are proceeding the way of God.*

TOWARDS HIM

*The existence's particles are in love with His visage,
By their instinct are praising HIM.*

*All hearts intentionally and unintentionally,
Wherever they turn to, they are towards him.*

ASTRAY

*The science which merely terms and words is,
Nothing except ambiguity and deem increased.*

*Although you call it divine sagacity,
It's not away to 'Ka'bah.*

THE LIGHT OF THE FACE

*The one who was not able to see His face is an owl,
The sun was the light of his beautiful face.*

*Whatever there is in the world secret is,
His face is manifested by the light.*

PIECE OF ADVICE

*As far as the beloved exists no worry there is,
As far as he exists no ambiguity of questioning there is.*

*Abandon whatever exists and chose Him,
No word better than these words there is.*

TRANQUILITY

*Except your memory in my heart any tendency there is not,
Oh beloved, except you no other sympathetic there is.*

*I went mad, became bored of wisdom,
Your lover has nothing to do with wisdom.*

IDOL

*With selfish eyes you can not see the features of the BELOVED,
With selfish ears you can not hear the song of the BELOVED.*

*This selfishness is the cause of blindness and deafness,
Break this idol so that the friend will be appeared.*

WHO IS THE ONE?

Who is the one that hasn't seen you everywhere?

Who has not heard the song of you everywhere?

No words without your name can be spoken by no one,

Who is the one that didn't taste your union.

THE WAY OF COGNITION

Whoever is searching the cognize way of God,

In each particle is looking for God.

Unless he does not forget his own being,

He wants to smell the unity odour from infidelity.

RESTLESS

*Oh companions! our painful heart behold,
The murderous storm of disaster behold.*

*From us the restless distressed heart and sound,
The beloved's indifferent unfaithful heart behold.*

FORLORN

*If you are not in the circle of the "Right" criticize not the insightful ones,
Considers not the perceptive ones dead like yourself.*

*Awake from this deep asleep oh the forlorn one,
Suppose not the enlightened ones, slept deeply.*

THE BLESSING OF THE BEING

*Except his blessing existence nothing would be,
Except the image of His being there is nothing.*

*If you see another life, it's death,
Nothing except His being be.*

THE PRETENDER

*In sufis I never saw purity,
In this clan I never saw fidelity.*

*Among these claimants who are shouting "ana'l-haqq",
Being selfish, I never saw annihilation.*

YOUR SEARCHER

*Oh! your recalling is the derish's enlivening soul,
Oh! Your face's kindness is the dervish's dose.*

*All hearts are the preys of your snare,
In every religion all the searchers are in search of you.*

WISDOM AND LOVE

*Oh love! Pour upon my head your blessing,
Oh wisdom! Release me from my own suffering.*

*I parted from wisdom and joined her,
Perchance calls me to her sanctum through blessing.*

THE HEART'S SNARE

*To the candle's snare fell the heart,
Verily! If her sorrow would leave me.*

*It will be expelled from the dervishes' group,
The mad-like who is not mad about the heart.*

DEFAME FOR YOU

*The moth of your candle beautiful face I am,
The lover of your comely figure I am.*

*Dishevelled from your disunion, oh beautiful beloved, I am,
Unveil the veil defame for you I am.*

DEEPLY SUNKEN IN PERFECTION

*The day I fell in love with your visage,
I became mad about your peerless face.*

*I saw there is no one in the two worlds except you,
I became ecstatic and was deeply sunken in your perfection.*

SELF-ESTRANGEMENT

*As soon I saw your face mad I became,
From life and whatever exists alien I became.*

*I found myself and the others ecstasized,
As soon as, from one lap of wine, intoxicated I became.*

WHAT DO I DO?

*I am Farhād and the fervency of Shīrīn's love I have,
Old friend's beholding I have.*

*I don't know what to do as no more fortitude I have,
Within sad heart her mermory every night.*

THE BELOVED'S ABODE

*If I am allowed to have presence at the beloved's abode,
Due to her favour, a shelter I have.*

*No worrying, no restriction for going and coming,
If I don't worship, I will be sinful.*

RECOLLECTION

*Of your separation to whom shall I complain?
Oh helper, against you at whom shall I cry?*

*The storm of your sorrow loosened the knot of life,
Recalling you makes me forget myself.*

AGAINST YOU...

*Against you to whom do I complain?
Against the judge like you, I must complain.*

*If you do me a favour and pet me by a glance,
I forgot all the perceptive ones.*

THAT DAY

*That day when I set off towards the tavern,
To the patched garment and seat I leave my companion.*

*The scroll of the sage, philosopher and mystic,
Shouting and gamboling I tear.*

HELP

*Oh beloved help me make a journey,
I put aside the obedience and do something good.*

*Ignoring the selfishness as a whole,
I ask for help and make my way to a monastery.*

ENAMOURED

If, I am not upon your abode, what should I do?

If I am not in love with you, what shoul I do?

Oh! The life of the world is the captive of a strand of your hair,

If I am not entangled with your hair what can I do?

SIN

How much against myself should I cry?

Where should I justify my deeds?

My obedience you must consider a sin,

Then how do I recollect my deeds.

DROP

*I am a masquito by your blessing a peacock I will be,
I am a drop, by your sea the ocean I will be.*

*If you grace me I will fly like an angel,
Ready to kiss the feet of the king of Tūs I will be.*

OH FRIENDS! HELP!

*Oh friends try helping me to become benevolent,
Alien from the chain of my existence become.*

*Calling "God is great", towards the beloved I'll be,
Out of the patched garment I come and dervish I'll be.*

THE GARDEN OF BEAUTY

*Oh your face is the illumination of the sanctum of mine.
Your recollection the light of the unaware heart of mine.*

*That towering sypress of the beauty-garden,
Cannot be seen with the short-sighted vision of mine.*

THINKING OF THE WAY

*Obedience cannot be observed let's make a sin,
From school turn towards the monastery.*

*The cry "ana'l-haqq" the Mansoor's way is,
Oh God! Help so as to think of a way.*

THE CANDLE OF ASSEMBLY

*Oh your face is the candle of the assembly of the patients,
Oh your recalling is the poultice of the heart of the patients.*

*Come to our throes of death in a physician manner,
Oh your vision is the solution of the problems of the patients.*

THE WORLD'S SUN

*Wake up oh friend from this deep sleeping,
Behold the beloved's face apparent in each particle,*

*As long as you are asleep, in yourself, you are hiding,
The world's sun from your eyes is covering.*

TŪR

*Oh friend to a sage I must be led,
Oh justice, to a helper I must be led.*

*The Tur, in such a long way, is a caprice,
Be helpful and call, a brilliant companion.*

NO SHELTER ARRIVED

*Oh sage! to a monastery take me,
All the companions have gone, to a path take me.*

*My fortitude is over, no shelter arrived,
Oh the rescuer a shelter send me.*

THE HEART'S TRANQUILITY

*Oh recollection your name is the tranquillity of the dervishes,
Cry for the difficulties of dervishes.*

*Are Tur, tree and the beloved's manifestation,
Oh companions this is the result for the dervishes.*

INTOXICATION

*With your wine intoxicated I will be,
Unconscious, fallen by you I will be.*

*From sobriety I escape, and with intoxicating I am intoxicated,
So that due to your bestowment happy I will be.*

WAKE UP

Where can you go except the way of the beloved?

What can you do except praising him?

Any praisiny you utter is the praise of the beloved,

Wake up oh my friend how long to sleep.

CAPTIVE

It is an honour for me to become your beggar,

To forget myself and be your captive.

Being storm-stricken the calamity of your wrath,

To be the unique target for your bow and arrow.

THROW AWAY

*Become Farhad and taper this mountain,
Due to the love by the taper, toil this mountain.*

*It is like "Tur" and the beloved's appearance, like Moses,
Throw away everything except His recollection.*

FASCINATED

*Become mad and from your feet remove these chains,
Oh peacock! appear and disgrace the rook,*

*Don't ask the mad one about the wisdom's state,
Find the lovelorn of the wisdom and the headbond.*

THE ABSOLUTE BEAUTY

*Fātī! Avoid attaching to the world matters.
Give up making friends with this and that.*

*One unique friend, i.e. the Absolute Beauty,
Chose! And give up the whole universe don't get attached.*

SHADE

*Oh the tavern-elder happy make me,
From my own slavery free make me.*

*Happiness, except his visitation, is suffering,
Remove happiness from my heart happy make me.*

HAPPINESS

*O the elder of tavern, my heart happy make
From your slavery free us make*

*Happiness, except seeing Him, does a torture make
Try to abolish happiness from my heart and me happy make*

OH SAGE

*Oh sage! Come and guide me,
Enliven me and like a psychopath make me.*

*With knowledge and wisdom you can not find the beloved,
In this process get help from the ignorance.*

HOMĀ

*Peacock Homā enter the life of mine,
Spread the wings and feathers of mine.*

*Oh justice! Release me from my own constraint,
Inspired by your star amend the star of mine.*

STORM

*To the beloved revealed is the mystery of mine,
My distraught and useless suffering.*

*There is an increasing storm within our heart,
Oh God! Out of what clay have you kneaded the instinct of mine.*

BEHOLD!

*Oh my happiness, my sorrow my grief,
Oh my inner wound and my poutice.*

*To this worthless being pay attention,
So that upon the world will be fluttering my flag.*

LAMP

*Oh the council! or of my frenzied heart of mine,
Oh the light of your features the lamp of cottage of mine.*

*Unveil yourself so that,
Towards your eyes my alien eyes.*

YOUR RECOLLECTION

*Oh your recollection the cause of sadness and happiness of mine,
You towering sypress figure, the freedom sapling of mine.*

*Unveil your visage and appear,
Oh you the cause and the essence of the virtue and the vice of mine.*

THE MAD COURSE

*Be wise! Of your dignity negligent be,
Run away from the science and art ignorant be.*

*Travel through the course of madness and stupidity,
Either go after the beloved or wise be.*

MAJNŪN BE!

*Oh the bird of lawn! From this cage out be,
The paradise is calling you fascinated be.*

*You are a peacock, and have come from the beloved's place,
Remind me of the beloved, Majnūn be.*

COGNITION

*Fātī! You and God's cognition! what does it mean?
The perception of the undefined being! what does it mean?*

*Unless you learn "A" you won't reach "Z",
Having not fulfilled conduct! Blessing what does it mean?*

THE HEART'S DESIRE

*Oh sage! Let me enter the monastery,
By the beloved's recollection the heart's desire fulfill.*

*From school nothing but the beloved's separation was the result,
Oh my soul! Some aid to the useless life give.*

MAD

*Oh God! Of the devoted ones, some precept give me,
Be kind! And towards the beloved lead me.*

*From school and monastery release me,
Make me mad and disturb me.*

THE ENAMOURED

*These enamoured who are all upon the bridge,
Are all looking for the source of life.*

*Seeking the Right they don't know it,
While being within water they are all looking for Euphrates.*

THE WAYFARERS

*Arise! That the wayfarers are all on the way,
Continuously towards the goal are all.*

*Where there is no recollection except that of the beloved's,
They are all heavy-hearted and ashamed.*

OH AFFECTION!

*Oh affection, rise as asleep we are all,
For your disunion in feverish excitement we are all.*

*Every alley and roof is enlightened by your face but we,
Bat-like and veiled we are all.*

THE SORROWFUL ABODE

*Oh beloved! In love with you we are all,
Due to recollection of your face bereaved we are all.*

*If you refuse or accept us,
In your sorrowful abode everlasting we are all.*

THE BELOVED

*Except the beloved's door, in the world who can you find?
Except Him upon the earth and in heaven who can you find?*

*He is the light of the whole universe,
The Quran relates, such a sign how can you find?*

MY ERUDITE

*Hidden from the beloveds' eyes when have you been?
My erudite! Separate from the soul you have never been.*

*The storm of your separation uprooted my existence,
Oh beloved! Detached from the soul, you have never been.*

EVIDENT

*If you of the worlds released you become,
From the eyes of this and that hidden you will be.*

*You will fold the scroll of the existence,
The beloved from behind the curtain will appear.*

CUP

*You have not fallen in love if you have any fame,
You are not frenzied if you have any message.*

*If you are sober, you have not experienced the intoxication,
Caress us as long as you have a cup.*

OH LOVE

*Oh eyes! Behold His fame upon any roof and doorway,
Oh ears! Hear His voice everywhere.*

*Oh love! Find the beloved everywhere,
Oh wisdom! Close the ignorant eyes.*

AWARENESS

*To the friend open a door oh beloved,
Oh knowledgeable! The needy ones behold.*

*Of the love's place we are unaware,
Oh aware from the unaware being some news.*

CAPTIVATED BY THE SELF

*Fātī! If you beyond the dome of heaven you fly,
From the earth, beyond the pleiades you will fly.*

*Alas! For as far as you are captivated by the self,
Never! Through the base manner towards the heavenly position
you can fly.*

RESCUER

*In no hearts there is a desire other than you,
There is no rescuer for us except you.*

*There is no one with a heart lacking you,
We hope you will rescue us.*

THE FRIEND'S ASSEMBLY

*In the friend's assembly except fme any thing else there is not,
Within the Sufi's circle neither "Yes", nor "not".*

*If you are looking for happiness and sadness,
Here happiness and unhappiness cannot be found.*

THE IMPEDIMENT

*The philosophy that you call theology,
And find it superior to other sciences.*

*No impediment in the wayfarer's progress removed,
Although you set it upon the most empyrean.*

SELF-CONCEITED

*If you become annihilated, "ana'l-haqq" you are shouting,
Through your absurd claim you are boasting.*

*As long as you are self-conceited you are merely a pagon,
Becoming ectasized, you cease boasting of yourself.*

BOASTING OF ANA'L-HAQQ

*As long as you are Mansoor you are boasting of ana'l-haqq,
Not having seen the beloved's appearance, you are creating uproar.*

*Get rid of the huge selfishness like Moses,
As to His feature appears without beginning.*

BOASTING OF MYSTICISM

*You are parrot-like and claim to be mystic,
Oh you the ant, of Solomon's throne boasting.*

*Not having seen Farhad you have become Shireen,
You haven't become Yaser, you claim to be Solomon.*

THE SUN

*Unveil yourself to see his beauty,
So as to see the unique existence's countenance you.*

*Oh bat! Come out of your coating,
To see the sun-like dignity of His appearance.*

RELEASED

*Happy the day that from yourself you released will be
Ignore the both worlds and like dervish you will be*

*Revolt and burn the material world
Calling "O Right" from any creed you released will be*

REMOVE THE VEIL

*Untill you donot call, "I am the truth, selfish you are"
About His mystry unknown You are*

*Remove you veil in between
With having the veil still on the way You are*

REFUGE

*The rectifier of the dervish's claim You are
The peace maker of this broken heart You are*

*The heavy storm made me drown
The guide to my savior arc You are*

ODE

FĀTIMAH AL-ZAHRĀ AND FĀTIMAH MA‘SŪMAH ODE

*Oh! The eternity with your clay leavened,
Oh the eternity by your countenance determined.*

*The blessing sign, by your appearance evident,
The banner of the power, in your sleeve concealed.*

*Your generosity oh cohabitant to the bounty consecrated,
Grace! Oh concubine to the top preferred.*

*As far as your immaculateness have covered the objects,
The world of the objects will become altered.*

*Your appearance reflects the God's light,
Your immaculateness the hidden secret revealed.*

*I perform your discipline, but not it has been deserved you,
I call your possible beyond the possible.*

*The possible within the clothes of necessity eminent,
A necessity within the cover of possibility manifestation.*

*Possible, but what sort of possibility, the cause of feasibility,
The necessity, but only the circle of God the eminent.*

*Possible, only the unique means of blessing,
The blessing first given to the superior then to the subordinate.*

*Of him only the appearance of being possible,
Possible but of the possibilities further away.*

*There is no surprise that from Zahra is his illumination,
His illumination is from Heydar and is from the prophet, (P.B.H).*

*In the prophet (P.B.H) is visible the God's illumination,
To Heydar Safdar has been manifested.*

*From him upon Zahra (P.B.H.) has been manifested,
Now having been born from daughter of Moses be Jafar (P.B.H.).*

*This is the light that through the divine's will,
When the world by the scholars illuminated will be.*

*This is that light that through the appearance of power,
To the maids of the world was given as an ornament.*

*If the Satan had been known of this illuminate,
"Adam is of clay and I am of the fire" he never mentioned.*

*The honour of the possibilities all from this illumination,
If they had not been, the invalidation would have become entirely.*

*This appearance caused the cause,
Its shadow enlivened the substantiality to the essence.*

*The Mary's Jesus at His door a doorkeeper,
The Moses (son of Emran) at His court a servant.*

*That one like a watchman, being hanged upon gallows,
The religion is provided with a frame.*

*Or the two kids in the boundary of her dignity,
Having come for the completion of spirit, empowered.*

*That one learning the Bible by heart,
This one the tora is reciting.*

*If have not explained about Imam for the people,
Mosi-ben-Ja-far, the arbitrator majest.*

*I reveal it frankly that he is the God's messenger,
That daughter was infact his miracle.*

*No more daughter-like Fātīma be born,
From the father's back, or by any mother's breed.*

*A daughter like these two from the position of power,
Have not been yet, and will never be predestined.*

*That one has become the source of the waves of science,
This one has become the legions of tolerance superintendent.*

*That one the being of his utterance Majlesi,
This one extinct, of his retribution covered.*

*That one upon the head of the prophets' diadem,
That one upon the head of the saints burgonet.*

*That one in the world of glory, Ka'bah,
This one in the territory of nobility, indicated.*

*The lip of my "He begetteth not" has been sealed otherwise I would
have said;
"These two are the God's daughters the two holy lights".*

*That one's universe and existence are connected to the contentment,
This one the worldly territory to the veil is connected.*

*The veil of that one is the purity cover of God the great,
The veil of this the continence's veil arbitrator's chastity.*

*That one upon the never-ending land, the head,
This one upon the empyrean the coronet.*

*A reflection of grace from that permanent paradise,
A shadow from the anger of this huge cupped.*

*A drop of that heavenly sea,
A particle of the emanation of this treasure, more zealous.*

*That one the Madina's soil ornamented,
This one the soil of Qum illuminated.*

*The soil of Qum this one made paradise with her honour,
That one, the water of Madina made Kawthar.*

*The territory of Qum is the zeal of sublime paradise,
Maybe her paradise having the same macebearer.*

*It is befitting if the soil of Qum to the empyrean has vaunted,
It is deservable that "gravestone" is found by all.*

*What a strange soil! The reputation of the people,
The shelter for the Muslem and the infidel ones.*

*If Hindī's ode was heard,
By the poet of Shiraz and that belletrist.*

*That parrot like one had not composed it,
Oh! Your glory superior to the creation.*

*And this one turtle dove had not said,
Oh! You that the world by your face has been illuminated.*

SPRING ODE

*The spring came and made the empyrean paradise jealous of the garden,
Like the beloved's face, the flowers upon the lawn blossomed.*

*The delightful wind has extended the emerald carpet countlessly,
The generous cloud has scattered enormous pearls of precious estimation.*

*Due to the appearance of Jasmine and cercis the turf became iridescent,
The coming of chamomile and eglantine the Chinese brocade and
the mountain.*

*The delightful fragrance is scattered all the time by nasturtium
and snapd-ragon,
From red-rose and tulip is blowing all the time enlivening aroma.*

*With daffodil and hyacin the world seems like paradise,
With Jasmine and Lily the earth looks like the empyrean garden.*

*Due to the density of tulips, better than the lush garden has been
changed the garden,
With the dew's blessing, the chinese gallery is jealous of the garden.*

*From the nightingale, turtledove and partridge the song of orgnun
is being heard,
From the Kuckoo, starling, and finch the geniune song.*

*From ortolan and starling the ravishing sound is heard,
From Ku-ckoo and skylark all the time a delicate song is heard.*

Upon the branch each evening sings Avest like minstrel,

Turtledew like the Zoroastrian priest each morning with sad song.

*One side the nightingale's song, the other side rose, basil and arom a grain,
One side the breeze is blowing another side supporter running water.*

*The time of joy and singing has arrived and the time of grief is over,
Ask for the cup of red wine from moon-faced beloved.*

*His face like cersi colour, his height like the sypress of the garden,
His smell like basil his body like the leaf of jasmine.*

*His eyes like the deer's eyes, his eyebrows bow-like,
His elixir of life in the mouth, his forehead shows his affection.*

*His face like his day of union, world illuminating and lively,
His hair dishevelled, twisted curly, like the night of my separation.*

*With such a beautiful idol one should walk in the garden,
The heart ignores any burden and sorrow, heart lack of affection
and enmity.*

*It is especial, in the world, a newborn has been born,
For his pure essence the soil and water formed a mixture.*

*The whole prophets have been ready to pay him reputation,
To jenuflect him, seventh heaven has bowed.*

*Mehdi the expected Imam the infant of the beneficent human,
The people of the two worlds thoroughly round his generous table setting.*

The sun of his face a particle, the moon of his generosity a small coin,

Drop is the sea compared to his generosity, firmament just a gleaner from his production.

*The mirror of the greatness of essence, the ray of hope,
The prophets' rising up and intention of the creator.*

*His command is judgment, his judgment is destiny, his affection is paradise and his grudge is the hell,
The dust of his way is befitting being powdered upon the tress chain.*

*Having known Quran throughly, about his praise only a chapter,
The knowledgeable, the scholarly and the religious men.*

*The king of the religion, the ruler of the earth and the owner of the necks of men and women,
Having been ordered by the Generous, the earth being under his ring.*

*The science by the order of the Justice has become the blessing source for human,
All the angles owe his favours.*

*His affection is the sample of Noah's boat but if,
His blessing saved Noah from storm.*

*If his only existence had been appeared in the world,
The righteous religion would be perfect never.*

*He has been dominated by God as the last Imam,
His grand ancestor became the last prophet.*

Noah, Khalil, Adam, Edris, David and son,

All have been benefited continuously from his knowledge and education.

*Having a stick in his hand Moses is waiting to be his door-man,
Jesus ready to obey in the fourth heaven.*

*Behold graciously oh the King oh the shaped heaven,
Behold the infidel winner, the indigent Islam.*

*The faith's reputation is in danger by the unbelievers' deception,
The Muslims' blood waisted by the enemies of religion.*

*If that King, hanging the Heydar's sword upon his waist, appears,
With the prophet's turban round his head and God's hands in his
sleeves hidden.*

*No one of these unbelievers will remain in the world,
The earth will be released of the cruelty and injustice of the injusts.*

*Though of committing plenty of sins I am ashamed, but,
I am glad that God has leavened my soil with the water of your
affection mixed.*

*Especially now, that by the aid of God I praised you;
That instead of ink, honey would be reflected upon the paper.*

*As far as the eagle's clutch hunts the pigeon in the sky,
As long as the wolf gets angry with the sheep on earth.*

*The doors of victory will be opened to your friends,
To your enemies hard calamities would come.*

*As far as the Nowrooz's breeze blows every year in garden,
So that the autumn's cloud make the soil produce rose and basil.*

*All seasons for your enemies be autumn,
Every month would be farvardeen for your companions.*

*The world upon his arrival will be full of science and empty of ignorance,
Like Qum upon the arrival of the Sheikh the great the land's senior.*

*The blessing cloud, the complete grace, the sea of generosity, the
precious treasure,
The source of generosity, Abdolkarim, the Muslims' protection.*

*The treasure of the ancestors' science, the source of the successors'
knowledge,
The authority of religion to him God has given.*

*From all the cities have gathered to him the announcements due to
his presence,
Towards him are rushing the seminary students from everywhere.*

*Oh God, increase his period of life and his dignity,
To enliven the Muslims decrees by his motivation.*

*Oh owner of the time, oh king of souls and humans,
Do the Muslims a favour, confirm the indicative religion.*

*Give me the opportunity to pray honestly and continue education,
As to become one of the active scholars by God's compassion.*

PRAISING THE TWELFTH IMĀM

*Oh friends! The time of joy and happiness has come due the arrival
of spring,
The rose is asking the nightingale for reward for the good tidings it
has brought.*

*The wind has blown too much in the garden, scattering musk,
The cloud in the garden, more than usual, has scattered pearls.*

*The lightening in the sky like the lance of Turan's commander is glazing,
Like the Iranian's king the thunder is roaring, due to the sistany's arrow.*

*Through the receiving of a drop out of raining upon the smooth water,
The trenchers, full of Yemen's pearls are manifesting.*

*The surface of the plain and field has been thoroughly covered by
the green fine silk,
The trees, as if, with the painted silk garment are decorating.*

*As if the world by the colourful flowers festival are holding,
Lily and jonquil, lilac and jasmine and basil leaf, gathering.*

*Lily-white upon the turf filled with basil fragrance everywhere
that is spreading,
The garden area is filled with the sweet basil's odour.*

*The cercis and the yellow-rose like made the lawn palace looking,
Its carpet green its area yellow and its roof love tree, ceris looking.*

*That cornpoppy is in love and caressed by the beloved,
Therefore half red its face and half yellow is colouring.*

*The nasturtium, snapdragon, the basil, the wall flower and the
clove gathering,
They have overtaken even Mani by designing.*

*The dew upon the tulip like the beloveds' mole in ravishing hearts,
The dafodi land and hyacin like eye and their tress in coquettishly.*

*Behold that violet whose odorous tress scattering,
Like so called's tress it has caused the hearts distressing.*

*Therefore you behold that shamefully is saying,
I am beyond the so-called's tress full of twisting.*

*The nightingale's love has made the rose impatient within the garden,
Clearly about the music tune is explaining.*

*Ghamar performed a song in Māhūr and hoope sang in Arāqī,
The partridge is singing in Dashti, the yellow one Isfahani Bayat is
singing.*

*If the dead see this fresh world, they will say,
Iranians never saw such fruitful spring.*

*The ancient Nowrooz is fond of reviewing youth,
God has prepared His ceremony of joy.*

So that treat his boss gloriously,

The twelfth Imam the God's means of rays.

*The owner of universe and all the residence, the mirror of God
without tracing,*

The symbol of power, the twelfth Imam the two worlds' king.

*The perpendicular of Muhammad Dynasty the last Imam of the era,
With his auspicious nature all the creatures will be remaining.*

*Without his precious presence even for a moment all the creatures
will be fleeting,*

The gleaner of his bounty hoard all the heavenly and the earthling.

*The sponger of his blessing table all creatues and human-beings,
The world's creature from his blessing.*

*Of the essence, wise, fame, animal and mineral,
The beloved who from the very begining covered her face to the lovers.*

*Became kind, and appeared,
From his illuminate a beam has been reflected and became sun-all shining.*

*Through his bestowment, became the moon of sky shining,
The prophets were present to welcome him.*

*The firmament for His respect is genuflecting,
Let's come and hear heartly the call of beholding.*

*Oh you who have become self-estrangement the answering,
The feast of k̄hom has come accompanied with Solomon glory.*

*That I put on my head the crown due to the birth of the king,
Friday says I am the constant friend.*

*The middle of Shaa'ban gave me dignity and high standing,
It takes centuries for such a feast to come in the world.*

*Coined this year king's coin with the honour,
The wisdom says, Be quiet! How far will you praise the king?*

*That composed his praise with inadequate expression,
Dark is the world without your manifestation.*

*How long these pagans will drink the believer's blood,
How long these wolves will be the shepherds.*

*How long these base people will govern us,
How long will these thieves look after the oppressed.*

*How long we have to stand the English injustice,
Unique is in cruelty and injustice.*

*The one of whose avaricious the world effected indulgence,
The right's verse, as you know about his wrong doing.*

*Make him miserable in this world up to the resurrection,
The one up on the earth claimed to be tranquil.*

*So that they attribute this justice to God,
So that they see the king of the Muslims rulling.*

*Set up the theologian school of Qum all over the world,
So that to lead the Muslims' territory.*

*Increase the age and the dignity of the generous whose generosity,
Pearl scattering upon them did like the blessing cloud.*

*Forever keep alive his sympathizer,
Send all the time calamities to his ill-wishing.*

*So that the turf become like garden due to the roses presence,
So that the world becomes like paradise by Farvardin's blessing.*

*For your friends every autumn will be like spring,
To your enemies every spring will be like autumn.*

**POEMS IN RHYMED
COUPLETS**

**PRAISING ABĀ SĀLIH IMĀM OF THE
TIME AND TAKHALLUS IS IN THE NAME
OF ĀYATULLĀH HĀJ SHAYKH ‘ABD AL-
KARĪM HĀ’IRĪ YAZDĪ**

*Good tidings that Farvardin has overwhelmed the whole world
His armies from the East to the west have been spread*

*From the green vaulted sphere due to this result a flag was hoisted
Due to his command the firmament was appointed to present service*

To the world and whatever herein exists was the commander

*His power was spread from the Arab territory up to Iran
From the Anvers hill up to Ghazan*

*India, ethiopia, Bolgary, Turkistan and Sudan
Parallel to the mountain and the desert, as wide as the sea of Oman*

His sovereignty as great as sassanian's became

*A huge army, dark cloud-like, he arranged
To each one has given order going round like a'dham*

*To the flag of the sun illuminated
To the thunderstorm ordered to be ready, as the Jam's king ordered*

The lightening, for the new year's greeting, volcano became

*When the commanders from here and there approached
The Amirs of the armies, Turk and Persian, were prepared*

*Order to the thunderstorm gave from sky roaring
Then for attack gave the order with shooting*

A vast area by the heroes' fire-shed was bombarded

*As the result of the armies shooting, upon the earth the thick blood
was shed*

The heart are riddled and upon the surface of the earth shed

*Upon the dark soil from the army two hundred millions are shed
The Kaiser's morning star splits the Napoleon's heart will be shedded*

With this bombardment the world became like paradise

*The life was young again and the world was enlivened
The sphere victorious, the world prosperous and the universe
delighted became*

*The sun joyful the moon in dancing and the pleiades is feasting
As the joyful equipments from everywhere were supplied*

The senile elderly old by overindulgence became young again

*Garden is filled with buds like new brides
The gardeners' absence created them the favourite occasions*

*With the young nebulous in garden has a private session
Wooring while whispering their serenade sensation*

I am unaware of what had happened there

*I just know, like the brides, the flower pregnant became
Elegantine got pregnant and hyacinth more profitable became*

*The one who lost her luck in Dey became lucky again
At this time her children, one daughter and one son became*

The period of her grief was over and the time of happiness came

*A few days passed from the spring season
The time of birth and the day of nursing came*

*The might's hand became a mid-wife and gave each one help
That one gave birth to a moonlike the and this one silver like*

Whatever the pure God willed, happened

*The daughter of vine little by little became rose-cheeked
It became the Leyli's zeal anyone who about her Majnoon became*

*She glanced until gradually the wine-seller fascinated became
He asked for her marriage and took her out of that place*

The result of which, was the colourful wine which the soul of life became

*The apple-like silver figure, heart-ravisher beloved became
With the hard leaves veiled her face, behind the branches was hidden*

*Until the quince saw her one day and heartily was involved her
As much as the face upon her threshold pierced that preoccupied one*

Yellow face, dusty features, and feeble became

*The pomegranate is dressed in red
As if like me, it is involved with an unreliable idol*

*Her clothes fainted with blood, looks red
Or like the heartsick Farhad the victim of the beloved's way is*

Her dress is totally red with her body's blood

*The nightingale has arranged a joyful feast
So that rose takes part in his wedding party immediately*

*Tar was playing especial music, the parrot was singing and the
hyacinth was dancing
The rose's feast exciting, and so enlivening*

Contrary to the lovers' manner the song singer became

*The means of happiness upon the earth's surface has been prepared
Or in the earth's gardens the pleasure is running on*

*In this New-year, in eight paradises, turmoil enthusiasm is
The celestial too in the sky are feasting*

As this Noweooz coincided Mahdi's birthday

*The root of eight firmaments the source of seven stars
The creator of all six sides, the heart's light of the five heads*

*The ruler of the four elements and the commander of all three girls
The king of the both worlds, the only great reasoning*

The one whose generosity the fame of nine heavens became

*With Mostafa's manner, Ali's behaviour, Fātīma's chastity and
Hasan's conduct*

*Enjoying Hossain's power, Ali's asceticism, Mohammad's
knowledge and affection*

*With king jaa'far's blessing, Kazim's tolerance and the eighth the
Qiblah of tress*

*With both Taghi's asceticism, and Naghi's generosity and also
Asgari-like hair*

All praise of the kings deserve Imam Mahdi al-Qa'im

*The king son of Asgari, and Taghi's great dignity and high position
With Bolhasan's order, Moses's power, and Jafar's destiny*

With Bagher's science, Sajad's asceticism, and Hossein's the crown

With Mojtaba's fortitude, Razieli's chastity and Heydar's awe

He gained Mostafa's qualities, and became God's manifestation

*His manifestation fully and mighty equal to the sacred blessing
His endless blessing in generosity came second to the sacred glory*

*His light from (Kan) set up eight vaulted firmaments
My speech every where is like a sword and describing the king is mute*

But the wisdom's stand within the clay hidden became

*His destiny's hand in power, the manifestation of the unique wisdom
The mirror of God's rays the manifestation of Ahmad's characteristics*

*His command and his order stable, his speech and his demand right
In character the same as Mohammad (P.B.M)*

The one who by God's order appears and disappears became

*Though his life was posterior to the previous ones
But from the Adam's era up to the Jesus period his command was running*

*From the earth's crust up to the green sphere
From the spiritual heaven up to the top of earth*

All his slaves were and the obedient of threshold became

*Oh the king it is Islam and the Islam affair
In such a feast where everyone must be singing*

*I behold everywhere everyone pensive
Oh king arise and help the believers*

Especially this blessing that supports the Muslims

*In fact if this God's manifestation wasn't in this country
If you the Islam's boat had not backed kindly*

*If his sword of dignity had not been upon the life of his enemies
There would not have been any name of Islam and belief*

Well done! That from the Yazd he the luck of soul's sun became

*It is worth if the sky puts his face upon his threshold
The victorious army will always sacrifice themselves for him*

*The great sun with its stars will come to give service
The nine heavens will be the slaves, ready to obey*

Because, for the Islam's ship the unique supporter became

*The Islamic theologian school which was oppressed by the oppressors
Its body lifeless and its sacrade soul was out of me*

Its soul was sad about the cruelty of the base oppressors

The prophet's heart and Heydar's heart for his being oppressed, was annoyed

Due to the blessing his body was enlivened

*The cloud of his blessing upon the Muslims heads is scattering jewels
His justice has been spread from the east to the west*

*His fame of knowledge is famous the story witness,
The great reason is after the twelfth Imam*

The one with whose generosity the earth still and the sky started weeping

*As long as the guardianship to the 12th Imam was appointed
As long as the prophethood is for to Mohammad and (P.B.M)
ruling for Heidar*

*As long as Hindi's poem sweeter than sugar is
The skin prison, the artery lance, the eye-lash arrow the hair lancet*

Be to one who from any rates your enemy became

THE HEART'S STORY

*Upon your abode oh the intoxicated mad I became
I expelled the wisdom and associated with the tavern*

*Around that heart-enlivening candle the moth I became
For the sake of your twisted tress the comb I became*

to whom do I open my heart to give me a remedy?

*I who am dervish the tavern is the abode of mine
Its face's friendship is mixed with water and the clay of mine*

*From the whole territory of the world the tavern was the share of mine
Justice will be ashamed by the sin of mine*

I wish the tavern would enliven this thirsty man

*Oh the tavern-make good tidings that the winner you are
The tavern's friend, intoxicated, world destroying you are*

*The tavern's servant the seditious you are
Aware of the idol temple's secret you are*

That king might help the beggar

*With the wine-selling idol I have love affair
There is a talk that whose sound can be heard*

*Our sage told us to be quiet about this affair
Neither of the worlds are trustworthy*

The hand of destiny to the drunkard something would give

*Oh rose of the faithful garden cure my pain
Pour some wine and make me your rebellious servant.*

*The secret of my drinking hide from everyone
Behold and pay attention to me the homeless one*

That Beloved might accommodate me

*The keepsake which there is in the dervish's house
The Kalandar lovers' pain cannot cure*

*The angel to this heart's abode is a door man
The holy spirit is waiting for the command*

Perhaps the dervish of the tavern will proclaim

*The Magian-elder revealed the secrets of the eternity
To the rogues the hidden knot was loosened*

*By the dervishes' blessing the secret of the existence was revealed
The sorrow flew down their long skirts*

Perchance the friend might help the indigent

*The cup fell off my hand, give a remedy
I can't find the way send a guide*

*If there is no faith in, do harm
From me the sorrowful one, to the sage send a message*

To accommodate this drunk in the tavern

REFRAIN

THE TURNING POINT

*To the intoxicated, open the jar
Grow weary of the whimsicals*

*Accept from me the secret of intoxication
Like the patient infant at school*

*Be the pleasant peace maker of the purity
Like the spring cloud in the garden*

*Be his face's history
Listen to the news from the nightingale*

*Take up the cup and sing
To the intoxicated and the indigent*

*Oh turning point of the secret of being
Take an intoxicating cup from the friend*

*I am the witness of the known city
I am the king and in love with beggars*

*I am the commander of the lovers all
I am obedient to the unfaithful Beloved*

*My fame has gone beyond the city
I am the puppet of the known and the unknown*

I am intoxicated by the pure wine

I am away from the heart-ravishing Beloved

I am the builder of the lovers' monastery

I am a rogue poor, a loser

This song came out of my soul

From my soul, my heart, my tongue and my throat

*Oh turning point of the secret of being
Take an intoxicating cup from the friend*

In my sleeve there is a secret

A mystery beyond my wisdom and religion

Among the intoxicated lovers

Free from the peace and hostility I am

In the circle of the birds of sky I am

In the ring of the earth's ants I am

In the eyes of the lovers I am that way

Among the chinese's wayfarers I am

I am in love with beloved's face

I am away from the paradise

By the amorous glance of the rose-figured ones

Needless of nymph's coquetry

Saying by the inadequate expression

In the assembly of the lovely idols I am

*Oh turning point of the secret of being
Take an intoxicating cup from the friend*

*A lover cried
He asked for help*

*Took him to the tavern
The sage to make him repent*

*And stop talking about love
As to be enlivened by an indigent*

*If you are not dervish-like
You will die of your beloved's separation*

*The tavern is not a place to boast in
It's the place for sin and shame*

*To the friends' assembly say with coquetry
At a low voice but boldly*

*Oh turning point of the secret of being
Take an intoxicating cup from the friend*

*Oh the audible heavenly sound
Oh the mystery of everlasting call*

Oh the mountain summit of love and lovers

Oh the guide of the hidden and visible

*Oh the perfect manifestation of ana'l-haqq
Upon the page of the world's surface*

*Oh the Moses, lightning-stricken, in love
From the Tur's manifestation, non-existence*

*Oh, the source of the tree, appear yourself
In the ray of eternity*

*Tell the love the mystery of the spiritual heaven
In the assembly of the mortal Kalandars*

*Oh turning point of the secret of being
Take an intoxicating cup from the friend*

*Oh the scenery of the son of fire
Unseen the God's fall in sight*

*O you who make the fire of separation into garden
And for your sake the fire became safe and secure*

*Unveil the beloved's cover
Show her face like roses*

*Due to the beloved's rose-face
The city of Calandars was illuminated*

When her twist of her tress was dishellved

The two worlds like roses became fragrant

*To the heart's ear and dervish's soul
Say with hundred languages repeatedly*

*Oh turning point of the secret of being
Take an intoxicating cup from the friend*

*In the circle of dervish wayfarers
The provident patient rogues*

*Votary characteristic with cup in hand
Oh the self-estranged drunkards*

*Among the pious imbibers
In the shape of the scholars and the wrongdoers*

*On the way to reach the beloved
Unaware of pleasure and torture*

*Free from the world by drinking a cup
In the sanctum of heartsick imbibers*

*Crying out of intoxication and love
To the dead pure-hearted ones*

*Oh turning point of the secret of being
Take up an intoxicating cup from the friend*

**STANZAS
AND
DIVERSE POEMS**

ORBIT

*The garden face plundered my belongings,
Its intoxicated eyes increased my intoxication.*

*By its amorous glance set fire into my soul,
It squandered my obstinacy and my objectness.*

*She scattered her twisting tress,
Bent my back and my tricks.*

*The time when she ran towards me with the goblet of wine,
Uprooted my being and my jubilation.*

THE CAUSE OF COQUETRY

*My hand is engaged in your tress tonight,
Be aware that my feet is in the snare tonight.*

*My soul is deserving a kiss from you ruby lips tonight,
Oh my spirit, tell me the cost of a kiss tonight.*

*My lips upon your ruby lips oh the cause of coquetry,
Is a consumed fly sitting upon sugar tonight.*

CHEERS!

*The light of your face was reflected in the cup tonight,
I heard cheers from the sunshine tonight.*

*The wine, and the bells, the beloved's face, the garden,
Our wishes were fulfilled by God tonight.*

PAMPERED

*I boast of your height that is superior to the towering sypress,
The tip of your eyelashes is bloodier than a dragger.*

*From my nature if the Noah rises again,
Oh God! The sailor in this situation is the leader.*

*You raised in loving, that in the beauty market,
The price of a single of her eyebrow is higher than the Yousef's price.*

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE

*You affable height in the beauty garden,
Is a sypress which cannot be found in Kashmar.*

*In my mirror the elixir of life,
Is not cleaner than sweetie.*

*The head which is not your polo ball,
I hit the mallet as it is not head.*

*If except you the seed of love grows,
I'll uproot it as it's not fruitful.*

*Your love's sapling within the Hindi's heart,
Will grow nothing but sigh and regret.*

WINE

*Ramazan appeared, wine and the tavern disappeared,
Enjoyment and singing till the dawn was postponed.*

*The tavern-elder broke fasting with wine next to me,
I said your fast has been taken by leaf and fruit.*

*Perform ablution with wine as in the rogues' religion,
At the stage of the justice your action was effective.*

IF ONLY IT ALLOWS...

*Qum is not so bad for pupils,
But only if the soft Sangak (Bread) and Kabab allows.*

*The theologian school is open but,
If the "Khane-Farangi" manner allows it.*

*Some of the Sheiks' figures are sanctimonious,
If the fascinating sun-glasses allow.*

*10 P.M is the time for our study,
If doze sleep, and nap allow!*

THE CALAMITY OF SEPARATION

*Do you know that due to your separation what became of me,
I was deeply afflicted and swept bitter tears.*

*Your sweet lips, oh you the intoxicated, made me Farhad,
Was released of the two worlds my soul and Majnoon became.*

*My wrap and woof haven vanished, I lost my force,
As soon as my heart was fascinated by the strand of your hair.*

THE WET PETAL

*Oh the hoori's face that have been made a wet petal,
Why your heart has been made of hard granite?*

*The son of the clay with such beauty and tenderness is queer!
Your father, from the paradise and not from the clay, has been made.*

*The fruit of being beautiful is a sweet kiss,
Oh you the sypress, you've been made for your fruit.*

FOR AHMAD

*AHMAd the son of Mokhtar,
As to his Hamid will be looked after.*

*Fātī, from the empyrean, is of the Fātīma's womb,
Fātīma is being supported by the Heaven.*

*Hasan, this fruit of the Hasan's tree,
Be his Muhsin permanent company.*

*'Alī is from the garden of the 'Alī dynasty,
"Alī the dignity" is the motto.*

*Five of the Ahmad's offspring,
Are the intermediary of the Eight and Four.*

*My daughter asked me for a new poem,
I compose poetaster to be memorable.*

THE NIGHTINGALE'S WAIL

*The meadow smells of spring,
From the cloud a fountain head contained of the eyes.*

*The nightingale wailed due to the separation of the beloved,
The bud cried instead of hundred thousands nightingales.*

DIVINATION

*Tear out the turban of asceticism, as the spring has arrived,
Go to the Magian-elder and consult.*

*Worth making a rosary out of a single grape,
For going to the tavern try divination.*

THE NIGHTINGALE'S MESSAGE

*The spring breeze kissed coyly the grass' lips,
The jonquil whispered to the corn-cob hundred mysteries.*

*The nightingales upon the rose branch to the lovers sent a message,
To join the tavern, which is hospitable to the lovers.*

KAWTHAR

*Oh friend! By the Kawthar I am sitting thirsty,
Beside me you are, I am restless by your separation.*

*My days and nights passed with you,
I am living day and night away from your beautiful face.*

THE SEA OF UNION

*I am intoxicated by your wine and I have a desire,
I have been drowned within your union sea but still needy.*

*The ray of your sun-like light is everywhere,
Searching in the holy Shrine and the idol-temple how odd it seems.*

MAD ABOUT EYES

*Remembering your face I came out of home,
Observing the mad one about your eyes, I was mad about home.*

*For meeting the moon-like in Sheikh's presence,
I needed a pebbled rosary.*

REPEATING THE REPEATED

WE CAME TO THE LAST WORDS

*Oh the discarded one, stop nonsense!
Repeating the repeated cease!*

*The tongue of uttering non sensual cease!
Break the pen and the ink-bottle stop!*

*Oh! You the fame lover, oh the crooked,
Cease the nonsense cease!*

*Your utterance is worldly,
Continuing the nonsense cease!*

*Leave us alone!
Repeating the repeated cease!*

*Repeating the repeated cease!
Repeating the repeated cease!*

GLAD TIDINGS

*I took a cup from a drunk's hand,
Oh God! What an intoxication, and what a hand!*

*Good tidings for the shrine's select,
That an idol worshiper intends to go to Mecca.*

PRAYING

*I confess my defect, I have never obeyed anyone!
These sorts of praying are the cause of shame,*

*Claiming "I worship you" is nothing but a lie
I, whose mind and soul, is filled with obedience!*

‘ALĪ

*I am free from the two worlds in the light of ‘Alī’s face,
I feel young by the friend’s jar and his twisted hair.*

*Following the beloved I pass all the way from the earth to the heaven,
As I recollect ‘Alī’s eyebrow in tavern.*

MY DAUGHTER

*Fātī about Fātīma (P.B.U) asked,
Behold! What is she asking from a person like me!*

*The one whose messenger is Gabriel,
The mystic of his dignity is his jurisprudent.*

*Who is among the prophets except Ahmad,
Whose writer of the revelation is sent by God.*

*Oh my daughter leave me alone!
Find my love within my clay and water.*

*Having the love of you I have no hell anymore
Seeking you one has nothing to do with angels*

*Your face is the Kaabe of the living lovers,
Cheerless is the one who traveled to Hejaz.*

*Put my bed at the door of the tavern so that the cup-bearer,
Brings me a cup and cures all my pains.*

*I wish one of your tress ringlets would open,
So that a person like me, the lost pious, would be egregious.*

*If the poet is Sa'di of Shiraz,
My and your poetaster are fun.*

*All are restless being away from her,
All particles in the world are looking for HIM.*

*The result of the life was spent on looking for you,
Despite all struggle if you don't accept me, what will be the use of it?*

*No joined eyebrows are like yours,
Darker than your tress exists not,
More distressed than me exists not.*

The nightingale due to the rose's separation is wailing

Spring breeze smells of the beloved

BELOVED, THE HEART STEALER

*I am enamored with love, the rank that the king is lacking,
I adore the beloved, such situation the king is lacking.*

*If you see your face in the mirror you will say,
Whoever falls in love with me is innocent.*

*If you behold my heart's corner, you will see,
The course of love I went through ends to nowhere.*

*I swear by love that whoever falls in love with you,
If you expel him from this door, he will have no shelter.*

THE COQUETTISH IDOL

*I sometimes pass by your abode knave-like,
Hoping to glance at you out of my eyes corner.*

*If the piety rosary and hypocrisy rug-prayer,
Are not worthy, I shall give my wealth for the wine*

*From now on I won't attend the school,
Unless in search for a coquettish idol.*

*Through the mosque's area I won't pass unless,
I make my way to the wine-seller's abode.*

INJUSTICE

*To whom we make our plea for Reza shah's injustice,
To whom we express our complain about this devil.*

*When there was breath, he prevented us to wail,
But now there is no breath to wail.*

PAWN FOR THE WINE

(an unfinished sonnet)

*Spring has arrived let's pawn our prayer-rug for the wine,
Opposed to willing of hypocrisy Sheikh we try such deed.*