BOOK IV

In the Name of God the Compassionate, the Merciful.

The Fourth Journey to the best of abodes and the greatest of advantages: by its perusal the hearts of gnostics will be rejoiced as the meadows rejoice in the downpour of the clouds and as the eyes delight in the pleasantness of sleep. Therein is cheer for spirits and healing for bodies; and it is like what the sincere crave and love, and like what the travellers seek and wish for—a refreshment to eyes, and a joy to souls; the sweetest of fruits for them that cull, and the most sublime of things desired and coveted; bringing the sick man to his physician and guiding the lover to his beloved. And, to God be the praise, it is the grandest of gifts and the most precious of prizes; the renewer of the covenant of friendship and the easier of the difficulty of those in trouble. The study of it will increase the sorrow of them that are estranged and the joy and thankfulness of them that are blest. Its bosom holds a cargo of fineries such as are not carried on the bosoms of young ladies, to be a compensation to followers of the theory and practice; for it is like a full-moon that hath risen and a fortune that hath returned, exceeding the hope of the hopeful and providing forage for the doers of works. It raises expectation after depression and expands hope after contraction—like a sun that shone forth radiantly amidst clouds dispersed. It is a light to our friends and a treasure for our descendants.

And we ask God to help us to give Him thanks, for indeed thanksgiving is a means of binding fast that which is already in hand and of capturing more besides, albeit naught comes to pass but what He purposes.

“And one of the things that stirred me to love-desire was that I was sleeping, diverted by the sweet exhalations of the cool air, Till a grey dove in the boughs of a thicket called, trilling beautifully with long-drawn sobs.

And if, before her sobbing, I had sobbed from passion for Su’dá, I should have healed my soul (of its pain) ere repenting;

But she sobbed before me, and her sobbing roused me to sob, and I said, “The pre-eminence belongs to him that leads the way.”

May God have mercy on those who lead the way and those who come behind and those who fulfil and those who seek to fulfil, (and may He bless them) with His grace and bounty and with His large benefits and favours! For He is the best object of petition and the noblest object of hope; and God is the best protector and the most merciful of them that show mercy, and the best of friends and the best of heirs and the best replacer (of what has been consumed) and provider for the devotees who sow and till (the soil of good works).

And God bless Mohammed and all the Prophets
In the Name of God the Compassionate, the Merciful.

O Ziya ul-Haqq, Husamu’din, you are he through whose light the Masnavi has surpassed the moon.

O you in whom hopes are placed, your lofty aspiration is drawing this God knows where.

You have bound the neck of this Masnavi: you are drawing it in the direction known to you.

The Masnavi is running on, the drawer is unseen—unseen by the ignorant one who has no insight.

Inasmuch as you have been the origin of the Masnavi, if it increases, you have caused it to increase.

Since you wish it so, God wishes it so: God grants the desire of the devout.

In the past you have been “he belongs to God,” so that “God belongs” has come in recompense.

On your account the Masnavi had thousands of thanksgivings: it lifted up its hands in prayer and thanksgiving.

God saw thanksgiving to you on its lips and in its hands: He showed grace and bestowed favour and increase;

For to him that gives thanks increase is promised, just as nearness is the reward for prostration.

Our God has said, “And prostrate yourself and come near”:

the prostration of our bodies is become the nearness of the spirit.

If increase is accruing, it is for this reason; it is not for the sake of vainglory and noise.

We are glad with you as the vineyard in the summer heat: you have the authority: come, draw that we may always be drawing.

Draw happily this caravan to the Pilgrimage, O Commander of “Patience is the key to joy.”

The Pilgrimage consists in visiting the House, the Pilgrimage to the Lord of the House is worthy of a man.

I called you Ziya Husamu’din because you are the Sun, and these two are epithets descriptive;
The Qur'an has called the sun Ziya, O father, and it has called the moon Nur. Consider this!

Since the sun is more exalted even than the moon, know, then, that Ziya is superior to Nur in dignity.

Many a one did not see the way in the moonlight; it became visible as soon as the sun rose.

The sun displayed objects of exchange perfectly: of necessity, markets were in the daytime,

In order that the false coin and the good money might come into view, and that he might be far from swindling and trickery.

Until its light came to perfection on the earth, a universal mercy to the traders;

But to the counterfeiter it is hateful and grievous, because by it his money and wares are made unsaleable.

Hence the false coin is the mortal foe of the money-changer: who is the enemy of the dervish but the dog?

The prophets contend with their enemies; then the angels utter cries of “Save, O Lord,”

Saying, “Keep this Lamp, which is light-disseminating, far from the puffs and breaths of thieves”

Only the thief and the counterfeiter are adversaries of the light: succour from these two, O Succourer!

Shed light upon the Fourth Book, for the sun rose from the Fourth Heaven.

Come, give light, like the sun, from the Fourth Book, so that it may shine upon countries and inhabited lands.

Whoever reads it an idle tale, he is an idle tale; and he who regards it as money in his own hands is like a man.

It is the water of the Nile, which seemed blood to the Egyptian, to the people of Moses was not blood, but water.

At this moment the enemy of these words is pictured in sight headlong into Hell-fire.
O Ziya ul-Haqq, you have seen his state:
God has shown unto you the answer to his actions.

Your eye which beholds the invisible is a master like the Invisible:
may this vision and gift not vanish from this world!

If you will complete this story,
which is the current coin of our present state, it is fitting.

Leave the unworthy folk for the sake of the worthy:
bring the tale to the end and conduct it to the issue.

If this story was not finished there, it is the Fourth Volume:
set it out in order.

Conclusion of the story of the lover who fled from the night-patrol into an orchard unknown to him
and for joy at finding his beloved in the orchard called down blessings on the night-patrol
and said, “It may be that you loathe a thing although it is better for you.”

We were at the point where that person in terror from the night-patrol
ran into the orchard.

In the orchard was the beautuous one
for love of whom this had been in tribulation eight years.

He had no possibility of seeing her shadow:
he was hearing the description of her, as the Anqa,

Except one meeting which happened to him by destiny at the first
and ravished his heart

After that, however much effort he made,
in sooth that cruel one would give him no opportunity.

Neither entreaty nor wealth availed him:
that sapling was fully satisfied and without desire.

The lover of any craft or object of pursuit,
God has touched his lip at the beginning of the affair;

When at that contact they have entered upon the quest,
He lays a snare before their feet every day.

When He has plunged him into search for the matter,
after that He shuts the door, saying, “Bring the dowry”

Still they cling to that scent and go:
at every moment they become hopeful and despairing.
50 Everyone has hope of the fruit
to which a door was opened to him on a certain day;

Then it was shut again; that devotee to the door,
in the same hope, has become fire-footed.

When the youth joyously entered that orchard,
truly on a sudden his foot sank in the treasure.

God had made the night-patrol the means,
so that in fear of him he should run into the orchard by night

And should see the beloved one searching with a lantern
for a ring in the rivulet of the orchard

Therefore at that moment, from the delight,
he joined praise of God with prayers for the night-patrol,

Saying, "I caused loss to the night-patrol by fleeing;
scatter over him twenty times as much silver and gold.

Set him free from policing:
make him glad even as I am glad.

Keep him blest in this world and in that world,
deliver him from policing and currishness—

Though it is the nature of that policeman,
O God that he always desires the people to be afflicted"

60 If news come that the king has imposed a fine upon the Moslems,
he waxes big and exultant;

And if news come that the king has shown mercy
and has generously taken off that from the Moslems,

Mournfulness falls upon his soul thereat:
the policeman has a hundred such depravities.

He was bringing the policeman into the prayer,
because such solace had come to him from the policeman.

He was poison to all, but to him the antidote:
the policeman was the means of uniting that longing lover.

Hence there is no absolute evil in the world: evil is relative.
Know this also.

In Time there is no poison or sugar
that is not a foot to one and a fetter to another—

To one a foot, to another a fetter;
to one a poison and to another like sugar
Snake-poison is life to the snake, it is death in relation to man.

The sea is as a garden to the water-creatures; to the creatures of earth it is death and a brand.

Reckon up likewise, O man of experience, this relativity from a single individual to a thousand.

Zayd, in regard to that one, may be a devil, in regard to another person he may be a sultan.

That one will say that Zayd is an exalted *siddiq*, and this one will say that Zayd is an infidel who ought to be killed.

Zayd is one person—to that one a shield, to this other one wholly pain and loss.

If you wish that he should be sugar to you, then look on him with the eye of lovers.

Do not look on that Beauteous One with your own eye: behold the Sought with the eye of seekers.

Shut your own eye to that Sweet-eyed One: borrow an eye from His lovers.

So that you may be secure from satiety and weariness: on this account the Almighty said, “God shall belong to him: I shall be his eye and hand and heart,” to the end that His fortunate one should escape from adversities

Whatever is loathed is a lover and friend when it becomes your guide towards your beloved.

Story of the preacher who at the beginning of every exhortation used to pray for the unjust and hard-hearted and irreligious

A certain preacher, whenever he mounted the pulpit, would begin to pray for the highway robbers.

He would lift up his hand, “O Lord, let mercy fall upon evil men and corrupters and insolent transgressors,
Upon all who make a mock of the good people, upon all whose hearts are unbelieving and those who dwell in the Christian monastery.”

He would not pray for the pure; he would pray for none but the wicked.

They said to him, “This is unknown: it is no generosity to pray for the people of unrighteousness.”

He replied, “I have seen goodness from these folk: for this reason I have chosen to pray for them.

They wrought so much wickedness and injustice and oppression that they cast me forth from evil into good.

Whenever I turned my face towards this world, I suffered blows and beating from them,

And took refuge from the blows yonder: the wolves were always bringing me back into the Way.

Inasmuch as they contrived the means of my welfare, it behooves me to pray for them, O intelligent one.”

The servant complains to God of pain and smart: he makes a hundred complaints of his pain.

God says, “After all, grief and pain have made you humbly entreating and righteous. Make this complaint of the bounty that befalls you and removes you far from My door and makes you an outcast.”

In reality every foe is your medicine: he is an elixir and beneficial and one that seeks to win your heart; For you flee from him into solitude and would gladly implore help of God’s grace.

Your friends are really enemies, for they make you far from the Presence and occupied.

There is an animal whose name is usghur (porcupine): it is stout and big by blows of the stick.

The more you cudgel it, the more it thrives: it grows fat on blows of the stick.

Assuredly the true believer’s soul is a porcupine, for it is stout and fat by the blows of tribulation.

For this reason the tribulation and abasement upon the prophets is greater than all the creatures in the world,
So that their souls became stouter than souls; for no other class of people suffered that affliction.

The hide is afflicted by the medicine, it becomes sweet like Tā’īf leather;

And if he did not rub the bitter and acrid liquor into it, it would become fetid, unpleasant, and foul-smelling.

Know that Man is an untanned hide, made noisome and gross by humours.

Give bitter and acrid and much rubbing, that he may become pure and lovely and exceedingly strong;

But if you cannot, be content, O cunning one, if God give you tribulation without choice,

For affliction by the Friend is your being purified: His knowledge is above your contrivance.

The affliction becomes sweet when he sees happiness: the medicine becomes sweet when he regards health.

He sees victory for himself in the very essence of checkmate; therefore he says, "Kill me, O trusty ones!"

This policeman became a profit in respect of another, but he became reprobate in respect of himself.

The mercy appertaining to the Faith was cut off from him; the hate inherent in the Devil enfolded him.

He became a factory of anger and hatred: know that hate is the root of error and infidelity.

How they asked Jesus, on whom be peace, saying, “O Spirit of God, what is the hardest thing to bear of all the hard things in existence?”

A sober-minded man said to Jesus, “What is the hardest to bear of all things in existence?”

He replied, “O soul, the hardest is God’s anger, on account of which Hell is trembling as we.”

He said, “What is the security against this anger of God?” Jesus said, “To abandon your own anger at once.”
Therefore, as the policeman became this anger’s mine, his ugly anger surpassed even a wild beast.

What hope is there for him of mercy, unless perchance that graceless man should turn back from that quality?

Although the world cannot do without them, this statement is a casting into error.

The world cannot do without urine either, but that urine is not clear running water.

The lover’s attempted treachery, and how the beloved scolded him.

When that simpleton found her alone, at once he attempted to embrace and kiss her.

The beauty with an awesome demeanor raised her voice against him, saying, “Do not behave impudently, be mindful of good manners!”

He said, “Why, there is privacy, and no people: the water at hand, and a thirsty man like me!

None is moving here but the wind. Who is present? Who will hinder from this conquest?”

“O madman,” said she, “you have been a fool: a fool you are and have not hearkened to the wise.

You saw the wind moving: know that a Mover of the wind is here, who drives the wind along.”

The fan, namely, the direction of its course by God’s action, smote upon this wind and is always keeping it in movement.

The portion of wind that is in our control does not stir till you move the fan.

Without you and without the fan the movement of this portion of wind does not arise, O simpleton.

The movement of the wind of the breath, which is on the lips, follows the course directed by the spirit and the body.

At one time you make the breath to be a eulogy and a message; at another time you make the breath to be a satire and a foul speech.

Understand, then, the cases of other winds; for from a part the intellect perceives the whole.
God sometimes makes the wind vernal:
in December He divests it of this kindliness.

He makes it a *sarsar* (intensely cold and violent) for the people of 'Ad;
again, He makes it perfumed for Hud.

One wind He makes the poison of the simoom;
He makes the advent of the east-wind to be delightful.

He has founded the wind of the breath in you,
in order that thereby you may judge analogically of every wind.

The breath does not become speech without gentleness or harshness:
it is honey for one set of people and poison for another class.

The fan is moving for the benefit of the person,
and for the subjugation of every fly and gnat.

Why should not the fan of Divine fore-ordainment
be fraught with trial and probation?

Inasmuch as the part, namely, the wind of the breath or the fan,
is nothing but a cause of injury or advantage,

How should this north-wind and this east-wind and this west-wind
be remote from favour and conferring bounty?

Look at a handful of wheat froth a granary,
and apprehend that the whole of it will be just like this.

How should the whole of the wind rush forth from the mansion
of the wind in Heaven without the fan of that Driver of the wind?

Is it not the fact that at winnowing-time
the labourers on the threshing-floor beseech God for wind?

In order that the straws may be separated from the wheat,
so that it may go into a granary or pits?

When the blowing wind is long delayed,
you may see them all making humble entreaty to God.

Likewise, in child birth, if the wind of childbirth doesn’t come,
there comes a woeful cry for help.

If they are not aware that He is its Driver,
than what disposes to pray piteously for the wind?

Likewise, those in ship are desirous of the wind:
they all are begging for it from the Lord of Mankind.

Likewise, in toothache you beg ardently and earnestly
to be defended from the wind.
The soldiers beseech God humbly, saying, “Give the wind of victory, O You whose every wish is fulfilled!”

Also, in the throes of childbirth, folk beg from every venerated a piece of paper inscribed with a charm.

Therefore all have known for certain that the wind is sent by the Lord of created beings.

Therefore in the mind of every one possessing knowledge this is certain, that with everything that moves there is a mover.

If you do not see him visibly, apprehend him by means of the manifestation of the effect.

The body is moved by the spirit: you do not see the spirit; but from the movement of the body know the spirit.

He said, “If I am foolish in manners, I am wise in respect of faithfulness and pursuit.”

She replied, “Truly the manners were these which have been seen; as for the other, you yourself know, perverse fellow!

A Sufi came to his house in the daytime: the house had one door, and his wife was with a cobbler.

Pandering to physical temptation the woman slept with her lover in that room.

When in the forenoon the Sufi knocked on the door with all his might, both were at a loss: neither device nor way.

It was never known for him to return home from the shop at that time,

But on that day the alarmed man purposely returned to his house at an unseasonable hour, because he was suspicious.

The wife’s confidence was on the fact that he had never come home from his work at this time.

By destiny, her reasoning did not come right: though He is the Coverer, still He will impose the penalty.

When you have done evil, be afraid, do not be secure, since it is seed, and God will cause it to grow.
For awhile He covers it up, to the end that sorrow and shame for that evil may come to you.

In the time of Umar, that Prince of the Faithful gave a thief over to the executioner and officer of police.

The thief cried out, saying, ‘O Prince of the land, this is my first offence. Mercy!’

‘God protect,’ said ‘Umar, ‘that God should inflict severe punishment the first time.

He covers up many times in order to manifest His grace; then again, He chastises in order to manifest His justice,

‘To the end that both these attributes may be displayed, and the former be hope-inspiring and the latter deterrent’

The woman, too, had committed this wickedness many times: it passed lightly and seemed light to her.

The feeble intelligence was unaware that the pitcher does not for ever come whole from the brook.

That destiny brought her to such straits as sudden death does the hypocrite,

Neither way nor comrade nor quarter, the angel has put out his hand to the soul.

Even as this woman in that chamber of iniquity was paralysed, she and her companion, by the tribulation.

The Sufi said to himself, ‘O you two miscreants, I will take vengeance on you, but with patience.

But at this moment I will feign ignorance, that every ear may not hear this bell.’

He who manifests the right takes vengeance on you secretly, little by little, like the malady of phthisis.

The man suffering from consumption dwindles incessantly like ice, but at every moment he thinks he is better.

Like the hyena which they are catching, and which is duped by their saying, ‘Where is this hyena?’

That woman had no secret room; she had no subterranean cellar or passage, no way to the top,

No oven where he might hide, nor any sack that might be a screen for him.
It was like the broad plain of Resurrection Day—
no hollow or hillock or place of refuge.

God has described this distressful place, for the scene of the Congregation;
you will not see therein any unevenness.

How the wife, for the sake of imposition, bid the beloved one under her chador
and offered a false excuse, “for truly, great is your cunning.”

She quickly threw her chadar upon him:
she made the man a woman and opened the door.

Beneath the chadar the man was exposed to view and clearly seen—
very conspicuous, like a camel on a staircase.

She said, ‘it is a lady, one of the notables of the town:
she has her share of wealth and fortune.

I bolted the door,
lest any stranger should come in suddenly unawares.’

The Sufi said, ‘Oh, what service is there for her,
that I may perform it without any thanks or favour?’

She said, ‘her desire is kinship and alliance:
she is an excellent lady, God knows who she is.

She wished to see our daughter privately;
as it happens, the girl is at school;

Then she said, whether she be flour or bran,
with soul and heart I will make her bride.

She has a son, who is not in the town:
he is handsome and clever, an active lad and one that earns a living.’

The Sufi said, ‘We are poor and wretched and inferior;
this lady’s family are rich and respected.

How should this be an equal match for them in marriage?
—one folding door of wood and another of ivory!

In wedlock both the partners must be equal,
otherwise it will pinch, and happiness will not endure.’
How the wife said that she was not bent upon household goods and that what she wanted was modesty and virtue; and how the Sufi answered her cryptically.

She said, ‘I gave such an excuse, but she said, No, I am not one who seeks means.

We are sick and surfeited with possessions and gold; we are not like the common folk in regard to coveting and amassing.

Our quest is modesty and purity and virtue: truly, welfare in both worlds depends on that.’

The Sufi once more made the excuse of poverty and repeated it, so that it should not be hidden.

The wife replied, ‘I too have repeated it and have explained our lack of household goods;

Her resolution is firmer than a mountain, for she is not dismayed by a hundred povetries.

She keeps saying, what I want is chastity: the thing sought from you is sincerity and high-mindedness.’

The Sufi said, ‘In sooth she has seen and is seeing our household goods and possessions, the overt and the covert—

A narrow house, a dwelling-place for a single person, where a needle would not remain hid.

Moreover, she in innocence knows better than we modesty and purity and renunciation and virtue.

She knows better than we the aspects of modesty, and the rear and front and head and tail of modesty.

Evidently she is without household goods and servant, and she herself is well-acquainted with virtue and modesty.

It is not required of a father to dilate on modesty, when in her it is manifest as a bright day.’

I have told this story with the intent that you may not weave idle talk when the offence is glaring.

O you who are likewise excessive in your pretension, to you there has been this exertion and belief.

You have been unfaithful, like the Sufi’s wife: you have opened in fraud the snare of cunning,
The purpose for which God is called Sami (Hearing) and Basir (Seeing)

God has called Himself Basir, in order that His seeing you may at every moment be a deterrent.

God has called Himself Sami, in order that you may close your lips from foul speech.

God has called Himself Alim, in order that you may fear to meditate a wicked deed.

These are not proper names applicable to God: for even a Negro may have the name Kafur (Camphor).

The Names are derivative and denote Eternal Attributes: they are not unsound like the First Cause.

Otherwise, it would be ridicule and mockery and deception, a deaf person Sami and blind men Ziya;

Or Hayi should be the proper name of an impudent fellow, or Sabib the name of a hideous moor.

You may confer the title of Haji (Pilgrim) or Ghazi (Holy Warrior) on a newborn child for the purpose of lineage;

If these titles are used in praise, they are not correct unless he possess that quality.

God is clear of what the unrighteous say.

I knew, before meeting, that you are good-looking but evil-natured;

I knew, before coming face to face, that by reason of rebelliousness you are set fast in damnation.

When my eye is red with disease, I know it is from the disease, if I do not see it.

You deem me as a lamb without the shepherd; you thought that I have none keeping watch.

The cause why lovers have moaned in grief is that they have rubbed their eyes inappropriately.

They have regarded that Gazelle as being without a shepherd; they have regarded that Captive as cost-free,
Till an arrow from the glance comes upon the heart, to say, 'I am the Keeper: do not look wantonly.

How am I meaner than a lamb, meaner than a kid, that there should not be a keeper behind me?

I have a Keeper whom it beseems to hold dominion: He knows the wind that blows upon me.

Whether that wind was cold or hot, that Knowing One is not unaware, is not absent, O infirm man.

The appetitive soul is deaf and blind to God: I with my heart was seeing your blindness from afar.

For eight years I did not inquire after you at all, because I saw you full of ignorance, fold on fold.

Why, indeed, should I inquire after one who is in the bath-stove, and say 'How are you?' when he is headlong?

Comparison of this world to a bath-stove and of piety to the bath

The lust of this world is like the bath-stove by which the bath, piety, is resplendent;

But the pious man's portion from this stove is purity, because he is in the hot-bath and in cleanliness.

The rich resemble those who carry dung for the bath-keeper's fire-making.

God has implanted cupidity in them, in order that the bath may be hot and well-provided.

Abandon this stove and advance into the hot-bath: know that abandonment of the stove is the very essence of that bath.

Anyone who is in the stove is as a servant to him that is self-denying and on his guard.

Whoever has entered the bath, his sign is visible upon his comely face.

The signs of the stokers are conspicuous too—in their dress and in the smoke and dust.

And if you see not his face, smell him; smell is a staff for every one that is blind;
And if you have not smell, induce him to speak, and from the new talk learn the old secret.

Then a gold-possessing stoker will say, “I have brought in twenty baskets of filth, till nightfall.”

Your cupidity is like fire in the world: every tongue has opened a hundred mouths.

In the sight of Reason, this gold is foul as dung, although, like dung, it is the blazing of the fire.

The sun, which emulates the fire, makes the moist filth fit for the fire.

The sun also made the stone gold, in order that a hundred sparks might fall into the stove of cupidity.

He who says, “I have collected riches”—what is it? It means, “I have brought in all this filth.”

Although this saying is exceedingly disgraceful, there are boasts on this account amongst the stokers.

“You have carried six baskets before nightfall; I have carried twenty baskets without trouble.”

He that was born in the stove and never saw purity, the smell of musk produces a painful effect upon him.

قصصٍ أن دباغاً كَهَّ در بازار عطارةً از بوَى عطر و مشكَّ بَيْ هوش و رنجور شد

Story of the tanner who fainted and sickened on smelling attar and musk in the bazaar of the perfumers.

A certain man fell senseless and curled up as soon as he came into the bazaar of the perfumers.

The scent of the perfume from the goodly perfumers smote him, so that his head reeled and he fell on the spot.

He fell unconscious, like a carcase, at noontide in the middle of the thoroughfare.

Thereupon the people gathered over him, all crying La hawl and applying remedies.

One was putting his hand on his heart, while another sprinkled rose-water upon him;
He did not know that from rose-water in the meadow that calamity had overtaken him.

One was massaging his hands and head, and another was bringing moist clay mixed with straw;

One compounded incense of aloes-wood and sugar, while another was divesting him of part of his clothes;

And another felt his pulse, to see how it was beating; and another was smelling his mouth,

To see whether he had drunk wine, eaten hashish: the people remained in despair at his insensibility

So they speedily brought the news to his kinsfolk—

“Such and such a person is lying there in a state of collapse; No one knows how he was stricken with catalepsy, or what it was that led to this public exposure.”

That stout tanner had a brother, cunning and sagacious: he came at once in hot haste.

A small quantity of dog shit in his sleeve, he cut the crowd and approached with cries of grief.

“I know,” said he, “whence his illness arises: when you know the cause, the curing is manifest. When the cause is unknown, the remedy for the illness is difficult, and in that there are a hundred grounds to which it may be referred; When you have ascertained the cause, it becomes easy: knowledge of causes is the means of expelling ignorance.”

He said to himself, “The smell of that dog’s shit is multiplied in his brain and veins.

Up to the waist in filth, he is absorbed in the tanner’s craft till nightfall, seeking his livelihood.

Thus then has the great Galen said: ‘Give the patient that to which he was habituated before his illness; For his illness arises from doing the contrary to his usual habit: therefore seek the remedy for his illness in that which is habitual to him.’

He, from carrying dung, has become like the dung-beetle: the dung-beetle is made insensible by rose-water.

The remedy for him consists in that same dog’s dung to which he is habituated and accustomed.”
Recite, the wicked women for the wicked men:
recognise the front and the back of this saying.

The sincere mentors prepare medicine for him
with ambergris or rose-water to open the door;

Sweet words will not do for the wicked:
it is not fitting and suitable, O you trusty ones!

When from the perfume of the Revelation they became crooked and lost,
their lament was, and “We augur evil from you.

This discourse is illness and sickness to us:
your exhortation is not of good omen to us.

If you once begin to admonish overtly,
at that instant we will stone you.

We have waxed fat on frivolity and diversion:
we have not steeped ourselves in admonition.

Our food is falsehood and idle boasts and jests:
our stomachs are turned by your delivering this message.

You are making the illness hundredfold and more:
you are drugging the intelligence with opium.”

The youth kept driving the people away from him,
in order that those persons might not see his treatment.

He brought his head to his ear, like one telling a secret;
then he put the thing to his nose;

For he had rubbed the dog’s shit on his palm:
he had deemed it the remedy for the polluted brain.

A short while passed: the man began to move:
the people said, “This was a wonderful charm;
For this recited charms and breathed into his ear: he was dead:
the charms came to succour him.”

The movement of iniquitous folk is to the quarter
in which there is fornication and ogling glances and eyebrows.

Anyone to whom the musk, admonition, is of no use
must necessarily make himself familiar with the bad smell.
God has called the polytheists najas (uncleanness) for the reason that they were born in dung from of old.

The worm that has been born in dung will nevermore change its evil nature by means of ambergris.

Since the largesse of sprinkled light did not strike upon him, he is wholly body, without heart, like husks.

And if God gave him a portion of the sprinkled light, the dung hatched a bird, as is the custom in Egypt—

But not the cheap domestic fowl; nay, but the bird of knowledge and wisdom.

“You resemble that for you are devoid of that light, inasmuch as you are putting your nose to filth.”

Because of being parted your cheeks and face have become yellow you are yellow leaves and raw fruit.

The pot was blackened by the fire and became like smoke in colour, the meat, on account of hardness, has remained so raw as this!

Eight years have I boiled, you in separation: your rawness and hypocrisy have not become less by a single mote.

Your young grape is hardened; for through sickness the young grapes are now raisins, while you are immature.”

How the lover begged to be excused for his sin, with duplicity and dissimulation; and how the beloved perceived that also.

The lover said, “I made the trial—do not take offence—that I might see whether you are a courtesan or a modest woman.

I knew without the trial, but how should hearing be the same as seeing?

You are the sun: your name is renowned and known to all: what harm is there if I have tested it?

You are I: every day I am making trial of myself in profit and loss.

The prophets were put to the trial by their enemies, with the result that miracles were displayed by them.
I made trial of my own eye with light,
O you from whose eyes may the evil eye be far!
This world is as the ruin and you the treasure:
if I have made investigation concerning your treasure, be not aggrieved.
I recklessly committed such an indiscretion,
that I may always boast to enemies;
So that, when my tongue bestows a name on you,
my eye may give testimonies of this which I have seen.

If I have sought to rob you of your honour I come, O Moon,
with sword and winding-sheet.

Do not cut off my feet and head save with your own hand,
for I belong to this hand, not to another hand.
You are talking again of separation:
do whatsoever you will, but do not this!”

The way is now made into the realm of Discourse;
it is impossible to speak, since there is no time.

We have told the husks, but the kernel is buried;
if we remain, this will not remain as it is now.

How the beloved rejected the excuses of the lover and rubbed his duplicity into him

The loved one opened her lips to answer him, saying,
"On my side it is day, and on your side it is night.
Why in contention do you bring forward
dark evasions before those who see?
To us, all the deceit and dissimulations that you have in your heart
are manifest and clear as day.
If we, in kindness to our servant, cover it up,
why do you carry shamelessness beyond the limit?
Learn from your Father;
for in sin Adam came down willingly to the vestibule
When he beheld that Knower of secrets,
he came down to ask forgiveness.
He seated himself on the ashes of contrition:
he did not jump from one branch of idle pleading to another
He said only, ‘O Lord, truly we have done wrong,’
when he saw the life-guards in front and behind.

He saw the life-guards who are invisible, as the spirit is—
each one’s mace to the sky—

Saying ‘Hola! Be the ant before Solomon,
lest this mace cut you in two.

Do not for one moment stand but in the place of truth:
a man has no guardian like the eye.

If the blind man be purified by admonition,
he continually becomes polluted again.

O Adam, you are not blind of vision,
but when the Divine destiny comes, the sight becomes blind.”

Lifetimes are needed—rarely and occasionally—
for the seeing man to fall by destiny into the pit.

As regards the blind man, this destiny in sooth is his companion on the way;
for it is his nature and disposition to fall.

He falls into the filth and does not know what the smell is;
“Is this smell from me or from being polluted?”

And likewise, if any one sprinkles some musk over him,
he thinks it from himself and not from the kindness of his friend.

Therefore to you, O man of vision,
two clear eyes are a hundred mothers and a hundred fathers;

Especially the eye of the heart, which is seventy-fold
and of which these two sensible eyes are the gleaners

Oh, alas, the highwaymen are seated:
they have tied a hundred knots beneath my tongue.

How should the smooth-paced horse move well, when his leg is tied?
This is a very heavy chain: hold me excused!

These words are coming brokenly, O heart;
for these words are pearls, and jealousy is the mill;

Though the pearls are broken into small fragments,
they become polishing powder for the sore eye.

O pearl, do not beat your head at your being broken,
for through being broken you will become light.

It has to be uttered thus brokenly and in bandages:
God, who is Self-sufficient, will make it whole at last.
If wheat is broken and torn asunder, it appears in the shop, saying, “Look! A perfect loaf!”

“You too, O lover, since your crime has become manifest, abandon water and oil and be broken.

Those who are the elect children of Adam sigh forth, ‘truly we have done wrong.’

Submit your petition; do not argue like the accursed hard-faced Iblis.

If impudence concealed his fault, go; exert yourself in obstinacy and impudence!

Abu Jahl, like a vindictive Ghuzz Turcoman, demanded a miracle from the Prophet;

But that Siddiq of God did not crave a miracle: he said, ‘Truly, this face speaks nothing but truth.’

How should it be like you, from egoism, to make trial of a beloved like me?”

How the Jew said to Ali, may God honour his person, “If you have confidence in God’s protection, cast yourself down from the top of this kiosk”; and how the Prince of the Faithful answered him.

One day a contumacious man, who was ignorant of the reverence due to God, said to Murtaza,

On the top of an exceedingly high terrace or pavilion, “Are you conscious of God’s protection, O intelligent man?”

“Yes,” he replied; “He is the Protector and the Self-sufficient for my existence from infancy and conception.”

He said, “Come, cast yourself down from the roof, put an entire confidence in the protection of God, So that your sure faith and your goodly proven conviction may become evident to me.”

Then the Prince said to him, “Be silent, go, lest for this boldness your soul be pawned.”

How is it right for a servant to venture on an experiment with God by making trial?
How should a servant have the stomach vaingloriously to put Him to the test, O mad fool?

To God belongs that, which brings forward a test for His servants at every moment,

In order that He may show us plainly to ourselves what beliefs we hold in secret.

Did Adam ever say to God, 

“I made trial of You in this sin and trespass,

That I might see the utmost limit of Your clemency, O King?”

Ah, who would be capable of this, who?

Forasmuch as your understanding is confused,
your excuse is worse than your crime.

How can you make trial of Him who raised aloft the vault of heaven?

O you that have not known good and evil,
make trial of yourself, and then of others.

When you have made trial of yourself, O such-and-such,
you will be unconcerned with making trial of others.

When you have come to know that you are a grain of sugar,
then you will know that you belong to the sugar-house.

Know, then, without making any trial, that you are sugar,
God will not send you to the wrong place.

Without making trial, know this of the King’s knowledge:
when you are a chief, He will not send you to the vestibule.

Does any intelligent man let a precious pearl fall into the midst of a privy full of ordure?

Inasmuch as a sagacious and attentive man will nowise send wheat to a straw-barn,

If a novice has made trial of the Shaykh who is the leader and guide,
he is an ass.

If you make trial of him in the way of religion,
you will be tried, O man without faith.

Your audacity and ignorance will become naked and exposed to view:
how should he be made naked by that scrutiny?

If the mote come and weigh the mountain, its scales will be shattered by the mountain, O youth;
For he applies the scales of his own judgement and puts the man of God in the scales;

Since he is not contained by the scales of intellect, consequently he shatters the scales of intellect.

Know that to make trial is like exercising authority over him: do not seek to exercise authority over such a king.

What authority should the pictures desire to exercise over such an Artist for the purpose of testing Him?

If it has known and experienced any trial, is it not the case that the Artist brought that upon it?

Indeed, this form that He fashioned—what is it worth in comparison with the forms which are in His knowledge?

When the temptation to make this trial has come to you, know that ill fortune has come and smitten your neck.

When you feel such a temptation, at once, at once turn unto God and begin the prostration.

Make the place of prostration wet with flowing tears and say, “O God, do You deliver me from this doubt!”

At the time when it is your object to make trial, the mosque, namely, your religion, becomes filled with kharrúb.

Story of the Farther Mosque and the carob and how, before Solomon, on whom be peace, David, on whom be peace, resolved on building that Mosque.

When David's resolve that he would build the Farther Mosque with stone came to sore straits,

God made a Revelation to him, saying, “Proclaim the abandonment of this, for this place will not be achieved by your hand.

It is not in Our fore-ordainment that you should raise this Farther Mosque (al Aqsa in Jerusalem), O chosen one.”

He said, “O Knower of the secret, what is my crime, that You forbid me to construct the Mosque?”

He said, “Without a crime, you have wrought much bloodshed: you have taken upon your neck the blood of persons who have suffered injustice;
For from your voice a countless multitude gave up the ghost and fell a prey to it.

Much blood has gone to the score of your voice, to your beautiful soul-ravishing song.”

He said, “I was overpowered by You, drunk with You: my hand was tied up by Your hand.

Was not every one that was overpowered by the King the object of mercy? Was not he ‘The overpowered is like the non-existent’?”

He said, “This overpowered man is that non-existent one who is only relatively non-existent. Have sure faith!

Such a non-existent one who has gone from himself is the best of beings, and the great.

He has passed away (*fana*) in relation to the Divine attributes; in passing away he really has the life everlasting (*baqa*).

All spirits are under his governance; all bodies too are in his control.

He that is overpowered in Our grace is not compelled; nay, he is one who freely chooses devotion.”

In truth the end of free-will is that his free-will should be lost here.

The free agent would feel no savour if at last he did not become entirely purged of egoism.

If there is delicious food and drink in the world, his pleasure is a branch of the extinction of pleasure.

Although he was unaffected by pleasures, he was a man of pleasure and became the recipient of pleasure.
Explanation of “Truly, the Faithful are brothers, and the ulama are as one soul”; in particular, the oneness of David, Solomon, and all the other prophets, on whom be peace:

if you disbelieve in one of them, faith in any prophet will not be perfect; and this is the sign of oneness, that if you destroy a single one of those thousands of houses, all the rest will be destroyed, and not a single wall will be left standing; for “We make no distinction between any of them.”

Indication is sufficient for him that has intelligence: this goes even beyond indication.

Although it will not be accomplished by your labour and strength, yet the Mosque will be erected by your son.

His deed is your deed, O man of wisdom: know that between the Faithful is an ancient union.”

The Faithful are numerous, but the Faith is one: their bodies are numerous, but their soul is one.

Besides the understanding and soul which is in the ox and the ass, Man has another intelligence and soul;

Again, in the owner of that breath there is a soul other than the human soul and intelligence.

The animal soul does not possess oneness: seek not you this oneness from the airy spirit.

If this one eats bread, that one is not filled; and if this one bears a load, that one does not become laden;

Nay, but this one rejoices at the death of that one and dies of envy when he sees that one’s prosperity.

The souls of wolves and dogs are separate, every one; the souls of the Lions of God are united.

I have spoken of their souls nominally in the plural, for that single soul is a hundred in relation to the body.

Just as the single light of the sun in heaven is a hundred in relation to the house-courts,

But when you remove the wall, all the lights on them are one.
When the houses have no foundation remaining, the Faithful remain one soul.

Differences and difficulties arise from this saying, because this is not a similitude: it is a comparison.

Endless are the differences between the corporeal figure of a lion and the figure of a courageous son of man;

But at the moment of the comparison consider, O you who have good insight, their oneness in respect of hazarding their lives;

For, after all, the courageous man did resemble the lion; he is not like the lion in all points of the definition.

This abode does not contain any form one, so that I might show forth to you a similitude.

Still, I will bring to hand an imperfect comparison that I may redeem your mind from confusion.

At night a lamp is placed in every house, in order that by its light they may be delivered from darkness.

That lamp is this body, its light like the soul; it requires a wick and this and that.

That lamp with six wicks, namely, these senses, is based entirely upon sleep and food.

Without food and sleep it would not live half a moment; nor even with food and sleep does it live either.

Without wick and oil it has no duration, and with wick and oil it is also faithless,

Inasmuch as its light, related to causes, is seeking death: how should it live when bright day is the death of it?

Likewise all the human senses are impermanent, because they are nothing in the presence of the Day of Resurrection.

The light of the senses and spirits of our fathers is not wholly perishable and nothing, like the grass;

But, like the stars and moonbeams, they all vanish in the radiance of the Sun.

It is just as the smart and pain of the flea's bite disappears when the snake comes in to you.

It is just as the naked man jumped into the water, that in the water he might escape from the sting of the hornets:
The hornets circle above, and when he puts out his head they do not spare him.

The water is remembrance of God, and the hornet is the remembrance, during this time, of such-and-such a woman or such-and-such a man.

Swallow your breath in the water of recollection and show fortitude, that you may be freed from the old thought and temptation.

After that, you yourself will assume the nature of that pure water entirely from head to foot.

As the noxious hornet flees from the water, so will it be afraid of you.

After that, be far from the water, if you wish; for in your inmost soul you are of the same nature as the water, O fellow-servant.

Those persons, then, who have passed from the world are not anything, but they are steeped in the Attributes.

All their attributes are in the Attributes of God,

even as the star is without trace in the presence of the sun.

If you demand a citation from the Qur’an, O recalcitrant, recite all of them shall be brought into Our presence.

Muhdarun is not non-existent ma’dúm. Consider well, that you may gain certain knowledge of the everlasting life (baqa) of the spirits.

The spirit debarred from everlasting life is exceedingly tormented; the spirit united in everlasting life is free from barrier.

I have told you the purpose of this lamp of animal sense-perception. Beware of seeking to become one.

Make your spirit, O such-and-such, to be united speedily with the holy spirits of the Travellers.

Your hundred lamps, then, whether they die or whether they stand, are separate and are not single.

On that account these companions of ours are all at war, no one heard of war amongst the prophets,

Because the light of the prophets was the Sun, the light of our senses is lamp and candle and smoke.

One dies, one lasts till daybreak; one is dim, another bright.

The animal soul is alive by nourishment; however good or bad its state may be, it dies all the same.
If this lamp dies and is extinguished, how should the neighbour’s house become dark?

Inasmuch as without this the light in that house is still maintained, hence the lamp of sense-perception is different in every house.

This is a parable of the animal soul, not a parable of the divine soul.

Again, when the moon is born from the Hindu, Night, a light falls upon every window.

Count the light of those hundred houses as one, for the light of this does not remain without the other.

So long as the sun is shining on the horizon, its light is a guest in every house;

Again, when the spiritual Sun sets, the light in all the houses disappears.

This is a parable of the Light, not a similitude; for you a true guide, for the enemy a highwayman.

That evil-natured person resembles the spider: he weaves stinking veils.

Of his own gossamer he made a veil over the Light: he made the eye of his apprehension blind.

If one takes hold of a horse’s neck, he gains advantage; and if he takes hold of its leg, he receives a kick.

Do not mount the restive horse without a bridle: make Reason and Religion your leader, and farewell.

Do not look scornfully and contemptuously on this quest, for in this Way there is self-denial and grievous anguish to souls.

The rest of the Story of the building of the Farther Mosque

When Solomon began the building—holy like the Ka’ba, august like Mina—

In his building were seen splendour and magnificence: it was not frigid like other buildings.

From the first, every stone in the building—that was broken off from the mountain—was saying clearly, ”Take me along!”
As from the water and earth of the house of Adam, did light shine forth from the pieces of mortar.

The stones were coming without carrier, and those doors and walls had become living.

God says that the ‘wall of Paradise is not lifeless and ugly like walls;

Like the door and wall of the body, it is with intelligence: the house is living since it belongs to the King of kings.

Both tree and fruit and limpid water with the inhabitant of Paradise in conversation and discourse,

Because Paradise has not been fashioned out of materials; nay, but it has been fashioned out of deeds and intentions.

This edifice has been of dead water and earth, while that edifice has arisen from living piety.

This resembles its foundation full of defect, and that its foundation, which is knowledge and action.

Both throne and palace and crown and robes are in question and reply with the inhabitant of Paradise.

The carpet is folded without the farrash (carpet-spreaders); the house is swept without the broom.

Behold the house of the heart: it was disordered by cares: without sweeper it was swept by repentance.

Its throne moved along without carrier; its door-ring and door became musician and singer.

The life of the everlasting Abode exists in the heart: since it comes not on to my tongue, what is the use?

When Solomon went into the Mosque every morning to guide the servants in the right way,

He would give exhortation, sometimes by speech and melody and harmony, sometimes by act—I mean a bowing or prayer.

The exhortation of act draws people more powerfully, for it reaches the soul of every one that has hearing and the deaf.

In that the conceit of princedom is less: the impression made by it upon the followers is strong.
Story of the beginning of the Caliphate of Uthman, may God be well-pleased with him, and his sermon expounding that the doer who exorts by deeds is better than the speaker who exorts by words.

The story of Uthman is that he mounted the pulpit when he obtained the Caliphate, he made hot haste.

The pulpit of the Chief, which had three steps.
Abu Bakr went and seated himself on the second step.

Umar, in his reign, on the third step in order to show reverence for Islam and the Religion.

The reign of Uthman arrived, he, that man of praised fortune, went up on to the top of the throne and seated himself.

Then a person given to idle meddling questioned him, saying, "Those two did not sit in the Prophet's place:

How, then, have you sought to be higher than they, when you are inferior to them in rank?"

He replied, "If I tread on the third step, it will be imagined that I resemble Umar; I seek a seat on the second step, you will say, 'it is Abu Bakr, and this one too is like him.'"

This top is the place of Mustafa: no one will imagine that I am like that King."

Afterwards, in the preaching-place, that loving man kept silence till near the afternoon-prayer.

None dared to say "Come now, preach!" or to go forth from the mosque during that time.

Awe had settled on high and low: the court and roof had become filled with the Light of God.

Whoever possessed vision was beholding His Light; the blind man too was being heated by that Sun.

Hence, by reason of the heat, the blind man's eye perceived that there had arisen a Sun whose strength does not fail.

But this heat opens the eye, that it may see the very substance of everything heard.

Its heat has a grievous agitation and emotion, from that glow there comes to the heart a joyous freedom, an expansion.
When the blind man is heated by the Light of Eternity, from gladness he says, “I have become seeing.”

You are very drunk, but, O Bu 'l-Hasan, there is a bit of way to seeing.

This is the blind man’s portion from the Sun, a hundred such; and God best know what is right.

And he that has vision of that Light—how should the explanation of him be a task of Bu Sina?

If it be hundredfold, who is this tongue that it should move with its hand the veil of clairvoyance?

Woe to it if it touches the veil! The Divine sword severs its hand.

What of the hand? It rends off even its head—the head that from ignorance puts forth many a head.

I have said this to you, speaking hypothetically; otherwise, indeed, how far is its hand from being able to do that!

If the aunt had balls, she would have been an uncle: this is hypothetical—“if there were.”

I say that between the tongue and the eye that is free from doubt there is a hundred thousand years, it is little.

Now come, do not despair! When God wills, light arrives from heaven in a single moment.

At every instant His power causes a hundred influences from the stars to reach the mines.

The star of heaven deletes the darkness; the star of God is fixed in His Attributes.

O you that seek help, the celestial sphere, of five hundred years’ journey, is in effect near to the earth.

It is three thousand five hundred years to Saturn; his special property acts incessantly.

He rolls it up like a shadow at the return: in the sun’s presence what is the length of the shadow?

And from the pure star like souls replenishment is ever coming to the stars of heaven.

The outward of those stars is our ruler; our inward has become the ruler of the sky.
Explaining that philosophers say that Man is the microcosm, theosophists say that Man is the macrocosm, the reason being that philosophy is confined to the phenomenal form of Man, whereas theosophy is connected with the essential truth of his true nature.

Therefore in form you are the microcosm, therefore in reality you are the macrocosm.

Externally the branch is the origin of the fruit; intrinsically the branch came into existence for the sake of the fruit.

If there had not been desire and hope of the fruit, how should the gardener have planted the root of the tree?

Therefore in reality the tree was born of the fruit, if in appearance it was generated by the tree.

Hence Mustafa said, “Adam and the prophets are behind me under banner.”

For this reason that master of sorts of knowledge has uttered the allegorical saying, “We are the last and the foremost.”

“If in appearance I am born of Adam, in reality I am the forefather of forefather,

Since the worship of the angels was to him for my sake, and he ascended to the Seventh Heaven on my account

Therefore in reality the Father was born of me, therefore in reality the tree was born of the fruit.”

The thought, which is first, comes last into actuality, in particular the thought that is eternal.

To sum up, in a single moment the caravan is going from Heaven and coming here.

This way is not long for this caravan: how should the desert show itself formidable to him who has been granted success?

The heart is faring to the Ka‘ba at every moment, and through bounty the body assumes the nature of the heart.

This length and shortness appertains to the body: where God is, what is “long” and “short”?

When God has transmuted the body, He makes its faring to be without league or mile.
There are a hundred hopes at this time.
Step, O youth, like a lover and relinquish disputation.

Albeit you are closing your eyelids,
you are asleep in the ship and voyaging.

Exposition of the Hadith, “The parable of my community is the parable of the Ship of Noah: whoso shall cling to it is saved, and whoso shall hold back from it is drowned.”

On this account the Prophet said,
“I am as the Ship in the Flood of Time.
I and my Companions are as the Ship of Noah: whoever clings will gain graces.”

When you are with the Shaykh you are far removed from wickedness:
day and night you are a traveller and in a ship.

You are under the protection of a life-giving spirit:
you are asleep in the ship; you are going on the way.

Lion though you are, you are self-conceited and in error and contemptible
when you go on the way without a guide.

Beware! Do not fly but with the wings of the Shaykh,
that you may see the aid of the armies of the Shaykh.

At one time the wave of his mercy is your wing,
at another moment the fire of his wrath is your carrier.

Do not reckon his wrath to be the contrary of his mercy:
behold the oneness of both in the effect.

At one time he will make you green like the earth,
at another time he will make you full of wind, and big.

He gives the quality of inorganic things to the body of the knower,
in order that gay roses and eglantines may grow on it;

But he alone sees, none sees but he:
Paradise yields no scent but to the purified brain.

Empty your brain of disbelief in the Friend,
that it may feel sweet odours from the rose-garden of the Friend;
So that you may feel the scent of Paradise from my Friend, as Mohammed the scent of the Merciful from Yemen

If you stand in the rank of those who make the ascension, not-being will bear you aloft, like Buraq.

It is not like the ascension of a piece of earth to the moon; nay, but like the ascension of a cane to sugar.

It is not like the ascension of a vapour to the sky; nay, but like the ascension of an embryo to rationality.

The steed of not-being became a goodly Buraq: it brings you to existence, if you are non-existent.

Its hoof brushes the mountains and seas till it puts the world of sense perception behind.

Set your foot into the ship and keep going quickly, like the soul going towards the soul's Beloved.

No hands and no feet, go to Eternity in the same fashion as that in which the spirits sped from non-existence.

If there had not been somnolence in the hearer's hearing, the veil of logical reasoning would have been torn asunder in the discourse.

O Heaven, shower pearls on his advice!

O World, have shame of his world!

If you will shower, your substance will become hundredfold: your inorganic will become seeing and speaking.

Therefore you will have scattered a largesse for your own sake, inasmuch as every stock of yours will be increased a hundredfold.

قصة هديه فرستدان بلقيس از شهر سيا سوري سليمان عليه السلام

Story of Bilqís sending a gift from the city of Saba to Solomon, on whom be peace.

The gift of Bilqís was forty mules: their whole load consisted of bricks of gold.

When he reached the open plain, belonging to Solomon, he saw that its carpet was entirely of solid gold.

He rode on gold for the distance of forty stages, till gold had no more esteem in his sight.

Times they said, “Let us take the gold back to the treasury: what a quest are we in!
A spacious land of which the soil is pure gold—
to bring gold thither as a gift is folly.”

O you who have brought intelligence to God as a gift,
there intelligence is less than the dust of the road.

When the worthlessness of the gift became apparent there,
shamefacedness was drawing them back;

Again they said, “Whether it is worthless or valuable,
what matter to us? We are slaves to the command.

Whether we have to bring gold or earth,
the command of the one who gives the command is to be executed.

If they command you to bring it back,
take the gift back according to the command.”

When Solomon beheld that, he laughed, saying,
“When did I seek broken bread (tharid) from you?
I do not bid you bestow gifts on me;
nay, I bid you be worthy of the gifts;
For I have rare gifts from the Unseen,
which human beings dare not even ask for.
You worship the star that makes gold:
turn your faces towards Him that makes the star.
You worship the sun in heaven,
having despised the Spirit of high price.
The sun, by command of God, is our cook:
it is folly that we should say it is God.
If your sun be eclipsed, what will you do?
How will you expel that blackness from it?
Will not you bring your headache to the court of God, saying,
‘Take the blackness away, give back the radiance!’
If they would kill you at midnight, where is the sun,
that you should wail and beg protection of it?
Calamities, for the most part, happen in the night;
and at that time the object of your worship is absent.
If you sincerely bow to God, you will be delivered from the stars:
you will become intimate.
When you become intimate, I will open my lips with you,
that you may behold a Sun at midnight.
It has no location but the pure spirit:
in its rising, there is no difference between day and night.

It is day when it rises;
when it begins to shine, night is night no more.

As the mote appears in the presence of the sun,
even such is the sun in the pure substance.

The sun that becomes resplendent,
and before which the sight is blunted and dazzled—

You will see it as a mote in the light of the Divine Throne,
beside the illimitable abounding light of the Divine Throne.

You will deem it base and lowly and impermanent,
strength has come to your eye from the Creator.”

The Philosophers’ Stone from which a single impression
fell on the vapour and it became a star;

The unique elixir of which half a gleam
struck upon darkness and made it the sun;

The marvellous alchemist who by a single operation
fastened all these properties on Saturn

Know, O seeker that the remaining planets
and the spiritual substances are according to the same standard.

The sensuous eye is subject to the sun:
seek and find a divine eye,

In order that the beams of the flaming sun
may become subject before that vision;

For that vision is luminous, while these are igneous:
fire is very dark in comparison with light.

**The miraculous gifts and illumination of Shaykh ‘Abdullah Maghribi,**
**may God sanctify his spirit.**

Shaykh ‘Abdullah Maghribi said,
“During sixty years I never perceived in night the quality of night.

During sixty years I never experienced any darkness,
neither by day nor by night nor from infirmity.”

The Sufis declared his words to be true:
“During the night we would follow him
Into deserts filled with thorns and ditches, he going in front of us like the full moon.

Without looking behind him, he would say, at night-time, ‘Listen! Here is a ditch: turn to the left!’

Then, after a little while, he would say, ‘Turn to the right, because a thorn is before your feet.’

Day would break: we would come to kiss his foot, and his foot would be like the feet of a bride,

No trace of earth or mud on it, not a scratch from thorns or bruise from stones.”

God made the Maghribi a Mashriqi:
He made the place of sunset light-producing like the place of sunrise.

The light of this one who belongs to the Sun of suns is riding:
by day he is guarding high and low.

How should that glorious light,
which brings thousands of suns into view, not be a guardian?

By his light do you walk always in safety amidst dragons and scorpions.

That holy light is going in front of you
and tearing every highwayman to pieces.

Know rightly on the Day when He will not put the Prophet to shame;
read light shall run before them.

Although that will be increased at the Resurrection,
beg of God trial here;

For He bestows spiritual light both on cloud and mist,
and God best knows how to impart.

How Solomon, on whom be peace, bade the envoys of Bilqis return to her with the gifts which they had brought; and how he called Bilqis to the Faith and to abandon sun-worship.

“O shamefaced envoys turn back! The gold is yours:
bring unto me the heart, the heart!

Lay this gold of mine on the top of that gold:
tie all the gold to a mule’s vulva.”
The mule’s vulva is worthy of the gold ring; the lover’s gold is the pallid yellow countenance;

For that is the object of the Lord’s regard, while the mine results from the sun’s casting looks.

How can the sunbeams’ object of regard be compared with an object of regard to the Lord of the quintessence’?

“Make of your souls a shield against my taking captive, though you are my captives even now.”

The bird tempted by the bait is on the roof; with wings outspread, it is imprisoned in the trap.

Inasmuch as with its soul it has given its heart to the bait, deem it caught, though apparently it is still free.

Deem the looks which it is directing to the bait to be the knot that it is tying on its legs.

The bait says, “If you are stealing your looks I am stealing patience and constancy from you.

When those looks have drawn you after me, then you will know that I am not inattentive to you.”

قصه‌ی عطاری که سنگ ترازوی او گل سر شوی بود و دزدیدن مشتری گل خوار از آن گل

Story of the druggist whose balance-weight was clay for washing the head; and how a customer, who was a clay-eater, stole some of that clay covertly and secretly, whilst sugar was being weighed.

A certain clay-eater went to a druggist to buy fine hard sugar-loaf.

Now, at the druggist’s, a crafty vigilant man, in place of the balance-weight there was clay.

He said, “If you want to buy sugar, my balance-weight is clay.”

He said, “I am requiring sugar for an urgent affair: let the balance-weight be whatever you wish.”

To himself he said, “What does the weight matter to one that eats clay? Clay is better than gold.”

As the go-between (dallala) who said, “O son, I have found a very beautiful new bride.
Exceedingly pretty, but there is just one thing, that the lady is a confectioner’s daughter.”

“Better,” said he; “if it is indeed so, his daughter will be fatter and sweeter.”

“If you have no weight and your weight is of clay, this is better and better: clay is the fruit of my heart.”

He placed the clay, because of its being ready, in one scale of the balance instead of the weight;

Then, for the other scale, he was breaking with his hand the equivalent amount of sugar.

Since he had no pick-axe, he took a long time and made the customer sit waiting.

His face was towards that, the clay-eater, unable to restrain himself, began covertly to steal the clay from him,

Terribly frightened lest his eye should fall upon him of a sudden for the purpose of testing

The druggist saw it, but made himself busy, saying, “Come, steal more, O pale-faced one!

If you will be a thief and take some of my clay, go on, for you are eating out of your own side.

You are afraid of me, but because you are an ass: I am afraid you will eat less.

Though I am occupied, I am not such a fool that you should get too much of my sugar-cane.

When you see by experience the sugar, then you will know who was foolish and careless.”

The bird looks pleased at the bait; still, the bait, at a distance, is waylaying it.

If you are deriving some pleasure from the eye’s greed, are not you eating roast-meat from your own side?

This looking from a distance is like arrows and poison: your fond passion is increased and your self-restraint diminished.

Worldly riches are a trap for the weak birds; the kingdom of the next world is a trap for the noble birds,

To the end that by means of this kingdom, which is a deep trap, the great birds may be ensnared.
“I, Solomon, do not desire your kingdom; nay, but I will deliver you from every destruction;

For at this time you are indeed slaves to the kingdom; the owner of the kingdom is he that escaped from destruction.”

Preposterously, O prisoner of this world, you have named yourself prince of this world.

O you slave of this world, you whose spirit is imprisoned, how long will you call yourself lord of the world?

Del dārī kerdān va navaθtān Sālimān, ‘alāl-speed ‘alān rasuλān ra va dafq waθhast ‘aw ‘āzār az ‘al ‘ishān va ‘aθr qabul nāθkūrdān ‘aθīb kerdān ba ‘ishān

How Solomon, on whom be peace, showed affection and kindness to the envoys and removed resentment and injury from their hearts and explained to them the reason for declining the gift.

“O envoys, I will send you as envoys: my refusal is better for you than acceptance.

Relate to Bilqis what marvellous things you have seen concerning the desert of gold,

That she may know we do not covet gold: we have gotten gold from the gold-Creator,

At whose will the whole earth’s soil from end to end would become gold and precious pearls.”

On that account, O you who choose gold, God will make this earth silver on the Day of Resurrection.

“We have no need of gold, for we are very skilful: we make earthly beings entirely golden.

How shall we beg gold of you?
We make you alchemists.

Abandon that, if it is the kingdom of Saba, for beyond water and earth there are many kingdoms.”

That which you have called a throne is a splint-bandage: you deem the seat of honour, but you have remained at the door.

You have not sovereignty over your own beard, how will you exercise sovereignty over good and evil?

Without your wish, your beard grows white: be ashamed of your bend, O you whose hopes are perverse.
He is the Possessor of the Kingdom: whoever lays his head before Him, to him He gives a hundred kingdoms without the terrestrial world;

But the savour of a single prostration before God will be sweeter to you than two hundred empires:

Then you will cry, “I desire not kingdoms: commit unto me the kingdom of that prostration.”

The kings of the world, because of their evil nature, got no scent of the wine of service;

Otherwise, dizzy and dumbfounded like Adham, without delay they would have dashed their sovereignty to pieces.

But, for the maintenance of this world, God set a seal upon their eyes and mouths,

To the end that throne and crown should be sweet to them, “for” “we will exact tribute from the rulers of the world.”

If by way of tribute you amass gold as sand, at last it will be left behind you as an inheritance.

Sovereignty and gold will not accompany your spirit on its journey: give your gold away, get eye salve for your sight,

In order that you may see that this world is a narrow well, and that, like Joseph, you may grasp that rope,

So that, when you come from the well to the roof, the Soul will say, “Oh, good news for me! This is a youth for me.”

In the well there are optical inversions, the least that stones appear to be gold.

To children at play-time, from infirmity, those potsherds appear to be gold and riches.

His gnostics have become alchemists, so that mines have become worthless in their eyes.

How a dervish saw in dream a company of Shaykhs and begged for a daily portion of lawful food without being occupied with earning and being incapacitated from devotional service; and how they directed him, and how the sour and bitter mountain-fruit became sweet to him through the bounty of those Shaykhs.

A certain dervish said in the night-talk, “I saw in dream those connected with Khizr.
I said to them, ‘Where shall I eat a daily portion of lawful food that is not harmful?’

They took me along towards the mountainous country: they were shaking down the fruit from the forest,

Saying, ‘God has made the fruit sweet in your mouth because of our benedictions.

Come, eat clean and lawful, and free of reckoning, without trouble and change of place and up and down.’

Then from that daily provision there appeared in me a speech: savour of my words was transporting minds.

I said, ‘this is a temptation: O Lord of the world, bestow a gift hidden from all creatures!’

Speech departed from me; I gained a joyous heart:

I was bursting with rapture, like the pomegranate;

I said, ‘If there be nothing in Paradise but this delight which I have within my nature,

No other blessing will be desired:

I will not be diverted from this by the houris and sugar-cane.’

Of my earnings one or two small pieces had remained with me, sewn in the sleeve of my jacket (jubba).

How be formed an intention, saying, ‘I will give this money to that carrier of firewood, since I have obtained daily provision through the miraculous gifts of the Shaykhs; and how the carrier of firewood was offended by his secret thought and intention.

A poor man was carrying firewood:

he approached, weary and exhausted, from the forest.

So I said, ‘I am independent of daily bread:

henceforth I have no anxiety for the daily portion.

The loathed fruit has become sweet to me:

a special provision for my body has come to hand.

Since I have been freed from the gullet,

here are some small pieces of money: I will give him these.
I will give this money to this toil-worn man, that for two or three brief days he may be made happy by food.’

He knew my thoughts, because his hearing had illumination from the candle of Hu.

To him the secret of every thought was as a lamp within a glass.

No mental conception was hidden from him: he was ruler over the contents of hearts.

Therefore that wondrous man was muttering to himself under his breath in answer to my thought, ‘You think so concerning the kings: how should you meet the daily provision unless they provide you?’

I did not understand his words, but his rebuke smote my heart mightily.

He approached me with awful manner, like a lion, and laid down his bundle of firewood.

The influence of the ecstatic state in which he laid down the firewood, a trembling fell upon all my seven limbs.

He said, ‘O Lord, if You have elect ones whose prayers are blessed and whose feet are auspicious, I entreat that Your grace may become an alchemist and that this bundle of firewood may be turned into gold at this moment.’

Immediately I saw that his firewood was turned into gold, gleaming brightly on the ground, like fire.

Threat I became beside myself for a long while. When I came to myself out of bewilderment,

He said afterwards, ‘O God, if those great ones are very jealous and are fleeing from celebrity,

At once, without delay, make this a bundle of firewood again, just as it was.’

Immediately those branches of gold turned into firewood: the intellect and the sight were intoxicated at his work.

After that, he took up the firewood and went from me in hot haste towards the town.

I wished to follow that king and ask him about difficulties and hear;
the awe made me bound:
the ordinary have no way to the presence of the elect.”

And if the way become to any one, let him offer his head,
for that comes from their mercy and their drawing.

Therefore, when you gain companionship with the siddiq,
deem that Divine favour to be a precious opportunity.

Not like the fool who wins the favour of the King,
and then lightly and easily falls away from the path.

When more of favour is bestowed on him, then he says,
“Surely this is the thigh of an ox.”

This does not consist of the thigh of an ox, O devisor of falsehood:
to you it appears to be the thigh of an ox because you are an ass.

This is a royal gift devoid of any corruption:
this is pure kindness from a mercy,

How Solomon, on whom be peace, urged the envoys
to hasten the emigration of Bilqis for the Faith’s sake.

Even as in warfare
King Solomon drew the cavalry and foot-soldiers of Bilqis,

Saying, “O honoured men, come quickly, quickly,
for the waves have risen from the sea of bounty.

At every moment the surge of its waves
is scattering shoreward a hundred pearls without danger.

We cry welcome, O people of rightousness,
for now Rizwan has opened the gate of Paradise.”

Then Solomon said, “O couriers,
go to Bilqis and believe in this Religion.

Then bid her come hither with all speed,
for truly God invites to the peace.”

Listen, come speedily, O seeker of happiness,
for now is manifestations and the opening of the door.

O you who are not a seeker, come you also,
that you may gain seeking from this faithful Friend.
The cause of the emigration of Adham, may God sanctify his spirit, and his abandoning the kingdom of Khurasan.

Quickly dash to pieces the kingdom, Adham, that like him you may gain the kingdom of everlasting life.

At night that king was asleep on his throne, on the roof the guards were exercising authority.

The king's purpose in the guards was not that he might thereby keep off robbers and ne'er-do-wells.

He knew that the man who is just is free from attack and secure in his heart.

Justice is the guardian of pleasures; not men who beat their rattles on the roofs at night.

But his object in the sound of the rebeck was, like ardent lovers, the phantasy of that allocution;

The shrill noise of the clarion and the menace of the drum somewhat resemble that universal trumpet.

Hence philosophers have said that we received these harmonies from the revolution of the sphere,

This which people sing with guitar and throat is the sound of the revolutions of the sphere;

The true believers say that the influences of Paradise made every unpleasant sound to be beautiful.

We all have been parts of Adam; we have heard those melodies in Paradise.

Although the water and earth have caused a doubt to fall upon us, something of those comes to our memory;

But since it is mingled with the earth of sorrow, how should this treble and bass give the same delight?

When water is mingled with horse and camel urine, its temperment is made bitter and acid by the commixture.

There is a small quantity of water in his body: suppose it is urine, it will extinguish a fire.

If the water has been defiled, this natural property of it remains, for by its nature it allays the fire of grief.
Therefore *sema* is the food of lovers, since therein is the phantasy of composure.

From sounds and piping the mental images gather strength; no, they become forms.

The fire of love is made keen by melodies, just as the fire of the man who dropped walnuts.

**Story of the thirsty man who dropped walnuts from the top of a walnut-tree into the water-brook that was in the hollow, without reaching the water, in order that he might hear the sound made by the walnuts falling on the water, which thrilled him with joy as sweet music.**

The water was in a deep place: the thirsty man went up the tree and scattered the walnuts one by one.

The water was below at a distance from you,

The more the fruit falls into the water—it

The river-water will have carried it far away before you with effort come down from the top.”

He replied, “My purpose in this scattering is not the walnuts: look more keenly, do not stop at this superficial.

My purpose is that the sound of the water should come; also, that I should see these bubbles on the surface of the water.”

What, indeed, is the thirsty man’s business in the world?

Round the channel and round the Water and the sound of the Water, like a pilgrim circumambulating the Ka’ba of Truth

Even so, in this *Masnavi* you, O Ziya ‘l-Haqq Husamu’din, are my object.

The whole *Masnavi* in its branches and roots is yours: you have accepted.
Kings accept good and bad:
when they accept, it is reprobate no more.

Since you have planted the sapling, give it water.
Since you have given it freedom, untie the knots.

In its expressions my object is your mystery;
in composing it my object is your voice.

To me your voice is the voice of God:
Heaven forbid that the lover is separate from the Beloved.

There is a union beyond description or analogy between the Lord of Man and the spirit of Man.

But I said nas, not nasnas;
nas is none but the spirit that knows the Spirit.

Nas is Man, and where is Manhood?
You have never seen the head of Man: you are a tail.

You have recited you did not throw when you threw
but you are a body: you have remained in division.

Like Bilqís, O foolish one, abandon the kingdom of your body
for the sake of the prophet Solomon.

I am crying “la bawl,” not on account of my own words, nay,
but on account of the false suggestions of the person accustomed to think,

Who is conceiving in his heart a vain fancy about my words,
from the false suggestions and incredulities of thought?

I am crying “la bawl,” that is, “there is no help,”
because in your heart there is a contradiction of me.

Since my words have stuck in your throat, I am silent:
do you speak your own words.

A sweet flute-player was playing the flute:
when he suddenly farted.

He put the ney to his ass, saying,
“If you play it to me, take it and play!”

O Musalman, in the quest, good manners is indeed nothing but forbearance with every one that is unmannerly.

When you see any one complaining
of such and such a person’s ill-nature and bad temper,

Know that the complainant is bad-tempered,
forasmuch as he speaks ill of that bad-tempered person,
Because he is good-tempered who is quietly forbearing towards the bad-tempered and ill-natured.

But in the Shaykh, the complaint is by the command of God; it is not in consequence of anger and contentiousness and vain desire.

It is not a complaint; it is spiritual correction, like the complaints made by the prophets.

Know that the intolerance of the prophets is by command; otherwise, their clemency is exceedingly tolerant of evil.

They mortified their nature in toleration of evil; if there be intolerance, it is Divine.

O Solomon, amidst the crows and falcons is you the clemency of God: consort with all the birds.

Oh, two hundred Bilqís are abased before your clemency, for, “guide my people, truly they know not.”

How Solomon, on whom be peace, sent a threatening message to Bilqís, saying, “Do not think to persist in polytheism and do not make delay.”

“Listen, Bilqís, come! Else, it will be bad: your army will become your enemy and will revolt.

Your chamberlain will destroy your door: your soul with its soul will act as an enemy towards you.”

All the atoms of earth and heaven are God’s army, on putting it to the test.

You have seen what the wind did to the people of ‘Ad, you have seen what the water did at the Deluge;

How that vengeful Sea dashed on Pharaoh, and how this Earth behaved to Qarun;

And what those swifts (babil) did to the Elephant, and how the gnat devoured the skull of Nimrod;

And how a David hurled with his hand a stone became six hundred pieces and shattered an army,

Stones rained upon the enemies of Lot, so that they were sub merged in the black water,
If I relate the help given rationally
to the prophets by the inanimate things of the world,
The \textit{Masnavi} will become of such extent that, if forty camels carry it,
they will be unable to bear the full load.
The hand will give testimony against the infidel
will become an army of God, and will submit.
O you that in your actions have studied to oppose God,
you are in the midst of His army: be afraid!
Every part of you is an army of God
in accord they are obedient to you now, not sincerely.
If He say to the eye, “Squeeze him”,
eye-ache will wreak upon you a hundred vengeances;
And if He says to the teeth, ’Plague,”
then you will suffer chastisement from your teeth.
Open the Medicine and read the chapter on diseases,
that you may see what is done by the army of the body.
Since He is the Soul of the soul of everything,
how is it a light matter to be hostile to the Soul of the soul?
“Let alone the army of demons and genies who,
from the core of their hearts, cleave the ranks for me.
First, O Bilqis relinquish your kingdom:
when you gain me, all the kingdom is yours.
When you have come to me, you yourself will know
that without me you were a picture in the bath-house.”
Even if the picture be the picture of a sultan or a rich man, it is a form:
it has no savour of its own spirit.
Its beauty is for others:
its eyes and mouth are open in vain.
O you who have devoted yourself in strife,
you have not known others from yourself.
You stop at every form that you come to, saying, “I am this.”
By God, you are not that.
You are left alone by people for a single moment;
you remain up to the throat in grief and anxiety.
How are you this? You are that Unique One,
for you are fair and lovely and intoxicated with yourself.
You are your own bird your own prey, and your own snare; you are your own seat of honour, your own floor, and your own roof.

The substance is that which subsists in itself; the accident is that which has become a derivative of it.

If you are born of Adam, sit like him and behold all his progeny in yourself.

What is in the jar that is not in the river? What is in the house that is not in the city?

This world is the jar, and the heart is like the river; this world is the chamber, and the heart is the wonderful city.

How Solomon, on whom be peace, explained, saying, “My labour in your Faith is purely for God’s sake: I have not one atom of self-interest, either as regards your person or your beauty or your kingdom. You yourself will see when the eye of your spirit is opened by the light of God.”
When the alloy came, it became black at once; the gold came in, its goldenness was made manifest.

The gold gladly cast hands and feet into the crucible: its vein laughs in the face of the fire.

Our body is our veil in the world: we are like a sea hidden beneath this straw.

O fool, do not regard the king of the Religion as clay; for the accursed Iblis took this view.

How is it possible to daub this sun with a handful of earth? Pray, tell me!

Though you pour earth and a hundred ashes over its light, it will come up above them.

Who is straw that it should cover the face of the water? Who is clay that it should cover the sun?

O Bilqis arise royally, like Adham: raise the smoke from this kingdom of two or three days’ duration.

The remainder of the story of Ibrahim son of Adham, may God sanctify his spirit.

On a throne, that man of good name heard at night a noise of tramping and shrill cries from the roof.

(He heard) loud footsteps on the roof of the palace, and said to himself, “Who dares to do this?”

He shouted, at the palace-window, “Who is it? This is not a man, belike it is a genie.

A wondrous folk put their heads down, “We are going round by night for the purpose of search.”

“Eh, what are you seeking?” “Camels,” they replied. He said, “Take heed! Whoever sought camel on a roof?”

Then they said to him, “How are you seeking to meet with God on the throne of state?”

That was all. None saw him again: he vanished like a genie from man.

His reality was hidden, though he was in people’s presence: how should the people see anything but beard and frock?
When he became far from his own and the people's eyes, he became renowned in the world, like the 'Anqa.

Whenever the soul of any bird has come to Qaf, the entire world boasts and brags on account of it.

When this orient light reached Saba, a tumult arose in Bilqis and her people.

All the dead spirits took wing;
the dead put forth their heads from the grave, the body.

They gave the good news to one another, saying, “Listen! Lo, a voice is coming from Heaven.”

At that voice religions wax great;
the leaves and boughs of the heart become green.

Like the blast of the trumpet that breath from Solomon delivered the dead from the tombs.

May felicity be yours after this! This is past.
God best knows the certain truth.

The rest of the story of the people of Saba, and of the admonition and guidance given by Solomon, on whom be peace, to the kinsfolk of Bilqis—to everyone suitable to his religious and spiritual difficulties; and how he caught each sort of conceptional bird with the whistle and bait proper for that sort of bird.

I will tell the story of Saba in lover's style.
When the Zephyr came towards the tulip-field,

The bodies met the day of their union:
the children turned again in the direction of their home.

Amongst the communities the community of secret Love is like a liberality surrounded by the meanness of distemper.

The baseness of spirits is from their bodies;
the nobility of bodies is from their spirits.

O lovers, the draught is given to you. You are the everlasting:
everlastingly is bestowed on you.

O you that are forgetful arise and love!
That is the wind of Joseph: smell!
Come, O bird-speech of Solomon, 
sing the song of every bird that comes.

Since God has sent you to the birds, 
He has instructed you in the note of every bird.

To the necessitarian bird speak the language of necessitarianism; 
to the bird whose wings are broken speak of patience.

Keep the patient bird happy and free from harm; 
to the bird ‘Anqa recite the descriptions of Mount Qaf.

Bid the pigeon to beware of the falcon; 
to the falcon speak of forbearance and being on its guard.

And as for the bat that is left destitute (of spiritual illumination), 
make it to consort and to be familiar with the Light.

Cause the warlike partridge to learn peace; 
to the cocks display the signs of dawn.

Even so proceed from the hoopoe to the eagle, and show the way.
And God best knows the right course.

Azadshdn Blnqis A Smlk W Mst Sndn A Shwq Ymnn W nft Hm A Hm Mlk Mqntq Sndn
Wqt Hjrt A A Tkh

How Bilqis was freed from her kingdom and was intoxicated with longing for the Faith, 
and how at the moment of her emigration the regard of her desire became severed 
from the whole of her kingdom except from her throne.

When Solomon uttered a single whistling note to the birds of Saba 
he ensnaed them all,

Except, maybe, the bird that was without spirit or wings, 
or was dumb and deaf, like a fish, from the beginning.

No, I have spoken wrongly, for if the deaf one lay his head
before the inspiration of the Divine Majesty, it will give to him hearing.

When Bilqis set out with heart and soul, 
she felt remorse too for the bygone time,

She took leave of her kingdom and riches 
in the same way as those lovers take leave of honour and disgrace.

Those charming pages and handmaidens

to her eye as a rotten onion

For love’s sake, orchards and palaces and river-water
seemed to her eye a dunghill.
Love, in the hour of domination and anger, makes the pleasing ones to become hideous to the eye.

Love's jealousy causes every emerald to appear as a leek: this is the meaning of La.

O protection, “There is no god but He” is that the moon should seem to you a black kettle.

No wealth, no treasury, and no goods or gear were being grudged by her except her throne.

Then Solomon became aware of her heart, for the way was open from his heart to hers.

He that hears the voice of ants will also hear the cry from the inmost soul of them that are afar.

He that declares the mystery of “an ant said” will also know the mystery of this ancient dome.

From afar he discerned that to her who was following the path of resignation it was bitter to part with her throne.

If I explain the reason why she had that love and complaisance to her throne, it will become long.

Although this reed-pen is in fact an insensible thing and is not homogeneous with the writer, it is a familiar friend to him.

Likewise, every tool of a craftsman is, lifeless, the familiar friend of the spirit of Man.

This reason I would have explained precisely, if there were not some moisture in the eye of your understanding.

There was no possibility of transporting the throne because of its hugeness which exceeded bounds.

It was filigree work, and there was danger in taking it to pieces, like the limbs of the body with one another.

Therefore Solomon said, “Although in the end the diadem and throne will become chilling to her”—

When the spirit puts forth its head from the Unity, in comparison with its splendour the body has no splendour;

When the pearl comes up from the depths of the seas, you will look with contempt on the foam and sticks and straws.

The flaming sun lifts up its head, who will make Scorpio's tail his resting-place?—
Yet, notwithstanding all this, in the actual case transporting her throne must be sought,

In order that she may not feel hurt at the time of meeting, and that her wish may be fulfilled, like children.

It is lightly esteemed by me, but it is exceedingly dear to her: that the devil too may be at the table of the houris.

That throne of delight will become a lesson to her soul, like the frock and shoes in the presence of Ayaz.

So that the afflicted one may know in what she was and from what places to what a place she has arrived.”

God is ever keeping the clay and semen and piece of flesh before our eyes,

To say, “O man of evil intention, whence did I bring you, that you have a disgust at it?

You were in love with that in the period thereof: at that time you were denying this grace.”

Inasmuch as this bounty is the rebutting the denial which you did make in the beginning amid the clay,

Your having been brought to life is the argument against denial; your illness is made worse by the medicine.

Whence should clay have the imagining this thing? When should semen conceive opposition and denial?

Since at that moment you were devoid of heart and spirit, you were denying reflection and denial.

Since your denial arose from the state of lifelessness, so by this denial your resurrection is established.

Hence the parable of you is like the person who knocks at the door, and the master replies to him from within, saying, “The master is not.”

From this “is not” the person knocking perceives that he is, and consequently does not take his hand off the door- ring at all.

Therefore the very fact of your denial is making it clear that He brings about manifold resurrections from lifeless matter.

“I would expound this in a hundred ways, but the mind would stumble at the subtle discourse.

The water and clay was really saying, “There is no denial”: it was crying, “There is no affirmation,” unaware.
How Solomon, on whom be peace, devised a plan for bringing the throne of Bilqis from Saba.

A certain demon said, “By art I will bring her throne here before your departure from this council.”

Asaf said, “By means of the greatest Name I will bring it here into your presence in a single moment.”

Though the Demon was a master of magic, yet that was displayed by the breath of Asaf.

The throne of Bilqis came into the presence instantly, but through Maf, not through the art of them that have the nature of Demons.

He said, “Praise to God for this and a hundred such which I have seen from the Lord of created beings.”

Then Solomon turned his eyes towards the throne. “Yes,” he said, “you are one that catches fools, O tree!”

Oh, many are the fools that lay down their heads before wood and graven stone.

The worshipper and the object of worship are ignorant of the spirit; he has felt a movement and a slight effect of the spirit.

He has felt, at the moment when he became rapt and bewildered, that the stone spoke and made signs.

When the wretched man bestowed his devotion in the wrong place and deemed the lion of stone to be a lion,

The real Lion, from kindness, showed munificence and at once threw a bone to the dog,

And said, “Although the dog is not in order, yet as regards me the bone is a bounty of which all partake.”

Story of Halima’s asking help of the idols when she lost Mustafa—on whom be peace—after he was weaned, and how the idols trembled and prostrated themselves and bore witness to the grandeur of Mohammed’s estate—may God bless and save him!

I will tell you the story of Halima’s mystic experience, that her tale may clear away your trouble.
When she parted Mustafa from milk, she took him up on the palm of her hand as sweet basil and roses,

Causing him to avoid every good or evil, that she might commit that emperor to (the care of) his grandsire.

Since she was bringing the trust in fear, she went to the Ka’ba and came into the Hatim.

From the air she heard a cry—“O Hatim, an exceedingly mighty Sun has shone upon you.

She laid Mustafa on the earth that she might search after the sweet sound.

Then she cast her eye to and fro, saying, “Where is that king that tells of mysteries? For such a loud sound is arriving from left and right. O Lord, where is he that causes it to arrive?”

When she did not see, she became distraught and despairing: her body began to tremble like the willow-bough.

She came back towards that righteous child: she did not see Mustafa in his place.

Bewilderment on bewilderment fell upon her heart: from grief her abode became very dark.

She ran to the dwellings and raised an outcry, saying, “Who has carried off my single pearl?”

The Meccans said, “We have no knowledge: we knew not that a child was there.”
She shed so many tears and made much lamentation that those others began to weep because of her.

Beating her breast, she wept so well that the stars were made to weep by her weeping.

**Story of the old Arab who directed Halima to seek help from the idols**

An old man with a staff approached her, saying, “Why, what has befallen you, O Halima, that you did let such a fire blaze from your heart and consume these bowels with mourning?”

She replied, “I am Ahmad’s trusted foster-mother, so I brought him to hand him over to his grandsire. When I arrived in the Hatím, voices were coming and I was hearing from the air.

When I heard from the air those melodious strains, because of that sound I laid down the infant there, to see whose voice is this cry, for it is a very beautiful cry and very delightful.

I saw no sign of any one around me: the cry was not ceasing for one moment.

When I returned from the bewilderments of my heart, I did not see the child there: alas for my heart!”

He said, “O daughter, do not grieve, for I will show you a queen, who, if she wishes, will tell what has happened to the child: she knows the dwelling-place of the child and his setting-out.”

Then Halima said, “Oh, my soul is a ransom for you, O goodly and fair-spoken Shaykh! Come; show me that queen of clairvoyance who has knowledge of what has happened to my child.”

He brought her to Uzza, saying, “This idol is greatly prized for information concerning the Unseen. Through her we have found thousands that were lost, when we hastened towards her in devotion.”
The old man prostrated himself before her and said at once, “O Sovereign of the Arabs, O sea of munificence!”

He said, “O Uzza, you have done many favours, so that we have been delivered from snares.

On account of your favour the duty has become obligatory to the Arabs, so that the Arabs have submitted to you.

In hope of you this Halima of Sa’d has come into the shadow of your willow-bough,

For an infant child of hers is lost: the name of that child is Mohammed.”

When he said “Mohammed,” all those idols immediately fell headlong and prostrate,

Saying, “Be gone, O old man! What is this search after that Mohammed by whom we are deposed? By him we are overthrown and reduced to a collection of stones; by him we are made unsaleable and valueless.

Those phantoms which the followers of vain opinion used to see from us at times during the Fatra (interval)

Will disappear now that his royal court has arrived: the water is come and has torn up the ablution with sand

Get you far off, O old man! Do not kindle mischief!

Get you far off, for God’s sake, O old man, lest you be burnt by the fire of Fore-ordainment.

What squeezing of the dragon’s tail is this? Do you know at all what the announcement is?

At this news the heart of sea and mine will surge; at this news the seven heavens will tremble.”

When the old man heard these words from the stones, the ancient old man let his staff drop;

Then, from tremor and fear and dread caused by that proclamation, the old man was striking his teeth together.

Even as a naked man in winter, he was shuddering and saying, “O destruction!”

When she saw the old man in such a state, in consequence of that marvel the woman lost deliberation.
She said, “O old man, though I am in affliction, I am in bewildered.

At one moment the wind is making a speech to me, at another moment the stones are schooling me.

The wind addresses me with articulate words, the stones and mountains give me intelligence of things.

Once they of the Invisible carried off my child—they of the Invisible, the green-winged ones of Heaven.

Of whom shall I complain? To whom shall I tell this plaint? I am become crazy and in a hundred minds.

His jealousy has closed my lips to unfold the mystery: I say this much, that my child is lost.

If I should say anything else now, the people would bind me in chains as though I were mad.”

The old man said to her, “O Halima, rejoice; bow down in thanksgiving and do not tear your face. Do not grieve: he will not become lost to you; nay, but the world will become lost in him.

Before and behind there are always hundreds of thousands of keepers and guardians in jealous emulation.

Did not you see how those idols with all their arts fell headlong at the name of your child?

This is a marvellous epoch on the face of the earth: I have grown old, and I have not seen anything of this kind.”

Since the stones bewailed this mission, think what it will set over sinners!

The stone is guiltless in respect of being an object of worship; you are not under compulsion in worshipping it.

That one that was under compulsion has become so afraid: consider what things will be fastened upon the guilty!
How ‘Abdu’l-Muttalib, the grandfather of Mustafa, got news of Halima’s having lost Mohammed, on whom be peace, and searched for him round the city and made lamentation at the door of the Ka’ba and besought God and found him, on whom be peace.

When the grandfather of Mustafa got the news of Halima and her outcry in public

And of such loud screams and shrieks that the echo of them was reaching a mile,

Abdu’l-Muttalib at once knew what the matter was:

In his grief he came ardently to the door of the Ka’ba, saying, “O You that knows the secret of night and the mystery of day,

I see not any accomplishment in myself, that one like me should be Your confidant.

I see not any merit in myself, that I should be accepted of this auspicious door,

Or that my head and my prostration should have any worth or that because of my tears any fortune should smile;

But in the countenance of that unique Pearl I have beheld the signs of Your grace, O Bounteous One;

For he does not resemble us, though he is of us: we all are the copper, while Ahmad is the Elixir

The wondrous things that I have seen in him I have not seen in friend or enemy.

None, with a hundred years’ endeavour, would indicate that which Your bounty has bestowed on him in childhood.

Since I saw with certainty Your favours towards him, he is a pearl of Your sea.

Him I bring to plead with You: tell me his plight, O You who knows (every) plight!”

From within the Ka’ba came at once a cry, “Even now he will show his face unto you.

He is blessed by Us with two hundred felicities; he is guarded by Us with two hundred troops of angels.
We make his outward celebrated in the world; We make his inward to be hidden from all.

The water and clay was gold of the mine: We are the goldsmith; for We carve it now into an anklet, now into a seal.

Now We make it the shoulder-belt for a sword, now the chain on the neck of a lion.

Now We fashion from it the ball of a throne, now the diadem on the heads that seek empire.

We have great affections towards this earth, because it lies in the posture of acquiescence.

Now We produce from it a king like this; now We make it frenzied in the presence of the king:

On account of him hundreds of thousands of lovers and loved ones are in lamentation and outcry and search.

This is Our work, to the confusion of that one who has no spiritual inclination towards Our work.

We confer this eminence on the earth for the same reason that We place a portion of food before the destitute,

Because the earth has the gray brown external form, while inwardly it has the qualities of luminosity.

Its outward has come to be at war with its inward: its inward is like a jewel and its outward like a stone.

Its outward says, 'We are this, and no more'; its inward says, 'Look well before and behind!'

Its outward is denying that the inward is nothing; its inward says, 'We will show: wait and see!'

Its outward and its inward are in strife: necessarily they are drawing aid from this patient endurance.

We make the forms from this sour-faced earth: We make manifest its hidden laughter,

For outwardly the earth is sorrow and tears, within it there are hundreds of thousands of kinds of laughter.

We are the Revealer of the mystery, and Our work is just this, that We bring forth these hidden things from concealment.

Although the thief is mute in denial, the magistrate brings it to light by torture.
These earths have stolen favours, so that through affliction
We may bring them to confess.

Many are the wondrous child that it has had,
but Ahmad has surpassed them all.

Earth and Heaven laugh and rejoice, saying,
‘from us two joined in wedlock such a king is born!’

Heaven is bursting for joy of him;
earth is become like the lily on account of his purity.

Since your outward and your inward, O fair earth,
are at war and in struggling—

 Whoever is at war with himself for God’s sake,
to the end that his reality may become the opponent of scent and colour,

His darkness is in combat with his light,
The sun of his spirit will never set.

Who so shall strive in tribulation for Our sake,
Heaven will put its back under his feet.”

Your outward is wailing because of the darkness;
your inward is roses within roses.

It is purposely like Sufis sour-faced in order that they may not mix
with every one that quenches the (inner) light.

Like the hedgehog, the sour-faced knowers
have hidden their pleasures in rough prickles.

The orchard is hidden, around the orchard those thorns are plainly seen,
saying, “O thievish foe, keep far from this gate!”

O hedgehog, you have made the prickles your guardian and,
like a Sufi, have buried your head in your bosom,

That none of these rose-cheeked thorn-natured ones
may encounter a cent of your pleasure.

“Though your infant is childish, verily
both the worlds are his parasites.

We make a world living through him;
We make Heaven a slave in his service.”

‘Abdu ’l-Muttalib said, “Where is he now?
O You that knows the secret, point out the right way!”
How Abdu l-Muttalib asked for a clue to the place where Mohammed was—peace be upon him!—saying, “Where shall I find him?” and how he was answered from within the Ka’ba and obtained the clue.

A voice reached him from within the Ka’ba. It said, “O seeker, that righteous child is in such and such a wadi beneath yonder tree.” Then the good-fortuned old man at once set out.

At his stirrup the princes of Quraysh, for his grandfather was one of the notables of Quraysh.

All his ancestors to the loins of Adam, lords in feast and fray and the carnage of battle, his kernel, in truth, is remote from lineage, and unsoiled: none is its congener from the Fish to Arcturus. None seeks the birth and existence of the Light of God: what need have warp and woof has God’s robe of honour?

The meanest robe of honour that He bestows in recompense excels the embroidered raiment of the sun.

The rest of the story of Mercy’s calling Bilqis.

“Arise, O Bilqis! Come and behold the Kingdom! Gather pearls on the shore of God’s Sea!

Your sisters are dwelling in the glorious Heaven: why do you behave like a sultan on account of a carcass?

Do you know at all what noble gifts that Sultan gave to your sisters?

How did you jubilantly take drummers, proclaiming, ‘I am queen and mistress of the bath-stove’?”
Parable of Man’s being contented with (the goods of) this world, and his greed in seeking and his indifference to the high and blessed estate of the spiritual who are his congeners crying, “Oh, would that my people might know!”

A dog saw a blind beggar in the street, and was rushing at him and tearing his cloak.

We have related this, but it is repeated once again in order to strengthen the story.

The blind man said to it, “Why, at this moment your friends are hunting and seeking prey on the mountain.

Your kinsfolk are catching wild asses in the mountains: you are catching blind men in the streets.”

O recalcitrant Shaykh, abandon this imposture: you are briny water, having gathered some blind men,

Saying, “These are my disciples, and I am briny water: they drink of me and become blind.”

Sweeten your water with the esoteric Sea: do not make the foul water a snare for these blind ones.

Arise; behold the lions of God who catch the wild ass: how are you, like a dog, catching the blind with hypocrisy?

What wild ass? They are far from hunting anything but the Beloved. They all are lions and lion-catchers and intoxicated with the Light.

In contemplation of the chase and hunting of the King, they have abandoned the chase and have become dead in bewilderment.

The Friend has taken them, like a dead bird that He may hunt down their congeners.

The dead bird is compelled in respect of being united or separated: you have read, “The heart is between two fingers of the Merciful God.”

Every one that has fallen a prey to His dead bird, when he sees he has fallen a prey to the King

Whoever turned his head away from this dead bird never gained the hand of that Hunter.

It says, “Do not regard my being a carcass: see the King’s love in preserving me.”
I am not a carcass: the King has killed me:
my appearance has become like the dead.

My former motion was by means of wing and pinion:
now my motion proceeds from the hand of the Judge.

My perishable motion has gone forth from my skin:
now my motion is everlasting, since it proceeds from Him.

If anyone moves crookedly in the presence of my motion,
I will kill him miserably, though he is the Simurgh.

Beware! If you are alive, do not deem me dead;
if you are a slave; regard me in the hand of the King.

Jesus, by his grace, made the dead to be living:
I am in the hand of the Creator of Jesus.

How should I remain dead in the grasp of God?
Likewise, do not hold this to be possible in the hand of Jesus.

I am ‘Jesus’; but every one that has gained life from my breath
will remain unto everlasting.

He was made living by Jesus, but died again.
Happy is he that gave up his life to this Jesus.

I am the staff in the hand of my ‘Moses’:
my ‘Moses’ is hidden, while I am visible in presence.

For the true believers I become a bridge across the sea;
for Pharaoh, again, I become a dragon.”

O son, do not regard this staff alone,
for the staff would not be like this without the hand of God.

The waves of the Flood too were a staff which, from being aggrieved,
devoured the pomp of the votaries of magic.

If I should enumerate the staves of God,
I should tear to pieces the hypocrisy of these followers of Pharaoh;

But leave them to browse
on this sweet poisonous grass for a few days.

If there is not the power and dominion of Pharaoh,
from where shall Hell obtain nutrition?

Fatten him, and then kill him, O Butcher;
for the dogs in Hell are without food.

If there were no adversary and enemy in the world,
then the anger in men would die.
That anger is Hell: it needs an adversary that it may live; else Mercy would kill it.

Then clemency would remain without any vengeance or evil: then how would the perfection of Kingship be?

Those disbelievers have made a laughing-stock of the parables and clear exposition of them that glorify.

Make a laughing-stock, if you wish: how long will you live, O carcass, how long?

Rejoice, O lovers, in supplication at this same door, for it is opened today.

Every pot-herb, garlic and caper, has a different bed in the garden.

Each with its own kind in its own bed drinks moisture for the purpose of becoming mature.

You, who are a saffron-bed, be saffron and do not mix with the others.

Drink the water, O saffron that you may attain to maturity: you are saffron, you will attain to that balwā.

Do not put your muzzle into the bed of turnips, for it will not agree with you in nature and habit.

You are planted in one bed, it in another bed, because God's earth is spacious,

Particularly that earth where, on account of its breadth, demon and genie are lost in their journey

In those seas and deserts and mountains imagination and fancy fail entirely.

In the deserts, this desert is like a single hair in a full sea.

The still water whose course is hidden is fresher and sweeter than running brooks,

For, like the spirit and the soul, it has within itself a hidden course and a moving foot.

The auditor is asleep: cut short the address: O preacher, do not draw this picture on water.

Arise, O Bilqís, for it is a keen market: flee from these vile wretches who ruin trade.
O Bilqis, arise now with free-will, before Death appears in his sovereign might.

After that, Death will pull your ear in such wise that you will come in agony, like a thief to the magistrate.

How long will you be stealing shoes from these asses? If you are going to steal, come and steal a ruby!

Your sisters have gained the kingdom of everlasting life; you have won the kingdom of misery.

Oh, happy he that escaped from this kingdom, for Death makes this kingdom desolate.

Arise, O Bilqis! Come; behold for once the kingdom of the Shahs and Sultans of the Religion.

He is seated inwardly amidst the rose-garden; outwardly he is acting as a bādi amongst his friends.

The garden is going with him wherever he goes, but it is being concealed from the people.

The fruit is making entreaty, saying, "Eat me"; the Water of Life is come, saying, and "Drink me."

Make a circuit of heaven without wing and pinion, like the sun and like the full-moon and like the new moon.

You will be moving, like the spirit, and no foot; you will be eating a hundred dainties, and none chewing a morsel.

Neither will the Leviathan, Pain, dash against your ship, nor will ugliness appear in you from dying.

You will be sovereign, army, and throne, all together: you will be both the fortunate and Fortune.

If you are fortunate and a powerful monarch, Fortune is other than you: one day Fortune goes, and you are left destitute like beggars.

Be you your own fortune, O elect one!

When you are your own fortune, O man of Reality, then how will you, who art Fortune, lose yourself?

How will you lose yourself, O man with goodly qualities, when your Essence has become your kingdom and riches?
The rest of the story of Solomon, on whom be peace: how he built the Farther Mosque by instruction and inspiration from God, for wise purposes which He knows; and how angels, demons, genies, and men lent visible aid.

“O Solomon, build the Farther Mosque, the army of Bilqis has come into the prayer.”

When he laid the foundation of that Mosque, genies and men came and threw themselves into the work, and how angels, demons, genies, and men lent visible aid.

One party from love, and another company unwillingly, just as God’s servants in the way of obedience.

The folk are demons, and desire is the chain dragging them to shop and crops.

This chain is of being afraid and crazed: do not regard these folk as unchained.

It drags them to earning and hunting; it drags them to the mine and the seas.

It drags them to good and to evil: God has said, “On her neck a cord of palm-fibre."

We have put the cordon their necks: We have made the cord of their natural dispositions.

There is none ever, defiled or recovered, but his fortune is on his neck.”

Your greed for evil-doing is like fire: the live coal is pleasing by the fire’s pleasing hue.

The blackness of the coal is hidden in the fire: when the fire is gone, the blackness becomes evident.

By your greed the black coal is made live: when the greed is gone, that vicious coal remains.

At that time the coal appeared to be live; that was not the goodness of action: it was the fire of greed.

Greed had embellished your action: greed departed, and your action was left in squalor.

One who is foolish will think ripe the ghawla which the ghouls deck out.
When his soul makes trial,
its teeth are blunted by the experiment.

From vain desire, the reflection of the ghoul, greed,
was causing the trap to appear a berry, though in truth it was unripe.

Seek greed in the practice of religion and in good works:
they are beautiful, when the greed remains not.

Good works are beautiful, not through the reflection of any other thing:
if the glow of greed is gone, the glow of good remains;

When the glow of greed is gone from worldly work,
of the red-hot coal the black ashes are left.

Folly excites greed in children,
so that from gleefulness of heart they ride a cock-horse

When that evil greed of his is gone from the child,
he begins to laugh at the other children,

Saying, ”What was I doing? What was I seeing in this?”
From the reflection of greed the vinegar appeared to be honey.

That edifice of the prophets was without greed;
 hence the splendours increased so uninterruptedly.

Oh, many a mosque has the noble erected,
but “the Farther Mosque” is not its name.

The grandeur which at every moment accrued to the Ka’ba—
that was from the acts done in pure devotion by Abraham.

The excellence of that mosque is not from earth and stone,
but there is no greed or enmity in its builder.

Their Books are not as the books of others, nor their mosques
nor their means of livelihood nor their houses and homes,

Nor their observance of respect nor their anger nor their chastisement
nor their slumber nor their reasoning nor their discourse

To each one of them belongs a different glory:
the bird, their spirit, flies with a different wing.

The heart is trembling at mention of their estate:
their actions are the qibla of our actions.

The eggs laid by their bird are golden:
at midnight their spirit has beheld the dawn.

Whatever I say with my soul in praise of the company, I have depreciated:
I have become a disparager of the company.
O you noble, build “the Farther Mosque,” for Solomon has returned—and peace!

And if the demons and genies refuse this, the angels will drag them all into bondage.

The demon once make a false step on account of deceit and hypocrisy, the whip comes on his head like lightning.

Become like Solomon, in order that your genies may hew stone for your palace.

Be devoid, like Solomon, of thoughts which tempt to evil-doing and of fraud, that genie and demon may obey your command.

This heart is your seal—take heed lest the seal fall a prey to the demon!

Then the demon possessing the seal will always exercise the sway of Solomon over you: beware, and peace!

O heart, that sway of Solomon is not abrogated: in your head and inmost consciousness is one that exercises the sway of Solomon.

The demon too exercises the sway of Solomon for a time, but how should every weaver weave satin?

He moves his hand like his hand, but there is a good difference between the two of them.

Story of the poet and how the king gave him a reward and how the vizier, whose name was Bu 'l-Hasan, made it many times greater.

A poet brought a poem before the king in hope of robes of honour and bounty and rank.

The king was munificent: he ordered him a thousand of red gold and bounties and largesse.

Then the vizier said to him, “This is little: bestow a gift of ten thousand that he may depart.

From a poet like him intellect; from you, whose hand is like the ocean, the ten thousand which I mentioned is little.”

He argued and reasoned with the king until the tithe on the threshed grain was made up out of the unthreshed ears of corn.

He gave him the ten thousand and the robes of honour suitable to him: his head became a house of thanksgiving and praise.
Then he made inquiry, saying, “Whose work was this? Who declared my merit to the king?”

So they told him, “al-Din, the vizier, he whose name is Hasan and whose disposition and heart are good (hasan).”

He wrote a long poem in praise of him and returned home.

Without tongue or lip that bounty of the king and those robes of honour bestowed by the king were praising the king.

How after several years the poet came back in the hope of the same reward, and how the king according to his custom ordered a thousand dinars to be given to him, and how the new vizier, who was also named Hasan, said to the king, “This is very much: we have (great) expenses and the treasury is empty, and I will satisfy him with a tenth of that.”

After some years the poet, on account of poverty and destitution, became in need for daily bread and seed-produce.

He said, “At the time of poverty and close-handedness, it is better to seek out one who has been tried.

The court which I have tried in regard to generosity— I will carry the new request to the same quarter.”

That Sibawayh said the meaning of Allah they take refuge (yawlabina) with Him in their needs.

He said, “We have repaired for succour unto You in our needs and have sought them found with You.”

In the hour of affliction hundreds of thousands of intelligent persons are all crying before that unique Judge.

Would any mad fool do this, continue to beg of a miser incapable?

Unless the intelligent had experienced more than a thousand times, how should they have betaken themselves to Him?

No, all the fish in the waves, all the birds in the lofty regions,

The elephant, the wolf, the hunting lion, the huge dragon, the ant and the snake,
No, earth and wind and water and every spark
gain subsistence from Him both in December and spring.

This heaven is making entreaty unto Him incessantly—
“Do not forsake me, O God, for a single moment!
Your safeguarding and protection is my pillar:
all is enfolded in the might of those two Hands.”

And this earth says, “Preserve me,
O You who have caused me to ride upon the water.”

All have sewn up their purses from Him
and have learned from Him to give the wants.

Every prophet has received from Him
the guarantee seek help of Him with patience or prayer.

Come; ask of Him, not of anyone except Him:
send in water, do not seek it in the dry river-bed.

And if you ask of another, it is He that gives;
it is He that lays generosity on the open hand of his inclination.

He who with gold makes one that turns away a Qārūn
how will He do you turn your face towards Him in obedience?

The poet, from passionate desire for bounty,
set his face a second time towards that beneficent king.

What is the poet’s offering? A new poem:
he brings it to the beneficent and deposits it as his stake.

The beneficent have deposited gold and are waiting for the poets
with a hundred gifts and liberalities and kindnesses.

In their eyes a poem (ṣiʿr) is better than a hundred bales of silk robes (ṣḥār),
especially a poet who fetches pearls from the depths.

At first a man is greedy for bread,
because food and bread are the pillar of life.

On account of greed and expectation he runs every risk in the way of earning
his livelihood and seizing property by violence and a hundred devices.

When, rarely, he becomes independent of bread,
he is in love with fame and the praise of poets,

In order that they may give fruit to his root and branch
may set up a pulpit to declare his excellence,

So that his pomp and magnificence and lavishing of gold
may yield a perfume, like ambergris, in song.
God created us in His image:
our qualities are instructed by His qualities.

Inasmuch as the Creator desires thanksgiving and glorification,
it is also the nature of man to desire praise,

Especially the man of God, who is active in excellence;
he becomes filled with that wind, like an undamaged leather bag;

But if he be not worthy, the bag is rent by that wind of falsehood:
how should it receive lustre?

I have not invented this parable, O comrade:
do not hear it silly, if you are worthy and restored to your senses.

The Prophet said this, when he heard vituperation,
"Why is Ahmad made fat by praise?"

The poet went to the king and brought a poem in thanks for beneficence,
saying that it never died.

The beneficent died, and acts of beneficence remained:
oh, blest is he that rode this steed!

The unjust died, and those acts of injustice remained:
alas for the soul that practices deceit and fraud!

The Prophet said, “Blest is he who departed from this world
and left good deeds behind him.”

The beneficent man died, but his beneficence died not:
with God, religion and beneficence are not of small account.

Alas for him who died and whose disobedience died not:
beware of thinking that by death he saved his soul.

Dismiss this, for the poet is on the way—
in debt and mightily in need of gold.

The poet brought the poem to the king
in hope of last year’s donation and benefit—

A charming poem full of flawless pearls,
in hope and expectation of the first munificence

The Shah indeed, according to his habit, ordered a thousand to him,
since such was the custom of that monarch;

But, on this occasion, the bountiful vizier
had departed from the present life, on the Buraq of glory,

And in his place a new vizier had assumed authority;
but very pitiful and mean.
He said, “O king, we have outlays: this donation is not the reward for a poet.

With a fortieth part of this, O you eagerly sought, I will make the poet happy and content.”

The people said to him, “He carried away a sum of ten thousand in ready money from this valiant.

After sugar, how should he chew cane?
After having been a sultan, how should he practice beggary?”

He replied, “I will squeeze him in torment, that he may be made wretched and worn out by waiting;

Then, if I give him earth from the road, he will snatch it as rose-leaves from the garden.

Leave this to me, for I am expert in this, even if the claimant be fiery.

Though he fly from the Pleiades to the earth, he will become meek when he sees me.

The king said to him, “Go: 'it is for you to command; but make him happy, for he is my eulogist.”

He said, “Leave him and two hundred lickers-up of hope to me, and write this against me.”

Then the minister threw him into expectation: winter and December passed and spring came.

In expectation of it the poet grew old; then he was crushed by this anxiety and making shift to provide,

And said, “If there is no gold, please give me abuse; so that my soul may be delivered I may be your slave.

Expectation has killed me: at least bid me go, that this wretched soul may be delivered from bondage.”

After that, he gave him the fortieth part of that: the poet remained in heavy thought,

“That was so promptly paid and was so much: this one that blossomed late was a handful of thorns.”

Then they said to him, “That generous vizier has departed from this life: may God reward you!

For those gifts were always multiplied by him: there was no fault to be found with the donations;
Now, he is gone and has taken beneficence away:
he is not dead; beneficence is dead, yes, truly.

The generous and upright minister is gone from us;
the minister who is a flayer of the poor has arrived.

Go, take this and flee from here by night,
lest this minister pick a quarrel with you.

We have obtained this gift from him by a hundred devices,
O you who are ignorant of our exertions.”

He turned his face to them and said,
“O kindly men, tell, from where did this myrmidon come?

What is the name of this vizier who tears off the clothes?”

The company said to him, “His name too is Hasan.”

He cried, “O Lord, how are the names of that one and this one the same?
Alas, O Lord of the Judgement!

That Hasan by name that by a single pen of his
a hundred viziers and ministers are disposed to liberality

This Hasan that from the ugly beard of this Hasan
you canst weave, O soul, a hundred ropes.”

When a king listens to such a minister,
he disgraces the king and his kingdom unto everlasting.

The resemblance of the bad judgement of this base vizier in corrupting the king’s generosity
to the vizier of Pharaoh, namely, Haman, in corrupting the readiness of Pharaoh to receive

How many a time did Pharaoh soften and become submissive
when he was hearing that Word from Moses!—

That Word that from the sweetness of that incomparable Word
the rock would have yielded milk.

Whenever he took counsel with Haman,
who was his vizier and whose nature it was to hate,

Then he would say, “Until now you have been the Khedive:
will you become, through deception, the slave to a wearer of rags?”

Those words would come like a stone shot by a catapult
and strike upon his glass house.
All that the *Kalim* of sweet address built up in a hundred days he would destroy in one moment.

Your intellect is the vizier and is overcome by sensuality: in your being it is a brigand on the Way to God.

A godly monitor give you good advice, it will artfully put those words aside,

Saying, “These are not well-founded: take heed, don’t be carried away; they are not so much: come to yourself, don’t be crazed.”

Alas for the king whose vizier is this: the place of them both is vengeful Hell.

Happy is the king whose helper in affairs is a vizier like Asaf.

When the just king is associated with him, his name is *light upon light*.

A king like Solomon and a vizier like Asaf are *light upon light* and *ambergris upon mixed perfumes* (*'abir*).

The king Pharaoh and his vizier like Haman, ill-fortune is inevitable for both.

Then it is *darkness, one part over another*: neither intellect nor fortune shall be their friend on the Day of Judgement.

I have not seen anything but misery in the vile: if you have seen, convey the salaam from me.

The king is as the spirit, and the vizier as the intellect: the corrupt intellect brings the spirit into movement.

When the angelical intellect became a Harut, it became the teacher in magic to two hundred devils.

Do not take the particular intellect as your vizier: make the Universal Intellect your vizier, O king.

Do not make sensuality your vizier, else your pure spirit will cease from prayer,

For this sensuality is full of greed and sees the immediate present, the Intellect takes thought for the Day of Judgement.

The two eyes of the Intellect are on the end of things: it endures the pain of the thorn for the sake of that Rose

Which does not fade and drop in autumn— far from it be the wind of every nose that cannot smell!
How the Demon sat on the place of Solomon, on whom be peace, and imitated his actions; and concerning the manifest difference between the two Solomons, and how the Demon called himself Solomon son of David.

Even if you have intellect, associate and consult with another intellect, O father.

With two intellects you will be delivered from many afflictions: you will plant your foot on the summit of the heavens.

If the Demon called himself Solomon and won the kingdom and made the empire subject,

He had seen the form of Solomon's action; within the form the spirit of the demon was appearing.

The people said, “This Solomon is without excellence: there are differences between Solomon and Solomon.”

He is like wakefulness; this one is like sleep; as between that Hasan and this Hasan.

The Demon would reply, “God has bestowed on Ahriman a pleasing form in the likeness of me.

No magic and no imposture and fraud will bind a veil upon the owners of empire.

Hence they were saying to themselves in reply, “You are going upside down, O you who are addressed falsely.

Upside down likewise you will go towards hell, the lowest among the low.

If he has been deposed and reduced to poverty, the radiant full-moon is on his forehead.
If you have carried off the signet-ring, you are a Hell frozen like piercing cold.

On account of ostentation and vain show and pomp and grandeur how the head? For we will not lay even a hoof

And if heedlessly we should lay the forehead to him, a preventing hand will rise up from the earth,

‘Do not lay the head before this headlong-fallen one; beware, do not bow down to this ill-fated wretch!’"

I would have given a very soul-quickenning exposition of this, were it not for the indignation and jealousy of God.

Still, be content and accept this amount, that I may explain this at another time.

He, having called himself by the name of the prophet Solomon, makes it a mask to deceive every boy.

Pass on from the form and rise beyond the name: flee from title and from name into reality.

Inquire, then, about his degree and his actions: in the midst of his degree and actions seek him.

How Solomon, on whom be peace, entered the Farther Mosque daily, after its completion, for the purpose of worshipping and directing the worshippers and devotees; and how medicinal herbs grew in the Mosque.

Every morning, when Solomon came and made supplication in the Farther Mosque

He saw that a new plant had grown there; then he would say, “Tell your name and use.

What medicine are you? What are you? What is your name? To whom are you hurtful and for whom is your usefulness?”

Then every plant would tell its effect and name, saying “I am life to that one, and death to this one.

I am poison to this one, and sugar to that one: this is my name on the Tablet by the Divine decree.”

Then from Solomon about those plants the physicians became learned and wise authorities,
So that they compiled medical books and were relieving the body from pain.

This astronomy and medicine is Divine inspiration to the prophets: where is the way for intellect and sense towards that which is without direction?

The particular intellect is not the intellect of production: it is only the receiver of science and is in need.

This intellect is capable of being taught and of apprehending, but the man possessed of Divine inspiration gives it the teaching.

Assuredly, in their beginning, all trades were from Divine inspiration, but the intellect added to them.

Consider whether this intellect of ours can learn any trade without a master.

Although it was hair-splitting in contrivance, no trade was subdued without a master.

If knowledge of a trade were from this intellect, any trade would be acquired without a master.

How Qabil (Cain) learned the trade of grave-digging from the crow (raven), before knowledge of grave-digging and graves existed in the world.

When was grave-digging, which was the meanest trade, from thought and cunning and meditation?

If Qabil had possessed this understanding, how should he have placed Abel on his head?—

Saying, “Where shall I hide this murdered one, this man stained with blood and earth?”

He spied a crow which had taken up a dead crow in its mouth and was approaching so quickly.

It came down from the air and began skillfully to dig a grave for it for the purpose of teaching.

Then with its talons it raised dust from the ground and speedily put the dead crow in the grave.

It buried it, and then it covered it with earth: the crow was endowed with knowledge through the inspiration of God.
Qabil cried, “Oh, fie on my intellect!
For a crow is superior to me in skill.”

Concerning the Universal Intellect He has said, “The sight did not rove,”
the particular intellect is looking in every direction.

The Intellect whose sight does not rove is the light of the elect;
the crow-intellect is the sexton for the dead.

The spirit that flies after crows—
the crow carries it towards the graveyard.

Beware! Do not run in pursuit of the crow-like fleshly soul,
for it carries to the graveyard, not towards the orchard.

If you go, go in pursuit of the Anqa of the heart,
towards the Qaf and Farther Mosque of the heart.

Every moment from your cogitation
a new plant is growing in your Farther Mosque.

Do you, like Solomon, give it its due:
investigate it, do not lay upon it the foot of rejection,

Because the various sorts of plants declare to you
the state of this firm-set earth

Whether in the earth there are sugar-canes or only reeds,
every earth is interpreted by its plants.

Therefore the heart’s soil, whereof thought was the plant—
thoughts have revealed the heart’s secrets.

If I find in the company him that draws the discourse,
I, like the garden, will grow hundreds of thousands of roses;

And if at that time I find the scoundrel who kills the discourse,
the deep sayings will flee, like a thief, from my heart.

The movement of everyone is towards the Drawer:
the true drawing is not like the false drawing.

Sometimes you are going astray, sometimes aright:
the cord is not visible, nor He who is drawing you.

You are a blind camel, and your toggle is in keeping:
do you regard the act of drawing, do not regard your toggle.

If the Drawer and the toggle became perceptible,
then this world would no longer remain the abode of heedlessness.

The infidel saw that he was going after a cur
and was being made subject to the hideous Devil,
How should he go at its heels like a catamite?
The infidel too would step back.

If the cow were acquainted with the butchers,
how should she follow them to that shop?

Or eat bran from their hands,
or give them milk on account of coaxing?

And if she ate, how should the fodder be digested by her,
if she were aware of the purpose of the fodder?

Heedlessness, then, is in sooth the pillar of this world: what is *dawlat* (worldly fortune)? For this *dawādaw* (running to and fro) is accompanied by *lat* (blows).

The beginning thereof is *daw*, *daw* (run, run); in the end *lat khwar*:
the death of the ass is not except in this wilderness.

Whenever you have earnestly taken a work in hand,
its faultiness has become veiled to you at this moment.

You are able to give yourself up to the work,
because the Creator veils its faultiness from you.

Likewise, every thought in which you are hot,
the faultiness of that thought of yours has become hidden from you.

If its faultiness and disgrace were made visible to you,
your soul would flee from it the distance between east and west.

The state in which at last you repent of it—
if this should be your state at first, how wouldst you run?

Therefore He at first veiled that from our souls, in order that we might perform that action in accordance with the Divine destiny.

When the Divine destiny brought its ordainment into view,
the eye was opened, so that repentance arrived.

This repentance is another Divine destiny:
abandon this repentance, worship God!

And if you make a habit and become addicted to repentance,
because of this repentance you will become more repentant.

One half of your life will pass in distraction
and the other half will pass in repentance.

Take leave of this thought and repentance:
seek a better state and friend and work.

And if you have no better work in hand,
then for the omission of what is your repentance?
If you know the good way, worship; and if you do not know, how do you know that this way is evil?

You do not know evil till you knows well: from contrary is it possible to discern contrary, O youth.

Since you were rendered impotent to abandon the thought of this, at that time you were also impotent to commit sin.

Since you were impotent, on account of what is your repentance? Inquire concerning impotence, by whose pull is it?

No one has seen impotence in the world without power, nor will it be. Know this.

Similarly, every desire that you cherish, you are debarred from its faultiness;

And if the viciousness of that desire had been shown, your soul of its own accord would have recoiled from seeking.

If He had shown you the faultiness of that work, no one, dragging along, would have taken you in that direction;

And that other work from which you are exceedingly averse, the reason is that its faultiness has come into clear view.

O God who knows the secret and who art gracious in speech, do not hide from us the faultiness of the evil work;

Do not show unto us the faultiness of the good work, lest we become cold and distracted from journeying.

According to that habit, the exalted Solomon went into the Mosque in the brightness.

The king was seeking the daily rule of seeing the new plants in the Mosque.

The heart with that pure eye secretly sees the herbs that are invisible to the vulgar.
Story of the Sufi who, head on knee, was engaged in meditation in the garden:
his friends said to him, “Lift up your head and enjoy the garden and the sweet herbs
and the birds and the marks of the mercy of God most High.”

In the orchard a certain Sufi laid his face in Sufi fashion
upon his knee for the sake of revelation;

Then he sank deep down into himself.
An impertinent fellow was annoyed by his semblance of slumber.

“Why,” said he, “do you sleep? Nay, look at the vines;
behold these trees and marks and green plants.

Listen to the command of God, for He has said,
‘Look’: turn your face towards these marks of mercy.”

He replied, “O men of vanity, its marks are the heart:
that without is only the mark of the marks.”

The orchards and verdure are in the very essence of the soul:
the reflection thereof upon without is as in running water.

In the water there is the phantom of the orchard,
which quivers on account of the subtle quality of the water.

The orchards and fruits are within the heart:
the reflection of their beauty is upon this water and earth.

If it were not the reflection of that delectable cypress,
then God would not have called it the abode of deception.

This deception is that: i.e. this phantom exists
from the reflection of the heart and spirit of the (holy) men.

All the deceived ones come to this reflection in the opinion
that this is the place of Paradise.

They are fleeing from the origins of the orchards;
they are making merry over a phantom.

When their heedless sleep comes to an end, they see truly—but what use is that sight?

Then in the graveyard arises uproar and lament:
on account of this mistake “alas” till the Resurrection.

Oh, happy he that died before death,
i.e. he got scent of the origin of this vineyard.
Story of the growing of the carob in a nook of the Farther Mosque, and how Solomon, on whom be peace, was grieved thereat, when it began to talk with him and told its characteristic property and its name

Then Solomon saw that a new plant had grown, like an ear of wheat, in a nook.

He saw a very uncommon plant, green and fresh: its greenness took away the light from the sight.

Then that herb at once saluted him: he answered it and marvelled at its beauty.

I said, “What is your name? Say without mouth.”

It said, “It is ‘carob,’ O king of the world.”

He said, “What special property is in you?”

It replied, “I have grown, the place becomes desolate.

I am the destroyer of the building of this water and clay.”

Then at that moment Solomon immediately understood that the appointed term was come and that the departure would appear.

He said, “So long as I exist, assuredly this Mosque will not be damaged by the banes of the earth.

While I am and my existence continues, how should the Farther Mosque become split open with cracks?”

Know, then, that without doubt the ruin of our mosque does not occur except after our death.

The mosque is the heart to which the body bows down: wherever the mosque is, the bad companion is the carob.

When love for a bad companion has grown in you, beware, flee from him and do not converse.

O lover, your carob is falseness: why do you creep, like children, towards the false?

Know yourself a sinner and call yourself a sinner—do not be afraid—so that that Master may not steal the lesson from you.
When you say, “I am ignorant; give instruction,”
such fair-dealing is better than reputation.

Learn from your father, O clear-browed man:
his cause heeretofore, “O our Lord” and “We have done wrong.”

He made no excuse, nor did he invent falsehood
nor lift up the banner of deceit and evasion.

That Iblis, on the other hand, began to dispute, saying,
“There I was red-faced: You have made me yellow.

The colour is Your colour: You are my dyer,
You are the origin of my sin and bane and brand.”

Beware! Recite because You have seduced me, in order that you
may not become a necessitarian and may not weave untruth.

How long will you leap up the tree of necessitarianism
and lay your free-will aside,

Like that Iblis and his progeny,
in battle and argument with God?

How should there be compulsion
when you are trailing your skirt into sin with such complacency?

Does anyone under compulsion walk so complacently?

How should one who is compelled speak thus?

Whatever your fleshy soul desires, you have free-will;
whatever your reason desires, you plead necessity.

He that is blessed and familiar knows that intelligence is of Iblis,
while love is of Adam.

Intelligence is swimming in the seas:
he is not saved: he is drowned at the end of the business.

Leave off swimming, let pride and enmity go:
this is not a Oxus or a river, it is an ocean;

And, moreover, the deep Ocean without refuge:
it sweeps away the seven seas like straw.
Love is as a ship for the elect: seldom is calamity; for the most part it is deliverance.

Sell intelligence and buy bewilderment: intelligence is opinion, while bewilderment is vision.

Sacrifice your understanding in the presence of Mustafa say, “hasbiya 'llah” for God suffices me.”

Do not draw back your head from the ship, like Canaan, whom his intelligent soul deluded,

Saying, “I will go up to the top of the lofty mountain: why must I bear gratitude to Noah?”

How should you recoil from being grateful to him, O unrighteous one, when even God bears gratitude to him?

How should gratitude to him not be on our souls, when God gives him words of thankful praise and gratitude?

What do you know, O sack full of envy?
Even God bears gratitude to him.

Would that he (one like Kan‘án) had not learned to swim, so that he might have fixed his hope on Noah and the ark!

Would that, like a child, he had been ignorant of devices, so that, like children, he might have clung to his mother,

Or that he had not been filled with traditional knowledge, had carried away from a saint the knowledge divinely revealed to the heart!

When you bring forward a book with such a light, your soul, that resembles inspiration, reproaches.

Know that beside the breath of the Qutb of the time traditional knowledge is like performing the ritual ablution with sand when there is water.

Make yourself foolish and follow behind: only by means of this foolishness will you gain deliverance.

On this account, O father, the Sultan of mankind has said, “Most of the people of Paradise are the foolish.”

Since, intelligence is the exciter of pride and vanity in you, become a fool in order that your heart may remain sound—

Not the fool that is bent double (abases himself) in buffoonery, the fool that is distraught and bewildered in Him.

The foolish are those women who cut their hands—foolish in respect of their hands, giving notice to beware of the face of Joseph.
Sacrifice your intellect in love for the Friend: anyhow, intellects are from the quarter where He is.

The intelligent have sent their intellects to that quarter: the dolt has remained in this quarter where the Beloved is not.

If, from bewilderment, this intellect of yours goes out of this head, every head of your hair will become head and intellect.

In that quarter the trouble of thinking is not on the brain, for the brain and intellect produce fields and orchards.

If you turn towards the field, you will hear from the field a subtle discourse; you come to the orchard, your palm-tree will become fresh and flourishing.

In this Way abandon ostentation: do not move unless your guide moves.

Anyone who moves without the head is a tail: his movement is like the movement of the scorpion.

Going crookedly, night-blind and ugly and venomous—his trade is the wounding of the pure bodies.

Beat the head of him whose inmost spirit is this, and whose permanent nature and disposition is this.

In sooth it is good for him to beat this head, so that his puny-soul may be delivered from that ill-starred body.

Take away the weapons from the madman's hand, that Justice and Goodness may be satisfied with you.

Since he has weapons and has no understanding, shackle his hand; otherwise he will inflict a hundred injuries.

**Explaining that the acquisition of knowledge and wealth and rank by men of evil nature is the exposing him to shame and is like a sword that has fallen into the hand of a brigand.**

To teach the evil-natured man knowledge and skill is to put a sword in the hand of a brigand.

It is better to put a sword in the hand of an intoxicated Negro than that knowledge should come into the possession of a worthless person.

Knowledge and wealth and office and rank and fortune are a mischief in the hands of the evil-natured.
Therefore the Holy War was made obligatory on the true believers for this purpose, that they might take the spear-point from the hand of the madman.

His spirit is the madman, and his body is his sword: take away the sword from that wicked man!

How should a hundred lions inflict the shame which office inflicts upon the ignorant?

His vice is hidden, when he got the instrument, his snake, from its hole, along the plain.

The entire plain is filled with snakes and scorpions when the ignorant man becomes king of the bitter decree.

The worthless person who acquires wealth and office has become the seeker of his own disgrace.

Either he behaves stingily and gives few presents, or he shows generosity and bestows in the wrong place.

He puts the king in the house of the pawn: the gifts which a fool makes are like this.

When authority falls into the hands of one who has lost the way, he deems it to be a high position (jáh), he has fallen into a pit (cháh).

He does not know the way, he acts as guide: his wicked spirit makes a world-conflagration.

When a child in the Way of poverty assumes the part of an Elder, the evil ghoul seizes those who follow.

“Come,” says he, “for I will show you the moon”; that impure one never saw the moon.

How will you show when during your life you have not seen even the reflection of the moon in the water, O half-baked dunce?

The foolish have become leaders, and from fear the wise have drawn their heads into the cloak.

**Commentary on “O you that wrap yourself.” (muzzammil)**

For this reason He called the Prophet muzzammil, saying, “Come forth from the cloak, O you who are fond of taking flight. Do not draw your head into the cloak and do not cover your face, for the world is a reeling body: you are the intelligence.
Listen; do not hide on account of the disgrace of the adversary, since you have the resplendent candle of the Revelation.

Listen; stand up during the night, for you are a candle, O prince: at night a candle stands up.

Without your radiance, even the bright day is night: without your protection, the lion is captive to the hare.

Be the captain of the ship in this sea of purity, for you are a second Noah, O Mustafa.

An expert guide, with understanding, is needed for every road, especially in the road on the water.

Arise! Look upon the waylaid caravan: everywhere a ghoul has become captain of the ship.

You are the Khizr of the time and the Deliverer of every ship: do not, like the Spirit of God, practice solitude.

In the sight of this assembly you are as the candle of heaven: stop separating yourself and adopting seclusion.

It is not the time for seclusion: come into the assembly, O you who are the humay, while the guidance is like Mount Qaf.

The full-moon is moving by night on the upper part of the sky: it does not cease from its journey because of the outcry of the dogs.

The scoffers keep making an outcry, like dogs, at your full-moon in the direction of your high place.

These dogs are deaf to the command, 'Be silent': from folly howling at your full-moon.

Listen, O the cure for the sick, do not, on account of anger against the deaf, let go the staff of the blind.

Did not you say?—'He that leads a blind man on the way gains a hundred recompenses and rewards from God. Whoever leads a blind man forty steps is pardoned and will find salvation.

Lead away from this impermanent world the multitude of the blind, file on file.

This is the business of a guide: you are the Guide; you are the joy for the sorrow of the last time.

Listen, O Imam of the God-fearing, cause these thinkers of vain fancies to go till certainty.
Whoever has his heart in pawn to plotting against you, I will smite his neck: do you advance joyously.

I will lay blindness on the top of his blindness: he will deem it sugar, and I will give him poison.

Intellects have been kindled by My light; plots have been learned from My plotting.

What indeed is the Turcoman’s tent of black felt before the feet of the male elephants of this world?

Before My sarsar wind what in sooth is that lamp of his, O My greatest prophet?

Do you arise and blow on the terrible trumpet that your sands of the dead may spring up from the earth.

Since you are the upright-rising Seraphiel of the time, make a resurrection before the Resurrection.

O beloved, if anyone say, 'Where is the Resurrection?' show yourself, saying, 'Behold, I am the Resurrection.

Look, O questioner who is stricken with tribulation, that from this resurrection a hundred worlds have grown!

And if he be not fit for this praise and humble supplication, then, O Sultan, the reply to a fool is silence.

From God’s Heaven silence comes in reply when, O soul, the prayer is unanswered.”

Oh, alas, it is harvest-time, but by our fortune the day has become late.

Time is pressing, and the amplitude of this discussion a perpetual life will be restricted for it.

To dart the lance in these narrow lanes brings to disgrace those who dart the lance.

The time is narrow, and the mind and understanding of the vulgar is narrower a hundredfold than the time, O youth.

Inasmuch as silence is the reply to the fool, how are you thus prolonging the discourse?

He, from the perfection of His mercy and the waves of His bounty, bestows rain and moisture on every barren soil.
Showing that, “Omination to reply is a reply,” confirms the saying that silence is the reply to the fool. The explanation of both these is in the story which will now be related.

There was a king: he had a slave;
he was one whose reason was dead and whose lust was alive.

He would neglect the niceties of service to him:
he was thinking evil and deeming good.

The monarch said, “Reduce his allowance,
and if he wrangle strike his name off the roll.”

His reason was deficient, his cupidity excessive:
when he saw the allowance reduced he became violent and refractory.

Had there been reason, he would have made a circuit round himself,
in order that he might see his offence and become forgiven.

When, on account of asininity, a tethered ass becomes violent,
both his legs will be shackled in addition.

Then the ass will say, “One tether is enough for me”; in truth do not think,
for those two are from the action of that vile creature.

It is related in the Hadith that the majestic God created the creatures of the world three kinds.

One class entirely reason and knowledge and munificence;
that is the angel: he knows nothing but prostration in worship.

In his original nature is no concupiscence and sensuality:
he is absolute light, living through love of God.

Another class is devoid of knowledge,
like the animal in fatness from fodder.

It sees nothing but stable and fodder:
it is heedless of misery and glory.
The third is Adam’s descendant and Man: half of him is of the angel and half of him is ass.

The ass-half, indeed, inclines to that which is low; the other half inclines to that which is rational.

Those two classes are at rest from war and combat, while this Man is in torment with two adversaries.

And, moreover, this Human, through probation, has been divided: they are of human shape, but they have become three communities.

One party has become submerged absolutely and, like Jesus, have attained unto the angel.

The form Adam, but the reality is Gabriel: he has been delivered from anger and sensual passion and disputation.

He has been delivered from discipline and asceticism and self-mortification: you would say he was not even born of a child of Adam.

The second sort have attained unto asses: they have become pure anger and absolute lust.

The qualities of Gabriel were in them and departed: that house was narrow, and those qualities grand.

The person who is deprived of spirit becomes dead: when his spirit is deprived of those, he becomes an ass, because the spirit that has not those is vile: this word is true, and the Sufi has said.

He suffers more anxiety than the beasts; he practices subtle arts in the world.

The cunning and imposture which he knows how to spin—that is not produced by any other animal

To weave gold-embroidered robes, to win pearls from the bottom of the sea,

The fine artifices of geometry or astronomy, and the science of medicine and philosophy—

Which are connected only with this world and have no way up to the Seventh Heaven.

All this is the science of building the stable which is the pillar of the existence of the ox and the camel.

For the sake of preserving the animal for a few days, these crazy fools have given to those the name of “mysteries.”
The knowledge of the Way to God and the knowledge of His dwelling place—
that only the owner of the heart knows, or his heart.

He, then, created in this composite fashion
the goodly animal and made him familiar with knowledge.

That class He named “like the cattle,”
for where is the resemblance between waking and sleep?

The animal spirit has nothing but sleep:
the class of men possesses inverted sense-perceptions.

Waking comes, the animal sleep is no more,
and he reads the inversion of his senses from the tablet.

Like the sense-perceptions of one whom sleep has seized:
when he awakes, the inverted quality becomes apparent.

Necessarily, he is the lowest of the low.
Take leave of him: *I love not them that sink.*
The battle of the reason against the flesh is like the contention of Majnun with his she camel:
Majnun’s inclination is towards the noble woman, while the she camel’s inclination is back towards her foal, as Majnun said: “My she-camel’s love is behind me, while my love is in front of me; and verily I and she are discordant.”

Assuredly they are like Majnun and his she-camel: that one is pulling forward and this one backward in enmity.

Majnun’s desire is speeding to the presence of that Layla; the she camel’s desire is running back after her foal.

If Majnun forgot himself for one moment, the she-camel would turn and go back.

Since his body was full of love and passion, he had no resource but to become beside himself.

That which is regardful was reason: passion for Layla carried reason away.

But the she-camel was very regardful and alert: whenever she saw her toggle slack

She would at once perceive that he had become heedless and dazed, and would turn her face back to the foal without delay.

When he came to himself again, he would see on the spot that she had gone back many leagues.

In these conditions Majnun remained going to and fro for years on a three days’ journey.

He said, “O camel, since we both are lovers, therefore we two contraries are unsuitable fellow-travellers.

Your affection and toggle are not in accord with me: it behooves to choose parting from your companionship.”

These two fellow-travellers are brigands waylaying each other: lost is the spirit that does not dismount from the body.

The spirit, because of separation from the highest Heaven, is in a want; the body, on account of passion for the thorn-shrub, is like a she-camel.

The spirit unfolds its wings upwards; the body has stuck its claws in the earth.
“So long as you art with me, O you who art mortally enamoured of your home, then my spirit will remain far from Layla.

From experiences of this kind my life-time, for many years, has gone, like the people of Moses in the desert.

This journey to union was a matter of two steps: because of your noose I have remained sixty years on the way.

The way is near, but I have tarried very late: I have become sick of this riding, sick, sick.”

He threw himself headlong from the camel.

He said, “I am consumed with grief: how long, how long?”

The wide desert became narrow for him: he flung himself on the stony place.

He flung himself down so violently that the body of that courageous man was cracked.

When he flung himself to the ground thus, at that moment also by destiny his leg broke.

He tied up his leg and said, “I will become a ball, I will go rolling along in the curve of His bat.”

For this cause the sweet-mouthed Sage utters a curse on the rider who does not dismount from the body.

How should love for the Lord be inferior to love for Layla? To become a ball for His sake is more worthy.

Become a ball, turn on the side which is sincerity, rolling, rolling in the curve of the bat of Love,

For henceforth this journey is the pull of God, while that journey on the she-camel is our progression.

Such is the extraordinary mode of progression which transcends the utmost exertion of the Jinn and mankind.

Such is the pull—not every common pull—to which Ahmad awarded the pre-eminence. And farewell!
How the slave wrote to the King a statement complaining of the reduction of his allowance

Cut short the discourse for the sake of the slave who has written a message to the King.

He is sending to the gracious King a statement filled with wrangling and self-conceit and hatred.

The body is a letter: look into it whether it is worthy of the King; then take it.

Go into a corner, open the letter, read, and see whether its words are suitable to kings.

If it be not suitable, tear it in pieces and write another letter and remedy.

But do not think it is easy to open the letter which is the body; otherwise everyone would plainly see the secret of the heart.

How hard and difficult is it to open the letter!

It is a task for men, not for children playing at knuckle.

We have all become satisfied with the table of contents, because we are steeped in cupidity and vain desire.

The table of contents is a snare for the ordinary that they may think the text of the scroll is like that.

Open the title-page, do not turn your neck aside from these words—and God best knows the right course.

That title is like a declaration made by the tongue: examine the text of the scroll, namely, the bosom,

Whether it is in agreement with your declaration, in order that your actions may not be hypocritical.

When you are carrying a very heavy sack, you must not fail to look into it,

What of sour and sweet you have in the sack.

If it is worth bringing along, bring it;

Otherwise, empty your sack of the stones, and redeem yourself from this fruitless toil and disgrace.

Put in the sack that which must be brought to righteous sultans and kings.
Story of the divine with a big turban and the man who carried it off, and how he shouted, “Undo it and see what you are taking: then take it!”

A certain divine had collected some old rags and wound them in his turban,

In order that it might become big and look grand when he came into the assembly in the Hatim

He had clipped the rags from garments and outwardly embellished the turban with them.

The exterior of the turban was like a robe of Paradise, it was shameful and ugly within, like the hypocrite.

Shreds of dervish-cloak (dalq) and cotton and fur were buried inside that turban.

He had set his face towards the college at dawn, that by means of this false dignity he might gain blessings.

A clothes-robber stood waiting on the dark road to practice his craft.

He snatched the turban from his head, and then started to run in order that he might settle the business.

Thereupon the divine shouted at him, saying, “O son, undo the turban, and then take it. Even as you are flying with four wings, undo the gift which you are taking away. Undo it and rub with your hand, then take it if you like: I sanction.”

When he who was fleeing undid it, a hundred thousand rags dropped on the road.

Of that big improper turban of his there remained in his hand a meter of old cloth.

He dashed the rag on the ground, saying, “O worthless man, by this fraud you have put me out of business.”
گفت بنمودم دغل لیکن ترا
از نصیحت باز گفتم ماجرا
همچنان دنیا اگر چه خوش شکفت
بانگ زد هم بیوفایی خوشی گفت
اندر این کون و فساد ای اونتاد
آن دغل کون و نصیحت آن فساد
کون میگویید بیا من خوش پیام
و آن فسادش گفته رو من لا شیام
ای ز خوبی بهاران لب گزین
بنگر ان سردم و زردی خزان
روز دیدی طلت خوششند خوب
مرگ او را ید کن وقت غربوب
بدر را یدی باین خوش جار طاق
حسنتش را هم بین اندر محاق
کودکی از حسن شد مولای خلق
بعد فردی شد خرف رسوای خلق
گر تن سیمین تنان کردت شکار
بعد پری بین تنی چون پنبه‌زار
ای بدیده لوطهای جرب خیز
فضلاء ای را بین در اب ریز
مر خیبت را گگ که ان خوبیت کو
بر طبق آن ذوق و آن نعیز و بو
گوید او ان دانه بد من دام ان
چون شدی تو صید شد دانه نهان
بس انامل رشک استادان شده
در صناعت عاقبت لرزان شده
نرگس چشم خمار همچو جان
آخر اعمش بین و آب از وی چکان
حیدری کاندار صف شیران رود
آخر او مغلوب موش می‌شود
طبع تیز دور بین محترف
چون خر پررش بین آخر خرف

He said, “I defrauded,
but I declared to you the matter by way of admonition.”

Likewise the World, though it blossomed delightfully,
at the same time uttered a cry and declared its faithlessness.

In this existence and corruption, O master,
existence is the fraud and that corruption is the admonition.

Existence says, “Come, I am delectable,”
and its corruption says, “Go, I am nothing.”

O you that bite your lip at the beauty of spring,
look on the coldness and paleness of autumn.

In the daytime you deemed the countenance of the sun beauteous:
remember its death in the moment of setting.

You saw the full-moon on this lovely firmament:
observe also its anguish during the interlunar period.

A boy, on account of his beauty, became the lord of the people:
after the morrow he became doting and exposed to the scorn of the people.

If the body of those in the fresh bloom of youth has made you a prey,
after old age behold a body like a cotton plantation.

O you, who have seen rich viands,
arise and see the residue thereof in the latrine.

Say to the filth, “Where is that beauty of your—
the savour and goodliness and scent in the dish?”

It replies, “That was the bait: I was its trap:
since you have become prey, the bait has become hidden.”

Many fingers that in handicraft were the envy of master craftsmen
have at last become trembling.

The soul-like intoxicating narcissus-eye—
sees it dimmed at last and water trickling from it.

The lion that advances into the ranks of lions—
at last he is conquered by a mouse.

The acute, far-seeing, artful genius—
beholds it at last imbecile as an old ass.
The curly lock that sheds musk and takes away the reason—at last it is like the ugly white tail of a donkey.

Observe its existence, at first pleasing and joyous; and observe its shamefulness and corruption in the end;

For it showed the snare plainly: it plucked out the fool’s moustache in your presence.

Do not say, then, “The World deceived me by its imposture; otherwise, my reason would have fled from its snare.”

Come now; see the golden collar and shoulder-belt have become a shackle and chain.

Reckon every particle of the World like this: bring its beginning and its end into consideration.

The more anyone regards the end (ākhir) the more blessed he is; the more anyone regards the stable (ākhur) the more banned he is.

Regard every one’s face as the glorious moon: when the beginning has been seen, see the end,

Lest you become a man blind of one eye, like Iblis: he, like a person docked, sees half and not half.

He saw the clay (tin) of Adam but did not see his obedience to God (din): he saw in him this world but did not see that which beholds yonder world.

The superiority of men to women, O valorous one, is not on account of strength and money-making and landed estates;

Otherwise the lion and elephant because of strength would be superior to the human being, O blind one.

The superiority of men to women, O time-server, is because man is more regardful of the end.

The man who is crooked in respect of seeing the end, he, like a woman, is inferior to those acquainted with the end.

From the World are coming two cries in opposition: for which you are adapted.

Its one cry is the quickening the devout with life; and its other cry is the cajoling the graceless.

“I am the thorn-blossom, O sweet cherisher: the flower will drop and I shall remain a thorn-bough.”

The cry of its blossom is, “Here is the flower-seller!” The cry of its thorn is, “Do not strive towards me.”
You have accepted this, you are left by the other, for a lover is deaf to the contrary of the object loved.

The one cry is this, “Here am I, ready”; the other cry is, “Look upon my latter end.”

My readiness is like guile and ambush: behold the image of the end in the mirror of the beginning.”

When you have gone into one of these two sacks, you have become contrary and unsuitable to the other.

Oh, happy is he who, from the first, heard that which the intelligences and the ears of men have heard.

It has found the house empty and taken abode, all else appears to him perverted or wonderful.

The new pot that has drawn to itself some urine: water cannot detach that filth.

Everything in the world draws something: infidelity the infidel and righteousness him who is guided aright.

There is both the amber and the magnet: whether you are iron or straw you will come to the hook.

The magnet carries you off if you are iron; and if you are straw, you will be in contact with the amber.

When any one is not associated with the good, he inevitably becomes a neighbour to the wicked.

Moses is very despicable in the eyes of the Egyptian; Haman is exceedingly accursed in the eyes of the Israelite.

The spirit of Haman has drawn the Egyptian; the spirit of Moses has sought the Israelite.

The belly of the ass draws straw at the swallowing; the belly of Adam is an attractor of wheat-broth.

If, on account of the darkness, you do not recognise a person, look at him whom he has made his imam;
Explaining that the gnostic has a nutriment of the Light of God, for, “I pass the night with my Lord: He gives me meat and drink”; and “Hunger is God’s food whereby He revives the bodies of the siddiqs,” that is, “in hunger God’s food reaches.”

For every foal goes after its dam, so that thereby its being a congener becomes apparent.

The human creature’s milk comes from the breast; the milk of the ass comes from the under-half.

It is the Justice of the Dispenser, it is an act of dispensation: the wonder is this, that there is neither compulsion nor injustice.

Were there compulsion, how would there be repentance? Were there injustice, how would there be protection?

The day is ended: the lesson will be to-morrow: how should the day contain our mystery?

O you who have put firm confidence in the breath and flattery of a scoundrel, You have raised up a tent of bubbles: in the end that tent has exceedingly weak ropes.

Hypocrisy is like lightning, and in its gleam the travellers cannot see the way.

This world and its people are good-for-nothing: both are unanimous in respect of faithlessness.

The son of the world is faithless like the world: though he turns the face towards you, that face is the nape.

The people of that world, like that world, on account of goodness continue forever in covenant and promise.

When, in truth, did two prophets oppose each other? When did they wrest evidential miracles from one another? How should the fruit of that world become stale? Intellectual joy does not turn into sorrows.

The fleshly soul is faithful; for that reason it ought to be killed: it is base, and base is the spot to which its desires are directed.

This assembly is well-adapted for fleshly souls: the grave and shroud are suitable to the dead.
Although the fleshly soul is sagacious and acute, its qibla is this world, regard it as dead.

The water of God's inspiration has reached this dead, the living comes into view from the tomb of a corpse.

Until inspiration comes, do not be duped by that rouge of “May his life be long!”

Seek the applause and renown that does not die away, the splendour of the sun that does not sink.

Those abstruse sciences and disputations are the people of Pharaoh:

Death is like the water of the Nile.

Although their brilliance and pomp and show and enchantment drag the people along by the scruff of the neck,

Know that all is the enchantments of the magicians; know that Death is the rod which became a dragon.

It made one mouthful of all sorceries.

There was a world filled with night; the dawn devoured it.

The light is not made greater and more by that devouring; nay, it is just the same as it has been before.

It is increased in respect of the effect, but not in respect of its essence: the essence has no increase or diminution.

God was not increased by bringing the world into existence: that which He was not formerly He has not become now;

But the effect was increased by bringing created things into existence: there is difference between these two increases.

The increase of the effect is His manifestation, in order that His attributes and action may be made visible.

The increase of any essence is a proof that it is originated and subject to causes.

Commentary on “Moses conceived a fear in his heart:

We said, ‘Fear not, truly you will be the superior.’”

Moses said, “Magic too is a bewildering thing: how shall I act?—for this people have no discernment.”

God said, “I will produce discernment, I will make the undiscerning mind able to perceive.
Although they have raised up foam, like the sea, you, O Moses, will prevail: fear not!"

Magic was glorious in its own time:
when the rod became a dragon, those were disgraced.

Every one pretends to excellence and elegance:
the stone of Death is the touchstone for elegances.

Magic is gone and the miracle of Moses is past:
as regards both, the bowl has fallen from the roof of being.

What has the noise of the bowl of magic left behind but execration?
What has the noise of the bowl of religion left behind but sublimity?

Since the touchstone has become hidden from man and woman, O adulterated coin, come now into line and brag!

It is the time for you to brag. Since the touchstone is absent, they will pass you in honour from hand to hand.

The adulterated coin is ever saying to me arrogantly, “O pure gold, how am I inferior to you?”

The gold says, “Yes, O fellow-servant; but the touchstone is coming: be prepared.”

The death of the body is a gift to the adepts of the mystery: what damage is the scissors to pure gold?

If the adulterated coin had seen the end in regard to itself, it would have become at first the black which it became in the end.

Since it would have become black at first, in confrontation it would have been far from duplicity and damnation.

It would have sought the elixir of grace; its reason would have prevailed over its hypocrisy.

Since it would have become broken-hearted on account of its state, it would have seen before it Him who mends them that are broken.

It saw the end and became broken, it was at once bandaged by the Bone-setter.

The grace impelled the pieces of copper towards the elixir; the gilt remained deprived of bounty.

O gilt one; do not make pretensions: recognise that your purchaser will not remain so blind.

The light of the place of congregation will cause their eyes to see and will expose your blindfolding.
Look at those who have seen the end:
they are the amazement of souls and the envy of the eye.

Look at those who have seen the present:
their inmost self is corrupt; they are radically decapitated.

To the seer of the present, who is in ignorance and doubt,
both the true dawn and the false dawn are one.

The false dawn has given a hundred thousand caravans
to the wind of destruction, O youth.

There is no genuine money that has not a deceptive counterfeit:
alas for the soul that does not possess the touchstone and scissors!

Warning the pretender to shun pretension and enjoining him to follow.

Bu Musaylim said, “I myself am Ahmad:
I have cunningly confounded the religion of Ahmad.”

Say to Bu Musaylim, “Do not behave with insolence:
be not deluded by the beginning, regard the end.

Do not act thus as a guide from greed for amassing:
follow behind, in order that the Candle may go in front.”

The Candle, like the moon, shows the destination,
and whether in this direction there is the grain or the place for the snare.

Whether you will or not, with the Lantern
the form of falcon and the form of crow become visible.

Otherwise, these crows have lit fraud:
they have learned the cry of the white falcons.

If a man learns the cry of the hoopoe,
where is the mystery of the hoopoe and the message from Saba?

Know the natural cry from the artificial one,
the crown of kings from the crown of hoopoes.

These shameless persons have attached to their tongues
the speech of dervishes and the deep sayings of gnostics.

Every destruction of an olden people that there was—
because they deemed sandal-wood to be wood.

They had the discernment that should make that evident,
but greed and cupidity make blind and deaf.
The blindness of the blind is not far from mercy; it is the blindness of greed that is inexcusable.

O fish regard the end; do not regard the hook: evil appetite has bandaged your eye that sees the end.

See the beginning and the end with both eyes: beware, do not be one-eyed like the accursed Iblis.

The one-eyed man is he who saw only the present—ignorant, like the beasts, of after.

Since the two eyes of an ox are as one eye in damages for destruction—for it has no excellence—

Since the donkey's eye the beginning is not accompanied by the end, it is in the same case as the one-eyed man, if it has two eyes.

This topic has no limit—and that light-minded one is writing a letter in hope of loaves.

The rest of the story of the slave's writing a petition for his allowance.
When, at the time of the forenoon meal, his allowance was reduced, he uttered much revilement, it was of no avail.

He said, “You are doing these things on purpose.”
“No,” said the other, “we obey the command.
Do not regard this from the branch: regard it from the root; do not strike at the bow, for the arrow is from the arm.

You did not throw when you threw is a trial: do not lay the fault on the Prophet, for that is from God.

The water is turbid from the source: O you, who are angry in vain, look farther on, open your eye once!”

By anger and resentment he went into a certain place and wrote an angry letter to the king.

In that letter he lauded the king and threaded the pearl of the king’s munificence and generosity,

Saying, “O you whose hand exceeds the sea and the clouds in fulfilling the want of the suitor, Because that which the cloud gives, it gives with tears, your hand incessantly lays the dish with smiles.”

Though the outward form of the letter was praise, from the praise the scent of anger was showing traces.

All your actions are devoid of light and ugly because you are far, far from the light of your original nature.

The splendour of the actions of the vile becomes unsaleable, just as fresh fruit soon becomes rotten.

The splendour of the present life soon produces becomes of no account, inasmuch as it belongs to the world of generation and corruption.

Breasts are not gladdened by an encomium when there are feelings of enmity in the encomiast.

O heart, become purged of enmity and repugnance, and then chant “Glory to God” and be busy.

“Glory to God” on your tongue and repugnance within is hypocrisy or guile on the tongue’s part;

And moreover God has said, “I do not look to the exterior, I am regarding the interior.”
A certain man came from Iraq, in a tattered cloak: his friends inquired concerning separation.

“Yeas,” he replied; “there was separation, but the journey was very blessed and fortunate for me,

For the Caliph gave me ten robes of honour—
may a hundred praises and laudations accompany him!”

He was reciting expressions of gratitude and praise till he carried gratitude beyond bound and limit.

Then they said to him,

“Your wretched guise bears witness to your mendacity.
Naked, bare-headed, consumed:
you have stolen expressions of gratitude or learned.
Where are the signs of the gratitude and praise due to your prince on your unplenished head and feet?
If your tongue is weaving praise of that king, your seven members are complaining.

In the generosity of that king and sultan of munificence was there not a pair of shoes and trousers for you?”

He replied, “I gave away what he bestowed:
the prince left nothing undone in the way of solicitude.

I received all the presents from the prince and distributed them among the orphans and the poor.

I gave the riches away and received long life in return, because I was utterly self-sacrificing.”

Then they said to him, “Bless you! The riches are gone: what is this naphtha-smoke within you?

A hundred hatreds like thorns are in your heart: how should grief be the sign of rejoicing?
Where are the signs of love and charity and being pleased, if what you have said of what passed is true?”
I grant, indeed, that the riches are gone: where is desire?
If the torrent has gone by, where is the torrent-bed?

If your eye was black and soul-inspiring, and if it is soul-inspiring no longer, why is it blue?
Where the signs of self-sacrifice, O are sour one?
The smell of false and empty words is coming: be silent!"

Charity has a hundred signs within (in the heart):
the good deed has a hundred tokens.

If riches be consumed in charity, a hundred lives come into the heart as a substitute.

A sowing of pure seeds in God's earth, and then no income!

If the ears of corn grow not from the gardens of Hu, then tell, how should God's earth be "spacious"?

Since this earth of mortality is not without produce, how should God's earth be? That is a spacious place.

Verily, the produce of this earth is infinite: even the least for a single seed is seven-hundredfold.

You said, "Glory to God!" Where are the signs of those who glorify?
Neither in your exterior nor within is there a trace.

The gnostic's glorification of God is right, for his feet and hands have borne witness to his glorification.

It has lifted him up from the dark pit of the body and redeemed him from the bottom of the dungeon of this world.

On his shoulder is the sign of glorification—the silken robe of piety and the light which associates itself.

He is delivered from the transitory world; he is dwelling in the Rose-garden, and a running fountain.

His sitting-place and home and abode is on the throne of the high-aspiring inmost consciousness, and his station is the Seat of sincerity in which all the siddiqs are flourishing and joyous and fresh of countenance.

Their praise, like the garden's praise on account of spring, has a hundred signs and a hundred displays.

Fountains and palms and herbs and rose-beds and plots of bright-coloured flowers bear witness to its springtide.
Everywhere thousands of witnesses to the Beloved are in bearing testimony, as the pearl to the oyster-shell.

From your breath comes the smell of a bad conscience, and your pain is reflected from your head and face, O braggart!

In the battle-field there are sagacious ones who know the smell: do not in presumption idly utter the ecstatic cries.

Do not brag of musk, for that smell of onions is revealing the secret of your breath.

You are saying, "I have eaten rose-sugar," while the smell of garlic is striking and saying, "Don't talk nonsense."

The heart is like unto a great house: the house of the heart has neighbours concealed:

Through the window-slit and the walls they observe the hidden thoughts—

Through a slit whereof the owner of the house has no conception and in which he has no share

Recite from the Qur'an that the Devil and his tribe secretly get scent of the state of humankind, by a way of which humankind are ignorant, because it is not of this sensible or one of these semblances.

Do not devise any fraud amongst the assayers: do not address any idle boast to the touchstone, O base spurious coin.

The touchstone has a way to the genuine and the spurious coin, for God made him the commander of body and heart.

Since the devils, notwithstanding their grossness, are acquainted with our inmost soul and thought and belief, have a passage stealthily within, we are overthrown by their thievish practices. They continually inflict a derangement and damage, for they are masters of the tunnel and window-slit—

Why, then, should the illuminated spirits in the world be unaware of our hidden state?

Have the spirits that pitched their tent on Heaven become inferior to the devils in respect of permeation?

The devil goes like a thief towards Heaven, and he is pierced with a burning meteor:

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He falls down headlong from the sky
as the wretched in battle by the blow of the spear-point.

That is caused by the jealousy of the delectable spirits:
they cast them headlong from Heaven.

If you are palsied and lame and blind and deaf,
do not hold this opinion of the great spirits.

Be ashamed and do not utter idle words, do not torment yourself,
for there are many spies beyond the body.

How the divine physicians detect diseases, religious and spiritual,
in the countenance of friend or stranger and in the tones of his speech and the colour of his eyes,
and even without all these, by the way of the heart; for “verily, they are spies on the hearts;
therefore behave with sincerity when you sit with them.”

These physicians of the body have knowledge:
they are more acquainted with your malady than you are,

So that they perceive the state from the urine-bottle,
though you cannot know your ailment by that means,

And from your pulse, complexion, and breath alike
they diagnose every kind of disease in you.

How, then, should the divine physicians in the world
not diagnose in you without word of mouth?

From your pulse and your eyes and your complexion alike
they immediately discern a hundred maladies in you.

In truth, it is these newly-taught physicians
that have need of these signs.

The perfect will hear your name from afar and quickly penetrate
into the deepest ground of your being and existence;

Nay, they will have seen you years before your birth —
you together with all the circumstances.
How Abu Yazid Bistami announced the birth of Abu 'l-Hasan Kharragani—may God sanctify the spirit of them both years before it took place, and gave a detailed description of his outer and inner characteristics; and how the chroniclers wrote it down for the purpose of observation.

Have you heard the story of Bayazid—what he saw beforehand of the state of Bu 'l-Hasan?

One day that sultan of piety was passing with his disciples towards the open country and the plain.

Suddenly there came to him, in the district of Rayy, a sweet scent from the direction of Kharaqan.

On the spot he uttered the lamentable cry of one who is yearning, and sniffed the scent from the breeze.

He was inhaling the sweet scent lovingly: his soul was tasting wine from the breeze.

When “sweat” appears on the outside of a pot that is full of icy water,

It has been turned into water by the coldness of the air: the moisture has not escaped from the inside of the pot.

The scent-bearing breeze became water for him; for him too the water became pure wine.

When the marks of intoxication appeared in him, a disciple questioned him concerning that breath;

Then he asked him, “these sweet ecstasies which are beyond the pale of the five and the six?

Your face is becoming now red and now yellow and now white: what is the hap and the glad tidings?

You are inhaling scent, and no flowers are visible: doubtless it is from the Unseen and from the garden of the Universal.

O you who are the desire of everyone who follows his own desire, you to whom there is at every moment a message and letter from the Unseen,

You to whose organ of smell there is coming at every moment, as to Jacob, balm from a Joseph,

Spill upon us one drop from that pitcher; give us one word that smells of that garden.
We are not accustomed, O beauty of majesty, that you should drink alone while our lips are dry.

O nimble, nimbly-rising traverser of Heaven, spill upon us one draught of that which you have drunk.

There is no other Master of the Revels in the world except you: O king, look on the boon-companions!

How is it possible to quaff this wine underhand? Certainly wine is the exposer of man.

He may disguise and conceal the scent, how will he hide his intoxicated eye?

In truth this is not a scent that thousands of veils will keep hidden in the world.

The desert and plain are filled with its pungency. What plain? For it has passed even beyond the nine spheres.

Do not daub the head of the jar with mortar, for indeed this naked one does not admit of covering.

Show kindness: O you who knows and can tell the mystery, declare that which your falcon has made its prey.”

He said, “A marvellous scent is come to me, even as for the Prophet’s sake from Yemen.”

For Mohammed said, ‘the scent of God is coming to me from Yemen, on the hand of the zephyr.”

The scent of Ramin is coming from the soul of Wis; the scent of God, too, is coming from Uways.

From Uways and from Qaran a wondrous scent made the Prophet drunken and full of rapture.

Since Uways had passed away from himself, that earthly one had become heavenly.

The almond conserved in sugar— its bitter taste is not any more.

The almond that is freed from egoism has the appearance of almond, not the flavour.

This topic has no end. Return, that what that holy man said, by inspiration from the World Unseen.
The words of the Prophet, may God bless and save him, “Truly, I feel the Breath of the Merciful from the direction of Yemen.”

He said, “The scent of a friend is coming from this quarter, for a monarch is coming into this village.

After such and such a number of years a king will be born: he will pitch a tent above the heavens.

His face will be coloured with roses from God’s rose garden: he will surpass me in station.”

“What is his name?” He replied, “His name is Bu ’l- Hasan,” and described his features—his eyebrows and chin;

He described his height and his complexion and his figure and spoke in detail of his locks of hair and his face.

He also declared his spiritual features—his qualities and the way and his rank and estate.

The bodily features, like the body, are borrowed: set not your heart on them, for they are lasting one hour.

The features of the natural spirit also are perishable: seek the features of that spirit which is above the sky.

Its body is on the earth, like a lamp, its light is above the Seventh Roof.

Those rays of the sun are in the house; their orb is in the Fourth Dome.

The form of the rose is beneath the nose for idle pleasure’s sake, the scent of the rose is on the roof and palace of the brain.

A man asleep sees terror at Aden: the reflection thereof appears as sweat on his body.

The shirt was in Egypt in the keeping of one exceedingly careful: Canaan was filled with the scent of that shirt.

Thereupon they wrote down the date: they adorned the spit with the meat for roasting.

When the right time and date arrived, that king was born and played the dice of empire.

After those years, Bu ’l-Hasan appeared after the death of Bayazid.
All his dispositions, of withholding tenaciously or bestowing liberally, proved to be such as that king had foretold.

His guide is “the guarded tablet.” From what is it guarded? It is guarded from error.

The inspiration of God is not astrology or geomancy or dreams—and God best knows what is right.

The Sufis in explaining call it the inspiration of the heart, in order to disguise from the vulgar.

Take it to be the inspiration of the heart, for it is the place where He is seen: how should there be error when the heart is aware of Him?

O true believer, you have become seeing by the light of God: you have become secure from error and inadvertence.

The reduction of the allowance of God’s food for the soul and heart of the Sufi

How should a Sufi be grieved on account of poverty? The very essence of poverty becomes his nurse and his food, because Paradise has grown from thing disliked, and Mercy is the portion of one who is helpless and broken.

He that haughtily breaks the heads, the mercy of God and His creatures does not come not towards him.

This topic has no end, and that youth has been deprived of strength by the reduction of his bread-allowance.

Happy is the Sufi whose daily bread is reduced: his bead becomes a pearl, and he becomes the Sea.

Whosoever has become acquainted with that choice (spiritual) allowance, he has become worthy of approach and of the Source of allowance.

When there is a reduction of that spiritual allowance, his spirit trembles on account of its reduction;

Then he knows that a fault has been committed which has ruffled the jasmine-bed of approbation,

Just as that person, on account of the deficiency of his crop, wrote a letter to the owner of the harvest

They brought his letter to the lord of justice: he read the letter and returned no answer.
He said, “He has no care but for delicacies: silence, then, is the best answer to a fool.

He has no care at all for separation or union: he is confined to the branch; he does not seek the root at all.

He is a fool and dead in egoism, for because of his anxious care for the branch he has no leisure for the root.”

Deem the skies and the earth to be an apple that appeared from the tree of Divine Power.

You are as a worm in the midst of the apple and art ignorant of the tree and the gardener.

The other worm too is in the apple, but its spirit is outside, bearing the banner aloft.

Its movement splits the apple asunder: the apple cannot endure that shock.

Its movement has rent veils: its form is a worm, but its reality is a dragon.

The fire that first darts from the steel puts forth its foot very feebly

Cotton is its nurse at first, but in the end it carries its flames up to the ether.

At first, man is in bondage to sleep and food; ultimately he is higher than the angels.

Under the protection of cotton and sulphur matches his flame and light rises above Suha

He illuminates the dark world: he tears the iron fetter (in pieces) with a needle.

Though the fire too is connected with the body, is it not derived from the spirit and the spiritual?

The body has no share in that glory: the body is as a drop of water in comparison with the sea of the spirit.

The days of the body, are increased by the spirit: mark what becomes of the body when the spirit goes.

The range of your body is an ell or two, no more: your spirit is a maker of swift flights to heaven.

In the spirit’s imagination, O prince, it is half a step to Baghdad and Samarkand.
The fat of your eye is two dirham’s in weight: the light of its spirit to the lofty region of the sky.

The light sees in dream without this eye: without this light what would the eye be but ruined?

The spirit is un concerned with the heard and moustache of the body, but without the spirit the body is a carcass and vile.

Such is the magnificence of the animal spirit: advance farther, behold the human spirit.

Pass beyond Man and disputation unto the shore of the sea of the spirit of Gabriel.

After that, the spirit of Ahmad will bite your lip, and Gabriel will creep back in fear of you, and will say, “If I come one bow’s length towards you, I shall be instantly consumed.”

Ashafan An Gulam az Nasireddin Jawab Requyez az Qibil Padasheh

How the slave was indignant because no reply to his letter arrived from the king.

Truly this desert has no head or foot. That youth, without a reply to his letter, is aggrieved.

And says, “Oh, it is a wonder. How did the king give me no reply? Or the carrier of the letter behaved treacherously because of the torment, for he was a hypocrite and a piece of water beneath straw.

I will write another letter by way of test and seek another accomplished messenger.”

That heedless man ignorantly puts the blame on the Amir and the steward and the letter-carrier.

Never does he go round about himself and say, “I have acted perversely, like the idolater in religion.”
The wind moved perversely against Solomon's throne.
Then Solomon said, “O wind, do not creep perversely.”

The wind too said, “Do not move perversely, O Solomon; and if you move perversely, be not angry at my perverseness.

God set up these scales for the purpose that justice might be done to us in eternity.

You give short measure, I will give short measure; so long as you are honest with me, I am honest.”

Likewise, Solomon's tiara swerved to one side and made the bright day as night to him.

He said, “O tiara, do not become awry on my head: O sun, do not decline from my orient.”

He was putting the tiara straight with his hand, the tiara always became awry for him again, O youth.

Eight times he straightened it, and it became awry.
He said, “Why, what is the matter, O tiara? Do not sag crookedly.”

It replied, “If you put me straight a hundred times, I go awry since you go awry, O trusted one.”

Then Solomon put straight his inward part: he made his heart cold to the lust which it had.

Afterwards he was purposely making it awry, the tiara always returned purposely, seeking the crown of his head.

The tiara began to speak, saying, “O king, display pride: since you have shaken your wings free from the clay, take flight.

I have no permission to pass beyond this and tear to pieces the veils of the mystery of this.

Lay your hand on my mouth: shut my mouth from unacceptable speech.”
Do not you, then, whatever grief befalls you, resentfully accuse any one: turn upon yourself.

Do not think evil of another, O you who gratify the desire of your friend: do not do that which that slave was meditating—

Now his quarrel with the messenger and the steward, now his anger against the generous emperor.

You are like Pharaoh, who had left Moses and was taking off the heads of the people’s babes:

The enemy was in the house of that blind-hearted man, he was cutting the necks of the children.

You also are bad to others outside, while you have become complaisant to the grievous self within.

It is your enemy indeed; you are giving it candy, while outside you are accusing every one.

You are like Pharaoh, blind and blind-hearted: complaisant to your enemy and treating the guiltless with ignominy.

How long, O Pharaoh, will you slay the innocent and pamper your noxious body?

His understanding was superior to that of kings: God’s ordainment had made him without understanding and blind.

God’s seal upon the eye and ear of the intelligence makes him an animal, if he is a Plato.

God’s ordainment comes into view on the tablet in such wise as Bayazid’s prediction of the future event.

How Shaykh Abu ’l-Hasan, may God be well-pleased with him, heard Bayazid’s announcement of his coming into existence and of what should happen to him.

It came to pass just as he had said. Bu ’l-Hasan heard from the people that,

“He has my disciple and my true follower, and will receive lessons from my tomb at every dawn.”

He said, “I have also seen him in a dream and have heard this from the spirit of the Shaykh.”
Every dawn he would set his face towards the grave and stand in attention till the forenoon,

And either the apparition of the Shaykh would come to him, or without anything spoken his difficulty would be solved,

Till one day he came auspiciously: the graves were covered with new-fallen snow.

He saw the snows, wreath on wreath like flags, mound on mound;

and his soul was grieved.

From the shrine of the living Shaykh came to him a cry, “Listen, I call you that you may run to me. Hey, come quickly in this direction, towards my voice: if the world is snow, do not turn your face away from me.”

From that day his state became excellent, and he saw those wondrous things which at first he was hearing.

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**How the slave wrote another letter to the king when he received no reply to the first letter.**

That evil-thinking one wrote another letter, full of vituperation and clamour and loud complaint.

He said, “I wrote a letter to the king; oh, I wonder if it arrived there and found its way.”

The fair-cheeked read that second one also, and as before he gave him no reply and kept silence.

The king was withholding all favour from him: he repeated the letter five times.

“What diminution of your sovereignty will occur if you cast looks on your slave and servant?”

He said, “This is easy; but he is fool: a foolish man is foul and rejected of God.

Though I pardon his sin and fault, his disease will infect me also.

From an itchy person a whole hundred become itchy, especially this loathsome reprobate itch.
May the itch, lack of intelligence, not befall the infidel
His ill-starredness keeps the cloud rainless.

On account of his ill-starredness the cloud sheds no moisture:
by his owlishness the city is made a desert.

Because of the itch of those foolish ones
the Flood of Noah devastated a whole world in disgrace.

The Prophet said, ‘Whoever is foolish,
he is our enemy and a ghoul who waylays.

Whoso is intelligent, he is our soul:
his breeze and wind is our sweet basil.’

Intelligence revile me, I am well-pleased, because it possesses something
that has emanated from my emanative activity.

Its revilement is not without use,
itself hospitality is not without a table;

If the fool put sweetmeat on my lip,
I am in a fever from his sweetmeat.”

If you are goodly and enlightened, know this for sure,
kissing the arse of an ass has no savour.

He uselessly makes your moustache fetid;
your dress is blackened by his kettle without a table.

Intelligence is the table, not bread and roast-meat:
the light of intelligence, O son, is the nutriment for the soul.

Man has no food but the light:
the soul does not obtain nourishment from aught but that.

Little by little cut off from these foods—
for these are the nutriment of an ass, not that of a free man—

So that you may become capable of the original nutriment
and may eat habitually the dainty morsels of the light

It is the reflection of that light that this bread has become bread;
it is the overflowing of that soul that this soul has become soul.

When you eat once of the light
you will pour earth over the bread and oven

Intelligence consists of two intelligences;
the former is the acquired one which you learn, like a boy at school,

From book and teacher and reflection and memory,
and from concepts, and from excellent and virgin sciences
Your intelligence becomes superior to others; but through preserving that you are heavily burdened.

You, in wandering and going about, are a preserving tablet; the preserved tablet is he that has passed beyond this.

The other intelligence is the gift of God: its fountain is in the midst of the soul.

When the water of knowledge gushes from the breast, it does not become fetid, old or yellow;
And if its way of issue be stopped, what harm? For it gushes continually from the house

The acquired intelligence is like the conduits which run into a house from the streets:
Its water-way is blocked, it is without any supply. Seek the fountain from within yourself!

A certain person was consulting someone that he might be delivered from perplexity and from a quandary.
“O man of good name,” he replied; “seek another, not me, and explain to him the matter for consultation.

I am an enemy to you: do not attach yourself to me; one is never successful from the counsel of an enemy.
Go; seek one who is a friend to you: undoubtedly a friend seeks good for his friend.

I am an enemy: it is inevitable that from egoism I should go crookedly and show enmity towards you.
It is not a condition to demand of a wolf the task of a watchman: to demand from the wrong place is a negation of the demand.

Without any doubt I am an enemy to you: how should I show you the way? I am a highwayman.

Whoever is sitting with friends is amidst a flower-garden in a bath-furnace.
Whoever in the world sits with an enemy, he is in a bath-furnace in a flower-garden.

Vex not your friend by egoism, lest your friend become your adversary and enemy.

Do good to the people for your God’s sake or for the peace of your own soul,

That you may always see friendly in your sight, and that ugly ideas arising from hatred may not come into your heart.

Since you have behaved with enmity, abstain: consult a friend who arouses affection.”

He replied, “I know you, O Bu ’l-Hasan, to be one who has long deemed me an enemy; But you are a reasonable and spiritual man: your reason will not allow you to go crookedly.”

The nature desires to take revenge on its adversary: the reason is an iron chain upon the flesh.

It comes and prevents it and restrains it: the reason is like a police-inspector for it in its good and evil.

The reason that is allied to Faith is like a just police-inspector: it is the guardian and magistrate of the city of the heart.

It is mentally alert like a cat: the thief remains in the hole, like a mouse.

Wherever the mouse gets the upper hand, no cat is there, or there is the form of a cat.

What cat? The Faith-regarding reason which is in the body is the lion that overthrows the lions.

Its roar is the magistrate of the tearing animals; its shout is the preventer of the browsing animals.

The city is full of thieves and clothes-robbers, let there be a police-inspector if you will, or let there be none.
How the Prophet, on whom be peace, appointed a youth of Hudhayl to be commander of an expeditionary force in which there were elders and veteran warriors.

The Prophet was sending a force to fight against the unbelievers and repel insolence. He chose a youth of Hudhayl and appointed him commander of the army and leader of the cavalry.

The foundation of an army is unquestionably the chief in command: a people without a chief are a body without a head.

That you are dead and decrepit—all this is because you have abandoned the chief.

On account of laziness and avarice and egoism you are drawing your head back and making yourself the head.

Like the beast that flees from the burden: it takes its head into the mountains.

If you disappear now from mine eye, the mighty wolf will approach you from every direction.

It will chew your bones like sugar, so that you will never see life again.

Do not suppose that; at any rate you will be left without fodder: fire is extinguished by lack of faggots.

Beware! Do not flee from my control and from the heaviness of the burden, for I am your soul.

You also are a beast, for your carnal soul predominates: the predominant determines, O worshipper of self.

The Almighty did not call you an ass, He called you a horse: the Arabs say to the Arab horse “ta‘ ál” (“come”).

Mustafa was God’s stable-overseer for the beasts, the iniquitous carnal soul.

Moved by lovingkindness, He said, “Say, ‘ta‘ álaw (come), to the end that I may train you: I am the trainer.”

“Since I have trained the carnal souls, I have suffered many kicks from these beasts.
Wherever there is one fond of training, he has no means of avoiding kicks.

Of necessity the most affliction falls on the prophets, for it is an affliction to give training to the raw.

You are stumbling along: at my word go at a jog-trot that you may become gentle and be suitable for the king to ride.

The Lord said, ‘Say, Come, say, Come, O beasts that have shied away from discipline.

If they come not, O Prophet, be not grieved: be not full of hatred on account of those two without steadfastness.”

The ears of some are deaf to these ta‘álaw: every beast has a different stable.

Some are put to flight by this call: the stall of every horse is separate.

Some are chagrined by this story, for every bird has a separate cage.

Even the angels too were not peers: for this reason they formed diverse ranks in Heaven.

Children, though they are at one school, surpass each other in lessons.

Sense-perceptions are possessed by Easterner and Westerner, the function of sight belongs to the ocular sense.

Though a hundred thousand ears are arrayed in rank, they all are in need of the clear eye.

Again, the ranks of ears have a function in respect of hearing the Spirit and the Traditions and the Revelation.

A hundred thousand eyes do not possess that avenue: no eye is acquainted with hearing.

Similarly, enumerate each sense, one by one: each one is removed from the work of another.

The five external and the five internal senses are in ten ranks in the standing posture of the ranked.

Anyone who draws back from the rank of religion will go into the rank that is behind.

Do not make little of the Word ta‘álaw (come): this Word is an exceedingly great elixir.
If a copper turn away in repugnance from your saying, by no means withhold the elixir from him.

If his magician-like soul has bound him at the present time, your saying will profit him in his latter end.

O slave, say, *Come, say, Come* take heed, for verily God invites unto the Peace.

Then come back, sire, from egoism and headship: seek a leader, do not desire leadership.

### How an objector objected to the Prophet’s—on whom be peace—appointing the man of Hudhayl to be commander.

When the Prophet appointed a leader from Hudhayl for the army whose troops were divinely aided,

An insolent fellow, through envy, could not endure: he raised objection and opposition.

Behold humankind, how dark they are, and how they are perishing in a perishable piece of goods.

On account of pride they all are in separation, dead to the spirit, living in deception.

It is wonderful that the spirit is in prison, and then the key of the prison is in its hand!

That youth is plunged in dung from head to foot; the flowing river is touching his skirt!

Always moving restlessly from side to side beside the place of repose and the couch where he might recline!

The light is hidden, and search is the evidence, for the heart does not seek shelter in vain.

If this world’s prison had no refuge, neither would there be any feeling of aversion nor would the heart seek release.

Your aversion is dragging you along, like a custodian, saying, “O man astray, seek the path of righteousness.”

The path is there, but it is hidden in a secret place: its discovery is in pawn to seeking in vain.

Separation is secretly in quest of union: in this seeker do you discern the face of the sought.
The dead of the orchard spring up from the root, saying, “Perceive the Giver of life!”

How should the eyes of these prisoners be always on beyond, if there were no bringer of the good news?

How should there be a hundred thousand befouled ones seeking water, if there were no water in the river?

There is no rest for your side upon the earth, know that there is a coverlet and mattress at home.

Without a resting-place there would not be the restless; without that which takes away the headache of intoxication, there would not be this headache.

He said, “Nay, nay, O Messenger of God, do not appoint any but an old Shaykh to be chief of the army.

O Messenger of God, if the youth is lion-born, may none but an old man be head of the army!

You too have said, and your word is witness, ‘The leader must be old, must be old.’

Do not regard the yellow leaves of this tree, pick its ripe apples.

How, in truth, are its yellow leaves colourless? This is the sign of maturity and perfection.

The yellow leaf of the beard and his white hair bring tidings of joy on account of his mature intelligence.

The newly-arrived green-coloured leaves signify that this fruit is unripe.

The provision of leaflessness is the sign of being a gnostic; the yellowness of gold is the money-changer’s ruddy face.

If he that is rosy-cheeked has fresh down, he has just begun to learn writing in the school of knowledge.

The letters of his handwriting are very crooked: he is a cripple in respect of intelligence, though his body moves with agility.

Although an old man’s feet are deprived of rapid movement, his intelligence has gotten two wings and has sped to the zenith.

If you wish for an example, look at Jafar: God gave him wings instead of hands and feet.
Cease speaking of gold pallor, for this topic is recondite: this heart of mine has become agitated like quicksilver.

Silence is the sea, and speech is like the river. The sea is seeking you: do not seek the river.

That irreverent made no pause in the words in this fashion from those cold lips in the presence of the Prophet.

Words were assisting him; he was ignorant that hearsay is mere babble in the presence of sight.

Indeed, these matters of hearsay are a substitute for sight: they are not for him who is present, for him who is absent.

Whoever has been caused to attain unto sight, before him these matters of hearsay are idle.

When you have sat down beside your beloved, after this banish the dallala (the old women who act as go-betweens)

When any one has passed beyond childhood and has become a man, the letter and the dallala become irksome to him.

He reads letters, for the purpose of teaching; he utters words, for the purpose of making understand.

It is wrong to speak by hearsay in the presence of those who see, for it is a proof of our heedlessness and deficiency.

In the presence of the seer silence is to your advantage: on this account came the allocution, be silent.

If he bids you speak, speak gladly, but say little and do not draw out to length;

And if he bid you draw them out to length, speak with the same modesty and comply with his command,

Even as I now, in this goodly enchantment, with Ziya 'l-Haqq Husamu'din.

When I am cutting short concerning righteousness, he draws me on to speak by a hundred kinds.

O Husamu’ddin, Radiance of the Almighty, inasmuch as you see, why do you seek speech?
Perchance this demand may arise from love for the Desired One, “Give me wine to drink and tell me that it is.”

At this moment His cup is at your mouth, ear says, “Where is the ear’s portion?”

Your portion is the heat: lo, you are heated and intoxicated. It replied, “My greed is greater than this.”

When that Arab carried disputation beyond bounds in the presence of sweet-tempered Mustafa,

That king of Wa ‘l-Najm and that sultan of Abas bit his lip and said to the silly prater, “Enough!”

He was putting his hand on his mouth to prevent him, “How long will you speak in the presence of one who knows the occult?”

You have brought dry ordure to one endowed with vision, saying, “Buy this instead of a musk-bag.”

O you of stinking brain and stinking marrow, you place camel’s dung beneath your nose and say, “Oh, delicious!”

O squinting crazy fool, you have exclaimed in delight, “Oh, oh,” that your bad wares may find a ready sale,

And that you may deceive that pure organ of smell, that which pastures in the celestial rose-garden.

Though his forbearance has feigned to be stupid, one must know one’s self a little.

If tonight the mouth of the cooking-pot is left open, yet the cat must have discretion.

If that glorious one has feigned to be asleep, he is very much awake: do not carry off his turban.

How long, O contumacious man devoid of (spiritual) excellence, will you utter these Devil’s enchantments in the presence of God’s elect one?

This company has a hundred thousand forbearances, every one of which is as a hundred mountains.

Their forbearance makes a fool of the wary and causes the keen-witted man with a hundred eyes to lose his way.
Their forbearance, like fine choice wine, mounts by nice degrees up to the brain.

Behold the man drunken with that marvellous wine: the drunken man has begun to move crookedly like the queen.

From that quickly-catching wine the youth is falling in the middle of the road, like an aged man.

Especially this wine which is from the jar of Bala—not the wine whereof the intoxication lasts one night;

That from which, at dessert and in migration, the Men of the Cave lost their reason for three hundred and nine years.

The women of Egypt drank one cup of that and cut their hands to pieces.

The magicians too had the intoxication of Moses: they deemed the gallows to be their beloved.

Jafar-i Tayyar was drunk with that wine: therefore, being beside himself, he was pawning his feet and hands.

قصة سبحان ما أعظم شانى گفتن بايزيد و اعتراض مریدان و جواب او مر ایشان را نه بطوری گفت زبان بلکه از راه عیان

Story of Bayazid’s—may God sanctify his spirit—saying, “Glory to me! How grand is my estate!” and the objection raised by his disciples, and how he gave them an answer to this, not by the way of speech but by the way of vision.

That venerable dervish, Bayazid, came to his disciples, saying, “Lo, I am God.”

That master of the sciences said plainly in drunken fashion, “Listen, there is no god but I, so worship me.”

When that ecstasy had passed, they said to him at dawn, “You said such and such, and this is impiety.”

He said, “This time, if I make a scandal, come on at once and dash knives into me.

God transcends the body, and I am with the body: you must kill me when I say a thing like this.”

When that freeman gave the injunction, each disciple made ready a knife.

Again he became intoxicated by that potent flagon: those injunctions vanished from his mind.
The Dessert came: his reason became distraught.
The Dawn came: his candle became helpless.

Reason is like the prefect: when the sultan arrives, the helpless prefect creeps into a corner.

When a genie prevails over a man, the attributes of humanity disappear from the man.

Whatsoever he says, that genie will have said it: the one who belongs to this side will have spoken from the one who belongs to yonder side.

Since a genie has this influence and rule, how indeed must be the Creator of that genie!

His "he" is gone: he has in truth become the genie: the Turk, without Divine inspiration, has become a speaker of Arabic.

When he comes to himself, he does not know a word. Inasmuch as a genie has this essence and quality,

Then how, pray, should the Lord of genie and man have inferiority to the genie?

If a pot-valiant fellow has drunk the blood of a fierce lion, you will say that the wine did it, not he; And if he fashion words of old gold, you will say that the wine has spoken those words.

A wine has this disturbance and commotion: has not the Light of God that virtue and potency

To make you entirely empty of self, you should be laid low and He should make the Word lofty?

Though the Qur'an is from the lips of the Prophet — if any one says God did not speak it, he is an infidel.

When the huma of selflessness took wing, Bayazid began those words.

The flood of bewilderment swept away his reason: he spoke more strongly than he had spoken at first,

"Within my mantle there is naught but God: how long will you seek on the earth and in heaven?"

All the disciples became frenzied and dashed their knives at his holy body.
Like the heretics of Girdakuh, everyone was ruthlessly stabbing his spiritual Director.

Everyone who plunged a dagger into the Shaykh was reversely making a gash in his own body.

There was no mark on the body of that possessor of the sciences, while those disciples were wounded and drowned in blood.

Whoever aimed a blow at his throat saw his own throat cut, and died miserably;

And whoever inflicted a blow on his breast, his breast was split, and he became dead for ever;

And he that was acquainted with that emperor of high fortune, his heart did not consent to strike a heavy blow,

Half-knowledge tied his hand;

he saved his life and only wounded himself.

Day broke, and the disciples were thinned: wails of lamentation arose from their house.

Thousands of men and women came to him, saying,

“O you in whose single shirt the two worlds are contained,

If this body of yours were a human body, it would have been destroyed, like a human body, by the daggers.”

A self-existent one encountered a selfless one in combat: the self-existent one drove a thorn into his own eye.

O you who stab the selfless ones with the sword, you are stabbing your own body with it. Beware!

For the selfless one has passed away and is safe: he is dwelling in safety for ever.

His form has passed away and he has become a mirror: naught is there but the form of the face of another.

If you spit, you spit at your own face; and if you strike at the mirror, you strike at yourself;

And if you see an ugly face, it is you; and if you see Jesus and Mary, it is you.

He is neither this nor that: he is simple: he has placed your image before you.

When the discourse reached this point, it closed its lips; when the pen reached this point, it broke to pieces.
Close your lips: though eloquence is at your command, do not breathe a word—and God best knows the right way.

O you who are drunk with the wine, you are on the edge of the roof: sit down or descend, and peace be with you!

Every moment when you enjoy, deem that delightful moment to be the edge of the roof.

Be trembling for the delightful moment: conceal it like a treasure, do not divulge it.

Lest calamity suddenly befall plighted love, take heed, go very fearfully into that place of ambush.

The spirit’s fear of loss at the moment of enjoyment is departure from the hidden roof-edge.

If you do not see the mysterious roof-edge, the spirit is seeing, for it is shuddering.

Every sudden chastisement that has come to pass has taken place on the edge of the turret of enjoyment.

Indeed there is no fall except the edge of the roof: warning from the people of Noah and the people of Lot.

**Explaning the cause of the eloquence and loquacity of that impertinent man in the presence of the Prophet, on whom be peace.**

When the ray of the Prophet’s boundless intoxication struck, that stupid fellow also became drunken and merry.

Of course, in consequence of glee he became loquacious: the intoxicated man neglected respect and began to rave.

Not on every occasion does selflessness work mischief, wine makes the unmannerly person more so.

If he be intelligent, he becomes decorous; and if he be evil-natured, he becomes worse.

But since the majority are evil and reprobate, wine has been forbidden to all.
How the Prophet, on whom be peace, explained the cause of his preferring and choosing the man of Hudhayl as commander and chief of the army over the heads of the elders and veterans.

Cases are decided by the general rule: since the majority are evil, the sword was taken away from the hand of the highwayman.

The Prophet said, “O you who look on externals, do not regard him as a youth and unskilled.

Oh, there is many a black beard and the man old;
oh, there is many a white beard with a heart as pitch.

Often have I tested his understanding:
that youth has shown age in affairs.

O son, the old is the old in understanding:
it is not whiteness of the hair in the beard and on the head.

How should he be older than Iblis?
When he lacks understanding, he is good-for-naught.

Suppose he is a child: when he has the breath of Jesus
is purged of vainglory and vain desire?

That whiteness of hair is a proof of maturity to the bandaged eye
that has little penetration.

Since the blind imitator recognises nothing but proof,
continuously seeks the way in the sign

For his sake we have said,
‘When you wish to plan, choose an elder.’

He who has escaped from the separation of blind imitation
sees by the light of God that which is.

Without proof and without exposition
the pure Light cleaves its skin and enters into the middle.

To one who regards the appearance, what is the adulterated and genuine coin?
How should he know what is in the date-basket?

Oh, there is much gold made black with smoke
that it may be saved from the hands of every envious thief.

Oh, there is much copper gilded with gold,
that he may sell it to small understanding.
We, who see the inward of the whole world, see the heart and look not on the outward form.”

The cadi who are concerned with the outward form give judgement according to outward appearances.

When he (the suspect) has uttered the profession of the Faith and has shown some true belief, at once these people pronounce him a true believer.

There is many a hypocrite who has taken refuge in this outward form and has shed the blood of a hundred true believers in secret.

Endeavour to become old in intelligence and religion that you may become, like the Universal Intelligence, a seer of the inward.

When the beauteous Intelligence unveiled its face from non-existence, He gave it a robe of honour and a thousand names.

Of those sweet-breathing names the least is this; that it is not in need of any one.

If the Intelligence displays its face in visible form, day will be dark beside its light;

And if the shape of foolishness becomes visible, beside it the darkness of night will be radiant,

For it is darker and more murky than night; but the miserable bat is a buyer of darkness.

Little by little accustom yourself to the daylight; else you will remain a bat deprived of splendour.

He is the lover of every place where there is difficulty and perplexing doubt, and the enemy of every place where there is the lamp of felicity

His heart seeks the darkness of perplexity in order that his acquirements may seem greater,

So that he may preoccupy you with that difficult question and make you oblivious of his own evil nature.
He is the one that puts faith in himself; and do you too put faith in the light on which his soul has browsed.

The other, who is the half-intelligent, deems an intelligent person to be his eye,

And has clutched him as the blind man clutches the guide, so that through him he has become seeing and active and illustrious

But the ass who had not a single barley-corn’s weight of intelligence, who possessed no intelligence himself and forsook the intelligent,

Knows neither much nor little of the way disdains to go behind the guide,

He is journeying in a long wilderness, now limping in despair and now at a run.

He has neither a candle, that he should make it his leader, nor half a candle, that he should beg a light.

He has neither intelligence, that he should breathe the breath of the living, nor has he a half-intelligence, that he should make himself dead.

He becomes wholly dead in the man of intelligence that he may ascend from his own low place to the roof.

You have not perfect intelligence, make yourself dead under the protection of an intelligent man whose words are living.

He is not living, that he should breathe in accord with Jesus, nor is he dead, that he should become a channel for the breath of Jesus.

His blind spirit is stepping in every direction: it will not escape in the end, but it is leaping up.

Story of the lake and the fishermen and the three fishes, one intelligent and one half-intelligent and the third deluded, foolish, heedless and good-for-naught; and the end of all three.
Then they hastened to bring the net:  
the fishes noticed and became aware.

The intelligent one resolved to journey,  
resolved to make the difficult unwelcome journey.

He said, “I will not consult these,  
for assuredly they will make me weak in power.

Love of their native place and abode holds sway over their souls: their indolence and ignorance will strike on me.”

For consultation, some goodly, living person is required,  
that he may make you living; and where is that living one?

O traveller, take counsel with a traveller,  
for a woman's counsel will keep your foot lame.

Pass on from the expression, “love of country”; do not stop,  
for your country is Yonder, O soul: it is not on this side.

If you desire your country, cross to the other bank of the stream:  
do not misread this true Hadith.

The inner meaning of the recitation of the ablutionary prayers  
by one who performs the ritual ablution

In the ritual ablation, a separate form of prayer  
for each member of the body has been handed down in Tradition.

When you snuff up water into your nose,  
beg of the self-sufficient Lord the scent of Paradise,

In order that that scent may lead you towards Paradise:  
the scent of the rose is the guide to the rose-trees.

When you perform the act of ablution, the form of prayer and words is this:  
“O Lord, cleanse me from this.

My hand has reached this place and washed it,  
my hand is weak to wash my spirit.

O You by whom the spirit of the unworthy is made worthy,  
the hand of Your bounty is reaching the spirits.

This I, vile, has done was my limit:  
make clean what beyond the limit, O gracious One.

O God, I have washed my skin clean of ordure:  
You wash this beloved clean of worldly taints.”
A certain person used to say at the time of ablution, “O God, let me smell the sweet odour of Paradise” instead of “O God, make me one of those who repent much, and make me one of those who purify themselves,” which is the form of prayer in ablution; and be used to recite the formula proper to ablution at the time of rinsing his nose.

A venerable man heard and could not endure it.

A certain one said at the time of ablution, “Unite me with the scent of Paradise!”

A person said, “You have used a good formula, but you have missed the hole for the prayer.

Since this prayer was the formula applicable to the nose, how should you have applied the nose-formula to the arse?

One free gets the odour of Paradise from his nose: how should the odour of Paradise come from the rump?”

O you who have brought humility into the presence of fools, and O you who have brought pride into the presence of kings.

The pride shown to the base is goodly and fitting. Take heed, do not behave in the reverse manner: the reverse thereof is your bondage.

The rose grew for the sake of the nostrils: sweet scent is the stipend of the nose, O churl.

The scent of the rose is for organs of smell, O bold man: this hole below is not the place for that scent.

How should the scent of Paradise come to you from this place? If you require the scent, seek it from its place.

Likewise, “love of country” is right, first, O master, know your country.

That sagacious fish said, “I will journey, I will withdraw my heart from their advice and counsel.”

‘It is no time for counsel. Listen, journey! Like ‘Alí, sigh into the well.

Very seldom is there found a fit confidant for that sigh: go by night and let your movement be hidden, like the night-patrol.

Set out from this lake towards the sea: seek the sea and take leave of this whirlpool.
That wary fish made its breast a foot and was going from its perilous abode to the sea of light,

Like the deer of which a dog is in pursuit and which keeps running so long as there is a single nerve in its body.

Hare’s sleep with the dog in pursuit is a sin: how indeed is sleep in the eye of him who has fear?

That fish departed and took the way to the sea: it took the far way and the vast expanse.

It suffered many afflictions, and in the end it went after all towards safety and welfare.

It cast itself into the deep Sea whose bound no eye can reach.

So when the fishermen brought their net, the half-intelligent was bitterly grieved thereat.

And said, “Alas, I have lost the opportunity: how did not I accompany that guide?

He went off suddenly, but seeing that he went I ought to have gone after him in hot haste.”

It is wrong to regret the past: what is gone will not come back: to remember it is of no avail.

قصه ی آن مرغ گرفته که وصیت کرد که بر گنشته پشیمانی مخور تدارک وقت اندیش و روزگار مبر در پشیمانی

Story of the captive bird which gave the injunctions: do not feel sorrow for what is past, think about taking precaution for the present (need), and do not spend time in repenting.

An enemy caught a bird by guile and trap: the bird said to him, “O noble sire,

You have eaten many oxen and sheep; you have sacrificed many camels;

You have never in the world been satisfied by them; neither will you be satisfied by my limbs.

Let me go, that I may bestow on you three counsels, that you may perceive whether I am wise or foolish.

The first of those counsels on your hand, the second of them on your plastered roof,
And the third counsel I will give you on a tree, for you will become fortunate through these three counsels.

That saying which is on your hand, it is this: ‘do not believe an absurdity from any one.’"

When it had uttered the first grave counsel on his palm, it became free and went on the wall,

And said, "The second is, ‘do not grieve over the past: when it has passed from you, do not feel regret for it.’"

After that, it said to him, "In my body is concealed a solitary pearl, ten ounces in weight.

By your soul’s truth, that jewel was your fortune and the luck of your children.

You have missed the pearl, for it was not your appointed lot—a pearl the like of which is not in existence.”

Even as a woman big with child keeps wailing at the time of birth, so the Khwaja began to cry out clamorously.

The bird said to him, "Did not I admonish you, saying, ‘Let there be no grief in you for what passed yesterday’? Since it is past and gone, why are you grieving? Either you did not understand my counsel or you are deaf.

And the second counsel I gave you,, ‘Do not from lack of understanding put any belief in an absurd statement,’

O lion, I myself do not weigh ten ounces: how should the weight of ten ounces be within me?”

The Khwaja came back to himself and said, “Listen, disclose the third excellent counsel.”

“Yes,” said the bird, “you have made good use of those, that I should tell the third counsel in vain!”

To give counsel to a sleepy ignoramus is to scatter seed in nitrous soil.

The rent of folly and ignorance does not admit of being patched up: do not give the seed of wisdom to him, O counsellor.
The second fish said in the hour of tribulation, when he was left sundered from the shadow of the intelligent one, "He has gone towards the sea and is freed from sorrow: such a good comrade has been lost to me!"

But I will not think of that and will attend to myself: at this time I will feign to be dead.

Then I will turn my belly upwards and my back downwards and will move on the water.

To die before death is to be safe, O youth: even so has Mustafa commanded us.

He said, "Die, all of you, before death comes, else you will die with sore afflictions."

He died in that manner and threw his belly upwards: the water was carrying him, now below, now aloft.

Every one of those pursuers bore great vexation, saying, "Alas, the best fish is dead."

He was made glad by their saying "Alas", "This trick of mine has come off, I am delivered from the sword."

Then a worthy fisherman seized him and spat on him and flung him on the ground.

He, rolling over and over, went secretly into the water; the foolish one remained, moving to and fro in agitation.

That simpleton kept leaping about, right and left, in order that he might save his skin by his own efforts.

They cast the net, and he remained in the net: foolishness ensnored him in that fire.

On the top of the fire, on the surface of a frying-pan, he became the bedfellow of Folly.
He was seething from the heat of the flames:
Reason was saving to him, “Did not a warner come to you?”

He, from the rack of torture and tribulation,
was replying like the souls of the unbelievers: they said, “Yea.”

Then again he was saying,
“If this time I escape from this neck-breaking affliction,
I will not make my home except in a sea:
I will not make a lake my dwelling-place.
I will seek the boundless sea and become safe:
I will go in safety and welfare forever.”

Explaining that the promise made by the fool at the moment of seizure and contrition is faithless,
for though they should be sent back, they would surely return to that
which they were forbidden to do, and verily they are liars. The false dawn keeps not faith.

Reason was saying to him, “Folly is with you:
with Folly, the promise will be broken.

The keeping of promises appertains to reason: you have not reason:
Go, O you whose value is that of an ass!

Reason remembers its covenant:
understanding rends the veil of forgetfulness.

Since you have not reason, forgetfulness is your ruler:
it is your enemy and the bringer-to-naught of your devising.”

From deficiency of reason the wretched moth
does not remember the flame and the burning and the sound.

When its wings are burnt, it repents;
cupidity and forgetfulness dash it into the flame.

Grasp and apprehension and retentiveness and keeping in mind
belong to Reason, for Reason has raised those.

When the pearl is not there, how should its lustre exist?
When there is none to remind, how should he turn back?

Moreover, this wish arises from his want of reason,
for he does not see what the nature of that folly is.

That contrition was the result of pain, not of Reason
which is bright as a treasure.
When the pain departed, that contrition became naught:
that repentance and contrition has not the worth of dust.

That contrition burgeoned from the darkness of pain;
hence day wipes out the words of night

When the darkness of pain is gone and he has become happy,
its result and product also goes from his heart.

He is making vows of repentance, whilst the Pir, Reason, is crying,
“Though they should be sent back, they would surely return.”

Explain that imagination is the counterfeit of Reason and in opposition to it,
and that though it resembles Reason it is not Reason; and the story of the replies
given to each other by Moses, on whom be peace, who was the possessor of Reason,
and Pharaoh, who was the possessor of imagination.

Reason is the contrary of sensuality: O brave man,
do not call Reason that which is attached to sensuality.

That which is a beggar of sensuality—calls it imagination:
imagination is the counterfeit of the sterling gold of the rational faculties.

Without a touchstone, imagination and reason are not clearly distinguished:
quickly bring both to the touchstone.

The Qur’an and the state of the Prophets are this touchstone:
they, like a touchstone, say to the counterfeit coin, “Come,

That by contact with me you may see yourself
that you are not worthy of my higher and lower”

If a saw make Reason two halves,
it will be smiling like gold in the fire.

Imagination belongs to Pharaoh, the world-inciendary;
Reason to Moses, the spirit-enkindler.

Moses went on the way of non-existence:
Pharaoh said to him, “Tell me, who are you?”

He said, “I am Reason, the messenger of the Almighty:
I am the proof of God, I am the protection against error.”
“My lineage,” he said, “From His dust-pit; my original name is ‘the meanest of His slaves.’
I am the slave-born of that unique Lord— born of the loins of slaves female and male.
My original lineage is from earth and water and clay: God gave unto water and clay a soul and heart. 
To earth also will return this earthen body of mine; to earth you likewise will return, O terrible one.

Our origin and the origin of all the proud is from a piece of earth, and a hundred signs thereof;
For your body receives support from the earth, and from earthly nourishment your neck is wrapped in folds
When the spirit departs, it will again become earth in the dreaded and horrible grave.
Both you and we and all who resemble you will become earth, and your power will remain no more.”

He said, “You have a name other than this lineage: truly that name is more proper for you— ‘Slave of Pharaoh and slave of his slaves,’ whose body and soul were first nurtured by him,
A hostile, insolent and unrighteous slave, who fled from this country on account of an ill-omened deed
You are a murderer and treacherous and ungrateful: from just these qualities, for truth, form a judgement.
In exile, despised and poor and threadbare, since you did not acknowledge gratitude and obligation to me.”

He said, “Far be it that any other person should be a partner in Lordship with that King.
One: He has no associate in Kingship; His slaves have no master but Him.
His creatures have no other owner: does anyone claim partnership with Him except one that is doomed to perish?
He has made the design, He is my Designer; if another lay claim, he is a seeker of iniquity.
You cannot fashion my eyebrow:
how can you know my soul?
Nay, it is you who are the traitor and the insolent one, for you claim duality with God.

If I inadvertently killed a ruffian, I killed neither for self’s sake nor in sport.

I struck a blow with my fist, and he suddenly fell: one who really had no soul gave up a soul.

I killed a cur: you the children of him who was sent— hundreds of thousands of innocent and harmless babes—

Have killed, and their blood is on your neck: consider what shall come upon you because of this blood-drinking of yours.

You have killed the progeny of Jacob— those sought after in hope of slaying me.

Despite you God Himself chose me out: that which your soul was concocting was overthrown.”

He said, “Let these things be without any doubt: is it due to me and to the bread and salt that which your soul was concocting was overthrown.”

He said, “The rudely of the Resurrection is more grievous, if you do not pay regard to me in good and evil.

You cannot bear the bite of a flea: how will you taste the bite of a snake?

In appearance I am ruining your work, but I am making a thorn into a rose-garden.

Explaining that cultivation consists in devastation and composure in distraction and wholeness in brokenness and success in failure and existence in non-existence; and thus the rest of the contraries and pairs

A certain man came and was cleaving the soil: a fool cried out and could not control himself,

Saying, ‘Why are you ruining this soil, cleaving and scattering it?’

‘O fool,’ said he, ‘depart, do not interfere with me: recognise cultivation from devastation.
How should this become a rose-garden or cornfield
till this soil becomes ugly and ruined?

How should it become orchards and crops and leaves and fruit
till its arrangement is turned upside down?

Till you pierce the pus filled ulcer with a lancet,
how will it become well and how will you become healthy?

Till he cleanses your humours with medicine,
how will the indisposition be removed? How will a cure be effected?

When a tailor cuts a garment piece by piece,
will any one strike that expert tailor,

Saying, ‘Why have you torn this choice satin?
What can I do with a torn?’

Whenever they put an old building in good repair,
do not they first ruin the old one?

Likewise the carpenter, the iron-smith and the butcher—
with them there is destruction before restorations.

The pounding of almond and bastard almond—
by reason of that destruction they become the means of restoring the body.

Until you crush wheat in the mill,
how will our table be garnished with it?

That bread and salt demanded
that I should deliver you, O fish, from the net.

If you accept the counsel of Moses,
you will escape from such an evil infinite net.

Inasmuch as you have made yourself the slave of sensuality,
you have made a petty worm into a dragon.

I have brought a dragon for dragon,
that I may correct breath by breath,

So that the breath of that one may be defeated by the breath of this one,
and that my serpent may destroy that dragon.

If you submit, you are freed from two serpents;
otherwise, it will bring your spirit to utter perdition.”

He said, “In truth, you are an exceedingly cunning sorcerer,
for by craft you have introduced duality here.

You have made the unanimous people into two factions:
sorcery makes fissures in rock and mountain.”
He said, “I am submerged in the message of God: who saw sorcery together with the name of God?

The substance of sorcery is forgetfulness and unbelief: the spirit of Moses is the flaming torch of the religion.

How do I resemble sorcerers, O impudent one? For the Messiah is becoming jealous of my breath.

Since you are soaring on the wings of sensuality, inevitably you bear that thought against me.”

Every one whose actions are those of wild beasts has ill thoughts against the noble.

Since you are a part of the world, howsoever you are you deem all to be of the same description as yourself, misguided man.

And if you whirl round and your head whirl round, your sight sees the house whirling round;

If you are narrow at heart from combat, you deem the whole atmosphere of the world to be narrow;

And if you are happy as your friends would desire, this world seems to you like a garden of roses.

How many a one has gone as far as Syria and ’Iraq and has seen nothing but unbelief and hypocrisy;

And how many a one has gone as far as India and Herat and seen nothing but selling and buying;

And how many a one has gone as far as Turkistan and China and seen nothing but deceit and hidden guile!

Since he has no object of perception save colour and perfume, let him seek all the climes,

A cow comes suddenly into Baghdad and passes from this side to that side, Of all pleasures and joys and delights she will see nothing but the rind of a water-melon.

Straw or hay has fallen on the road, suitable to his bovine or asinine disposition.
Dry on the nail of nature, like strips of meat, his spirit, bound with secondary causes, does not grow;

But the spacious realm where means and causes are torn to shreds is the earth of God, O most honourable sire.

It is ever changing, like a picture: the spirit beholds in clairvoyance a world anew and anew.

Though it is Paradise and the rivers of Eden, becomes ugly when it is congealed in one aspect.

Explaining that every percipient sense of man has different objects of perception too, of which the other senses are ignorant, as every skilled craftsman is unfamiliar with the work of those skilled in other crafts; and its ignorance of that which is not its business does not prove that those objects of perception are non-existent. Although it virtually denies them, yet here in this place we only mean by its ‘denial’ its ignorance.

Your perception is the measure of your vision of the world: your impure senses are the veil of the pure.

Wash your senses for a while with the water of clairvoyance: know that the garment-washing of the Sufis is like this.

When you have become purified, the spirit of the pure ones will tear off the veil and attach itself to you.

If the whole world be light and forms, the eye would be aware of that loveliness.

You have shut the eye and are bringing forward the ear that you may show unto it the locks and face of an adorable beauty.

The ear will say, “I do not attend to the form: if the form utters a cry, I will listen.

I am skilled, but in my own art: my art is a word or sound, no more.”

“Hey, nose, come and see this beauteous one,” the nose is not fit for this purpose.

“If there be any musk or rose-water, I will smell it: this is my art and science and knowledge.
How should I see the face of that silver-calved one?
Take heed, do not lay as a task that which cannot be done.”

Again, the crooked sense has naught but crooked perception,
go crookedly into His presence or go straight, as you will.

Know for sure that the eye of him who sees double
is remote from seeing the Unity, O Khwaja who aides.

You who are a Pharaoh are wholly deceit and hypocrisy:
you know no difference between me and yourself.

Do not regard me from yourself, O false-playing man,
that you may not see the single as double.

Regard me from me for one moment,
that you may behold a spacious region beyond existence,

And may be delivered from distress, dishonour and renown
and behold love within love, and peace!

Then, when you have been delivered from the body,
you will know that ear and nose can become eye.

That sweet-tongued king has said with truth
that every hair of gnostics becomes an eye.

Certainly the eye had no eye at first:
it was an embryo of flesh in the womb.

Do not deem the fat to be the cause of sight, O son;
otherwise none would see forms in dream.

The genie and the demon see the like,
and there is no fat in the sight-organ of either.

In fact there was no relationship between light and the fat:
the loving Creator gave them relationship.

Adam is of earth, how does he resemble earth?
The genie is of fire without any participation;

The genie is not similar to fire,
though when you consider it is his origin.

The bird is of wind, how does it resemble wind?
God gave relationship to the unrelated.

The relation of these derivatives to the originals is ineffable, although
He connected them.

Since man is born of dust,
where is the relation between this son and his father?
If there is a relation hidden from the understanding, it is ineffable, and how should the understanding follow its track?

If He did not give the wind vision without eye, how was it making a distinction among the people of Ad?

How did it know the true believer from the enemy? How did it know the wine from the gourd-shaped goblet?

If the fire of Nimrod has no eye, how is a taking pains towards Abraham?

If the Nile had not possessed that light and sight, wherefore should it have picked out the Egyptians from the Israelites?

If mountain and rock had not been endowed with sight, then how should it have become a friend to David?

If this earth had not possessed a spiritual eye, wherefore should it have swallowed Qârûn in such a fashion?

If the Moaning Pillar had not possessed the eye of the heart, how should it have seen the separation of that august one?

If the gravel had not been possessed of an eye, how should it have given testimony in the closed fist?

O intellect, unfold your wings and pinions: read the Sura, when the earth shall be caused to quake with a mighty quaking.

At the Resurrection how should this earth give testimonies concerning good and evil without having seen?

For she will relate her experiences and informations: the earth will reveal her secrets to us.

“This sending of me to you, O prince, is a clear evidence that the Sender was aware

That such a medicine as this is suitable to such a desperate malady, for the purpose of success.

Previously you had seen visions that God would choose me out,

I, having taken the rod and the Light in my hand, would break your insolent horn.

On this account the Lord of the Judgement was showing unto you terrible visions of diverse sorts,

Suitable to your evil conscience and your inordinate disobedience, that you might know that He knows what is proper for you;
That you might know that He is wise and omniscient and the healer of irremediable maladies.

Through false interpretations you were made blind and deaf to those visions, saying, ‘This is caused by heavy slumber’;

And the physician and the astrologer in flashes saw the explanation of it, but concealed it from greedy motives.

He said, ‘Far be it from your empire and kingship that anxiety should enter into your consciousness.

When the constitution is indisposed by food that disagrees with it or by rich delicacies, it sees visions in sleep.’

Because he perceived that you are not one that desires good counsel, and that you are violent and blood-drinking and not of lowly nature.

Kings shed blood for righteousness’ sake, but their mercy is greater than their severity.

The king must have the nature of the Lord: His mercy has precedence over His wrath.

Wrath must not prevail, like the Devil, he sheds blood unnecessarily for the purpose of guile;

Nor, again, an effeminate mildness, for in consequence of that his wife and handmaids will become harlots.

You had made your breast a house for the Devil, you had made hatred a qibla.

Many are the hearts which your sharp horn has wounded: lo, my rod has broken your forward horn.

How the people of this world attack the people of that world and charge as far as the frontier, namely, generation and propagation, which is the boundary of the Unseen, and how they are unaware of the ambush; for the infidel makes his assault when the holy warrior does not go to war.

The army of the corporeal ones attacked in the direction of the fortress and stronghold of the spiritual ones, so that no pure spirit should come from that quarter
When the holy warriors do not attack in warfare, 
the infidels on the contrary deliver an attack.

When the holy warriors of the Unseen in their forbearance 
refrained from delivering an attack on you, man of evil practice,

You made an attack towards the frontier-passes of the Unseen, 
in order that the men of the Unseen should not come in this direction.

You did lay a hand upon the loins and wombs, 
that you might wickedly occupy the thoroughfare of sexual intercourse.

How should you occupy the highway 
which the Almighty has opened for the purpose of procreation?

You did block the passes, O rebellious one, 
in despite of you a captain issued forth.

Lo, I am the captain: I will break your power.
Lo, in His name I will break your name and fame.

Come now, close the passes tightly!
Laugh at your moustache a while!

The Divine decree will tear out your moustache piecemeal, 
that you may know that the Decree makes precaution blind.

Is your moustache fiercer than that of Ad, 
at whose breath the lands used to tremble?

Are you more contentious in aspect or Thamud, 
the like of whom never came into existence?

Though I tell a hundred of these, you are deaf:
you hear and pretend not to have heard.

I repent of the words which I raised up: 
without words, I have mixed for you a medicine 
Which I will place upon your raw sore, that it may be assuaged, 
or that your sore and your beard may be burnt unto everlasting,

To the end that you may know that He is omniscient, O enemy:
He gives to everything that which befits it.

When have you done wrong and when have you wrought evil 
but you have seen the effect befitting it?

When have you once sent a good deed to Heaven 
but the like thereof has followed after?

If you will be observant and vigilant, 
you will see at every moment the response to your action.
When you are observant and do grasp the cord, you need not the coming of the Resurrection.

He that truly knows an indication does not need to have it plainly declared to him.

This tribulation befalls you from stupidity in not understanding the subtle hints and indications.

When your heart has been blackened and darkened by wickedness, understand! One ought not to become besotted here;

Otherwise, in truth, that darkness will become an arrow, and the penalty of foolishness will overtake you.

And if the arrow doesn’t come, it is from bounty; due to not seeing the defilement

Listen; be observant if you would have a heart, for something is born to you in consequence of every action.

And if you have an aspiration greater than this, the enterprise goes beyond the observant,

Explaining that the earthen body of man, like iron of fine substance, is capable of becoming a mirror, so that therein even in this world Paradise and Hell and the Resurrection et cetera are shown by immediate vision, not in the mode of phantasy.
God has given you the polishing instrument, Reason, to the end that thereby the leaf of the heart may be made resplendent.

You, O prayerless man, have put the polisher in bonds and have loosed the two hands of sensuality.

If bonds be put on sensuality, the hand of the polisher will be untied.

A piece of iron that became a mirror of the Unseen—all the forms would be shot into it.

You made your heart dark and did let the rust into your nature: this is *they work evil on the earth*.

So have you done till now: now do it not.

You have made the water turbid: do not make it more.

Do not stir it up: let this water become clear, and behold the moon and stars circling there.

For man is like the water of the river: when it becomes turbid, you cannot see its bottom.

The bottom of the river is full of jewels and full of pearls: take heed, do not make turbid, for it is pure and free.

The spirit of man resembles air: when it is mixed with dust, it veils the sky,

And prevents from seeing the sun; when its dust is gone, it becomes pure and undefiled.

Notwithstanding your complete darkness, God was showing you visions that you might travel the way of deliverance.

How Moses, on whom be peace, declared from the Unseen the secret thoughts and visions of Pharaoh, in order that he might truly believe in the omniscience of God or hold that opinion.
Like the Ethiopian who saw in the mirror that his face was ugly, and defecated on the mirror,

Saying, ‘How ugly you are! You are deserving only of this,’ ‘My ugliness belongs to you, O vile blind one.

You are putting this filth on your ugly face: it is not on me, for I have splendour.’

At one time you were seeing your raiment burnt; at another time your mouth and eyes stitched up;

Now an animal seeking your blood; now your head in the teeth of a wild beast;

At one time you were seeing your raiment burnt; at another time your mouth and eyes stitched up;

Now an animal seeking your blood; now your head in the teeth of a wild beast;

Now upside down in the midst of a latrine; now sunk in a fierce blood-dyed torrent;

Now from this pure heaven came to you a voice crying, ‘You are damned, you are damned, damned’;

Now from the mountains came to you a voice, plainly, go! You are one of the people of the left hand;

Now from every inanimate thing was coming to you a voice, ‘Pharaoh is fallen into Hell for evermore’;

Worse things than these, which from shame I will not tell, lest your perverted nature become hot.

I have told you a little, O you who will not accept: from a little you may know that I am acquainted.

You were making yourself blind and dead, that you might not bethink you of the dreams and visions.

How long will you flee? Lo, it is come to you in despite of your guile-meditating perception.

Explaining that the door of repentance is open

Listen, do not act henceforth, take precaution, for through bounty the door of repentance is open.

From the quarter of the West a door of repentance is open to mankind till the Resurrection.

Till the sun lifts up its head from the West, that door is open: do not avert your face from it.
By the mercy Paradise has eight doors:
one of those eight is the door of repentance, O son.

All the others are sometimes open, sometimes shut;
and never is the door of repentance but open.

Come, seize the opportunity: the door is open:
carry your baggage thither at once in despite of the envious.

Come, accept from me one thing and bring,
and then take from me four as recompense for that.”

He replied, “O Moses, what is that one thing?
Explain to me a little about that one thing.”

“That one thing,” said he, “is that you should say publicly
that there is no god but the Maker,
The Creator of the heavenly spheres and of the stars on high
and of man and devil and genie and bird,
The Creator of sea and plain and mountain and desert:
His sovereignty is without limit and He is without like.”

He said, “O Moses, what are those four things
that you will give me in recompense? Declare and bring,
That perchance, by the favour of that goodly promise,
the crucifixion of my unbelief may be assuaged.
Perchance the lock of my hundred kilos weight of unbelief
may be opened by those fair and desirable promises.
Perchance, by the effect of the river of honey,
this poison of hatred may be turned into honey in my body;
Or by the reflection of the river of that pure milk,
captive intelligence may be nourished for a moment;
Or perchance, by the reflection of those rivers of wine,
I may be intoxicated and obtain a scent of the delight of the command;
Or perchance, by the favour of those rivers of water,
my barren devastated body may gain refreshment—
Some verdure may appear on my barren soil, my thorn-brake may become the Garden of abode;

Perchance, by the reflection of Paradise and the four rivers, my spirit, through God's befriending, may become a seeker of the Friend,

In the same fashion as from the reflection of Hell I have become fire and am steeped in the wrath of God.

At one moment, from the reflection of the snake of Hell I have become dropping poison, like a snake, on those who shall dwell in Paradise;

At another time, from the reflection of the boiling of the hot water, the water of my oppression has made the people rotten bones.

From the reflection of the cold of hell (zamharír) I am the zamharír; or from the reflection of the sa’ír I am as the sa’ír.

I am now the Hell of the poor and oppressed: woe to him whom I suddenly find subject!”

**How Moses, on whom be peace, explained those four excellent qualities as a reward for Pharaoh’s coming into the Faith.**

Moses said, “The first of those four will be constant health for your body:

These maladies that are described in Medicine will be far from your body, O estimable one.

Secondly, you will have a long life, for death will be cautious of your life;

And after a life uniform this will not be that you will go forth from the world against your will;

Nay, but desiring death as the sucking babe, not on account of the pain that holds you captive

You will be seeking death, but not from painful infirmity; nay, you will see the treasure in the ruin of the house.

Therefore with your own hand you will take a pick-axe and smite upon the house without any care;

For you will deem the house to be the barrier to the treasure, and this single grain to be the obstacle to a hundred wheat-stacks.

This grain, then, you will cast into the fire and adopt the profession that is worthy of a man.”
O you who because of a single leaf have been left without an orchard, you are like the worm which a leaf has driven away from the vineyard.

When Grace awakened this worm, this worm devoured the dragon of ignorance.

The worm became a vineyard full of fruit and trees: even so is the blessed man transformed.

Exposition of “I was a hidden treasure, and I desired to be known”

2540 Demolish the house, for a hundred thousand houses may be made from the cornelian of this Yemen.

The treasure lies beneath the house, and there is no help: do not be afraid of destroying the house and do not stand still,

For from one treasure in hand it is possible to build a thousand houses without suffering toil and pain.

In the end this house will fall of itself into ruin and the treasure beneath it will certainly be uncovered;

But it will not be your, since the spirit receives that gift as wages for destroying.

2545 When it has not done that work, its wages are naught: there is nothing for Man but that which he wrought.

After that, you will gnaw your hand, saying, “Alas, a moon like this was under the cloud.

I did not do the good which they told: the treasure and the house are gone, and my hand is empty.”

You have rented and hired a house: it is not your property by any act of sale or purchase.

The period of this hiring is till death, in order that you may work in it during this period.

2550 You are sewing patches in the shop, under this shop of your two mines are buried.

This shop is held on hire: be quick, take the pick-axe and break up its foundation,

That of a sudden you may lay the axe on the mine and be delivered from the shop and from patch-sewing.
What is patch-sewing? The drinking of water and the eating of bread: you are applying these patches to the heavy cloak.

This cloak, your body, is always being torn, and you are patching it by this eating and drinking of yours.

O you who are of the progeny of the fortunate King, come to yourself, be ashamed of this patch-sewing.

Then the owner of the shop will turn you out and will demolish this shop for the sake of the mine,

You at one moment will beat your head in remorse and at another tear your foolish beard,

Saying, “Alas, this shop was mine; I was blind and got no profit from this place of abode.

Alas, the wind swept our existence away: O sorrow for the servants of God is come unto everlasting.

How Man is deluded by the sagacity and imaginations of his nature and does not seek knowledge of the Unseen, which is the knowledge possessed by the prophets

I saw pictures and paintings in the house:
I was without self-control in love of the house.

I was unaware of any hidden treasure;
otherwise, the axe would have been the pomander in my hand.

Ah, if I had given the axe its due,
I should now have given a quittance to grief.

I was casting my eye on the picture and falling idly in love, like children.”

That fortunate Sage, then, has said well,
“You are a child: the house is full of pictures and paintings.”

In the Iláhí-náma he gave many an injunction, saying,
“Raise the dust from your own household.”
“Enough; O Moses! Tell the third promise, for my heart has become lost from the agitation caused by it.”

Moses said, “This third is a twofold empire—appertaining to the two worlds, free from adversary and enemy; Greater than the empire of which you are now in possession; for that was at war, and this at peace.

He who bestows on you, at war, such an empire as this—consider how He will lay the table for you (when you are) at peace.

That bounty which gave you those things in your unrighteousness—consider what will be care in your faithfulness.”

“O Moses,” said he, “what is the fourth promise? Quickly declare: my patience is gone and my desire has waxed great.”

He said, “The fourth is that you will remain young, hair like pitch and cheeks like the arghawán (flower of the Judas-tree).

To us colour and perfume are very worthless, but you are low, we have made our words low.

Boasting of colour and perfume and dwelling-place is a joy and deception to children.

Since my business happens to be with a child, I must accordingly speak the language suited to children,

Saying, ‘Go to school, that I may buy a bird for you or bring raisins and walnuts and pistachio nuts’

You know only the youth of the body: take this youthfulness: take the barley, O ass!

No wrinkle will fall upon your face: your fortunate youthfulness will remain fresh.

Neither will the withering of old age come over your countenance, nor will your cypress-like figure be double;

Nor will the strength of youth vanish from you, nor will your teeth decay or be in pain;
Nor will there be a deficiency in sexual desire, intercourse, and marital union so that there will be weariness for woman because of your weakness.

The glory of youth will be opened to you in such wise as the good tidings brought by 'Ukkásáha opened the door.

The saying of the Prophet, on whom be peace, “Whosoever shall bring me the glad news of the expiration of Safar, I will give him the glad news of Paradise.”

The decease of Ahmad, of the last time, will indisputably occur in the First Rabí. When his heart shall gain knowledge of this moment of decease, he will become intellectually in love with that moment, and when Safar comes, he will rejoice on account of Safar, saying, ‘After this month I will make the journey.’”

From this longing for guidance he was crying, every night till daybreak, “O most High Companion on the Way!” He said, “Any person who gives me the good news, when Safar steps forth from this world, that Safar is past and that the month of Rabí is come—for him I will be a bearer of good news and an intercessor.”

‘Ukkásáha said, “Safar is past and gone.” He said, “O mighty lion, Paradise is yours.” Someone else came, saying, “Safar is past.” He said, “‘Ukkásáha has borne away the fruit for the good news.”

Men, therefore, rejoice in the world's departing, while these children rejoice in its abiding. Inasmuch as the blind bird did not see the sweet water, the briny water seems to it Kawthar. Thus was Moses enumerating the grace, saying, “The pure of your fortune will not be turned into dregs.”

He said, “You have done well and spoken well, but that I may take counsel with good friend.”
How Pharaoh took counsel with Asiya as to believing in Moses, on whom be peace.

He related these words to Asiya. She said,

“Offer up your soul to this, O black-hearted one,

At the back of this speech are many favours:

enjoy quickly, O virtuous king!

The hour of sowing is come: bravo, a profitable sowing!”

She said this and wept and became hot.

She sprang up from her place and said, “Blessed are you!

A sun has become a tiara for you, O poor bald man.

A cap in truth covers the defect of the baldpate,

especially when the cap is the sun and moon.

In that very chamber where you heard this,

how did not you say ‘Yes’ and a hundred expressions of praise?

If these words had entered into the ear of the sun,

it would have come down headlong in hope of this.

Do you understand at all what the promise is and what the gift is?

God is showing solicitude for Iblis.

When that gracious One called you back so kindly,

oh, it is a wonder how your heart remained unmoved,

Your heart was not burst, so that, by means of that heart of yours,

there might accrue to you the portion in the two worlds.

The heart that is burst for the sake of God’s portion

eats fruit from the two worlds, as the martyrs.

True, heedlessness and this blindness is Divine Wisdom,

in order that he may endure; but why to such an extent as this?

True, heedlessness is Divine Wisdom and Bounty,

in order that stock-in-trade may not suddenly fly out of hand;

But not so great that it becomes an incurable sore

and a poison to the spirit and intellect of one who is sick.

Who, really, can find bazaars like this

where with a single rose you are buying rose-gardens;

A hundred groves come to you in exchange for one seed,

a hundred mines in exchange for one nickel?
Kána lilláh is the giving of that nickel, in order that kána 'lláh lahú may come into hand;

For this weak unstable hú was brought into being by the steadfast hú of the Lord.

When the hú that passes away has surrendered itself to Him, it becomes everlasting and never dies.

Like a drop of water afraid of wind and earth; for by means of these twain it is made to pass away.

When it has leaped into the sea, which was its source, it is delivered from the heat of the sun and from wind and earth.

Its outward form has disappeared in the sea, but its essence is inviolate and permanent and goodly.

Listen, O drop, give yourself up without repenting, that in recompense for the drop you may gain the Ocean.

Listen, O drop, bestow upon yourself this honour, and in the hand of the Sea become safe from destruction.

Whom indeed should fortune like this befall? A Sea has become the suitor for a drop.

In God's name, in God's name, sell and buy at once! Give a drop, and take the Sea which is full of pearls.

In God's name, in God's name, do not make any postponement, for these words come from the Sea of Grace.

Grace is lost in this grace that one of the lowest is going up to the Seventh Heaven.

Listen, for a marvellous falcon has fallen to you: no seeker will find it in search.”

He said, “I will tell Haman, O veiled one: the counsel of the vizier is necessary to the king.”

She said, “Do not tell Haman this secret: what should a blind decrepit old woman know about a falcon?”
You give a white falcon to a decrepit old woman, she will clip its talons for the sake of welfare.

The blind old woman will blindly clip the talons which are the source of its usefulness in the chase, saying, “Where has your mother been, that your talons are so long, O prince?”

She clipped its talons and beak and wings: the filthy old hag does this at the time of affection.

When she gives it stew (tutmaj), it will not eat; she is enraged and tears up her feelings of affection, saying, “I have cooked such stew for you, and you are showing pride and insolence.

You deserve to be in that trouble and affliction: how should happiness and prosperity be suitable for you?”

She gives it the stew broth, saying, “Take this, if you do not wish to eat of the pastry.”

The falcon’s nature does not accept the stew broth: the old woman frowns, and her anger is prolonged.

In her rage the woman pours down the burning hot soup on its head: the crown of its head is made bald.

On account of the burning pain the tears pour down from its eye: it remembers the kindness of the heart-delighting king.

From those two charming coquettish eyes, which possess a hundred perfections from the countenance of the king.

Its eye that turned not aside has become full of wounds inflicted by the crow: the good eye is with pain and anguish by the evil eye.

An eye with the range of the sea, from the range whereof both the worlds appear a thread of hair.

If thousands of spheres should enter into its eye, they would vanish like a fountain before the ocean.

The eye that has passed beyond these objects of sense-perception and won kisses from vision of the Unseen—
Verily, I do not find a single ear
to which I should tell a mystery concerning that beauteous eye.

The lauded and august water were to trickle,
Gabriel would carry off its drops,

That he might rub them on his wings and beak,
if that person of goodly practice gives him permission.

The falcon says, “If the anger of the old crone has blazed forth,
it has not consumed my glory and splendour and self-denial and knowledge.

The falcon, my spirit, will still weave a hundred forms:
the blow falls on the she-camel, not on Salih.

At a single awful breath that Salih heaves,
the back of the mountain will bring to birth a hundred such she-camels.”

Heart is saying, “Be silent and observe discretion;
otherwise, the jealousy will end the warp and woof.”

His jealousy has a hundred hidden clemencies;
else in one moment it would consume a hundred worlds.

Kingly pride seized the place of admonition in him,
so that he wrenched his heart away from the bonds of admonition,

Saying, “I will take counsel with Haman,
for he is the support of the kingdom and the pivot of power.”

The Lord’s veracious witness was the counsellor of Mustafa;
Bu Lahab became the counsellor of Bu Jahl.

The homogeneity rooted in his nature drew him
so that those admonishments became irksome to him.

Congener flies to congener with a hundred wings
and rives bounds asunder in the fancy for him.

قصة أن زن كه طفل او بر سر ناودان خزيد و خطر افتادان بود و از على عليه السلام چاره جست

Story of the woman whose child crawled to the top of the water-spout and was in danger of falling; she sought help of 'Ali Murtadá, may God ennoble his person.

A woman came to Murtadá and said,
“Child belonging to me has gone up on to the water-spout.
If I call it, it will not come to my hands;
and if I leave it, I am afraid it will fall to the ground.”
It is not intelligent, that it should apprehend, like us, if I say, ‘Come to me from the danger.’

Moreover, it does not understand signs made by the hand; or if it should understand, it will not listen: this too is bad. Many times have I shown to it the milk and the teat, it always turns its eyes and face away from me.

For God’s sakes you, O noble ones, are those who give succour in this world and that world—

Quickly apply the remedy, for my heart is trembling lest I be torn painfully from the fruit of my heart.”

He said, “Take another child up to the roof, in order that the boy may see his congener,

And come nimby from the water-spout to his congener: congener is ever in love with congener.”

The woman did so, and when her child saw its congener, it turned its face towards it with delight

And came from the ridge of the water-spout to the roof: know that a congener attracts every congener.

The child came crawling along to the child: it was saved from falling to below.

The prophets are of humankind for this reason that they, through the homogeneity, may be saved from the water-spout.

Therefore he called himself a man like you, that you might come to your congener and might not become lost;

For homogeneity is a wondrous attractor: wherever there is a seeker, his congener is attracting him.

Jesus and Idris ascended to heaven, since they were homogeneous with the angels.

Again, Harut and Marut were homogeneous with the body: hence they descended from on high.

The infidels have become homogeneous with Satan: their spirits have become disciples of the devils.

They have learned a hundred thousand evil dispositions; they have sewn up the eyes of intellect and heart.

Their least ugly disposition is envy— that envy which smote the neck of Iblis.
From those curs they have learned hatred and envy, for he does not wish the kingdom everlasting to creatures.

When he sees, on left or right, any one perfect, colic comes to him and pain arises from envy.

Because every miserable wretch whose stack has been burnt is unwilling that any one's candle should be lighted

Listen; bring to hand some perfection, in order that you too may not be aggrieved by the perfection of others.

Beg of God the removal of this envy, that God may deliver you from the body, and bestow on you an inward occupation, from which you will not become disengaged outwards.

God gives to a draught of wine such that one intoxicated with it escapes from the two worlds.

He has endowed hashish with the property that, for a time, it delivers him from self-consciousness.

God makes sleep to be in such a manner that it erases thought of the two worlds.

He made Majnun, through love for a skin, to be such that he would not know an enemy from a friend.

He has a hundred thousand wines of this sort which He sets over your perceptions.

For the carnal soul there are the wines of damnation, which carry that ill-starred one out of the way.

For the intellect there are the wines of felicity, so that it gains the abode whence is no departure.

Through its intoxication it uproots the tent of the sky and takes the way (leading) onward from that direction.

Listen, be not deceived, O heart, by every intoxication: Jesus is intoxicated with God, the ass is intoxicated with barley.

Seek wine like this from these jars: the intoxication by it is not from the bobtailed;

For every object of love is like a full jar, one dregs, and another pure as pearls.

O connoisseur of wine, beware, taste with precaution, that you may find a wine free from adulteration.
Both will intoxicate you, but this intoxication, drawing, will lead you to the Lord of the Judgement,

So that you will be delivered from thought and anxiety and expedients, this intellect unshackled at the camel's ambling pace.

Since the prophets are homogeneous with spirit and angel, they drew angels from heaven.

Wind is the congener and friend of fire, for the tendency of both is upward.

When you stop the mouth of an empty pot and put it in a tank or river,

It will not sink till the Resurrection, for its heart is void and there is wind in it.

Since the desire of the wind in it is upward, it draws upward also the vessel containing it.

Again, the spirits that are homogeneous with the prophets are moving gradually, like shadows, towards them,

Because its intelligence is predominant; and beyond doubt the intelligence is homogeneous in nature with the angel;

While in the enemy the carnal soul's concupiscence is predominant: the carnal soul is homogeneous with the lowest and goes to it.

The Egyptian was a congener of the reprobate Pharaoh; the Israelite was a congener of Moses, the Kalim.

Haman was more congenial to Pharaoh: he chose him out and brought him to the high-seat in the palace.

Inevitably he dragged him from the high-seat to the lowest depth, for those two unclean ones are homogenous with Hell.

Both, like Hell, are burning and contrary to light: both, like Hell, are exceedingly averse to the light of the heart;

For Hell says, “O true believer, pass by quickly, since your light has taken away the Fire.

Pass, O true believer, for your light, when it sweeps by, quenches my fire.”

The man destined for Hell, also, is recoiling from the light, because he has the nature of Hell, O worshipful one.

Hell flees from the true believer just as the true believer flies with his soul from Hell,
Because his light is not homogeneous with the Fire: the seeker of the light is in reality the contrary of the Fire.

It is related in the *Hadith* that when the true believer prays to God for protection from Hell, Hell also begs earnestly for protection from him, saying, “O God, keep me far from such-and-such a one!”

‘It is the attracting power of homogeneity: consider now with whom you are congenial in respect of infidelity or true religion.

If you are inclined towards Haman, you have the nature of Haman, and if you are inclined towards Moses, you are a glorifier of God.

And if you are inclined and impelled towards both, you are carnal soul and reason both mingled together.

Both are at war: take heed, take heed, and strive that the spiritual realities may prevail over the forms.

In the world of war it is joy enough that you should always see defeat on the enemy.

Finally that quarrelsome-looking man in his hardness told Haman, for the purpose of consultation.

He told the promises of the one with whom God spoke, and made that misguided person his confidant.

How Pharaoh took counsel with his vizier, Haman, as to believing in Moses, on whom be peace.

He told Haman when he saw him alone: Haman sprang up and rent the bosom of his shirt.

That accursed one uttered loud cries and sobs and beat his turban and cap on the ground,

Saying, “How dare he say those vain words so impudently in the face of the king?

You have made the whole world subject; you, by fortune, have made your estate as gold.

From all parts of the East and West sultans, without opposition, bring tribute to you.

Kings are rubbing their lips joyfully on the dust of your threshold, O mighty emperor.
Showing the falsity of Haman’s speech — the curse be upon him!

When the enemy’s horse sees our horse, it turns its face and flees without flogging.

Until now you have been worshipped and adored by the world: you will become the meanest of slaves.

To go into a thousand fires is better than this; that a lord should become the servant of a slave.

Nay, kill me first, O king of China, that my eye may not behold this in the king.

O emperor, behead me first, that my eye may not behold this ignominy.

Truly never has there been — and never may there be! — such a thing as this, that the earth should become the sky, and the sky become the earth;

Our slaves should become our fellow-servants; our timorous ones should become those who wound our hearts;

Enemies bright-eyed and friends blind: then the rose-garden has become for us the bottom of the tomb.”

He did not know friend from enemy; he was playing backgammon wrong, like a blind man.

Your enemy is none but yourself, O accursed one: do not spitefully call the innocent enemies.

In your sight this evil state is dawlat, whereof the beginning is dawádaw and the end lat (blows).

If by degrees you do not run away from this worldly fortune, autumn will come o’er this spring of yours.

East and West have seen many like you, whose heads have been severed from their bodies.

After all, how should East and West, which are not permanent, make any one enduring?

You take pride in the fact that men, from fear and bondage, have become your flatterers for a few days.

When men bow in adoration to any one, they are cramming poison into his soul.
When his adorer turns away from him, he knows that that was poisonous and destructive to him.

Oh, blest is he whose carnal soul was abased!

Alas who became like a mountain from arrogance

Know that this pride is a killing poison: that fool is intoxicated by the poisonous wine.

When an unhappy wretch drinks the poisonous wine, his head in delight for one moment

After one moment the poison falls on his spirit the poison exercises sway over his spirit.

If you have not firm belief in its being poisonous what poison it is, look at the people of Ad

When one king gains the upper hand over another king, he kills him or confines him in a dungeon;

But if he finds a fallen wounded man, the king will make a plaster for him and bestow gifts on him.

If that pride is not poison, then why did he kill the king without crime or offence?

And how did he treat this other man kindly without service?

From these two actions you may recognise pride.

No highwayman ever attacked a beggar: does a wolf ever bite a dead wolf?

Khizr made a breach in the boat in order that the boat might be saved from the wicked.

Since the broken one will be saved, be you broken.

Safety lies in poverty enter into poverty

The mountain that possessed some cash in its mine was cut to pieces by the strokes of the pick-axe.

The sword is for him who has a neck; no blow falls on the shadow that is thrown.

Eminence is naphtha and fire, O misguided one:

O brother, how are you going into the fire?

How should anything that is level with the earth become a target for arrows? Consider!

If it raises its head from the earth, then, like targets, it will suffer blows irremediable.
This egoism is the ladder of the creatures: they must fall from this ladder in the end.

The higher any one goes, the more foolish he is, for his bones will be worse broken.

This is the derivatives, and its fundamental principles are that to exalt one's self is co-partnership with God.

Unless you have died and become living through Him, you are an enemy seeking to reign in co-partnership with Him.

When you have become living through Him that is in truth He: it is absolute Unity; how is it co-partnership?

Seek the explanation of this in the mirror of works, for you will not gain the understanding of it from speech and discourse.

If I tell that which I have within, many hearts will immediately be turned into blood. I will refrain; indeed, for the intelligent this is enough:

I have shouted twice, if anyone is in the village

To sum up, Haman by means of those evil words waylaid Pharaoh in such a way as this.

The morsel, felicity, had reached his mouth, he suddenly cut his throat.

He gave Pharaoh's stack to the wind: may no king have such a minister!

How Moses, on whom be peace, despaired of Pharaoh's accepting the true faith, because the words of Haman made an impression on Pharaoh's heart.

Moses said, “We have shown kindness and generosity, truly it was not the portion allotted to your dominion

The dominion that is not righteous—regard it as having neither hand nor sleeve

The dominion that is stolen is without heart and without soul and without eye.

The dominion which the common have given to you they will take back from you as a debt.

Give up to God the dominion held on loan, that He may bestow on you the dominion to which all consent.”
An Amír of the Arabs assembled and began to wrangle in the Prophet’s presence, saying, "You are an Amír; every one of us is an Amír likewise: distribute this kingdom and take your share."

"Each is seeking equity in regard to his share: do you wash your hands of our share?"

He replied, "God has given the Amírate to me: He has given me the chief authority and the absolute command, saying, ‘this is the epoch and cycle of Ahmad: listen, accept his command! Have fear of God!’"

The party said to him, "We too are rulers by that destiny, and God has given the Amírate to us."

He said, "But to me God gave it as a possession and to you as a loan for the sake of provisions for the road."

"My Amírate is lasting till the Resurrection; the Amírate held on loan will be shattered."

The party said, "O Amír, do not say too much: what is your argument for seeking more?"

Forthwith, by the bitter command, a cloud arose, the torrent came: the countryside was filled.

The exceedingly frightful torrent set its face towards the town: the townsfolk making loud lamentations all terrified.

The Prophet said, "Now the time is come for the test, in order that opinion may become ocular vision."

Each Amír flung his lance, that in the test it might become a barrier against the torrent.

Then Mustafa cast his wand upon it—that sovereign wand that reduced to helplessness.

The rapid water of the boiling wild torrent swept away the lances like a bit of straw.
All the lances disappeared, while that wand stood on the surface of the water like a sentry.

From anxious regard for that wand the mighty torrent turned its face away, and the flood-water departed.

When they beheld that great matter wrought by him, those Amírs, by dread, confessed—

Save three persons, whose rancour was prevailing: they, from disbelief, called him a magician and truthsayer.

The kingship that has been tied on is weak like that; the kingship that has grown up is august like this.

If you did not see the lances together with the wand, consider the names of them and consider the name of him, O noble one!

Their names the rapid torrent of death has borne away; his name and his puissant fortune are not dead.

For him the drum is always beaten five times: on this wise every day till the Day of Resurrection.

“If you have intelligence, I have done kindnesses; and if you are an ass, I have brought the rod for the ass.

I will turn you out of this stable in such wise that I will make your ears and head bloody with the rod.

In this stable asses and men are getting no quarter from your oppression.

Lo, I have brought the rod, for correction’s sake, for your ass that is not approved.

It will become a dragon in subduing you, for you have become a dragon in deeds and disposition.

You are a mountain-dragon without mercy; but look at the dragon of Heaven!

This rod comes as a taste from Hell, saying, ‘Ho! Take refuge in the Light; Else you will be left helpless in my teeth: there will be no escape for you through my passes.’

This was a rod; it is now a dragon, to the end that you may not say, “Where is God’s Hell?”
در بیان آن که شناسای قدرت حق نبرسد که بهشت و دوزخ کجاست

Explaining that one who knows the power of God will not ask, “Where are Paradise and Hell?”

God makes Hell to be wherever He will:
He makes the zenith to be a snare and trap for the bird.

Likewise from your teeth arise pangs of pain,
to the end that you may say, “It is Hell and the dragon.”

Or He makes the water of your mouth to be honey,
that you may say, “It is Paradise and the robes.”

He makes sugar to grow from the roots of the teeth,
that you may know the power of the ordinance of the decree.

Do not, then, bite the innocent with your teeth:
bethink you of the stroke that is not to be guarded against.

God makes the Nile to be blood for the Egyptians;
He makes the Israelites safe from calamity,

That you may know that with God there is discrimination
between the sober on the Way and the intoxicated.

The Nile has learned from God to discriminate,
for it opened for these and shut fast against those.

His grace makes the Nile intelligent;
His wrath makes Cain foolish.

He, from kindness, created intelligence in lifeless things;
He, because of His wrath cut off intelligence from the intelligent one.

By grace intelligence appeared in lifeless matter,
and through chastisement knowledge fled from the intelligent.

There, by command the rain-like intelligence poured down;
here, intelligence saw God’s anger and took to flight.

Clouds and sun and moon and lofty stars,
all come and go according to arrangement.

None comes but at its appointed hour,
so that it neither lags behind the time nor before.

How have not you understood this from the prophets?
They brought knowledge into stone and rod,

That you, by analogy, might undoubtingly
deem the other lifeless things to be like rod and stone.
The obedience of stone and rod is made manifest and gives information concerning the other lifeless things,

That, “We are cognisant of God and obedient: we all are not by chance and in vain.

As the water of the Nile: you know that at the time of drowning it made a distinction between the two peoples;

As the earth: you know it to be possessed of knowledge, at the time of sinking, in regard to Qárún whom He subdued and swept away;

As the moon, which heard the command and hastened and then became two halves in the sky and split;

As the trees and stones which everywhere overtly made the salaam to Mustafa.

**Reply to the materialist who disbelieves in the Deity and says that the world is eternal.**

Yesterday someone was saying, “The world originated in time: this heaven is passing away, and God is its inheritor.”

A philosopher said, "How do you know temporal origin? How should the rain know the temporality of the cloud?

You are not even a mote of the revolution: how should you know the temporality of the sun?

The little worm that is buried in filth—how should it know the end and beginning of the earth?

You have heard this by rote from your father: through foolishness you have become involved in this.

What is the demonstrative argument for its temporality? Tell or else keep silence and do not seek excessive talk.”

He said, “One day I saw two parties searching in this deep sea,

In disputation and controversy and desperate battle: a crowd gathered round those two persons.

I went towards the crowded multitude and took notice of their affair.

One was saying the sky will pass away: without any doubt, this edifice has a builder.’
The other said, ‘it is eternal and timeless: it has no builder, or else it is the builder.’

He said, ‘You have denied the Creator, the Producer of day and night and the Giver of sustenance.’

He said, ‘Without clear evidence, I will not listen to that which an ignoramus has accepted by rote.

Come, bring the proof and evidence, for never in the world will I listen to this without proof.’

‘The proof,’ he replied, ‘is within my soul: my evidence is hidden within my soul.

You, from weakness of eye, are not seeing the new moon: I am seeing it, do not you be angry with me.’

There was much debate, and the people became perplexed as to the beginning and end of this well-ordered celestial sphere.

He said, ‘Friend, within me is a proof: I have a sign indicating the temporal origin of the sky.

I possess the certainty: for him that has certain knowledge the token thereof is that he will go into the fire.

Like the inmost feelings of love in lovers, that proof, know, does not come on the tongue.

The inmost meaning of my words is not apparent, except the pallor and haggardness of my face.

Tears and blood roll on my cheeks and become the proof of His comeliness and beauty.’

He replied, ‘I do not deem these things to be such a proof as would be a manifest sign to the common.’

He said, ‘When a base and a genuine coin boast, saying, “You are base; I am good and valuable,”

Fire is the final test: that these two rivals should be dropped into the fire.

The common and the elect will become acquainted with their state and will advance from opinion and doubt to certain knowledge.

Water and fire, O soul, are the test for the pure and the base coin that is hidden.

Let me and you, both of us, go into the fire and become a lasting proof for the perplexed.
Let me and you, both of us, fall into the sea, for you and I are a sign unto this multitude.

Even so they did and entered the fire: both cast themselves upon the heat of the fire.

The God-proclaiming man who engaged in controversy was saved, while that bastard was burnt in the fire.

Hear from the muezzin this announcement, to the confusion of the foolish transgressors,

That this name has not been burnt by Death, since its bearer was a prince and most noble.

In the course of time hundreds of thousands of the veils of the unbelievers have been rent by this laying down of stakes.

When they made the wager, the truth prevailed as regards immortality and evidentiary miracles and the answer.

I perceived that he who spoke of the priority and of the temporal origin of the celestial sphere was victorious and in the right.”

The unbeliever’s argument is always shamefaced: where is a single sign that indicates the truth of that unbelief?

Where in this world is a single minaret in praise of the unbelievers, so that it should be a sign?

Where is a single pulpit where a preacher commemorates the life of an unbeliever?

The face of gold and silver coins, from their names, is giving a token of this truth till the Resurrection.

The dies of the kings are ever being changed: behold the die of Ahmad till the end of the world.

Show the name of a single unbeliever on the design on the face of any piece of silver or gold!

Even do not admit, behold this Miracle, like the sun, hundred-tongued, whereof the name is Ummu ’l-Kitáb.

None dares either steal a single letter thereof or add to the plain Word.

Become a friend to the conqueror that you may conquer: beware, do not become a friend to the vanquished, O misguided man!

The unbeliever’s argument is just this, that he says, “I see no place of abode except this external.”
He never reflects that, wherever there is anything external, that gives information of hidden wise purposes.

The usefulness of every external object is, indeed, internal: it is latent, like the beneficial quality in medicines.

Commentary on the Verse, “And We did not create the heavens and the earth and what is between them save with real ground”: “I did not create them for the sake of just this which you see; nay, but for the sake of the essential meaning and everlasting providence which you see not.”

Does any painter paint a beautiful picture for the sake of the picture itself, without hope of conferring benefit?

Nay, for the sake of guests and young people who by diverting themselves may be relieved from cares.

From his picture the joy of children and the remembering of departed friends by their friends.

Does any potter make a pot in haste for the sake of the pot itself and not in hope of the water?

Does any bowl-maker make a finished bowl for the sake of the bowl itself and not for the sake of the food?

Does any calligrapher write artistically for the sake of the writing itself and not for the sake of the reading?

The external form is for the sake of the unseen form; and that took shape for the sake of another unseen.

Count up these corollaries to the third, fourth, or tenth in proportion to insight.

As the moves in chess, O son: behold the result of each move in the next one.

They made this for the sake of that concealed move, and that for the next, and that for such and such.

Even so, having perceived reasons within reasons, one after the other, in order that you may arrive at victory and checkmate

The first is for the sake of the second, like mounting on the steps of a ladder;

And deem the second to be for the sake of the third, to the end, in order that you may arrive, step by step, at the roof.
The desire to eat is for the sake of the semen: that semen is for the sake of procreation and the light.

The man of dull sight sees naught but this: his intelligence is without motion, like the plants of the earth.

Whether the plant is summoned or not summoned, its foot remains stuck fast in the mud.

If its head move with the motion of the wind, go, be not deceived by its moving its head.

Its head says, “We obey, O zephyr!” Its foot says, “We refuse to obey: let us alone!”

Since he does not know how to move, he advances like the common, stepping on trust, like a blind man.

Consider what comes of acting on trust in warfare: like the trust of dice-players.

But those insights that are not frozen are nothing if not piercing and veil-rending.

He sees with his own eye at the present moment that which will come to pass in ten years.

Similarly, everyone sees the unseen and the future, good and evil, according to the measure of his insight.

When the barrier in front and the barrier behind are removed, the eye penetrates and reads the tablet of the Unseen.

When he looks back to the origin of existence, the past circumstances and beginning of existence display themselves—

The disputation of the terrestrial angels with the Majesty as to making our Father the Vicegerent.

When he casts his eye forward he sees plainly that which shall be till the Congregation.

Therefore he sees back to the root of the root, and he sees forward clairvoyantly to the Day of Decision.

Every one, according to the measure of his spiritual enlightenment, sees the things unseen in proportion to the polishing.

The more he polishes, the more he sees and the more visible does the form become to him.

If you say that that purity is the grace of God, this success in polishing is also from that bounty.
That work and prayer is in proportion to the aspiration:  
*Man has nothing but what he has strived after.*

God alone is the giver of aspiration:  
*no base churl aspires to be a king.*

God’s assignment of a particular lot to any one  
does not hinder consent and will and choice;

But when He brings some trouble on an ill-fated man,  
he ungratefully packs off in flight;

When God brings some trouble on a good-fortuned man,  
he always abides nearer to God.

In battle the pusillanimous from fear for their lives  
have chosen the means of flight,

The courageous, also from fear for their lives,  
have charged towards the ranks of the enemy.

Rustams are borne onward by fear and pain;  
from fear, too, the man of infirm spirit dies within himself.

Tribulation and fear for one’s life are like a touchstone:  
thereby the brave man is distinguished from every coward.

*How God made a revelation to Moses, on whom be peace, saying,*  
*“O Moses, I who am the exalted Creator love you.”*
Your heart, likewise, in good or evil never turns from Me to other quarters.

In your sight all besides Me are as stones and clods, whether boys or youths or old men.”

Just as you we worship in yearning entreaty, in tribulation we ask help of none but You.

This you we worship is idiomatically for the purpose of appropriation, and that is for the purpose of negating hypocrisy.

Of you we ask help also is for the purpose of appropriation: he appropriates and restricts the asking of help,

Meaning, “We perform worship to you alone; we have hope of help from you alone.”

How a king was enraged with his boon-companion, and an intercessor interceded on behalf of the object of anger and begged the king; and how the king accepted his intercession, the boon-companion resented the action of the intercessor and asked, “Why did you intercede?”

A king was enraged with a boon-companion and was about to reduce him to smoke and dust.

The king drew his sword from the scabbard that he might inflict upon him the punishment for that disobedience.

No one had the courage to utter neither a word nor any intercessor to venture on intercession,

Except one amongst the courtiers named Imádu 'l-Mulk, privileged in respect of intercession, like Mustáfa

He sprang up and at once prostrated himself; the king immediately put away from his hand the sword of vengeance,

And said, “If he is the Devil, I forgive him; and if he has done a satanic deed, I cover it up

Since you have intervened, I am satisfied, if the culprit has committed a hundred acts of harm.

I can break a hundred thousand angers, seeing that you have such excellence and such worth;
Nowise can I break your supplication, because your supplication is assuredly my supplication.

If he had thrown earth and heaven into confusion, this man would not have escaped from vengeance;

And if atom by atom had become a suppliant, he would not have saved his head from the sword at this moment.

We confer no obligation on you, O noble one; but it is to explain your honour, O boon-companion.

You did not make this, for assuredly I made it, O you whose qualities are buried in my qualities.

In this you are the one employed to do the work, not the doer, insomuch as you are borne by me and art not the bearer.

You have become You did not throw when you threw: like the foam, you have abandoned yourself in the wave.

You have become 'not'; take up your abode beside 'except.' This is wonderful, that you are both a prisoner and a prince.

You did not give what you gave: the king gave it. He alone is. God best knows the right course.”

And the boon-companion who had been delivered from the stroke of calamity was offended with this intercessor and drew back from fealty.

He cut off all friendship with that sincere man, and turned his face to the wall in order that he might not give the salaam.

He became estranged from his intercessor; in astonishment at this the people began to talk,

Saying, “He is not mad, how did he cut off friendly relations with the person who redeemed his life? He redeemed him from beheading at that moment: he ought to have become the dust of his shoe. He has gone the reverse way and has taken renouncing: he has taken to cherishing enmity against a beloved like this.”

Then a certain mentor reproached him, saying, “Why are you acting so unjustly towards a loyal friend? That elect beloved redeemed your life and saved you from beheading at that moment.

If he had done evil, you ought not to have turned away that praiseworthy friend was especially your benefactor.”
He replied, “Life is freely given for the king’s sake: why should he come as an intercessor between?

At that moment mine was ‘I am with God in a state wherein no chosen prophet is my peer.’

I desire no mercy but the blows of the king;
I desire no refuge except that king.

I have negated all besides the king for the reason that I have devoted myself to the king.

The king, if he beheads me in his wrath, will bestow on me sixty other lives.

It is my business to hazard my head and to be selfless; it is the business of my sovereign king to give a head.”

Honour to the head that is severed by the King’s hand!
Shame on the head that betakes itself to another!

The night which the King in his wrath covered with pitch holds in disdain a thousand days of festival.

Truly, the circumambulation performed by him who beholds the King is above wrath and grace and infidelity and religion.

Not one word expressing it has come into the world, for it is hidden, hidden, hidden,

Inasmuch as these glorious names and words were manifested from the reel of Adam.

He taught the names was an Imam for Adam; but not in the garb of ‘ayn and lām.

When he put on his head the cap of water and clay, those spiritual names became black-faced,

For they assumed the veil of letters and breath, in order that the essential reality might be made manifest to the water and clay.

Although from one point of view speech is a revealer, yet from ten points of view it is a curtain and concealer.
How Khalil (Abraham) answered Gabriel, on both of whom be peace, when he asked him, “Have you any need?”—“As regards need of you, no!”

“I am the Khalil of the present time, and he is the Gabriel: I do not want him as a guide in calamity.”

He did not learn respectfulness from noble Gabriel, who asked the Friend of God what was his wish, saying, ‘Have you a wish?—that I may help; otherwise, I will flee and make a speedy departure.’

Abraham said, ‘No; go out of the way! After direct vision the intermediary is an inconvenience.’

On account of this present life the messenger is a link for the true believers, because he is the intermediary.

If every heart were hearing the hidden revelation, how should there be in the world any words and sounds?

Though he is lost in God and headless, yet my case is more delicate than that.

His act is the act of the king, but to my infirmity the good appears to be evil.”

That which is the very essence of grace to the common becomes wrath to the noble favourites.

Much tribulation and pain must the common endure in order that they may be able to perceive the difference;

For, O companion in the Cave, these intermediary words are, in the sight of one united, thorns, thorns, thorns.

Much tribulation and pain and waiting were needed in order that that pure spirit might be delivered from the words;

But some have become deafer to this echo; some, again, have become purified and have mounted higher.

This tribulation is like the water of the Nile: it is water to the blessed and blood to the damned.

The more one descries the end, the more blessed is he: the greater one sees the crop, the more zealously he sows,

Because he knows that this world of sowing is for the sake of the Congregation and gathering in.
No contract was for the sake of itself; nay, but for the sake of the position of gain and profit.

There is no disbeliever, if you look, whose disbelief is for the sake of the disbelief itself;

Nay, but for the purpose of subduing his adversary in envy, or seeking superiority and self-display

And that superiority too is for the sake of some other desire: the forms give no relish without the essential meanings.

You ask “Why are you doing this?” because the forms are the oil and the essential meaning is the light.

Otherwise, what is this saying “why”?—since the form is for the sake of the form itself.

This saying “why” is a question concerning the use: it is bad to say “why” for any cause but this.

Wherefore, O trusty one, should you desire the use?—since the use of this is only this.

Hence it is not wisdom that the forms of heaven and the people of the earth should be for this only.

If there is no Wise, what is this orderly arrangement? And if there is a Wise, how is His action devoid?

No one makes pictures and colouring in a bath-house except for purpose right or wrong.

How Moses, on whom be peace, besought the Lord, saying, “You did create creatures and destroy them,” and how the answer came.

Moses said, “O Lord of the Reckoning, You did create the form: how did You destroy it again?”

You have made the form, male and female, that gives unto the spirit increase; and then You do ruin it: why?”

God said, “I know that this question of yours is not from disbelief and heedlessness and idle fancy;

Else I should have corrected and chastised you: I should have afflicted you on account of this question.
But you wish to discover in My actions the wisdom and hidden meaning of duration,
That you may acquaint the common therewith and by this means make every raw person to become cooked.
You have become a questioner on purpose to disclose to the common, albeit you are acquainted with it;
For this questioning is the half of knowledge, and this ability does not belong to every outsider."
Both question and answer arise from knowledge, just as the thorn and the rose from earth and water.
Both perdition and salvation arise from knowledge, just as bitter and sweet from moisture.
This hatred and love arise from acquaintance, and from wholesome food sickness and powers.
That Kalím became an ignorant enquirer in order that he might make the ignorant acquainted with this mystery.
Let us too feign ourselves to be ignorant thereof and elicit the answer to it as strangers.
The ass-sellers became rivals to one another in order that they might open the way to the contract.
Then God spoke unto him, saying, “O you who possess the most excellent, since you have asked, come, hear the answer.
O Moses, sow some seed in the earth that you yourself may render justice to this.”
When Moses had sown and the seed-corn was complete and its ears had gained beauty and symmetry,
He took the sickle and was cutting that; then a voice from the Unseen reached his ear,
Crying, “Why do you sow and tend some seed-corn and are cutting it when it has attained to perfection?”
He replied, “O Lord, I destroy and lay it low because straw is here and grain.
The grain is not suitable in the straw-barn; the straw likewise is bad in the wheat-barn.
It is not wisdom to mix these two: it makes necessary the separation in winnowing.”
He said, “From whom did you gain this knowledge, so that by means of the knowledge you did construct a threshing-floor?”

He replied, “You, O God, gave me discernment.”

He said, “Then how should I not have discernment?”

Amongst the created beings are pure spirits; there are spirits dark and muddy.

These shells are not in one grade: in one is the pearl and in another the bead.

It is necessary to make manifest this good and evil, just as to make manifest the wheat from the straw.

These creatures of the world are for the purpose of manifestation, to the end that the treasure of providences may not remain hidden.

He said, “I was a hidden treasure”: listen! Do not let your substance be lost: become manifest!

Explaining that the animal spirit and the particular reason and the imagination and the fancy may be compared to buttermilk, while the spirit, which is everlasting, is hidden in this buttermilk, like the butter.

Your true substance is concealed in falsehood, like the taste of butter in the taste of buttermilk.

Your falsehood is this perishable body; your truth is that lordly spirit.

Years this buttermilk, the body, is visible and manifest, the butter, the spirit, is perishing and negated within it,

Till God send a messenger, a servant, a shaker of the buttermilk in the churn,

That he may shake with method and skill, to the end that I may know that ego was hidden;

Or the speech of a servant, which is part is part of him, enter into the ear of him who is seeking inspiration.

The true believer’s ear is retaining our inspiration: such an ear is closely linked to the caller.

Just as the infant’s ear is filled with its mother’s words, it begins to speak articulately;
And if the infant have not a right ear, it does not hear its mother’s words and becomes a mute.

Every one born deaf has always been dumb: that one who heard from his mother became a speaker.

Know that the deaf ear and the dumb man are the result of a certain defect; for it is not capable of words and being taught.

The one that possessed speech without being taught is God, whose attributes are separated from infirmities,

Or one like Adam whom God instructed without the screen of mother and nurse and necessaries,

Or the Messiah who, through being taught by the Loving, at his birth came speaking into the world,

For the purpose of repelling the suspicion as to his birth that he was not born of fornication and wickedness

A shaking was required in the effort that the buttermilk might render back that butter from its heart.

The butter in the buttermilk is like non-existence; the buttermilk has raised its banner in existence.

That which seems to you to be existent is skin, while that which seems to have perished—that is the root.

The buttermilk has not taken butter and is old: lay it and do not squander it till you pick out.

Listen, turn it knowingly from hand to hand, that it may reveal that which it has hidden;

For this perishable is a proof of the everlasting; the maundering of the intoxicated is a proof of the Cupbearer.

Another parable on the same subject

The gambols of the lion on the banner are indicative of winds concealed.

If there were not the movement of those winds, how would the dead lion leap into the air?

By that you know whether the wind is the east-wind or the west wind: this is the explanation of that occult matter.
This body is like the lion on the banner: thought is causing it to move continually.

The thought that comes from the east is the east-wind, and that which from the west is the west-wind fraught with pestilence.

The east of this wind of thought is different; the west of this wind of thought is from Yonder side.

The moon is inanimate, and its east is inanimate: the heart's east is the soul of the soul.

The east of that Sun which illumines the inward part—the sun of day is the husk and reflection thereof;

For when the body is dead without the flame, neither day nor night appears to it;

But though it is not, when this is in perfection, it maintains itself intact without night and day,

Just as the eye, without moon and sun, sees moon and sun in dream

Since our sleep is the brother of death, O such and such, know that brother from this brother.

And if they tell you that that is the branch of this, do not hear it, O follower of authority, without certain knowledge.

During sleep your spirit is beholding the representation of a state which you will not behold, whilst you are awake, in twenty years,

And you are running, for lifetimes, to the sagacious kings in quest of the interpretation thereof,

Saying, “Tell, what is the interpretation of that dream?” To call such a mystery a “branch” is currishness.

This is the sleep of the common; but truly the sleep of the elect is the root of privilege and election.

There needs to be the elephant, in order that, when he sleeps supinely, he may dream of the land of Hindustan.

The ass does not dream of Hindustan at all: the ass has never journeyed from Hindustan to a foreign country.

There is need of the elephant-like and very robust spirit, that in sleep it may be able to go speedily to Hindustan.

Because of desire the elephant remembers Hindustan; then by night that remembrance of his takes form.
Remember Allah is not a work of every rascal;
Return thou is not on the foot of every reprobate.

But still do not you despair, be an elephant;
and if you are not an elephant, be in quest of transmutation.

Behold the alchemists of Heaven; hear at every moment
the sound from the makers of the philosophers’ stone.

They are designers in the celestial atmosphere;
they are workers for me and you.

If you do not see the musky-bosomed people,
behold this touch, O night-blind one.

At every moment the touch is upon your apprehension:
behold the plants ever springing up anew from your earth!

Of this was Ibrahim son of Adham, who beheld in sleep,
without veil, the unfolding of the spiritual Hindustan.

Of necessity, he burst the chains asunder
and dashed his kingdom to pieces and disappeared.

The sign of beholding Hindustan
is that he starts up from sleep and becomes mad.

He will scatter dust upon plans
and will burst the links of the chains,

Even as the Prophet said of the light,
that the sign thereof in breasts

Is that he withdraws from the abode of delusion
and also turns back from the abode of joy.

For the exposition of this hadīth of Mustafa,
listen to a tale, O sincere friend.
A certain king had a young son, adorned with excellence within and without.

He dreamed that suddenly that son died: the pure pleasure of the world was changed, for the king, to dregs.

His water-skin was dried up by the heat of the fire, for because of the glow of the fire his tears remained not.

The king became so full of smoke and grief that sighs were finding no way into him.

He was about to die, his body became inert; his life had been left: the king awoke.

From awaking, there came to him a joy which he had not experienced in his life; for from joy likewise he was about to perish: this spirit and body is mightily shackled with the collar.

This lamp dies from the breath of sorrow, and it also dies from the breath of joy. Here, look, is a pleasant jest!

He is living between these two deaths: this that resembles one shackled with a collar is an occasion for laughter.

The king said to himself, “In consequence of the Lord's causation such a sorrow as that was the cause of joy.”
Oh, wonderful the same thing from one aspect death
and from another aspect a quickening with life and a provision!

The same thing is destructive in relation to one circumstance,
while again it is preservative in regard to another.

Bodily joy is perfection in regard to that which is of the present world,
defect and failure in regard to the Day of the latter end.

The dream interpreter, too, declares laughter in dreams
to be weeping with regrets and grief,
for weeping in dreams joy and gladness
are in the interpretation, O gleeful man.

The king pondered, saying, “This sorrow, indeed, is past,
but my soul has become suspicious of one of the same kind;
And if such a thorn enters my foot that the rose departs,
I must have a keepsake.”

Since the causes of mortality are infinite,
which road, then, shall we bar?

A hundred windows and doors facing towards mordant death
are ever creaking as they are opened,
From greed for provision the ear of the covetous
does not hear the harsh creaking of those doors of death.

From the side of the body, pains are the noise of the door;
and from the side of enemies, maltreatment is the noise of the door.

My dear friend read for one moment the table of contents of Medicine;
look at the flaming fire of diseases!

Through all those tumours there is a way into this house:
at every two steps there is a pit full of scorpions.

“The wind is fierce and my lamp is a docked one:
I will light another lamp from it,
So that maybe one complete will arise from them both,
if that one lamp be put out by the wind;”

Like the gnostic who, for the sake of freedom from care,
has lit the candle of the heart from this defective lamp of the body.

In order that, one day when this dies of a sudden,
he may place before his eye the candle of the spirit.

He did not understand this; therefore in his heedlessness
he applied the perishing candle to another perishable.
How the king brought his son a bride for fear of his race coming to an end.

“It is necessary, then, to seek a bride for him, that from this marriage offspring may appear,

If this falcon returns to the state of mortality
his young may become a falcon after the falcon,

If the form of this falcon go from here,
his inward meaning may endure in his son.

On account of this, that renowned king, Mustafa, said,
‘The son is the marrow of his father.’

For this reason all people, by heartfelt love,
teach their children trades,

To the end that these inward meanings may remain in the world
when that body of theirs becomes hidden.

God in His wisdom has given them intense desire
for the right guidance of every little one capable.

I too, for the purpose of the continuance of my race,
will seek for my son a wife of good principles.

I will seek a girl who is the offspring of a righteous man,
not the offspring of a stern-faced king.”

This righteous man is himself a king, he is free,
he is not the prisoner of lust and gluttony.

They have given prisoners the title of “king” by inversion,
just as *Kafur* is the name of that Negro.

The blood-drinking wilderness is named *mafāza* (place of safety);
the common call the leper *Nīkbakht*.

They have described the prisoner of lust and anger and ambition
by the name of *Mīr* or *Sadr-i ajall* (most honourable prince).

To those prisoners of Doom (*asīrán-i ajal*) the common in the lands
have given the title of “most honourable Amīrs” (*amīrān-i ajal*).

They call high-placed (*Sadr*) him whose soul is low in the vestibule,
that is to say, power and riches.

When the king chose relationship with an ascetic,
this news came to the ears of ladies.
How the king chose the daughter of a poor ascetic for his son and how the ladies of the harem raised objections and disdained the alliance with the dervish.

The prince’s mother, from deficiency of understanding, said, “According to reason and tradition equality is requisite.

You from stinginess and miserliness and shrewdness wish to ally our son with a beggar.”

He said, “It is a fault to call the righteous man a beggar, for through the grace of God he is spiritually rich.

He is taking refuge in contentment because of piety, not because of meanness and laziness, like the beggar.

The penury which arises from contentment and piety is distinct from the poverty and penury of the base.

If that one finds a single coin, he bows his head, while this one in his lofty aspiration recoils from a treasure of gold.

The king who from greed is betaking himself to everything unlawful—the man of noble mind calls him a beggar.”

She said, “Where are his cities and castles the wedding-outfit, or scattering gems and pieces of gold?”

He said, “Go! Whoever prefers to care for religion, God cuts off from him all remaining cares.”

The king prevailed and gave to him a maiden of goodly nature, belonging to the family of a righteous man.

Truly, she had none to rival her in loveliness: her face was brighter than the sun at morn.

Such was the maiden’s beauty; and her qualities were such that, on account of their excellence, they are not contained in description.

Make religion your prey, that in consequence there may come beauty and riches and power and advantageous fortune.

Know that the next world, in respect of ownership, is files of camels: the present world is its corollary, like the hair and dung.

You choose the hair, the camel will not be yours, and if the camel be yours, what value has the hair?
When the marriage with the family of the uncontentious righteous folk was achieved by the king,

By destiny a decrepit old witch, who was in love with the handsome and generous prince—

An old woman of Kabul—bewitched him with a sorcery of which the magic of Babylon would be envious.

The prince fell in love with the ugly hag, so that he abandoned his bride and the wedding.

A black devil and woman of Kabul suddenly waylaid the prince.

That stinking ninety year old hag left the prince neither wisdom nor understanding.

For a year the prince was captivated: the sole of the hag's shoe was the place where he bestowed his kisses.

Association with the hag was mowing him, till through wasting away half a spirit remained.

Others had the headache on account of his weakness, he, from the intoxicating effect of the sorcery, was unconscious of himself.

This world had become a prison to the king, while this son was laughing at their tears.

The king became exceedingly desperate in the struggle: day and night he was offering sacrifice and giving alms,

For whatever remedy the father might apply, love for the old hag would always increase.

Then it became clear to him that that was absolutely a mystery, and that thenceforth his remedy was supplication.

He was prostrating himself in prayer, saying, “It beseems You to command: to whom but God belongs the command over God's kingdom?

But this poor wretch is burning like aloes-wood: take his hand, O Merciful and Loving One!”

Until, because of the “O Lord! O Lord!” and lamentation of the king, a master-magician came from the road into his presence.
He had heard from afar the news that that boy had been captivated by an old woman, A crone who in witchery was unrivalled and secure from likeness and duality. Hand is above hand, O youth, in skill and in strength up to the Essence of God. The ultimate end of hands is the Hand of God: the ultimate end of torrents is undoubtedly the sea. From it the clouds take their origin, and in it too the torrent has an end.

The king said to him, “This boy has passed out of control.” He said, “Look you, I am come as a potent remedy. None of these sorcerers is equal to the old woman except me, the sagacious one, who have arrived from yonder shore. Lo, by command of the Creator, I, like the hand of Moses, will utterly destroy her sorcery; For to me this knowledge has come from yonder region, not from having been schooled in the sorcery which is held cheap. I am come to undo her sorcery, so that the prince may not remain pale-faced.

Go to the graveyard at the hour of the meal taken before dawn: beside the wall is a whitened tomb. Dig up that place in the direction of the qibla, that you may behold the power and the working of God.” This story is very long, and you are weary: I will relate the cream, I dismiss what is superfluous.

He untied those heavy knots: then he gave to the king’s son a way out of the affliction. The boy came to himself and with a hundred tribulations went running towards the throne of the king.

He made prostration and was beating his chin on the earth: the boy held in his arms a sword and winding-sheet.
The king ordered the city to be decorated, and the citizens and the despairing disappointed bride rejoiced.

The world revived once more and was filled with radiance: "Oh, what a wondrous difference between that day and to-day!"

The king made such a wedding-feast for him that sugared julep was before the dogs.

The old witch died of vexation and gave up her hideous face and nature to Malik.

The prince was left in amazement: “How did she rob me of understanding and insight?”

He beheld a newly wedded bride like the beauteous moon, who was infesting the road of beauty against the fair ones.

He became senseless and fell on his face: for three days the heart vanished from his body.

Three days and nights he became unconscious of himself, so that the people were perturbed by his swoon.

By means of rose-water and remedies he came to himself: little by little, good and evil were apprehended by him.

After a year the king said to him jokingly in conversation, “O son, bethink you of that old friend, bethink you of that bedfellow and that bed: do not be so faithless and harsh!”

“Go to!” said he; “I have found the abode of joy; I am delivered from the pit of the abode of delusion.”

It is even so: when the true believer has found the way towards the Light of God, he averts his face from the darkness.

**Explaining that the prince is Man, the vicegerent of God, and that his father is Adam, the chosen one, the vicegerent of God, he to whom the angels bowed in worship; and that the old hag of Kabul is the World which separated Man from his Father by sorcery, while the prophets and saints are like the physician who applied the remedy.**

O brother, know that you are the prince born anew in the old world.

The witch of Kabul is this World which made men captive to colour and perfume.
Since she has cast you into this polluted stream, continually recite and utter, Say, I take refuge.

In order that you may be delivered from this witchery and this distress, beg of the Lord of the daybreak that you may say “I take refuge.”

The Prophet called this world of yours an enchantress because through her spells she lodged mankind in the pit.

Beware! The stinking hag has hot spells: her hot breath has made kings captive.

She is the witches who blow within breast: she is the maintaining the knots of sorcery.

The sorceress, the World, is a mightily cunning woman: it is not in the power of the common to undo her sorcery;

And if understandings could undo her knot, how should God have sent the prophets?

Listen; seek one whose breath is pure, a looser of knots, one who knows the mystery of God does what He wills.

She has imprisoned you, like a fish, in her net: the prince remained one year, and you sixty.

From her net you art in tribulation sixty years: neither are you happy nor do you walk in the way of the Sunna.

You are a miserable unrighteous man: neither is your worldly life good nor are you delivered from guilt and sins.

Her breathing has made these knots tight: seek, then, the breathing of the unique Creator,

In order that “I breathed of My spirit into him” may deliver you from this and say, “Come higher!”

The breathing of sorcery is not consumed save by the breathing of God: this is the breathing of wrath, that exhalation is the breathing of love.

His mercy is prior to His wrath: you desire priority, go; seek that which is prior,

That you may attain unto the souls that are wedded; for lo, this, O enchanted prince, is your way of escape.

With the existence of the old woman, there can be no undoing, in the net and in the arms of full of blandishments.

Has not the Lamp of the peoples called this world and that world the two fellow-wives?
Therefore union with this is separation from that:
the health of this body is the sickness of the spirit.

Hard is the separation from this transitory abode:
know, then, that the separation from that permanent abode is harder

Since it is hard for you to be separated from the form,
how hard must it be to be parted from its Maker!

O you that have not the patience to do without the vile world,
how, O friend, have you the patience to do without God?

Since you have not the patience to do without this black water,
how have you the patience to do without God's fountain?

Since you are restless without this drink,
how are you apart from the righteous and from they shall drink?

If for one moment you behold the beauty of the Loving One
and cast your soul and existence into the fire,

After that you will regard this drink as a carcass,
when you behold the glory and splendour of nearness.

Like the prince, you will attain unto your Beloved;
then you will draw out from your foot the thorn of self.

Strive for selflessness, find yourself as soon as possible—
and God best knows the right course.

Take heed, never be wedded to self:
do not, like an ass, be always falling into water and mud.

That stumbling arises from shortsightedness;
for like a blind man, he does not see the ups and downs.

Make the scent of Joseph's shirt your stay,
because his scent makes the eye clear.

The hidden Form and the Light of that Brow
have made the eyes of the prophets far-seeing.

The Light of that Countenance will deliver from the fire:
listen, be not content with borrowed light.

This light makes the eye to see that which is transient:
it makes body and mind and spirit to be scabby.

It has the appearance of light, but in reality it is fire:
keep your hands off it, if you desire the radiance.
A far-seeing man who lacks knowledge may see far, just as far sight in dreams.

You are asleep with parched lips on the bank of the river, and are running in search of water towards the mirage.

You see the mirage far away and run: you become in love with your own sight.

In the dream you boast to your friends, saying, “I am the one whose heart possesses vision, and the one that rends the veil.

Lo, I see water yonder: listen, make haste that we may go there”—and it is the mirage.

At every step you hurry farther away from the water, whilst you keep running on towards the perilous mirage.

Your very setting-out has become the barrier from this that has come close to you.

Oh, many a one sets out to some place from the spot where the object of his quest is.

The sight and boasting of the sleeper is of no avail; it is naught but a phantasy: hold aloof from it.

You are sleepy, but anyhow sleep on the Way: for God’s sake, for God’s sake, sleep on the Way of God.

That perchance a Traveller may attach himself to you and tear you from the phantasies of slumber.

If the sleeper’s thought become as a hair, he will not find the way to the Abode by that subtlety.

Whether the sleeper’s thought is twofold or threefold, still it is error on error on error.

The waves are beating upon him relentlessly; he asleep is running in the long wilderness.

The sleeper dreams of the sore pangs of thirst, the water is nearer unto him than the neck-vein.
Story of the ascetic who, notwithstanding his destitution and numerous family, was rejoicing and laughing in a year of drought whilst the people were dying of hunger. They said to him, “What is the occasion for joy? It is an occasion for a hundred tears.” “For me at any rate it is not,” he replied.

Even as that ascetic was laughing in a year of drought, while all folk were weeping

So they said to him, “What is the occasion for laughter, the drought has uprooted the true believers?

Mercy has closed its eyes to us: the plain is burnt by the fierce sun.

Crops and vineyards and vines are standing black: there is no moisture in the earth, neither up nor down.

The people are dying from this drought and torment by tens and hundreds like fish far from the water.

You are taking no pity on the Moslems; the true believers are kinsmen and one body fat and flesh.

The pain of one part of the body is the pain of all, whether it be the hour of peace or war.”

He replied, “In your eyes this is a drought, to my eye this earth is like Paradise.

I am beholding in every desert and everywhere ears of wheat in abundance, reaching up to the waist;

The wilderness full of ears of wheat in waves by the east-wind, greener than the leek

By way of trial I am putting my hand thereon: how should I remove my hand and eye?

You are friends of Pharaoh, the body, O base people: hence the Nile seems to you to be blood.

Quickly become friends of Moses, the intellect, in order that the blood may remain not and you may behold the river-water.

An injustice is proceeding from you towards your father, that father will become a dog in your eyes.

That father is not a dog: it is the effect of injustice that such mercy appears to your sight a cur.
Since the Joseph's brothers had envy and anger, they were regarding Joseph as the wolf.

When you have made peace with your father, anger is gone; that currishness departs, and your father at once becomes your friend.

Explaining that the whole world is the form of Universal Reason, when by trespassing you act unjustly towards Universal Reason, in most cases the aspect of the world increases your vexation, just as when you show ill-feeling to your father the aspect of your father increases your vexation and you cannot look on his face, though before that he will have been the light of your eye and the comfort of your soul.

The whole world is the form of Universal Reason, which is the father of whosoever is a follower of the Word.

When any one shows excessive ingratitude to Universal Reason, the form of the universe appears to him a cur accordingly.

Make peace with this Father, abandon disobedience, that the water and clay may appear a carpet of gold.

Then the Resurrection will become your present state: heaven and earth will be transfigured before you.

Since I am ever at peace with this Father, this world is like Paradise in my sight.

At every moment a new form and a new beauty, so that from seeing the new ennui dies away I see the world to be full of bounty—the waters constantly gushing from the springs.

The noise of their water is coming into my ear: my inner consciousness and intelligence are being intoxicated.

The boughs dancing like penitents, the leaves clapping their hands like minstrels.

The gleam of the mirror is flashing through the felt cloth: think how it will be if the mirror be displayed!

I am not telling one out of thousands, because every ear is filled with a doubt.

To Opinion this saying is a joyful announcement, Reason says, "What announcement? It is my cash in hand."
Story of the sons of 'Uzayr, on whom be peace, who were making inquiries about their father from their father. "Yes," he replied, "I have seen him: he is coming."

Some recognised him and became unconscious, others did not recognise him and said, "He has only announced: what is this unconsciousness?"

They had grown old, while their father had been made young. Then suddenly their father met them.

So they inquired of him, saying, "O wayfarer, we wonder if you have news of our Uzayr; is it true that to-day that man of authority will arrive from abroad after we had given up hope?"

"Yes," he replied, "he will arrive after me."

That one rejoiced when he heard the good tidings, crying, "Joy to you, O bringer of the good news!"

But the other recognised and fell unconscious, saying, "What occasion is there for good tidings, O scatterbrain, when we have fallen into the mine of sugar?"

To Opinion it is good tidings, whereas in the sight of Reason it is ready cash, because the eye of Opinion is veiled by missing.

It is pain to the infidels and glad news to the faithful, but in the eye of the seer it is immediate experience.

Indeed, both infidelity and faith are his door-keeper; for he is the kernel, while infidelity and religion are his two rinds.

Infidelity is the dry peel that has averted its face; faith, again, is the peel that has gained a delicious flavour.

The place for the dry peels is the fire; the peel attached to the spiritual kernel is sweet.

This discourse has no end: turn back, that my Moses may cleave the sea asunder.
This of the discourse has been spoken suitably to the intelligence of the common; the remainder thereof has been concealed.

The gold, your intelligence, is in fragments, O suspected one: how should I set the stamp of the die upon clippings?

Your intelligence is distributed over a hundred important affairs, over thousands of desires and great matters and small.

You must unite the parts by means of love, to the end that you may become sweet as Samarkand and Damascus.

When you become united, grain by grain, from perplexity, then it is possible to stamp upon you the King’s die;

And if you, foolish man, become greater than a mithqal (dinar), the King will make of you a cup of gold.

Then thereon will be both the name and the titles of the King and also his effigy, O you that crave to attain,

So that the Beloved will be to you both bread, water, lamp, minion, dessert and wine

Unite yourself—union is mercy—that I may be able to speak unto you that which is;

For speaking is for the purpose of belief: the spirit of polytheism is quit of belief in God.

The spirit that has been distributed over the contents of the sphere is shared amongst sixty passions;

Therefore silence is best: it gives peace to that spirit; therefore “Silence is the answer to fools.”

This I know, but intoxication of the body is opening my mouth without volition on my part,

Just as in sneezing and yawning this mouth becomes open without your willing it.

Commentary on the Tradition, “Truly, I ask pardon of God seventy times every day.”

Like the Prophet, I repent seventy times daily of speaking and giving out;

But that intoxication becomes a breaker of penitence: this intoxication of the body causes oblivion and tears the robe.
The purpose of making manifest the long ago cast intoxication upon the knower of the mystery,

With such drum and banner the hidden mystery has become water gushing from “the Pen is dry.”

The infinite Mercy is flowing continually: you are asleep to the perception thereof, O men!

The sleeper’s garment drinks water from the river, the sleeper is seeking the mirage in his dream.

He keeps running, saying, “Yonder there is hope of water”: by this thought he has barred the way against himself.

Because he said “yonder” he became far from her: in a vain imagination he was banished from a reality.

They are far-seeing and very fast asleep spiritually: take some mercy upon them, O travellers on the Way!

I never saw thirst induce sleep: the thirst of the unintelligent induces sleep.

The intelligence, indeed, is that which was fed by God, not the intelligence that was bestowed by Mercury.

Explaining that the particular intellect does not see beyond the grave and, as regards all the rest, is subject to the authority of the saints and prophets

The foresight of this intellect extends to the grave, while that of the spiritual man is till the blast of the trumpet.

This intellect does not pass beyond a grave and sepulchre, and this foot does not tread the arena of marvels.

Go, become quit of this foot and this intellect: seek the eye appertaining to the invisible and enjoy.

How should one subservient to a preceptor and in pupilage to a book find, like Moses, light from bosom?

From this study and this intellect comes naught but vertigo; therefore leave this study and adopt expectation.

Do not seek eminence from disputation: for him who is expectant listening is better than speaking.
The office of teaching is a sort of sensual desire: every sensual fancy is an idol in the Way.

If every busybody had found the track to His grace, how should God have sent so many prophets?

The particular intellect is like the lightning and the flash: how is it possible to go to Wakhsh in a flash?

The light of the lightning is not for guidance on the way; nay, it is a command to the cloud to weep.

The lightning of our intellect is for the sake of weeping; to the end that nonexistence may weep in longing for existence.

The child's intellect said, “Attend school”; but it cannot learn by itself.

The sick man's intellect leads him to the physician; but his intellect is not successful in curing him.

Mark, the devils were going heavenward and listening to the secrets on high.

And carrying away a little of those secrets, till the shooting stars quickly drove them from heaven,

Saying, “Begone! A prophet is come there from him will be obtained whatever you crave.

If you are seeking priceless pearls, enter the houses by their doors.

Keep knocking that door-ring and stand at the door: there is no way for you in the direction of the vault of heaven.

You need not take this long road: We have bestowed on an earthly one the secrets of the mystery.

Come to him, if you are not disloyal; be made sugar-cane by him, though you are reeds.”

That Guide will cause verdure to grow from your earth: he is not inferior to the hoof of the horse of Gabriel.

You will be made greenery; you will be made fresh anew, if you become the dust of the horse of a Gabriel—

The life-giving verdure which Sámirí put into the calf, so that it became endowed with the essence.

From that verdure it took life and bellowed—such a bellowing as confounded the foe.
If you come loyally to the possessors of the mystery, you will be freed from the hood, like a falcon—

The hood that binds eye and ear, whereby the falcon is wretched and abject

When it has been severed from its kind, it associates with the king: the falconer unveils its eye.

God drove the devils from His place of watch, the particular intellect from its autonomy,

Saying, “Do not domineer: you are not autonomous; nay, you are the pupil of the heart and predisposed.

Go to the heart, go, for you are a part of the heart: take heed, for you are a slave of the just King.”

To be His slave is better than being a sovereign, for “I am better” is the word of Satan.

Do you see the distinction and pick out, O prisoner, the slavery of Adam from the pride of Iblis.

He who is the Sun of the Way uttered the saying, “Good betide every one whose carnal soul is abased!”

Behold the shade of Túbá and sleep well; lay your head in the shade and sleep without lifting your head.

The shade of “whose carnal soul is abased” is a pleasant place for reclining: it is a sleeping-place for him that is predisposed to that purity.

If you go from this shade towards egoism, you will soon become disobedient and lose the way.

Explaining, “O you that believe, do not put forward in the presence of God and His Apostle.” Since you are not the Prophet, be one of the religious community; since you are not the sovereign, be a subject.

Go therefore; be silent in submission beneath the shade of the command of the Shaykh and Master;

Otherwise, though you are predisposed and capable, you will become deformed through boasting of perfection.
You will be deprived even of predisposition, if you rebel against the Master of the mystery who is endowed with knowledge.

Do you still have patience in cobbling; for if you be impatient, you will become a rag-tailor.

If the tailors of old clothes had patience and forbearance, all of them too would become tailors of new garments through knowledge.

You strive much, and at last even you yourself say in weariness that the intellect is a fetter,

Like the philosopher on the day of his death perceived his intellect to be very poor and feeble,

And in that hour disinterestedly confessed, saying, “by acuteness of mind we galloped in vain.

In delusion we drew away from the holy men, we swam in the sea of phantasy.”

In the spiritual Sea swimming is naught: here is no resource but the ship of Noah.

Thus said that king of the prophets, “I am the ship in this universal Sea, Or that person who, in respect of my vision, has become a true vicegerent in my stead”

We are the Noah’s Ark in the Sea, in order that you may not turn your face away from the ship, O youth.

Go not, like Canaan, to every mountain: hear from the Qur’an, “There is naught that will protect to-day.”

This ship, because of the bandage, seems to you low, the mountain of thought seems very high.

Beware, beware! Do not regard this “low” with contempt: regard the grace of God that is attached.

Do not regard the height of the mountain of thought, for a single wave turns it upside down.

If you are Canaan, you will not believe me though I foster two hundred times as many counsels.

How should Canaan’s ear accept these words? For God’s seal and signet is upon it.

How should admonition pass through God’s seal? How should the new avert the pre-ordainment?
But I am telling the news of good fortune in the hope that you are not Canaan.

You will make this confession at last. Listen; from the first day behold the last!

You can see the end: do not make blind and old yours eye that sees the end.

Whosoever is blessedly a seer of the end will never stumble in wayfaring.

Unless you desire this incessant lying down and rising up, sharpen your eye with the dust on the foot of a holy man.

Make the dust of his foot eye salve for yours eye, that you may strike off the head of the blackguards;

For through this pupilage and this poverty, you are a needle, you will become Dhu ‘l-faqár.

Use the dust of every elect one as eye salve: it will both burn the eye and do it good.

The eye of the camel is very luminous because he eats thorns for the sake of the light of his eye.

Story of the mule’s complaining to the camel, “I often fall on my face when going along, while you seldom do so: why is this?” and the camel’s answer to him.

One day a mule saw a camel, since he had been put into a stable with him.

He said, “I often fall on my face in hill and road and in market and street.

Particularly from the top of the mountain to the bottom I come down on my head every moment from terror.

You do not fall on your face: why is it? Or maybe in truth your pure spirit is destined to felicity.

I come down on my head every instant and strike my knees: by that slipping I make muzzle and knees all bloody.

My pack-saddle and trappings become awry on my head, and I always get a beating from the muleteer;
Like the unintelligent man who, from corrupt understanding, in sin continually breaks penitence.

Through weakness of resolution that breaker of penitence becomes the laughing-stock of Iblis in the world.

He constantly comes down on his head, like a lame horse, for his load is heavy and the road is stones.

He is always getting blows on his head from the Unseen, that man of luckless nature, from breaking penitence.

Then again he repents with infirm resolution: the Devil spits and shatters his penitence.

Weakness on weakness! His arrogance is such that he regards with contempt those that attain.

O camel, you who are a type of the true believer do not fall on your face, nor do you turn up your nose.

What have you that you are so untouched by bane and free from stumbling and do not fall on your face?”

He said, “Though every felicity is from God, there are many differences between me and you. I have a high head, my eyes are high: lofty vision is a protection against injury.

From the top of the mountain I see the mountain’s base; I see every hollow and level, fold by fold,

Just as that most noble prince saw his future destiny till the day of death.

That person of goodly qualities knows at the present time what will happen after twenty years.

That God-fearing man did not see his own destiny only; nay, the destiny of inhabitant of the West and East.

The Light makes its abode in his eye and heart. Wherefore does it make? For love of home.

Like Joseph, who at first dreamed that the sun and moon bowed in worship before him: After ten years, nay, more, that which Joseph had seen came to pass.

That, ‘he sees by the Light of God,’ is not vain: the Divine Light rives the sky asunder.
In yours eye that Light is not. Go!  
You are in pawn to the animal senses.

From weakness of eye you see in front of your foot:  
you are weak and your guide, too, is weak.

The eye is the guide for hand and foot,  
for it sees the right and the wrong place.

Another thing is that my eye is clearer;  
another, that my nature is purer,

Because I am one of the lawfully begotten,  
not one of the children of adultery and the people of perdition.

You are one of the children of adultery:  
without doubt the arrow flies crookedly when the bow is bad.”

How the mule declared the replies of the camel to be true and acknowledged his (the camel’s) superiority to himself and besought his aid and took refuge with him sincerely;  
and how the camel treated him with kindness and showed him the way  
and gave help in fatherly and kingly fashion.

The mule said, “You have spoken the truth, O camel.”  
This he said and filled his eye with tears.

He wept awhile and fell at his feet and said,  
“O chosen of the Lord of men,  
what harm will it do if you, by your blessedness,  
will receive me into your service?”

He said, “Since you have made confession in my presence, go,  
for you are saved from the contaminations of Time.

You have given justice and are saved from tribulation:  
you were an enemy; you have become one of the loyal.

The evil disposition was not original in your person;  
for from original evil comes nothing but denial.

The borrowed evil is such that he makes confession  
and desires to repent;  
like Adam, whose lapse was temporary:  
of necessity he showed penitence at once.
Since the sin of Iblis was original, for him there was no way to precious penitence.

Go, for you are delivered from yourself and from the evil disposition and from the tongue of the Fire and from the teeth of the wild beasts.

Go, for now you have grasped felicity, you have thrown yourself into everlasting fortune.

You have gained Enter in amongst My servants; you have annexed Enter into My Paradise.

You have made a way for yourself amongst His servants; you have gone into Eden by the secret way.

‘Guide us,’ you said, ‘in the straight path’:
He took your hand and led you to the abode of bliss.

You were fire: you have become light, O noble one; you were an unripe grape: you have become a (ripe) grape and raisin.

You were a star: you have become the Sun. Rejoice! God best knows the right.”

O Ziyá’u ’l-Haqq Husamü’ddin, take your honey and cast it into the basin of milk,
To the end that that milk may escape from having its savour corrupted and may gain much increase of savour from the Sea of Deliciousness,

May be united with the Sea of Alast:
when it becomes the Sea, it is delivered from every corruption;
It finds a passage into that Sea of honey, no contamination will have an effect upon it.

Roar like a lion, O Lion of God, in order that that roar may mount to the seventh tier!
What knowledge has the weary surfeited soul?
How should the mouse know the roar of the lion?

Write your experiences with gold-water for the sake of every one of goodly substance whose heart is as the sea.

This spirit-augmenting discourse is the water of the Nile: O Lord, let it seem blood to the eye of the Egyptian!
How the Egyptian entreated the Israelite, saying, “Of yours own intention fill a jug from the Nile and put it to my lips, that I may drink. by the right of friendship and brotherhood; for the jug which you Israelites fill from the Nile for yourselves is pure water, while the jug which we Egyptians fill is pure blood.”

I heard that an Egyptian, on account of thirst, came into the house of an Israelite.

He said, “I am your friend and kinsman: to-day I have become in need of you, because Moses wrought sorcery and enchantments, so that he made the water of the Nile to be blood for us.

The Israelites drink pure water from it, to the Egyptians the water has become blood from the spell laid on our eyes.

Look, the Egyptians are dying of thirst in consequence of their ill-fortune or their evil nature.

Fill one cup with water for yourself that this old friend may drink of your water.

When you fill that cup for yours own sake, it will not be blood, it will be water pure and free (from taint).

I too will drink the water as your parasite; for a parasite, in following, is relieved from anguish.”

He said, “O soul and world, I will do service; I will pay regard, O my two bright eyes!

I will do according to your desire, I will rejoice; I will be your slave, I will act as a freeman.”

He filled the cup with water from the Nile, put it to his lips, and drank one half.

He tilted the cup towards him who craved the water, saying, “Drink you too!” That became black blood.

The Egyptian was enraged and incensed.

Again he tilted it on this side: the blood became water.

He sat down awhile till his anger departed; after that, he said to him, “O mighty sword, O brother, what is the expedient for this knot?”

He said, “He that is God-fearing drinks this.”
The God-fearing man is he that has become quit of the way of Pharaoh and has become like unto Moses.

Become the people of Moses and drink this water; make peace with the Moon and behold the moonbeams.

There are a hundred thousand shades of darkness in yours eye from your wrath against the servants of God.

Extinguish wrath, open the eye, rejoice, take a lesson from friends, become a teacher (of the Truth).

How will you become my parasite in scooping up when you have a doubt as Mount Qaf?

How should a mountain go into the eye of a needle, unless indeed it becomes a single thread?

By asking forgiveness make the mountain a straw, and take joyously the cup of the forgiven and drain joyously!

Inasmuch as God has made it unlawful to the unbelievers, how will you drink of it with this imposture?

How should the Creator of imposture buy your imposture, O fabricator of fiction?

Become the kinsfolk of Moses, for deceit is useless: your deceit is measuring the empty wind.

Will the water dare to turn aside from the command of the Lord and bestow refreshment on the unbelievers?

Or do you suppose that you are eating bread? You are eating snake-venom and wasting away of the spirit

How should bread restore to health the spirit that averts its heart from the command of the Beloved Spirit?

Or do you suppose that when you read the words of the Masnavi you hear them freely?

Or that the discourse of wisdom and the hidden mystery comes easily into your ear and mouth?

It comes in, but, like fables, it shows the husk, not the kernel of the berries,

a sweetheart who has drawn a veil over her head and face and has hidden her face from yours eye.

By reason of contumacy the Sháhnáma or Kalila seems to you just like the Qur’an.
The difference between truth and falsehood
is at the moment when the eye salve of favour opens the eye;
Otherwise, shit and musk smell the same to one whose nose is blocked, since there is no sense of smell.
His aim is to divert himself from ennui, and neglect the Word of the Almighty,
That by means of that discourse he may quench the fire of distress and anxiety and provide a cure.
For the purpose of quenching this amount of fire, pure water and urine do the same job.
Both this urine and water will quench the fire of distress, just as during sleep.
But if you become acquainted with this pure water, which is the Word of God and spiritual,
All distress will vanish from the soul, and the heart will find its way to the Rose-garden,
Because everyone who catches a scent of the mystery of the scriptures flies into an orchard with a running brook
Or do you suppose that we see the face of the Saints as it is?
Hence the Prophet remained in astonishment, saying, “How are the true believers not seeing my face?
And if they are seeing, wherefore is this perplexity?”—until a revelation came, saying, “That face is in concealment.
In relation to you it is the moon, and in relation to the people it is the cloud, in order that the infidel may not see your face for nothing.
In relation to you it is the bait, and in relation to the people it is the trap, in order that the common may not drink of this chosen wine.”
God said, “You see them looking,” they are the pictures in a bathhouse: they do not see.
The form appears, O worshipper of form, as though its two dead eyes were looking.
You are showing reverence before the eye of the image, saying, “I wonder why it pays no regard to me.
Why is this goodly image so unresponsive that it does not say ‘alayk in reply to my salaam?

It does not nod its head and moustache generously in regard for my having made a hundred prostrations before it.”

God, though He does not nod the head outwardly, in regard for that bestows an inward delight,

Which is worth two hundred nods of the head: in this fashion, after all, do Intellect and Spirit nod the head.

You serve Intellect in earnest, the regard of Intellect is, that it increases righteousness.

God does not nod the head to you outwardly, but He makes you a prince over the princes.

To you God gives secretly something that the people of the world bow down before you,

Just as He gave to a stone such virtue that it was honoured by His creatures: that is to say, gold.

If a drop of water gains the favour of God, it becomes a pearl and bears away the palm from gold.

The body is earth; and when God gave it a spark it became adept, like the moon, in taking possession of the world.

Beware! This world is a talisman and a dead image: its eye has led the foolish astray from the path.

It appears to wink: the foolish have made it their support.

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Dr. Rowdawastn Qubati Dua’i Khair Wa Hedait Az Sibti Wa Duakarden Sibti Qubati Ra Be Khair Wa Mastabab Shden Az Akrm Alakrmen Wa Arhm Alrahmen

How the Egyptian sought blessing and guidance from the Israelite, and how the Israelite prayed for the Egyptian and received a favourable answer to his prayer from the Most Gracious and Merciful.

The Egyptian said, “Offer a prayer, since from blackness of heart I have not the mouth,

For it may be that the lock of this heart will be opened and that a place will be to this ugly one at the banquet of the beauteous.

Through you the deformed may become endowed with beauty, or an Iblis may again become one of the Cherubim;
Or, by the August Influence of Mary’s hand, the withered bough may acquire the fragrance of musk and freshness and fruit.”

Thereupon the Israelite fell to worship and said, “O God who know the manifest and the hidden,

To whom but You should Your servant lift his hand?
Both the prayer and the answer are from You.

You at first give the desire for prayer,
and You at last give likewise the recompense for prayers.

You are the First and the Last: we between are nothing, a nothing that does not come into expression.”

He was speaking in this wise,
till he fell into ecstasy and his heart became senseless.

In prayer, he came back to his senses:

Man shall have nothing but what he has wrought.

He was praying when suddenly a loud cry and roar burst from the heart of the Egyptian,

“Come, make haste and submit the Faith, that I may quickly cut the old girdle.

They have cast a fire into my heart; they have shown affection with their soul for an Iblis.

Praise be to God! Your friendship and not being able to do without you have succoured me at last.

My being with you was an elixir:
may your foot never disappear from the house of my heart!

You were a bough of the palm-tree of Paradise:
when I grasped it, it bore me to Paradise.

That which carried away my body was a torrent:
the torrent bore me to the brink of the Sea of Bounty.

I went towards the torrent in hope of water:
I beheld the Sea and took pearls, bushel on bushel.”

He brought the cup to him, saying, “Now take the water!”
“Go,” he replied; “waters have become despicable in my sight.

I have drunk such a draught from God has purchased that no thirst will come to me till the Last Judgement.

He who gave water to the rivers and fountains has opened a fountain within me.
This heart, which was hot and water-drinking—to its high aspiration water has become vile.

He, for the sake of His servants, became the káf of Káfí (All-sufficing), the truth of the promise of Káf, Há, Yá, ʿAyn, Sád.

'I am All-sufficing: I will give you all good, without a secondary cause, without the mediation of another’s aid.

I am All-sufficing: I will satisfy you without bread, I will give you sovereignty without soldiers and armies.

I will give you narcissi and wild-roses without the spring; I will give you instruction without a book and teacher.

I am All-sufficing: I will heal you without medicine; I will make the grave and the pit a playing-field.

To a Moses I give heart with a single rod, that he may brandish swords against a multitude.

A light and splendour do I give to the hand of Moses that it is slapping the sun.

I make the wooden staff a seven-headed dragon, which the female dragon does not bring to birth from the male.

I do not mingle blood in the water of the Nile: in truth by My cunning I make the very essence of its water to be blood.

I turn your joy into sorrow like the water of the Nile, so that you will not find the way to rejoicings.

Again, when you are intent on renewing your faith and giving up Pharaoh once more,

You will see the Moses of Mercy come, you will see the Nile of blood turned by him into water.

When you keep safe within the end of the rope, the Nile of your spiritual delight will never be changed into blood.’

I thought I would profess the Faith in order that from this deluge of blood I might drink some water.

How did I know that He would work a transformation in my nature and make me a Nile?

To my own eye, I am a flowing Nile, to the eyes of others I am at rest.”

Just as, to the Prophet, this world is plunged in glorification of God, while to us it is heedless.
To his eye, this world is filled with love and bounty; to the eyes of others it is dead and inert.

To his eye, vale and hill are moving swiftly: he hears subtle discourse from clod and brick.

To the common, this entire world is bound and dead: I have not seen a veil more wonderful than this.

To our eye, the graves are alike; to the eyes of the saints, a garden, and a pit.

The common would say, “Why has the Prophet become sour and why has he become pleasure-killing?”

The elect would say, “To your eyes, O peoples, he appears to be sour; come for once into our eyes, that you may behold the laughs in the Súra beginning with the words Hal atá (Did not there come?).”

That appears in the form of inversion from the top of the pear-tree: come down, O youth!

The pear-tree is the tree of existence: while you are there, the new appears old.

While you are there, you will see a thorn-brake full of the scorpions of wrath and full of snakes.

When you come down, you will behold, free of cost, a world filled with rose-cheeked nurses.

Story of the lewd woman who said to her husband, “Those illusions appear to you from the top of the pear-tree, for the top of that pear-tree cause the human eye to see such things: come down from the top of the pear-tree that those illusions may vanish.” And if anyone should say that what that man saw was not an illusion, the answer is that this is a parable, not a simile. In the parable this amount is sufficient, for if he had not gone to the top of the pear tree, he would never have seen those things, whether illusory or real.

That woman desired to embrace her paramour in the presence of her foolish husband.

Therefore the woman said to her husband, “O fortunate one, I will climb the tree to gather fruit.”
As soon as she had climbed the tree, the woman burst into tears when from the top she looked in the direction of her husband.

O despicable catamite, who is the rascal that has fallen upon you?

You swoon under him like a woman. Are you then a mere eunuch?

“Nay,” said the husband: “one would think your head is turned; at any rate, there is nobody here on the plain except me.”

The wife repeated
“who is that mounted upon you?”

“Listen, wife,” he replied, “come down from the tree, for your head is turned and you have become very stupid.”

When she came down, her husband went up: the woman drew her paramour into her arms.

The husband said,
“O harlot who is riding you?”

“Nay,” said the wife, “there is no one here but me. Listen, your head is turned: don’t talk nonsense.”

He repeated the charge against his wife.
“This,” said the wife “is from the pear-tree.
From the top of the pear-tree
I was seeing just as falsely as you, O cuckold.

Listen, come down, that you may see there is nothing: all this illusion is caused by a pear-tree.”

Jesting is teaching: listen to it in earnest, do not be in pawn to its appearance of jest.

To jesters every earnest matter is a jest; to the wise jests are earnest.

Lazy folk seek the pear-tree, but it is a good way to that pear-tree.

Descend from the pear-tree on which at present you have become giddy-eyed and giddy-faced.

This is the primal egoism and self-existence wherein the eye is awry and squinting.

When you come down from this pear-tree, your thoughts and eyes and words will no more be awry.
When you come down and part from it, God in His mercy will cause it to be transformed.

On account of this humility shown by you in coming down, God will bestow on your eye true vision.

If true vision were easy and facile, how should Mustafa have desired it from the Lord?

He said, “Show me each part from above and below such as that part is in Your sight.”

Afterwards go up the pear-tree which has been transformed and made verdant by the command, “Be.”

This tree has become like the tree connected with Moses, inasmuch as you have transported your baggage towards Moses.

The fire makes it verdant and flourishing; its boughs cry “Lo, I am God.”

Beneath its shade all your needs are fulfilled: such is the Divine alchemy.

That personality and existence is lawful to you, since you behold therein the attributes of the Almighty.

The crooked tree has become straight, God-revealing: its root fixed and its branches in the sky.

You will see that this has become a tree of fortune, its boughs reaching to the Seventh Heaven.

The remainder of the story of Moses, on whom be peace.

For there came to him from the peremptory Revelation a message, saying, and “Put crookedness aside now, and be upright.”

This tree of the body is Moses’ rod, concerning which the command came to him—“Let it fall from your hand, that you may behold its good and evil; after that, take it up by His command.”

Before his dropping it, it was nothing but wood; whenever he took it up by His command, it became good.

At first it was shaking down leaves for the lambs; it reduced to impotence that deluded people.
It became ruler over the party of Pharaoh: it turned their water into blood and caused them to beat their heads with their hands.

From their own fields arose famine and death on account of the locusts which devoured the leaves,

Till from Moses, when he considered the ultimate issue, there went up involuntarily a prayer —

“For what reason is all this disablement and striving, since this multitude will never become righteous?”

The command came, saying, “Follow Noah! Refrain from considering the end as it has been disclosed.

Take no heed of that, since you are one who calls to the Way. The command, ‘Deliver the message,’ is there: it is not void.”

The least purpose is that through this persistence of yours that obstinacy and rebellious pride may be displayed,

So that God’s showing the way and letting be lost may become evident to all the followers of religious sects.

Inasmuch as the object of existence was the manifestation, it must be tested by means of exhorting and leading astray.

The Devil persists in error; the Shaykh persists in guiding aright.

When that grievous command proceeded step by step, the whole Nile was turned into blood from end to end,

Till Pharaoh came in person to him, humbly entreating him, his tall figure bent double,

And said, “O sovereign, do not that which we did: we have not the face to offer words.

I will become obedient to your command with every bit; I am accustomed to be held in honour: do not deal hardly with me.

Listen; move your lips in mercy, O trusted one, that it may shut this fiery mouth.”

He said, “O Lord, he is deceiving me; he is deceiving Your Deceiver.

Shall I hearken or shall I too give him deceit, in order that that puller of the branch may recognise the root:

For the root of every cunning and contrivance is with use: whatever is on the earth, its root is from Heaven.”
God said, “That cur is not worth even that:
fling a bone to the cur from a distance.

Listen; shake the rod, so that the sods may give back
whatever the locusts have destroyed,

And let the locusts immediately become black,
that the people may behold the transformation wrought by God;

For I have no need of means:
those means are for the purpose of a screen and covering,

To the end that the natural philosopher may attach himself to the drug;
and that the astronomer may turn his face to the star;

And that the hypocrite, from greed, may come to market at daybreak
for fear of no demand for his wares.

Without having performed his devotions or washed his face:
seeking morsels he has become a morsel for Hell.”

The spirit of the vulgar is devouring and being devoured,
like the lamb that feeds on hay.

The lamb is feeding, while the butcher rejoices,
saying, “For our sake it feeds on the grass of desire.”

In respect of food and drink you are doing the work of Hell:
you are fattening yourself for its sake.

Do your own work, feed on the daily bread of Wisdom,
that the glorious heart may become fat.

Bodily eating and drinking is the obstacle to this eating and drinking:
the spirit is like a merchant, while the body is like a highwayman.

At the time when the highwayman is consumed like firewood
is the candle of the spirit resplendent;

For you are that intelligence, and the rest is a mask concealing the intelligence.
Do not lose yourself, do not strive in vain!

Know that every sensual desire is like wine and beng:
it is a veil over the intelligence, and thereby the rational man is stupefied.
The intoxication of the intelligence is not wine alone:
whatesoever is sensual shuts the eye and ear.

Iblis was far removed from wine-drinking:
he was drunk with pride and unbelief.

The drunken man is he who sees that which is not:
what is a piece of copper or iron appears to be gold.
This discourse hath no end.
“O Moses, move your lips that the herbage may spring forth.”

He did so, and immediately
the earth became green with hyacinths and costly grains.

That folk fell to the food, since they had suffered famine
and were dead from ravenous hunger.

For several days they ate their fill of the gift, those who were inspired
by that breath and the human beings and the quadrupeds.

When their bellies were filled and they grasped the bounty
and the necessity was gone, then they waxed insolent.

The carnal soul is a follower of Pharaoh:
beware, do not satisfy it, lest it remember its ancient infidelity.

Without the glowing heat of the fire the carnal soul will never become good:
listen, do not beat the iron till it has become like live coals.

Without hunger the body makes no movement:
it is cold iron you are beating. Know!

Though it weep and wail most piteously,
it will never become a true believer. Take heed!

It is like Pharaoh: in famine it lays its head before Moses,
as he did, making supplication;

When it has been freed from want, it rebels:
when the donkey has cast off his load, he kicks.

So, when its business has gone forward,
it forgets its sighs and lamentations.

The man who lives in a city years,
as soon as his eye goes asleep,
Beholds another city full of good and evil,
and his own city comes not into his memory at all,
So that, “ I have lived there; this new city is not mine:
here I am in pawn.”

Nay, he thinks that in truth he has always lived in this very city
and has been born and bred in it.

What wonder if the spirit does not remember its abodes,
which have been its dwelling-place and birthplace afoertime,

Since this world, like sleep,
Especially as it has trodden so many cities, and the dust has not been swept from its perceptive faculty,

Nor has it made ardent efforts that its heart should become pure and behold the past;

That its heart should put forth its head from the aperture of the mystery and should see the beginning and the end with open eye.

The diverse modes and stages of the nature of Man from the beginning.

First he came into the clime of inorganic things, and from the state of inorganic things he passed into the vegetable state.

Years he lived in the vegetable state and did not remember the inorganic state because of the opposition;

And when he passed from the vegetable into the animal state, the vegetable state was not remembered by him at all,

Save only for the inclination which he has towards that, especially in the season of spring and sweet herbs—

Like the inclination of babes towards their mothers: it does not know the secret of its desire for being suckled;

Like the excessive inclination of every novice towards the noble spiritual Elder, whose fortune is young.

The particular intelligence of this is derived from that Universal Intelligence: the motion of this shadow is derived from that Rose-bough.

His shadow disappears at last in him; then he knows the secret of his inclination and search and seeking.

How should the shadow of the other’s bough move, O fortunate one, if this Tree moves not?

Again, the Creator, whom you know, was leading him from the animal towards humanity.

Thus did he advance from place to place, till he has now become intelligent and wise and mighty?

He has no remembrance of his former intelligences; from this intelligence also there is a migration to be made by him,

That he may escape from this intelligence full of greed and self-seeking and may behold a hundred thousand intelligences most marvellous.
Though he fell asleep and became oblivious of the past, how should they leave him in that self-forgetfulness?

From that sleep they will bring him back again to wakefulness that he may mock at his state

Saying, “What was that sorrow I was suffering in my sleep? How did I forget the states of truth?

How did not I know that that sorrow and disease is the effect of sleep and is illusion and phantasy?”

Even so this world, which is the sleeper’s dream: the sleeper fancies that it is really enduring,

Till on a sudden there shall rise the dawn of Death and he shall be delivered from the darkness of opinion and falsehood.

Laughter at those sorrows of his will take possession of him when he sees his permanent abode and dwelling-place.

Everything good or evil that you see in your sleep will be made manifest, one by one, on the Day of the Congregation.

That which you did in this sleep in the world will become evident to you at the time of awaking.

Take care not to imagine that this is an evil action committed in this sleep and that there is no interpretation for you.

Nay, this laughter will be tears and moans on the Day of interpretation, O oppressor of the captive!

Know that in the hour of your awakening your tears and grief and sorrow and lamentation will turn to joy.

O you that have torn the coat of Josephs, you will arise from this heavy slumber a wolf.

Your dispositions, one by one, having become wolves will tear your limbs in wrath.

According to retaliation, the blood will not sleep after your death: do not say, “I shall die and obtain release.”

This immediate retaliation is temporary: in comparison with the blow of that retaliation this is a play.

God has called the present world a play because this penalty is a play in comparison with that penalty.

This penalty is a means of allaying war and civil strife: that one is like a castration, while this one resembles a circumcision.
Explaining that the people of Hell are hungry and make lamentable entreaty to God, saying, 
"Cause our portions to be fat and let the provender reach us quickly, for we can endure no more."

This discourse has no end.
"Listen, O Moses, let those asses go to the grass,
That they may all be fattened by that goodly fodder."
Listen, for We have wrathful wolves.

We surely know the plaintive cry of Our wolves:
We make these asses a means of livelihood for them.

The gracious alchemy breathed from your lips wished to make these asses human.

Much kindness and favour did you show in calling them,
it was not the fortune and provision allotted to those asses.

Therefore let bounty's quilt cover them,
that the slumber of forgetfulness may overtake them speedily,

So that, when this troop shall start up from suchlike slumber,
the candle will have been extinguished and the cup-bearer will have gone.

Their rebellious disobedience kept you in a perplexity:
therefore they shall suffer in retribution a sorrow,

To the end that Our justice may step forth
and bestow in retribution what is appropriate to every evil-doer;

For the King, whom they were not seeing openly,
was with them secretly in their lives.”

Inasmuch as the intellect is with you, overseeing your body,
and though this perception of yours is unable to apprehend it,
its perception, O such and such,
is not unable to apprehend your motion and rest when it tries,

What wonder if the Creator of that intellect too is with you?
How are you not conceding?

He pays no heed to his intellect and embarks on evil;
afterwards his intellect rebukes him.

You forgot your intellect, your intellect did not,
since that act of rebuke is the result of its presence.
If it had not been present and had been heedless, how should it have slapped you in rebuke?

And if your carnal soul had not been inattentive to it, how should your madness and heat have acted thus?

Hence you and your intellect are like the astrolabe: by this means you may know the nearness of the Sun of existence.

Your intellect is indescribably near to you: it is neither to the left nor to the right nor behind nor in front.

How should not the King be indescribably near? For intellectual search cannot find the way.

The motion that you have in your finger is not in front of your finger or behind it or to the left or to the right.

At the time of sleep and death it goes from it; at the time of waking it rejoins it.

By what way doth it come into your finger, without which your finger has no use?

The light of the eye and pupil, by what other way than the six directions doth it come into your eye?

The world of creation is endued with quarters and directions, know that the world of the Command and Attributes is without direction.

Know, O beloved that the world of the Command is without direction: of necessity the Commander is more without direction.

The intellect was without direction, and the Knower of the exposition is more intelligent than intellect and more spiritual even than spirit.

No created being is unconnected with Him: that connection, O uncle, is indescribable,

Because in the spirit there is no separating and uniting, while thought cannot think except of separating and uniting.

Pursue that which is without separation and union by a spiritual guide; but the pursuit will not allay your thirst.

Pursue incessantly, if you are far from the Source, that the vein of manhood may bring you to the attainment.

How should the intellect find the way to this connection? This intellect is in bondage to separation and union.

Hence Mustafa enjoined us, saying, “Do not seek to investigate the Essence of God.”
That One whose Essence is an object of thought, in reality the speculation is not concerning the Essence.

It is his opinion, because on the way to God there are a hundred thousand veils.

Everyone is naturally attached to some veil and judges that it is in truth the identity (‘ayn) of Him.

Therefore the Prophet banished this judgement from him, lest he should be conceiving in error a vain imagination.

And him in whose judgement there is irreverence, the Lord has doomed the irreverent to fall headlong.

To fall headlong is that he goes downward and thinks that he is superior,

Because such is the case of the drunken man who does not know heaven from earth

Go and think upon His wonders, become lost in majesty and awe.

When he loses beard and moustache from His work, he will know his station and will be silent concerning the Worker.

He will only say from his soul, “I cannot,” because the declaration thereof is beyond reckoning and bound.

How Dhu ’l-Qarnayn went to Mount Qáf and made petition, saying, “O Mount Qáf, tell me of the majesty of the Attributes of God”; and how Mount Qáf said that the description of His majesty is ineffable, since perceptions vanish before it; and how Dhu ’l-Qarnayn made humble supplication, saying, “Tell of His works that you have in mind and of which it is more easy for you to speak.”

Dhu ’l-Qarnayn went towards Mount Qáf:

he saw that it was of pure emerald,

And that it had become a ring surrounding the world.

He was amazed at that immense creation.

He said, “You are the mountain: what are the others?

For beside your magnitude they are playthings.”

It replied, “Those mountains are my veins:

they are not like unto me in beauty and glory.
I have a hidden vein in every land:
the regions of the world are fastened to my veins.

When God wills an earthquake in any land,
He bids me and I cause the vein to throb.

Then I make to move mightily
the vein with which the land is connected.

When He says ‘Enough!’ my vein rests.
I am at rest, but actually I am in rapid motion”—

At rest, like the ointment, and very active;
at rest, like the intellect, while the speech by it is moving

In the opinion of him whose intelligence does not perceive this,
earthquakes are caused by terrestrial vapours.

An ant, walking on a piece of paper, saw the pen writing and began to praise the pen.

Another ant, which was more keen-sighted, said, “Praise the fingers, for I deem
this accomplishment to proceed from them.” Another ant, more clear-sighted than either,
said, “I praise the arm, for the fingers are a branch of the arm,” et cetera.

A little ant saw a pen on a paper,
and told this mystery to another ant,

Saying, “That pen made wonderful pictures
like sweet basil and beds of lilies and roses.”

The other ant said, “That artist is the finger,
and this pen is actually the derivative and the sign.”

A third ant said, “It is the work of the arm,
by whose strength the slender finger depicted it.”

In this fashion it was carried upward till a chief of the ants,
was a little bit sagacious,

Said, “Do not regard this accomplishment as proceeding from the form,
which becomes unconscious in sleep and death.

Form is like a garment or a staff:
figures do not move except by means of intellect and spirit.”

He was unaware that without the controlling influence of God
that intellect and heart would be inert.
If He withdraws His favour from it for a single moment, the acute intellect will commit follies.

When Dhu' l-Qarnayn found it speaking, he said, after Mount Qaf had bored the pearls of speech, “O eloquent one, who are wise and know the mystery, expound to me the Attributes of God.”

It answered, “Go, for those qualities are too terrible for exposition to put its hand on them, Or for the pen to dare inscribe with its point information concerning them on the pages.”

He said, “Relate a lesser tale concerning the wonders of God, O goodly divine.”

It said, “Look, the King has made a plain full of snow-mountains, for the distance of a three hundred years’ journey—Mountain on mountain, beyond count and number: the snow comes continually to replenish them.

One snow-mountain is being piled on another: the snow brings coldness to the earth.

At every moment snow-mountain is being piled on snow-mountain from the illimitable and vast storehouse.

O king, if there were not a valley like this, the glowing heat of Hell would annihilate me.”

Know that the heedless are snow-mountains, to the end that the veils of the intelligent may not be consumed.

Were it not for the reflection of snow-weaving ignorance, that Mount Qaf would be consumed by the fire of longing.

The Fire in truth is an atom of God’s wrath; it is a whip to threaten the base.

Notwithstanding such a wrath, which is mighty and surpasses all, know that the coolness of His clemency is prior to it:

A spiritual priority, unqualified and unconditioned:

Have you seen the prior and the posterior without duality? If you have not seen them that is because of feeble understanding; for the minds of God’s creatures are a single grain of that mine.

Lay the blame on yourself, not on the evidences of the Religion: how should the bird of clay reach the sky of the Religion?
The bird's lofty soaring-place is the air, 
since its origin is from lust and sensuality.

Therefore be dumbfounded without nay or yea,
in order that a litter may come from Mercy to carry you.

Forasmuch as you are too dull to apprehend these wonders,
if you say “yea” you will be straying from the truth;

And if you say “nay,” the “nay” will be-head you:
on account of that “nay” Wrath will shut your window.

Be, then, only dumbfounded and distraught,
nothing else that God's aid may come in from before and behind.

When you have become dumbfounded and crazed and non-existent,
you have said with mute eloquence, “Lead us:”

It is mighty, mighty; but when you begin to tremble,
that mighty becomes assuaged and equable,

Because the mighty shape is for the unbeliever;
when you have become helpless, it is mercy and kindness.

How Gabriel, on whom be peace, showed himself to Mustafa, God bless and save him,
in his own shape; and how, when one of his seven hundred wings became visible,
it covered the horizon, and the sun with all its radiance was veiled over.

Mustafa said in the presence of Gabriel, “Even as your shape is, O friend,
Show it to me sensibly and visibly, that I may behold you as spectators.”

He replied, “You cannot and have not the power to endure it;
the sense is weak and frail: it would be too painful for you.

“Show yourself,” said he, “that this body may perceive
to what an extent the senses are frail and without resources.”

Man's bodily senses are infirm, 
but he has a potent nature within.

This body resembles flint and steel, 
but in quality it is a striker of fire.
Flint and steel are the birth-place whence fire is brought into being: (from them) fire is born, domineering over both its parents.

Fire, again, exercises sway over the bodily nature: it is dominant over the body and flaming;

Yet again, there is in the body an Abraham-like flame whereby the tower of fire is subdued.

In consequence the all-accomplished Prophet said symbolically, “We are the last and the first.”

The material form of these two is vanquished by an anvil, in quality they are superior to the my of iron ores.

Therefore Man is in appearance a derivative of the world, and intrinsically the origin of the world. Observe this!

A gnat will set his outward frame whirling round; his inward nature encompasses the Seven Heavens.

When he persisted, he displayed a little the awful majesty by which a mountain would be reduced to dust.

A single royal wing covered the east and the west: Mustafa became senseless from awe.

When Gabriel saw him senseless from fear and dread, he came and drew him into his arms.

That awe is the portion of aliens, while this fond affection is freely bestowed on friends.

Kings, when seated on the throne, have formidable guardsmen with swords in their hands,

Staves and lances and scimitars, so that lions would tremble in awe;

The shouts of sergeants with their maces, by the terror of which souls are enfeebled

This is for the high and low in the street, to announce to them an emperor.

This pomp is for the sake of the common, so that those people may not put on the tiara of arrogance;

That it may break their egoism and that the self-conceited carnal soul may not work mischief and evil.

The country is preserved from that by the king’s having force and authority to inflict punishment.
Therefore those vain desires are extinguished in souls: awe of the king prevents that disaster.

Again, when he comes to the private banquet, how should awe or retaliation be there?

There clémency on clémency is and mercies overflowing; you will hear no noise but that of the harp and flute.

In time of war there is the terrible drum and kettle-drum; in the hour of feasting with favourites there is the sound of the harp.

The Board of Audit is for the common, while the fair ones resembling peris are for the cup-companion.

The coat of mail and the helmet are for the battle, while this silken raiment and music are for the bower.

This topic has no end, O generous one: conclude it; and God knows best the right course.

The senses in Ahmad, which are mortal, are now laid asleep under the soil of Medina,

But that mighty-natured part of him, which is unconquerable, dwells, without having suffered corruption, within the abode of truth.

The bodily attributes are exposed to corruption; the everlasting spirit is a shining sun,

Incorruptible, for it is not of the east; unchangeable, for it is not of the west

How was the sun dumbfounded by a mote?

How could the candle be made senseless by a moth?

The body of Ahmad was liable to that: know that this corruption belongs to the body,

Such as sickness and sleep and pain; the spirit is untouched by these affections and wholly detached.

Indeed I cannot describe the spirit, and if I describe it, quaking would fall upon this phenomenal existence and spatiality.

If its fox was perturbed for a moment, belike the lion-spirit was then asleep.

That lion which is immune from sleep was asleep:

lo, a complaisant terrible lion!

The lion feigns to be asleep so that those curs think he is quite dead;
The foam of Ahmad was torn by that sight, his sea surged up for love of the foam.

The moon is entirely a bounteous light-diffusing hand: if the moon have no hand, let it have none!

If Ahmad should display that glorious pinion, Gabriel would remain dumbfounded forever.

When Ahmad passed beyond the Lote-tree and his place of watch and station and farthest limit,

He said to him, “Listen; fly after me.”

He said, “Go, go; I am no longer your companion.”

He answered him, saying, “Come, O destroyer of veils: I have not yet advanced to my zenith.”

He replied, “O my illustrious friend, if I take one flight beyond this limit, my wings will be consumed.”

This tale of the elect losing their senses in the most elect is amazement on amazement.

Here all unconsciousness is play. How long will you keep possession of your soul? For it is abandoning your soul.

O “Gabriel,” though you are noble and revered, you are neither the moth nor the candle.

When the candle calls at the moment of illumination, the soul of the moth does not shrink from burning.

Bury this topsy-turvy discourse: make the lion the prey of the wild ass.

Stop up your word-sweating water-skin; do not open the bag of your reckless talk.

Else, who in the world would dare to rob a poor man of a grain of laxative mineral?

Or not in the world would dare to rob a poor man of a grain of laxative mineral?
O “Moses,” in presence of the Pharaoh of the time you must speak softly with mild words.

If you put water into boiling oil, you will destroy the trivet and the kettle.

Speak softly, but do not speak aught except the truth: do not offer temptation in your mildness of address.

The time of afternoon is come: cut short the discourse, O you whose expression makes (the people of) the age acquainted.

Do you tell the clay-eater that sugar is better: do not show injurious softness, do not give him clay.

Speech would be a spiritual garden to the soul, if it were independent of letters and sounds.

Oh, there are many a one in whom this donkey’s head amongst the sugar plantation has fixed a thorn!

He, from afar, supposed that it is just that, nothing more; he was retiring, like a ram vanquished in fight.

Know for sure that the form is that donkey’s head in the vineyard and highest Paradise of the spiritual reality.

O Ziyá’u ‘l-Haqq Husámu’ddín, bring this donkey’s head into that melon-field,

In order that, when the donkey’s head has died to the skinning-place, that kitchen may bestow on it another growth.

Listen, the shaping is from me and the spirit from you; nay, in error: truly both this and that are from you.

You are glorified in Heaven, O conspicuous Sun: be also glorified on earth forever,

That the inhabitant of the earth may become one in heart and one in aim and one in nature with the sublime celestial.

Separation and polytheism and duality will disappear: in real existence there is unity.

When my spirit recognises your spirit, they remember their being one in the past,

And on the earth become Moses and Aaron, sweetly mingled like milk and honey.

When it recognises a little and denies, its denial becomes a veil covering.
Many a one who recognised averted his face: that Moon was angered by his ingratitude.

Hence the evil spirit became unable to recognise the spirit of the Prophet and turned on its heel.

You have read all this: read Lam yakun, that you may know the obstinacy of that old infidel.

Before the form of Ahmad displayed its glory, the description of him was a phylactery for every infidel.

“There is someone like this”: “till he shall appear”; and their hearts were throbbing at the imagination of his face.

They were prostrating themselves, crying, “O Lord of mankind, will You bring him before our eyes as quickly as may be?”

In order that, by asking to grant them victory in the name of Ahmad, their enemies might be overthrown.

Whenever a formidable war arose, Ahmad’s pertinacity in onset was always their succour;

Wherever there was a chronic sickness, mention of him was always their healing medicine.

In their way his form was coming into their hearts and into their ears and into their mouths.

How should every jackal perceive his form? Nay, the derivative of his form, that is to say, the imaginal idea.

If his form should fall on the face of a wall, heart’s blood would trickle from the heart of the wall; And his form would be so auspicious for it that the wall would at once be saved from having a double face.

Beside the single-face of the pure, that double-face has become a fault in the wall.

All this veneration and magnification and affection the wind swept away, as soon as they saw him in form.

The false coin saw the fire and immediately became black: when has there been a way for the false coin to enter the heart?

The false coin was talking boastfully of its desire for the touchstone, that it might cast the disciples into doubt.

A worthless one falls into the snare of its deceit; from every base fellow the thought pops up,
That if this was not genuine coin, how should it have become eager for the touchstone?

It desires the touchstone, but one of such a kind that its falseness will not be clearly exposed thereby.

The touchstone that keeps hidden the quality is not a touchstone, nor the light of knowledge.

The mirror that keeps hidden the defects of the face to flatter every cuckold is not a mirror; it is hypocritical.

Do not seek such a mirror so long as you can.

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