بیان بعضی از حکمت تأخیر این مجلّد دویم که
اگر جملۀ حکمت الهی بنده را معلوم شود در فواید
ان کار بندز از آن کار فرو ماند و حکمت بی پایان
حکم‌الاداعاک ار وا وبران سازد و بدان کار
نپردازد.

Touching this Second Book, the reason of its postponement is set forth,
namely, that if all the Divine Wisdom be made known to His slave, the
slave in the benefits of that act will be left without the power to perform
it and the infinite Wisdom of God will destroy his understanding, he
will not engage in that act.

پس حقتعالی شمّۀ از آن حکمت بی پایان مهار
بینی او کند و اورا بدان کار کند که اگر او را
از فایده هیچ خبر نکند هیچ نجنبند، زیرا که ویرا
جنابین از بهر است که از بهر انصلحت افریده
شده است، و اگر حکمت آن بر وی ریزد هم
نتواند جنابید که در بینی شتر اگر مهار نبود
نرود و اگر مهار سخت بزرگ بود هم نرود و فرو
خسید

Therefore the High God makes a small portion of that infinite Wisdom
a toggle in his nose and leads him towards that act; for if He give him
no information about those benefits, he will not move at all, inasmuch
as the motive arises from advantages to ourselves or others, for the sake
of which we act accordingly; while if He should pour down upon him
the wisdom of that, he will also be unable to move; just as a camel will
not go unless there be a toggle in his nose, and if the toggle be big he will
likewise lie down.

و اِن مِن شَییً الاّ عِندَنا خَزَائنُهُ و ما نُنزُّله الاّ بِقََدَرٍ
معلوم.خاک بی آب کلوخ نشود و چون آب بسیار
بود هم کلوخ نشود،

And there is nothing but We have the storehouses thereof, and We do not
send it down but in a certain measure. Without water, earth does not
become a brick, nor does it become a brick when there is much water.

و الَسّماء رََفَعَهاوَ وَضَعَ اَلمیزانَ، بمیزان دهد هر
چیزی را به بی میزان و بی حساب، الا کسانی را
که از عالم خلق مبدل شده اند

And the heaven, He raised it and set up the scales. He gives every thing by
the scale, not without calculation and balance, save to those who have
been transmuted from the creaturely state of existence and have become.

و یَرزُقُ مَن یَشَاء بِغَیرِ حِسَاب
گشته اند و مَن لَم یَذُق لَم یَدرِ،

And He bestows on whom He pleases without calculation,
whoever has not tasted does not know.

یا پرسید یکی که عاشقی چیست
گنتم که چو ما شوی بدانی

Some one asked, “What is love?”
I answered, “You will know when you become we”

Love is uncalculated affection. For that reason it has been said to be in
reality the attribute of God and unreal in relation to His slave. He loves
them is the entire sum. What is they love Him?
In The Name Of God The Merciful The Compassionate

This Masnavi has been delayed for a while: an interval was needed in order that the blood might turn to milk.

Blood does not become sweet milk until your fortune gives birth to a new babe. Listen well.

When the Light of God, Husamu’ddin, drew the reins back from the zenith of Heaven

After he had gone in the ascension to realities, without his -- springtide the buds did not blossom.

When he returned from the Sea towards the shore, the lyre of the poetry of the Masnavi became attuned

The Masnavi, which was the polisher of spirits — his return was the day of seeking commencement

The date of beginning this gainful traffic was in the year six hundred and sixty-two.

A nightingale flew away and returned: it became a falcon for hunting these spiritual truths.

May this falcon's resting-place be the fore-arm of the King!
May this gate be open to the people unto everlasting!

The bane of this gate is sensuality and lust; else, draught on draught is here.

Throat and mouth are the eye-bandage to yonder world: close this mouth that you may see plain.

O mouth, truly you are the mouth of Hell; and, O world: you are like the intermediate state.

The everlasting light is beside this low world, the pure milk is beside rivers of blood.

When you take one step in it without precaution, your milk will be turned to blood through commixture.

Adam took one step in sensual pleasure: separation from his high place in Paradise became a collar on the neck of his soul.

The angels were fleeing from him as from a devil: how many tears did he shed for the sake of a single loaf!
Although the sin which he had compassed was a hair, yet that hair had grown in his eyes.

Adam was the eye of the Eternal Light: a hair in the eye is a great mountain.

If Adam had taken counsel in that, he would not have uttered excuses in penitence,

Because when one intellect is joined with another intellect, it prevents evil action and evil speech;

When the nafs is associated with another nafs, the partial intellect becomes idle and useless.

When because of loneliness you fall into despair, you become a sun under the shadow of the friend.

Go; seek at once the friend of God: when you have done so, God is your friend.

He who has fixed his gaze upon seclusion, after all 'tis from the friend that he has learned that

One must seclude one's self from strangers, not from the friend: the fur-coat is for winter, not for spring.

The intellect is paired with another intellect, light increases and the way becomes plain;

The nafs makes merry with another nafs, darkness increases, the way becomes hidden.

The friend is your eye, O huntsman: keep him pure from sticks and straws.

Beware! Do not make a dust with thy tongue's broom; do not make a present of rubbish to your eye.

Since the true believer is a mirror for the true believer, his face is safe from defilement.

The friend is a mirror for the soul in sorrow: breathe not on the face of the mirror, O my soul

Lest it cover its face on account of thy breath, thou must swallow thy breath at every moment.

Are you less than earth? When a plot of earth finds a friend, that is, a springtide, it finds a hundred thousand flowers.

The tree that is united with a friend, that is, the sweet air, blossoms from head to foot;
In autumn, when it sees a repugnant companion, it withdraws its face and head under the coverlet

And says, “A bad comrade is stirring up trouble: since he has come, my course is to sleep.

Therefore I will sleep; I will be one of the Men of the Cave: that prisoner of woe is better than Decianus.”

Their time of waking was expended by Decianus; their sleep was the capital of their renown.

Sleep, when it is accompanied by wisdom, is wakefulness; alas for the man awake who consorts with the ignorant!

When the crows pitch their tents on Bahman, the nightingales hide themselves and are mute,

Because the nightingale is silent without the rose-garden: the absence of the sun kills wakefulness.

O sun, you take leave of this rose-garden in order to illumine below the earth;

The Sun of Divine knowledge has no motion: its place of rising is none other but the spirit and intellect;

Especially the perfect Sun which is of yonder: day and night its action is illumination.

If you are an Alexander, come to the Sun’s rising-place: after that, wherever you go, you possess goodly splendour,

After that, wherever you go, it will become the place of sunrise: the places of sunrise will be in love with thy place of sunset.

Your bat-like senses are running towards the sunset; your pearl-scattering senses are faring towards the sunrise.

The way of sense-perception is the way of asses, O rider: have shame, O you that art jostling with asses!

Besides these five senses there are five senses: those are like red gold, while these senses are like copper.

In the bazaar where they are expert, how should they buy the copper sense like the sense of gold?

The bodily sense is eating the food of darkness; the spiritual sense is feeding from a Sun. 

O you that have borne the baggage of your senses to the Unseen, put forth thy hand, like Moses, from your bosom.
O you whose attributes are the Sun of Divine knowledge, while the sun in heaven is confined to a single attribute, 

Now you become the Sun, and now the Sea; now the mountain of Qaf, and now the Anqa.

In your essence you are neither this nor that, O you that are greater than imaginations and more than more!

The Spirit is associated with knowledge and reason: What has the Spirit to do with Arabic and Turkish?

Both the muwahhid and the mushabbih immanence are bewildered by you; O you who, being without image are in so many forms.

Sometimes the muwahbad is destroying the mushabbib; sometimes forms are waylaying the muwahhid.

Sometimes Abu 'l-Hasan in drunkenness says to thee, “O you whose teeth are small, O you whose body is tender!”

Sometimes he is laying waste to his own image: he is destroying in order to assert the transcendence of the beloved.

The doctrine held by the eye of sense is Mu‘tazilism, whereas the eye of Reason is Sunni in respect of union.

Those in thrall to sense-perception are Mu‘tazilites, from misguidedness they represent themselves as Sunnis.

Any one who remains in sense-perception is a Mu‘tazilite; though he may say he is a Sunni, it is from ignorance.

Any one who has escaped from sense-perception is a Sunni: the man endowed with vision is the eye of sweet-paced Reason.

If the animal sense could see the King, then the ox and the ass would behold Allah.

If, besides the animal sense, you had not another sense outside of the desire of the flesh, 

Then how should the sons of Adam have been honoured? How by means of the common sense should they have become privileged?

Your calling “formless” or “formed” is vain, without your liberation from form.

“Formless” or “formed,” He is with him that is all kernel and has gone forth from the husk.

If you are blind, it is no crime in the blind; if not, go, for patience is the key to success.
The medicine of patience will burn the veils over your eye and will also affect the opening of your breast.

When the mirror of your heart becomes clear and pure, you will behold images outside of water and earth.

You will behold both the image and the image-Maker, both the carpet of empire and the carpet-Spreader.

The phantom of my Friend seemed like Khalil—its form an idol, its reality a breaker of idols.

Thanks be to God that when he appeared, my spirit beheld in his phantom its own phantom.

The dust of your threshold was bewitching my heart: dust on him that was patient without your dust!

I said, “If I am beautiful, I shall receive this from him; and if not, he has indeed laughed at ugly me.

The plan is this, that I look at myself otherwise he will laugh at me: how shall I buy? “

He is beautiful and a lover of beauty: how should a fresh young man choose a decrepit old woman?

The Beautiful attracts the beautiful: know this.

Recite thereon the good women for the good men.

In this world everything attracts something: the Hot draws the hot and the cold the cold.

The worthless sort attract the worthless; the lasting rejoiced by the lasting.

Those of the Fire attract those of the Fire; those of the Light seek those of the Light.

When you shut your eye, you felt uncomfortable: how could the light of the eye do without the light of the window?

Your discomfort was the light in your eye straining to be joined speedily with the daylight.

If you feel distress while your eyes are unclosed, know that you have shut the eye of your heart, open it.

Recognize that that is the craving of the eyes of your heart which is seeking the immeasurable Light.

Inasmuch as separation from those two impermanent lights brought you discomfort, you opened your eyes,
Separation, then, from those two steadfast lights will bring you discomfort: guard them!

Since He is calling me, I will look to see whether I am worthy to be drawn or whether I am ill-favoured.

If a charming person makes an ugly one at his heels, it is a mockery that he makes of him.

How, I wonder, shall I behold my own face, so as to see what complexion I have and whether I am like day or like night?

For a long while I was seeking the image of my soul, my image was not displayed by any one.

“After all,” I said, “what is a mirror for? That every one may know what and who he i

The mirror of iron is for husks; the mirror that shows the aspect of the heart is of great price.

The soul’s mirror is naught but the face of the friend, the face of that friend who is of yonder country.

I said, “O heart, seek the Universal Mirror, go to the Sea: the business will not succeed by means of the river.”

In this quest your slave arrived at your dwelling-place, the pains drew Mary to the palm-tree.

When your eye became an eye for my heart, my blind heart went and became drowned in vision.

I saw that you are the Universal Mirror unto everlasting: I saw my own image in your eye.

I said, “At last I have found myself: in his eyes I have found the shining Way.”

My false instinct said, “Beware! That is your phantom: distinguish your essence from your phantom”;

My image gave voice from your eye, “I am you and you are I in oneness;

For how should a phantom find the way into this illumined eye which never ceases from the realities?”

“If you behold your image in the eyes of any other than me, know that it is a phantom and reprobatc,

Because he is applying the eye salve of non-existence and is imbibing the wine of Satan’s illusion-making.
Their eye is the home of imagination and non-existence: necessarily it sees as existent the things which are non-existent;

Since my eye saw eye salve from the Glorious, it is the home of existence, not the home of imagination."

So long as a single hair of you is before your eye, in your imagination a pearl will be as jasper.

You will know jasper from pearls at the time when you pass away from your imagination entirely.

O connoisseur of pearls, listen to a story, that you may distinguish actual seeing from inference.

The Fasting-month came round in `Umar's time. Some people ran to the top of a hill, in order to take the new moon as a good omen, and one of them said, "Look, O `Umar, here is the new moon!"

As `Umar did not see the moon in the sky, he said, "This moon has risen from your imagination."

Otherwise, I am a better seer of the heavens, how is it that I do not see the pure crescent?

Wet your hand," said he, "and rub it on your eyebrow, and then look up towards the new moon."

When he wet his eyebrow, he did not see the moon. "O King," he said, "there is no moon; it has disappeared."

"Yes," said `Umar, "the hair of your eyebrow had become like a bow and shot at thee an arrow of opinion."

When one hair became crooked, it waylaid him, so that, making a false claim, he boasted to have seen the moon.

Inasmuch as a crooked hair veils the sky, how will it be when all your members are crooked?

Straighten your members by the straight. O you, who go straight, turn not your head aside from that threshold.

How in the time of Umar, may God be well-pleased with him, a certain person imagined that what he saw was the new moon.
Balance makes balance correct; balance also makes balance defective.'

Whoever weighs the same as the unrighteous falls into deficiency, and his understanding becomes dazed.

Go, be hard on the infidels, sprinkle dust on fondness for the strangers.

Be as a sword upon the heads of the strangers: come, do not play foxy tricks, be a lion,

In order that the friends, moved by jealousy, may not break with you, because those thorns are the enemies of this rose.

Set fire to the wolves as rue-seed, because those wolves are the enemies of Joseph.

Iblis calls you “father’s soul”—beware! The accursed Devil in order that he may beguile you with words.

He practiced the like imposture on your father: this black-faced one checkmated an Adam.

This crow is busy on the chessboard; look not you upon his game with an eye that is half-asleep,

Because he knows many formidable moves which will stick in your throat like a straw

His straw will stay in your throat for years. What is that straw? Love of rank and wealth.

Wealth is the straw, since in your throat, O infirm one, it is an obstacle to the Water of Life.

If an artful enemy carries off your wealth, a robber will have carried off a robber.
How a snake-catcher stole a snake from another snake-catcher.

A petty thief carried off a snake from a snake-catcher and in his folly was accounting it a prize.

The snake-catcher escaped from the snake’s bite; the man who had robbed him was miserably killed by the snake.

The snake-catcher saw him; then he recognized him and said, “My snake has emptied him of life. My soul desired of Him in prayer that I might find him and take the snake from him. Thanks to God that that prayer was rejected: I thought that it was a loss, but it has turned out to be a gain.”

Many are the prayers which are loss and destruction, and from kindness the Holy God is not hearing them.

How the companion of Jesus, on whom be peace, entreated Jesus, on whom be peace, to give life to the bones.

A certain foolish person accompanied Jesus He spied some bones in a deep hole.

He said, “O companion, that exalted Name by which you make the dead to live;

Teach me, that I may do good and by means of it endow the bones with life.”

Jesus said, “Be silent, for that is not your work: it is not proper for your breath and speech,

For it wants breath purer than rain and more piercing in action than the angels.

Lifetimes were needed that the breath might be purified, so that he was entrusted with the treasury of the Heavens.
You have grasped this rod firmly in your hand:
how will Moses cunning come to you?”

He said, “If I am not one to pronounce mysteries, you pronounce the Name over the bones.”

Jesus cried, “O Lord, what are these hidden purposes?
What is this fool’s inclination in this fruitless work?

How has this sick man no care for himself?
How has this corpse no care for life?

He has left his own dead
and seeks to mend the dead of a stranger.”

God said, “The backslider seeks backsliding:
the thistle that has grown is the retribution for his sowing.”

He that sows the seed of thistles in the world
be warned not to look for him in the rose-garden.

If he takes a rose in his hand, it becomes a thistle;
and if he goes to a friend, he becomes a snake.

The damned wretch is an elixir which transmutes into poison and snakes;
contrary to the elixir of the God-fearing man.

A Sufi was wandering round the world
till one night he became a guest at a khanaghah

He had a beast: he tied it in the stable;
he sat at the top of the dais with his friends.

Then he engaged with his friends in meditation:
the presence of the friend a book, more.

The Sufi’s book is not ink and letters:
it is nothing but a heart white as snow.

The scholar’s provision is pen-marks.
What is the Sufi’s provision? Footprints

He stalks the game, like a hunter:
he sees the musk-deer’s track and follows the footprints.
For some while the track of the deer is proper for him, afterwards it is the navel of the deer that is his guide.

When he has given thanks for the track and has traversed the way, of necessity by means of that track he arrives at a goal.

To go one stage by the scent of the musk-gland is better than a hundred stages of the track and roaming about.

The heart that is the rising-place of the moonbeams is the opening of the doors for the Gnostic.

To you it is a wall, to them it is a door; to you a stone, to venerated ones a pearl.

What you see plainly in the mirror—the Pir sees more than that in the brick.

The Pirs are they whose spirits, before this world existed, were in the Sea of Bounty.

Before this body they passed lifetimes; before the sowing they took up the wheat.

They have received the spirit before the form; they have bored the pearls before the sea.

Consultation was going on as to bringing mankind into existence; their spirits were in the Sea of Omnipotence up to the throat.

When the angels were opposing that, they were secretly clapping their hands at the angels.

He was made acquainted with the form of every existent being, before this Universal Soul became fettered.

Before the heavens they have seen Saturn, before the seeds they have seen the bread.

Without brain and mind they were full of thought, without army and battle they gained victory.

That immediate intuition in relation to them is thought; else, indeed, in relation to those who are far it is vision.

Thought is of the past and future; when it is emancipated from these two, the difficulty is solved.

The spirit has beheld the wine in the grape, the spirit has beheld thing in nothing; it has beheld the genuine coin and the alloyed before the mine.
Before the creation of grapes it has quaffed wines and shown the excitements.

In hot July they see December; in the sunbeams they see the shade.

In the heart of the grape they have seen the wine; in absolute fana they have seen the object.

The sky is draining draughts from their circling cup; the sun is clad in cloth of gold by their bounty.

When you see two of them met together as friends, they are one, and at the same time six hundred thousand.

Their numbers are in the likeness of waves: the wind will have brought them into number.

The Sun, which is the spirits, became separated in the windows, which are bodies.

Separation is in the animal spirit; the human spirit is one essence.

Inasmuch as God sprinkled His light upon them, His light never becomes separated.

O my comrade on the way; dismiss your weariness for a moment, that I may describe a single mole of that Beauty.

The beauty of His state cannot be set forth: what are both the worlds? The reflection of His mole.

When I breathe a word concerning His beauteous mole, my speech would fain burst my body.

Like an ant, I am so happy in this granary that I am dragging a burden too great for me.
How the explanation of the meaning of the tale was stopped because of the hearer’s desire to hear the superficial form of it.

The sea casts foam in front and makes a barrier: it draws back and after drawing back flows in.

Hear what has interfered at the present time: I think the hearer’s mind has wandered elsewhere.

His thoughts have turned to the Sufi guest: he is sunk up to the neck in that business.

Now listen to the outward form of the tale, but take heed to separate the grain from the chaff.

When at last that circle of Sufis who were seeking profit came to an end in ecstasy and enthusiasm, they brought dishes of food for the guest, and he then thought about his beast.

When will He who is envied by Light allow me to tell that which is obligatory and ought to be told?

Our body is walnuts and raisins, O son; if you are a man, relinquish these two things; and if you do not relinquish them, the grace of God will enable you to pass beyond the nine tiers.

Good gracious! he replied, “why so many instructions? These things have long been in my care.”

The Sufi said, “First wet his barley, for it is an old ass, and his teeth are shaky.”

“Good gracious!” said he, “why are you telling this, Sir? They are taught by me these arrangements.”

The Sufi said, “First of all take off his saddle and put the salve of manbal on his sore back.”
“Good gracious!” exclaimed the servant. “Why, O purveyor of wisdom," I have had a thousand guests of your sort,

And all have departed from us well-pleased:
the guest is our life and our kinsman.”

The Sufi said, “Give him water, but lukewarm.”
“Good gracious!” cried the other. “I am ashamed of you.”

The Sufi said, “Put a little straw in his barley.”
“Good gracious! Cut short this speech,” he replied.

The Sufi said, “Sweep his place of stones and dung," and if it is wet, sprinkle dry earth on it.”

“Good gracious!” cried he, “implore God’s grace, O father," and say little to a messenger who knows his business.”

The Sufi said, “Take the comb and curry the ass’s back.”
“Good gracious! Do have some shame, O father,” said he.

The servant said this and briskly girded up his loins.
“I go,” said he; “first I will fetch the straw and barley.”

Off he went and never thought of the stable at all:
he gave that Sufi the sleep of the hare.

The servant went off to some rascals
and made a mockery of the sufi’s admonition.

The Sufi was fatigued by his journey and stretched his limbs:
with his eyes closed he was dreaming
That his ass was left in the clutch of a wolf,
was tearing pieces from its back and thighs.

“Good gracious!” he exclaimed, “What sort of melancholy is this?
Oh, where is that kindly servant?”

Again he would see his ass going along the road
and falling now into a well and now into a ditch.

He was dreaming various unpleasant dreams;
he was reciting the Fatiha and the Qari’a.

He said “What can be done to help? My friends have hurried out:
they have departed and made all the doors fast.”

Again he would say, “Oh, I wonder—that wretched servant!
Did not he partake of bread and salt with us?

I showed him nothing but courtesy and mildness:
why should he on the contrary show hatred towards me?

The servant said this and briskly girded up his loins.
“I go,” said he; “first I will fetch the straw and barley.”

Off he went and never thought of the stable at all:
he gave that Sufi the sleep of the hare.

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Again he would see his ass going along the road
and falling now into a well and now into a ditch.

He was dreaming various unpleasant dreams;
he was reciting the Fatiha and the Qari’a.
Every enmity must rest on some cause; otherwise, our common humanity would dictate faithfulness.

Then he would say again, “When had Adam, the kind and generous, done an injury to Iblis?”

What was done by man to snake and scorpion that they wish death and pain upon him?

To rend is the instinct of the wolf: after all, this envy is conspicuous in mankind.”

Again he would say, “It is wrong thus to think evil: why have I such thoughts against my brother?”

Then he would say, “Prudence consists in your thinking evil: how shall he that thinks no evil remain unhurt?”

The Sufi was in anxiety, and the ass was in such a plight—may it befall our enemies!

That poor ass was amidst earth and stones, with his saddle crooked and his halter torn,

Killed by the journey, without fodder all the night long, now at the last gasp and now perishing

All night the ass was repeating, “O God, I give up the barley; less than one handful of straw?”

With mute eloquence he was saying, “O Shaykhs, some pity, for I am consumed because of this raw impudent rogue

What that ass suffered of pain and torment, the land-bird suffers in a flood of water.

Then that night till dawn the wretched ass, from exceeding hunger, rolled on his side.

Day rose. The servant came at morn and quickly looked for the saddle and laid it on the ass’s back.

After the fashion of ass-dealers he gave him two or three blows: he did to the ass what is befitting from such a cur.

The sharpness of the sting set the ass jumping; where is the tongue that he may describe his own state?
When the Sufi mounted and got going, he began to fall on his face every time,

Every time the people lifted him up: they all thought he was ill.

One would twist his ears hard, while another sought for the part under his palate;

And another searched for the stone in his shoe, and another looked at the dirt in his eye

They were also saying, "O Shaykh, what is the cause of this? Were not you saying yesterday? ‘Thanks, this ass is strong’?"

He replied, “The ass that ate \textit{La hawl} during the night cannot get along except in this manner.

Inasmuch as the ass's food by night was \textit{La hawl}, he was glorifying God by night and in prostrating himself by day.”

Most people are man-eaters: put no trust in their saying, “Peace to you.”

The hearts of all are the Devil's house: do not accept the idle chatter of devilish men.

He that swallows \textit{La hawl} from the breath of the Devil, like that ass falls headlong in the fight

Whoever swallows the Devil's imposture in this world and veneration and deceit from the foe that has the face of a friend?

In the Way of Islam and on the bridge Sirat he will fall upon his head from giddiness, like that ass.

Beware! Do not hearken to the blandishments of the bad friend: see the snare, do not walk securely on the earth.

See the hundred thousand devils who utter \textit{La Hawl}, O Adam, in the serpent behold Iblis!

He gives vain words, he says to you, “O my soul and beloved,” that he may strip the skin off his beloved, like a butcher.

He gives vain words that he may strip off your skin: woe to him that tastes opium from enemies.

He lays his head at your feet and butcher-like gives vain words, that he may shed your blood miserably.
Like a lion, hunt your prey yourself:
leave the flattery of stranger or kinsman.

Know that the regard of the base is like that servant;
it is better to have nobody than the flattery of nobod

Do not make your home in men's land:
do your own work, don't do the work of a stranger

Who is the stranger? Your earthen body,
for the sake of which is your sorrow.

So long as you are giving your body greasy and sweet,
you will not see fatness in your essence.

If the body be set in the midst of musk,
on the day of death its stench will become manifest.

Do not put musk on your body; rub it on your heart.
What is musk? The holy name of the Glorious

The hypocrite puts musk on his body
and puts his spirit at the bottom of the ash-pit.

On his tongue the name of God
and in his soul stenches from his infidel thought.

In relation to him praise of God is the herbage of the ash-pit:
 it is roses and lilies upon a dunghill.

Those plants are certainly there on loan;
the proper place for those flowers is the symposium and festivity.

The good women come to the good men;
there is to the wicked women. Mark!

Do not bear malice: they that are led astray by malice,
their graves are placed beside the malicious.

The origin of malice is Hell, and your malice
is a part of that whole and is the enemy of your religion.

Since you are a part of Hell, take care!
The part gravitates towards its whole.

He that is bitter will assuredly be attached to those who are bitter:
how should vain breath be joined with the truth?

0 brother, you are that same thought;
as for the rest, you are flesh and bone.

If your thought is a rose, you are a rose-garden;
and if it is a thorn, you are fuel for the bath-stove.
If you are rose-water, you are sprinkled on head and bosom; and if you are like urine, you are cast out.

Look at the trays in front of druggists—
each kind put beside its own kind,

Things of each sort mixed with things of the same sort, and a certain elegance produced by this homogeneity;

If his aloes-wood and sugar get mixed,
he picks them out from each other, piece by piece

The trays were broken and the souls were spilled:
good and evil ones were mingled with each other

God sent the prophets with scrolls,
that He might pick out these grains on the dish.

Before this we were one community,
none knew whether we were good or bad.

False coin and fine were current in the world,
since all was night, and we were as night-travellers,

Until the sun of the prophets rose and said,
"Be gone, 0 alloy! Come, 0 you who are pure!"

The eye can distinguish colours;
the eye knows ruby and stone.

The eye knows the jewel and the rubbish;
hence bits of rubbish sting the eye.

For that reason God said, by the morn:
by the morn is the light of the hidden mind of Mustafa.

The other view, that the Beloved meant this morn,
is just for the reason that this too is the reflection of him;
Else it is wrong to swear by a transient thing:  
how indeed is transience proper to the speech of God?

That Friend said, "I love not them that set
I love not them that set
I love not them that set
I love not them that set

Again, and by the night is his occultation 
and his earthen rust-dark body.

When his sun rose from that sky, it said to the night of the body, 
"Lo, He has not forsaken you."

Union was made manifest out of the essence of affliction:  
that sweetness was expressed by He has not hated.

In fact, every expression is the symbol of a state:  
the state is as a hand, while the expression is a tool.

The goldsmith's tool in the hand of a shoemaker
is like a seed sown in sand;

And the cobbler's tool before the husbandman
is straw before a dog bones before an ass.

"I am God" on the lips of Mansur was the light; 
"I am Allah" on the lips of Pharaoh was a lie.

In the hand of Moses the rod became a witness 
in the hand of the magician the rod became motes in the air.

On this account Jesus did not teach his fellow-traveller 
that Name of the Lord, 
For he would not know and would attribute imperfection to the tool. 
Strike stone on clay, and how should fire leap forth?

Hand and tool are as stone and iron; 
there must be a pair: a pair is the condition for bringing to birth.

The One is He who has no consort and no tool; 
in number there is doubt, and that One is beyond doubt.

Those who say "two" or "three" or more than these 
are certainly agreed in One.

When squinting has been put aside, they become alike: 
the assertors of two or three become assertors of Unity.

If you are a ball in His polo-field, 
keep spinning round from His polo-stick.

The ball becomes right and flawless 
at the time when it is made to dance by the stroke of the King's hand.
Pay attention to these, O squint eyed one: apply the eye-salve by way of the ear.

Holy words, then, do not abide in blind hearts, go to the Light whence they came,

While the spell of the Devil goes into crooked hearts as a crooked shoe on to a crooked foot

Though you may learn Wisdom by rote, it leaves you when you are unworthy;

And though you write it and note it, and though you brag and expound it,

It withdraws its face from you, O disputatious one: it breaks its bonds and flees from you.

If you read not and it sees your ardour, Knowledge will be a bird docile to your hand.

It does not abide with every unskilled apprentice: like a peacock in the house of a peasant.

How the King found his falcon in the house of a decrepit old woman.

It is not like the falcon that fled from the King to the old crone who was sifting flour

That she might cook porridge for her children. She saw the beautiful well-born falcon,

She tied its little foot and clipped its wings; she cut its talons and fed it with straw.

“Unworthy folk,” said she, “have not kept thee in trim: your wings are overgrown and thy talons have become long.

Every unworthy one’s hand makes thee ill: come to your mother that she may take care of you."

Know, O friend, that such is the affection of the fool: the fool ever walks crookedly on the way.

The King’s day became late in searching: he went to the old woman and the tent.
Suddenly he spotted the falcon amidst smoke and dust: the King wept and lamented over it.

He said, "Although this is the consequence of your action, in that you are not firm in keeping faith with me,

How should you make Hell your abode after Paradise, heedless of the people of the Fire are not equal?"

This is the fitting reward for one that unconscionably flees from the King who knows well to the house of an old hag."

The falcon was rubbing its wings against the King's hand: without tongue it was saying, "I have sinned."

Where then should the vile plead piteously, where should he moan, if you will accept nothing but good, O Bountiful?

The King's grace makes the soul sin-seeking, because the King makes every foul thing fair.

Go; do not commit foulness, for our fair deeds appear foul in the sight of our Beauteous.

You deemed your service worthy: thereby you raised the banner of sin.

Forasmuch as praise and prayer were passed on to you, through making that prayer your heart became vain.

You regarded yourself as speaking with God.

Oh, many a one that becomes separated by this opinion.

Although the King sit with you on the ground, know yourself and sit better.

The falcon said, "O King, I am penitent, I am converted, I am embracing Islam anew.

He whom you make drunk and pot-valiant'—if from drunkenness he walks crookedly, accept his excuse.

Though my talons are gone, when you are mine I tear off the forelock of the sun; if you give me a pen, I will break the banners.

After all, my body is not inferior to a gnat: with my wings I confound the kingdom of Nimrod.
Suppose me to be the flocks of birds in weakness, suppose every one of my enemies to be as the elephant,

I cast a baked pellet the size of a hazel-nut, my pellet in its effect is like a hundred catapults.”

Moses came to battle with his one rod and made an onset against Pharaoh and his swords.

Every Prophet who by himself has knocked at that door has alone fought against the whole world.

When Noah begged of Him a sword, through Him the waves of the Flood became of sword-like temper.

O Ahmad, who indeed are the armies of the earth? Behold the moon in heaven split her brow,

In order that the ignorant astrologer may know that this cycle is your cycle, not the cycle of the moon.

It is your cycle, because Moses, he who spoke, was constantly yearning after this cycle of yours.

When Moses beheld the splendour of your cycle, in which the dawn of Revelation was arising,

He said, “O Lord, what cycle of mercy is that? It is beyond mercy: there vision.

Plunge Thy Moses in the seas and bring him up from the midst of the cycle of Ahmad.”

God said, “O Moses, on that account I have shown you; on that account I have opened to you the way to that communion,

Because in this cycle, O Kalim, you are far from that: draw back your foot, for this blanket is long.

I am kind; I show my servant bread in order that desire may cause that living one to weep.

A mother rubs the nose of her babe that it may wake and seek some food

For it may have fallen asleep hungry unawares; and it prods her two breasts for the sake of milk.

I was a treasure, a hidden mercy, so I sent forth a rightly guided Imam.

Every grace that you are seeking with your soul, He showed it to you that you might desire it.
چند بت بشکست احمد در جهان
تا که یا رب گوی گشتن امتان
گر نبودی کوشش احمد تو هم
میرستیدی چو اجدادت صنم
این سرت وارست از سجدی صنم
تا بدنی حق او را بر امم
گر گوگی شکر این رستن یک
که بت باطن همت بر هر یا او
مر سرت را چون رهانید از بتان
هم دبان قوت تو دل را وارهان
سر ز شکر دین از ان بر تاقی
که پدر میراث مفتاش یافته
مرد میراثی چه دان قد مرال
رستمی جان کند و مajan یافته زال
چون گریبان بجوشند رحمت
آن خروشنه نبودند نعمت
گر نخواهم داد خود نمایندش
چونش کردم به له بگشايمنش
رحمت موقوف أن خوش گریه‌هاست
چون گریست از بحر رحمت موج خاست

How many idols did Ahmad break in the world,
that the communities might cry "O Lord"!

Had it not been for the efforts of Ahmad,
you also, like your ancestors, would be worshipping idols.

This head of yours has been delivered from bowing to idols, in order
that you may acknowledge his rightful claim upon the communities.

If you speak, speak thanks for this deliverance that he may also deliver
you from the idol within.

Since he has delivered your head from idols, deliver
your heart also by means of that strength.

You have neglected to give thanks for the Religion
because you got it for nothing as an inheritance from your father.

How should a man who inherits know the value of wealth?
A Rustam tore his soul; Zal got it cost-free.

When I cause to weep, My mercy is aroused:
that crying one drinks of My bounty.

If I do not wish to give, indeed I do not show him,
when I have closed his heart, I open it.

My mercy is dependent on that goodly weeping:
when he weeps, waves rise from the sea of mercy.”

حلوا خریدن شیخ احمد خضرویه قدس اللَّه سره العزیز جهت غریمان به الهام حق

How by Divine inspiration Shaykh Ahmad son of Khizruya,
may God sanctify his revered spirit, bought halwa for his creditors.

بود شیخی دایماً و وامدار
از جوانمردی که بود آن نامدار
ده هزاران وام کرده از مهان
خرج کرده بر فقیران جهان
هم به وام او خاناقه‌ساخته
جان و مال و خانقُه درباخته
وام او را حق ز هر گر می‌گزارد
کرد حق بهر خلیل از ریگ ارد
گفت نیفمر که در بازارها
دو فرشته می‌کنند ایبدر دعا

There was a Shaykh who was continually in debt
because of the generosity which that illustrious one had.

He used to make myriads of debts from the great,
and spend upon the poor of the world.

He had also built a khanaghah by debt;
he had devoted life and wealth and khanaghah.

God was paving his debts from every quarter:
God made flour out of sand for the Friend’s sake.

The prophet said that two angels
are praying here in the markets,
“O God, Give the prodigal a boon in return, and O God give the miserly a bane.”

Especially the prodigal who has freely spent his soul and made his throat a sacrifice to the Creator

He offers his throat, like Ismail: the knife cannot do anything to his throat.

On this account, then, the martyrs are living in joy: do not, infidel-like, look at the body.

Since God has given them in return the spirit of everlastingness—a spirit safe from grief and pain and misery.

The debtor Shaykh acted in this fashion for years, taking and giving like a steward.

He was sowing seeds till the day of death, that on the day of death he might be a most glorious prince.

When the Shaykh’s life reached its end and he saw in his existence the signs of death, the creditors were seated together around him; the Shaykh was gently melting on himself, like a candle.

The creditors had become despairing and sour-faced: the pain in hearts was accompanied by pain in lungs.

“Look at these evil-thinking men,” said the Shaykh. “Has not God four hundred gold dinars?”

A boy outside shouted “halwa!” and bragged of the halwa in hope of some money.

The Shaykh with his head directed the attendant to go and buy the whole of the halwa.

“So that the creditors, when they eat the halwa, for a while may not look bitterly on me”

The attendant at once went out through the doorway to buy with gold all the halwa

He said to the boy, “How much is the halwa in the lump?” The boy said, “Half a dinar and some small change.”

“Nay,” he replied; “don’t ask too much from Sufis: I will give you half a dinar. Say no more.”

The boy put the tray before the Shaykh. Behold the mysterious secret thoughts of the Shaykh!
He made a sign to the creditors “Look, this gift is a present: eat this gladly, it is lawful.”

When the tray was emptied, the boy took it and said, “Give me the gold, O Sage.”

The Shaykh said, “From where shall I get the money? I am in debt and going towards non-existence.”

The grieving boy dashed the tray upon the ground; he raised lamentation and weeping and moaning.

The boy was weeping with loud sobs because of the swindle, “Would that both my legs had been broken!

Would that I had loitered round the bath-stove and had not passed by the door of this khanaghah!

Greedy, gluttonous Sufis, dogs at heart and washing their faces like cats!”

At the boy’s clamour good and bad gathered there and crowded round the boy.

He came to the Shaykh and said, “O cruel Shaykh, know for sure that my master will kill me. If I go to him empty-handed, he will kill me: will you give leave?”

And those creditors too turned to the Shaykh with disbelief and denial, saying, “What game was this? You have devoured our property and are carrying off your iniquities: for what reason was this other injustice on the top?”

Till afternoon prayers the boy wept; the Shaykh closed his eyes and did not look at him.

The Shaykh, unconcerned with abuse and opposition, had withdrawn his moon-like face under the coverlet, pleased with eternity, pleased with death, joyous, unconcerned with revilement and the talk of high or low.

He in whose face the Beloved smiles sweetly, what harm can befal him from the sour looks of people?

He on whose eye the Beloved bestows a kiss, how should he grieve at Heaven and its anger?

On a moonlight night what cares the moon in Simak for dogs and their barking?
سگ وظیفه‌ای خود به جا می‌آورد
و ظیفه‌ای خود به رخ می‌گسترید
کارک خود می‌گزارند هر کسی
آب نگذارند صفا بهر خسی
خص خساوه میرد بر روی آب
اب صاحیب میرود به استفراب
مصطفی مه می‌شکافد نیم شبنم
زار می‌خاید ز کینه بو لهب
آن مسیحآ مردم خود می‌کنند
و آن جهود از خشم سیلت می‌کند
باتنگ سگ هرگز رسد در گوش ماه
خاصه ماهی کار بود خاص ال‌الله
می‌خورد شه بر لب جو تا سحر
در سماع از بانگ چغزان بی‌خبر
هم شدی توزیع کودک دانگ گرد
همت شیخ آن سخا را کرد بند
تا کسی ندهد به کودک هیچ چیز
قوت پیران از این بش است نیز
شدن نامز دیگر آمدم خدامی
یک طبق بر فک ز بیش حاتمی
صاحب مالی و حالت بیش پیر
هدیه بفرستاد کر یی دخیر
چار صد دینار بر گوشه‌ی طبق
نیم دینار دگر اندر ورق
خادم آمدم شیخ را اکرام کرد
و آن طبق بهای بیش شیخ نفر
چون طبق را از غطا و اکرم رو
خلق دیدن آن کرامت را از او
اه و افغان از همه برخاست زود
کای سر شیخان و شاهان این چه بود
این چه سر است این چه سلطانی است باز
ای خداوند خداوندان راز
ما ندانستم ما را عفو کن
بس پرآکنده که رفت از ما سخن
ما که کورانه عصاها می‌زنیم
لأجرم قدیبلها را بشکنیم

The dog is performing his task;
the moon is smoothly fulfilling her task by means of her countenance.

Every one is executing his little business:
water does not lose purity because of a bit of weed.

The weeds float weedily on the surface of the water:
the pure water flows on undisturbed.

Mustafa splits the moon at midnight;
Abu Lahab from hatred talks drivel.

The Messiah brings the dead to life,
and the Jew tears his moustache in wrath.

Does the dog’s bark ever reach the moon’s ear,
especially that Moon who is the chosen of God?

The king drinks wine on the bank of the stream till dawn,
and in listening to the music is unaware of the croaking of the frogs.

The division of the boy would have been a few coins;
the Shaykh’s influence stopped that generosity,

So that no one should give the boy anything;
The power of the Pirs is even greater than this.

It was afternoon prayers,
a servant came with a tray in his hand from one like Hatim,

A man of property and condition:
he sent it as a present to the Pir, for he knew about him.

Four hundred dinars, and in a corner of the tray
another half-dinar in a piece of paper

The servant advanced and did honour to the Shaykh,
and laid the tray before the peerless Shaykh.

When he uncovered the face of the tray,
the people beheld the miracle from him.

Immediately cries of sorrow and lamentation arose from all
“O head of the Shaykhs and kings, what was this?

What secret is this? Once more, what sovereignty is this,
O lord of the lords of mystery?

We knew not. Pardon us.
Very deranged were the words that went out from us.

We who blindly brandish staffs
cannot help breaking lamps.
We, like deaf men, without having heard a single thing spoken, are answering idly from our own surmise.

We have not taken warning from Moses, who was made shamefaced by disbelief in a Khizr,

Notwithstanding an eye that sped aloft, and the light of his eye was piercing heaven.

O Moses, through foolishness the eye of a mill-mouse has fanatically set itself against your eye.”

The Shaykh said, “I forgive all that talk and chatter: it is lawful to you.

The secret of this was that I besought God: consequently He showed me the right way,

And said, ‘though that dinar is little, yet it is dependent on the boy’s outcry

Until the halwa-selling boy weeps, the sea of mercy is not aroused.’

O brother, the child is the child of your eye: know surely that your desire is dependent on distress.

If you wish that that robe of honour should come; then make the child of your eye weep over your body.

How a certain person frightened an ascetic, saying, “Weep little, lest thou become blind.”

A comrade in the work said to an ascetic, “Weep little, lest your eye come to harm.”

The ascetic said, “The case is not outside of two: the eye will see, or it will not see, that Beauty.

If it sees the Light of God, what is there to grieve about?

If little are two eyes in union with God!

And if it shall not see God, let it go!

Let such a miserable eye become blind!”

Do not grieve for your eye when that Jesus is yours; do not go to the left that he may give you two right eyes.
The Jesus of your spirit is present with you:

beg aid from him, for he is a goodly helper;

But do not every moment lay on the heart of Jesus
the unprofitable work of a body full of bones,

Like the fool whom we mentioned in the story
for the sake of the righteous.

Seek not from your Jesus the life of the body;
ask not from your Moses the wish of a Pharaoh.

Burden not your heart with thoughts of livelihood;
livelihood will not fail: be at the Court.

This body is a tent for the spirit,
or like an ark for Noah.

When the Turcoman is there, he will find a tent,
especially when he is one held in honour at the Court.

Conclusion of the story of the coming to life of the bones at the prayer of Jesus,
on whom be peace!

Jesus pronounced the Name of God over the bones
on account of the young man’s entreaty.

For the sake of that foolish man the decree of God
gave life to the form which those bones had possessed.

A black lion sprang forth, hit once with its paw,
and destroyed his image.

It tore up his skull: his brain was scattered on the spot—
the brain of a nut, for in him was no brain.

If he had had a brain, his being broken to pieces
would have been no injury at all except to his body.

Jesus said, “How did you maul him so quickly?”
The lion said, “Because we were troubled by him.”

Jesus asked, “How did not you drink the man’s blood?”
“In the dispensation it was not granted to me to drink,” replied the lion.

Oh, many a one that like that raging lion
has departed from the world without having eaten his prey!
His portion is not a straw, while his greed is as a mountain; he has no means, though he has gotten the means.

O You, who has made it easy for us to do unrewarded and fruitless labour in the world, deliver us!

To us it seems bait and it is a hook: show it to us even as it is.

The lion said, “O Messiah, this prey was merely for the purpose that warning might be taken.

Had there been for me in the world an allotted portion, what business indeed should I have had with the dead?”

This is the punishment deserved by him that finds pure water, and like an ass urinates impertinently in the stream.

If the ass knows the value of that stream, instead of his foot he will put his head in it.

He finds a prophet like that, a lord of the Water, a cherisher of life:

How does not he die before him, saying “O lord of the Water, make me living by the command ‘Be’?”

Take heed! Do not wish your currish soul alive, for it is the enemy of your spirit since long ago.

Dust be on the head of the bones that hinder this cur from hunting the spirit!

You are not a cur, how are you in love with bones?
Why are you in love with blood, like a leech?

What eye is that that has no sight, and gets nothing but disgrace from the tests?

Opinions are sometimes erroneous, what opinion is this that is blind to the road?

O eye, you lament for others: sit down awhile and weep for yourself!

The bough is made green and fresh by the weeping cloud, for the reason that the candle is made brighter by weeping.

Wherever people are lamenting, sit there, because you have a better right to moan,

Inasmuch as they are with parting from that which passes away, and are forgetful of the ruby of everlastingness that belongs to the mine;
Inasmuch as the stamp of blind imitation is a lock upon the heart;—go, scrape off its lock with tears—;

Inasmuch as imitation is the bane of every good quality: imitation is a straw, if it is a mighty mountain.

If a blind man is big and choleric, deem him a piece of flesh, since he has no eye.

Though he speaks words finer than a hair, his heart has no knowledge of those words.

He has certain intoxication from his own words, but there is a good way between him and the Wine.

He is like a river-bed: it does not drink any water; the water passes through it to the water-drinkers.

The water does not settle in the river-bed because the riverbed is not thirsty and water-drinking.

Like a reed-flute, he makes a piteous lament, but he seeks a buyer.

The imitator in his discourse is a professional mourner: that wicked man has no motive except cupidity.

The professional mourner utters burning words, but where is the glow of heart and the torn skirt?

Between the true knower and the blind imitator there are differences, for the former is like David, while the other is an echo.

The source of the former’s words is a glow, whereas the imitator is one who learns old things.

Beware! Do not be duped by those sorrowful words: the ox bears the load, but it is the cart that moans.

Even the imitator is not disappointed of the recompense: the professional mourner gets his wages at the reckoning.

Infidel and true believer say “God,” but there is a good difference between the two.

The beggar says “God” for the sake of bread; the devout man says “God” from his very soul.

If the beggar distinguished from his own saying of, neither less nor more would remain before his eye.

For years that bread-seeker says “God”; like the ass, he carries the Qur’an for the sake of straw.
Had the word on his lips shone forth in his heart, his body would have been shivered to atoms.

In sorcery the name of a demon finds the way; you are earning a petty coin by means of the Name of God.

How a peasant stroked a lion in the dark, because he thought it was his ox.

A peasant tied an ox in the stable: a lion ate his ox and sat in its place.

The peasant went into the stable to the ox: the man, groping into corners, was seeking the ox at night.

He was rubbing his hand on the limbs of the lion, back and side, now above, now below.

The lion said, “If the light were to become greater, his gall bladder would burst and his heart would turn to blood.

He is stroking me like this so boldly because in this night he thinks I am the ox.”

Haqq is saying, “O blind dupe, did not We fall in pieces at My Name?

For if We had sent down a Book to the mountain, it would have been split apart, then cut to pieces, and then it would have departed.

If Mount Uhud had been acquainted with Me, blood would have gushed in jets from the mountain.”

You have heard this from your father and mother; in consequence you have embraced it thoughtlessly.

If you become acquainted with Him without blind imitation, by grace you will become immaterial, like a voice from Heaven.

Hear this story as a deterrent, in order that you may know the destructive power of blind imitation.
A Sufi, after journeying, arrived at a khanaghah; he took his mount and led it to the stable.

With his own hand he gave it a little water and some fodder: not such a Sufi as the one we told of before.

He took precaution for it against neglect and craziness, when the destiny comes to pass, of what avail is precaution?

The Sufis were destitute and poor: poverty almost comprises an infidelity that brings to perdition.

O rich man, who is well fed, beware of laughing at the unrighteousness of the suffering poor.

On account of their destitution that Sufi flock, all of them, adopted selling the donkey,

Saying, “of necessity a carcass is lawful; many a vicious act that necessity made a virtuous one.”

They instantly sold the little donkey; they bought dainty delicacies and lit candles.

Jubilation arose in the khanaghah,” “To-night there are delicacies, music, dancing and Sema.

How much of this wallet and this beggary?
How much of this patience and of this three-day fasting?

We also are of creatures, we have soul.
Good luck to-night: we have the guest.”

Thereby they were sowing the seed of falsehood, for they deemed soul what is not soul.

And the traveller, too, was tired by the long journey and saw that favour and fondness

The Sufis, one by one, caressed him: they were playing the game of pleasant attentions.

When he saw their affection towards him, he said, “If I don’t make merry to-night, when?”
They ate the food and began the Sama;
the khanaghah was filled with smoke and dust up to the roof

The smoke of the kitchen, the dust of beating the feet,
the tumult of soul by longing and ecstasy.

Now, waving their hands, they would beat their feet;
now, in prostration, they would sweep the dais.

After long does the Sufi gain his desire from Fortune:
for that reason the Sufi is a great eater;

Except, to be sure, the Sufi who has eaten his fill of the Light of God:
he is free from the shame of beggary;

Those Sufis are a few among thousands;
the rest are living in his empire.

When the Sema had come from beginning to end,
the minstrel struck up a heavy strain.

He commenced, “The donkey is gone, and the donkey is gone”; he made the whole sharers in this enthusiasm.

From this enthusiasm beating their feet till dawn, clapping their hands, “The donkey is gone; the donkey is gone, O son!”

By way of imitation that Sufi began in impassioned feeling this same, “The donkey is gone.”

When the pleasure and excitement and music and dancing were over, day dawned and they all said, “Farewell!”

The monastery was deserted, and the Sufi remained: that traveller set about shaking the dust from his baggage.

He brought out the baggage from his cell, in order that he might tie it on the donkey, seeking people to travel with.

He was hurrying that he might overtake his fellow-travellers; he went into the stable but did not find the donkey.

He said, “The servant has taken it to water, because it drank little water last night.”

The servant came, and the Sufi said to him, “Where is the donkey?” “Look at your beard,” replied the servant, and a quarrel arose.

He said, “I have entrusted the donkey to you, I have put you in charge of the donkey.

Discuss with propriety, don’t argue: deliver back to me what I delivered to you
I demand from you what I gave to you: return what I entrusted to you.

The Prophet said that whatever your hand has taken must in the end be restored.

And if you, from insolence, are not content with this, look here, let us to the house of the Cadi of religion.”

The servant said, “I was overpowered: the Sufis rushed, and I was in fear for my life.

Do you include liver with the scraps that you feed to the cats, and seek a trace of it?

One cake of bread amongst a hundred hungry people, one half dead cat before a hundred dogs? ”

“I suppose,” Said the Sufi, “that they took it from you by violence, aimed at the life of wretched me;

You did not come and say to me, they are taking away your donkey, O poor man!

So that I might buy back the donkey from whomever he is, or else they might divide my money.

There were a hundred ways of mending when they were present; now each one is gone to a separate place.

Whom should I seize? Whom should I take to the Cadi? It is from you in truth that this judgment has come upon me.

Why didn’t you come and say, ‘O stranger, such a terrible outrage has occurred’?"

“By God,” said he, “I came several times to inform you of these doings, you were always saying, ‘the donkey is gone, O son,’ with more gusto than all who said it.

I was going back, ‘He himself is aware; he is satisfied with this consequence: he is an Arif.”

The Sufi said, “They all were saying merrily, I also took delight in saying it.

Blind imitation of them has brought me to ruin: two hundred curses on that imitation

Especially imitation of such good-for-nothing rascals—the wrath of Abraham on them that sink!
The delight of that company was casting a reflection, and this heart of mine was becoming seduced by that reflection.

The reflection from good friends is necessary until you become, without reflection, a drawer of water from the Sea.

Know that the reflection first cast is imitation, when it has become successive it turns into realisation.

Until it has become realisation, do not part from the friends; do not break away from the shell: the rain-drop has not become a pearl.

If you wish eye, understanding and hearing to be pure, tear the curtains of selfish desire to pieces.

Because the Sufi’s imitation, from tama, blocked his understanding from the light and radiance

Greed for the food, desire for that delight, and for the Sema hindered his understanding from knowledge.

If desire were to arise in the mirror, that mirror would be like us in hypocrisy.

If the scale had desire for riches, how would the scale give a true description of the case?

Every prophet has said in sincerity to his people, “I ask not from you the wages for my message. I am a guide; God is your purchaser: God has appointed me to act as broker on both sides.

What are the wages for my work? The sight of the Friend, even though Abu Bakr gives me forty thousand

My wages are not his forty thousand: how should glass beads be like the pearls of Aden?”

I will tell you a story: listen to it attentively, that you may know that a sense of entitlement is a plug in the ear.

Whoever is greedy becomes a stammered; with desire how should the eye and the heart become bright?

The image of power and wealth before his eye is just as a hair in the eye,

Except, to be sure, the intoxicated that is filled with God: though you give treasures, he is free;

When any one enjoys vision, this world becomes carrion in his eyes.
But that Sufi was far removed from intoxication; consequently he was night-blind in greed.

The man dazed by entitlement may hear a hundred stories, not a single point comes into the ear of greed.

How the criers of the Cadi advertised an insolvent round the town.

There was an insolvent person without house or home, who remained in prison and pitiless bondage.

He would unconscionably eat the rations of the prisoners; on account of appetite he was like Mount Qaf on the hearts of the people.

No one had the pluck to eat a mouthful of bread, because that snatcher of portions would carry off his entire meal.

Any one who is far from the feast of the Merciful has the eye of a beggar, though he is a sultan.

He had trodden virtue underfoot; the prison had become a hell on account of that robber of bread.

If you flee in hope of some relief, on that side also a calamity comes to meet you.

No corner is without wild beasts; there is no rest but in the place where you are alone with God.

The corner of this world’s inevitable prison is not exempt from the charges for visitors and housewarming.

By God, if you go into a mouse-hole, you will be afflicted by some one who has the claws of a cat.

Man has fatness from whim, if his fantasies are beautiful;

And if his fancies show anything unlovely he melts away as wax by a fire.

If amidst snakes and scorpions God keep you with the visions of them that are fair, the snakes and scorpions will be friendly to you, because that idea is the elixir which transmutes your copper.
Patience is sweetened by fair vision since the fantasies of relief have come before.

That relief comes into the heart from faith: weakness of faith is despair and torment.

Patience gains a crown from faith: where one has no patience, he has no faith.

The Prophet said, “God has not given faith to any one in whose nature there is no patience.”

That same one in your eyes is like a snake is a picture in the eyes of another,

Because in your eyes is the idea of his being an infidel, while in the eyes of his friend is the idea of his being a believer;

For both the effects exist in this one person: now he is a fish and now a hook.

Half of him is believer, half of him infidel; half of him cupidity, half of him patience.

Your God has said, “of you believing”; again, “of you unbelieving” an old fire-worshipper.

Like an ox, his left half black, the other half white as the moon.

Whoever sees the former half spurns; whoever sees the latter half seeks.

Joseph was like a beast of burden in the eyes of his brothers; at the same time in the eyes of a Jacob he was like a houri.

Through evil idea the derivative eye and the original unseen eye regarded him as ugly.

Know that the outward eye is the shadow of that eye: whatever that eye see, this eye turns to that.

You are of where, your origin is in Nowhere: shut up this shop and open that shop.

Do not flee to the six directions, because in directions there is the shashdara, and the shashdara is mate, mate.
The prisoners came to complain to the Cadi’s agent, possessed of discernment,

615 Saving, “Take now our salutations to the Cadi
and relate the sufferings inflicted on us by this vile man;”

For he has remained in this prison continuously,
and he is an idle gad-about, a sycophant, and a nuisance

Like a fly, he impudently appears at every meal
without invitation and without salaam.

To him the food of sixty persons is nothing;
he feigns himself deaf if you say to him, ‘Enough!’

No morsel reaches the man in prison,
or if by means of a hundred contrivances he discover some food,

620 That hell-throat at once comes forward
this his argument, that God has said, *Eat.*

Justice, justice against such a three years’ famine!
May the shadow of our lord endure for ever!

Either let this buffalo go from prison,
or make him a regular allowance of food from a trust-fund.

O you, by whom both *males* and *females* are happy,
do justice! Your *help is invoked* and *sought.*

The courteous agent went to the Cadi
and related the complaint to him point by point.

625 The Cadi called him from the prison into his presence,
and inquired from his own officers.

All the complaints which that flock had set forth
were proved to the Cadi.

The Cadi said, “Get up and depart from this prison:
go to the house which is your inherited property.”

He replied, “My house and home consist in thy beneficence;
as an infidel, thy prison is my Paradise.”
If you will drive me from the prison and turn me out, truly I shall die of destitution and beggary.

Like the Devil, who was saying, “O Preserver, O my Lord, grant me a respite till the day of Resurrection;

For I am happy in the prison of this world, in order that I may be slaying the children of mine enemy,

If any one have some food of faith and a single loaf as provision for the journey,

I may seize it, now by plot and now by guile, so that in repentance they may raise an outcry;

Sometimes I may threaten them with poverty, sometimes bind their eyes with tress and mole.”

In this prison the food of faith is scarce, and that which exists is in the noose through the attack of this cur.

From prayer and fasting and a hundred helplessnesses the food of spiritual feeling comes, he at once carries it off.

I seek refuge with God from His Satan: we have perished, alas, through his overweening disobedience.

He is one cur, and he goes into thousands: into whomsoever he goes, he becomes he.

Whoever makes you cold know that he is in him: the Devil has become hidden beneath his skin.

When he finds no form, he comes into imagination, in order that that whim may lead you into woe:

Now the imagination of recreation, now of the shop; now the imagination of knowledge, and now of house and home

Beware! Say at once “God help me!” again and again, not with tongue alone but from your very soul.

The Cadi said, “Show plainly that you are insolvent.”

“They,” said the Cadi, “are suspect, because they are fleeing from you and weeping blood;

Also, they are suing to be delivered from you; by reason of this self-interest the testimony they give is worthless.”

All the people belonging to the court of justice said, “We bear witness both to his insolvency and to his degeneracy.”
Every one whom the Cadi questioned about his condition said, “My lord, wash your hands of this insolvent.”

The Cadi said, “March him round the city for all to see, ‘this man is an insolvent and a great rogue.’

Make proclamations concerning him, street by street; beat the drum of his insolvency everywhere in open view.

Let no one sell to him on credit; let no one lend him a farthing.

Whosoever may bring here a claim against him for fraud, I will not put him in prison any more.

His insolvency has been proven to me: he has nothing in his possession, neither money nor goods.”

Man is in the prison of this world in order that peradventure his insolvency may be proven.

Our God has also proclaimed in our Qur’an the insolvency of Iblis,

Saying, “He is a swindler and insolvent and liar: do not make any partnership or game with him.”

And if you do so bring pretexts to him, he is insolvent: how will you get profit from him?

When the trouble started, they brought on the scene the camel of a Kurd who sold firewood.

The helpless Kurd made a great outcry; he also gladdened the officer with a penny;

They took away his camel from the time of forenoon until nightfall, and his lamentation was of no use.

Upon the camel sat that sore famine, while the owner of the camel was running at its heels.

They sped from quarter to quarter and from street to street, till the whole town knew him by sight.

Before every bath and market-place all the people gazed on his figure.

Ten loud-voiced criers, Turks and Kurds and Anatolians and Arabs,

“This man is insolvent and has nothing: let no one lend him a single dollar;
He does not possess a single mite, patent or latent:
he is bankrupt, a piece of falsehood, a cunning knave, an oil-bag
Beware and beware! Have no dealings with him;
when he brings the ox, make fast the knot.
And if you bring this decayed fellow to judgment,
I will not put a corpse in prison.
He is fair-spoken and his throat is very wide;
with a new inner garment and a tattered outer garment.
If he puts on that garment for the purpose of deceiving,
it is borrowed in order that he may beguile the common folk."

Know, O simple man, that words of wisdom
on the tongue of the unwise are borrowed robes.
Although a thief has put on a robe,
how should he whose hand is cut off take your hand?
When at nightfall he came down from the camel,
the Kurd said to him, “My abode is far and a long way off.
You have ridden on my camel since early morning:
I let the barley go, less than the cost of straw.”
“What, then,” he rejoined, “were we doing “?
Where are your wits? Is nobody at home?
The drum of my insolvency reached the Seventh Heaven,
and you have not heard the bad news!
Your ear has been filled with foolish hope;
hope, then, makes deaf blind, my lad.”
Even clods and stones heard this advertisement—
“he is insolvent, he is insolvent, this scoundrel.”
They said it till nightfall, and it made no impression
on the owner of the camel, because he was full of hope, full.
God’s seal lies upon the hearing and sight:
within the veils are many forms and sounds.
He communicates to the eye what He wills
of beauty and of perfection and of amorous looks;
And He communicates to the ear what He wills
of music and glad tidings and cries.
The world is full of remedies,
but you have no remedy till God opens a window for you
Though you are unaware of that just now, God will make it plain in the hour of need.

The Prophet said that the glorious God has created a remedy for every pain;

But of that remedy for your pain you will not see the colour or scent without His command.

Come, O you that seek the remedy, set your eye on non-spatiality, as the eye of one killed towards the spirit.

This world has been produced from that which is without spatial relations, for the world has received place from placelessness.

Turn back from existence towards non-existence, you seek the Lord and belong to the Lord.

This non-existence is the place of income: do not flee from it; this existence of more and less is the place of expenditure.

Since God's workshop is non-existence, outside of the workshop there is worthlessness.

Put into our heart subtle words which may move you to mercy, O Gracious One!

From You both the prayer and the answer; from You safety, from You also dread.

If we have spoken faultily, correct it: You are the Corrector, O You Sultan of speech.

You the alchemy whereby You may transmute it, and though it be a river of blood, may make it a Nile.

Such alchemical operations are Thy work, such elixirs are Your secrets.

You did beat water and earth together: from water and clay You did mould the body of Adam.

You gave him lineage and wife and uncles, maternal and paternal, with a thousand thoughts and joys and griefs.

Again, to some You have given deliverance: You have parted them from this grief and joy;

You have borne them away from kindred and relatives and nature, You have made every fair thing foul in his eyes.

He spurns all that is perceived by the senses, and leans for support on that which is invisible.
His love is manifest and his Beloved is hidden: the Friend is outside; His fascination is in the world.

Give up this. Loves for what is endued with form have not as their object the form or the lady’s face.

That which is the object of love is not the form, whether it be love for this world or yonder world.

That which you have come to love for its form—why have you abandoned it after the spirit has fled?

Its form is still there; whence this satiety?

O lover, inquire who your beloved is.

If the beloved is that which the senses perceive, every one that has senses would be in love.

Inasmuch as constancy is increased by that love, how is constancy altered by the form?

The sunbeam shone upon the wall: the wall received a borrowed splendour.

Why set your heart on a piece of turf, O simple man? Seek out the source which shines perpetually.

You who are in love with your intellect, deeming yourself superior to worshippers of form,

That is a beam of Intellect on your sense-perception; regard it as borrowed gold on your copper.

Beauty in humankind is like gilding; else, how did your sweetheart become an old donkey?

She was like an angel, she became like a demon; for that loveliness in her was a borrowed thing.

Little by little He takes away that beauty: little by little the sapling withers.

Go; recite to whom so We grant length of days, him We cause to decline. Seek the heart, set not thy heart on bones;

For that beauty of the heart is the lasting beauty: its lips give to drink of the Water of Life.

Truly it is both the water and the giver of drink and the drunken: all three become one when your talisman is shattered.

That oneness you cannot know by reasoning. Do service and refrain from foolish gabble, O undiscerning man!
Your reality is the form and that which is borrowed: you rejoice in what is relative and rhyme.

Reality is that which seizes you and makes you independent of form.

Reality is not that which makes blind and deaf and causes a man to be more in love with form.

The portion of the blind is the fancy that increases pain; the share of the eye is these fancies of dying to self.

The blind are a mine of the letter of the Qur’an: they do not see the donkey, and cling to the pack-saddle.

Since you have sight, go after the donkey which has jumped: how long stitching the saddle, O saddle-worshipper?

When the donkey is there, the saddle will certainly be yours: bread does not fail when you have the spirit.

The back of the donkey is shop and wealth and gain; the pearl of your heart is the stock for a hundred bodies.

Mount the donkey bare-backed, O busybody: did not the Prophet ride the donkey bare-backed?

The Prophet rode bare-backed; and the Prophet, it is said, journeyed on foot.

The donkey, your fleshly soul, has gone off; tie it to a peg. How long will it run away from work and burden, how long?

It must bear the burden of patience and thanksgiving, whether for a hundred years or for thirty or twenty.

None that is laden supported another’s load; none reaped until he sowed something.

It is a raw hope; eat not what is raw, O son: eating brings illness to men.

“So-and-so suddenly found a treasure; I would like the same: neither work nor shop!”

That is Fortune’s doing, and moreover it is rare: one must earn a living so long as the body is able.

How does earning a livelihood prevent the treasure? Do not retire from work: that, indeed, is behind
For the sincere Prophet forbade saying “if,” and said, “That is from hypocrisy”;

For the hypocrite died in saying “if,” and from saying “if” he won nothing but remorse.

مثلاً

A certain stranger was hastily seeking a house:

a friend took him to a house in ruins.

He said, “If this had a roof, it would be a home for you beside me.

Your family too would be comfortable, if it had another room in it.”

“Yes,” said he, “it is nice beside friends, but my dear soul, one cannot lodge in ‘if’.”

The entire world is seekers of happiness, and on account of a false happiness they are in the fire.

Old and young have become gold-seekers, but the common eye does not distinguish alloy from gold.

The pure shot a beam on the alloy: see that you choose not the gold on the ground of opinion, without a touchstone.

If you have a touchstone, choose;
otherwise, go, devote yourself to him that knows.

Either you must have a touchstone within your own soul, or if you know not the Way, do not go forward alone.

The cry of the ghouls is the cry of an acquaintance—an acquaintance who would lure you to perdition.

She keeps on crying, “Listen, O caravan people! Come towards me, here is the track and the landmarks.”

The ghoul mentions the name of each, saying “O so-and-so,” in order that she may make that personage one of those who sinks.

When he reaches the spot, he sees wolves and lions, his life lost, the road far off, and the day late.

Say, what is the ghoul’s cry like?
“I desire riches, I desire position and renown.’
Prevent these voices from your heart, so that mysteries may be revealed.

Repeat the name of God, drown the cry of the ghouls, and close your narcissus-eye to this vulture.

Know the difference between the false dawn and the true; distinguish the colour of the wine from the colour of the cup.

That, perchance, from the eyes which see the seven colours patience and waiting may produce an eye,

You may behold colours other than these, and may behold pearls instead of stones.

What pearl? No, you will become an ocean; you will become a sun traversing the sky.

The Worker is hidden in the workshop: go you and in the workshop see Him plain.

Inasmuch as the work has woven a veil over the Worker, you cannot see Him outside of that work.

Since the workshop is the dwelling-place of the Worker, he that is outside is unaware of Him.

Come, then, into the workshop, which means non-existence, that you may see the work and the Worker together.

As the workshop is the place of clairvoyance, then outside of the workshop there is blindness.

The rebellious Pharaoh kept his face towards existence; consequently he was blind to His workshop.

Consequently he was wishing to alter the pre-destination, that he might turn back the destiny from his door.

Truly the destiny every moment was laughing derisively under its lip at the moustache of that cunning plotter.

He killed hundreds of thousands of innocent babes, in order that the ordainment and predestination of God might be averted.

In order that the prophet Moses might not come forth, he laid on his neck thousands of iniquities and murders.

He caused all that bloodshed, and Moses was born and was made ready for his chastisement.

Had he seen the workshop of the Everlasting, he would have ceased to move hand or foot in plotting.
Moses safe within his house, while outside he was killing the infants in vain,

Even as the sensual man who pampers his body and suspects some one else of a bitter hatred,

Saying, "This one is a foe, and that one is envious and an enemy," in truth his envier and enemy is that body.

He is like Pharaoh, and his body is his Moses: he keeps running outside, asking, "Where is my enemy?"

His fleshly soul luxuriating in the house, which is his body, he gnaws his hand in anger against some one else.

Malamaat Karben Murdem Shaxsii Ra Ke Madrasht Ra Kestht Be Thomt

*How men blamed a person who killed his mother because he suspected her.*

A certain man killed his mother in wrath, with blows of a dagger and also with blows of his fist.

Some one said to him, "From evil nature you have not borne in mind what is due to母亲hood.

Hey, tell why you killed your mother. What did she do? Pray, tell, O foul villain!"

He said, "She disgraced herself; I killed her because that earth covers her." 

The other said, "O honoured sir, kill that one.

"Then," he replied, "I should kill a man every day I killed her, I was saved from shedding the blood of a multitude: it is better that I cut her throat than the throats of people."

That mother of bad character, whose wickedness is in every quarter, is your nafs.

Come; kill it, for on account of that vile you are every moment assailing one who is venerable.

Through it this fair world is narrow to you, for its sake war with God and man.

You have killed the nafs; you are delivered from excusing yourself: nobody in the world remains your enemy.
If any one should raise a difficulty about my words in regard to the prophets and saints,

“Had not the prophets killed the nafs? Why, then, had they enemies and enviers? “

Give ear, O seeker of truth, and hear the answer to this difficulty of doubt.

Those unbelievers were enemies to themselves: they were striking at themselves such blows

An enemy is one who attempts life; he that is himself destroying his own life is not an enemy.

The little bat is not an enemy to the sun: it is an enemy to itself in the veil.

The glow of the sun kills it; how should the sun ever suffer annoyance from it?

An enemy is one from whom torment proceeds, hinders the ruby from the sun.

All the infidels hinder themselves from the rays of the prophets' jewel.

How should people veil the eyes of that peerless one? The people have blinded and distorted their own eyes.

Like the Indian slave who bears a grudge and kills himself to spite his master:

He falls headlong from the roof of the house that he may have done some harm to his master.

If the sick man become an enemy to the physician, or if the boy show hostility to the teacher,

In truth they act as brigands against themselves: they themselves waylay their own mind and spirit.

If a fuller take offence at the sun, if a fish is taking offence at the water,

Just once consider whom that injures, and whose star is eclipsed by it in the end.

If God create you with ugly features, take care lest you become both ugly-featured and ugly-natured;

And if your shoes are ripped, do not go into stony ground; and if you have two spikes, don’t become four-spiked.
You are envious, saying, “I am inferior to so-and-so:
he is increasing my inferiority in fortune.”

Indeed envy is another defect and fault;
it is worse than all inferiorities.

That Devil, through the Shame and disgrace of inferiority,
cast himself into a hundred damnations.

Because of envy, he wished to be at the top.
At the top, forsooth! No, do not shed blood.

Abu Jahl was put to shame by Mohammed,
and because of envy was raising himself to the top.

His name was Abu 'l-Hakam, and he became Abu Jahl:
ioh, many a worthy has become unworthy because of envy.

I have not seen in the world of search and seeking
any worthiness better than a good disposition.

God made the prophets the medium
in order that feelings of envy should be displayed in the agitation.

Inasmuch as no one was disgraced by God,
no one was envious of God.

The person whom he deemed like himself—
he would bear envy against him for that reason

As the grandeur of the Prophet has become established,
none feels envy, since he is accepted;

Therefore in every epoch a saint arises;
the probation lasts until the Resurrection.

Whoever has a good disposition is saved;
whosoever is of frail heart is broken.

That saint, then, is the living Imam who arises,
whether he be a descendant of 'Umar or of 'Ali.

He is the Mahdi and the Hadi, O seeker of the way:
he is both hidden and seated before your face.

He is as the Light, and Reason is his Gabriel;
the saint that is lesser than he is his lamp.

That who is lesser than this lamp is our lamp-niche:
regard the veils of the Light as so many tiers.
Behind each veil a certain class has its place of abode:
these veils of theirs are, rank by rank, up to the Imam.

Those in the last rank, through their weakness,
their eyes cannot endure the light in front;
And that front rank, from weakness of sight,
cannot support the light that is more advanced.

The light that is the life of the first
is heartache and tribulation to this squinter;

Being crossed eyed decreases,
and when he passes beyond the seven hundred, he becomes the Sea.

The fire that treats iron or gold well—
how is it good for fresh quinces and apples?

The apple and quince have a slight crudity:
unlike iron, they want a gentle heat;

But those flames are gentle for the iron,
for it is drawing to the heat of that dragon.

That iron is the dervish who bears hardship:
under the hammer and the fire he is red and happy.

He is the fire's chamberlain in immediate touch:
he goes into the heart of the fire without link.

Without some screen, water and water's children
get no cooking or conversation from the fire.

The medium is a pot or a pan—
as for the foot in walking a sock

Or a space between,
so that the air becomes burning hot and brings to the water

The dervish, then, is he that has no intermediary:
the flames have connection with his being.

Therefore he is the heart of the world,
because by means of this heart the body attains to art.

The heart is not there, how can the body talk and speak?
The heart seeks not, how can the body seek and search?

Therefore the theatre of the rays is that iron;
therefore the theatre of God is the heart, not the body.

Again, these partial hearts are as the body in relation to
the heart of the man of heart, which is the original source
This argument wants much illustration and exposition, but I fear lest the opinion of the vulgar should stumble;

Unless my goodness should be turned to badness; even this that I have spoken was nothing but selflessness.

The crooked shoe is better for the crooked foot; the beggar's power reaches only as far as the door.

How the King made trial of the two slaves whom he had recently purchased

A King bought two slaves cheap, and conversed with one of the two.

He found him quick-witted and answering sweetly: what issues from the sugar-lip? Sugar-water

Man is concealed underneath his tongue: this tongue is the curtain over the gate of the soul.

When a gust of wind has rolled up the curtain, the secret of the interior of the house is disclosed to us,

Whether in that house there are pearls or wheat, a treasure of gold or whether all is snakes and scorpions;

Or whether a treasure is there and a serpent beside it, since a treasure of gold is not without some one to keep watch.

Without premeditation he would speak in such wise as others after five hundred premeditations.

You would have said that in his inward part there was a sea, and that the whole sea was pearls of eloquence,

The light that shone from every pearl became a criterion for distinguishing between truth and falsehood.

Would the light of the Criterion, distinguish for us truth and falsehood and separate them mote by mote;

The light of the Pearl would become the light of our eyes both the question and the answer would be from us.

You have made your eyes awry and seen the moon's disk double: this gazing in perplexity is like the question.
Make your eyes straight in the moonshine; so that you may see the moon as one. Lo, the answer.

Tell your thought not to see awry and to look well: that thought is the radiance of that Pearl.

Whenever an answer comes to the heart through the ear, the eye says, “Hear it from me; let that alone!”

The ear is a go-between, while the eye is possessed of union. The eye has direct experience; while the ear has words.

In the ear’s hearing there is a transformation of qualities; in the eyes’ seeing there is a transformation of essence.

If your knowledge of fire has been turned to certainty by words, seek to be cooked, and do not abide in the certainty.

There is no intuitive certainty until you burn; you desire this certainty, sit down in the fire.

When the ear is penetrating, it becomes an eye; otherwise, the word becomes entangled in the ear.

This discourse hath no end. Turn back, that what the King did to those slaves of his.

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**How the King sent away one of the two slaves and interrogated the other.**

When he saw that that young man was possessed of keen intelligence, he made a sign to the other to come.

I have called him by the suffix of pity; it is not to belittle him: if a grandfather says my young friend, it is not contempt.

When the second came before the King, he had a stinking mouth and black teeth.

Although the King was displeased by his speech, still he made some inquiry concerning his hidden thoughts.

He said, “With this aspect and this stinking mouth, sit at a distance, but do not move too far off—

For you have been a writer of letters and notes; you have not been a companion and friend and comrade.
That we may treat that mouth of yours:
you are the beloved, and we are the skilful physician.

It is not fitting to burn a new blanket on account of one flea;
to shut my eyes to you.

Notwithstanding all, sit down and talk on a few topics,
that I may well see the form of your mind.”

Then he sent that keen-witted one away to do:
to a bath-house, saying, “Go, scrub yourself.”

And to this other one he said, “Good! You are a clever lad:
in truth you are a hundred slaves, not one.

You are not such as your fellow-servant declared:
that envious one would have me cold to you.

He said that you are thievish and dishonest
and ill-behaved, immoral and infamous and so forth.”

The slave said, “He has always been veracious;
I have not seen any one so truthful as he is.

Veracity is inborn in his nature;
whatever he says, I do not say it is void.

I deem not that good-minded one malicious:
I suspect my own person.

Maybe, he sees in me faults I do not see in myself, O King.”

Any one who saw his own faults before—
how indeed should he be unconcerned with correcting himself?

These people take no heed of themselves, O father:
consequently they blame one another.

O idolater, I do not behold my own face,
I behold your face and you behold mine.

He that beholds his own face —
his light is greater than the light of the creatures.

Though he dies, his sight is everlasting,
because his sight is the sight of the Creator

That light, by which he sensibly beholds his own face before him,
is not the light of sense.

The King said, “Now tell his faults,
just as he spoke of yours,
That I may know whether you are solicitous for me and a house-steward of my property and business."

He replied, "O King, I will tell his faults, though he is to me a pleasing fellow-servant.

His faults are affection and loyalty and humanity:
his faults are sincerity and keen-wittedness and cordial comradeship.

His least fault is generosity and bounty—
the generosity that even gives up life."

God has brought to view myriads of lives;
what generosity would there be that saw not those?

And if he saw them, how should he grudge his life?
How should he become so grieved for the sake of one life?

On the river-bank, water is grudged by him
that is blind to the stream of water.

The Prophet said, "Whosoever knows for sure
his recompense on the day of Resurrection
That his compensation will be ten for one—at every moment a different munificence will issue from him."

All munificence is from seeing compensations; therefore seeing the compensation is opposed to fear.

Miserliness consists in not seeing compensations: the prospect of pearls keeps the diver glad.

Hence no one in the world is miserly, since no one hazards anything without what is to be received in exchange.

Therefore, generosity comes from the eye, not from the hand: it is seeing that matters; none but the seer is saved.

"Another fault that he is not self-conceited; he is anxious to find fault with his self-existence.

He has been one who speaks in blame of himself and seeks to blame himself; he has been good to all and bad to himself."

The King said, "Do not show eagerness in praising your friend, and do not introduce praise of yourself in the mask of praise of him;

Because I will bring him to the test and shame will befall you in the final result."
How the slave, from the purity of his thought, swore to the truth and loyalty of his friend.

He said, “No, by Allah, and by the great God, the possessor of kingdom, and by the Merciful and Compassionate One;

By the God who sent the prophets, not in need, but in grace and majesty;

By the Lord who from the lowly earth created glorious princely riders,

Purified them from the temperament of earthly beings, and caused them to outrun the celestials;

Who took up from the Fire and fashioned into pure Light—and then it outstripped all lights

That splendour of lightning which shone over the spirits, so that Adam gained from that Light knowledge.

The hand of Seth gathered that which grew from Adam: therefore Adam, when he saw that, made him his vicar.

Since Noah had enjoyment of that Jewel, he showered pearls in the air of the Sea of Soul.

From that mighty radiance the spirit of Abraham went fearlessly into the flames of the fire.

When Ismail fell into the stream thereof, he laid his head before his flashing knife.

The soul of David was heated by its rays: iron became soft in his hand-loom.

When Solomon was suckled on union with it, the demon became a thrall to his command and obedient.

When Jacob bowed his head to the destiny, it illuminated his eye with the scent of his son.

When the moon-faced Joseph beheld that Sun, he became so wide-awake in the interpretation of dreams.

When the rod drank water from the hand of Moses, it made one mouthful of Pharaoh's empire.
When Jesus, the son of Mary, found its ladder, he sped to the topmost height of the Fourth Dome.

When Mohammed gained that Kingdom and Felicity, he in a moment split the disk of the moon in two halves.

When Abu Bakr became a signal example of favour, he became the Companion of such a King and Siddiq.

When ‘Umar became distraught with that Beloved, he became a Fāruq, like the heart, between truth and falsehood.

When Uthman became the fountain of that clear, he was light overflowing and became Dhu ’l-Nurayn.

When at its countenance Murtaza began to scatter pearls, he became the Lion of God in the pasture of the soul.

When Junayd received that support from its army, his maqamat became innumerable.

Bayazid saw the way into its superabundance, and heard from God the name, “Pole of the Gnostics.”

When Karkhi became the guard of its city, he became the vicar of love and inspired by the Divine breath.

The son of Adham joyously rode his steed towards it, and became the supreme sovereign of justice.

And that Shaqiq by cleaving that venerable Way became a sun of judgment and keen-sighted

Hundreds of thousands of hidden kings are holding their heads high beyond this world;

Because of God’s admiration their names remained hidden: every beggar did not pronounce their names.

By the truth of that Light and by the truth of those illumined ones who are as fishes in that Sea

It is not fitting if I call it the Sea of the Soul and the Soul of the Sea: I am seeking a new name for it;—

By the truth of that that from which this and that are and in relation to which kernels are as rinds,

That the qualities of my fellow-servant and friend exceed my description a hundredfold

That which I know of the endowments of that comrade would not be believed by thee: what shall I say, O noble?”
The King said, “Now speak of your own; how long will you speak of what concerns this or that one?

What do you possess and what have you gained?
What pearls have you fetched from the bottom of the Sea?

On the day of death this sense-perception of yours will vanish: have you the spiritual light that should be the companion of your heart?

When dust shall fill these eyes in the tomb, have you that which will make the grave bright?

At the time when your hands and feet shall be torn in shreds, have you wings and feathers that your spirit may fly aloft?

At the time when this animal soul is no more, it benefits you to set the everlasting spirit in its place

The stipulation of be that comes with good does not consist in doing; it consists in bringing this good to the presence of God.

You have a substance human or asinine: how can you bring these accidents which have passed away?

As regards these effects of prayer and fasting—since does not endure for two moments becomes naught

It is impossible to carry over the effects; but they take away diseases from the substance,

So that the essence becomes changed by means of this form, as when disease is removed by abstinence

By exertion abstinence, the form becomes the essence: through abstinence the acrid mouth becomes honey.

Land, through sowing, is turned into ears of corn; remedies for the hair turn the hair into chains.

Conjugal intercourse was the form; it passed away, and the result, the child, was produced from us.

The mating of horse or camel is the cause; the object is the birth of the colt, the result.

Similarly, the planting of the garden is the cause; produce of the garden became the substance—behold the object!

Regard, also, the practice of alchemy as the form; if a substance is produced by that alchemy, bring.

Polishing is the form, O prince; from this cause is born the result, purity.
Do not say, then, 'I have done deeds';
show the income of those causes, do not evade.

This attribution of qualities is a cause.
Be silent: do not sacrifice the goat's shadow!"

O King, there is nothing but despair for the servant,
if the cause that has gone is not coming back.

If there were no carrying over and resurrection of causes,
action would be vain and words *babble*.

These accidents are carried over in another guise:
the resurrection of everything mortal is another *existence*.

The carrying over of everything is just as befits it:
what befits the herd is its shepherd.

At the time of the Resurrection every cause has an effect,
and the cause of every result has a turn.

Look on yourself. Were you not a result—
the movement of copulation, and copulation with a purpose?

Look disinterestedly on all the parts of the world:
they were as tales in the architect.

Such-and-such a house, which seemed to us beautiful,
of which the hall, roof, and door were well-proportioned

It was the thought and idea from the architect
brought the tools and pillars from handicrafts.

What but some thought, result and idea
is the origin and source of every handicraft?

Look disinterestedly on all the parts of the world:
they are not the result of except thought.

The beginning, which is thought, comes to an end in action;
know that in such wise was the construction of the world in eternity.

The fruits are first in the mind's thought,
at the last do they become manifest actually:

When you have done work, planted the tree—at the end you read the first words.

Although its boughs, leaves, and roots are first, all those are sent for the sake of the fruit.
Therefore that hidden Thought which was the brain of those heavens was in the end the lord of lawlak.

This discussion and talk are the carrying over of causes; this lion and jackal are the carrying over of causes.

Indeed, all created beings were ideas, so that in this sense was revealed—did there not come...

From where do those causes arise? From ideas. And from where arise these ideas? From thoughts.

This world is one thought from the Universal Intellect: the Intellect is like a king and the ideas envoys.

The first world is the world of testing; the second world is the reward for this and that.

Your servant, O King, commits a sin: that cause becomes chains and prison.

When your slave performed goodly service, did not that action become a robe of honour in the battle?

This cause and effect is like the chicken and the egg: this is produced by that and that by this, in succession.”

The King said, “Take the meaning so: have these actions of yours not produced any result?”

“Wisdom,” replied the slave, “has kept it concealed, in order that this world of good and evil may be a mystery,

Because, if the forms of thought were to become manifest, infidel and believer would speak nothing but praise.

Then, were this clearly seen, O King, not hidden, and were the mark of religion or infidelity on the forehead,

How would there be idol and idolater in this world? How would any one have the stomach to mock?

Then this world of ours would be the Resurrection: who commits sin and wrong at the Resurrection?”

The King said, “God has veiled the retribution of evil, but from the vulgar, not from His own elect.

If I entrap one Amir, I keep it hidden from the Amirs, not from the Vizier.

God, then, has shown to me the retribution of work and myriads of the forms of actions.
Give a sign, for I know all:
the cloud does not veil the moon from me.”

The slave said, “Then what is the object of my speaking, since you know what is that which has been?”

The King said, “The wisdom in making the world manifest
that the known should come forth plainly.

Until He made visible that which He knew,
He did not lay the pain of childbirth upon the world.

You cannot sit inactive for one moment:
till some badness or goodness has issued from you.

These demands for action were appointed in order
that your inward consciousness should come clearly into view.

How, then, should the reel, which is the body, become still,
when the thread's end, which is the mind, is pulling it?

The sign of that pulling is your anguish:
to be inactive is to you like the death-agony.

This world and that world are for ever giving birth:
every cause is a mother, the effect is born a child.

When the effect was born, that too became a cause,
so that it might give birth to wondrous effects.

These causes are generation on generation,
but it needs a very well illumined eye.”

The King, in conversation with him, arrived at this point,
that he saw from him a sign not apparent.

If that searching King saw, 'tis not strange;
but we are not permitted to mention it.

When that slave came from the warm bath,
that King and lofty personage called him to his presence,

“Health! Lasting happiness be yours!”
You are very fine and elegant and good-looking.

Oh, alas! If there were not in you
that which so-and-so says about you?

Whoever beheld your face would become glad;
the sight of you would be the face of the world.”

He said, “O King, utter some hint
of what that miscreant said about me.”
The King said, “In the first place he described you as double-faced, saying that you are ostensibly a remedy secretly a disease.”

When he heard from the King the malice of his companion, at once the sea of his anger surged up.

That slave foamed and reddened, so that the billows of his anger exceeded all bounds.

He said, “From the first moment that he was associated with me, he was a great eater of dung, like a dog in famine.”

As he satirised him moment after moment, like a bell, the King put his hand on his lips, saying, “Enough!”

He said, “I know you from him by that: in you the spirit is foul, and in your companion the mouth. Therefore sit far off, O foul-spirited one, that he may be the commander and you under his command.”

It is in the Hadith: “Know, sir, that glorification from hypocrisy is like the verdure on a garbage heap.”

Know, then, that a fair and goodly form with bad qualities is not worth a penny;

And though the form is despicable and unpleasing, when his disposition is good, die at his feet!

Know that the outward form passes away, the world of reality remains for ever.

How long will you play at loving the shape of the jug? Leave the shape of the jug; go, seek the water.

You have seen its form, you are unaware of the reality; pick out from the shell a pearl, if you are wise.

These shells of bodies in the world, though they all are living by the Sea of Soul

Yet there is not a pearl in every shell: open your eyes and look into the heart of each one,

And pick out what that one has and what this, because that costly pearl is seldom found.

If you go to the form, by external appearance a mountain is a hundred times as much as a ruby in bigness;

Also, in respect of form, your hands and feet and hair are a hundred times as much as the contour of the eye;
But this is not hidden from you, that the two eyes are the choicest of all members.

By one thought that comes into the mind a hundred worlds are overturned in a single moment.

If the body of the Sultan is, in form, one, hundreds of thousands of soldiers run behind.

Again, the figure and form of the excellent King are ruled by one invisible thought.

Behold people without end who, moved by one thought, have gone over the earth like a flood;

Small is that thought in the people's eyes, but like a flood it swallowed and swept away the world.

So, when you see that from a thought every craft in the world subsists

Houses and palaces and cities, mountains, plains and rivers,

Earth and ocean as well as sun and sky, are living from it as fishes from the sea

Then why in your foolishness, O blind one, does the body seem to you a Solomon, and thought as an ant?

To your eye the mountain appears great: thought is like a mouse, and the mountain a wolf.

The world in your eyes is awful and sublime: you tremble and are frightened at the clouds and the thunder and the sky,

While in regard to the world of thought, O less than the ass, you are secure and indifferent as a witless stone,

Because you are a shape and have no portion of intelligence; you are not of human nature, you are an ass's colt.

From ignorance you deem the shadow to be the kernel: hence to you the essence has become a plaything and of slight account.

Wait till the Day when that thought and imagining unfolds its wings and pinions without any veil.

You will see that the mountains have become soft like wool, this Earth of hot and cold have become nothing;

You will see neither the sky, the stars nor existence only God, the One, the Living, the Loving.
Here is a tale, true or false, to illustrate truths.

حسد کردن حشم بر غلام خاص

How the retainers envied the favourite slave.

A King had, of his grace, preferred a certain slave above all his retinue.

His allowance was the stipend of forty Amirs; a hundred Viziers would not see a tenth of its amount.

Through the perfection of natal star and prosperity and fortune he was an Ayaz, while the King was the Mafirmid of the time.

His spirit in its origin, before this body, was Close to and akin to the King’s spirit.

That matters which has existed before the body; leave these things which have newly sprung into being.

That which matters belongs to the knower, for he is not squinting: his eye is upon the things first sown.

What was sown as wheat or as barley—day and night his eye is fastened on that place.

Night gave birth to nothing but what she was pregnant with: designs and plots are wind, wind.

How should he please his heart with fair designs who sees the design of God over them?

He is laying a snare within the snare: by your life, neither this will escape nor will that.

Though a hundred herbs grow and fade, there will grow up at last that which God has sown.

He sowed new seed over the first seed; this second is passing away, and the first is sound.

Cast away this contrivance of yours before the Beloved—though your contrivance indeed is of His contriving.
That which God has raised has use:
what He has at first sown at last grows.

Whatever you sow, sow for His sake,
inasmuch as you are the Beloved's captive, O lover.

Do not hang about the thievish fleshly soul and its work:
whatsoever is not God's work is nothing, nothing.

Before the Day of Resurrection shall appear
and the thief be shamed before Him whose is the Kingdom,

With the goods stolen by his contrivance and craft
remaining on his neck at the Day of Judgment.

Hundreds of thousands of minds may jump together
to lay a snare other than His snare;

They only find their snare more grievous,
how can straws show any power against the wind?

If you say, "What was the profit of being?",
There is profit in your question, O stubborn one

If this question of yours has no profit,
why should I listen to it in vain and fruitlessly?

And if there are many profits in your question,
then why, pray, is the world unprofitable?

And, if from one standpoint the world is unprofitable,
from other standpoints it is advantageous.

If your profit is no profit to me, since it is a profit to you,
do not withdraw from it.

The beauty of Joseph profited a world,
though to his brethren it was superfluous.

The melodies of David were so dear,
but to the banished they were the noise of wood.

The water of the Nile was superior to the Water of Life,
but to the shunned and unbelieving it was blood.

To the true believer martyrdom is life;
to the hypocrite it is death and corruption.

Tell, what single blessing is there in the world,
from which some group of people is not excluded?

What profits have the ox and the ass in sugar?
Every soul has a different food;
But if that food is accidental to it then admonition is the correction for it.

As one who from disease has become fond of clay—though he may suppose that that is indeed his food,

He has forgotten his original food and has taken himself to eating the food of disease.

Having given up honey, he has eaten poison; he has made the food of disease as fat.

Man’s original food is the Light of God: animal food is improper for him;

But, in consequence of disease, his mind has fallen into this, that day and night he should eat of this water and clay.

Pale-faced, weak-footed, faint-hearted—where is the food of by Heaven which hath tracks?

That is the food of the chosen ones of the sovereignty; the eating of which is without throat or instrument.

The food of the sun is from the light of the Throne; the envious and devilish is from the smoke of the carpet.

God said concerning the martyrs, they are receiving sustenance. For that food there was neither mouth nor dish.

The heart is eating a food from every single companion; the heart is getting a excellence from every single knowledge.

Every human being’s form is like a cup; the eye is aware of his reality.

You eat something from meeting with any one, and you carry away something from conjunction with any associate.

When planet comes into conjunction with planet, the effect appropriate to them both is assuredly produced,

As the conjunction of man and woman brings to birth the human being, and sparks arise from the conjunction of stone and iron;

And from the conjunction of earth with rains fruits and greenery and sweet herbs;

And from the conjunction of green things with man joy of heart and carelessness and happiness;

And from the conjunction of happiness with our souls are born our goodness and beneficence.
Our bodies become capable of eating and drinking when our desire for recreation is satisfied.

Redness of countenance is from the conjunction of blood; blood is from the beautiful rose-coloured sun.

Redness is the best of colours, and that is of the sun and is arriving from it.

Every land that has been conjoined with Saturn has become sour and is not the place for sowing.

Through concurrence power comes into action, as the conjunction of the Devil with hypocrites.

These spiritual truths without any pomp and grandeur have pomp and grandeur from the Ninth Heaven.

The pomp and grandeur belonging to creation is a borrowed thing; the pomp and grandeur belonging to the Command is an essential thing.

For the sake of pomp and grandeur they endure abasement; in the hope of glory they are happy in abasement.

In the hope of a ten days glory of annoyance, they have made their necks, from anxiety, as a spindle.

How do not they come to this place where I am?—for in this glory I am the shining Sun.

The rising-place of the sun is the pitch-coloured tower, this Sun is beyond rising places.

His “rising-place” in relation to His specks: His essence neither rose nor set.

I who am left behind by His motes am in both worlds a sun without shadow.

Still, I am revolving round the Sun—it is wonderful; the cause of this is the majesty of the Sun.

The Sun is acquainted with causes; at the same time causes of the Sun is severed from Him.

Hundreds of thousands of times have I cut off hope—of whom?
Of the Sun? Do you believe this?

Do not believe of me that I can endure to be without the Sun, or the fish to be without water;

And if I become despairing, my despair is the objective manifestation of the Sun’s work, O goodly.
How should the objective manifestation of the work be cut off from the very self of the Worker? How should any object of being pasture on aught but Being?

All beings pasture on this Meadow, whether they be Buraq or Arab horses or even asses;

And he that has not regarded occurrences as from that Sea, at every instant turns his face towards a new point of orientation.

He has drunk salt water from the sweet Sea, so that the salt water has made him blind.

The Sea is saying, “Drink of my water with the right hand, O blind one, that you may gain sight.”

Here “the right hand” is right opinion, which knows concerning good and evil where they are.

O lance, there is a Lancer, so that sometimes you become straight, sometimes double.

Through love of Shams-i Din I am without claws; else would not I make this blind one see?

Listen, O Light of the Truth, Husamuddin, speedily heal him, to the confusion of the eye of the envious;

The quick-acting polishing powder of majesty, the darkness-killing remedy of the recalcitrant,

Which, if it strikes on the eye of the blind man, it will dispel from him a hundred years’ darkness.

Heal all the blind ones except the envious man who from envy is bringing denial against thee.

To your envier, though it be I, do not give life, so that I may be suffering the agony of death even as he is.

The one that is envious of the Sun and the one that is fretting at the existence of the Sun.

Look, this is the incurable disease which he has, alas; look, this is one fallen for ever to the bottom of the pit.

What he wants is the extinction of the Sun of eternity. Tell, how should this desire of his come to pass?

The falcon is he that comes back to the King; he that has lost the way is the blind falcon.

It lost the way and fell into the wilderness; then in the wilderness it fell in with owls.
It is wholly light from the Light of approval, but the marshal, Fate, blinded it.

He threw dust in its eyes and took it away from the road; he left it amidst owls and the wilderness.

To crown all, the owls attack it and tear its lovely wing-feathers and plumes.

A clamour arose amongst the owls—

"Ha! The falcon has come to seize our dwelling-place."

As the street-dogs, wrathful and terrifying, have fallen upon the flock of a stranger.

"How am I fit," says the falcon, "for owls? I give up to the owls a hundred wildernesses like this."

I do not wish to stay here, I am going, I will return to the King of kings.

Do not kill yourselves, O owls, for I am not settling: I am going home.

This ruin is a thriving abode in your eyes; for me, however, the King's fore-arm is the place whither one returns."

The owl said, "The falcon is plotting to uproot you from house and home. He will seize our houses by cunning; he will tear us out of our nests by hypocrisy.

This devotee of guile pretends to be perfectly satisfied; by God, he is worse than all the greedy together.

From greediness he eats clay as date-syrup: O friends, do not entrust the sheep's tail to the bear.

He is boasting of the King and the King's hand, in order that he may lead us astray, simple-minded as we are.

How, indeed, should a petty bird be the congener of the King? Do not listen to him, if you have a little understanding.

Is he the King’s or the Vizier's congener? Is garlic at all suitable to baklava?

His saying, from deceit and feint and artifice, 'The King with his retinue is searching after me,' Here’s an absurd mad idea for you, here’s a vain boast and a snare to catch blockheads!
Any one who believes this—it is because of foolishness: how is a slender little bird fit for royalty?

If the smallest owl should strike at his brain, where is assistance for him from the King?”

The falcon said, “If a single feather of mine be broken, the King of kings will uproot the owler.

What is an owl?
Even if a falcon vex my heart and maltreat me, the King will heap up in every lowland and highland hundreds of thousands of stacks of falcons' heads.

His favour keeps watch over me; wherever I go, the King is behind.

My image is abiding in the King's heart: sick the King's heart without my image.

When the King bids me fly in His Way I fly up to the heart's zenith, like His beams.

I fly as a moon and sun; I tear the curtains of the skies.

The light of intellects is from my thought; the bursting forth of heaven is from my original nature.

I am a falcon, and the phoenix becomes lost in amazement at me: who is an owl, that it should know my secret?

For my sake the King conceived of the prison, and set free hundreds of thousands of those in bondage.

He made me familiar with the owls for a moment, and by means of my breath he made the owls falcons.

Oh, happy the owl that in my flight had the good fortune to apprehend my mystery.

Cling to me, that you may become exultant, you may become royal falcons, although you are owls.

He that is dear to such a King— wherever he lands, why should he be a stranger?

Any one for whose pain the King is the remedy— though he wail like the Ney, he is not without plenty.

I am the owner of the kingdom, I am not a sycophant: the King is beating the falcon-drum for me from the shore.
My falcon-drum is the call, ’Return!’
God is my witness in despite adversary.

I am not a congener of the King of kings—far be it from Him!—
but I have light from Him in self-manifestation.

Homogeneity is not in respect of form and essence:
water becomes homogeneous with earth in the plant.

Wind (air) becomes homogeneous with fire in consistency;
wine at last becomes homogeneous with the constitution
Since my genus is not the genus of my King,
my ego has passed away for the sake of His ego.

Inasmuch as my ego passed away, He remained alone:
I roll at the feet of His horse, like dust.

The soul became dust, and the signs of it
are the mark of His feet on its dust.

Become dust at His feet for the sake of this mark,
in order that you may become the crown on the head of the lofty.

Let not my form beguile you:
partake of my dessert before my departure.”

Oh, many a one whom the cause waylaid:
he aimed at the cause and struck at God.

After all, this soul is joined to the body,
has this soul any likeness to the body?

The sparkle of the eye’s light is paired with the fat;
the light of the heart is hidden in a drop of blood;
Joy in the kidneys, grief in the liver;
intellect, as a candle, inside the brain in the head.

These connections are not without a how and a why,
as regards knowledge of the why minds are impotent.

The Universal Soul came into contact with the partial soul,
and soul received from it a pearl and put it into its bosom.

Through that touch on its bosom the soul became pregnant,
like Mary, with a heart-beguiling Messiah,

Not the Messiah who is on land and water,
the Messiah who is beyond measuring.

So when the soul has been impregnated by the Soul of soul,
by such a soul the world is impregnated.
Then the world gives birth to another world,
and displays to this congregated people a place of congregation.

Though I should speak and recount till the Resurrection,
I lack the power to describe this resurrection.

These sayings, indeed, are really an “O Lord”;
the words are the lure for the breath of a sweet-lipped One.

How, then, should he fail? How should he be silent, inasmuch as
“Here am I” is coming in response to his “O Lord”?

It is a “Here am I” that you cannot hear,
but can taste from head to foot.

**How the thirsty man threw bricks from the top of the wall into the stream of water.**

On the bank of the stream there was a high wall,
and on the top of the wall a sorrowful thirsty man.

The wall hindered him from the water;
he was in distress for the water, like a fish.

Suddenly he threw a brick into the water:
the noise of the water came to his ear like spoken words,

Like words spoken by a sweet and delicious friend:
the noise of the water made him drunken as wine.

From the pleasure of the noise of the water, that sorely tried man
began to hurl and tear off bricks from that place.

The thirsty man said, “O water, I have two advantages:
I will in no way refrain from this work.

The first advantage is hearing the noise of the water,
which to thirsty men is as a rebeck.

Like the noise thereof has become like the noise of Israfil:
by this life has been transferred to one dead;

Or like the noise of thunder in days of spring—
from it the garden obtains so many ornaments;
Or like the days of alms to a poor man, or like the message of deliverance to a prisoner.

It is like the breath of the Merciful which, without mouth, comes to Mohammed from Yemen;

Or it is like the scent of Ahmad, the Apostle, which in intercession comes to the sinner;

Or like the scent of beauteous, graceful Joseph, strikes upon the soul of lean Jacob.

The other advantage is that, every brick I tear off this, I come to running water,

Since by removal of the bricks the high wall becomes lower every time that one is removed.

The lowering of the wall becomes a means of access; separation from it is the remedy bringing about a union.”

The tearing away of the adhesive bricks is prostration; the cause of nearness, for, ‘And prostrate thyself and draw near.

So long as this wall is stiff-necked, it is an obstacle to this bowing of the head.

It is impossible to perform the prostration on the Water of Life, until I gain deliverance from this earthly body.

The thirstier any one on the top of the wall is, the more quickly he tears off the bricks and turfs.

The more any one is in love with the noise of the water, the bigger clods he tears away from the barrier.

He, at the noise of the water, is filled with wine up to the neck, the stranger hears nothing but the sound of the splash.

Oh, blest is he that deems his early days an opportunity to be seized, and pays his debt

In the days when he has the power, he has health and strength of heart and vigour.

And that season of youth, like a garden green and fresh, is bringing produce and fruit without any stint;

The fountains of strength and lust flowing, thereby the soil of the body is made verdant;

a well-kept house, with its roof very lofty, its sides symmetrical, without buttressing and clamps
Before the days of old arrive
and bind your neck with a halter of palm-fibres;

The soil becomes nitrous, crumbling, and poor —
never did good herbage grow from nitrous soil;

The water of strength and the water of lust cut off,
and he has no profit from himself or others:

The eyebrows fallen down like a crupper-strap;
the eyes grown moist and dim;

The face, from wrinkling, like the back of a lizard;
speech and taste and teeth gone out of use;

The roots of bad habit firmly set,
and the power to tear them up decreased.

How the Governor commanded a certain man, saying,
“Root up the thorn bush which you have planted on the road.”

As that callous fair-spoken person
planted a thorn bush in the middle of the road

The wayfarers reproached him and often told him to dig it up:
he did not dig it up.

Every moment the thorn bush was growing bigger:
the people’s feet were streaming with blood from its pricks.

The people’s clothes were being torn by the thorns:
the feet of the poor were being wounded pitiably.

When the Governor said to him with earnestness,
“Dig this up,” he replied, “Yes, I will dig it up some day”

For a long while he promised to-morrow and tomorrow;
his thorn bush became robust in constitution.

One day the Governor said to him,
“O false promiser, go forward with my affair, do not creep back.”

He replied, “O uncle, the days are between us.”
“Make haste,” said he, “do not put off payment of my debt.”
You who say “To-morrow,” be aware of this, that with every day that time is coming,

That evil tree is growing younger, while this digger is waxing old and sorely distressed.

The thornbush in strength and ascent; its digger in aging and decline

The thornbush every day and every moment is green and fresh; its digger is every day more sickly and withered.

It is growing younger, you older: be quick and do not waste your time!

Know that every single bad habit of yours is a thornbush: many a time, after all, have its thorns pierced your foot.

Many a time have you been wounded by your own habits—you have no sense, you are very senseless.

If to the wounding of other persons, which comes to pass from your evil nature,

You are indifferent, at any rate you are not to your own wounds: you are the torment of yourself and of every stranger.

Either take up the axe and strike like a man—like 'Ali, destroy this gate of Khaybar

Or unite these thorns with the rosebush: unite the light of the friend with the fire,

In order that his light may extinguish your fire, union with him may make your thorns roses.

You are like Hell, he is a true believer: the extinction of the fire by means of a true believer is possible.

Mustafa said concerning the speech of Hell, that on account of fear it begins humbly to entreat the true believer,

And says to him, “Pass quickly away from me, O king: hark, for thy light has taken away the burning of my fire.”

Therefore the true believer’s light is the death of the fire, because without an opposite the removal of the opposite is impossible.

On the Day of Justice the fire will be the opponent of the light, since the former was aroused by wrath, the latter by grace.

If you are wishing to remove the evil of the fire, direct the water of mercy against the heart of the fire.
The true believer is the fountain of that water of mercy:
the pure spirit of the well-doer is the Water of Life.

Therefore your nafs is fleeing from him,
because you are of fire, he the water of the stream.

Fire becomes fleeing from water
for the reason that its fire is ruined by water.

Your sense and thought are wholly of the fire;
the sense of the Shaykh and his thought are the beauteous Light.

When the water of his light trickles on the fire,
*chak chak* rises from the fire, and it leaps up

When it makes *chak chak*, say you to it, “Death and woe,”
in order that this hell, your fleshly soul, may become cold,

So that it may not burn your rose-garden;
so that it may not burn your justice and well-doing

After that, anything that you sow will yield fruit;
it will yield anemones and wild roses and thyme.

Once more we are going wide of the straight way:
turn back, O master—where is our way?

We were showing, O envious one,
that your ass is lame and the place of alighting far off, quick.

The year has turned late; it is not sowing-time,
nothing except black shame’ and foul deeds

The worm has entered the root of the body’s tree:
it must be dug up and put in the fire.

Hark and hark, O wayfarer! It is late;
life’s sun is gone towards the pit.

these two brief days when you have strength,
quick, flap your wings generously.

Devote this amount of seed that you have remaining,
in order that long life may grow from these two moments.

While this jewelled lamp is not extinguished,
see you trim its wick and oil immediately.

Beware! Do not say “Tomorrow “—for tomorrows have passed.
Let not the days of sowing pass away altogether.

Listen to my admonition that the body is a strong bond:
put off the old, if you have desire for newness.
Shut the lips and open the palm filled with gold: leave off being a miser with the body, exhibit munificence.

Generosity is the abandonment of lusts and pleasures; no one who is sunk in lust rises up.

This generosity is a branch of the cypress of Paradise: woe to him that lets such a branch go from his hand!

This abandonment of sensuality is the firmest handle: this branch draws the spirit up to Heaven.

That the branch of generosity, O righteous man, drawing you aloft may bear you to its origin

You are Joseph of beauty, and this world is as the well, and this rope is patience with the command of God.

O Joseph, the rope is come: put your two hands upon it. Do not neglect the rope, it has grown late.

Praise be to God, that this rope has been dangled; grace and mercy have been blended together,

So that you may behold the world of the new spirit, a world very manifest, invisible.

This world of non-existence has become like existence, while that world of existence has become hidden.

The dust is on the wind: it is playing; it is making a false show and forming a veil.

This, which is busy, is idle and a husk; and that which is hidden is its core and origin.

The dust is as a tool in the hand of the wind: deem the wind high and of high descent

The gaze of the eye of dust falls on the dust; an eye that sees the wind is of another sort.

A horse knows a horse, because it is associated; likewise a rider knows the things appertaining to a rider.

The sensuous eye is the horse, and the Light of God is the rider: without the horse itself is useless.

Therefore train the horse of bad habits; else the horse will be rejected before the King.

The horse's eye finds the way from the King's eye: without the King's eye its eye is in desperate plight.
The eye of horses, whithersoever you call it except to grass and pasture, says, “Nay, why?”

The Light of God mounts on the sensuous eye, and then the soul yearns after God.

How should the riderless horse know the marks of the road? The King is needed in order that it may know the King's road.

Go towards a sense on which the Light is riding: that Light is a good companion for the sense.

The Light of God is an ornament to the light of sense: this is the meaning of light upon light.

The light of sense draws towards earth; the Light of God bears him aloft,

Because sensible things are a lower world: the Light of God is the sea, and the sense as a dew-drop.

But that which rides on it is not manifested save by good effects and words.

The sensuous light, which is gross and heavy, is hidden in the black of the eyes.

Inasmuch as you are not seeing the light of sense with eye, how should you see the light of that religious one with eye?

The light of sense is hidden notwithstanding this grossness: how should not that radiance be hidden which is pure?

This world, like straws in the hand of the wind, the unseen, has adopted helplessness as its resource; and the dispensation of the Unseen

Makes it now lofty, now low; makes it now sound, now broken;

Now carries it to the right, now to the left; now makes it roses, now thorns.

See the Hand hidden, while the pen is writing; the horse careering, while the Rider is invisible.

See the arrow flying, and the Bow not in sight; the souls manifest, and the Soul of souls hidden.

Do not break the arrow, for it is the arrow of a King; it is not shot at long range, it is from the thumb-stall of One who knows.

God said, “You did not throw when thou threw”: the action of God has precedence over actions.
Break your own anger, do not break the arrow: the eye of your anger reckons milk blood.

Give the arrow a kiss and bring it to the King—the bloodstained arrow, wet with your blood.

That which is seen is helpless and confined and feeble; and that which is unseen is so fierce and uncontrollable.

We are the prey: to whom belongs such a snare?
We are the ball of the polo-bat—and where is the Batsman?

He tears, He sews: where is this Tailor? He blows, He burns: where is this Fire-kindler?

At one hour He makes the true saint an unbeliever; at another hour He makes the deist an ascetic;

For the mukhlis is in danger of the snare until he becomes entirely purged of self,

Because he is on the Way, and the brigands are numberless: he escapes who is under God's protection.

He has not become a pure mirror, he is mukhlis: he has not caught the bird, he is hunting;

When the pure intention has become the place of cleanliness, he is delivered: he has reached the place of safety and has won the victory.

No mirror became iron again; no bread became the wheat in the stack.

No full-grown grape became a young grape; no mature fruit became premature fruit.

Become mature and be far from change for the worse: go, become the Light, like Burhan-i Mubaqqiq

When you have escaped from self, you have become wholly the proof: when the slave has become naught, you have become the King.

And if you wish to behold plainly, Salibu’ddin has shown it forth; he has made the eyes to see and has opened.

From his eyes and bearing every eye that has the Light of Hu has discerned poverty.

The Shaykh is one who, like God, acts without instrument, giving lessons to his disciples without anything said.

In his hand the heart is submissive like soft wax: his seal makes now shame, now fame.
The seal impressed on his wax is telling of the seal-ring; of whom, again, does the device tell, graven on the stone of the ring?

It tells of the thought of the Goldsmith—is a chain, every link in another.

Whose voice is this echo in the mountains of hearts? Sometimes this mountain is full of the voice, sometimes it is empty.

Wherever he is, he is the Sage, the Master—may his voice not forsake this mountain!

There is a mountain that doubles the voice; there is a mountain that makes it hundredfold.

At that voice and speech the mountain gushes forth hundreds of thousands of springs of clear water.

Inasmuch as that grace emanates from the mountain, the waters in the springs become blood.

It was on account of that monarch of auspicious gait that Mount Sinai was rubies from end to end.

The parts of the mountain received life and intelligence—after all, are we inferior to stone, O people?

Neither is there gushing from the soul a single spring, nor is the body becoming one of those clad in green;

Neither is there in it the echo of the cry of longing, nor the purity of the draught of the Cup-bearer.

Where is zeal, that they should entirely dig up such a mountain as this with axe and with pick?—Maybe a Moon will shine upon its particles; maybe the radiance of the Moon will find a way into it.

Inasmuch as the Resurrection shall dig up the mountains, how shall it cast the shadow over us?

How is this Resurrection inferior to that Resurrection? That Resurrection is the wound, and this Resurrection is as the plaster.

Every one that has seen this plaster is safe from the wound: every evil one that has seen this good is a well-doer.

Oh, happy is the ugly one to whom the beauteous one has become a companion; alas for one of rosy countenance with whom autumn has consorted!

When lifeless bread is companioned with life, the bread becomes living and is turned into the substance of that.
Dark twigs become the companions of fire:
The darkness departed, and all was turned into light.

When the dead ass fell into the salt-mine,
it put aside asinity and mortality.

*The baptism of Allah* is the dyeing-vat of Hu:
therein piebald things become of one colour.

When he falls into the vat, and you say to him, “Arise,”
say he in rapture, “I am the vat: do not blame.”

That “I am the vat” is the saying “I am God”;
he has the colour of the fire, albeit he is iron.

The colour of the iron is negated in the colour of the fire:
it boasts of fieriness, though it is like one who keeps silence.

When it has become like gold of the mine in redness,
then without tongue its boast is “I am the fire.”

It has become glorified by the colour and nature of the fire:
it says, “I am the fire, I am the fire.”

I am the fire; if you have doubt and suspicion, make trial,
put your hand upon me.

I am the fire; if it seems doubtful to you,
lay your face upon my face for one moment.”

When Man receives light from God,
he is worshipped by the angels because of his being chosen.

Also, worshipped by that one whose spirit, like the angel,
has been freed from insolence and doubt.

What fire? What iron? Close your lips:
do not laugh at the assimilator’s simile.

Do not set foot in the Sea, speak not of It:
on the shore of the Sea keep silence, biting your lips.

Though a hundred like me would not have the strength to bear the Sea,
yet I cannot refrain from the drowning waters of the Sea.

May my soul and mind be a sacrifice to the Sea:
this Sea has paid the blood-price of mind and soul.

I will march in It as long as my feet move;
when feet remain not, I am in It, like ducks.

A disrespectful person present is better than one absent:
though the ring be crooked, is it not on the door?
O defiled in body, frequent the tank:  
outside of the tank, how shall a man be cleansed?

The pure one who has been banished from the tank  
becomes far also from his purity.

The purity of this tank is infinite;  
the purity of bodies is of little weight,

Because the heart is a tank,  
yet in ambush it has a hidden channel to the Sea.

Your finite purity wants reinforcement;  
otherwise, number is diminished in expenditure.

The water said to the defiled one, “Hasten into me.”  
The defiled one said, “I feel shame before the water.”

Said the water, “Without me how shall this shame go?  
Without me how shall this defilement be removed?”

Every defiled one who hides from the water  
is “Shame hinders Faith”

The heart is muddied by the steps of the body’s tank;  
the body is cleansed by the water of the heart’s tanks.

Haunt the steps of the heart’s tank, O son;  
take heed and always beware of the steps of the body’s tank.

The sea of the body is dashing against the sea of the heart;  
between them is a barrier which they shall not cross.

Whether you are straight or crooked, always creep forwards to Him;  
do not creep backwards.

If in the presence of kings there be danger to life,  
yet they that aspire cannot refrain from Him.

Since the King is sweeter than sugar,  
it is better that life should go to sweetness.

O blamer, safety be yours!  
O seeker of safety, you are infirm.

My soul is a furnace: it is happy with the fire:  
it is enough for the furnace that it is the fire’s house.

For Love, as the furnace, there is something to be burned:  
any one that is blind to this is not a furnace.

When the provision of unprovidedness has become your provision,  
you have gained life everlasting, and death is gone.
When the pain has begun to increase your joy, roses and lilies have taken possession of the garden of your soul.

That which is the dread of others is your safety: the duck is strong by the river, the domestic fowl weak.

Once more have I become mad, O Physician! Once more have I become frenzied, O Beloved!

The rings of Your chain are multiform: every single ring gives a different madness.

The gift of every ring is different forms: therefore I have a different madness at every moment.

So “Madness is of different forms”—this has become a proverb; especially as regards the chain of this most glorious Prince.

Such madness has broken the bonds that all madmen would give me admonition.

When fire fell on the beards of the vulgar, they bound him and put him in a prison.

There is no possibility of pulling back this rein, though the vulgar be distressed by this way,

These kings have seen danger of their lives from the vulgar; for this multitude are blind, and the kings without mark.

When authority is in the hands of profligates, Dhu ’l-Nun is inevitably in prison.
The great king rides alone!
Such a unique pearl in the hands of children!

What pearl? The Sea hidden in a drop;
a Sun concealed in a mote.

A Sun showed itself as a mote,
and little by uncovered its face.

All motes vanished in it;
the world became intoxicated by it and became sober.

When the pen is in the hand of a traitor,
unquestionably Mansur is on a gibbet.

When this affair belongs to the foolish,
the necessary consequence is they kill the prophets.

Through folly the people who had lost the way
said to the prophets, “Lo, we augur ill from you.”

See the ignorance of the Christian
appealing for protection to the Lord who was suspended!

Since, according to his belief, He was crucified by the Jews,
how then can He protect him?

Inasmuch as the heart of that King bleeds on account of them,
how should there be the inviolable defense of while you are among them?

To the pure gold and to the goldsmith
the danger from the false counterfeiter is greater.

Josephs are concealed on account of the jealousy of the ugly,
for because of enemies the beautiful live in the fire.

Josephs are in the pit through the guile of brethren,
who from envy give Joseph to the wolves.

What happened to Joseph of Egypt on account of envy?
This envy is a big wolf in covert.

Of necessity, kind Jacob had always feared for Joseph
because of this wolf.

The outward wolf, indeed, did not prowl about Joseph;
this envy has actually surpassed wolves.

This wolf dealt its wound, and by way of specious excuse came,
“Lo, we went to compete with one another.”

Hundreds of thousands of wolves have not this cunning;
this wolf will at last be put to shame—stop!
Because on the Day of Bale the envious will without doubt be brought together in the shape of wolves.

The resurrection of the greedy vile eater of carrion will be in the shape of a hog on the Day of Reckoning.

The adulterer’s hidden parts will smell; wine-drinkers will have stinking mouths.

The hidden stench that was reaching to hearts will become sensible and manifest at the Resurrection.

The being of Man is a jungle: be on your guard against this being, if you are of that Breath.

In our being there are thousands of wolves and hogs; godly and ungodly and fair and foul.

To the disposition that is preponderant belongs the decision: when the gold is more than the copper, it is gold.

The manner of acting that preponderates in your nature—in that same form you must needs rise.

At one hour a wolf enters into Man, at another hour a moonlike beauty with the face of Joseph.

Good and hateful qualities pass from bosoms into bosoms by a hidden way;

Nay, indeed, wisdom and knowledge and excellence pass from Man into the ox and the ass.

The stumbling horse becomes smooth-paced and docile; the bear dances, the goat also salaams.

Volition has passed from human beings into the dog, so that he has become a shepherd or a hunter or a guardian.

Into the dog of the Companions there passed from those Sleepers a disposition, so that he had become a seeker of God.

At every moment a species bursts up in the breast: now a devil, now an angel, now wild beasts.

From that marvellous Jungle with which every lion is acquainted, there is a hidden way to the breasts which ensnare.

O you, who are less than a dog, steal the spiritual pearl from within— from within them that know God.

As you steal, at any rate that lovely pearl; as you are going to bear a burden, at any rate a noble one.
فهم کردن مریدان که ذو النون دیوانه نشده است قاصد کرده است

How the disciples understood that Dhu 'l Nun had not become mad, had acted with intention

The friends went to the prison about the story of Dhu 'l-Nun, and expressed an opinion concerning it,

Saying, “Perchance he does this purposely, or there is some Wisdom; he is an exemplar and a shining light in this religion.

Far, far be it from his sea-like intelligence that madness should prompt him to folly!

God forbid, in view of the perfection of his attainments, that the cloud of sickness should cover his moon!

He has gone into the house from the wickedness of the vulgar: he has become mad on account of the infamy of the sane.

From the disgrace of the dull body-serving intellect, he has purposely gone and become mad,

Saying, ‘Bind me fast and with the tail of a cow smite me on head and back, and do not dispute this,

That from the stroke of the part I may gain life, as the murdered man from the cow of Moses, O trusty ones;

That I may be made happy by the stroke of a part of the cow; become well, like the murdered man of the cow of Moses.’ ”

The murdered man was revived by the stroke of the cow’s tail: he became pure gold, even as copper by the elixir.

The murdered man sprang up and told the secrets: he revealed that bloodthirsty gang.

He said plainly, “ I was killed by these people who are now disturbed in contending against me.”

When this gross body is killed, the essence that knows secrets is brought to life.

Its spirit beholds Paradise and Hell-fire and discerns all the mysteries.

It reveals the devilish murderers; it reveals the snare of deceit and guile.
**Resumption of the story of Dhu’l-Nun, may God sanctify his spirit!**

When those persons arrived near him, he shouted, “Hey, who are you? Take care!”

They said respectfully, “We are some of your friends: we have come here to ask about you. How are you? O Sea of manifold intelligence? What slander on your intelligence is this madness?”

How should the smoke of the bath-stove reach the Sun? How should the Anqa be crushed by the crow? Do not withhold from us: explain this matter; we are lovers; do not behave to us in this fashion. One ought not to drive lovers away or dupe them by mask and false pretence. Communicate the secret, O King: do not hide your face in the cloud, O Moon! We are loving and true and with wounded hearts: in the two worlds we have fixed our hearts on thee.”

He began foul words and bad names recklessly: he spoke gibberish like madmen. He jumped up and let fly stones and sticks; the whole party fled for fear of blows. He laughed loudly and tossed his head. “Look,” said he, “at the vain bluster of these friends! See the friends! Where is the sign of friends? To friends pain is as life.”

How should a friend turn aside from the pain inflicted by his friend? Pain is the kernel, and friendship is as the husk to it.
Has not joy in tribulation and calamity and suffering become the sign of friendship?

A friend is like gold, tribulation is like the fire: the pure gold is glad in the heart of the fire.

How Luqman’s master tested his sagacity.

Not that to Luqman, who was a pure slave, and day and night was brisk in service?

His master used to prefer him in the work and deem him better than his own sons,

Because Luqman, though he was slave-born, was the master and was free from sensual desire

A certain king said to the Shaykh in conversation, “Ask me to bestow some bounty upon thee.”

He answered, “O King, are not you ashamed to say such a thing to me? Come higher!

I have two slaves, and they are vile, and those two are rulers and lords over you.”

The king said, “Who are they? That is a mistake.”

He replied, “The one is anger and the other is lust.”

Regard as a king him that is unconcerned with kingship, him whose light shines forth without moon or sun.

That one whose essence is the treasury possesses the treasury: he that is an enemy to existence possesses existence.

Luqman’s master like a master outwardly; in reality his master Luqman’s slave.

In the topsy-turvy world there is many a one of this: a pearl is less than a straw in their sight.

Every desert has been named waterless country: a name and specious form has ensnared their understanding.

In the case of one class of people, the dress makes known: in a djellaba they say that he belongs to the vulgar.

In the case of one class of people the hypocritical appearance of asceticism; light is needed, that may be a spy on asceticism.
Light is needed, purged of whining and poison, that he may know a man without deed or word,

And enter into his heart by way of the intellect, and behold his real state and not be confined to tradition.

The chosen servants of the Knower of things unseen are, in the spiritual world, the spies on hearts.

He enters within the heart like a fancy: the mystery of state is unveiled to him.

In the body of the sparrow what power and faculty is there that is hidden from the intellect of the falcon?

He who has become acquainted with the secrets of Hu, what to him is the secret of created beings?

He whose walk is on the spheres, how should it be hard for him to walk on the earth?

Since iron became wax in the hand of David, what should wax be in his hand, O man of iniquity?

Luqman was a slave in appearance, a master: servitude was a frontispiece on his outside.

When the master goes to a place where he is not known, he puts clothes on his slave.

He puts on the slave's clothes and makes his slave the leader.

He goes behind him on the road, as slaves do, lest any one should recognize him.

"O slave," says he, "go you and sit in the place of honour: I will take shoes, like the meanest slave. Treat roughly and revile me; do not bestow any respect on me.

I hold neglect of service to be your service, since I have sown the seed of contrivance by dwelling in a foreign land."

Masters have performed these slavish offices in order that it might be thought that they were slaves.

They had their fill of leadership and were sated: They have made ready for the work.

On the contrary, these slaves of sensuality have represented themselves as masters of intellect and spirit.
On the contrary, these slaves of sensuality have represented themselves as masters of intellect and spirit.

So topsy-turvy, then, are the arrangements between that world and this world. Know this.

Luqman’s master was aware of this hidden state; he had seen signs in him.

That traveller knew the secret, quietly pursued his way for the sake of the good.

He would have set him free at the first, but he sought to content Luqman,

Because it was Luqman’s desire, in order that none might know the secret of that brave and generous youth

What wonder that you should hide your secret from the evil?
The wonder is this, that you should hide the secret from yourself.

Hide your work from your own eyes, that your work may be safe from the evil eye.

Yield yourself up to the snare of the reward, and then, beside yourself, steal something from yourself.

They give opium to the wounded man, in order that they may extract the point from his body.

At the hour of death he is torn with pain; he becomes preoccupied with that, and his spirit is taken away.

Inasmuch as, to whatever thought you give up your mind, something will be secretly taken away from you,

Whatever you may cogitate an acquisition you may make, the thief will enter from the side where you feel safe,

Become occupied, therefore, with that which is better, in order that the thief may take away from you something that is less.

When the trader’s bales fall into the water, he lays his hands upon the better merchandise.

Since something will be lost in the water, take leave of the less and gain the better.
ظاهر شدن فضل و زیرکی لقمان پیش امتحان کنندگان

How the excellence and sagacity of Luqman became manifest to those who made trial.

Whatever food they brought to him, he would send some one to Luqman after,

That Luqman might put his hand to it, on purpose that the master might eat his leavings.

He would eat his remnants and be enraptured: any food that he did not taste, he would throw away;

Or if he ate without heart and without appetite: this is affinity without end.

They had brought a melon as a present. "Go," said he, "call my son, Luqman."

When he cut it and gave him a slice, he ate it as if it were sugar and honey.

On account of the pleasure with which he ate, he gave him a second, till the slices reached the seventeenth.

One slice remained. He said, "I will eat this, so that I may see what a sweet melon this is. He eats it with such pleasure that from his delight natures have become eager and craving the morsel."

As soon as he ate it, by its sourness there was kindled fire blistered his tongue and burnt his throat.

He became beside himself for a while on account of its sourness; after that, he said to him, "O soul and world, How did you make all this poison an antidote? How did you deem this cruelty to be kindness? What patience is this? For what reason is this great fortitude? Or, perchance, in your opinion this life of yours is an enemy. Why did not you cunningly bring a plea, saying, I have an excuse: desist for a while."

Luqman said, "From your kindness hand I have eaten somuch that I am double with shame."

I was ashamed not to eat one bitter thing from thy hand, O you who are possessed of knowledge.
Since all parts of me have grown from your bounty and are plunged in your bait and snare

If I make outcry and complaint because of one bitter thing, may the dust of a hundred roads be on parts of me!

It had the enjoyment of your sugar-bestowing hand: how could it leave any bitterness in this melon?”

By love bitter things become sweet;
by love pieces of copper become golden;

By love dregs become clear;
by love pains become healing;

By love the dead is made living;
by love the king is made a slave.

This love, moreover, is the result of knowledge: who sat in foolishness’ on such a throne?

On what occasion did deficient knowledge give birth to this love? Deficient gives birth to love, but for that which is lifeless.

When it sees in a lifeless being the colour of a desired one, it heard the voice of a beloved in a whistle.

Deficient knowledge cannot discriminate: of necessity it deems the lightning to be the sun.

When the Prophet called the “deficient” accursed, as interpreted was “deficiency of mind,”

Because one whose body is deficient is the object of mercy: cursing and repulse against the object of mercy are improper.

It is deficiency of mind that is the bad disease: it is the cause of curse and merits banishment,

Forasmuch as the perfecting of minds is not remote, but the perfecting of the body is not within our power.

The villainy and Pharaoh-like pride of every infidel who is far have all been produced by deficiency of mind.

Relief for bodily deficiency has come in the Qur’an— it is no crime in the blind man.

Lightning is transient and very faithless: without clearness you will not know the transient from the permanent.

The lightning laughs: say, at whom is it laughing? At him that sets his heart upon its light.
The lights of the sky are hamstrung:
how are they like neither of the east nor of the west?

Regard the lightning as *takes away the sight*;
Regard the everlasting Light as entirely *Helpers*.

To ride horse upon the foam of the sea,
to read a letter in a flash of lightning,

Is, to fail, because of covetousness, to see the end;
it is, to laugh at your own mind and intellect.

Intellect, by its proper nature, is a seer of the end;
it is the fleshly soul that does not see the end.

The intellect that is vanquished by the flesh becomes the flesh:
Jupiter is checkmated by Saturn and becomes inauspicious.

Still, turn this gaze upon this bad omen,
look on that One who made you ill-starred.

The gaze that surveys this ebb and flow
pieces from the inauspicious influence to the auspicious.

He continually turns you from one state to another,
manifesting opposite by means of opposite in the change,

For the purpose that fear of the left hand side may bring to birth in you
the delight of "*the men are led to hope for the right hand side,*"

So that you may have two wings;
for the bird that has one wing is unable to fly, O excellent.

Either let me not come to speech,
or give me leave to tell to the end.

But if You will neither this nor that, it is Yours to command:
how should any one know what You intend?

One needs to have the spirit of Abraham
to see in the fire Paradise and its palaces by the light;

And mount step by step above the moon and the sun,
lest he remain like the door-fastened on the door;

And, like the Friend, pass beyond the Seventh Heaven, saying,
"*I love not them that set.*"

This bodily world is deceptive,
save to him that has escaped from lust.
Conclusion of how the retainers envied the King’s favourite slave.

The story of the King and the Amirs and their envy of the favourite slave and lord of wisdom.

This tale been left far on account of the powerful attraction of the discourse. We must turn back and conclude it.

The happy and fortunate gardener of the kingdom—how should not he know one tree from another?

The tree that is bitter and damned and the tree whose one is seven hundred-

How, in rearing, should he deem equal, when he beholds them with the eye of the end,

What fruit those trees will ultimately bear, though at this moment they are alike in appearance’?

The Shaykh who has become seeing by the light of God has become acquainted with the end and the beginning.

He has shut for God’s sake the eye that sees the stable; he has opened, in priority, the eye that sees the end.

Those envious ones were bad trees; they were ill-fortuned ones of bitter stock.

They were boiling and foaming with envy, and were starting plots in secret,

That they might behead the favourite slave and tear up his root from the world;

How should he perish, since the King was his soul, and his root was under the protection of God?

The King had become aware of those secret thoughts, like Bu Bakr-i Rababi he kept silence.

In the spectacle of the hearts of evil-natured ones he was clapping his hands at those potters.

Some cunning people devise stratagems to get the King into a beer keg;

a King exceedingly grand and illimitable—how should He be contained in a beer barrel, O donkeys?
They knitted a net for the King; after all, they learned this contrivance from Him.

Ill-starred is the pupil that begins rivalry with his master and comes forward.

With what master? The master of the world, to whom the manifest and the occult are alike;

Whose eyes have become seeing by the light of God and have rent the veils of ignorance.

a veil of heart, full of holes as an old blanket, he puts it on in the presence of that Sage.

The veil laughs at him with a hundred mouths, every mouth having become a slit to that.

The master says to the disciple, “O you, who are less than a dog, have you no faithfulness to me?

Even suppose I am not a master and an iron-breaker, suppose I am a disciple like yourself and blind of heart,

Have not you help in spirit and mind from me? Without me no water is set flowing for you

Therefore my heart is the factory of your fortune: why would you break this factory, O unrighteous one?”

You may say that you kindle the flame’ against him in secret; but is there not a window between heart and heart?

After all, he sees your thought through the window: your heart gives testimony as to what you are meditating.

Suppose that, from kindness, he does not rebuke you to your face, whatever you say, he smiles and says “Yes”

He does not smile from pleasure at your stroking; he smiles at that thought of yours.

So a deceit is paid with a deceit: strike with a cup, get struck with a jug—serve you right!

Were his smile at you one of approval, hundreds of thousands of flowers would blossom for you.

When his heart works in approval, deem it a sun entering Aries,

Because of whom’ both the day and the spring smile, and blossoms and green fields are mingled together,
And myriads of nightingales and ringdoves pour their song into the unfilled world.

When you see the leaves of your spirit yellow and black, how know you not the anger of the King?

The King’s sun, in the sign of reproach, makes faces black as a piece of roasted meat.

Our souls are leaves for that Mercury: that white and black is our standard.

Again, he writes a patent in red and green that spirits may be delivered from melancholy and despair.

Red and green are spring’s cancellation; in regard like the lines of the rainbow.

How reverence for the message of Solomon, on whom be peace, was reflected in the heart of Bilqis from the despicable form of the hoopoe.

Hundredfold mercy on that Bilqis to whom God gave the intellect of a hundred men!

A hoopoe brought the letter with the sign-manual from Solomon—a few eloquent words.

She read those pregnant sayings, she did not look with contempt on the messenger.

Her eye saw him as a hoopoe, her spirit saw him as the ‘Anqa; her senses saw him as a fleck of foam, her heart saw him as the sea.

Because of these two-coloured talismans the intellect is at war with the senses, as Mohammed with the likes of Abu Jahl.

The infidels regarded Ahmad as a man, since they did not see in him the moon was cleft asunder.

Throw dust on your sense-perceiving eye: the sensuous eye is the enemy of intellect and religion.

God has called the sensuous eye blind; He has said that it is an idolater and our foe,

Because it saw the foam and not the sea, because it saw the present and not to-morrow.
خواجه ى فردا و حالى پیش او
او نمی بیند ز گنجى جز تسو
ذرهای ز أن اقتات آرد پیم
اقتات أن ذره را گردد غلام
قطر دای کر بحر و حذت شد سفر
هفت بحر أن قطره را باشند اسیر
گر کف خاکى شود چالالک او
پیش خاکش سر نهذ فلاک او
خاک آدم چون که شد چالالک حق
پیش خاکش سر نهذ املاک حق
اگر چسبند ذر را گردد غلام
آفتاب آن ذر را گردد غلام
سماء انقتحب آخر از چه بود
از یکى چشمى که خاکى بر گردد
خاک از دردى شیند زير آب
خاک بين کر عرش بگنشت از شتاب
آن لاطافت پس یدان کز آب نیست
جز عطای مبدع و هاب نیست
گر کنند سفلى هو و نار را
ور ز گل او بگذراند خار را
حاکم است و يفعل الله ما يشاء
کاژ ز عین درد انگيزد دوا
پس یقین شد که خاکى بر گردد
گر هو و نار را سفلى کنند
تیرگی و دردى و تقلى کنند
ور زمين و آب را علوى کنند
راه گردون را بيا بپطوى کنند
پس يقين شد که نور زياد نشاذ
خاکى را گفت پرها بر گشا
آتشى را گفت رو ابلیس شو
زير هفته خاک با تلبیس شو
آدم خاکى برو تو بر سها
اي بلیس آتشى رو تا ترثى
چار طبع و علت اولى نیام
در تصرف دیما من باقی ام
کار من بی علت است و مستقیم
بست تقدیرم نه علت ای سقیم
عادت خود را بی گردنام به وقت
این غبار از پیش بنشانم به وقت

The master of tomorrow and of the present before it;
of a treasure it sees not a penny.

A mote bring a message from yonder Sun,
the sun would become a slave to that mote.

The drop that has become an envoy from the Sea of Unity—
the seven seas would be captive to that drop.

If a handful of earth becomes His courier,
His heavens will lay their heads before His earth.

When the earth of Adam became God’s courier,
God’s angels laid their heads before His earth.

Wherefore, pray, that heaven was rent asunder?
Because of one eye that an earthly creature opened

Earth, from its grossness, settles beneath water;
see how earth has sped beyond the empyrean!

Know, then, that the subtlety is not from the water:
it is only the gift of the Bounteous Originator.

If He make air and fire low,
and if He lets the thorn surpass the rose,

He is the Ruler God does what He wills:
from the very self of pain He raises the remedy.

If He make air and fire low,
and make darkness and grossness and heaviness,

And if He makes earth and water high,
and makes the path of heaven traversed by foot

Then it has become certain that You exalt whom you will:
He said to an earthly creature, “Unfold your wings.”

To the creature of fire He said, “ Go, become Iblis:
go under the Seventh Earth with imposture!

O earthly Adam, go above Venus;
O fiery Iblis, go to the Earth.

I am not the four temperaments or the first cause;
I am ever remaining in control.

My action is uncaused and upright:
I have pre-determination, no cause, O infirm one.

I alter My custom at the time:
at the time I lay the dust in front.
I say to the sea, Listen, be full of fire!
I say to the fire, Go, be a rose-garden!
I say to the mountain, ‘Be light as wool!’
I say to heaven, ‘Be rent asunder before the eye!’
I say, ‘O sun, be joined to the moon!’
I make them both like two black clouds.
We make dry the fountain of the sun:
by Our are We turn into musk the fountain of blood.”

Sun and moon like two black oxen:
God will fasten a yoke upon their necks.

How a philosopher showed disbelief at the recitation of,
“if your water shall have sunk into the ground.”

A teacher of Qur’an-recitation was reading from the page of the Book, “your water sunk into the ground: I stop the water from the spring,

And hide the water in the depths,
and make the springs dry and a place of drought,

Who shall bring the water to the spring again except Me who have no like, the Gracious, the Glorious?”

A contemptible philosopher and logician was passing beside the school at that moment.

When he heard the verse, he said in disapproval, “We bring the water with a mattock;

With strokes of the spade and the sharpness of the axe we bring the water up from below.”

At night he fell asleep and saw a lion-hearted man

And said, “O wretch, if you are speaking the truth,
bring up some light with an axe from these two springs of vision.”

At day he jumped up and found two blind eyes:
from both his eyes the overflowing light had vanished.

If he had moaned and asked pardon,
the departed light would have appeared through kindness;
But asking pardon, also, is not in hands:
the savour of repentance is not the dessert of every drunk.

The wickedness of actions and the disastrousness of denial
had barred the way of repentance to his heart.

His heart became in hardness as the face of a rock:
how should repentance cleave it for sowing?

Where is one like Shu‘ayb, that by prayer
he may make the mountain earth for sowing?

Through the supplication and belief of that Friend
the thing that was hard and impossible became possible.

Or, through the Muqawqis’ begging the Prophet
a stony ground became a good wheat field

So, contrariwise, a man’s disbelief
turns gold into copper and peace into war.

This falseness draws after it an evil transformation:
it turns ground capable into stones and pebbles.

Nor is it granted to every heart to fall down in prayer:
the wages of mercy are not the portion of every hireling.

Beware! Do not commit crime and sin in reliance on,
“I will repent and come to refuge”

For repentance, there must be a glow and a flood:
lightning and clouds are the condition indispensable to repentance.

There must be fire and water for the fruit:
clouds and lightning are necessary for this accomplishment.

Until there is the lightning of the heart and the rain-clouds of the two eyes,
how shall the fire of menace and wrath be allayed?

How shall the herbage grow, of the delight of union?
How shall the fountains of clear water gush forth?

How shall the rose-beds tell their secret to the garden?
How shall the violet make an engagement with the jasmine?

How shall a plane-tree open its hands in prayer?
How shall any tree toss its head in the air?

How shall the blossoms begin to shake out their sleeves
full of largesse in the days of spring?

How shall the cheeks of the anemone flame like blood?
How shall the rose bring gold out of its purse?
How shall the nightingale come and smell the rose?
How shall the dove say “coo, coo,” as one that seeks?

How shall the stork utter with its soul the cry lak, lak? What is lak?
“Yours is the kingdom, O You whose help is invoked.”

How shall the earth show forth the secrets of its inmost mind?
How shall the garden become radiant as the sky?

From where have they gathered those garments?
Of them from One who is Bounteous and Merciful.

Those graces are the signs of Fitness:
they are the footprints of a man devoted to service.

That person that has seen the King is gladdened by the sign;
when one has not seen Him, there is no recognition.

The spirit of that one who at the time of Am not I?
Saw his Lord and became beside himself and intoxicated

He knows the scent of the wine because he drank it;
when he has not drunk it, he cannot scent it.

For Wisdom is like a stray camel:
like a go-between, it guides to kings.

You behold in dream a person of pleasing countenance,
who gives you a promise and a sign

That your desire will come to pass; here is the sign—
such and such a person will meet you to-morrow.

One sign is that he will be riding;
one sign is that he will clasp you to his breast;

One sign is that he will smile before you;
one sign is that he will fold his hands in your presence;

One sign is that when the morrow comes
you will not tell this dream to any one, though you would want to.

Concerning that sign, He said to the father of Yahya,
“You shall not begin to speak at all till three days.

For three nights keep silence as to your good and ill:
this will be the sign that Yahya will come to you.

During three days do not breathe a word,
for this silence is the sign of your purpose.

Beware! Do not speak of this sign,
and keep this matter hidden in your heart.”
He will sweetly tell these signs to him.
What are these signs? a hundred signs besides.

This is the sign that you will gain from God
the kingdom and power that you are seeking

That you weep continually in the long nights,
and that you are always ardent in supplication at the hour of dawn;

That, in the absence of that, your day has become dark;
your neck has become thin as a spindle;

And what you have given in alms all that you possess,
your belongings like the alms of those who gamble all away;

You have given up your belongings and sleep and the colour of your face,
and sacrificed your head and become as a hair;

You have sat—how often!—in the fire, like aloes-wood;
that you have gone—how often!—to meet the sword, like a helmet.

A hundred thousand such acts of helplessness
are habitual to lovers, and cannot be reckoned.

After you have had this dream at night, the day breaks;
through hope thereof your day becomes triumphant.

You have turned your eye to left and right,
where is that sign and those tokens.

You are trembling like a leaf,
“Alas, if the day depart and the sign come not to pass!”

You are running in street and market and into houses,
like one that should lose a calf.

“Is it good, Sir? Why are you running to and fro?
Who belonging to you is it that you have lost here?”

“It is good,” you tell him,
“but none may know my good except myself.
If I tell it, lo, my sign is missed,
and when the sign is missed, the hour of death is come.”

You peer into the face of every rider:
he says to you, “Do not look at me like a madman.”

You say to him, “I have lost a friend;
I have set out to seek him.
May your fortune be lasting, O rider!
Have pity on lovers and excuse.”
When you have made search looking has been in earnest—
cernst endeavour does not fail: so the Tradition has come down

Suddenly comes a blessed rider;
then he clasps you very closely to his breast.

You become senseless and fall to vaunting;
the ignorant man says, “Here is fraud and hypocrisy.”

How does he see what this enthusiasm in him is?
He knows not with whom that is the sign of union.

This sign concerns him that has seen:
how should the sign appear to the other one?

Every moment that a sign was coming from Him,
a spirit was coming into that person's spirit.

Water has reached the helpless fish.
These signs are those are the signs of the Book.

Hence the signs which are in the prophets
are peculiar to him who is a friend.

This discourse remains imperfect and unsettled;
I have no heart, I am out of my mind: excuse me.

How can any one number the motes,
especially that one whose understanding has been transported by Love?

Shall I number the leaves of the garden?
Shall I number the cries of the partridge and the crow?

They come not into computation,
but I enumerate them for the guidance of him that is put to trial.

The sinister influence of Saturn and the auspicious influence of Jupiter
come not into computation, though you may enumerate;

But still, some of these two effects must be explained—
that is, the benefit and injury

In order that some little part of the effects of the decree
may be made known to the good-fortuned and the ill-starred

He whose ascendant is Jupiter
will be rejoiced by vivacity and eminence;

And it will be necessary for him whose ascendant is Saturn

to take precautions against every mischief in his affairs.

If I should speak to one whose planet is Saturn of his fire,
it would burn that unfortunate man.
Our King has given permission, “Commemorate Allab”:
He saw us in the fire and gave us light.

He has said, “Although I far transcend your commemoration, the pictorial ideas are not suitable to Me,
Yet he that is intoxicated with imagination and fancy will never apprehend My essence without similes.”

Bodily commemoration is an imperfect imaginings:
the Kingly attributes are remote from those.

If any one says of a king, “He is not a weaver,” what praise is this?
He is surely ignorant.

How Moses, on whom be peace, took offence at the prayer of the shepherd.

Moses saw a shepherd on the way, who was saying, “O God who chooses,
Where are You, that I may become Your servant and sew Your shoes and comb Your head?
That I may wash Your clothes and kill Your lice and bring milk to You, O worshipful One;
That I may kiss Your little hand and rub Your little foot, bedtime comes I may sweep Your little room,
O You to whom all my goats be a sacrifice, O You in remembrance of whom are my cries of ay and ah!”

The shepherd was speaking foolish words in this wise.
Moses said, “Man, to whom is this?”
He answered, “To that One who created us; by whom this earth and sky were brought to sight.”

“What babble is this? What blasphemy and raving?
Stuff some cotton into your mouth!

The stench of your blasphemy has made the world stinking:
your blasphemy has turned the silk robe of religion into rags.
Shoes and socks are fitting for you, how are such things right for a Sun?

If you do not stop your throat from these words, a fire will come and burn up the people.

If a fire has not come what is this smoke? Why has your soul become black and your spirit rejected?

If you know that God is the Judge, how is it right for you this doting talk and familiarity?

Truly, the friendship of a witless man is enmity: the high God is not in want of suchlike service.

To whom are you saying this? To your paternal and maternal uncles? Are the body and its needs among the attributes of the Lord of glory?

He that is waxing and growing drinks milk: he that has need of feet puts on shoes.

And if these words are for His servant, of whom God said, ‘He is I and I myself am he’;

Of whom He said, ‘Truly, I was sick and you did not visit Me, I became ill, not he alone;’

Who has become seeing by Me and hearing by Me This is foolish nonsense even in regard to that servant.

To speak irreverently to one chosen of God causes the heart to perish and keeps the page black.

If you should call a man Fatima — though men and women are all of one kind

He will seek to murder you, so far as it is possible, albeit he is good-natured and forbearing and quiet.

Fatima is praise in regard to women, if you address it to a man; it is the blow of a spearhead.

Hand and foot are praise in relation to us; in relation to the holiness of God they are pollution.

He begat not, He was not begotten are appropriate to Him: He is the Creator of begetter and begotten.

Birth is the attribute of everything that is body: whatever is born is on this side of the river, Because it is of becoming and decay and contemptible: it is originated and certainly requires an Originator.’
He said, “O Moses, you have closed my mouth
and you have burned my soul with repentance.”

He rent his garment and heaved a sigh,
and hastily turned his head towards the desert and went.

**How the high God rebuked Moses, on whom be peace, on account of the shepherd.**

_A revelation came to Moses from God—
“You have parted My servant from Me._

_Did you come to unite,
or did you come to sever?_

_So far as you canst, do not set foot in separation:_
_of things the most hateful to Me is divorce._

_I have bestowed on every one a way of acting:_
_I have given to every one a form of expression._

_In regard to him it is praise, and in regard to you it is blame:_
_in regard to him honey, and in regard to you poison._

_I am independent of all purity and impurity,_
of all slothfulness and alacrity._

_I did not ordain that I might make any profit;_
no, but that I might do a kindness to servants._

_In the Hindus the idiom of Hind is praiseworthy;_
in the Sindians the idiom of Sind is praiseworthy._

_I am not sanctified by their glorification;_
it is they that become sanctified and pearl-scattering._

_I look not at the tongue and the speech;_
I look at the inward and the state._

_I gaze into the heart whether it be humble,_
though the words uttered be not humble,_

_Because the heart is the substance, speech the accident;_
so the form is subservient, the substance is the object._

_How much of these phrases and conceptions and metaphors?_
I want burning, burning: become friendly with that burning!
Light up a fire of love in your soul,
burn thought and expression entirely!

O Moses, they that know the conventions are of one sort,
they whose souls and spirits burn are of another sort.”

To lovers there is a burning at every moment:
tax and tithe are not on a ruined village.

If he speaks faultily, do not call him faulty;
and if he be bathed in blood, do not wash martyrs.

For martyrs, blood is better than water:
this fault is better than a hundred right actions.

Within the Ka’ba the rule of the qibla does not exist:
what matter if the diver has no snow-shoes?

Do not seek guidance from the drunken:
why do you order those whose garments are torn in pieces to mend them?

The religion of Love is apart from all religions:
for lovers, the religion and creed is—God.

If the ruby has not a seal, it is no harm:
Love in the sea of sorrow is not sorrowful.

How the revelation came to Moses, on whom be peace, excusing that shepherd.

After that, God hid in the inmost heart of Moses mysteries which cannot be spoken.

Words were poured upon his heart:
vision and speech were mingled together.

How oft did he become beside himself and how oft return to himself!
How oft did he fly from eternity to everlastingness!

If I should unfold after this, it is foolishness,
because the explanation of this is beyond understanding;
And if I should speak it would root up minds;
and if I should write, it would shatter many pens.

When Moses heard these reproaches from God,
he ran into the desert in quest of the shepherd.
He pushed on over the footprints of the bewildered man, he scattered dust from the skirt of the desert.

The footstep of a man distraught is, in truth, distinct from the footsteps of others:

One step like the rook from top to bottom; one step he goes crossways, like the bishop;

Now lifting his crest like a wave; now going on his belly like a fish;

Now writing his state on some dust, like a geomancer who takes an omen by drawing lines.

At last he overtook and beheld him; the giver of glad news said, “Permission has come”.

Do not seek any rules or method; say whatsoever your distressful heart desires.

Your blasphemy is religion, and your religion is the light of the spirit: you are saved, and through you a world is in salvation.

O you who are made secure by God does whatever He wills, go, loose your tongue without regard.”

He said, “O Moses, I have passed beyond that: I am now bathed in heart’s blood. I have passed beyond the Lote-tree of the farthest limit, I have gone a hundred thousand years’ journey on the other side. You applied the lash, and my horse shied, made a bound, and passed beyond the sky.

May the Divine Nature be intimate with my human nature—blessings be on Your hand and on your arm!

Now my state is beyond telling; what I am telling is not my state.”

You behold the image which is in a mirror: it is your image; it is not the image of the mirror.

The breath which the flute-player puts into the flute—does it belong to the flute? No, it belongs to the man.

Take good heed! Whether you speak praise or thanksgiving, know that it is even as the unseemly of that shepherd.

Though your praise is better in comparison with that, yet in relation to God it too is maimed.
How often will you say, when the lid has been raised, “This was not what they were thinking!”

This acceptance of your praise is from mercy: it is an indulgence, like the prayers of a woman suffering from a heavy period.

Her prayers are stained with blood; your praise is stained with assimilation and qualification.

Blood is foul, and it goes by water; but the inward part has impurities

Which fail not from the interior of the man of works except by the water of the grace of the Maker.

Would that in your bowing low in prayer you would turn your face and apprehend the meaning of “Glory to my Lord!”

Saying, “Oh, my prostration, like my existence, is unworthy: give good in return for evil!”

This earth has the mark of God’s clemency, in that it got filth and gave flowers as the produce;

In that it covers our pollutions, buds grow up from it in exchange.

Therefore, when the infidel saw that in giving and lavishing he was meaner and poorer than the earth,

Flowers and fruit did not grow from his being; he sought nothing but the corruption of all purities,

He said, “I have gone backwards in course. Alas! would that I had been earth! would that I had not chosen to travel away from earthiness, like a clod of earth I had gathered some grain!

When I travelled, the Way tried me: what was the present I brought from this travelling?”

It is from all that propensity of his towards earth that he sees before him no profit in the journey.

His turning his face back is that greed and avarice; his turning his face to the Way is sincerity and supplication.

Every herb that has a propensity for upwards is in increase and life and growth;

When it has turned its head towards the earth, in decrease and dryness and failure and disappointment
When the propensity of your spirit is upwards, in increase, and that place is the place to which you will return;  

But if you are upside down, your head towards the earth, you are one that sinks: God loves not them that sink.  

How Moses, on whom be peace, asked the high God the secret of the predominance of the unjust.

Moses said, “O Bounteous Disposer, O You whom to commemorate for one moment is a long life,

I have seen the crooked, misshapen image in water and clay, and like the angels, my heart has raised an objection,

As to what is the purpose of making an image and casting within it the seed of corruption?

To kindle the fire of iniquity and corruption; to burn the mosque and those who bend low in prayer;

To set boiling the source of bloody tears for the sake of humble entreaties

I know for certain that it is the essence of wisdom, but my aim is actual seeing and vision.

That certainty says to me, ‘keep silence’; the craving for vision says to me, ‘make a stir.’

You have shown Your secret to the angels, that such honey as this is worth the sting.

You have displayed the Light of Adam manifestly to the angels, the difficulties were explained.

Your Resurrection declares what is the secret of death: the fruits declare what is the secret of the leaves.”

The secret of blood and seed is the excellence of Man; after all, inferiority is antecedent to every superiority.

The ignorant first washes the tablet, and then He writes the letters upon it.

He turns the heart into blood and abject tears, and then He writes the mysteries upon it.
At the time of washing the tablet one must recognise that it will be made into a book.

When they lay the foundation of a house, they dig up the first foundation.

People first fetch up clay from the depths of the earth in order that at last you may draw up flowing water.

Children weep piteously at cupping, for they know not the secret of the matter;

A man, in truth, gives the cupper gold and fondles the blood-drinking lancet.

The porter runs to the heavy load: he snatches the load from others.

Behold the struggle of the porters for the load!

Inasmuch as burdens are the foundation of ease, and bitter things, too, are the forerunners of enjoyment.

Paradise is compassed about with the things we dislike; the fires are compassed about with our lusts.

The seed of the substance of your fire is the fresh bough; he that is burned by the fire is the comrade of Kawthar.

Whoever is the comrade of affliction in prison— that is the retribution for a mouthful and a lust.

Whoever is the comrade of a high fortune in a palace— that is the reward for some battle-field and sore trial.

Whomever you have seen unrivalled in gold and silver— know that he has been patient in earning.

When the eye has become piercing, he sees without causes. You who are in sense-perception, pay you heed to causes!

He whose spirit is beyond natural properties— to him belongs the position of power to split causes.

The eye regards the fountain of the miracles of the prophets as without cause, not as from water and herbage.

These causes are like the physician and the sick: these causes are like the lamp and the wick.

Twist a new wick for your night-lamp; know that the lamp of the sun transcends these things.
Go you and make plaster for the roof of your house, know that the roof of the sky is undefiled by plaster.

Alas that, after our Beloved had burned our pain, the night-time of being alone passed away and became day!

Except at night there is no unveiling of the moon: except through heartache do not seek your heart's desire.

Forsaking Jesus, you have fostered the donkey: of necessity, like the donkey, you are outside of the curtain.

Knowledge and gnosis are the fortune of Jesus; they are not the fortune of the donkey, O you asinine one!

You listen to the moaning of the donkey, and pity comes over you; then you, know not the donkey commands you to be asinine.

Have pity on Jesus and have no pity on the donkey: do not make the nature lord over your intellect.

Let the nature weep sore and bitterly: do you take from it and pay the debt of the soul.

For years you have been the donkey's slave. It is enough, for the donkey's slave is behind the donkey.

The thing meant by “put them behind” is your nafs; for it must be last and your intellect first.

This base intellect has become of the same temperament as the ass: its thought is how it shall get hold of fodder.

The ass of Jesus took the temperament of the spirit: it took its abode in the place of the intelligent, because intellect was ruling, and the ass weak — the donkey is made lean by a strong rider.

While from the weakness of your intellect, O you who have the value of a donkey, this worn-out donkey has become a dragon.

If through Jesus you have become heartsick, health too comes from him: do not leave him.

How are you as to affliction, O Jesus who has the breath of Jesus? For there never was in the world a treasure without a snake.

How are you, O Jesus, at the sight of the Jews? How are you, O Joseph, in respect of the envious plotter?

Night and day for the sake of this foolish people you, like night and day, art a renewer of life.
Alas for those bile filled ones who are without excellence!
What excellence is born from bile? Headache.

Do you the same thing that the sun of the east does
with hypocrisy and craft and thieving and dissimulation.

You are honey, we are vinegar in this world and in religion;
the removing this bile is oxymel.

We folk who suffer from colic have added more and more vinegar;
add more and more honey, withhold not Your bounty.

This was meet in us; such issued from us:
what is increased by sand in the eye? Blindness.

It is proper in you, O precious eye salve,
that every nothing should gain from you something.

Your heart is roasted by the fire of these unhonorable men,
all your appeal has been, “Guide my people!”

You are a mine of aloes-wood: if they set you afire,
they will fill this world with attar of roses and sweet basil.

You are not that aloes-wood that is diminished by the fire:
you are not that spirit that is made captive by grief.

Aloes-wood burns, the mine of aloes-wood is far from burning:
how should the wind assail the source of light?

Oh, it is from you the heavens have purity;
oh, Your unkindness is better than kindness,

Because if an unkindness come from the wise
it is better than the kindness of the ignorant

The Prophet said, “Enmity from wisdom
is better than the love that comes from a fool.’

How an Amir harassed a sleeping man into whose mouth a snake had gone.

A wise man was riding along a snake was going into the mouth of a man asleep.

The rider saw that, and was hurrying to scare away the snake, he got no chance.
Since he had an abundant supply of intelligence, he struck the sleeper several powerful blows with a mace.

The strokes of the hard mace drove him in flight to beneath a tree.

There were many rotten apples which had dropped: he said, “Eat of these, O you in the grip of pain!”

He gave the man so many apples to eat that they were falling out of his mouth again.

He was crying, “O Amir, pray, why have you set on me? What have I done to you?

If you have an inveterate and mortal feud with me, strike with your sword and shed my blood at once.

Ill-omened the hour I came into your sight: oh, happy he’ that never saw your face!

Without guilt, without sin, without anything great or small--the heretics hold not such oppression allowable.

Blood gushes from my mouth together with words.
O God, I beseech You, give him the retribution!"

Every instant he was uttering a new curse, he kept beating him and saying, "Run in this plain."

Blows of the mace, and the rider as the wind!
He went on running and again falling on his face.

He was full-fed and sleepy and fatigued: his feet and face became a hundred thousand wounds.

Till nightfall he drove to and fro', until vomiting caused by bile overtook him.

All the things he had eaten, bad or good, came up from him: the snake shot forth from him along with what he had eaten.

When he saw the snake outside of him, he fell on his knees before that beneficent man.

As soon as he saw the horror of that black, ugly, big snake, those griefs departed from him.

"Truly," said he, “you are the Gabriel of mercy, or you are God, for you are the lord of bounty.

Oh, blessed the hour that you saw me: I was dead, you have given me new life.
You seeking me like mothers;  
I fleeing from you like asses.

The donkey flees from his master because of donkey nature;  
his owner after because of good-nature.

He seeks him, not on account of profit or loss,  
but in order that a wolf or wild beast may not tear him.

Oh, happy he that espies your face  
or suddenly lights upon your abode.

O you whom the pure spirit hath praised,  
how many foolish and idle words have I spoken to you!

O lord and emperor and Amir, I spoke not, my folly spoke:  
do not punish that.

If I had known a little of this matter,  
how could I have spoken foolish words?

I should have spoken much praise of you, O man of good qualities,  
if you had given me a single hint as to the case;

But you, keeping silence, showed perturbation  
and silently continued to beat me on the head.

My head became dizzy; the wits flew out of my head—  
especially as this head has little brain.

Pardon, O man of goodly countenance and goodly behaviour:  
let pass that which I said in frenzy.”

He answered, “If I had uttered a hint of it,  
your gall would instantly have turned to water

Had I told you the qualities of the snake,  
terror would have made you give up the ghost.”

Mustafa said, ‘ If I should tell correctly  
the description of the enemy which is in your souls,

The gall-bladders even of courageous men would burst:  
he would neither go his way nor care for any work.

Neither would there remain to his heart endurance in supplication,  
nor to his body strength for fasting and prayer.

He would become nothing as a mouse before a cat;  
he would be distraught as a lamb before a wolf.

No power to plan or move would remain in him:  
therefore I tend you without speaking.
I am mute, like Bu Bakr-i Rababi;
I handle the iron, like David,
So that by my hand the impossible is brought to pass,
and wings are restored to the bird whose plumes were torn away.
Since there is the hand of God is above their hands,
the One has declared our hand to be His hand.
Therefore mine is surely a long hand
that has passed beyond the Seventh Heaven.

My hand showed cunning upon the sky: O teacher of the Qur’an,
recite the *moon hath been cleft asunder*.

This characteristic, moreover, is on account of the weakness of understandings:
how is it possible to explain the omnipotence to the weak?

You will surely know when you lift your head from sleep.
It is the end, and God knows best
what is right.

“You would not have been able to eat,
nor would you have been capable of vomiting or cared.
I heard abuse and went on with my work;
I kept repeating under my lip, ‘O Lord, make easy!’
I had not permission to speak of the cause,
and I had not power to abandon you.
From the grief in my heart I was saying continually,
‘Guide my people; truly, they know not’.
The man that had been delivered from woe was falling on his knees
and saying, “O my bliss, O my fortune and treasure,
You will get rewards from God, O noble one;
this weakling has not the power to thank you.
God will say thanks to you, O leader;
I have not the lips and the chin and the voice for that.”
Of this fashion is the enmity of the wise:
their poison is gladness to the soul.
The friendship of the fool is woe and perdition:
hear this tale as a parable.
On putting trust in the false friendship and good faith of the bear

A dragon was pulling a bear;
a valiant man went and rescued it.

The valiant men are a help in the world
when the wail of the oppressed reaches.

From every quarter they hear the cry of the oppressed
and run in that direction, like the mercy of God.

Those buttresses for the breaches of the world,
those physicians for hidden maladies,

Are pure love and justice and mercy;
even as God, they are flawless and uncorrupted.

“Why do you give him this aid all at once?”
he says, “On account of his grief and helplessness.”

Loving kindness is fallen a prey to the valiant man,
medicine seeks nothing in the world but the pain.

Wherever a pain is, the remedy goes there:
wherever lowland is, the water runs there.

If thou want the water of mercy, go, become lowly,
and then drink the wine of mercy and become drunk.

Mercy upon mercy comes up to the head;
do not come down to a single mercy, O son!

Bring the sky under your feet, O brave one!
Hear from above the firmament the noise of the music!

Put out of your ear the cotton of evil suggestion
that the cries from heaven may come into your ear.

Purge your two eyes from the hair of defect,
that you may behold the garden and cypress-plot of the world unseen.

Eject the phlegm from your brain and nose
that the wind of God may come into the centres of your sense of smell.

Do not leave any trace of fever and bile
that you may get from the world the taste of sugar.

Cure your manliness; don't be impotent,
so that a hundred beautiful ladies will want you.
Tear the fetter, which is the body, from the foot of your soul, so that it may race round the arena.

Take off the shackle of avarice from your hands and neck: seize a new fortune in the old heaven.

And if you art unable fly to the Ka`ba of grace: lay your helplessness before the Helper.

Lamentation and weeping are mighty stock-in-trade; the Universal Mercy is the mightiest nurse.

The nurse and mother seeks a pretext: when her child will begin to weep.

He created the child, your wants, in order that it might moan and that milk might be produced for it.

He said, “Call upon God!” Do not refrain not from lamentation, in order that the milk of His loving kindnesses may flow.

The howling of the wind and the pouring forth of milk from the cloud are for care of us: patience one moment!

Have not you heard “in the sky is your daily bread”? Why have you stuck to this low place?

Deem your fear and despair to be the voice of the ghoul drawing your ear to the abyss of degradation.

Every call that draws you upward— know that that call has come from on high.

Every call that excites greed in you— know that it is the howl of the wolf which tears men.

This height is not in respect of position; these “heights” are towards mind and spirit.

Every cause is higher than the effect: the stone and iron are superior to the sparks.

Such and such a person is seated above that one who lifts up his head so haughtily, though in appearance he is seated beside him.

The superiority of that place is in respect of nobility; the place far from the seat of honour is held in slight regard.

Forasmuch as the stone and iron are prior in action, the superiority of these two is proper;

But those sparks, in respect of their being the final cause, are from this point of view far in front of the iron and stone.
The stone and iron are first; and the sparks last;
but these two are the body, and the sparks are the soul.

If those sparks are posterior in time,
in quality they are higher than the stone and iron.

The bough is prior to the fruit in time;
it is superior to the bough in excellence.

Since the fruit is the final cause of the tree,
it follows that the fruit is first, the tree last.

When the bear cried out for help against the dragon,
a valiant man rescued it from the claws.

Cunning and courage gave support to each other:
by this strength he slew the dragon.

The dragon has strength it has not cunning;
again, there is a cunning above your cunning.

When you have regarded your own cunning,
go back from where it came: go to the origin.

Whatever is below has come from above:
come on, turn your eye towards the height.

Looking aloft gives light;
though at first it produces bewilderment as a trial

Accustom your eye to the light;
if you are not a bat, look in that direction.

Vision of the end is the sign of your light;
the lust of the moment is in truth your grave.

The man with vision of the end, who has seen a hundred artifices,
is not like him that has heard of one artifice,
He has been so befooled by that one artifice
that in his pride he has become alienated from the masters
Like Samiri, when he has seen in himself that skill,
through pride he has rebelled against Moses.

He has learned that skill from Moses
and closed his eyes to his teacher.

Moses, of course, exhibited another artifice,
so that it swept away that artifice and his life.

Oh, many is the knowledge that runs in the head
that he should become eminent—in truth, through that his head goes.
If you do not wish your head to be lost, be a foot:
de under the protection of the Qtub who is possessed of discernment.

Though you are a king, do not deem yourself above him:
though you be honey, gather nothing but his sugar-cane.

Your thought is the outward form, and his thought is the soul:
your coin is false, and his coin is the mine.

You are he: seek yourself in his “he”.
Say coo, coo: become a dove towards him.

And if you are unwilling to serve the men of kind,
you are in the dragon’s mouth, like the bear.

It may be that a Master will deliver you and pull you out of danger.

As you have no strength, keep making a lamentation; since you are blind, take care, do not turn your head away from him that sees the road.

You are less than the bear, you are not wailing at the pain.
The bear was freed from pain when it made an outcry.

O God, make our stony hearts wax;
make our wailing sweet and an object of mercy!

There was a blind man who used to say,
“Pity! I have two forms of blindness, O people of the time.
Therefore, listen, show me twice as much compassion, since I have two forms of blindness, and I between.

“We see one type of your blindness:
what may the other blindness be? Explain.”

He answered, “I have an ugly voice and unpleasing tones:
ugliness of voice and blindness are double.

My ugly cry becomes the source of annoyance:
the people’s love is lessened by my cry.
Wherever my ugly voice goes, it becomes the source of anger and annoyance and hatred.
Double your compassion for two forms of blindness: make room for one who gets so little room.”

The ugliness of voice was diminished by this plaint: the people became of one mind in compassion for him.

When he had told the secret, his voice was made beautiful by the graciousness of the voice of his heart;

But that one whose heart’s voice also is bad—those three forms of blindness are banishment everlasting.

Yet it may be that the bounteous, who give without cause, will lay a hand upon his ugly head.

Since his voice became sweet and pitiable, the hearts of the stony-hearted were made as wax.

Inasmuch as the infidel’s lament is ugly and braying, for that it meets with no response.

“Be silent” has come down against the ugly-voiced, for he was drunken with the people’s blood, like a dog.

Inasmuch as the lament of the bear attracts compassion, your lament is not like this, is unpleasing.

Know that you have behaved with wolfishness to Joseph, or have drunk of the blood of an innocent.

Repent, and empty yourself of what you have drunk; and if your wound is old, go, cauterize.

Continuation of the story of the bear and of the fool who had put trust in its good faith.

The bear, too, when it was delivered from the dragon and received such kindness from that brave man.

Like the dog of the Men of the Cave, that poor bear became an attendant at the heels of him that bore the burden.

That Moslem, from fatigue, laid down his head; the bear from devotion, became guard.

A certain man passed by and said to him, “What has happened? O brother, who is this bear to you?”

لینک و هابان که بی علت دهد بو که دستی بر سر زشت نهند 

چون که آواز خوش و مظالم شد 

زو دل سنگی دلان جون مومش شد 

نالهی کافر چو زشت است و شهیق 

ز ان نممی红楼梦 اسیاب را رفیق 

اُحْسِوْا بر زشت آواز آمده ست 

کار ز خون خلق جون سگ بود مست 

چون که نالهی خرس رحمت کش بود 

نالهای بودن چنین ناخود بود 

دان که با یوسف تو گرگی کردیدای 

یا ز خونی به گنگای خوردای 

توره کن و ز خوره استفراغ کن 

ور جراحت کهنه شد رو داغ کن 

تتمه‌ی حکایت خرس و آن ابله که بر وفادای او اعتماد کرده بود
He recounted the adventure, and the story of the dragon.
The other said, “Do not set your heart on a bear, O fool!
The friendship of a fool is worse than enmity: it ought to be driven away by every means you know.”
He said, “By God, he has said this from envy; otherwise, “Why do you look at the bearishness? Behold this affection!”
“The affection of fools,” said the other, “is beguiling; this envy of mine is better than its affection.
Hey, come with me and drive away this bear: do not choose the bear, do not forsake one of your own kind!”
“Go, go,” said he, “mind your own business, O envious man!”
Said the other, “This was my business, and it was not your fortune.
I am not less than a bear, O noble sir: abandon it, in order that I may be your comrade.
My heart is trembling with anxiety for you: do not go into a forest with a bear like this.
This heart of mine has never trembled in vain; this is the Light of God, not pretence or idle brag.
I am the true believer who has become seeing by the Light of God.
Beware and beware! Flee from this fire-temple!”
He said all this, and it entered not his ear: suspicion is a thick barrier to a man.
He took his hand, and he withdrew his hand from him.
The other said, “I will go, since you are not a well-guided friend.”
“Go,” cried he; “be not troubled for me; don’t carve so much wisdom, O meddlesome one!”
He answered him, “I am not your enemy: it would be a kindness if you would come after me.”
“I am sleepy,” said he; “let me alone, go!”
He replied, “Pray, give in to your friend, So that you may sleep under the safeguard of a sage,
der under the protection of one loved, a man of heart.”
The man was thrown by his earnestness into a fancy:
he became angry and quickly averted his face,
Thinking, “Perhaps this man has come to attack me—he is a murderer; or he has hope—he is a beggar and a tout;
قصه واگفت و حدیث از اژدها
دوستی ابله بتر از دشمنی است
او بهر حیله که دانی راندی است
گفت و الله از حسودی گفت این ور نه خرسی چه نگری این مهر بین
گفت مهر ابلهان عشوهده است این حسودی من از مهرس به است
یه بیا با من بر این خرس را خرس ها را مگزین مهل هم جنس را
گفت رو رو کار خود کن ای حسود گفت کارم این بد و رزقت نبود
من کم از خرسی نباشم ای شریف
ترک او کن تا منم ب Sham حمیف
بر تو دل میلرزدم ز اندیشها
با چنین خرسی مرو در بیشئای
این دلم هرگز نلزید از گر ذاف
نور حق است این نه دوعی و نه لاف
مومنم یعنی بنور الله شده
هان و هان بگریز از این اتکCHED
این همه گفت و به گوشش در نقت
بد گمانی مرد را است زفت
دست او بگرفت و دست از روی کشید
گفت رفتم چون نهای بار رشید
گفت رو بر من تو غم خواره مشاب
بو فضوله معرفت کنترش می‌آم
باز گفت فش مم تعریف کنترش در پیام
کفت خوابست مرا بگدار و رو
کفت آخر بار مثله شو
تا بخسی در پنله عاقلی
در جوار دوستی صاحب دلی
در خیال اعتقاد مرد از جد او
خشمگین شد زود گردنده رو
کاین مگر قصد من ام خونی است
یا طعم دارد گدا و تونی است
Or he has wagered with his friends that he will make me afraid of this companion."

From the wickedness of his heart, not one good surmise came into his thoughts at all.

His good opinions were wholly for the bear: to be sure, he was of the same kind as the bear.

Through currishness, he suspected a sage and deemed a bear affectionate and just.

Moses said to one drunken with fancy, “O you who thinks evil because of your unblesed condition and perdition, you have had a hundred suspicions concerning my prophet-hood, notwithstanding these proofs and this noble nature.

You have seen from me hundreds of thousands of miracles, a hundred fancies and doubts and opinions were growing in you.

You were sorely pressed by fancy and devilish suggestion, you were sneering at my prophethood.

I raised up dust from the sea before your eyes, so that you might be delivered from the wickedness of the people of Pharaoh.

During forty years the platter and tray came from heaven, and at my prayer the river ran from a rock.

These and a hundred times as many, and all these diverse, did not make that vain imagination fade away from you, O cold man!

Through sorcery a calf lowed; you bowed down to worship, saying, “You are my God.’

Those imaginations were swept away by a flood, and your silly shrewdness went to sleep.

How were you not suspicious in regard to him? Why did you lay your head like that, O ugly one?

How did no idea come to you of his imposition and of the corruptness of his fool-catching magic?
Who, indeed, is a Samiri, O ye curs, 
that he should hew up a God in the world?

How did you become of one mind as to this imposture of his, 
and become devoid of all perplexities?

Is a cow worthy to be deified on a vain boast, 
a hundred disputes as to the prophetic mission of one like me?

Through asinine dullness you did cast yourself down in worship 
before a cow; your understanding fell a prey to Samiri's magic.

You did steal your eye away from the Light of the Glorious 
here is plenteous folly for you and the essence of damnation!

Fie upon such an understanding and choice as you have! 
It was fitting to kill a mine of foolishness like you.

The golden calf uttered a cry; what did it say, 
that all this desire blossomed in the fools?

You have seen from me many a thing more wonderful than that, 
but how should every rascal accept God?“

What carries away worthless folk? Worthlessness. 
What pleases futile folk? Futility,

Because every kind is carried away by its own kind: 
how should the ox turn its face towards the fierce lion?

How should the wolf bear love for Joseph, 
unless, perchance, through cunning, in order to devour him?

When it is delivered from wolfness, it will become familiar; 
like the dog of the Cave, it will become one of the sons of Adam.

When Abu Bakr smelt Mohammed, he said, 
“This is not a face that lies;”

Since Bu Jahl was not of those in sympathy, 
he saw a hundred splittings of the moon, and believed not.

The sorrowful, whose bowl has fallen from the roof—
we hide the Truth from him, it does not become hid;

While he that is ignorant and a stranger to His sorrow— 
how often has it been shown, and he has not seen it!

The mirror of the heart must be clear, 
in order that you may know therein the ugly form from the beautiful.
How the man of sincere counsel, after having done his utmost in admonition, took leave of him who was deluded by the bear.

That Moslem left the foolish man and quickly, saying *La hawl* under his lip, went back.

He said, “Inasmuch as from my earnestness in admonition and from disputing, vain fancies are being born in his mind more,

Therefore the road of admonition and counsel has become barred: the command, ‘*Turn aside from them*’, has arrived.”

When your remedy increases the disease, then tell your story to one that seeks. Read ‘*Abasa*:

“As the blind man has come seeking the Truth’, it is not proper to wound his breast on account of his poverty.

You art eager for the great ones to take the right way, in order that the common folk may learn from the rulers.

O Ahmad, you have seen that a company of princes have become ready to listen, and you are pleased that, maybe,

These chieftains will become good friends of the Religion; they are lords over the Arabs and the Abyssinians,

The fame of this will pass beyond Basra and Tabuk, since people follow the religion of their kings’.

For this cause you have averted your face from the blind man that was led into the right way, and have become vexed,

Saying, this gathering seldom falls out so opportunely, you are one of my friends, and your time is ample.

You are urgent with me at an inconvenient time. I give you this admonition, not in anger and strife.’

O Ahmad, in the sight of God this one blind man is better than a hundred emperors and a hundred viziers.

Take heed, remember, Men are mines: one mine may be more than a hundred thousand.

The mine of lurking ruby and cornelian is better than myriads of mines of copper.

O Ahmad, here riches have no use; a breast is wanted, full of love and pain and sighs.
The blind man of enlightened heart is come: do not shut the door; give him counsel, for counsel is his right.

If two or three fools have disbelieved in you, how should you be soured when you art a mine of candy?

If two or three fools impute falsehood to you, God is giving testimony on your behalf.”

He said, “I am unconcerned with the acknowledgment of the world: what care hath he whose witness is God?

If a bat receives anything agreeable from a sun, it is a proof that that is not the sun.

The disgust of the wretched bats is proof that I am the shining glorious sun.

If the beetle feels a desire for some rose-water, that constitutes a proof of its not being rose-water.

If any false coin is eager for the touchstone, uncertainty and doubt enter into its being a touchstone.

The thief wants night, not day—mark this!

I am not night, I am day, for I shine throughout the world.

I am discerning, I am exceedingly discriminating and sieve like, so that the chaff finds no passage through me.

I make the flour distinct from the bran, in order to show that this is the forms, and that the souls.

I am as the scales of God in the world: I reveal every light thing from the heavy.

A calf deems the cow God; the ass one who is fond and that which accords with its desires.

I am not a cow, that the calf should be fond of me; I am not thistles that a camel should browse on me.

He supposes that he has done me an injury; no, he has wiped away the dust from my mirror.”
Jalinus said to his companions,
“Let give me such-and-such a medicine.”

Then said that person to him,
“O master of sciences, this medicine is sought for madness.
Far be this from your intellect! Say no more.” He replied,
“A madman turned his face to me,
Looked pleasantly on my face for a while,
made little eyes at me, and plucked my sleeve.

Had there not been in me congeniality with him,
how would that ill-favoured man have turned his face towards me?

Had he not seen one of his own kind, how should he have approached?
How should he have thrown himself upon one of another kind?

When two persons come into touch with each other,
without any doubt there is something in common between them.
How should a bird fly except with its own kind?
The society of the uncongenial is the grave and the tomb.

Said a certain sage,
“I saw a crow running about with a stork”

I marvelled long, and I investigated their case,
in order that I might find the clue what it was that they had in common.

When, amazed and bewildered, I approached them,
indeed I saw that both of them were lame.

In particular, a royal falcon, which is of the highest heaven,
with an owl, which is of the low earth?

That one is the sun of
while the other is a bat which belongs to Sijjin.
That one is a luminary, free from every defect, while this one is a blind man begging at every door.

That one is a moon that strikes upon the Pleiades, while this one is a worm that cleaves to dung.

That one has the face of a Joseph, the breath of a Jesus, while this one is a wolf or an ass with a bell.

That one has flown to Spacelessness, while this one is in the straw-barn, like the dogs.

With the tongue of meaning the rose is saying to the beetle this—“O stinking,
If you art fleeing from the rose-bed, doubtless that aversion is the perfection of the rose-garden.

My jealousy strikes you on the head with a baton, keep far away from here, O vile one;
For if, base wretch, you should mix with me, it will be thought that you art of my stock.

For nightingales the garden is the proper place; for the beetle the best home is in excrement.”

Since God has kept me pure from filth, how were it seemly to appoint a foul one for me?

I had a vein of them. He cut it out: how will he with the vein of evil attain unto me?

One mark of Adam from eternity was this, that the angels should lay their heads before him, because it was his place.

Another mark was that Iblis, saying, “I am the king and chief,” should not lay down his head before him.

But if Iblis too had become a worshipper, he would not have been Adam: he would have been another.

At once the worship of every angel is the test of him and the denial by that enemy is the proof of him.

At once the acknowledgment by the angels is witness for him, and the disbelief of that petty cur is witness for him.
Conclusion of the trust of that deluded man in the fawningness of the bear.

The man fell asleep, and the bear kept driving the flies away, but in spite of him they soon came back again.

Several times he drove them from the youth's face, but soon they came hurrying back once more.

The man fell asleep, and the bear kept driving the flies away, but in spite of him they soon came back again.

He picked up a very big stone from the mountain-side.

He fetched the stone, and saw the flies again settled comfortably on the face of the sleeper.

The stone made powder of the sleeping man's face, and published to the whole world this adage—.

"The love of a fool is for sure the love of a bear: his hate is love and his love is hate."

His promise is infirm and corrupt and feeble; his word stout and his performance lean.

Do not believe him, even if he takes an oath: the man whose speech is false will break his oath.

Inasmuch as, without the oath, his word was a lie, is he not entrapped by his deceit and oath?

His promise is infirm and corrupt and feeble; his word stout and his performance lean.

Do not believe him, even if he takes an oath: the man whose speech is false will break his oath.

Inasmuch as, without the oath, his word was a lie, is he not entrapped by his deceit and oath?

His nafs is in command, and his intellect captive; even suppose that he has sworn on a hundred thousand Qurans, since without an oath he will break his pact— if he takes an oath, he will break that too;

Because the nafs becomes the more infuriated by your binding it with a heavy oath

When a captive puts bonds upon a governor, the governor will burst them and leap out;

He will bang those bonds on his head in wrath, dashing the oath in his face.

Wash your hands of his, "Fulfill your promises"; do not say to him, "Keep your oaths."

But he that knows to whom he makes the promise will make his body as a thread and wind about Him
How Mustafa, on whom be peace, went to visit the sick Companion; and an exposition of the profit of visiting the sick.

A notable amongst the Companions fell ill, and in that illness of his became as a thread.

Mustafa went to visit him, since his nature was all kindness and generosity.

There is profit in your visiting the sick: the profit is returning to you again.

The first profit is that the sick person may perchance be a Qutb and a glorious king; if he be not a Qutb, he may be a friend of the Way; if he be not the king, he may be the cavalier of the host.

And if he be not a Qutb, he may be a friend of the Way; if he be not the king, he may be the cavalier of the host.

Deem it, then, incumbent to attach yourselves to the friends of the Way, whosoever it may be, and whether footman or rider.

And if he be a foe, still this kindness is good, for by kindness many a foe has been made a friend; and though he does not become a friend, his enmity is lessened, because kindness becomes the balm for enmity.

There are many profits besides these, but I am afraid of being tedious, good friend.

The gist is this: be the friend of the whole community: like the idol-maker, carve a friend out of the stone, because the throng and multitude of a caravan will break the backs and spears of the highwaymen.

Inasmuch as you have not the heart's two eyes, O rebellious man, so that you cannot distinguish firewood from aloes-wood, since there exists a treasure in the world, do not grieve: deem no ruined place empty of treasure.

Take yourself to every dervish at random, and when you find the mark, frequent assiduously.

As the inward-seeing eye was not to you, think always the treasure in everybody.
How the high God revealed to Moses, on whom be peace,  
"Why did you not visit me when I was ill?"

To Moses there came from God this reproach:  
“O you who have seen the rising of the moon from your bosom,  
You whom I have illumined with the Divine Light!  
I am God, I fell sick, you came not.”

Moses said,” O You transcendent in Your glory, You are clear of loss.  
What mystery is this? Explain this, O Lord!”

God said unto him again,  
“Why in My sickness did you not kindly ask after Me? “

He answered, “O Lord, You have no imperfection.  
Understanding is lost: unfold these words.”

God said, “Yea; a favourite and chosen slave fell sick.  
I am he. Consider well!  
His excusability is My excusability,  
his sickness is My sickness.”

Whoever wishes to sit with God  
let him sit in the presence of the saints.  
If you are broken off from the presence of the saints, you are in perdition,  
because you are a part without the whole.

Whomever the Devil cuts off from the noble,  
he finds him without any one, and he devours his head.  
To go for one moment a single span apart from the community  
is the Devil's guile. listen, and know well.

A gardener, when he looked into the orchard,  
saw three men in his orchard, as thieves:

A jurist and a Sharif and a Sufi:  
each one an impudent, knavish and perfidious rogue.
He said, “I have a hundred arguments against these fellows, but they are united, and a united party is strength.

I cannot cope singly with three persons, so first I will separate them from one another.

I will isolate each one from the others, and when each is alone, I will tear out his moustache.”

He employed a ruse and got the Sufi away, that he might poison his friends against him.

He said to the Sufi

“Go to the house and fetch a rug for these companions.”

The Sufi departed, he said in private to the two friends, “You are a jurist, and this is a renowned Sharif.

And this other is our prince and sovereign: he is a Sayyid; he is of the House of Mustafa.

Who is this gluttonous vile Sufi that he should associate with kings like you? When he comes, drive him away and take possession of my orchard and field for a week.

What is my orchard? My life is yours, O you who have been as my right eye.”

He made evil suggestions and beguiled them. Ah, one must not patiently suffer the loss of friends.

When they had turned the Sufi away and he was gone, the enemy went after him with a stout cudgel.

“O dog,” he cried, “is it Sufism that of a sudden you come into my orchard by spite? Did Junayd or Bayazid direct you to behave in this way? From what Shaykh and Pir did this reach you?”

He beat the Sufi when he found him alone; he half killed him and cracked his head.

Said the Sufi, “My life is over, but O comrades, take good care of yourselves!

You regarded me as an alien. Look out! I am not more alien than this scoundrel.
That which I have drunk must be drunk by you, and such a draught as this is the due of every cad."

This world is the mountain, and your words come back to you from the echo.

After the gardener had finished with the Sufi, he invented a pretext of the same kind as the former,

Saying, "O my Sharif, go to the house, for I have baked thin cakes of bread for breakfast

At the house-door tell Qaymaz to fetch those cakes and the goose."

Having sent him off, he said, "O keen-sighted one, you are a jurist; this is manifest and sure.

Who knows who committed adultery with his mother?

Will you set your hearts on woman and the deeds of woman?

Weak mind, and then trust?

He has tacked himself on to ‘Ali and to the Prophet—and there is many a fool in the world."

Whoever is of adultery and of the adulterous will think this concerning the men of God.

Any one whose head is made giddy by gyrations sees the house turning round like himself.

What that vain talker, the gardener, said was his condition; far from the descendants of the Prophet.

If he had not been the issue of apostates, how should he have spoken thus as regards House?

He used spells, and the jurist listened to them.

That insolent bully went after him.

He said, "O ass, who invited you into this orchard? Has robbery been left to you as an inheritance by the Prophet?"

The lion’s cub resembles him: in what do you resemble the Prophet? Tell!"

The man who had sought refuge did to the Sharif that which a Kharijite would do to the Family of Ya-sin.

What hatred devils and ghouls like Yazid and Shimr always have towards the Prophet’s Family?
The Sharif was devastated by the blows of that ruffian. He said to the jurist, “I have jumped out of the water. Stand fast, now that you are left alone and deprived. Be as a drum, suffer blows on the belly! If I am not a Sharif and worthy and a bosom-friend, I am no worse for you than such a ruffian as this.” He finished with him, and came up, saying, “O jurist, what jurist are you, O you disgrace to every fool? Is it your legal opinion, O convicted thief, that you may come without asking leave?” Have you read such a license in the Wasit, or has this question been in the Muhit?” “You are right,” he replied; “beat: you have got the upper hand. This is the fit penalty for him that parts from friends.”

Returning to the story of the sick man and the visit paid by the Prophet, God bless him and grant him peace!

This visiting of the sick is for the sake of this attachment, and this attachment is pregnant with a hundred lovingkindnesses. The peerless Prophet went to visit the sick man; he found that Companion at the last gasp. When you become far from the presence of the saints, you have in reality become far from God. Inasmuch as the result of parting from fellow-travellers is sorrow, how is separation from the countenance of the kings less than that? Hasten every moment to seek the shadow of kings, that by means of that shadow you may become superior to the sun. If you have a journey, go with this intention; and if it be at home, neglect not this.
How a certain Shaykh said to Bayazid, ”I am the Ka’ba: perform a circumambulation round me.”

Bayazid, the Shaykh of the community, was hurrying to Mecca for the greater pilgrimage and the lesser.

In every city to which he went he would at first make search after the venerable.

"Who is there in the city that is relying on insight?"

God has said, “Wherever you go in your travels, you must first seek after a man.”

Go in quest of a treasure, for profit and loss come second: regard them as the branch.

Whoever sows is in quest of wheat; the chaff comes to him indeed, secondarily.

If you sow chaff, no wheat will come up: seek a man, seek a man, a man!

When it is the season of pilgrimage, go in quest of the Ka’ba; when you have gone, Mecca also will be seen.

In the Miraj the quest was vision of the Beloved; it was but secondarily that the empyrean and the angels were also shown.

Story.

A novice one day built a new house; the Pir came saw his house.

The Shaykh said to his new disciple— he put to the test him that had good thoughts.

"Why have you made a window, O comrade?"

Said he, “In order that light may come in this way”

He said, “That is the branch; want must be this, that through this channel you may hear the call to prayer.”
He spied an old man with a stature like the new moon; he saw in him the majesty and speech of men;

His eyes sightless and his heart as the sun: like an elephant dreaming of Hindustan.

With closed eyes, asleep, he beholds a hundred delights; when he opens, he sees not those—oh, wonderful!

Many a wonder is made manifest in sleep: in sleep becomes a window.

He sat down before him and asked about his condition; he found him to be a dervish and also a family man.

He said, “Where are you going, O Bayazid? To what place would you take the baggage of travel in a strange land?”

Bayazid answered, “I start for the Ka’ba at daybreak.”

“Eh, cried the other, “what have you as provisions for the road?”

“I have two hundred silver dirhems,” said he; “look, tied fast in the corner of my cloak.”

He said, “Make a circuit round me seven times, and reckon this better than the circumambulation in the pilgrimage;

And lay those dirhems before me, O generous one. Know that you have made the greater pilgrimage and that your desire has been achieved;

You have performed the lesser pilgrimage and gained the life everlasting; you have become pure and sped up purity.

By the truth of the Truth whom your soul has seen, that He has chosen me above His House.

Although the Ka’ba is the House of His religious service, my form too, in which I was created, is the House of His inmost consciousness.

Never since God made the Ka’ba has He gone into it, and none but the Living has ever gone into this House.

When you have seen me, you have seen God: you have circled round the Ka’ba of Sincerity.

To serve me is to obey and glorify God: beware you think not that God is separate from me.

Open your eyes well and look on me, that you may behold the Light of God in man.”
Bayazid gave heed to those mystic sayings, and put them in his ear as a golden ring.

Through him, Bayazid came into an increase: the adept at last attained unto the end.

How the Prophet—God bless and save him!—perceived that the cause of that person’s sickness was irreverence in prayer.

When the Prophet saw the sick man, he dealt sweetly and tenderly with that familiar friend.

He became alive when he saw the Prophet: you might say that moment created him.

He said, “Sickness has given me this good fortune, that this Sultan has come to my side at morn,

So that health and well-being have accrued to me from the arrival of this King who is without retinue.

O happy pain and sickness and fever!
O blessed anguish and wakefulness in the night!

Lo, in old age God of His grace and bounty has bestowed on me such a sickness and malady!

He too has given me pain in the back, so that every midnight I cannot help springing up quickly from sleep.

In order that I may not slumber all night like a buffalo, God of His grace bath given me pains.

Through this infirmity the mercy of Kings has been aroused, and Hell’s threatening of me has been silenced.”

Pain is a treasure, for there are mercies in it: the kernel becomes fresh when you scrape off the rind.

O brother, a dark and cold place, to endure patiently sorrow and weakness and pain,

Is the Fountain of Life and the cup of intoxication, for those heights are all in lowliness.

That spring is implied in autumn, and that autumn is in the spring: do not flee from it.
Be a fellow-traveller with grief, agree with desolation, and seek long life in your death.

Do not listen to what your nafs says that this place is bad, inasmuch as her doings are contrary.

Oppose her, for such injunction has come from the prophets in the world.

It becomes necessary to take counsel concerning things to be done, so that there may not be repentance in the end.

The community said, “With whom shall we take counsel?” The prophets answered, “With intellect, the Imam.”

He said, “If a child should come in, or a woman who has no judgment or clear understanding.”

“Take counsel with her,” said he, “and do the contrary of what she bids, and go your way.”

Know that your nafs is woman and worse than woman, because woman is a part, but your nafs is evil entire.

If you take counsel with your nafs, oppose that vile one whatsoever she may say.

If she bid you pray and fast—the nafs is a great plotter, she will bring some plot against you to birth.

Counsel with your nafs concerning actions—whatsoever she tells, the reverse of that is perfectly right.

You cannot cope with her and her rebellious nature, go to a friend and mix with him.

Mind gains strength from another mind: the sugar-cane is made perfect by the sugar-cane.

I have seen things from the deceitfulness of the nafs, for by her magic she takes away the faculties of discernment.

She will proffer afresh to you promises that she has broken thousands of times.

If your life be prolonged* even for a hundred years, she will lay before you a new pretext every day.

She utters cold promises warm; a witch, she ties up the manhood of a man.

O radiance of God, Husamu’ddin, come! For without you no herbs will grow from the brackish soil.
A curtain has been let down from heaven because of the curse of one whose heart is sorely vexed.

This destiny only the destiny can cure: the understanding of His creatures is stunned at His destiny, stunned.

The black serpent that was a worm fallen on the road has become a dragon;

In your hand, O you with whom the soul of Moses is intoxicated, the dragon or serpent became the rod.

God gave you command, saying, "Take it; fear not, so that the dragon may become a rod in your hand."

Hark, show the white hand, O King: out of the black nights reveal a new dawn!

A hell has blazed forth; breathe enchantment over it, O thou whose breath is more than the breath of the sea.

A curtain has been let down from heaven because of the curse of one whose heart is sorely vexed.

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Hark, show the white hand, O King: out of the black nights reveal a new dawn!

A hell has blazed forth; breathe enchantment over it, O thou whose breath is more than the breath of the sea.
To the end that the fool may fall boldly to fighting, and that He may catch them by this device;

In order that those dolts may have come towards the fire-temple by means of their own feet

He is showing a blade of straw, in order that you may quickly give a puff so as to make it vanish out of existence.

Beware! For that straw has uprooted mountains: through it the world is weeping, while it is in laughter.

He makes this river-water seem up to the ankle, a hundred such as Aj son of `Unuq have been drowned there.

He makes the wave of blood seem to him a mound of musk: He makes the bottom of the sea seem dry land.

Blind Pharaoh deemed that sea dry, so that in manhood and strength he drove into it.

When he enters, he is at the bottom of the sea: how should the eye of Pharaoh be seeing?

The eye is made seeing by meeting with God: how should God become the confidant of every fool?

He sees candy: it is, in sooth, deadly poison; he sees the road: it is, in sooth, the cry of the ghoul.

O skies, in the tribulation of latter days you are revolving swiftly; pray, give time.

You are a keen dagger to assail us; you are a poisoned lancet to bleed us.

O sky, learn mercy from the Mercy of God: do not, like a snake, inflict wounds on the hearts of ants.

By the truth of Him who has set the wheel of your sphere turning above this abode,

Revolve in another wise and show mercy, before you uproot us.

The truth of your having fostered us at first, so that our shoot grew up from water and earth;

By the truth of that King who created you pure and displayed so many lamps in you,

Who has kept you so flourishing and lasting that the materialist has thought you from eternity.
Thanks, we have come to know your beginning:  
the prophets have told that secret of yours.

A man knows that a house is made;  
the spider which plays idly in it not.

How should the gnat know of what date this garden is?  
—for it was born in spring, and its death is in the winter.

The worm that is born miserably in wood—  
how should it know the wood at the time when it was a shoot?

And if the worm should know, it would be intellect in its essential substance;  
the worm would be its form.

Intellect shows itself guises,  
like the Jinn is leagues removed from them.

It is above the angels—what occasion is there for the Jinn?  
You have the wings of a gnat, you are flying downwards.

Although your intellect is flying upward,  
the bird of your conventional notions is feeding below.

Conventional knowledge is the bane of our souls;  
it is a borrowed thing, but we rest that it is ours.

It behooves us to become ignorant of this wisdom;  
must we clutch at madness.

Always flee from whatever you deem profitable to your nafs:  
drink poison and spill the water of life.

Revile any one that praises you:  
lend interest and capital to the destitute.

Let safety go, and dwell in the place of fear:  
leave reputation behind and be disgraced and notorious.

I have tried far-thinking intellect;  
henceforth I will make myself mad.
One night the Sayyid-i Ajall said to Dalqak, “You have married a harlot in haste.
You ought to have disclosed this to me, so that we might have made a chaste your wife.”

Dalqak replied, “I have married nine chaste and virtuous women: they became harlots, and I wasted away with grief.
I married this harlot without acquaintance, in order to see how this one would turn out in the end.

Often have I tried intelligence; henceforth I will seek a nursery for insanity.”

A certain man was saying, “I want some one of intelligence, I may consult him about a difficulty.”
One said to him, “In our city there is nobody of intelligence except yonder man who appears to be mad.

Look, there is so-and-so: mounted on a cane, he rides amongst the children.
He is possessed of judgment and a spark of fire; he is as the sky in dignity, and as the stars in high estate.

His glory has become the soul of the Cherubim; he has become concealed in this madness.”

But you must not account every madman a soul: do not, like Sînîrî, lay down your head to a calf.

When a manifest saint has declared unto you hundreds of thousands of unseen things and hidden mysteries, And you have not had the understanding and knowledge; you have not distinguished dung from aloes-wood
How, when the saint has made for himself a veil of madness, will you recognise him, O blind one?

If your eye of intuitive certainty is open, behold a captain under every stone.

To the eye that is open and a guide, every dervish-cloak has a Moses in its embrace.

It is only the saint that makes the saint known and makes fortunate whomever he will.

No one can recognise him by means of wisdom when he has feigned to be mad.

When a seeing thief steals from a blind man, can he at all detect the thief in the act of passing?

The blind man does not know who it was that robbed him, even though the wicked thief may knock against him.

When a dog bites a blind ragged mendicant, how should he recognise that ferocious dog?

How the dog attacked the mendicant who was blind.

A dog was attacking, as a warlike lion, a blind mendicant in a certain street.

The dog rushes angrily at dervishes; the moon smears her eyes with dust of dervishes.

The blind man was made helpless by the dog’s barking and by fear of the dog; the blind man began to pay honour to the dog, saying, “O prince of the chase, and O lion of the hunt, yours is the hand: refrain your hand from me!” —

For, by necessity, that philosopher paid honour to the tail of an ass, and gave him the title of “noble.”

He too, of necessity, said, “O lion, what will come to you from such a meager prey as I am?

Your friends are catching wild asses in the desert; you are catching a blind man in the street: this is bad.
Your friends seek wild donkeys by hunting; you in malice seeks a blind man in the street.”

The knowing dog has made the wild donkey his prey, while this worthless dog has attacked a blind man.

When the dog has learned the knowledge, he has escaped from error: he hunts lawful prey in the jungles.

When the dog has become knowing, he marches briskly; when the dog has become a knower of God he becomes the Men of the Cave.

The dog has come to know who the Master of the hunt is. O God, what is that knowing light? The blind man knows it not, it is not from having no eye; nay, it is because he is drunken with ignorance.

Truly, the blind man is not more eyeless than the earth; and this earth, by the grace of God, has become a seer of enemies.

It saw the Light of Moses and showed kindness to Moses; Qarun it engulfed, it knew Qarun. It quaked for the destruction of every false pretender: it understood from God, “O earth, swallow!”

Earth and water and air and sparking fire are unacquainted with us, but acquainted with God.

Contrariwise, we are aware of other than God, unaware of God and of so many prophets.

As a necessary consequence, they all shrank from it: their impulse to partake of life was blunted.

They said, “We all are averse to this life, that one should be living in relation to created beings and dead in relation to God.”

When he remains away from created beings, he is orphaned: for intimacy with God, the heart must be free.

When a thief steals some article of property from a blind man, the blind man is blindly lamenting.

Until the thief say to him, “’It is I that stole from you, for I am an artful thief;”

How should the blind man know his thief, since he has not the eye’s light and that radiance?

When he speaks, at once take tight hold of him, that he may tell the marks of the goods.
The Greater Jihad, then, consists in squeezing the thief to the dregs, in order that he may tell what he has stolen and what he has carried off.

First, he has stolen your eye-salve; when you take it, you will regain insight.

The goods of wisdom, which have been lost by heart, are certainly to be found with the man of heart.

The blind of heart, notwithstanding life and hearing and sight, never knows the devilish thief by the evidence.

Seek from the man of heart; do not seek it from the inanimate, for people are inanimate beside him.

The seeker of counsel approached him, saying, “O father who have become a child, tell a secret.”

He answered, “Be gone from this door-ring, for this door is not open. Turn back: to-day is not the day for secrets. If the spatial had access to the non-spatial, I should be on the bench, like the Shaykhs.”

How the Police Inspector summoned the man who had fallen dead-drunk to prison.

The Inspector came at midnight to a certain place: he saw a man lying at the bottom of a wall.

He cried, “Hey, you are drunk: tell, what have you been drinking?” Said the man, “I have drunk of this which is in the jar”

“Pray,” said he, “explain what is in the jar.” He replied, “Some of what I have drunk.” Said the Inspector, “this is hidden.”

He asked, “What is it that you have drunk?” He rejoined, “That which is hidden in the jar.”

These questions and answers were becoming a circle. The Inspector was left in the mud, like an ass.

The Inspector said to him, “Come now, say ‘Ah’”; the drunken man, at the moment of utterance, said “Hu, HU.”

“I told you to say ‘Ah,’” said he; “you are saying ‘Hu.’” I am glad,” he replied, “while you are bent with grief.
‘Ah’ is on account of pain and grief and injustice; the ‘Hu’ of the wine-drinkers is from joy.”

The Inspector said, “I know nothing about this. Get up, get up! Don’t retail mystic lore, and leave off this wrangling.”

“Go away,” said the man; “what have you to do with me?” “You are drunk,” the Inspector said. “Get up and come to prison.”

Said the drunken man, “O Inspector, let me alone and go away. How is it possible to carry off pledges from one that is naked?

If indeed I had had the power to walk, I should have gone to my house—and how would this have occurred?

Were I possessed of understanding and of contingent existence, I should be on the bench, like the Shaykhs.”

How the inquirer, for the second time, drew that eminent into conversation, in order that his condition might be made better known.

That seeker said, “O you mounted on the cane, pray, ride your horse this way for one moment.”

He rode towards him, crying, “Listen, say as quickly as you can, for my horse is very restive and fierce-tempered.

Be quick, lest he kick you: explain clearly what you are asking about.”

He saw no opportunity to tell his heart’s secret: he at once made an evasion and drew him into jesting talk.

He said, “I wish to marry a woman in this street: who is suitable for one like me?”

“There are three kinds of women in the world,” said he: “two of those are a sorrow, and one is the soul’s treasure.

The first, when you marry her, is wholly yours; and the second is half yours and half separate;

And the third, know she is not yours at all. You have heard this. Away!—I start in a moment.

Lest my horse let fly a kick at you, so that you fall and never rise up”
The Shaykh rode off amongst the children, the young man shouted to him once more,

“Come, please declare the exposition of this. You have said that these women are of three kinds: pick out.”

He rode towards him and said to him, “The virgin of your choice will be wholly yours, and you will gain freedom from sorrow;

And she that is half yours is the widow; and she that is nothing is the married woman with a child:

When she has a child by her first husband, her love and whole heart will go there.

Get away, lest my horse launch a kick, and the hoof of my restive horse land upon you.”

The Shaykh gave a loud cry of jubilation and rode back: he again called the children to him.

That inquirer shouted to him once more, “Come, I have one question left, O sovereign king.”

He rode back in this direction. “Say what it is,” he cried, “as quick as you can, for yonder child has enraptured my heart.”

Said the other, “O king, with such intelligence and erudition, what dissimulation is this? What acting is this? Oh, it is a marvel!

You transcend the Universal Intellect in elucidation. You are a sun: how are you hid in madness?”

He replied, “These rascals are proposing to make me Cadi in this their city.

I raised objections, they said to me, ‘No, there is none so learned and accomplished as you.

While you are in existence, it is unlawful and wicked that any one inferior to you should cite Prophetic Traditions in the office of Cadi.

Permission is not in the Law, that we should appoint one less than you as prince and leader.

By this necessity I was made distraught and mad, but inwardly I am just the same as I was.

My intelligence is the treasure, and I am the ruin; if I display the treasure, I am mad.

The madman is he that has not gone mad, he that has seen this night-patrol and has not gone home.
My knowledge is substantial, not accidental; and this precious is not for every interest.

I am a mine of candy, I am a plantation of sugar-canes: it is growing from me, and at the same time I am eating.

Knowledge is conventional and acquired, when he laments because the hearer is averse to it.

Since it is as bait, not for the sake of enlightenment, he is just as the seeker of vile worldly knowledge;

He is seeking knowledge on account of the vulgar and the noble, not in order that he may win release from this world.

Like a mouse, he has burrowed in every direction, since the light drove him from the door and said, 'Away!'

Inasmuch as he had no way to the open country and the light, he continued to make an exertion even in that darkness.

If God give him wings, the wings of Wisdom, he will escape from mousiness and will fly like the birds;

But if he does not seek wings, he will remain underground with no hope of traversing the path to Simak.

Dialectic knowledge, which is soulless, is in love with the countenance of customers;

Although it is robust at the time of disputation, it is dead and gone when it has no customer.

My purchaser is God:
He is drawing me aloft, for God has purchased.

My blood payment is the beauty of the Glorious One: I enjoy my blood payment lawful earnings.

Abandon these insolvent customers: what purchase can be made by a handful of clay?

Do not eat clay, do not buy clay, and do not seek clay, because the eater of clay is always pale-faced.

Eat your heart, that you may be young always, your face with Divine illumination, like the arghawan."

O Lord, this gift is not the compass of our work: verily, Your grace is according to Your mysterious grace.

Take our hands; buy us from our hands; lift the veil, and do not tear our veil.
Redeem us from this filthy self: its knife has reached our bones.

Who will loose these strong chains from helpless ones like us, O king uncrowned and unthroned?

Who except Your bounty, O Loving One, can loose such a heavy lock?

Let us turn our heads from ourselves towards You, inasmuch as You are nearer unto us than we.

Even this prayer is Your gift and lesson; else, when has a rose-bed grown in an ash-pit?

Save through Your munificence, it is impossible to convey understanding and reason into the midst of blood and entrails.

This flowing light from two pieces of fat: their waves of light reach up to the sky.

The piece of flesh which is the tongue—from it the flood of Wisdom is flowing, like a stream, towards a cavity, whereof the name is “ears,” up to the orchard of the soul, whereof the fruit is intellections.

Its main course is the highway of the orchard of souls; the orchards and gardens of the world are its branches.

That, that, is the source and fountainhead of joy: quick, recite, beneath which flow the rivers.

Conclusion of the admonishment given by the Prophet, God bless and save him, to the sick man

The Prophet said to the sick man, when he visited suffering friend,

“Maybe you have made a prayer of some sort, and from ignorance have eaten some poisoned food.

Bring to mind what a prayer you said when you were being vexed by the guile of the nafs.”

He answered, “I do not remember; but direct an influence towards me, and it will come to my memory in a moment.”
Through the light-giving presence of Mustafa, that prayer came into his mind;
The aspiration of the Prophet who dwells in light there came into his mind that which had been lost;
Through the window which is between heart and heart flashed the light that separates truth and falsehood.
He said, “Look now, I have remembered, O Prophet, the prayer which I, an impertinent fool, spoke.
When I was being caught in sin and drowning was clutching at straws

There was coming from you to sinners a threat and menace of punishment exceedingly severe
I was becoming agitated, and there was no help, there were chains made fast and a lock not opened:
Neither room for patience nor means of flight, neither hope of repenting nor opportunity for rebelling
I, like Harut and Marut, was crying in sorrow, ‘Alas!’ and saying, ‘O my Creator!’”
Because of the dangers Harut and Marut openly chose the pit of Babylon,
So that they might suffer here the punishment of the world to come; and they are cunning and intelligent and magician-like.
They acted well, and it was fitly done: the pain of smoke is lighter than fire.
The pain of that world is beyond description; light is the pain of this world beside it.
Oh, happy he that wages a holy war, and puts a restraint upon the body and deals justice,
And, in order that he may be delivered from the pain of that world, lays upon himself this pain of serving God.
“I was saying, O Lord, quickly inflict on me in this world that punishment, So that I may have exemption in yonder world: About such-like a request was I knocking at the door.
Such a sickness as this appeared in me: through pain my soul was deprived of rest.
I have been left without power to perform my dhikr and litanies: I have become unconscious of myself and of good and ill.

If I had not now beheld your face, O you whose scent is fortunate and blessed,

I should have passed altogether from the bondage. You in kingly fashion have bestowed on me this sympathy."

Said the Prophet, “Hey! Do not offer this prayer again: do not dig yourself up from root and base.

What strength do you have, O wretched ant, to endure that He should lay on you such a lofty mountain?"

He answered, “O Sultan, I repent that in no wise will I brag recklessly.

This world is the Desert, and you are Moses and we because of sin remain in the Desert in tribulation.

We are wayfaring for years, and at the end we are still held captive in the first stage.

If the heart of Moses were pleased with us, there would be shown the way through the Desert and the border;

And if he were wholly disgusted with us, how by any means would trays of food come to us from heaven?

How would springs gush from a rock, would there be security for our lives in the desert?

Nay, truly, fire would come instead of trays: flames would beat upon us in this abode.

For as much as Moses has become of two minds concerning us, he is sometimes our enemy and sometimes our friend.

His anger sets fire to our goods; his clemency becomes a shield against affliction.

When may it be that anger shall again become clemency? This is not extraordinary from your grace, O venerable one.

To praise any one present is embarrassment; on this account I am purposely using the name of Moses, like this.

Otherwise, how should Moses deem it right that I make mention of anybody before you?

Our covenant has been broken hundreds and thousands of times; Your covenant, like a mountain, stands firm and stable.

مانده ام از ذكر و از اوراد خود
بی‌خبر گشت‌م ز خویش و نیک و بد
گر نمی‌دم کنون من روی تو ای خجسته وی مبارک بوی تو
می‌شدم از دست من یک بارگی
کردن شاهاتی این غم خوارگی
گفت‌هی همی این دعا دیگر مکن بر مکن تو خویش را از بیخ و بن
تو چه طاقت داری‌ای مور نزند
که نه‌ی بر تو چنان کوه‌بلند
گفت تویه کردم ای سلطان که من
از سر جلده نه لافه هیچ فن
این جهان تیه است و تو موسی و ما
از گنه در تنه مانده مبتلا

سالاها ره می‌روم و در اخیر
همچنان در منزل اول اسر
گر دل موسی ز ما راضی بیدی
تیه را راه و گران کردا نسید
ور به کل بیزار بودی او ز ما
کی رسیدی خوان‌همج هیچ از سما
کی ز سنگی چشم‌ها جوشان شدی
dر بیابان‌هایان امان جان شدی
بل به جای خوان خود آتش امدی
اندر این منزل لبب بر ما زدی
چون دو دل شد موسی اندر کار ما
گاه خصام گاهی یار ما
خشم‌نش اتتش آتش منزندر رخت ما
حلم او درد می‌کند پر یابلا
کی بود که حلم گردد خشم نیز
نیست این نادر ز لطفت‌ای عزیز
مدح حاضر وخشت است از بهر این
نام موسی می‌برم قاصد جنین
ور نه موسی کی روا دارد که من
پیش تو یاد آورم از هیچ تن
عهد ما بشکست صد بار و هزار
عهد تو چون کوه ثابت برقرار

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Our covenant is straw and subject to every wind;
Your covenant is a mountain, and even more than a hundred mountains.

By the truth of that power, have some mercy upon our mutability,
O Ruler of mutations!

We have seen ourselves and our shame.
Put us not to further trial, O King,

So that You wilt have concealed other disgraces;
O Bounteous One whose help we implore!

You are infinite in beauty and perfection;
we are infinite in wrongness and error.

Direct Your infinity, O Bounteous One,
upon the infinite wrongness of a handful of vile wretches.

Oh, come, for of our cloth-piece a single thread remains:
we were a city, and a single wall remains.

The remnant, the remnant, O Sovereign
that the soul of the devil may not rejoice entirely

Not for our sakes, for the sake of the primal grace
through which You did seek out them that had lost the way.

As You have shown Your power, show Your mercy,
O You who have implanted feelings of mercy in flesh and fat.

If this prayer increases Your wrath,
teach us to pray, O Lord,

Even as, Adam fell from Paradise, You gave him to turn toward You,
so that he escaped from the ugly devil.”

Who is the devil that he should surpass Adam
and win the game from him on such a board?

In truth, it all turned out to Adam's advantage:
that guile became a curse to the envious one.

He saw one game; he did not see two hundred games:
therefore he cut down the supports of his own house.

He set fire by night to the cornfield of others;
the wind carrying the fire into his own field.

The curse was a blind to the Devil,
so that he regarded that trickery as harm to enemy.

The curse is that which makes him see falsely,
and makes him envious, self-conceited, and malicious,
To the end that he may not know that whoever does evil, it will at last come back and smite him.

He sees all the master-moves backwards: they result in check-mate to him and failure and defeat.

Because, if he regard himself as naught, he regard the wound as deadly and festering,

Pain will arise from such looking within, and the pain will bring him out from the veil.

Until mothers are overtaken by the pains of childbirth, the child finds no way to be born.

This trust is in the heart, and the heart is pregnant: these counsels are like the midwife.

The midwife may say that the woman has no pain; pain is necessary, pain is a way for the child.

He that is without pain is a brigand, because to be without pain is to say “I am God.”

To say that “I” out of the time is a curse; to say that “I” at the time is a mercy.

The “I” of Mansur certainly became a mercy; the “I” of Pharaoh became a curse. Mark!

Consequently, it is incumbent to behead every untimely bird, in order to give notice.

What is “beheading”?

Killing the nafs in the holy war, and renouncing heat

Just as you would extract the scorpion’s sting in order that it might be saved from being killed,

Pull out the venomous fang of a snake, in order that the snake might escape from the calamity of being stoned.

Nothing will slay the nafs except the shadow of the Pir: grasp tightly the skirt of that slayer of the flesh.

When you grasp tightly, that is the aid of Him: whatever strength comes into you is His drawing.

Know that true is you did not throw when you threw: whatever the soul sows is from the Soul of the soul.

He is the One that takes the hand, and burden-bearing: have hope, from moment to moment, of that breath from Him.
‘It is no harm if you have remained long without Him: you have read that He is long in gripping, gripping tight.

His Mercy is long in gripping, grips tight: His Presence does not keep you absent for one moment.

If you desire the explanation of this union and friendship, read thoughtfully Wāl-Duḥa.

And if you say that evils too are from Him, but how is it a defect in His grace?

Bestowing this evil is even His perfection: I will tell you a parable, O respected one.

A painter made two kinds of pictures— beautiful pictures and pictures devoid of beauty.

He painted Joseph and fair-formed houris; he painted ugly monsters and devils.

Both kinds of pictures are his mastery: those are not his ugliness; they are his bounty.

He makes the ugly of extreme ugliness—it is invested with all ugliness—

In order that the perfection of his skill may be displayed the denier of his mastery may be put to shame.

And if he cannot make the ugly, he is deficient: hence He is the Creator of the infidel and the sincere.

From this point of view, then, infidelity and faith are bearing witness: both are bowing down in worship before His Lordliness.

But know that the faithful bows down willingly, because he is seeking pleasure and aiming.

The infidel too is a worshipper of God, unwillingly; but his aim is another object of desire.

He keeps the King’s fortress in good repair; but he is claiming to be in command.

He has become a rebel, to the intent that it may be his domain; truly, in the end the fortress comes to be the King’s.

The faithful believer keeps that fortress in good repair for the sake of the King, not for place.

The ugly one says, “O King who creates the ugly, You are able for the beautiful as well as the despicable ugly.”

The beautiful one says, “O King of beauty and comeliness, You have made me free from defects.”
How the Prophet, God bless and save him, gave injunctions to the sick man and taught him to pray.

The Prophet said to the sick man:
“Say thus:— ‘O You that makes easy that which is hard,
Give good to us in our present abode,
and give us good in our future abode!’

Make the way agreeable to us as a garden:
You indeed, O Glorious One, are our goal.’”

At the Gathering the true believers will say,
“O angel, is it not that Hell is the common road,
True believer and infidel pass by it?
We saw no smoke or fire in this road.
Lo, here is Paradise and the Court of safety:
where, then, was that vile place of passage?

Then the angel will say, “The garden of greenery
which you saw in a certain spot as you passed
That was Hell and the terrible place of chastisement,
to you it became gardens and pleasantness and trees.

Inasmuch as with this soul of hellish nature,
miscreant fiery one that seeks temptation,
you have striven, and it has become full of purity,
and you have quenched the fire for God’s sake;
The fire of lust, which was flaming,
has become the verdure of piety and the light of guidance;
At once the fire of anger in you has turned to forbearance,
and the darkness of ignorance in you has turned to knowledge;
The fire of greed in you has turned to unselfishness,
and that envy was like thorns has turned to roses;
Inasmuch as you formerly extinguished
all these fires of your own for God’s sake;
And made the fiery soul like an orchard
and cast in it the seed of fealty,
There the nightingales of commemoration and glorification of God
singing sweetly in the garden by the river-side;
You have answered the call of God
and have brought water into the blazing hell of your soul

Our Hell also in regard to you
has become greenery and roses and plenty and riches.”

What is the requital for well-doing, O son?
Kindness and well-doing and valued recompense

“Did not you say, ‘We are devoted,
we are passing away before the attributes of Everlastingness?’

We, whether we be cunning or mad,
are intoxicated with that Cupbearer and that cup.

We lay our heads upon His writ and mandate:
we give our sweet lives in pawn.

So long as the thought of the Friend is in our inmost hearts,
our work is to serve and yield up our lives.’”

Wherever the candle of tribulation has been lighted,
hundreds of thousands of loving souls are burnt.

Those lovers that are within the house
are moths to the candle of the face of the Friend.

O heart, go where they are bright toward you
and are as a coat of mail to you against afflictions,
And give you a place within their souls,
that they may fill you with wine, like a cup.

Take your abode within their souls:
O radiant full-moon, make your home in the sky!
Like Mercury, they will open the book of the heart,
that they may reveal mysteries unto you.

Stay beside your kinsfolk—how are you roaming abroad?
Cleave to the perfect Moon if you are a piece of the moon.

What is the part’s keeping aloof from its whole?
What is all this mixture with diverse?

Behold how the genus has become species in the process:
behold how the unseen things have become visible in emanation.

So long as you would happily be cajoled like a woman,
O man without wisdom, how will you be helped by lies and cajoling?

You are taking flattery and sweet words and cajoling
and putting them like gold in your bosom.
For you the reviling and blows of the kings would be better than the praise of the unrighteous.

Swallow the slaps of the kings; do not swallow the honey of the rabble, to the end that through the fortune of personages you may become a personage;

Because from them comes felicity and robes of honour: under the shelter of the spirit, body becomes soul.

Wherever you see one naked and destitute, know that he has fled from the master,

In order that he may become such as his heart desires—that blind, wicked, worthless heart of him

If he had become such as his master desired, he would have graced himself and his kindred.

Whoever in the world flees from his master is fleeing from felicity. Know this!

You have learned a trade to earn a livelihood for the body: set your hand to a religious trade.

In this world you have become clothed and rich: when you come forth from here, how will you do?

Learn such a trade that after the earning of God's forgiveness may come in as revenue.

Yonder world is a city full of trafficking and earning: think not that the earnings here are a sufficient.

The high God has said that beside those earnings these earnings in the world are children's play—

As a child that embraces another child attend to touching and rubbing, pretending to talk

Children at play set up a shop; it is of no use except as a pastime.

Night falls, and he comes home hungry: the children are gone, and he is left alone.

This world is a playground, and death is the night: you return with an empty purse, tired out.

The earnings of religion are love and inward rapture—capacity to receive the Light of God, O you obstinate one!

This vile naf desires you to earn that which passes away: how long will you earn what is vile? Let it go! Enough!
How Iblis awakened Mu’awiya—may God be well-pleased with him!—saying, “Arise, it is time for prayer.”

It is related in Tradition that Mu’awiya was asleep in a nook of the palace.

The palace-door was fastened from the inside, for he was fatigued by people’s visits.

Suddenly he was awakened by a man, when he opened his eyes the man vanished.

He said, “No one had entrance to the palace: who is he that has shown such impudence and boldness?”

Then he went round and searched in order to find the trace of that one who had become hidden.

Behind the door he espied a luckless man who was hiding his face in the door and the curtain.

He asked, “Why did you take pains to awaken me? Tell the truth; don’t tell me what is reverse and contrary.”

How Iblis gave Mu’awiya, may God be well-pleased with him, a fall, and practiced dissimulation and pretence, and how Mu’awiya answered him.

He said, “The time for prayer is come to an end: you must run quickly to the mosque.

Mustafa said, boring the pearl of the idea, Make haste to perform your devotions before the time is past.”

He said, “Nay, nay; it is not your purpose to be my guide unto any good.

If a thief comes secretly into my dwelling-place and says to me, ’I am keeping watch,’ How shall I believe that thief?

How should a thief know the recompense and reward for good works?”
He said, “At first I was an angel:
I traversed the way of obedience with soul.

I was the confidant of them that follow the path:
I was familiar with them that dwell by the Throne of God.

How should first calling go out of mind?
How should first love go forth from heart?

If in travel you see Anatolia or Khutan,
how should love of your own country go from your heart?

I too have been one of those drunken with this wine:
I have been a lover at His court.

They cut my navel in love of Him:
they sowed love of Him in my heart.

I have seen good days from Fortune:
I have drunk the water of Mercy in spring-time.

Was it not the hand of His bounty that sowed me?
Was it not He that raised me up from non-existence?

Oh, many is the time I have received kindness from Him
and walked in the rose-garden of approval.

He would lay the hand of mercy on my head,
He would open from me the fountains of grace.

Who found milk for me in the season of my infancy?
Who rocked my cradle? He

From whom did I drink milk other than His milk?
Who nourished me except His providence?

The disposition which has entered with the milk into being—
how can it be discharged from folk?

If the Sea of Bounty has given a rebuke,
how have the doors of Bounty been shut?

Giving and grace and favour are the fundamental substance of His coin:
wrath is as a speck of alloy on it.

He made the world for kindness’ sake:
His sun caressed the motes.
If separation is big with His wrath, it is for the sake of knowing the worth of union with Him,

So that separation from Him may give the soul chastisement, the soul may know the value of the days of union.

The Prophet has declared that God said, my purpose in creating was to do good:

I created to the intent that they might draw some gain from Me, and that they might smear their hands with My honey;

Not to the end that I might draw some gain, and that I might tear off a coat from one naked

During the short while since He drove me from His presence, my eye has remained upon His beautiful face;

‘Such wrath from such a face! Oh, wonderful!’ every one has become occupied with the cause.

I do not look at the cause, which is temporal, inasmuch as the temporal produces something temporal.

I am regarding precedent mercy: whatsoever is temporal I rend in twain.

Grant that my declining to worship was from envy;

that envy arises from love, not from denial.

It is certain; all envy arises from love,

lest another become the companion of the beloved.

Brooding jealousy is the necessary consequence of love, just as saying ’Live long!’ must follow the sneeze.

Since there was no play but this on His board, and He said, ’Play,’ what more can I do?

I played the one play that there was, and cast myself into woe.

Even in woe I taste His delights:

I am mated by Him, mated by Him, mated by Him!

How shall any one, O noble sir, in six directions deliver himself from the shashdara?

How shall the part of the six escape from the whole of the six, especially when the Unconditioned sets it wrong?

Whoever is in the six is in the fire;

He that is the creator of the six will deliver him.

Truly, whether it be infidelity or faith in Him, he is the hand-loom of the Lord and belongs to Him.”
The Amir said to him, “These things are true, but your share in these things is wanting.

You have waylaid hundreds of thousands like me: you have made a hole and have come into the treasure-house.

You are fire and naphtha: you burn, you cannot help it. Who is there whose raiment is not torn to pieces by your hand?

Inasmuch as it is your nature, O fire, to be a cause of burning, there is no help but you must burn something.

This is God’s curse, that He makes you burn and makes you the master of all thieves.

You have spoken with God and heard face to face: what should I be before your deceit, O enemy?

Your stock of knowledge is like the sound of whistle: it is the cry of birds, but it is bird-ensnaring.

That has waylaid myriads of birds, the bird being duped that a friend is come.

When it hears in the air the sound of the whistle, it comes from the air and is made captive here.

Through your deceit the people of Noah are in lamentation: they have hearts charred and bosoms to shreds.

You gave ‘Ad in this world to the wind: you cast into torment and sorrows.

Through you was the stoning of the people of Lot: through you were they sunk in the black rain-water.

Through you was the brain of Nimrod crumbled, O you that have raised thousands of sorts of turmoil!

Through you the intelligence of Pharaoh, the acute and sage, became blinded, he found no understanding

Through you also Bu Lahab became an unworthy one; through you also Bu ‘l-Hakam became a Bu Jahl.

O you that on this chessboard, for the sake of remembrance, have checkmated hundreds of thousands of masters,
O you by whose difficult attacking moves hearts have been burned and your heart has been blackened,

You are the sea of cunning, the creatures a drop:
you are like a mountain and simple ones a mote.

Who shall escape from your cunning, O adversary?
We are drowned in the flood, except them that are protected.

By you many a fortunate star has been burned:
by you many an army and host have been scattered.”

How Iblis again replied to Mu‘awiya.

Iblis said to him, “Unravel this knot:
I am the touchstone for the false coin and the true.

God has made me the test of lion and cur,
God has made me the test of genuine coin and counterfeit.

When have I blackened the false coin's face?
I am the money-changer: I have valued it.

To the good I act as guide,
the dry branches I rip off.

I lay these sorts of fodder—for what purpose?
In order that it may be seen of what kind the animal is.

When a wolf bears young to an antelope,
and there is some doubt whether it has the nature of wolf or antelope,

Drop you grass and bones in front of it
to which side it quickly steps

If it comes towards the bones, it is canine;
and if it craves the grass, it is assuredly of the antelope race.

A wrath and a mercy were wedded to one another:
from these two was born the world of good and evil.

Offer grass and bones;
offer the food of the flesh and the food of the spirit.

If he seeks the food of the flesh, he is bobtailed,
and if he desires the food of the spirit, he is a chief.

If he serves the body, he is an ass;
and if he goes into the sea of the spirit, he will find pearls.
Although these two—good and evil—are different, yet these two are in one work.

The prophets offer devotions, the enemies offer lusts.

How should I make the good man bad? I am not God. I am a prompter, I am not their creator.

Should I make the fair foul? I am not the Lord. I am a mirror for the foul and the fair.

The Hindu burnt a mirror in vexation, saying, this causes a man to look black-faced.

He has made me an informer and truth-teller, that I may tell where the ugly one is and where the beautiful.

I am a witness: how is prison for a witness? I do not deserve prison, God is the witness.

Wherever I see a fruitful sapling, I foster diligently like a nurse.

Wherever I see a sour and dry tree, I cut it down, in order that the musk may be delivered from the dung.

The dry says to the gardener, ‘O young man, why do you cut off my head without fault?’

The gardener says, Be silent, O evil-natured one! Is not your dryness sin enough in you?

The dry says “I am straight, I am not crooked: why are you cutting me without guilt?”

The gardener says, Had you been blessed, would that you were crooked you were moist.

You would have drawn the Water of Life: you would have been steeped in the Water of Life.

Your seed and your root were bad, and you have not been joined to a good tree.

If the sour branch be joined to a sweet one, that sweetness will strike on its nature.”
How Mu’awiyah dealt sternly with Iblis.

Said the Amir, “O brigand, do not argue: there is no way for you into me, do not seek the way.

You are a brigand, and I am a stranger and merchant: how should I purchase any garments that you may bring?

Do not prowl about my property, infidel as you are: you are not one to buy the property of anybody.

The brigand is not a buyer for any person, and if he seems to be a buyer, it is deceit and artfulness.

I wonder what this envier has in his gourd!

O God, help us against this enemy!

If he pronounces one more speech over me, this brigand will rob me of the mantle.

How Mu’awiyah complained of Iblis to the most high God and besought His aid.

O God, this talk of his is like smoke: take my hand, or else my raiment is blackened.

I cannot prevail in argument with Iblis, for he leads every one, noble and base, into temptation.

Adam, who is the lord of He taught the Names, is powerless before the lightning-like onset of this cur.

He cast him from Paradise upon the face of the earth: he fell from Simak into his net, like a fish,

Crying in lamentation, ‘verily, we have wronged.’

There is no bound to his guile and imposture.

In his every saying there is mischief: myriads of enchantments are concealed in his mind.

He castrates men in a moment: he kindles vain desire in man and woman.

O Iblis, you that consume the people and seek to tempt them, on what ground did you awaken me? Tell the truth!”
How Iblis once more exhibited his deceit.

He said, “No man that thinks evil would hearken to the truth notwithstanding a hundred signs.

Every mind that has conceived fancies—when you bring forward proof, its fancy is increased.

When words enter it, they become a disease: the holy warrior’s sword becomes a tool for the thief.

Therefore the answer to him is silence and rest: to talk with a fool is madness.

Why do you complain to God of me, O simpleton? Complain of the wickedness of that vile nafs.

You eat halwa, boils break out in you, fever lays hold of you, your health is disordered.

You curse Iblis, guiltless. How do you not see that deception from yourself?

It is not of Iblis, it is of yourself, O misguided one that you are running like a fox towards the sheep’s fat tail.

When you see the fat tails in the green field, it is a snare.

Why are you ignorant of this?

You are ignorant because desire for the fat tail has made you far from knowledge and has blinded your eye and intelligence.

Your love of things makes you blind and deaf; your black fleshly soul is the culprit: do not quarrel.

Do not put the guilt on me, do not see upside down.

I am averse to evil and greed and enmity.

I did an evil deed and am still repenting: I am waiting that my night may turn to day.

I have become suspect amongst mankind: every man and woman lay their actions on me.

The helpless wolf, though he is hungry, is suspected of being in luxury.

When, because of feebleness, he cannot go his way, people say it is indigestion from gross food.”
How Mu’awiya once more pressed Iblis hard.

He said, “Nothing but the truth will save you: justice is calling you to the truth. Tell the truth, so that you may be delivered from my hand: cunning will not lay the dust of my war.”

He said, “How do you know falsehood and truth, O thinker of vain fancies, filled with thoughts?”

He answered, “The Prophet has given an indication: he has laid down the touchstone for the base coin and the good. He has said, ‘Falsehood is disquiet in hearts; Truth is a joyous tranquility.’”

The heart is not comforted by lying words: water and oil kindle no light. In truthful speech is there comfort for the heart: truths are the bait that entraps the heart. Sick, surely, and ill-savour’d is the heart that knows not the taste of this and that.

When the heart becomes whole of pain and disease, it will recognise the flavour of falsehood and truth. When Adam’s greed for the wheat waxed great, it robbed Adam’s heart of health.

Then he gave ear to your lies and enticements: he was befuddled and drank the killing poison. At that moment he knew not scorpion from wheat: discernment flies from one that is drunken with vain desire.

The people are drunk with cupiditiy and desire: hence they are accepting your cheating. Whoever has rid his nature of vain desire has made his eye familiar with the secret.
They installed a cadi, he wept. The deputy said, ‘O cadi, what are you weeping for?’

This is not the time for you to weep and lament: it is the time for you to rejoice and receive felicitations.’

Ah,’ said he, ‘how shall a man without insight pronounce judgment—an ignorant man between two who know?

Those two adversaries are acquainted with their own case: what should the poor cadi know of those two tangles?

He is ignorant and unaware of their state: how should he proceed concerning their lives and property?’

He said, ‘The litigants know and are unsound; you are ignorant, but you are the luminary of the whole body, because you have no prejudice to interfere, and that freedom is light to the eyes;

While those two who know are blinded by their self-interest: prejudice has put their knowledge into the grave.

An open mind makes ignorance wise; prejudice makes knowledge perverse and iniquitous.

So long as you accept no bribe, you are seeing; when you act covetously, you are blind and enslaved.

I have turned my nature away from vain desire: I have not eaten delicious morsels.

My heart, which tastes, has become bright: it really knows truth from falsehood.
How Mu’awiya—may God be well-pleased with him!—induced Iblis to confess.

Why did you awaken me?
You are the enemy of wakefulness, O trickster.

I have impaled you. Come, tell the truth. I know what is true: do not seek evasions.

I expect from every person that of which by nature and disposition he is the owner.

I do not look for any sugar from vinegar;
I do not take the catamite for a soldier.

I do not, like infidels, seek from an idol that it should be God or even a sign from God.

I do not seek the smell of musk from dung;
I do not seek dry bricks in river-water.

From Satan, who is other, I do not look for this—that he should awaken me with good.”

How Iblis told truly his hidden thought to Mu’awiya—may God be well-pleased with him!

Iblis spoke many words of deceit and treachery, the Amir hearkened not to him and strove and showed fortitude.

With the bitterest pangs’ he said: “O such-and-such, know that I awakened you for the purpose

That you might join the congregation in praying after the Prophet of high estate

If the time of prayers had passed, this world would have become dark to you and without a gleam of light;

From disappointment and grief tears would have flowed from your two eyes in the fashion of water-skins,

Every one has delight in some act of devotion and consequently cannot bear to miss it for a short while.

That disappointment and grief would have been a hundred prayers: what is prayer in comparison with the glow of humble supplication?”
The excellence of the remorse felt by one who was sincere for having missed the congregational prayers

A certain man was going into the mosque the people were coming out of the mosque.

He began to ask, saying, “What ails the congregation that they are coming out of the mosque soon?”

That person said to him, “The Prophet has prayed with the congregation and finished communion.

How art you going in, O foolish man, when the Prophet has given the blessing?”

He cried, “Ah!” and smoke issued from that sigh: his sigh was giving forth the smell of blood from his heart.

One of the congregation said, “Give me this sigh, and my prayers are yours.”

He answered, “I give the sigh and accept the prayers.”

He took that sigh with a hundred yearnings.

At night, whilst asleep, a Voice said to him, “You have bought the Water of Life and salvation.

In honour of this choice and this appropriation the prayers of all the people have been accepted.”

Conclusion of the confession made by Iblis to Mu'awiya of his deceit

Then `Azazil said to him, “O noble Amir, I must lay my deceit before.

If you had missed the prayers, you would then from heartache have uttered sighs and lamentations,

And that regret and that lamentation and that yearning would have exceeded two hundred litanies and prayers.

I awakened you in fear lest such a sigh might burn the veil,

In order that such a sigh should not be yours; in order that you should not have any way to it.
I am envious: from envy I acted thus.
I am the enemy: my work is deceit and malice.”

He said, “Now you have told the truth, you are veracious. This comes from you: to this you are adapted.

You are a spider, you have flies as your prey; O cur, I am not a fly, do not worry.

I am a white falcon: the King hunts me.

How should a spider weave his web about me?

Go now; continue to catch flies as far as you can: invite the flies to some buttermilk;

And if you call to honey, that too will certainly be lies and buttermilk.

You awakened me, it was slumber: you showed a ship, that was a whirlpool.

You were calling me to good for the purpose that you might drive me away from the better good.

How a thief escaped because some one gave the alarm to the master of the house, who had nearly overtaken and caught the thief.

This is like that, how a certain man saw a thief in the house and ran after him.

He ran after him two or three fields, till the fatigue threw him into a sweat.

At the moment when, rushing on, he had come so near to him that he might spring upon him and seize him,

The second thief cried out to him, “Come, that you may see these signs of calamity.

Be quick and turn back, O man of action, that you may see very pitiable the state of things here.”

He said, “Maybe a thief is yonder: if I do not return at once, this will befall me.

He may lay hands upon my wife and child, how would it profit me to bind this thief?
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that you may see very pitiable the state of things here.”

He said, “Maybe a thief is yonder:
if I do not return at once, this will befall me.

He may lay hands upon my wife and child,
how would it profit me to bind this thief?
It is a mosque for muddy and cloudy days, 
a mosque for days of sore distress in times of poverty,
That a stranger may get charity and room there, 
and that this house of service may be frequented,
So that the rites of the Religion may be multiplied and abound; 
because a bitter plight is sweetened with friends.
Honour that place (by your presence) for a short while:
declare us to be sincere, and give a good account of us
Show favour to the mosque and its founders.
You art the moon, we are the night: comply with us for a moment,
In order that by your beauty night may be made like day, 
O you whose beauty is a night-illumining sun.”
Alas! Would that those words had been from the heart, 
so that the desire of those folk might have been accomplished!

Courtesies that come to the tongue without heart and soul 
is like herbs on the ash-heap, O friends.
Look at them from afar and pass on: 
they are not fit for eating or smelling, O son.
Do not, indeed, go towards the courtesy of the faithless, 
for it is a ruined bridge: heed well.
Wherever an army is routed, 
it is because of two or three effeminate weaklings.

He comes armed into the battle-line, like a man: 
they put their trust in him, saying, “Here’s the Comrade of the Cave.”
He turns his face when he sees wounds: 
his going breaks your back.
This is long and is expanding, 
and that which is aimed at is becoming hidden.

How the Hypocrites cajoled the Prophet—God bless and save him!— 
that they might take him to the Mosque of Opposition.

They chanted spells over the Messenger of God: 
they were driving the steed of cunning and craft.
The kind and compassionate Messenger proffered nothing but smiles, nothing but “Yes.”

He expressed thanks:
he gladdened the envoys in assent.

Their deceit was apparent to him, point by point,
in the same way as hairs in milk.

That courteous one feigned not to see the hairs:
that polite one said “Bravo!” to the milk.

Myriad hairs of deceit and fraud,
and at that time he closed his eyes to it all.

That ocean of bounty spoke truly,
“I am kinder to you than you.

I am seated at the edge of a fire
with an exceedingly unpleasant blaze and flame;

Ye are hastening towards it like moths;
both my hands have become moth-flaps.”

When the Prophet had resolved to set out,
the jealousy of God cried, “do not listen to the ghoul’!

For these wicked men have used deceit and cunning:
what they have put forward is entirely the reverse

Their intent was nothing but black shame:
when have Christians or Jews sought the welfare of the Religion?

They have built a mosque upon Hell’s bridge:
they have played the game of trickery with God.

Their aim is to cause disunion amongst the Companions of the Prophet:
how should any vain fool understand the grace of God?

In order that they may fetch hither a Jew from Syria,
with whose preaching the Jews are intoxicated.”

The Prophet said, “Yes,
but we are intending to march and starting on a campaign.

As soon as I return from this expedition,
I will then set out to that Mosque at once.”

He put them off and hurried to the field of war:
he played a game of trickery with the tricksters.

When he came back from the campaign,
they returned and sought that past promise.
God said to him, “O Prophet, proclaim the treachery, and if war be, say, ‘Let it be!’”

He said, “O false people, be silent! Hush, lest I tell your secret thoughts.”

When he had declared a few indications of their inmost thoughts, they were in evil plight.

Thereupon the envoys turned back from him crying, “God ward off! God avert!”

Every Hypocrite, by way of fraud, brought a Qur’an under his arm to the Prophet.

In order to take oaths—for oaths are a shield; because oaths is a custom followed by the wicked.

Since the wicked man does not keep faith in religion, he will break oath at any time.

The righteous have no need of oath, because they have two clear eyes.

Breach of compacts and covenants is of stupidity; keeping of oaths and faithfulness is the practice of him that fears God.

Said the Prophet, “Shall I take your oaths as true, or the oath of God?”

Again those people, the Qur’an in their hands and the seal of fasting on their lips, swore another oath,

Saying, “By the truth of this holy and true Word that the building of the Mosque is for God’s sake.

In that place there is no contrivance of deceit: in that place there is commemoration and sincerity and calling unto the Lord.”

The Prophet answered, “The voice of God is coming into my ear like an echo.

God hath put a seal upon your ears, so that they make not haste to the voice of God.

Lo, the voice of God is coming to me distinctly: it is filtered clear for me, like the pure from the dregs “

Even as Moses from the direction of the Bush heard the voice of God saying, “O you of blessed fortune!”

From the Bush he was hearing, “Lo, I am Allah,” and together with the words there appeared lights.
Inasmuch as they were left in the lurch by the light of inspiration, they once more began to recite oaths anew.

Since God calls an oath a shield, how should the quarrelling one lay down the shield from his hand?

Again the Prophet, giving the lie direct, said to them in plain terms, “You have lied.”

How one of the Companions—may God be well-pleased with them!—thought disapprovingly, “Why does not the Prophet—God bless and save him!—throw a veil?”

So that one of the Prophet’s Companions conceived in his heart dislike of that dislike,

Thinking, “Grey-haired and venerable old men like these—this Prophet is putting them to shame.

Where is generosity? Where cloaking? Where modesty? The prophets cover up hundreds of thousands of faults.”

Quickly, again, in his heart he asked pardon of God, lest he should be disgraced for objecting.

The turpitude of befriending the Hypocrites made the true believer wicked and rebellious like them.

Again he was crying in supplication, “O You who knows the inmost consciousness, do not leave me persisting in unbelief! My heart is not in my control, as eyesight; else I would at this moment burn my heart in anger.”

In this thought, slumber seized him.

To him, their mosque seemed full of dung:

A corrupted place, its stones in filth:

The smoke went into his throat and made it smart: terrified by the bitter smoke, he sprang from sleep.

Forthwith he fell on his face and wept, saying, “O God, these things are the sign of disbelief.

Wrath’s better, O God, than such forbearance, which separates me from the light of Faith.”
If you scrutinise the labour of them that follow falsehood, it is stinking, coat upon coat, like an onion—

Every one weaker than another, in the case of the sincere, is more excellent than the other.

Those folk tied a hundred belts on their mantles in order to destroy the Mosque of the people of Quba

Even as the Lords of the Elephant in Abyssinia made a Ka`ba, God set it afire;

They made an attempt on the Ka`ba in revenge: read from the Word how they fared!

The reprobates of the Religion have indeed no equipment but cunning and deceit and contentiousness.

Every Companion saw plainly some vision of that Mosque, so that the secret of it became to them certain knowledge.

If I should relate the visions, one by one, then the purity would become certain to them that doubt;

But I am afraid of revealing their mystery: they are the disdainful loved ones, and disdain becomes them.

They have received the Law without mechanical imitation: have taken that coin without the touchstone.

The Wisdom of the Qur’an is like the true believer’s stray camel: every one has certain knowledge of his own stray.

Story of the person who was seeking after his stray camel and inquiring about it

You have lost a camel and sought it busily, how should you not know, when you find it, that it is yours?

What is the stray? You have lost a she-camel: fled from your herd into a veil.

The caravan drivers have begun to load; your camel is lost from the midst.

You are running to and fro with parched lips; the caravan is far away, and night is near.
Your baggage is left on the ground, on the road of perils, you are running about in search of the camel,

Crying, “O Moslems, who has seen a camel which this morning escaped from a stable?

Whoever will tell a clue to my camel, I will give so many dirhems as a reward.”

You are requesting clues from every one: every rascal is making a mock of you on this account,

Saying, “We saw a camel going in this direction, a reddish camel towards yonder pasturage.”

One says, “It was crop-eared,” and another says, “Its saddle-cloth was embroidered.”

One says, “The camel had one eye,” and another says, “It from mange had no hair.”

For the sake of the reward every rascal, at random, sets forth a hundred clues.

Even as in the matter of knowledge every one describes the Unseen Object of description.

The philosopher gives an explanation of another kind; a scholastic theologian invalidates his statement;

And some one else jeers at both of them, while another hypocritically tires himself to death.

Each one gives these indications of the Way, in order that it may be supposed that they belong to that Village.

Know the truth to be this, all these are not in the right; nor are this herd entirely astray,

Because nothing false is shown without the True: the fool bought spurious coin in the hope of gold.

If there were no current coin in the world, how would it be possible to issue false coins?
Unless there be truth, how should there be falsehood?
That falsehood receives brilliance from truth.

They buy the wrong in hope of the right:
poison goes into a piece of sugar, then they eat.

If there be no savoury wheat, what shall he get who sells barley,
pretending that it is wheat?

Do not say, then, that all these utterances are false:
the false are a snare to the heart on the ground of hope of truth.

Do not say, then, that all is imagination and error:
without truth imagination exists not in the world.

Truth is the Night of Power hidden amidst the nights in order that the soul may make trial of every night.

Not all nights are Power, O youth, nor are all nights void of that.

Amongst the wearers of the dervish-cloak there is one dervish:
make trial, and accept him that is true.

Where is the sagacious and discerning believer, that he may distinguish effeminate wretches from men?

If there be no faulty things in the world,
all fools would be merchants.

Then it would be very easy to know goods:
when there is no defect, what the incompetent and the competent?

And if everything is faulty, knowledge is of no advantage:
since everything here is wood, aloes-wood is not.

He that says, “All are true”—it is folly;
and he that says, “All are false”—he is damned.

Those who trade with the prophets have gained;
those who trade with colour and scent are blind and blue.

The snake appears in the eye as riches: rub both your eyes well!

Do not consider the happiness of this traffic and profit:
consider the perdition of Pharaoh and Thamud.
On making trial of everything, so that the good and evil which are in it may be brought to view.

The sky, which is beautiful and glorious—
God said, *Then turn your gaze again.*

As regards this roof of light, be not content with one look: look times, see, *Are there any flaws?*

Since He has told you to look often at this goodly roof, as a man seeking faults,

You may know, then, how much seeing and discerning the dark earth needs, to gain approval.

In order that we may strain the pure from the dregs, how much tribulation must our minds endure!

The trials of winter and autumn, the heat of summer, spring like the spirit,

Winds and clouds and lightning— that happenings may bring distinctions into view;

That dust-coloured earth may bring forth all that it holds in its bosom, ruby or stone.

Whatever this dark earth has stolen from the Treasury of God and the Sea of Bounty—

Providence, the governor, says, "Tell the truth! Declare what you have carried off, hair by hair."

The thief, that is, the earth, says, "Nothing, nothing!" The Governor puts it to the torture.

Sometimes the Governor speaks to it with kindness as sugar; sometimes he hangs it up, and does his worst,

In order that, between force and favour, those concealed things may be brought to sight through the fire of fear and hope.

Spring is the kindness of the Almighty Governor, and autumn is God's intimidation and menace,

And winter is the allegorical crucifixion, to the end that you, O hidden thief, may be exposed.

Then, he that wagers the warfare has at one time expansion of heart, at another time oppression and pain and torment,
Because this water and clay, which is our bodies,
is the denier and thief of the light of souls

The High God lays upon our body, O man of fortitude,
heat and cold and grief and pain,

Fear and hunger and impairment of wealth and body—all for the sake of the soul’s coin being brought into sight.

These threats and promises He has sent forth on account of this good and evil which He has mingled.

Inasmuch as truth and falsehood have been mingled and the good and bad coin have been poured into the travelling-bag,

Therefore they need a picked touchstone, one that has undergone tests in realities,

So that it may become a criterion for these impostures; so that it may be a standard for these acts of providence.

Give him milk, O mother of Moses, and cast him into the water: be not afraid of the trial.

Whoever drank that milk on the Day of Alast distinguishes the milk, even as Moses.

If you wish fondly for your child’s discrimination, suckle now, O mother of Moses,

That he may know the taste of his mother’s milk, and that his head may not sink to a bad nurse.

Explaining the moral of the story of the person seeking camel

You have lost a camel, O trusty, and every one is giving you a clue to the camel.

You know not where the camel is, but you know that these clues are wrong.

And he that has not lost a camel—he in contention seeks a camel, just like him who has lost it,

Saying, “Yes; I too have lost a camel: I have brought a reward for any one who may find it.”
That he may take a partner's share with you in the camel: he plays this trick because of coveting the camel.

If you say to any one, “That clue was false,” he, in imitation of you, says the same.

He does not know wrong clues from right, but your words are a cue to that imitator.

When they mention right and likely clues, then comes to you the certainty in which there is no doubt.

That becomes balm to your sick soul; it becomes colour to your face and health and strength to you.

Your eye becomes bright, your foot nimble; your body becomes soul, and your soul spirit.

Then you will say, “O trusted, you have spoken the truth: these clues are a clear deliverance. There are signs, sure information, and evidence: this is a title-deed and an ordainment of salvation.”

When he has given this clue, you will say, “Go before! It is time for the enterprise: be the leader! I will follow you, O truth-teller: you have got scent of my camel: show where.”

to that person who is not the owner of a camel, and who is in this quest of the camel for contention's sake

His certainty is not increased by this right clue, save through reflection from the true camel-seeker.

From his earnestness and ardour he gets a scent that these wild outcries of his are not babble.

He had no just claim to this camel, but he too has lost a camel; yes.

Desire for another's camel has become a veil to him; he has forgotten what he has lost.

Wherever he runs, this one runs: from greed, he becomes a partner in the owner's pain.

When a liar sets out with a truthful man, his falsehood turns to truth of a sudden.

In the desert whither that camel had hastened, the other one also found his own camel.
As soon as he saw it, he remembered his own, and ceased to covet the camel of that friend and kinsman.

That imitator became a true searcher when he saw his camel browsing there.

At that moment did he become a seeker of the camel: he was never seeking it till he saw it in the desert.

After that, he began to go alone: he opened his eyes towards his own camel.

The sincere one said, “You have left me, till now you were paying regard to me.”

He replied, “Until now I have been an idle scoffer and, from greed, have been in flattering:

Now, when I have become parted from you physically in the search, I have become sympathetic with you.

I was stealing the camel’s description from you; my spirit saw its own camel, it had its eye filled.

Till I found it, I was not seeking it; now the copper is overcome, the gold overpowers it.

My evil deeds have become pious acts entirely—thanks!
Jest is vanished and earnest is realised—thanks.

Since my evil deeds have become the means of attaining unto God, do not, then, throw any blame on my evil deeds.

Your sincerity made you a seeker; for me, toil and search opened a sincere feeling.

Your sincerity led you to seek; my seeking led me to a feeling of sincerity.

I was sowing the seed of fortune in the earth, I fancied it was labour without wages and hire.

It was not labour without hire; it was an excellent earning: every grain that I sowed, a hundred grew.

The thief went underhand to a certain house: when he entered, he saw that it was his own house.”

Be hot, O cold one that heat may come: put up with roughness, that ease may come.

That is not two camels; it is a single camel.
Verbal expression is confined; the meaning is very full.
The expression always fails to reach the meaning; hence the Prophet said, “His tongue falters.”

Speech is an astrolabe in reckoning: how much does it know of the sky and the sun?

Especially, of that Sky whereof this heaven is a blade of straw; of whose Sun the sun is a mote?

Showing that there is in every soul the mischief of the Mosque of Opposition

When it appeared that that was not a mosque, was a house of intrigue and a trap laid by the Jews,

The Prophet then gave the command, “Raze it and make it a dumping-place for rubbish and ashes.”

The founder of the Mosque was false, like the Mosque: it is not munificence if you sprinkle grain upon a snare.

The meat that catches the fish on the hook—such a morsel is neither bounty nor generosity.

The Mosque of the people of Quba, which was inanimate—he did not admit to it that which was not its equal.

In the case of lifeless things such a wrong did not come to pass: the lord of justice set fire to that unequal.

Therefore in the case of the essences, which are the foundation of all fundamentals, know that there, there are differences and divisions.

Neither is his life like his life, nor is his death like his death.

Never deem his grave like his grave.

How indeed shall I describe the difference in that world?

Put your work to the touchstone, O man of work, lest you build the Mosque of the Opposers.

Often have you mocked those Mosque-makers; when you consider, you yourself have been one of them.
Story of the Indian who quarrelled with his friend over a certain action and was not aware that he too was afflicted with it

Four Indians went into a mosque: they bowed their heads and prostrated themselves for worship's sake.

Each one performed the takbir upon a niyyat, and began to pray with lowliness and contrition.

The muezzin came, from one of them fell a remark—“O muezzin, have you given the call to prayers? Is it time?”

The second Indian said on the spur of the moment, “Hey, you have spoken, and your prayer is null.”

The third one said to the second, “O uncle, why do you rail at him? Tell yourself.”

Said the fourth, “Praise be to God that I have not fallen into the pit, like those three persons.”

Hence the prayers of all the four were marred; and the faultfinders went astray more.

Oh, happy the soul that saw its own fault, and if any one told a fault, wished eagerly that upon itself!—Because half of him has always belonged to the realm faults, and the other half of him to the realm of the Unseen

Since you have ten sores on your head, you must apply the plaster to yourself.

Finding fault with the sore is the remedy for him; when he has become broken, it is the occasion for, “Have pity.”

If you have not the same fault, be not secure; maybe, that fault will afterwards become notorious in you.

You have not heard from God Do not fear: why, then, have you deemed yourself secure and happy?

For years Iblis lived in good renown; he was disgraced: mark what is his name.

His eminence was famed throughout the world; his fame turned to infamy—oh, alas for him!

Do not seek fame till you are secure: wash your face of fear, and then show your face.
Until your beard grows, my good man, do not jeer at another whose chin is smooth.

Consider this that his soul was tried, so that he is fallen in; and he became a warning to you.

You did not fall, so that you should be a warning to him.

He drank the poison: eat his sugar!

How the Ghuzz set about killing one man in order that another might be terrorised

Those blood-shedding Ghuzz Turcomans came, and entered a village for plunder.

They found two of the notables of that village, and made haste to put one to death.

They tied his hands in order to sacrifice him. He said, “O princes and high pillars,

For what reason are you seeking to slay me?
Why, pray, are you thirsting after my blood?

What is the wisdom, what is the object, in killing me, when I am so poor and bare-bodied?”

He replied, “To strike awe into this friend of yours, so that he may be afraid and produce gold.”

He said, “Why, he is poorer than I.”

“He has done it on purpose,” replied the other; “he has gold.”

He said, “Since it is opinion, we are both the same:
we are exposed to probability and doubt.

Kill him first, O princes, in order that I may be afraid and point out the way to the gold.”

See, then, the lovingkindnesses of God, in that we have come in the latter days, at the very end.

The last epoch is in front of the epochs:
in the Traditions of the Prophet is— “the last, the foremost.”

In order that the destruction of the people of Noah and the people of Hud might display to our souls the proclaimer of mercy,
Explaining the state of those who are self-conceited and unthankful for the blessing of the existence of the prophets and saints—peace be unto them!

Whosoever of them has spoken of fault and sin, and of a heart like stone, and of a black soul?

And of holding light His commands, and of being free from care for His To-morrow;

And of being, like women, enslaved to the fleshly soul by passion and by love of this vile world;

And of fleeing from the pungent sayings of sincere counsellors, and of shrinking from the countenance of the righteous;

Estrangement from the spirit and spiritual folk, fraud and fox-like behaviour towards the kings;

Thinking the fully satisfied to be beggars, secretly regarding them with enmity from envy

If he accepts anything, you say he is a beggar; and if not, you say it is hypocrisy and deceit and guile.

If he mixes, you say he is covetous; and if not, you say he is excessively given to pride;

Or you hypocritically excuse yourself, saying, “I am held back in maintaining my wife and children.

Neither have I leisure to scratch my head, nor have I leisure to cultivate religion.

O so-and-so, remember me in your benedictions, that in the end I may become one of the saints.”

These words he does not even speak from passion and ardour; a drowsy man muttered some idle talk and went to sleep again.

“I cannot help feeding my family: I strain every nerve to earn a lawful livelihood.”

How lawful, O you that have become one of the lost? I deem nothing lawful but your blood.

He can do without God, but not without food; he can do without the Religion, but not without the idols.

O you that can not refrain your self from this vile world, how can you refrain yourself from Him who spread the earth as a carpet?
O you that can not refrain yourself from delight and luxury, how can you refrain yourself from the Bountiful God?

O you that can not refrain yourself from aught pure or foul, how can you refrain yourself from Him who created this?

Where is the Friend, who came forth from the cave, and said, “This is my Lord. Take heed! Where is the Maker?”

“I will not look at the two worlds until I see to whom these two assembly-places belong.

If I eat bread without the view of God’s attributes, it will stick in my throat.”

How should a morsel digest without the sight of Him, without the view of His roses and rose-garden?

Save in hope of God, who but an ox or ass would for one moment drink from this pond?

He that was like the cattle, nay, more lost?

though that stinker is full of cunning

His cunning went headlong, and he went headlong;
he passed a little while, and his day set.

His brain became dull, his mind doting: his life is gone—and like alif he hath nothing.

His saying, “I am thinking about it”—that too is only of the deceit of the fleshly soul;

And his saying, “He is forgiving and merciful”—that is nothing but a trick of the villainous flesh.

O you that are dead with anxiety because your hands are empty of bread, what is this fear, since He is forgiving and merciful?

How an old man complained of his ailments to a doctor, and how the doctor answered him.

An old man said to a doctor, “I am in torment because of my brain.”

The doctor replied, “That weakness of brain is from age.”

Said the old man, “There are spots of darkness on my eyes”
“It is from age, O ancient Shaykh,” said the doctor. “Awful pain comes in my back,” said he.

“It is from age, O emaciated Shaykh,” said the doctor. “Whatever I eat, it is not digested.”

The doctor replied, “Weakness of stomach also is of age.” Said he, “When I breathe, respiration is hard for me.”

“Yes,” he said, “it is asthma; when old age arrives, two hundred diseases come on.”

“O fool,” he exclaimed, “you have stuck at this: this is all that you have learned of medicine.

O crack-brained man, your intellect has not given you this knowledge, that God hath appointed a remedy for every pain.

You, stupid ass, from poorness of ability have remained on the ground for want of a sufficient foothold.”

Then the doctor said to him, “O sexagenarian, this anger and this choler are also from old age.

Since all the functions and parts are atrophied, your self-control and patience have become weak.”

He cannot endure two words, he cries out thereat; he cannot retain one draught, he vomits —

Except, to be sure, the Pir that is drunken with God, and in whose inward being there is “a goodly life.”

Outwardly he is old, but within he is young.

What thing, verily, is he? He is the saint and the prophet.

If they are not manifest to the good and the evil, what is this envy which the worthless bear against them?

And if they do not know them with certain knowledge, what is this hatred and hatching of plots and enmity?

And, if they know of the Resurrection and rising from the dead, how should they dash themselves against a sharp sword?

He smiles upon you, do not deem him to be such, in his inward consciousness are hidden a hundred Resurrections.

Hell and Paradise are entirely parts of him: he is beyond any thought that you may conceive.

All that you may think of is liable to pass away; he that comes not into thought is God.
Wherefore presumption at the door of this house, if they know who is within the house?

Fools venerate the mosque and endeavour to destroy them that have the heart.

That is phenomenal; this is real, O asses! The mosque is naught but the hearts of the captains.

The mosque that is the inward of the saints is the place of worship for all: God is there.

Until the heart of the man of God was grieved, never did God put any generation to shame.

They were going to make war on the prophets: they saw the body; they supposed he was a man.

In you are the moral natures of those peoples of yore: how are not you afraid lest you be the same?

As for as all those marks are in you, and you are of them, how will you be saved?

The story of Juhi and the child who cried lamentably beside his father’s bier

A child was crying bitterly and beating his head beside his father’s coffin,

Saying, “Why, father, where are they taking you to press you tight under some earth?

They are taking you to a narrow and noisome house: there is no carpet in it, nor any mat;

No lamp at night and no bread by day; neither smell nor sign of food is there.

No door in good repair, no way to the roof; not one neighbour to be refuge.

Your body, which was a place for the people’s kisses—how should it go into a blind and murky house?—

A pitiless house and narrow room, where neither face will be lasting nor colour.”
In this manner was he enumerating the qualities of the house, whilst he wrung tears of blood from his two eyes.

Juhi said to his father, “O worthy, by God they are taking this to our house.”

The father said to Juhi, “Don’t be a fool!”

“O papa,” said he, “hear the marks.

These marks which he mentioned one by one—our house has them, without uncertainty or doubt

Neither mat nor lamp nor food; neither its door is in good repair, nor its court nor its roof.”

In this wise the disobedient have a hundred marks upon themselves, but how should they see them?

The house, namely, the heart that remains unlighted by the beams of the sun of Majesty,

Is narrow and dark as the souls of Jews, destitute of savour of the loving King

Neither has the radiance of the Sun shone into that heart, nor is there spaciousness or opening of the door.

The tomb is better for you than a heart like this.

You art living and born of the living. O gay and winsome one, art not you choked by this narrow tomb?

You are the Joseph of the time and the sun of heaven: arise from this pit and prison, and show your face!

Your Jonah has been cooked in the fish’s belly: for his deliverance there is no means but glorification of God.

If he had not glorified, the fish’s belly would have been his jail and prison until they shall be raised.

Through glorification he escaped from the body of the fish. What is glorification? The sign of the Day of Alast

If you have forgotten that glorification by your spirit, listen to the glorifications of those Fishes.

Whoever has seen God is of God: whoever has seen that Sea is that Fish.

This world is a sea, and the body a fish, and the spirit is the Jonah debarred from the light of the dawn.
If it be a glorifier, it is delivered from the fish; otherwise, it becomes digested therein and vanishes.

The spiritual Fishes abound in this sea; you do not see them, they are flying around you. Those Fishes are darting at you: open your eye, that you may see them clearly.

If you are not seeing the Fishes plain—after all, your ear has heard their glorification.

To practice patience is the soul of your glorifications: have patience, for that is the true glorification.

No glorification has such a degree; have patience: patience is the key to relief.

Patience is like the bridge Sirat, Paradise on the other side: with every fair there is an ugly pedagogue.

So long as you flee from the chaperone, there is no meeting, because there is no parting of the handsome boy from the bodyguard.

What should you know of the savour of patience, O you of brittle heart—especially, of patience for the sake of that Beauty of Chigil?

A man’s delight is in campaigns and in the glory and pomp the gay fellow delights in his penis.

His religion and zikr are nothing but his penis: his thought has borne him down to the lowest depth.

Though he rise to the sky, be not afraid of him, for in love of lowness he has studied.

He gallops his horse towards lowness, albeit he rings the bell aloft.

What is there to fear from the flags of beggars?—for those flags are a means for a mouthful of bread.
A child being terrified by a full bodied man, and the man telling him, “Do not be afraid as I am impotent”

A large man found a child alone, the child turned yellow in fear of the man’s attention. The big man said, “Feel safe my beauty, because you would be on top of me.” Although I am big, think of me as impotent, mount me like a camel and ride me.”

The appearance of men and the reality like this—Adam without, the accursed Devil within—O you that are big as the people of Ad, you resemble the drum against which a branch was beaten by the wind.

A fox abandoned his prey for the sake of a drum like a wind-filled leathern bag, When he found no fatness in the drum, he said, “A hog is better than this empty bag.” Foxes are afraid of the noise of the drum; the wise man beats it ever so much, saying, “Speak not!”

The story of an archer and his fear of a horseman who was riding in a forest

A horseman, armed and very terrible, was riding in the forest on a high-bred horse. An expert archer espied him, and then from fear of him drew his bow, To shoot an arrow; the horseman shouted to him, “I am a weakling, though my body is big. Take heed! Take heed! Do not regard my bigness, for in the hour of battle I am less than an old woman.” “Pass on,” said he; “you have spoken well, else by reason of my fear I should have shot a barb at you.”
Many are they whom implements of war have slain, such a sword in their hands, without the manhood.

If you don the armour of Rustam, your soul goes when you are not the man for it.

Make your soul a shield and drop the sword, O son: whoever is headless saves his head from this King.

Those weapons of yours are your contriving and plotting; they have sprung from you and at the same time have wounded your soul.

Since you have gained nothing by this contriving, abandon contrivance, that happy fortunes may meet.

Since you have not for one moment enjoyed fruit from the arts, bid farewell to the arts, and seek always the Lord of bounties.

Since these sciences bring you no blessing, make yourself a dunce and leave ill-luck behind.

Like the angels, say, "We have no knowledge, O God, except what You have taught us."

قصه ى اعرابى و ریگ در جوال كردن و ملامت كردن آن فيلسوف او را

Story of the desert Arab and his putting sand in the sack and the philosopher's rebuking him

A certain Arab of the desert loaded a camel with two big sacks—one full of grain.

He was seated on the top of both sacks. A glib philosopher questioned him.

He asked him about his native land and led him to talk and said many fine things in the course of enquiry.

Afterwards he said to him, “What are those two sacks filled with? Tell the truth of the matter.”

He replied, “In one sack I have wheat; in the other is some sand—not food for men.”

“Why,” he asked, “did you load this sand?”

“In order that the other sack might not remain alone,” he replied.

“For wisdom’s sake,” said he, “pour half the wheat of that pannier into the other,
He cried, “Bravo! O clever and noble sage!

Such subtle thought and excellent judgment!

And you so naked, on foot and in fatigue!”

The good man took pity on the philosopher and resolved to mount him on the camel.

He said to him again, “O fair-spoken sage, explain a little about your own circumstances as well.

Such intelligence and talent as you have, are you a vizier or a king? Tell the truth.”

He answered, “I am not these two: I am of the common folk. Look at my appearance and dress.”

He asked, “How many camels have you? How many oxen?”

“I have neither these nor those,” he replied: “do not dig at me.

He said, “At any rate, what goods have you in your shop?

“He answered, “Where have I a shop, and where a dwelling-place?”

“Then,” said he, “I will ask about money. How much money?—for you are a solitary wanderer and one whose counsel is prized.

With you is the elixir which changes the copper of the world gold: your understanding and knowledge are inlaid with pearls.”

“By God,” he replied, “O chief of the Arabs, in my whole property there is not the means of food for the night.

I run about with bare feet and naked body.
If any one will give me a loaf of bread—there I go.

From this wisdom and learning and excellence have got nothing but imagination and headache.”

Then the Arab said to him, “Go far away, so that your ill-luck may not rain upon me.

Take far away from me that unlucky wisdom of yours: your speech is unlucky for the people of the time.

Either go you in that direction, and I will run in this direction; or if your way be forwards, I will go back.

One sack of wheat and the other of sand is better for me than these vain contriving.

My foolishness is a very blessed foolishness, for my heart is well-furnished and my soul is devout.”
If you desire that misery should vanish, 
endeavour that wisdom may vanish from you.

The wisdom which is born of nature and imagination, 
the wisdom which lacks the overflowing grace of the Light of the Glorious

The wisdom of this world brings increase of supposition and doubt; 
the wisdom of the Religion soars above the sky.

The ingenious rascals of latter time 
have raised themselves over the ancients;

The learners of cunning have burnt their hearts 
and have learned feints and tricks;

They have thrown to the winds patience and altruism 
and self-sacrifice and generosity - which are the elixir of profit.

The thought is that which opens a way: 
the way is that on which a king advances.

The king is he that is king in himself, 
and is not made king by treasuries and armies;

So that his kingship remains unto everlasting, 
like the glory of the empire of the Mohammedan Religion.

The miracles of Ibrahim son of Adham—may God sanctify his holy spirit!—
on the sea-shore.

Thus, it is related of Ibrahim son of Adham 
that after a journey he sat down by the edge of the sea.

He was stitching his Sufi mantle, an Amir, walking on the shore, suddenly came to that spot.

That Amir had been one of the Shaykh's servants; 
he recognized the Shaykh and at once bowed low.

He was astounded at the Shaykh and at his dervish garb— 
his nature and outward guise had become transformed.

That he gave up such a grand kingdom, 
and chose that very pettifogging poverty;

He lets the sovereignty of the Seven Climes be lost, 
and plies the needle on his dervish-cloak, like a beggar.
The Shaykh became aware of his thought:
a Shaykh is as the lion, and hearts are his jungle.

He is entering, like hope and fear, into hearts:
not hid from him are the secrets of the world.

Keep watch over your hearts, O fruitless ones,
in the presence of the majesty of the men of heart.

Before the men of body, respect is outwardly,
for God is veiling the occult from them.

Before the men of heart, respect is inwardly,
because their hearts have insight into the secret thoughts.

You are contrary: for the sake of position you come with reverence
before them that are blind, and sit in the vestibule;

Before the seers you behave disrespectfully:
hence you have become fuel for the fire of lust.

Since you have not perception and the light of guidance,
continue to polish your face for the sake of the blind!

Before the seers, daub your face with dirt!
Act haughtily notwithstanding such a stinking state!

The Shaykh quickly threw his needle into the sea,
and with a loud voice called for the needle.

Myriads of Divine fishes—
in the lips of each fish a needle of gold

Lifted their heads from God's sea, saying,
"Take, O Shaykh, God's needles"

He turned his face towards him and said to him, “O Amir
is the kingdom of the heart better, or such a despicable kingdom?”

This is the outward sign, this is nothing:
wait till you enter the inward see!

From the garden they bring to town a branch:
how should they carry theth the garden and orchard?

Especially, a Garden whereof this heaven is one leaf;
nay, that is the kernel and this other is as the husk

You are not stepping on towards that Garden,
seek more scent, and get rid of phlegm,

In order that that scent may draw your soul;
in order that that scent may become the light of your eyes.
For the scent’s sake Joseph, son of Jacob the prophet, said: “Cast upon my father’s face.”

For this scent’s sake Ahmad constantly said in exhortations: “In the ritual prayer is the delight of mine eye.”

The five senses are linked with one another, because all these five have grown from one root.

The strength of one becomes the strength of the rest: each one becomes a cup-bearer to the rest.

Seeing with the eye increases speech; speech increases penetration in the eye.

Penetration becomes the awakening every sense, perception becomes familiar to the senses.

The beginning of the gnostic’s illumination by the Light which sees the invisible world

When one sense in progress has loosed bonds, all the rest of the senses become changed.

When one sense has perceived things that are not objects of sense-perception, that which is of the invisible world becomes apparent to all the senses.

When one sheep of the flock has jumped over a stream, then they all jump across on each other’s heels.

Drive the sheep, your senses, to pasture: let them browse on—He who hath brought forth the herbage,

That there they may browse on hyacinth and wild-rose; that they may make their way to the verdant meadows of the Realities;

Every sense of yours may become an apostle to the senses, and lead all senses into that Paradise;

Senses will tell their secret to your senses, without tongue and without the proper or the metaphorical meaning;

For this proper meaning admits of interpretations, and this guess-work is the source of imaginings;

That truth which is immediate and intuitive, there is no room for any interpretation.
When senses have become subject to your sense, the heavenly spheres cannot avoid you.

When a dispute takes place as to the ownership of the husk, the husk belongs to him who possesses the kernel.

When there happens to be a quarrel about a load of straw, observe who is the owner of the grain.

The heavenly sphere, then, is the husk, and the light of the spirit is the kernel. This is visible, that is concealed; do not stumble on this account.

The body is manifest; the spirit is concealed: the body is as the sleeve, the spirit as the hand.

Again, the intellect is more concealed than the spirit: perception makes its way to the spirit sooner.

You see a movement, you know that he is alive; this you do not know, that he is full of intellect,

Until regulated movements appear, and he by means of knowledge turns the motion of copper into gold

From manual actions being conformable you may perceive that there is intellect.

The spirit of Divine inspiration is more concealed than the intellect, because it is the Unseen: it belongs to that side.

The intellect of Ahmad was not hidden from any one; his spirit of inspiration was not apprehended by every soul.

The spirit of prophecy also has actions conformable, the intellect does not apprehend, for that is exalted.

Sometimes he regards as madness, sometime, he is bewildered, since it depends on his becoming that;

As the intellect of Moses was troubled by seeing the reasonable actions of Khidr

His actions seemed unreasonable to Moses, since he had not his state.

Inasmuch as the intellect of Moses becomes tied up in the mysterious, who is the intellect of a mouse, O excellent?

Conventional knowledge is for sale: when it finds a purchaser, it glows with delight.

The purchaser of real knowledge is God: its market is always splendid.
He has closed his lips enraptured in trading; 
the purchasers are without end, for God hath purchased

The angels purchase Adam's teaching; 
the devils and Jinn are not privileged to receive it.

*Adam, inform them of the Names, teach; 
explain the mysteries of God, hair by hair.*

Such a person as is short-sighted, 
plunged in variability and without steadfastness,

I called a “mouse,” because his place is in the earth: 
earth is the place of living for the mouse.

He knows ways, but underground: 
he has pierced the earth in every direction.

The mouse-soul is nothing but a nibbler: 
to the mouse is given a mind proportionate to its need,

Because without need the Almighty God 
does not give anything to any one

If the earth had not been needed by the world, 
the Lord of all beings would not have created any;

And if this quaking earth had not needed mountains, 
He would not have created them sublime;

And if there had not been need of the heavenly spheres also, 
He would not have created from non-existence the Seven Skies.

The sun and moon and these stars— 
how did they come plain into view except through need?

Need, then, is the noose for things that exist: 
Man has instruments in proportion to his need.

Therefore quickly augment your need, O needy one, 
in order that the Sea of Bounty may surge up in loving-kindness.

These beggars on the road, and every sufferer 
is displaying his need to the people

Blindness and palsy and sickness and pain— 
that men's pity may be aroused by this need.

Does he ever say, “Give bread, O people, 
for I have riches and granaries and trays?”

God has not put eyes in the mole, 
because it does not need eyes for food.
It is able to live without eyes and sight: in the dank earth it is independent of eyes.

It never comes out from the earth but for theft, to the end that the Creator may purge it of that thievishness.

After that, it will get wings and become a bird, flying and glorifying the Creator.

Every moment, in the rose-garden of thanksgiving to God, it will produce a hundred notes, like the nightingale,

Singing, “O You who delivers me from evil qualities! O You that make a hell Paradise!"

How are hose concepts connected with the body? What connection has the apprehension of things with names?

The word is like the nest, and the meaning is the bird: the body is the river-bed, and the spirit is the rolling water.

It is moving, and you say it is standing: it is running, and you say it is keeping still.

If you see not the movement of the water through the clods of earth: what are the sticks and straws anew on it?

Your sticks and straws are the forms of thought: virgin forms are always coming on anew.

The surface of the water of the stream of thought, as it rolls, is not without sticks and straws, pleasing and unsightly.

The husks on the surface of this rolling water have sped along from the fruits of the Invisible Garden.

Seek the kernels of the husks in the Garden, because the water comes from the Garden into the river-bed.

If you see not the flow of the Water of Life, look at this movement of weeds in the stream.

When the water begins to pass by in fuller volume, the husks, the ideas, pass along it more quickly.

When this stream has become extremely rapid in its flow, no care lingers in the minds of the gnostics.

Since it is exceedingly full and swift, on that account there is no room in it for anything but the water.
How a stranger reviled the Shaykh
and how the Shaykh’s disciple answered him.

A certain man brought charges against a Shaykh, saying,  
“He is wicked and not on the path of righteousness;  
He is a wine-drinker and a hypocrite and a scoundrel:  
how should he be one to succour his disciples?”

One said to him, “Observe respect:  
it is no light matter to think so ill of the great.

Far is it from him and far from those qualities of his  
that his clear (spirit) should be darkened by a flood.

Do not put such slander on the people of God!  
This is fancy on your part. Turn over leaf.

This is not; and if it should be, O land-fowl,  
what harm to the Red Sea from a carcass?

He is not less than the two jugfuls or the small tank,  
so that a single drop should be able to disqualify him.

The fire is no damage to Abraham,  
let any one who is a Nimrod beware of it!”

The fleshly soul is Nimrod, and the intellect and spirit are the Friend of God:  
the spirit is concerned with reality itself, and the fleshly soul with the proofs.

These indications of the way are for the traveller  
who at every moment becomes lost in the desert.

For them that have attained there is nothing except the eye and the lamp:  
they have no concern with indications or with a road.

If the man that is united has mentioned some indication,  
he has mentioned in order that the dialecticians may understand.

For a new-born child the father makes babbling sounds,  
though his intellect may make a survey of the world.

The dignity of the master’s learning is not diminished  
if he say that alif has nothing.

For the sake of teaching that tongue-tied,  
one must go outside of one’s own language

You must come into his language,  
in order that he may learn knowledge and science from you.
All the people, then, are as his children:
this is necessary for the Pir when he gives instruction.

3320

Infidelity has a fixed limit and range—know;
the Shaykh and the light of the Shaykh have no bound.

Before the infinite all that is finite is naught:
everything except the Face of God is passing away.

Infidelity and faith do not exist in the place where he is,
because he is the kernel, while these two are colour and husk.

These fleeting things have become a veil over that Face,
like a lantern concealed beneath a bowl.

So then, this bodily head is a screen to that head
before that head this bodily head is an infidel.

Who is the infidel? One forgetful of the faith of the Shaykh.
What is the dead? One ignorant of the life of the Shaykh

Life is naught but knowledge in trial:
the more knowledge one has, the more life one has.

Our spirit is more than the spirit of animals. How?
In respect that it has more knowledge.

Hence the spirit of the angels is more than our spirit,
for it is exempt from the common sense;
And the spirit of mystical adepts is more than the angels.

Cease from bewilderment!

For that reason Adam is their object of worship:
his spirit is greater than their being.

Else: it would not be at all a suitable thing
to command the superior to worship an inferior.

How can the justice and kindness of the Maker
approve that a rose should fall down in worship before a thorn?

Since the spirit has become superior and has passed beyond the utmost limit,
the soul of all things has become obedient to it

Birds, fish, jinn and men—because it exceeds,
and they are deficient

3335

The fish make needles for his mantle:
threads follow needles.
The rest of the story of Ibrahim son of Adham—may God sanctify his spirit!—on the sea-shore.

When that Amir saw the Shaykh's command take effect in the coming of the fish, he fell into an ecstasy.

He said, “Ah, the fish know the Pirs.
Fie on a person who is an outcast of the Court!

The fish have knowledge of the Pir, and we afar!
We damned to lack this fortune, and they blest!”

He bowed low, and departed weeping and desolate:
his madness for love of the opening of the door.

Then, O you with unwashed face, what are you about?
Whom are you combating and envying?

You are playing with a lion's tail:
you are making a foray against the angels.

Why are you speaking evil of pure good?
Beware, deem not that lowness to be eminence!

What is evil? The needy, despicable copper.
Who is the Shaykh? The infinite elixir

If the copper was incapable by the elixir,
the elixir was never turned into copper by the copper.

What is evil? A rebel who works like fire.
Who is the Shaykh? The very Sea of Eternity.

Fire is always terrified by water.
When was water ever afraid of being set aflame?

You are observing defects on the face of the moon:
you are picking thorns in a Paradise.

Picker of thorns, if you go into Paradise,
you will find there no thorn but yourself.

You are covering a sun with a sod:
you are seeking flaws in a perfect full-moon.

A sun which shines throughout the world—how shall it be hidden for the sake of a bat?

Sins are made sinful by the disapproval of Pirs; mysteries are made mysterious by the jealousy of Pirs.
If you are far, at any rate be joined through respect: be alert and active in penitence,

That a breeze may be coming to you from that way. Why do you shut off the water of mercy by enviousness?

Though you are far aloof, at distance wag your tail: wherever you are, turn your faces.

When an ass falls in mire through a rapid pace, he moves incessantly for the purpose of rising.

He does not make the place smooth to stay in: he knows that it is not the place where he should live.

Your sense has been less than the sense of the ass, for your heart has not recoiled from these clods of mud.

You interpret as an indulgence in the mud, since you are not willing to tear your heart from it.

“This is allowable for me: I am under compulsion. God in His kindness will not chastise a helpless one.”

Indeed He has chastised you, like the blind hyena from self-deception you do not see this chastisement.

They are saying, “The hyena is not in this place; look for him outside, for he is not in the cave.”

This they say and put bonds on him, he is saying, “They do not know of me. If this enemy had known of me, how should he have exclaimed, ‘Where is this hyena?’”

In the time of Shu’ayb a certain man was saying, “God has seen many a fault from me. How many sins and trespasses has He seen me commit! And, God in His kindness does not punish me.”

In answer to him God most High by the mysterious way spoke clearly into the ear of Shu’ayb,
Saying, “You have said, how many sins have I committed?
And God in His kindness has not punished me for my trespasses.’
You are saying the opposite and reverse, O fool,
O you that have abandoned the road and taken to the wilderness!
How often, how often do I chastise you and you unaware!
You are lying in chains from head to foot.

Your rust, coat on coat, O black pot,
has marred the visage of your heart.
Layers of rust have collected upon your heart,
so that it has become blind to mysteries.”

If that smoke should beat upon a new pot,
the traces of it would show, though it were a barley-corn,
Because everything is made manifest by contrary:
upon a white object the black becomes conspicuous;

When the pot has been blackened, then after this
who will at once perceive the effect of the smoke upon it?
The ironsmith who is an Ethiopian—
the smoke is of the same colour as his face;
The Greek who does the work of an ironsmith—
his face, from gathering smoke, becomes spotted.

Therefore he will quickly recognise the effect of sin,
so that he will soon lament say, “O God!”
When he persists and makes a practice of evil,
and puts dust in the eye of meditation,
He thinks of penitence no more: that sin becomes so sweet to his
heart that he comes to be without the Faith.

That repenting and “O Lord!” is gone from him:
five layers of rust have settled on the mirror.
The coats of rust have begun to eat his iron:
the rust has begun to lessen its sheen.
When you write upon white paper,
that writing may be read at sight.
When you write script over that which has been written,
it is not understood: the reading of it will be erroneous;
For that blackness has fallen upon blackness;
both scripts have become obscure and have given no meaning.
And if you write a third time on the top of it, then you make it black as the infidel's soul.

What help is there, then, but refuge with the Helper?

Despair is copper, and the elixir for it is regard.

Lay your despairs before Him that you may escape from irremediable pain.

When Shu’ayb had told him these deep sayings, at that breath of the spirit roses blossomed in his heart.

His soul hearkened to the inspiration from Heaven; he said, “If He has punished me, where is the sign?”

He cried, “O Lord, he rebuts me, he seeks the sign of that punishment.”

He said, “I am the Coverer: I will not tell his secrets, but one indication for the sake of trying him.

One sign of my punishing him is this, that he has pious acts of fasting and prayer

And ritual prayer and almsgiving et cetera, but he has not one atom of spiritual savour.

He performs high acts and deeds of devotion, but he has not one atom of relish.

His devotions are good, but the spirit is not good: the walnuts are many, but there is no kernel therein.”

Spiritual savour is required, in order that devotions yield fruit: a kernel is required, in order that the berry produce a tree.

How shall a berry without kernel become a sapling?
The soulless form is naught but vain imaginings.

 Remainder of the story of the stranger’s reviling the Shaykh.

That malign wretch was gabbling silly nonsense about the Shaykh: the squinting man is always of distorted understanding.

“I saw him amidst a company: he is one denuded and destitute of piety.
And if you do not believe it, get up to-night, that you may see plainly your Shaykh's depravity."

At night he took him to a window and said, "Behold a debauch and merry-making!

Behold such hypocrisy by day and profligacy by night!— in the daytime like Mustafa, at night Bit Lahab.

By day his name has become `Abdullah; by night— God save us! And, the wine-cup in his hand!"

He saw a full glass in the Shaykh's hand.

"O Shaykh," said he "is there a tumour even in you?

The Devil's urine will not fit inside the wine cup.

He replied, "They have made my cup so full that there is not room in it for a single rue-seed.

Look, is there any room here for a single mote?
A deluded man has wrongly apprehended this matter."

This is not the apparent cup the apparent wine: deem this far from the Shaykh who sees the Unseen.

The wine-cup, O fool, is the being of the Shaykh,
In which the bowel of a demon does not fit.

He is full and brimming with the Light of God:
he has shattered the bodily cup, he is the Absolute Light.

If sunlight falls upon filth, it is the same light: it suffers no defilement.

The Shaykh said, "Indeed this is not a cup, nor wine. Hey, unbeliever, come down and look at it!"

He came, and saw it was fine honey.

That miserable enemy became blind.

Thereupon the Pir said to his disciple, "Go, seek wine for me, O noble sir;"

For I have a pain; I am reduced to necessity: because of the pain, I have passed beyond starvation.

In sore need any carcass is clean— may curses fall like dust on the head of him that denies it!"

The disciple went round the wine-cellar, tasting of every jar on the Shaykh's behalf.
In all the wine-cellars he found no wine: the jars of wine had become full of honey.

He said, “O drunkards, what state of things is this? What is the matter? I find no wine in any jar.”

All the drunkards came to that Shaykh, weeping and beating their heads with their hands.

“You came into the tavern, O most exalted Shaykh, and in consequence of your coming all the wines have turned to honey.

You have changed the wine from filth; change our souls also from defilement!”

If the world be filled to the brim with blood, how should the servant of God drink aught but what is hallowed?

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How A’isha—may God be well-pleased with her!—said to Mustafa, on whom be peace,

“You perform the prayer anywhere, without a prayer-carpet.”

One day `A’isha said to the Prophet, “O Messenger of Allah, openly and secretly you perform a prayer in whatever place you may find, unclean and low are running about in the house;

Although you know that any dirty child pollutes every place he enters.

The Prophet said, “ Know that God makes impure pure for the great.

On that account the grace of God has made my place of worship to be pure up to the seventh tier.”

Beware and beware! Cease from envying the kings, else you will become a devil in the world.

For if he drinks poison, it turns to honey; if you eat honey, it is poison;

For he has been changed, and his action has been changed: he has become the Grace, and every fire in him has been turned into Light.

The ababil (swifts) had the power of God; else, how should a bird kill an elephant?
A number of little birds broke an army—
so that you may know that that strength is from God.

If temptation of this kind comes to you go,
read the Sura concerning the Possessors of the Elephant.

And if you contend and engage in rivalry with him,
deem me an infidel if you save your head from them.

How the mouse pulled the camel’s nose-ring and became self-conceited.

A little mouse caught in his forelegs a camel's leading-rope and from emulation went off.

By reason of the readiness with which the camel set out along with him, the mouse was duped into thinking himself a hero.

The ray of his thought struck the camel.
He said, “I will show you! Enjoy yourself!”

Till he came to the bank of a great river, at which any lion or wolf would have lost heart.

There the mouse stopped and became paralysed.
The camel said, “O my companion over hill and plain,
What is this standing still? Why art you dismayed?
Step like a man! Go into the river!
You art my guide and leader: don't halt midway and be dumbfounded!”

He said, “This is a huge and deep river:
I am afraid of being drowned, O comrade.”

Said the camel, “Let me see the limit of the water,”
and he quickly set foot in it.

“The water,” he said, “is up to the knee. O blind mouse, wherefore did you become dismayed and lose your wits?”

He replied, “It is an ant to you, but to me it is a dragon, for there are differences between one knee and another.

If it is up to your knee, O excellent one, it is a hundred ells higher than the crown of my head.”
He said, “Another time, do not behave boldly, lest your body and soul be consumed by these sparks.

Contend with mice like yourself: a mouse has nothing to say to a camel.”

He said, “I repent. For God’s sake, get me across this deadly water!”

The camel took pity. “Listen,” said he, “jump up and sit on my hump.

This passage has been vouchsafed to me: I would take across hundreds of thousands like you.”

Since you are not a prophet, go on the road, that one day you may come from the pit to place and power.

Be a vassal since you are not a lord: do not steer yourself, since you are not the boatman.

Since you are not perfect, do not take a shop alone.

Give ear to, “Keep silence,” be mute; since you have not become the tongue of God, be an ear.

And if you speak, speak in the form of a request for explanation: speak to the emperors as a lowly beggar.

The beginning of pride and hatred is in lust, and the rootedness of your lust is from habit.

When an evil disposition becomes confirmed by habit, you are enraged with any one who restrains you.

After you have become an eater of clay, any one who restrains you from clay is your enemy.

Since idolaters are accustomed to the idol, they are foes to them that stop the way to the idol.

Since Iblis had become accustomed to being leader, he looked on Adam with disbelief, saying, “Is there another leader superior to me, so that he should be worshipped by one like me?”

Leadership is poison, except to the spirit that from the beginning has abundance of the antidote.

If the mountain is full of snakes, have no fear, for it is a mine of antidote within.
When leadership has become a bosom-friend to your brain, any one who breaks you becomes an ancient adversary.

When any one contradicts your disposition, many feelings of hatred against him arise in you.

“He is tearing me from my disposition; he is making me a pupil and follower.”

Unless the evil disposition has become strongly implanted, how should the fire-temple blaze up through being opposed?

He may show some feigned courtesy to the opponent, he may make a place for himself in his heart, because the evil disposition has waxed strong: the ant of lust has through habit become as a snake.

Kill the snake of lust at the beginning; else, look you, your snake is become a dragon.

But every one deems his own snake an ant: do you seek the explanation of yourself from him that is lord of the heart.

Until copper becomes gold, it does not know itself to be copper: until the heart becomes a king, it does not know itself to be an insolvent.

Do service to the elixir, like copper: endure oppression, O heart, from him that holds the heart in fee.

Who is it that holds the heart in fee? Know well, it is the lords of the heart who, like day and night, are recoiling from the world.

Do not find fault with the Servant of God: do not suspect the King of being a thief.

The miracles of the dervish who was suspected of theft in a ship

A dervish was in a ship: he had made a bolster from the goods of saintly fortitude.

A purse of gold was lost. He was asleep. They searched all and brought him also to view.

Saying, “Let us search this sleeping mendicant as well.” the owner of the money, by grief, awakened him.
“A bag of valuables,” said he “has been lost in this ship.
We have searched the whole company: you cannot escape.

Put off your dervish-cloak; strip yourself of it,
in order that the people’s suspicions may be cleared away from you.”

He cried, “O Lord, these vile wretches have made an accusation against your slave: bring your command to pass!”

When the heart of the dervish was pained by that, at once there put forth their heads on every side

From the deep sea myriads of fishes, and in the mouth of each a superb pearl:

Myriads of fishes out of the full sea, each with a pearl in its mouth—and what pearls!

Every pearl the revenue of a kingdom.

“These,” they said, “are from God, they have no association.”

He dropped a quantity of pearls on the ship and sprang: he made the air his high-seat and sat,

At ease, cross-legged, as kings upon their thrones—he above the zenith, and the ship before him

He said, “Go! The ship for you, God for me, so that a beggarly thief may not be with you!

Let us see who will be the loser by this separation!
I am pleased, paired with God and singled from creatures.

He does not accuse me of theft,
He does not hand me over to an informer.”

The people in the ship cried out,

“O noble chief, wherefore has such a high estate been given to you?”

He answered, “For throwing suspicion on dervishes and offending God on account of a despicable thing

God forbid! Nay, for showing reverence to kings, inasmuch as I did not conceive ill thoughts against dervishes

Those gracious dervishes of sweet breath, for whose magnification Abasa was revealed”

That dervishhood is not for the sake of entanglement; no, because nothing exists but God

How should I hold in suspicion those whom God has entrusted with the treasury of the Seventh Heaven?
The fleshly soul is suspect, not the sublime Reason: the senses are suspect, not the subtle Light.

It sees a miracle, and at the moment it glows; afterwards it says, “It was an imagining;"

For if that wondrous sight had been real, and then it would have been abiding, day and night, in the eye.”

It is abiding in the eyes of the pure, it does not haunt the eyes of animals;

For the miracle is ashamed and scornful of these senses: how should a peacock be in a narrow pit?

Take heed not to call me garrulous: I say one in a hundred, and that like a hair.

How some Sufis abused a certain Sufi, saying that he talked too much in the presence of the Shaykh.

Some Sufis abused a certain Sufi, and came to the Shaykh of the convent,

And said to the Shaykh, “Demand justice for our souls from this Sufi, O Guide!”

He said, “Why, what is the complaint, O Sufis?” He replied, “This Sufi has three annoying habits:

In speech he is garrulous as a bell;

in eating he eats more than twenty persons;

And if he sleeps, he is like the Men of the Cave.”

The Shaykh turned his face towards that dervish, saying, “In every case that exists, take the middle.

In Tradition that the best things are the mean;

the (four) humours are beneficial through being in balance.

If by accident one humour becomes excessive, disease appears in the human body.

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In Tradition that the best things are the mean; the (four) humours are beneficial through being in balance.

If by accident one humour becomes excessive, disease appears in the human body.
At times my state resembles sleep:

a misguided person may think it is sleep.

Know that my eyes are asleep, my heart is awake:

know that my inactive form is in action.

The Prophet said, ‘My eyes sleep, my heart is not asleep to the Lord of created beings’.

Your eyes are awake, and your heart is sunk in slumber;

my eyes are asleep, my heart is in the opening of the door.

My heart has five senses other:

both the worlds are the stage for the senses of the heart.

Do not regard me from your infirmity:

to you it is night, to me that same night is morning tide.

To you it is prison, to me that prison is like a garden:

to me the most absolute state of occupation has become freedom.

Your feet are in the mud; to me the mud has become roses.

You have mourning; I have feasting and drums.

I am dwelling with you in some place on the earth;

I am coursing over the seventh sphere, like Saturn.

It is not I that am seated beside you, it is my shadow:

my rank is higher than thoughts,

Because I have passed beyond thoughts,

and have become a swift traveller outside thought.

I am the ruler of thought, not ruled,

because the builder is ruler over the building.

All creatures are subjugated to thought;

for that reason they are sore in heart and practised in sorrow.

I yield myself to thought purposely;

when I will I spring up from the midst of them.

I am as a bird of the zenith, thought is a gnat:

how should a gnat have power over me?

Purposefully I come down from the lofty zenith

that those of base degree may attain to me.

When disgust at the qualities of the low seizes me,

I soar up like the birds which spread their pinions.

My wings have grown out of my very essence:

I do not stick two wings on with glue.
The wings of Jafar-i Tayyar are permanent; the wings of Jafar-i 'Ayyar are borrowed.

In the view of him that has not experienced, this is pretension; in the view of the inhabitants of the horizon, this is the reality.

This is brag and pretension in the eyes of the crow: an empty or full pot is all one to the fly.

When morsels of food become pearls within you, do not delay: eat as much as you can."

One day the Shaykh, in order to rebut ill thoughts, vomited in a basin, and the basin became full of pearls.

On account of the man's little understanding, the clairvoyant Pir made the intelligible pearls objects of sense-perception.

When pure turns to impurity in your stomach, put a lock upon your gullet and hide the key;

Any one in whom morsels of food become the light of glory, let him eat whatever he will, it is lawful to him.

**Explaining some assertions the truth of which is attested by their very nature**

If you are my soul's familiar friend, my words full of meaning are not assertion.

If at midnight I say, "I am near you: come now, be not afraid of the night, for I am your kinsman,"

These two assertions are to you reality, since you recognise the voice of your own relative.

Nearness and kinship were two assertions, but both were reality to the good understanding.

The proximity of the voice gives him testimony that these words spring from a friend;

Moreover, delight at the voice of his kinsman has borne witness to the truthfulness of that dear relative.

Again, the uninspired fool who in his ignorance does not know a stranger's voice from a kinsman's
To him his words are assertion:
his ignorance has become the source of his disbelief;

To him of keen insight, within whom are the lights,
the very nature of this voice was just the reality.

Or one whose mother-tongue is Arabic says in Arabic,
“I know the language of the Arabs.”

The very fact of his speaking in Arabic is the reality,
although his saying Arabic is an assertion.

Or a writer may write on a piece of paper,
“*I am a writer and a reader, and I am a most accomplished person.*”

Although this writing itself is an assertion,
still the script is evidence of the reality.

Or a Sufi may say, “Last night, while asleep,
you saw some one with a prayer-carpet on his shoulder.

That was I; and what I said to you in the dream, 
whilst you slumbered, in explanation of clairvoyance

Give ear, put it in your ear like an ear-ring:
make those words your mind’s guide.”

When you recollect the dream,
these words are a new miracle or old gold.

Although this seems to be assertion,
yet the soul of the dreamer says, “Yes,”

Therefore, since Wisdom is the faithful believer’s stray camel,
he knows it with certainty; from whomsoever he has heard it;

And when he finds himself absolutely in front of it,
how should there be doubt? How should he mistake himself?

When you say to a thirsty man, “Make haste!
There is water in the cup: take the water at once,”

Will the thirsty man say in any event?—
“This is assertion: go from my side, O pretender! Get you far away!

Or produce some testimony and proof that this is of aqueous kind
and consists of the water that runs from a spring.

Or a mother cries to her suckling babe,
“Come, I am mother: listen, my child!”—

Will the babe say?—” O mother, bring the proof,
so that I may take comfort in your milk.”
When in the heart of any community there is savour from God, the face and voice of the prophet are an evidentiary miracle.

When the prophet utters a cry from without, the soul of the community falls to worship within,

Because never in the world will the soul's ear have heard from any one a cry of the same kind as his.

That stranger, by immediate perception of the strange voice, has heard from God's tongue, "Truly I am near."

The mother of Yahya, before disburdening herself, said in secret to Mary,

"I see with certainty, within you is a King who is possessed of firm purpose and is an Apostle endowed with knowledge.

When I happened to meet you, my burden at once bowed in worship.

This embryo bowed in worship to that embryo, so that pain arose in my body from its bowing."

Mary said, "I also felt within me a bowing performed by this babe in the womb."

The foolish say, "Cancel this tale, because it is false and erroneous.

Mary in pregnancy was not joined by any one: she did not return from without the town. Until that woman of sweet address was delivered outside of the town, she indeed came not into it.

Where did the mother of Yahya see her to speak these words to her about what had happened?"
Let him know that to one who receives ideas all that is absent in the world is present.

To Mary, the mother of Yahya would appear present, though she was far from her sight.

One may see a friend with eyes shut, when one has made the skin a lattice.

And if she saw her neither from without nor from within, take the meaning of the story, O imbecile!

Not like him who had heard fables, and like some stuck to the shape of them,

So that he would say, “How should Kalila, having no language, hear words from Dimna who had no power of expression?

And if they knew each other’s accents, how should man understand it, without any articulation?

How did Dimna become a messenger between the lion and the ox, and cajole them both with his palaver?

How did the noble ox become the vizier of the lion? How was the elephant terrified by the reflection of the moon?

This Kalila and Dimna is entirely fiction, or else how has the stork a quarrel with the crow?”

O brother, the story is like a measure: the real meaning in it resembles grain.

The man of intelligence will take the grain of meaning: he will not pay any regard to the measure, if it is removed.

Listen to what passes between the rose and the nightingale, though in that case there is no overt speech.
Listen also to what passes between the moth and the candle, and pick out the meaning, O worshipful one.

Although there is no speech, there is the inmost soul of speech. Come, fly aloft, do not fly low, like the owl.

He at chess said, “This is the house of the rook.”
“By what way,” said he, did the house come into its hands?

Did it buy the house, or inherit it? “— happy is he that sped towards the meaning!

A grammarian said, “Zayd has struck `Amr.”
Said (the fool), “How did he chastise him without any offence?

What was `Amr’s offence, that that rude Zayd struck him, innocent, as a slave?”

He replied, “This is the measure of the meaning signified: take some wheat, for the measure is rejected.

Zayd and `Amr are a device for the declension: if that is untrue, make up with the declension.”

“No,” said he, “I don’t know about that. How did Zayd strike `Amr without crime or fault?”

He in desperation started a joke and said, “`Amr had stolen a superfluous waw.

Zayd became aware, and struck the one who stole it: since he carried it beyond bounds, the punishment serves him right.”

He said, “Here you are, this is the truth! I accept with my soul.”
Wrong seems right to the wrong-minded.

If you say to a squinting man, “The moon is one,” he will say to you, “These are two; and there is a doubt as to being one”;
And if somebody laughs at him and says, “There are two,” he deems it the truth. This is what the ill-natured fellow deserves.

Lies muster round lies:
the phrase *wicked women for the wicked men* has thrown light.

They whose hearts are wide have wide hands;
they whose eyes are blind have to stumble on stony ground.

On seeking the tree whereof none that eats the fruit shall die.

A learned man said, for the sake of a story, “In India there is a certain tree:

Whoso takes and eats of its fruit,
he grows not old nor ever dies.”

A king heard this from a veracious person:
he became a lover of the tree and its fruit,

From the Divan of culture
he sent an intelligent envoy to India in search.

For years his envoy
wandered about India in quest.

He roamed from town to town for this object:
neither island nor mountain nor plain was left.

Every one whom he asked made a mock of him, saying, “Who would search after this, unless perhaps a madman in confinement?”

Many slapped him jokingly;
many said, “O fortunate man,
How should the enquiry of a clever and clear-minded person like you be devoid? How should it be vain?”

And this respect was to him another slap,
and it was harder than the visible slap.

They extolled him sarcastically, saying,
“O great sir, in such and such a place there is a very huge tree.

In such and such a forest there is a green tree,
very tall and broad, and every branch of it is big.”
The king’s envoy, who had braced his belt for the quest, was hearing a different kind of report from every one;

So he travelled there for years, the king kept sending money to him.

After he had suffered much fatigue in that foreign land, at last he became too exhausted to seek.

No trace of the object of pursuit was discovered: of what he wanted nothing appeared but the report.

The thread of his hope snapped, the thing he had sought became unsought in the end.

He resolved to return to the king, shedding tears and traversing the way.

There was a wise Shaykh, a noble Qutb, at the halting-place where the king’s intimate fell into despair.

He said, “Being without hope, I will go to him, and set out on the road from his threshold, in order that his prayer may accompany me, since I have no hope of my heart’s desire.”

With tearful eyes he went to the Shaykh: he was raining tears, like a cloud.

“O Shaykh,” he cried, “it is the time for mercy and pity; I am in despair: now is the time for kindness.”

He said, “Say plainly what the cause of your despair is: what is your object? What have you in view?”

He answered, “The Emperor chose me out to seek a certain branching tree,

For there is a tree, unique in the quarters: its fruit is the substance of the Water of Life.

I have sought for years and seen no sign except the gibes and ridicule of these merry men.”
The Shaykh laughed and said to him, “O simpleton, this is the tree of knowledge in the sage

Very high and very grand and very far-spreading:
a Water of Life from the all-encompassing Sea.

You have gone after the form, you have gone astray:
you can not find because you have abandoned the reality

Sometimes it is named ‘tree,’ sometimes ‘sun’;
sometimes it is named ‘sea,’ sometimes ‘cloud.’

That one from which a hundred thousand effects arise:
its least effects are everlasting life.

Although it is single, it bath a thousand effects:
innumerable names befit that one.

One person may be father in relation to you;
in regard to another individual he may be son.

Pass on from the name and look at the attributes,
in order that the attributes may show you the way to the essence.”

The disagreement of mankind is caused by names:
peace ensues when they advance to the reality.

How four persons quarrelled about grapes,
which were known to each of them by a different name

A certain man gave a dirhem to four persons:
one of them said, “I will spend this on angur.”

The second one was an Arab: he said,
“No, I want ‘inab, not angur, O rascal!”
The third was a Turk; and he said, “This is mine: I don't want ‘inab, I want uzum.”

The fourth, a Greek, said, “Stop this talk: I want istafil.”

These people began fighting in contention with one another, because they were unaware of the hidden meaning of the names.

In their folly they smote each other with their fists:

If a master of the esoteric had been there, a revered and much languaged man, he would have pacified them;

And then he would have said, “With this one dirhem I will give all of you what you wish.

When without deceit you surrender your hearts, this dirhem will do all this for you.

Your one dirhem will become four—the result desired: four enemies will become one through unanimity.

What each one of you says produces strife and separation; what I say brings you agreement.

Therefore be you mute, keep silence, that I may be your tongue in speech and talk.”

If in their agreement with each other your words are a strong rope, in effect they are a source of contention and distraction.

Borrowed heat produces no effect; natural heat has virtue.

If you have made vinegar hot by means of fire, when you drink it, it will undoubtedly increase the coldness,

Because that heat of it is exotic: its fundamental nature is coldness and tartness.

And, though grape-syrup be frozen, my son, it will add heat to the liver when you drink it.

Hence the Shaykh’s hypocrisy is better than our sincerity, for the former arises from insight, while the latter arises from blindness.

From the Shaykh’s discourse comes union; the words of the materialists bring separation.

As Solomon, who sped from God, and who knew the language of all birds...
In the time of his just sway the deer
made friends with the leopard and ceased from war.

The dove became secure from the talons of the hawk;
the sheep took no precaution against the wolf.

He became an arbitrator between enemies:
he became an oneness between the creatures that fly with wings.

You are running after grain, like an ant. Listen!
Seek Solomon! Why are you still astray?

To the seeker of grain his grain becomes a snare,
but the seeker of Solomon may have both.

In these latter days the soul-birds
have no security from each other for a moment;

Even in our epoch there is a Solomon
who would give peace and not suffer our injustice to continue.

Call to mind, There is no people down to
but in the past a warner dwelt among them.

God said that verily there have never been a people
devoid of a vicar of God and a man of spiritual power;

And he makes the soul-birds so unanimous that,
in respect of sincerity, he purges them of guile and rancour.

They become kind as a mother:
he said of the Moslems, “One soul.”

Through the Messenger of Allah they became one soul;
else, they were absolute enemies, every one.

How dissension and enmity amongst the Ansar were removed
by the blessings of the Prophet—may God bless and save him!

The two tribes which were named Aws and Khazraj
had a blood-thirsty spirit towards each other.

Through Mustafa their ancient feuds vanished
in the light of Islam and of pureness.

First, those enemies became brethren
like the units of grapes in the garden;
And at the admonition given in the words,
The true believers are brethren, they dissolved and became one body.

The appearance of the grapes is brethren:
when you squeeze them they become one juice.

The immature and the full-grown grape are opponents,
but when the immature grape has ripened, it becomes a good friend.

The immature grape that has remained stone-hard and crude —
God in eternity has called it an original unbeliever.

He is neither a brother nor one soul:
he is an ill-starred heretic in damnation.

If I should tell that which he keeps hidden,
there would arise in the world a sore temptation of minds.

It is better that the secret of the blind infidel should be untold:
it is better that the smoke of Hell should be banished from Iram.

The good immature grapes, which are capable,
are at last in heart by the breath of the masters of heart.

They push on rapidly to grapehood,
so that duality and hatred and strife depart.

Then in grapehood they rend their skins till they become one:
unity is the attribute of him.

A friend becomes a foe because he is still two:
is any one in a quarrel with himself?

Blessings on the universal love of the Master,
gave oneness to hundreds of thousands of motes!

As dust scattered on the thoroughfare:
the hand of the Potter made them one jug

For the oneness of bodies of water and clay is imperfect:
the soul is not like this.

If I should here utter similarities in comparison,
I fear it might disorder the understanding.

Even now there exists Solomon,
but we are blinded by exulting in far-sightedness.

Far-sightedness keeps a man blind,
just as one sleeping in a house is blind to the house.

We are much addicted to subtle discussions;
we are exceedingly fond of solving problems;
And to the end that we may tie knots and undo them, making many rules for the difficulty and for answering,

Like a bird which should undo the fastenings of a snare, and tie at times, in order that it might become perfect in skill:

It is deprived of the open country and meadowland, its life is spent in dealing with knots;

And even the snare is nowise subdued by it, but its wings are always getting broken.

Do not struggle with knots, lest your wings and feathers be snapped asunder one by one through this vain display on your part.

Myriads of birds have had their wings broken, and have not stopped that calamitous ambuscade.

Read in the Qur'an their state, O covetous one: —

They explored in them; mark, Was there any refuge?

The difficulty over angur and inab was not solved by the contest between the Turk, the Greek, and the Arab.

Until the spiritual Solomon; skilled in tongues, shall intervene, this duality will not disappear.

O all you wrangling birds, hearken, like the falcon, to this falcon-drum of the King.

Hark, from every quarter set out with joy, from your diversity towards oneness.

Wherever you are, turn your faces towards it: this is the thing which He has not forbidden unto you.

Blind birds are we and very inept, in that we have not once recognised that Solomon.

Like the owls, we have become hostile to the falcons: consequently we are left behind in the place of ruin.

Because. of extreme ignorance and blindness we are seeking to hurt those honoured of God.

How should the flock of birds which are enlightened by Solomon tear out the wings and plumes of the innocent?

Nay, they would bring grain to the helpless ones: gentle are those birds and without pugnacity or hatred.

Their hoopoe, for the sake of glorifying, unfolds the way to a hundred like Bilqis.
Their crow, if it was a crow in outward aspect, was a falcon in aspiration and turned not aside.

Their stork, which cries lak lak, casts upon doubt the fire of the profession of Unity;

And their dove is not scared by hawks: the hawk lays his head before their dove.

Their nightingale, which throws you into ecstasy, has the rose-garden in its heart.

Their parrot was independent of sugar, for the sugar of everlastingness showed its face to it from within.

The feet of their peacocks are fairer to see than others in peacock’s plumage.

The speeches of princely birds’ are an echo: where is the speech of the birds of Solomon?

How will you know the cries of the birds, when you have never seen Solomon for a single moment?

The wings of that bird whose note thrills are beyond East and West.

Its every course is from the Footstool of God to the earth, and from the earth to the Throne of God it moves in glory and majesty.

The bird that goes without this Solomon is in love with darkness, like a bat

Make yourself familiar with Solomon, O reprobate bat, in order that you may not remain in darkness for ever.

When you go one yard length in that direction, like the yard you will become the standard of measurement;

And your hopping lamely and limply in that direction, you will be freed from all lameness and limpness.
The story of the ducklings which were fostered by a domestic fowl

You are the offspring of a duck, though a domestic fowl has nursed you beneath her wing.

Your mother was the duck of that Sea; your nurse was of the earth and devoted to the dry land.

The desire which is in your heart for the Sea—your soul has that nature from your mother.

The desire you have for the dry land is from this nurse. Leave the nurse, for she is an evil counsellor.

Leave the nurse on the dry land, and press on: come into the Sea of spiritual reality, like the ducks.

If your mother should bid you be afraid of the water, fear not, but push speedily into the Sea

You are a duck: you are one that lives on dry and wet; you are not one like the domestic fowl, whose house is stinking.

You are a king in virtue of, We have ennobled the sons of Adam: you set foot both on the dry land and on the Sea.

For in spirit you are, We have conveyed them on the Sea: push forward from, We have conveyed them on the land.

The angels have no access to the land; the animal kind, again, are ignorant of the Sea.

You in body are an animal, and in spirit you are of the angels, so that you may walk on the earth and also in the sky;

So that the seer with heart divinely inspired may be, in appearance, a man like yourselves.

His body of dust, fallen upon the earth; his spirit circling beyond highest sphere.

We all are water-birds, O lad: the Sea fully knows our language.

Therefore the Sea is Solomon, and we are as the birds; in Solomon we move unto everlasting.

With Solomon set your foot in the Sea, that the water, David-like, may make a hundred rings of mail.
That Solomon is present to all,
but jealousy binds eyes and enchants,

So that from folly and drowsiness and vanity—
He is beside us, and we are sick of Him.

The noise of thunder gives the thirsty man headache,
when he does not know that it brings on the rain-clouds of felicity.

His eye remains upon the running stream,
unaware of the delicious taste of the Water of Heaven.

He has urged the steed of attention towards causes:
consequently he remains debarred from the Causer.

One that sees the Causer plainly—
how should he set his mind upon the causes in the world?

How the pilgrims were amazed at the miracles of the ascetic
whom they found alone in the desert.

Amidst the desert lived an ascetic,
absorbed in devotion like the people of Abbadan.

The pilgrims from countries arrived there:
their eyes fell upon the parched ascetic.

The dwelling-place of the ascetic was dry, he was moist in temperament:
in the dry wind of the desert he had a remedy.

The pilgrims were amazed at his solitude
and his welfare in the midst of ruin.

He stood on the sand, in the ritual prayer—
sand so hot, the heat of it would boil the water in a pot.

You would have said he was enraptured amongst herbs and flowers,
or mounted on Buraq or Duldul;
or that his feet were on silk and brodered cloths;
or that to him the sandstorm was more pleasant than the zephyr.

They stood waiting;
he remained standing in prayer, in long meditation.
Observed that water was trickling from his hands and face, his garment was wet with the traces of ablution;

So he asked him, “From where do you have water?”

He lifted his hand, indicating it came from heaven.

He said, “Does it come whenever you will, without well and without rope of palm-fibre?”

Solve our difficulty, O Sultan of the Religion, in order that your experience may give us certain faith.

Reveal to us one of your mysteries that we may cut from our waists the cords.”

He turned his eyes to heaven, saying, “Answer the prayer of the pilgrims!

I am accustomed to seeking daily bread from above: You have opened to me the door from above,

O You who from non-spatiality has brought space into view, and has made manifest in heaven is your daily bread.”

In the midst of this orison a fair cloud suddenly appeared, like a water-bearing elephant,

And began to pour down rain, like water from a water-skin: the rain-water settled in the ditch and in the hollows.

The cloud kept raining tears, like a water-skin, and the pilgrims all opened their water-skins.

One party, in consequence of those marvellous happenings, was cutting the cords from their waists.

The certainty of another group was on the increase because of this miracle—and God knows best how to guide aright.

Another group unresponsive, sour and unripe, eternally imperfect ones. Ends the discourse.