In The Name Of God The Merciful The Compassionate

This is the Book of the Masnavi, which is the roots of the roots of the roots of the Way in respect of unveiling the mysteries of attainment and of certainty; and which is the greatest science of God and the clearest way of God and the most manifest evidence of God.

The likeness of the light thereof is as a niche in which is a candle shining with radiance brighter than the dawn. It is the heart’s Paradise, having fountains and boughs, one of them a fountain called Salsabil amongst the travellers on this Path; and in the view of the possessors of stations and graces, and it is best as a station and most excellent as a resting-place. There the righteous eat and drink, and there the free are gladdened and rejoiced; and like the Nile of Egypt it is a drink to them that endure patiently, but a grief to the people of Pharaoh and the unbelievers, even as God has said, He lets many be misled thereby and He lets many be guided thereby. It is the cure for breasts, and the purge of sorrows, and the expounder of the Qur’an, and the abundance of gifts, and the cleansing dispositions; by the hands of noble righteous scribes who forbid None shall touch it except the purified. Falsehood does not approach it either from before or behind, since God observes it and watches over it, and He is the best guardian and He is the most merciful of them that show mercy. And it has other titles of honour which God has bestowed upon it.

We have confined ourselves to this little, for the little is an index to the much, and a mouthful is an index to the pool, and a handful is an index to a great threshing-floor.

The feeble slave who has need of the mercy of God most High, Muhammad son of Muhammad son of al-Husayn of Balkh—may God accept from him says: “I have exerted myself to give length to the Poem in Rhymed Couplets, which comprises strange tales and rare sayings and excellent discourses and precious indications, and the path of the ascetics and the garden of the devotees—brief in expression but manifold in meaning—at the request of my master and stay and support, the place of the spirit in my body, and the treasure of my to-day and my to-morrow, namely, the Shaykh, the exemplar for them that know God and the leader of them that possess right guidance and certainty, the helper of humankind, the trusted keeper of hearts and consciences, the charge deposited by God amongst His creatures, and His choice amongst His creation, and His injunctions to His Prophet and His secrets to His chosen one, the key of the treasures of the empyrean, the trustee of the riches stored in the earth, the father of virtues, the Sword of the Truth and Religion, Hasan son of Muhammad son of al-Hasan, generally known as Ibn Akhi Turk, the Abu Yazid of the time, the Junayd of the age, the entirely veracious son of an entirely veracious sire and grandsire—may God be well-pleased with him and with them!—a native of Urmia, tracing his descent to the Shaykh who is honoured for having said, ‘In the evening I was a Kurd, and in the morning I was an Arab.’ May God sanctify his soul and the souls of his successors! How goodly is the ancestor and how goodly the successor!

His is a lineage upon which the sun has cast its mantle, and a renown of ancestry before which the stars have dimmed their beams. Their courtyard has ever been Fortune’s gibla, wherever the sons of the rulers turn, and Hope’s Ka’ba which is circumambulated by deputations of the suitors for bounty; and may it never cease to be thus, so long as a star rises and an orient sun appears above the horizon, to the end that it may be a fastness for the godly, spiritual, heavenly, super-celestial, illuminated ones who possess insight, the silent ones who behold, the absent ones who are present, the kings beneath threadbare garments, the nobles of the nations, the owners of excellences, the luminaries who display the evidences. Amen, O Lord of all created beings! And this is a prayer that will not be rejected, for it is a prayer that includes all classes of the creation. Glory be to God, the Lord of all created beings, and God bless the best of His creatures, ‘Mohammed, and his kin, the noble, the pure!’
IN THE NAME OF GOD THE MERCIFUL, THE COMPASSIONATE

Listen to the reed how it tells a tale, complaining of separations—

Saying, “Ever since I was parted from the reed-bed, my lament, has caused man and woman to moan.

I want a bosom torn by severance, that I may unfold the pain of love-desire.

Every one who is left far from his source wishes back the time when he was united with it.

In every company I uttered my grieving cry; I consorted with the unhappy and with them that rejoice.

Every one became my friend from his own opinion; none sought out my secrets from within me.

My secret is not far from my complaint, but ear and eye lack the light.

Body is not veiled from soul, or soul from body, yet none is permitted to see the soul.

This noise of the reed is fire, it is not wind: whoever has not this fire, may he be nothing!

It is the fire of Love that is in the reed, it is the fervour of Love that is in the wine.

The reed is the comrade of every one who has been parted from a friend: its strains pierced our hearts.

Whoever saw a poison and antidote like the reed? Whoever saw a sympathiser and a longing lover like the reed?

The reed tells of the Way full of blood and recounts stories of the passion of Majnun.

Only to the senseless is this sense confided: the tongue has no customer save the ear.

In our woe the days have become untimely: our days travel hand in hand with burning grieves.

If our days are gone, let them go!—It is no matter. Do You remain, for none is holy as You are!

Whoever is not a fish becomes sated with His water; whoever is without daily bread finds the day long.
None that is raw understands the state of the ripe: therefore my words must be brief. Farewell!

O son, burst your chains and be free! How long will you be a bondsman to silver and gold?

If you pour the sea into a pitcher, how much will it hold? One day’s store.

The pitcher, the eye of the covetous, never becomes full: the oyster-shell is not filled with pearls until it is contented.

He whose garment is rent by a love is purged of covetousness and all defect.

Hail, O Love that bring us good gain — you that art the physician of all our ills

The remedy of our pride and vainglory, our Plato and our Galen!

Through Love the earthly body soared to the skies: the mountain began to dance and became nimble.

Love inspired Mount Sinai, O lover, Sinai drunk and Moses fell in a swoon.

Were I joined to the lip of one in accord with me, I too, like the reed, would tell all that may be told;

Whoever is parted from one who speaks his language becomes dumb, though he have a hundred songs.

When the rose is gone and the garden faded, you will hear no more the nightingale’s story.

The Beloved is all and the lover a veil; the Beloved is living and the lover a dead thing.

When Love has no care for him, he is left as a bird without wings. Alas for him then!

How should I have consciousness before or behind when the light of my Beloved is not before me and behind?

Love wills that this Word should be shown forth: if the mirror does not reflect, how is that?

Dost you know why the mirror reflects nothing? Because the rust is not cleared from its face.

O my friends listen to this tale: in truth it is the very marrow of our inward state
The story of the king’s falling in love with a handmaiden and buying her.

In olden time there was a king to whom belonged the power temporal and also the power spiritual.

It chanced that one day he rode with his courtiers to the chase.

On the king’s highway the king espied a handmaiden: the soul of the king was enthralled by her.

Forasmuch as the bird, his soul, was fluttering in its cage, he gave money and bought the handmaiden.

After he had bought her and won to his desire, by Divine destiny she sickened.

A certain man had an ass but no pack-saddle: he got a saddle; the wolf carried away his ass.

He had a pitcher, but no water could be obtained: when he found water, the pitcher broke.

The king gathered the physicians together from left and right and said to them, “The life of us both is in your hands. My life is of no account, she is the life of my life. I am in pain and wounded: she is my remedy. Whoever heals her that is my life will bear away with him my treasure and pearls, large and small?”

They all answered him, saying, “We will hazard our lives and summon all our intelligence and put it into the common stock. Each one of us is the Messiah of a world: in our hands is a medicine for every pain.”

In their arrogance they did not say, “If God will”; therefore God showed unto them the weakness of Man.

I mean omission of the saving clause is a hardness of heart; not the mere saying of these words, for that is a superficial circumstance.

How many a one has not pronounced the saving clause, and yet his soul is in harmony with the soul of it!

The more cures and remedies they applied, the more did the illness increase, and the need was not fulfilled.
The sick girl became as a hair,
the eyes of the king flowed with tears of blood, like a river.

By Divine destiny, oxymel produced bile,
and oil of almonds was increasing the dryness.

From myrobalm constipation resulted, relaxation ceased;
and water fed the flames, like naphtha.

How it became manifest to the king that the physicians were unable to cure the handmaiden
and how he turned his face towards God and dreamed of a holy man.
The king was in the belvedere, expecting to see that which had been shown mysteriously.

He saw a person excellent and worshipful, a sun amidst a shadow,

Coming from afar, like the new moon: he was non-existent, though existent in the form of imagination.

In the spirit imagination is as nothing; behold a world on a phantasy!

Their peace and their war on a thought, and their pride and their shame spring from idea;

Those imaginings which trap the saints are the reflection of the fair ones of the garden of God.

In the countenance of the invisible guest was appearing that imagination which the king beheld in his dream.

The king himself, instead of the chamberlains, went forward to meet his guest from the Invisible.

Both were seamen who had learned to swim, the souls of both were knit together without sewing.

The king said, “You were my Beloved, not she; but in this world deed issues from deed.

O you who art to me Mustafa, while I am like unto ‘Umar— I will gird my loins to do you service.”

Beseeching the Lord, who is our Helper, to help us to observe self-control in all circumstances, and explaining the harmful and pernicious consequences of indiscipline.

Let us implore God to help us to adab: one who lacks self-control is deprived of the grace of the Lord.

The undisciplined man does not mistreat himself alone, but he sets the whole world on fire.

A table was coming down from heaven without headache and without selling and buying.

Some of the people of Moses cried disrespectfully, “Where is garlic and lentils?”
The heavenly bread and dishes were cut off: there remained the toil of sowing and mattock and scythe.

Again, when Jesus made intercession, God sent food and bounty on trays,

But once more the insolent fellows omitted to show respect and, like beggars, snatched away the food,

Jesus entreated them, saying,

“This is lasting and will not fail from off the earth.”

To show suspicion and greed at the table of Majesty is ingratitude.

Because of those impudent wretches who were blinded by greed, that gate of mercy was closed upon them.

On account of withholding the poor-tax no rain-clouds arise, and in consequence of fornication the plague spreads in all directions.

Whatever befalls you of gloom and sorrow is the result of irreverence and lack of Adab nevertheless.

Any one behaving with irreverence in the path of the Friend is a brigand who robs men, and he is no man.

Through Adab this Heaven has been filled with light, and through discipline the angels became immaculate and holy

By reason of Adab the sun was eclipsed, and insolence caused an ‘Azazil to be turned back from the door.

The meeting of the king with the divine physician whose coming had been announced to him in a dream

He opened his hands and clasped him to his breast and received him, like love, into his heart and soul,

And began to kiss his hand and brow and inquire concerning his home and journey.

With many a question he led him to the dais, “At last,” said he, “I have found a treasure by being patient.”

He said, “O gift from God and defence against trouble, the meaning of ‘Patience is the key of joy’!
O you whose countenance is the answer to every question,  
by you hard knots are loosed without discussion.

You interpret all that is in our hearts,  
you give a helping hand to every one whose foot is in the mud.

Welcome, O chosen one, O approved one!  
If you vanish, Ghaza will come and the wide room will be straitened.

You are the protector of the people. He that desires not  
has gone to perdition. *Nay, verily, if he do not refrain...!"

How the king led the physician to the bedside of the sick girl,  
that he might see her condition.

When that meeting and bounteous repast was over,  
he took his hand and conducted him to the harem.

He rehearsed the tale of the invalid and her illness,  
and then seated him beside the sick.

The physician observed the colour of her face, her pulse, and her urine;  
he heard both the symptoms and the causes of her malady.

He said, “None of the remedies which they have applied builds up:  
they have brought destruction.

They were ignorant of the inward state.  
I seek refuge with God from that which they invent.”

He saw the pain, and the secret became open to him,  
but he concealed it and did not tell the king.

Her pain was not from black or yellow bile:  
the smell of every type of wood appears from the smoke.

From her sore grief he perceived that she was heart-broken;  
well in body, but stricken in heart.

Being in love is made manifest by soreness of heart:  
there is no sickness like heart-sickness.

The lover’s ailment is separate from all other ailments:  
love is the astrolabe of the mysteries of God.

Whether love be from this side or from that side,  
in the end it leads us beyond.
Whatever I say in exposition and explanation of Love, when I come to Love I am ashamed of that.

Although the commentary of the tongue makes clear, yet silent love is clearer.

While the pen was making haste in writing, it split upon itself as soon as it came to Love.

In expounding Love, the intellect lay down like an ass in the mire: it was Love that uttered the explanation of love and being in love.

The proof of the sun is the sun:
if you require the proof, do not avert your face from him!

If the shadow gives an indication of him, the sun gives spiritual light every moment.

The shadow, like chat in the night-hours, brings sleep to you; when the sun rises the moon is cloven asunder.

There is nothing in the world so wondrous strange as the sun, the Sun of the spirit is everlasting: it has no yesterday.

Although the external sun is unique, still it is possible to imagine one resembling it;

The spiritual Sun, which is beyond the ether, has no peer in the mind or externally.

Where is room in the imagination for His essence that the like of Him should come into the imagination?

When news arrived of the face of Shamsu’ddin, the sun of the fourth heaven drew in its head.

Since his name has come (to my lips), I must set forth some hint of his bounty.

At this moment my ‘Soul’ has plucked my skirt: he has caught the perfume of Joseph’s vest.

“For the sake of our years of companionship, recount one of those sweet ecstasies, that earth and heaven may laugh, that intellect and spirit and eye may increase a hundredfold.”

“Do not lay tasks on me, for I have passed away from myself; my apprehensions are blunted and I know not how to praise.

Everything that is said by one, who has not returned to consciousness, if he constrains himself or boastfully exaggerates, is unseemly.
How should I—not a vein of mine is sensible—describe that Friend who has no peer?

The description of this severance and this heart’s blood leave over till another time.”

He said: “Feed me, for I am hungry, and hurry, for Time is a cutting sword.

The Sufi is the son of the time, O comrade: it is not the rule of the Way to say ‘To-morrow.’

Are you not indeed a Sufi, then?
That which is reduced to nothing by postponing the payment.”

I said to him: “It is better that the secret of the Friend should be disguised:
listen to the contents of the tale.

It is better that the lovers’ secret should be told in the talk of others.”

He said: “Tell it openly and nakedly and without unfaithfulness:
do not put me off, O trifler!

Lift the veil and speak openly,
for I do not wear a shirt when I sleep with the Adored One.”

I said: “If He should become naked in vision,
neither you, nor your bosom or your waist.

Ask your wish, but ask with measure:
a blade of straw will not support the mountain.

If the Sun, by whom this world is illuminated,
should approach a little, all will be burned.

Do not seek trouble and turmoil and bloodshed:
say no more concerning the Sun of Tabriz!”

This has no end: tell of the beginning.
Go; relate the conclusion of this tale.

How that saint demanded of the king to be alone with the handmaiden
for the purpose of discovering her malady.
The house was left empty and not one inhabitant: nobody save the physician and that sick girl.

Very gently he said, “Where is your native town? For the treatment suitable to the people of each town is separate.

And in that town who is related to you? With whom do you have kinship and affinity? “

He laid his hand on her pulse and put questions, one by one, about the injustice of Heaven.

When a thorn darts into any one’s foot, he sets his foot upon his knee, and keeps searching for its head with the point of a needle, and if he does not find it, he keeps moistening it with his lip.

A thorn in the foot is so hard to find: how is it with a thorn in the heart? Answer!

If every low fellow had seen the thorn in the heart, when would sorrows gain the upper hand over any one?

Somebody sticks a thorn under a donkey’s tail: the donkey does not know how to get rid of it: he starts jumping. He jumps, and the thorn sinks deeper: it needs an intelligent person to extract a thorn.

In order to get rid of the thorn, the donkey from irritation and pain went on kicking and dealing blows in a hundred places, that thorn-removing physician was an expert: putting his hand on one spot after another, he tested.

He inquired of the girl concerning her friends, by way of narrative, and she disclosed to the physician circumstances touching her home and masters and fellow-townsmen.

He listened to her story he continued to observe her pulse and its beating, So that at whoever’s name her pulse should begin to throb, that person is the object of her soul’s desire in the world.

He counted up the friends in her native town; then he mentioned another town by name.

He said: “When you went forth from your own town, in which town did you live mostly?”
She mentioned the name of a certain town and from that too she passed on there was no change in the colour of her face or in her pulse.

Master’s and towns, one by one, she told of, and about dwelling-place and bread and salt.

She told stories of many a town and many a house, no vein of her quivered nor did her cheek grow pale.

Her pulse remained in its normal state, unimpaired, till he asked about Samarqand, the sweet as candy.

Her pulse jumped and her face went red and pale, for she had been parted from a man of Samarqand, a goldsmith.

When the physician found out this secret from the sick, he discerned the source of that grief and woe.

He said: “ In which quarter of the town does he live?”
“Sar-i Pul,” she replied, “and Ghatafar street.”

Said he: “ I know why you are ill and I will at once display the arts of magic in delivering you’.
Be glad and care-free and have no fear, for I will do to you that which rain does to the meadow.

I will be anxious for you, do not be anxious: I am kinder to you than a hundred fathers.
Beware! Tell no one this secret, not even if the king should question you.

When your heart becomes the grave of your secret, that desire of yours will be gained more quickly.

The Prophet said that any one who hides his inmost thought will soon attain to the object of his desire.
When seeds are hidden in the earth, their inward secret becomes the verdure of the garden.
If gold and silver were not hidden, how would they get nourishment in the mine?

The promises and soothing words of the physician made the sick safe from fear.

There are true promises, grateful to the heart; there are false promises, fraught with disquietude.

The promise of the noble is current coin; the promise of the unworthy becomes anguish of soul.
How the saint, having discovered the illness, laid it before the king.

Then he arose and went to see the king and acquainted him with a portion of that matter.

"The plan," said he, "is that we should bring the man here for the sake of this malady.

Summon the goldsmith from that far country; beguile him with gold and robes of honour."

How the king sent messengers to Samarqand to fetch the goldsmith.

The king sent thither one or two messengers, clever men and competent and very just.

To Samarqand came the two messengers for the goldsmith debonair and wanton,

Saying, "O fine master, perfect in knowledge, you whose quality is famous in the lands,

Lo, such-and-such a king has chosen you for the goldsmith’s craft, because you art eminent.

Look now, receive this robe of honour and gold and silver; when you come, you will be a favourite and boon-companion."

The man saw the much wealth and the many robes: he was beguiled; he parted from his town and children.

Blithely the man came into the road, unaware that the king had formed a design against his life.

He mounted an Arab horse and sped on joyously: the price of his blood he deemed a robe of honour.

O, who with a hundred consents yourself with your own foot did enter on the journey to the fated ill!

He imagined riches, power, and lordship.

Said `Azazil, "Go. Yes, you will get! “
When the stranger arrived from the road, the physician brought him into the presence of the king.

Proudly and delicately they conducted him to the king of kings that he might burn on that candle of Tiraz.

The king beheld him, showed great regard, and entrusted to him the treasure-house of gold.

Then the physician said to him: “O mighty Sultan, give the handmaid to this lord, in order that the slave girl may be happy in union with him, and that the water of union with him may put out the fire.”

The king bestowed on him that moon-faced one and wedded those twain craving company.

During the space of six months they were satisfying their desire, till the girl was wholly restored to health.

Thereafter he prepared for him a potion, so that when he drank it he began to dwindle away before her.

When because of sickness his beauty remained not, the soul of the girl remained not in his pestilence.

Since he became ugly and ill-favoured and sallow-cheeked, little by little he became cold in her heart.

Those loves which are for the sake of a colour are not love: in the end they are a disgrace.

Would that he too had been disgrace altogether, so that that evil judgment might not have come to pass upon him!

Blood ran from his eye like a river; his face became the enemy of his life.

The peacock’s plumage is its enemy: O many the king who has been slain by his magnificence!

He said, “I am the musk deer on account of whose gland that hunter shed my pure blood.

Oh, I am the fox of the field whose head they from the covert cut off for the sake of the fur.

Oh, I am the elephant whose blood was shed by the blow of the mahout for the sake of the bone.

He who has slain me for that which is other than I does not know that my blood does not sleep.
To-day it lays on me and to-morrow it lies on him: 
when does the blood of one such as I am, go to waste like this?

Although the wall casts a long shadow, 
the shadow turns back again.towards it.

This world is the mountain, and our action the shout: 
the echo of the shouts comes to us.”

He said this and at the moment went under the earth. 
The handmaiden was purged of pain and love, 
Because love of the dead is not enduring, 
because the dead one is never coming to us;

Love of the living is every moment fresher 
than a bud in the spirit and in the sight.

Choose the love of that Living One who is everlasting, 
who gives you to drink of the wine that increases life.

Choose the love of Him from whose love 
all the prophets gained power and glory.

Do not say, “We have no admission to that King.”

Dealings with the generous are not difficult.

Setting forth how the slaying and poisoning of the goldsmith was by Divine suggestion, 
not by sensual desire and wicked meditation.

The slaying of this man by the hand of the physician 
was not on account of hope or fear.

He did not slay him to humour the king, 
until the Divine command and inspiration came.

As for the boy whose throat was cut by Khadir, 
the vulgar do not comprehend the mystery thereof.

He that receives from God inspiration and answer, 
whatsoever he may command is the essence of right.

If one who bestows life should slay, it is allowable: 
his is the vicegerent, and his hand is the hand of God.

Like Isma’il, lay your head before him; 
gladly and laughingly give up your soul before his dagger,
In order that your soul may remain laughing until eternity, like the pure soul of Ahmad with the One.

Lovers drain the cup of joy at the moment when the fair ones slay them with their own hand.

The king did not commit that bloodshed because of lust: cease from thinking evil and disputing.

You thought that he committed a foul crime, in purity how should the sublimation leave alloy?

The purpose of this discipline and this rough treatment is that the furnace may extract the dross from the silver.

The testing of good and bad is in order that the gold may boil and bring the scum to the top.

If his act were not the inspiration of God, he would have been a dog that rends, not a king.

He was unstained by lust and covetousness and passion: he did well, but good that wore the aspect of evil.

If Khadir stove the boat in the sea, in Khadir's staving there are a hundred rightnesses.

The imagination of Moses, notwithstanding his illumination and excellence, was screened from that. Do not fly without wings!

That is a red rose; do not call it blood.

He is intoxicated with Reason; do not call him a madman.

Had it been his desire to shed the blood of a Moslem, I am an infidel if I would have mentioned his name.

The highest heaven trembles at praise of the wicked, and by praise of him the devout man is moved to think evil.

He was a king and a very heedful king; he was elect and the elect, of God.

One who is slain by a king like this, he leads him to fortune and to the best estate.

Unless he had seen advantage to him in doing violence to him, how should that absolute Mercy have sought to do violence?

The child trembles at the barber's scalpel the fond mother is happy in that pain

He takes half a life and gives a hundred lives: he gives that which enters not into your imagination.

You are judging from yourself, but you have fallen far, far.
There was a greengrocer who had a parrot, a sweet-voiced green talking parrot.

On the bench, it would watch over the shop and talk finely to all the traders.

In addressing human beings it would speak; it was skilled in the song of parrots.

It sprang from the bench and flew away; it spilled the bottles of rose-oil.

Its master came from the direction of his house and seated himself on the bench at his ease as a merchant does.

He saw the bench was full of oil and his clothes greasy; he smote the parrot on the head: it was made bald by the blow.

For some few days it refrained from speech; the greengrocer, in repentance, heaved deep sighs,

Tearing his beard and saying, “Alas! The sun of my prosperity has gone under the clouds.
Would that my hand had been broken at that moment! How did I strike on the head of that sweet-tongued one?”

He was giving presents to every dervish, that he might get back the speech of his bird.

After three days and three nights, he was seated on the bench, distraught and sorrowful, like a man in despair,

Showing the bird every sort of marvel that maybe it would begin to speak.

Meanwhile a bald dervish, clad in a coarse woollen frock (jawlaq), passed by, with a head hairless as the outside of bowl and basin.

Then the parrot began to talk, screeched at the dervish and said, “Hey, fellow!

How were you mixed up with the bald, O bald one? Did you, then, spill oil from the bottle?”

The bystanders laughed at the parrot’s inference, because it deemed the wearer of the frock to be like itself.
Do not measure the actions of holy men by yourself, though *sber* (lion) and *shir* (milk) are similar in writing.

On this account the whole world is gone astray: scarcely any one knows of God's Abdal.

They set up equality with the prophets; they supposed the saints to be like themselves.

“Behold,” they said, “we are men, they are men; both we and they are in bondage to sleep and food.”

In blindness they did not perceive that there is an infinite difference between.

Both species of bee (*zanbur*) ate and drank from the place, but from that one came a sting, and from this other honey.

Both species of deer ate grass and drank water: from this one came dung, and from that one pure musk.

Both reeds drank from the same water-source, this one is empty and that one sugar.

Consider hundreds of thousands of such likenesses and observe that the distance between the two is a seventy years' journey.

This one eats, and filth is discharged from him; that one eats, and becomes entirely the light of God.

This one eats, is born nothing but avarice and envy; that one eats, is born nothing but love of the One.

This one is good soil and that one brackish and bad; this one is a fair angel and that one a devil and wild beast.

If both resemble each other in aspect, it may well be: bitter water and sweet water have clearness.

Who knows except a man possessed of taste? Find: he knows the sweet water from the brine.

Comparing magic with miracle, he fancies that both are founded on deceit.

The magicians of Moses, for contention's sake, lifted up a rod like his,

Between this rod and that rod there is a vast difference; from this action to that action is a great way.

This action is followed by the curse of God that action receives in payment the mercy of God.
The infidels in contending have the nature of an ape:
the nature is a canker within the breast.

Whatever a man does, the ape at every moment
does the same thing that he sees done by the man.

He thinks, “I have acted like him”:
how should that quarrelsome-looking one know the difference?

This one acts by the command, and he for the sake of quarrelling.
Pour dust on the heads of those who have quarrelsome faces!

That hypocrite joins in ritual prayer with the conformist
for quarrelling’s sake, not for supplication.

In prayer and fasting and pilgrimage and alms-giving
the true believers are with the hypocrite in victory and defeat.

Victory in the end is to the true believers;
upon the hypocrite defeat in the state hereafter.

Although both are intent on one game, in relation to each other
they are the man of Merv and the man of Rayy.

Each one goes to his abiding-place;
each one fares according to his name.

If he be called a true believer, his soul rejoices;
and if you say “hypocrite,” he becomes filled with fire.

His name is loved on account of its essence;
this one’s name is loathed on account of its pestilent qualities.

Mim and waw and mim and nun do not confer honour:
the word mumin is only for the sake of denotation.

If you call him hypocrite,
this vile name is stinging within like a scorpion.

If this name is not derived from Hell,
then why is there the taste of Hell in it?

The foulness of that ill name is not from the letters;
the bitterness of that sea-water is not from the vessel.

The letters are the vessel: therein the meaning is like water;
the sea of the meaning is—*with Him is the Ummu ‘l-Kitab*.

In this world the bitter sea and the sweet sea—
between them is a barrier which they do not seek to cross.

Know that both these flow from one origin.
Pass on from them both, go to their origin!
Without the touchstone you will never know in the assay adulterated gold and fine gold by judgment.

Any one in whose soul God shall put the touchstone, he will distinguish certainty from doubt.

A piece of rubbish jumps into the mouth of a living man, and only when he ejects it is he at ease.

When, amongst thousands of morsels, one little piece of rubbish entered, the living man's sense tracked it down.

The worldly sense is the ladder to this world; the religious sense is the ladder to Heaven.

Seek the well-being of the former sense from the physician; Beg the well-being of the latter sense from the Beloved.

The health of the former arises from the flourishing state of the body; the health of the latter arises from the ruin of the body.

The spiritual way ruins the body and, after having ruined it, restores it to prosperity:

Ruined the house for the sake of the golden treasure, and with that same treasure builds it better;

Cut off the water and cleansed the river-bed, then caused drinking-water to flow in the river-bed;

Cut the skin and drew out the iron point—then fresh skin grew over it;

Razed the fortress and took it from the infidel, then reared thereon a hundred towers and ramparts.

Who shall describe the action of Him who has no like? This that I have said necessity is affording.

Sometimes it appears like this and sometimes the contrary of this: the work of religion is nothing but bewildermement.

Not one bewildered in such wise that his back is towards Him; no, but one bewildered like this and drowned and intoxicated with the Beloved.

The face of the one is set towards the Beloved; the face of the other is just his own face.

Look long on the face of every one, keep watch attentively: it may be that by doing service you will come to know the face.

Since there is many a devil that has the face of Adam, it is not well to give your hand to every hand,
Because the fowler produces a whistling sound in order to decoy the bird,

The bird may hear the note of its congener and come down from the air and find trap and knife-point.

The vile man will steal the language of dervishes, that he may thereby chant a spell over one who is simple.

The work of men is light and heat; the work of vile men is trickery and shamelessness.

They make a woollen lion for the purpose of begging; they give the title of Ahmad to Bu Musaylim;

To Bu Musaylim remained the title of Kadhdhab (Liar), to Mohammed remained Ulu 'l-albab.

The wine of God, its seal is pure musk, as for wine, its seal is stench and torment.

Story of the self-reliant king who, for bigotry's sake, used to slay the Christians

Amongst the Self reliant ones there was a king who wrought oppression, an enemy of Jesus and a destroyer of Christians.

It was the epoch of Jesus and the turn was his: he was the soul of Moses, and Moses the soul of him;

The squint-eyed king separated in the way of God those two Divine who were (really) in accord.

The master said to a squint-eyed, “Come on; go, fetch that bottle out of the room.”

Said the squint-eyed one: “Which of the two bottles shall I bring to you? Explain fully.”

“There are not two bottles,” replied the master; “go, leave off squinting and do not be seeing more.”

“O master,” said he, “don’t chide me.”

Said the master, “Smash one of those two.”

The bottle was one, though in his eyes it seemed two; when he broke the bottle, there was no other.
When one was broken, both vanished from sight:
a man is made squint-eyed by propensity and anger.

Anger and lust make a man squint-eyed;
they change the spirit from rectitude.

When self-interest appears, virtue becomes hidden:
a hundred veils rise from the heart to the eye.

When the judge lets bribery gain hold of his heart,
how should he know the guilty from the wretched victim?

The king, from Jewish rancour, became so squint-eyed that,
“Mercy, O Lord, mercy.”

He slew hundreds of thousands of wronged believers, saying,
“I am the protection and support of the religion of Moses.”

How the vizier instructed the king to plot.

He had a vizier, a miscreant and deceiver,
who by reason of guile would tie knots on water.

“The Christians,” said he, “seek to save their lives;
they hide their religion from the king.

The secret is concealed in a hundred coverings:
its outward form is with you, resembling you, the inward is disagreement.”

The king said to him: “Tell, then, what is the plan?
What is the remedy against that deceit and imposture?—
So that there may not remain a single Christian in the world,
neither one whose religion is manifest nor one who is concealed.”

“I O king,” said he, “cut off my ears and hands
rip my nose by bitter decree;
Then bring me under the gallows
that an intercessor may plead for me.

Do this deed in the place for proclamation,
on a highway where roads run in four directions.

Then banish me from your presence to a distant land,
that I may cast mischief and confusion amongst them.
Then I will say, 'I am secretly a Christian.
O God who knows things hidden, You know me.

The king was informed of my faith
and from bigotry sought to take my life.

I wished to hide my religion from the king
and profess his religion,

The king got a scent of my inmost beliefs,
and my words were suspected before the king.

He said, “Your words are like a needle in bread;
there is a window between my heart and yours.

Through that window I have seen your state:
I see your state and will not heed your words.”

Had not the spirit of Jesus been my aid,
he would in Jewish fashion have torn me to pieces.

For Jesus’ sake I would yield my life
and give my head and lay on myself myriads of obligations to him.

I do not grudge Jesus my life,
but full well am I versed in the knowledge of his religion.

Grief was coming over me that that holy religion
should perish amongst those who are ignorant.

Thanks be to God and to Jesus
that I have become a guide to the true faith.

I have escaped from Self reliant ones and Judaism
so that I have bound my waist with a girdle.

The epoch is the epoch of Jesus. O men,
listen with your souls to the mysteries of his religion!”

The king did to him that deed which he had proposed:
the people remained in amazement at his deed.

He drove him away to the Christians.
After that, he began to proselytize.
How the Christians let themselves be duped by the vizier.

Myriads of Christian men gathered round him, little by little, in his abode,

He secretly expounded to them the mysteries of Gospel and girdle and prayer.

Outwardly he was a preacher of ordinances, but inwardly he was the whistle and snare.

On this account some Companions begged of the Prophet the deceitfulness of the ghoul-like soul,

Saying, what of hidden selfish interests does it mingle in acts of worship and in pure spiritual devotion?"

They were not seeking from him excellence of piety; they were not inquiring where lay the outward defect.

Hair by hair, speck by speck, they were recognising the deceitfulness of the fleshly soul as the rose from parsley.

Even the hair-splitters of the Companions used to become distraught in spirit at the admonition to them.

How the Christians followed the vizier.

The Christians all gave their hearts to him: what, indeed, is the strength of the conformity of the vulgar!

They planted love of him within their breasts; they were regarding him as the vicar of Jesus.

He inwardly was the accursed one-eyed Antichrist.

O God, answer the cry in—what a good helper art You!

O God, there are myriads of snares and baits, and we are as greedy foodless birds.

From moment to moment we are caught in a fresh snare, though we become each one, a falcon or a Simurgh.
Every moment You art delivering us, and again we are going to a snare,
O You who art without want!

We are putting corn in this barn,
we are losing the corn that has been garnered.

After all, do not we consider with intelligent mind
that this damage to the corn arises from the deceitfulness of the mouse?

Since the mouse has made a hole in our barn,
and our barn has been ravaged by its guile,

O soul, in the first place avert the mischief of the mouse,
and then show fervour in garnering the corn.

Hear of the sayings related from the Chief of the Prophets:
“No prayer is complete without ‘presence.’”

If there is no thievish mouse in our barn,
where is the corn of forty years works?

Why is the daily sincerity not being stored, bit by bit,
in this barn of ours

Many a star of fire shot forth from the iron,
and that burning heart received (it) and drew in;

But in the darkness a hidden thief
is laying his finger upon the stars,

Extinguishing the stars one by one,
that no lamp may shine from the sky.

Though there are thousands of snares at our feet,
when You are with us there is not any trouble.

Every night You free the spirits from the body’s snare,
and erase the tablets.

The spirits are set free every night from this cage,
done with ordinance and talk and tale.

At night prisoners are unconscious of their prison,
at night governors are unconscious of their power.

There is no sorrow, no thought of gain or loss,
no fancy of this person or that person.

This is the state of the ‘arif, even without sleep:
God said, deem while they slept. Shy not at this.

He is asleep, day and night, to the affairs of the world,
like a pen in the hand of the Lord’s control.
One who sees not the hand in the writing thinks the act from the pen by means of movement.

He has shown forth some part of this state of the ‘arif, the vulgar too are carried off by sleep of the senses.

Their souls are gone into the desert that is without description: their spirits and bodies are at rest;

And with a whistle you lead them back to the snare, lead them all to justice and to the judge.

Like Israfil, He who causes the dawn to break brings them all from those lands into form.

He embodies the spirits divested;

He makes each body pregnant again.

He makes the steed of the souls bare of saddle:

this is the inner meaning of “Sleep is the brother of Death”;

But in order that they may return in the daytime,
He puts a long tether on its leg,

So that in the daytime He may lead it back from that meadow and bring it from the pasture under the load.

Would that He had guarded this spirit as the Men of the Cave or as the Ark of Noah,

That this mind and eye and ear might be delivered from the Flood of wakefulness and consciousness!

Oh, in the world there is many a Man of the Cave beside you, before you, at this time:

The Cave is with him, the Friend is in converse with him; but your eyes and ears are sealed, what does it avail?

قصة ديدن خليفه ليلى را

Story of the Caliph’s seeing Layla.

The Caliph said to Layla: “Are you she by whom Majnun was distracted and led astray?

You are not superior to other fair ones.”

“Be silent,” she replied, “since you are not Majnun.”
Whosoever is awake is the more asleep; his wakefulness is worse than his sleep.

When our soul is not awake to God, wakefulness is like closing our doors.

All day long, from the buffets of imagination and from loss and gain and from fear of decline, there remains to it neither joy nor grace and glory nor way of journeying to Heaven.

The one asleep is he who has hope of every vain fancy and holds parley with it.

Diabolum per somnum videt tanquam virginem caelestem, deinde propter libidinem effundit cum diabolo aquam (seminis).

Postquam semen generationis in terram salsuginosam infudit, ipse ad se reedit, fugit ab eo illa imago.

Hine percipit languorem capitis et (videt) corpus polluturn. Proh dolor ob illud simulacrum visum (sed revera) non visum!

The bird is flying on high, and its shadow is speeding on the earth, flying like a bird:

Some fool begins to chase the shadow, running so far that he becomes powerless,

Not knowing that it is the reflection of that bird in the air, not knowing where is the origin of the shadow.

He shoots arrows at the shadow; his quiver is emptied in seeking:

The quiver of his life became empty; his life passed in running hotly in chase of the shadow.

When the shadow of God is his nurse, it delivers him from phantom and shadow.

The shadow of God is that servant of God who is dead to this world and living through God.

Lay hold of his skirt most quickly without misgiving that you may be saved in the skirt of the last days.

How He extended the shadow is the form of the saints, which guides to the light of the Divine Sun.

Do not go in this valley without this guide; say, like Khalil, “I love not them that set.”
Go, from the shadow gain a sun:  
pluck the skirt of the king, Shams-i Tabrizi!

If you do not know the way to this feast and bridal,  
ask of Ziya u’l Haqq Husamu’ddin.

And if on the way envy seize you by the throat,  
it belongs to Iblis to go beyond bounds in envy;

For he because of envy has disdain for Adam,  
and because of envy is at war with felicity.

In the Way there is no harder pass than this.  
Oh, fortunate he who is not accompanied by envy!

This body, you must know, is the house of envy,  
for the household are tainted with envy.

If the body is the house of envy,  
yet God made that body very pure.

Cleanse My house, ye two, is the explanation of purity:  
the purified heart is a treasure of light, though its talisman is of earth.

When you practice deceit and envy against one who is without envy,  
from that envy black stains arise in your heart.

Become dust under the feet of the men of God;  
throw dust on the head of envy, even as we do.

**Explanation of the envy of the vizier**

That petty vizier had his origin from envy,  
so that for vanity he gave to the wind his ears and nose,

In the hope that by the sting of envy  
his venom might enter the souls of the poor.

Any one who from envy mutilates his nose  
makes himself without ear and without nose.

The nose is that which catches a scent,  
and which the scent leads towards an abode.

Whoever has no scent is without a nose;  
the scent is that scent which is religious.
When he has caught a scent and given no thanks for it, ingratitude comes and devours his nose.

Give thanks and be a slave to those who give thanks: be in their presence dead, be steadfast.

Do not, like the vizier, make brigandage your stock-in-trade; do not turn the people away from the ritual prayer.

The miscreant vizier had become a true religious counsellor, he had craftily put garlic in the almond cake.

Whoever was possessed of discernment was feeling a sweet savour in his words and, joined with, bitterness.

He was saying fine things mixed with foul: he had poured some poison into the sugared julep.

The outward sense of it was saying, “Be diligent in the Way,” but in effect it was saying to the soul, “Be slack.”

If the surface of silver is white and new, the hands and dress are blackened by it.

Although fire is red-faced with sparks, look at the black behaviour in its action.

If the lightning appears luminous to the eye, from its distinctive property it is the robber of sight.

Any who was not wary and possessed of discernment, the words of him were a collar on his neck.

During six years, in separation from the king, the vizier became a refuge for the followers of Jesus.

To him the people wholly surrendered their religion and their hearts: at his command and decree they were ready to die.

How the sagacious among the Christians perceived the guile of the vizier.
پیغام شاه پنهان با وزیر

How the king sent messages in secret to the vizier.

Messages between the king and him:
the king had words of comfort from him in secret.
The king wrote to him, saying, “O my fortunate one, the time is come: quickly set my mind at ease.”
He replied: “Behold, O king, I am preparing to cast disorders into the religion of Jesus.”

بيان دوازده سبط از نصارا

Explanation of the twelve tribes of the Christians

The people of Jesus had twelve amirs as rulers in authority over them.
Each party followed one amir and had become devoted to its own amir from desire.
These twelve amirs and their followers became the slaves of that vizier of evil sign.
They all put trust in his words; they all took his procedure as a pattern.
Each amir would have given up his life in his presence at the time and hour, if he had bidden him die.

تخليط وزير در احكام انجيل

How the vizier confused the ordinances of the Gospel.

He prepared a scroll in the name of each one, the form of each scroll a different tenor,
The ordinances of each a diverse kind, this contradicting that from the end to the beginning
In one he made the path of asceticism and hunger to be the basis of repentance and the condition for conversion.
In one he said: “Asceticism profits nothing: in this Way there is no place of deliverance but generosity.”
In one he said: “Your hunger and generosity imply association on your part with the object of your worship.

Excepting trust and complete resignation in sorrow and joy, all is a deceit and snare.”

In one he said: “It is incumbent to serve; else the thought of putting trust is suspicion.”

In one he said: “There are commands and prohibitions, not for practice: they are to show our weakness, so that we may behold our weakness therein and at that time recognise the power of God.”

In one he said: “Do not regard your weakness: that weakness is an act of ingratitude. Beware! Regard your power, for this power is from Him: know that your power is the gift of Him who is Hu.”

In one he said: “Leave both these behind: whatsoever is contained in sight is an idol,”

470

In one he said: “Do not put out this candle, for this sight is as a candle to concentration.

When you relinquish sight and imagination, you will have put out the candle of union at midnight.”

In one he said: “Put it out—have no fear—that you may see myriads of sights in exchange;

For by putting it out the candle of the spirit is increased: by your self-denial your Layla becomes your Majnun.

If any one abandons the world by his own renunciation, the world comes to him more and more.”

In one he said: “That which God has given you He made sweet to you in bringing it into existence.

He made it easy to you, and do you take it gladly: do not throw yourself into anguish.”

480

In one he said: “Let go all that belongs to self, for it is wrong and bad to comply with your nature.”

Different roads have become easy:
every one’s religion has become as as life.

If God’s making easy were the road, every Jew and Zoroastrian would have knowledge of Him.
In one he said: “That is made easy that spiritual food should be the life of the heart.”

When the enjoyments of the nature are past, like brackish soil they raise no produce and crop.

The produce thereof is nothing but penitence; their sale yields only loss, nothing more.

That is not “easy” in the end; its name ultimately is “hard.”

Distinguish the hard from the easy: consider the goodliness of this and that in the end.

In one he said: “Seek a master: you will not find foresight as to the end among the qualities derived from ancestors.”

Every sort of religious sect foresaw the end: of necessity they fell captive to error.

To foresee the end is not a hand-loom; otherwise, how would there have been difference in religions?

In one he said: “You are the master, because you know the master.

Be a man and be not subject to men.

Go, take your own head, and be not one whose head is turning.”

In one he said: “All this is one: whoever sees two is a squint-eyed manikin.”

In one he said: “How should a hundred be one? He who thinks this is surely mad.”

The doctrines, every one, are contrary to each other: how should they be one? Is poison and sugar one?

Until you pass beyond poison and sugar, how will you catch a scent of unity and oneness?

Twelve books of this style and fashion were drawn up in writing by that enemy to the religion of Jesus.

Showing how this difference lies in the form of the doctrine, not in the real nature of the Way.

He had no scent of the unicolority of Jesus, nor had he a disposition from the tincture of the dyeing-vat of Jesus.
From that pure vat a garment of a hundred colours would become as simple and one-coloured as light.

Is not the unicolority from which weariness ensues; no, it is like fish and clear water:

Although there are thousands of colours on dry land, fish are at war with dryness.

Who is the fish and what is the sea in simile, that the King Almighty and Glorious should resemble them?

In existence myriads of seas and fishes prostrate themselves in adoration before that Munificence and Bounty.

How many a rain of largesse has rained, so that the sea was made thereby to scatter pearls!

How many a sun of generosity has shone, so that cloud and sea learned to be bountiful!

The sunbeams of Wisdom struck on soil and clay, so that the earth became receptive of the seed.

The soil is faithful to its trust, and whatever you have sown in it, you carry away the kind thereof without fraud.

Until springtime brings the token of God, the soil does not reveal its secrets.

The Bounteous One who gave to an inanimate thing this information, faithfulness and righteousness,

His grace makes an inanimate thing informed;

His wrath makes blind the men of understanding;

Soul and heart cannot endure that ferment:
to whom shall I speak? There is not in the world a single ear.

Wherever there was an ear, through Him it became an eye; wherever there was a stone, through Him it became a jasper.

He is an alchemist-what is alchemy?
He is a giver of miracles--what is magic?

This uttering of praise is the omission of praise on my part, for this is a proof of being, and being is a sin.

It behoves to be not-being in the presence of His Being: in His presence what is being? Black and blue.
Were it not blind it would have been melted by Him: it would have known the heat of sun;

And were it not blue from mourning, how would this region have frozen like ice?

Setting forth how the vizier incurred damnation from this plot.

The vizier was ignorant and heedless, like the king: he was wrestling with the eternal and inevitable,

With a God so mighty that in a moment He causes a hundred worlds like ours to come into existence from non-existence:

A hundred worlds like ours He displays to the sight, when He makes your eye seeing by Himself.

If the world appears to you vast and bottomless, know that to Omnipotence it is not an atom.

This world, indeed, is the prison of your souls: oh, go in yonder direction, for there lays your open country.

This world is finite, and truly that is infinite: image and form are a barrier to that Reality.

The myriads of Pharaoh’s lances were shattered by Moses with a single staff.

Myriads were the therapeutic arts of Galen: before Jesus and his breath they were a laughing-stock.

Myriads were the books of poems: at the word of an illiterate they were shame.

With such an all-conquering Lord, how should any one not die, unless he be a vile wretch?

Many a mind as a mountain did He uproot; the cunning bird He hung up by its two feet.

To sharpen the intelligence and wits is not the way: none but the broken wins the favour of the King.

Oh, many the treasure hunters, digging hole, who became an ox’s beard to that vain schemer!
Who is the ox that you should become his beard?
What is earth that you should become its stubble?

When a woman became pale-faced of wickedness,
God metamorphosed her and made her Zuhra.

To make a woman Zuhra was metamorphosis:
what is it to become earth and clay, O contumacious one?

Your spirit was bearing you towards the highest sphere:
you went towards the water and the clay amongst the lowest.

By this fall you metamorphosed yourself from that existence
which was the envy of the intelligences.

Consider, then, how is this metamorphosis:
compared with that metamorphosis this is exceedingly vile.

You urged the steed of ambition towards the stars:
you did not acknowledge Adam who was worshipped.

After all, you are a son of Adam. O degenerate!
How long will you regard lowness as nobility?

How long will you say, “I will conquer a whole world,
I will make this world full of myself”?

If the world should he filled with snow from end to end,
the glow of the sun would melt it with a single look.

God by a single spark makes naught his burden
and of a hundred Viziers and a hundred thousand.

He makes the essence of that imagination to be wisdom;
He makes the essence of that poisoned water to be a drink.

‘That which raises doubt He turns into certainty;
He makes loving-kindnesses grow from the causes of hatred.

He cherishes Abraham in the fire;
He turns fear into security of spirit.

By His burning of secondary causes I am distraught;
in fancies of Him I am like a sophist.

How the vizier started another plan to mislead the Christians

The vizier formed in his mind another plan:
he abandoned preaching and sat alone in seclusion.
He inspired ardour in his disciples from longing; he remained in seclusion forty or fifty days.

The people became mad from longing for him and on account of being separated from his feeling and discourse and intuition.

They were making supplication and lament, while he in solitude was bent double by austerities.

They said, “Without you we have no light: how is the state of a blind man without a leader?

By way of showing favour and for God’s sake, do not keep us parted from you any longer.

We are as children and you are our nurse: spread over us that shadow.”

He said, “My soul is not far from them that love, but there is no permission to come forth.”

Those amirs came for intercession, and the disciples came in reproach,

Saying, “O noble sir, what a misfortune is this for us! Without you we are left orphaned of our hearts and our religion.

You are making pretence while we in grief are heaving cold sighs from the burning heat of our hearts.

We have become accustomed to your sweet discourse; we have drunk of the milk of your wisdom.

Allah! Allah! Do not you treat us with such cruelty: show kindness to-day, do not delay until tomorrow.

Does your heart give to you that these who have lost their hearts should at last, being without you, become among them that have nothing left?

They all are writhing like fishes on dry land: let loose the water, remove the darn from the stream.

O you like whom there is none in the world, for God’s sake, for God’s sake, come to the aid of your people!”

How the vizier refused the request of the disciples.

He said: “Beware, O you enslaved by words and talk, you who seek admonition of the speech of the tongue and of the ear.
Put cotton-wool in the ear of the low sense; take off the bandage of sense from your eyes!

The ear of the head is the cotton-wool of the ear of the conscience: until the former becomes deaf, that inward is deaf.

Become without sense and without ear and without thought, that you may catch any scent of the conversation of sleep?

So long as you are in the conversation of wakefulness, how will you catch any scent of the conversation of sleep?

Our speech and action is the exterior journey: the interior journey is above the sky.

The sense saw dryness, because it was born of dryness: the Jesus of the spirit set foot on the sea.

The journey of the dry body happened on dry land, the journey of the spirit took place in the heart of the sea

Since your life has passed in travelling on land, now mountain, now river, now desert,

From where will you gain the Water of Life? Where will you part the waves of the Sea?

The waves of earth are our imagination and understanding and thought; the waves of water are self-effacement and intoxication and death (fana).

While you are in this intoxication, you are far from that intoxication; while you are drunk with this, you are blind to that cup.

Outward speech and talk is as dust: for a time make a habit of silence. Take heed!

**How the disciples repeated their request that he should interrupt his seclusion.**

They all said: “O sage who seeks a crevice, say not to us this guile and harshness.

Lay on the beast a burden in proportion to its endurance, lay on the weak a task in proportion to their strength.

The bait for every bird is according to its measure: how should a fig be the food for every bird?
If you give a babe bread instead of milk, take it that the poor babe will die of the bread;

Afterwards, when it grows teeth, that babe will of its own accord ask for bread.

When an unfledged bird begins to fly, it becomes a mouthful for any rapacious cat;

When it grows wings, it will fly of itself without trouble and without whistling, good or bad.

Your speech makes the Devil silent; your words make our ears intelligence.

Our ears are intelligence when you are speaking; our dry land is a river when you are the ocean.

With you, earth is better to us than heaven, O you by whom Arcturus to the Fish is illumined!

Without you, darkness is over heaven for us, compared with you, O Moon, who is this heaven at all?

The heavens have the form of sublimity; the essence of sublimity belongs to the pure spirit.

The form of sublimity is for bodies; beside the essence bodies are (mere) names.”

The refusal of the vizier to interrupt his seclusion

He said: “Cut short your arguments, let my advice make its way into your souls and hearts.

If I am trustworthy, the trustworthy is not doubted, even though I should call heaven earth.

If I am perfection, why disbelief in my perfection? And if I am not, why this molestation and annoyance?

I will not go forth from this seclusion, because I am occupied with inward experiences.”
They all said; “O vizier, it is not disbelief: our words are not as the words of strangers.

The tears of our eyes are running because of our separation from you; sigh after sigh is going from the midst of our souls.

A babe does not contend with its nurse, but it weeps, although it knows neither evil nor good.

We are as the harp and you art striking the plectrum: the lamentation is not from us, it is you that art making lamentation.

We are as the flute, and the music in us is from you; we are as the mountain, and the echo in us is from you.

We are as pieces of chess in victory and defeat: our victory and defeat is from you, O you whose qualities are comely!

Who are we, O you soul of our souls, that we should remain in being beside you?

We and our existences are non-existences: you are the absolute Being which manifests the perishable

We all are lions, but lions on a banner: because of the wind they are rushing onward from moment to moment.

Their onward rush is visible, and the wind is unseen: may that which is unseen not fail from us!

Our wind and our being are of your gift; our whole existence is from your bringing into being.

You did show the delightfulfulness of Being unto not-being, you had caused not-being to fall in love with you.

Take not away the delightfulfulness of your bounty; take not away your dessert and wine and wine-cup!

And if you take it away; who is there that will make inquiry? How should the picture strive with the painter?

Do not look on us; do not fix your gaze on us: look on your own kindness and generosity.

We were not, and there was no demand on our part, your grace was hearkening to our unspoken prayer”
Before the painter and the brush the picture is helpless and bound like a child in the womb.

Before Omnipotence all the people of the court of audience are as helpless as the fabric before the needle.

Now He makes the picture the Devil, now Adam; now He makes the picture joy, now grief.

There is no power that he should move a hand in defence; no speech, that he should utter a word concerning injury or benefit.

Recite from the Qur’an the interpretation of the verse:

God said, *You did not throw when you threw.*

If we let an arrow fly, that is not from us: we are the bow, and the shooter of the arrow is God.

This is not *jabr* (compulsion); it is the meaning of *jabbari* (almightiness): the mention of almightiness is for the sake of humility.

Our humility is evidence of necessity; our sense of guilt is evidence of freewill.

If there were not freewill, what is this shame? And what are sorrow, guilty confusion and abashment?

Why is there chiding between masters and pupils? Why is the mind changing from plans?

And if you say that he takes no heed of His compulsion, God’s moon has become hidden in His cloud,

There is a good answer to this; if you listen, you will relinquish unbelief and incline towards the religion.

Remorse and humility occur at the time of illness: the time of illness is wholly wakefulness.

At the time when you are becoming ill, you pray God to forgive your trespass;

The fulness of your sin is shown to you; you resolve to come back to the way;

You make promises and vows that henceforth your chosen course will be nothing but obedience:

Therefore it has become certain that illness gives to you conscience and wakefulness.

Note, then, this principle, O you that seek the principle; every one who suffers pain has caught the scent:
The more wakeful any one is the fuller of suffering he is;
the more aware he is, the paler he is in countenance.

If you are aware of His jabr (compulsion), where is your humility?
Where is your feeling of the chain of His jabbari (almightiness)?

How one should make merry who is bound in chains?
When does the captive in prison behave like the man who is free?

And if you consider that your foot is shackled
the king's officers are sitting over you,

Then do not act like an officer towards the helpless,
inasmuch as that is not the nature and habit of a helpless man.

Since you do not feel His compulsion, do not say;
and if you feel it, where is the sign of your feeling?

In every act for which you have inclination,
you are clearly conscious of your power,

In every act for which you have no inclination and desire, in regard to that
you have become a necessitarian, saying, “This is from God.”

The prophets are necessitarians in regard to the works of this world,
the infidels are necessitarians in regard to the works of the next world.

To the prophets the works of the next world are freewill;
to the foolish the works of this world are freewill,

Because every bird flies to its own kind:
it behind, and its spirit before.

Inasmuch as the infidels were congeners of Sijjin (Hell),
they were well-disposed to the prison (sijn) of this world.

Inasmuch as the prophets were congeners of ‘Illiyyin (Heaven),
they went towards the ‘Illyyin of spirit and heart.

This discourse has no end,
but let us relate the story to its completion.

How the vizier made the disciples lose hope of his abandoning seclusion

The vizier cried out from within, “O disciples,
let this made known to you from me,

That Jesus has given me a such-like message:
‘Be separated from all friends and kinsfolk.
Set your face to the wall, sit alone,
and choose to be secluded even from your own existence.'

After this there is no permission to speak;
after this I have nothing to do with talk.

Farewell, O friends! I am dead:
I have carried my belongings up to the Fourth Heaven,
In order that beneath the fiery sphere
I may not burn like firewood in woe and perdition,

Henceforth may sit beside Jesus
at the top of the Fourth Heaven.

And then he summoned those amirs one by one
and conversed with each alone.

He said to each one, “In the religion of Jesus
you art the vicar of God and my Khalifa (vicegerent),

And those other amirs are your followers:
Jesus has made all of them your assistants.

Any amir who lifts his neck,
seize him and either kill him or hold him captive;

But do not declare this while I am alive:
do not seek this supreme authority until I am dead.

Until I am dead, do not reveal this:
do not lay claim to sovereignty and dominion.

Here is this scroll and the ordinances of the Messiah:
recite them distinctly, one by one, to his people.”

Thus he spoke to each amir separately,
“There is no vicar in the religion of God except you.”

He honoured each, one by one;:
whateve said to that he also said to this.

To each he gave one scroll:
every one was purposely the contrary of the other.
All the scrolls were different, like the forms of the letters from ya to alif.

The rule in this scroll was contrary to the rule in that: we have already explained this contradiction.

How the vizier killed himself in seclusion.

After that, he shut the door for other forty days killed himself and escaped from his existence.

When the people learned of his death, there came to pass at his grave the scene of the Resurrection.

So great a multitude gathered at his grave, tearing their hair, rending their garments in wild grief for him,

That only God can reckon the number of them—Arabs, Turks, Greeks and Kurds.

They put his earth on their heads; they deemed anguish for him to be the remedy for themselves.

During a month those multitudes over his grave made a way for blood from their eyes.

How the people of Jesus—on him be peace!—asked the amirs, “Which one of you is the successor?”

After a month the people said, “O chiefs, which of amirs is designated in his place, that we may acknowledge him as our religious leader instead of him, and give our hands and skirts into his hand?

Since the sun is gone and has branded us, is not a lamp the resource in his stead?

Since union with the beloved has vanished from before our eves, we must have a vicar as a memorial of him.

Since the rose is past and the garden ravaged, from whom shall we get the perfume of the rose? From rosewater.”
Inasmuch as God comes not into sight, these prophets are the vicars of God.

Nay, I have said wrongly; for if you suppose that the vicar and He who is represented by the vicar are two, it is bad, not good.

Nay; they are two so long as you are a worshipper of form, they have become one to him who has escaped from form.

When you look at the form, your eye is two; look at its light, which grew from the eye.

“It is impossible to distinguish the light of the two eyes, when a man has cast his look upon their light.

If ten lamps are present in place, each differs in form from another:

To distinguish without any doubt the light of each, when you turn your face towards their light, is impossible.

If you count a hundred apples or a hundred quinces, they do not remain a hundred become one, when you crush them.

In things spiritual there is no division and no numbers; in things spiritual -there is no partition and no individuals.

Sweet is the oneness of the Friend with His friends: catch the foot of spirit. Form is headstrong.

Make headstrong form waste away with tribulation, that beneath it you may descry unity, like a treasure;

And if you waste it not away, His favours will waste it—oh, my heart is His vassal.

He even shows Himself to hearts, He sews the tattered frock of the dervish

Simple were we and all one substance; we were all without head and without foot yonder.

We were one substance, like the Sun; we were knotless and pure, like water.

When that goodly Light took form, it became number like the shadows of a battlement.

Raze the battlement with the catapult (manjaniq) that difference may vanish from amidst this company.

I would have explained this with contention, but I fear lest some mind may stumble.
The points are sharp as a sword of steel; if you have not the shield, turn back and flee!

Do not come without shield against this adamant, for the sword is not ashamed of cutting.

For this cause I have put the sword in sheath, that none who misreads may read contrariwise.

We come to complete the tale of the loyalty of the multitude of the righteous, who rose up after this leader, demanding a vicar in his place.

The quarrel of the amirs concerning the succession.

One of those amirs advanced and went before that loyal-minded people.

"Behold," said he, I am that man's vicar; I am the vicar of Jesus at the present time.

Look, this scroll is my proof that after him the caliphate belongs to me."

Another amir came forth from ambush: his pretension regarding the caliphate was the same; he too produced a scroll from under his arm, so that in both there arose the Jewish anger.

The rest of the amirs, one after another, drawing swords of keen mettle, each with a sword and a scroll in his hand fell to combat like raging elephants.

Hundreds of thousands of Christians were slain, so that there were mounds of severed heads; blood flowed, on left and right, like a torrent; mountains of this dust rose in the air.

The seeds of dissension which he had sown had become a calamity to their heads.

The walnuts were broken, and those which had the kernel had, after being slain, a spirit pure and fair.
Slaughter and death which befalls the bodily frame is like breaking pomegranates and apples:

That which is sweet becomes pomegranate-syrup, and that which is rotten is naught but noise:

That which has reality is made manifest and that which is rotten is put to shame.

Go; strive after reality, O worshipper of form, inasmuch as reality is the wing on form's body.

Consort with the followers of reality, that you may both win the gift and be generous.

Beyond dispute, in this body the spirit devoid of reality is even as, a wooden sword in the sheath:

While it remains in the sheath, it is valuable, when it has come forth it is an implement for burning.

Do not take a wooden sword into the battle! First see, in order that your plight may not be wretched.

If it is made of wood, go, seek another; and if it is a diamond, march forward joyously.

The sword is in the armoury of the saints: to see them is for you the Elixir.

All the wise have said this same thing: the wise man is a mercy to created beings.

If you would buy a pomegranate, buy laughing, so that its laughter may give information as to its seeds.

Oh, blessed is its laughter, for through its mouth it shows the heart, like a pearl from the casket of the spirit.

Unblessed was the laughter of the red tulip, from whose mouth appeared the blackness of its heart.

The laughing pomegranate makes the garden laughing: companionship with men makes you one of the men.

Though you are a rock or marble, you will become a jewel when you reach the awliya

Plant the love of the holy ones within your spirit; do not give your heart save to the love of them whose hearts are glad.

Do not go to the neighbourhood of despair: there are hopes. Go not in the direction of darkness: there are suns.
The heart leads you into the neighbourhood of the awliya; the body leads you into the prison of water and earth.

Oh, give your heart food from one who is in accord with it; go, seek advancement from one who is advanced.

How honour was paid to the description of Mustafa, on whom be peace, which was mentioned in the Gospel.

The name of Mustafa was in the Gospel, the chief of the prophets, the sea of purity.

There was mention of his characteristics and appearance; there was mention of his warring and fasting and eating.

A party among the Christians, for the sake of the Divine reward, whenever they came to that name and discourse, would bestow kisses on that noble name and stoop their faces towards that beauteous description.

In this tribulation of which we have told, that party were secure from tribulation and dread, secure from the mischief of the amirs and the vizier, seeking refuge in the protection of the Name of Ahmad.

Their offspring also multiplied: the Light of Ahmad aided and befriended them.

And the other party among the Christians were holding the Name of Ahmad in contempt, they became contemptible and despised through dissensions caused by the evil-counselling and evil-plotting vizier;

Moreover, their religion and their law became corrupted in consequence of the scrolls which set forth all perversely.

The Name of Ahmad gives such help as this, so that how his Light keeps guard.

Since the Name of Ahmad became an impregnable fortress, what then must be the Essence of that trusted Spirit?
The story of another Jewish king who endeavoured to destroy the religion of Jesus

After this irremediable bloodshed which befell through the affliction by the vizier,

Another king, of the progeny of that Jew, addressed himself to the destruction of the people of Jesus.

If you desire information about this second outbreak, read the chapter of the Qur'an: By Heaven which has the signs.

This second king set foot in the evil way that was originated by the former king.

Whoever establishes an evil traddtion, towards him goes maleedition every hour.

The righteous departed and their ways remained, and from the vile there remained injustice and execrations.

Until the Resurrection, the face of every congener of those wicked men who comes into existence is turned towards that one.

Vein by vein is this sweet water and bitter water, flowing in creatures until the blast of the trumpet.

To the righteous is the inheritance of the sweet water.

What is that inheritance? We have caused to inherit the Book.

If you will consider, the supplications of the seekers are rays from the substance of prophethood.

The rays are circling with the substances: the ray goes in the direction where that is.

The window-gleam runs round the house, because the sun goes from sign to sign of the zodiac.

Any one who has affinity with a star has a concurrence with his star.

If his ascendant star be Venus, his whole inclination and love and desire is for joy;

And if he be one born under Mars, one whose nature is to shed blood, he seeks war and malignity and enmity.

Beyond the stars are stars in which is no conflagration or sinister aspect,
Moving in other heavens, 
not these seven heavens known to all,

Immanent in the radiance of the light of God, 
neither joined to each other nor separate from each other.

When any one's ascendant is those stars, 
is his soul burns the infidels in driving off.

His anger is not the anger of the man born under Mars — 
perverse, and of such nature that it is dominant and dominated.

The dominant light is secure from defect and dimness 
between the two fingers of the Light of God.

God has scattered that light over spirits, 
the fortunate have held up their skirts;

And he, having gained that scattered largesse of light, 
has turned his face away from all except God.

Whosoever has lacked a skirt of love 
is left without share in that scattered largesse of light.

The faces of particulars are set towards the universal: 
nightingales play the game of love with the rose.

The ox has his colour outside, but in man's case 
seek the red and yellow hues within.

The good colours are from the vat of purity; 
the colour of the wicked is from the black water of iniquity.

The baptism of God is the name of that subtle colour; 
the curse of God is the smell of that gross colour.

That which is of the sea is going to the sea: 
it is going to the same place where it came

From the mountain-top the swift-rushing torrents, 
and from our body the soul whose motion is mingled with love.

How the self reliant king made a fire and placed an idol beside it, saying, 
"Whoever bows down to this idol shall escape the fire."

Now see what a plan this currish Jew contrived! 
He set up an idol beside the fire,

Saying, “He that bows down to this idol is saved, 
and if he bows not, he shall sit in the heart of the fire.”
Inasmuch as he did not give due punishment to this idol of nafs, from the idol of his self the other idol was born.

The idol of your nafs is the mother of idols, because that idol is a snake, while this idol is a dragon.

The nafs is iron and stone, while the idol is the sparks: those sparks are quenched by water.

How should the stone and iron be allayed by water? How should a man, having these two, be secure?

The idol is the black water in a jug; the nafs is a fountain for the black water.

That sculptured idol is like the black torrent; the idol-making self is a fountain full of water for it.

A single piece of stone will break a hundred pitchers, but the fountain is jetting forth water incessantly.

It is easy to break an idol, very easy; to regard the nafs as easily broken is folly, folly.

O son, if you seek the form of the self, read the story of Hell with its seven gates.

Every moment an act of deceit, and in every one of those deceits a hundred Pharaohs are drowned together with their followers.

Flee to the God of Moses and to Moses, do not from Pharaoh’s quality spill the water of the Faith.

Lay your hand on the One and Ahmad! O brother, escape from the Bu Jahl of the body!

How a child began to speak amidst the fire and urged the people to throw themselves into the fire.

That Jew brought to that idol a woman with her child and the fire was blazing.

He took the child from her and cast it into the fire: the woman was affrighted and withdrew her heart from her faith.

She was about to bow down before the idol the child cried, “Truly, I am not dead.”
Come in, O mother: I am happy here, although in appearance I am amidst the fire.

The fire is a spell that binds the eye for the sake of screening; this is a Divine mercy which has raised its head from the collar.

Come in, mother, and see the evidence of God, that you may behold the delight of God's elect.

Come in, and see water that has the semblance of fire; from a world which is fire and has the semblance of water.

Come in, mother, and see the evidence of God, that you may behold the delight of God's elect.

Come in, and see water that has the semblance of fire; from a world which is fire and has the semblance of water.

Come in, and see the mysteries of Abraham, who in the fire found roses and jasmine.

I was seeing death at the time of birth from you: sore was my dread of falling from you;

When I was born, I escaped from the narrow prison into a world of pleasant air and beautiful colour.

Now I deem the world to be like the womb, since in this fire I have seen such rest:

In this fire I have seen a world wherein every atom possesses the breath of Jesus.

Lo, a world apparently non-existent essentially existent, while that world is apparently existent has no permanence.

Come in, mother, by the right of motherhood: see this fire, how it has no fieriness.

Come in, mother, for felicity is come; come in, mother, do not let fortune slip from your hand.

You have seen the power of that cur: come in, that you may see the power of God's grace.

It is out of pity that I am drawing your feet, for indeed such is my rapture that I have no care for you.

Come in and call the others also, for the King has spread a table within the fire.

O true believers, come in, all of you: except this sweetness (‘adbhi) all is torment (‘adhab).

Oh, come in, all of you, like moths; into this fortune which has a hundred spring times.”

He was crying amidst that multitude: the souls of the people were filled with awe.
After that, the folk, men and women, 
cast themselves unwittingly into the fire

Without custodian, without being dragged, for love of the Friend, 
because from Him is the sweetening of every bitter-ness—

Until it came to pass that the myrmidons 
were holding back the people, saying, “Do not enter the fire!”

The Jew became black-faced and dismayed; 
he became sorry and sick at heart,

Because the people grew more loving in their Faith 
and more firm in mortification of the body

Thanks be to God, the Devil’s plot caught him in its toils; 
Thanks be to God, the Devil saw himself disgraced

That which he was rubbing on the faces of those persons 
was all accumulated on the visage of that vile wretch.

He who was busy rending the garment of the people -- 
his own was rent, they were unhurt.

How the mouth remained awry of a man who pronounced 
the name of Mohammed, on whom be peace, derisively.

He made his mouth wry and called the name of Ahmad in derision: 
his mouth remained awry.

He came back, saying, “Pardon me, O Mohammed, 
O you to whom belong the gifts of esoteric knowledge.

In my folly I was ridiculing you, 
I myself was related to ridicule and deserving it.”

When God wishes to rend the veil of any ore, 
He turns his inclination towards reviling holy men.

When God wishes to hide the blame of any one, 
he does not breathe a word of blame against the blameworthy.

When God wishes to help us, 
He turns our inclination towards humble lament.

Oh, happy the eye that is weeping for His sake! 
Oh, fortunate the heart that is seared for His sake!
The end of every weeping is laughter at last;  
the man who foresees the end is a blessed servant.

Wherever is flowing water, there is greenery:  
wherever are running tears, mercy is shown.

Be moaning and moist-eyed like the water-wheel  
that green herbs may spring up from the courtyard of your soul.

If you desire tears, have mercy on one who sheds tears;  
if you desire mercy, show mercy to the weak.

**How the fire reproached the Self Reliant king.**

The king turned his face to the fire, saying, “O fierce-tempered one,  
where is your world-consuming natural disposition?”

How art you not burning? What has become of your specific property?  
Or has your intention changed because of our fortune?

You have no pity on the fire-worshipper:  
how has he been saved who does not worship you?

Never, O fire, are you patient: How do you not burn?  
What is it? Have you not the power?

Is this a spell, I wonder, that binds the eye or the mind?  
How does the lofty pyre not burn?

Has some one bewitched you? Or is it magic,  
or is your unnatural behaviour’ from our fortune?”

The fire said: “I am the same, I am fire:  
come in, that you may feel my heat.

My nature and element have not changed:  
I am the sword of God and by His Destur I cut.

The Turcoman dogs fawn at the tent-door  
before the guest,

but if any one having the face of a stranger pass by the tent;  
he will see the dogs rushing at him like lions.

I am not less than a dog in devotion,  
nor is God less than a Turcoman in life.”

If the fire of your nature makes you suffer pain,  
it burns by command of the Lord of Judgment;
If the fire of your nature give you joy, the Lord of the Way puts joy within.

When you feel pain, ask pardon of God: pain, by command of the Creator, is efficacious.

When He pleases, pain itself becomes joy; bondage itself becomes freedom.

Air and earth and water and fire are slaves: with you and me they are dead, but with God they are alive.

Before God, fire is always standing, writhing continually day and night, like a lover.

If you strike stone on iron, it leaps out: it is by God's command that it puts forth its foot.

Do not strike together the iron and stone of injustice, for these two generate like man and woman.

The stone and the iron are indeed causes, but look higher, O good man!
The story of the wind which destroyed the people of ‘Ad in the time of (the prophet) Hud, on whom be peace.

Hud drew a line round the believers:
the wind would become soft when it reached that place,

It was dashing to pieces in the,
air all who were outside of the line.

Likewise Shayban the shepherd
used to draw a visible line round his flock

Whenever he went to the Friday service at prayer-time,
in order that the wolf might not raid and ravage there:

No wolf would go into that,
nor would any sheep stray beyond that mark;

The wind of the wolf’s and sheep’s strong desire
was barred because of the circle of the man of God.

Even so, to those who know God (‘arifan)
the wind of Death is soft and pleasant as the breeze of ones like Joseph.

The fire did not set its teeth in Abraham:
how should it bite him, since he is the chosen of God?

The religious were not afflicted by the fire of lust
which bore all the rest down to the bottom of the earth.

The waves of the sea, when they charged on by God’s command,
discriminated the people of Moses from the Egyptians.

The earth, when the command came,
drew Qarun with his gold and throne into its lowest depth.

The water and clay, when it fed on the breath of Jesus,
spread wings and pinions, became a bird, and flew.

Your glorification is an exhalation from the water and clay:
it became a bird of Paradise through the breathing of your heart’s sincerity.

Mount Sinai, from the radiance of Moses, began to dance,
became a perfect Sufi, and was freed from blemish.

What wonder if the mountain became a venerable Sufi?
The body of Moses also was from a piece of clay.
How Self Reliant king scoffed and denied and would not accept the counsel of his intimates

The king of the Jews beheld these marvellous things; he had nothing except mockery and denial.

870 His counsellors said, “Do not let go beyond bounds, do not drive the steed of obstinacy so far.”

He handcuffed the counsellors and confined them; he committed one injustice after another.

When the matter reached this pass, a shout came— “Hold your foot, O cur! For Our vengeance is come.”

After that, the fire blazed up forty feet high, became a ring, and consumed those Jews.

From fire was their origin in the beginning: they went to their origin in the end.

875 That company was born of fire: the way of particulars is towards the universal.

They were only a fire to consume the true believers: their fire consumed itself like rubbish.

He whose mother is Hawiya (Hell-fire)— Hawiya shall become his zavieh.

The mother of the child is seeking it: the fundamentals pursue the derivatives.

If water is imprisoned in a tank, the wind sucks it up, for it belongs to the original:

It sets it free; it wafts it away to its source, little by little, so that you do not see its wafting;

And our souls likewise this breath steals away, little by little, from the prison of the world.

The perfumes of our words ascend even unto Him, ascending from us whither God knows.

Our breaths soar up with the choice, as a gift from us, to the abode of everlastingness;

Then comes to us the recompense of our speech, a double thereof, as a mercy from the Glorious;
Then He causes us to repair to good words like those, that His servant may obtain of what he has obtained.

Thus do they ascend while it descends continually; may you never cease to keep up that!

Let us speak Persian: the meaning is that this attraction comes from the same quarter as that savour.

The eyes of every set of people remain in the direction where one day they satisfied a delight.

Every kind of delight is certainly in its own kind: the delight of the part, observe, is in its whole;

Or else, that part s surely capable of a attachment to another kind and, when it has attached itself, becomes homogeneous with it,

As water and bread, which were not our congeners, became homogeneous with us and increased within us.

Water and bread have not the appearance of being our congeners, from consideration of the end deem them to be homogeneous.

And if our delight is from something not homogeneous, that will surely resemble the congener.

That which bears a resemblance is a loan: a loan is impermanent in the end.

Although the bird is delighted by a whistle, it takes fright when it does not find its own congener.

Although the thirsty man is delighted by the mirage, he runs away when he comes up to it, seeking water.

Although the insolvent are pleased with base gold, yet that is put to shame in the mint.

Lest imposture cast you out of the way, lest false imagination cast you into the well.

Seek the story from Kalila and Dimna, and search out the moral in the story.
Setting forth how the beasts of chase told the lion to trust in God and cease from exerting himself.

A number of beasts of chase in a pleasant valley were harassed by a lion.

Inasmuch as the lion was from ambush and carrying them away, that pasturage had become unpleasant to them all.

They made a plot: they came to the lion, saying, “We will keep you full-fed by means of an allowance. Do not go after any prey beyond your allowance, in order that this grass may not become bitter to us.”

How the lion answered the beasts and explained the advantage of exertion.

“Yes,” said he, “if I see good faith, not fraud, for often have I seen frauds from Zayd and Bakr.

I am done to death by the cunning and fraud of men; I am bitten by the sting of snake and scorpion; Worse than all men in fraud and spite is the man of the nafs lying in wait within me.

My ear heard ‘The believer is not bitten,’ and adopted saying of the Prophet with heart and soul.”

How the beasts asserted the superiority of trust in God to exertion and acquisition.

They all said: “O knowing sage, let precaution alone: it is of no avail against the Divine decree.

In precaution is the embroilment of broil and woe: go, put your trust in God: trust in God is better.
Do not grapple with Destiny, O fierce and furious one, lest Destiny also pick a quarrel with you.

One must be dead in presence of the decree of God, so that no blow may come from the Lord of the daybreak."

How the lion upheld the superiority of exertion and acquisition to trust in God and resignation.

"Yes," he said; if trust in God is the guide, the means too is the Prophet’s tradition (sunna).

The Prophet said with a loud voice, ‘While trusting in God, bind the knee of your camel.’

Hearken to the signification of ‘The earner is beloved of God’: through trusting in God do not become neglectful as to the means.”

How the beasts preferred trust in God to exertion.

The party answered him, saying, “Regard acquisition, arising from the infirmity of creatures, as a mouthful of deceit proportionate to the size of the gullet.

There is no work better than trust in God: what, indeed, is dearer than resignation?

Often do they flee from affliction to affliction; often do they recoil from the snake to the dragon.

Man devised, and his device was a snare: that which he thought to be life was the drainer of his blood.

He locked the door while the foe was in the house: the plot of Pharaoh was a story of this sort.

That vengeful man slew hundreds of thousands of babes, while the one he was searching after was in his house.

Since in our eyesight there is much defect, go, let your own sight pass away (fana) in the sight of the Friend.

His sight for ours—what a goodly recompense!

In His sight you will find the whole object of your desire.
So long as the child could neither grasp nor run, he had nothing to ride on but his father’s neck;

When he became a busybody and plied hand and foot, he fell into trouble and wretchedness.

The spirits of created beings, before hand and foot, by reason of their faithfulness were flying in purity;

When they were constrained by the command, Get ye down, they became ensnared in anger, covetousness and contentment.

We are the family of the Lord and craving after milk: he said, ‘The people are God’s family.’

He who gives rain from heaven is also able, from His mercy, to give us bread.”

How the lion again pronounced exertion to be superior to trust in God.

“"Yes,” said the lion; “but the Lord of His servants set a ladder before our feet.

Step by step must we climb towards the roof: to be a necessitarian here is foolish hopes.

You have feet: why do you make yourself out to be lame?
You have hands why do you conceal the fingers?

When the master put a spade in the slave’s hand, his object was made known to him without tongue.

Hand and spade alike are His implicit signs; thinking upon the end are His explicit declarations.

When you take His signs to heart, you will devote your life to fulfilling that indication.

He will give you many hints of mysteries;
He will remove the burden from you and give you authority.

Do you bear? He will cause you to be borne.
Do you receive? He will cause you to be received.

If you accept His command, you will become the spokesman; if you seek union, thereafter you will become united.
Freewill is the endeavour to thank for His beneficence:
your Jabr is the denial of that beneficence.

Thanksgiving for the power increases your power;
Jabr takes the gift out of your hand.

Your Jabr is sleeping on the road: do not sleep!
Sleep not, until you see the gate and the dergagh!

Beware! Do not sleep, O inconsiderate necessitarian,
save underneath that fruit-laden tree,

So that every moment the wind may shake the boughs
and shower upon the sleeper dessert and provision for the journey

Jabr is to sleep amidst highwaymen:
how should the untimely bird receive quarter?

And if you turn up your nose at His signs, you deem a man,
but when you consider, you are a woman.

This measure of understanding which you possess is lost:
a head from which the logical brain is severed becomes a tail,

Because ingratitude is wickedness and disgrace
and brings the ingrate to the bottom of Hell-fire

If you are putting trust in God, put trust as regards work:
sow, then rely upon the Almighty.

They all lifted up their voices with him, saying,
“Those covetous ones who sowed means,
Myriads on myriads of men and women—
why, then, did they remain deprived of fortune?
From the beginning of the world myriads of generations
have opened a hundred mouths, like dragons:

Those clever people devised plots
that the mountain was torn up from its foundation.

The Glorious described their plots:
*that the tops of the mountains might be moved thereby.*
Except the portion which came to pass in eternity, nothing showed its face from their scheming’ and doing.

They all fell from plan and act: the acts and decrees of the Maker remained.

O illustrious one; do not regard work as anything but a name!
O cunning one, do not think that exertion is anything but a vain fancy!"

How Azrael looked at a certain man, and how that man fled to the palace if Solomon; and setting forth the superiority of trust in God to exertion and the uselessness of the latter.

One forenoon a freeborn man arrived and ran into Solomon's hall of justice, His countenance pale with anguish and both lips blue.

Then Solomon said, “Good sir, what is the matter?”

He replied, “Azrael cast on me such a look, so full of wrath and hate.”

“Come,” said the king, “what do you desire now? Ask!”

“O protector of my life,” said he, “command the wind to bear me from here to India.

Maybe, when your slave is there he his life will be saved.”

Lo, the people are fleeing from poverty: hence are they a mouthful for covetousness and expectation.

The fear of poverty is like that terror: know you that covetousness and striving are India.

He commanded the wind to bear him quickly over the water to the uttermost part of India

Next day, at the time of conference and meeting, Solomon said to Azrael:

“Did you look with anger on that Moslem in order that he might wander far from his home?”

Azrael said, “When did I look angrily?
I saw him as I passed by, in astonishment,
For God had commanded me, saying, ‘Listen, to-day, take his spirit in India.’"
From wonder I said, "if he has a hundred wings, it is a far journey for him to be in India."

In like manner judge of all the affairs of this world and open your eye and see!

From whom shall we flee? From ourselves? Oh, absurdity! From whom shall we take away? From God? Oh, crime!

How the lion again declared exertion to be superior to trust in God and expounded the advantages of exertion.

Yes," said the lion; "but at the same time consider the exertions of the prophets and the true believers.

God, exalted is He, prospered their exertion and what they suffered of oppression and heat and cold.

Their plans were excellent in all circumstances: everything done by a good man is good.

Their snares caught the Heavenly bird, all their deficiencies turned to increment."

O master, exert yourself so long as you can in the way of the prophets and saints!

Endeavour is not a struggle with Destiny, because Destiny itself has laid this upon us.

I am an infidel if any one has suffered loss a single moment in the way of faith and obedience.

Your head is not broken: do not bandage this head. Exert yourself for a day or two, and laugh unto everlasting!

An evil resort sought he that sought this world; a good state sought he that sought the world to come.

Plots for gaining this world are worthless; plots for renouncing this world are inspired.

The plot is that he digs a hole in his prison; if he blocks up the hole, that is a foolish plot.

This world is the prison, and we are the prisoners: dig a hole in the prison and let yourself out!
What is this world? To be forgetful of God; it is not merchandise, silver, weigh-scales and women.

As regards the wealth that you carry for religion's sake, "How good is righteous wealth!" as the Prophet recited.

Water in the boat is the ruin of the boat, water underneath the boat is a support.

Since he cast out from his heart wealth and possessions, on that account Solomon did not call himself but "poor."

The sealed jar, in rough water, floated on the water because of its air-filled heart.

When the wind of poverty is within, he rests at peace on the surface of the water of the world;

Although the whole of this world is his kingdom, in the eye of his heart the kingdom is nothing.

Therefore stopper and seal the mouth of your heart, and fill it from the inward ventilator.

Exertion is a reality, and medicine and disease are realities: the skeptic in his denial of exertion practised exertion.

How the superiority of exertion to trust in God was established.

The lion gave many proofs in this style, so that those necessitarians became tired of answering.

Fox and deer and hare and jackal abandoned necessity and disputation.

They made covenants with the furious lion, that he should incur no loss in this bargain,

The daily ration should come to him without trouble, and that he should not need to make a further demand.

Day by day the one on whom the lot fell would run to the lion as a cheetah.

When this cup came round to the hare, the hare cried out, "Why, how long are we to endure injustice?"
انكار كردن نخجيران بر خرگوش در تأخیر رفتتن بر شیر

How the beasts of chase blamed the hare for his delay in going to the lion.

The company said to him: “All this time we have sacrificed our lives in faith and loyalty.

Do not seek to give us a bad name, O rebellious one! Lest the lion be aggrieved, go, go! Quick! Quick!”

جواب گفتتن خرگوش نخجيران را

How the hare answered the beasts.

1000 “O friends,” said he, “grant me a respite, that by my cunning you may escape from trickery,

That by my cunning your lives may be saved and remain as a heritage to your children.”

Every prophet amidst the peoples used to call them after this manner to a place of deliverance,

For he had seen from Heaven the way of escape, in sight he was contracted like the pupil of the eye.

Men regarded him as small like the pupil: none attained to the greatness of the pupil.

اعتراض نخجيران بر سخن خرگوش

How the beasts objected to the proposal of the hare.

1005 The company said to him: “O donkey, listen! Keep yourself within the measure of a hare!

Eh, what brag is this--- which your betters never brought into their minds?

You are strange, or Destiny is pursuing us; else, how is this speech suitable to one like you?”
How the hare again answered the beasts.

He said: “ O friends, God gave me inspiration: to a weakling there came a strong judgment.”

That which God taught to the bees is not to the lion and the wild ass.

God opened to it the door of that knowledge;

That which God taught to the silkworm— does any elephant know such a device?

Adam created of earth, learned knowledge from God: knowledge shot beams up to the Seventh Heaven.

He broke the name and fame of the angels, to the confusion of that one who is in doubt concerning God.

He made the ascetic of so many thousand years a muzzle for that young calf,

That he might not be able to drink the milk of knowledge of religion, and that he might not roam around that lofty castle.

The sciences of the followers of sense became a muzzle, so that he might not receive milk from that sublime knowledge.

Into the blood-drop of the heart there fell an essence not given to the seas and skies.

How long form? After all, O form-worshipper, has your reality-lacking soul not escaped from form?

If a human being were a man in virtue of form, Ahmad and Bu Jahl would be just the same.

The painting on the wall is like Adam: see from the form what thing in it wants.

The spirit is wanting in that resplendent form: go, seek that essence rarely found!

The heads of all the lions in the world were laid low when they gave a hand to the dog of the Companions.

What loss does it suffer from that abhorred shape, inasmuch as its spirit was plunged in the ocean of light?
It is not in pens to describe form: in letters is "learned" and "just";

"Learned" and just" are only the spiritual essence which you will not find in place or in front or behind.

The sun of the spirit strikes on the body from the quarter where place does not exist: it is not contained in the sky.

**An account of the knowledge of the hare and an explanation of the excellence and advantages of knowledge**

This topic has no end. Pay attention! Listen to the story of the hare.

Sell your asinine ear and buy another ear, for the asinine ear will not apprehend this discourse.

Go, behold the foxy tricks played by the hare; behold how the hare made a plot to catch the lion.

Knowledge is the seal of the kingdom of Solomon: the whole world is form, and knowledge is the spirit.

Because of this virtue, the creatures of the seas and those of mountain and plain are helpless before man.

Of him the leopard and lion are afraid, like the mouse; from him the crocodile of the great river is in pallor and agitation.

From him peri and demon took to the shores: each took abode in some hiding-place.

Man has many a secret enemy: the cautious man is a wise one.

Hidden creatures, evil and good: at every instant their blows are striking on the heart.

If you go into the river to wash yourself, a thorn in the water pierces your skin

Although the thorn is hidden low in the water, you know it is there, since it is pricking you.

The pricks of inspirations and temptations are from thousands of beings, not from one.
Wait for your senses to be transformed, so that you may see them, and the difficulty may be solved,

So that whose words you have rejected and whom you have made your captain

How the beasts requested the hare to tell the secret of his thought.

Afterwards they said, “O nimble hare, communicate what is in your apprehension.

O you, who has grappled with a lion, declare the plan which you hast thought of.

Counsel gives perception and understanding: the mind is helped by minds.

The Prophet said, ‘O adviser, take counsel, for he whose counsel is sought is trusted.’”

How the hare withheld the secret from them.

He said, “One ought not to say forth every secret: sometimes the even number turns out to be odd, and sometimes the odd number to be even.”

If from guilelessness you breathe words to a mirror, the mirror at once becomes dim to us.

Do not move your lip in explanation of these three things, (namely) concerning your path and your gold and your belief;

For to these three there is many an adversary and foes standing in wait for you when he knows.

And if you tell one or two, farewell: every secret that goes beyond the two is published abroad.

If you tie two or three birds together, they will remain on the ground, imprisoned by grief;

They hold a consultation well-disguised and mingled, in its significance, with that which casts error.
The Prophet used to take counsel, cryptically, and they would answer him and without knowledge.

He would speak his opinion in a covert parable, in order that the adversary might not know foot from head.

He would receive his answer from him, while the other would not catch the smell of his question.

**The story of the bare’s stratagem**

He delayed awhile in going, and then he went before the lion who rends with claws.

Because he tarried late in going, the lion was tearing up the earth and roaring.

“I said,” cried the lion, “that the promise of those vile ones would be vain, vain, frail and unfulfilled.

Their idle chatter has duped me: how long will this Time deceive me, how long?”

The prince who has no strength in his beard is left sorely in the lurch when by reason of his folly he looks neither backwards nor forwards.

The road is smooth, and under it are pitfalls: amidst the names there is a dearth of meaning.

Words and names are like pitfalls: the sweet word is the sand for the water of our life.

He that searches after wisdom becomes a fountain of wisdom; he becomes independent of acquisition and means.

The guarding tablet becomes a Guarded Tablet; his understanding becomes enriched by the Spirit.

When a man’s understanding has been his teacher, after this the understanding becomes his pupil.

The understanding says, like Gabriel, “O Ahmad, if I take one step, it will burn me;

Leave me, go on: this is my limit, O sultan of the soul!”
Whoever, through heedlessness, remains without thanksgiving and patience, knows but this, that he should follow in the heels of necessity (jabr).

Any one who pleads necessity feigns himself to be ill, with the result that the illness brings him to the grave.

The Prophet said, “Illness in jest brings disease, so that he dies like a lamp.”

What is jabr?
To bind up a broken or tie a severed vein.

Inasmuch as you have not broken your foot in this path, whom are you mocking? Why have you bandaged your foot?

But as for him who broke his foot in the path of exertion, Buraq came up to him, and he mounted.

He was a bearer of the religion, and he became one who is borne; he was an accepter of the command, and he became accepted.

Until now, he was receiving commands from the King; henceforth he delivers the commands to the people.

Until now, the stars were influencing him; henceforth he is the ruler of the stars.

If perplexity arise in your sight, then you will have doubts concerning The moon was cloven asunder.

Refresh your faith, not with talk of the tongue, O you who has secretly refreshed your desire.

So long as desire is fresh, faith is not fresh, for it is this desire that locks that gate.

You hast interpreted the virgin Word: interpret yourself, not the Book.

You interpret the Qur’an according to your desire: by you the sublime meaning is degraded and perverted.

The baseness of the foul interpretation given by the fly

The fly was lifting up his head, like a pilot, on a blade of straw a pool of ass’s urine.

“I have called sea and ship,” said he;
“i have been pondering over that for a long while.
Look! Here is this sea and this ship, and I am the pilot and skilled and judicious."

He was propelling the raft on the "sea": that quantity toss appeared to him illimitable.

That urine was boundless in relation to him: where was the vision that should see it truly?

His world extends as far as his sight reaches; his eye is so big, his "sea" is big in the same proportion.

So with the false interpreter: like the fly, his imagination is ass's urine and his conception a straw.

If the fly leaves off interpreting by opinion, Fortune will turn that fly into a pheonix (humay).

One who possesses this indication is not a fly: his spirit is not analogous to his form.

How the lion roared wrathfully because the hare was late in coming.

As the hare who struck against the lion: how was his spirit analogous to his stature?

The lion from fury and rage was saying, "By means of my ear the enemy has bound up my eye.

The tricks of the necessitarians have bound me; their wooden sword has wounded my body.

After this I will not hearken to their idle chatter: all that is the cry of demons and ghouls.

O my heart; tear them to pieces, do not lag; rend their skins, for they have naught but skin.

What is skin? Specious words, like ripples on water which have no continuance.

Know that these words are as the skin, and the meaning is the kernel; these words are as the form, and the meaning is like the spirit.

The skin hides the defect of the bad kernel; it hides jealously the secrets of the good kernel.

When the pen is of wind and the scroll of water, whatever you write perishes speedily;
It is written on water: if you seek constancy from it, you will return biting your hands.

The wind in men is vanity and desire; when you have abandoned vanity, is the message from Him.

Sweet are the messages of the Maker, for it from head to foot is enduring.

The *khutbas* for kings changes, and their empire; except the empire and *khutbas* (insignia) of the prophets, because the pomp of kings is from vanity, the glorious privilege of the prophets is from Majesty.

The names of kings are removed from the dirhems, the name of Ahmad is stamped on them for ever.

The name of Ahmad is the name of all the prophets: when the hundred comes, ninety is with us as well.

*Further setting forth the stratagem of the hare*

The hare made much delay in going; he rehearsed to himself the tricks.

After long delay he came on the road, that he might say one or two secrets into the ear of the lion.

Think what worlds are in commerce with Reason! How wide is this ocean of Reason!

In this sweet ocean our forms are moving fast, like cups on the surface of water:

Until they become full, like bowls on the top of the sea, when the bowl is filled it sinks.

Reason is hidden, and a world is visible: our forms are the waves or a spray of it.

Whatever the form makes a means of approach to Reason, by that means the ocean casts it far away.

So long as the heart does not see the Giver of conscience, so long as the arrow does not see the far-shooting Archer, he thinks his horse is lost, though he is obstinately speeding his horse on the road.
That fine fellow thinks his horse is lost, while his horse is sweeping him onward like the wind.

In lamentation and inquiry that scatterbrain from door to door in every direction, asking and searching:

"Where and who is he that stole my horse?"
What is this under your thigh, O master?

"Yes, this is the horse, but where is the horse?"
O dexterous rider in search of your horse, come to yourself!

The Jaan is lost because of its being so manifest and near:
how, having your belly full of water, are you dry-lipped like a jar?

How will you see red and green and grey, unless before these three you see the light?

But since your mind was lost in the colour, those colours became to you a veil from the light.

Inasmuch as at night those colours were hidden, you saw that your vision of the colour was from the light.

There is no vision of colour without the external light: even so it is with the colour of inward imagining.

This outward is from the sun and from Suha, while the inward is from the reflection of the beams of Glory.

The light which gives light to the eye is in truth the light of the heart: the light of the eye is produced by the light of hearts.

Again, the light which gives light to the heart is the Light of God, which is pure and separate from the light of intellect and sense.

At night there was no light: you did not see the colour; then it was made manifest by the opposite of light.

Comes the seeing of light, then the seeing of colour; and this you know immediately by the opposite of light.

God created pain and sorrow for the purpose that happiness might be made manifest by means of this opposite.

Hidden things, then, are manifested by means of their opposite; since God has no opposite, He is hidden;

For the sight fell on the light, then on the colour: opposite is made manifest by opposite, like Greeks and Ethiopians.

Therefore you knew light by its opposite: opposite reveals opposite in coming forth.
The Light of God has no opposite in existence, that by means of that opposite it should be possible to make Him manifest:

Necessarily our eyes do not perceive Him, though He perceives: see this from Moses and the mountain.

Know that form springs from spirit as the lion from the jungle, or as voice and speech from thought.

This speech and voice arose from thought; you know not where the sea of thought is,

But since you have seen that the waves of speech are fair, you know that their sea also is noble.

When the waves of thought sped on from Wisdom, it made the form of speech and voice.

The form was born of the Word and died again, the wave drew itself back into the sea.

The form came forth from Formlessness and went back, for Verily unto Him are we returning.

Every instant, then, you are dying and returning:

‘Mustafa declared that this world is a moment.

Our thought is an arrow from Him (Hu) into the air (bawa): how should it stay in the air? It comes to God.

Every moment the world is renewed, and we are unaware of its being renewed whilst it remains.

Life is ever arriving anew, like the stream, though in the body it has the semblance of continuity.

From its swiftness it appears continuous, like the spark which you whirl rapidly with your hand.

If you whirl a firebrand with dexterity, it appears to the sight as a very long fire.

The swift motion produced by the action of God presents this length of duration as from the rapidity of Divine action.

Even if the seeker of this mystery is an exceedingly learned man, “Lo, Husamu’ddin, who is a sublime book.”
The hare's coming to the lion and the lion's anger with him.

The lion, incensed and wrathful and frantic, saw the hare coming from afar,
looking undismayed and confidently, and running and fierce and fell and sour,
For by coming humbly suspicion would be,
while by boldness every cause of doubt would be removed.

When he came further on, near to the “shoe-row,”
the lion shouted— “Ha, villain!
I who have torn oxen limb from limb,
I who have rubbed the ear of the ferocious elephant—
Who is a half-witted hare,
that he should throw on the ground my command? ”

Abandon the hare's slumber and heedlessness!
Give ear, O donkey, to the roaring of this lion!

The hare's apology

“Mercy!” cried the hare,
I have an excuse, if your Lordship’s pardon come to my aid.”

“What excuse? “Said he. “Oh, the cleverness of fools!”
Is this the time for them to come into the presence of kings?

You are an untimely bird: your head must be cut off.
One ought not to hear the excuse of a fool.

The fool’s excuse is worse than his crime;
the excuse of the ignorant is the poison that kills wisdom.

Your excuse, O hare, is devoid of wisdom:
what hare am I that you should put it in my ear? “

“O king,” he replied, “account a worthless one to be worthy:
listen to the excuse of one who has suffered oppression.
In particular, as an alms for your high estate,
do not drive out of your way one whose way is lost.
The ocean, which gives some water to every stream,
carries on its head and face every piece of rubbish.

By this bounty the sea will not become less:
the sea is neither increased nor diminished by its bounty.”

The lion said, “I will bestow bounty in its place,
I will cut every one’s clothes according to his stature.”

“Listen,” cried the hare, “if I am not a fit object for grace,
I lay my head before the dragon of violence.

At breakfast-time I set out on the way,
I came towards the king with my comrade.

That party had appointed, for your sake,
another hare to go along with me as consort and companion.

On the road a lion attacked your humble slave,
attacked both the companions in travel who were coming.

I said to him, we are the slaves of the King of kings,
the lowly fellow-servants of that court.’

He said, ‘The King of kings! Who is he? Be ashamed!
Do not make mention of every base loon in my presence.

Both you and your king I will tear to pieces,
if you and your friend turn back from my door.’

I said to him, ‘Let me behold once more the face of the king
and bear the news of you.’

He said, ‘Place your comrade with me as a pledge; otherwise, you are a sacrifice according to my law.’

We entreated him much: it was no use.
He seized my friend and left me to go alone.

My friend, from his plumpness,
made three of me both in comeliness and beauty and body.

Henceforth this road is barred by that lion:
the thread of our covenants is broken.

Cut off hope of the allowance henceforth;
I am telling you the truth, and truth is bitter.

If you want the allowance, clear the way!
Hey, come on and repel that irreverent one!”
How the lion answered the hare and set off with him.

"Come on in God's name," said he, "let me see where he is! Go in front, if you are speaking truth,

That I may give him and a hundred like him the punishment they deserve or if this is a lie, that I may give your deserts to you."

The hare set out on the way, in front like a guide, that he might lead him towards his snare,

Towards the well which he had designated: he had made the deep well a snare for his life

These two were going until they neared the well. Look, a hare as water under straw.

The water bears a blade of straw to the plain: how, I wonder, will the straw bear away a mountain?

The snare of his guile was a noose for the lion: a marvellous hare, who was carrying off a lion!

A Moses draws Pharaoh, with his army and mighty host, into the river Nile;

A single gnat with half a wing cleaves intrepidly the suture of Nimrod's skull.

Behold the state of him who listened to the words of his enemy, and the retribution of him who became the friend of the envious one

The state of a Pharaoh who hearkened to Haman, and the state of a Nimrod who hearkened to Satan

Even if the enemy speaks to you in a friendly tone, know the snare, though he speaks to you of the grain.

If he gives you some candy, regard it as poison; if he does a kindness to your body, regard it as cruelty.

When the result comes to pass, you see nothing but the skin: you do not distinguish enemies from friends.

Since the case is thus, begin humble supplication; set about lamenting and glorifying and fasting.

Lament continually, crying, "O You who well know the hidden things, do not crush us beneath the stone of evil contrivance."
O Creator of the lion, if we have wrought currishness,
do not set the lion on us from this covert.

Do not give to sweet water the form of fire;
do not put upon fire the form of water.

When You make drunk with the wine of Your wrath,
You give to things non-existent the form of existence.”

What is drunkenness? That which binds the eye from eyesight, so that a stone appears a jewel, and wool (pashmu) a jasper (yashm).

What is drunkenness? The perversion of the senses, the change of tamarisk-wood into sandal-wood in the sight

Qeṣṣe ʻe Ḥadeed ʻu ʻSālimān ʻdā ʻBiyan ʻān ke ʻChoṇ ṣeṣa ʻAid ʻCheṣmeha ʻRošon ʻBeṣte ʻShoode

Story of the hoopoe and Solomon, showing that when the Divine destiny comes to pass,
clear eyes are sealed.

When the tent-pavilion was pitched for Solomon,
the birds came before him to pay obeisance.

They found speaking the same tongue and familiar with them: one by one they sped with soul into his presence.

All the birds, having ceased from twittering,
with Solomon became more distinct than your own brother.

To speak the same tongue is a kinship and affinity:
a man, with those in whom he cannot confide, is like a prisoner in chains.

Oh, many are the Indians and Turks that speak the same tongue;
oh, many the pair of Turks that are as strangers.

Therefore the tongue of mutual understanding is different indeed:
to be one in heart is better than to be one in tongue.

Without speech and without sign or scroll,
hundreds of thousands of interpreters arise from the heart.

The birds, all and each, their secrets
of skill and knowledge and practice

Were revealing, one by one, to Solomon,
and were praising themselves by way of submitting a request,

Not from pride and self-conceit,
in order that he might give them access to him.
When a captive wants a lord, he offers a preface of his talent;
When he is ashamed (disgusted) at his buying him, he makes himself out to be sick and palsied and deaf and lame.

The turn came for the hoopoe and his craft and the explanation of his skill and thoughtfulness.

"O king," said he, "I will declare one talent, which is an inferior one; it is better to speak briefly."

"Tell on," said Solomon; "let me hear what talent that is."

The hoopoe said, "At the time when I am at the zenith, I gaze from the zenith with the eye of certainty and I see the water at the bottom of the earth, so that where it is and what is its depth; what its colour is, whence it gushes forth—from clay or from rock.

O Solomon, for the sake of your army's camping place keep this wise one on your expeditions."

Then said Solomon, "O good companion in waterless far-stretching wastes!"

When the crown heard, from jealousy he came and said to Solomon, "He has spoken false and ill. It is not respectful to speak in the king's presence, in particular lying and absurd self-praise. If he had always had this sight, how would not he have seen the snare beneath a handful of earth? How would he have been caught in the snare? How would he have gone into the cage willy-nilly?"

Then Solomon said: "O hoopoe is it right that these dregs have risen from you at the first cup?
O you who have drunk buttermilk, how do you pretend intoxication and brag in my presence and tell lies besides?"
The hoopoe’s answer to the attack of the crow

He said, “O king, for God’s sake do not listen to the enemy’s words against me, bare beggar as I am.

If this which I claim is not true, I lay my head: sever this neck of mine.

The crow, who disbelieves in the authority of the Divine destiny, is an infidel, though he have thousands of wits.

While there is in you a single \( k \) from the \( kafran \) (infidels), you are the seat of stench and lust, the crack between the legs.

I see the snare in the air, if the Divine destiny does not muffle the eye of my intelligence.

When the Divine destiny comes, wisdom goes to sleep, the moon becomes black, the sun is stopped.

How is this disposal by the Divine destiny singular? ’Know that it is by the Divine destiny that he disbelieves in the Divine destiny.

The story of Adam, on whom be peace, and how the Divine destiny sealed up his sight so that he failed to observe the plain meaning of the prohibition and to refrain from interpreting it.

The father of mankind, who is the lord of \( He taught the Names \), has hundreds of thousands of sciences in every vein.

To his soul accrued the name of every thing, even as that thing exists unto the end.

Whoso is a believer at the last, he saw at the first; whoso is an infidel at the last, to him it became manifest.

Do you hear the name of every thing from the knower; hear the inmost meaning of the mystery of \( He taught the Names \).

With us, the name of every thing is its outward; with the Creator, the name of every thing is its inward.
In the eyes of Moses the name of his rod was ‘staff’;
in the eyes of the Creator its name was ‘dragon’.

Here the name of Umar was ‘idolater,’
but in Alast his name was ‘believer.’

That which the name, with us, was ‘seed’
was, in the sight of God, you who are at this moment beside me.

This ‘seed’ was a form in non-existence,
existent with God, neither more nor less.

In brief, that which is our end
is really our name with God.

He bestows on a man a name according to his final state,
not according to that to which He gives the name of ‘a loan.’

Inasmuch as the eye of Adam saw by means of the Pure Light,
the soul and inmost sense of the names became evident to him.

Since the angels perceived in him the rays of God,
they fell in worship and hastened to do homage.

The Adam like this whose name I am celebrating,
if I praise till the Resurrection, I fall short.

All this he knew; when the Divine destiny came,
he was at fault in the knowledge of a single prohibition,

Wondering whether the prohibition was for the purpose of making unlawful,
or whether it admitted of an interpretation and was a cause of perplexity.

When interpretation prevailed in his heart,
his nature hastened in bewilderment towards the wheat.

When the thorn went into the foot of the gardener,
the thief found an opportunity and quickly carried off the goods.

As soon as he escaped from bewilderment, he returned into the road;
he saw that the thief had carried off the dress from the bazaar stall.

He cried, ‘O Lord, we have done wrong,’ and ‘Alas,’
that is to say, ‘darkness came and the way was lost.’

This Divine destiny is a cloud that covers the sun:
thereby lions and dragons become as mice.

If I do not see a snare in the hour of Divine ordainment,
it is not I alone who am ignorant in the course of Divine ordainment.”

Oh, happy he that clung to righteousness,
he let strength go and took to supplication!
If the Divine destiny shrouds you in black like night, yet the Divine destiny will take your hand at the last.

If the Divine destiny a hundred times attempts your life, yet the Divine destiny gives you life and heals you.

This Divine destiny, if a hundred times it waylays you, pitches your tent on the top of Heaven.

Know that this is from the loving-kindness, that He terrifies you in order that He may establish you in the kingdom of Iman.

This subject has no end. It is late.

Listen to the story of the hare and the lion.

**How the hare drew back from the lion when he approached the well.**

When the lion came near the well, he saw that the hare lagged on the way and stepped back.

He said, “Why have you stepped back? Do not step back, come on!”

The hare said, “Where is my foot? For hand and foot are gone. My soul trembles and my heart has fled.

Do you not the colour of my face as gold?
My colour indeed is giving knowledge of my inward state.

Since God has called the sign informative, the eye of the gnostic has remained turned towards the sign.

Colour and scent are significant like a bell: the neigh of a horse makes acquainted with the horse.

The sound made by any thing conveys knowledge of it, so that you may distinguish the bray of an ass from the creak of a door.

Touching the discrimination of persons, the Prophet said, ‘A man is hidden when his tongue is folded up.’

The colour of the face indicates the state of the heart: have pity on me, implant love of me in your heart.

A red complexion has the sound of thankfulness; the sound of a pale complexion is patience and deceit.
There has come upon me that which took away hand and foot, 
took away colour of face and strength and mark; 
That which shatters everything it comes upon, 
tears up every tree from root and bottom;

There has come upon me that by which man, animal, 
mineral and plants have been checkmated.

These indeed are parts; wholes are by him 
made yellow in hue and corrupt in odour, 
So that the world is now patient, now thankful; 
the garden now puts on a robe and again is bare.

The sun, which rises fire-coloured, 
at another hour, sinks headlong. 
Stars shining in the four quarters are, 
from time to time, afflicted with burning.

The moon, which excels the stars in beauty, 
becomes like a phantom from the malady of a hectic fever.

This earth, quiet and controlled, 
is thrown by earthquakes into feverish tremors.

Oh, from this inherited woe many a mountain in the world 
has become tiny fragments and sand.

This air is conjoined with the spirit, 
when the Divine destiny comes, it turns foul and stinking.

The sweet water that was a sister to the spirit, 
in a pool, became yellow and bitter and turbid.

The fire that has wind in its moustache—
a single puff of wind calls death upon it.

The state of the sea from its agitation and commotion 
perceive the changes of its mind.

The whirling heaven, which is in seeking and searching—
its state is like the state of its children;

Now nadir, now middle, now zenith: 
therein are host on host of stars fortunate and unlucky.

From yourself, O part made up of wholes; 
apprehend the state of every simple (uncompounded) thing.

Inasmuch as wholes suffer grief and pain, 
how should their part not be pale-faced?
Especially a part which is composed of contraries—
of water and earth and fire and air

It is no wonder that the sheep recoiled from the wolf;
the wonder is that this sheep set its heart on the wolf.

Life is the peace of contraries;
death is the fact that war arose between them.

The grace of God has given amity to this lion and wild-ass
these two far distant contraries.

Since the world is sick and a prisoner,
what wonder if the sick one is passing away?”

From this point of view he recited counsels to the lion.
“Have lagged behind,” said he, “because of these bonds.”

How the lion asked the reason of the hare’s drawing back.

The lion said to him, “Amongst the causes of your malady
tell the special cause, for this is my object.”

“That lion,” he said, “lives in this well:
within this fortress he is safe from harms.”

Every one who is wise chose the bottom of the well,
because spiritual joys are in solitude.

The darkness of the well is better than the dark shades of the world:
he that followed at the heels of the world never saved his head.

“Come on,” said the lion; “my blow subdues him:
see you whether that lion is in the well at present.”

The hare answered, “I am consumed with that fieriness:
perhaps you will take me beside you,
That with your support, O mine of generosity,
I may open my eyes and look into the well.”

How the lion looked into the well and saw the reflection of himself and the hare in the water.

When the lion took him to his side,
under the lion’s protection he began to run towards the well.

 especialmente a part which is composed of contraries—

especially a part which is composed of contraries—
As soon as they looked at the water in the well, there shone forth in the water the light from the lion and him.

The lion saw his own reflection: from the water shone the image of a lion with a plump hare at his side.

When he beheld his adversary in the well, he left him and sprang into the well.

He fell into the well which he had dug, because his iniquity was coming on his own head.

The iniquity of evil-doers became a dark well: so have said all the wise.

The more iniquitous one is, the more frightful is his well: Justice has ordained worse for worse.

O you who from iniquity are digging a well, you are making a snare for yourself.

Do not weave round yourself, like the silkworm. You are digging a well for yourself: dig with moderation.

Deem not the weak to be without a champion: recite from the Qur'an, *When the help of God shall come*.

If you are an elephant and your foe fled from you, lo, the retribution came upon you, birds in flocks.

If any poor man on the earth begs for mercy, a loud tumult falls on the Host of Heaven.

If you bite him with your teeth and make him bleed, toothache will attack you—how will you do?

The lion saw himself in the well, and in his fury he did not know himself at that moment from the enemy.

He regarded his own reflection as his enemy: necessarily he drew a sword against himself.

Oh, many an iniquity that you see in others is your own nature in them, O reader!

In them shone forth all that you are in your hypocrisy and iniquity and insolence.

You do not see clearly the evil in yourself, else you would hate yourself with your soul.
You are assaulting yourself, O simpleton, like the lion who made a rush at himself.

When you reach the bottom of your own nature, then you will know that that vileness was from yourself.

At the bottom it became manifest to the lion that he who seemed to him to be another was his own image.

Whoever tears out the teeth of a poor wretch is doing what the falsely-seeing lion did.

O you who see the bad reflection on the face of your uncle, it is not your uncle that is bad, it is you: do not run away from yourself!

The Faithful are mirrors to one another: this saying is related from the Prophet.

You held a blue glass before your eye: for that reason the world seemed to you to be blue.

Unless you are blind, know that this blueness comes from yourself: speak ill of yourself, speak no more ill of any one.

If the true believer was not seeing by the Light of God, how did things unseen appear naked to the true believer?

Inasmuch as you were seeing by the Fire of God, you did not discern the difference between good and evil.

Little by little throw water on the fire, that your fire may become light, O man of sorrow!

Throw, O Lord, the purifying water, that this world-fire may become wholly light.

All the water of the sea is under Your command; water and fire, O Lord, are Yours.

If You will, fire becomes sweet water; and if You will not, even water becomes fire.

This search in us is also brought into existence by You; deliverance from iniquity is Your gift, O Lord.

Without seeking You have given us this search, You have given gifts without number and end.
How the hare brought to the beasts of chase the news that the lion had fallen into the well.

When the hare was gladdened by deliverance, he began to run towards the beasts until the desert.

Having seen the lion miserably slain in the well, he was skipping joyously all the way to the meadow, clapping his hands because he had escaped from the hand of Death; fresh and dancing in the air, like bough and leaf.

Bough and leaf were set free from the prison of earth, lifted their heads, and became comrades of the wind; the leaves, when they had burst the bough, made haste to reach the top of the tree;

With the tongue of (seed that put forth) its sprouts each fruit and tree severally is singing thanks to God, saying, “The Bounteous Giver nourished our root until the tree grew big and stood upright.”

The spirits bound in clay, when they escape glad at heart from their clay, begin to dance in the air of Divine Love and become flawless like the full moon’s orb, their bodies dancing, and their souls—nay, do not ask; and those things from which comes the soul’s delight—nay, do not ask!

Saying, “The Bounteous Giver nourished our root until the tree grew big and stood upright.”

The hare lodged the lion in prison. Shame on a lion who was discomfited by a hare! He is in such a disgrace, and still—this is a wonder—he would fain be addressed by the title of Fakhr-i Din.

O you lion that lies at the bottom of this lonely well, your hare-like soul (nafs) has shed and drunk your blood; your hare-soul is feeding in the desert; you art at the bottom of this well of “How?” and “Why?”

That lion-catcher ran towards the beasts, crying, “Rejoice, O people, since the announcer of joy is come. Glad news! Glad news, O company of merry-makers! That hell-hound has gone back to Hell.”
Glad news! Glad news! The enemy of your lives—his teeth have been torn out by the vengeance of his Creator.

He who smote many heads with his claws—him too the broom of Death has swept away like rubbish.”

How the beasts gathered round the bare and spoke in praise of him.

Then all the wild beasts assembled, joyous and laughing gleefully in rapture and excitement.

They formed a ring, he in the midst like a candle: all the animals of the desert bowed to him.

“Are you a heavenly angel or a peri?
No, you art the Azrael of fierce lions.

Whatever you art, our souls are offered in sacrifice to you. You have prevailed. Health to your hand and arm!

God turned this water into your stream. Blessing on your hand and arm!

Explain how you did meditate with guile, and how you did guilefully wipe out that ruffian.

Explain, in order that the tale may be the means of curing explain that it may be a salve for our souls.

Explain! For in consequence of the iniquity of that tyrant our souls have myriads of wounds.”

“O Sirs,” said he, “it was God’s aid; else, who in the world is a hare?

He bestowed power on me and gave light to my heart: the light in my heart gave strength to hand and foot.”

From God come preferments, from God also come changes.

God in course and turn is ever displaying this aid to doubters and seers.

Take heed! Do not exult in a kingdom bestowed in turns. O you who are the bondsman of Vicissitude, do not act as though you were free!
Those for whom is prepared a kingdom beyond change, for them the drums are beaten beyond the Seven Planets.

Beyond change are the kings everlasting: their spirits are circling with the Cupbearer perpetually.

If you will renounce this drinking for a day or two, you will dip your mouth in the drink of Paradise.

Commentary on “We have returned from the lesser jihad to the greater jihad.”

O kings, we have slain the outward enemy, there remains within a worse enemy than he.

To slay this is not the work of reason and intelligence: the inward lion is not subdued by the hare.

This carnal self (nafs) is Hell, and Hell is a dragon which is not diminished by oceans.

It would drink up the Seven Seas, and still the blazing of that consumer of all creatures would not become less.

Stones and stony-hearted infidels enter it, miserable and shamefaced,

Still it is not appeased by all this food, until there comes to it from God this call

“Are you filled, are you filled?” It says, “Not yet; lo, here is the fire, here is the glow, here is the burning!”

It made a mouthful of and swallowed a whole world, its belly crying aloud, “Is there any more?”

God, from where place is not, sets His foot on it: then it subsides at Be, and it was.

Inasmuch as this self of ours is a part of Hell, and all parts have the nature of the whole,

To God belongs this foot to kill it: who, indeed, but God should draw its bow?

Only the straight arrow is put on the bow, this bow has arrows bent back and crooked.
Be straight, like an arrow, and escape from the bow, for without doubt every straight will fly from the bow.

When I turned back from the outer warfare, I set my face towards the inner warfare.

We have returned from the lesser Jihad, we are engaged along with the Prophet in the greater Jihad.

I pray God to grant me strength and aid and boasting, that I may root up with a needle this mountain of Qaf.

Deem of small account the lion that breaks the ranks: the lion is he that breaks himself.

How the ambassador of Rum came to the Commander of the Faithful, 'Umar, may God be well-pleased with him, and witnessed the gifts of grace with which 'Umar, may God be well-pleased with him, was endowed.

To 'Umar in Medina there came through the wide desert an ambassador from the Emperor of Rum

He said, “O you attendants, where is the palace of the Caliph, that I may take my horse and baggage there?”

The folk said to him, “He has no (jaan i roshan) palace: 'Umar’s palace is an illumined spirit.

Though he has renown from being Commander, he has a hut, like the poor.

O brother, how will you behold his palace, when hair has grown in the eye of your heart?

Purge your heart’s eye of hair and defect, and then hope to behold his palace.

Whoever has a spirit purged of desires will at once behold the Presence and the Holy Porch.

When Mohammed was purged of this fire and smoke, wherever he turned his face, was the Face of Allah.

Inasmuch as you are a friend to the evil suggestions of the malign one, how will you know: There is the Face of Allah?

Every one in whose breast the gate is opened will behold from every city the sun.
God is manifest amongst others as the moon amidst the stars.

If you do not see this world, it is not non-existent: The fault lies not save in the finger of your evil self.

Come, lift the finger from your eye, and then behold whatever you wish.

To Noah his people said, ‘Where is the Divine recompense?’ He said, ‘On the other side of they cover themselves with their garments.

You have wrapped your faces and heads in your clothes: of necessity you have eyes and see not.

Man is eye, and the rest is skin: the sight of that is seeing the Beloved (Doost).

When there is not sight of the Beloved, it is better blind; the beloved who is not everlasting is better afar.”

When the ambassador of Rum admitted these fresh words into his hearing, he became more full of longing.

He fixed his eye on seeking ‘Umar, he let his baggage and horse be lost

He was going in every direction after that man of accomplishment, inquiring madly for him,

Saying, “Can there be in the world such a man, and he be hid, like the spirit, from the world?”

He sought him that he might be as a slave to him: inevitably the seeker is a finder.

An Arab woman of the desert saw that he was a stranger-guest. “Look,” said she, “there is ‘Umar under that palm.

There he is under the palm-tree, apart from the people: behold the Shadow of God asleep in the shade!”

How the ambassador of Rum found the Commander of the Faithful, Umar, may God be well-pleased with him, sleeping under the palm-tree.
Awe came upon the ambassador from that slumbering man, 
a sweet ecstasy lodged in his soul.

Love and awe are contrary to each other: 
he saw these two contraries united in his heart.

He said to himself: “I have seen kings, 
I have been great and chosen in the presence of sultans:
I had no awe or dread of kings, 
awe of this man has robbed me of my wits.

I have gone into a jungle of lions and leopards, 
and my face did not change colour because of them;
Often where the ranks are arrayed on the field of battle 
have I become as a lion at the time when the affair is grievous;
Many a heavy blow have I suffered and inflicted, 
I have been stouter in heart than the others.

This man is asleep on the earth, unarmed; 
I am trembling in my seven limbs: what is this?
This is awe of God, it is not from created beings, 
and it is not awe of this man who wears the frock of a dervish.

Whoever is afraid of God and has chosen fear of God, 
the Jinn and mankind and every one who sees are afraid of him.”

Thus meditating, he folded his hands reverently. 
After a while `Umar sprang up from sleep.

Salama kirdan Rasul-Rum par `Umar

How the ambassador of Rum saluted the Commander of the Faithful, 
may God be well-pleased with him.

He did homage to `Umar and salaamed: 
the Prophet said,) the salaam, then the talk (kallam).”

Then he said, “Greetings,” Umar called him forward, reassured him, 
and bade him sit down by his side.

Fear ye not is the hospitality offered to those who fear: 
that is proper for one who is afraid.

When any one is afraid, they make him secure; 
they soothe the fearful heart.
How should you say “Fear not” to one who has no fear? Why give lessons? He needs no lessons.

He made that disturbed mind of good cheer and made his desolate heart flourishing.

Afterwards he addressed him with subtle discourses and the holy attributes of God—how good a Friend is He!

And of the lovingkindnesses of God to the Abdal, in order that he might know maqam and hal

The hal is like the unveiling of that beauteous bride, while the maqam is the being alone with the bride.

The unveiling is witnessed by the king and by others as well, at the time of being alone there is no one except the mighty king.

The bride unveils before commons and nobles; in the bridal chamber the king is with the bride.

There is many a one of the Sufis, who enjoys hal; he that has attained to maqam is rare amongst them.

He reminded him of the stages traversed by the soul, and he reminded him of the journeys of the spirit, And of the Time which has been void of time, and of the Station of Holiness which has been majestic,

And of the atmosphere wherein the Simurgh of the spirit, before this, has flown and experienced grace,

Every single flight thereof greater than the horizons and greater than the hope and greed of the longing lover

When `Umar found the stranger in appearance a friend, he found his soul seeking the mysteries.

The Shaykh was adept and the disciple eager: the man was quick and the beast belonged to the royal court.

That spiritual guide perceived that he possessed guidance: he sowed the good seed in the good soil.

How the ambassador of Rum questioned the Commander of the Faithful, may God be well-pleased with him

The man said to him, “O Commander of the Faithful, how did the spirit come to the earth from above?
How did the infinite bird go into the cage?
“He replied, “God recited spells and incantations over the spirit.

Because of His spells the non-existences at that very moment are dancing joyously into existence.

When He recites spells over the non-existences which have no eye or ear, they begin to stir.

When, again, He recited a spell over the existent, at His word the existent marched immediately into non-existence.

Consider what God has chanted into the ear of the earth, so that it became regardful and has remained silent."

Consider what that Speaker chanted into the ear of the cloud, so that it poured tears from its eye, like a water skin.

Whoever in perplexity is sorely troubled, God has spoken the riddle into his ear, "Shall I do what He told or the contrary?"

From God also, one side obtains the preponderance, and from that quarter he chooses one of the two.

If you wouldst not have the mind of your spirit in perplexity, do not stuff this cotton-wool into your spiritual ear, so that you may understand those riddle of His, so that you may apprehend the secret sign and the open.

Then the spiritual ear becomes the place where waby descends. What is waby (inspiration)? A speech hidden from sense-perception.

The spiritual ear and eye are other than this sense-perception, the ear of reason and the ear of opinion are destitute of this.

The word “compulsion” (jabr) made me impatient for love’s sake, while it confined in compulsion him who is not a lover.

This is union with God, and it is not compulsion: this is the shining forth of the moon, this is not a cloud.
And if this be compulsion, it is not the compulsion of the ordinary: it is not the compulsion of the evil-commanding self-willed.

O son, they know compulsion in whose hearts God has opened the sight.

To them the unseen things of the future became manifest; to them recollection of the past became naught.

Their freewill and compulsion is different: in oyster-shells drops are pearls.

Outside it is a drop of water, small or great, within the shell it is a small or big pearl.

Those persons have the nature of the musk deer’s gland: externally they are blood, while within them is the fragrance of musk.

Do not say, “This substance externally is blood: how should it become a musky perfume when it goes into the gland?”

Do not say, “This copper externally was despicable: how should it assume nobility in the heart of the elixir?”

In you freewill and compulsion was a fancy, when it went into them it became the light of Majesty.

When bread is in the tablecloth it is the inanimate thing, in the human body it becomes the glad spirit.

It does not become transmuted in the heart of the tablecloth: the soul transmutes it with Salsabil.

O you who read correctly, such is the power of the soul: what, then, must be the power of that Soul of soul?

The piece of flesh which is Man, endowed with intelligence and soul, cleaves mountain and sea and mine

The strength of the mountain-riving soul is the splitting of rocks; the strength of the Soul of soul in the moon was split asunder.

If the heart should open the lid of the wallet of mystery, the soul would rush towards the highest heaven.
Consider both our action and the action of God. Regard our action as existent. This is manifest.

If the action of created beings be not in the midst, then say not to any one, “Why have you acted thus?”

The creative act of God brings our actions into existence: our actions are the effects of the creative act of God.

A rational being perceives either the letter or the purpose: how should he comprehend two aspects at once?

If he goes to the spirit, he becomes unmindful of the letter: no eye sees forward and backward at the same moment.

At the time when you look in front, how at the same time can you look behind you? Recognise this.

Inasmuch as the soul does not comprehend the letter and the spirit, how should the soul be the creator of them both?

O son, God comprehends both: the action does not hinder Him from the other action.

Satan said Because You have seduced me: the vile Devil concealed his own act.

Adam said We have done wrong unto ourselves: he was not, like us, ignorant of the action of God.

From respect he concealed it in the sin: by casting the sin upon himself he ate fruit.

After his repentance, He said to him, “O Adam, did not I create in you that sin and tribulations? Was it not My foreordainment and destiny? How did you conceal that at the time of excusing yourself?”

He said, “I was afraid I did not let respect go.” He said, “I too have observed it towards you.”

Whoever brings reverence gets reverence: whoever brings sugar eats almond-cake.

For whom are the good women? For the good men. Treat your friend with honour; offend and see.
O heart, bring a parable for the sake of a difference, that you may know compulsion from freewill.

A hand that is shaking from tremor and a person whose hand you cause to shake from its place.

Know that both movements are created by God, but it is impossible to compare the latter with the former.

You are sorry for having caused it to shake: how is the man afflicted with tremor not sorry?

This is the intellectual quest. What is quest, O ingenious one? That perchance a man of weak understanding may find his way to that place.

The intellectual quest, though it be pearls and coral, is other than the spiritual quest.

The spiritual quest is on another plane: the spiritual wine has another consistency.

At the time when the intellectual quest was in keeping, this `Umar was intimate with Bu `l-Hakam, When `Umar went away from intellect towards spirit, Bu `l-Hakam became Bu Jahl in searching into that.

He is perfect on the side of sense-perception and understanding, though indeed he is ignorant in regard to the spirit.

Know that the quest of the intellect and the senses is effects or secondary causes. The spiritual quest is either wonder or the father of wonder.

The illumination of the spirit comes: there remains not, O you who seek illumination, conclusion and premise or that which contradicts that which renders necessary, Because the seer on whom His Light is dawning is quite independent of the proof which resembles a staff.

Commentary on “And He is with you wherever you be.”

Once more we come back to the tale: when, indeed, did we go forth from the tale?

If we come to ignorance, that is His prison, and if we come to knowledge, that is His palace;

And if we come to sleep, we are His intoxicated ones; and if to wakefulness, we are in His hands;
And if we weep, we are a cloud laden with the bounty dispensed by Him; and if we laugh, at that time we are His lightning;

And if to wrath and war, it is the reflection of His Might; and if to peace and forgiveness, it is the reflection of His Love.

Who are we? In this tangled world what indeed has He like alif? Nothing, nothing

How the ambassador asked Umar, may God be well-pleased with him, concerning the cause of the tribulation suffered by spirits in these bodies of clay.

He said, “O ‘Umar, what was the wisdom and mystery of imprisoning that pure one in this dirty place?

The pure water has become hidden in mud: the pure spirit has become bound in bodies.”

He said, “You are making a profound inquiry, you are confining a meaning in a word. You have imprisoned the free meaning; you have bound the wind in a word.

This you have done for a benefit, O you who yourself are blind to the benefit of God.

He from whom benefit was born, how should He not see that which was seen by us?

There are myriads of benefits, and every myriad is a few beside that one.

The breath of your speech, which is a part of the parts, became beneficial: why is the whole of the whole devoid?

You who are a part—your act is beneficial: why do you lift your hand to assail the whole?

If there is no benefit in speech, do not speak; and if there is, leave off making objections, and endeavour to give thanks.”

Thanksgiving to God is a collar on every neck; it is not to dispute and make one’s face look sour.

If thanksgiving is only to look sour, then there is no thanks-giver like vinegar.
If vinegar wants the way to the liver, let it become oxymel by sugar.

The meaning in poetry has no sureness of direction: it is like the sling, it is not under control.

On the inner sense of “Let him who desires to sit with God sit with the Sufis.”

The ambassador became beside himself from these one or two cups: neither his title nor message remained in his memory.

He became distraught at the power of God.

When the torrent reached the sea, it became the sea; when the seed reached the wheat field, it became the crop of wheat.

When the bread attained to connection with the animal the dead bread became living and endowed with knowledge.

When the wax and firewood were devoted to the fire, their dark essence became light.

When the stone of antimony went into the eyes, it turned to sight and there became a scout.

Oh, happy is the man who was freed from himself and united with the existence of a living one!

Alas for the living one who consorted with the dead! He became dead, and life sped away from him.

When you have fled to the Qur’an of God, you have mingled with the spirit of the prophets.

The Qur’an is the states of the prophets, the fishes of the holy sea of Majesty.

And if you read and do not accept he Qur’an, suppose you have seen the prophets and saints?

But if you are accepting, when you read the stories, the bird, your soul, will be distressed in its cage.

The bird that is a prisoner in a cage, is not seeking to escape, it is from ignorance.
The spirits which have escaped from their cages are the prophets, worthy guides.

From without comes their voice, of religion, “This, this is the way of escape for you.

By this we escaped from this narrow cage: there is no means of escape from this cage but this way,

You should make yourself ill, exceedingly wretched, in order that you may be let out from reputation.”

Worldly reputation is a strong chain: in the Way how is this less than a chain of iron?

The story of the merchant to whom the parrot gave a message for the parrots of India on the occasion of his going to trade

There was a merchant, and he had a parrot imprisoned in a cage, a beautiful parrot.

When the merchant made ready for travel and was about to depart to India, Because of his generosity he said to each male slave and each handmaid, “What shall I bring for you? Tell quickly.”

Each one asked him for some object of desire: that good man gave his promise to them all.

He said to the parrot, “What present would you like me to bring for you from the land of India?”

The parrot said, “When you see the parrots there, explain my state, ‘Such and such a parrot, who is longing for you, is in my prison by the destiny of Heaven.

She salutes you and asks for justice and desires from you the means and way of being rightly guided.

She says, “Is it proper that I in yearning should give up the ghost and die here in separation?

Is this right—I in grievous bondage, while ye are now on green plants, now on trees?
این چنین باشد وفای دوستان
من در این حبس و شما در دوستان
یاد آدی ای مهان زین مرغزار
یلگ صحبیو در میان مرغازار

یاد پاران بار را ایمون بود
خصه کان لیلی و این مجروح بود

ای حرفیان بیت موزون خود
من قدحها می‌خورم پر خون خود

پک قلخ می‌خشک کن بر یاد من
گر همی‌خواهی که به‌هی داد من

یا به‌این این فتادی عازک بیز
چون که خوردی جرده آی بر خیال ریز

ای عجب ان عهد و ان سوگند کو
و عده‌های ان لب چون قدی کو

گر فراق بنده از بدنگی است
چون تو با بر کنی پس فرق چیست

ای بی‌دهی که تو کنی در خمام و چنگ
با طرب تر از سماع و بانگ چنگ

ای جفا تو ز دولت خویتر
و انتقام تو ز جان محبوبتر

نار تو این است نورت چون بود
ماتم این تا خود که سورت چون بود

از حلاواتها که دارد جور تو
وژ لطافت کس نیابد غور تو

نالم و ترسم که او باور گرد
وز کرم این جور را مان گرد

عاشقم بر قهر و بر لطفش به جد
بو العجب من عاشق این هر دو ضد

و الله از زین خار در بستان‌شوم
همچو پیلیل زین سیب نالان شوم

این عجب پیلی که بگشاپید دهان
تا خورد و را به گلستان

این چه پیلی این نهذگ آتشی است
جمله ناخوشها ز عشق او را خوشی است

عاشق کل است و خود کل است او
عاشق خوشی است و عشق خوشی جو

The faith kept by friends, is it like this?—
I in this prison and you in the rose-garden.

O you noble ones, call to mind this piteous bird,
a morning-draught amongst the meadows!

Happy it is for a friend to be remembered by friends,
in particular when that is Layla and this Majnun.

O you who consort with your charming and adored one,
am I to drink cups filled with my own blood?

Quaff one cup of wine in memory of me,
if you desire to do me justice,

Or, when you have drunk, spill one draught on the earth
in memory of this fallen one who sifts dust.

Oh, where, I wonder, is that covenant and oath?
Where are the promises of that lip like candy?

If your having forsaken your slave is because of ill service—
when you do ill to the ill-doer, then what is the difference

Oh, the ill you do in wrath and quarrel is more delightful
than music and the sound of the harp.

Oh, your cruelty is better than felicity,
and your vengeance dearer than life.

This is your fire: how must be your light!
This is mourning, so how indeed must be your festival!

In respect of the sweetness which your cruelty has,
and in respect of your beauty, no one gets to the bottom of you.

I complain, and I fear lest he believe me
and from kindness make that cruelty less

I am exceedingly enamoured of his violence and his gentleness:
it is marvellous I in love with both these contraries.

By God, if from this thorn and enter the garden,
because of this I shall begin to moan like the nightingale.

This is a wondrous nightingale that opens his mouth
to eat thorns and roses together

What nightingale is this? it is a fiery monster:
because of love all sour things are sweet to him.

He is a lover of the Universal, and he himself is the Universal:
he is in love with himself and seeking his own love.”
Such-like is the tale of the parrot which is the soul: where is that one who is the confidant of birds?

Where is a bird, weak and innocent, and within him Solomon with his host?

When he moans bitterly, without thanksgiving or complaint, a noise of tumult falls on the Seven Spheres

At every moment to him from God a hundred missives, a hundred couriers: from him one “O my Lord!” and from God sixty “Labbayka.”

In the sight of God his backsliding is better than obedience; beside his infidelity all faiths are tattered.

Every moment he has ascends peculiar to him self: He lays upon his crown a hundred peculiar crowns.

His form is on earth and his spirit in “no-place,” a “la-makam” beyond the imagination of travellers:

Not such a “no-place” that it should come into your understanding (or that) a fancy about it should be born in you every moment;

No, place and “no-place” are in his control, just as the four rivers are in the control of one who dwells in Paradise

Cut short the explanation of this and avert your face from it: do not breathe a word—and God knows best what is right.

We return from this, O friends, to the bird and the merchant and India.

The merchant accepted this message that he would convey the greeting from her to her congeners.

We return from this, O friends, to the bird and the merchant and India.

The merchant accepted this message that he would convey the greeting from her to her congeners.

When he reached the farthest bounds of India, he saw a number of parrots in the plain.

He halted his beast; then he gave voice, delivered the greeting and the trust.
One of those parrots trembled exceedingly, fell, and died, and its breath stopped.

The merchant repented of having told the news, and said, “I have gone about to destroy the creature.

This one, surely, is kin to that little parrot: they must have been two bodies and one spirit.

Why did I do this? Why did I give the message? I have consumed the poor creature by this raw speech.”

This tongue is like stone and is also fire-like, and that which springs from the tongue is like fire.

Do not vainly strike stone and iron against each other, now for the sake of relating, now for the sake of boasting.

Because it is dark, and on every side are fields of cotton: how should sparks be amongst cotton?

Iniquitous are those persons who shut their eyes and by such words set a whole world ablaze.

A single word lays waste a world, turns dead foxes into lions.

Spirits in their original nature have the breath of Jesus, one breath of it is a wound, and the other a plaster.

If the screen were removed from the spirits, the speech of every spirit would be like the Messiah.

If you wish to utter words like sugar, refrain from concupiscence and do not eat this sweetmeat.

Self-control is the thing desired by the intelligent; sweetmeat is what children long for.

Whoever practices self-control ascends to Heaven, whoever eats sweetmeat falls farther behind.

Commentary on the saying of Faridu’ddin Attar, may God sanctify his spirit—

“You are a sensualist: O heedless one, drink blood amidst the dust, For if the spiritualist drinks a poison, it will be an antidote”
The Prophet said, “O bold seeker, beware! Do not contend with any one who is sought.”

In you is a Nimrod: do not go into the fire. If you wish to go in, first become Abraham!

When you are neither a swimmer nor a seaman, do not cast yourself from a self-conceit.

He fetches pearls from the bottom of the sea; from losses he gains to the surface.

If a perfect man takes earth, it becomes gold; if an imperfect one has carried away gold, it becomes ashes.

Since that righteous man is accepted of God, his hand in things is the hand of God.

The hand of the imperfect man is the hand of Devil and demon, because he is in the trap of imposition and guile.

If ignorance comes to him, it becomes knowledge, the knowledge that goes into the imperfect man becomes ignorance.

Whatever an ill man takes becomes illness, if a perfect man takes infidelity, it becomes religion.

O you who, being on foot has contended with a horseman, you will not save your head. Now hold your foot!

The magicians paid respect to Moses, on whom be peace, saying, “What do you command? Will you cast down your rod first, or shall we?”

The magicians in the time of the accursed Pharaoh, when they contended with Moses in enmity,

Yet gave Moses the precedence the magicians held him in honour

Because they said to him, “it is for you to command: you wish to be the first, cast down your rod first.”

Nay,” said he, “first, O magicians, cast down those things in the middle.”

This amount of respect purchased their religion, so that it cut off the hands and feet of their contention.
When the magicians acknowledged his right, 
they sacrificed their hands and feet for the sin of that.

To the perfect man mouthful and saying is lawful. 
‘You are not perfect: do not eat, be mute.

Inasmuch as you are an ear and he a tongue, not your congner: 
God said to the ears, “Be silent.”

When the sucking babe is born, 
at first it keeps silence for a while, it is all ear.

For a while it must close its lips from speech, 
until it learns to speak;

And if it is not an ear but makes babbling sounds, 
it makes itself the dumbest creature in the world.

He that is deaf by nature, he that had no ear at the beginning, is mute: 
how should he burst into speech?

Since, in order to speak, one must first hear, 
come to speech by the way of hearing.

Enter the houses by their doors, 
and seek you the ends in their causes.

There is no speech independent of the way of hearing 
except the speech of the Creator who is without want.

He is the Originator, He follows no master; 
He is the support of all things, He has no support,

The rest, in handicrafts and talk, 
follow a master and have need of a pattern.

If you art not alien to this discourse, 
assume the frock of a dervish and tears in some deserted place, 
Because Adam by means of tears escaped from that reproof: 
moist tears are the breath of the penitent.

For weeping’s sake Adam came to the earth, 
that he might be weeping and moaning and sorrowful.

Adam, from Paradise and from above the Seven, 
went to the “shoe-row” for the purpose of excusing himself

If you are from the back of Adam and from his loins, 
be constant in seeking amongst his company.

Prepare a dessert of heart-fire and eye-water: 
the garden is made open by cloud and sun.
What do you know of the taste of the water of the eyes?
You are a lover of bread, like the blind.

If you make this wallet empty of bread,
you will make it full of glorious jewels.

Wean the babe, your soul, from the Devil's milk,
and after that make it consort with the Angel.

While you are dark and vexed and gloomy,
know that you are sucking from the same breast as the accursed Devil.

The mouthful that gave increase of light and perfection
is obtained from lawful earnings.

The oil that comes and quenches our lamp—
when it quenches a lamp, call it water.

From the lawful morsel are born knowledge and wisdom;
from the lawful morsel come love and tenderness.

When from a morsel you see envy and guile,
ignorance and heedlessness are born, know that it is unlawful.

Will you sow wheat and will it produce barley?
Have you seen a mare bring forth an ass's colt?

The morsel is seed, and thoughts are its fruit;
the morsel is the sea, and thoughts are its pearls.

From the lawful morsel in the mouth is born
the inclination to serve and the resolve to go to yonder world.

How the merchant related to the parrot what he had witnessed
on the part of the parrots of India.

The merchant finished his trading
and returned home glad at heart.

He brought a present for every male slave;
he gave a token to every slave-girl

"Where is my present?" asked the parrot.
"Relate what you have said and seen."

"No," said he, "indeed I am repenting of that,
gnawing my hand and biting my fingers.

Why, from ignorance and folly,
did I idly bear an inconsiderate message?"
“O master,” said the parrot, “what is your repentance for? What is it that causes this anger and grief?”

“I told your complaints,” said he, “to a company of parrots resembling you.

One parrot got scent of your pain: her heart broke, and she trembled and died.

I became sorry, ‘why did I say this?’ but what was the use of repenting after I had said it?”

Know that a word which suddenly shot from the tongue is like an arrow shot from the bow.

O son, that arrow does not turn back on its way: you must dam a torrent at the source.

When it left the source behind, it swept over a world: if it lays waste the world, it is no wonder.

There is an unseen bringing forth of effects to action, and the results born of it are not in the control of creatures:

Those results are all created by God without any partner, though they are imputed to us.

Zayd let fly an arrow in the direction of ‘Amr: his arrow gripped Amr like a leopard.

During a long time, a (whole) year, it was producing pain: pains are created by God, not by man.

If Zayd who shot died of fright at the moment, pains are continually being produced there until death.

Inasmuch as he died from the results of the wound, for this cause call Zayd, who shot, the murderer

Impute those pains to him, though all of them are the work of the Creator.

So with sowing, breathing, snares and sexual intercourse: the results of those are amenable to God.

The saints possess power from God: they turn back from its course the arrow that has sped.

When the saint repents, he closes the doors of the results from the cause by that hand of the Lord.

Through the opening of the door, he makes unsaid what has been said, so that neither spit nor roast-meat is burnt thereby.
He wipes out the saying from all the minds that heard it, and makes it imperceptible.

O sire, if you need to have demonstration and proof, recite "verse or cause to be forgotten."

Read the verse "They made you forget My warning": acknowledge their power to put forgetfulness.

Since they are able to make remember and forget, they are mighty over all the hearts of creatures.

When he has blocked the road of mental perception by means of forgetfulness, it is impossible to act, even if there be virtue.

Think you those exalted ones are a laughing-stock? Recite from the Qur'an as far as "They made you forget."

He that owns a village is king over bodies; he that owns a heart is king over your hearts.

Without any doubt, action is a branch of seeing: therefore Man is nothing but "the little man".

I dare not expound the whole of this: hindrance is coming from those who are at the centre.

Inasmuch as the forgetfulness and recollection of creatures are with him, and he comes at their call for help,

Every night that glorious one is emptying from their hearts hundreds of thousands of good and evil,

In the daytime he is filling their hearts— he is filling those oyster-shells with pearls.

By guidance all those thoughts of former things recognise the spirits.

Your handicraft and skill come to you, that they may open to you the door of means.

The goldsmith's craft did not go to the ironsmith; the disposition of the good-natured man did not go to the disagreeable one.

On the day of Resurrection the handicrafts and dispositions will come, like articles of property, to the claimant.

After sleep also, the handicrafts and dispositions come back in haste to him that claims them as his.

At the hour of dawn the handicrafts and thoughts went to the same place where that good and evil were.
Like carrier pigeons, they bring things useful from cities to their own city.

How the parrot heard what those parrots had done, and died in the cage, and how the merchant made lament for her.

When the bird heard what that parrot had done, she trembled exceedingly, fell, and became cold.

The merchant, seeing her thus fallen, sprang up and dashed his cap on the ground.

When he saw her in this guise and in this state, the merchant sprang forward and tore the breast of his garment.

He said, “O beautiful parrot with your sweet cry, what is this that has happened to you? Why have you become like this?

Oh, alas for my sweet-voiced bird!
Oh, alas for my bosom-friend and confidant!

Oh, alas for my melodious bird, the wine of my spirit and my garden and my sweet basil!

Had Solomon possessed a bird like this, how indeed should he have become occupied with those birds?

Oh, alas for the bird which I gained cheaply and soon turned my face away from her countenance!

O tongue, you art a great damage to me, since you art speaking, what should I say to you?

O tongue, you art both the fire and the stack: how long will you dart this fire upon this stack?

Secretly my soul is groaning because of you, although it is doing whatever you bid it.

O tongue, you are a treasure without end.
O tongue, you are also a disease without remedy.

You are at once a whistle and decoy for birds, and a comforter in the desolation of absence.

How long will you grant me mercy, O merciless one, O you who have drawn the bow to take vengeance on me?
Lo, you have made my bird fly away.
Do not browse I in the pasture of injustice!

Either answer me or give redress
or mention to me the means of joy.

Oh, alas for my darkness-consuming dawn!
Oh, alas for my day-enkindling light!

Oh, alas for my bird of goodly flight,
that has flown from my end to my beginning.

The ignorant man is in love with pain unto everlasting.

Arise and read I swear as far as in trouble.

With your face I was free from trouble,
and in your river I was unsoiled by froth.

These cries of ‘Alas’ are the phantasy of seeing
and separation from my present existence.

It was the jealousy of God, and there is no device against God:
where is a heart that is not in a hundred pieces by God’s love?

The otherness is this, that He is other than all things
that He is beyond explanation and the noise of words.

Oh, alas! Would that my tears were an ocean,
that they might be strewn as an offering to the fair charmer!

My parrot, my clever-headed bird,
the interpreter of my thought and inmost consciousness,

She has told me from the first that I might remember it,
whatever should come to me as my allotted portion of right and wrong.”

The parrot whose voice comes from inspiration
and whose beginning was before the beginning of existence

That parrot is hidden within you:
You have seen the refection of her upon this and that.

She takes away your joy, and because of her you art rejoicing:
You receive injury from her as though it were justice.

O you who were burning the soul for the body’s sake,
you have burned the soul and illumined the body.

I am burning: does any one want tinder,
let him set his rubbish ablaze with fire from me.

Inasmuch as tinder is combustible,
take tinder that catches fire.
O alas, O alas, O alas that such a moon became hidden under the clouds!

How should I utter a word? For the fire in my heart is grown fierce, the lion of separation has become raging and blood-shedding.

One that even when sober is violent and furious, how will it be when he takes the wine-cup in his hand?

The furious Lion who is beyond description is too great for the wide expanse of the meadow.

I am thinking of rhymes, and my Sweetheart says to me, “Do not think of aught except vision of Me. Sit at your ease, My rhyme-meditating: in My presence you art rhymed with felicity.

What are words that you should think of them? What are words? Thorns in the hedge of the vineyard I will throw word, sound and speech into confusion, that without these three I may converse with you.

That word which I kept hidden from Adam I will speak to you, O consciousness of the world.

That word which I did not communicate to Abraham, and that pain which Gabriel does not know.”

That word, of which the Messiah breathed not a word God, from jealousy, did not utter even without we.

What is ma in language? Positive and negative. I am not positive, I am selfless and negated.

I found individuality in non-individuality; therefore I wove individuality into non-individuality.

All kings are enslaved to their slaves, all people are dead for one who dies for them.

All kings are prostrate before one who is prostrate before them; all people are intoxicated with one who is intoxicated with them.

The fowler becomes a prey to the birds in order that of a sudden he may make them his prey.

The hearts of heart-ravishers are captivated by those who have lost their hearts: all loved ones are the prey of lovers.

Whomever you deemed to be a lover, regard as the loved one, for relatively he is both this and that.
If they that are thirsty seek water from the world, water too seeks in the world them that are thirsty.

Inasmuch as He is lover, be silent: as He is pulling your ear, be you ear.

Dam the torrent when it runs in flood; else it will work shame and ruin.

What care I though ruin be? Under the ruin there is a royal treasure.

He that is drowned in God wishes to be more drowned, his spirit up and down like the waves of the sea,

"Is the bottom of the sea more delightful, or the top? Is His arrow more fascinating, or the shield?"

O heart, you are torn asunder by evil suggestion if you recognise any difference between joy and woe.

Although the object of your desire has the taste of sugar, is not absence of any object of desire the object of the Beloved's desire?

Every star of His is the blood-price of a hundred new moons: it is lawful for Him to shed the blood of the (whole) world.

We gained the price and the blood-price: we hastened to gamble our soul away.

Oh, the life of lovers consists in death: you will not win the heart except in losing your own.

I sought His heart with a hundred airs and graces, He made excuses to me in disdain.

I said, "After all, this mind and soul are drowned in You." "Begone," said He, "begone ! Do not chant these spells over Me"

Do I not know what thought you have conceived? O you who have seen double, how have you regarded the Beloved?

O gross-spirited one, you have held Me in light esteem, because you have bought Me very cheaply.

He that buys cheaply gives cheaply: a child will give a pearl for a loaf of bread."

I am drowned in a love that therein are drowned the first loves and the last.

I have told it summarily, I have not explained it, otherwise both perceptions and tongue would be consumed.
When I speak of “lip,” it is the lip of the Sea; when I say “not,” the intended meaning is “except.”

By reason of sweetness I sit with sour face: from fullness of speech I am silent,

That in the sour-faced mask of my sweetness may be kept hidden from the two worlds.

In order that this subject may not come to every ear, I am telling one out of a hundred esoteric mysteries.

Commentary on the saying of the Hakim:

“When anything causes you to be left behind on the Way, what matter whether it be infidelity or faith? Any form that causes you to fall far from the Beloved, what matter whether it be ugly or beautiful?”—

and on the meaning of the words of the Prophet, on whom be peace:

“Verily, Sa’ d is jealous (Ghayat), and I am more jealous (Ghayat) than Sa’ d, and Allah is more jealous (Ghayat) than I; and because of His jealousy (Ghayat) He hath forbidden foul actions both outward and inward.”

The whole world became jealous (Ghayat) because God is superior to all the world in jealousy (Ghayat).

He is like the spirit, and the world is like the body: the body receives from the spirit good and evil.

Any one whose prayer-niche is turned to the revelation, do you regard his going to faith as shameful.

Any one who has become Master of the robes to the King; it is loss for him to traffic on the King’s behalf.

Any one who becomes the intimate friend of the Sultan; it is an injury and swindle to wait at his door.

When kissing the hand has been bestowed on him by the King, it is a sin if he prefers to kiss the foot.

Although to lay the head on the foot is an act of obeisance, compared with the former act of obeisance it is a fault and backsliding.
The King is jealous (Ghayat) of any one who, after having seen the face, prefers the scent.

To speak in parables, God’s jealousy (Ghayat) is the wheat, men’s jealousy (Ghayat) is the straw in the stack.

Know that the root of jealousy (Ghayat) is in God: those of mankind are an offshoot from God, without resemblance.

I will leave the explanation of this and will begin to complain of the cruelty of that fickle Beauty.

I wail because wailings are pleasant to Him: He wants from the two worlds wailing and grief.

How should I not wail bitterly on account of His deceit, since I am not in the circle of those intoxicated with Him?

How should I not mourn, like night, without His day and without the favour of His day-illumining countenance?

His sourness is sweet in my soul: may my soul be sacrificed to the Beloved who grieves my heart!

I am in love with my grief and pain for the sake of pleasing my peerless King.

I make the dust of sorrow a salve for mine eye, that the two seas of mine eyes may be filled with jewels.

The tears which people shed for His sake are pearls and people think they are tears.

I am complaining of the Soul of the soul, I am not complaining: I am relating.

My heart is saying, “I am tormented by Him,” and I have been laughing at its poor pretence.

Do right, O glory of the righteous, O You who are the dais, and I the threshold of Your door!

Where are threshold and dais in meaning?

In the quarter where our Beloved is, where are “we” and “I”?

O You whose soul is free from “we” and “I,” O You who are the subtle essence of the spirit in man and woman,

When man and woman become one, You are that One; when the units are wiped out, lo, You are that.

You did contrive this “I” and “we” in order that You might play the game of worship with Yourself,
That all “I's” and “you's” should become one soul
and at last should be submerged in the Beloved.

All this is, and do You come, O Creative Word,
O You who transcends “Come” and speech!

The body can see You in bodily fashion:
it fancies Your sadness or laughter.

Do not say that the heart that is bound by sadness and laughter
is worthy of seeing You.

He who is bound by sadness and laughter
is living by means of these two borrowed things.

In the verdant garden of Love, which is without end,
there are many fruits besides sorrow and joy.

Love is higher than these two states of feeling:
without spring and without autumn it is green and fresh.

Pay the taxes on Your fair face, O Beauteous One:
relate the story of the soul that is rent in pieces,

For by the coquetry of a glance
One who is given to glancing amorously has branded my heart anew.

I absolved Him if He shed my blood:
I was saying, “It is lawful,” and He was fleeing.

Since You are fleeing from the lament of those who are dust,
why do you pour You sorrow on the hearts of the sorrowful?

O You, whom every dawn that shone from the East
found overflowing like the bright fountain,

How didst You give evasion to Your frenzied lover,
O You the sugar of whose lips hath no price?

O You who art a new soul to the old world,
hear the cry from my body without soul and heart.

Leave the tale of the Ruse! For God's sake set forth
the tale of the Nightingale that is parted from the Rose!

Our emotion is not caused by grief and joy,
our consciousness is not related to fancy and imagination.

There is another state, which is rare:
do not disbelieve, for God is very mighty.

Do not judge from the state of man;
do not abide in wrong-doing and in well-doing.
Wrong-doing and well-doing, grief and joy are things that come into existence; those who come into existence die: God is their heir.

It is morning. O You who are the support and refuge of the dawn, ask pardon of my Lord Husamuddin!

You are He who asks pardon of the Universal Mind and Soul, You are the Soul of the soul and the Splendour of the coral.

The light of dawn has shone forth, and from Your light we are engaged in drinking the morning-drink with the wine of Your Mansur.

Inasmuch as Your gift keeps me thus, who is wine that it should bring me rapture?

Wine in ferment is a beggar suing for our ferment; Heaven in revolution is a beggar suing for our consciousness.

Wine became intoxicated by us, not we with it; the body came into being from we, not we from it.

We are as bees, and bodies are as wax (honeycomb): we have made the body, cell by cell, like wax.

Reverting to the tale of the merchant who went to trade

This is very long. Tell the story of the merchant that we may see what happened to that good man.

The merchant in fire and anguish and yearning was uttering a hundred distracted phrases like this,

Now self-contradiction, now disdain, now supplication, now passion for reality, now metaphor.

The drowning man suffers an agony of soul and clutches at every straw.

For fear of his head, he flings about hand and foot to see whether any one will take his hand in peril.

The Friend loves this agitation: it is better to struggle vainly than to lie still.

He who is the King is not idle; complaint from Him would be a marvel, for He is not ill.
For this reason said the Merciful, O son,
“Every day He is in an affair,” O son.

In this Way be you ever scraping and scratching:
until your last breath do not be unoccupied for a moment,

So that your last breath may be a last breath
in which the favour is your bosom-friend.

Whatsoever the soul which is in man and woman strives to do,
the ear and eye of the soul’s King are at the window.

How the merchant cast the parrot out of the cage
and how the dead parrot flew away.

After that, he cast her out of the cage.
The little parrot flew to a lofty bough

The dead parrot made such a flight
as when the orient sun rushed onward.

The merchant was bewildered at the action of the bird:
without understanding he suddenly beheld the mysteries of the bird.

He lifted up his face and said, “O nightingale,
give us a portion by explaining your case.

What did she do there, that you did learn,
devise a trick, and burn us”?

The parrot said, “She by her act counselled me—
‘Abandon your charm of voice and your affection,

Because your voice has brought you into bondage’;
she feigned herself dead for the sake of this counsel,

Meaning, ‘O you who have become a singer to high and low,
become dead like me, that you may gain release.’”

If you are a grain, the little birds will peck you up;
if you are a bud, the children will pluck you off.

Hide the grain, become wholly a snare;
hide the bud, become the grass on the roof.

Any one who offers his beauty to auction;
a hundred evil fates set out towards him.
Plots and angers and envies pour upon his head, like water from water skins.

Foes tear him to pieces from jealousy; even friends take his lifetime away.

He that was heedless of the sowing and the springtide, how should he know the value of this lifetime?

You must flee to the shelter of God's grace, who shed thousand fold grace upon spirits,  

That you may find a refuge. Then how shelter?  
Water and fire will become our army.

Did not the sea become a friend to Noah and Moses? Did it not become overbearing in vengeance against their enemies?  
Was not the fire a fortress for Abraham, so that it raised smoke from the heart of Nimrod?  

Did not the mountain call Yahya to itself and drive off his pursuers with blows of stone?  

"O Yahya," it said, "come, take refuge in me, that I may be your shelter from the sharp sword."

How the parrot bade farewell to the merchant and flew away.

The parrot gave him one or two counsels full of savour and after that bade him the farewell of parting.

The merchant said to her, "Go, God protect you! Just now you have shown to me a new Way."

 Said the merchant to himself, "This is the counsel for me; I will take her Way, for this Way is shining with light.  

How should my soul be meaner than the parrot? The soul ought to follow a good track like this."
The harmfulness of being honoured by the people and of becoming conspicuous

The body is cage-like: the body, amidst the cajoleries of those who come in and go out, became a thorn to the soul.

This one says to him, “I will be your confidant,” and that One says, “Nay, I am your partner.”

This one says to him, “There is none in existence like you for beauty and eminence and for kindness and liberality.”

That one says to him, “Both the worlds are yours, all our souls are your soul’s parasites.”

When he sees the people intoxicated with him, because of arrogance he loses self-control.

He does not know that the Devil has cast thousands like him into the water of the river.

The world’s flattery and hypocrisy is a sweet morsel: eat less of it, for it is a morsel full of fire.

Its fire is hidden and its taste is manifest: its smoke becomes visible in the end.

Do not say, “How should I swallow that praise? He is speaking from desire: I am on his track.”

If your admirer should satirize you in public, your heart would burn for days on account of those scorches.

Although you know that he said it in disappointment because the hopes he had of you brought him no gain, the effect is remaining within you. The same experience happens to you in the case of praise.

The effect of that too lasts for many days and becomes a source of arrogance and deception of the soul, but it does not show itself, because praise is sweet; the evil shows itself, because blame is bitter.

It is like teas and pills which you swallow and for a long time you are in disturbance and pain, whereas, if you eat halwa, its taste is momentary: this effect, like the other, is not enduring for ever.
Since it does not endure, it endures imperceptibly:
recognise every opposite by means of its opposite.

When the effect of sugar endures,
after a while it produces boils that call for the lancet.

Pharaoh was made by abundance of praises:
be lowly of spirit through meekness, do not domineer.

So far as you can, become a slave, do not be a monarch.
Suffer blows: become like the ball, do not be the bat.

Otherwise, when this elegance and beauty remains with you no more,
you will be loathed by those companions.

The set of people who used to flatter you deceitfully,
when they behold you will call you a devil.

When they see you at their doors, they all will cry,
“A dead man has risen from his grave.”

Like the beardless youth whom they address as “Lord”
that by this hypocrisy they may make him infamous.

As soon as he has grown a beard in infamy,
the Devil is ashamed to search after him.

The Devil approaches Man for the sake of wickedness:
he does not approach you because you are worse than the Devil.

So long as you were a man the Devil was running at your heels
and bidding you taste wine.

Since you have become confirmed in devilry,
the Devil is fleeing from you, O good-for-nothing!

At that time they clung to your skirt:
when you became like this they all fled.

Explanation of “Whatsoever God wills comes to pass.”

We have spoken all these words, but in preparing ourselves
we are nothing, nothing without the favours of God.

Without the favours of God and God’s elect ones,
angel though he be, his page is black.

O God, O You whose bounty fulfils need,
it is not allowable to mention any one beside You.
This amount of guidance You have bestowed; 
till this You have covered up many a fault of ours.

Cause the drop of knowledge which You gave previously 
to become united with Your seas.

In my soul there is a drop of knowledge: 
deliver it from sensuality and from the body’s clay,

Before these clays drink it up, 
before these winds sweep it away,

Although, when they sweep it away, 
You are able to take it back from them and redeem it.

The drop that vanished in the air or was spilled— 
when did it flee from the storehouse of Your omnipotence?

If it enters into non-existence or a hundred non-existences, 
its will make a foot of its head when You call it.

Hundreds of thousands of opposites are killing their opposites: 
Your decree is drawing them forth again.

There is caravan on caravan, O Lord, 
continually from non-existence towards existence.

In particular, every night all thoughts and understandings 
become nothing, plunged in the deep Sea;

Again at the time of dawn those Divine ones 
 They lift up their heads from the Sea, like fishes.

In autumn the myriads of boughs and leaves 
go in rout into the sea of Death,

In the garden the crow clothed in black like a mourner 
makes lament over the greenery.

Again from the Lord of the land comes the edict to Non-existence, 
Give back what you hast devoured!

Give up, O black Death, what you have devoured of plants 
and healing herbs and leaves and grass!”

O brother, collect your wits for an instant: 
from moment to moment there is autumn and spring within you.

Behold the garden of the heart, green and moist and fresh, 
full of rosebuds and cyress and jasmines;

Boughs hidden by the multitude of leaves, 
vast plain and high palace hidden by the multitude of flowers
These words, which are from Universal Reason, are the scent of those flowers and cypresses and hyacinths.

Did you smell the scent of a rose where no rose was? Did you see the foaming of wine where no wine was?

The scent is your guide and conducts you on your way: it will bring you to Eden and Kawthar.

The scent is a remedy for the eye; light-making: the eye of Jacob was opened by a scent.

The foul scent darkens the eye; the scent of Joseph relieves the eye.

You who are not a Joseph, be a Jacob: be, like him, with weeping and sore distress.

Listen to this counsel from the Sage of Ghazna, that you may feel freshness in your old body:

“Disdain needs a face like the rose; when you have not, do not indulge in ill-temper.

Ugly is disdain in an uncomely face, grievous is eye-ache in an unseeing eye.”

In the presence of Joseph do not give yourself airs and behave like a beauty: offer nothing but the supplication and sighs of Jacob.

The meaning of dying by the parrot was supplication: make yourself dead in supplication and poverty,

That the breath of Jesus may revive you and make you fair and blessed as itself.

How should a rock be covered with greenery by the spring? Become earth, that you may grow flowers of many a hue.

Years have you been a heart-jagging rock: once, for the sake of experiment, be earth!
Have you heard that in the time of `Umar there was a harpist, a fine and glorious minstrel?

The nightingale would be made beside herself by his voice: by his beautiful voice one rapture would be turned into a hundred.

His breath was an ornament to assembly and congregation, and at his song the dead would arise.

Like Israfil, whose voice will cunningly bring the souls of the dead into their bodies,

Or he was an accompanist, to Israfil for his music would make the elephant grow wings.

One day Israfil will make a shrill sound and will give life to him that has been rotten for a hundred years.

The prophets also have notes within, whence there comes life beyond price to them that seek.

The sensual ear does not hear that melody, for the sensual ear is defiled by iniquities.

The note of the peri is not heard by man, for he is unable to apprehend the mysteries of the peris,

Although the note of the peri too belongs to this world. The note of the heart is higher than both breaths,

For peri and man are prisoners: both are in the prison of this ignorance.

Recite *O community of Jinn* in the Suratu l'-Rahman; recognise if you are able to pass forth.

The inward notes of the saints (Ahliya) say, at first, “O ye particles of *la,*

Take heed, lift up your heads from the *la* of negation, and put forth your heads from this fancy and vain imagining.

O you who all are rotten in generation and corruption, your everlasting soul neither grew nor came to birth.”

If I tell a little of those notes, the souls will lift up their heads from the tombs.
Put your ear close, for that (melody) is not far off, but it is not permitted to convey it to you.

Hark! For the saints (Ahliya) are the Israfilis of the time: from them to the dead comes life and freshness.

At their voice the dead souls in the body’s grave start up in their winding-sheets.

He says, “This voice is separate from voices: to quicken is the work of the voice of God.

We died and were entirely decayed: the call of God came: we all arose.”

The call of God, veiled or unveiled, bestows that which He bestowed on Mary from His bosom.

O you, who are rotten with death underneath the skin, return from non-existence at the voice of the Friend!

Absolutely, indeed, that voice is from the King, though it is from the larynx of God's servant.

He has said to him, “I am your tongue and eye; I am your senses and I am your good pleasure and your wrath.

Go, for you are, ‘By Me he hears and by Me he sees’: you are the consciousness: what is the occasion of, ‘You are the possessor of the consciousness’?

Since you have become, through bewilderment, ‘He that belongs to God,’ I am your, ‘for God shall belong to him.’

Sometimes I say to you, ‘It is you,’ sometimes, ‘It is I’: whatever I say, I am the Sun illuminating.

Wherever I shine forth from the lamp-niche of a breath, there the difficulties of a world are resolved.

The darkness which the sun did not remove, through My breath that darkness becomes like bright morning.”

To an Adam He in His own person showed the Names; to the rest He was revealing the Names by means of Adam.

Receive His light either from Adam or from Himself: take the wine either from the jar or from the gourd,

For this gourd is very closely connected with the jar: the blessed gourd is not rejoiced as you are.

Mustafa said, “Happy he that has seen me and he that looks at him that saw my face.”
When a lamp has derived light from a candle, every one that sees it certainly sees the candle.

If transmission occurs in this way till a hundred lamps, the seeing of the last becomes a meeting with the original.

Either take with your soul from the hindmost light—there is no difference—or from the candelabrum.

Either behold the light from the lamp of the last, or behold His light from the candle of those who have gone before.

**Explanation of the Tradition, “Verily, your Lord has, during the days of your time, certain breathings: ob, address yourselves to them.”**

The Prophet said, “In these days the breathings of God prevail:

Keep ear and mind (attentive) to these (spiritual) influences, catch up such-like breathings.”

The (Divine) breathing came, beheld you, and departed: it gave life to whom it would, and departed.

Another breathing has arrived. 

Be heedful, that you may not miss this one too, O comrade.

The soul of fire gained there from an extinguisher of fire, the dead soul felt within itself a movement.

This is the freshness and movement of the Tuba-tree; this is not like the movements of animals.

If it fall on earth and heaven, their galls will turn to water at once.

Truly, from fear of this infinite breath: recite but they refused to bear it.

Else, how should they shrank from it have been, unless from fear of it the heart of the mountain had become blood?

Last night this presented itself in a different guise some morsels came in and barred the way.

For a morsel’s sake a Luqman has become a pledge: it is the time for Luqman: begone, O morsel!
These pricks for the sake of a morsel!
Pluck ye forth the thorn from the sole of Luqman.

In his sole there is no thorn or even the shadow of it, but because of lust you have not that discernment.

Know that the thorn is that which you, because you are very greedy and very blind, have deemed to be a date.

Inasmuch as Luqman’s spirit is the rose-garden of God, why is the foot of his spirit wounded by a thorn?

This thorn-eating existence is a camel, and upon this camel one born of Mustafa. is mounted.

O camel, on your back is a bale of roses, from the perfume of which a hundred rose gardens grew within you.

Your inclination is towards thorn-bushes and sand: I wonder what roses you will gather from worthless thorns.

O you who in this search have roamed from one quarter to another, how long will you say, “Where, where is this rose-garden?”

Until you extract this thorn in your foot, your eye is dark: how will you go about?

Man, who is not contained in the world, becomes hidden in the point of a thorn!

Mustafa came to make harmony: “Speak to me, O Humayra, speak!”

O Humayra put the horse-shoe in the fire, that by means of your horse-shoe this mountain may become rubies.

This “Humayra” is a feminine word, and the Arabs call the “Jaan” feminine;

But there is no fear to the Spirit from being feminine: the Spirit has no association with man and woman.

It is higher than feminine and masculine: this is not that spirit which is composed of dryness and moisture.

This is not that spirit which is increased by bread, or which is sometimes like this and sometimes like that.

It is a doer of sweet, and sweet, and the essence of sweetness. Without sweetness there is no sweetness, O taker of bribes!

When you are sweet by sugar, it may be that at some time that sugar will vanish from you;
When you become sugar from abundance of faithfulness, then how should sugar be parted from sugar?

When the lover is fed from himself with pure wine, there reason will remain lost and companion less.

Partial reason is a denier of Love, though it may give out that it is a confidant.

It is clever and knowing, but it is not non existent: until the angel has become non existent, he is a Devil.

It is our friend in word and deed, when you come to the case of inward feeling, it is nothing.

It is non existence because it did not from existence and become non-existent: since it did not become non existent willingly, there is many a one (who became nothing), unwillingly.

The Spirit is perfection and its call is perfection:

Mustafa used to say, "Refresh us, O Bilal!

O Bilal, lift up your mellifluous voice from that breath which I breathed into your heart, From that breath by which Adam was dumbfounded and the wits of the people of Heaven were made witless."

Mustafa became beside himself at that beautiful voice: his prayer escaped him on the night of the ta'ris, He did not raise his head from that blessed sleep until the dawn-prayer had advanced to forenoon.

On the night of the ta'ris, his holy spirit gained kissing hands in the presence of the Bride. Love and the Spirit are, both of them, hidden and veiled: if I have called Him the Bride, do not find fault.

I would have been silent from the Beloved's displeasure, if He had granted me a respite for one moment

But He keeps saying, "Say on! Come, it is no fault, it is but the requirement of the destiny in the World Unseen."

The fault is who sees nothing but fault: how should the Pure Spirit of the Invisible see fault?

Fault arises in relation to the ignorant creature, not in relation to the Lord of favour.

Infidelity, too, is wisdom in relation to the Creator, when you impute it to us, infidelity is a noxious thing.
And if, there be one fault together with a hundred advantages, it resembles the wood in the sugarcane.

Both alike are put into the scales, because they both are sweet like body and soul.

Not idly, therefore, the great said this:

“The body of the holy ones is essentially pure as spirit.”

Their speech and soul and form, everything is absolute spirit without trace.

That one went into the earth and became earth entirely; this went into the salt and became entirely pure.

The spirit through which Mohammed is more refined: he is more eloquent than that salt-seasoned Hadith.

This salt is surviving in his heritage: those heirs of his are with you. Seek them!

He is seated in front of you, where indeed is your "front"?

He is before you, where is the soul that thinks “before”?

If you fancy you have a “before” and “behind,” you are tied to body and deprived of spirit.

"Below" and “above,” “before” and “behind” are attributes of the body: the essence of the bright spirit is without direction.

Open your vision with the pure light of the King. Beware of fancying, like one who is short-sighted,

That you are only this body in grief and joy, non-existence, where are “before” and “behind” relative to non-existence?

It is a day of rain: journey on till night—not by this rain but by the rain of the Lord.
The story of A’isha, may God be well-pleased with her, on whom be peace, saying, “It rained to-day: since you went to the graveyard, how is it that your clothes are not wet?”

One day Mustafa went to the graveyard: he went with the bier of one of his friends.

He made the earth so that it filled his grave: he quickened his seed under the earth.

These trees are like the interred ones: they have lifted up their hands from the earth.

They are making a hundred signs to the people and speaking plainly to him that hath ears.

With green tongue and with long hand they are telling secrets from the earth’s conscience.

Like ducks that have plunged their heads in water, they have become peacocks, though they were like crows.

If during the winter He imprisoned them, God made those “crows” “peacocks”.

Although He put them to death in winter, He revived them by means of spring and gave leaves.

The skeptics say, “This, surely, is eternal: why should we fix it on a beneficent Lord?”

God, in despite of them, caused gardens and plots of sweet flowers to grow in the hearts of His friends.

Every flower that is sweet-scented within, that flower is telling of the secrets of the Universal.

Their scent, to the confusion of the skeptics, is going round the world, rending the veil.

The skeptics, from the scent of the rose like a beetle, or like a delicate brain at the noise of the drum,

They pretend to be occupied and absorbed, and withdraw their eyes from the flash and the lightning.

They withdraw their eyes, but no eye is there: the eye is that which sees a place of safety.
When the Prophet returned from the graveyard, he went to the Siddiqa and confided.

As soon as the eye of the Siddiqa fell upon his countenance, she advanced and began to lay her hand on him,

On his turban, his face, his hair, on his collar, chest and arm.

Said the Prophet, “What are you seeking so hastily?”

She replied, “To-day rain fell from the clouds:

I am searching your garments in quest,
I do not feel them wet with the rain. Oh, how wonderful!”

‘The Prophet said, “What wrap have you thrown over your head?”

Said she, “I made your plaid (rida) my head-covering.”

He said, “O pure-bosomed one
that is why God revealed to your pure eye the rain of the Unseen.

That rain is not from your clouds:
there are other clouds and another sky.”

Commentary on the verse of Hakim:

“In the realm of the soul (Jaan) are skies lording over the sky of this world. In the Way of the spirit (Jahan) there are lowlands and highlands, there are lofty mountains and seas.”

The Unseen World has other clouds and water; it has another sky and sun.

That is not discerned save by the elect; the rest are in doubt as to a new creation.

There is rain for the sake of nurture; there is rain for the sake of decay.

Marvellous is the benefit of the rain of springtime, to the garden the autumnal rain is like a fever.

That vernal makes it tenderly nurtured, while this autumnal makes it sickly and wan.

Similarly know that cold and wind and sun are at variance; find the clue.

Even so in the Unseen World there are these different sorts, in loss and gain and in profit and loss.
This breath of the Abdal is from that springtide: from it there grows a green garden in heart and soul.

From their breaths there comes in him who is fortunate the effect of the spring rain on the tree.

If there be in the place a dry tree, do not deem its defect to be due to the life-quickening wind.

The wind did its own work and blew on: he that had a soul chose it in preference to his soul.

On the meaning of the Tradition, “Take advantage of the coolness of the spring season, etc”

The Prophet said, “Give heed, my friends! Do not cover your bodies from the cold of spring.

For it does to your spirits the same thing that spring does to the trees;

But flee from the cold of autumn, for it does what autumn did to the garden and the vines.”

The traditionalists have referred this to the outward, and have been content with that same form.

That class was ignorant of the spirit: they saw the mountain; they did not see the mine in the mountain.

In the sight of God that “autumn” is the nafs and desires: the reason and the spirit are the essence of spring and are everlasting life.

You have a partial reason hidden: in this world seek one whose reason is perfect.

Through his whole your part is made whole: Universal Reason is like a shackle on the neck of the flesh.

Therefore, according to the interpretation, it is this, that the holy breaths are like spring and the life of leaf and vine.

The sayings of the saints, whether soft or rough, do not you cover your body, for they are the support of your religion.

Whether he speak hot or cold, receive with joy: thereby you will escape from the hot and cold and from Hell-fire.
His “hot” and “cold” is life’s new season of spring, the source of sincerity and faith and service.

Inasmuch as the garden of the spirits is living through him, and the sea of heart is filled with these pearls,

Thousands of griefs lie on a wise man’s heart, if from the garden of his heart a toothpick fails.

"How the Siddiqa, may God be well-pleased with her, asked Mustafa, God bless him and give him peace, saying, “What was the inner meaning of to-day’s rain?”"
The remainder of the story of the old harpist
and the explanation of its issue

That minstrel by whom the world was filled with rapture,
from whose voice wondrous phantasies grew.

At whose song the bird of the soul would take wing,
and at whose note the mind of the spirit would be distraught—

When time passed and he grew old,
from weakness the falcon, his soul, became a catcher of gnats.

His back became bent like the back of a wine-jar,
the brows over his eyes like a crupper-strap.

His charming soul-refreshing voice
became ugly and worth nothing to any one.

The tone that had been the envy of Zuhrā
was now like the bray of an old donkey.

Truly, what fair thing is there that did not become foul,
or what roof that did not become a carpet?

Except the voices of holy men in their breasts,
from the repercussion of whose breath is the blast of the trumpet

The heart by which hearts are made drunken,
the non-existence whereby these existences of ours are made existent

He is the amber of thought and of every voice;
he is the delight of revelation and inspiration and mystery.

When the minstrel grew older and feeble, through not earning
he became indebted for a single loaf of bread.

He said, “You have given me long life and respite:
O God, You have bestowed favours on a vile wretch
For seventy years I have been committing sin,
not for one day have You withheld Your bounty from me.

I earn nothing: to-day I am Your guest,
I will play the harp for You, I am Yours.

He took up his harp and went in search of God
to the graveyard of Medina, crying “Alas!”

He said, “I crave of God the price of silk,
for He in His kindness accepts adulterated coin.”
He played the harp a long while and, weeping, laid his head down: he made the harp his pillow and dropped on a tomb.

Sleep overtook him: the bird, his soul, escaped from captivity, it let harp and harpist go and darted away.

It became freed from the body and the pain of this world in the simple world and the vast region of the soul.

There his soul was singing what had befallen, saying, “If they would but let me stay here,

Happy would be my soul in this garden and springtide, drunken with this plain and mystic anemone-field.

Without head or foot I would be journeying, without lip or tooth I would be eating sugar.

With a memory and thought free from brain-sickness, I would frolic with the dwellers in Heaven.

With eye shut I would be seeing a world, without a hand I would be gathering roses and basil.”

The water-bird was plunged in a sea of honey—the fountain of Job, to drink and wash in,

Whereby Job, from his feet to the crown of his head, was purged of afflictions like the light of the sunrise

If the *Masnavi* were as the sky in magnitude, not half the portion of this would find room in it,

For the exceeding broad earth and sky caused my heart, from narrowness, to be rent in pieces;

And this world that was revealed to me in this dream has spread wide my wings and pinions because of expansion.

If this world and the way to it were manifest, no one would remain there for a single moment.

The command was coming—“Nay, be not covetous: insmuch as the thorn is out of your foot, depart”

His soul was lingering there in the spacious demesne of His mercy and beneficence.
How the heavenly voice spoke to Umar, may God be well-pleased with him, while he was asleep, saying, "Give a certain sum of gold from the public treasury to the man who is sleeping in the graveyard.

Then God sent such drowsiness upon `Umar that he was unable to keep himself from slumber.

He fell into amazement saying, “This is unknown. This has fallen from the Unseen, it is not without purpose.”

He laid his head down, and slumber overtook him.

He dreamed that a voice came to him from God: his spirit heard that voice which is the origin of every cry and sound: that indeed is the voice, and the rest are echoes.

Turcoman, Kurd, Persian-speaking man and Arab have understood that voice without ear or lip.

Ay, what of Turcomans, Persians, and Ethiopians? wood and stone have understood that voice.

Every moment there is coming from Him, “Am not I your Lord?” and substance and accidents are becoming existent.

If “Yes” is not coming from them, yet their coming from non-existence is “Yes.”

Listen to a goodly tale in explanation of what I have said concerning the friendliness of stone and wood.

How the moaning pillar complained when they made a pulpit for the Prophet, on whom be peace—for the multitude had become great, and said, “We do not see your blessed face when you are exhorting us”—and how the Prophet and his Companions heard that complaint, and how Mustafa conversed with the pillar in clear language.

The moaning pillar was complaining of separation from the Prophet, just as rational beings.

The Prophet said, “O pillar, what do you want?” It said, “My soul is turned to blood because of parting from you.
I was your support: you have run away from me: you have devised a place to lean against upon the pulpit."

“Do you desire,” said he, “to be made a date-palm, the people of the East and the West shall gather fruit from you?

Or that He should make you a cypress in yonder world, so that you will remain everlastingly fresh and flourishing?”

It replied, “I desire the life that is enduring for ever.”

Listen, O heedless one! Do not be you less than a piece of wood!

He buried that pillar in the earth, that it may be raised from the dead, like mankind, on the day of Resurrection,

That you may know that every one whom God has called remains disengaged from all the work of this world.

Whoever has his work and business from God, gains admission there and goes forth from work.

He that has no gift of spiritual mysteries, how should he believe in the complaining of inanimate things?

He says “Yes,” not from his heart for agreement's sake, lest people should say that he is a hypocrite.

Unless there were knowers of the command “Be!” this doctrine would have been rejected in the world.

Myriads of conformists and legalists are cast into the abyss by a single taint,

For their conformity and their drawing evidence from logical proofs and all their wings and wing-feathers depend on opinion.

The vile Devil raises a doubt: all these blind ones fall in headlong.

The leg of the logicians is of wood: a wooden leg is very infirm,

Unlike the Qutb of the age, the possessor of vision, by whose steadfastness the mountain is made giddy-headed.

The blind man’s leg is a staff, a staff, so that he may not fall headlong on the pebbles.

The cavalier that became victory for the army, who is he for the religious? One possessed of sight.

If, with a staff, the blind have seen their way, under the protection of people are they clear-sighted.
Were there no men of vision and kings, all the blind in the world would be dead.

The blind do not sow, reap, and cultivate trade or profit.

If He did not bestow mercy and grace upon you, the wood of your logical deduction would break.

What is this staff? Inferences and proofs. Who gave them that staff? The all-seeing and almighty One.

Since the staff has become a weapon of quarrel and attack, break that staff to pieces, O blind man!

He gave you the staff that you might approach: with that staff you struck even at Him in your anger.

O company of the blind, what are you doing? Bring the seer between!

Consider the miracles of Moses and Ahmad, how the staff became a serpent and the pillar was endowed with knowledge.

From the staff a serpent and from the pillar a moaning: they are beating five times daily for the sake of the Religion.

Unless this savour were nonintellectual, how should all these miracles have been necessary?

Whatever is intelligible, the intellect is swallowing it without the evidence of miracles and without contention.

This virgin Way deem unintelligible, deem accepted in the heart of every fortunate one.

As in fear of Adam devil and wild beast fled to the islands, from envy.

So in fear of the miracles of the prophets have the skeptics slunk away under the grass, that they may live in hypocrisy with the reputation of being Moslems, and that you may not know who they are.

Like counterfeiters, they smear the base coin with silver and the name of the King.

The outward form of their words is profession of the Divine Unity and the religion: the inward meaning thereof is like darnel seed in bread.
The philosopher has not the stomach to breathe a word: if he utters a word, the true Religion will confound him.

His hand and foot are inanimate, and whatever his spirit says, those two are under its control.

Even though they propound suspicion with their tongues, their hands and feet give testimony.

**How the Prophet, on whom be peace, manifested a miracle by the speaking of the gravel in the hand of Abu Jahl—God’s curse on him!—and by the gravel’s bearing witness to the truth of Mohammed, on whom be God’s blessing and peace.**

There were some pebbles in the hand of Bu Jahl:
“O Ahmad,” said he, “tell quickly what this is.
If you are the Messenger, what is hidden in my fist?
Since you have knowledge of the mysteries of Heaven”

He said, “What do you wish? Shall I say what those things are, or shall they declare that I am truthful and right?”

Bu Jahl said, “This second is more extraordinary.”
“Yes,” said the Prophet, “God has greater power than that.”

Without delay, from the middle of his fist every pebble began to pronounce the profession of faith.

Each said, “There is no god except Allah”; threaded the pearl of “Abraham is the Messenger of Allah.”

When Bu Jahl heard this from the pebbles, in his anger he dashed those pebbles on the ground.

The rest of the story of the minstrel, and how the Commander of the Faithful, ‘Umar, may God be well-pleased with him, conveyed to him the message spoken by the heavenly voice.

Turn back and hear the plight of the minstrel, for the minstrel had become desperate from waiting.

The voice came to ‘Umar, saying, “O ‘Umar, redeem Our servant from want.”
We have a servant, a favourite and highly esteemed one
take the trouble to go on foot to the graveyard.

O `Umar, spring up and put in your hand
full seven hundred dinars from the public treasury.

Carry them to him, O you who art Our choice,
accept this sum now and excuse.

Spend this amount on the price of silk:
when it is spent, come here.

Then `Umar in awe of that voice
sprang up that he might gird his loins for this service.

`Umar set his face towards the graveyard
with the purse under his arm, running in search.

Long did he run round about the graveyard:
no one was there but that poor old man.

He said, “This is not he,” and ran once more.
He became tired out and saw none but the old man.

He said, “God said, We have a servant:
he is a pure and worthy and blessed one.’

How should an old harpist be the chosen of God?
O Hidden Mystery, how excellent, how excellent are You!”

Once again he wandered about the graveyard,
like the hunting lion about the desert.

When it became certain to him that none was there except the old man,
he said, “Many an illumined heart is in darkness.”

He came and sat down there with a hundred marks of respect.
`Umar happened to sneeze, and the old man sprang to his feet.

He saw `Umar and stood fixed in amazement:
he resolved to go and began to tremble.

He said within himself, “O God, help, I beseech you!
The Inspector has fallen upon a poor old harpist.”

When `Umar looked on the old man’s countenance,
he saw him ashamed and pale.

Then `Umar said to him, “Fear not; do not flee from me,
for I have brought you glad tidings from God.”

How often has God praised your disposition,
so that He has made `Umar in love with your face!
Sit down beside me and do not make separation, that I may say into your ear the secret from favour.

God sends you greeting and asks you how you fare in your distress and boundless sorrows.

Lo, here are some pieces of gold to pay for silk. Spend them and come back to this place.”

The old man heard this, trembling all over and biting his hand and tearing his garment,

Crying, “O God who have no like!” inasmuch as the poor old man was melted with shame.

After he had wept long and his grief had gone beyond bounds, he dashed his harp on the earth and broke it to bits.

He said, “O you that have been to me a curtain from God, O you to me a brigand from the King's highway, O you that have drunk my blood for seventy years, O you because of whom my face is black before perfection!

Have mercy, O bounteous God who keeps faith, on a life passed in iniquity!

God gave a life, the value of every single day whereof none know except Him.

I have spent my life, breath by breath:

I have breathed it all away in treble and bass.

Ah me, that in minding the mode and rhythm of ‘Iraq the bitter moment of parting went out of my mind.

Alas that from the liquid freshness of the minor zirafgand the seed sown in my heart dried up, and my heart died.

Alas that from the sound of these four-and-twenty the caravan passed and the day grew late.”

O God, help against this that is seeking help:

I seek justice from no one from this justice-seeking.

I shall not get justice for myself from any one except, surely, from Him who is nearer to me than I;

For this “I-hood” comes to me from Him moment by moment: therefore when this has failed me, I see Him,

As one who is counting out gold to you, you keep your gaze towards him, not towards yourself.
How ‘Umar, may God be well-pleased with him, bade him (the harpist) turn his gaze from the stage of weeping, which is existence, to the stage of absorption, which is nonexistence.

‘Umar then said to him, “This wailing of yours is also the marks of your sobriety.

The way of him that has passed away is another way, because sobriety is another sin.

Sobriety exists from recollection of what is past: past and future are to you a curtain from God.

Cast fire on them both: how long, because of these two will you be full of knots like a reed?

Whilst the reed is knotted, it is not a sharer of secrets: it is not the companion of the lip and voice.

When you are going about you are indeed wrapped in going about: when you have come home, you art still with yourself.

When Faruq became a reflector of mysteries, the old man’s heart was awakened from within.

He became without weeping or laughter, like the soul: his soul departed and the other soul came to life.

In that hour such bewilderment arose within him that he went forth from earth and heaven

A seeking and searching beyond seeking and search: I know not; you know, tell!

Words and feelings beyond feelings and words— he had become drowned in the beauty of the Lord of majesty, drowned, not in such wise that there should be for him any deliverance, or that any one should know him except the Ocean.
Partial reason would not be telling of the Universal, if there were not demand after demand.

Since demand after demand is arriving, the waves of that Sea reach this place.

Now that the story of the old man’s experiences has come to this point, the old man and his experiences have withdrawn behind the veil.

The old man has shaken his skirt free from talk and speech: half of the tale has remained in our mouth.

It behoves, for the sake of procuring delight and enjoyment, to gamble away hundreds of thousands of souls.

In chase of the spiritual forest be a falcon, be one who gambles his soul away, like the sun of this world.

The lofty sun is life-diffusing: every moment it becomes empty and is filled.

O Sun of Reality, diffuse spiritual life, show forth newness to this old world!

Soul and spirit are coming from the Unseen into human existence, like running water.

Commentary on the prayer of the two angels who daily make proclamation in every market, saying, “O God, bestow on every lavish spender some boon in exchange! O God, ruin every miser”; and an explanation that the prodigal is he that strives earnestly in the Way of God, not be that squanders his wealth in the way of sensuality.
Who were offering camels in sacrifice in order that their swords might prevail against Mustafa

Endeavour to find out the command of God from one who is united: not every heart understands the command of God,

As the slave, the enemy, who did justice, bestowed what belonged to the King upon those who rebelled against Him

In the Qur’an there is warning to the heedless that all their spending is a bitter grief to them

What increase does the equity and justice of this enemy produce in the sight of the King? Banishment and a black countenance

The chiefs of Mecca at war with the Prophet offered sacrifice in hope of favour.

On this account the true believer is saying in his prayer, from fear, “Lead in the right path!”

It is appropriate for the generous man to give money; truly the generosity of the lover is the surrender of his soul.

If you give bread for God’s sake, you will be given bread; if you give your life for God’s sake, you will be given life.

If the leaves of this plane-tree drop off, the Creator will bestow on it the provision of leaflessness.

If because of your liberality no wealth remains in your hand, how should the bounty of God let you be down-trodden?

When any one sows, his barn becomes empty, but there is goodness in his cornfield;

And, if he leaves it in the barn and saves it up, weevils and mice and calamities devour it.

This world is negation: seek in affirmation. Your form is void: seek in your essence.

Bring the briny bitter soul to the sword: buy the soul that is like a great sweet river.

And if you cannot become one at the threshold, at least hear from me the following tale.
The story of the Caliph who in his time surpasses Hatim of Tayyi’ in generosity and had no rival.

In former days there was a Caliph who made Hatim the slave of his liberality.

He had raised high the banner of munificence and largesse, he had removed poverty and want from the world.

He was a sea of pearls, pure bounty: his largesse reached from Qaf to Qaf.

In this world of dust he was the cloud and the rain: he was the centre wherein the bounty of the Giver of all displayed itself.

His gifts caused sea and mine to quake: caravan on caravan towards his liberality,

His gate and portal was the point to which Need turned: the fame of his munificence had gone into the world

Persians, Greeks, Turks and Arabs, were lost in amazement at his liberality and generosity.

He was the Water of Life and the Ocean of Bounty: by him both Arabs and foreigners were revived

Story of the poor Arab of the desert and his wife’s altercation with him because of penury and poverty

One night a Bedouin woman said to her husband—and she carried talk beyond bounds

“We are suffering all this poverty and hardship: everyone is happy, we are unhappy.

We have no bread; our condiment is anguish and envy: we have no jug; our water is the tears from our eyes.

Our garment by day is the burning sunshine; at night our bed and coverlet is of the moonbeams.

We fancy the disk of the moon is a disk of bread and lift up our hands towards the sky.
The poor feel shame at our poverty: day is turned to night by our anxiety about our daily portion.

Kinsfolk and strangers have come to flee from us in like fashion as Samiri from men.

If I beg a handful of lentils from some one, he says to me, ‘Be silent, O death and plague!’

The Arabs take pride in fighting and giving: you among the Arabs are like a fault in writing.

What fighting? We are killed without fighting; we are made giddy by the sword of want.

What gifts? We are continually begging, we are slitting the vein of the gnat in the air.

If any guest arrives, if I am I; I will go for his tattered cloak when he falls asleep at night.

Mغرور شدن مریدان محتاج به مدعیان مزور و ایشان را شبیخ و محتمش و واصل پنداشتن و نقل را از نقد فرق نادانستن و بر بسته را از بر رسته

How disciples are beguiled in their need by false impostors and imagine them to be Shaykhs and venerable personages and united, and do not know the difference between fact (naqd) and fiction (naql) and between what is tied on and what has grown up.

For this reason the wise have said with knowledge, one must become the guest of those who confer benefits.’

You are the disciple and guest of one whom, from his vileness, robs you of all you have.

He is not strong: how should he make you strong? He does not give light, he makes you dark.

Since he had no light, how in association should others obtain light from him?

Like the half-blind healer of eyes: what should he put in eyes except wool?

Such is our state in poverty and affliction: may no guest be beguiled by us!

If you have never seen a ten years’ famine in forms, open eyes and look at us.

Our outward appearance is like the inward reality of the impostor: darkness in his heart, his tongue flashy.
He has no scent or trace of God, his pretension is greater than Seth and the Father of mankind.

The Devil has not shown to him even his portrait, he is saying, ‘We are of the Abdal and are more.’

He has stolen many an expression used by dervishes, in order that he himself may be thought to be a personage.

In his talk he quibbles at Bayazid, Yazid would be ashamed of his existence.

Without portion of the bread and delicacies of Heaven: God did not throw a single bone to him.

He has proclaimed, I have laid out the dishes, I am the Vicar of God, I am the son of the Khalifa:

Welcome, O simple-hearted ones, tormented, that from my bounteous table you may eat your fill—of nothing.

Some persons, on the promise of ‘to-morrow,’ have wandered for years around that door, ‘To-morrow’ never comes.

It needs a long time for the inmost conscience of a man to become evident, more and less,

Beneath the wall of his body there is treasure, or whether there is the house of snake and ant and dragon.

When it became clear that he was nothing, the life of the seeker had passed: what use the knowledge?

Explaining how it may happen, rarely, that a disciple sincerely puts his faith in a false impostor that he is a (holy) personage, and by means of this faith attains unto a degree which his Shaykh has never dreamed of, and fire and water do him no hurt, though they hurt his Shaykh; but this occurs very seldom.
Why should we conceal like the impostor and suffer agony for the sake of false reputation?"

How the Bedouin bade his wife be patient and declared to her the excellence of patience and poverty.

Her husband said to her, “how long will you seek income and seed-produce? What indeed is left of life? Most is past.

The sensible man does not look at increase or deficiency, because both will pass by like a torrent.

Whether it be pure or whether it be a turbid flood, do not speak of it, since it is not enduring for a moment.

In this world thousands of animals are living happily without up and down.

The dove on the tree is uttering thanks to God, though her food for the night is not ready.

The nightingale is singing glory to God, ‘I rely on You for my daily bread, O You who answers.’

The falcon has made the king’s hand his joy, and has given up hope of all carrion.

Similarly you may take from the gnat to elephant: they all have become God’s family, and what an excellent provider God is!

All these griefs that are within our breasts arise from the vapour, the dust of our existence and wind.

These uprooting griefs are as a scythe to us: this is such and such or that that is such and such is a temptation to us.

Know that every pain is a piece of Death: expel part of Death from you, if there be a means.

When you can not flee from the part of Death, know that the whole of it will be poured upon your head.

If the part of Death has become sweet to you, know that God will make the whole sweet.

Pains are coming from Death as messengers: do not avert your face from his messenger, O foolish one!
Whoever lives sweetly dies bitterly.
Whoever serves his body does not save his soul.
Sheep are driven from the plains:
the fatter they are, the quicker they are killed.
The night is past and dawn is come. O my soul,
how long will you take up the tale of gold from the beginning?:
You were young, and you were more contented:
you have become a seeker of gold; at first you were gold indeed.
You were a fruitful vine: how have you become valueless?
How have you become rotten when your fruit is ripening?
Your fruit ought to become sweeter
and not move farther backwards like rope-makers.
You are my wife: the wife must be of the same quality
in order that things may go rightly.
The married pair must match one another:
look at a pair of shoes or boots.
If one of the shoes is too tight for the foot,
the pair of them is of no use to you.
Have you ever seen one leaf of a door small and the other large,
or a wolf mated with the lion of the jungle?
A pair of sacks on a camel does not balance properly
when one is small and the other of full size.
I march with stout heart towards contentment:
why are you betaking yourself to revilement?
In this fashion the contented man, moved by sincerity and ardour,
was talking to his wife till daybreak.
How the wife counselled her husband, saying, “Don’t talk any more about your merit and rank—
‘why do you say what you do not?’—for although these words are true, yet you have not attained
to the degree of trust in God, and to speak thus above your station and devotional practice
is harmful and exceedingly hateful in the sight of God.”
I will not swallow your spells any more.

Don’t talk nonsense in your presumption and pretension:
go, don’t speak from pride and arrogance.
How long pompous and artificial phrases?
Look at your own acts and feelings and be ashamed!

Pride is ugly, and in beggars more ugly:
wet clothes after a cold snowy day.

How long pretension and palaver and bluster,
O you whose house is as the house of the spider?

When have you illumined your soul by contentment?
Of contentment you have learned the name.

The Prophet said, ‘What is contentment? A treasure.’
You can not distinguish the gain from the pain.

This contentment is the soul’s treasure:
do not you boast, O grief and pain to my soul.

Don’t call me your mate, don’t flap so much.
I am the mate of justice, I am not the mate of fraud.

How are you walking with amir and bey,
when you art slitting the veins of the locust in the air?

You are contending with dogs for the sake of a bone,
you are wailing like an empty-bellied reed-pipe.

Don’t look at me dully with contempt,
lest I tell what is in your veins.

You have deemed your understanding superior to mine,
how have you seen me, who am deficient in understanding?

Don’t spring upon me like a reckless wolf!
Oh, better be without understanding than the disgrace of your understanding.

Since your understanding is a shackle for mankind,
it does not understand: it is a snake and scorpion.

May God be the enemy of your iniquity and deceit!
May the deceitfulness of your understanding fall short of us!

You are both the snake and the charmer — oh, wonderful!
You are the snake-catcher and the snake, O you disgrace to the Arabs!

If the crow knew its ugliness,
from grief and sorrow it would melt like snow.

The charmer chants as an enemy;
he is a spell upon the snake and the snake is a spell upon him.

If his trap were not a spell for the snake,
how would he become a prey to the snake’s spell?
The charmer, from greed and getting and making, is not conscious of the snake’s spell at the time.

The snake says, ‘O charmer, beware, beware! You have beheld your own spell: now behold mine!’

You beguile me with the Name of God in order that you may expose me to shame and confusion.

The Name of God enthralled me, not your contrivance: you made the Name of God a trap: woe to you!

The Name of God will take vengeance from you on my behalf: I commit my soul and body to the Name of God.

Either it will sever the vein of your life by my stroke, or it will bring you into a prison as me.”

Rough speeches of this sort, volumes, the woman recited to her youthful husband.

How the man counselled his wife, saying, “Do not look with contempt on the poor, but regard the work of God as perfect, and do not let your vain thought and opinion of your own penury cause you to sneer at poverty and revile the poor.”

“O woman,” said he, “are you a woman or the father of sorrow? Poverty is pride, and do not you beat me on the head.

Wealth and gold are as a cap to the head: it is the bald man that makes a shelter of his cap.

He that has curly and beautiful locks is happier when his cap is gone.

The man of God resembles the eye: therefore sight is better bare than covered.

When a slave-dealer offers for sale, he removes from the slave the garment that hides defects.

But if there be any defect, how should he strip? No, he tricks him by means of the garment.

‘This one’, says he, ‘is ashamed of good and evil: stripping him would cause him to run away from you.’
The merchant is plunged in vice up to the ears, the merchant has money, and his money covers his vice,

For because of greed none that is covetous sees his vice: greedy feelings of cupidity are a bond uniting hearts;

And if a beggar speak a word like the gold of the mine, his wares will not find the way to the shop.

The affair of poverty is beyond your apprehension: do not look on poverty with contempt,

Because dervishes are beyond property and wealth: they possess an abundant portion from the Almighty.

The High God is just, and how should the just behave tyrannically to the dispirited?

Give fortune and goods to that one, while they put this one on the fire?

The fire burns him because he has this thought about the Lord who created both worlds.

Is ‘Poverty is my pride’ vain and false? No; it is thousands of hidden glories and disdains.

You in anger have poured nicknames on me: you have called me a catcher of friends and a snake catcher.

If I catch the snake, I extract its fangs in order that I may save it from having its head crushed.

Because those fangs are an enemy to its life, I am making the enemy a friend by means of this skill.

Never do I chant my spell from desire: I have turned this desire upside down.

God forbid! I desire nothing from created beings: through contentment there is a world within my hear

You, on the top of the pear-tree, see like that: come down from it, that the thought may not continue.

When you turn round and round and become giddy, you see the house turning round, and it is you are that.
در بیان آن که جنبی‌بدن هر کسی از آن چا که وی است هر کس را از چنگره وجود خود بیند، تابیه‌ی کبوذ افتاف را کبوذ نماید و سرخ سرخ نماید چون تابیه‌ی از رنگ‌ها برپن آید سپید شود از همه تابیه‌های دیگر او راست‌گوتو به‌اشد و امام باشد

Explaining how every one's movement proceeds from the place where he is, he sees every one from the circle of his own self-existence: a blue glass shows the sun as blue, a red glass as red, when the glass escapes from colour, it becomes white, it is more truthful than all other glasses and is the Imam.

Abu Jahl saw Ahmad (Mohammed) and said, 'It is an ugly figure that has sprung from the sons of Hashim!'

Ahmad said to him, 'You are right, you have spoken truth, although you are impertinent.'

The Siddiq saw him and said, 'O Sun, you are neither of East nor of West: shine beauteously!'

Ahmad said, 'You have spoken the truth, O dear friend, O you that have escaped from this world of nothingness.'

They that were present said, O king, why did you call both of them truth-tellers when they contradicted each other?

He replied, 'I am a mirror polished by the hand: Turkoman and Indian behold in me that which exists.'

O wife, if you deem me very covetous, rise above this womanish care.

This resembles no logic and mercy: where that blessing greed?

Make trial of poverty for a day or two, that you may see in poverty double riches.

Have patience with poverty and abandon this disgust, because in poverty there is the light of the Lord of glory.

Do not look sour, and see thousands of souls plunged, through contentment, in an ocean of honey.

Behold hundreds of thousands of bitterly suffering souls steeped in rose-syrup, like the rose.

Oh, alas, would that you had comprehension, so that the unfolded tale of my heart might be shown forth to you from my soul.

This discourse is milk in the teat of the soul: it will not flow well without some one to suck.
When the hearer is fresh and without fatigue, the mute and deaf will find a hundred tongues to speak with.

When a stranger comes in at my door, the women of the harem hide themselves in the veil, but if a harmless relative should come in, those covered ones will lift up their face-veils.

Everything that is made beautiful and fair and lovely is made for the eye that sees.

How should the sound of melody and treble and bass be for the insentient ear of one who is deaf?

Not in vain did God make musk fragrant: He made it for the sense, He did not make it for one whose nostrils are blocked.

God has fashioned the earth and the sky, He has raised in the midst much fire and light.

This earth for those of clay, heaven to be the abode of the celestials.

The low man is the enemy of what is high: the purchaser of each place is manifest.

O chaste woman, have you ever risen up and decked yourself for the sake of him that is blind?

If I should fill the world with hidden pearls, how should I fare, since they are not your portion?

O wife, take leave of quarrelling and waylaying, and if you will not, take leave of me!

What room do I have for quarrelling with the good or the bad? — for this heart of mine is recoiling from acts of peace.

If you keep silence, and if not, I will so do that at this very moment I will leave my house and home.

How the wife paid regard to her husband and begged God to forgive her for what she had said.

When the wife saw that he was fierce and unmanageable, she began to weep: tears in sooth are a woman's lure.

She said, “When did I imagine such from you? I hoped of you something different.”
The wife approached by the way of self-negating
“I am your dust,” said she, “not your lady-wife.

Body and soul and all I am are yours:
the entire authority and command belongs to you.

If because of poverty my heart has lost patience,
it is not for my own sake, but for your.

You have been my remedy in afflictions:
I am unwilling that you should be penniless.

On my soul and conscience, this is not for my own sake:
this wailing and moaning is on account of you.

By God that at every moment
my self would gladly die for your self before you

Would that your soul, to which my soul is devoted,
were aware of my soul’s inmost thoughts!

Inasmuch as you have such opinion of me,
I am grown weary both of soul and of body.

I cast earth on silver and gold,
since you behave thus to me, O comfort of my soul.

You who dwell in my soul and heart,
will you declare yourself to be quit of me for this amount?

Leave! For you have the power,
oh, my soul pleads against your making this declaration.

Remember the time when I was as the idol
and you as the idolater.

Your slave has kindled her heart to comply with you:
whatever you call ‘cooked,’ she says it is ‘burnt’:

Whatever you may cook me with, I am your spinach:
whether sour broth or sweet, you art worthy.

I uttered infidelity: lo, I have returned to the true faith,
I am come with all my soul to your command.

I did not know your kingly nature;
I rudely urged my beast before you.

Since I have made a lamp of your forgiveness, I repent;
I cast away opposition.

I am lying before you sword and winding-sheet:
I am bending my neck towards you: strike!
You are talking of bitter separation:
do whatever you will, but do not this.

Your conscience within you is a pleader on my behalf;
it is a perpetual intercessor with you in my absence.

What pleads within you for me is your nature:
from reliance on it my heart sought sin.

Have mercy, unbeknown to yourself, O angry one,
O you whose nature is better than a hundred pounds of honey.”

In this fashion was she speaking graciously and winningly:
meanwhile a weeping came upon her.

When the tears and sobs passed beyond bounds—
from her who was fascinating even without tears—

There appeared from that rain a lightning-flash
that shot a spark of fire into the heart of the lonely man.

She by whose beauteous face man was enslaved,
how will it be when she begins to play the slave?

She at whose haughtiness your heart is trembling,
how will you fare when she falls a-weeping before you?

She from whose disdain your heart and soul are bleeding,
how will it be when she turns to entreaty?

She in whose tyranny and cruelty we are snared,
what plea shall we have when she rises to plead?

(The love of desired things, women, etc.) is decked out for men:
God has arranged it: how can they escape from what God has arranged?

Inasmuch as He created her that he might take comfort in her,
how can Adam be parted from Eve?

Though he be Rustam son of Zal and greater than Hamza,
as regards authority he is his old woman's captive.

He, to whose words the world was enslaved, used to cry,
“Speak to me, O Humayra!”

The water prevailed over the fire by its dread onset,
the fire makes it seethe when it is screened.

When a cauldron comes between, O king,
it annihilates the water and converts it into air.

If outwardly you art dominating your wife, like the water,
inwardly you are dominated and are seeking your wife.
This is characteristic of Man: to the animals love is wanting, and that arises from inferiority.

Explanation of the Tradition, “Verily, they prevail over the wise man, and the ignorant man prevails over them.”

The Prophet said that woman prevails exceedingly over the wise and intelligent,

On the other hand, ignorant men prevail over woman, for in them the fierceness of the animal is imprisoned.

They lack tenderness, kindness, and affection, because animality predominates over their nature.

Love and tenderness are human qualities; anger and lust are animal qualities.

She is a ray of God, she is not that beloved: she is creative, you might say she is not created.

How the man yielded to his wife’s request that he should seek the means of livelihood, and regarded her opposition as a Divine indication: To the mind of every knowing man it is a fact that with the revolving object there is one that causes it to revolve.

The man became as sorry for that speech as at the hour of death a tyrannical officer for his tyranny.

He said, “How did I become the adversary of the life of my soul (jaan-i-jaan)? How did I bestow kicks on the head of my soul?”

When the destiny comes, it muffles the sight, so that our intellect cannot distinguish foot from head.

As soon as the destiny is past, it devours itself: rending the veil, it tears its bosom.

The man said, “O wife, I am repenting: if I have been an infidel, I will become a Moslem.

I am a sinner against you: have mercy, do not dig me up all at once from root and foundation.”

If the old infidel is repenting, he becomes a Moslem when he pleads for pardon.
حضرت پر رحمت است و پر کرم
عاشق او هم وجود و هم عدم
کفر و ایمان عاشق آن کریما
مس و نقره نبندی آن کیما

در بیان آن که موسی و فرعون هر دو مسخر مشیت‌دان چنان که زهر و پاپادزهر و ظلمات و نور و مناجات کردن فرعون به خلوت تا ناموس تشنکند

Explaining that both Moses and Pharaoh are subject to the Divine Will, like antidote and poison and darkness and light, and how Pharaoh conversed in solitude with God, praying that He would not destroy his reputation.

Moses and Pharaoh were servants of Reality; outwardly the former keeps the way, while the latter has lost the way.

In the daytime Moses was lamenting to God:
at midnight Pharaoh would begin to weep,

Saying, “O God, what shackle is this on my neck?
Were it not for the shackle, who would say ‘I am I’?

By that whereby You have made Moses to be illumined,
by that You have made me to be darkened;

Z أن که موسی را منور کرده‌ای
ماه جانم را سیه‌رو کرده‌ای
بهتر از ماهی نبود استرادم
چون خسوف آمد چه باشد چاردام
نویستم گر رب و سلطان می‌زنند
مهم گر و خلق بدنگ می‌زنند
مهمی‌زنن آن طاس و غغا می‌کنند
ما ه را آن را سیه‌رو می‌کنند

من که فرعون ز شهرت واى من
زخم طاس ان ربي الاعلایی من
خواجه خانانی اما تیشه‌تای
می‌شکافد شاخ را در بیشاعات
پاز شاخی را موصل می‌کنند
شاخ دیگر را معطل می‌کنند

I, who am Pharaoh, oh, woe is me because of the people:
my title of My supreme Lord is the blows on the bowl.

We are fellow-servants,
but Your axe is cleaving the sappy boughs in Your forest;

Then it makes one bough to be firmly planted,
another bough to be left uncared for.

The bough has no power against the axe:
no bough escaped from the power of the axe.

By the truth of the might which belongs to Your axe,
do You graciously make these crooked actions straight.”
Once more Pharaoh said to himself, “Oh, wonderful! Am not I the whole night in ‘O our Lord’?

In secret I am growing humble and harmonious: when I reach Moses, how am I becoming (so different)?

The colour of base gold is in ten coats: how is it becoming black-faced in the presence of the fire?

Is it not that my heart and body are under His control, at one moment He makes me a kernel, at another moment a rind?

When He bids me be a wheat field, I become green; when He bids me be ugly, I become yellow.

At one moment He makes me a moon, at another black.”

How, indeed, is the action of God other than this?

Before the bat of His decree, “Be, and it was,” we are running in Space and beyond.

Since colourlessness became the captive of colour, a Moses came into conflict with a Moses.

When you attain unto the colourlessness which you possessed, Moses and Pharaoh are at peace

If it occurs to you to ask questions about this mystery, how should colour be devoid of contradiction?

The marvel is that this colour arose from that which is colourless: how did colour arise to war with the colourless?

Inasmuch as oil has been formed from water, why have oil and water become opposites?

Since the rose springs from the thorn and the thorn from the rose, why are both of them at war and in recrimination?

Or is this not war? Is it for purpose, an artifice, like the bickering of those who sell asses?

Or is it neither this nor that? Is it bewilderment? The treasure must be sought and this is the ruin.

That which you imagine to be the treasure—through that vain imagination you are losing the treasure.

Know that fancies and opinions are like the state of cultivation: treasure is not in cultivated spots.

In the state of cultivation there is existence and strife: the non-existent is ashamed of existent things.
It is not the case that the existent implored help against non-existence; no, the nonexistent repelled the existent.

Do not say, “I am fleeing from the non-existent”; no, it is fleeing from you. Stop!

Outwardly it is calling you towards itself, but inwardly it is driving you away with the cudgel of rejection.

O man of sound heart, it is walking backwards: know that the rebelliousness of Pharaoh was from Moses.

The reason why the unblessed are disappointed of both worlds, “he has lost this life and the life to come.”

The dear hakim being firmly convinced that the sky is an egg and the earth like its yolk,

Some one asked him how this earth remains, in the midst of this surrounding expanse of sky,

Suspended in the air like a lamp, moving neither to the bottom nor to the top

The philosopher said to him, “It remains in the air because of the attraction exerted by the sky from six directions

Like a vault moulded of lodestone: a suspended piece of iron remains in the middle.”

Said the other, “How should the pure sky draw the dark earth to itself?

No, it is repelling it from six directions: hence it remains amidst the violent winds.”

Then, because of the repulsion exerted by the hearts of the perfect, the spirits of Pharaohs remain in perdition.

Therefore, through being rejected by this world and by that world, these lost ones have been left without either this or that.

If you turn away your head from the servants of the Almighty, know that they are disgusted by your existence.

They possess the amber: when they display it, they make the straw of your existence frenzied.
When they conceal their amber,
you quickly make your submission rebellion.

That is like the stage of animality,
which is captive and subject to humanity.

Know that the stage of humanity
is subject to the power of the saints as the animal, O master.

Ahmad in righteousness called the whole world his servants:
read, “Say, O My servants.”

Your intellect is like the camel-driver, and you are the camel:
it drives you in every direction under its bitter control.

The saints are the intellect of intellect,
and intellects to the end are like camels.

Come now, look upon them with consideration:
there is one guide, and a hundred thousand souls.

What is the guide and what the camel-driver?
Get an eye that may behold the Sun!

Lo, the world has been left nailed fast in night,
day is waiting expectantly, depending on the sun.

Here is a sun hidden in a mote,
a fierce lion in the fleece of a lamb.

A feeling of hesitancy and doubt in the heart
is a Divine mercy in regard to the guide.

Every prophet came alone into this world: he was alone,
and he had a hundred unseen worlds within him.

By his power he enchanted the macrocosm;
he enfolded himself in a very small frame.

The foolish deemed him to be lonely and weak:
how is he weak who has become the King’s companion?

The foolish said, “He is a man, nothing more”:
woe to him that reckons not the end!
How the eyes of (external) sense regarded Salih and his she-camel as despicable and without a champion; when God is about to destroy an army
He makes their adversaries appear despicable and few in their sight, even though the adversary be superior in strength:
“and He was making you few in their eyes, that God might bring to pass a thing that was to be done.”

The she-camel of Salih was in form a camel: that bitter tribe hamstrung her in their folly.

2510 When they became her foes on account of the water, they were blind to bread and blind to water.

God’s she-camel drank water from brook and cloud: they withheld God’s water from God.

The she-camel of Salih became, like the bodies of righteous men, an ambush for the destruction of the wicked,

That what Let God’s she-camel have her portion of water, has brought against that people, through the ordainment of death and woe.

The vengeance, which is God’s minister, demanded from them an entire town as the blood-price of a single camel.

His spirit is like Salih, and his body is the she-camel: the spirit is in union, the body in want.

The Salih-spirit is not susceptible to afflictions: the blows fall on the camel, not on the essence.

No one gains victory over their hearts: harm comes to the oyster-shell, not to the pearl.

The Salih-spirit is not capable of being hurt: the light of God is not subject to infidels.

The Soul attached to it the earthly body, that they might hurt and suffer tribulation,

Not knowing that to hurt this is to hurt Him: the water in this jar is joined with the water in the river.

God connected with a body, in order that he might become a refuge for the whole world.

Be a slave to the camel, which is the saint’s body that you may become the fellow-servant of the Salih-spirit.
Salih said, “Inasmuch as you have shown this envy, after three days the punishment will arrive from God.

After three more days there will come from the Taker of life a calamity that has three signs.

The colour of all your faces will be changed, colours different to look at.

On the first day your faces will be like saffron, on the second your faces will be red like arghawan.

On the third, all your faces will become black: after that, the vengeance of God will arrive.

If you desire from me the sign of this threatened chastisement, the she-camel’s foal has run towards the mountains:

If you can catch him, there is help; else the bird of hope has surely escaped from the snare.”

None was able to overtake the foal: he went into the mountains and vanished.

Salih said, “You see, the destiny has been ratified and has beheaded the phantom of your hope.”

What is the she-camel’s foal? His heart, which you may bring back to its place by means of well-doing and piety.

If his heart comes back, you are saved from that (Divine punishment); otherwise you are despairing and biting your fore-arms (in remorse).

When they heard this dark threat, they cast down their eyes and waited for it.

On the first day they saw their faces yellow: from despair they were sighing heavily.

On the second day the faces of all became red: the time for hope and repentance was lost.

On the third day all their faces became black: the prediction of Salih came true without dispute.

When they all were cast away in despair, they fell on their knees, like camels.

Gabriel, the trusted, brought in the Qur’an the description of this kneeling, jathimin.

Kneel at the time when they are teaching you and bidding you dread such a kneeling as this.
They were waiting for the stroke of vengeance:
the vengeance came and annihilated this town.

Salih went from his solitude to the town:
he beheld the town amidst smoke and heat.

He heard wailing from their limbs:
the lamentation was plain, those who uttered it invisible.

He heard wailings from their bones:
tears of blood from their spirits, like hailstones.

Salih heard that and set to weeping:
he began to lament for them that made lamentation.

He said, “O people that lived in vanity,
and on account of you I wept before God!

God said, ‘Have patience with their iniquity:
give them counsel, not much remains of their period.’

I said Counsel is barred by ill-treatment:
the milk of counsel gushes forth from love and joy.

Much ill-treatment have they bestowed on me,
the milk of counsel is curdled in my veins.’

God said to me, ‘I will give you a boon;
I will lay a plaster on those wounds.’

God made my heart clear as the sky;
He swept your oppression out of my mind.

I went once more to admonition;
I spoke parables and words as sugar,

I produced fresh milk from the sugar;
I mingled milk and honey with my words.

In you those words became like poison,
because you were filled with poison from the root and foundation

How should I be grieved that grief is overthrown?
You were grief, O obstinate people.

Does any one lament the death of grief?
Does any one tear out his hair when the sore on his head is removed?

He turned to himself and said, “O mourner,
those folk are not worth your mourning.”

Recite correctly—do not regard my misquotation—
“Say, how shall I be grieved for an unjust people?”
Again he felt a weeping in his eye and heart:
an uncaused compassion shone forth in him.

He was raining drops of water—and he had become distraught—
an uncaused drop from the Ocean of Bounty.

His intellect was saying, “Why this weeping?
Ought one to weep for such scoffers?
Tell me, what are you weeping for? For their fraud?
For the host of their ill-shod hatreds?
For their murky hearts full of rust?
For their venomous snake-like tongues?
For their dog-like (sagsar) breath and teeth?
For their mouths and eyes teeming with scorpions?
For their wrangling and sneering and scoffing?
Give thanks, since God has imprisoned them.

Their hands are perverse, their feet perverse, their eyes perverse,
their love perverse, their peace perverse, their anger perverse.”

For the sake of imitation and the standards of tradition, they set their
feet (trampled) on the camels of Reason, the venerable guide.

They were not eager for a guide (pir-khar): they all had become an old donkey
(pir khar) from paying hypocritical observance to each other’s eyes and ears.

God brought the worshippers from Paradise
that He might show unto them the nurslings of Hell-fire.

On the meaning of “He let the two seas go to meet one another:
between them is a barrier which they do not seek.”

Behold the people of the Fire and those of Paradise dwelling in the
same shop, between them is a barrier which they do not seek to cross.

He has mixed the people of the Fire and the people of the Light:
between them He has reared the mountain of Qaf.

He has mixed like earth and gold in the mine:
between them are a hundred deserts and caravanserays.

Mixed even as pearls and jet beads in the necklace,
like guests of a single night.

One half of the sea is sweet like sugar:
the taste sweet, the colour bright as the moon.
The other half is bitter as snake's venom: the taste bitter and the colour dark as pitch.

Both dash against one another, from beneath and from the top, wave on wave like the water of the sea.

The appearance of collision, from the narrow body, is the spirits' being intermingled in peace or war.

The waves of peace dash against each other and root up hatreds from breasts

In other form do the waves of war turn loves upside down.

Love is drawing the bitter ones to the sweet, because the foundation of loves is righteousness.

Wrath is carrying away the sweet one to bitterness: how should the bitter sort with the sweet?

The bitter and the sweet are not visible to this sight, they can be seen through the window of the latter end.

The eye that sees the end (akhir) can see truly; the eye that sees the stable (akhur) is delusion and error.

Oh, many the one that is sweet as sugar, but poison is concealed in the sugar.

He that is more sagacious will know it by the smell: another when it touches his lips and teeth:

Then his lips will reject it before his throat, although the Devil is shouting, "Eat!"

And to another it will declare in his throat, while to another it will unmask in his body;

And to another it will give burning pain in evacuation: its outgoing will give him instruction as to its incoming:

And to another after days and months; and to another after death, from the depth of the grave;

And if he be given a respite in the depth of the grave, it will inevitably become manifest on the Day of Resurrection.

Every piece of candy and sugar in the world manifestly has a period granted to it from the revolution of Time.

Years are needed in order that the ruby in the sun may obtain tint and splendour and brilliance.
Vegetables, again, reach maturity in two months, while the red rose comes to perfection in a year.

For this reason the Almighty and Glorious God in the Suratu’l-An'am has made mention of an appointed term (ajal).

You have heard this: may the whole of you, hair by hair, be an ear!

It is the Water of Life: you have drunk, may it do you good!

Call it the Water of Life, call it not a discourse:
behold the new spirit in the body of the old letter!

My friend, listen to another saying, like the soul, very clear and abstruse:

In a certain place, through Divine dispositions even this poison and snake is digestible.

In one place poison and in one place medicine, in one place infidelity and in one place approved.

Although there it is injurious to the soul, when it arrives here it becomes a remedy.

In the young grape (ghura) the juice is sour, but it is sweet and good when the ghura comes to be a ripe grape (angur).

Again in the wine-jar it becomes bitter and unlawful, in the state of vinegar how excellent it is as a seasoning!

Concerning the impropriety of the murid's presuming to do the same things as are done by the wali, inasmuch as sweetmeat does no harm to the physician, but is harmful to the sick, and frost and snow do no harm to the ripe grape, but are injurious to the young fruit; for he is on the way, for he has not become: “That God may forgive you your former and latter sins.”

If the saint drinks a poison it becomes an antidote, but if the seeker drinks it, his mind is darkened.

From Solomon have come the words, “O Lord, give me a kingdom,” that is, “do not give this kingdom and power to any but me.”

Do not bestow this grace and bounty on any but me.” This looks like envy, but it was not that.

Read with your soul the mystery of “it behoves not,” do not deem the inward meaning of “after me” from his avarice.
No, but in sovereignty he saw a hundred dangers:
the kingdom of this world was, hair by hair, fear for one’s head.

Fear for head with fear for heart with fear for religion—
there is no trial for us like this.

Therefore one must possess the high aspiration of a Solomon
in order to escape from these myriads of colours and perfumes.

Even with such strength as he had,
the waves of that kingdom were stifling his breath.

Since dust settled on him from this sorrow,
he had compassion for all the kings of the world.

Hence he interceded and said, “Give this kingdom
with the perfection which You have given to me.

To whomever You will give, and You will confer that bounty,
he is Solomon, and I also am he.

He is not ‘after me,’ he is with me.
What of ‘with me,’ indeed? I am without rival.”

It is my duty to explain this,
but I will return to the story of the man and wife.

**The moral of the altercation of the Arab and his wife**

The heart of one who is sincere is seeking a moral
for the altercation of the man and wife.

The altercation of the man and wife has been related:
know that it is a parable of your own nafs and reason.

This man and wife, which are the flesh and the reason,
are very necessary for good and evil;

And this necessary pair in this house of earth
is in strife and altercation day and night.

The wife is craving requisites for the household, that is to say,
reputation and bread and deicacies and rank.

Like the wife, the flesh, in order to contrive the means,
is at one time seeking humility and at another time to domination.

The reason is really unconscious of these thoughts:
in its brain is nothing but love of God.
Although the inner meaning of the tale is this bait and trap, listen now to the outward form of the tale in its entirety.

If the spiritual explanation were sufficient, the creation of the world would have been vain and idle.

If love were thought and reality, the form of your fasting and prayer would be non-existent.

The gifts of lovers to one another are, in respect of love, naught but forms;

That the gifts may have borne testimony to feelings of love which are concealed in secrecy,

Because outward acts of kindness bear witness to feelings of love in the heart, O dear friend

Your witness is sometimes true, sometimes false, sometimes drunken with wine, sometimes with sour curds.

He that has drunk sour curds makes a show of intoxication, shouts ecstatically, and behaves like one whose head is heavy:

That hypocrite is in fasting and praying, in order that it may be supposed that he is drunk with devotion.

In short, external acts are different from internal feelings, and their purpose is to indicate that which is hidden.

O Lord, grant us according to our desire such discernment that we may know the false indication from the true.

Do you know how the sense-perception becomes discerning?

In this way, that the sense-perception should be seeing by the light of God.

And if there be no effect, the cause too makes manifest, as kinship gives information concerning love.

When the light of God comes into the sensual, you will not be a slave to effect or cause

So that Love will throw a spark within, wax mighty, and make independent of effect.

He has no need for the signs of love, since Love has shot its radiance over the sky.

There are detailed explanations in order to complete this subject; but seek them, and farewell.
In regard to indication, they are like the sap and the tree; when you turn to the essence, they are very far.

Take leave of quibbles and essential properties, and relate what happened to those two with faces like the moon.

How the Arab set his heart on his beloved’s request and swore that in thus submitting he had no trickery and making trial.

The man said, “Now I have ceased to oppose: you have authority: draw the sword from the sheath.

Whatever you bid me do, I will obey: I will not consider the bad or good result of it.

I will become non-existent in your existence, because I am your lover: love makes blind and deaf.”

The wife said, “Oh, I wonder if you are my friend, or whether you are discovering my secret by trickery?”

He said, by God who knows the thought most deeply hid, who out of dust created Adam pure,

Who, in the body three cubits long which He gave him, displayed everything that was contained in the tablets and the spirits.

Through his He taught him the Names he at the very first gave instruction concerning everything that shall come to pass unto everlasting,

So that the angels became beside themselves at his teaching, and gained from his glorification a holiness other

The revelation that appeared to them from Adam was not in the amplitude of their heavens.

In comparison with the spaciousness of the range of that pure spirit, the expanse of the seven heavens became narrow.

The Prophet said that God has said, ‘I am not contained in the jar of “high” and “low”; I am not contained in earth or heaven or even in the empyrean—know this for certain, O noble one;

I am contained in the true believer’s heart: oh, how wonderful! If you seek Me, search in those hearts.’

He said, ‘Enter among My servants, you will meet with a Paradise of vision of Me, O God-fearing one.’
The empyrean, notwithstanding its wide light, when it beheld that, was confounded.

Truly, the magnitude of the empyrean is very great, but who is form when reality has arrived?

Then the angels were saying, before this we had a friendship on the dust of the earth.

On the earth we were sowing the seed of service: we were marvelling at that connection,

Marvelling what connection we had with that dust, inasmuch as our nature is of heaven.

Why friendship in us, who are light, with darkness?

O Adam, that friendship was owing to the scent of you, because earth was the woof and warp of your body.

From this place your earthly body was woven, in this place your pure light was found.

This, that our souls have obtained from your spirit formerly shone from the dust.

We were in the earth, and heedless of the earth, heedless of the treasure that lay buried there.

When He bade us journey from that place of abode our palates were soured by the change,

So that we were arguing,

'0 God, who will come in our stead?'

Will You sell the splendour of the praise with which we glorify and magnify You for babble and chatter?'

The decree of God spread for us the carpet,

'Speak ye, in the way of boldness

Without fear, whatever comes upon your tongues, like an only child with its father?

For what if these words are unseemly?

My mercy likewise is prior to My wrath.

In order to manifest this priority, O angel,

That you may speak and I not take offence at you, none who denies My clemency may dare to utter a word.
Within My clemency a hundred fathers and a hundred mothers at every moment are born and vanish.

Their clemency is the foam of the sea of My clemency: the foam comes and goes, but the sea is there.’

What indeed shall I say? Compared with that pearl this oyster-shell is naught but the foam of the foam of the foam of foam.

By the truth of that foam, by the truth of that pure sea, these words are not trial of you and are not vain.

They are from love and sincerity and humbleness, by the truth of that One to whom I turn.

If this affection seems to you a trial, for one moment put the trial to the test.

Do not hide your secret, in order that mine may be revealed: command anything that I am able to do.

Do not hide your heart, in order that mine may be revealed and that I may accept whatever I am capable of.

How shall I do? What remedy is in my power?

Look what a plight my soul is in.”

٢٦٧٣ صد پدر صد مادر اندر حلم ما هر نفس زاید در افتاد در فنا حلم ایشان کف بحر حلم ماست کف رود اید ولی دریا به جاست خود چه گیوه پیش آن در این صدف نیست افک کف کف کف حق اک قف حق اک قاف که امتحانی نیست این کف و نه اک از سر مهر و صفاء است و خضوع حق آن کس که دبو دارم رجوع گر به یشت امتحان است این هوس امتحان را امتحان کن یک نفس سر میوشان تا پدید آید سرم امر کن تو هر چی بر وی قادرم دل میوشان تا پدید آید دلم تا قبول آرم ها أن چه قابلیم چون کم در نست من چه چاره است در نگر تا جان من چه کاره است

٢٦٧٥ How the wife specified to her husband the way to earn daily bread and how he was accepted.

The wife said, “A sun has shone forth, a world has received light from him.

The Vicar of the Merciful, the Khalifa of the Creator: through him the city of Baghdad is as the season of spring.

If you gain access to that King, you will become a king: how long will you go after every misfortune? “

Companionship with the fortunate is like the Elixir: indeed, how is an Elixir like their looks?

The eye of Ahmad was cast upon an Abu Bakr: he by a single act of faith became a Siddiq.

Said the husband, “How should I go to meet the King? How should I go to him without a pretext?

I must have some reference or device: is any handicraft right without tools?
As the famous Majnun, when he heard from some one that Layla was a little unwell,

Cried, ‘Ah, how shall I go without a pretext?
And if I fail to visit her when she is ill, how shall I be!

Would that I were a skilled physician!
I would have gone on foot to Layla first of all.’

God said to us, ‘Say, Come ye,’ in order to signify to us the vanquishing our feeling of shame.

If bats had sight and means, they would fly about and enjoy themselves by day.”

The wife said, “When the gracious King goes into the field (maydan), the essence of every lack of means becomes a means,

Because the means is pretension and self-existence: the matter lies in lack of means and non-existence.”

“How,” said he, “should I do business without means, unless I make it manifest that I have no means?
Therefore I must have proof of my lack of means, that he may pity me.

Produce some proof besides talk and show, so that the beauteous King may take pity,

For the testimony that consisted of talk and show was invalidated before that Supreme Judge.

He requires truth as witness to his state, so that his light shall shine forth without any words of his.”

How the Arab carried a jug of rain-water from the midst of the desert as a gift to the Commander of the Faithful at Baghdad, in the belief that in that town also there was a scarcity of water.

The wife said, “When people with all their might rise up entirely purged of self-existence--that is veracity.

We have the rain-water in the jug: it is your property and capital and means.

Take this jug of water and depart, make it a gift and go into the presence of the King of kings.
Say, ‘We have no means except this: in the desert there is nothing better than this water.’

If his treasury is full of gold and jewels, he does not get water like this: it is rare.”

What is that jug? Our confined body: within it is the briny water of our senses.

O Lord, accept this jar and jug of mine by the grace of “God has purchased (from the believers their lives and wealth in return for Paradise).”

A jug with five spouts, the five senses: keep this water pure from every filth,

That there may be from this jug a passage to the sea, and that my jug may assume the nature of the sea,

So that when you carry it as a gift to the King, the King may find it pure and be its purchaser;

After that, its water will become without end: a hundred worlds will be filled from my jug.

Stop up its spouts and keep it filled from the jar:

God said, “Close your eyes to vain desire.

His beard was full of wind: “Who has such a gift as this? This, truly, is worthy of a King like him.”

The wife did not know that in that place on the thoroughfare there is the great stream sweet as sugar,

Flowing like a sea through the city, full of boats and fishing-nets.

Go to the Sultan and behold this pomp and state! Behold the senses of those for whom God has prepared gardens beneath which the rivers flow!

Our senses and perceptions, such as they are, are a single drop in those rivers.

How the Arab’s wife sewed the jug of rain-water in a felt cloth and put a seal on it because of the Arab’s utter conviction.

The wife did not know that in that place on the thoroughfare there is the great stream sweet as sugar,

Flowing like a sea through the city, full of boats and fishing-nets.

Go to the Sultan and behold this pomp and state! Behold the senses of those for whom God has prepared gardens beneath which the rivers flow!

Our senses and perceptions, such as they are, are a single drop in those rivers.
For there is no like this in the entire world: no water is as pure as this.”

Because they are always full of infirmity and half-blind from bitter and briny waters.

The bird whose dwelling-place is the briny water, how should it know where to find in it the clear water?

O you whose abode is in the briny spring, how should you know the Shatt and the Jayhun and the Euphrates?

O you who have not escaped from this fleeting caravanseray how should you know “self-extinction” and “intoxication” and “expansion”?

And if you know, it is handed down to you from father and grandfather: to you these names are like abjad.

How plain and evident to all children are abjad and hawwaz, and the real meaning is far away.

Then the Arab man took up the jug and set out to journey, carrying it along day and night.

He was trembling for the jug, in fear of Fortune’s mischief: all the same, he conveyed it from the desert to the city.

His wife unrolled the prayer-rug in supplication; she made Rabbi sallim her litany in prayer,

Crying, “Keep our water safe from scoundrels! O Lord, let that pearl arrive at that sea!

Although my husband is shrewd and artful, yet the essence has thousands of enemies.

Pearl indeed! “It is the water of Kawthar: it is a drop of this that is the origin of the pearl.”

Through the prayers and lamentation of the wife, and through the husband’s anxiety and his patience under the heavy burden,

He bore it without delay, safe from robbers and unhurt by stones, to the seat of the Caliphate.

He saw a bountiful Court; the needy had spread their nets;

Everywhere, moment by moment, some petitioner gained from that Court a donation and robe of honour:

It was like sun and rain, nay, like Paradise, for infidel and true believer and good folk and bad.
He beheld some people arrayed in the sight, and others who had risen to their feet waiting.

High and low, from Solomon to the ant, they had become quickened with life, like the world at the blast of the trumpet.

The followers of Form were woven in essence; the followers of Reality had found the Sea of Reality.

Those without aspiration—how aspiring had they become! And those of high aspiration—to what felicity had they attained!

Showing that, as the beggar is in love with bounty and in love with the bountiful giver, so the bounty of the bountiful giver is in love with the beggar: if the beggar have the greater patience, the bountiful giver will come to his door; and if the bountiful giver have the greater patience, the beggar will come to his door; but the beggar's patience is a virtue in the beggar, while the patience of the bountiful giver is in him a defect.

A loud call was coming: “Come, O seeker! Bounty is in need of beggars: like a beggar.

Bounty is seeking the beggars and the poor, just as fair ones who seek a clear mirror.

The face of the fair is made beautiful by the mirror; the face of Beneficence is made visible by the beggar.

Therefore on this account God said in the Sura Wa’d-Duha “O Mohammed, do not shout at the beggar.”

Inasmuch as the beggar is the mirror of Bounty, take care! Breath is hurtful to the face of the mirror.

In the one case, his bounty makes the beggar manifest, while in the other case he, bestows on the beggars more.

Beggars, then, are the mirror of God's bounty, and they that are with God are the Absolute Bounty; And every one except those two is truly a dead man: he is not at this door; he is a picture on a curtain.
The difference between one that is poor for God and thirsting for Him
and one that is poor of God and thirsting for what is other than He.

He is the picture of a dervish, he is not worthy of bread:
do not throw bread to the picture of a dog!

He wants a morsel of food, he does not want God:
do not set dishes before a lifeless picture!

The dervish that wants bread is a land-fish:
the form of a fish, but fleeing from the sea.

He is a domestic fowl, not the Simurgh of the air:
he swallows sweet morsels; he does not eat from God.

He loves God for the sake of gain:
his soul is not in love with excellence and beauty.

If he conceives that he is in love with the Essence,
conception of the names and attributes is not the Essence.

Conception is begotten of qualities and definition:
God is not begotten, He is \textit{lam yulad}.  

How should he that is in love with his own imagination and conception
be one of them that love the Lord of bounties?

If the lover of that illusion be sincere,
that metaphor will lead him to the reality.

The exposition of this saying demands a commentary,
but I am afraid of senile minds.

Senile and short-sighted minds
bring a hundred evil fancies into their thoughts.

Not every one is able to hear rightly:
the fig is not a morsel for every little bird,

Especially a bird that is dead, putrid;
a blind, eyeless filled with vain fancy.

To the picture of a fish what is the difference between sea and land?
To the colour of a Hindu what is the difference between soap and
black vitriol?

If you depict the portrait on the paper as sorrowful,
it has no lesson of sorrow or joy.

Its appearance is sorrowful, but it has no impression of that.
And this sorrow and joy which are delineated in the heart are naught but a picture in comparison with that joy and sorrow.

The picture’s smiling appearance is for your sake, in order that by means of that picture the reality may be established.

The pictures which are in these hot baths, from outside the undressing-room, are like clothes.

So long as you are outside, you see only the clothes: put off your clothes and enter, O kindred spirit,

Because, with your clothes, there is no way inside: the body is ignorant of the soul, the clothes of the body.

How the Caliph’s officers and chamberlains came forward to pay their respects to the Bedouin and to receive his gift.

When the Bedouin arrived from the remote desert to the gate of the Caliph’s palace,

The court officers went to meet the Bedouin: they sprinkled much rose-water of graciousness on his bosom.

Without speech they perceived what he wanted: it was their practice to give before being asked.

Then they said to him, “O chief of the Arabs, where do you come from? How are you after the journey and fatigue?”

He said, “I am a chief, if you give me any countenance; I am without means when you put me behind your backs.

O you in whose faces are the marks of eminence, O you whose splendour is more pleasing than the gold of Ja’far, O you, one sight of whom is sights, O you at the sight of whom pieces of gold are scattered, O you, all of whom have become seeing by the light of God, who have come from God for the sake of munificence,

That you may cast the elixir of your looks upon the copper of human individuals,

I am a stranger: I have come from the desert: I have come in hope of the grace of the Sultan.
The scent of his grace covered the deserts: even the grains of sand were ensouled.

I came all the way to this place for the sake of dinars: as soon as I arrived, I became drunk with sight."

A person ran to the baker for bread: on seeing the beauty of the baker, he gave up the ghost.

A certain man went to the rose-garden to take his pleasure, and found it in the beauty of the gardener,

Like the desert Arab who drew water from the well and tasted the Water of Life from the face of Joseph

Moses went to fetch fire: he beheld such a Fire that he escaped from fire.

Jesus sprang up, to escape from his enemies: that spring carried him to the Fourth Heaven.

The ear of wheat became a trap for Adam, so that his existence became the wheat-ear of mankind.

The falcon comes to the snare for food: it finds the fore-arm of the King and fortune and glory.

The child went to school to acquire knowledge, in hope of its father's pretty bird;

Then, by school, that child rose to the top, paid monthly fees, and became perfect.

Abbas had come to war for vengeance’ sake, for the purpose of subduing Ahmad and opposing the religion:

He and his descendants in the Caliphate became a back and front to the religion until the Resurrection.

“I came to this court in quest of wealth: as soon as I entered the portico I became chief.

I brought water as a gift for the sake of bread: hope of bread led me to the highest place in Paradise.

Bread drove an Adam forth from Paradise: bread caused me to mix with those who belong to Paradise.

I have been freed, like the angels, from water and bread: without object of desire I move round this court, like the sphere of heaven.”

Nothing in the world is without object in its movement except the bodies and the souls of lovers.
Showing that the lover of this world is like the lover of a wall on which the sunbeams strike, who makes no effort and exertion to perceive that the radiance and splendour do not proceed from the wall, but from the orb of the sun in the Fourth Heaven; consequently he sets his whole heart on the wall, and when the sunbeams rejoin the sun, he is left for ever in despair:

“and a bar is placed between them and that which they desire.”

The lovers of the Whole are not those who love the part: he that longed for the part failed to attain unto the Whole.

When a part falls in love with a part, the object of its love soon goes to its own whole.

He became the laughing-stock of another’s slave: he became drowning and clung to some one weak.

He possesses no authority, that he should care for him: shall he do his own master’s business or his own?

The Arabic proverb, “If you commit fornication; commit it with a free woman, and if you steal, steal a pearl.”

Hence, “fornicate with a free woman,” became proverbial; “steal a pearl” were transferred to this.

The slave went away to his master: he was left in misery.

The scent of the rose went to the rose: he was left with the thorn.

He was left far from the object of his desire—his labour lost, his toil useless, his foot wounded.

Like the hunter who catches a shadow—how should the shadow become his property?

The man has grasped tightly the shadow of a bird; the bird on the branch of the tree is fallen into amazement,

And if you say that the part is connected with the whole, eat thorns: the thorn is connected with the rose.
Except from one point of view, it is not connected with the whole: otherwise, indeed, the mission of the prophets would be vain,

Inasmuch as the prophets are in order to connect:
how, then, should they connect them when they are one body?

This discourse has no end.
O lad, the day is late: conclude the tale.

How the Arab delivered the gift, that is, the jug to the Caliph's servants.

He presented the jug of water;
he sowed the seed of homage in that court.

“Bear this gift,” said he, “to the Sultan;
redeem the King's suitor from indigence.

It is sweet water and a new green jug—
some of the rainwater that collected in the ditch.”

The officials smiled at that,
but they accepted it as life,

Because the graciousness of the good and wise King
had made a mark on all the courtiers.

The disposition of kings settles in their subjects:
the green sky makes the earth verdant.

Regard the king as a reservoir with pipes in every direction,
and water running from all like hoppers.

When the water in all is from a pure reservoir,
every single one gives sweet water, pleasant to taste;

But if the water in the reservoir is brackish and dirty,
every pipe brings the same to view,

Because every pipe is connected with the reservoir.
Dive, dive into the meaning of these words.

How the imperial grace of the homeless Spirit
has produced effects on the whole body;

How the grace of Reason, which is of goodly nature, of goodly lineage,
brings the entire body into discipline;
How Love, saucy, uncontrolled, and restless, 
throws the whole body into madness.

The purity of the water of the Sea that is like Kawthar, 
its pebbles are pearls and gems.

For whatever science the master is renowned, 
the souls of his pupils become endued with the same.

With the master-theologian 
the quick and industrious pupil reads theology.

With the master-jurist the student of jurisprudence reads jurisprudence, 
when he expounds it, not theology.

Then the master who is a grammarian— 
the soul of his pupil becomes imbued by him with grammar.

Again, the master who is absorbed in the Way— 
because of him the soul of his pupil is absorbed in the King.

Of all these various kinds of knowledge, on the day of death 
the equipment and provision for the road is the knowledge of poverty.

The story of what passed between the grammarian and the boatman.

A certain grammarian embarked in a boat. 
That self-conceited person turned to the boatman.

And said, “Have you ever studied grammar?” “No,” he replied. 
The other said, “Half your life is gone to naught.”

The boatman became heart-broken with grief, 
but at the time he refrained from answering.

The wind cast the boat into a whirlpool: 
the boatman spoke loud to the grammarian,

“Tell me, do you know how to swim?” “No,” said he, 
O fair-spoken good-looking man!”

“O grammarian,” said he, “your whole life is nothing, 
because the boat is sinking in these whirlpools.”

Know that here mabh (self-effacement) is needed, not nabw (grammar): 
if you are mabh (dead to self), plunge into the sea without peril.

The water of the sea places the dead one on its head; 
but if he is living, how shall he escape from the sea?
Inasmuch as you have died to the attributes of the flesh, the Sea of consciousness will place you on the crown of its head.

O you who halt called the people asses, at this time you art left, like an ass, upon this ice.

If in the world you art the most learned scholar of the time, behold the passing-away of this world and this time!

We have stitched in the grammarian, that we might teach you the grammar (\textit{nahw}) of self-effacement (\textit{mahw}).

In self-loss, O venerated friend, you will find the jurisprudence of jurisprudence, the grammar of grammar, and the accidence of accidence.

That jug of water is our different sorts of knowledge, and the Caliph is the Tigris of God's knowledge.

We are carrying jugs full to the Tigris: if we do not know ourselves to be asses, asses we are.

After all, the Bedouin was excusable, for he was ignorant of the Tigris and of the river.

If he had been acquainted with the Tigris, as we are, he would not have carried that jug from place to place;

No, had he been aware of the Tigris, he would have dashed that jug against a stone.

\textit{How the Caliph accepted the gift and bestowed largesse, notwithstanding that he was entirely without need of the gift and the jug.}

When the Caliph saw and heard his story, he filled the jug with gold and added.

He delivered the Arab from penury; he bestowed donations and special robes of honour.

Saying, “Give into his hand this jug full of gold. When he returns, take him to the Tigris.”

He has come by way of the desert and by travelling: it will be nearer for him by water.

When he embarked in the boat and beheld the Tigris, he was prostrating himself in shame and bowing.
Saying, “Oh, wonderful is the kindness of that bounteous King, and It is more wonderful that he took that water.

How did that Sea of munificence so quickly accept from me such spurious coin as this?”

Know, O son that everything in the universe is a jug which is to the brim with wisdom and beauty.

It is a drop of the Tigris of His beauty, which because of its fullness is not contained under the skin.

It was a hidden treasure: because of its fullness it burst forth and made the earth more shining than the heavens.

It was a hidden treasure: because of its fullness it surged up and made the earth a sultan robed in satín.

And if he had seen a branch of the Divine Tigris, he would have destroyed that jug, destroyed it.

They that saw it are always beside themselves: like one beside himself, they hurled a stone at the jug.

O you who from jealousy have hurled a stone at the jug, while the jug has become more perfect through being shattered,

The jar is shattered, the water is not spilled from it: from this shattering have arisen a hundred soundnesses.

Every piece of the jar is in dance and ecstasy, to the partial reason this seems absurd.

In this state neither the jug nor the water is manifest. Consider well, and God knows best what is right.

When you knock at the door of Reality, it will be opened to you: beat the pinion of thought, in order that you may be made a king-falcon.

The pinion of your thought has become mud-stained and heavy because you are a clay-eater: clay has become to you as bread.

Bread and meat are clay: eat little of them, that you may not remain in the earth, like clay.

When you become hungry, you become a dog: you become fierce and ill-tempered and ill-natured.

When you have eaten your fill, you have become a carcass: you have become devoid of understanding and without feet, like a wall.

So at one time you are a carcass and at another time a dog: how will you run well in the road of the lions?
Know that your only means of hunting is the dog:
throw bones to the dog but seldom,

Because when the dog has eaten its fill, it becomes rebellious:
how should it run to the goodly chase and hunt?

Want of food was leading the Arab to that court,
and he found his fortune.

We have related in the story the kindness
shown by the King to that needy one who had no refuge.

Whatever the man in love speaks,
the scent of Love is springing from his mouth into the abode of Love.

If he speak theology, it all turns to poverty:
the scent of poverty comes from that man of sweet and beguiling discourse.

And if he speaks infidelity, it has the scent of religion,
and if he speaks doubtfully, his doubt turns to certainty.

The perverse froth that has risen from a sea of sincerity
that turbid has been set out by the pure source.

Know that its froth is pure and worthy:
know that it is like revilement from the lips of the beloved,

Whose unsought reproaches have become sweet
for the sake of her cheek which he desires.

If he speaks falsehood, it seems the truth.
O falsehood that would adorn the truth!

If you cook of sugar in the form of a loaf of bread, it will taste of candy,
not of bread, while you are sucking it.

If a true believer finds a golden idol,
how should he leave it for the sake of a worshipper?

No, he will take it and cast it into the fire:
he will break its borrowed form,

In order that the idol-shape may not remain on the gold,
because Form hinders and waylays.

The essence of its gold is the essence of Lordship:
the idol-stamp on the sterling gold is borrowed.

Do not burn a blanket on account of a flea,
and do not let the day go on account of every gnat’s headache.

You are an idol-worshipper when you remain in forms:
leave its form and look at the reality.
If you are a man for the Pilgrimage, seek a pilgrim companion, whether he is a Hindu or a Turk or an Arab.

Do not look at his figure and colour, look at his purpose and intention.

If he is black, he is in accord with you: call him white, for his complexion is the same as yours.

This story has been told up and down, like the doings of lovers, without foot or head.

It has no head, inasmuch as it existed before eternity; it has no foot: it has been akin to everlastingness.

No, it is like water: every drop is both head and foot, and at the same time without both.

This is not a story, mark you! God forbid!

This is the ready money of my state and yours. Consider well, Because the Sufi is grand and glorious: whatever is past is not remembered.

We are both the Arab and the jug and the King; we are all: he that has been turned away from it shall be turned away.

Know that the husband is Reason, and the wife is greed and cupidity: these two are dark and deniers; Reason is the candle.

Now hear the origin of their denial, from where it arose: from the fact that the Whole has various parts.

The parts of the Whole are not parts in relation to the Whole—not like the scent of the rose, which is a part of the rose.

The beauty of green herbs is a part of the Rose’s beauty, the coo of the turtle-dove is a part of that Nightingale.

If I become occupied with a difficulty and the answer, how shall I be able to give water to the thirsty?

If you are wholly perplexed and in straits, have patience: patience is the key to joy.

Abstain from thoughts, abstain: thought is the lion and the wild ass, and hearts are the thickets.

Acts of abstinence are superior to medicines, because scratching is an increase of the itch.

Assuredly abstinence is the first principle of medicine: abstain, and behold the strength of the spirit (jaan).
Receive these words, like the ear, that I may make for you an earring of gold:

You will become a ring in the ear of the Moon that works in gold; you will ascend to the moon and the Pleiades.

First, hear that the diverse created beings are spiritually different, from *ya* (Y) to *alif* (A).

Amongst the various letters there is a confusion and uncertainty, though from one point of view they are one from head to foot.

From one aspect they are opposites, and from one aspect they are unified; from one aspect they are a joke, and from one aspect they are serious.

Therefore the Resurrection is the day of the supreme inspection: inspection is desired by him who is glorious and splendid.

Whoever is like a fraudulent Hindu, for him the day of inspection is the time of exposure.

Inasmuch as he has not a face like the sun, he desires nothing but night like a veil.

Since his thorn has not a single rose-leaf, spring is the enemy of his conscience, for him the day of inspection is the time of exposure.

While to one that is roses and lilies from head to foot spring is a pair of bright eyes.

The unspiritual thorn wishes for autumn, for autumn, in order that it may jostle with the rose-garden, and that it may hide the beauty of that and the shame of this, so that you may not see the colour of that and the colour of this.

Therefore autumn is its spring and life; the stone and the pure ruby appear one.

The Gardener knows that even in autumn, but the One's sight is better than the world's sight.

Truly that One Person is the world; he is unaware of evil.

The stars, every one, are all part of the Moon.

Therefore every fair form and shape is crying, “Good news! Good news! Lo, here comes the spring.”

So long as the blossom is shining like a coat of mail, how should the fruits display their knobs?

When the blossom is shed, the fruit comes to a head: when the body is shattered, the spirit lifts up its head.
Concerning the qualities of the Pir and obedience to him

O Splendour of the Haqq, Husamu’ddin, take one or two sheets of paper and add in description of the Pir.

Although your slender body has no strength, yet without the sun we have no light.

Although you have become the lighted wick and the glass, yet you are the heart’s leader: you are the end of the thread.

Inasmuch as the end of the thread is in your hand and will, the Leads on the heart’s necklace are from your bounty.

Write down what appertains to the Pir who knows the Way: Choose the Pir and regard him as the essence of the Way.

The Pir is summer, and people are the autumn month; people are like night, and the Pir is the moon.

“I have bestowed on young Fortune the name of Pir, because he is old by the Truth, not old by Time.

So old is he that he has no beginning; there is no rival to such a unique Pearl.

Verily, old wine grows more potent; verily, old gold is more highly prized.

Choose a Pir, for without a Pir this journey is exceeding full of woe and affright and danger.

Without an escort you are bewildered on a road you have travelled many times.

Do not, then, travel alone on a Way that you have not seen at all, do not turn your head away from the Guide.
Fool, if his shadow be not over you, then the cry of the ghoul will keep you with your head in a whirl.

The ghoul will from the Way cast you into destruction: there have been in this Way many craftier than you.

Listen to the Qur'an and the perdition of the wayfarers, what the evil-souled Iblis did unto them:

He carried them far—a journey of hundreds of thousands of years—from the Highway, and made them backsliders and naked.

Behold their bones and their hair!

Take warning, and drive not your ass towards them!

Seize the neck of your ass and lead him towards the Way, towards the good keepers and those who know the Way.

Beware! Do not let your ass go, and do not remove your hand from him, because his love is for the place where green herbs are plentiful.

If you carelessly leave him free for one moment, he will go leagues in the direction of the herbage.

The ass is an enemy to the Way, madly in love with fodder: oh, many is the attendant on him that he has brought to ruin!

If you know not the Way, whatever the ass desires, do the opposite: that, surely, will be the right Way.

"Consult them, and then oppose: he that disobeys them not will be ruined."

Be not a friend to temptation and desire, since it leads you astray from the Way of God.

Nothing in the world will break this passion like the shadow of fellow-travellers.

How the Prophet, on whom be peace, enjoined 'Ali—may God make his person honoured—saying, "When every one seeks to draw nigh to God by means of some kind of devotional act, do you seek the favour of God by associating with His wise and chosen servant, that you may be the first of all to arrive."

The Prophet said to 'Ali, “O 'Ali, you are the Lion of God, you are a courageous knight,

But do not even rely upon your lion-heartedness: come into the shade of the palm-tree of hope.
Come into the shade of the Sage
whom no conveyer can carry off from the Way.

His shadow on the earth is like Mount Qaf;
his spirit is the Simurgh that circles exceedingly high.

If I should tell of his qualities until the Resurrection,
do not seek any conclusion and end to them.

The Sun has veiled Himself in Man:
apprehend, and God knows best what is right.

O ‘Ali, above all devotional acts in the Way
choose the shadow of the servant of God.

Every one took refuge in some act of devotion
and discovered for themselves some means of deliverance.

Take refuge in the shadow of the Sage
that you may escape from the Enemy that opposes in secret.

Of all acts of devotion this is the best for you:
you will gain precedence over every one that has outstripped.”

When the Pir has accepted you, take heed, surrender thyself:
go, like Moses, under the authority of Khizr.

Bear patiently whatever is done by a Khizr, who is without hypocrisy,
in order that Khizr may not say, "Begone, this is parting.”

Though he holed the boat, do not speak a word;
though he kills a child, do not tear your hair.

God has declared that his hand is as His own,
since He gave out
the Hand of God is above their hands.

The Hand of God causes him to die and brings him to life.
What of life? He makes him a spirit everlasting.

If any one, by rare exception, traversed this Way alone,
he arrived through the help of the hearts of the Pirs.

Inasmuch as they give such a robe of honour to the absent,
undoubtedly the present are better than the absent.

Since they are bestowing food on the absent,
see what bounties they must lay before one who is present.

Where is one that girds himself before them
to one that is outside the door?
When you have chosen your Pir, be not faint-hearted; be not weak as water and crumbly as earth.

If you are enraged by every blow, then how will you become a mirror without being polished?

How you have chosen your Pir, be not faint-hearted; be not weak as water and crumbly as earth. If you are enraged by every blow, then how will you become a mirror without being polished?

How the man of Qazwin was tattooing the figure of a lion in blue on his shoulders, and repenting because of the needle-pricks.

Hear from the narrator this story about the way and custom of the people of Qazwin.

They tattoo themselves in blue with the point of a needle on body and hand and shoulders, so as to suffer no injury.

A certain man of Qazwin went to a barber and said, “Tattoo me; do it charmingly.”

“How valiant sir,” said he, “what figure shall I tattoo?”

He answered, “Prick in the figure of a furious lion. Leo is my ascendant: tattoo the form of a lion. Exert yourself, prick in plenty of the blue dye.”

“On what place,” he asked, “shall I tattoo you?”

Said he, “Prick the design of the beauty on my shoulder-blade.”

As soon as he began to stick in the needle, the pain of it settled in the shoulder, and the hero fell a-moaning—“O illustrious one, you have killed me: what figure are you tattooing?”

“My dear friend,” he cried, “leave out the tail! My breath is stopped by the lion’s tail and rump: his rump has tightly closed my windpipe. Let the lion be without a tail, O lion-maker, for my heart is faint from the blows of the needle.”

That person commenced to prick in on another part without fear, without favour, without mercy.
He yelled—"Which of his members is this?"
"This is his ear, my good man," the barber replied.

"O Doctor," said he, "let him have no ears: omit the ears and cut the frock short."

The barber began to insert in another part: once more the man of Qazwin set out to wail,

Saying, "What is the member now on this third spot?"
He replied, "This is the lion's belly, my dear sir."

"Let the lion have no belly," said he:
"what need of a belly for the picture that is full?"

The barber became distraught and remained in great bewilderment: he stood for a long time with his fingers in his teeth;

Then the master flung the needle to the ground and said,
"Has this happened to any one in the world?
Who saw a lion without tail and head and belly?
God himself did not create a lion like this."

O brother, endure the pain of the lancet that you may escape from the poison of your nafs.

For sky and sun and moon bow in worship to the people who have escaped from self-existence.

Any one in whose body the miscreant self has died, sun and cloud obey his command.

Since his heart has learned to light the candle, the sun cannot burn him.

God has made mention of the rising sun as turning aside—like that—from their cave.

The thorn becomes entirely beautiful, like the rose, in the sight of the particular that is going towards the Universal.

What is to exalt and glorify God?
To deem yourself despicable and as dust

What is to learn the knowledge of God's unity?
To consume yourself in the presence of the One

If you wish to shine like day, burn up your night-like self-existence.

Melt away your existence, as copper in the elixir, in the being of Him who fosters existence.

You have fastened both your hands tight on "I" and "we": all this ruin is caused by dualism.
A lion, wolf, and fox had gone to hunt in the mountains in quest.

That by supporting each other they might tie fast the bonds and fetters on the hunted animals,

And all three together might seize much and great quarry in that deep wilderness.

Although the fierce lion was ashamed of them, yet he did them honour and gave them his company on the way.

To a king like this the soldiers are an annoyance, but he accompanied them: a united party is a mercy.

A moon like this is disgraced by the stars: it is amongst the stars for generosity’s sake.

The command, Consult them, came to the Prophet, though no counsel is to be compared with his own.

In the scales barley has become the companion of gold, not because barley has become a substance like gold.

The spirit has now become the body’s fellow-traveller: the dog has become for a time the guardian of the palace-gate.

When this party went to the mountains at the stirrup of the lion majestic and grand,

They found a mountain-ox and goat and fat hare, and their business went forward.

Whoever is on the heels of him that is a lion in combat, roast-meat does not fail him by day or by night.

When they brought them from the mountains to the jungle, killed and wounded and dragging along in blood,

The wolf and fox hoped that a division would he made according to the justice of emperors.

The reflection of the hope of both of them struck the lion: the lion knew the ground for those hopes.
Beware! Guard yourself, O heart disposed to thinking, from any evil thought in his presence.

He knows and keeps riding on silently: he smiles in your face in order to mask.

When the lion perceived their bad ideas, he did not declare, and paid regard at the time,

But he said to himself, “I will show you what you deserve, O beggarly villains!

Was my judgment not enough for you? Is this your opinion of my bounty?

O you whose understanding and judgment are from my judgment and from my world-adorning gifts?

What else should the picture think of the painter, since he bestowed thought and knowledge upon it?

Had you such a vile opinion of me, O you who are a scandal to the world?

I will strike off the hypocritical heads of them that think ill of God.

I will deliver the Sphere from your disgrace, so that this tale shall remain in the world.”

While thus meditating, the lion continued to smile visibly: do not trust the smiles of the lion!

Worldly wealth is the smiles of God: it has made us drunken and vainglorious and threadbare.

Poverty and distress are better for you, O lord, for that smile will remove its lure.

How the lion made trial of the wolf and said, “Come forward, O wolf, and divide the prey amongst us.”
"O King," said he, "the wild ox is your share: he is big, and you are big and strong and active."

The goat is mine, for the goat is middle and intermediate; do you, O fox, receive the hare, and no mistake!"

The lion said, "O wolf, how have you spoken? Say! When I am here, do you speak of ‘I’ and ‘you’?

Truly, what a cur the wolf must be, that he regarded himself in the presence of a lion like me who am peerless and unrivalled! "

He said, "Come forward, O you self-esteeming ass!" He approached him; the lion seized him with his claws and rent him.

Inasmuch as he did not see in him the kernel of right conduct, he tore the skin off his head as a punishment.

He said, "Since the sight of me did not transport you out of yourself, a spirit like this must die miserably.

Since you were not passing away in my presence, It was an act of grace to smite your neck."

Everything is perishing except His face:
unless you art in His face, do not seek to exist.

When any one has passed away in my face, everything is perishing are not applicable.

Because he is in except, he has transcended not: whosoever is in except has not passed away.

Whoever is uttering ‘I’ and ‘we’ at the door, he is turned back from the door and is continuing in not.
The wretched man went away, and for a year in travel in separation from his friend he was burned with sparks of fire.

That burned one was cooked: then he returned and again paced to and fro beside the house of his comrade.

He knocked at the door with a hundred fears and respects, lest any disrespectful word might escape from his lips.

His friend called to him, “Who is at the door?”
He answered, “It is you are at the door, O charmer of hearts.”

“No,” said the friend, “since you are I, come in, O myself: there is not room in the house for two I’s.

The double end of thread is not for the needle: inasmuch as you are single, come into this needle.”

It is the thread that is connected with the needle: the eye of the needle is not suitable for the camel.

How should the existence of the camel be fined down save by the shears of ascetic exercises and works?

For that, O reader, the hand of God is necessary, for it is the Be, and it was of every impossible thing.

By His hand every impossible thing is made possible; by fear of Him every unruly one is made quiet.

What of the man blind from birth and the leper? Even the dead is made living by the spell of the Almighty, and that non-existence which is deader than the dead—non-existence is compelled when He calls it into being.

Recite, Every day He is in some affair: do not deem Him idle and inactive.

His least act, every day, is that He dispatches three armies:

One army from the loins towards the mothers, in order that the plant may grow in the womb; One army from the wombs to the Earth, that the world may be filled with male and female; One army from the Earth beyond death, that every one may behold the beauty of works.

This discourse has no end.
Come, hurry back to those two sincere and devoted friends.
Description of Unification

His friend said to him, “Come in, O you who are entirely myself, not different like the rose and thorn in the garden.”

The thread has become single. Do not now fall into error if you see that the letters K and N are two.

K and N are pulling like a noose, that they may draw nonexistence into great affairs.

Hence the noose must be double in forms, though those two are single in effect.

Whether the feet are two or four, they traverse one road, like the double shears makes one cut.

Look at those two fellow-washer men: there is apparently a difference between that one and this:

The one has thrown the cotton garments into the water, while the other partner is drying them.

Again the former makes the dry clothes wet: It is as though he were spitefully thwarting his opposite;

Yet these two opposites, who seem to be at strife, are of one mind and acting together in agreement.

Every prophet and every saint has a way, but it leads to God: all are one.

When slumber overtook the concentration of the listener, the water carried the millstones away.

The course of this water is above the mill: its going into the mill is for your sakes.

Since you had no further need of the mill, he made the water flow back into the original stream.

The rational spirit is to the mouth for the purpose of teaching: else truly that speech has a channel apart:

It is moving without noise and without repetitions to the rose-gardens beneath which are the rivers.

O God, reveal to the soul that place where speech is growing without letters,
تا که سازد جان پاک از سر قدم
سوی عرصه‌های دور پهنای عدم
عرصه‌ای بس با گشاد و با فضا
وین خیال و هست یابد زو نوا
تنگتر آمد خیالات از عدم
ز آن سبب باشد خیال اسباب غم
باز هستن تنگتر بود از خیال
ز آن شود در وی قمر هجوم هلال
باز هستن جهان حسن و رنگ
تنگتر آمده که زندانی است تنگ
علت تنگی است ترکیب و عدد
جانب ترکیب حسها می‌کشد
ز آن سوتی حس عالم توحید دان
گر یکی خواهی بدان جانب بران
امر کن یک فعل بود و نون و کاف
در سخن افتاد و معنی بود صاف
این سخن پایان دارد باز گرد
تا چه شد احوال گرگ اتدر نیرد

That the pure soul may make of its head
a foot towards the far-stretching expanse of non-existence—
An expanse very ample and spacious;
and from it this phantasy and being is fed.

Imagination is narrower than non-existence:
on that account phantasy is the cause of pain.

Existence, again, was narrower than Imagination:
ence in it moons become like the moon that has waned.

Again, the existence of the world of sense and colour is narrower,
for It is a narrow prison.

The cause of narrowness is composition and number:
the senses are moving towards composition.

Know that the world of Unification lies beyond sense:
if you want Unity, march in that direction.

The Command KuN was a single act,
and the N and K occurred in speech, while the meaning was pure.

This discourse has no end.
Return, that what happened to the wolf in combat.

و هم اینکه شده احوال گرگ اتدر نیرد

هشتم روز را بساند را
و بنظم به سوی پیامبر
و آن گرگ خرگوش به شام هم
شب چرخی این شاه با لطف و کرم

That proud one tore off the head of the wolf,
in order that two-headedness and distinction might not remain.

It is So we took vengeance on them, O old wolf,
inasmuch as you were not dead in the presence of the Amir.

After that, the lion turned to the fox and said,
“Divide it for breakfast.”

He bowed low and said, “This fat ox
will be your food at breakfast, O excellent King,

And this goat will be a portion reserved
for the victorious King at midday,

And the hare too for supper—
the meal at nightfall of the gracious and bountiful King.”

How the lion punished the wolf that had shown disrespect in dividing.
Said the lion, “O fox, you have made justice shine forth: from whom did you learn to divide in such a manner?

When did you learn this, O eminent one?”
“O King of the world,” he replied, “from the fate of the wolf.”

The lion said, “Inasmuch as you have become pledged to love of me, pick up all the three, and take and depart.

O fox, since you have become entirely mine, how should I hurt you when you have become I?

I am yours, and all the beasts of chase are yours: set your foot on the Seventh Heaven and mount!

Since you have taken warning from the vile wolf, you are not a fox: you are my own lion.

The wise man is he that in the shunned tribulation takes warning from the death of his friends.”

The fox said, “A hundred thanks to the lion for having called me up after that wolf.

If he had bidden me first, saying, ‘Do you divide this,’ who would have escaped from him with his life?”

Thanks be to Him, then, that He caused us to appear in the world after those of old,

So that we heard of the chastisements which God inflicted upon the past generations in the preceding time,

That we, like the fox, may keep better watch over ourselves from the fate of those ancient wolves.

On this account he that is God’s prophet and veracious in explanation called us “a people on which God has taken mercy.”

Behold with clear vision the bones and fur of those wolves, and take warning, O mighty ones!

The wise man will put off from his head this self-existence and wind, since he heard the end of the Pharaohs and ‘Ad;

And if he does not put it off, others will take warning from what befell him in consequence of his being misguided.
How Noah, on whom be peace, threatened his people, saying, “Do not struggle with me, for I am a veil: you are really struggling with God within this, O God-forsaken men!”

Noah said, “O you headstrong ones, I am not I: I am dead to the soul, I am living through the Soul of souls.

Inasmuch as I am dead to the senses of the father of mankind, God has become my hearing and perception and sight.

Since I am not I, this breath is from Him: in the presence of this breath if any one breathes he is an infidel.”

In the form of this fox there is the lion: it is not fitting to advance boldly towards this fox.

Unless you believe in him from his exterior aspect, you will not hear from him the lions’ roar.

If Noah had not been the Eternal Lion, why should he have cast a whole world into confusion?

He was hundreds of thousands of lions in a single body; he was like fire, and the world a stack.

Forasmuch as the stack neglected the tithe due to him, he launched such a flame against that stack.

Whoever in the presence of this hidden Lion opens his mouth disrespectfully, like the wolf,

That Lion will tear him to pieces, as the wolf, and will recite to him So we took vengeance upon them.

He will suffer blows, like the wolf, from the Lion’s paw: foolish is he that waxed bold in the presence of the Lion.

Would that those blows fell upon the body, so that it might be that faith and heart would be safe!

My power is broken on reaching this point: how can I declare this mystery?

Make little of your bellies, like that fox: do not play fox’s tricks in His presence.

Lay the whole of your “we” and “I” before Him: the kingdom is His kingdom: give the kingdom to Him.
When you become poor in the right Way, truly the Lion and the Lion's prey are yours,

Because He is holy, and Glory is His attribute:
He has no need of good things and kernel or rind.

Every prize and every gift of grace that exists
is for the sake of the servants of that King.

The King has no desire: He has made all this empire for His creatures.
Happy is he that knew!

Of what use should the possession of empires be to Him
who created empire and the two worlds?

In the presence of His Glory keep close watch over your hearts,
lest you be put to shame by thinking evil.

For He sees conscience and thought and quest
as a thread of hair in pure milk

He whose clear breast has become devoid of image
has become a mirror for the impressions of the Invisible.

He becomes intuitively aware of our inmost thought,
because the true believer is the mirror of the true believer.

When he rubs our poverty on the touchstone,
then he knows the difference between faith and doubt.

When his soul becomes the touchstone of the coin,
then he will see the heart and the false money.

How kings seat in front of them the Sufis who know God,
in order that their eyes may be illumined by them.

Such is the custom of kings:
you will have heard of this, if you remember.

The paladins stand on their left hand,
because the heart is fixed on the left side.

On the right hand are the chancellor and the secretaries,
because the science of writing and book-keeping belongs to this hand.

They give the Sufis the place in front of their countenance,
for they are a mirror for the soul, and better than a mirror,
How the guest came to Joseph, on whom be peace, and how Joseph demanded of him a gift and present on his return from abroad.

The loving friend came from the ends of the earth and became the guest of Joseph the truthful, for they had been well acquainted in childhood, reclining on the pillow of acquaintance.

He spoke to him of the injustice and envy of his brethren: Joseph said, “That was a chain, and I was the lion. The lion is not disgraced by the chain: I do not complain of God’s destiny. If the lion had a chain on his neck, he was prince over all the chain-makers.”

He asked, “How were you in regard to the prison and the well?” “Like the moon,” said Joseph, “in the interlunar period on the wane.” If in that period the new moon is bent double, does not she at last become the full moon in the sky?

Though the seed-pearl is pounded in the mortar, it becomes the light of eye and heart and looks aloft.

They cast a grain of wheat under earth, then from its earth they raised up ears of corn; once more they crushed it with the mill: its value increased and it became soul-invigorating bread.

Again they crushed the bread under their teeth: it became the mind and spirit and understanding of one endowed with reason; again, when that spirit became lost in Love, it became rejoiceth the sowers after the sowing.
This discourse has no end. Come back, that we may see what that good man said to Joseph.

After he had told him his story, he said, “Now, O so-and-so, what traveller’s gift have you brought for me?”

To come empty-handed to the door of friends is like going without wheat to the mill.

God, exalted is He, will say to the people at the gathering, “Where is your present for the Day of Resurrection? You have come to Us and alone without provision, just in the same guise as We created you.

Hark, what have you brought as an offering—a gift on homecoming for the Day when you rise from the dead? Or had you no hope of returning?

Do you disbelieve in the promise of being His guest? Then from the kitchen you will get dust and ashes.

And if you are not disbelieving, how with such empty hands are you setting foot in the Court of that Friend?

Cut back a little on sleep and food: bring the gift for your meeting with Him.

Become scant of sleep were slumbering; in the hours of dawn be of were asking pardon of God.

Stir a little, like the embryo, in order that you may be given the senses which behold the Light,

And you are outside of this womb-like world: you goes from the earth into a wide expanse.

Know that the saying, “God’s earth is wide,” refers to that ample region into which the saints have entered.

The heart is not oppressed by that spacious expanse: there the fresh boughs of the palm-tree do not become dry.

At present you art bearing your senses: you are becoming weary and exhausted and headlong.

Since, at the time of sleep, you are borne, and are not bearing, your fatigue is gone and you are free from pain and anguish.

Regard the time of sleep as a taste in comparison with the state in which the saints are borne.
The saints are the Men of the Cave, O obstinate one: they are asleep in rising up and turning to and fro.

He is drawing them, without their taking trouble to act, without consciousness, to the right hand and to the left.

What is that right hand? Good deeds.
What is that left hand? The affairs of the body

These two actions proceed from the saints, they are unconscious of them both, like the echo:

If the echo causes you to hear good and evil, the mountain itself is unconscious of either.

How the guest said to Joseph, “I have brought you the gift of a mirror, so that whenever you look in it you will see Your own fair face and remember me.”

Joseph said, “Come, produce the gift.”

He, on account of shame at this demand, sobbed aloud.

“How many a gift,” said he, “did I seek for you!
No gift came into my sight.
How should I bring a grain to the mine?
How should I bring a drop to the `Uman?
I shall bring cumin to Kirman, if I bring my heart and soul to you.

There is no seed that is not in this barn, except your beauty which has no equal.

I deemed it fitting that I should bring to you a mirror like the light of a breast,

‘That you may behold your beauteous face therein, O you who, like the sun, are the candle of heaven.
I have brought you a mirror, O light, so that when you see your face you may think of me.”

He drew forth the mirror from beneath his arm: the fair one’s business is with a mirror.

What is the mirror of Being? Not-being.
Bring not-being, if you are not a fool.
Being can be seen in not-being: the rich bestow generosity on the poor.

The clear mirror of bread is truly the hungry man; tinder, likewise, is the mirror of that from which fire is struck.

Not-being and defect, wherever they arise, are the mirror which displays the excellence of all crafts.

When a garment is neat and well-stitched, how should it enable the tailor to exhibit his skill?

Trunks of trees must be uncut in order that the woodcutter may fashion the stem or the branches.

The doctor who sets broken bones goes to the place where the person with the fractured leg is.

How shall the excellence of the art of medicine be made manifest when there is no emaciated invalid?

How shall the Elixir be shown if the vileness and baseness of coppers is not notorious?

Defects are the mirror of the quality of perfection, and that vileness is the mirror of power and glory.

Because contrary is certainly made evident by its contrary; because honey is perceived with vinegar.

Whoever has seen and recognised his own deficiency has ridden post-haste in perfecting himself.

The reason why he is not flying towards the Lord of glory is that he supposes himself to be perfect.

There is no worse malady in your soul, O haughty one, than the conceit of perfection.

Much blood must flow from your heart and eye that self-complacency may leave you.

The fault of Iblis lay in thinking "I am better," and this disease is in the soul of every creature.

Though he regards himself as very broken, know that it is clear water and dung under the stream.

When he stirs you in trial, immediately the water becomes dung-coloured.

There is dung in the bed of the stream, my man, though to you the stream appears pure.
It is the Pir full of wisdom, well-acquainted with the Way, that digs a channel for the streams of the flesh and the body.

Can the water of the stream clear out the dung?
Can man’s knowledge sweep away the ignorance of his sensual self?

How shall the sword fashion its own hilt?
Go, entrust this wound to a surgeon.

Flies gather on every wound, so that no one sees the foulness of his wound.

Those flies are your thoughts and your possessions: your wound is the darkness of your states;

And if the Pir lays a plaster on your wound, at once the pain and lamentation are stilled, so that you fancy it is healed, the ray of the plaster has shone upon the spot.

Beware! Do not turn your head away from the plaster, O you who are wounded in the back, but recognise that that proceeds from the ray: do not regard it as from your own constitution.

How the writer of the Revelation fell into apostasy because the ray of the Revelation shot upon him, he recited the verse before the Prophet, on whom be peace; then he said, “So I too am one upon whom Revelation has descended.”
Mustafa said, “O obstinate miscreant, if the Light was from you, how you should have become black?

If you had been the Divine fountain, you wouldst not have let out such black water as this.”

Lest his reputation should be ruined in the sight of all and sundry, this kept his mouth shut.

His heart is being darkened; hence he is unable to repent: this is wonderful.

He was crying “Alas,” but “Alas” was of no use to him when the sword came on and took off his head.

God has made reputation a ton of iron: oh, many a one is bound in the unseen chain!

Pride and infidelity have barred that Way in such wise that he cannot utter a sigh.

He said, “We have put shackles on their necks, and therefore they are forced to lift up their heads”: those shackles are not on us from outside.

“And We have put behind them a barrier, and We have made a covering of darkness over them”: the uncle is not seeing the barrier in front and behind.

The barrier that arose has the appearance of open country: he does not know that it is the barrier of the Divine destiny.

Your beloved is a barrier to the face of the Beloved: your guide is a barrier to the words of the guide.

Oh, many are the infidels that have a passionate longing for the Religion: his chain is reputation and pride and that and this.

The chain is hidden, but it is worse than iron: the iron chain is cloven by the axe.

The iron chain can be removed: none knows how to cure the invisible chain.

If a man is stung by a wasp, he extracts the wasp’s sting from his body, but since the stinging wound is from your self-existence, the pain continues with violence and the anguish is not relieved.

The explanation of this is springing forth from my breast, but I am afraid it may give despair.

No, do not despair: make yourself cheerful, call for help to Him who comes at the call,
Saying, “Forgive us, O You who loves to forgive, 
O You who have a medicine for the old gangrenous disease!”

The reflection of Wisdom led astray that miserable one: 
be not self-conceited, lest it rise up the dust from you.

O brother, Wisdom is flowing in upon you: 
it comes from the Abdal, and in you it is a borrowed thing.

Although the house has found a light within it, 
that has shone forth from a light-giving neighbour.

Render thanks, be not beguiled by vanity, do not turn up your nose, 
hearken attentively, and do not show any self-conceit.

“If is a hundred pities and griefs that this borrowed state 
has put the religious communities far from religious communion.

I am the slave of him who does not regard himself in every caravanseray 
as having attained to the table.

Many is the caravanseray that we must leave, 
in order that one day the man may reach home.

Though the iron has become red, it is not red: 
it is a ray borrowed from something that strikes fire.

If the window or the house is full of light, 
do not deem anything luminous except the sun.

Every door and wall says, “I am luminous: 
I do not hold the rays of another, I am this.”

Then the sun says, “O you who art not right, 
when I set it will become evident.”

The plants say, “We are green of ourselves, 
we are gay and smiling and we are tall.”

The season of summer says, 
“O peoples behold yourselves when I depart!”

The body is boasting of its beauty and attractiveness, 
the spirit, having concealed its glory and pinions and plumes,

Says to it, “O dunghill, who are you? 
Through my beams you have come to life for a day or two.

Your flirtatious and prideful airs are not contained in the world; 
wait till I spring up from you!

They whose love warmed you will dig a grave for you; 
they will make you a morsel for ants and reptiles.
That one who many a time in your presence was dying will hold his nose at your stench.”

The glare of the spirit is speech and eye and ear: the glare of fire is the bubbling in the water.

As the glare of the spirit falls on the body, so fall the glare of the Abdal on my soul.

When the Soul of the soul withdraws from the soul, the soul becomes even as the soulless body. Know!

For that reason I am laying my head on the earth, so that she may be my witness on the Day of Judgment.

On the Day of Judgment, when she shall be made to quake mightily, this earth will bear witness to all that passed;

For she will plainly declare what she knows: earth and rocks will begin to speak

The philosopher, in his thought and opinion, becomes disbelieving: bid him go and dash his head against this wall!

The speech of water, the speech of earth, and the speech of mud are apprehended by the senses of them that have hearts.

The philosopher who disbelieves in the moaning pillar is a stranger to the senses of the saints.

He says that the beam of melancholia brings many images into people’s minds.

No, but the reflection of his wickedness and infidelity cast this idle fancy of skepticism upon him.

The philosopher comes to deny the existence of the Devil, and at the same time he is possessed by a devil.

If you have not seen the Devil, behold yourself: without diabolic possession there is no blueness in the forehead.

Whoever has doubt and perplexity in his heart, he in this world is a secret philosopher.

He is professing firm belief, but some time or other that philosophical vein will blacken his face.

Take care, O you Faithful! For that is in you: in you is many an infinite world.

In you are all the two-and-seventy sects: woe if one day they gain the upper hand over you.
From fear of this, every one who has the fortune (barg) of this Faith is trembling like a leaf (barg).

You have laughed at Iblis and the devils because you have regarded yourself as a good man.

When the soul shall turn its coat inside out, how many a "Woe is me" will it extort from the followers of the Religion!

On the counter everything that looks like gold is smiling, because the touchstone is out of sight.

O Coverer, do not lift up the veil from us, be a protector to us in our test.

At night the false coin jostles with the gold: the gold is waiting for day.

With the tongue of its (inward) state the gold says, "Wait, O tinselled one, till day rises clear."

Hundreds of thousands of years the accursed Iblis was a saint and the prince of true believers;

On account of the pride which he had, he grappled with Adam and was put to shame, like dung in the morning.

How Bal'am son of Ba'ur prayed, saying, "Cause Moses and his people to turn back, without having gained their desire, from this city which they have besieged."

To Bal'am son of Ba'ur the people of the world became subject, like unto the Jesus of the time.

They bowed to none but him: his spell was health to the sick.

From pride and perfection he grappled with Moses: his plight became such as you have heard.

Even so there have been in the world, manifest or hidden, a hundred thousand like Iblis and Bal'am.

God caused these two to be notorious, that these two might bear witness against the rest.

These two thieves He hanged on a high gallows; else there were many thieves in His vengeance.
These two He dragged by their forelocks to the city; it is impossible to number the victims of His wrath.

You are a favourite, but within your bounds.

God, God, do not set foot beyond bounds.

If you combat with one who is a greater favourite than yourself, it will bring you down to the lowest depth of the seventh earth.

For what purpose is the tale of Ad and Thamud?

That you may know that the prophets have disdain.

These signs—the swallowing up, the hurling of stones, and the thunderbolts—were evidence of the dearness of the Rational Soul.

Kill all animals for the sake of man; kill all mankind for the sake of Reason.

What is Reason? The Essence of Knowledge of the man endowed with reason. Partial reason is reason, but it is infirm.

All the animals that are wild to man are inferior to the human animal.

Their blood is free to mankind, since they have not become capable of human actions.

The honour of the wild animals is fallen because they have grown hostile to man.

What honour, then, will be yours, O marvel, since you have become timorous wild asses?

Because of his usefulness, the ass ought not to be killed; when he turns wild, his blood becomes lawful.

Although the ass had no knowledge to restrain him, the Loving One is not excusing him at all.

How, then, shall man be excused, O noble friend, when he has become wild to that Word?

Of necessity permission was given to shed the blood of the infidels, like a wild beast before the arrows and lances.

All their wives and children are free spoil, because they are wildly averse to the august Reason.

Once more, a reason that flees from the Reason of reason is transported from rationality to the animals.
How Harut and Marut relied upon their immaculateness and desired to mix with the people of this world and fell into temptation.

How, because of their arrogance, the celebrated Harut and Marut were struck by the poisoned arrow.

They had confidence in their holiness, what is it for the buffalo to have confidence in the lion?

Though he makes a hundred shifts with his horn, the fierce lion will tear him to pieces limb by limb.

If he becomes as full of horns as a hedgehog, the buffalo will inevitably be killed by the lion.

Though the Sarsar wind uproots many trees, it makes every blade of grass glisten with beauty.

That violent wind had pity on the weakness of the grass: do not you, O heart, brag vainly of your strength.

How should the axe be afraid of the thickness of the branches? It cuts them to pieces.

But it does not beat itself against a leaf, it does not beat its edge except against an edge.

What does the flame care for the great quantity of firewood? How should the butcher flee in terror from the multitude of sheep?

What is form in the presence of reality? Very feeble It is the reality of the sky that keeps it upside down.

Judge by the analogy of the celestial wheel: from whom does its motion proceed? From directive Reason

The motion of this shield-like body is from the veiled spirit, O son.

The motion of this wind is from its reality, like the wheel that is captive to the water of the stream.

The ebb and flow and incoming and outgoing of this breath — from whom does it proceed but from the spirit that is filled with desire?

Now it makes the breath jim, now ha and dal; now it makes it peace, now strife.

Even so our God had made this wind like a dragon against Ad.
Again, He had also made that wind peace and regardfulness and safety for the true believers.

“The Reality is Allah,” said the Shaykh of the Religion, the sea of the spiritual realities of the Lord of created beings.

All the tiers of earth and heaven are as straws in that flowing sea.

The rushing and tossing of the straws in the water is produced by the water when it is agitated.

When it wishes to make them cease from struggling, it casts the straws toward the shore.

When it draws them from the shore into the surge it does with them that which the Sarsar does with the grass.

This topic is endless.

Speed back, O youth, to Harut and Marut.

The rest of the story of Harut and Marut, and how an exemplary punishment was inflicted on them, even in this world, in the pit of Babylon

Inasmuch as the sin and wickedness of the people of the world was becoming clearly visible to them both from the latticed window,

They began to gnaw their hands in wrath, but had no eyes for their own fault.

The ugly man saw himself in the mirror: he turned his face away from that and was enraged.

When the self-conceited person has seen any one commit a sin, there appears in him a fire from Hell.

He calls that pride defence of the Religion: he regards not the soul of arrogance in himself.

Defence of the Religion has a different character, for from that fire a world is green.

God said to them, “If you are enlightened, look not carelessly upon the doers of black deeds who have been made forgetful.

Render thanks, O Host and Servants! You are freed from lust and sexual intercourse.
If I impose that kind of nature on you, Heaven will accept you no more.

The preservation which you have in your bodies is from the reflection of My preservation and care.

Oh, beware! Regard that as from Me, not from yourselves, lest the accursed Devil prevail against you.

As the writer of the Revelation given to the Prophet deemed the Wisdom and the Original Light in himself.

He was reckoning himself a fellow-songster of the Birds of God, that was a whistle resembling an echo.

If you become an exponent of the song of birds, how will you become acquainted with the meaning of the bird?

If you learn the note of a nightingale, how will you know what it has towards a rose?

Or if you do know, it will be from analogy and surmise, like the conjectures formed by deaf people from those who move their lips.

How the deaf man went to visit his sick neighbour.

One possessed of much wealth said to a deaf man, “A neighbour of yours is fallen ill.”

The deaf man said to himself, “Being hard of hearing, what shall I understand of the words spoken by that youth?”

Especially he is ill and his voice is weak; but I must go there, there’s no escape.

When I see his lips moving, I will form a conjecture as to what he himself.

When I say, ‘How are you, O my suffering (friend)?’ he will reply, ‘I am fine’ or I am pretty well.’

I will say, Thanks! What potion have you had to drink?’ He will reply, some sherbet or a decoction of kidney-beans.’

I will say, May you enjoy health! Who is the doctor attending you?’ He will answer, So-and-so.’
He is one who brings great luck with him;` I will remark; `since he has come, things will go well for you.

I have experienced his foot: wherever he goes, the desired object is attained."

The good man made ready these conjectural answers, and went to see the invalid.

"How are you?" he asked. "I am at the point of death," said he. "Thanks!" cried the deaf man. At this, the patient became resentful and indignant,

Saying, "What thanksgiving is this? He has been my enemy."

The deaf man made a conjecture, and it has turned out to be wrong.

After that, he asked him what he had drunk. "Poison," said he. "May it do you good and give you health!" said the deaf man. His wrath increased.

Then he inquired, "Which of the doctors is it that is coming to attend you?"

He replied, "Azrael is coming. Go!"

"His foot," said the deaf man, "is very blessed: be glad!"

The deaf man went forth.

He said gaily, "Thanks for that! Now I will take leave."

The invalid said, "This is my mortal foe: I did not know he was a mine of iniquity."

The mind of the invalid was seeking a hundred abusive terms, that he might send him a message of every description,

As, when any one has eaten bad food, it is turning his heart until he vomits.

Suppression of anger is this: do not vomit it, so that you may gain sweet words in recompense.

Since he had no patience, he was tormented.

"Where," he cried, "is this cur, this infamous cuckold,

That I may pour upon him what he said, for at that time the lion of my Thought was asleep.

Inasmuch as visiting the sick is for the purpose of tranquility, this is not a visit to the sick: it is the satisfaction of an enemy's wish.

That he should see his enemy enfeebled and that his wicked heart should be at peace."

Many are they that do works of devotion and set their hearts on being approved and rewarded for the same
It is in truth a lurking sin: that, which he thinks pure is foul,

As the deaf man, who fancied that he did a kindness, but it had the opposite result.

He sits down well-pleased, saying, “I have paid my respects, I have performed what was due to my neighbour”; he has kindled a fire against himself in the invalid’s heart and burned himself.

Beware, then, of the fire that you have kindled: truly you have increased in sin.

The Prophet said to our hypocrite, “Pray, for indeed you have not prayed, my man.”

As a means of preventing these dangers, “Guide us” comes in every prayer,

That is to say, “O God, do not mingle my prayer with the prayer of the erring and the hypocrites.”

By the analogue reasoning which the deaf man adopted a ten years’ friendship was made vain.

Especially, O master, the analogy drawn by the low senses in regard to the Revelation which is illimitable.

If your sensuous ear is fit for the letter, know that your ear that receives the occult is deaf.

The first to bring analogue reasoning to bear against the Revealed Text was Iblis.

The first person who produced these paltry analogies in the presence of the Lights of God was Iblis.

He said, “Beyond doubt fire is superior to earth: I am of fire, and he is of dingy earth.

Let us, then, judge by comparing the secondary with its principal: he is of darkness, I of luminous light.”

God said, “No, but on the contrary there shall be no lineage: asceticism and piety shall be the avenue to pre-eminence.”
This is not the heritage of the fleeting world, so that you should gain it by ties of relationship: it is a spiritual.

No, these things are the heritage of the prophets; the inheritors of these are the spirits of the devout.

The son of Bu Jahl became a true believer for all to see; the son of Noah became one of those who lost the way.

"The child of earth became illumined like the moon; you are the child of fire: leave with your black face!"

The wise man has made such reasoning and investigation on a cloudy day or at night for the sake of the qibla;

But with the sun and with the Ka`ba before your face, do not seek to reason and investigate in this manner.

Do not pretend that you cannot see the Ka`ba, do not avert Your face from it because you have reasoned. God knows best what is right.

When you hear a pipe from the Bird of God, you commit its outward to memory, like a lesson, and then from yourself you make some analogies: you make mere fancy into a substance.

The Abdal have certain mystical expressions of which the doctrines are ignorant.

You have learned the birds' language by the sound; you have kindled a hundred analogies and a hundred caprices.

The hearts are wounded by you, as the invalid, the deaf man became intoxicated with the vain notion of success.

The writer of the Revelation, from the Bird's voice, supposed that he was the Bird's equal:

The Bird flapped a wing and blinded him: lo, it plunged him in the abyss of death and bale.

"Beware! Do not also be beguiled by a reflection or an opinion, fall from the dignities of Heaven!"

Although you are Harut and Marut and superior to all on the terrace of We are they that stand in ranks,

Take mercy on the wickednesses of the wicked: do not cling to egoism and self-conceit.

Beware, lest jealousy comes from ambush and you fall headlong to the bottom of the earth.”
They both said, “O God, Yours is the command: without Your security where indeed is any security?”

They were saying that, but their hearts were throbbing. How should evil come from us? Good servants are we!”

The prick of desire in the two angels did not leave until it sowed the seed of self-conceit.

Then they were saying, “O you that are composed of the elements unaacquainted with the purity of the spiritual beings,

We will draw curtains over this sky, we will come to earth and set up the canopy,

We will deal justice and perform worship and every night we will fly up again to Heaven,

That we may become the wonder of the world, that we may establish safety and security on the earth.”

The analogy between the state of Heaven and the earth is inexact: it has a concealed difference.

Explaining that one must keep one’s own state and intoxication hidden from the ignorant

Hearken to the words of the Sage who lived in seclusion, “Lay your head in the same place where you have drunk the wine.”

When the drunken man has gone astray from a tavern, he becomes the children’s laughing-stock and plaything.

Whatever way he goes, he is falling in the mud, on this side and on that side, and every fool is laughing at him.

He like this, while the children at his heels are without knowledge of his intoxication and the taste of his wine.

All mankind are children except him that is intoxicated with God; none is grown-up except him that freed from sensual desire.

He said, “This world is a play and pastime, and you are children”; and God speaks truth.

If you have not gone forth from play, you are a child: without purity of spirit how will you be fully intelligent?
Know, O youth, that the lust in which men are indulging here is like the sexual intercourse of children.

What is the child’s sexual intercourse? An idle play, compared with the sexual intercourse of a Rustam and a brave champion of Islam.

The wars of mankind are like children’s fights—all meaningless, pithless, and contemptible.

All their fights are with wooden swords, all their purposes are in futility;

They all are riding on a reed-cane, saying, “This is our Buraq or mule that goes like Duldul”

They are carrying, but in their folly they have raised themselves on high: they have fancied themselves to be riders carried along the road.

“Wait till the day when those who are borne aloft by God shall pass, galloping, beyond the nine tiers!

“The spirit and the angels shall ascend to Him”: at the ascension of the spirit Heaven shall tremble.

Like children, you all are riding on your skirts: you have taken hold of the corner of your skirt as a horse.

From God came, “Truly, opinion doth not enable to dispense”: when did the steed of opinion run to the Heavens?

While preferring the stronger of the two opinions, do not doubt whether you see the sun when it is shining!

At that time behold your steeds!
You have made a steed of your own foot.

Come, recognise that your imagination and reflection and sense-perception and apprehension are like the reed-cane on which children ride.

The sciences of the mystics bear them; the sciences of sensual men are burdens to them.

When knowledge strikes on the heart, it becomes a helper (yari); when knowledge strikes on the body, it becomes a burden (bari).

God has said, “Like an ass laden with his books”: burdensome is the knowledge that is not from Himself.

The knowledge that is not immediately from Himself does not endure, like makeup.

But when you carry this burden well, the burden will be removed and you will be given joy.
Beware! Do not carry this burden of knowledge for the sake of selfish desire, so that you may ride on the smooth-paced steed of knowledge,

So that you may mount the smooth-paced steed of knowledge, afterwards the burden may fall from your shoulder.

Flow will you be freed from selfish desires without the cup of Hu, O you who have become content with no more of Hu than the name of Hu?

From attribute and name what comes to birth? Imagination; and that imagination shows the way to union with Him.

Have you ever seen a subject that shows without an object that is shown: unless there is the road, there can never be the ghoul?

Have you ever seen a name without the reality?
Or have you plucked a rose (gul) from gaf and lam of gul?

You have pronounced the name: go, seek the thing named. Know that the moon is on high, not in the water of the stream

If you would pass beyond name and letter, oh, make yourself wholly purged of self.

Like iron, lose the ferruginous colour; become in your ascetic discipline a mirror without rust.

Make yourself pure from the attributes of self, that you may behold your own pure untarnished essence,

And you will see within your heart the sciences of the prophets, without book and without preceptor and master.

The Prophet said, “Among my people are some who are one with me in nature and aspiration:

Their spirits behold me by the same light by which I am beholding them.”

Without the two Sabibs and Traditions and Traditionists; no, in the place where they drink the Water of Life

Know the secret of “In the evening I was a Kurd”; read the mystery of “In the morning I was an Arab.”

And if you desire a parable of the hidden knowledge, relate the story of the Greeks and the Chinese.
The story of the contention between the Rumis and the Chinese in the art of painting and picturing

The Chinese said, “We are the better artists;”
the Greeks said, “The power and excellence belongs to us.”

“I will put you to the test in this matter,” said the Sultan,
“which of you are approved in your claim.”

The Chinese and the Greeks began to debate:
the Greeks retired from the debate.

The Chinese said, “Hand over to us a particular room,
and one for you.”

There were two rooms with door facing door:
the Chinese took one, the Greeks the other.

The Chinese requested the King to give them a hundred colours:
the King opened his treasury that they might receive that.

Every morning, by bounty, the colours were dispensed
from the treasury to the Chinese.

The Greeks said, “No tints and colours are proper for our work,
except to remove the rust.”

They shut the door and went on burnishing:
they became clear and pure like the sky.

There is a way from many-colouredness to colourlessness:
colour is like the clouds, and colourlessness is a moon.

Whatever light and splendour you see in the clouds,
know that it comes from the stars and the moon and the sun.

When the Chinese had finished their work,
they were beating drums for joy.

The King entered and saw the pictures there:
that, as he encountered it, was robbing him of his wits.

After that, he came towards the Greeks:
they removed the intervening curtain.

The reflection of those pictures and works
struck upon these walls which had been made pure.

All that he had seen there seemed more beautiful here:
it was snatching the eye from the socket.
The Greeks, O father, are the Sufis: without study and books and erudition,

But they have burnished their breasts pure from greed and cupidity and avarice and hatreds.

That purity of the mirror is, beyond doubt, the heart which receives images innumerable.

That Moses holds in his bosom the formless infinite form of the Unseen from the mirror of his heart.

Although that form is not contained in Heaven, nor in the empyrean nor in the sphere of the stars, nor on the Fish,

Because those are bounded and numbered: know that the mirror of the heart has no bound.

Here the understanding becomes silent or it leads into error, because the heart is with Him, or indeed the heart is He.

The reflection of every image shines unto everlasting from the heart alone, both with plurality and without.

Unto everlasting every new image that falls on it is appearing therein without any imperfection.

They that burnish have escaped from scent and colour: they behold Beauty at every moment without tarrying.

They have relinquished the form and husk of knowledge; they have raised the banner of the eye of certainty.

Thought is gone, and they have gained light: they have gained the throat and the sea of gnosis.

Death, of which all these are sore afraid, this people are holding in derision.

None gains the victory over their hearts: the hurt falls on the oyster-shell, not on the pearl.

Though they have let go grammar (nabw) and jurisprudence (fiqh), yet they have taken up mystical self-effacement (mahw) and spiritual poverty (faqr).

Ever since the forms of the Eight Paradises have appeared, they have found the tablets of their hearts receptive.

A hundred impressions from the empyrean and the starry sphere and the void: what impressions? No, it is the very sight of God.
One morning the Prophet said to Zayd,
“How are you this morning, O sincere Companion?”

He replied, “a faithful servant of God.” Again he said to him,
“Where is your token from the garden of Faith, if it has bloomed?”

He said, “I have thirsted in the daytime,
at night I have not slept because of love and burning griefs,

So that I passed through day and night,
as the point of the spear passes through the shield;

For beyond, nativity and continued growth are one:
hundreds of thousands of years are the same as a single hour.

Everlastingness and eternity are unified:
the understanding has no way beyond reason by means of intellect.”

The Prophet said, “Where is the traveller’s gift from this journey?
Produce it. Where is the token of sincerity from that fair land?”

Zayd said, “When people see the sky,
I behold the Empyrean with those who dwell there.

The Eight Paradises and the Seven Hells
are as visible to me as the idol to the idolater.

I am distinguishing the people, one by one,
like wheat from barley in the mill,

So that who is for Paradise and who shall be a stranger
is as clear to me as snake and fish.”

The day of birth for Anatolians and Ethiopians and every race
is the Day when faces shall become white or black.

Before this, however sinful the spirit was,
it was in the womb and was hidden from the people.

The damned are they that are damned in the mother’s womb:
all of them are known by the marks of God.

The body, like a mother, is big with the spirit-child:
death is the pangs and throes of birth.
All the spirits that have passed over
are waiting to see in what state that proud spirit shall be born.

The Ethiopians say, “It belongs to us”;
the Anatolians say, “No, it is comely.”

As soon as it is born into the world of spirit and grace,
there is no further difference between the whites and the blacks.

If it is an Ethiopian, the Ethiopians carry it off;
and if it is an Anatolian, the Anatolians lead it away.

Until it is born, it is a riddle for the world:
few are they that know the unborn.

The fundamental of embryo’s water is white and enchanting,
but the reflection of the spirit, Anatolian or Ethiopian,
is giving colour to those who are most excellent in their constitution,
it is bearing this half down to the lowest depth.

This discourse has no end. Hurry back,
that we may not be left behind by the caravan’s file of camels.

On the Day when faces shall become white or black,
by whom shall reverence still be paid to Turk and Hindu?

In the womb Hindu and Turk are not distinguishable,
when each is born he sees that each is miserable or glorious.

“I am seeing them all plainly, as on the Day of Resurrection,
like people, men and women.

Listen, shall I tell or shall I stop my breath?”
Mustafa bit his lip, as though to say, “Enough!”

“O Messenger of Allah, shall I tell the mystery of the Gathering,
shall I make the Resurrection manifest in the world to-day?

Let me be, that I may rend the curtains asunder,
that my substance may shine forth like a sun;
That the sun may be eclipsed by me,
that I may show the date-palm and the willow.
I will show forth the mystery of Resurrection,
the sterling coin and the coin mixed with alloy,
The people of the left with their hands cut off; I will show forth the
colour of infidelity and the colour of the folk.
I will lay bare the seven rifts of hypocrisy
in the light of the moon that suffers no eclipse or waning.

I will display the woollen frocks of the damned,
I will cause the drums and kettle-drums of the prophets to be heard.

Hell and the Gardens and the intermediate state
I will bring clearly before the eyes of the infidels.

I will display the pond of Kawthar heaving,
which dashes water on their faces, its sound in their ears;

And those who are running athirst round Kawthar
I will name one by one who they are:

Their shoulders are rubbing against my shoulder,
their cries are piercing my ears.

Before my eyes the people of Paradise, from free choice,
clap each other to their bosoms,

Visiting one another’s high places of honour
and snatching kisses from the lips.

This ear of mine has become deafened by the cries of ‘Alas, Alas!’
by the vile wretches and by the screams of ‘O sorrow!’

These are hints. I would speak from the depth,
but I fear to offend the Messenger.”

He was speaking in this wise, intoxicated and distraught:
The Prophet twitched his collar
And said,” Beware ! Draw, for your horse has become hot.
The reflection of God is not ashamed
strikes, shame is gone.

Your mirror has shot out of the case:
how shall mirror and balance speak falsehood?

How shall mirror and balance stop their breath
for fear of hurting and shaming any one?

Mirror and balance are noble touchstones:
if you do service to them for two hundred years,

Saving, ‘Conceal the truth for my sake,
display the surplus and do not display the deficiency,’

They will say to you, do not laugh at your beard and moustache:
mirror and balance, and then deceit and trickery!’

Since God has raised us up in order that by means of us
it may be possible to know the truth,
If this does not happen, what worth have we, O young man?
How shall we become a standard for the face of the fair?’

But slip the mirror into the cloth,
if illumination has made your breast a Sinai.”

He said, “Why, shall the Sun of the Truth and the Sun of Eternity
be contained any wise under the armpit?

It bursts asunder both armpit (baghal) and imposture (daghal);
in its presence neither madness nor understanding remains.”

He (the Prophet) said, “When you lay one finger on an eye,
you see the world empty of the sun.

One finger-tip becomes a veil over the moon—
and this is a symbol of God's covering—

So that the world may be covered by a single point,
and the sun be eclipsed by a splinter.”

Close your lips and gaze on the depth of the sea:
God made the sea subject to man,

Even as the fountains of Salsabil and Zanjabil
are under the control of the exalted ones of Paradise.

The four rivers of Paradise are under our control;
this is not our might, it is the command of God:

We keep them flowing wherever we will,
like magic according to the desire of the magicians,

Just as these two flowing eye-fountains are under the control of the heart
and subject to the command of the spirit.

If it will, they turn towards poison and the snake,
and if it will, they turn to consideration.

If it will, they turn to sensuous things,
and if it will, they turn to things clothed.

If it will, they advance towards universals,
and if it will, they remain turned towards particulars.

Similarly all the five senses are passing
according to the will and command of the heart, like the drainage pipe.

All the five senses are moving and trailing their skirts
in whatever direction the heart indicates to them.

Hand and foot are plainly under command of the heart,
like the staff in the hand of Moses.
If the heart will, at once the foot begins to dance,
or flees from defect towards increase.

If the heart will, the hand comes to terms with the fingers
to write a book.

The hand remains in a hidden hand:
it within has set the body outside.

If it will, it becomes a snake to the enemy;
and if it will, it becomes a helper to the friend;

And if it wills, a spoon in food;
and if it will, a mace weighing a ton.

I wonder what the heart is saying to them.
It is a marvellous connection, a marvellous hidden link.

Surely the heart has gotten the seal of Solomon,
so that it has pulled the reins of the five senses.

Five external senses are easy for it to manage;
five internal senses are under its command.

There are ten senses and seven limbs *et cetera*:
count over what is not mentioned.

O heart, since you are a Solomon in empire,
cast your seal-ring upon peri and demon.

If in this kingdom you are free from deceit,
the three demons will not take the seal out of your hand;

After that, your name will conquer the world:
the two worlds ruled by you like your body.

And if the demon takes the seal off your hand,
your kingdom is past, your fortune is dead;

After that, O servants, "O sorrow!" is your inevitable doom
till the day when ye are gathered together.

And if you are denying your deceit,
how will you save your soul from the scales and the mirror?
How suspicion was thrown upon Luqman by the slaves and fellow-servants who said that he had eaten the fresh fruit which they were bringing.

In the eyes of his master, amongst the slaves, Luqman was despicable on account of his body.

He used to send the slaves to the garden, that fruit might come for his pleasure.

Amongst the slaves Luqman was like a parasite; full of ideas, dark-complexioned as night.

Those slaves, being impelled by greed, ate the whole of the fruit with enjoyment,

And told their master that Luqman had eaten it, the master became bitter and sorely displeased with Luqman.

When Luqman inquired the cause, he opened his lips to reproach his master.

"O sir," said Luqman, “an unfaithful servant is not approved in the sight of God.

Put us all to the test, O noble sir: give us our fill of hot water

And afterwards make us run into a great plain, you being mounted and we on foot.

Then behold the evil-doer, the things that are done by Him who revealeth mysteries!”

The master gave the servants hot water to drink, and they drank it in fear.

Afterwards he was driving them into the plains, and they were running amidst the wheat fields.

From distress they began to vomit: the water was bringing up the fruit from them.

When Luqman began to vomit from his navel, there was coming up from within him the pure water.

Inasmuch as Luqman’s wisdom can show forth this, then what must be the wisdom of the Lord of existence!
On the day when all the inmost thoughts shall be searched out, there will appear from you something latent, which is not desired.

When they shall be given hot water to drink, all the veils will be cut asunder from that which is abhorred.

The fire is made the torment of the infidels because fire is the test for stones.

How often, how often, have we spoken gently to our stony hearts, and they would not accept the counsel!

For a bad wound the vein gets a bad remedy: the teeth of the dog are suitable for the donkey’s head.

“The wicked women to the wicked men” is wisdom: the ugly is the mate and fitting for the ugly.

Whatever, then, you wish to mate with, go, become absorbed in the loved, and assume its shape and qualities.

If you wish for the light, make yourself ready to receive the light; if you wish to be far, become self-conceited and far;

And if you wish a way out of this ruined prison, do not turn your head away from the Beloved, but bow in worship and draw nigh.

This discourse has no end. “Arise, O Zayd, and tie a shackle on the Buraq of your rational spirit.

Since the rational spirit exposes faults, it is rending the curtains of concealment.

Concealment is desired by God for awhile. Drive away this drummer, bar the road!

Do not gallop, draw rein, it is better your spirit should be veiled; it is better that every one should be gladdened by his own fancy.

God is wishing that even His despairing ones should not avert their faces from this worship.

Even on the ground of a hope they become ennobled: for a few days they are running at its stirrup.
He wishes that that mercy should shine upon all, on the evil and the good, because of the universality of His mercy.

God is wishing that every prince and captive should be hopeful and fearful.

This hope and fear are in the veil, that may be fostered behind this veil.

When you have rent the veil, where are fear and hope? Might and majesty and testing belong to the unseen.”

A young man on the bank of a river thought, “Our fisherman is Solomon.

If this is he, why is he alone and disguised? And if not, why has he the aspect of Solomon?”

Thus thinking, he remained in two minds until Solomon became king and absolute ruler.

The demon departed and fled from his kingdom and throne: the sword of his fortune shed that devil's blood.

He put the ring upon his finger, the hosts of demons and spirits assembled.

The men came to look, amongst them he who had the fancy.

When he opened his hand and saw the ring, his pondering and seeking vanished all at once.

Anxiety occurs at the time when that is hidden: this searching is after the unseen.

While he was absent, worry waxed strong in his breast: as soon as he was present, his imaginings departed.

If the radiant sky is not without rain, neither is the dark earth without vegetation.

“If I open its window as on the day of the trump, how should I say, ‘do you see any clefts therein?’”

In order that in this darkness they may make endeavours, they are turning, every one, and their faces in some direction.

For awhile things are reversed: the thief brings the magistrate to the gallows,
So that many a sultan and man of lofty spirit
becomes the slave of his own slave for awhile.

Service in absence is fair and comely; when service is demanded,
it is pleasing that the absent should be remembered.

Where is one that praises the king in his presence,
compared with one that is shamefaced in absence?

The governor of a fortress who, on the border of the kingdom,
far from the sultan and the shadow of the sultanate,
Guards the fortress from enemies
and will not sell it for boundless riches,
Who, Though absent from the king on the outskirt of the frontiers,
keeps faith like one who is present—

He in the king’s sight is better than the rest
who are serving in his presence and ready to devote their lives.

Therefore half an atom of regard to one’s duty in absence
is better than a hundred-thousand fold observance thereof in presence.

Obedience and faith are praiseworthy now;
after death, when all is plainly shown, they will be spurned.

“Inasmuch as the unseen and the absent and the veil is better,
close your mouth: it is better for us to be silent.
O brother, refrain from speech:
God himself will make manifest the knowledge that is with Him.

Witness enough for the sun is its face:
what thing is the greatest witness? God.”

“No, speak I will, since both God and the angels
and the men of learning are allied in setting forth.

God and the angels and those learned in the sciences bear witness
that there is no Lord except Him who endureth for ever.”

Since God has given testimony, who are the angels,
that they should be associated in the testimony?

Because unsound eyes and hearts
cannot support the radiance and testimony of the Sun,
Like a bat, which cannot bear the glow of the sun
and abandons hope.

Know, then, that the angels, as we also, are helpers—
displayers of the sun in heaven—
Who say, “We have derived light from a Sun, we have shone upon the weak, like vicegerents.”

The new moon or the moon seven days old or the full moon, every angel has his rank in respect of light and worth.

Every angel, according to their degrees, has that radiance, consisting of three or four luminous wings,

Just as the wings of human intellects, amongst which there is great difference.

Hence the associate of every human being in good and evil is that angel whose dignity is corresponding to his or hers.

The stars shine, for the sake of guidance, upon the dim-sighted man who cannot bear even the moon.

The Prophet, on whom be peace, said to Zayd, “Do not tell this mystery more plainly than this, and take care to comply.”

The Prophet said, “My Companions are the stars, a candle to travellers, and meteors to be cast at the devils.”

If every one had the eye and the strength to receive light from the sun of heaven, No moon and stars would be needed to serve as witnesses to a sun.

The Moon is saying to earth and cloud and shadow, “I am a man, I am one like you, it is revealed to me. I have limited light in comparison with the suns; I have light for the darkness of the population. I am faint in order that you may be able to bear, for you are not man enough to bear the most radiant Sun.

Like you, I was dark in my nature: the Sun’s revelation gave me such a light as this.

I have limited light in comparison with the suns; I have light for the darkness of the population.

I am faint in order that you may be able to bear, for you are not man enough to bear the most radiant Sun.

I was woven together, like honey and vinegar, that I might find the way to sickness of heart.

Since you have recovered from yours illness, O you, who are in thrall, leave the vinegar and continue to eat the honey.”
The throne of the heart has become restored to soundness and purged of sensuality, thereon the Merciful God is seated on His Throne.

After this, God controls the heart without intermediary, since the heart has attained to this relation.

This discourse has no end. Where is Zayd, that I may counsel him not to seek notoriety?

The return to the story of Zayd

You will not find Zayd now, for he has fled: he has darted away from the shoe-row and dropped his shoes.

Who are you? Zayd cannot even find himself, like the star on which the sun shone.

You will find neither mark nor trace of him; you will not find a straw in the straw-strewn Way.

Our senses and finite speech are obliterated in the knowledge and wisdom of our King.

Their senses and understandings within are, wave on wave, in they are assembled before Us.

When night comes, it is again the time of the burden: the stars, which had become hidden, go to work.

God gives back to the senseless ones their senses: troop after troop, with rings in their ears,

Dancing, waving their hands in praise, triumphing, “O Lord, You have brought us to life.”

Those crumbled skins and bones have become horsemen and have raised the dust:

At Resurrection both the thankful and the ungrateful rush along from non-existence towards existence.

Why do you turn away your head and pretend not to see? Did you not turn away your head at first, in non-existence?

You had planted your foot in non-existence, saying, “Who will uproot me from my place?”

Are not you beholding the action of your Lord, who dragged you by the forelock,
Until He drew you into these various states, which were not in your thought or fancy?

That non-existence is always His slave:
work, O demon! Solomon is living.

The demon is making large bowls like watering-troughs:
he dare not say a word in refusal or in retort.

Look at yourself, how you are trembling with fear:
know that non-existence also is constantly trembling.

And if you are grasping at dignities,
it is from fear too that you are suffering agony of spirit.

Except love of the most beauteous God everything,
though it is eating sugar, is agony of spirit.

What is agony of spirit?
To advance towards death and not grasp the Water of Life.

People fix both their eyes on earth and death:
they have a hundred doubts concerning the Water of Life.

Strive that the hundred doubts may become ninety:
go in the night, for if you slumber, the night will go.

In the dark night seek that Day:
put in front the darkness-consuming Reason.

In the evil-coloured night there is much good:
the Water of Life is the mate of darkness.

How is it possible to lift up the head from slumber,
while you are sowing a hundred such poppy seeds?

Dead slumber and dead food became friends:
the merchant fell asleep and the night-thief got to work.

Do you not know who your enemies are? Those made of fire
are enemies to the existence of those made of earth.

Fire is the enemy of water and its children,
even as water is an enemy to the life of fire.

Water kills fire
because it is the enemy and foe of the children of water.
What is the remedy for the fire of appetites? The light of the God: your light is the extinguishing the fire of the infidels.

What kills this fire? The Light of God.
Make the light of Abraham your teacher,
That this body of yours, which resembles wood,
may be delivered from the fire of the Nimrod-like flesh (nafṣ).

Fiery appetite is not diminished by indulging it:
it is diminished, without any escape, by leaving it.

So long as you are laying logs on a fire,
how will the fire be extinguished by a wood carrier?

When you withhold the sticks, the fire dies out,
because fear of God carries water to the fire.

How should the fire blacken the beauteous face
which lays rose-colour from the God that is in hearts?

A conflagration occurred in the time of ‘Umar:
it was devouring stones as Though they were dry wood.

It fell upon buildings and houses,
until it darted at the wings and nests of birds.

Half the city caught fire from the flames:
water was afraid of it and amazed.

Some intelligent persons
were throwing skins of water and vinegar on the fire,
Out of spite the fire was increasing:
aid was coming to it from One who is infinite.

The people came in haste to ‘Umar, saying,
“Our fire will not be quenched at all by water.”

He said, “That fire is one of God’s signs:
it is a flame from the fire of your wickedness.

Discard water and deal out bread,
discard avarice if you are my people.”
The folk said to him, “We have opened our doors; we have been bountiful and devoted to generosity.”

He replied, “You have given bread by rule and habit, you have not opened your hands for the sake of God for glory and for ostentation and for pride, not because of fear and piety and supplication”

Wealth is seed, and do not lay it in every salty ground: do not put a sword in the hand of every highwayman.

Distinguish the friends of the Way (ahl-i Din) from the enemies of God (ahl-i kin): seek the man that sits with God, and sit with him.

Every one shows favour to his own folk: the fool thinks he has really done work.

Learn how to act with focused intention from ‘Ali: know that the Lion of God was purged of deceit.

In fighting against the infidels he got the upper hand of (vanquished) a certain knight, and quickly drew a sword and made haste.

He spat on the face of Ali, the pride of every prophet and every saint;

He spat on the countenance before which the face of the moon bows low in the place of worship.

Ali at once threw his sword away and relaxed in fighting him.

That champion was astounded by this act and by his showing forgiveness and mercy without occasion.

He said, “You lifted your keen sword against me: why have you flung it aside and spared me?”

What did you see that was better than combat with me, so that you have become slack in hunting me down?

What did you see, so that such anger as yours abated, and so that such a lightning flashed and recoiled?
What did you see, beyond existence and space, that was better than life?—and you gave me life.

In bravery you are the Lion of the Lord:
in generosity who indeed knows who you are?

In generosity you are Moses’ cloud in the desert, from which came the dishes of food and bread incomparable.”

The clouds give wheat which man with toil makes cooked and sweet as honey.

Moses’ cloud spread the wings of mercy and gave cooked and sweet food that was without trouble.

For the sake of those who partook of its bounty, its mercy raised a banner in the world.

During forty years that ration and largesse did not fail the hopeful people for a single day,

Until they too, because of their vileness, arose and demanded leeks and green herbs and lettuce.

O people of Ahmad, who are of the noble, that food is continuing, till the Resurrection.

When, “I pass the night with my Lord,” was uttered, “He gives food” and “He gives drink” referred metaphorically to food.

Accept this without any interpretation that it may come into your throat as honey and milk.

Because interpretation is a rejection of the gift, since he regards that real meaning as faulty.

The view that it is faulty arises from the weakness of his understanding: Universal Reason is the kernel, and our reason is like the rind.

Interpret yourself, not the Traditions: abuse your brain, not the rose-garden.

“O ‘Ali, you who art all mind and eye, relate a little of that which you have seen!

The sword of your forbearance has rent my soul; the water of your knowledge has purified my earth.
He that works without tools and without limbs,
He that bestows these profitable gifts,
Causes the intelligence to taste myriads of wines in such wise
that eyes and ears are unaware.

Tell it forth, O falcon of the empyrean that finds goodly prey,
that what you Have seen at this time from the Maker.

Yours eye has learned to perceive the Unseen,
the eyes of bystanders are sealed.”

One man is beholding a moon plainly,
while another sees the world dark,
And another beholds three moons together.
These three persons are seated in one place, yes.
The eyes of all three are open, and the ears of all three are sharp;
fastened on you and in flight from me.

Is this an enchantment of the eye? Is it a marvellous hidden grace?
The form of the wolf is on you, and on me is the quality of Joseph.

If the worlds are eighteen thousand and more,
these eighteen are not subject (accessible) to every eye.

“Reveal the mystery, O ‘Ali, you who are approved,
O you who are good fate after evil fate.
Either do you declare that which your reason has found,
or I will tell that which has shone forth on me.
From you it shone forth on me: how should you hide it?
Without tongue you art darting rays of light, like the moon.
But if the moon’s orb comes to speech,
it more quickly leads the night-travellers into the way.
They become safe from error and heedlessness:
the voice of the moon prevails over the voice of the ghoul.
Inasmuch as the moon without speech is showing the way,
when it speaks it becomes light upon light.
Since you are the gate of the city of Knowledge,
since you are the beams of the sun of Clemency,
Be open, O Gate, to him that seeks the gate,
so that by means of you the husks may reach the core.

Be open unto everlasting, O Gate of Mercy,
O Entrance-hall to None is like unto Him.”
Every air and mote is indeed a place for vision, unopened, who says “There is a door”?

Unless the Watcher open a door, this idea never stirs within.

When a door is opened, he becomes amazed, grows wings, and begins to fly on the idea.

A careless man suddenly found the treasure in the ruin: after that, he was hastening to every ruin.

Till you gain the pearl from one dervish, how should you seek the pearl from another dervish?

Though opinion run with its own feet for years, it will not pass beyond the cleft of its own nostrils.

Say, are you seeing aught except your nose? Say, how will you see if you turn up your nose?

He said, “Speak, O Prince of the Faithful, that my soul may stir within my body, like the embryo.”

How has the embryo the means during the period when it is ruled? It comes from the stars towards the sun.

When the time comes for the embryo to receive the spirit, at that time the sun becomes its helper.

This embryo is brought into movement by the sun, for the sun is quickly endowing it with spirit.

From the other stars this embryo received only an impression, until the sun shone upon it.

By which way did it become connected in the womb with the beauteous sun?

By the hidden way that is remote from our sense-perception. The sun in heaven has many ways:

The way whereby gold receives nourishment, and the way whereby the stone is made a jacinth,

He asked ‘Ali, may God honour his person, saying, “Since you went victorious over such a man as I am, how did you drop the sword from your hand?”
And the way whereby it makes the ruby red,
and the way whereby it gives the lightning-flash to the horse-shoe,

And the way whereby it ripens the fruit,
and the way whereby it gives heart to one distraught.

“Say it forth, O falcon with shining wings
who has learned with the King and with his fore-arm.

Say it forth, O royal falcon that catches the Anqa,
O you that vanquishes an army by yourself, not with an army.

You alone are the community; you are one and a hundred thousand.
Say it forth, O you to whose falcon your slave has fallen a prey.

Wherefore this mercy in the place of vengeance?
Whose way is it to give the hand to a dragon?”

He said, “I am wielding the sword for God’s sake,
I am the servant of God, I am not under the command of the body.

I am the Lion of God, I am not the lion of passion:
my deed bears witness to my religion.

In war I am you did not throw when you threw:
I am as the sword, and the wielder is the Sun.

I have removed the baggage of self out of the way;
I have deemed other than God to be non-existence.

I am a shadow, the Sun is my lord;
I am the chamberlain, I am not the curtain to Him.

I am filled with the pearls of union, like a sword:
in battle I make living, not slain.

Blood does not cover the sheen of my sword:
how should the wind sweep away my clouds?

I am not a straw, I am a mountain of forbearance and patience and justice:
how should the fierce wind carry off the mountain?”

That which is removed from its place by a wind is rubbish,
for indeed the contrary winds are many.

How the Prince of the Faithful made answer
what was the reason of his dropping the sword from his hand on that occasion.
The wind of anger and the wind of lust and the wind of greed swept away him that performed not the prayers.

“I am a mountain, and my being is His building; and if I become like a straw, my wind is His wind.

My longing is not stirred save by His wind; my captain is nothing but love of the One.

Anger is king over kings, and to me it is a slave: even anger I have bound under the bridle.

The sword of my forbearance has smitten the neck of my anger; the anger of God has come on me like mercy.

I am plunged in light although my life is ruined; I have become a garden although I am Bu Turab.

Since other than God has intervened, it benefits to sheathe my sword,

That my name may be he loves for God’s sake, that my desire may be he hates for God’s sake,

That my generosity may be he gives for God’s sake, that my being may be he withholds for God’s sake.

My stinginess is for God’s sake, my bounty is for God’s sake alone: I belong entirely to God, I do not belong to any one;

And that which I am doing for God’s sake is not conformity, it is not fancy and opinion, it is naught but intuition

I have been freed from effort and search; I have tied my sleeve to the skirt of God.

If I am flying, I behold the place to which I soar; and if I am circling, I behold the axis on which I revolve;

And if I am dragging a burden, I know whither: I am the moon, and the Sun is in front of me as the guide.”

There is no means of communicating more than this to the people: in the river there is no room for the Sea.

I speak low according to the measure of understandings: it is no fault; this is the practice of the Prophet.

““I am free from self-interest: hear the testimony of a freeman, for the testimony of slaves is not worth two barleycorns.”

In the religious law the testimony of a slave has no value at litigation and judgment.
If thousands of slaves bear witness on your behalf, the law does not accept their testimony as worth a straw.

In God’s sight the slave of lust is worse than menials and slaves brought into servitude,

For the latter becomes free at a single word from his master, while the former lives sweet but dies sour and bitter.

The slave of lust has no release at all except through the grace of God and His special favour.

He has fallen into a pit that has no bottom, and that is his sin: it is not compulsion and injustice.

He has cast himself into such a pit that I find no rope capable of its bottom.

I will make an end. If this discourse go further, not only hearts but rocks will bleed.

These hearts have not bled, it is not because of hardness, it is perplexity and preoccupation and ill-fatedness.

They will bleed one day when blood is no use to them: bleed at a time when blood is not rejected.

Inasmuch as the testimony of slaves is not accepted, the approved witness is he that is not the slave of the ghoul.

We have sent you as a witness came in the Warning, because he was entirely free from existence.

“Since I am free, how should anger bind me? Nothing is here but Divine qualities. Come in!

Come in, for the grace of God has made you free, because His mercy had the precedence over His wrath.

Come in now, for you have escaped from the peril: you were a stone; the Elixir has made you a jewel.

You have been delivered from unbelief and its thorn-thicket: blossom like a rose in the cypress-garden of Hu.

You are I and I am you, I am happy with you: you were Ali—how should I kill Ali?

You have committed a sin better than any act of piety; you have traversed Heaven in a single moment.”

Very fortunate the sin which the man committed: do not rose-leaves spring from a thorn?
Was not the sin of `Umar and his attempt on the Prophet leading him to the gate of acceptance?

Was not Pharaoh because of the magic of the magicians drawing them, and did not fortune come to their aid?

Had it not been for their magic and denial, which would have brought them to rebellious Pharaoh?

How would they have seen the rod and the miracles? Disobedience became obedience, O disobedient people

God has smitten the neck of despair, inasmuch as sin and disobedience have become obedience.

Since He changes evil acts, He makes it an act of obedience in despite of slanderer.

By this the stoned Devil is driven away and envy is and is cloven asunder.

He strives to foster a sin (in us) and by means of that sin bring us into a pit;

When he sees that the sin has become an act of obedience, there comes round for him an unblest hour.

“Come in! I open the door to you. You spat and I give you a present. Such things I am giving to the doer of iniquity: in what fashion I lay my head before the left foot.

What then do I bestow on the doer of righteousness? I bestow treasures and kingdoms everlasting.

How the Prophet, on whom be peace, said in the ear of the stirrup-holder of the Prince of the Faithful, may God honour his person, “I tell you, ‘Ali will be slain by your hand.”

I am such a man that the honey of my kindness did not become poison in wrath against my murderer.

The Prophet said in the ear of my servant that one day he would sever this head of mine from my neck.

The Prophet by inspiration informed my friend that in the end my destruction would be by his hand.
He says; Kill me first, in order that this hateful crime may not proceed from me.

I say, since my death is from you, how can I seek to evade the destiny?

He falls before me, saying, 'O generous man, for God's sake cut me in two,

That this evil end may not come upon me; and that my soul may not burn for its life.'

I say, go: the Pen is dry; by that Pen many a landmark is overthrown.

There is no hatred of you in my soul, because I do not regard this as from you.

You are God's instrument, God's hand is the agent: how should I assail and oppose God's instrument? "

He said, “For what reason, then, is retaliation?”

“It is from God, too,” said 'Ali, “and that is a hidden mystery.

If He takes offence at His own act, He causes gardens to grow from that taking offence.

He seems to take offence at His own act, inasmuch as in vengeance and mercy He is One.

In this city of phenomena He is the Prince; in the realms He is the Ruler.

If He breaks His own instrument, He mends that which has become broken.”

Recognise, O noble sir, the indication of, verse We shall cancel or cause to be forgotten, followed by We shall bring a better.

Every law that He has cancelled— He has taken away grass and brought roses in exchange

Night cancels the business of day: behold an inanimateness that enlightens the intellect!

Again, night is cancelled by the light of day, so that the inanimateness is consumed by that fire-kindling one.

Although that sleep and rest are darkness, is not the Water of Life within the darkness?

Did not minds become refreshed in that darkness?

Did not a pause become the source of the voice?
For contraries are manifested by means of contraries:
in the black core He created the everlasting light.

The wars of the Prophet became the pivot of peace:
the peace of this latter age was from those wars.

That heart-ravisher cut off hundreds of thousands of heads,
in order that the heads of the world’s people might win security.

The gardener lops the green bough,
in order that the date-palm may gain stature and goodness.

The expert digs up the weeds from the garden,
in order that his garden and fruit may look flourishing.

The physician extracts bad teeth,
in order that the beloved may be saved from pain and sickness.

Many advantages are within defects:
for martyrs there is life in death.

When the throat has been cut that swallowed the daily bread,
*receiving the bounty, rejoicing*, shall be delicious.

When the throat of an animal is cut duly,
there grows the throat of man, and its excellence is increased.

When a man’s throat is cut, come; consider what the result will be!
Judge of this by the analogy of that

A third throat will be born,
and care of it will be the sherbet of God and His lights.

The throat that has been cut drinks sherbet,
but the throat that has been delivered from No and has died in Yes.

Make an end, O cowardly short-fingered one!
How long will the life of your spirit be by bread?

Like the willow, you have no fruit,
because you have lost yours honour for the sake of white bread.

If the sensual soul cannot refrain from this bread,
take the elixir and turn your copper into gold.

Wouldst you wash your garment, O so-and-so,
do not avert your face from the bleachers’ quarter.

Although the bread has broken your fast,
cling to Him that binds what is broken, and ascend!

Inasmuch as His hand binds what is broken,
it follows that His breaking is assuredly mending.
If you break it, He will say to you, 
“Come, make it whole”; and you are clumsy.

Therefore He has the right to break, 
for He can mend what has been broken.

He that knows how to sew knows how to tear; 
whatsoever He sells, He buys better.

He lays the house in ruins, upside down; 
then in one moment He makes it more habitable.

If He severs one head from the body, 
He at once raises up hundreds of thousands of heads.

If He had not ordained retaliation upon the guilty, 
or if He had said, “In retaliation there is a life,”
Who would have the stomach of himself to wield a sword against him 
that is a thrall to the decree of God?—

Because every one whose eyes He has opened would know 
that the slayer was constrained by predestination.

Any one on whom that predestination became a collar 
would strike a sword-blow even at the head of his child.

Go, fear and do not rail at the wicked: 
know yours own impotence before the snare of the decree.

One day Adam looked with contempt and scorn 
on Iblis who is damned.

He behaved with self-conceit and became self-approving: 
he laughed at the plight of accursed Iblis.

The jealousy of God cried out—
“O chosen one, you are ignorant of the hidden mysteries.

If He should turn the fur inside out, 
He would tear up from root and bottom the mountain;

At that instant He would rend the veil of a hundred Adams 
and bring a hundred Devils newly converted to Islam.”
Adam said, “I repent of this look; I will not think so disrespectfully again.”

O Help of them that call for help, lead us! There is no pride in knowledge or riches.

Do not let a heart stray that You Have guided by Your grace, and avert the evil which the Pen has written.

Let the evil of Your ordainment pass from our souls: do not cut us off from those who are well-pleased.

There is naught more bitter than separation from You: without Your protection there is naught but perplexity.

Our goods waylay our goods: our bodies tear the garment from our souls.

Inasmuch as our hand devours our foot, how shall any one save his soul without Your security?

And if he save his soul from these awful dangers, he will have saved a stock of misfortune and fear,

Because the soul, when it is not united with the Beloved, is blind and blue with itself for ever.

When You will not give him admission—even suppose he has saved his soul, regard as dead the soul that would live without You.

If You are upbraiding Your slaves, that is suitable to You, O You whose every wish is fulfilled.

And if You say that the sun and moon are scum, and if You say that the stature of the cypress is double,

And if You call the empyrean and the sky contemptible, and if You say that the mine and the sea are poor—

That is proper in reference to Your perfection: Yours is the power of perfecting mortalities,

For You are holy from danger and from nonexistence: You are He that brings the non-existent ones into being and endows.

He that made to grow can burn, because when He has torn, He can sew.

Every autumn He burns the garden; He makes to grow again the rose that dyes,

Saying, “O you who were withered, come forth, be fresh, once more be fair and of fair renown!”
The eye of the narcissus became blind: He restored it; the throat of the reed was cut: He himself fostered it again.

Since we are made and are not makers, we are not but humble and content.

We all are of the Nafs and busy with me-mine: if You call us not, we all are Devils.

We have been delivered from Satan, because You have redeemed our souls from blindness.

You are the Guide of every one that has life: who is the blind man without staff and guide?

Excepting You, whatever is sweet or unsweet is man-destroying and the essence of fire.

Any one to whom fire is a refuge and support becomes both a Magian and a Zoroaster.

Everything except Allah is vain: truly the grace of Allah is a cloud pouring abundantly and continually.

Returning to the story of the Prince of the Faithful, ‘Ali—may God honour his person!—and how generously he behaved to his murderer.

Go back to ‘Ali and his murderer, and the kindness he showed to the murderer, and his superiority.

He said, “Day and night I see the murderer with my eyes; I have no anger against him,”

Because death has become sweet as manna to me: my death has laid fast hold of resurrection.”

The death of deathlessness is lawful to us, the provision of unprovidedness is a bounty to us.

It is death outwardly but life inwardly: apparently it is a cutting-off, in secret it is permanence.

To the embryo in the womb birth is a going: in the world it blossoms anew.

“Since I have intense love and longing for death, the prohibition do not cast yourselves is for me,
Because the sweet berry is prohibited; how should it become necessary to prohibit the sour one?

The berry that has a sour kernel and rind—its very soursness and disagreeableness are a prohibition of it.

To me the berry of dying has become sweet: no, they are living has come on my account.

Slay me, my trusty friends, slay me, vile as I am: truly, in my being slain is my life for evermore.

Truly, in my death is my life, O youth—how long shall I be parted from my home? Until when?

If there were not in my staving my separation, He would not have said, ‘Truly, we are returning to Him.”

The returning one is he that comes back to his city, and from the revolution of Time approaches the Unity.

Because the sweet berry is prohibited; how should it become necessary to prohibit the sour one?

The berry that has a sour kernel and rind—its very soursness and disagreeableness are a prohibition of it.

To me the berry of dying has become sweet: no, they are living has come on my account.

Slay me, my trusty friends, slay me, vile as I am: truly, in my being slain is my life for evermore.

Truly, in my death is my life, O youth—how long shall I be parted from my home? Until when?

If there were not in my staving my separation, He would not have said, ‘Truly, we are returning to Him.”

The returning one is he that comes back to his city, and from the revolution of Time approaches the Unity.
Outwardly he strives after power and authority, that he may show to princes the way and judgment.

Likewise the Prophet's struggle to conquer Mecca—how can he be suspected of love of this world?

He who on the day of trial shut his eyes and heart to the treasury of the Seven Heavens,

Having arrayed themselves for his sake—how indeed should he care for anything except the Beloved?

He had become so filled with magnification of God that even those nearest to God would find no way there.

“In Us is no room for a prophet sent as an apostle, nor yet for the Angels or the Spirit. Therefore, understand!”

He said, “We are ma zagh (Our eye did not rove), we are not like crows (zagh); We are intoxicated with the Dyer, we are not intoxicated with the garden.”

Inasmuch as to the eye of the Prophet the treasuries of the celestial spheres and intelligences seemed as a straw,

What, then, would Mecca and Syria and Iraq be, that he should show fight and longing?

That thought and opinion is the hypocrite's, who judges from the analogy of his own wicked soul.

When you make yellow glass a veil, you see all the sunlight yellow.

Break those blue and yellow glasses, in order that you may know the dust and the man.

The dust has lifted up its head around the horseman: you have fancied the dust to be the man of God.
Iblis saw the dust, and said, “How should this offspring of clay be superior to me of the fiery brow?”

So long as you are regarding the holy as men, know that that view is an inheritance from Iblis.

If you are not the child of Iblis, O rebellious one, then how has the inheritance of that cur come to you?

“I am not a cur, I am the Lion of God, a worshipper of God: the lion of God is he that has escaped from form.

The lion of this world seeks a prey and provision; the lion of the Lord seeks freedom and death.

Inasmuch as in death he sees a hundred existences, like the moth he burns away existence.”

Desire for death became the badge of the sincere, for this word was a test for the Jews.

He said in the Qur’an, “O people of the Jews (self-reliant ones?), death is a treasure and gain to the sincere.

Even as there is desire for profit, the desire to win death is better than that.

O Jews, for the sake of honour by men of worth, let this wish be uttered on your tongues.”

Not a single Jew had so much courage, when Mohammed raised this banner.

He said, “If they should utter this on their tongues, truly not one Jew would be left in the world.”

Then the Jews brought the property and land-tax, saying, “Do not put us to shame, O Lamp.”

“There is no end in sight to this discourse: give me your hand, since yours eye has seen the Friend.”

---

The Prince of the Faithful said to that youth, “In the hour of battle, O knight,

How the Prince of the Faithful, ‘Ali—may God honour his person! —said to his antagonist, “When you did spit in my face, my fleshy self was aroused and I could no longer act with entire sincerity: that hindered me from slaying you.”

---
When you didst spit in my face,  
my fleshly self was aroused and my disposition was corrupted.

Half came to be for God's sake, and half idle passion:  
in God's affair partnership is not allowable.

You are limned by the hand of the Lord:  
you are God's, you are not made by me.

Break God's image, by God's command;  
cast at the Beloved's glass, the Beloved's stone.”

The fire-worshipper heard this,  
and a light appeared in his heart, so that he cut a girdle.

He said, “I was sowing the seed of wrong:  
I fancied you otherwise.

You have been the balance with the nature of the One;  
no, you have been the tongue of every balance.

You have been my race and stock and kin,  
you have been the radiance of the candle of my religion.

I am the slave of that eye-seeking Lamp  
from which your lamp received splendour.

I am the surrendered to the surge of that Sea of Light  
which brings a pearl like this into view.

Offer me the profession of the Faith,  
for I regard you as the exalted one of the time.”

Near fifty persons of his kindred and tribe  
lovingly turned their faces towards the Religion.

By the sword of clemency  
he redeemed so many throats of such a multitude from the sword.

The sword of clemency is sharper than the sword of iron;  
no, it is more productive of victory than a hundred armies.

**خاتمه‌ی دفتر اول**

Oh, alas, two mouthfuls were eaten,  
and thereby the ferment of thought was frozen up.

A grain of wheat eclipsed the sun of Adam,  
as the descending node is eclipse to the brilliance of the full-moon.

Behold the beauty of the heart,  
how its moon scatters the Pleiades by a single handful of clay.
When the bread was spirit, it was beneficial; since it became form, it rouses disbelief.

As the green thistles which a camel eats, and gains from eating them a hundred benefits and pleasures:

When the camel from the desert eats those same thistles, after their greenness is gone and they have become dry,

They rend his palate and cheek—oh, alas that such a nourishing rose became a sword!

When the bread was spirit, it was the green thistles; since it became form, it is now dry and gross.

According as you hadst formerly been in the habit of eating it, O gracious being,

In the same hope you are eating this dry stuff, after the spirit has become mingled with clay.

It has become mixed with earth and dry and flesh-cutting: abstain now from that herbage, O camel!

The words are coming very earth-soiled; the water has become turbid: stop up the mouth of the well,

That God may again make it pure and sweet, that He who made it turbid may likewise make it pure.

Patience brings the object of desire, not Haste.

Have patience—and God know best what is right.

پایان دفتر اول