BOOK V

IN THE NAME OF GOD THE COMPASSIONATE, THE MERCIFUL

Whose help we implore and in whom we trust, and with whom are the keys to our hearts. And God bless the best of His creatures, Mohammed, and all his Family and Companions!

This is the Fifth Book of the Poem in rhymed couplets and the spiritual Exposition, setting forth that the Religious Law is like a candle showing the way. Unless you gain possession of the candle, there is no wayfaring; and when you have come on to the way, your wayfaring is the Path; and when you have reached the journey’s end; that is the Truth. Hence it has been said, “If the truths were manifest, the religious laws would be nothing.” As, when copper becomes gold or was gold originally, it does not need the alchemy which is the Law, nor need it rub itself upon the philosophers’ stone, which is the Path; as has been said, it is unseemly to demand a guide after arrival at the goal, and blameworthy to discard the guide before arrival at the goal. In short, the Law is like learning the theory of alchemy from a teacher or a book, and the Path is making use of chemicals and rubbing the copper upon the philosophers’ stone, and the Truth is the transmutation of the copper into gold. Those who know alchemy rejoice in their knowledge of it, saying, “We know the theory of this”; and those who practise it rejoice in their practice of it, saying, “We perform such works”; and those who have experienced the reality rejoice in the reality, saying, “We have become gold and are delivered from the theory and practice of alchemy: we are God’s freed ones.” Each party is rejoicing in what they have.

Or the Law may be compared to learning the science of medicine, and the Path to regulating one’s diet in accordance with medicine and taking remedies, and the Truth to gaining health everlasting and becoming independent of them both. When a man dies to this life, the Law and the Path are cut off from him, and there remains the Truth. If he possess the Truth, he will be crying, “Oh, would that my people knew how my Lord has forgiven me”; and if he possess it not, he will be crying, “Oh, would that I had not been given my scroll and had not known my reckoning! Oh, would that it had been the decision! My riches have not availed me; my authority has perished from me.”

The Law is knowledge, the Path action, the Truth attainment unto God. Then whoever hopes to meet his Lord let him do good works and associate none other in the service of his Lord. And God bless the best of His creatures, Mohammed, and his Family and his Companions and the people of his House, and grant them peace!
The King, Husámû’d-dín, who is the light of the stars, demands the beginning of the Fifth Book.

If the people were not veiled and gross, and if their throats were not narrow and feeble, In praise of you I should have done justice to the reality and expressed myself in language other than this; But the falcon's mouthful is not that of the song bird: now recourse must be had to water and oil.

It is wrong to praise you to the prisoners: I will tell in the assembly of the spiritual.

It is fraud to discourse of you to the worldly: I will keep it hidden like the secret of love.

Praise consists in describing and in rending the veil: the Sun is independent of exposition and description.

The praiser of the Sun is pronouncing an encomium on himself, for, “My eyes are clear and not inflamed.” To blame the Sun of the world is to blame one's self, for, “My eyes are blind and dark and bad.”

Pity anyone in the world who has become envious of the fortunate Sun. Can he ever mask it from eyes and from giving freshness to things rotten?

Or can they diminish its infinite light or rise in resistance to its power? Whoever is envious of the World—truly, that envy is everlasting death.

Your dignity has transcended intellectual apprehension: in describing you the intellect has become an idle fool. Although this intellect is too weak to declare, one must weakly make a movement in that direction.

In The Name of God the Merciful, the Compassionate
Know that when the whole of a thing is unattainable the whole of it is not relinquished.

If you cannot drink the flood-rain of the clouds, how can you give up water-drinking?

If you will not communicate the mystery, refresh apprehensions with the husk thereof.

Spoken words are a husk in relation to you, but they are a good kernel for other understandings.

The sky is low in relation to the empyrean; else, in respect of the earth-mound, it is exceedingly high.

I will tell your description in order that they may take their way before they grieve at the loss of that opportunity.

You are the Light of God and a mighty drawer of the soul to God. His creatures are in the darkness of vain imagination and opinion.

Reverence is the necessary condition for this goodly Light to bestow a salve on these sightless ones.

The ready sharp-eared man gains the Light—he who is not in love with darkness like a mouse.

The weak-eyed ones that go about at night, how shall they make a circuit round the Cresset of the Faith?

Difficult subtle points of disputation are the chains of the nature that has become dark (blind) to the Religion.

So long as he decks out the warp and woof of cleverness, he cannot open his eyes to the Sun.

He does not lift up branches like a date-palm: he has bored holes in the earth after the fashion of mice.

This humankind have four heart-oppressing qualities: these four have become the gibbet of Reason.

Commenting on “Take four birds and turn them towards you”

O you whose intelligence is as the Sun, you are the Khalil of the time: kill these four birds that infest the Way.

Because each of them, crow-like, is plucking the eye from the intellect of the intelligent.
The four bodily qualities resemble the birds of Khalil: their slaughter makes way for the soul.

O Khalil, in the deliverance of good and bad, cut off their heads that the feet may escape from the barrier.

You are all, and they all are parts of you: open, for their feet are your feet.

By you the world is made a place abounding in spirit: a single cavalier becomes the support of a hundred armies.

Inasmuch as this body is the abode of four dispositions, they are named the four mischief-seeking birds.

If you wish the people to have everlasting life, cut off the heads of these four foul and evil birds,

Revive them again in another sort, so that afterwards no harm will be done by them.

The four immaterial birds which infest the Way have made their home in the hearts of the people.

Since in this epoch you, O Vicegerent of God, art the commander of all righteous hearts,

Cut off the heads of these four live birds and make everlasting the creatures that are not enduring forever.

There is the duck and the peacock and the crow and the cock: these are a parable of the four dispositions in souls.

The duck is greed, and the cock is lust; eminence is like the peacock, and the crow is desire.

The crow’s object of desire is this, that he forms hopes and wishes for immortality or long life.

The duck is greedy, for her bill is always in the ground, seeking what is buried in the wet and dry.

That gullet is never idle for a moment: it listens to nothing of the ordinance save the command “Eat!”

It is like the looter who digs up the house and very quickly fills his bag.

Cramming into the bag good and bad, single pearls and chickpeas,

Cramming dry and wet into the sack, for fear lest another enemy should arrive.
Time presses, the opportunity is small, he is terrified: without delay he heaves it under his arm as speedily as possible.

He has not confidence in his Sovereign that no enemy will be able to come forward.

But the true believer, from his confidence in that Life, conducts his raid in a leisurely manner and with deliberation.

He has no fear of missing his chance or of the enemy, for he recognises the King’s dominion over the enemy.

He has no fear of the other fellow-servants coming to jostle him and gain the advantage,

He perceived the King’s justice in restraining his followers so that none durst do violence to anyone.

Consequently he does not hurry and is calm: he has no fear of missing his portion.

He has much deliberation and patience and long-suffering; he is contented and unselfish and pure of heart,

For this deliberation is the ray of the Merciful, while that haste is from the impulse of the Devil,

Because the Devil frightens him away from poverty and kills the beast of burden, patience, by stabbing.

Hear from the Qur’an that the Devil in menace is threatening you with hard poverty,

That in haste you may eat foul things and take foul things, no generosity, no deliberation, no merit acquired by good works.

Necessarily the infidel takes his food in seven bowels: his religion and spirit are thin and lean, his belly fat.

Concerning the occasion of the coming of the Tradition of Mustafá, the blessings of God be upon him, that the infidel takes his food in seven bowels, while the true believer takes his food in one bowel.

The infidels became the guests of the Prophet: they came to the mosque at eventide,

Saying, “We have come here as visitors seeking hospitality, O King, O you who are the entertainer of the inhabitants of the world.
We are destitute and have arrived from afar:
listen, shed your grace and light upon us!"

He said, “O my friends divide,
for you are filled with me and with my nature.”

The bodies of every army are filled with the King;
therefore they would draw the sword against Majesty’s enemies.

It is because of the King’s anger you draw the sword;
otherwise, what anger do you have against your brothers?

The reflection of the King’s anger you are striking your innocent brother
with a mace of ten kilos (manns') weight.

The King is one soul, and the army is filled with him:
the spirit is like the water, and these bodies are the river-bed.

If the water of the King’s spirit be sweet,
all the river-beds are filled with the sweet water;

For only the King’s law do his subjects have:
so has the sovereign of Abas declared.

Each Companion chose a guest.
Amongst them, was one stout and incomparable.

He had a huge body: no one took him along;
he remained in the mosque like the dregs in a cup.

As he was left behind by all, Mustafá took him away.

In the herd there were seven goats that gave milk,

For the goats used to stay in the house
for milking in preparation for mealtime.

That famishing giant son of a Ghuzz Turcoman
devoured the bread and food and the milk of the seven goats.

The whole household became enraged,
for they all desired goat’s milk.

He made his voracious belly like a drum:
he consumed singly the portion of eighteen persons.

At bed-time he went and sat in his room;
then the maid angrily shut the door.

She put in the door-chain from the outside,
for she was angry with him and resentful.

At midnight or dawn,
when the infidel felt an urgent need and stomach-ache,
He hastened from his bed towards the door, laying his hand on the door he found it shut.

The cunning man employed various devices to open it, but the fastening did not give way.

The urgency increased, and the room was narrow: he remained in dismay and without remedy and dumbfounded.

He made shift and crept to sleep: in his slumber he dreamed that he was in a desolate place.

Since a desolate place was in his mind, his sight went to a desolate place in his sleep.

Dreaming he is alone, he squeezes out two huge lumps.

When he awakens he knows that his covers are full of shit, and shakes with shame.

My sleep is worse than my waking state.

On one side I eat and on the other I excrete.

He was crying, “Woe and alas! Woe and alas!” even as the unbeliever in the depths of the tomb,

Waiting to see when this night would come to an end, that the noise of the door in opening might rise,

In order to flee like an arrow from the bow, lest anyone should see him in such a condition.

The story is long: I will shorten it.

The door opened: he was delivered from grief and pain.
But might come forth and walk boldly away and not see the back or face of the door-opener.

Either he became hidden behind something, or the skirt of God concealed him from him.

The dye of Allah sometimes makes covered and draws a mysterious veil over the beholder.

So that he does not see the enemy at his side: the power of God is more than that, more.

Mustafá was seeing all that happened to him in the night, but the command of the Lord restrained him

From opening a way before the fault, so that he should not be cast into a pit by the disgrace.

But it was the wisdom and the command of Heaven that he should see himself thus.

There are many acts of enmity which are friendship, many acts of destruction which are restoration.

A meddlesome fellow purposely brought the dirty bed-clothes to the Prophet,

Saying, “Look! Your guest has done such a thing!”

He smiled, a mercy to all created beings,

And said, “Bring the pail here, that I may wash all with my own hand.”

Every one jumped up, saying, “For God’s sake! Our souls and our bodies are a sacrifice to you. We will wash this filth: do you leave it alone. This kind is hand’s work, not heart’s work.

O La-‘amruk, God pronounced ’life’; then He made you Vicegerent and seated you on the throne.

We live for your service: as you are performing the service, what then are we?”

He said, “I know that, but this is an occasion; I have a deep reason for washing this myself.”

They waited, saying, “This is the Prophet’s word,” till it should appear what these mysteries were.

He was busily washing those filthy things, by God’s command exclusively, not from blind conformity and ostentation;

For his heart was telling him, “Do you wash them, for herein is wisdom manifold.”
The cause of the guest’s return to the house of Mustafá, on whom be peace, at the hour when Mustafá was washing his befouled bed-rug with his own hand; and how he was overcome with shame and rent his garment and made lamentation for himself and for his plight.

The wretched infidel had an amulet as a keepsake. He observed that it was lost, and became distracted.

He said, “The room in which I lodged during the night—I left the amulet there unawares.”

Though he was ashamed, greed took away his shame: greed is a dragon, it is no small thing.

In quest of the amulet he ran hastily into the house of Mustafá and saw him, That Hand of God, cheerfully washing the filth by himself—far from him be the evil eye!

The amulet vanished from his mind, and a great rapture arose in him: he tore his collar, Smiting his face and head with both hands, beating his pate against wall and door,

In such a wise that blood poured from his nose and head, and the Prince took pity on him.

He uttered shrieks, the people gathered round him: the infidel was crying, “O people; beware!”

He smote his head, saying, “O head without understanding!” He smote his breast, saying, and “O bosom without light!”

Prostrating himself, he cried, “O the whole earth, this despicable part is abashed on account of you.

You, who are the whole, art submissive to His command; I, who am a part, am unjust and wicked and misguided.

You, who are the whole, are humble and trembling in fear of God; I, who am a part, am in opposition and in rivalry.”

At every moment he was turning his face to heaven, saying, “I have not the face, O qibla of the world!”

And how he was overcome with shame and rent his garment and made lamentation for himself and for his plight.
When he had trembled and quivered beyond bounds, Mustafá clasped him in his arms, quieted him and caressed him much and opened his eye and gave him knowledge.

Till the cloud weeps, how should the garden smile? Till the babe cries, how should the milk begin to flow?

The one-day-old babe knows the way:

“I will cry that the kind nurse may come.”

Do not you know that the Nurse of nurse’s gives no milk freely is without crying?

He has said, “*Let them weep much.*” Give ear, that the bounty of the Creator may pour forth the milk.

The cloud’s weeping and the sun’s burning is the pillar of this world:

twist these two strands.

If there were not the sun’s heat and the cloud’s tears, how would body and accident become big and thick?

How would these four seasons be flourishing unless this glow and weeping were the origin?

Since the burning of the sun and the weeping of the clouds in the world are keeping the world fresh and sweet,

Keep the sun of your intelligence burning; keep your eye glistening with tears like the cloud!

You must have a weeping eye, like the little child: do not eat the bread, for that bread takes away your water.

When the body is in leaf, on that account by day and night the bough, the soul, is shedding its leaves and is in autumn.

The foliage of the body is the leaflessness of the soul.

Be quick! You must let this dwindle and that increase.

Lend unto God, give a loan of this foliage of the body, that in exchange a garden may grow in your heart.

Give a loan, diminish this food of your body, that there may appear the face of eye has not seen.

When the body empties itself of dung, He fills it with musk and glorious pearls.

He gives this filth and gets purity: his body enjoys *He will purify you.*
The Devil frightens you, saying, “Listen and listen again! You will be sorry for this and will be saddened.

If you waste away your body in consequence of these idle whims, you will become very sorry and anxious.

Eat this, it is hot and good for your health; and drink that for your benefit and as a cure,

With the intention that this body is your riding-beast that to which it is accustomed is best for it.

Beware, do not alter your habit, else mischief will ensue and a hundred maladies will be produced in brain and heart."

The vile Devil employs such menaces, and he chants a hundred spells over the people.

He makes himself out to be a Galen in medicine, that he may deceive your ailing soul.

“This,” says he “is of use to you against any sorrow and pain.” He said the same thing to Adam about an ear of wheat.

He utters “Ah, ah” and “Alas,” while he twists your lips with the blacksmith’s barnacle,

As the lips of a horse when shoeing it, in order that he may cause an inferior stone to appear as a ruby.

He takes hold of your ears as the ears of a horse, pulling you towards greed and acquisition.

He claps on your foot a shoe of perplexity, by the pain of which you are left incapable of advancing on the Way.

His shoe is that hesitation between the two works—“Shall I do these or shall I do those?” Take heed!

Do that which is chosen by the Prophet, don’t do that which a madman or boy ever did.

“Paradise is encompassed”—by what is it encompassed? By things disliked, from which there comes increase of the seeds sown.

He has a hundred spells of cunning and deceit, which would entrap, even if he is a great serpent.

He will bind him, though he be running water; he will make a mock of him, though he be the most learned man of the time.

Associate your intelligence with the intelligence of a friend: recite their affairs are taking counsel with each other, and practise it.
How Mustafá, on whom be peace, treated the Arab guest with loving kindness and calmed his distress and stilled the sobbing and lamentation for himself which he was making in his shame and penitence and fire of despair.

This topic has no end.

The Arab was astounded by the kindnesses of that King.

He was nearly becoming crazed, his reason fled, but the hand of Mustafá’s reason drew him back.

He said, “Come here.”

He came in such fashion as one rises up from heavy slumber.

“Come here,” said he, “do not lose your wits; listen, come to yourself, for there are things to be done with you here.”

He threw water on his face, and he began to speak, saying, “O witness of God, recite the Testimony, That I may bear witness and go forth:

I am weary of this existence and will go into the wilderness.”

In this court of the Judge who pronounces the Decree we are for the purpose of our claim “Am not I your Lord?” and “Yes”;

For we said, “Yes,” and on trial our acts and words are the witnesses and evidence of that.

Wherefore do we keep silence in the court of the Judge?

Have not we come to bear testimony?

How long, O witness, will you remain under detention in the court of the Judge? Give your testimony betimes.

You have been summoned here that you may give the testimony and show no disobedience;

In your obstinacy you have sat down and closed hand and mouth in this confinement.

Until you give that testimony, O witness, how will you escape from this court?

It is the affair of a moment. Perform and run away: do not make a short matter long to yourself.

As you will, whether during a hundred years or in a moment, discharge this trust and acquit yourself.
Explaining that prayer and fasting and all external things are witnesses to the inner light.

This prayer and fasting and pilgrimage and holy war are the attestation of the belief.

The giving of alms and presents and the abandonment of envy are the attestation of one's secret thoughts.

Dishes of food and hospitality are for the purpose of declaring that “we, O noble, have become in true accord with you.”

Gifts and presents and offerings bear witness, “I am pleased with you.”

Any one exerts himself in money or in conjuration, what is it? “I have a jewel within.

I have a jewel, namely, abstinence or generosity”: this alms-giving and fasting are witnesses in regard to both.

Fasting says, “He has abstained from what is lawful: know that he has no connection with what is unlawful”; And his alms-giving said, “He gives of his own property: how, then, should he steal from the religious?”

If he acts as a pick-pocket, then the two witnesses are invalidated in the court of Divine justice.

He is a fowler if he scatters grain not from mercy and munificence but in order to catch.

He is a cat keeping the fast and feigning to be asleep at fast-time for the purpose of (seizing) his ignorant prey.

By this unrighteousness he makes a hundred parties suspicious, he causes the generous and abstinent to be in ill repute.

Notwithstanding that he weaves crookedly, in the end the grace of God will purge him of all this.

His mercy takes precedence and bestows on that treachery a light that the full-moon does not possess.

God cleanses his effort of this contamination: the Mercy washes him clean of this folly.

In order that His great forgivingness may be made manifest, a helmet will cover his baldness.

The water rained from heaven, that it might cleanse the impure of their defilement.
How the water cleanses all impurities and then is cleansed of impurity by God most High. Truly, God most High is exceeding holy.

When the water had done battle and had been made dirty and had become such that the senses rejected it, God brought it back into the sea of Goodness, that the Origin of the water might generously wash it.

Next year it came sweeping proudly along. “Hey, where have you been?” “In the sea of the pure. I went from here dirty; I have come clean. I have received a robe of honour; I have come to the earth. Listen, come unto me, O you polluted ones, for my nature has partaken of the nature of God.

I will accept all your foulness: I will bestow on the demon purity like the angel.

When I become defiled, I will return there: I will go to the Source of the source of purities.

There I will pull the filthy cloak off my head: He will give me a clean robe once more.

Such is His work, and my work is the same: the Lord of all created beings is the beautifier of the world.”

Were it not for these impurities of ours, how would the water have this glory?

It stole purses of gold from a certain One: it runs in every direction, crying, “Where is an insolvent?”

Either it sheds on a blade of grass that has grown, or it washes the face of one, whose face is unwashed, or, porter-like, it takes on its head the ship that is without hand or foot in the seas.

Hidden in it are myriads of salves, because every salve derives from it its nature and property.

The soul of every pearl, the heart of every grain, goes into the river as a shop of salves.

From it nourishment to the orphans of the earth; from it movement to them that are tied fast, the parched ones.

When its stock is exhausted, it becomes turbid: it becomes abject on the earth, as we are.
How the water, after becoming turbid, entreats God Almighty to succour it.

From its interior it raises cries of lamentation, saying, “O God, that which You gave I have given and am left a beggar.

I poured the capital over pure and impure: O King who gives the capital, is there any more?”

He says to the cloud, “Bear it to the delectable place; and you too, O sun, draw it up aloft.”

He makes it to go diverse ways, that He may bring it unto the boundless sea.

Truly, what is meant by this water is the spirit of the saints, which washes away your dark stains.

When it is stained dark by the treason of the inhabitants of the earth, it returns to Him who endows Heaven with purity.

From yonder, trailing the skirt, it brings back to them lessons concerning the purities of the All-encompassing.

Through mingling with the people it falls sick and desires that journey, saying, “Revive us, O Bilal!

O melodious sweet-voiced Bilal, go up into the minaret, beat the drum of departure.”

Whilst the body is standing, the spirit is gone on its journey: hence at the moment of return it says, “Salam!”

It liberates all from performing the ablution with sand, and seekers of the qibla from endeavouring to ascertain the proper direction.

This parable is like an intermediary in the discourse: an intermediary is required for the apprehension of the vulgar.

Without an intermediary, how should any one go into the fire, except the salamander?—for he is independent of the connecting link.

You need the hot bath as an intermediary, so that you may refresh your constitution by the fire.

Since you cannot go into the fire, like Khalíl, the hot bath has become your Apostle, and the water your guide.

Satiety is from God, but how should the unclean attain unto satiety without the mediation of bread?
Beauty is from God, but the hedonist does not feel beauty without the veil of the garden.

When the bodily medium is removed, he perceives without screen, like Moses, the light of the Moon from bosom.

These virtues possessed by the water bear witness likewise that its interior is filled with the grace of God.

The testimony of external acts and words to the hidden mind and the inner light

Act and word are witnesses to the hidden mind: from these two infer the inward state.

When your thought does not penetrate within, inspect the patient’s urine from without.

Act and word are the urine of the sick, which is clear evidence for the physician of the body.

But the spiritual physician enters into his (patient’s) soul and by the spiritual way penetrates into his belief.

He has no need of fine acts and words: “beware of them, they are spies on hearts.”

Demand this testimony of acts and words from him who is not united with the Sea like a river.

Explaining that the light itself from within the illumined person bears witness to his light, without any act or word declaring it.

But the light of the traveller who has passed beyond the pale—the deserts and plains are filled with his radiance.

His being a witness is independent of witnesses and works of supererogation and of self-devotion and self-sacrifice.

Since the light of that substance has shone forth, he has gained independence of these hypocrisies.

Therefore do not demand of him the testimony of act and speech, for through him both the worlds have blossomed like a rose.
What is this testimony? The making manifest of that which is hidden, whether word or act or something else;

For its object is to make manifest the inward nature of the spiritual substance: the attributes are permanent, though these accidents are fleeting.

The mark of the gold on the touchstone does not remain, the gold remains—of good renown and undoubted.

Similarly, this ritual prayer and holy war and fasting does not remain, but the spirit remains in good renown.

The spirit produced certain acts and words of this kind: it rubbed its substance on the touchstone of the command,

As though to say, “My belief is perfect: here is the witness!” but there is doubt as regards the witnesses.

Know that the probity of the witnesses must be established: the means of establishing it is a sincerity: you are dependent on that.

In the case of the word-witness, it is keeping your word; in the case of the act-witness, it is keeping your covenant.

The word-witness is rejected if it speaks falsely, and the act-witness is rejected if it does not run straight.

You must have words and acts that are not self-contradictory, in order that you may meet with immediate acceptance.

Your efforts are diverse, you are in contradiction:

Who, then, will listen to testimony that contradicts itself, unless indeed He graciously shows forbearance?

Act and word are the manifestation of the inward thought and hidden mind: both are divulging the veiled secret.

When your witness has been proved honest, it is accepted; otherwise, it is kept in detention as a prisoner.

O recalcitrant one, so long as you contend they will contend. Lie in wait for them, then! Truly, they are lying in wait.
How Mustafá, on whom be peace, offered the Testimony to his guest.

This discourse has no end. Mustafá offered the Faith, and the youth accepted

That Testimony which has ever been blessed and has ever loosed the bound chains

He became a true believer. Mustafá said to him, “Be my guest to-night also.”

“By God,” said he, “I am your guest unto everlasting. Wherever I am, to whatever place I go,

I am made living by you and liberated by you, and am your doorkeeper at your table in this world and in the next.

Whosoever chooses any but this choice table, in the end his gullet will be torn by the bone.

Whosoever goes to the table of any but you, know that the Devil shares his cup.

Whosoever departs from your neighbourhood, without any doubt the Devil will become his neighbour;

And if without you he goes on a far journey, the wicked Devil is his fellow traveller and table-companion;

And if he mounts a noble horse, he is envious of the Moon, the Devil sits behind him;

And if his Shahnáz is with child by him, the Devil is his partner in begetting it.”

O you that glow, God has said in the Qur’an, “Share with them in their wealth and children.”

The Prophet, from the Unseen, explained this clearly in his marvellous discourses with Alí.

“O Prophet of Allah, you have displayed your prophetic mission completely, like the cloudless sun.

Two hundred mothers never did this which you have done; Jesus by his spells never did to Lazarus.

Lo, through you, my soul has been delivered from death: if Ázar was revived by that breath, yet he died again.”
The Arab became the Prophet's guest that night: he drank half the milk of a single goat and closed his lips.

He urged him to drink the milk and eat the scones. “By God,” said he, “in all sincerity I have eaten my fill.

This is not hypocrisy or affectation and artifice: I have become fuller than I was yesterday.”

All the people of the house were left in astonishment this lamp had been filled by this one drop of oil,

And that what is a swift's food should become the filling the belly of such an elephant.

Whispering arose amongst the men and women—“That man who has the body of an elephant eats as little as a fly!”

The greed and vanity of unbelief was overthrown: the dragon was satisfied with the food of an ant.

The beggar-like greediness of unbelief departed from him: the sweet food of the Faith made him stout and strong.

He who was quivering from ravenous hunger beheld, like Mary, the fruit of Paradise.

The fruit of Paradise sped to his body: his Hell-like belly gained repose.

The essence of the Faith is a mighty blessing and exceedingly delicious food, O you who are content with naught of the Faith but the profession!

Explaining that the Light which is the food of the spirit becomes the food of the saint's body, so that it also becomes friendly with the spirit, "My satan has accepted Islam at my hands"
When it tastes the wine from the cellar of clairvoyance, little by little it will transfer its love there.

O you, whose belly is greedy, turn away thus: the only method is change of food.

O you, whose heart is sick, turn to the remedy: the entire regimen is change of disposition.

O you who are kept in pawn to food, you will escape if you suffer yourself to be weaned.

Truly, in hunger there is plenteous food: search after it diligently and cherish the hope, O shrinker.

Feed on the Light, be like the eye, and be in accord with the angels, O best of mankind.

Like the Angel, make the glorification of God your food, that like the angels you may be delivered from vexation.

If Gabriel pays no attention to the carcass, how should he be inferior in strength to the vulture?

O you whose belly is greedy, turn away thus: the only method is change of food.

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If Gabriel pays no attention to the carcass, how should he be inferior in strength to the vulture?

What a goodly table is spread in the world! But it is quite hidden from the eyes of the vile.

Though the world should become a delightful orchard, still the portion of the mouse and the snake would consist of earth.
مناجات

Prayer

O God who are without peer, show favour!
Since You have bestowed on ear this discourse as an ear-ring,
Take hold of our ear and draw us along to the assembly where the joyous revellers drink of Your wine.
Forasmuch as You have caused a waft of its perfume to reach us, do not block the head of that wine-skin, O Lord of the Judgement!
Whether they are male or female, they drink from You: O You whose help is besought, You are generous in giving.
O You by whom the unspoken prayer is answered, who bestows at every moment a hundred bounties on the heart,
You have drawn some letters of writing: rocks have become as wax for love of them.
You have scribed the nun of the eyebrow, the sad of the eye, and the jim of the ear as a distraction to a hundred minds and understandings.
By those letters of Yours the intellect is made to weave subtle coils: write on, O accomplished Calligrapher!
At each moment You shape beauteously pictured forms of phantasy, suitable to every thought, upon non-existence.
On the tablet of phantasy You inscribe wondrous letters— eye and profile and cheek and mole.
I am drunk with desire for non-existence, not for the existent, because the Beloved of non-existence is more faithful.
He made the intellect a reader of those figured characters, that thereby He might put an end to its contrivances.
Comparison of the Guarded Tablet, and the perception there from by every individual’s mind of his daily fate and portion and lot, to the daily perception by Gabriel, on whom be peace, from the Most Great Tablet.

Like the Angel, the intellect receives every morning its daily lesson from the Guarded Tablet.

Behold the inscriptions made without fingers upon non-existence and the amazement of the madmen at the blackness of them.

Everyone is infatuated with some phantasy and digs in corners in mad desire for a treasure.

By a phantasy one person is filled with magnificence and turns his face towards the mines in the mountains;

And, by a phantasy, another sets his face with bitter toil towards the sea for the sake of pearls;

And another into a church to perform religious exercises, while another to sowing in his greed.

Through phantasy that one becomes the way-layer of him who has escaped; and through phantasy this becomes the salve of him who has been wounded.

One loses his soul in the invocation of demons, while another sets his foot upon the stars.

He sees that these modes of action in the external world are diverse from the various phantasies within.

This man is amazed at that man and says, “What is he about?” Every taster denies the other.

Unless those phantasies were incongruous, how did the modes of action become diverse externally?

Since the qibla of the soul has been hidden, everyone has turned his face to a quarter.
Comparison of the different practices and the various aspirations
to the disagreement of those who at prayer-time endeavour to find the qibla when it is dark,
and to the search of divers at the bottom of the sea

Like folk trying to find the direction of the Ka’ba
and turning in a certain direction which they fancy is the qibla:

When at dawn the Ka’ba appears,
it is discovered who has lost the way;

Or like divers under the depth of the water,
every one picks up something in haste:

In hope of precious jewels and pearls,
they fill their bags with that and this;

When they come up from the floor of the deep sea,
the possessor of the great pearls is discovered,

And the other who got the small pearls,
and the other who got pebbles and worthless shells.

Even thus in the Sabira
a shameful overwhelming tribulation will afflict them.

Similarly, every class of people in the world
is fluttering like moths round a candle.

They attach themselves to a fire
and circle round their own candle

In the hope of the blessed fire of Moses,
by the flame whereof the tree is made more green

Every troop has heard of the excellence of that fire,
and all imagine that any spark is that.

When the Light of Everlastingness rises at dawn,
each reveals what candle it was.

Whoever’s wings were burnt by the candle of victory,
that goodly candle bestows on him eighty wings;

Beneath the bad candle many a moth, whose eyes were sealed,
is left with burnt wings,

Quivering in sorrow and anguish,
lamenting the vain desire that seals the eyes.
Its candle says, “Since I am burnt, how should I deliver you from burning and oppression?”

Its candle weeps, saying, “My head is consumed: how should I make another resplendent?”

Explanation of “Alas for the servants of God!”

It says, “I was deceived by your features and late did I regard your condition.”

The candle is extinguished, the wine is gone, and the Beloved has withdrawn himself from the disgrace of our cross eyed state.

Your profits have become a loss and penalty: you complain bitterly to God of your blindness.

How excellent are the spirits of brethren trustworthy, self-surrendering, believing, and obeying!

Everyone has turned his face in some direction, but those holy ones have turned towards that which transcends direction.

Every pigeon flies on some course, but this pigeon in a region where no region is.

We are neither birds of the air nor domestic: our grain is the grain of grainlessness.

Our daily bread is so ample because our stitching the coat has become the tearing.

The reason why the name faraji was first given to the garment known by that name

A certain Sufi tore his jubba in distress: after tearing, relief (faraj) came to him.

He bestowed the name faraji on that torn: from that man a confidant this title became well known.

This title became well known; but the Shaykh apprehended the pure thereof: in the nature of the people the letter, the dregs, remained.
Similarly, every name, he has kept the pure
and left the name behind, like dregs.

Whoever is a clay-eater took the dregs;
the Sufi went impatiently towards the pure.

He said, “Of necessity the dregs have a pure:
by means of this indication the heart advances to purity.”

The dregs are difficulty and their pure is their ease:
the pure is like the ripe date, and the dregs the date in its immature stage.

Ease is accompanied by difficulty; come, do not despair:
through this death you have the way into Life.

You desire peace, rend your jubba, O son,
that immediately you may emerge pure.

The Sufi is he who has become a seeker of purity:
not from the garment of wool and patching and committing sodomy.

With these base scoundrels
Sufism has become patching and sodomy and that is all.

To wear colours with the fancy of that purity
and good name is good, but

If, with the fancy thereof, you go on to its principle;
not like those who worship many fancies

Your fancy is the baton of jealousy
round about the curtained pavilion of Beauty;

It bars every seeker, saying, “There is no way”:
every fancy confronts him and says “Stop!”—

Except, indeed, that person of sharp hearing and keen intelligence
who possesses enthusiasm from the host of His helps

He does not recoil from the fancies nor is he checked:
he shows the King’s arrow; then way is made.

Bestow forethought on this bewildered heart,
and bestow the arrow on these bows bent double.

From that hidden goblet You have poured out of the cup of the noble
a draught over the dusty earth.

From the draught thereof there is a trace on the locks and checks:
hence kings lick the earth.

It is the draught of beauty— in the lovely earth—
that you are kissing with a hundred hearts day and night.
Since the draught, when mingled with dust, makes you mad, think how its pure essence would affect you!

Everyone is tattered in the presence of a clod that has received a draught of Beauty.

A draught on the moon and the sun and Aries; a draught on the Throne and the Footstool and Saturn

Oh, I wonder, will you call it a draught or an elixir, since from contact with it so many splendours arise?

Earnestly seek contact with it, O accomplished man: none shall touch it except the purified.

One draught on gold and rubies and pearls; one draught on wine and dessert and fruits;

One draught on the faces of the charming fair: how marvellous must be that pure wine!

Inasmuch as you rub your tongue on this, how will you be when you taste it without the clay!

When at the hour of death that pure draught is separated from the bodily clod by dying, You quickly bury that which remains, since it had been made such an ugly thing by that separation.

When the Spirit displays its beauty without this carcass, I cannot express the loveliness of that union.

When the Moon displays its radiance without this cloud, it is impossible to describe that glory and majesty.

How delightful is that Kitchen full of honey and sugar, of which these monarchs are the platter-lickers!

How delightful is that Stack in the spiritual field, of which every stack is the gleaner!

How delightful is the Sea of painless Life, of which the Seven Seas are a dewdrop!

When the Cup-bearer of Alast poured a draught upon this nitrous abject earth, The earth seethed, and we come from that seething. Pour another draught, for we are not aspire.

If it was permitted, I sang of non-existence; and if it was not to be told, lo, I was silent.
This is the account of the bent duck, which is greed:
learn of Khalil that the duck ought to be killed.

In the duck there is much good and evil besides this,
I am afraid of missing other topics of discourse.

Description of the Peacock and its nature, and the cause of its being killed by Abraham,
on whom be peace.

Now we come to the two-coloured peacock,
who displays himself for the sake of name and fame.

His desire is to catch people: he is ignorant of good and evil
and of the result and use of that.

He catches his prey ignorantly, like a trap:
what knowledge has the trap concerning the purpose of its action?

What harm to the trap, or what benefit, from catching?
I wonder at its idle catching.

O brother, you have uplifted your friends
with two hundred marks of affection, and abandoned.

This has been your business from the hour of birth:
to catch people with the trap of love.

From that pursuit and throng and vainglory and self existence
will you get any warp or woof? Try and see!

Most is gone and the day is late;
you are still busy in pursuit of people.

Go on catching one and releasing another from the trap
and pursuing another, like mean folk;

Then again release this one and seek the other!
Here's a game of heedless children!

Night comes, and nothing is caught in your trap:
the trap is naught but a headache and shackle to you.

Therefore you were catching yourself with the trap,
for you are imprisoned and disappointed of your desire.

Is any owner of a trap in the world such a dolt
that, like us, he tries to catch himself?
Pursuit of the vulgar is like hunting pig: the fatigue is infinite, and it is unlawful to eat a morsel thereof.

That which is worth pursuing is Love alone; but how should He be contained in any one's trap?

410. Maybe you may come and be made His prey; you may discard the trap, and go into His trap.

Love is saying very softly into my ear, “To be a prey is better than to be a hunter.

Make yourself My fool and be a dupe: renounce the estate of the sun, become a speck!

Become a dweller at My door and be homeless: do not pretend to be a candle, be a moth,

That you may taste the savour of Life and contemplate the sovereignty hidden in servitude.”

415. In this world you see the shoes upside down: the title of “kings” is conferred on bondsmen.

Many a one who deserves to mount the scaffold with a halter on his throat—a crowd round him, crying, “Behold, an emperor!”

Like the tombs of infidels, outwardly the robes of Paradise, within is the wrath of God Almighty and Glorious.

He has been plastered like the tombs: the veil of self-conceit has been brought before him.

Your miserable nature is plastered with virtues, like a palm-tree of wax without leaves and fruit.
Explaining that everyone knows the mercy of God, and everyone knows the wrath of God; and all are fleeing from the wrath of God and clinging to the mercy of God; but the Most High God has concealed wraths in mercy and mercies in wrath. This is God’s mystification and disguise and contrivance to the end that the discerning who see by the Light of God may be separated from those who see the present and the visible; for that He might try you, which of you is most righteous in his works.

One dervish said to another, “Tell, what was your vision of the Presence of God?” He replied, “My vision was ineffable; but for the sake of argument I will briefly declare a parable thereof. I beheld Him with a fire on His left, and on the right a stream like Kawthar:

On His left an exceedingly world-consuming fire, on His right hand a sweet river. One party put forth their hands towards the fire, another party was rejoicing and intoxicated for that Kawthar.

But it was a very topsy-turvy game in the path of every one doomed to perdition or blessed with salvation.

Whoever went into the fire and sparks was emerging from the midst of the water; Whoever went from the middle towards the water, he was at once found to be in the fire; Whoever went towards the right and the limpid water would put forth his head from the fire on the left; And he who went towards the fiery left, would emerge on the right.

Few were they who hit upon the mystery of this occult matter; consequently, seldom would any one go into the fire; Except him upon whom felicity was shed, so that he abandoned the water and took refuge in the fire.

The people made the pleasure that was actually present their object of worship; consequently the people were swindled by this game.
Troop by troop and rank by rank, on their guard against the fire and fleeing greedily and in haste towards the water.

Of necessity, they lifted up their heads from the fire.

Take warning; take warning, O heedless man!

The fire was crying, ‘O crazy fools, I am not fire, I am a delectable fountain.

A spell has been cast on your eyes, O sightless one: come into me and never flee from the sparks.

O Khalíl, here are no sparks and smoke: it is nothing but the sorcery and deceit of Nimrod.

If, like the Friend of God, you are wise, the fire is your water, and you are the moth.”

The soul of the moth is always crying, “Oh, alas, would that I had a hundred thousand wings, that they might be consumed without mercy by the fire, to the blindness of the eyes and hearts of the profane!

The ignorant man pities me from stupidity: I pity him from clairvoyance.

Especially this fire, which is the soul of waters; the behaviour of the moth is contrary to ours. It sees the light and goes into a Fire; the heart sees the fire and goes into a Light.”

Such a game is played by the Glorious God in order that you may see who belongs to the kin of Khalíl.

A fire has been given the semblance of water, and in the fire a fountain has been opened.

A magician by his art makes a dish of rice a dish full of worms in the assembly; by the breath of magic he has caused a room to appear full of scorpions, though in truth there were no scorpions.

When sorcery produces a hundred such illusions, how must be the cunning of the Creator of sorcery?

Of necessity, through the magic of God generation after generation have fallen down, like a woman flat beneath her husband.

Their magicians were slaves and servants, and fell into the trap like wagtails.
Listen, read the Qur’an and behold lawful magic
the overthrow of plots as the mountains.

“I am not Pharaoh that I should come to the Nile;
I am going towards the fire, like Khalil.

It is not fire; it is flowing water,
the other, through cunning, is water whereof the nature is fire.

Excellently well said the complaisant Prophet, “A mote of intelligence is better for you than fasting and performing the ritual prayer,”

Because your intelligence is the substance, these two are accidents:
these two are made obligatory in the full complement of it,

In order that the mirror may have lustre;
for purity comes to the breast from piety.

But if the mirror is fundamentally depraved,
after a long time does the polisher get it back;

While the fine mirror, which is a goodly planting-ground,
a little polishing is enough for it.

The diversity of intelligences in their nature as originally created;
opposed to the Mu’tazilites, who assert that particular intelligences are originally equal,
and that this superiority and diversity is the result of learning and training and experience.

Know well that intelligences differ thus in degree
from the earth to the sky.

There is intelligence like the orb of the sun;
there is an intelligence inferior to Venus and the meteor.

There is intelligence like a tipsy lamp;
there is intelligence like a star of fire,

Because, when the cloud is removed from it,
it produces intellects that behold the Light of God.

The particular intelligence has given the intelligence a bad name:
worldly desire has deprived the man of his desire.

That, through being a prey, beheld the beauty of the Hunting,
while this, through being a hunter, suffered the pain of being a prey.

The former, through service, gained the pride of lordship,
while the latter, through lordship, turned from the path of glory.
The latter, through being a Pharaoh, was taken captive by the water, while the Israelites, through captivity, became a hundred Suhrabs.

It is a topsy-turvy game and a terrible quandary; do not try cunning: it is a matter of favour and fortune.

Do not weave plots in vain imagination and cunning; for the Self-sufficient One does not give way to the contriver.

Contrive, in the way of one who serves God well, that you may gain the position of a prophet in a religious community.

Contrive that you may be delivered from your own contrivance; contrive that you may become detached from the body.

Contrive that you may become the meanest slave: if you enter into meanness, you will become lordly.

Never, O old wolf, practise foxiness and perform service with the purpose of lordship;

But rush into the fire like a moth: do not hoard up that, play for love!

Renounce power and adopt piteous supplication: mercy comes towards piteous supplication, O dervish.

The piteous supplication of one sorely distressed and athirst is real; the piteous cold supplication of falsehood is proper to the miscreant.

The weeping of Joseph's brethren is a trick, for their hearts are full of envy and infirmity.

The dog was dying, and the Arab sobbing, shedding tears, and crying, "Oh, sorrow!"

A beggar passed by and asked, “What is this sobbing? For whom are you mourning and lamenting?”

He replied, “There was in my possession a dog of excellent disposition. Look, he is dying on the road.

He hunted for me by day and kept watch by night; keen-eyed and catching the prey and driving off thieves.”
He asked, “What ails him? Has he been wounded?”
The Arab replied, “Ravenous hunger has made him lamentable.”

“Show some patience,” said he, “in this pain and anguish: the grace of God bestows a recompense on those who are patient.”

Afterwards he said to him, “O noble chief, what is this full wallet in your hand?”

He replied, “My bread and provender and food left over from last night, I am taking along to nourish my body.”

“Why don’t you give bread and food to the dog?” he asked.
He replied, “I have not love and liberality to this extent.
Bread cannot be obtained on the road without money, but water from the eyes costs nothing.”

He said, “Earth be on your head, O water-skin full of wind!
For in your opinion a crust of bread is better than tears.”

Tears are blood and have been turned by grief into water: idle tears have not the value of earth.

He made the whole of himself despicable, like Iblís:
a piece of this whole is naught but vile.

I am the slave of that high-aspiring copper
which humbles itself to naught but the Elixir.

Lift up in prayer a broken hand:
the loving kindness of God flies towards the broken.

If you have need of deliverance from this narrow dungeon, O brother,
go without delay on the fire.

Regard God’s contrivance and abandon your own contrivance:
oh, by His contrivance the contrivance of contrivers is put to shame.

When your contrivance is negated in the contrivance of the Lord,
you will open a most marvellous hiding-place,
Of which hiding-place the least is everlasting life in ascending and mounting higher.
Explaining that no evil eye is so deadly to a man as the eye of self-approval, unless his eye shall have been transformed by the Light of God, so that "he hears through Me and sees through Me," and his self shall have become selfless.

Do not regard your peacock-feathers but regard your feet, in order that the mischief of the eye may not waylay you;

For a mountain slips at the eye of the wicked: read and mark in the Qur'an they cause you to stumble

From looking, Ahmad, like a mountain, slipped in the middle of the road, without mud and without rain.

He remained in astonishment, saying, "Why this slipping? I do not think that this occurrence is empty;"

Until the Verse came and made him aware that this had happened to him in consequence of the evil eye and enmity.

"Had it been anyone except you, he would at once have been annihilated: he would have become the prey of the eye and in thrall to destruction;

But there came a protection, sweeping along, and your slipping was for a sign."

Take a warning, look on that mountain, and do not expose your leaf, O you who are less than a straw.

Commentary on “And truly those who disbelieve nearly cause you to slip by their eyes.”

"O Messenger of Allah, some persons in that assembly smites with their eye the vultures.

By their looks the head of the lion of the jungle is cloven asunder, so that the lion makes moan.

He casts on a camel an eye like death, and then sends a slave after it,

Saying, 'Go, and buy some of the fat of this camel': he sees the camel fallen dead on the road.

Mortally stricken by disease the camel that used to vie with a horse in speed;
For, without any doubt, from envy and the evil eye the celestial sphere would alter its course and revolution.”

The water is hidden and the water-wheel is visible, yet as regards revolution the water is the source of action.

The remedy of the evil eye is the good eye: it makes the evil eye naught beneath its kick.

Mercy has the precedence: The good eye is from mercy, the evil eye is the product of wrath and a curse.

His mercy overcomes His vengeance: hence every prophet prevailed over his adversary;

For he is the result of mercy and is the opposite of him: that ill-favoured one was the result of wrath.

The greed of the duck is single, this is fiftyfold: the greed of lust is a snake, while this eminence is a dragon.

The sin of Adam arose from the belly and sexual intercourse, and that of Iblís from pride and power.

Consequently, he at once besought pardon, while the accursed disdained to repent.

The greed of the gullet and pudendum is in truth depravity; but it is not ambition: it is abasement.

If I should relate the root and branch of dominion, another Book would be needed.

“Devilry” (shaytanat) in lexicology is “rebelliousness”: this quality is deserving of a curse.

There is room for a hundred eaters round a table, there is not room in the world for two seekers of dominion.

You have heard that kingship is childless: the seeker of sovereignty has cut relationship because of fear;
For he is childless and has no son:
like fire, he has no kinship with anyone.

530 Whatsoever he finds he destroys and tears to pieces:
when he finds nothing, he devours himself.

Become naught, escape from his teeth:
do not seek mercy from his anvil like heart.

After you have become naught, do not fear the anvil:
take lessons every morning from absolute poverty.

Divinity is the mantle of the Lord of glory:
it becomes a plague to anyone who puts it on.

His is the crown, ours the belt:
woe to him that passes beyond his proper bound!

Your peacock-feathers are a temptation to you,
for you must needs have co-partnership and All-holiness.

A peacock was tearing out his feathers in the open country,
where a sage had gone for a walk.

He said, “O peacock, how are you tearing out such fine feathers
remorselessly from the root?

How indeed is your heart consenting that you should tear off
these gorgeous robes and let them fall in the mud?

Those who commit the Qur’an to memory place every feather of yours,
on account of its being prized and acceptable, within the folding of the Book.

For the sake of stirring the healthful air
your feathers are used as fans.

What ingratitude and what recklessness is this!
Don’t you know who the decorator is?

Or do you know and are you showing disdain
and purposely tearing out broidery?
Oh, there is many a disdain that becomes a sin and causes the servant to fall from favour with the King.

To show disdain is sweeter than sugar; but chew it not, for it has a hundred perils.

The place of safety is the way of want: abandon disdain and make up with that way.

Oh, many a disdainfulness flapped its wings and plumes, in the end it became a bane to that person.

If the sweetness of disdain exalts you for a moment, its latent fear and dread consumes you;

This want, though it make lean, will make your breast like the brilliant full-moon.

Since He draws forth the living from the dead, he that has become dead keeps the right course;

Since He brings forth the dead from the living, the living soul moves towards a state of death.

Become dead, that the Lord who brings forth the living may bring forth a living one from this dead one.

You become December, you will experience the bringing forth of Spring; you become night, you will experience the advent of day.

Do not tear out your feathers, for it is irreparable: do not cut your face in grief, O beauteous one.

Such a face that resembles the morning sun—it is sinful to tear a countenance like that.

It is infidelity scratches upon a countenance such that the moon's countenance wept at parting from it.

Or do not you see your face? Abandon that rebellious disposition.”
Explaining that the purity and simplicity of the tranquil soul are disturbed by thoughts, just as you write or depict anything on the surface of a mirror, though you may obliterate it entirely, a mark and blemish will remain.

The face of the tranquil soul in the body suffers wounds inflicted by the nails of thought.

Know that evil thought is a poisonous nail: in deep reflection it rends the face of the soul.

In order that he may untie the knot of a difficulty, he has put a golden spade into ordure.

Suppose the knot is loosed, O adept: it is a tight knot on an empty purse.

You have grown old in loosing knots: suppose a few more knots are loosed.

The knot that is tight on our throat is that you should know whether you are vile or fortunate.

Solve this problem, if you are a man: spend your breath on this, if you have the breath of Adam.

Suppose you know the definitions of substances and accidents, know the definition of yourself, for this is indispensable.

When you know the definition of yourself, flee from this definition that you may attain to Him who has no definition O sifter of dust.

Life has gone in predicate and subject: life, devoid of insight, has gone in what has been received by hearsay.

Every proof without result and effect is vain: consider the result of yourself!

You have never perceived a Maker except by means of a thing made: you are content with a syllogism.

The philosopher multiplies links of proofs; on the other hand, the elect is contrary to him.

The latter flees from the proof and from the veil: he has sunk his head in his bosom for the sake of the Object of the proof.

If to him the smoke is a proof of the fire, to us it is sweet in the fire without the smoke,
Especially this Fire which, through nearness and fealty, is nearer to us than the smoke.

Therefore it is black villainy to go from the Soul towards the smoke for the sake of the phantasies of the soul.

In explanation of the saying of the Prophet, on whom be peace, “There is no monkery in Islam.”

“There is no monkery in Islam.

Do not tear out your feathers, but detach your heart from them, because the enemy is the necessary condition for this Holy War.

When there is no enemy, the Holy War is inconceivable; you have no lust, there can be no obedience.

There can be no self-restraint when you have no desire; when there is no adversary, what need for your strength?

Listen, do not castrate yourself, do not become a monk; for chastity is in pawn to lust.

Without sensuality it is impossible to forbid sensuality: heroism cannot be displayed against the dead.

He has said ‘Spend’: therefore earn something, since there can be no expenditure without an old income.

Although He used Spend absolutely, read ‘Earn, then spend.’

Similarly, since the King has given the command ‘Refrain yourselves,’ there must be some desire from which you should avert your face.

Hence ‘Eat’ is for the sake of the snare of appetite; after that ‘Do not exceed’: that is temperance.

When there is no ‘predicate’ in him, the existence of the ‘subject’ is impossible.

When you have not the pain of self-restraint, there is no opening clause: therefore the secondary clause does not follow.

How admirable is that opening clause and how joyful is that secondary clause, a recompense that charms the heart and increases the life of the spirit!
در بيان آن كه ثواب عمل عاشق از حق هم حق است

Explaining that God is the reward bestowed by Him for the work of the lover.

For lovers He is joy and sorrow;
He is their wages and hire for service.

If there be any spectacle except the Beloved,
it is not love: it is an idle passion.

Love is that flame which, when it blazes up,
consumes everything else but the Beloved.

He drives home the sword of Not in order to kill all other than God:
thereupon consider what remains after Not.

There remains except God: all the rest is gone.

Hail, O mighty Love, destroyer of polytheism!

Truly, He is the First and the Last: do not regard polytheism
as arising from aught except the eye that sees double.

The body that has defect in its spirit
will never become sweet, if you smear it with honey.

This he knows who one day was alive
and received a cup from this Soul of the soul;

While to him whose eye has not beheld those cheeks
this smoky heat is the spirit.

Inasmuch as he never saw 'Umar Abdu 'l-Aziz,
to him even Hajjáj seems just.

Inasmuch as he never saw the firmness of the dragon of Moses,
he fancies life in the magic cords.

The bird that has never drunk the limpid water
keeps its wings and feathers in the briny water.

No opposite can be known except through its opposite:
when he suffers blows will he know kindness.

Consequently the present life has come in front,
in order that you may appreciate the realm of Alast.

When you are delivered from this place and go to that place,
you will give thanks in the sugar-shop of everlastingness.
You will say, ‘There I was sifting dust, I was fleeing from this pure world.

Alas, would that I had died before now, so that my being tormented in the mud might have been less!’

Commentary on the saying of the Prophet, on whom be peace, “None ever died without wishing, if he was a righteous man that he had died before he died, in order that he might sooner attain unto felicity; and if he was a wicked man, in order that his wickedness might be less.”

Hence the wise Prophet has said that no one who dies and dismounts from the body

Feels grief on account of departure and death, but grieves because of having failed and missed his opportunities.

In sooth every one that dies wishes that the departure to his destination had been earlier:

If he be wicked, in order that his wickedness might have been less; and if devout, in order that he might have come home sooner.

The wicked man says, ‘I have been heedless, moment by moment I have been adding to the veil.

If my passing had taken place sooner, this screen and veil of mine would have been less.’

Do not in covetousness rend the face of contentment, and do not in pride rend the visage of humility.

Likewise do not in avarice rend the face of munificence, and in devilishness the beauteous countenance of worship.

Do not tear out those feathers which are an ornament to Paradise: do not tear out those feathers which traverse the Way.”

When he heard this counsel, he looked at him and, after that, began to lament and weep.

The long lamentation and weeping of the sorrowful peacock caused everyone who was there to fall a-weeping;

And he who was asking the reason of the peacock’s tearing out his feathers, without an answer repented and wept,
Saying, “Why did I impertinently ask him? He was full of grief: I made him distraught.”

From his moist eyes the water was trickling to the earth: in every drop were contained a hundred answers.

Sincere weeping touches the souls, so that it makes the sky and heaven to weep.

Without any doubt, intellects and hearts are celestial, they live debarred from the celestial light.

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Explaining that the intellect and spirit are imprisoned in clay, like Harut and Marut in the pit of Babylon.

Like Harut and Marut, those two pure ones have been confined here in a horrible pit.

They are in the low and sensual world: they have been confined in this pit on account of sin.

The good and the evil learn magic and the opposite of magic from these two involuntarily;

But first they admonish him, saying, “Beware, do not learn and pick up magic from us: We teach this magic, O such and such, for the purpose of trial and probation;

For probation necessarily involves free-will, and you cannot have any free-will without the power.”

Desires are like sleeping dogs: good and evil are hidden in them.

When there is no power, this troop is asleep and silent like faggots, until a carcass comes into view, the blast of the trumpet of greed strikes on the dogs.

When the carcass of a donkey appears in the parish, a hundred sleeping dogs are awakened by it.

The greedy desires that had gone into the concealment of the Unseen rush out and display themselves.
Every hair on every dog becomes a truth, though they wag their tails for the sake of gaining their object.

His under-half is cunning; the upper is anger, like a poor fire that gets faggots;

Flame on flame reaches from non-spatiality: the smoke of its blaze goes up to the sky.

In this body a hundred such dogs are sleeping: when they have no prey, they are hidden.

Or they resemble falcons with eyes sealed; in the veil consumed with passion for a prey,

Till he lifts the hood and it sees the prey: then it circles the mountains.

The appetite of the sick man is quiescent: his thoughts are going towards health.

When he sees bread and apples and water-melons, his relish and his fear of injury come into conflict.

If he be very self-restrained, the sight is a benefit to him: that stimulation is good for his enfeebled constitution;

But if he have not self-restraint, then it was better he had not seen: it is better the arrow should be far from the man who is without a coat of mail.

The answer of the peacock to his interrogator.

When he had finished weeping, he said, “Begone, for you are in pawn to colour and perfume.

Do not you perceive that on account of these feathers a hundred afflictions approach me on every side?

Oh, many a pitiless fowler always lays a trap for me everywhere for the sake of these feathers.

How many an archer, for the sake of my plumage, shoots arrows at me in the air!

Since I have not strength and self-control from this destiny and this affliction and these tribulations,

It is better I should be ugly and hideous, that I may be safe amidst these mountains and deserts.
These are the weapons of my pride, O noble sir: pride brings a hundred afflictions on the proud.

Explaining that accomplishments and intellectual abilities and worldly wealth are enemies to life, like the peacock's feathers.

Accomplishments, then, destroy the ignorant man, for in his pursuit of the bait he does not see the trap.

Free-will is good for him who is master of himself in ‘Fear God.’

When there is no safeguarding and piety, beware, put far the instrument: drop free-will.

Those feathers are the object of my display and freewill: I will tear out the feathers, for they are in quest of my head.

The self-restrained man deems his feathers to be naught, in order that his feathers may not cast him into calamity and bale.

Therefore his feathers are no harm to him: let him not tear them out, if an arrow come he will present the shield.

But to me my beauteous feathers are an enemy, since I cannot restrain myself from making a display.

If self-restraint and safeguarding had been my guide, my conquest would have been increased by free-will;

In the case of temptations I am like a child or a drunk man: the sword is unsuitable in my hand.

Had I possessed an intellect and conscience, the sword in my hand would have been victory.

An intellect giving light like the sun is needed to wield the sword that never misses the right direction.

Since I do not possess a resplendent intellect and righteousness, why, then, should not I throw my weapons into the well?

I now throw my sword and shield into the well; for they will become the weapons of my adversary.

Since I do not possess strength and aid and support, he will seize my sword and smite me with it.

In spite of this fleshly soul and evil-natured one who does not veil her face, I will rend my face,
That this beauty and perfection may be impaired.
When my face remains no more, I shall not fall into woe.

When I shatter this intention, it is no sin,
for this face ought to be covered with wounds.

If my heart had a modest disposition,
my handsome face would produce naught but purity.

Since I did not see strength and wisdom and righteousness,
I saw the adversary and at once broke my weapons,

Lest my sword should become useful to him;
lest my dagger should become hurtful to me

I will continue to flee as long as my veins are running,
how should it be easy to escape from one’s self?

He who is in flight from another
obtains rest when he has been separated from him.

I, who am the adversary, it is I that am in flight:
rising and departing is my occupation forever.

He whose adversary is his own shadow
is not safe either in India or Khutan.

When, through poverty, fana graces him,
he becomes without shadow like Mohammed.

Fana graced, ‘Poverty is my pride’;
he became without shadow like the flame of a candle.

The candle has become entirely flame from head to foot;
the shadow has no passage around it.

The wax (candle) fled from itself and from the shadow
into the radiance for the sake of Him who moulded the candle.

He said, ‘I moulded you for the sake of fana.’
It replied, ‘I accordingly took refuge in fana.’

This is the necessary everlasting radiance,
not the radiance of the perishable accidental candle.
When the candle is wholly negated in the fire, you will not see any trace of the candle or rays.

Manifestly, in dispelling the darkness, the external flame is maintained by a wax candle;

The candle the body is contrary to the wax candle, since in proportion as that dwindles, the light of the spirit is increased.

This is the everlasting radiance, and that is perishable: the candle of the spirit has a Divine flame.

Since this tongue of fire was light, it was far from it to become a perishable shadow.

The cloud's shadow falls on the earth: the shadow never consorts with the moon.

Selflessness is cloudlessness, O well-disposed one: in selflessness you will be like the orb of the moon.

Again, when a cloud comes, driven along, the light goes: of the moon there remains a phantom.

Its light is made feeble by the cloud-veil: that noble full-moon becomes less than the new moon.

The moon is made to appear a phantom by clouds and dust: the cloud, the body, has caused us to conceive phantasies.

Behold the kindness of the Moon; for this too is His kindness, that He has said, ‘The clouds are enemies to Us.’

The Moon is independent of clouds and dust: the Moon has His orbit aloft in the sky.

The cloud is our mortal enemy and adversary because it hides the Moon from our eyes.

This veil makes the houri a hag: it makes the full-moon less than a new moon.

The Moon has seated us in the lap of glory: He has called our foe His enemy.

The splendour and beauty of the cloud is from the Moon, whoever calls the cloud the Moon is much astray.

Since the light of the Moon has been poured down upon the cloud, its dark face has been transfigured by the Moon.

Although it is of the same colour as the Moon and is associated with empire, in the cloud the light of the Moon is borrowed.
At the Resurrection the sun and moon are discharged: 
the eye is occupied in the Source of radiance, 
In order that it may know the possession from the loan, 
and this perishable caravanseray from the everlasting abode. 
The nurse is borrowed for three or four days: 
do you, O Mother, take us into your bosom! 
My feathers are the cloud and are a veil and gross; 
by the reflection of God's loveliness are they made lovely. 

I will pluck my feathers and their beauty from the Way 
that I may behold the Moon's beauty from the Moon. 
I do not want the nurse; Mother is fairer. 
I am like Moses: Mother is my nurse. 
I do not want the loveliness of the Moon through an intermediary, 
for this link is perdition to the people; 
Unless a cloud becomes negated in the Way 
in order that it may not be a veil to the face of the Moon. 

In the aspect of la it displays the Moon's form, 
like the bodies of the prophets and saints. 
Such a cloud is not veil-tying; 
it is in reality veil-tearing salutary. 
It is as when, on a bright morning, 
drops of rain were falling though there was no cloud above. 
That water-skin was a miracle of the Prophet: from self-effacement 
the cloud had become of the same colour as the sky. 
The cloud was, but the cloud-nature had gone from it: 
the body of the lover becomes like this by means of renunciation. 
It is body, but materiality has vanished from it: 
it has been transfigured; colour and perfume have gone from it. 

Feathers are for the sake of others, while head is for my own sake: 
the abode of hearing and sight is the pillar of the body. 
Know that to sacrifice the spirit for the sake of catching others 
is absolute infidelity and despair of good. 
Beware! Do not be like sugar before parrots; 
nay, be a poison, be secure from loss; 
Or, for the sake of having a 'Bravo' addressed to you, 
make yourself a carcass in the presence of dogs!
Therefore Khadir scuttled the boat for this purpose that the boat might be delivered from him who would have seized it by force.

715 ‘Poverty is my pride’ is sublime: for the purpose that I may take refuge from the covetous with Him who is Self-sufficient.

Treasures are deposited in a ruined spot to the end that they may escape the greed of those who dwell in places of cultivation.

You cannot tear out your feathers, go, and adopt solitude, that you may not be entirely squandered by that one and this one;

For you are both the morsel and the eater of the morsel: you are the devourer and the devoured. Apprehend O soul!

Explaining that everything except God is devouring and devoured, like the bird that was in pursuit of a locust and occupied in chasing it and oblivious of the hungry hawk behind its own back, that was about to seize it. Now, O hunting and devouring man; be not secure against your own hunter and devourer. Though with the sight of the eye you do not see him, see him with the eye of serious consideration till the opening of the eye of the inmost heart.

A little bird was hunting a worm: a cat found its opportunity and seized it.

It was a devourer and a thing devoured, and in its hunting was ignorant of another hunter.

Although the thief is in hunting articles of property, the prefect of police along with his enemies is behind him.

His mind is occupied with chattels and lock and door: he is heedless of the prefect and of the outcry at dawn.

He is so absorbed in his passion he gives no heed to his seekers and pursuers.

If the herbage is drinking pure water, afterwards an animal's belly will feed on it.

725 That grass is devouring and devoured: even so everything that exists except God.

Since He is and He feeds you and is not fed, God is not devouring and devoured, flesh and skin.
How should that which is devouring and devoured be secure from a devourer who dwells in a hiding-place?

The security of those who are devoured brings mourning in its train: go to the Portal of Him who is not fed.

Every phantasy is devouring another phantasy: thought feeds on another thought.

You cannot be delivered from any phantasy or fall asleep so as to escape from it.

Thoughts are like hornets, and your sleep is like the water: when you awake, the hornets come back,

And many hornet-like phantasies fly in and draw you this way and take you that way.

The security of those who are devoured brings mourning in its train: go to the Portal of Him who is not fed.

Every phantasy is devouring another phantasy: thought feeds on another thought.

Thoughts are like hornets, and your sleep is like the water: when you awake, the hornets come back,

And many hornet-like phantasies fly in and draw you this way and take you that way.

This phantasy is the least of the devourers: the Almighty knows the others.

Listen; flee from the troop of huge devourers towards Him who has said, 'We are your protector'; Or towards one who has gained that protection, if you cannot hasten towards the Protector.

Do not surrender your hand save to the hand of the Pir; God has become the aider of his hand.

The Pir, your intellect, has become childish from being a neighbour to the carnal soul which is in the veil.

Associate the perfect intelligence with your understanding, in order that your understanding may return from that evil disposition.

When you lay your hand in his, then you will escape from the hand of the devourers,

And your hand will become one of the Covenanters above whose hands is the Hand of Allah.

When you have put your hand in the hand of the Pir, the Pir of wisdom who is knowing and eminent,

Who is the prophet of his own time, O disciple, so that the Light of the Prophet is manifested by him,

By this means you have been present at Hudaybiya and have been associated with the Companions who took the Covenant.

Therefore you have become one of the ten Friends to whom the glad tidings were given, and have been made pure like sterling gold.
To the end that communion may be made perfect; for a man is united with that one whom he has made his friend.

He is with him in this world and in that world; and this is the Hadith of sweet-natured Ahmad,

Said 'A man is with him whom he loves':
the heart is not severed from its object of desire.

Do not sit in any place where there is a trap and bait:
O you who regard others as weak, go, consider those who regard as weak.

O you who regard the weak as weak, know this, there is a hand above your hand, O youth.

You are weak and you regard others as weak. Oh, wonderful!
You are at once the prey and the pursuing hunter.

Be not before and behind a barrier,
so that you cannot see the enemy, though the enemy is manifest.

The greed of hunting makes oblivious of being a prey:
he tries to win hearts he has lost his own.

Be not you inferior to a bird in seeking:
a sparrow sees before and behind.

When it approaches the grain, at that moment it turns its head
and face several times to front and rear,

Oh, I wonder whether there is a fowler in front of me or behind,
so that for fear of him I should abstain from this food.'

Do you see behind the story of the wicked;
see before the death of friend and neighbour,

Whom He destroyed without any instrument:
He is close to you in every circumstance.

God inflicted torment, and there is no mace or hand:
know, then, that God is one who deals justice without hands.

He who was saying, 'If God exists, where is He?'
was confessing on the rack that it is He.

He who was saying, 'This is far-fetched and marvellous'
was shedding tears and crying, 'O You who are near!'

Since he has deemed it necessary to flee from the trap,
the trap for you is in fact stuck fast to your feathers.

I will tear out the pin of this ill-fated trap:
I will not suffer bitter grief for the sake of a desire.

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I have given you this answer suitable to your understanding:
apprehend and do not avert your face from seeking.

Snap this cord, which is greed and envy:
remember on her neck a cord of palm-fibres.”

The reason why Khalil, on whom be peace, killed the crow,
indicating the subjugation of certain blameworthy and pernicious qualities in the disciple.

There is no end and completion to this discourse.
O Friend of God, why didst you kill the crow?

Because of the command. What was the wisdom of the command?
A small part of the mysteries thereof must be shown.

The cawing and noisy cry of the black crow
is ever asking for life in this world.

Like Iblis, it besought the holy and incomparable God
for bodily life till the Resurrection.

He said, “Grant me a respite till the Day of Retribution.”
Would that he had said, “We repent, O our Lord.”

Life without repentance is all agony of spirit:
to be absent from God is present death.

Life and death—both these are sweet with God:
without God the Water of Life is fire.

Moreover, it was from the effect of the curse
that in such a Presence he was requesting life.

To crave of God anything other than God
is the supposition of gain, and it is entire loss;
Especially a life sunk in estrangement
is to behave like a fox in the presence of the lion,

“Give me longer life that I may go farther back;
grant me more time that I may become less.”

That he is a mark for the curse:
evil is that one who seeks to be accursed.

The goodly life is to nourish the spirit in nearness;
the crow’s life is for the sake of eating shit.
"Give me more life that I may be ever eating shit: give me this always, for I am very evil-natured."

Were it not that that foul-mouthed one is a shit-eater, he would say, "Deliver me from the nature of the crow!"

Manjât

Prayer.

780 O You who have transmuted one clod of earth into gold, and another clod into the Father of mankind,

Your work is the transmutation of essences and munificence; my work is mistake and forgetfulness and error.

Transmute mistake and forgetfulness into knowledge:
I am all choler, make me patience and forbearance.

783 O You who make nitrous earth to be bread, and O You who make dead bread to be life,

O You who make the distracted soul to be a Guide, and O You who make the wayless wanderer to be a Prophet,

You make a piece of earth to be heaven;
You give increase in the earth from the stars.

Whosoevert makes the Water of Life to consist of this world, death comes to him sooner than to the others.

The eye of the heart that contemplated the firmament perceived that here is a continual alchemy.

The harmonious cohesion of the patched garment, the body, without being stitched, is the transmutation of essences and an all-embracing elixir.

From the day when you came into existence, you were fire or air or earth.

790 If you had remained in that condition, how should this height have been reached by you?

The Transmuter did not leave you in your first existence: He established a better existence in the place of that;

And so on till a hundred thousand states of existence, one after the other, the second better than the beginning.

Regard from the Transmuter; leave the intermediaries, for by the intermediaries you will become far from their Origin.
Wherever the intermediaries increase, union is removed:
the intermediaries are less; the delight of union is greater.

By knowing the intermediaries your bewilderment is diminished:
your bewilderment gives you admission to the Presence.

You have gained these lives from deaths:
why have you averted your face from dying in Him?

What did you lose from those deaths
that you have clung to life, O rat?

Since your second is better than your first,
therefore seek to die, and worship the Transmuter.

O contumacious man, you have experienced a hundred thousand resurrections
at every moment from the beginning of your existence until now:

From inanimateness unconsciously towards plant life,
and from vegetation towards life and tribulation;
Again, towards reason and goodly discernments;
again, towards outside of these five senses and six directions.

These footprints extend as far as the shore of the Ocean;
then the footprints disappear in the Ocean;
Because, from precaution, the resting-places on the dry land
are villages and dwellings and caravanserays,

On the contrary the resting-places of the Ocean, when its billows swell,
have no floor or roof during stay and detention.

These stages have no visible beacon:
these resting-places have neither sign nor name.

Between every two resting-places Yonder there is a hundred times as much
as from the vegetal state to the Essential Spirit.

You have seen this life in deaths:
how, are you attached to the life of the body?

Come, O crow, give up this soul! Be a falcon;
be self-sacrificing in the presence of the Divine transmutation.

Take the new and surrender the old,
for every “this year” of yours is superior to three “last years.”

If you will not be lavish like the date-palm,
pile old rags on old rags and make a heap,

And offer the stinking and rotten old rags
to every blind man.
He that has seen the new is not your customer: he is God's prey; he is not your captive.

Wherever is a flock of blind birds, they will gather around you, O brackish flood-water,

That blindness may be increased by brackish waters; for brackish water increases blindness.

Hence the worldly are blind of heart: they are drinkers of the brackish water of clay.

Continue to give brackish water and buy the blind in the world, since you have not the Water of Life within you.

In such a state you would happily live and be remembered: in blackness of face, like a Negro, you are rejoicing.

The Negro in blackness is pleased, for he has been a negro by birth and nature;

He that for a day is beloved and beautiful, if he become black, will seek to repair.

When the bird that can fly remains on the earth, it is in anguish and grief and lamentation;

The domestic fowl walks complacently on the earth: it runs about picking grain and happy and bold,

Because by nature it was without flight, while the other was a flier and open-winged.

The Prophet, on whom be peace, said, “Pity three (classes of men):
the mighty man of a people who is abased, and the rich man of a people who is impoverished, and a learned man whom the ignorant make sport of.”

The Prophet said, “Take pity on the soul of him who was rich and then became poor,

And on him who was mighty and became despised, or on one virtuous and learned amongst the Mudar.”
Him who was made lowly after having been a chief, and the rich man, too, who became impecunious,

And, thirdly, the learned man who in this world becomes afflicted the foolish;

For to come from high to low estate is like the amputation of a limb from the body."

The limb that is cut off from the body becomes dead: newly cut off, it moves, but not for long.

830 He who drank of the cup of Alast last year, this year he suffers the pain and headache,

While he who, like a dog, is by nature attached to the kennel — how should he have the desire for sovereignty?

He that has sinned seeks to repent; he that has lost the way cries "Alas!"

قصة اهل دنيا و اهل هوا و شهرت كه الاسلام بدا غريبا و سيعود غريبا فطوبى للغرباء صدق رسول الله (ص)

Story of the young gazelle being confined in the donkey-stable, and how the donkey assailed the stranger, now with hostility and now with mockery, and how it was afflicted by dry straw which is not its food. And this is a description of the chosen servant of God amongst human beings and those addicted to passion and sensuality; for "Islam strange appeared, and will become strange again, and blessed are the strangers." The Messenger of Allah spoke the truth.

A hunter captured a gazelle:
the merciless man put it into a stable.

Like oppressors, he made a stable full of cows and donkeys the prison of the gazelle.

835 The gazelle, wild with terror, was fleeing in every direction: at night he poured straw before the donkeys.

By hunger and appetite, every cow and donkey was devouring the straw, sweeter than sugar.

Now the gazelle would run in fright from side to side, now it would turn its face away from the smoke and dust of the straw.

Whosoever is left with his opposite, they have deemed that punishment as death,
So that Solomon said, “Unless the hoopoe makes a respectable excuse for his absence, I will kill him or inflict upon him a torment, a torment severe beyond calculation.”

Listen, what is that torment, O trusted? To be in a cage without your same kind.

O Man, you art in torment on account of this body: the bird, your spirit, is imprisoned with one of another kind.

The spirit is a falcon, and the properties are crows: it has painful brands from the crows and owls.

It remains amongst them in sore misery, like an Abu Bakr in the city of Sabzawár.

\[\begin{align*}
\text{Story of Muhammad Khwárizmsháh who took by war the city of Sabzawár, where all are Ráfízís (extreme Shi'ites). They begged him to spare their lives, he said, “I will grant security as soon as you produce from this city a man named Abu Bakr and present him to me.”}
\end{align*}\]

\[\begin{align*}
\text{He replied, “You will not save your lives from me unless you bring an Abu Bakr into my presence.}
\end{align*}\]
They offered him many sacks of gold, saying, “Do not demand an Abu Bakr from a city like this.

How should there be an Abu Bakr in Sabzawár, or a dry sod in the river?”

He averted his face from the gold and said, “O Magians, unless you bring me an Abu Bakr as an offering, it is of no avail. I am not a child that I should stand dumbfounded by gold and silver.”

Unless you prostrate yourself, you will not escape, O wretch, if you traverse the mosque on your séant.

They dispatched emissaries, where in this desolate place an Abu Bakr was.

After three days and three nights, during which they made haste, they found an emaciated Abu Bakr.

He was a wayfarer and, on account of sickness, had remained in the corner of a ruin, in utter exhaustion.

He was lying in a ruined nook.

“When you Symbol of the city, you said to them hurriedly, “Arise! The Sultan has demanded you: by you our city will be saved from slaughter.”

He replied, “If I had the foot or any arrival, I myself would have gone by my own road to my destination. How should I have remained in this abode of my enemies? I would have pushed on towards the city of my friends.”

They raised the corpse-bearers’ board and lifted our Abu Bakr.

The carriers were taking him along to Khwárizmsháh, that he might behold the token.

Sabzawár is this world, and in this place the man of God is wasted and good for-nothing.

Khwárizmsháh is God Almighty: He demands from this wicked folk the heart.

The Prophet said, “He does not regard your form: therefore in your devising seek you the owner of the Heart.”

“I regard you through the owner of the Heart, not because of the marks of prostration and the giving away of gold.”
Since you have deemed your heart to be the Heart, you have abandoned the search after those who possess the Heart—

The Heart into which if seven hundred like these Seven Heavens should enter, they would be lost and hidden.

Do not call such fragments of heart as these “the Heart”: do not seek an Abu Bakr in Sabzawár!

The owner of the Heart becomes a six-faced mirror: through him God looks upon the six directions.

Whosoever has his dwelling-place in six directions God doth not look upon him except through the mediation of him.

If He reject, He does it for his sake; and if He accept, he likewise is the authority.

Without him God does not bestow bounty on any one. I have told one sample of the possessor of union.

He lays His gift on the palm of his hand, and from his palm dispenses it to those who are the objects of His mercy.

The unity of the Universal Sea with his palm is unqualified and unconditional and perfect.

A unity that is not containable in words—to speak of it was a vain task, so farewell.

O rich man, you bring a hundred sacks of gold, God will say, “Bring the Heart, O you that are bent. If the Heart is pleased with you, I am pleased; and if it be averse to you, I am averse. I do not regard you, I regard that Heart: bring it, O soul, as a gift to My door! According as it is in relation to you, so am I: Paradise is under the feet of mothers.”

It is the mother and father and origin of the creatures: oh, blest is that one who knows the Heart from the skin.

You will say, “Lo, I have brought You a heart”: He will say to you, “Qutú is full of these hearts. Bring the Heart that is the Qutb of the world and the soul of the soul of the soul of the soul of Adam.”

The Sultan of hearts is waiting expectantly for that Heart full of light and goodness.
You may wander days in Sabzawár;
you will not find a Heart like that by careful observation.

Then you will lay upon a bier the corrupt heart,
whose soul is rotten, to carry Yonder,
And say, “I bring You a heart, O King:
there is no better heart than this in Sabzawár.”

He will answer you, saying, “O audacious man,
is this a graveyard that you should bring a dead heart here?
Go, bring the Heart that is kingly,
from which is the security of the Sabzawár of existence.”

You may say that that Heart is hidden from this world,
because darkness and light are opposites.

From the Day of Alast there is a hereditary enmity of that Heart
to the Sabzawár of the carnal nature;
For it is a falcon, while this world is the city of the crow: the sight of one
who is uncongenial inflicts pain upon him who is not his congener;
And if he behaves with mildness, he is acting hypocritically:
he is seeking an advantage for himself by conciliating.

He assents, not on account of sincere feeling,
in order that the admonisher may curtail his long admonition;
For the vile carrion-seeking crow
has a hundred thousand manifold tricks.

If they accept his hypocrisy, he is saved: his hypocrisy becomes identical
with the sincerity of him who benefits by instruction,
Because the august owner of the Heart
is a buyer of damaged goods in our bazaar.

Seek the owner of the Heart, if you are not soulless: become a congener
of the Heart, if you are not an adversary of the Sultan.
That one whose hypocrisy pleases you, he is your saint,
not the elect of God.
Whosoever lives in accordance with your disposition and nature
seems to your nature to be a saint and a prophet.

Go, renounce sensuality in order that the scent may be yours
and that the sweet ambergris-seeking organ of smell may be yours.
Your nose is corrupted by sensual indulgence:
to your sense of smell musk and ambergris are unsalable.
This discourse has no bound, 
and our gazelle is running to and fro in flight in the stable.

**The remainder of the Story of the gazelle in the donkey-stable.**

During days the sweet-navelled male gazelle was in torment in the donkey-stable,

Like a fish wriggling in the death-agony from dry ground, dung and musk tortured in the same box.

One donkey would say to his neighbour, 
"Ha! This wild fellow has the nature of kings and princes. Hush!"

And the other would mock, saying, 
"By ebb and flow he has gained a pearl: how should he sell cheaply?"

And another donkey would say, 
"With this fastidiousness, let him recline on the imperial throne!"

A certain donkey became ill with indigestion and was unable to eat; therefore he gave the gazelle a formal invitation.

He shook his head, "Nay, Begone, O such-and-such: I have no appetite, I am unwell."

He replied, "I know that you are showing disdain, or holding aloof in regard for your reputation."

He said to himself, "That is your food, whereby your limbs are revived and renewed."

I have been familiar with a pasture; I have reposed amongst clear water and meadows.

If Destiny has cast me into torment, how should that goodly disposition and nature depart?

If I have become a beggar, how should I have the face of a beggar?

And if my raiment becomes old, I am new.

I have eaten hyacinth and anemone and sweet basil too with a thousand disdains and disgusts."

He said, "Yes; boast and boast and boast away! In a strange country one can utter many an idle brag."

He replied, "Truly my musk gland bears witness: it confers a favour on aloes-wood and ambergris."
But who will listen to that? He that has the sense of smell.
It is taboo for the donkey addicted to dung.

The donkey smells donkey's urine on the road:
how should I offer musk to this class?”

Hence the Prophet, responsive, spoke, the parable,
“Islam is a stranger in this world,”

Because even his (the true Moslem’s) kinsfolk are fleeing from him,
though the angels are in harmony with his essence.

The people deem his form homogeneous,
but they do not perceive in him that fragrance.

Like a lion in the shape of a cow:
behold him from afar but do not investigate him!

And if you investigate, take leave of the cow, the body;
for that lion natured one will tear the cow to pieces.

He will expel the bovine nature from your head;
he will uproot animality from the animal.

You are a cow, you will become a lion near him;
if you are glad to be a cow, do not seek to be a lion.

Commentary on “Truly I saw seven fat cows which seven lean cows devoured.”
God had created those lean cows with the qualities of hungry lions, to the end that they might
devour the seven fat ones with avidity. Although the forms of those cows
were shown as phantoms in the mirror of dream, do you regard the reality!

The Lord of Egypt saw in dream,
when the door of his inward eye was opened,

Seven fat cows, exceedingly well-nourished:
the seven lean cows devoured them.

The lean ones were lions within;
else they would not have been devouring the cows.

The man of works, then, is human in appearance,
but in him is concealed a man-eating lion.

He heartily devours the man and makes him single:
his dregs become pure if he inflicts pain upon him.
By that one pain he is delivered from all dregs: he sets his foot upon Suha.

How long will you speak like the ill-omened crow? "O Khalil, wherefore didst you kill the cock?"

He replied, “The command.” “Tell the wisdom of the command, that I may glorify that punctiliously.

Explaining that the killing of the cock by Abraham, on whom be peace, signifies the subdual and subjugation of certain blameworthy and pernicious qualities in the heart of the disciple.

He is lustful and much addicted to lust, intoxicated by that poisonous insipid wine.

Had not lust been for the sake of procreation, O executor, Adam for shame of it would have made himself a eunuch.

The accursed Iblis said to the Dispenser of justice, “I want a powerful snare for this prey.”

He showed to him gold and silver and herds of horses, saying, “By means of this you can seduce mankind.”

He cried “Bravo!” but let his lip drop sourly: he became wrinkled and sour like a lemon.

Then God offered to that fallen-one gold and jewels from His goodly mines,

Saying, “Take this other snare, O accursed one.”

He replied, “Give more than this, O most excellent Helper.”

He gave him oily and sweet and costly sherbets and many silken robes.

He said, “O Lord, I want more assistance than this, to bind them with a cord of palm-fibre.

In order that Your devotees, who are fierce and courageous, may manfully burst those bonds,

And that by means of this snare and cords of sensuality Your man may be separated from the unmanly,

I want another snare, O Sovereign of the throne—a mighty cunning snare that will lay men low.”
He brought and placed before him wine and harp: thereat he smiled faintly and was moderately pleased.

He sent a message to the eternal Foreordainment of perdition, saying, “Raise dust from the bottom of the sea of temptation.

Is not Moses one of Your servants? He tied veils of dust on the sea.

The water retreated on every side: from the bottom of the sea a dust shot up.”

When He showed unto him the beauty of women that was prevailing over the reason and self-restraint of men,

Then he snapped his fingers and began to dance, crying, “Give me as quickly as possible: I have attained my desire.”

When he saw those languorous eyes which make the reason and understanding unquiet,

And the loveliness of that fascinating cheek on which this heart burns like rue-seed,

Face and mole and eyebrow and lip like cornelian, it was as though God shone forth through a subtle veil.

He deemed that coquetry and light springing gait to be like the revelation of Divine glory through a thin veil.

Commentary on “We created Man in the best proportion, then We reduced him to the lowest of the low”; and on “And to whomsoever We grant long life, We cause him to relapse in constitution.”

The beauty personified in Adam, to whom the angels bow down, is afterwards deposed, like Adam.

It cries, “Alas, after existence non-existence!”

He says, “Your crime is this, that you have lived too long.”

Gabriel, dragging it by the hair, leads it away, saying, “Leave this Paradise and the company of the fair ones.”

It says, “What is this abasement after exaltation?”

He replies, “That is a gift, and this is judgement on you.”

“O Gabriel, you bowed down with your soul: why are you now driving me from Paradise?”
My robes are flying from me in tribulation, like leaves from the date-palm in the season of autumn.”

The countenance whose splendour was moon-like becomes with old age like the back of the Libyan lizard;

And the fair head and crown that once were radiant become ugly and bald at the time of old;

And the tall proud figure, piercing the ranks like a spear-point, in old age is bent double like a bow.

The colour of red anemone becomes the colour of saffron; his lion-like strength becomes as the courage of women.

He that used to grip a man in his arms by skill, they take hold of his arms at the time of departure.

Truly these are marks of pain and decay; every one of them is a messenger of death.

Commentary on “The lowest of the low, except those who have believed and wrought good works; for they shall have a reward that is not cut off.”

But if his physician be the Light of God, there is no loss or crushing blow from old age and fever.

His weakness is like the weakness of the intoxicated, for in his weakness he is the envy of a Rustam.

If he dies, his bones are drowned in savour; every mote of him is in the beams of the light of love-desire.

And he who has not that is an orchard without fruit, which the autumn brings to ruin.

The roses remain not; the black thorns remain: it becomes pale and spineless like a heap of straw.

O God, I wonder what fault did that orchard commit, that these robes should be stripped from it.

“It paid regard to itself, and self-regard is a deadly poison. Beware, O you who are put to the trial!”

The minion for love of whom the world wept—the world is repulsing him from itself: what is crime?
“The crime is that he put on a borrowed adornment and pretended that these robes were his own property.

We take them back, in order that he may know for sure that the stack is Ours and the fair ones are gleaners;

That he may know that those robes were a loan: it was a ray from the Sun of Being.”

That beauty and power and virtue and knowledge have journeyed here from the Sun of Excellence.

They, the light of that Sun, turn back again, like the stars, from these walls.

The Sunbeam has gone home; every wall is left dark and black.

That which made you amazed at the faces of the fair is the Light of the Sun from the three-coloured glass.

The glasses of diverse hue cause that Light to seem coloured like this to us.

When the many-coloured glasses are no more, then the colourless Light makes you amazed.

Make it your habit to behold the Light without the glass, in order that when the glass is shattered there may not be blindness.

You are content with knowledge learned: you have lit your eye at another’s lamp.

He takes away his lamp, that you may know you are a borrower, not a giver.

If you have rendered thanks and made the utmost exertion, be not grieved, for He will give a hundred such in return;

But if you have not rendered thanks, weep blood now, for that excellence has become quit of the ungrateful.

He causes the works of the unbelieving people to be lost; He makes the state of the believing people to prosper.

From the ungrateful man excellence and knowledge disappear, so that never again does he see a trace of them.

Affinity and non-affinity and gratitude and affection vanish in such wise that he cannot remember them;

For, O ingrates, He causes their works to be lost are the flight of object of desire from everyone who has obtained his desire,
Excepting the thankful and faithful who are attended by fortune.

How should the past fortune bestow strength?
It is the future fortune that bestows a special virtue.

In “Lend,” make a loan from this fortune,
that you may see a hundred fortunes before your face.

Diminish a little for your own sake this drinking,
that you may find in front the basin of Kawthar.

He who poured a draught on the earth of faithfulness,
how should the prey, fortune, be able to flee from him?

He gladdens their hearts, for He makes their state to prosper:
He restores their entertainment after they have perished.

“O Death, O Turcoman who plunders the village,
give back whatever you have taken from these thankful ones.”

He gives it back; they will not receive it,
for they have been endowed with the goods of spiritual life.

“We are Sufis and have cast off our mantles:
we will not take back after we have gambled away.

We have seen the recompense from God—how can there be a worldly recompense then? Want and desire and object are gone from us.

We have emerged from a briny and destroying water,
we have attained to the pure wine and the fountain of Kawthar.

O World, that which you have shown unto others—
faithlessness and deceit and grievous pride—

We pour on your head in repayment,
for we are martyrs come to war.”

In order that you may know that the Holy God has servants impetuous and combative,

Tear out the moustache of worldly hypocrisy and pitch their tents on the rampart of aid.

These martyrs have become warriors anew,
and these captives have gained the victory once more;

They have lifted up their heads again from non-existence, saying, “Behold us if you are not blind from birth,”

That you may know that in non-existence there are suns,
and that which is a sun here is a small star yonder.
How, O brother is existence in non-existence?

He brings forth the living from the dead:

know that the hope of worshippers is non-existence.

The sower whose barn is empty,

is not he joyful and happy in hope of non-existence—

That crop will grow from the quarter of nonexistence?

Apprehend if you are aware of reality.

Moment by moment you are expecting from non-existence
to gain understanding and perception and peace and good.

It is not permitted to divulge this mystery;

else I should make Abkhaz into Baghdad.

Non-existence, then, is God’s factory

from which He continually produces gifts.

God is the Originator, and an originator

is he who produces a branch without root or support.

Parable of the world existent that appears non-existent

and the world non-existent that appears existent.

He has caused the non-existent to appear existent and magnificent;
He has caused the existent to appear in the form of non-existence.

He has concealed the Sea and made the foam visible;
He has concealed the Wind and displayed to you the dust.

The dust is whirling in the air, as a minaret:
how should the dust rise aloft of itself?

You see the dust on high, O infirm: not the Wind itself, except through knowledge given by induction.

You see the foam moving in every direction:
without the Sea the foam has no turning-place.

You see the foam by sense perception and the Sea by induction:
thought is hidden, speech manifest.

We deemed negation to be affirmation: we had an eye that saw the nonexistent.
The eye that appeared in a state of slumber, how should it be able to see anything but phantasy and non-existence?

Necessarily we were bewildered by error, since Reality was hidden and Phantasy visible.

Why He set up this non-existence in view and why He caused that Reality to be hidden from sight.

Praise, O Master-weaver of magic who have made the dregs to seem pure to them that turn away

Magicians quickly measure moonbeams in the presence of the merchant and receive gold as profit.

By artful tricks of this sort they take money, the money is gone from his hand, there is no linen.

This world is a sorcerer, and we are the merchants who buy from it the measured moonbeams.

Magician-like, it hastily measures out by the meter five hundred meters of linen from the light of the moonbeams, When it takes the money, your life, O slave, the money is gone, there is no linen, and your purse is empty.

You must recite Say, I take refuge, crying, “O One, come, save me from the witches and from knots. These sorceresses are blowing on the knots: help, O You whose help is besought against victory and checkmate.” But invoke with the tongue of deeds also, for the tongue of words is weak, O honourable man.

In the world you have three fellow-travellers: one is faithful and these two are treacherous.

One is friends and the other is goods and chattels; and the third is faithful, and that one is excellence in deeds.

Wealth will not come with you out of your palaces; friend will come, but will come as far as your grave.

When your day of doom comes to meet you, your friend will say in the language appropriate to his sentiments, “As far as here: I accompany you no farther, I will stand a while at your grave.”

Your deeds are faithful: make of them your refuge, for they will come with you into the depths of the tomb.
Commentary on the saying of Mustafá, on whom be peace, “You must have a familiar who is buried with you, he being alive, and with whom you are buried when you art dead; if he be generous, he will treat you generously, and if he be base, he will forsake you. That familiar is your works, so make them right as far as you are able.”

The Messenger of Allah spoke the truth.

Therefore the Prophet said, “For the purpose of this Way there is no comrade more faithful than works.

If they be good they will be your friends for ever, and if they be evil they will be a snake in your tomb.”

How, O father, can one do this work and earning in the Way of righteousness without a master?

The meanest earning that goes on in the world, is it ever without the guidance of a master?

Its beginning is knowledge; then action, that it may yield fruit after a time or after death.

Seek help in crafts, O possessor of intelligence, from a generous and righteous craftsman.

Seek the pearl in the oyster-shell, my brother, and seek technical skill from the craftsmen.

If you see sincere advisers, deal fairly and be eager to learn: do not show disdain.

If the tanner wore a threadbare garment, that did not diminish the master’s mastery;

If the ironsmith wore a patched frock when blowing the bellows, his reputation was not impaired in the eyes of the people.

Therefore strip the raiment of pride from your body: in learning, put on the garment of humility.

If you wouldst learn knowledge, the way of it is oral; if you wouldst learn a craft, the way of it is practical.

If you desire poverty that depends on companionship: neither your tongue nor your hand avails.

Soul receives from soul knowledge, not by way of book or from tongue.
If those mysteries are in the traveller’s heart, knowledge of the mystery is not yet possessed by the traveller.

Until the expansion of his heart shall make it the Light: then God says, “Did not We expand ...?”

For We have given you the expansion within your breast, We have put the expansion into your breast.”

You are still seeking illumination from outside; you are a source of milk: how are you a milking others?

There is an unlimited fountain of milk within you: why are you seeking milk from the pail?

O lake, you have a channel to the Sea: be ashamed to seek water from the pool;

For did not We expand...? Again, have not you the expansion? How are you become a seeker of the expansion and a mendicant?

Contemplate the expansion of the heart within, lest there come the reproach, Do not you see?

Commentary on “And He is with you.”

There is a basket full of loaves on the crown of your head, and you are begging a crust of bread from door to door.

Attend to your own head, abandon giddy-headedness; go, knock at the door of your heart: why are you at every door?

While you are up to the knee in the river-water, you are heedless of yourself and art seeking water from this one and that one.

Water in front; and behind, too, an unfailing supply of water; before your eyes is a barrier and behind them a barrier.

The horse is under the thigh, and the rider is seeking the horse.

“What is this?” he says, “A horse, but where is the horse?”

“Eh, is not this a horse under you, plain to see?”

“Yes,” says he, “but who ever saw a horse?”

He is mad with thirst for the water, and it is before his face: he is in the water and unconscious of the running water.

Like the pearl in the sea, he says, “Where is the sea?” and that shell-like phantasy is his wall.
His saying “Where?” becomes for him a screen: it becomes for him a cloud over the radiance of the sun.

His bad eye is a bandage on his eye: his very removing the barrier has become a barrier for him.

His consciousness has become the plug of his ear: keep your consciousness towards God, O you who are bewildered in Him.

Commentary on the saying of Mustafá, on whom be peace, “Whoever shall make his cares one care, God will relieve him of all his cares; and whoever is distracted by his cares, God will not care in what valley He destroys him.”

You have distributed your consciousness in directions: those vanities are not worth a cress leaf.

Every thorn-root draws the water of your consciousness: how should the water of your consciousness reach the fruit?

Listen, smite that evil bough, and cut it off: water this goodly bough, refresh it.

Both are green at this time, look to the end that this one will come to nothing; fruit will grow from that one.

To this one the water in the orchard is lawful, to that one unlawful. In the end you will see the difference, and farewell.

What is justice? Giving water to trees. What is injustice? To give water to thorns.

Justice is bestowing a bounty in its proper place, not on every root that will absorb water.

What is injustice? To bestow in an improper place that can only be a source of calamity.

Bestow the bounty of God on the spirit and reason, not on the nature full of disease and complications.

Load the conflict of cares upon your body: do not lay your anxiety upon the heart and spirit.

The pack is laid upon Jesus’ head; the ass is frisking in the meadow.

It is not right to put eye salve in the ear: it is not right to demand from the body the work of the heart.
If you are a heart, go, scorn, do not suffer insult; and if you are a body, do not eat sugar but taste poison.

Poison is beneficial to the body, and sugar noxious: it is better that the body should be deprived of supplies.

The body is fuel for Hell, weaken it; and if it produce a growth of fuel, go, destroy it.

Else, O firewood, you will be a carrier of firewood in both worlds, like the wife of Bu Lahab.

Know the bough of the Sidra from the firewood, though both are green, O youth.

The origin of that bough is the Seventh Heaven; the origin of this bough is from fire and smoke.

To sense-perception they are similar in appearance, for the eye and habit of sense-perception is seeing falsely;

That is manifest to the eye of the heart: exert yourself, advance towards the heart with the exertion of one whose means are small.

And if you have no foot, bestir yourself that you may behold every less and more.

On the meaning of this verse: “If you fare on the Way, the Way will be revealed to you; and if you become nonexistent, existence will be conferred on you.”

Though Zalikha shut the doors on every side, still Joseph gained return by bestirring himself.

Lock and door opened, and the way appeared: when Joseph put trust in God, he escaped.

Though the world has no visible crevice, one must run recklessly, like Joseph,

In order that the lock may open and the doorway become clear, and the region of non-spatiality become your dwelling-place.

You came into the world, O afflicted one: do you ever see the way of your coming?

You came from a certain place and abode: do you know the way of your coming? Nay.
If you don’t know, beware of saying that there is no way: by this wayless way we shall depart.

In dreams you wander happily to left and right: have you any knowledge where the way is that leads to that arena?

Shut that eye and give yourself up: you will find yourself in the ancient City.

How should you shut your eye when in this direction a hundred inebriated eyes are a bandage on your eye because of infatuation?

From love of an admirer you are with four eyes in the hope of eminence and chieftainship.

And if you fall asleep you see the purchaser in your dreams: how should the ill-omened owl dream of anything but a wilderness?

At every moment you want a purchaser cringing: what have you to sell? Nothing, nothing.

If your heart had any bread or breakfast, it would have been empty of purchasers.

Story of the person who claimed to be a prophet. They said to him, “What have you eaten that you have become crazy and art talking in vain?” He replied, “If I had found anything to eat, I should not have become crazy and talked in vain”; for whenever they speak good words to people unworthy to hear them, they will have talked in vain, although they are commanded to talk thus in vain.

A certain man was saying, “I am a prophet: I am superior to all the prophets.”

They bound his neck and took him to the king, saying, “This man says he is a prophet sent by God.”

The people gathered round him as ants and locusts, crying, “What deceit and imposture and trap is?”

If he that comes from non-existence is a prophet, we all are prophets and grand.

We came hither as strangers from that place: why should you be specially endowed, O accomplished one?”
“Did not you come like a sleeping child?  
You were ignorant of the way and the destination.

You passed through the stages asleep and intoxicated,  
unconscious of the way and ups and downs;

We set out in wakefulness and well  
from beyond the five and the six to the five and six,

Having perceived the stages from the source and foundation,  
possessed of experience and knowing the way like guides.”

They said to the king, “Put him to the rack,  
that a person of his sort may never speak such words.”

The king saw that he was very thin and infirm,  
so that such an emaciated man would die at a single blow.

“How is it possible to torture or beat him,  
since his body has become as a glass?

But I will speak to him kindly and say,  
‘Why do you boast of high estate?’

For here harshness is of no use:  
it is by gentleness that the snake puts forth its head from the hole.”

He caused the people to withdraw from around him:  
The king was a gracious man, and gentleness was his way.

Then he bade him be seated, and asked him concerning his dwelling-place,  
saying, “Where have you your means of livelihood and refuge?”

He replied, “O king, I belong to the Abode of Peace:  
I have come from the road to this Abode of Blame.

I have neither home nor any companion:  
when has a fish made its home on the earth?”

Again the king answered him, saying by way of jest, “What have you eaten  
and what provision have you made for the morning meal?

Have you appetite? What did you eat at daybreak  
that you are so intoxicated and boastful and blustering?”

He replied, “If I had bread, dry or moist,  
how should I lay claim to prophecy?

To claim to be a prophet amongst these people  
is like seeking a heart from a mountain.

No one sought intellect and heart from mountains and rocks: none sought understanding and apprehension of a difficult point of discourse.
Whatever you say, the mountain replies the same: it makes a mockery like the scoffers.

What relation exists between this folk and the message? Who can hope for life from a soulless thing?

If you bring a message concerning a woman or gold, they will all lay before you their money and lives.

A sweetheart in such and such a place invites you: she is in love with you, she knows you.’

But if you bring the honey-like message of God, ‘Come to God, O you who have a good covenant;

Go from the world of death towards the provision: since everlastingness is possible, do not be perishing’ —

They will seek your blood and your life, not in zeal for religion and excellence.

Sسبب عداوت عام و بیگانه زیستن ایشان به اولیای خدا که به حقشان می‌خوانند و به آب حیات ابدی

The reason why the vulgar are at enmity with, and live in estrangement from, the saints of God who call them unto God and the Water of Life everlasting.

Nay, but on account of their sticking to house and goods it is bitter to them to hear this exposition.

A rag is stuck fast upon the donkey’s sore: when you wish to tear it off, bit by bit,

The donkey, because of the pain, will certainly kick: happy the man who abstained from him! —

Especially fifty sores, and a soaked rag stuck on the top of them in every case.

House and goods are like the rag, and this greed is the sore: the greater the greed, the greater the sore.

The wilderness alone is the house and goods of the owl: he (the owl) will not listen to descriptions of Baghdad and Tabas.

If a royal falcon come from the road and bring to these owls a hundred reports of the King,

A full account of the imperial city and the orchards and the rivers—then a hundred enemies will jeer at him,
Saying, ‘What has the falcon brought? An old story.
He is weaving words of vanity and idle brag.’

They are old and rotten unto everlasting;
otherwise that breath makes the old new.

It gives life to the old dead:
it gives the crown of reason and the light of faith.

Do not steal your heart away from the spirit-bestowing heart-ravisher,
for he will mount you on the back of Rakhsh.

Do not steal your head away from the crown-giving one whose head is
exalted, for he will untie a hundred knots from the foot of your heart.

Whom shall I tell? Where in the village is a living one?
Where is any one that runs towards the Water of Life?

You are fleeing from Love because of a single humiliation:
what do you know of Love except the name?

Love has a hundred disdains and prides:
Love is gained by means of a hundred blandishments.

Since Love is loyal, it purchases him that is loyal:
it does not look at a disloyal comrade.

Man resembles a tree, and the root is the covenant:
the root must be cherished with all one’s might.

A corrupt covenant is a rotten root
and is cut off of fruit and grace.

Although the boughs and leaves of the date-palm are green,
greenness is no benefit with corruption of the root;

And if it has no green leaves, while it has a root,
at the last a hundred leaves will put forth their hands.

Be not duped by his knowledge; seek the covenant:
knowledge is like a husk, and his covenant is its kernel.
Explaining that when the evil-doer becomes settled in evil-doing and sees the effect of the fortune of the doers of righteousness, he from envy becomes a devil and preventer of good, like Satan; for he whose stack is burnt desires that all should have their stacks burnt: 

have you seen him who forbids a servant when he performs the prayer?

When you see that the loyal have profited, thereat you become envious, like a devil.

Whenever a man’s temperament and constitution is feeble, he does not wish any one to be sound in body.

If you dislike the jealousy of Iblís, come from the door of pretension to the portal of loyalty.

When you have not loyalty, at least do not talk, for words are for the most part self-assertion—‘we’ and ‘I.’

These words, in the breast, are an income consisting of kernels: in silence the spiritual kernel grows a hundredfold.

When it comes on to the tongue, the kernel is expended: refrain from expending, in order that the goodly kernel may remain.

The man who speaks little has strong thoughts: when the husk, namely speech, becomes excessive, the kernel goes.

The rind is excessive, the kernel is thin: the rind becomes thin when it becomes perfect and goodly.

Look at these three when they have passed beyond immaturity: the walnut and the almond and the pistachio.

Whoever disobeys becomes a devil, for he becomes envious of the fortune of the righteous.

When you have acted loyally in your covenant with God, God will graciously keep His covenant with you.

You have shut your eyes to keeping faith with God, you have not listened to remember Me, I will remember you.

Give ear, listen to keep My covenant, in order that I will keep your covenant may come from the Friend.

What is our covenant and loan, O sorrowful one? like sowing a dry seed in the earth.
From that neither do glory nor grandeur accrue to the earth, nor riches to the owner of the earth.

Except an indication, as though to say, 'I need this kind, the origin of which You created from non-existence.

I ate, and I bring the seed as a token, begging You to send to us such bounty.'

Abandon, then, the dry prayer, O fortunate one; for the tree demands the scattering of seed.

If you have no seed, on account of that prayer God will bestow on you a palm-tree, saying, 'How well did he labour!'

Like Mary: she had pain, but no seed: an artful One made green that palm-tree.

Because that noble Lady was loyal, God gave unto her a hundred desires without desire on her part.

The company who have been loyal are given superiority over all sorts.

Seas and mountains are made subject to them; the four elements also are the slaves of that class.

This is only a favour for a sign, to the end that the disbelievers may see it plainly.

Those hidden graces of theirs, which come not into the senses or into description—

Those are the matter: those are enduring forever; they are neither cut off nor reclaimed.

Prayer.

O Giver of nourishment, steadfastness and stability, give Your creatures deliverance from this instability.

Grant unto the soul—for it is bent—to stand upright in the work wherein it ought to be stable.

Bestow patience upon them and heavy balance-scales: deliver them from the guile of impostors;

And redeem them from envy, O Gracious One, lest from envy they be devils accursed.
How do the vulgar burn with envy for the fleeting happiness of riches and the body!

Behold the kings, how they lead armies (to battle) and slay their own kinsmen because of envy.

The lovers of filthy dolls have sought each other’s blood and life.

Read *Wis and Rámín* and *Khusraw and Shirín*: what those fools did because of envy.

That the lover perished and the beloved too: they are naught and their passion also is naught.

Holy is the god who brings non-existence into collision with itself and makes non-existence to be in love with non-existence.

Envises arise in the heart that is no heart: thus does Being subject not being to compulsion.

These women, who are kinder than all two fellow-wives devour each other’s blood and life.

So that you may discern how envious are the men who indeed are stony-hearted.

If the Law had not exercised a gracious spell, everyone would have torn the body of his rival to pieces.

The Law makes a plan for repelling evil: it puts the demon into the bottle of proof—

Witness and oath and shrinking—till the insolent demon goes into the bottle.

Like the balance whereby the two adversaries are surely united in contentment, in jest or earnest.

Know for sure that the Law is like the measure and scales by means of which the litigants are saved from wrangling and enmity.

If there is no pair of scales, how shall the litigant escape from disputing when he suspects fraud and deceit?

Then, there is all this jealousy and litigation and injustice in respect of this foul faithless carcass.

How, then, must it be when genies and men become envious in respect of that fortune and felicity?

Truly those devils are envious of old: never for a moment do they cease from waylaying;
And the sons of Adam who have sown disobedience—they too have become devils from enviousness.

Read in the Qur'an how by Divine transformation the devils of mankind have become homogeneous with the Devil.

When the Devil fails to tempt, he seeks aid from these human.

Saying, 'you are my friends: perform an act of friendship towards me; you are on my side: an act of partiality.'

If they waylay anyone in the world, both kinds of devils come off rejoicing;

And if anyone has saved his soul and become eminent in religion, those two jealous keep up lamentation.

Both gnash their teeth in envy at any one upon whom the Teacher has bestowed wisdom.”

How the king asked the man who claimed to be a prophet, saying, “The person who is a true Messenger and becomes established—what has he to give to any one, or what gifts will people obtain by consorting with him and serving him, except the counsel which he utters with his tongue?”

The king questioned him, saying, “After all, what is inspiration, or what has he got who is a prophet?”

He replied, “What is there indeed that he has not got, or what fortune is left whereunto he has not attained?

I will suppose that this prophetic inspiration is not a treasurer; still, it is not inferior to the inspiration in the heart of the bee.

Since God has inspired the bee have come, the dwelling-place of its inspiration has been filled with sweets.

Through the light of the inspiration of God the Almighty and Glorious, it filled the world with wax and honey.

This one who is We have honoured and is ever going upward—how should his inspiration be inferior to the bee?”

Have not you read We have given you Kawthar? Why, then, are you dry and why have you remained thirsty?
Or perchance you are Pharaoh, and for you Kawthar, like the Nile, has turned to blood and impure, O sick man.

Repent; renounce every enemy who has not the water of Kawthar in his cup.

Whomsoever you see flushed by Kawthar, he has the nature of Mohammed: consort with him, that at the Reckoning you may become love for God's sake; for with him are apples from the tree of Ahmad.

Though it is your father or your mother; for in truth he is a drinker of your blood.

Learn these ways of acting from the Friend of God, who first renounced his father, that in the presence of God you may become hate for God's sake, lest the jealousy of Love take offence at you.

Until you recite “There is not any god” and “except Allah,” you will not find the plain track of this Way.

Story of the lover who was recounting to his beloved his acts of service and loyalty and the long nights their sides heave up from their beds and the long days of want and parching thirst; and he was saying, “I know not any service besides these: if there is any other service, direct me, for I submit to whatever you may command, whether to enter the fire, like Khalîl, on whom be peace, or fall into the mouth of the leviathan of the sea, like Jonah, on whom be peace, or be killed seventy times, like Jirjîs, on whom be peace, or be made blind by weeping, like Shu'ayb, on whom be peace; and the loyalty and self-sacrifice of the prophets cannot be reckoned”; and how the beloved answered him.

A certain lover in the presence of his beloved was recounting his services and works,

Saying, “For your sake I did such and such, in this war I suffered arrows and spears.

Wealth is gone and strength is gone and fame is gone: on account of my love for you many a misfortune has befallen me.
No dawn found me asleep or laughing;
no eve found me with capital and means.”

What he had tasted of bitters and dregs
he was recounting to her in detail, point by point,

Not for the sake of reproach; nay,
he was displaying a hundred testimonies of the trueness of his love.

For men of reason a single indication is enough,
how should the thirst of lovers be removed thereby?

He ceaselessly repeats his tale:
how should a fish be satisfied with indication from the limpid water?

He, from that ancient grief, was speaking a hundred words in complaint,
saying, “I have not spoken a word.”

There was a fire in him: he did not know what it was,
but on account of its heat he was weeping like a candle.

The beloved said, “You have done all this,
yet open your ear wide and apprehend well;

For you have not done what is the root of the root of love and fealty:
this that you have done is the branches.”

The lover said to her, “Tell me, what is that root?”
She said, “The root thereof is to die and be naught.

You have done all, you have not died, you are living.
Listen; die, if you are a self-sacrificing friend!”

Instantly he laid himself at full length and gave up the ghost:
like the rose, he played away his head, laughing and rejoicing.

That laughter remained with him as an endowment unto everlasting,
like the untroubled spirit and reason of the gnostic.

How should the light of the moon ever become defiled,
though its light strikes on everything good and evil?

Pure of all it returns to the moon, even as the light of the spirit and
reason unto God.

The quality of purity is an endowment on the light of the moon,
though its radiance is on the defilements of the way.

Malignity does not accrue to the light of the moon
from those defilements of the way or from pollution.

The light of the sun heard Return,
and came back in haste to its source.
No disgrace remained with it from the ash pits, no colour remained with it from the rose-gardens.

The light of the eye and the seer of the light returned: the desert and plain were left in passionate desire thereof.

A certain man asked a mystic theologian, “If any one weeps loudly during the ritual prayer and moan and lament, is his prayer rendered void?” He replied, “The name of those is ‘water of the eye’: consider what that weeper has seen: if he has seen longing for God or repentance for a sin and weeps, his prayer is not spoilt; nay, it attains perfection, for ‘there is no prayer without presence of the heart; but if he has seen bodily sickness or the loss of a son, his prayer is spoilt, for the foundation of prayer is the abandonment of the body and the abandonment of sons, like Abraham, who was offering his son as a sacrifice in order to perfect his prayer and giving up his body to Nimrod’s fire; and Mustafâ, on whom be peace, was commanded to act after these manners: ‘follow the religion of Abraham.’ “Truly you have had a good example in Abraham.”

A certain man asked a mufti in private, “If any one weeps lamentably during the ritual prayer, I wonder, will his prayer be rendered void, or will his prayer be licit and perfect?” He replied, “Why is it named ‘the water of the eye’? You should consider what it saw and wept. Consider what the water of the eye saw in secret, so that on that account it began to flow from its spring. If the supplicant has seen yonder world, that prayer gains a lustre from lamentation; but if that weeping was caused by bodily pain or by mourning, the thread is snapped and the spindle too is broken.”
A disciple came in to pay his respects to the Shaykh—and by this “Shaykh” I do not mean one old in years, but one old in understanding and knowledge, even if he is Jesus, on whom be peace, in the cradle, or Yahya, on whom be peace, in the children's school. The disciple saw the Shaykh weeping; he too acted in conformity and wept. When he had finished and gone forth, another disciple, who was more cognisant of the Shaykh's spiritual state, impelled by jealousy, went out quickly after him and said to him, “O brother, I shall have told you: for God's sake, for God's sake, beware of thinking or saying that the Shaykh wept and you wept likewise; you must practise self-discipline without hypocrisy for thirty years, and you must traverse ravines and seas full of leviathans, and lofty mountains full of lions and leopards, that you may attain to that weeping of the Shaykh or not attain. If you attain, you will often utter thanksgiving, 'The earth was gathered together for me.'”

A disciple came into the presence of the Pir:
the Pir was in weeping and lamentation.

When the disciple saw the Shaykh weeping, he began to weep:
the tears ran from his eyes.

The man possessed of an ear laughs once,
when a friend repeats a joke to a friend; the deaf man twice:
The first time by way of conformity and affectation,
because he sees the company laughing.

The deaf man laughs then like them,
without knowing the state of the laughers.

Afterwards he inquires what the laughter was about,
and then, having heard, he laughs a second time.

Hence the mere imitator, too,
resembles the deaf man in respect of the joy that is in his head.

It is the Shaykh's reflection, and its source is in the Shaykh:
the overflow of joy is not from the disciples; nay, it is from the Shaykh.

Like a basket in water or a light on glass:
if they think it from themselves, it is defect.

When it is separated from the river, that perverse one will recognise
that the sweet water within it was from the river;

The glass also will recognise, at the setting that those beams were from the beauteous shining moon.
When the command “Arise!” opens his eye, then he will laugh, like the dawn, a second time.

He will even laugh at his own laughter which was produced in him in that imitation.

And will say, “By all these far and long ways, and thinking that this was the Reality and that this was the Mystery and Secret,

How in truth, in that valley, did I rejoice from afar through blindness and confusion?

What was I fancying, and what was it? My weak perception was showing a weak image.”

Where is the thought of the men in relation to the child of the Way? Where is his fancy in comparison with true realization?

The thought of children is the nurse or milk or raisins and walnuts or weeping and crying.

The imitator is like a sick child, although he may have subtle argumentation and proofs.

That profundity in proofs and difficult problems is severing him from insight.

It took away the stock, which is the eye salve of his inmost consciousness, and applied itself to the discussion of problems.

O imitator, turn back from Bukhara: go to self-abasement (ba-khwári) that you may become a hero, and that you may behold within another Bukhara, in the assembly place where the champions are unlearned.

Although the courier is a swift runner on land, when he goes to sea his sinews are broken.

He is only We have borne them on the land; that one who is borne on the sea—he is somebody.

The King has great bounty: run, O you who have become in pawn to an imagination and fancy.

From conformity that simple disciple, too, was weeping in concert with the venerable;

Like the deaf man, he regarded the Shaykh's weeping in the manner of a conformist and was unaware of the cause.

When he had wept a long while, he paid his respects and departed: the favourite disciple came quickly after him,
For God's sake, for God's sake, for God's sake, O loyal disciple, although in conformity you are seeking profit,

Take heed not to say, 'I saw that king weeping, and I wept like him'; for that is denial."

A weeping full of ignorance and conformity and opinion is not like the weeping of that trusted one.

Do not judge weeping by the analogy of another weeping: it is a long way from this weeping to that weeping.

That weeping is after thirty years warfare: the intellect can never get there.

Beyond reason there are a hundred stages: deem not the intellect acquainted with that caravan.

His weeping is neither from sorrow nor from joy: the spirit knows the weeping of the fountain of beauties.

His weeping, his laughter—both are of Yonder and transcend all that the intellect may conceive.

His tears are like his eye: how should the sightless eye become a eye?

That which he sees cannot be touched either by the analytical judgement of the intellect or by way of the senses.

Night flees when Light comes from afar: what, then, should the darkness of Night know concerning Light?

The gnat flees from the keen wind: what, then, should the gnat know of the savour of the winds?

When the Eternal comes, the temporal is made vain: what, then, should the temporal know of Eternity?

When Eternity comes in contact with the temporal, it strikes it dumb; when it has negated it, it makes it homogeneous.

You can find a hundred parallels if you wish, but I do not care, O dervish.

This Alif-Lám-Mim and Há-Mim—these Letters become, on comprehension, like the rod of Moses.

The letters resemble these Letters outwardly but are subject in respect of the attributes of the latter.
A staff that any one takes on trial—
how should it be described as being like that staff?

This Breath is of Jesus;
it is not any wind and breath that arises from joy or sorrow.

This Alif-Lá-Mím and Há-Mím, O father,
have come from the presence of the Lord of Mankind.

What resemblance has any alif-láim to these?
Do not regard them with this eye, if you have a soul.

Although they are composed of letters, O sire,
and resemble the composition of the common folk,

Mohammed is composed of flesh and skin;
although everybody is homogeneous with him in its composition.

It has flesh, it has skin and bone;
has this constitution the same qualities as his?

No; for in that constitution there appeared miracles
by which all constitutions were vanquished.

Likewise, the composition of the Há-Mím in the Book
is exceedingly lofty, while the others are low,

Because from this composition comes life,
like the blast of the trumpet, in helplessness.

By the dispensation of God Há-Mím becomes a dragon
and cleaves the sea like the Moses’ staff.

Its external appearance resembles appearances,
but the disc of bread is very far from the disc of the moon.

His weeping, his laughter, and his speech are not from him:
they are the pure nature of Hú.

Since the foolish took the external appearances,
and the subtleties were very much hidden from them,

Necessarily they were debarred from the object;
for the subtlety escaped on the occasion when it presented itself.
Story of the maidservant who had trained a donkey to perform the functions of a man.

Her mistress discovered it but did not perceive the device of the gourd; making a pretext, she sent the maid away to a distant place and had intercourse with the donkey and perished shamefully. The maid came back late and lamented, crying, “O my soul and O light of my eyes, you saw the cock but you did not see the gourd; you saw the penis but you did not see that other thing.”

Every deficient one is accursed, i.e. every deficient insight and understanding is accursed; for those deficient in respect of the outward eye are objects of mercy and are not accursed. Recite, It is no crime in the blind. He (God) has removed the crime, He has removed the curse, and He has removed the reproach and the wrath.
She saw the maidservant sleeping under the donkey.

Through a crack in the door she saw what was going on: the old woman marvelled greatly at it.

The ass was treating the maidservant exactly as a woman.

She became envious and said, “Since this is possible, then I have the best right, for the ass is my property.

The ass has been perfectly trained and instructed: the table is laid and the lamp is lighted.”

Feigning to have seen nothing, she knocked at the door of the room, saying, “How long will you be sweeping the room, O maid?”

She spoke these words as a blind, “I have come, O maid: open the door.”

She became silent and said no more to the maid: she concealed the secret for the sake of her own desire.

Thereupon the maid hid all the apparatus of iniquity and came forward and opened the door.

She made her face sour and her eyes full of moisture and rubbed her lips, meaning to say, “I am fasting.”

In her hand was a soft broom, as though to say, “I was sweeping the room in order to clean it.”

When, with the broom, she opened the door, the mistress said under her breath, “O crafty one, you have made your face sour and a broom in your hand; what is the ass having turned away from his fodder?

Half-finished and angry, its penis still moving, the ass’s two eyes toward the door expecting you.”

This she said under her breath and concealed from the maid: at that moment she treated her, like innocent persons, honourably.

Afterwards she said to her, “Put the chadar on your head, go and take a message from me to such and such a house.

Say so-and-so and do so-and-so.”

I abridge the talk of the women.

Taught of what is to the purpose.

When the discreet old woman had sent her away,
She was happy in anticipation of the pleasurable passion:

she shut the door, saying meanwhile,

“I have secured privacy, I will shout in thanksgiving:

I am delivered from the four dāngs and the two dāngs.”

From ecstatic pleasure her vagina

was singing like a nightingale.

She was impatient for the flame of passion. Having reached the heights of excitement, it was no wonder she was feeling dizzy.

Lustful desire makes the heart deaf and blind, so that an ass seems like Joseph, fire (like) light.

Oh, many a one intoxicated with fire

and seeking fire deems himself absolute light.

Unless a servant of God, or the pull of God,

lead him into the way and turn over his leaf,

So that he may know

that the fiery phantom in the Path is but a loan.

Greed causes foul things to appear fair:

among the challenges of the Way there is none like lust, none worse.

It has disgraced a hundred thousand good names;

it has stupefied a hundred thousand clever men.

Since it caused an ass to appear Joseph of Egypt,

how will that Jew cause a Joseph to appear?

Its spell made dung seem honey to you:

what, fortruth, will it make honey seem at the time of contest?

Lust arises from eating and drinking:

diminish your food, or marry and flee from wickedness.

When you have eaten and drunk, it leads to things forbidden:

there must necessarily be some outgoing of income.

Marriage, then, is like, “There is neither power nor strength except in God,” lest the Devil cast you into temptation.

Since you are fond of eating and drinking, ask a woman at once; else the cat comes and carries off the fat sheep’s tail.

Quickly put a heavy load on the shying ass

before he puts down.

You do not know the effect of fire, hold aloof:

do not approach the fire with such knowledge.
If you have no knowledge of the cooking-pot and the fire, neither the pot nor the soup will be spared by the flames.

Water must be there and skill too, in order that the pot may be safely cooked in boiling.

If you are ignorant of the science of the ironsmith; your beard and hair will be burned when you pass by the forge.

The woman closed the door and dragged the ass into the house and undoubtedly enjoying herself.

She slowly pulled him into the house and lay beneath him.

She stood on the same chair she had seen the maid servant use.

She raised her legs and the ass penetrated her.

His penis set her on fire.

The donkey politely penetrated her up to his testicles until she died.

The donkey’s member burst her liver and tore apart her intestines.

She did not utter a word as she lay down her life.

The chair went one way and the woman the other.

The courtyard was smeared with blood, and the woman lay prostrate.

Calamity had arrived.

Such a bad end, O reader; have you ever seen a martyr to a donkey’s penis?

Hear from the Qur’an the torment of disgrace:
do not sacrifice your life in such a shameful cause.

Know that the male ass is this bestial soul:
to be under it is more shameful than that.

If you die in egoism in the way of the fleshly soul, know for certain that you are like that woman.

He will give our fleshly soul the form of an ass, because He makes the forms to be in accordance with the nature.

This is the manifestation of the secret at the Resurrection:
by God, by God, flee from the ass-like body!

God terrified the unbelievers with the Fire:
the unbelievers said, “Better the Fire than shame.”
He said, “Nay, that Fire is the source of all shame”—like the fire that destroyed this woman.

In her greed she ate immoderately:

the mouthful of an infamous death stuck in her throat.

Eat in moderation, O greedy man,

though it is a mouthful of halwā or khabís.

The high God has given the balance a tongue:

listen, recite the Sūratu’l-Rahmān in the Qur’an.

Beware; do not in your greed let the balance go:

cupidity and greed are enemies that lead you to perdition.

Greed craves all and loses all:

do not serve greed, O ignoble son of the ignoble.

The maid, while she went, was saying,

“Ah, mistress, you have sent away the expert.

You will set to work without the expert

and will foolishly hazard your life.

O you who have stolen from me an imperfect knowledge,

you were ashamed to ask about the trap.”

The bird had picked the grain from its stack;

the cord would not have fallen on its neck.

Eat less of the grain, do not patch so much:

after having recited, eat, recite do not exceed,

So that you may eat the grain and not fall into the trap.

Knowledge and contentment affect this. And now farewell.

The wise man gets happiness from the present life, not sorrow,

the ignorant are left in disappointment and regret.

When the trap-cord falls on their throats,

it becomes unlawful to them all to eat the grain.

How should the bird in the trap eat the grain?

The grain in the trap is like poison, if he feed.

The heedless bird will eat grain from the trap,

as these common folk do in the trap of the present world.

Again, the knowing and prudent birds

have debarred themselves from the grain;

For the grain in the trap is poisonous food:

blind is the bird that desires the grain in the trap.
The Owner of the trap cut off the heads of the foolish ones, and conducted the clever ones to the assembly-places;

For in the former the flesh is serviceable, but in the clever ones song and warble soft and low

The maidservant returned from her duties and saw the lady lying dead below the donkey.

"O stupid woman!" she said, what is this? Did your teacher not provide you with the full picture?

You saw only the appearance while the secret remained hidden from you. You opened a shop without mastering the tricks of the trade.

You saw only the penis which appeared so sweet to you.

In your greed you neglected to see the gourd.

Or were you so in love with the ass, that the pumpkin remained hidden from your sight.

Oh, there is many a stupid ignorant hypocrite who has seen nothing of the Way of the men except the woollen mantle (súf).

Oh, there are many impudent fellows who, with little practice, have learned from the kings nothing but talk and brag.

Every one, staff in hand, says, "I am Moses," and breathes upon the foolish folk, saying, "I am Jesus."

Alas the Day when the touchstone will demand from you the sincerity of the sincere!

Come, inquire of the Master the remainder; or are the greedy ones all blind and deaf?

You craved all and you lost all: this foolish flock is the prey of wolves.

Having heard a form, you have become its expounder, ignorant of your words— like parrots.
The instruction given by a Shaykh to disciples, or by a prophet to a people, who are unable to receive the Divine lesson and have no familiar acquaintance with God, may be compared with the case of a parrot which has no such acquaintance with the form of a man, so that it should be able to receive instruction from him. God most High holds the Shaykh in front of the disciple, as the mirror in front of the parrot, while He dictates from behind the mirror, saying, “Do not move your tongue to hasten it; it is naught but an inspiration that is inspired.”

This is the beginning of an endless problem. When the parrot, which you call the image, moves its beak in the mirror, the movement is not by its own volition and power: it is the reflection of the articulation by the parrot outside, which is the learner; not the reflection of the Teacher behind the mirror; but the external parrot’s articulation is controlled by the Teacher. This, then, is a comparison, not a similitude.

A parrot sees its reflection facing it in the mirror.

The teacher is concealed behind the mirror: that sweet-tongued well-instructed man is talking.

The little parrot thinks that these words uttered in low tones are spoken by the parrot in the mirror.

Therefore it learns speech from one of its own kind, being unaware of the cunning of that old wolf.

He is teaching it behind the mirror; otherwise it does not learn except from its congeners.

It learned to talk from that accomplished man, but it is ignorant of his meaning and mystery.

It received speech, word by word, from Man; what should the little parrot know of Man except this?

Similarly, the disciple full sees himself in the mirror of the Shaykh’s body.

How should he see Universal Reason behind the mirror at the time of speech and discourse?
He supposes that a man is speaking; and the other is a mystery of which he is ignorant.

Likewise, people learn the note of birds, for this speech is an affair of the mouth and throat;

But ignorant of the birds’ meaning, except an august Solomon of goodly insight

Many learned the language of dervishes and gave added lustre to the pulpit and assembly-place.

Either nothing was bestowed upon them except those expressions, or at last mercy came and revealed the way.

A mystic saw a bitch big with young, in whose womb the young were barking. He remained in amazement, saying, “The reason of a dog’s barking is to keep watch: to bark in the mother’s womb is not keeping watch; and, again, barking may be a call for help, or its cause may be a desire for milk, etc.; and there is no such purpose in this case.” When he came to himself, he made supplication to God—and no one knows the interpretation thereof except Allah. Answer came: “It represents the state of a party who pretend to insight and utter sayings without having come forth from the veil and before the eyes of their hearts have been opened. Therefore neither to themselves do strength and support accrue, nor to their hearers any guidance and right direction.”

During a chila (forty days’ religious seclusion), a certain man dreamed that he saw a bitch big with young on a road.

Suddenly he heard the cry of puppies: the puppies were in the womb, invisible.

The yelps astonished him exceedingly: how the puppies called out in the womb.

Puppies howling in the womb—“has any one,” “ever seen this in the world?”
When he sprang up from his dream and came to himself, his perplexity was increasing at every moment.

During the *chila* there was none by whom the knot should be untied except the Presence of God Almighty and Glorious.

He said, “O Lord, on account of this difficulty and debate I am deprived of recollection (*dhikr*) of You during the *chila*.

Loose my wings, that I may soar and enter the garden of recollection and the apple-orchard.”

At once there came to him a mysterious voice, saying, “Know that it is an emblem of the idle talk of the ignorant, Who, without having come forth from the veil and curtain, blindfold have begun to speak in vain.”

The yelp of the dog in the womb is loss: he is neither a starter of hunted animals nor a keeper of watch by night.

He has not seen the wolf, so as to prevent him; he has not seen the robber, so as to repel him.

He, because of covetousness and desire for eminence, is dull as regards vision and bold in prating.

From desire for the purchaser and warm admirer, devoid of insight, he begins to talk nonsense.

Without having seen the Moon, he gives indications: thereby he perverts the countryman.

On account of the purchaser he gives a hundred indications describing the Moon which he has never seen, for the sake of power.

There is in truth one Purchaser who is profitable, but concerning Him they have a suspicion and doubt.

In their desire for the inglorious purchaser, these people have thrown the Purchaser to the winds.

He is our Purchaser—*God has purchased*:

listen, rise above anxiety for any purchaser.

Seek the Purchaser who is seeking you, One who knows your beginning and end.

Beware, do not try to win every purchaser: it is bad to make love to two sweethearts.

You will not get interest or capital from him, if he purchases you: in truth he has not the price for reason and intellect.
He has not even the price of half a horseshoe, and you are offering him minerals and rubies.

Greed has blinded you and will deprive you: the Devil will make you accursed like himself.

Just as that wrathful made accursed like himself the Fellows of the Elephant and the people of Lot.

The patient have gained the Purchaser, since they did not hasten towards every purchaser.

He that averted his face from that Purchaser—fortune and felicity and everlasting life are quit of him.

Grief remains for ever on the covetous, as happened to the people of Zarwán in their envy.

There was a righteous godly man: he had perfect intelligence and a (great) foresight as to the end.

In the village of Zarwán, near Yemen, renowned for almsgiving and good disposition.

**Story of the people of Zarwán and their envy of the poor.** “Our father,” they said, “from simplicity used to give to the poor the most part of the produce of his orchard.” When it was grapes, he would give a tithe; and when they were turned into raisins or syrup, he would give a tithe; and whenever he made halwá or pálúda, he would give a tithe; and he would give a tithe of the corn-sheaves, and when he threshed, he would give a tithe of the unthreshed ears mixed; and when he separated the wheat from the straw, he would give a tithe; and when he made flour, he would give a tithe; and when he leavened the dough, he would give a tithe; and when he made bread, he would give a tithe. Consequently God most High had laid such a blessing on his orchard and crops that all the owners of orchards were in need of him, both for fruit and money, while he needed nothing from any of them. His sons saw the repeated payment of tithes, and did not see the blessing, velut illa femina infelix quae veretrum asini vidit, cucurbitam non vidit.
His abode was the Ka'ba of the poor:
the distressed were coming to him.

He would give, unostentatiously, a tithe both of the ears of corn
and of the wheat when it was separated from the chaff.

It was made into flour, he would give a tithe of that too;
if it was made into bread, he would give another tithe of the bread.

He would never omit the tithe of any produce:
he would give four times on that which he planted.

That young man was continually giving
many injunctions to all his sons,

Saying, “For God’s sake, for God’s sake, after I am gone,
do not on account of your covetousness withhold the portion of the poor,
So that the crops and fruit may remain permanent on you
under the safeguard of your obedience to God”

Without surmise or doubt, God has sent
all produce and fruits from the Unseen.

If you expend something in the place where the produce comes,
it is the gateway to profit: you will obtain a profit.

The Turk sows the major part of the produce again in the field,
because it is the source of the fruits.

He sows most of it and consumes a little,
for he has no doubt of its growing.

The Turk shakes his hand in sowing, because that crop of his
has been produced from the same soil.

Likewise the shoemaker buys hide and leather and morocco
the surplus left over from bread,

Saying, “These have been the sources of my income:
from these, accordingly, my means of livelihood are flowing.”

His income has come from that place:
consequently he bestows in the same place with liberality and generosity.

This soil that produces crops and morocco are only a veil:
know that at every moment the source of livelihood is in God.

When you sow, sow in the soil of the Origin,
that for every single a hundred thousand may grow.

If just now you have sown seed, I will suppose,
in a soil which you thought a means.
بیست و سر بر دانز رقص گوادا
تا بادایی اصل رزق اوست
تا همو را چویده آن که رزق جوست
رزق از یو جو محو از زید و عمر
مختل از یو جو محو از بنگ و خمر
توانگری زو خواه هن از گنج و مال
نصرت از یو خواه هن از عم و خال
عاشقی زین ای با وی ماندن
هر که را خواه هن در آن دم خوانند
این دم او را خوان و باقی را بمان
تا تو باشی وارث مک جهان
چون بیف منزهه آبند آن اخیه
یهرب المولود یوما من ابیه
ژ آن شود هر دوست آن ساعت عدو
که بتو بود و از ره مانع او
روى از نقاش رو میانفیتی
چون ز نقش انس دل میانفیتی
این دم ار بارانت با تو ضن شوند
وز تو بر گردند و دیر خصمتی روند
هنگیگو نک روز من پروز شد
آن چند قرب شداست شهاد امروز شد
مضن من گشتند اهل ابن سرا
تا قیامت عین شد پشئین مرا
پیش از آن که روزگار خود برم
عمر با ایشان به پایان اورم
کالهی معیوب بخزیده بدم
شکر کز عیش په واقف شدم
پیش از آن کز دست سرمایه شدی
عاشقی معیوب بیرون آمدی
مال رفته عمر رفته ای نسبت
مال و چن داده پی کالهی معیوب
رخت دامه زر قلبو بستدم
شاد شادان سوی خانه میشدم

When it does not grow for two or three years, how can you do anything but put your hand in supplication and prayer?

You will beat your hand on your head in the presence of God: hand and head bear witness to His giving sustenance;

So that you may know that He is the Source of the source of sustenance, and that the seeker of sustenance may seek only Him.

Seek sustenance from Him, do not seek it from Zayd and Amr: seek intoxication from Him, do not seek it from hashish and wine.

 Desire wealth from Him, not from treasure and possessions: desire aid from Him, not from paternal and maternal uncles.

At the last you will be left without these things: listen, unto whom will you call then?

Call unto Him now, and leave the rest, that you may inherit the kingdom of the world.

When comes a man shall flee from his brother and on such a Day the son will flee from his father,

In that hour every friend will become your foe, because he was your idol and one who hindered from the Way.

You were averting your face from the Painter of the face, since you were gaining heart’s delight from a picture.

If at this time your friends become hostile to you and turn aside from you and quarrel,

Take heed and say, “Lo, my fortune is triumphant: that which would have happened to-morrow has happened to-day.

The people of this caravanserai have become my enemies, in order that the Resurrection might be made clearly visible to me beforehand,

Before I should lose my time and associate with them to the end of my life.

I had bought defective goods: thanks to God that I have become aware of their defectiveness in time,

Before the stock-in-trade should go out of my hands and finally come forth as defective.

My wealth was gone; my life was gone, O man of noble lineage: I had given away my wealth and life for damaged goods.

I sold my merchandise, I received base gold:
I was going home in great jubilation.
Thanks that this gold was shown to be base now, before too much of my life had passed.

The base coin would have remained on my neck for ever: to waste my life would have been an iniquity.

Since its baseness has been revealed earlier, I will step back from it very quickly.”

When your friend displays enmity, the itch of his hatred and jealousy shoots forth,

Do not bewail his aversion, do not make yourself a fool and ignoramus;

Nay, thank God and give bread, that you have not become old in his sack,

You have quickly come out of his sack to seek the true Eternal Friend,

The delectable Friend whose friendship’s cord becomes threefold after your death.

That friend, in truth, may be the Sultan and exalted King, or he may be one accepted of the Sultan and one who intercedes.

You are delivered from the false coiner and hypocrisy and fraud: you have seen his tumour plainly before death.

If you understood this injustice shown towards you by the people in the world, it is a hidden treasure of gold.

The people are made to be thus evil-natured towards you, that your face may inevitably be turned Yonder.

Know this for sure that in the end all of them will become adversaries and foes and rebels.

You will be left in the tomb, lamenting and beseeching the One, “Do not leave me alone!”

O You whose harshness is better than the troth of the faithful, the honey of the faithful is also from Your bounty.”

Listen to your own reason, O possessor of a granary, and commit your wheat to the earth of Allah,

That it may be safe from thieves and weevils.
Kill the Devil with the wood-fretter as quickly as possible;

For he is always frightening you with poverty: make him your prey like a partridge, O valiant hawk.
It would be a shame for the falcon of the mighty and fortunate Sultan to be made a prey by the partridge.

He gave many injunctions and sowed the seed of exhortation, as their soil was nitrous, it was of no avail.

Although the admonisher has a hundred appeals, counsel demands a retentive ear.

You counsel him with a hundred courtesies, and he turns aside from your counsel.

A single person who obstinately refuses to listen will baffle a hundred speakers.

Who should be more persuasive in counselling and sweeter-tongued than the prophets, whose words made an impression on stones?

The bonds of the ill-fated were not being loosed by that whereby mountain and stone were moved.

Such hearts as had egoism were described; 
nay, harder.

Explaining that the bounty of God and of the Omnipotence is not dependent on receptivity, as human bounty is; for in the latter case receptivity is necessary. (In the former case it is not) because bounty is eternal, whereas receptivity is temporal. Bounty is an attribute of the Creator, while receptivity is an attribute of the creature; and the eternal cannot depend on the temporal, otherwise temporality would be absurd.

The remedy for such a heart is the gift bestowed by a Transmuter: receptivity is not a necessary condition for His bounty.

Nay, His bounty is the necessary condition for receptivity: Bounty is the kernel, and receptivity the husk.

The change of Moses' rod into a serpent and the shining of his hand like a sun,

And a hundred thousand miracles of the prophets which are not comprehended by our mind and understanding—

These are not derived from secondary causes but are under the control of God: how can receptivity belong to non-existent things?

If receptivity were a necessary condition for God's action, no non-existent thing would come into existence.
He has established a law and causes and means for the sake of those who seek under this blue veil.

Most happenings come to pass according to the law; sometimes the Power breaks the law.

He has established a goodly law and custom; then He has made the miracle a breach of the custom.

If honour does not reach us without a cause, the Power is not remote from the removal of the cause.

The Causer brings whatsoever He will: the Absolute Power tears up the causes;

But, for the most part, He lets the execution follow the course of causation, in order that a seeker may be able to pursue the object of his desire.

When there is no cause, what way should the seeker pursue? Therefore he must have a visible cause in the way.

These causes are veils on the eyes, for not every eye is worthy of His work.

An eye that can penetrate the cause is needed to extirpate veils from root and bottom,

So that it may behold the Causer in non-spatiality and regard exertion and earnings and shops as nonsense.

Everything good or evil comes from the Causer: causes and means, O father, are naught.

But a phantom that has materialized on the King's highway in order that the period of heedlessness may endure for some time.

On the beginning of the creation of the body of Adam, on whom be peace, when He commanded Gabriel, on whom be peace, saying, “Go, take a handful of clay from this Earth,” or according to another relation, “Take a handful from every region.”

When the Maker willed to bring Man into existence for the purpose of probation with good and evil,
He commanded Gabriel the true, saying,
“Go, and take a handful of clay from the Earth as a pledge.”

He girt his loins and came to the Earth,
that he might execute the command of the Lord of created beings.

That obedient one moved his hand towards the Earth:
the Earth withdrew herself and was afraid.

Then the Earth loosed her tongue and made supplication, saying,
“For the sake of the reverence due to the unique Creator,
Take leave of me and go! Spare my life!
Go; turn aside from me the reins of your white steed!
For God’s sake, leave me and do not plunge me
into the troubles of obligation and danger.
For the sake of the favour by which God chose you out
and revealed to you the knowledge in the Universal Tablet,
So that you have become the teacher of the Angels
and art conversing with God continually;
1560
For you will be the messenger sent to the prophets:
you are the life of the inspired spirit, not (the life) of the body.
You had superiority over Seraphiel
because he is the body’s life, you are the spirit’s.
The blast of his trumpet is the growth of bodies;
your breath is the growth of the single heart.
The life of the heart is the soul of the soul of the body:
therefore your gift is superior to his.
Again, Michael gives the sustenance for the body;
your labour gives the sustenance for the illumined heart.
1570
He has filled his skirt with gifts by measure;
your gifts of sustenance are immeasurable.
Moreover, you are better than Azrael the tyrannous and enraged,
even as Mercy is prior to Wrath.
These four are the bearers of the Throne, and you king;
you are the best of all of the four from being awake.
On the Day of the Congregation you will see that its bearers are eight:
at that time also you will be the most excellent of its eight.”

Thus was she enumerating and weeping:
she guessed what the object of this was.
Gabriel was a mine of reverence and respect: those adjurations barred the way against him.

Inasmuch as she entreated and appealed to him, he returned and said, “O Lord of Your servants, I have not been remiss in Your affair, but You know what happened better than I.

She pronounced the Name from awe of which, O All-seeing One, the Seven Heavens would cease from their course.

Shame came over me, I was abashed by Your Name; else, it is easy to convey a handful of earth, For You have bestowed such a strength upon the Angels that they can tear these celestial spheres to shreds.”

The sending of Michael, on whom be peace, to take a handful of clay from the Earth for putting together the frame of the blessed body of the Father of Mankind, the Vicegerent of God, Adam, on whom be peace, the Adored of the Angels and their Teacher.

He said to Michael, “Do you go down and seize, like a lion, a handful of clay from her.”

When Michael reached the Earth, he put forth his hand to seize from her.

The Earth trembled and began to flee: she became suppliant and shed tears.

Her breast burning, she made supplication and earnest entreaty: she appealed with bloody tears.

Saying, “by the gracious incomparable God who has made you the bearer of the majestic Throne.

You are the overseer for measuring the world’s means of sustenance: you are the ladler to them that thirst for the bounty”—

Because Michael is derived from kayl (measure), and he has become the measurer (kayyal) in dispensation of the means of subsistence

“Give me quarter, set me free! See how I am uttering words stained with blood.”
The Angel is a mine of God's mercy: Michael said, “How should I sprinkle this salt on that wound?”—

Just as the Devil is a mine of wrath, for he has raised up a roar from the sons of Adam.

The precedence of Mercy over Wrath exists, O youth: clemency was predominant in the nature of God.

His servants necessarily possess His disposition: their water-skins are filled from the water of His stream.

The Messenger of God and the Guide on the journey said that men follow the usage of their kings.

Michael went to the Lord of the Judgement, with hand and sleeve empty of the object of his quest.

He said, “O Knower of the secret, O peerless King, the Earth bound me by lamenting and weeping.

Tears were precious with You: I could not feign not to have heard.

Moaning and wailing had great value with You: I could not leave their rights unheeded.

With You the moist eye is much prized: how should I have become quarrelsome in resisting?”

There is a summons to the servant to lamentation five times a day—“come to the ritual prayer, and lament.”

The muezzin’s cry is “hasten to welfare,” and that welfare is this lamentation and petitioning.

He whom You wish to make sorrow-stricken—You bar against his heart the way to lamentation,

In order that affliction may descend without anything to repel it, when there is no intercessor of humble entreaty;

And You lead to humble entreaty the spirit of him whom You wish to redeem from affliction.

You have said in the Qur'an that those peoples on which that heavy vengeance fell,

It was because at that moment they would not make humble entreaty that the affliction might be averted from them;
But since their hearts had been hardened, their sins appeared as obedient service.

Until the sinner deems himself rebellious, how can tears run from his eye?

The Story of the people of Yūnus, on whom be peace, is a demonstration and manifest proof that humble entreaty and lamentation avert affliction sent from Heaven.

And God most High acts by free choice: therefore humble entreaty and reverence avail with Him.

The philosophers, however, say that He acts by nature and as a cause, not by free choice: therefore humble entreaty cannot alter nature.

When the affliction became visible to the people of Yūnus, a cloud full of fire departed from heaven.

It was shooting lightning, the rocks were burning; the cloud was roaring, cheeks were shedding colour.

All were on the roofs at night, when that woe came into view from on high.

All came down from the roofs and went bare-headed towards the open country.

Mothers cast out their children, that all might raise wailing and distressful cries.

From the evening prayer till the hour of dawn, those folk were throwing dust on their heads.

All voices were hushed: Mercy came upon that perverse people.

After despair and unrestrained lamentation, little by little the cloud began to turn back.

The story of Yūnus is long and broad: it is time of the Earth and the far-spread tale.

Since humble entreaty has value with God—and where has lamentation the price that it has there?—Oh, hope! Now gird your loins tight!

Arise, O weeper, and laugh continually, For the glorious King is ranking tears as equal in merit to the blood of the martyr.
The sending of Seraphiel, on whom be peace, to the Earth with orders to take a handful of clay for moulding the body of Adam, on whom be peace.

Our God said to Seraphiel, “Go, fill your hand with that clay and come.”

Seraphiel, likewise, came to the Earth: again the Earth began to moan,

Saying, “O Angel of the Resurrection and O Sea of life, by whose breaths the dead are revived,

You blow one terrible blast from the trumpet, and the place of Judgement becomes full of people from rotten bones.

You blow on the trumpet and cry, ‘Listen, spring up, O you slain of Karbalá! You are the Angel of mercy: show mercy! You are the bearer of the Throne and the qibla of gifts.”

The Throne is the mine of justice and equity: beneath it are four rivers filled with forgiveness:

A river of milk and a river of honey everlasting; a river of wine and a river of running water

Then from the Throne they flow into Paradise; some little thing appears in this world too,

Although here those four are defiled—by what? By the poison of mortality and indigestion,

From those four a draught has been poured on the dark Earth and a temptation has been offered,

In order that these vile wretches may seek the source of it; these worthless folk are content with this.

He has given milk and nourishment for babes: He has made the breast of every wife a fountain.
He has given wine to drive away grief and care:
He has made of the grape a fountain to inspire courage.

He has given honey as a remedy for the sick body:
He has made the inward part of the bee a fountain.

He gave water universally to high and low
for cleanliness and for drinking.

That you may follow the track from these towards the origins;
but you are content with this, O trifler.

Now hear the story of the Earth
and what she is saying to enchant the disturber (of her peace).

With frowning looks in the presence of Seraphiel,
she is practicing a hundred sorts of coquetry and blandishment,

Saying, “By the truth of the holy essence of the Almighty,
do not regard this violence to me as lawful!

I have a presentiment of this change:
suspicious thoughts are running in my head.

You are the Angel of mercy: show mercy,
for the huma will not harm any bird.

O healing and mercy to the sorrowful;
do the same as those two benefactors did.”

At once Seraphiel returned to the King:
in God’s presence he excused himself and told what had passed,

Saying, “Outwardly You gave the command to take;
You inspired my conscience to do the opposite of that.

The command to take You did address to my ear, the prohibition
against hardheartedness You did address to my understanding.

Mercy, being prior, prevailed over wrath, O Lord
whose actions are incomparable and whose dealings are gracious.”

The sending of Azrael, the Angel of firm resolution and strong mind, on whom be peace,
to seize a handful of clay in order that the body of Adam, on whom be peace, might be quickened.

Straightway God said to Azrael,
“Behold the Earth full of vain imagination!”
Find that feeble unjust old crone: listen, fetch a handful of clay and make haste!"

Azrael, the captain of the Decree, went off towards the terrestrial globe for the purpose of requisition.

The Earth, according to rule, began lamenting loudly: she begged him; she swore many an oath,

Crying, “O favourite youth (page-of-honour), O bearer of the Throne, O you whose command is obeyed in heaven and earth,

Depart, for the sake of the mercy of the Merciful! Depart, for the sake of Him who has shown kindness unto you!

For the sake of that King who alone is worshipped and with whom no one’s lamentation is rejected!”

He replied, “These conjurations cannot move me to avert my face from the Giver of commands secret or manifest.”

She said, “After all, He has commanded forbearance: both are commanded: take the latter on the ground of knowledge.”

He replied, “That would be an interpretation or an inference: do not seek to confuse the plain meaning of the command.

If you interpret your own thought, it is better than that you should interpret this unequivocal command.

My heart is burning at your supplication; my bosom is filled with blood on account of your salty tears.

I am not pitiless; nay, I have greater pity than those three holy ones for the sorrow of the sorrowful.

If I am slapping an orphan, while a mild-natured person may put halwá in his hand,

Those slaps are better than the other’s halwá; and if he be beguiled by the halwá, woe to him!

My heart is burning at your lamentable cry, but God is teaching me a kindness—

The kindness concealed amidst cruelties, the priceless cornelian hidden in filth.

The cruelty done by God is better than a hundred clemencies of mine: to withhold the soul from God is agony to the soul.

His worst cruelty is better than the clemency of both worlds; how excellent is the Lord of created beings and how excellent help!
In His cruelty there are secret kindnesses: to surrender the soul for His sake increases the soul.

Listen, dismiss suspicion and error: make your head a foot since He has bidden you come.

His ‘Come’ will give exaltations; it will give intoxication and brides and couches.

In short, never, never can I weaken that sublime command and complicate it.”

The wretched Earth heard all this, in her ear was a plug arising from that evil suspicion.

Once more in another fashion the lowly Earth made entreaty and prostrated herself, like a drunken man.

He said, “Nay, arise! There is no loss from this, I lay my head and life as a pledge and guarantee. Do not think of entreating, do not make further entreaty except to that merciful and justice-dealing King.

I am a slave to command, I dare not neglect His command which raised dust from the sea.

Save from the Creator of ear and eye and head I will hear neither good nor evil—not even from my own soul.

My ear is deaf to all words but His: He is dearer to me than my sweet soul.

The soul came from Him, not He from the soul: He bestows a hundred thousand souls free of cost.

Who is the soul that I should prefer her to the Gracious? What is a flea that I should burn the blanket on account of it?

I know no good but His good: I am deaf and dumb and blind to all but Him.

My ear is deaf to those who make lamentation, for I am as the spear in His hand.
Explaining that when injury befalls you from a creature of God, be in reality is like an instrument. The gnostic is he that refers (all action) to God, not to the instrument; and if he refer it to the instrument formally, he does so not in ignorance but for a purpose. Thus Abu Yazid, may God sanctify his spirit, said, “During all these years I have never spoken to any creature or heard any creature speak to me; but people fancy that I am speaking and listening to them, because they do not see the Most Great Speaker, of whom they in relation to me are the echo.” The intelligent hearer pays no heed to the echo. There is a well-known proverb to this effect, “The wall said to the nail, ‘Why are you splitting me?’ The nail replied, ‘Look at him who is hitting me.’”

Do not foolishly beg the spear for mercy:

Do not foolishly beg the spear for mercy:

beg mercy of the King in whose hand is the spear.

How should you supplicate the spear and sword which are captives in the hand of that Exalted One?

He is Ázar in craftsmanship, and I am the idol:

He is Ázar in craftsmanship, and I am the idol:

whatever instrument He may make of me, I become that.

If He makes me a cup, I become a cup;

If He makes me a cup, I become a cup;

and if He makes me a dagger, I become a dagger.

If He makes me a fountain, I give water;

If He makes me a fountain, I give water;

and if He makes me fire, I give heat.

If He makes rain of me, I give a wheat stack;

If He makes rain of me, I give a wheat stack;

and if He makes an arrow of me, I dart into the body.

If He make me a snake (mári), I emit venom;

If He make me a snake (mári), I emit venom;

and if He make me a friend (yári), I do service.

I am as a pen between His two fingers:

I am as a pen between His two fingers:

I do not waver in the ranks of obedience.”

He engaged the Earth in discourse;

He engaged the Earth in discourse;

he snatched from the old Earth a handful.

Like a magician he snatched it from the Earth, the Earth was absorbed, like those beside themselves, in listening to his words.

He brought the inconsiderate clay to God: the runaway to school.
God said, “By My resplendent knowledge, I will make you the executioner of these creatures.”

He replied, “O Lord, Your creatures will regard me as their enemy when I strangle them at death.

Deem it right, O exalted Lord, to make me hated and like a foe in appearance?”

He said, “I will bring into clear view certain causes, fever, dysentery, inflammation and spear wounds;

For I will turn their attention from you to the diseases and threefold causes”

Azrael replied, “O Lord, there are also servants who shatter causes, O Almighty.”

Their eye pierces through the cause: by the grace of the Lord, it has passed beyond veils.

It has obtained the eye salve of Unity from the oculist of ecstasy and has been delivered from ailment and infirmity.

They do not look at fever and dysentery and consumption: they do not admit these causes into their heart;

For every one of these diseases has its cure: when it becomes incurable, that is the act of the Decree.

Know for certain that every disease has its cure, as a fur is the cure for the pain of cold;

When God wills that a man shall be frozen, the cold penetrates even a hundred furs

And puts into his body a tremor that will not be made better by clothes or by the house

When the Decree comes, the physician is made foolish, and the medicine too loses its beneficial effect.

How should the perception of the (mystic) seer be veiled by these causes, which are a veil to catch the dolt?

When the eye is quite perfect, it sees the root; when a man is cross eyed, it sees the branch.
The answer, “One who does not regard causes and diseases and sword-wounds will likewise pay no regard to your action, O Azrael, for you too are a cause, although you are more concealed than those causes.” And maybe it is not concealed from the sick man, for He is nearer to him than you are, but you do not see.

God said, “He who perceives the origin: how, then, should he be conscious of your intervention?

Although you have concealed yourself from the vulgar, still to the clear-eyed you are a veil.”

And those to whom death is as sugar—how should their sight be intoxicated with the fortunes?

Bodily death is not bitter to them, since they go from a dungeon and prison into a garden.

They have been delivered from the world of torment: none weeps for the loss of nothing, nothing.

If an elemental spirit breaks the bastion of a prison, will the heart of any prisoner be angry with him?

“Alas, he has broken this marble stone, so that our spirits and souls have escaped from confinement.

The beautiful marble and the noble stone of the prison-bastion were pleasing and agreeable.

Why did he break them, so that the prisoners escaped? His hand must be broken as a penalty for this.”

No prisoner will talk such nonsense except that one who is brought from prison to the gallows.

How should it be bitter to one whom they take from amidst snake-poison towards sugar?

The soul, freed from the turmoil of the body, is soaring on the wings of the heart without bodily feet,

Like the prisoner in a dungeon who falls asleep at night and dreams of a rose garden,

And says, “O God, do not bring me to my body, in order that I may walk as a prince in this garden.”

God says to him, “Your prayer is granted: go not back”—and God best knows the right course.
Consider how delightful such a dream is!
Without having seen death, he goes into Paradise.
Does he feel any regret for wakefulness
and for the body in chains at the bottom of the dungeon?
If you are a true believer, come now, enter the ranks of battle,
for a feast has been set for you in Heaven.
In the hope of journeying upwards, take your stand before the mihrab,
like a candle, O youth!
Let your tears fall like rain, and burn in search all night long,
like the candle beheaded (by the flame).

Close your lips against food and drink:
hasten towards the Heavenly table.
Continually keep your hope on Heaven,
dancing like the willow in desire for Heaven.
Continually from Heaven water and fire will be coming to you
and increasing your provision.
If your aspiration bears you there, it is no wonder:
do not regard your weakness, regard your search;
For this search is God's pledge within you,
because every seeker deserves something sought.

Strive that this search may increase,
so that your heart may escape from this bodily dungeon.
People will say, “Poor so-and-so is dead,”
you will say, “I am living, O ye heedless ones!
Though my body, like bodies, is laid to rest,
the Eight Paradises have blossomed in my heart.”
When the spirit is lying at rest amidst roses and eglantines,
what does it matter if the body is in that dung?
What should the spirit laid asleep know of the body,
whether it is in a rose-garden or an ash pit?

In the bright world the spirit is crying,
“Oh, would that my people knew!”
If the spirit shall not live without this body,
then for whom shall Heaven be the palace?
If your spirit shall not live without the body,
for whom is the blessing in Heaven is your provision?
Explaining the ruinous cause of the fat and sweet things of the World and how they hinder one from the Food of God, as he has said—"Hunger is the Food of God with which He revives the bodies of the true," i.e. in hunger the Food of God is; and he has said, "I pass the night with my Lord and He gives me food and drink"; and God has said, "being provided for, rejoicing."

If you are delivered from this provision of gross scraps, you will fall to dainty viands and noble food.

If you are eating a hundred pounds' weight of His viands, you will depart pure and light as a peri;

For they will not make you a prisoner of wind and dysentery and crucify you with gripes.

If you eat little, you will remain hungry like the crow; and if you eat your fill, you will suffer from belching.

If you eat little, ill-temper and anemia and consumption; if you eat your fill, your body will incur indigestion.

Through the Food of God and the easily digested nutriment, ride like a ship on such a ocean.

Be patient and persistent in fasting:
always expecting the Food of God;

For God, who acts with goodness and is long-suffering,
bestows gifts in expectation.

The full-fed man does not wait expectantly for bread, whether his allowance will come soon or late;

The foodless man is always asking, "Where is it?" and expecting it hungrily and seeking and searching.

Unless you are expectant, that bounty of manifold felicity will not come to you.

Expectation, O father, expectation, like a man, for the sake of the dishes from above.

Every hungry man obtained some food at last: the sun of fortune shone upon him.

When a magnanimous guest will not eat some food, the host brings better food,

Unless he is a poor host and a mean one. Do not think ill of the generous Provider!
Lift up your head like a mountain, O man of authority, in order that the first rays of the Sun may strike upon you;

For the lofty firm-based mountain-peak is expecting the sun of dawn.

Reply to the simpleton who has said that this world would be delightful if there were no death and that the possessions of the present life would be delightful if they were not fleeting and other absurdities in the same style.

A certain man was saying, “The world would be delightful, were it not for the intervention of death.”

The other said, “If there were no death, the tangled world would not be worth a straw.

It would be a stack heaped up in the field and neglected and left unthreshed.

You have supposed death to be life: you have sown your seed in a barren soil.

The false reason, indeed, sees the reverse: it sees life as death, O man of weak judgement.”

Do You, O God, show us everything as it really is in this house of illusion.

None that has died is filled with grief on account of death; his grief is caused by having too little provision;

Otherwise he has come from a dungeon into the open country amidst fortune and pleasure and delight;

From this place of mourning and narrow vale he has been transported to the spacious plain.

It is a seat of truth, not a palace of falsehood; a choice wine, not an intoxication with buttermilk.

It is the seat of truth, and God is beside him: he is delivered from this water and earth of the fire-temple.

And if you have not led the illuminative life, one or two moments remain: die like a man!
Concerning what may be hoped for from the mercy of God most High, who bestows His favours before they have been deserved— and He it is who sends down the rain after they have despaired.

And many an estrangement produces intimacy, and there is many a blessed sin, and many a happiness that comes in a case where penalties are expected, in order that it may be known that God changes their evil deeds to good.

In the Traditions it is related that on the Day of Resurrection every single body will be commanded to arise.

The blast of the trumpet is the command from the Holy God, namely, "O children, lift up your heads from the grave."

Every one's soul will return to its body, just as consciousness returns to the body at dawn.

At daybreak the soul recognises its own body and re-enters its own ruin, like treasures.

It recognises its own body and goes into it:
how should the soul of the goldsmith go to the tailor?

The soul of the scholar runs to the scholar, the spirit of the tyrant runs to the tyrant;

For the Divine Knowledge has made them cognisant, as the lamb and the ewe, at the hour of dawn.

The foot knows its own shoe in the dark:
how should not the soul know its own body, O worshipful one?

Dawn is the little resurrection: O seeker of refuge, judge from it what the greater resurrection will be like.

Even as the soul flies towards the clay, the scroll will fly into the left hand or the right.

Into his hand will be put the scroll of avarice and liberality, impiety and piety, and all the dispositions that he had formed yesterday

At dawn when he wakes from slumber, that good and evil will come back to him.

If he has disciplined his moral nature, the same nature will present itself to him when he wakes;

And if yesterday he was ignorant and wicked and misguided, he will find his left hand black as a letter of mourning;
But if yesterday he was clean and pious and religious, when he wakes he will gain the precious pearl.

Our sleep and waking are two witnesses which attest to us the significance of death and resurrection.

The lesser resurrection has shown forth the greater resurrection; the lesser death has illumined the greater death.

But this scroll is a fancy and hidden, though at the greater resurrection it will be very clearly seen.

Here this fancy is hidden, the traces are visible; but there He from this fancy will produce forms.

Behold in the architect the fancy of a house, in his mind like a seed in a piece of earth.

That fancy comes forth from within, as the earth bears from the seed within.

Every fancy that makes its abode in the mind will become a form on the Day of Resurrection.

Like the architect’s fancy in his thought; like the plant in the earth that takes the seed.

My object in both these resurrections is a story; in its exposition there is a moral for the true believers.

When the sun of the Resurrection rises, foul and fair will leap up hastily from the grave

They will be running to the *Diwan* of the Decree: the good and bad coin will go into the crucible—

The good coin joyously and with great delight; the false coin in anguish and melting.

At every moment the probations will be arriving: the thoughts concealed in the heart will be appearing in the body,

As when the water and oil in a lamp are exposed to view, or like a piece of earth from which grow up the deposited within.

From onion, leek, and poppy the hand of Spring reveals the secret of Winter—

One fresh and green, saying, “We are the devout”; and the other drooping their heads like the violet,

Their eyes starting out from the danger, and streaming like ten fountains from fear of the appointed end;
Their eyes remaining in expectation, lest the scroll come from the left side;

Their eyes rolling to right and left, because the fortune of the scroll from the right is not easy.

There comes into the hand of a servant a scroll headed with black and cram-full of crime and wickedness;

Containing not a single good deed or act of saving grace—not nothing but wounds inflicted on the hearts of the saintly;

Filled from top to bottom with foulness and sin, with mockery and jeering at the followers of the Way,

His rascal behaviour, thieving and Pharaoh-like expressions of self-glorification.

When that odious man reads his scroll, he knows that he is on the road to prison.

Then he sets out, like robbers going to the gallows; his crime manifest, and the way of excusing himself barred.

The thousands of bad pleas and speeches have become like an evil nail on his mouth.

The stolen property has been discovered on his person and in his house: his story has vanished.

He sets out, therefore, to the prison of Hell; for thorns have no means of escape from the fire.

The angels that were hidden, as custodians before and behind have become visible like policemen.

They take him along, prodding him with the goad and saying, “Begone, O dog, to your own kennels!”

He drags his feet on every road that perchance he may escape from the pit.

He stands expectantly, keeping silence and turning his face backward in a hope,

Pouring tears like autumn rain.

A mere hope—what has he except that?

At every moment he is looking back and turning his face to the Holy Court.

Then from God in the realm of light comes the command—“Say to him, ’O never-do-well destitute,
What are you expecting, O mine of mischief?
Why are you looking back, O giddy-headed man?

Your scroll is that which came into your hand,
O offender against God and worshipper of the Devil.

Since you have seen the scroll of your deeds, why do you look back?
Behold the reward of your works!

Why are you tarrying in vain?
Where is hope of light in such a pit as this?

Neither outwardly have you any act of piety,
nor inwardly and in your heart an intention;

No nightly prayers and vigils,
no abstinence and fasting in the daytime;

No holding your tongue to avoid hurting anyone,
no looking earnestly forward and backward.

What is forward? To think of your own death and last agony.
What is backward? To remember the earlier deaths of your friends.

You have no wailful penitence for your injustice,
O rogue who show wheat and sell barley.

Since your scales were wrong and false,
how should you require the scales of your retribution to be right?

Since you were a left foot in fraud and dishonesty,
how should the scroll come into your right hand?

Since retribution is the shadow, accordingly your shadow,
O man of bent figure, falls crookedly before you.”

From this quarter comes harsh words of rebuke
that even the back of a mountain would be bowed by them.

The servant answers: “I am a hundred, hundred, hundred times as much
as that which You have declared.

Truly, in Your patience You have thrown a veil over worse things;
otherwise You know with Your knowledge shameful deeds;

But, outside of my own exertion and action,
beyond good and evil and religion and infidelity,

And beyond my feeble supplication and the fancy
and imagination of myself or a hundred like me,

Beyond living righteously or behaving disobediently—
I had a hope in Your pure lovingkindness.
1840 I had hope in the pure bounty from Your spontaneous loving kindness, 
O Gracious Disinterested One.

I turn my face back to that pure grace:
I am not looking towards my own actions.

You gave existence, free of cost, as a robe of honour:
I have always relied upon that.”

When he recounts his sins and trespasses, 
the Pure Bounty begins to show munificence,

Saying, “O angels, bring him back to Us, 
for his inward eye has been towards hope.

Like one who cares about nothing, 
We will set him free and cancel all his trespasses.

I don’t care is permitted to that One 
who loses nothing by perfidy and by probity.

We will kindle up a goodly fire of grace, 
in order that no sin and fault, great or small, may endure—

Such a fire that the least spark of the flame thereof 
is consuming sin and necessity and free-will.

We will set fire to the tenement of Man 
and make the thorns a spiritual garden of roses.

What in truth is Adam’s sovereignty and power of choice 
beside the Light of the Everlasting Abode?

His speaking organ is a piece of flesh; 
the seat of his vision is a piece of fat; 
The seat of his hearing consists of two pieces of bone; 
the seat of his perception is two drops of blood, that is to say, the heart.

1855 You are a little worm and art stuffed with filth; 
you have made a display of pomp in the world.

You were of seed: relinquish egoism!
O Ayaz, keep in mind that sheepskin jacket!
The Story of Ayaz and his having a chamber for his rustic shoes and sheepskin jacket; and how his fellow-servants thought he had a buried treasure in that room, because the door was so strong and the lock so heavy.

Impelled by sagacity, Ayaz hung up his sheepskin jacket and rustic shoes.

Every day he would go into the private chamber, “These are your shoes: do not regard your eminence.”

They said to the King, “He has a chamber, and in it there is gold and silver and a jar of treasure.

He admits no one into it: he always keeps the door locked.”

The King said, “Oh, I wonder what in truth that servant has that is hidden and concealed from me.”

Then he gave orders to a certain Amír, saying, “Go at midnight and open and enter the room. Whatever you find is yours: plunder him, expose his secret to the courtiers.

Notwithstanding such innumerable kindnesses and favours, does he meanly hide silver and gold?

He professes loyalty and love and enthusiasm— and then he is one who shows wheat and sells barley!

To anyone who finds life in love, aught but service would seem infidelity.

At midnight the Amír with thirty trusted set out to open his chamber.

And all these valiant men, carrying torches, moved joyfully in that direction,

Saying, “It is the Sultan’s command: let us raid the room and each of us pocket a purse of gold.”

“Hey!” cried one of them, “why trouble about gold?”

Talk of carnelians and rubies and jewels.

He is the most privileged of the Sultan’s treasury: nay, he is now to the King life itself.”
What worth should rubies and corundums and emeralds or carnelians possess in the eyes of this man beloved?

The King had no evil thoughts of him: he was making a mock by way of trial.

He knew him to be free from all deceitfulness and guile; again his heart was shaken with misgiving,

Lest this might be and he should be wounded. “I do not wish,” “that shame should come over him.

He has not done this thing; and if he has, it is right: let him do whatever he will, he is my beloved.

Whatever my beloved may do, it is I have done. I am he, he is I: what though I am in the veil?”

Again he would say, “He is far removed from this disposition and qualities: such wild accusations are drivel and fancy.

This from Ayaz is absurd and incredible, for he is an ocean whereof none can see the bottom.”

The Seven Seas are a drop in it: the whole of existence is a dribblet of its waves.

All purities are fetched from that ocean: its drops, every one, are alchemists.

He is the King of kings; nay, he is the King-maker, though on account of the evil eye his name is “Ayaz.”

Even the good eyes are evil to him in respect of jealousy, for his beauty is infinite.

I want a mouth as broad as heaven to describe the qualities of him who is envied by the angels;

And if I should get a mouth like this and a hundred times as this, it would be too narrow for this longing’s distressful cry.

If I should not utter even this amount, O trusted, the phial, my heart, would burst from weakness.

Since I have seen my heart’s phial fragile, I have rent many a mantle in order to allay my pain.

Beyond doubt, O worshipful one, I must become mad for three days at the beginning of every month.

Listen, to-day is the first of the prayer days: it is the day of triumph (pírúz), not the turquoise (pírúza).
Every heart that is in love with the King,
for it is always the beginning of the month.

Since I have become mad, the story of Mahmud
and the description of Ayaz are now out of order.

Explaining that what is related is the outward form of the Story, and that it is a form befitting those who apprehend the external form and suitable to the mirror of their imagination, whereas the real essence of the Story is so transcendent that speech is ashamed to reveal it, and from confusion loses head, beard, and pen. And a hint is enough for the wise.

Forasmuch as my elephant has dreamed of Hindustan, abandon hope of the tax: the village is ruined.

How should poesy and rhyme come to me after the foundations of sanity are destroyed?

It is not (merely) one madness I have amidst the sorrows of love; nay, but madness on madness on madness.

My body is wasted away by secret indications of the mysteries, ever since I beheld eternal life (baqá) in dying to self (faná).

O Ayaz, from love of you I have become thin as a hair: I am unable to tell story, do you tell my story.

I have recited many a tale of your love with my soul: that I have become a tale, do you recite mine.

Truly you are reciting, O model, not I: I am Mount Sinai, you art Moses, and this is the echo.

How should the helpless mountain know what the words are? The mountain is empty of that which Moses knows.

The mountain knows according to its own measure: the body has a little of the grace of the spirit.

The body is like the astrolabe in respect of calculation: it is a sign of the sun-like spirit.

When the astronomer is not keen-sighted, an astrolabe-moulder is required,

To make an astrolabe for him in order that he may gain some knowledge concerning the state of the sun.
The soul that seeks the truth from the astrolabe—
how much should it know of the sky and sun?

You who observe with the astrolabe of the eye
are certainly very far short in your view of the world.

You have seen the world according to the measure of your eye,
where is the world? Why, have you twisted your moustache?

If a single mote of reason and consciousness is with me,
what is this melancholy madness and distracted speech?

Since my brain is empty of reason and consciousness,
how then am I at fault in this raving?

No; the fault is his, for he robbed me of my reason:
in his presence the reason of all rational beings is dead.

O you who cause the reason to wander and the understanding to go astray,
intelligences have no object of hope but you.

I have never desired reason since you made me mad:
I have never envied beauty since you did adorn me.

Is my madness for love of you approved?
Say “Yes and God will reward you.

Whether he speaks Arabic or Persian, where is the ear and mind
by means of which you should attain to the apprehension of it?

His wine is not suitable to every mind;
his ring is not subject to every ear.

Once again I have become mad-like:
go, go, my soul, quickly fetch a chain;

Except the chain of my beloved's curl—
though you bring two hundred chains, I will burst them.

The wise purpose in looking at his rustic shoes and sheepskin jacket—
then let Man consider from what he was created.

Bring back the story of Ayaz's love;
for it is a treasure full of mystery.

Every day he is going into the uppermost chamber
to see his rustic shoes and sheepskin jacket.
Because self-existence produces grievous intoxication:
it removes intelligence from the head and reverence from the heart.

From this ambush this same intoxication of self-existence
waylaid a hundred thousand generations of old.

By this self-existence an Azázîl was made to be Iblîs, saying,
"Why should Adam become lord over me?"

I too am noble and nobly-born:
I am capable of receiving and ready for a hundred excellences.

In excellence I am inferior to none
that I should stand before my enemy to do him service.

I am born of fire, he of mud:
what is the position of mud compared with fire?

Where was he in the period
when I was the Prince of the World and the glory of Time?"

"He created the Jinn from smokeless fire," and His words concerning Iblîs:
"truly he was one of the Jinn, and he transgressed."

The fire was aflame in the soul of the fool, because he was of fire:
the son is the inward nature of his father.

No; I have spoken in error; it was the compelling might of God:
why, adduce any cause?

The causeless action is quit of causes:
it is lasting and firmly established from eternity.

In the perfection of the holy work sped on
what room is there for temporal cause or temporal thing?

What is "the inward nature of father"? His work is our father:
work is the kernel, and the formal father is the skin.

O nut-like body, know that Love is your friend:
your soul will seek your kernel and batter your shell.

The man doomed to Hell whose skin is his friend
"We will give them skins in exchange"
bestows a skin upon him.

Your spiritual principle and kernel is dominant over the Fire,
but your skins are fuel for the Fire.
A wooden pot in which river-water is, the power of fire is entirely against the vessel containing it.

Man’s spiritual principle is a ruler over the Fire: when is Malik of Hell destroyed therein?

Do not, then, increase your body; increase your spiritual principle, in order that you may be the Fire’s sovereign, like Malik.

You have ever been adding skins to your skin: necessarily you are as a skin in soot.

Since the Fire has no fodder except the skin, the vengeance of God will tear the skin off that pride.

This arrogance is a product of the skin; hence power and riches are friends to that pride.

What is this arrogance? being oblivious to the essential principle and frozen—like the oblivion of ice to the sun.

When it becomes conscious of the sun, the ice does not endure: it becomes soft and warm and moves on rapidly.

From seeing the kernel the whole body becomes desire: it becomes miserable and passionately in love, for “Wretched is he who desires.”

When it does not see the kernel, it is content with the skin: the bondage of “Glorious is he who is content” is its prison.

Here glory is infidelity, and wretchedness is religion: until the stone became nothing, when did it become the gem set in a ring?

In the state of stoniness and then “I” is absurd: it is time for you to become lowly and dead to self.

Pride always seeks power and riches because the bath-furnace derives its perfection from dung;

For these two nurses increase the skin: they stuff it with fat and flesh and pride and arrogance.

They have not raised their eyes to the kernel of the kernel: on that account they have deemed the skin to be the kernel.

Iblís was the leader on this way, for he fell prey to the net of power.

Riches are like a snake, and power is a dragon: the shadow of holy men is the emerald to them both.

At that emerald the snake’s eye jumps: the snake is blinded and the traveller is delivered.
When that Prince had laid thorns on this road, every one that was wounded cried, “Curse Iblis!”

Meaning to say, “This pain is upon me through his treachery”: he who is taken as a model was the first to tread the path of treason.

Truly, generation on generation came after him, and all set their feet on his way.

Whoever institutes an evil practice, O youth, in order that people may blindly fall in after him,

All their guilt is collected on him, for he has been a head, while they are the root of the tail.

But Adam brought forward the rustic shoes and sheepskin jacket, saying, “I am of clay.”

By him, as by Ayaz, those shoes were visited: consequently he was lauded in the end.

The Absolute Being is a worker in non-existence: what but non-existence is the workshop of the Maker of existence?

Does one write anything on what is written over, or plant a sapling in a place planted?

He seeks a sheet of paper that has not been written on and sows the seed in a place that has not been sown.

Be you, O brother, a place unsown; be a white paper untouched by writing,

That you may be ennobled by Nún wa ‘l-Qalam, and that the Gracious One may sow seed within you.

Assume, indeed that you have never licked this páluđa (honey cake); assume that you have never seen the kitchen which you have seen,

Because from this páluđa intoxications arise, and the sheepskin jacket and the shoes depart from your memory

When the death-agony comes, you will utter a cry of lamentation: in that hour you will remember your ragged cloak and clumsy shoes;

Until you are drowning in the waves of an evil plight in which there is no help from any refuge,

You will never call to mind the right ship: you will never look at your shoes and sheepskin jacket.

When you are left helpless in the overwhelming waters of destruction, then you will incessantly make we have done wrong your litany;
On the meaning of this, “Show unto us the things as they are”; and on the meaning of this, “If the covering were lifted, my certainty would not be increased”; and on his verse: “When you regard anyone with a malign eye, you are regarding him from the hoop of your existence.”

“The crooked ladder casts a crooked shadow.”

O cocks, learn crowing from him:
he crows for God’s sake, not for the sake of pence.

The false dawn comes and does not deceive him:
the false dawn is the World with its good and evil.

The worldly people had defective understandings,
so that they deemed it to be the true dawn.

The false dawn has waylaid caravans
which have set out in hope of the daybreak.

May the false dawn not be the people’s guide!
For it gives many caravans to the wind.

O you, who have become captive to the false dawn,
do not regard the true dawn also as false.

If you have no protection from hypocrisy and wickedness,
wherefore should you impute the same to your brother?

The evil-doer is always thinking ill:
he reads his own book as referring to his neighbour.

The wretches who have remained in unrighteous qualities
have called the prophets magicians and unrighteous;
And those base Amírs, forgers of falsehood,
conceived this evil thought about the chamber of Ayaz,
That he kept there a buried hoard and treasure.
Do not look at others in the mirror of yourself!
The King, indeed, knew his innocence: on their account was he making that investigation,

Saying, “O Amír, open the door of the chamber at midnight, when he will be unaware of it,

In order that his thoughts may come to light: afterwards it rests with me to punish him.

I bestow the gold and jewels upon you: of those riches I desire naught but the information.”

Thus he spoke, while his heart was throbbing on account of the incomparable Ayaz,

“Is it I who am uttering this? How he will be if he hear of this injustice!”

Again he says, “By the truth of his religion, that his constancy is too great

For him to be annoyed by my foul aspersion and heedless of my purpose and meaning

When an afflicted person has perceived the interpretations of his pain, he sees the victory: how should he be vanquished by the pain?

The interpreter is the patient Ayaz, for he is contemplating the ocean of ends.

To him, as to Joseph, the interpretation of the dream of these prisoners is evident.

How should the goodly man who is aware of the meaning of the dreams of others be ignorant of his own dream?

If I give him a hundred stabs with my sword by way of trial, the union of that loving one will not be diminished.

He knows I am wielding that sword against myself: I am he in reality and he is I.”
Setting forth the real oneness of the lover and the beloved, although they are contrary to each other from the point of view that want is the opposite of wanting nothing. So a mirror is formless and pure, and formlessness is the opposite of form, yet in reality they have an oneness with each other which is tedious to explain: a hint is enough for the wise.

From grief for a separation there came suddenly a sickness into the body of Majnun.

By the flame of longing his blood boiled up, so that quinsy appeared in that mad lover.

Thereupon the physician came to treat him and said, “There is no resource but to bleed him.”

Bleeding is necessary in order to remove the blood.”

A skilled phlebotomist came thither, and bandaged his arm and took the lancet; straightway that passionate lover cried out, “Take your fee and leave the bleeding! If I die, let my old body go!”

“Yes,” said he, “wherefore are you afraid of this, when you have no fear of the lion of the jungle?

Lions, wolves, bears, wild asses and other wild animals gather around you by night; The smell of man does not come to them from you because of the abundance of love and ecstasy in your heart.”

Wolf and bear and lion know what love is: he that is blind to love is inferior to a dog.

If the dog had not a vein of love, how should the dog of the Cave have sought the heart?

Moreover, in the world there is of its kind, dog-like in appearance, though it is not celebrated.

You have not smelt the heart in your own kind: how should you smell the heart in wolf and sheep?

If there had not been Love, how should there have been existence?

How should bread have attached itself to you and become you?
The bread became you: through what? Through love and appetite; otherwise, how should the bread have had any access to the spirit?

Love makes the dead bread into spirit: it makes the spirit that was perishable everlasting.

Majnun said, “I do not fear the lancet: my endurance is greater than the mountain formed of rock.”

I am a vagabond: my body is not at ease without blows;
I am a lover: I am always in close touch with blows.

But my being is full of Layla:
this shell is filled with the qualities of that Pearl.

I am afraid, O cupper, lest if you let my blood
you suddenly inflict a wound with your lancet upon Layla.

The reason whose heart is enlightened knows that between Layla and me there is no difference.”

A beloved asked her lover, “Do you love yourself more or me?” He replied, “I am dead to myself and living by you; I have become non-existent to myself and my own attributes and existent through you; I have lost all thought of my own power and have become powerful through your power.

If I love myself, I must have loved you, and if I love you, I must have loved myself.”

“Whoever possesses the mirror of clairvoyance sees God though he sees himself”: “Go forth with My attributes to My creatures. Whoso shall see you shall see Me and whoso shall betake himself unto you shall betake himself unto Me”; and so on.

At the hour of the morning-drink a beloved said to her lover by way of trial, “O such-and-such son of such-and-such, I wonder; do you love me or yourself more? Tell the truth, O man of sorrows.”

He replied, “I have become so negated in you that I am full of you from head to foot.”
Of my existence there is nothing in me but the name:
in my being there is nothing but you, O you whose wishes are gratified.

By that means I have become thus negated, like vinegar, in you an ocean of honey.”

As the stone that is entirely turned into pure ruby:
it is filled with the qualities of the sun.

That stony nature does not remain in it:
back and front, it is filled with sunshine.

Afterwards, if it love itself,
that is love of the sun, O youth;

And if it loves the sun with its soul,
it is undoubtedly love of itself.

Whether the pure ruby loves itself
or whether it loves the sun,

There is really no difference in these two loves:
both sides are naught but the radiance of the sunrise.

Until it has become a ruby, it is an enemy to itself,
because it is not a single “I”: two “I’s” are there;

For the stone is dark and blind to the day light:
the dark is essentially opposed to light.

Love itself is an infidel,
because it offers intense resistance to the supreme Sun.

Therefore it is not fitting that the stone should say “I,”
it is wholly darkness and in death.

A Pharaoh said “I am God” and was laid low;
a Mansur said “I am God” and was saved.

The former “I” is followed by God’s curse
and the latter “I” by God’s mercy, O loving man;

For that one was a black stone, this one a cornelian;
that one was an enemy to the Light, and this one passionately enamoured.

This “I,” O presumptuous meddler, was “He” in the inmost consciousness,
through oneness with the Light, not through the doctrine of incarnation.

Strive that your stony nature may be diminished,
so that your stone may become resplendent with the qualities of the ruby.

Show fortitude in self-mortification and affliction;
continually behold everlasting life in dying to self.
Your stoniness will become less at every, the nature of the ruby will be strengthened in you.

The qualities of self-existence will depart from your body; the qualities of ecstasy will increase in your head.

Become entirely hearing, like an ear, in order that you may gain an ear-ring of ruby.

If you are a man, dig earth, like a well-digger, from this earthen body, that you may reach some water;

If the inspiration of God comes, the running water will bubble up from the earth without your well having been dug.

Always be working, do not pay heed to that hope of being enabled to dispense with work: keep scraping away the earth of the well little by little.

To everyone who suffers a tribulation there is revealed a treasure: everyone who makes an earnest endeavour comes into a fortune.

The Prophet has said that acts of genuflection and prostration are knocking the door-ring of attainment on the Divine Portal.

When any one continues to knock that door-ring, felicity peeps out for his sake.

How the Amír who was the author of the mischievous intrigue came at midnight with his officers to open the chamber of Ayaz, and saw the sheepskin jacket and rustic shoes hanging and supposed that this was a trick and pretence; and how he dug up every suspected corner and brought excavators and made holes in the walls and discovered nothing and fell into confusion and despair. So evil thinking men who imagined vain things about the work of the prophets and saints, saying that they were magicians and self-advertisers and sought to occupy the chief position: after having investigated, they are covered with confusion, but it does not avail them.

Those trusted came to the door of the chamber: they began to search for the treasure and the gold and the jar.

A number of them, by vain desire, unlocked the door with infinite dexterity and skill;
For it was a formidable lock with intricate bolts:
he had selected it from locks,
Not that he was avaricious of silver and riches and crude gold,
in order to hide that secret from the vulgar,
“Lest” “some people imagine evil,
others call me a hypocrite.”

With the man of lofty aspiration the soul's secrets are kept
from the base more safely than the ruby in the mine.
To fools, gold seems better than the soul;
in the opinion of kings gold is to be scattered on the soul.

In greed of gold they were hastening rapidly,
their reason was saying, “No; not so fast.”

Greed runs in vain towards the mirage, reason says,
“Look carefully: it is not water.”
Greed was predominant, and gold had become as their souls:
at that moment the cry of reason was unheard.

Greed and its clamours had become hundredfold;
wisdom and its suggestions had vanished,
To the end that he may fall into the pit of delusion,
and then listen to the reproaches of Wisdom
When his wind is broken by imprisonment in the trap,
the rebuking soul gets the upper hand over him.

Until his head comes against the wall of affliction,
his deaf ear will not listen to the counsel of his heart.
Greed for walnut-cake and sugar
makes the ears of children deaf to admonitions;

Only when the pain of his abscess begins
do his ears become open to good advice.

Then the party, with cupidity and a hundred kinds of vain desire
opened the chamber.

They swarmed in through the doorway,
jostling each other, like vermin on fetid buttermilk.
They fall on it triumphantly, like lovers,
there is no possibility of drinking, and both wings are stuck.
They looked to the left and to the right:
there was a torn pair of shoes and a sheepskin jacket.
After, they said, “This place is not without balm:
the shoes are only here as a blind.

Hey, bring sharp picks:
try excavation and tunnelling.”

The party dug and searched in every direction:
they dug holes and deep cavities.

Thereupon the holes were crying out to them,
“We are empty holes, O you stinkers!”

Accordingly they were ashamed of that thought
and filled up the holes again.

In every breast were innumerable là hawl:
the bird, their greed, was left without any food to peck.

The holes in the walls and in the door were informers against them
of their futile aberrations.

The wall could not possibly be plastered:
there was no possibility of denying before Ayaz;
If they make pretence of being innocent,
the wall and floor will bear witness.

They were returning to the King,
covered with dust and pale-faced and ashamed.

How the plotters returned from the chamber of Ayaz to the King with empty bags
and overcome by shame, as those who thought ill of the prophets, on whom be peace,
at the time when their innocence and holiness shall be made manifest;
for, “on the Day when faces shall be white and faces shall be black,” and He has said,
“and you shall see those who lied against God, their faces blackened.”

The King, with a purpose, said, “What has happened?
For your arms are empty of gold and purses;
And if you have concealed the pounds and pence,
where is the brightness of joy on cheeks and countenance?

Although the roots of every tree are hidden,
the leaves—*their marks upon their faces*—are green.

Lo, the lofty bough is proclaiming what the root has imbibed,
whether it be poison or sugar.
If the root is leafless and without sap, what are the green leaves on the bough?

The earth lays a seal on the root's tongue, the bough, its hand and foot, is bearing witness.”

All those trusted began to excuse themselves: they fell prostrate, like a shadow in the presence of the moon.

In excuse for that heat and boasting and egoism they went to the King with sword and winding-sheet,

All of them biting their fingers from shame, and every one saying, “O King of the world, If you shed blood, it is lawful, lawful; and if you forgive, it is grace and bounty.

We have done those deeds that were worthy of us: consider what you will command, O glorious King.

If you forgive our crime, O you who make the heart radiant, the night will have shown the qualities of night, and the day.

If you forgive, despair will be removed; and if not, may a hundred like us be a sacrifice to the King!”

The King replied, “Nay, I will not show this clemency or deal this punishment: that belongs to Ayaz.

How the King referred to Ayaz the question of accepting the repentance of the plotters who had opened his chamber or of punishing them, because he judged that the offence had been committed against his honour.

This is an offence against his person and honour: the blow is on the veins of that man of goodly ways.

Although we are spiritually one, formally I am far from this profit and loss.”

An accusation against a servant is no disgrace to the King: it is only increasing forbearance and reliance.

Inasmuch as the King makes one who is accused Qárún, consider how He will act towards one who is innocent.

Deem not the King to be ignorant of any one's actions: it is only His forbearance that prevents it from being brought to light.
Here who shall recklessly intercede with His knowledge—except His forbearance?

The sin arises at first from His forbearance; otherwise, how should His awful majesty give room for it?

The blood-price for the crime of the murderous carnal soul falls on His forbearance: the blood-wit is on the kin.

Our carnal soul was intoxicated and made beside itself by that forbearance: during its intoxication the Devil snatched away its cap.

Unless the Sáqí, Forbearance, had poured wine, how should the Devil have quarrelled with Adam?

At the time of knowledge, who was Adam in relation to the angels? the teacher of knowledge and the assayer of coins.

After he had drunk the wine of forbearance in Paradise, he was confounded by a single trick of Satan.

The doses of homeopathic remedies, the lessons by the Loving One, had made him sagacious and wise and clever;

Afterwards the potent opium of His forbearance brought the Thief to carry away Adam's property.

Reason comes to seek refuge with His forbearance, “You have been my Sáqí: take my hand!”

How the King said to Ayaz, “Choose either to pardon or to punish, for in the present case it is right whether you do justice or show mercy; and there are advantages in each.”
Within justice a thousand mercies are enclosed; “and for you in retaliation there is a life.”
He who deems retaliation abominable is regarding only the single life of the murderer and does not consider the hundreds of thousands of lives that will be protected and kept safe, as in a fortress, by fear of punishment.
A countless multitude of people are ashamed of the test, all tests are ashamed of you.

Your knowledge is a bottomless ocean: it is not knowledge alone; it is a mountain and a hundred mountains: indeed, it is not natural patience."

He replied, “I know that this is your gift; otherwise I am those rustic shoes and that sheepskin jacket.”

Hence the Prophet expounded this, “Whoever knows himself knows God.”

The seed is your shoes, and your blood is the sheepskin jacket: the rest, O master, is His gift.

He has given it to you in order that you may seek more:
do not say, “He has only this amount.”

The gardener shows a number of apples,
to the end that you may know the trees and produce of the orchard.

He gives the purchaser a handful of wheat,
in order that he may know the wheat in the granary.

The teacher explains a nice point
in order that you may recognise that his knowledge exceeds;

And if you say, “This is all he has,”
he will cast you far as sticks and straws from the beard.

“Now come, O Ayaz, and deal justice:
lay the foundation of a rare justice in the world.

Those who have sinned against you deserve to be killed,
but in hope they are attending your pardon and forbearance,

To see whether mercy will prevail or wrath,
whether the water of Kawthar will prevail or the flames of Hell”

From the Covenant of Alast; both boughs, patience and anger,
are in existence for the purpose of carrying men.

Hence the perspicuous word Alast
is negation and affirmation joined in one word,

Because Alast is an affirmative question,
but the word laysa is buried in it

Leave off, and let this exposition remain incomplete:
do not lay the bowl for the elect on the table of the vulgar.

A wrath and a mercy like the zephyr (sabâ) and the plague (wabâ): the former is the iron-attracting and the latter the straw attracting amber.
The truth draws the righteous to righteousness;  
the false class draws the false.

The belly is sweet, it attracts sweets;  
the belly is bilious, it attracts vinegar.

A burning carpet takes away coldness from one who sits;  
a frozen carpet consumes heat.

You see a friend, mercy is aroused in you;  
you see an enemy, violence is aroused in you.

“O Ayaz, finish this affair quickly,  
for expectation is a sort of vengeance.”

How the King bade Ayaz make haste, saying, “Give judgement and bring the matter to decision immediately, and do not keep them waiting or say, ‘We shall meet after some days,’ for expectation is the red death”; and how Ayaz answered the King.

He said, “O King, the command belongs entirely to you: when the sun is there, the star is negated.

Who is Venus or Mercury or a meteor  
that they should come forth in the presence of the sun?

If I had omitted the cloak and sheepskin,  
how should I have sown such seeds of blame?

What was the putting a lock on the door of the chamber amidst a hundred envious persons addicted to false imagination?

Every one of them, having put his hand into the river-water, seeks a dry sod.

How, then, should there be a dry sod in the river?  
How should a fish become disobedient to the sea?

They impute iniquity to poor me,  
before whom loyalty is ashamed.”

Were it not for the trouble caused by a person unfamiliar,  
I would have spoken a few words concerning loyalty;

Since a world is seeking doubt and difficulty,  
we will let the discourse run beyond the skin.

If you break yourself, you will become a kernel  
and will hear the tale of a goodly kernel.
The voices of walnuts are in their skins: where, indeed, is any voice in the kernel and the oil?

It has a voice, not suited to the ear: its voice is hidden in the ear of ecstasy.

If it weren’t for the sweetness of a kernel’s voice, who would listen to the rattling voice of a walnut-shell?

You endure the rattling of it in order that you may silently come into touch with a kernel.

Be without lip and without ear for a while, and then, like the lip, be the companion of honey.

How long have you been uttering poetry and prose and mysteries! O master, try the experiment and, for one day, be dumb!

Story in confirmation of the saying, “We have tried speech and talk all this time: for a while let us try self-restraint and silence.”

How long have you been cooking sour and acid and the white tamarisk? For this one time make an experiment and cook sweets.

On waking at the Resurrection, there is put into the hands of a man the scroll of his sins: black, Headed with black, as letters of mourning; the body and margin of the scroll completely filled with sins—

The whole wickedness and sin from end to end, full of infidelity, like the land of war.

Such a foul and noxious scroll does not come into the right hand; it comes into the left hand.

Here also regard your scroll, whether it fits the left hand or the right.

In the boot maker’s shop, can you know before trying them on that the left boot or shoe belongs to the left?

When you are not “right,” know that you are “left”; the cries of a lion and an ape are distinct.

He who makes the rose lovely and sweet-scented—His bounty makes every “left” to be “right.”
He bestows “rightness” on every one belonging to the “left” He bestows a running water on the sea.

If you are “left,” be “right” with His Lordship, that you may see His mercies prevail.

Do you think it allowable that this vile scroll should pass from the left hand and come into the right?

How indeed should a scroll like this, which is full of iniquity and injury, be fit in the right hand?

Explaining the case of a person who makes a statement when his behaviour is not consistent with that statement and profession, like the infidels: “and if you ask them who created the heavens and the earth they will surely say, ‘Allah’” How is the worship of a stone idol, the sacrifice of life and wealth for its sake appropriate to a soul who knows that the creator of heaven and earth and created beings is a God, all-hearing, all-seeing, omnipresent, all-observing, all dominating, jealous, etc.?

A certain ascetic had a very jealous wife: he also had a maid-servant as beautiful as a houri.

The wife used to watch her husband jealously and not let him be alone with the maid.

For a long time the wife watched them both, lest an opportunity should occur for their being alone—

Until the decree and fore-ordainment of God arrived: the watchman, Reason, became giddy-headed and good-for-nothing.

When His decree and fore-ordainment arrives unawares, who is Reason?

Eclipse overtakes the moon.

The wife was at the bath: suddenly she remembered the wash-basin and it was at home.

She said to the maid, “Listen, go like a bird and fetch the silver basin from our house.”

On hearing this, the maid came to life, for now she would obtain the master.

The master was then at home and alone. So she ran joyously to the house.
For six years the maid had been longing to find the master alone like this.

She flew off and hastened towards the house: she found the master at home and alone.

Desire took possession of both the lovers so that they had no care or thought of bolting the door.

Both were beside themselves with joy. They were both locked at that moment in an embrace of union.

Then the wife recollected, “Why did I send her to the house? I have set the cotton on fire with my own hand; I have put the lusty ram to the ewe.”

She washed off the soap from her head and ran, beside herself she went in pursuit of her, drawing the chador over her head as she ran.

The maid ran because of the love in her soul, and the latter because of fear. What is fear in comparison with love? A great difference.

The mystic’s progress is ascending at every moment to the throne of the King; the ascetic’s progress is one day’s journey every month.

Although, for the ascetic, one day is of great value, how should his one day be fifty thousand years?

The length of every day in the life of the adept is fifty thousand of the years of the world.

Intellects are excluded from this mystery: if the heart of Imagination burst, let it burst!

In the sight of Love, fear is not a single hair: in the law of Love, all things are as a sacrifice.

Love is an attribute of God, but fear is an attribute of the servant who is afflicted by lust and gluttony.

Since you have read in the Qur’an, “they love Him” joined in a certain place with “He loves them,”

Know, then, that love (mahabbat), and excessive love (‘ishq) too, is an attribute of God: fear is not an attribute of God, O honoured sir.

What relation exists between the attributes of God and those of a handful of earth? What relation exists between the attributes of him who is originated in time and those of the Holy One?

If I should continue to describe Love, a hundred Resurrections would pass, and it incomplete;
For there is a limit to the date of the Resurrection, but what limit can there be where the Divine attributes are?

Love has five hundred wings, and every wing from above the empyrean to beneath the earth.

The timorous ascetic runs on foot; the lovers fly more quickly than the lightning and the wind.

How should those fearful ones overtake Love?—for Love’s passion makes the heaven its carpet—

Unless perchance the favours of the Light come and say, “Become free from the world and from this wayfaring;

Escape from your own *qush* and *dush,* for the royal falcon has found the way to the King.”

This “*qush* and *dush*” is necessity and free-will: the pull of the Beloved transcends these two.

When the wife arrived home, she opened the door: the sound of the door fell on their ears.

The maid jumped up in consternation and disorder; the man jumped up and began to say his prayers.

The wife saw that the maid was dishevelled and confused and excited and witless and unmanageable.

She fearlessly lifted up her husband’s skirt and saw his penis and testicles wet with semen.

Drops of semen were dripping from his penis; his thighs and knees are still wet with their juices.

She hits him on the side of his head asking, “This! Are they the balls of a man praying? Is this the penis of a man dedicated to prayer? And is this filthy impure body engaged in an act of devotion.”

Deal equitably: is a scroll full of injustice and wickedness and unbelief and enmity fit in the right hand?

If you ask an infidel, “By whom was this heaven, these creatures and this world created?”

He will reply that they were created by the Lord to whose Lordship the Creation bears witness.
Do his unbelief and great wickedness and wrong-doing fit such a confession by him?

Do those infamous deeds and that vicious conduct go fitly with such a true confession?

His actions have given the lie to his words, so that he has become fit for the awful torment.

On the Day of Resurrection every hidden thing will be made manifest: every sinner will be shamefully exposed by himself.

His hands and feet will give evidence and declare his iniquity in the presence of Him whose help is sought.

His hand will say, “I have stolen such and such”; his lip will say, “I have asked such and such questions”;

His foot will say, “I have gone to things desired”; his pudendum will say, “I have committed fornication.”

His eye will say, “I have cast amorous glances at things forbidden”; his ear will say, “I have gathered evil words.”

Therefore he is a lie from head to foot, for even his own member gives him the lie,

Just as, in the deceptive prayers, their fine appearance was proved to be false by the testimony of his testicles.

Act, then, in such wise that the action itself, without tongue, will be saying “I testify” and the most explicit declaration,

So that your whole body, limb by limb, O son, will have said “I testify” as regards both good and ill.

The slave’s walking behind his master is a testimony,

“... I am subject to authority and this man is my lord.”

If you have blackened the scroll of your life, repent of the deeds you did formerly.

Though your life has passed, this moment is its root: water it with repentance if it lacks moisture.

Give the Living Water to the root of your life, in order that the tree of your life may become verdant.

By this Water all past sins are made good: by this last year’s poison is made as sugar.

God has changed your evil deeds, in order that what has preceded may become wholly piety.
O master, cling bravely to a repentance of Nasúh:
strive earnestly both with body and spirit.

Hear from me the description of this repentance of Nasúh:
you have believed, believe afresh.

Story explaining the repentance of Nasúh. As milk that flows from the teat never returns to the teat,
so he who has repented like Nasúh will never think of that sin in the way of desire; nay, his loathing
will increase continually, and that loathing is a proof that he has experienced the delight of being
accepted, and that the old lust has ceased to give delight, and that the former
has established itself in the place of the latter, as it has been said:

"Nothing breaks off love except another love: why don't you take a friend fairer than he?"

And when his heart desires to sin again, it is a sign that he has not experienced the delight of acceptance,
and that the delight of acceptance has not superseded the delight of sin, and that he has not become,
"We will surely dispose him to ease," but that the delight of,
"We will surely dispose him to hardship," is still remaining in him.

There was aforesaid a man named Nasúh:
he earned his livelihood by shampooing women.

His face resembled a female countenance:
he was disguising his manliness.

He was a shampooer in the women's bath,
and very active in fraud and deceit.

For years he went on shampooing,
and no one suspected the nature and secret of his fondness.

Because, though his voice and countenance were woman-like,
yet his lust was at full strength and wide-awake.

He wore the chador and snood and veil,
a man lustful and in the prime of youth.

In this fashion that enamoured man
was massaging and washing the daughters of emperors,
He often resolved on repentance and was turning his back, the miscreant carnal soul would always tear his repentance to pieces.

That evil-doer went to a gnostic and said, “Remember me in a prayer.”

The holy man knew his secret but, like the forbearance of God, he did not divulge it;

On his lips is a lock, while his heart is full of mysteries: his lips are silent, though his heart is filled with voices.

Gnostics, who have drunk of the cup of God, have known the mysteries and kept them hidden.

Whoever has been taught the mysteries of the action; his lips are sealed and closed.

He laughed softly and said, “O evil-natured one, may God cause you to repent of that which you know!”

Explaining that the prayer of the gnostic who is united with God and his petition to God are like the petition of God to Himself, for “I am to him an ear and an eye and a tongue and a hand.”

God has said, “And you did not throw when you threw, but God threw”; and there are many Verses and Traditions and Narrations on this subject. And an exposition of the way in which God devises means in order that, taking hold of the sinner’s ear, they may lead him to the repentance of Nasúh.

That prayer traversed the Seven Heavens: the fortune of the miserable wretch at last became good;

For the prayer of a Shaykh is not like every prayer: he is negated (fání) and his words are the words of God.

Since God asks and begs of Himself, how, then, should He refuse to grant His own prayer?

The action of the Almighty produced a means that delivered him from execration and woe.

While he was filling a basin in the bath, a jewel belonging to the King’s daughter was lost.

A jewel was lost from her ear-rings, and every woman in the search.
Then they bolted the door of the bath fast, in order that they might first look for the jewel in the folds of the furniture.

They searched these articles, but it was not brought to light, nor was any person who had stolen the jewel discovered either.

Then they began to search incontinently with all their might in the mouths and ears and in every cleft.

In rima inferiore et superiore and everywhere they searched for the pearl belonging to a beauteous oyster-shell.

Proclamation was made: “Strip, all, whoever you are, whether you are old or young!”

The lady-in-waiting began to search them, one by one, hoping that the marvellous pearl might be discovered.

Nasúh, with fear, went into a private place: his face yellow and his lips blue because of his fear.

He saw death before his eyes: he went, trembling like a leaf.

He cried, “O Lord, many a time have I turned away and broken my vows of penitence and my promises. I have done the things that were fit to be done by me, so that such a black flood has arrived.

If my turn to be searched shall come, oh, what cruel sufferings must my soul endure! A hundred sparks of fire have fallen on my heart: perceive in my orisons the smell of my heart.

May anguish like this not be the infidel’s! I clutch the skirt of mercy. Help, help!

Would that my mother had not borne me, or that a lion had devoured me in the pasture!

If You will cover me up this time, I repent of everything that ought not to be done.
Accept my repentance this once more,
that I may gird myself with a hundred belts for repentance.

If I commit any fault this time,
then do not listen again to my prayer and words.”

Thus was he moaning while a hundred tears flowed.
“I have fallen,” he cried, “into the hands of the executioner and policeman.

Let no European die such a death:
may no mulhid (Ismá’ílí or ‘Assassin’) have this lamentation!”

He was uttering cries of mourning over his soul;
he saw the face of Azrael nearer and nearer.

He cried “O God, O God” so often
that door and wall joined with him.

He was deep in “O Lord” and “O Lord”
from amidst the search came the announcement.

"W e have searched them all: come forward, O Nasúh." Thereupon he lost his senses, his spirit took wing.

He fell like a broken wall: his consciousness and understanding departed,
he became like lifeless matter.

When his consciousness went without delay from his body,
at that moment his inmost soul was united with God.

When he was emptied and his existence remained not,
God called the falcon, his soul, into His presence.

When his ship was wrecked and every hope had failed,
he was cast on the seashore of Mercy.

When his soul was freed from the disgrace of the body,
it went rejoicing towards its Origin.

How the turn came for Nasúh to be searched, and how a voice proclaimed—“We have searched them all, search Nasúh”; and how Nasúh became senseless from terror, and how after extreme oppression of spirit the way of deliverance was opened to him, as the Prophet of God—
may God bless and save him!— used to say, whenever sickness or anxiety overtook him,
“O distress, become severe: then you will pass away.”
The soul is like a falcon, and the body is its fetter:
a foot-bound broken-winged creature;

When its self-consciousness is gone and its foot untied,
that falcon flies towards the King.

When the seas of Mercy begin to surge,
even stones drink the Water of Life

The frail mote becomes stout and strong;
the carpet of earth becomes satin and cloth of gold.

He that has been dead a hundred years comes forth from the grave;
the accursed devil becomes an object of envy to the houris on account
of his beauty.

The whole face of this earth becomes verdant;
the dry wood buds and becomes flourishing.

The wolf becomes the cup-companion of the lamb;
the despairing becomes courageous and valiant.

The finding of the jewel, and how the ladies-in-waiting and handmaids of the princess
begged Nasūh to exonerate them

After that soul-destroying fear, came the good news—
“Here is the lost jewel!”

Suddenly rose a shout—“The danger is past:
the single pearl that was missing has been found.

It is found, and we are penetrated with joy:
give us the reward, for we have found the pearl.”

The bath-house was filled with clamour and screams
and clapping of hands sorrow had disappeared.

Nasūh who had gone came to himself again:
his eye saw in front the splendour of a hundred days.

Everyone was begging him to exonerate them
and giving his hand many a kiss.

“We had evil thoughts, and exonerate us.
We were back biting you in our talk”;

For the suspicion of all against him had been increased
by the fact that he was in higher favour than all
Nasúh was her private shampooer and confidant; nay (they were) as two bodies with one soul.

“If anyone has taken the pearl, only he can have taken it: none is more closely attached to the Lady than he.

At first she wished to search him forcibly, from respect for his reputation she delayed,

In the hope that he might drop it somewhere and save himself during the respite”

They were begging him to grant these absolutions and were rising up to excuse themselves.

He replied, “It was the grace of God, who deals justice; else I am worse than what has been said.

Why should absolution be begged of me?
For I am the most sinful of the people in the world

The evil they spoke of me is a hundredth part:
this is clearly known to me, if anyone has a doubts it.

What does anyone know of me but a little— one of my thousand sins and evil deeds?

I know, and He who draws a veil over me my sins and the wickedness of my conduct.

At first Iblís was my teacher; afterwards Iblís was wind in comparison with me.

God saw all that, made as though He saw it not,
lest I should be openly dishonoured by its exposure.

Moreover, Mercy exercised the furrier’s craft on me and bestowed on me a repentance sweet as life.

Whatever I had done, it took them as not having been done; and my undone obedience it took as having been performed.

It made me free as the cypress and the lily;
it made me glad of heart as fortune and felicity.

It inscribed my name in the register of the righteous:
I was one doomed to Hell; it gave me Paradise.

When I cried ‘Alas,’ my ‘Alas’ became a rope, and the rope was let down into my well.

I clutched that rope and climbed out:
I became glad and strong and stout and rosy.
I was lying in misery at the bottom of a well:
in now I am not contained in the whole world.

Praises be unto You, O God!
You did suddenly put me afar from sorrow.

If the tip of every hair of me should gain a tongue,
the thanks due to You are inexpressible.

Amidst these gardens and fountains I am crying to the people,
‘Oh, would that my folk did but know!’”

How the princess again invited Nasúh to shampoo her, after his repentance had taken firm hold and was accepted, and how he made an excuse and refused to comply.

Afterwards someone came to Nasúh, saying,
“The daughter of our sovereign graciously invites you.

The King’s daughter invites you:
come and wash her head now, O devout one.

Her heart desires no shampooer except you
to massage her or wash her with clay.”

He answered, “Begone, begone! My hand is not in practice,
and your Nasúh is now fallen sick.

Go; look for someone else hastily and speedily,
for by God my hand has gone out of business.”

He said to himself, “My sin passed beyond bounds:
how should that terror and anguish go from my mind?

I died once, and I came back:
I tasted the bitterness of death and non-existence.

I have turned to God with real repentance:
I will not break till my soul shall be parted from my body.

After such a tribulation, whose foot should move towards danger a second time, unless it be an ass?”
Story demonstrating that when a person repents and feels remorse and then forgets his feelings of remorse and tries again what he has tried, he falls into everlasting perdition. Unless his repentance is reinforced by a firmness and strength and by a sweetness and acceptance, it is like a rootless tree, more faded and withered every day. We take refuge with God.

There was a washer man, who had an ass with a sore on its back and empty-bellied and lean.

In ground covered with stones, where no grass grew: from morning till night it went without food and shelter.

Except water, there was nothing for it to eat or drink: the ass was in that miserable state by day and by night.

In the neighbourhood was a reed-bed and a jungle, where a lion lived whose occupation was hunting.

A battle took place between the lion and a fierce elephant: the lion was wounded and disabled from going to hunt.

On account of his weakness he was unable to hunt for some time, and the wild animals were deprived of their morning-meal;

For they used to eat the lion's leavings: when the lion became ill they suffered distress.

The lion gave orders to a fox, saying, "Go and hunt an ass for me. If you find an ass round about the meadow, go, charm him with specious talk, beguile him, and bring him. As soon as I gain some strength from (eating) the flesh of the ass, then afterwards I will seize another victim. I will eat a little, you the rest: I am the means for you as regards food. Procure for me either an ass or an ox: address some of the charming words that you know. Deprive him of his wits by flatteries and fair words and bring him here."
Parable of the Qutb, who is the gnostic united with God, in respect of his dispensing to the people their rations of forgiveness and mercy in the order and degree which God inspires him to observe; and a comparison of him with the lion, for the wild animals partake of the lion’s rations and eat his leavings in proportion to their nearness to him—not nearness in space but nearness in quality. The details of this are many, and God is the Guide.

The Qutb is the lion, and it is his business to hunt: the rest, these people, eat his leavings.

So far as you can, endeavour to satisfy the Qutb, so that he may gain strength and hunt the wild beasts.

When he is ailing, the people remain unfed, for all food provided for the gullet comes from the hand of reason, since the ecstasies of the people are his leavings. Keep this in mind, if your heart desires the prey.

He is like the reason, and the people are like the members of the body: the management of the body depends on the reason.

The weakness of the Qutb is bodily, not spiritual: the weakness lies in the Ship, not in Noah.

The Qutb is he who turns round himself, round him is the revolution of the celestial spheres.

Lend some assistance in repairing his ship, if you have become his favourite slave and devoted servant.

Your assistance is advantageous to you, not to him: God has said, “If you help God, you will be helped.”

Hunt like the fox and sacrifice your prey to him, that you may gain in return a thousand preys and more.

The prey caught by the disciple is after the manner of the fox, the disobedient hyena catches prey dead.

If you present the dead to the Qutb, it will become living: filth in the orchard will produce.

The fox said to the lion, “I will serve you: I will contrive expedients and rob him of his wits.

Cunning and enchantment is my business: it is my business to beguile and lead astray.”
Hastening from the mountain-top towards the river, he found that miserable emaciated ass.

Then he saluted him cordially and advanced: he advanced to meet that poor simpleton,

And said, "How are you in this arid desert amidst stones and on sterile ground?"

The ass replied, “Whether I am in pain or in Iram, God has made it my portion, and I am grateful for it.

I give thanks to the Friend in good and evil estate, because in destiny there is worse than ill.

Since He is the Dispenser of portions, complaint is infidelity.

Patience is needful: patience is the key to the gift.

All except God are enemies: He is the Friend:

how is it good to complain of a friend to an enemy?

So long as He gives me buttermilk I will not desire honey, for every pleasure has a pain joined with it.”

Story of an ass belonging to a seller of firewood, which saw some well-fed Arab horses in the royal stable and wished for the same fortune. This story conveys the lesson that one ought not to wish for anything but forgiveness and favour; for though you are in a hundred kinds of pain, they all become sweet when you feel the delight of being forgiven; and for the rest, every fortune that you wish for before you have experienced it is accompanied by a pain which you do not perceive; as in every trap the bait is visible while the snare is concealed. You have been caught in this one trap are wishing, “Would that I had gone after those baits!” You fancy that those baits are without a trap.

There was a water-carrier who owned an ass that had been bent double like a hoop by affliction.

Its back was galled by the heavy load in a hundred places: it was passionately desiring the day of its death.

What of barley? It never got its fill of dry straw: at its heels a blow and an iron goad.
The Master of the stable saw it and took pity— for the man was acquainted with the owner of the ass—

So he saluted him and asked him what had happened, saying, “What is the cause of this ass being bent double like a \textit{dál}?”

He replied, “On account of my poverty and destitution this dumb animal is not getting even straw.”

“Hand him over to me,” said the other, “for a few days, that in the King's stable he may grow strong.”

He handed the ass over to him, and that merciful man tethered him in the Sultan's stable.

The ass saw on every side Arab horses, well-fed and fat and handsome and glossy;

He saw the ground swept under their feet and sprinkled with water; the straw coming at the time, and the barley at the hour.

He saw the horses curry-combed and rubbed down.

He lifted up his muzzle, crying, “O glorious Lord, Am not I Your creature? I grant that I am an ass, wherefore am I wretched, with sores on my back, and lean?

At night, because of the pain in my back and the hunger in my belly, I am always wishing to die.

These horses are so happy and prosperous: why am I singled out for torment and tribulation?”

Suddenly came the rumour of war: it was the time for the Arab horses to be saddled and brought into action.

They were wounded with arrows by the foe: the barbs entered them on every side.

Those Arab horses returned from the campaign, they all fell down and lay on their backs in the stable.

Their legs were tightly bandaged with canvas: the blacksmiths were standing in file,

Piercing their bodies with the scalpel in order to extract the barbs from their wounds.

The ass saw that, and was saying, “O God, I am satisfied with poverty and health.

I have no taste for that food and those hideous wounds.”

Everyone who desires health abandons the world.
How the fox disapproved of the saying of the ass, "I am satisfied with my lot."

The fox said, "It is an obligation to seek lawful provision in obedience.

This is the world of means: nothing is obtained without a means: therefore it is important to seek.

‘And seek ye of the bounty of God’ is command, lest they should seize by violence, like the leopard.

The Prophet has said, the door is shut against provision, O youth; and on the door there are locks.'

Our movement and our going to and fro and our acquisition is a key to that lock and barrier.

Without the key there is no way to open the door: bread without endeavour is not God's law.”

How the ass answered the fox.

He replied, “That is weak faith; else He who gave life gives (us) bread.

Whoever seeks sovereignty and victory, a mouthful of bread will not fail, O son.

All wild animals, both the herbivorous and the predatory, are devourers of the provision: they neither go in quest of work nor do they support providing.

The Provider gives their daily bread to all: He lays before each one the portion allotted to him.

The provision comes to everyone who seeks patience: the trouble of making efforts arises from your want of patience.”

How the fox answered the ass.

The fox replied, “Such trust in God is exceptional: few are proficient in trust in God.”
It is ignorance to concern one's self with the exceptional: how is the King's highway for every one?

Since the Prophet has said that contentment is a treasure, how should the hidden treasure be gained by every one?

Recognise your limit and do not fly aloft, lest you fall into the abyss of woe and bane.”

The ass replied, “Know that you are speaking the reverse, woe and misery comes to the soul from greed.

No one was deprived of life by contentment; no one was made a king by covetousness.

Bread is not withheld from pigs and dogs: this rain and clouds are not earned by Man.

Just as you are pitiably enamoured of the daily bread, so the daily bread is enamoured of its consumer.

A certain ascetic had heard the saying of Mustafá that the daily bread surely comes from God to the spirit,

Whether you will or no, your daily bread comes running to you because it is fond of you.

By way of trial that man went into the desert and immediately laid down near a mountain,

Saying, 'I will see whether the daily bread will come to me: that my belief in the daily bread may become firm.'
A caravan lost its way and marched towards the mountain: the travellers saw him lying there who was making the trial.

How is this man destitute here in the wilderness, far from road and town?

Oh, I wonder, is he dead or alive? He has no fear of wolves or enemies.’

They came on and touched him with their hands: that venerable man deliberately said nothing.

He did not stir; he did not even move his head or open his eyes, because he was making a trial.

Then they said, ‘This poor disappointed man has had a stroke of apoplexy caused by hunger.’

They fetched bread and food in a kettle that they might pour it into his mouth and his throat.

Thereupon the man purposely clenched his teeth, in order to see the truth of that promise.

They felt pity for him and said, ‘This man is starving and perishing with hunger and at the point of death’;

They brought a knife and hastily made a rift in his closed teeth.

They poured soup into his mouth and forced into it fragments of bread.

He said to himself, ‘O my heart, even though you are keeping silence, you know the secret and are showing disdain.’

His heart replied, ‘I know and am purposely behaving: God is the provider for my soul and body.’

How should there be a trial more than this?
The daily bread comes with joy to those who have patience.”
Everyone takes steps to earn something and helps other friends,

Because all the earning is not done by one: a carpenter and also a water-carrier and a weaver.

By means of this partnership the world is maintained: every one, by want, chooses some work.

It is not right to be an idle parasite in the midst: the way of the Sunna is to work and earn.”

How the ass answered the fox, saying, “Trust in God is the best way of earning a livelihood, for everyone needs to trust in God and cry, ‘O God, bring this work of mine to success’; and prayer involves trust in God, and trust in God is the means of livelihood that is independent of any other means, etc.”

He said, “In the two worlds I do not know any means of livelihood superior to trust in my Lord.

I know nothing to be compared with the acquisition of thanksgiving to Him, in order that thanksgiving to God may bring the daily bread and the increase.”

Their dispute was prolonged in mutual altercation they became incapable of questioning and answering.

Afterwards he said to him, “Mark in the kingdom the prohibition, and ‘Do not cast yourselves into destruction.’

In a barren desert covered with stones self-denial is folly: God’s world is wide.

Move from this place towards the meadow, and browse there on the verdure round about the river—

A meadow as green as Paradise, where the plants grow up to the waist

Happy the animal that goes there: amidst such lush plant life a camel would become invisible.

There, on every side, is a running fountain; there the animals are in comfort and security.”

From asininity he did not say to him, “O accursed one, you are from there: how are you so wretched?
Where are your gaiety, fatness and comeliness?

What is this lean starved body of yours?

If your description of the meadow is not falsehood and fiction, then why is your eye not intoxicated by it?

These greedy looks and this blindness are the result of your beggarliness, not of sovereignty.

Since you have come from the fountain, how are you dry?

And if you are the gland of the musk-deer, where is the fragrance of musk?

How is there no trace in you of that which you say and describe, O exalted one?"

Parable of the camel, explaining that when someone tells of his good fortune and you do not perceive in him any appearance or sign of welfare, there is reason to suspect that he is an imitator of those who have really attained to spiritual felicity.

A certain man asked a camel,

"Hey, where do you come from, O you whom fortune attends?"

He replied, "From the hot-bath in your street."

Said the other, "Truly, it is manifest in your knees!"

Pharaoh, the obstinate rebel, saw Moses' snake, he begged for a respite and showed meekness.

The men of intelligence said, "This man ought to have been fiercer, since he is the Lord of the Judgement."

Whether the miracle was a dragon or a snake, what has become of the pride and wrath proper to his divinity?

If he is the Supreme Lord seated on the throne, what is this blandishment on account of a single worm?"

So long as your nafs is intoxicated with the dessert and date-wine, know that your spirit has not beheld the cluster belonging to the World Unseen, for the signs of that vision of the Light is your withdrawal from the abode of delusion.

Since the bird is frequenting briny water, it has not seen help in the sweet water;

No, its faith is imitation: its spirit has never seen the face of faith.
Hence, because of the accursed Devil, the imitator is in great danger from the road and the brigand;

When he beholds the Light of God, he becomes safe: he is at rest from the agitations of doubt.

The sea-foam is in collision till it comes to the earth which is its origin.

When his eye is opened and he reads those characters, the Devil has no power over him anymore.

Although the ass spoke of mysteries to the fox, he spoke superficially and like an imitator.

He praised the water, but he had no longing; he tore his face and raiment, but he was no lover.

The excuse made by the hypocrite was bad, not good, because it was on their lips, not in their hearts.

He has the smell of the apple, but no part of the apple; and in him the smell is only for the purpose of contact.

The charge of a woman in battle does not break the ranks; no, her plight becomes pitiable.

Though you see her take the sword like a lion amidst the ranks, her hand trembles.

Alas for him whose reason is female, while his wicked fleshly soul is male and ready!

Of necessity, his reason is vanquished: his movement is towards naught but perdition.

Oh, blest is that one whose reason is male, while his wicked fleshly soul is female and helpless;

Whose particular reason is male and dominant, his intellect deprives the female fleshly soul of power to do mischief.

The attack of the female, too, is bold in appearance; her defect, as that ass, arises from asininity.

The animal nature prevails in woman, because she has an inclination towards colour and scent.

The ass heard of the colour and scent of the meadow, all arguments disgusted him.
The thirsty man wanted rain, and there was no cloud; the fleshly soul was ravenously hungry, and there was no self-restraint.

Self-restraint is an iron shield, O father: upon the shield God has written, “Victory will come.”

The imitator brings forward a hundred proofs in his exposition; he speaks intellectually, not from immediate experience.

He is tinctured with musk, but he is not musk: he has the scent of musk, but he is only shit.

In order that a piece of shit may become musk, O disciple, one must browse for years in that garden.

One must not eat straw and barley, like asses: browse on urghawán, like the musk-deer in Khutan.

Do not browse on aught but clove, jasmine, or roses: go to the plain of Khutan in company with those personages.

Accustom your belly to the sweet basil and the rose, that you may gain the wisdom and food of the prophets.

Break your belly of its habit of this straw and barley: begin to eat the sweet basil and the rose.

The corporeal belly leads to the straw-barn; the spiritual belly leads to the sweet basil.

Whoever feeds on straw and barley becomes a sacrifice (qurbán); whoever feeds on the Light of God becomes the Qur‘án.

Beware! Half of you is musk and half is shit. Beware! Do not increase the shit, increase the Chinese musk.

The imitator brings on to his tongue a hundred proofs and explanations, but he has no soul.

When the speaker has no soul and glory, how should his speech have leaves and fruit?

He boldly directs people in the Way; he is more tremulous in soul than a blade of straw.

Therefore, though his discourse may be splendid, tremor is also latent in his discourse.
The difference between the call of the perfect Shaykh who is united with God and the words of imperfect men whose virtues are acquired and artificial

The illuminated Shaykh makes cognisant of the Way; moreover, he causes the light to accompany his words.

Strive to become intoxicated and illuminated, in order that his light may be the rhyme-letter to your discourse.

Whatever is boiled in grape-juice, the flavour of grape-juice will be in its syrup.

Whether it is syrup of carrots or apples or quinces or walnuts, you will taste in it the delicious flavour of grape-juice.

When your knowledge is steeped in the light, then the rebellious folk derive light from your knowledge.

Whatever you say, too, will be luminous, for the sky never rains aught but pure.

Become the sky, become the cloud and shed rain: the spout rains, it is not at work.

The water in the spout is borrowed; the water in the cloud and in the sea is original.

Your thought and cogitation resemble the spout; inspiration and revelation are the cloud and the sky.

The rain-water produces a many-coloured garden; the spout causes your neighbour to quarrel.

The ass disputed twice or thrice with the fox, since he was an imitator he was beguiled by him.

Greedy desire to eat and drink made him so despicable that he submitted to him notwithstanding five hundred arguments.
The story of the sodomite and the sodomizer’s asking him during the occasion of sodomy,
“For what is this dagger?” “So that, anyone who thinks evil toward me, I may rip open his belly.
The sodomizer was coming and going (moving back and forth in the act of sodomy) and was saying,
“God be praised, since I am not thinking evil toward you. 
“My tent is not a tent, it is a continent; 
“Verily, God is not ashamed to set forth as a parable a gnat or what exceeds it, i.e. “what exceeds it in respect of the corruption of souls by disbelief”; 
“What is it that Allah means by using this as a parable?” and then He answers, “I mean this: 
He lets many be led astray thereby and He lets many be guided aright thereby.
Every temptation is like a pair of scales: many come off with honour and many with disgrace; 
and if you were to meditate on it a little, you would feel many of its excellent effects.

A sodomizer brought a beardless youth (catamite) into a house, 
threw him head downwards, and pressed into him (in the act of sodomy).

The accursed wretch saw a dagger on his waist, 
so he said to him, “What is this on your waist?”

He replied, “It is in order that, if any evil-minded person 
should think of committing evil against me, I may rip his belly.”

The īṭāti said, “God be praised 
that I have not thought of plotting evil against you.”

When there is no manliness, of what use are daggers?
When there is no heart, the helmet avails not.

You may have Dhu ’l-faqār as a heritage from ‘Alī, 
have you the arm of the Lion of God? Produce it!

Though you may remember an incantation derived from the Messiah, 
where are the lips and teeth of Jesus, O abominable man?

You may build a ship with money collected or freely given, 
where is a captain of the ship like Noah?
I grant you have broken the idol, like Abraham, what of devoting the idol, your body, to the fire?

If you have the proof, put it into practice: by means of that make your wooden sword as Dhu ‘l-faqār.

The proof that hinders you from the practice is the vengeance of the Maker.

You have emboldened those who are afraid of the Way, underneath you are more tremulous than all.

You lecture to them all on trust in God; you are slitting the vein of the gnat in the air.

O hermaphrodite, going ahead of the army, your penis is witness to the falsehood of your beard (your false boasting).

When the heart is filled with unmanliness, the beard and moustache are a cause of laughter.

Repent, shed tears like rain, and redeem your beard and moustache from laughter.

Restore your manliness in works that you may become the hot sun in Aries.

Leave the belly and stride towards the heart, in order that the salutation may come to you from God without veil.

Advance one or two paces, make a good endeavour: Love will lay hold of your ear and then draw.
That spell of his, sweeter than *halvā*,
that of whose feet a hundred *halva*s are the dust.

The imperial jars full of the wine
have drawn their stock from the wine of his lips.

That alien soul which has never seen the wine of his ruby lips
is a lover of the wine.

Since the blind bird does not see the sweet water,
how should it not circle round the brackish water?

The spiritual Moses makes the breast a Sinai:
he makes the blind parrots able to see.

The Khusrav of the spiritual Shirin has beaten the drum;
consequently sugar has become cheap in the city.

The Josephs of the unseen world are marching:
they are bringing bales of candy and sugar.

The faces of the camels of Egypt are towards us:
listen, O parrots, to the sound of the camel-bell.

To-morrow our city will be filled with sugar;
sugar is cheap: it will be cheaper.

O confectioners, wallow in sugar,
like the parrot, in despite of the bilious ones.

Pound the sugar-cane: this is the only work;
lavish your souls: this is the only Beloved.

Now not a single sour one is left in our city,
since Shirin has seated the Khusraws on the throne.

It is dessert on dessert and wine on wine!
Ho, go up on the minaret and proclaim that all are welcome.

The nine years old vinegar is becoming sweet;
the stone and marble are becoming ruby like and golden.

The sun in heaven is clapping his hands:
the motes are dancing like lovers.

Eyes are intoxicated with the orchard abounding in greenery;
the blossoms are budding on the boughs.

The eye of blessedness works absolute magic:
the spirit is made victorious (*mansur*), crying “I am God.”

If the fox is seducing an ass, let him seduce!
Do not you be an ass, and be not troubled.
حكایت آن شخص که از ترس خویشتن را در خانه ای اندکی خود را زرد چون زعفران لبها کبود
چون نیل دست لرزد چون گرگ خورده، خداوند خانه پرسید که خیر است چه واقعه است، گفت
بیرون خر می‌گیرند به سخره، گفت می‌بیرک خر می‌گیرند تو خر نیستی چه می‌ترسی، گفت سخت به جد
می‌گیرند تمیز برخاسته است امروز ترسم که مرا خر گیرند

Story of the person who rushed into a house in terror, with cheeks yellow as saffron, lips blue as indigo, and hands trembling like the leaves of a tree. The master of the house asked, “Is all well? What is the matter?” He replied, “Outside they are taking asses by force.” “Bless you!” cried the other; “they are taking asses, you are not an ass: what are you afraid of?” He said, “They are taking in a great hurry: discrimination has ceased. To-day I am afraid they will take me for an ass.”

A certain man took refuge in a house:

his face was yellow, his lips blue, and his colour had ebbed away.

The master of the house said to him, “Are you well? For your hand is trembling like an old man.

What has happened? Why have you taken refuge?

How have you lost the colour of your face?

“To-day,” said he, “they are seizing asses outside to do forced labour for the tyrannical king.”

He replied, “O beloved of your uncle, they are taking it because it is an ass: since you are not an ass, go: why are you troubled at this?”

He answered, “They are very urgent and furious in taking: it will be no wonder if they take me too for an ass.

They have put their hands with all their might to taking asses: accordingly discrimination has ceased.”

Since undiscriminating persons are our rulers, they carry off the owner of the ass instead of the ass.

The King of our city is not one who takes at random:
He has discrimination, He is hearing and seeing.

Be a man and do not be afraid of those who take the asses: you are not an ass: be not afraid, O Jesus of the Time.

The Fourth Heaven, moreover, is filled with your light:
God forbid that the Stable is your abode.

You are higher even than the sky and the stars; though for a good reason you are in the Stable.

The Master of the Stable is one thing and the ass another: not everyone who has entered the Stable is an ass.
Why have we fallen in behind the ass?
Tell of the Rose-garden and the fresh roses,
And of the pomegranate and the citron and the apple-bough,
and of the wine and the fair youths innumerable,
Or of the Sea whose waves are pearls
and whose pearls are speaking and seeing,
Or of the Birds which pick roses
and lay eggs of silver and gold,
Or of the Falcons which foster the partridges and fly
both with their bellies turned downward and also on their backs.

In the world there are invisible ladders,
step by step up to the summit of heaven.
There is a different ladder for every class;
there is a different heaven for every traveller’s way.
Everyone is ignorant of another’s condition
the kingdom wide and without end or beginning.
This one is amazed at that one and asks wherefore he is happy,
while that one is astounded at this one and asks why he is amazed.
The area of God’s earth is spacious:
every tree springs up from a certain soil.
The leaves and boughs on the trees are giving thanks, crying,
“Oh, what a fine kingdom! Oh, what a broad expanse!”
The nightingales are round the knobby blossom, saying,
“Give us some of what you drink.”
This discourse has no end:
return to the fox and the lion and the sickness and hunger.
The terrible lion made a spring from an eminence,  
indeed he had not the strength and power to move.

The ass saw him from afar and turned  
and fled to the bottom of the hill, dropping his shoes as he ran.

“O king of us,” said the fox to the lion,  
“why did not you restrain yourself in the hour of battle,  
In order that that misguided might come near you  
and that you might vanquish him with a small attack?

Precipitation and haste is the Devil's wile;  
patience and calculation is God's grace.

He was far off and saw the attack and fled:  
your weakness is made manifest and your prestige is destroyed.”

He replied, “I thought my strength was restored:  
I did not know my feebleness was so great.  
Moreover, my hunger and need had passed beyond bounds:  
through starvation my patience and understanding had been lost.

If by your wits you can reclaim him  
and bring him back once more,  
I shall be much obliged to you:  
try hard, maybe you will fetch him by cunning.”

“Yes,” said the fox, “if God should help me  
and set a seal of blindness on his heart  
Then he will forget the terror which he felt on seeing:  
this will not be alien to his asininity.

But when I bring him, do not you rush,  
lest you lose him again by overhaste.”

“Yes,” replied the lion; “I have found by experience  
that I am very ill and that my body has become shaky.

Until the ass comes quite near to me, I will not move,  
I will be sound asleep.”

The fox departed, saying, “O king,  
a prayer that heedlessness may muffle his reason.

The ass has made vows of repentance to the Creator  
that he will not be duped by any ne'er-do-well.

We by cunning will cause his vows to collapse;  
we are the enemy of reason and of the splendid covenant.
The ass's head is a ball for our children: his thought is a plaything for our guile.”

The reason that belongs to the revolution of Saturn has no position in the sight of Universal Reason.

It is made knowing by Mercury and Saturn; we by the bounty of the gracious Creator.

The twisted script of our sign-manual is He taught Man: our aims are the knowledge is with God.

We are the nurture of that resplendent Sun: on that account we are crying, “Glory to my Lord the Supreme!”

“If he possesses experience, nevertheless a hundred experiences will be shattered by my deceitful idle talk.

Maybe that weak-natured one will break his repentance, and the bad luck of his breaking it will overtake him.”

Dr. B. An king he Reflects de udeh and to be Mokhib. Pla Bokh Mokhib Masek amst Canan ke dr Hugh Tahoba Sib and dr Hugh Tahoba Madaigyi Ubisii ke we Jelum Menhm ifradda w akhnaizir, wanu e in amth Masek Dl Badaa sh be rihamam Tun ra soroot Dl Dhehnd.

Explaining that the violation of a covenant and repentance is the cause of affliction; no, it is the cause of metamorphosis, as in the case of the “Fellows of the Sabbath” and in the case of the “Fellows who disbelieved in the miracle of the Table of Jesus,” for, “And He turned them into apes and swine.” And in this community there is metamorphosis of the spirit, but at the Resurrection the form of the spirit will be given to the body.

To violate a pact and break vows of repentance becomes the cause of accursedness in the end.

The violation of vows of repentance by the “Fellows of the Sabbath” became the cause of their metamorphosis and destruction and abomination.

Therefore God turned those people into apes, since they rebelliously broke their covenant with God.

In this community there has never been metamorphosis of the body, but there is metamorphosis of the spirit, O man endowed with perception.

When his spirit becomes the ape-spirit, his clay is debased by the ape-spirit.

How should the ass be debased by his form, if his spirit had possessed the virtue from experience?
The dog of the Companions had a goodly character: was he worse on account of his form?

The “Fellows of the Sabbath” suffered outward metamorphosis, in order that the people might behold outwardly their ignominious fall.

Through breaking repentance a hundred thousand others have become hogs and asses inwardly.

**How the fox approached the runaway ass a second time in order to beguile him once more.**

Then the fox came quickly towards the ass: the ass said, “One must beware of a friend like you. Ignoble creature, what did I do to you that you brought me into the presence of a dragon? What but the malignity of your nature was the cause of your enmity to my life, O perverse one?”—Like the scorpion, which bites a man’s foot though no harm has come to it from him? Or like the Devil who is the enemy of our souls, though no inconvenience or injury has befallen him from us; No, but he is naturally the adversary of the human soul and rejoices at the destruction of Man; He never breaks off his pursuit of any human being: how should he abandon his wicked disposition and nature? For, without any cause, his essential malignity pulls him on to injustice and tyranny.

He continually invites you to a spacious tent in order that he may cast you into a pit, Saying, “In such and such a place there is a tank of water and fountains,” that he may cast you headlong into the tank.

That accursed one caused an Adam, notwithstanding all his inspiration and insight, to fall into woe and bane, Without any sin and without any previous harm having been wrongfully done to him by Adam.

The fox replied, “It was a spell of magic that appeared in your eyes as a lion;
Else I am punier in body than you, 
and I always feed there by night and day.

If he had not wrought a spell of that kind, 
every famishing would have run there.

In a foodless world full of elephants and rhinoceroses how should the meadow have remained verdant without the protection of a spell?

Truly, I meant to tell you, by way of instruction, 
not to be afraid if you should see a terrible thing like that;

But I forgot to impart knowledge to you, 
because I was overwhelmed with grief and pity on your account.

I saw you were ravenously hungry and without food, 
I was making haste so that you might attain to the remedy;

Otherwise I would have explained the spell to you: it presents itself as an apparition, it is not a body.”

The reply of the ass to the fox.

“Listen,” cried the ass, “go, go from my presence, O enemy, 
that I may not see your face, O ugly one!

That God who made you ill-fated has made your ugly face detestable and impudent.

With what face do you come to me? 
The rhinoceros has not such a hard skin.

You manifestly attempted to shed my life-blood, 
saying, ‘I will guide you to the meadow,’

So that I beheld the face of Azrael; 
again you have brought cunning and plausible suggestion.

Though I am a disgrace to the asses or an ass, I am possessed of life, 
I have a vital spirit: how should I purchase this?

If a child had seen the pitiless horror that I saw, 
it would instantly have become old.

Deprived of heart and soul by dread of that awful object, 
I threw myself headlong from the mountain.

My legs were tied by terror 
as soon as I perceived that torment without barrier.
I made a promise to God, crying, 'O gracious One, do You free my legs from this bondage,
So that henceforth I may not listen to any one's temptation:
I promise, I vow, O Helper!' Thereupon God loosed my legs because of my prayer and humble entreaty and indication; Else the fierce lion would have overtaken me: how would an ass have fared in the grip of a lion?

Now the lion of the jungle has sent you to me again for the purpose of deceit, O evil companion that you are!

I swear by the truth of the Holy Person of Allah, the Lord, that a malign snake is better than a malign friend.
The malign snake takes a soul from the man it has bitten; the malign friend leads him into the everlasting Fire.

Your heart secretly steals its disposition from the disposition of your companion, even without speech and talk on his part.
When he casts his shadow over you, that unprincipled one steals away your principles from you.
If your reason has become a furious dragon, know that the evil companion is an emerald to it.
Through him the eye of your reason starts out: his thrusts deliver you into the hands of pestilence.

The answer of the fox to the ass.
The fox said, “There are no dregs in my pure liquor, but the illusions of imagination are not small.
All this is your imagination, O simpleton, for I bear no rancour against you.
Do not regard me from your evil fancy: wherefore do you cherish ill thoughts against your lovers?
Think well of the sincere, even though unkindness come from them in appearance.
When this evil fancy and imagination is manifested, it severs a hundred thousand friends from one another.
If an affectionate has behaved unjustly and made a trial,
understanding is needed to prevent one from thinking ill.

In particular, I, who have a bad name, was not evil-natured:
what you saw was nothing evil; it was a magic spell;

And if, hypothetically, that purpose had been evil,
friends pardon such a fault."

The world of imagination and the phantom of hope and fear
is a great obstacle to the traveller.

The pictures of this picture-making phantasy
were harmful to one like Abraham, who was a mountain.

The noble Abraham said, "This is my Lord,"
when he fell into the world of imagination.

That person who bored the pearl of interpretation,
interpreted the mention of the star thus—

The world of imagination and blinding phantasy
uprooted such a mountain from its foundation,

So that the words, "This is my Lord," were uttered by him:
what, must be the case with a goose or an ass?

Understandings as mountains have been submerged
in the seas of imagination and the whirlpools of phantasy.

Mountains are put to shame by this Flood:
where is any safety but in Noah's Ark?

By this phantasy, which infests the road of Faith like a brigand,
the followers of the Religion have become two and seventy sects.

The man of sure faith is delivered from imagination and phantasy:
he does not call a hair of the eyebrow the new moon,

While he that has not the light of Umar as his support
is waylaid by a crooked hair of the eyebrow.

A hundred thousand awful and terrible ships
have been shattered to pieces in the sea of imagination.

The least the energetic and ingenious Pharaoh:
his moon was eclipsed in the mansion of imagination.

Nobody knows who the cuckold is,
and he that knows has no doubt concerning himself.

Since yours own imagination keeps you giddy-headed,
wherefore should you revolve round the imagination of another?
I am helpless against my own egoism:
why have you, full of egoism, sat down beside me?

I am seeking with my soul one who is free from egoism,
that I may become the ball of that goodly bat.

In truth anyone who has become without ego is all egos:
when he is not loved by himself he becomes loved by all.

When a mirror becomes devoid of images,
it gains splendour because it is the reporter of all images.

### حكايت شيخ محمد سر رزى غزنوی قدس الله سره

**Story of Shaykh Muhammad Sar-razí of Ghazna, May God sanctify his spirit!**

In Ghazna there was an ascetic, abounding in knowledge:
his name was Muhammad and his title Sar-razí.

Every night he would break his fast with vine-tendrils (sar-i raz):
during seven years he was continually in one quest.

He experienced many marvellous things from the King of existence,
but his object was the beauty of the King.

That man who was surfeited with himself went to the top of a mountain
and said, “Appear, or I will fall to the bottom.”

He said, “The time for that favour is not come,
and if you fall down, you will not die: I will not kill you.”

He, from love, threw himself down:
he fell into the depths of a body of water.

When he was not dead, on account of the shock that man who was sick of life
made lament over himself for having been parted from death;

For this life seemed to him like a death:
in his view the thing had become reversed.

He was begging death from the Unseen, he was crying,
“Verily, my life is in my death.”

He had embraced death as life,
he had become in full accord with the destruction of his life.

As Alí, the sword and dagger were his sweet basil,
the narcissus and eglantine were his soul’s enemies.
A Voice came, “Go from the desert to the city”—
a wondrous Voice transcending the occult and the manifest.

He cried, “O You that know my secret, hair by hair,
tell me, what service am I to do in the city?”

The Voice said, “The service is this, that for the purpose of self abasement
you should make yourself Abbas (the seller) of date-syrup.

For a while take money from the rich
and then deliver it to the lowly poor.

This is the service you must do for some time.”

He replied, “To hear is to obey, O You who art my soul’s refuge.”

Many questions and answers and much conversation
passed between the ascetic and the Lord of mankind,

Whereby earth and heaven were filled with light:
all that is recorded in the Maqâlât;

But I will cut short that dialogue,
in order that every worthless person may not hear mysteries.

How after many years the Shaykh came from the desert to the city of Ghazna
and carried round the basket in obedience to the behest from the Unseen and distributed
amongst the poor all that was collected. “When any one possesses the spirit of the glory of Labbayka,
letter on letter and messenger after messenger are,” as the window of a house is open,
sunbeams and moonbeams and rain and letters and so forth never cease coming in.

That obedient to the command turned his face towards the city;
the city of Ghazna became illumined by his face.

A multitude joyfully went out to meet him;
he entered in haste and furtively.

All the notables and grandees rose up
and made their palaces ready to receive him,

He said, “I do not come from self-advertisement:
I come not save in humility and beggary.

I have no intention of talking and discoursing:
I will go about from door to door with a basket in my hand.
I am devoted to the edict, for it is commanded by God that I should be a beggar, a beggar, a beggar.

I will not use choice expressions in begging: I will tread the way of none but the vile beggars.

That I may be completely overwhelmed with abasement, and that I may hear abusive words from high and low.

God’s command is my soul, and I am its follower: He has commanded me to be covetous, base is he that covets.

Since the Sultan of the Judgement desires covetousness from me, dust on the head of contentment henceforth!

He has desired covetousness: how should I be ambitious of glory?
He has desired beggary: how should I exercise sovereignty?

Henceforth beggary and abasement are my soul: in my wallet are twenty `Abbas.”

The Shaykh would go about, with a basket in his hand, saying, “Give something, Sir, for God’s sake, if He prompts you.”

His inward experiences were higher than the Footstool and the Throne; his business was, “Something for God’s sake, something for God’s sake!”

The prophets, every one, ply this same trade: the people are destitute, they practise beggary,

Crying, “Lend to God, lend to God,” and persevering contrarily in “Help God!”

This Shaykh is going as a suppliant from door to door, in Heaven a hundred doors are opened for the Shaykh,

Because the beggary that he practiced diligently was for the sake of God, not for the sake of his gullet;

And even if he had done it for the sake of his gullet, that gullet has exorbitance by the Light of God.

As regards him, the eating of bread and honey and the drinking of milk is better than the forty days’ seclusion and the three days’ fast of a hundred dervishes.

He eats Light; do not say he eats bread: he sows anemones in appearance he feeds.

Like the flame that consumes the oil in a candle, from his eating and drinking there is an increase of light for the company.

God has said, “Be not immoderate,” in reference to the eating of bread; He has not said, “Be satisfied,” in reference to the eating of Light.
The former was the gullet subject to probation, while this gullet was free from immoderation and secure from exorbitance.

It was the command and order, not greed and cupidity: a spirit like that is not a follower of greed.

If the elixir say to the copper, “Give yourself up to me,” cupidity does not prevail.

God had offered to the Shaykh the treasures of the earth down to the seventh tier;

The Shaykh said, “O Creator, I am a lover: if I seek aught but You, I am impious.

If I should bring into view the Eight Paradises, or if I should serve You from fear of Hell,

I am a believer seeking salvation, for both these are concerned with the body.”

A hundred bodies are not worth a bean in the eyes of the lover who has received nutriment from God’s love;

And this body which the Shaykh of insight possesses has become something different: do not call it a body.

In love with God’s love and then a wage!
A trusted Gabriel and then a thief!

In the eyes of that wretched lover of Layla the kingdom of the world was a vegetable.

Earth and gold were alike in his eyes. What of gold? His life had no value.

Lions and wolves and wild beasts were acquainted with him and gathered round him like kinsfolk,

That this man had become entirely purged of animality and filled with love and that his flesh and fat were poisonous.

The sweets scattered by Reason are poison to the wild beast, because the good of good is antagonistic to evil.

The wild beast dare not devour the flesh of the lover: Love is known both to the good and the evil;

And if the wild beast devours him even metaphorically, the lover’s flesh will become poison and kill him.

Everything except love is devoured by Love: to the beak of Love the two worlds are a single grain.
Does a grain ever devour the bird?
Does the manger ever feed on the horse?

Do service, that perchance you may become a lover:
service is a means of gaining Love: it comes into action.

The servant desires to be freed from Fortune;
the lover nevermore desires to be free.

The servant is always seeking a robe of honour and a stipend;
the entire lover’s robe of honour is his vision of the Beloved.

Love is not contained in speech and hearing:
Love is an ocean whereof the depth is invisible.

The drops of the sea cannot be numbered:
the Seven Seas are petty in comparison with that Ocean.

This discourse has no end.
Return, O reader, to the story of the Shaykh of the time.

On the meaning of “But for you, I would not have created the heavens.”

A Shaykh like this became a beggar from street to street.
Love is reckless: beware!

Love makes the sea boil like a kettle;
Love crumbles the mountain like sand;
Love cleaves the sky with a hundred clefts;
Love unconscionably makes the earth to tremble.

The pure Love was united with Mohammed:
for Love’s sake God said to him, “But for you.”

Since he alone was the ultimate goal in Love,
therefore God singled him out from the prophets,

“I had it not been for pure Love’s sake,
how should I have bestowed an existence on the heavens?

Other benefits come from the celestial sphere:
it is like the egg, these are consequential, like the chick.
I have made the earth altogether lowly, that you may gain some notion of the lowliness of lovers.

We have given greenness and freshness to the earth, that you may become acquainted with the transmutation of the dervish.”

Although that is a reality, while this is an image, O son, in order that he may bring it nearer to your understanding.

They liken anguish to thorns; it is not that, but they do so as a means of arousing attention.

When they called a hard heart “stony,” that was inappropriate, they made it serve as a similitude.

The archetype of that is inconceivable: put the blame on your conceptual faculty, and do not regard it as nonexistent.

How the Shaykh, in obedience to the intimation from the Unseen, went with his basket four times in one day to the house of a certain Amir for the purpose of begging; and how the Amir rebuked him for his impudence, and how he excused himself to the Amir.
Abbas, the seller of date-syrup is your groom: may no freethinker (mulhid) have such an ill-starred soul!"

He replied, "O Amír, I am devoted to the command. Be silent! You are not acquainted with my fire: do not boil so much!

Had I found in myself any greed for bread, I would have ripped my bread craving belly.

During seven years, by the ardour of Love that cooks the body, I have eaten vine-leaves in the wilderness,

So that, from my eating withered and fresh leaves, this bodily colour of mine had turned green."

So long as you art in the veil of the Father of mankind, do not look slightingly on the lovers.

The acute men who have split hairs and with their soul have apprehended the science of astronomy,

And the sciences of sorcery and magic and philosophy, and, though they do not know with real knowledge,

Yet have endeavoured as far as they possibly can, and have surpassed all their rivals—

Love was jealous and withdrew from them: such a Sun became invisible to them.

How did such a Sun withdraw its face from the light of an eye that observed a star in the daytime?

Abandon this; listen, accept my counsel: regard the lovers with the eye of love.

Their time is precious and their souls are on the watch for the Beloved: at that moment they cannot excuse themselves to you.

Apprehend their real state, do not be dependent on their words, and do not wound the breasts of the lovers.

Have you not formed a bad opinion of this enthusiasm? Do not abandon prudence, always act with caution;

It is either necessary or allowable or absurd: take this middle course in prudence, O interferer.
How the admonition of the Shaykh and the reflection of his sincerity moved the Amír to weep; and how after that irreverence he gave up his treasury; and how the Shaykh preserved himself and refused to accept and said, “I cannot take any action in the absence of intimation.”

He said this and began to weep with ecstatic cries, the tears rolling hither and thence down his cheeks.

His sincerity touched the Amír’s heart:

Love is ever cooking a wondrous pot full.

The sincerity of the lover affects an inanimate thing: what wonder if it makes an impression on the mind of one possessed of knowledge?

The sincerity of Moses made an impression on the rod and the mountain; no, on the majestic sea.

The sincerity of Ahmad made an impression on the beauty of the moon; no, it stopped the course of the shining sun.

With face turned to face in lamentation, both the Amír and the Dervish had fallen to weeping.

After they had wept much for a while, the Amír said to him, “Arise, O worthy man, and choose from the Treasury whatever you will, albeit you deserve a hundred such.

The house is yours: choose anything you desire, in truth the two worlds are little.”

He replied, “I have not been given permission to pick out anything with my own hand.

I cannot of my own accord commit such impertinence as to intrude in this way like an interloper.”

He made this excuse and took his leave: what prevented was (the fact) that the munificence was not sincere.

Was it not that it was sincere and unmixed with rancour and wrath? Every type of sincerity did not come into the Shaykh’s consideration.

He said, “God has so commanded me, saying, ‘Go as a beggar and ask for a piece of bread.’”

"اين بگفت و گريه در شد هاي های
ايش غلطان بر رخ او جاى
صدق او هم بر ضمير مير زد
غله هم در طرفه ديگى مي يزد
صدق عاشق بر جمادى مي گيند
چه عجب گر بل دانى زند
صدق موسي بر عصا و گوه زد
بله بر دريایى بر ايشوکه زد
صدق احمد بر جمال ماه زد
بله بر خورشيد رخشان راه زد
رو به روه اورده هر دو در نفر
گشته گريان هم امیر و هم فقير
ساعتي بسوار جون گريستند
گفت مير او را كه خيب اي ارجمند
هر چه خواهي از خزانه بر گزين
گر چه استحقاق داري صد چنين
خانه ان تست هرچت ميل هست
بر گزين خود هر دو عالم انند است
گفت دستورى ندادندم چنين
كه به دست خويش چيزى بر گزين
من ز خود نتوانان این كردن فضول
كه كنمن اين دخیلانه دخول
این بهبهانه كر و مهره در روبد
مانع ان بد كايان طاصق نبود
نه كه صاصق بود و پاک از غل و خشم
شیخ را هر صاصق می نامند به چشم
گفت فرمانم چنين داده ست اله
كه گدایانه برو نانى بخواه"
A message came to the Shaykh from the Unseen: “During these two years you have taken and given by Our command; henceforth give but do not take; always put your hand under the mat which on your behalf We have made to be like the wallet of Abu Hurayra, and you will find whatever you may desire.” that the people of the world may gain certainty that beyond this is a world where, if you take a handful of earth, it will turn to gold; if a dead man enter it he will become living; if the most ill-starred enter it he will become the most fortunate; if infidelity enters there, it will become faith; if poison enter therein, it will become an antidote. It is neither inside of this world nor outside; neither beneath it nor above it; neither joined with it nor separate from it: it is devoid of quality and relation. At every moment thousands of signs and types are displayed by it. As manual skill to the form of the hand, or glances of the eye to the form of the eye, or eloquence of the tongue to the form of the tongue,: it is neither inside of it nor outside, neither joined with it nor separate. And indication is sufficient for a person of intelligence.

For two years that man of accomplishment carried on this business; after that the command came to him from the Creator—

“Henceforth continue to give, but do not beg from any one:
We from the Unseen World have bestowed on you this power.

Whoever begs of you, from one to a thousand, put your hand beneath a mat and produce.

Listen, give from the incalculable treasure of Divine mercy: in your hand earth will become gold: give!

Give whatever they ask of you: have no anxiety as to that: know that the bounty of God is more than more.

In Our bounty there is no retrenchment or reduction; no sorrow or regret for this generosity.

Put your hand beneath the mat, O trusted man, in order to blindfold the evil eye.

Fill your fist, therefore, from beneath the mat and give into the hand of the beggar whose back is broken.
Henceforth give from the wage that is not grudged:
give the hidden pearl to everyone who desires it.

Go; be the Hand of God is above their hands:
do you, like the Hand of God, scatter the daily bread recklessly.

Release those in debt from their responsibility:
lke rain, make the carpet of the world green.”

During another year this was his work, that he was always giving gold
from the purse of the Lord of the Judgement.

The black earth turned into gold in his hand:
beside him Hatím of Tayi was a beggar.

How the Shaykh knew the unspoken thoughts of those who begged of him and the sums
owed by the debtors without their telling him, which is a sign of,
“Go forth with My attributes unto My creatures.”

If a dervish said nothing about his need,
he would give and would know his secret thought;

He would give that bent-backed one the amount that he had in mind,
neither more nor less.

Then they would ask, “How did you know,
uncle that he was thinking of this amount?”

He would reply: “My heart’s house is empty:
it is void of beggary, like Paradise.

There is no work in it except love of God:
there is no inhabitant except the idea of union with Him.

I have swept the house clean of good and evil:
my house is filled with love of the One.

When I see in it anything other than God,
it is not mine but is reflected from the beggar.”

If a date-palm or a cluster of dates has appeared in a piece of water,
it is only the reflection from the tree outside.

If you see a form at the bottom of the water,
that image is reflected from outside, O youth;

But it is necessary to cleanse the canal,
the body, until the water is cleared of scum,
In order that no obscurity and rubbish may remain therein and that it may become trustworthy and that the reflection of the aspect may appear.

Where in your body is aught but muddy water, O you who are destitute? Make the water pure from mud, O enemy of the heart.

By sleeping and eating and drinking you are ever intent on pouring into this canal more earth.

The means of knowing people’s hidden thoughts.

When the heart of that water is void of these, does the reflection of the aspects dart into the water.

Therefore, unless your interior has been purified, the house is full of demons and monsters and wild beasts, O ass that has obstinately remained in asininity, how will you get scent of the breaths which resemble those of the Messiah?

If a phantasy appears, how will you know from what hiding-place it springs forth?

Before phantasies are swept from the inward part, the body will become as a phantasy in renunciation.

How the cunning of the fox prevailed over the attempt of the ass to preserve himself from falling into temptation.

The ass strove long and argued against him, but ravenous hunger never quitted the ass.

Greed prevailed, and his self-restraint was weak: many are the gullets that are cut by love of the loaf.

From the Messenger to whom the realities revealed themselves has come down, “Poverty is near being infidelity.”

The ass had been made prisoner by hunger: he said, “If it is a plot, what then? Suppose I am dead once and for all, at any rate I shall be delivered from this torment of hunger: if this is life, I am better dead.”
If at first the ass repented and swore, in the end, because of his asininity, he made a lapse.

Greed makes one blind and foolish and ignorant: to fools it makes death easy;

Death is not easy to the souls of asses who do not possess the splendour of the everlasting soul.

Since the ass does not possess the everlasting soul, he is damned: his boldness in death is the result of folly.

Endeavour that your soul may become immortal, so that on the day of death you will have a store.

Again, he had no confidence in the Provider that He would scatter over him largesse from the Unseen.

Until now, the Divine Bounty had not kept him without the daily provision, though at times He subjected his body to a hunger.

Were hunger absent, in consequence of indigestion a hundred other afflictions would raise their heads in you.

Truly the affliction of hunger is better than those maladies in respect both of its subtlety and its lightness and work.

The affliction of hunger is purer than afflictions, especially in hunger there are a hundred advantages and excellences.

**Explaining the excellence of abstinence and hunger**

Indeed hunger is the king of medicines: listen, lay hunger to your heart, and do not regard it with such contempt.

Everything sour is made sweet by hunger: without hunger all sweet things are unacceptable.

A certain person was eating bread made of bran: someone asked him, “How are you so fond of this?”

He replied, “When hunger is doubled by self-denial, barley bread is *halwa* in my opinion;
Therefore when I deny myself once, I can eat halwa entirely, of course I am very self-denying.”

Hunger, in truth, is not conquered by everyone, for this is a place where fodder is abundant beyond measure.

Hunger is bestowed as a gift on God’s elect, that through hunger they may become puissant lions.

How should hunger be bestowed on every beggarly churl? Since the fodder is not scarce they set it before him,

Saying, “Eat! This is all you are worth: you are not a waterfowl, you are a bread-fowl.”

The Shaykh, accompanied by a disciple, was going without delay towards a certain town where bread was scarce,

And the dread of hunger and famine was continually presenting itself to the disciple’s mind on account of his heedlessness.

The Shaykh was aware and acquainted with his secret thoughts; he said to him, “How long will you remain in torment? You are consumed because of your craving for bread: you have closed the eye of self-denial and trust in God.

You are not of the honoured favourites that you should be kept without walnuts and raisins.

Hunger is the daily bread of the souls of God’s elect: how is it amenable to a beggarly fool like you?

Be at ease: you are not of those, so that you should tarry without bread in this kitchen.”

There are always bowls on bowls and loaves on loaves for these vulgar belly-gods.

When he dies, the bread comes forward, saying, “O you who did kill yourself from fear of having no food, You are gone, the bread is still there: arise and take it, O you who did kill yourself in agony!”

Story of the disciple of whose greediness and secret thoughts his Shaykh became aware. He admonished him with his tongue and in the course of his admonition bestowed on him, by Divine command, the food of trust in God.
Listen, put trust in God, and do not let your feet and hands tremble: your daily bread is more in love with you than you with it.

It is in love with you and is lingering because it knows of your lack of self-denial, O trifler.

If you had any self-denial, the daily bread would come and throw itself upon you as lovers do.

What is this feverish trembling for fear of hunger? In trust in God one can live full-fed.

Story of the cow that is alone in a great island. God most High fills the great island with plants and sweet herbs which are cows' fodder, and the cow feeds on all that till nightfall and grows fat as a mountain-crag. When night comes, she cannot sleep for anxiety and fear, “I have fed on the whole field: what shall I eat to-morrow?” So in consequence of this anxiety she becomes thin like a toothpick. At daybreak she sees the whole field is greener and richer than it was yesterday, and again she eats and grows fat. Then again at nightfall the same anxiety seizes her. For years she has been experiencing the like of this, and she puts no confidence.

There is in the world a green island where a sweet-mouthed cow lives alone.

She feeds on the whole field till nightfall, so that she grows stout and big and choice.

During the night she becomes thin as a hair from anxiety, because she thinks, “What shall I eat to-morrow?”

At rise of dawn the field becomes green: the green blades and grain have grown up to middle.

The cow falls to eating ravenously: till night she feeds on that entirely.

Again she becomes stout and fat and bulky: her body is filled with fat and strength.

Then again at night she by panic falls into a fever, so that from fear of seeking for fodder she becomes lean,
Thinking, “What shall I eat to-morrow at meal-time?”
This is what that cow does for years.

She never thinks, “All these years I have been eating from this meadow and this pasture;
what, is this fear and anguish and heart-burning of mine?”

No; when night falls that stout cow becomes lean again, thinking,
“Alas, the provender is gone.”

The cow is the carnal soul, and the field is this world,
where she is made lean by fear for her daily bread,

Thinking, “I wonder what I shall eat in the future:
whence shall I seek food for to-morrow?”

You have eaten for years, and food has never failed:
leave the future and look at the past.

Bring to mind the food and delicacies you have eaten:
do not regard what is to come, and do not be miserable.

How the lion made the ass his prey, and being thirsty after his exertions went to the spring to drink. Before his return the fox had eaten the liver together with the lungs, heart, and kidneys, which are the choicest parts. The lion looked for the heart and liver, and when he did not find them asked the fox where they were. The fox replied, “If he had possessed a heart and liver, how should he have come back to you after receiving such a stern lesson on that day and saving his life by means of a thousand devices?” “If we had listened or considered with understanding we should not have been among the fellows of Hell-fire.”

The little fox brought the ass into the presence of the lion: the courageous lion tore him to pieces.

The King of the Beasts was made thirsty by his exertions and went to the spring to drink some water.

Meanwhile the little fox, having got an opportunity, ate his liver, lungs, and heart.

When the lion returned from the spring to eat, he looked in the ass to find the heart; there was neither heart nor liver.
He said to the fox, “Where is the liver? What has become of the heart? For no animal can do without these two.”

He replied, “If he had possessed a heart or liver, how should he have come here a second time?

He had experienced that tremendous agony and turmoil, the scramble down the mountain, the terror, and the flight;

If he had had a liver or heart, how could he have come a second time into your presence?”

When there is no light in the heart, it is no heart; when there is no spirit, it is nothing but earth.

The glass that has no spiritual light is urine and the urine-phial: do not call it a lamp.

The light in the lamp is the gift of the Almighty; the glass and earthenware are His creatures’ handiwork.

Necessarily in respect of the vessels there is number, in respect of the flames there is nothing but unity.

When the light of six lamps is mingled together, there is no number and plurality in their light.

The Jew has become a polytheist from the vessels; the true believer regarded the light and has become endowed with perception.

When the sight falls upon the spirit’s vessel, it regards Seth and Noah as being two.

When there is water in the canal, only then is it a canal: the man is he that has the spirit.

These are not men, they are forms: they are dead with bread and killed by appetite.

**Story of the Christian ascetic who went about with a lamp in the daytime in the midst of the bazaar because of the ecstasy which he had in his heart.**

That person was going about in a bazaar in the daytime with a candle, his heart full of love and ardour.

A busybody said to him, “Hey, O such-and-such, what are you seeking beside every shop?"
Hey, why are you going about in search with a lamp in bright daylight? What is the joke?

He replied, “I am searching everywhere for a man that is alive with the life inspired by that Breath.

Is there a man in existence?” “This bazaar,” said the other, “is full: surely they are men, O noble sage.”

He answered, “I want a man on the two-way road—in the way of anger and at the time of desire.

Where is a man at the moment of anger and at the moment of appetite? In search of a man I am running from street to street.

Where in the world is a man on these two occasions, that I may devote my life to him to-day?”

“You are seeking a rare thing,” said he; “but you take no heed of the ordinance and destiny. Consider well!

You regard the branch; you are unaware of the root: we are the branch, the ordinances of the decree are the root.”

The destiny causes the rolling sphere to lose its way; the Divine destiny makes a hundred Mercuries to be ignorant; It makes the world of contrivance to be straitened; it makes iron and hard rock to be water.

O you who have resolved upon the way, step by step, you are the rawest of the raw, the rawest of the raw, the rawest of the raw.

Since you have seen the revolution of the millstone, come now; see also the water of the river.

You have seen the dust rise into the air: amidst the dust see the wind.

You see the kettles of thought boiling: look with intelligence on the fire too.

God said to Job, “I have graciously bestowed patience upon every hair of you. Listen; do not pay so much regard to your patience: you have seen patience, look at My giving patience.”

How long will you behold the revolution of the water-wheel? Put forth your head and behold the rapid water.

You will say, “I am beholding it”; but there are many good signs of beholding it.
When you have taken a summary view of the circling movement of the foam, look upon the Sea if you want bewilderment.

He that regards the foam tells of the mystery, while he that regards the Sea is bewildered.

He that regards the foam forms intentions, while he that regards the Sea makes his heart one with the Sea.

He that regards the foam-flakes is in reckoning, while he that regards the Sea is without volition.

He that regards the foam is in movement, while he that regards the Sea is devoid of hypocrisy.

**How a Moslem called a Magi to accept Islam.**

A certain man said to a Magi, "O such-and-such, listen, become a Moslem, be one of the true believers!"

He replied, "If God will, I shall become a true believer; and if He increase His grace, I shall become possessed of intuitive faith."

He said, "God wills your true belief, in order that your spirit may be delivered from the hand of Hell; but your ill-omened carnal soul and the wicked Devil are dragging you towards infidelity and the fire-temple."

He replied, "O reasonable man, since they are predominant I shall be on the side of the stronger.

I can side with him who is predominant: I fall in the direction to which the predominant one is pulling.

Since God desired a firm belief of me, what is the use of His desire when He does not succeed?

The carnal soul and the Devil have carried their will to success, while that act of favour has been defeated and pulverised.

It is as if you had built a palace and pavilion and erected therein a hundred beautiful designs,

And desired that that goodly place should be a mosque—and someone else had come and made it a Christian monastery;

Or you had woven a piece of linen cloth, in order deftly to make it a coat for someone to wear,
And you wanted a coat, a rival, from hostility, made the linen stuff into a pair of trousers in spite of you.

What resource has the linen, my dear friend, but to submit to the purpose of the one who is predominant?

He is reduced to submission, what is the crime of this linen? Who is he that is not dominated by the predominant?

When someone has forced his way in against his will and planted a thorn bush in his property and house, the master of the house is humiliated because such shabbiness is inflicted on him.

The resource of this linen is the carnal soul. It is mockery that whatever God wills shall come to pass.

I too, though I am fresh and new, would become shabby through being associated with such a contemptible person.

Since the will of the carnal soul is besought for help, it is mockery that whatever God wills shall come to pass.

If I am a disgrace to the Magis or am an infidel, I am not such as to think this of God,

That anyone should seek to exercise authority in His kingdom against His will and in spite of Him,

And thus should occupy His kingdom, so that the Creator of the breath dare not breathe a word, He wishes to repel him and must do so; the Devil at every moment is increasing His anxiety.

I must worship the Devil, inasmuch as he is predominant in every assembly,

Lest the Devil take vengeance on me— and then in that case how can the Gracious lend me a hand? That which he wills, his desire is fulfilled: by whom shall my affairs be restored to prosperity?

Parable of the Devil at the door of the Merciful God.

God forbid! Whatever God wills shall come to pass. He is the Ruler over the worlds of space and non-spatiality.

Without His command no one in His kingdom shall add the tip of a single hair.
The kingdom is His kingdom, the command is His: that Devil of His is the meanest dog at His door.

If a Turcoman's dog is lying at the door, with his face and head resting on the threshold,

If the children of the house keep pulling his tail, he will be humble in the children's hands.

If, however, a stranger passes by, he will rush at him like a fierce lion;

For he is hard on the unbelievers:
to a friend he is the rose, to an enemy as the thorn.

He has become so faithful and vigilant on account of the tutmáj broth that the Turcoman has given him.

The dog, then, namely the Devil, whom God causes to exist and in whom He creates a hundred thoughts and cunning plans,

And whom He feeds with honours, so that he takes away the honour of the virtuous and the wicked—

The honour of the populace is the tutmáj broth by which the Devil-dog is fed—

Tell me, how should not his soul be devoted to the decree at the door of the tent of Omnipotence?

Troop on troop of obedient and rebellious, like the dog spreading his fore-paws on the threshold,

Are stationed like dogs at the door of the Cave of the Godhead, seeking the command with every particle, and with every nerve agog,

‘O Devil-dog, inflict tribulation in order that how these creatures set foot on this Way.

Continually rush, prevent, and look to see who is female (weak) in respect of sincerity, and who is male (strong).’

For what purpose, then, is, ‘I take refuge’ when the Dog in his arrogance has run swiftly?

This, ‘I take refuge,’ is, ‘O Turcoman of Khitá, call your dog off and leave the way clear,

That I may come to the door of your tent and beg what I need from your bounty and high estate.’

When the Turcoman is incapable of the dog’s fury, this, ‘I take refuge,’ and this cry of distress are improper,
The Turcoman too will say, 'I take refuge from the dog; for I too am helpless against the dog in my home.'

You cannot come to this door, nor can I go forth from the door.'

Now dust is on the head of the Turcoman and the stranger-guest, since one dog binds the necks of them both!

God forbid! If the Turcoman utter a shout, what of the dog? A fierce lion would vomit blood."

O you who have called yourself “the Lion of God,” for years you have been powerless against a dog.

How should this dog hunt on your behalf when you have manifestly become a prey to the dog?

The true believer replied, “O Necessitarian, hear the words addressed; you have said your say: lo, I bring the answer.

You have seen your own game, O chess-player: see your adversary’s game in all its breadth and length.

You have read your letter of apology: read the Sunni’s letter.

Why have you remained?
You have discoursed in Necessitarian fashion on the destiny: hear from me the mystery thereof in debate.

Beyond doubt we possess a certain power of choice: you cannot deny the plain evidence of the sense.

One never says ‘Come’ to a stone: how should any one request a brickbat to keep faith?

One never says to a human being, ‘Hey, fly!’ or ‘Come, O blind man, and look at me!’

God has said, ‘there is nothing intolerable laid upon the blind’: how should the Lord who bestows relief lay upon any one what is intolerable?

Nobody says to a stone, ‘You have come late or, ‘Why did you strike a blow at me, O stick?’

Will any one address demands like these to a person who is compelled, or strike a person who is excused?

Command and prohibition and anger and conferment of honour and rebuke concern him who possesses the power of choice, O pure bosomed one.

There is a power of choice in regard to injustice and wrong-doing: this I meant by this Devil and carnal soul.

The power of choice resides in your inward part; it does not wound its hand till it sees a Joseph.

The power of choice and the instinct were in the soul: it beheld his face, and then it spread wings and pinions.

When the dog is asleep its power of choice is lost, when it sees the tripe it wags its tail.

A horse, too, whinnies when he sees barley, and when the meat is moved, the cat meows.

Sight is the means of moving the power of choice, just as blowing raises sparks from the fire.

Therefore your power of choice is moved when Iblis becomes a go-between (dallála) and brings a message from Wis.

When he presents an object of desire to this person, the sleeping power unrolls itself;

And, in despite of the Devil, the Angel presents good objects and makes an outcry in your heart,

In order that your power to choose the good may be moved; for, before presentation, these two dispositions are asleep.
So the Angel and the Devil have become presenters for the purpose of setting the power of choice in motion.

Your power to choose good or evil is increased tenfold by inspirations and suggestions.

Hence, when your ritual prayer is finished, O excellent man, it behooves you to offer a salutation to the Angels,

Saying, ‘Through your goodly inspiration and incitement, my power to choose this ritual prayer was set going.’

Again, after sin you will curse Iblís, because through him you are inclined.

These two adversaries are making offers to you in secret and presenting in the curtain over the Unseen.

When the curtain over the Unseen is raised from before you, you will behold the faces of your brokers,

And from their words will recognise without trouble that these were they who spoke invisibly.

The Devil will say, ‘O you who art a captive to your nature and body, I was (only) presenting to you: I did not force.’

And the Angel will say, ‘I told you that your sorrow would be increased in consequence of this joy.

Did not I tell you on such and such a day that the way to Paradise is in that direction?

We are lovers of your soul and fosterers of your spirit and sincere worshippers of your Father?

At this time also we are serving you and inviting you towards sovereignty?

That party was your Father’s enemies who refused to obey the command, Worship Adam?

You did accept that, you did reject ours: you did not acknowledge the debt due for our services.

Now look on us and them in clear view, and recognise by voice and speech.’

If you hear a secret from a friend at midnight, you will know that it was he when he speaks at dawn;

And if two persons bring news to you in the night, you will recognise both of them in the daytime by their speaking.
During the night the sound of a lion and the sound of a dog have come and he has not seen their forms on account of the darkness,

When day breaks and they begin to make sound again, the intelligent will know them by the sound.

The upshot is this that both the Devil and the Spirit who present exist for the purpose of completing the power of choice.

There is an invisible power of choice within us; when it sees two objects of desire it waxes strong.

Teachers beat children: how should they inflict that correction upon a black stone?

Do you ever say to a stone, ‘Come to-morrow; and if you don’t come, I will give your bad behaviour the punishment it deserves’?

Does any reasonable man strike a brickbat? Does anyone reprove a stone?

In reason, Necessitarianism (jabr) is more shameful than the doctrine of Free-will (qadar), because the Necessitarian is denying his own sense.

The man who holds the doctrine of Free-will does not deny his sense: ‘The action of God is not mediated by the senses, O son.’

He who denies the action of the Almighty Lord is denying Him who is indicated by the indication.

That one says, ‘There is smoke, but no fire; there is candle-light without any resplendent candle’;

And this one sees the fire plainly, for the sake of denial he says it does not exist.

It burns his raiment, he says, ‘There is no fire’; it stitches his raiment, he says, ‘There is no thread.’

Hence this doctrine of Necessity is Skepticism: consequently he, from this point of view, is worse than the infidel.

The infidel says, ‘The world exists, there is no Lord’: he says that ‘O my Lord!’ is not to be approved.

This one says, ‘The world is really nothing’: the Sophist is in a tangle of error.

The whole world acknowledges the power of choice: their commanding and forbidding — ‘Bring this and do not bring that!’

He says that commanding and forbidding are naught and that there is no power of choice. All this is erroneous.
Animals acknowledge the reality of the inward sense, O comrade, but it is a subtle matter to apprehend the proof.

Inasmuch as our power of choice is perceived by the sense, responsibility for actions may well be laid upon it.

The inward consciousness of having the power to choose or of acting under compulsion, of anger or self-restraint, of repletion or hunger, corresponds to the senses that know and distinguish yellow from red and small from great and bitter from sweet and musk from shit and hard from soft—by the sense of touch—and hot from cold and burning from lukewarm and wet from dry and contact with a wall from contact with a tree.

Therefore he who denies inward consciousness denies the senses, and more, inward consciousness is more evident than the senses, inasmuch as one can bind the senses and prevent them from functioning, while it is impossible to bar the way to the experiences of inward consciousness and stop their entrance. And an indication is enough for the wise.

Inward consciousness corresponds to sensation: both run in the same channel, O uncle.

‘Do’ or ‘don’t,’ command and prohibition, discussions and talk are suitable to it.

‘To-morrow I will do this or I will do that,’ is a proof of the power to choose, O worshipful one;

And the penitence which you have felt for an evil deed, you have been led through your power of choice.

The entire Qur‘an consists of commands and prohibitions and threats: who saw commands given to a marble rock?

Does any wise man, does any reasonable man, do this? Does he show anger and enmity to brickbats and stones?—

Saying, ‘I told you to do thus or thus: why have you not done it, O dead and helpless ones?’

How should reason exercise any authority over wood and stone? How should reason lay hold of the painted figure of a cripple?

Saying, ‘O slave with palsied hands and broken legs, take up the lance and come to battle?’
How should the Creator who is the Maker of stars and sky make commands and prohibitions like those of an ignorant person?

You have removed from God the possibility of impotence, you have called Him ignorant and stupid and foolish.

Impotence does not follow from the doctrine of Free-will; and even if it do, ignorance is worse than impotence.

The T urcoman says graciously to the stranger-guest, ‘Come to my door without a dog and without a tattered cloak, And listen, come in respectfully from such and such a quarter, in order that my dog may keep his teeth and mouth closed and refrain from biting you.’

You do the reverse of that and advance to the door: necessarily you are wounded by the violence of the dog.

You must advance in the same pounder in which slaves have advanced, so that his dog may become gentle and affectionate.

You take a dog or a fox with you, a dog will rage from the bottom of every tent.

If none but God has the power of choice, why do you become angry with one who has committed an offence?

Why do you gnash your teeth at a foe?

If a piece of timber break off from your house-roof and fall upon you and wound you severely,

Will you feel any anger against the timber of the roof? Will you ever devote yourself to taking vengeance upon it?

‘Why did it hit me and fracture my hand? It has been my mortal foe and enemy’.

Why do you beat little children, since you make out that adults are exempt from blame?

A man who steals your property, you say, ‘Arrest him, cut off his hand and foot, make him a captive’;

And a man who visits your wife, a hundred thousand angers shoot up from you.

If a flood come and sweep away your household goods, will your reason bear any enmity towards the flood?

And if the wind came and carried off your turban, when did your heart show any anger against the wind?
The anger within you is a clear demonstration of a power of choice, so that you must not excuse yourself after the fashion of Necessitarians.

If a camel-driver goes on striking a camel, the camel will attack the striker.

Similarly a dog, if you throw a stone at him, will rush at you and become contorted.

Since the animal intelligence is conscious of the power of choice, do not, O human intelligence, hold this Necessitarian doctrine. Be ashamed!

This power of choice is manifest, but in his desire for the meal taken before dawn that eater shuts his eyes to the light.

Since all his desire is for eating bread, he sets his face towards the darkness, saying, it is not day.

Inasmuch as greed causes the sun to be hidden, what wonder if he turns his back on the convincing proof?

A Story illustrating and confirming the view that mankind have the power of choice, and showing that Pre-ordination and Predestination do not annul the power of choice.

A thief said to the magistrate, 'O king that which I have done was decreed by God.'

The magistrate replied, 'That which I am doing is also decreed by God, O light of my eyes.'

If anyone takes a radish from a shop, saying, 'This is decreed by God, O man of understanding,' the greengrocer will give him two or three blows on the head with your fist, 'O detestable man, this beating is God's decree that you put the radish back.'

Since this excuse, O trifler, is not accepted by a greengrocer in the case of a single vegetable, How are you placing a reliance on this excuse and frequenting the neighbourhood of a dragon?
By an excuse like this, O ignoble simpleton, you sacrifice all—your life, your property, and your wife;

Afterwards everyone will pluck your moustache and offer excuse and make himself out to be acting under compulsion.

If 'the decree of God' seems to you a proper excuse, then instruct me and give me a canonical decision;

For I have a hundred desires and lusts, my hand is tied by fear and awe.

Do me a favour, then: teach me the excuse, untie the knots from my hands and feet!

You have chosen a handicraft, saying, 'I have a choice and a thought.'

Otherwise, how have you chosen that handicraft out of all the rest, O master of the house?

When the hour comes for the flesh and the passions, there comes to you as great a power of choice as is possessed by twenty men;

When your friend deprives you of a penny of profit, the power to pick a quarrel is developed in your soul;

When the hour comes for thanksgiving on account of benefactions, you have no power of choice and are inferior to a stone.

Assuredly this will be the excuse of your Hell, 'Consider me excused for this burning!'

Since no one holds you excusable on this plea, and this plea does not keep you out of the hands of the executioner,

Then, the world is arranged according to this rule, and the state of things in yonder world too is made known to you.
Another Story in answer to the Necessitarian, confirming Man’s power of choice and the validity of the commands and prohibitions, and showing that the Necessitarian’s excuse is not accepted in any religious sect or in any religion and that it does not save him from being duly punished for the actions which he has committed, just as the Necessitarian Iblís was not saved by saying, ‘Because You have made me to err.’ And the little indicates the much.

A certain man was climbing up a tree and vigorously scattering the fruit in the pounder of thieves.

The owner of the orchard came along and said, ‘O rascal, where is your reverence for God? What are you doing?’

He replied, ‘If a servant of God eats from God's orchard the dates which God has bestowed upon him as a gift, why do you vulgarly blame?

Stinginess at the table of the all-Rich Lord!’

‘O Aybak,’ said he, ‘fetch that rope, that I may give my answer to Bu ’l-Hasan.’

Then at once he bound him tightly to the tree and thrashed him hard on the back and legs with a cudgel.

He cried, ‘Pray, have some reverence for God! You are killing me miserably who am innocent.’

He answered, ‘With God’s cudgel this servant of His is soundly beating the back of another servant. It is God’s cudgel, and the back and sides belong to Him: I am the slave and instrument of His command.’

He said, ‘O cunning knave, I make a recantation of Necessitarianism: there is free-will, there is free-will- free-will!’

His power of choice brought powers of choice into existence: His power of choice is like a rider beneath the dust.

His power of choice makes our power of choice; His command is based on a power of choice.

Every created being has it in his power to exercise authority over the form without free-will.
So that he drags the prey devoid of will, so that having seized Zayd by the ear, he leads him away.

But the action of the Lord, without any instrument, makes his free-will a noose for him.

His free-will makes him a fetter for Zayd: God makes him His prey without dog or snare.

The carpenter has authority over a piece of wood, and the artist has authority over a beauty;

The ironsmith is a superintendent of iron; the builder also is a ruler over his tools.

This is extraordinary; for all this free-will is bowing low, like a slave, in His free-will.

When did the power forcibly exercised by you over inanimate objects deprive them of inanimateness?

Similarly, His power over acts of free-will does not deprive any act of free-will of that.

Declare that His will is in a complete pounder, without there being the attribution of compulsion (jabr) and responsibility for error.

Since you have said, 'My unbelief is willed by Him,' know that it is also willed by yourself; involuntary unbelief is a self-contradiction.

It is abominable and blameworthy to lay a command on one incapable; and anger is worse, especially from the Merciful Lord.

An ox is beaten if he refuses the yoke: is an ox reduced to misery because he will not fly?

Since the ox is not excused for stubbornness, wherefore is the owner of the ox excusable and infirm?

Since you are not ill, don't bandage your head: you have freewill, don't laugh at your moustache.

Endeavour to gain freshness from God's cup: then you will become selfless and volitionless.

Then all volition will belong to that Wine, and you will be absolutely excusable, like a drunk man.

Whatever you beat will be beaten by the Wine; whatever you sweep away will be swept away by the Wine.
The drunk man who has quaffed wine from God’s cup—
how should he do aught but justice and right?

The magicrians said to Pharaoh, ‘Stop!
He is drunk has no care for his hands and feet.

The wine of the One is our hands and feet;
the apparent hand is a shadow and worthless.’

The meaning of ‘whatever God willed came to be,’ i.e. ‘the will is His will and pleasure.
Seek His pleasure; be not distressed by the anger of others and the disapproval of others.’
Although the word ‘kána’ (came to be) denotes the past, yet there is no past or future
in the action of God, for with God there is neither morning nor evening.

The saying of servant, ‘whatever God wills comes to pass’
does not signify ‘be lazy in that’;

No, it is an incitement to entire self-devotion and exertion, meaning,
‘Make yourself exceedingly ready to perform that service.’

If you are told, O sage, that what you wish
you have full power to act according to your desire,
Then, if you are neglectful, it is permissible;
for what you wish and say will come to pass.

When you are told that whatever God wills shall come to pass,
and that to Him belongs the authority absolute and everlasting,
Why, then, should not you move round Him like a slave,
with the will of a hundred men to perform the devotions due to Him?

If you are told that what the vizier wishes
his will is paramount in the exercise of authority,
Will you at once move round him with the zeal of a hundred men,
that he may pour kindness and munificence on your head?
Or will you flee from the vizier and his palace?
This is not the way to seek his help.

You, inversely, have been made remiss by this saying:
you have been turned upside down in your apprehension and thought.

The command is vested in such and such a lord. Listen, what does this mean?
It means, ‘Do not sit with anyone except him.’
Move round the lord, since the command belongs to him; for he slays his enemy and saves the life of his friend.

Whatever he wills, that same thing you will certainly obtain: do not go astray, prefer his service.'

Not, 'Since he is possessed of authority, do not move round him, so that you may fall into his black books and be disgraced.'

The interpretation that makes you ardent and hopeful and active and reverent is the true one;

And if it makes you slack, know the real truth to be this, that it is an alteration, not an interpretation.

This has come in order to make ardent, that He may take the hands of those who have lost hope.

Ask the meaning of the Qur'án from the Qur'án alone, and from that one who has set fire to his idle fancy,

And has become a sacrifice to the Qur'án and is low, so that the Qur'án has become the essence of his spirit.

The oil that has wholly devoted itself to the rose—smell either the oil or the rose as you please.

And similarly, 'the Pen has dried' means that the Pen has dried after writing, 'Obedience and disobedience are not on the same level, and honesty and stealing are not on the same level.' The Pen has dried that thanksgiving and ingratitude are not on the same level.

The Pen has dried that God does not let the reward of the righteous be lost.

Likewise the interpretation of 'the Pen has dried' it is for the purpose of inciting to the most important work.

Therefore the Pen wrote that every action has the effect and consequence appropriate to it.

The Pen has dried that if you do wrong you will suffer wrong, and that if you act rightly the result will be your felicity.

You behave unjustly, you are damned: the Pen has dried.

If you show justice, you eat the fruit: the Pen has dried.

When he steals, his hand goes: the Pen has dried.

He drinks wine, he becomes intoxicated: the Pen has dried.
Do you deem it allowable, can it be allowable, that on account of the prior decree God should come, like a person dismissed from office,

Saying, ‘the affair has gone out of My hands: do not approach Me so often, do not entreat so much’?

No, the meaning is: ‘the Pen has dried justice and injustice is not equal in My sight.

I have laid down a distinction between good and evil; I have also laid down a distinction between the bad and the worse.’

If there be in you a single mote of self-discipline in excess of your companion, the grace of God will know,

And will bestow on you that mote’s amount of superiority: the mote will step forth as a mountain.

A king before whose throne there is no distinction between the faithful and the seeker of iniquity—

Between him who trembles in fear of his disapproval and him who intrigues against his fortune.

There is no difference, but both of them are one to him: he is not a king, may dark earth be on his head!

If your labour exceeds another’s by a single mote, it will be weighed in God’s balance.

You continually work yourself to death in the service of these kings; they are ignorant of treachery and honesty.

The words of a tale-bearer who speaks ill of you will cause your years of service to be wasted;

The words of tale-bearers do not take their abode in the presence of the King who is hearing and seeing.

All the tale-bearers are reduced to despair by Him: they come to us and increase bondage.

They speak much abuse of the King before us, saying, ‘Go! The Pen has dried. Do not keep faith.’

How should the meaning of ‘the Pen has dried’ be, that acts of treacherous and acts of faithfulness are alike?

No, treacherous for acts of treacherous: the Pen has dried; and faithfulness for those acts of faithfulness: the Pen has dried.

There may be pardon, but where is the glorious hope that through piety the servant of God may be illumined?
If a robber be pardoned, he saves his life, how should he become a vizier and keeper of the treasury?

Come, O godly Aminu’ddin, for every tiara and ensign has grown from trustworthiness (amánat).

If the Sultan’s son becomes a traitor to him, on that account his head will be severed from his body;

And if a Hindu slave shows faithfulness, sovereignty will applaud him, ‘Long may he live!’

What of a slave? If a dog is faithful at a door, there are a hundred feelings of satisfaction with him in the heart of the master.

Since, because of this, he kisses the mouth of a dog, if he be a lion, how triumphant he will make him!

Robbers get nothing but pardon, except, to be sure, the robber who performs acts of service and whose sincerity uproots his treacherous,

Like Fudayl, the brigand who played straight, because he ran with the strength of ten men towards repentance;

And as the magicians blackened the face of Pharaoh by their fortitude and faithfulness.

They gave their hands and feet for the crime that entailed retaliation: how should that be attained by means of a hundred years’ devotional service?

You who have served for fifty years, when have you brought into your possession such a sincerity as this?

Story of the dervish who saw at Herat the well-equipped slaves of the Amid of Khurasan, mounted on Arab horses and wearing gold-embroidered coats, richly ornamented caps, etc. He asked, ‘what princes and what kings are these?’ On being told that they were not princes, but the slaves of the Amid of Khurasan, he turned his face to Heaven, crying, ‘O God, learn from the Amid how to take care of slaves!’ There the State-accountant is called Amid.

A certain unmannerly at Herat, when he saw a nobleman’s slave

Going about in satin raiment with a belt of gold, would turn his face to Heaven,
And cry, ‘O God, why do You not learn from this bountiful Khwaja
how to keep slave?’

O God, let this rais (high dignitary) and chosen of our king

teach You how to care for Your slave.’

The dervish was needy and naked and without food:
in winter he was trembling exceedingly from the air.

That man beside himself committed an impertinence:
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from grossness he displayed an audacity.

He relied on the thousands of gifts,
saying that the gnostic has become God's boon-companion.

If the king’s boon-companion takes a liberty, do not you behave so,
who have not the same support.

God gave the waist, and the waist is better than the belt:
if any one gives you a tiara, He gave the head.

The dervish continued his reproaches till a certain day
when the king accused the Khwaja and bound him hand and foot,

He put those slaves to the rack, saying,
‘Show at once the Khwaja’s buried treasure;

Tell me his secret; O you rascals
or I will cut your throats and your tongues.’

He tortured them for a month:
the rack, torment, and anguish by day and by night.

He rent them to pieces, but from their anxiety
not one slave betrayed the Khwaja’s secret.

A voice from Heaven said to him in his dream,
‘O sir, do you also learn how to be a slave, and come.

Wear, all the year round, a garment of that cloth which you are weaving;
eat and drink, all the year round, of that which you are sowing.

These continual pangs are your own action:
this is the meaning of ‘the Pen has dried,’

‘My Law (Sunna) does not turn aside from rectitude:
good shall befall the good, evil the evil.’

Beware, do works, for Solomon is alive:
so long as you are a devil, his sword is cutting;
When he becomes an angel, he is safe from the sword and has no dread of Solomon.

His sway is over the devil, not the angel: pain is on the earth, not above the sky.

Abandon this Necessitarianism, which is very empty, in order that you may know what the inmost secret of Necessity is.

Abandon this Necessitarianism of the idle party, in order that you may gain knowledge of the Necessity that is as the soul.

Abandon the state of being loved and adopt the practice of loving, O you who think that you are excellent and pre-eminent.

Abandon this Necessitarianism of the idle party, in order that you may gain knowledge of the Necessity that is as the soul.

O you who really are more silent than Night, how long will you seek a purchaser for your words?

They nod their heads in your presence for you: your time is wasted in the passionate desire of them.

You say to me, ‘Don’t indulge in envy,’ how should any one feel envy in consequence of losing nothing?

O impudent man, instruction given to the worthless is like drawing a little design on a clod of earth.

Instruct yourself in love and insight; for that is like a design on a solid mass of stone.

Your own self is the pupil that is faithful to you: the others perish: where will you seek them, where?

In order that you may make others erudite and eminent, you are making yourself evil-natured and empty.

When your heart is united with that Eden, listen, speak on, and be not afraid of becoming empty.

Hence the command, ‘Speak!’ came to him, saying, ‘O righteous one, it will not fail: this is an ocean.’

God said, ‘Be silent,’ that is, ‘do not waste your water in idle talk, for the orchard is dry-lipped.’

This discourse has no end, O father: leave this discourse and consider the end.

I am not jealous that they stand in your presence: they are mocking you, they are not lovers.

Behold your lovers behind the veil of the Bounty, crying aloud for you continually.
Be the lover of those unseen lovers:
do not cherish the lovers who last five days;
For they have devoured you by means of a deceit and attraction,
and during years you have never seen a grain from them.

How long will you set up a show on the public road?
You are footsore, and your desire has been fulfilled.

When you enjoy good health all of them are your friends and comrades,
in the hour of pain and sorrow where is any familiar friend but God?

In the hour of eye-ache or toothache will anyone take your hand
except Him who comes at the cry of distress?

Therefore recollect that sickness and pain:
take warning, like Ayaz from that sheepskin jacket.

Your experience of pain is the sheepskin jacket
which Ayaz took into his hand.”

How the Necessititarian infidel again replied to the Sunni who was inviting him to accept Islam
and abandon his belief in Necessity, and how the debate was prolonged on both sides;
for this difficult and controversial matter cannot be decided except by the real love
that has no further interest in it—“and that is God’s grace: He bestows it on whom He pleases.”

The Necessititarian infidel began his reply,
by which that eloquent man was confounded;

But if I relate all those answers and questions,
I shall be unable to get on with this Discourse.

We have things of greater importance to say,
whereby your understanding will obtain a better clue.

We have told a little of that disputation, O fierce debater,
from a little the principle of the whole is evident.

Similarly, there is a disputation, till mankind is raised from the dead,
between the Necessitarians and the partisans of Freewill.

If he had been incapable of refuting his adversary,
their doctrines would have fallen out of sight.
Since they would not have had the means of escape in replying, they would therefore have recoiled from the way of perdition;

Inasmuch as their continuance in that course was destined, God feeds them with proofs,

In order that he may not be silenced by his adversary’s difficult objection, and that he may be prevented from seeing his adversary’s success,

So that these seventy-two sects may always remain in the world till the Day of Resurrection.

Since this is the world of darkness and occultation, the earth is necessary for the shadow.

These two-and-seventy will remain till the Resurrection: the heretic’s talk and argument will not fail.

The high value of a treasury is that there are many locks upon it.

The greatness of the goal, O well-tried man, is the intricate windings of the way and the mountain-passes and the brigands.

The greatness of the Ka’ba and its assembly-place is the brigandage of the Bedouins and the length of the desert.

Every doctrine, every tenet, that is not praiseworthy is a mountain-pass and a barrier and a brigand.

This doctrine has become the adversary and bitter enemy of that, so that the imitator is in a dilemma;

He sees that both the opponents are firm in their doctrine: every sect is pleased with its own path.

If it has no reply, it will cling obstinately to the same formula till the Day of Resurrection,

Saying, “Our great authorities know the reply to this, although the right method is hidden from us.”

The only muzzle for evil suggestions is Love; else, when has any one stopped temptation?

Become a lover; seek a fair favourite, hunt a waterfowl from river to river.

How will you get water from that one who takes your water away? How will you apprehend from that one consumes your apprehension?

In Love, glorious and resplendent, you will find intelligible things other than these intelligible things.
To God belong intelligences other than this intelligence of yours, by which the mediate celestial things are ruled;

For by this intelligence you procure the means of subsistence, by that other you make the tiers of Heaven a carpet.

When you gamble away your intelligence in love of the Lord, He gives you ten like unto it or seven hundred.

Those women of Egypt, when they gambled away their intelligences, sped onward to the pavilion of Joseph's love.

The cupbearer of life took away their intelligence in one moment; they drank their fill of wisdom all the rest of their lives.

The beauty of the Almighty is the source of a hundred Josephs: O you, who are less than a woman, devote yourself to that beauty!

O soul, Love alone cuts disputation short, for it comes to the rescue when you cry for help against arguments.

Eloquence is dumbfounded by Love: it dare not engage in altercation;

For he fears that, if he answer back, a pearl may fall out of his mouth.

He closes his lips tight against good or evil lest the pearl should fall from his mouth,

Even as the Companion of the Prophet said, “Whenever the Prophet recited sections to us, At the moment of munificence that chosen Messenger would demand of us attentiveness and a hundred reverences.”

It is as when a bird is on your head, and your soul trembles for fear of its flitting,

So you dare not stir from your place, lest your beautiful bird should take to the air;

You dare not breathe; you suppress a cough, lest that buma should fly away;

And if any one speaks sweet or sour to you, you lay a finger on your lip, meaning, and "Hush!"

Bewilderment is like that bird; it makes you silent: it puts the lid on the kettle and fills you with the boiling of love.
How the King (Mahnnid) purposely asked Arax, "(Why) art thou telling all this sorrow and joy to a rustic shoe and a sheepskin jacket, which are inanimate?" (His purpose was) that he might induce Ayaz to speak.

'ai Ayaz, pray, why are these marks of affection, like a lover to his adored one, to a rustic shoe?

Thou hast made a rustic shoe thy devotion and religion, as Majnun of his Layla's face.

Thou hast mingled thy soul's love with two old articles and hung them both in a chamber.

How long wilt thou speak new words to two old things and breathe the ancient secret into a substance devoid of life

Like the Arabs, 0 Ayaz, thou art drawing out long and lovingly thy converse with the abodes and the traces of former habitation.

Of what Asaf are thy shoon the abode?

The priest has no knowledge of sin and pardon; but love and firm belief are mightily bewitching.

Love and imagination weave a hundred Joseph: in sooth they are greater sorcerers than Harut and Marut.

They cause a form to appear in memory of him: the attraction of the form leads you into (conversation with it).

You tell a hundred thousand secrets in the form's presence, just as a friend speaks in the presence of a friend.

No form or shape is there; from it proceed a hundred "Am not I?" and a hundred "Yea!"

As when a mother, distraught beside the grave of a child newly dead,

Utters heart-felt words earnestly and intensely: the inanimate seems to her to be alive.
She regards that dust as living and erect, she regards that rubbish as an eye and an ear.

To her, at the moment when she is crazed, every atom of the earth in the grave seems to have hearing and intelligence.

She believes with all her might that the earth is hearkening: look well at this Love that works magic!

Fondly and with tears she lays her face, time after time, on the fresh earth of the grave in such wise

As during his life she never laid her face on the son who was so dear to her;

When some days pass in mourning, the fire of her love sinks to rest.

Love for the dead is not lasting: keep your love on the Living One who increases spiritual life.

Afterwards, indeed, from that grave slumber: from object is born in her the same insensibility,

Because Love has carried off his enchantment and gone away: as soon as the fire is sped, ashes remain.

The Elder (Pir) beholds in the brick all that the young man beholds in the mirror.

The Elder is thy love, not a white beard. It is he that gives a helping hand to thousands who are in despair.

In separation Love fashions forms; in the hour of union the Formless One puts forth his head,

Saving, “I am the ultimate origin’ of sobriety and intoxication: the beauty in forms is reflected from Me.

At this moment I have removed the veils: I have raised Beauty on high without intermediaries.

Because thou hast been much occupied with My reflexion, thou hast gained the power to contemplate My essence denuded.

When My pull is set in motion from this side, he does not see the priest intervening.”

He is craving forgiveness for his sins and trespasses from the grace of God behind the veil.

When a fountain gushes from a rock, the rock disappears in the fountain.
After that, no one calls it “stone,” seeing that such a pure substance has gushed forth from the rock.

3285. Know that these forms are (like) bowls and acquire excellence through that which God pours into them.

How the kinsfolk of Majnun said to him, “The beauty of Layla is limited, it is not so very great: in our city there are many fairer than she. We will show unto you one or two or ten: take your choice, and deliver us and yourself”; and how Majnun answered them.

The fools in their ignorance said to Majnun, “The beauty of Layla is not so very great, it is of slight account. There are thousands of moon-like sweethearts fairer than she in our city.”

He replied, “The form is a pot, and beauty is the wine: God is giving me wine from her form.”

He gave you vinegar from her pot, lest love of her should pull you by the ears.”

The hand of God, the Almighty and Glorious, gives poison or honey to everyone from the same pot.

You see the pot, but the wine does not show itself to the wrong eye.

Spiritual experience is the women who look modestly: it shows no sign but to its possessor.

That wine is the women who look modestly, while these vessels screening it are like the tents.

The great river is a tent, wherein is life for the duck, but death for crows.

Venom also is the snake’s food and provision, its venom is anguish and death to others.

The form of every blessing and affliction is a Hell to this one, a Paradise to that one.

Therefore you see all bodies and things, and there is food and poison in them —you do not see it.
Everybody resembles a bowl or a pot, wherein is both food and a heart-burning.

The bowl is visible, the plenty in it is hidden: he who tastes it knows what he is eating or drinking from it.

The form of Joseph was like a beauteous cup: from it his father drank a hundred exhilarating wines.

Again, to his brethren the draught they took from it was poisoned water which was increasing in them anger and hatred.

Again, to Zalikha from it was sugar: she was quaffing a different opiate from Love.

The nutriment which came from Joseph to that fair one was other than that which came to Jacob.

The sherbets are various, but the pot is one, in order that no doubt may remain in you concerning the wine of the Unseen.

The wine belongs to the Unseen, the pot to this world: the pot is apparent; the wine in it is hidden:

Hidden from the eyes of the uninitiated, but manifest and evident to the adept.

O my God, our eyes have been intoxicated. Forgive us: our burdens have been made heavy.

O concealed One who have filled from East to West and are exalted above the light of the Orient and the Occident, You are an inmost Ground of consciousness revealing our inmost thoughts; You are a bursting Force that causes our dammed-up rivers to burst forth.

O You whose Essence is hidden while Your gifts are sensible, You are as the water and we as the millstone.

You are as the wind and we as the dust: the wind is hidden while the dust blown by it is plainly visible.

You are the Spring; we are fair as the verdant orchard: it is hidden while its bounty is manifest.

You are as the spirit; we are like hand and foot: the closing and opening of the hand is due to the spirit.

You are the reason, we are like this tongue: this tongue has its expression from the reason.

You are like the joy, and we are the laughter, for we are the result of blessed joy.
جنیش ما هر دمی خود اشهد است
که گواه ذو الجلال سرمد است
گردش سنگ آسیا در اضطراب
اشهد آدم بر وجود جوی آب
ای برون از وهم و قال و قیل من
خال فرق من و تمثیل من
بنده نشکید ز تصویر خوشت
هر دمی گود که جان مفرشت
همچون قهویان که می‌گفت ای خدا
پیش دودا و محبت خوید
تا شیش جویم من از یوراهند
چارقون دوزم بپوسم دامنت
کس نبودش در هوا و عشق جفت
لیک قاصر بود از تسیح و گفت
عشق او خرگش بر گردون زده
جان سگ خرگش آن قهویان شده
چون که بحر عشق زبانا جوش زد
بر دل او زدن ترا بر گوش زد

Our movement is really a continual profession of faith which bears witness to the Eternal Almighty One.

The turning of the millstone in agitation is a profession of faith in the existence of the stream.

O You who is beyond my conception and utterance, dust is on the head of me and my similes!

Your servant cannot refrain from depicting Your beauty: every moment he says to You, "May my soul be Your carpet!"

Like the shepherd who used to say,
“O God, come to Your shepherd and lover,
That I may seek out the lice in Your smock and stitch Your shoes and kiss Your skirt.”

There was none equal to him in passion and love, but he fell short in glorification and speech.

His love pitched its tent on the sky:
the Soul became the dog of that shepherd's tent.

When the sea of Divine Love surged up, it struck upon his heart; it struck upon you ear.

Story of Juhi, who put on a chador, went to hear the sermon, seated himself amongst the women, and behaved in such a way that a certain woman knew he was a man and screamed.

 våاعظی ید به قزیری به بیان
ژبر منبر جمع مردان و زنان
رفت جویی چادر و روبند ساخت
در میان آن زنان شد ناشناخت
سنابلی پرسرد و عاطف را به راز
موئ عانه هست نقصان نماز
گفت واعظ چون شون عانه دراز
پس کراحت باشد از وی در نماز
پای هب اکثیر با سره بسترش
تا نمازت کامل آید خوب و خوش
گفت سائل آن درایی تا چه حد
شرط باشد تا نمازت کم بود

There was a preacher, very fine in his exposition, under whose pulpit a great number of men and women were assembled.

Juhi went: he got a chador and veil and entered amongst the women without being recognised.

Someone asked the preacher secretly, does pubic hair hinder prayer.

The preacher replied, “an element of revulsion creeps in if the pubic hair is too long.

It should, therefore be removed either with lime or shaved with a razor so that your prayer is perfectly happy and pleasant.

The questioner said, “At what length is it required to shave it off?"
He replied, “After the hair has reached the length of a barley seed it is mandatory to shave it off?”

At once Juhi said, “O sister, see if my hair has reached that length

For truth’s sake, place your hand and see if they have reached the proscribed length.”

The woman placed her hand inside the man’s trousers and his penis hurt her hand.

Thereupon the woman gave a loud scream: the preacher said, “My discourse has smitten her heart.”

Juhi answered, “No, it has not smitten her heart, but her hand! Would to God that it had touched her heart!”

When Divine Love struck a little upon the hearts of pharaoh’s magicians, staff and hand became one to them.

O king, if you take away the staff from an old man, he will be more grieved than that party was grieved by the amputation of their hands and feet.

The cry, “No harm,” reached Heaven: “Listen, cut off, for our souls are delivered from the agony.

We have come to know we are not this body: beyond the body we are living through God.”

Oh, blest is he that has recognised his essence and built a palace in everlasting security.

A child weeps for walnuts and raisins; those are very trifling things in the view of a reasonable man.

In the spirit’s view the body is walnuts and raisins, how should a child attain to the knowledge possessed by men?

 Whoever is veiled is really a child: the man is he who is beyond uncertainty.

Spiritual manhood does not consist in hair and genitals; every male-goat has a beard and plenty of hair.

That goat is a bad leader: he is taking his followers quickly along to the butcher.

He has combed his beard, saying, “I am the foremost.”

You are the foremost, but in the direction of death and anguish.

Listen, adopt travelling and abandon your beard: abandon this egoism and troubled thought,
That you may become like the scent of the rose to lovers their leader and guide to the Rose-garden.

What is the scent of the rose? The breath of reason and intelligence a sweet guide on the way to the Kingdom Everlasting.

How the King once more commanded Ayaz, saying “Give a clear explanation concerning your rustic shoes and sheepskin jacket in order that your fellow-servants may be admonished by that indication; for, 'Religion consists in sincere counsel’”

“O Ayaz, declare the mystery of the rustic shoes and why in the presence of the shoes you whow all this humility, So that your Sunqur and Bakyaruq may hear the inmost secret of your sheepskin jacket and rustic shoes Servitude has become an object of regret to the free, since you have given life to servitude.

The true believer is he by whose true belief amidst the ebb and flow the infidel is made regretful.”

Story of the infidel whom, in the time of Aba Yazid, they invited to become a Moslem; and how he answered them.

There was a certain infidel in the time of Bayazid: a blessed Moslem said to him, “How would it be if you profess Islam, so that you may gain a hundred salvations and sovereignties?”

He replied, “If this Faith, O disciple, is that which is held by Bayazid, the Shaykh of the world, I cannot endure the glowing heat thereof, which is too great for the strivings of my soul.

Although I feel no certainty as regards the Faith and Religion, yet I believe mightily in his Faith.
I hold the faith that that is higher than all:
it is very beautiful, resplendent, and glorious.

Inwardly I am a believer in his Faith,
though a seal is set firmly on my mouth.

Again, if indeed the Faith is your Faith,
I have no inclination or desire for it.

He that feels a hundred inclinations to believe—
that languishes as soon as he sees you,

Because he sees a name and no meaning in it,
like calling the desert a safe place (máfáza).

When he looks upon your Faith,
his love is chilled from professing it.”

Story of the harsh-voiced muezzin who called the Moslems to prayer in the land of the infidels and to whom a certain infidel offered presents.

A certain muezzin had a very harsh voice:
he called the Moslems to prayer in the land of the infidels.

They said to him several times, “Do not give the call to prayer,
for fighting and acts of hostility will be prolonged.”

He defied, and then without showing caution
he gave the call to prayer in the land of the infidels.

The Muslims were in fear of a general insurrection;
however, an infidel came up with a robe.

He brought candles and halwá and such a robe as gifts,
and approached in a friendly pounder,

Asking again and again, “Tell me, where is this muezzin,
whose call and cry increases my pleasure?”

“Eh, what pleasure was there from such a harsh voice?” He replied,
“His voice penetrated into the church.

I have a comely daughter of very high estate:
she desired a true believer.

Never would this passion go out of her head,
so many infidels were exhorting her.
Love of the Faith had grown up in her heart: this grief was like a censer and I like the aloes-wood.

I was in torment and anguish and continually on the rack lest her passion should lead her.

I knew no remedy for it until this muezzin chanted the adhán (call to prayer).

My daughter said, ‘What is this detestable noise? It grates on my ear.

Never in all my life have I heard such a harsh voice in this Christian convent and church.’

Her sister said to her, ‘This chant, namely the adhán, gives notice and is the watchword of the Faithful.’

She would not believe it, and asked someone else: that person too said, ‘Yes, O father.’

When she became sure, her face turned pale and her heart grew cold to Islam.

I was delivered from anxiety and torment: last night I slept sound in a peaceful sleep.

This was the pleasure that came to me from his voice: in gratitude I bring gifts: where is the man?”

When he saw him, he said, “Accept the gift, for you have been my protector and saviour.

Due to the benefit and kindness that you have done to me, I have become your slave perpetually.

If I were eminent in respect of property, possessions, and riches, I would fill your mouth with gold.”

“It your Faith is hypocrisy and falsehood: like that call to prayer, it waylays the seeker and prevents him from embracing Islam;

But many a regret has come into my heart and soul from the Faith and sincerity of Bayazid.”

Similarly, the woman who observed sexual intercourse with the ass, she said: “Oh, what is this incomparable stallion?

If this is sexual intercourse, these asses have won: these husbands are defecating on our vulvas.”

Bayazid paid all that is due to the Faith: blessings be on such a peerless lion!
If a single drop of his Faith enters into the ocean, the ocean will be submerged in his drop, As a spark of fire lands amidst the trees, the whole forest passes away in that mote; Or as when an image appears in the heart of a king or his army, destroyed his enemies in war. A star appeared in Mohammed, so that the substance of Magi and Jew passed away. He that received the Faith entered into security; the infidelities of the rest became two opinions. At any rate, their first pure unbelief did not remain: it planted either Islam or a dread of it.

This is a temporary varnishing: these similes are not equivalent to the spark of Divine light. A mote is only a paltry bodily thing: a mote is not the indivisible Sun. Know that calling it the Sun a mote has a hidden purpose, for you are not familiar with the Sea: at present you are the foam. If the luminous sun of the Shaykh's Faith should display itself from the Orient of the Shaykh's spirit, All below, down to the moist clay, would gain treasure, and all above would gain a verdant Paradise.

He has a spirit of resplendent light; he has a body of despicable earth. Oh, I wonder whether he is this or that. Tell, uncle, for I am left helpless in this difficulty. O brother, if he is this, what is that?—for the Seven Heavens are filled with its light— And if he is that, what is this body, my friend? Oh, I wonder which of these two he is and who?
حكایت آن زن که گفت شوهر را که گوشت را گربه خورد شوهر گربه را به ترازو بر کشید گربه نیم من بر آمد گفت ای زن گوشت نیم من بود و افزون اگر این گوشت است گربه کو و اگر این گربه است گوشت کو

Story of the woman who told her husband that the cat had eaten the meat, the husband put the cat in the balance. Her weight amounted to half a "pound", he said, "O wife, the meat weighed half a ‘pound’ and more. If this is the meat, where is the cat? Or if this is the cat, where is the meat?"

There was a man, a householder, who had a very sneering, dirty, and rapacious wife.

There was a man, a householder, who had a very sneering, dirty, and rapacious wife.

Whatsoever he brought, his wife would consume it, and the man was forced to keep silence.

That family man brought home, for a guest, meat which he had procured with infinite pains.

His wife ate it up with kabab and wine: the man came in; she put him off with useless words.

The man said to her, “Where is the meat? The guest has arrived: one must set nice food before a guest.”

“This cat has eaten the meat,” she replied: “hey, go and buy some more meat if you can!”

He said, “O Aybak, fetch the balance: I will weigh the cat.

He weighed her. The cat was half a pound (mann).

Then the man said, “O deceitful wife, the meat was half a pound and one ounce (sitir) over; the cat is just half a pound, my lady.

If this is the cat, then where is the meat? Or, if this is the meat, where is the cat? Search for her!”

If Bayazid is this, what is that spirit? And if he is that spirit, who is this bodily image?

It is bewilderment on bewilderment.

O my friend, this is not your affair, nor is it mine either.

He is both, but in the corn-crop the grain is fundamental, while the stalk is derivative.

Divine Wisdom has bound these contraries together:

O butcher, this fleshy thigh-bone goes along with the neck.
The spirit cannot function without the body; your body is frozen and cold without the spirit.

Your body is visible, while your spirit is hidden from view: the business of the world is conducted by means of them both.

If you throw earth at someone's head, his head will not be broken; if you throw water at his head, it will not be broken.

If you wish to break his head, you bring the earth and the water into contact with each other.

When you have broken your head, its water returns to its source, and earth returns to earth on the day of separation.

The providential purpose that God had—namely, humble supplication or obstinate disobedience—was fulfilled by means of the marriage.

Then there are other marriages that no ear has heard and no eye has seen.

If the ear had heard, how should the ear have remained or how should it have apprehended words anymore?

If the snow and ice were to behold the sun, they would despair of iciness;

They would become water devoid of roots and knobs: the air, David-like, would make of the water a mail-coat, and then it would become a life-giving medicine for every tree: every tree would be made fortunate by its advent.

The frozen ice that remains within itself cries to the trees, Touch me not!

Its body makes none its friend nor is it made a friend by any: its portion is naught but miserly selfishness.

It is not wasted, the heart is refreshed by it; but it is not the herald and lord of greenery.

“O Ayaz, you are a very exalted star: not every sign of the zodiac is worthy of its transit.

How should your lofty spirit be satisfied with every loyalty? How should your pureness choose every sincerity?”
Story of the Amír who bade his slave fetch some wine: the slave went off and was bringing a jug of wine, an ascetic was on the road admonished him that he should act righteously and threw a stone and smashed the jug; the Amír heard and resolved to punish the ascetic.

That happened in the epoch of the religion of Jesus, on whom be peace, when wine had not yet been declared unlawful; but the ascetic was showing an abhorrence and preventing from indulging themselves.

There was an Amír of merry heart, exceedingly fond of wine: the refuge of every drunkard and every resourceless person.

A compassionate man, kind to the poor and just; a jewel, gold-lavishing, ocean-hearted;

A king of men and commander of the Faithful; a keeper of the Way and a knower of secrets and a discerner of friends

It was the epoch of Jesus and the days of the Messiah: he was beloved of the people and unoppressively and agreeable.

Suddenly one night, another Amír, a person of good principles congenial to him, came seeking his hospitality.

They wanted wine in order to enjoy themselves: at that period wine was permissible and lawful;

They had no wine, so he said to his slave, “Go, fill the jug and fetch us wine From such-and-such a Christian ascetic who has choice wine, that the soul may win release from high and low.”

One draught from the Christian ascetic’s cup has the same effect as thousands of wine-jars and wine-cellars.

In that wine there is a hidden substance, even as sovereignty is hidden in the dervish-cloak.

Do not regard the tattered cloak, for they have put black on the outside of the gold.

On account of the evil eye the dervish becomes immoral, and that ruby is tarnished with smoke on the outside.

When are treasures and jewels in the rooms of a house? Treasures are always in ruins.
Since Adam’s treasure was buried in a ruin,
his clay became a bandage over the eye of the accursed.

He was regarding the clay with the utmost contempt,
the spirit was saying, “My clay is a barrier to you.”

The slave took two jugs and ran with goodwill:
immediately he arrived at the monastery of the Christian monks.

He paid gold and purchased wine like gold:
gave stones and bought jewels in exchange.

A wine that would fly to the head of kings
and put a golden tiara on the crown of the cupbearer’s head.

By it troubles and commotions are aroused,
slaves and emperors are mingled together;

Bones vanish and become spirit entirely;
throne and bench at that moment become alike.

They, when sober, are as water and oil;
when intoxicated, they are as the spirit in the body.

They become like a stew (harisa): no difference exists there:
there is no difference that is not submerged there.

The slave was carrying a wine of this sort
to the palace of the Amír of good renown,

An ascetic met him, one who had suffered anguish,
whose brain was dry, and who was in the coils of affliction;

His body melted by the fires of his heart;
the house emptied of all but God.

The chastisement of pitiless tribulation
brands on brands, so many thousands.

Every hour saw his heart engaged in the struggle:
by day and night he was firmly attached to the struggle.

During years and months he had been mixed up with dust and blood:
(on seeing the slave) at midnight, his patience and forbearance fled.

“What is that in the jugs?” asked the ascetic.
“We’re wine,” replied the slave. “Whose wine?” he said.

He answered, “It belongs to so-and-so, the most honourable Amír.”
He said, “Is the seeker’s work like this?

To be a seeker of God, and then indulge in pleasure and drinking!
To drink the Devil’s wine, and then be semi-intelligent!”
Without wine your intelligence is so shabby that other intelligences must be tied to your intelligence.

Consider what your intelligence will be at the time when you are intoxicated, O you who like a bird have fallen a prey to the snare of intoxication.

Story of Ziyá-yi Dalq, who was very tall, while his brother, the Shaykh of Islam Táj of Balkh, was exceedingly short; and this Shaykh of Islam was ashamed of his brother Ziyá.

Ziyá came to hear his brother's lecture, at which all the leading men of Balkh were present.

Ziyá made a bow and passed on. The Shaykh of Islam half rose in a negligent pounder, Ziyá said, "Yes, you are very tall: take a bit off your height!"

Ziyá-yi Dalq was a man of goodly inspiration: he was the brother of Táj, the Shaykh of Islam.

Táj, the Shaykh 'l-Islam of the imperial city of Balkh, was short of stature and small as a chick.

Though he was learned and eminent and accomplished, this Ziyá was superior in wit.

He was very short, while Ziyá was tall beyond measure: the Shaykh of Islam had a hundred arrogances and haughty airs.

He felt ashamed of this brother and disgraced; yet Ziyá was a preacher in the way of salvation.

On the day of congregation Ziyá came in: the hall was filled with cadis and men distinguished.

In his complete arrogance the Shaykh of Islam half rose, in such a fashion, to his brother.

Ziyá said to him, "You are very tall: take a little off your cypress-like stature in order to gain the reward."

The ascetic said, "How, then, have you the intelligence, how have you the understanding to drink wine, O enemy of knowledge?

If your face is very beautiful, put some indigo on it; indigo on the face of an Abyssinian would be a laughing-stock.

When did any light enter into you, O misguided man that you should become a seeker of unconsciousness and darkness?
It is the rule to seek the shadow during the day; you seek the shadow on a cloudy night.

If wine is lawful as sustenance for the common folk, it is unlawful to those who seek the Beloved.

The wine for the lovers is their heart's blood: their eyes are upon the Way and upon the Destination.

In this Way across the terrible wilderness the guide, Reason, suffers a hundred eclipses.

If you throw dust in the eyes of the guides, you will cause the caravan to perish and lose the way.

In truth, barley bread is unlawful and injurious to the carnal soul: set bread made of bran before it.

Keep in abject submission the enemy on the Way to God: do not place a pulpit for the robber, keep him on the gibbet.

Deem the amputation of the robber's hand desirable: if you are unable to cut his hand off, bind it.

Unless you bind his hand, he will bind yours; unless you break his leg, he will break yours.

You give the enemy wine and sugar-cane—for what reason? Bid him laugh venomously and eat earth.”

In his indignation he hurled a stone at the jug and broke it: he let the jug fall and sprang away from the ascetic.

He went to the Amír, who said to him, “Where is the wine?” He related in his presence all that had happened, point by point.

How the enraged Amír set out to punish the ascetic.

The Amír became like fire and jumped straight up. “Show me,” he cried, “where the ascetic’s house is, that I may pound his head with this heavy club—his ignorant whoreson head.

That I may bound his head with this heavy club—his ignorant whoreson head.

What should he know about enjoining to do right? He is currishly seeking notoriety and fame, in order that by means of this hypocrisy he may make a position for himself and somehow make himself conspicuous;

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3495 In his indignation he hurled a stone at the jug and broke it: he let the jug fall and sprang away from the ascetic.

3496 He went to the Amír, who said to him, “Where is the wine?” He related in his presence all that had happened, point by point.
For in truth he has no talent save this alone, that he plays the hypocrite to all and sundry.

If he is mad and bent on mischief, the cure for a madman is an ox-hide whip, so that the devil may go forth from his head: how should an ass go without the ass-drivers' blows?"

The Amír dashed out, with a mace in his hand: at midnight he came, half intoxicated, to the ascetic.

In his rage he wished to kill the ascetic, the ascetic hid beneath wool.

The ascetic, hidden under the wool belonging to certain rope-makers, heard that from the Amír.

He said, “The mirror that has made its face hard can tell a man to his face that he is ugly. It needs a steel face, like a mirror, to say to you, 'Behold your ugly face.'"

Story of Dalqak's checkmating the Sayyid, the Shah of Tirmid.

The Shah was playing chess with Dalqak: he checkmated him: immediately the Shah's anger burst out.

He cried, “Checkmate, checkmate!” and the haughty monarch threw the chessmen, one by one, at his head, saying, “Take it! Here is 'checkmate' for you, O scoundrel.” Dalqak restrained himself and said, “Mercy!”

The Prince commanded him to play a second game: he was trembling like a naked man in bitter cold.

He played the second game, and the Shah was defeated: the time and moment for saying “checkmate, checkmate” arrived, Dalqak jumped up and ran into a corner and in his fear hastily flung six rugs over himself.

The Shah exclaimed, “Hi, hi! What have you done? What is this?” He replied, “Checkmate, checkmate, checkmate, checkmate, O excellent Shah!”
How can one tell the truth to you except under cover,
O wrathful man who art wrapped in fire,
O you, who are defeated, while I, defeated by your Majesty's blows,
are crying 'checkmate, checkmate' under your house-furnishings?"

When the quarter became filled with the furious shouts of the Amír
and his kicking the door and holding and seizing,

The people quickly rushed out from left and right, crying,
“O Prince, 'it is the hour for pardon and grace.

His brain is dry, and at this time his intelligence
is inferior to the intelligence and understanding of children.

Asceticism and old age have come on the top of each other,
and no revelation has been given to him in his asceticism.

He has suffered the pain but never seen the gain from the Beloved:
he has done works but never seen the wages for his work.

Either the essential thing was not in his work at all,
or by decree the hour for the reward has not yet arrived.

Either his labour has been like the labour of the Jews,
or the recompense has been connected with the appointed season.

For him it is sorrow and misfortune enough
that he is without any one to succour him in this vale full of blood.

His eyes are painful, and he sits in a corner,
sour-faced and chop-fallen.

There is no oculist to sympathize with him, nor has he any intelligence
that he should find the way to a eye salve.

He is making a effort with conjecture and opinion:
the matter rests in 'maybe' till it turn out well.

Far is the road he must travel ere he sees the Beloved,
because he does not seek the head; his desire is headship.

At one time he is in reproach, saying,
‘The portion allotted to me from this calculation is pain.’

At another time he is in a quarrel with his own luck, saying,
‘All are flying, and we have our wings cut off.’

Whoever is imprisoned in scent and colour, his spirit is oppressed,
though he is in asceticism.

Until he comes forth from this narrow resting-place,
how should his spirit be happy and his breast expanded with joy?
One should never give a knife or razor to ascetics in solitude before they have gained the spiritual revelation, since the anguish of disappointments and the grief would cause them to rip their bellies asunder from agitation of mind.

How Mustafá, on whom be peace, cast himself down from Mount Hira because of his distress at the long delay of Gabriel, on whom be peace, in appearing; and how Gabriel, on whom be peace, showed himself to him, saying, “Do not cast yourself down, for fortunes are in front of you.”

Whenever separation overpowered Mustafá, he would be on the point of casting himself down from the mountain, until Gabriel would say to him, “Listen, do not do it, for great fortune will come to you from the Command, Be!”

Mustafá would desist from casting, separation again made an attack. Again, from grief and sorrow, he would be on the point of throwing himself headlong from the mountain, and once more Gabriel would appear in person, saying, “Do it not, O you peerless king!”

Even thus he would continue until the veil was lifted, so that he gained the pearl from the bosom.

Since people kill themselves on account of any affliction, this is the root of afflictions: how should they endure it?

Men are amazed at the Fida’i, every one of us is a Fida’i in his behaviour.

Oh, blest is he that has sacrificed his body for the sake of that for which it is worthwhile to sacrifice one’s self.

Inasmuch as everyone is devoted to some calling wherein he spends his life and is killed—

Is killed somewhere in the West or in the East, at which time neither the desiring subject nor the desired object remains.

After all, this fortunate man is devoted to the calling wherein a hundred lives are in being killed;
Its lover and beloved and love are everlastingly prosperous and renowned in both worlds.

O my generous friends have pity on the votaries of passion: it is their business to go down to destruction after destruction.

"O Amír, pardon his violence: consider his sorrow and ill-fortune,

In order that God may pardon your sins likewise and heap forgiveness on your faults.

You have heedlessly broken many a jug and set your heart on the hope of pardon.

Pardon that you may win pardon in return: the decree splits hairs in deserts."

How the Amír answered those neighbours of the ascetic who interceded for him:

"Why," said he, "did he behave impudently and why did he break my jug?
I will not listen to intercession in this matter, for I have sworn to punish him as he deserves."

The Amír said, "Who is he that he should throw a stone at my jug and break it?
When the fierce lion passes through my quarter, he passes in great affright and with a hundred precautions.

Why did he vex the heart of my slave and put me to shame before my guests?
He spilt a beverage that is better than his blood, and now he has fled from me, like women.

But how shall he save his life from my hand?
Suppose that he flies up on high like a bird,
I will shoot the arrow of my vengeance at his wings;
I will tear out his good for nothing wings and feathers.

If he enters the hard rock from my pursuit, I will drag him forth from the heart of the rock just now.
I will inflict on his body such a blow as will be a warning to base scoundrels.
Hypocrisy to all and even to me!
I will give him and a hundred like him their due at this moment."

His bloodthirsty wrath had become a rebel:
a fire was coming up from his mouth.

How the neighbours of the ascetic, who were interceding for him,
kissed the hands and feet of the Amír and humbly entreated him a second time.

An Shafíi has brought me a row of oum or leaves of this desert:
Say, "O Amír, it does not befit you to exact vengeance:
if the wine is gone, you are delicious without wine.

Wine derives its original substance from your goodliness;
the goodliness of water regrets your goodliness.

Act royally; forgive him, O merciful one,
O generous son of a generous sire and grandsire.

You have no need of rosy wine:
take leave of rosiness, you are rosiness.

O you whose Venus-like countenance is as the morning sun,
O you of whose colour all rosiness is like a beggar,

The wine that is bubbling invisibly in the jar
bubbles thus from longing for your face.

O you who are the whole sea, what will you do with dew?
And O you who are the whole of existence, why are you seeking non-existence?

O resplendent Moon, what will you do with the dust,
O you beside whose face the moon is pallid?

You are lovely and beautiful and the mine of every loveliness:
why indeed should you lay yourself under obligations to wine?

The tiara of We have honoured
is on the crown of your head;
The collar of We have given you
hangs on your breast.

Man is the substance, and the celestial sphere is his accident;
all things are a branch or the step of a ladder: he is the object.
O you to whom reason and foresight and intelligence are slaves, how are you selling yourself so cheaply?

Service to you is imposed on all existence as a duty: how should a substance beg for help from an accident?

You seek knowledge from books—oh, ridiculous!

You seek pleasure from balwā—oh, ridiculous!

You are the sea of knowledge hidden in a dewdrop; you are the universe hidden in a body three ells long.

What is wine or music or sexual intercourse that you should seek delight and profit there from?

It is as though the sun sought to borrow from a mote, a Zuhra begged for a cup of wine from a small jar.

You are the unconditional spirit imprisoned in conditionality, you are the sun imprisoned in the node: here’s a pity!"

He replied, “No, no, I am the fellow for that wine: I am not content with tasting this delight.

I desire such wine, that, like the jasmine, I may ever be reeling crookedly that way, now this, and, having been delivered from all fear and hope, I may be swaying to every side, like the willow, swaying to left and right like the willow-bough, which is made to dance all sorts of dances by the wind.”

He that is accustomed to the joy of wine, how should he be satisfied with this delight, Khwaja, eh?

The prophets abandoned this delight because they were steeped in the Divine delight;

Since their spirit had experienced that delight, these delights seemed to them play.

When any one has been united with a living object of adoration, how should he embrace a dead one?
Commentary on the Verse “And lo, the After-home is the life, if they but knew.”

The gates and walls and area of that World and its water and pitchers and fruits and trees, all are living and speaking and hearing; and on that account Mustafá, on whom be peace, has said that the present world is a carcass and those who seek it are curs. If the next world had no life, the next world too would be a carcass: a carcass is so called because of its being dead, not because of its evil smell and its foulness.

Since every atom of that World is living and able to understand discourse and eloquent, they have no rest in the dead world, for this fodder is only fit for cattle.

Whoever has the rose-garden to feast and dwell in, how should he drink wine in the bath-stove?

The abode of the pure spirit is ’Illiyin; it is the worm that has its home in shit.

The cup that purifies is for those intoxicated with God; this briny water is for these blind birds.

In the eyes of any one to whom the justice of ’Umar has not displayed its power, the murderous Hajjáj is just.

A dead doll is given to girls, for they are ignorant of the play of living men.

A wooden sword is better suited to children, since they have not the strength and power from manhood.

Infidels are content with the figures of the prophets which are painted in churches; but as we have a bright period from those moons, we have no care for a shadow-figure.

The one figure of him is seated in the world, while his other figure is in heaven, like the moon.

This mouth of him is speaking on subtle points to those sitting beside him, while the other is in discourse with God and intimate.

His outward ear is apprehending these words, while his spiritual ear is drawing the mysteries of Be.
His outward eye is apprehending human forms and features, while his inward eye is dazzled in the eye did not stray.

His outward feet stand evenly in the row in the mosque, while his spiritual feet are in circumambulation above the sky.

Reckon up every member of him in like fashion: this is within Time, while that is beyond Time.

This which is in Time endures till death, while the other is the associate of everlastingness and the peer of eternity.

One name of him is "owner of the two empires"; one description of him is "Imam of the two qiblas."

The religious seclusion and the forty days' fast are no longer incumbent on him: no cloud is clouding over him anymore.

His solitary cell is the sun's orb: how should alien night throw a veil over it?

Sickness and abstinence are gone, the crisis is past: his infidelity has become faith, and disbelief is no more.

Like alif, he has taken the foremost place because of his straightness: he retains nothing of his own qualities.

He has become separated from the garment of his own dispositions: his spirit has gone, naked, to Him who gives it increase of spirituality.

Inasmuch as it went naked into the presence of the incomparable King, the King made for it a raiment of holy qualities.

It put on a robe of the King's qualities: it flew up from the pit to the palace of majesty.

Such is the case: when dregs become pure, they rise from the bottom of the bowl to the top.

Although it remained like dregs at the bottom of the bowl owing to the ill-luck of mixing with particles of earth.

Its disagreeable companion had tied its wings and plumes; else originally it was very soaring.

When they uttered the rebuke Get ye down, they suspended it, head first, like Harut.

Harut was one of the angels of Heaven: on account of a rebuke he was suspended thus.

He was, head downwards, because he remained far aloof from the Head and made himself the head and advanced alone.
When the basket saw itself to be full of water, it behaved with independence and parted from the sea.

When, not a single drop of water remained inside it, the sea showed mercy and called it back.

From the Sea comes an uncaused undeserved mercy in a blessed hour.

For God’s sake, for God’s sake, frequent the Seashore, though those who dwell on the seashore are pale,

In order that the grace of a Benefactor may come and that your pale face may be reddened by a jewel.

Yellowness of face is the best of complexions, because it is in expectation of that meeting;

But the redness on a face that is beaming appears because his soul is content;

For hope makes him lean, pale, and wretched: he is not ill with bodily ailment.

The reason of even Galen becomes distraught when it sees a pale face without disease.

When you have fixed your hope on the Light of Him, Mustafá says, “His carnal self is abased.”

The shadeless light is beautiful and lofty; the one enclosed in network is the shadow of a sieve.

Lovers desire to be naked of body; to those who are impotent what difference is there between a body and (one covered with) a robe?

The bread and dishes of food are for the fasters; for the horse-fly what difference is there between the soup and the trivet?

How the King requested Ayaz for the second time, saying, “Explain your case and solve the difficulty felt by the incredulous and censorious; for it is not generosity to leave them in perplexity.”

This topic is beyond limit and measure.

“Now, O Ayaz, tell of your ‘states.’

Your states’ are from the mine of novelty”}

3625 3630 3635
Listen, tell the story of those goodly 'states'—dust upon the 'states' and lessons of the five and the six directions!"

If the inward "state" is not to be told,
I will tell you the outward "state" in a word or two,

That by grace of the Beloved the bitterness of death was made sweeter than sugar-cane to the soul.

If the dust from that sugar-cane should enter the sea,
all the bitterness of the sea would become sweet.

Even so a hundred thousand "states"
came and went back to the Unseen, O trusted one.

Each day's "state" is not like the day before:
as a river that hath no obstacle in its course.

Each day's joy is of a different kind,
each day's thought makes a different impression.

Comparison of the human body to a guest-house and of the diverse thoughts to the diverse guests.
The gnostic, acquiescing in those thoughts of sorrow or joy, resembles a hospitable person who treats strangers with kindness., like Khalil; for Khalil's door was always open to receive his guest with honour- infidel and true believer and trusty and treacherous alike; and he would show a cheerful face to all his guests.

This body, O youth, is a guest house:
every morning a new guest comes running.

Beware, do not say, "This is a burden to me,”
for presently he will fly back into non-existence.

Whatever comes into your heart from the invisible world
is your guest: entertain it well!
حكايت آن مهمان که زن خداوند خانه گفت که باران فرو گرفت و مهمان در گردن ما ماند

Story of the guest concerning whom the wife of the master of the house said, “The rain has set in, and our guest is left on our hands.”

A guest came to a certain man at a late hour: he made him like a collar on the neck.

He brought trays of food and showed him every courtesy; on that night there was a feast in their parish.

The man spoke secretly to his wife, saying, “To-night, mistress, make two beds.”

Lay our bed towards the door, and lay a bed on the other side for the guest.”

The wife replied, “I will do service, I shall be glad. To hear is to obey, O light of mine eyes!”

The wife laid both the beds and went off to the circumcision feast and stayed there.

The worthy guest and her husband remained: the host set before him a dessert of fruit and wine.

Both the excellent men related their good and bad experiences chatting till midnight.

Afterwards the guest, being sleepy and tired of talking, went to the bed that was on the opposite side to the door.

From shame the husband did not tell him anything or say, “My dear friend, your bed is on this side; I have had the bed for you to sleep in laid over there, most noble sir.”

The arrangement which he had made with his wife was altered, and the guest lay down on the other side.

During the night it began to rain violently in that place, that they were astonished at the thickness of the clouds.

When the wife came home, she thought her husband was sleeping towards the door, and the uncle on the other side.

The wife immediately undressed and went to bed and kissed the guest fondly several times.
“O worthy man,” said she, “I was afraid, and now that very thing has happened, that very thing has happened, that very thing!

The mud and rain have stranded your guest: he is left on your hands like Government soap.

How can he set out in this rain and mud? He will become a tax upon your head and soul.”

The guest at once jumped up and said, “O woman, leave off! I have boots, I don’t mind the mud.

I depart. May good be with you! May your spirit during its journey never rejoice for a moment, so that it may the sooner go towards its native home!

For this pleasure waylays on his journey.”

When the distinguished guest started up and went off, the wife was sorry for those unsympathetic words.

Many a time the wife said to him, “Why, O Amír, if I made a merry jest, don’t take offence.”

The wife’s supplication and lament were of no avail: he departed and left them to grieve.

Afterwards the husband and wife clad themselves in blue: they deemed his form to be a candle without a basin.

He was going, and by that man's candle-light the desert was isolated, like Paradise, from the darkness of night.

He made his house a guest-house in sorrow and shame for this event.

In the hearts of them both, by the hidden way, the phantom of the guest was saying continually,

“I am the friend of Khadir: I would have scattered a hundred treasures of munificence, but it was not your appointed portion.”
Comparing the daily thoughts that come into the heart with the new guests who from the beginning of the day alight in the house and behave with arrogance and ill-temper towards the master of the house; and concerning the merit of treating the guest with kindness and of suffering his haughty airs patiently.

Every day, too, at every moment a thought comes, like an honoured guest, into your bosom.

O soul, regard thought as a person, since person derives his worth from thought and spirit.

If the thought of sorrow is waylaying joy, it is making preparations for joy.

It violently sweeps your house clear of else, in order that new joy from the source of good may enter in.

It scatters the yellow leaves from the bough of the heart, in order that incessant green leaves may grow.

It uproots the old joy, in order that new delight may march in from the Beyond.

Sorrow pulls up the crooked rotten, in order that it may disclose the root that is veiled from sight.

Whatever sorrow may cause to be shed from the heart or may take away, assuredly it will bring better in exchange, especially for him who knows with certainty that sorrow is the servant of the possessors of certainty.

Unless the clouds and the lightning show a frowning aspect, the vines will be burnt by the smiles of the sun.

Good and ill fortune become guests in your heart: like the star, they go from house to house.

At the time when it is residing in your mansion, adapt yourself to it and be agreeable, like its ascendant,

So that, when it rejoins the Moon, it may speak gratefully of you to the Lord of the heart.

Job, the patient and well-pleased, showed sweetness to God's guest during seven years in tribulation,
To the end that when the stern-visaged tribulation should turn back,
it might give thanks to him in God's presence in a hundred fashions,

Saying, “From love Job never for one moment looked sourly on me,
the killer of that which is loved.”

From his loyalty and his shame before God's knowledge,
Job was like milk and honey towards tribulation.

The thought comes into your breast anew;
go to meet it with smiles and laughter,

Saying, “O my Creator, preserve me from its evil:
do not deprive me, let me partake, of its good!

O my Lord, prompt me
to give thanks for that which I receive:
do not let me feel any subsequent regret, if it shall pass away.”

Pay watchful regard to the sour-looking thought:
deem that sour one to be sweet as sugar.

If the cloud apparently has a sour face, the cloud is the bringer-on
of the rose-garden and the destroyer of the barren soil.

Know that the thought of sorrow is like the cloud:
do not look so sourly on the sour!

It may be that the pearl is in its hand:
endeavour that it may depart from you well-pleased.

And if the pearl is not and it is not rich,
you will increase your sweet habit.

Your habit will profit you on another occasion:
someday your need will suddenly be fulfilled.

The thought that hinders you from joy
comes by the command and wise purpose of the Maker.

O youth, do not call it worthless:
it may be a star and endowed with imperial fortune.

Do not say it is a branch: take it to be the root,
in order that you may always be master of your object of desire;

For if you take it to be a branch and pernicious,
your eye will be waiting to see the root.

Waiting to see is poison to perception:
by that method you will remain perpetually in death.

Recognise it as the root, clasp it to your bosom,
and be forever delivered from the death of waiting to see.
How the Sultan showed favour to Ayaz.

“O Ayaz, who is full of humbleness and sincere in all your ways, your sincerity is mightier than sea and mountain.

For you there is no stumbling in the hour of lust, so that your reason, which resembles a mountain, should go like a straw;

Nor in the hour of anger and vengeance do your powers of long-suffering fail to hold fast and firm.”

Masculinity is this (kind of) manliness, not (having) a beard and a penis; otherwise, an ass’s penis would be the king of men

Whom has God in the Qur’an called men?

How should there be room for this body there?

What worth has the animal soul? O father, come now, pass through the market of the butchers,

A hundred thousand heads laid on paunches (tripe), of which heads the value is less than the fat hind part and tail.

A prostitute is (a woman) whose intellect becomes (weak as) a mouse, (her) lust (strong as) a lion from the motion of a penis.

How a father enjoined his daughter to take care lest she should become with child by her husband.

There was a Khwaja who had a daughter with cheeks like Venus, a face like the moon, and a breast as silver.

When she reached maturity, he gave his daughter to a husband: as regards social rank the husband was not a match for her.

When a melon is ripe it becomes watery and goes to waste and ruin unless you slice it.

Since it was necessary, he gave his daughter to one who was not her match, in fear of the evil.

He said to his daughter, “Guard yourself from this new bridegroom, do not become with child;
For your marriage to this beggar was by necessity; there is no constancy in this vagabond fellow.

Of a sudden he will jump off and leave all behind: his child will remain on your hands as a wrong."

The daughter replied, “O father, I will do service: your counsel is acceptable and prized.”

Every two or three days the father would enjoin his daughter to take precautions;

She suddenly became with child by him: how should it be both the wife and the husband are young?

She kept the child hidden from her father, till the child was five or six months old.

The discovery was made. “What is this?” asked her father; “did not I tell you to adopt withdrawal from him?

Truly my injunctions were wind! My counsel and exhortations have been of no use to you.”

“Father,” said she, “how should I guard myself? Man and wife, beyond doubt, are fire and cotton. What means has the cotton of guarding itself from the fire, or when is there carefulness and caution in the fire?”

He replied, “I said, do not go near him, and do not allow his seed to enter you.

She said, how could I know the moment of climax?

It is hidden and difficult to anticipate.”

He replied, “When his eyes have the look of daggers, it is the time for ejaculation.”

She said, “Until his eyes begin to look daggers my own eyes are blind and closed in passion.”

Not every despicable understanding remains steadfast in the hour of desire and anger and combat.
Description of the weak spirit of the Sufi who has been brought up in ease and has never struggled with himself or experienced the pain and searing anguish of love, and has been deluded by the homage and hand-kissing of the common and their gazing on him with veneration and pointing at him with their fingers and saying, “He is the most famous Sufi in the world to-day”; and has been made sick by vain imagination, like the teacher who was told by the children that he was ill. In the conceit of being a warrior and regarded as a hero in this Way, he goes on campaign with the soldiers engaged in the war against the infidels. “I will show my valour outwardly too,” says he; “I am unparalleled in the Greater Warfare: what difficulty, in truth, should the Lesser Warfare present to me?” He has beheld the phantasm of a lion and performed imaginary feats of bravery and become intoxicated with this bravery and has set out for the jungle to seek the lion. The lion says with mute eloquence, “No, you will see! And again, no, you will see!”

A Sufi went with the army to fight the infidels: suddenly came the clangours and din of war.

The Sufi stayed behind with the baggage-train and tents and invalids, the horsemen rode into the line of battle.

The earth-bound heavies remained in their place; the foremost in the march, rode on.

After the combat, they came victorious: they returned in possession of profit and with spoils.

They gave a present, saying, “You too, O Sufi!” he cast it out and would not take anything.

Then they said to him, “Why are you angry?” He answered, “I have been deprived of the fighting.”

The Sufi was not at all pleased with that act of kindness, because he had not drawn the sword in the holy war.

So they said to him, “We have brought prisoners in: do you take that one to kill.”
Cut off his head, in order that you too may be a holy warrior.”
The Sufi was somewhat pleased and encouraged;

For, though the ritual ablution water has a hundred excellences,
when it is not obtainable one must make use of sand.

The Sufi led the pinioned prisoner behind the tent
in order to wage the holy war.

The Sufi tarried with the prisoner a long while; the party said,
“The dervish has made a long stay there.

An infidel with both hands tied! He is ready for killing:
what is the cause of this delay in slaughtering him?”

One of them went after him to investigate:
he found the infidel on the top of the Sufi,

Like a male (animal) upon a female,
and the infidel couching upon the dervish like a lion

With his hands tied,
he was gnawing the Sufi’s throat in obstinate strife.

The infidel was gnawing his throat with his teeth:
the Sufi lay beneath, senseless.

The pinioned infidel, as a cat,
had wounded his throat without a lance.

The prisoner had half-killed him with his teeth:
his beard was soaked in blood from the throat of the dervish.

Like you, who under the violence of your pinioned fleshly soul
have become as senseless and abject as that Sufi.

O you whose religion is incapable of a single hillock,
there are a hundred thousand mountains in front of you.

You are dead with fear of a ridge of this size:
how will you climb up precipices as a mountain?

The warriors, by zeal, at that very instant
ruthlessly put the infidel to the sword.

They sprinkled water and rose-water on the face of the Sufi
that he might recover from his unconsciousness and the.

When he came to himself, he saw the party,
and they asked him how it had happened,

“God! God! What is the matter, O worshipful one?
By what thing were you made so senseless?
Was a half-killed pinioned infidel the cause of your falling into such a senseless and abject plight?"

He replied, “When I attempted his head in anger, the impudent fellow looked at me queerly.

He opened his eyes wide at me: he rolled his eyes, and consciousness vanished from my body.

The rolling of his eyes seemed to me an army: I cannot describe how terrible it was.

Cut the story short: from those eyes I became so beside myself and fell to the ground.”

How the champions counselled him, saying, “Since you have so little heart and stomach that you are made senseless by the rolling of a captive and pinioned infidel’s eyes, so that the dagger drops from your hand, take heed, take heed! Keep to the kitchen of the Sufi convent and do not go to battle lest you incur public disgrace!”

The party said to him, “With such a stomach as you have, do not approach the battle and war.

Since you were sunk and your ship wrecked by the eye of that pinioned prisoner,

How, then, amidst the onset of the fierce lions, to whose swords the head is like a ball,

Can you swim in blood, when you are not familiar with the warfare of men?—

For the pounding noise made by blacksmith’s hammers is banal in comparison with the clang of smiting necks.

Many a headless body that is quivering, many a bodiless head on blood, like bubbles.

In war, hundreds of death-dealing are drowned under the legs of the horses in death.

How will wits like these, which flew away from a mouse, draw the sword in that battle-line?

It is war, not supping wheat-broth (bamza), that you should turn up your sleeve to sup it.
It is not supping wheat-broth; here eye the sword!

In this battle-line one needs a Hamza of iron.

Fighting is not the business of any faint-heart

who runs away from a spectre, like a spectre.

It is the business of Turks (Turkan), not of Tarkan.

Begone! Home is the place for Tarkan: go home!

Story of Iyadi, may God have mercy on him, who had taken part in seventy campaigns

against the infidels and had always fought with his breast bare, in the hope that he might become

a martyr; and how, despairing of that, he turned from the Lesser Warfare to the Greater Warfare

and adopted the practice of seclusion; and how he suddenly heard the drums of the holy warriors,

and the fleshy soul within him urged him violently to take the field;

and how he suspected his fleshy soul in desiring this.

Iyadi said, “Ninety times I came unarmed,

that perchance I might be wounded.

I went unarmed to meet the arrows,
in order that I might receive a deep-seated arrow-wound.

None but a fortunate martyr attains

unto receiving an arrow-wound in the throat or any vital spot.

No place in my body is without wounds:
this body of mine is like a sieve from arrows;

But the arrows never hit a vital spot:
this is a matter of luck, not of bravery or cunning.

When martyrdom was not the lot of my spirit,
I went immediately into seclusion and forty days’ fast.

I threw myself into the Greater Warfare

in practicing austerities and becoming lean.

There reached my ear the sound of the drums of the holy warriors;
for the hard-fighting army was on the march.

My fleshy soul cried out to me from within:
at morningtide I heard with my sensuous ear,

‘Arise! It is time to fight. Go;
devote yourself to fighting in the holy war!’
I answered, ‘O wicked perfidious soul, what have you to do with the desire to fight?’

Tell the truth, O my soul! This is trickery. Else why would you fight?—the lustful soul is quit of obedience.

Unless you tell the truth, I will attack you; I will squeeze you more painfully in maceration.’

Thereupon my soul, mutely eloquent, cried out in guile from within me,

‘Here you are killing me daily, you are putting my (vital) spirit (on the rack), like the spirits of infidels.

No one is aware of my plight—how you are killing me without sleep and food.

In war I should escape from the body at one stroke, and the people would see my manly valour and self-sacrifice.’

I replied, ‘O wretched soul, a hypocrite you have lived and a hypocrite you will die: what are you! In both worlds you have been a hypocrite, in both worlds you are such a worthless creature.’

I vowed that I would never put my head outside of seclusion, seeing that this body is alive,

Because everything that this body does in seclusion it does with no regard to man or woman.

During seclusion the intention of its movement and rest is for God’s sake only.”

This is the Greater Warfare, and that is the Lesser Warfare: both are work for Rustam and Haydar.

They are not work for one whose reason and wits fly out of his body when a mouse’s tail moves.

Such a one must stay, like women, far off from the battlefield and the spears.

That one a Sufi and this one a Sufi! Here’s a pity! That one is killed by a needle, while the sword is this one’s food.

He is the figure of a Sufi: he has no soul; accordingly, the Sufis get a bad name from Sufis such as these.

Upon the door and wall of the body moulded of clay God, in His jealousy, traced the figures of a hundred Sufis,
To the end that by means of magic those figures should move
and that Moses' rod should be hidden.

The truth of the rod swallows up the figures;
the Pharaoh-like eye is filled with dust and gravel.

Another Sufi entered the battle-line twenty times
for the purpose of fighting

Along with the Moslems when they attacked the infidels;
he did not fall back with the Moslems in their retreat.

He was wounded, but he bandaged the wound which he had received,
and once more advanced to the charge and combat,

In order that his body might not die cheaply at one blow
and that he might receive twenty blows in the battle.

To him it was anguish that he should give up his soul at one blow
and that his soul should escape lightly from the hand of his fortitude.

**Story of the warrior who every day used to take one dirhem separately from a purse
containing silver and throw it into a ditch for the purpose of thwarting the greed and cupidity
of his fleshy soul; and how his soul tempted him, saying, “Since you are going to throw into the ditch,
at least throw it away all at once, so that I may gain deliverance, for despair is one of the two reliefs”;**
**and how he replied, “I will not give you this relief either.”**

A certain man had forty dirhems in his hand: every night he would throw one into the sea-water,

In order that the long agony suffered in deliberation
might become grievous to the illusory soul.

He advanced with the Moslems to attack,
in the hour of retreat he did not fall back in haste before the enemy.

He was wounded again, he bound up those too:
twenty times were the spears and arrows broken by him.

After that, no strength remained:
he fell forward the seat of truth because his love was true.

Truth consists in giving up the soul. Listen, try to outstrip in the race!
Recite from the Qur’án men who have been true.
All this dying is not the death of the form:
this body is like an instrument for the spirit.

Oh, there is many a raw one whose blood was shed externally,
but whose living fleshly soul escaped to yonder side.

Its instrument was shattered, but the brigand was left alive:
the fleshly soul is living though that on which it rode has bled to
death.

His horse was killed before his road was traversed:
he became naught but ignorant and wicked and miserable.

If a martyr were made by every bit of bloodshed,
an infidel killed also would be a Bu Sa'id.

Oh, there is many a trusty martyred soul that has died in this world;
it is going about like the living.

The brigand spirit has died, though the body, which is its sword, survives:
it is in the hand of that eager warrior.

The sword is that sword, the man is not that man;
but this appearance is a cause of bewilderment to you.

When the soul is transformed, this sword, namely, the body,
remains in the hand of the action of the Beneficent.

The one is a man whose food is entirely love;
the other is a man hollow as dust.

How an informer described a girl and exhibited the picture of her on paper, and how the Caliph
of Egypt fell in love with it and sent an Amír with a mighty army to the gates of Mosul
and made great slaughter and devastation for the purpose of obtaining the girl.

An informer said to the Caliph of Egypt,
“The King of Mosul is wedded to a houri.

He holds in his arms a girl
like whom there is no beauty in the world.

She does not admit of description, for her loveliness is beyond limits:
here is her portrait on paper.”

When the Emperor saw the portrait on the paper,
he became distraught and the cup dropped from his hand.

Immediately he dispatched to Mosul
a captain with a very mighty army,
Saying, “If he will not give up that moon to you, raze his court and palace to the ground;”

But if he gives her up, leave him alone and bring the moon, that on the earth I may embrace the moon.”

The captain set out towards Mosul with his retinue and with thousands of heroes and drums and banners.

With an army like innumerable locusts round the crops, he resolved to destroy the inhabitants of the city.

On every side he brought into hostile action a catapult like Mount Qáf.

Wounds by arrows and by stones from the catapult; swords amidst the dust, like lightning from a lightning-cloud.

During a week he wrought such carnage in hot fight: stone towers became unsteady as soft wax.

The King of Mosul saw the terrible combat: then he sent an envoy from within to him, To say, “What do you wish by shedding the blood of true believers? They are being killed in this grievous war.

If your object is to gain possession of the city of Mosul, look now, it is achieved without bloodshed like this. I will go forth from the city: here it is for you, enter in, lest the blood of the oppressed lay hold of you;

And if your object is riches and gold and jewels, this is even easier than to take possession of the city.”

How the lord of Mosul surrendered the girl to the Caliph in order that there might be no more shedding of Moslem blood.

When the envoy came to the captain, he gave him the paper, on which the girl’s features were depicted, “Look on the paper: this I require. Listen, give, or else I will take her by force, for I am the conqueror.”

On the return of the envoy, that manly King said, “Take no account of a form, lead her away at once.
I am not an idolater in the epoch of the true Faith: it is more fit that the idol should be in the hands of the idolater.

When the envoy brought her, the captain straightway fell in love with her beauty.

Love is an ocean, on which the heavens are a flake of foam: like Zalikha's desire for a Joseph.

Know that the wheeling heavens are turned by waves of Love: were it not for Love, the world would be frozen.

How would an inorganic thing disappear into a plant? How would vegetative things sacrifice themselves to become spirit?

How would the spirit sacrifice itself for the sake of that Breath by the waft whereof a Mary was made pregnant?

Each one would be stiff and immovable as ice: how should they be flying and seeking like locusts?

Every mote is in love with that Perfection and hastening upward like a sapling.

Their haste is "Glory to God!"

They are purifying the body for the sake of the spirit.

The captain deemed a pit to be like a road: to him the sterile soil appeared good, he sowed seed.

When that sleeper saw a (fantasised) image (of the beloved) in a dream, he coupled with it and (seminal) fluid flowed from him.

When the dream departed and he woke up at once, he saw that that doll was not (present) in wakefulness.

He said: "Alas! I have borne my water (semen) for nothing. Alas! I have swallowed the flirtatious tricks of that trickster (image).

That one was a captain of the body (only), he lacked (true) manliness: he sowed the seed of manliness in such (a place of) sand.

The steed of his love tore up a hundred bridles: he was shouting, "I care naught for death.

What should I care about the Caliph? In love, my life and death are the same to me."

Please, do not sow with such ardour and heat: take counsel with a master.

Where is counsel, where is reason, the torrent of cupidity has extended its talons to destroy?
A barrier in front and a barrier behind; he that is fascinated by a cheek does not see before or behind.

The black torrent comes to take his life, so that a fox may hurl a lion into the well.

Something non-existent causes a phantom to appear in a well, in order that it may cast into it lions as mountains.

Do not have any one intimate with your womenfolk, for these two may be compared to cotton and sparks of fire.

It needs a fire quenched by God’s water, one that like Joseph holds fast in evil temptation,

To withdraw itself as lions from a charming Zalikha tall and slender as a cypress.

He turned back from Mosul and went on his way till he encamped in a wooded meadowland.

The fire of his love was blazing in such wise that he could not distinguish earth from heaven.

He sought to embrace that moon in her tent: where was his reason and his dread of the Caliph?

When lust beats the drum in this vale, what is your reason? A radish and the son of a radish.

To his fiery eye a hundred Caliphs seemed at that moment less than a gnat.

He jumped up (and ran) naked of buttocks to the (army) ranks, grasping a fiery (flashing) scimitar in his hand.

When (his) penis was going straight toward the place (of pleasure), a commotion and outcry arose from the army.

He jumped up (and ran) naked of buttocks to the (army) ranks, grasping a fiery (flashing) scimitar in his hand.

He saw that a fierce black lion from the jungle had suddenly rushed upon the centre of the army;

The Arab horses were demoniacally excited, every stable and tent was in confusion;

The fierce lion from the covert was bounding twenty ells into the air, like billows of the sea.

The captain was manful and intrepid: he advanced, like a furious lion, to meet the lion.
He struck it with his sword and clove its head; at once he hastened to the tent of the beauty.

When he showed himself to the (woman as lovely as an) houri, his (organ of) virility was erect in the same manner (as before).

He joined in battle with such a lion: (yet) his (organ of) virility remained erect and did not lie down.

That moon-faced idol, sweet of countenance, was amazed at his virility.

She became joined with him (eagerly) at that time with lust: those two souls immediately became united.

Through the union of these two souls with one another, there will come to them from the Unseen World another soul.

It will appear by the road of birth, if there is nothing to waylay its conception.

Wherever two persons unite in a love or hate, a third will certainly be born;

But those forms are born in the Unseen World: when you go there, you will see them in clearly.

That progeny is born of your associations: beware, do not rejoice too soon in any associate.

Remain in expectation of the appointed time: recognise the truth of the promise that the offspring shall join their parents;

For they are born of action and causes: each one hath form and speech and dwelling-place.

Their cry is coming from those delightful bowers— “O you who have forgotten us, listen, come with all speed!”

The soul of man and woman is waiting in the Unseen: why are you delaying? Step forward at once.

He lost his way and, by that false dawn, fell like a gnat into the pot of buttermilk.
He was absorbed in that for a while, afterwards he repented of that grievous crime, and begged her, saying, “O you whose face is like the sun, do not give the Caliph any hint of what has passed.”

When the Caliph saw her he became distraught, and then too his secret was exposed to all.

He saw a hundred times as beautiful as he had described her: how in truth should seeing be like hearing?

Description is a picture for the eye of intelligence: know that the form belongs to the eye, not to the ear.

A certain man asked an eloquent person, “What are truth and falsehood, O man of goodly discourse?” He took hold of his ear and said, “This is false: the eye is true and possesses certainty.” The former is relatively false as compared with the latter: most sayings are relative, O trusty one.

If the bat screens itself from the sun, it is not screened from the fancy of the sun. Even the idea of the sun puts fear into the bat: that fancy leads it towards the darkness.

That idea of the light terrifies it and causes it to become attached to the night of gloom.

It is from the idea and the picture of your enemy that you have become attached to your comrade and friend.

O Moses, the revelation given to you illumined the mountain; the fancy conceiving could not endure your real experience.

Listen be not deluded by that you are able to conceive the fancy thereof and by this means can attain.

No one was ever terrified by the mere idea of war: there is no bravery before war. Know this, and it is enough.

Possessed with the idea of war, the coward makes, in his thoughts, a hundred heroic attacks.
The antagonist in the mind of every raw
is the picture of Rustam that may be in a bath-house.

When this idea derived from hearing becomes visible,
what of the poltroon? A Rustam is compelled.

Endeavour that it may pass from your ear into your eye,
and that what has been unreal may become real.

After that, your ear will become connatural with your eye:
the two ears, as wool, will become of pure substance;

Nay, your whole body will become like a mirror:
it will become all eye and pure spiritual substance.

The ear rouses a fancy,
and that fancy is the go-between to union with that Beauty.

Endeavour that this fancy may increase,
so that the go-between may become a guide for Majnun.

That foolish Caliph, too, was mightily infatuated
for awhile with that girl.

Suppose the empire is the empire of the West and the East:
since it will not remain, deem it to be a lightning-flash.

O you, whose heart is slumbering, know that the kingdom
that does not remain unto everlasting is a dream.

Consider what you will do with that vanity and vainglory;
for it will grip your throat like an executioner.

Know that even in this world there is a safe refuge:
do not listen to the hypocrite who says there is none.

The argument of those who disbelieve in the after-life, and a demonstration of the weakness
of that argument, since their argument amounts to “We do not see any other than this.”
Joseph's beauty was not seen by the eyes of his brethren, when did it disappear from the heart of Jacob?

The eye of Moses regarded the staff as wood; the eye of the Invisible beheld a serpent and panic.

The eye of the head was in conflict with the eye of the heart: the eye of the heart prevailed and displayed the proof.

This matter hath no limit in perfection, it seems like a fancy to everyone that is deprived.

Since to him the reality is the pudendum and the gullet, do not expound the mysteries of the Beloved to him.

To us the genitals and the stomach are an idea; consequently the Soul displays His beauty at every moment.

Anyone who is addicted the genitals and the stomach, for him is “To you your religion and to me my religion.”

Cut short your talk with such skepticism: do not converse, O Ahmad, with the ancient infidel.

How the Caliph came next to that one of beautiful face for the sake of (sexual) intercourse.

The Caliph decided on a meeting; he went to that woman for the sake of (sexual) intercourse.

He called her and (his) penis became erect; he made the intention for (moving) back and forth with love-increaser.

When he sat between the legs of that lady, then the Decree (of God) came (and) blocked the way to his pleasure.

The rustling (sounds) of a mouse reached his ear: his penis lay down; his lust was completely scared away;

His imagination (was) that this grating sound was from a snake which was violently moving (out) from the (straw) mat.
How laughter took hold of that maidservant because of the weakness of the Caliph’s sexual desire compared to the strength of the Captain’s lust, and how the Caliph understood about the maidservant’s laughter.

The woman saw his weakness (and), from astonishment, began bursting out laughing; laughter (completely) took hold of her.

She remembered the virility of that Captain who killed the lion and (with) his (male) organ like that.

The woman’s laughter overpowered and was prolonged: she tried her but her lips would not shut.

She kept laughing violently like beng-eaters: her laughter overpowered gain or loss.

Everything that she thought of increased her laughter, as a flood-gate is suddenly opened.

Weeping and laughter and sorrow and joy of heart—know that each one has an independent source.

Each one has a store-house: know, O brother that the key thereof is in the hand of the Opener.

Her laughter was never ceasing: then the Caliph became enraged and fierce.

He quickly drew his scimitar from its sheath and said, “Declare the secret cause of your laughter, O foul woman! From this laughter a suspicion has come into my heart: tell the truth, you cannot cajole me.

And if you deceive me with falsehoods or idly utter glib excuses, I shall know there is light in my heart: you must tell everything that ought to be told.

Know that in the heart of kings there is a mighty moon, though sometimes it is overclouded by forgetfulness.

In the heart there is a lamp with which one goes about; at times of anger and concupiscence it is put under the basin.

That clairvoyance accompanies me just now: unless you tell that which it is your duty to tell,
I will sever your neck with this scimitar: evasion will not avail you at all.

And if you tell the truth, I will set you free: I will not violate the duty I owe to God, I will make you glad.”

At the same moment he placed seven Qur’ans one on the top of another and swore an oath and thus confirmed his promise.

فیش کردن آن کنیزک آن راز را با خلیفه از بیم زخم شمشیر و اکراه خلیفه که راست گو سبب این خندش را و گر گر بهکشمت

How the girl disclosed the secret to the Caliph in fear of a blow of the sword, and how she was forced by the Caliph, “Give a true account of the cause of your laughter or else I will kill you.”

When the woman became helpless, she related what had happened to the manliness of that Rustam who was the son of a hundred Zals.

She described to the Caliph, point by point, the bride-chamber that was on the route,

His killing the lion and returning to the tent with the penis erect like the horn of a rhinoceros;

(And) again, the weakness of this striver for honour (the male organ) which dropped dead because of the rustling (sounds) of a mouse.

God is ever making the hidden things manifest: since they will grow up, do not sow bad seed.

Rain and clouds and fire and this sun are ever bringing up the hidden things from the earth.

This new springtide after the fall of the leaves is a proof of the existence of the Resurrection.

In spring the secrets are revealed: whatever this Earth has eaten is exposed to view.

It shoots up from her mouth and lips in order that she may bring to light her hidden mind and way.

The secret of the root of every tree and its nutriment—the whole of that is plainly shown forth on its top.

Every sorrow whereby you are sore in heart is the headache arising from the wine that you have drunk;

But how should you know from which wine that headache has arisen manifest?
This crop-sickness is the blossom of that seed: 
he that is sagacious and wise will recognise it.

The bough and its blossom do not resemble the seed: 
how should semen resemble the body of man?

The matter does not resemble the product: 
when did the seed resemble the tree?

Semen is of bread, how should it be like bread? 
Man comes from semen, how should he be like it?

The Jinni is from fire, how should he resemble fire? 
The cloud is from vapour, but it is not like vapour.

Jesus was produced from the breath of Gabriel, 
when was he like him in form or comparable?

Adam is of earth, how should he resemble earth? 
No grape resembles the vine.

How should robbery look like the foot of the gallows? 
How should piety be like the everlasting abode?

No origin resembles its product; 
therefore you cannot know the origin of pain and headache.

That which is the origin and bringer-on of that thing—
it if does not resemble it, still it originates from it.

Know, then, that your pain is the result of some lapse 
this woe with which you art stricken arises from some lust.

If you cannot discern that sin by means of consideration, 
at once make humble entreaty and seek pardon.

Prostrate yourself a hundred times and keep saying, 
“O God, this pain is nothing but my due and desert.

O You who are transcendent in holiness and free from injustice and oppression, how should You inflict grief and pain upon the soul when it has not sinned?

I do not know my sin definitely, 
but there must be a sin for the anguish.

Since You have concealed the cause from my consideration, 
do You always keep my sin concealed;

For it would be retribution to disclose my sin, 
so that my thievery should be made manifest by punishment.”
How the monarch, on being acquainted with that act of treachery, resolved to conceal and pardon it and give her to him, and recognised that the tribulation was a punishment inflicted on him and was his attempt and the wrong which he had done to the lord of Mosul; for “and who does evil, it is against himself” and “lo, your Lord is on the watch”; and how he feared that, if he should avenge himself, the vengeance would recoil on his own head, as this injustice and greed had recoiled upon him.

The monarch came to himself. He asked pardon and confessed his sin and lapse and persistence. He said to himself, “The retribution for what I did to certain persons has reached my soul.

From power I made an attempt on the concubine of another: that recoiled upon me and I fell into the pit.

I knocked at the door of another person’s house: consequently he knocked at the door of my house.”

Whoever seeks to commit adultery with people’s wives, know that he is a pimp to his own wife;

For that is paid back by the like, since the retribution for an evil act is an act like unto it.

Inasmuch as you have made a cord and pulled one like it towards yourself, you are a wittol and worse.

“My I took the king of Mosul’s concubine from him by force she was soon taken by force from me too.

My treacherous deeds made a traitor of him who was my trusted friend and servant.

It is no time to inflict punishment and avenge myself: I prepared the disaster with my own hand.

If I wreak vengeance on the Amír and the woman that trespass also will come on my head,

Just as this one has come in retribution: I have tried Him, I will not try Him again.
The grief of the lord of Mosul has broken my neck:
I dare not wound this other man as well.

God hath given us information concerning retribution:
He hath said, 'If you repeat it, We shall repeat it.'

Since in this case it is useless to commit excess,
nothing but patience and mercy is praiseworthy.

O our Lord, verily we have done wrong:
perform an act of mercy, O You whose mercifulness is mighty!

I have pardoned, do You also pardon me —
the new sin and the old lapses!

He said, "Now, O girl,
do not relate this tale which I have heard from you.
I will unite you with the Amír: for God's sake, for God's sake,
do not breathe a word of this story,
Lest he become ashamed to face me;
for he has done one bad deed and a hundred thousand good.

Many times have I put him to the test:
I have entrusted him with fairer than you are.
I found him perfect in fidelity;
this too was a judgment resulting from things done by me."

Then he summoned his Amír to his presence:
he extinguished in himself the wrath that meditates a violent revenge.

He made an agreeable excuse to him, saying,
"I have become disinclined to this slave-girl,
Because the mother of my children
is terribly agitated by jealousy and envy of the girl.

The mother of my children has many claims:
she does not deserve such injustice and unkindness.
She is nursing envy and jealousy, she is suffering anguish,
and she is feeling great bitterness on account of this girl.

Since I wish to give this girl to some person,
it is most fitting to you, O dear friend;
For you did hazard your life for the sake of her:
it would not be fair to give her to anyone but you.”

He gave her in marriage and handed her over to him:
he crushed anger and cupidity to atoms.
Explaining that the words “We have apportioned” mean that He bestows on one the lust and strength of asses and on another the intelligence and strength of the prophets and the angels.

“To turn the head away from sensual desire is nobility; to abandon sensual desire is the strength that belongs to prophethood.” “The seeds that are not sown in lust—their fruit only appears at the Resurrection.”

4025 If he was deficient in the masculinity of asses, he possessed the manliness of the prophets.

It is manliness and the nature of prophethood to abandon anger and lust and greed.

Let the masculinity of the ass be lacking in his nature: God calls him the great Spiritual Sovereign.

If I am a dead man and God looks on me favourably, my case is better than the living man who is far from God and rejected by Him.

Recognise this to be the kernel of manliness, and that to be the husk: the latter leads to Hell, the former to Paradise.

4030 “Paradise is encompassed with things disliked” has come; “Hell-fire is encompassed with sensual desire” has been declared.

“O Ayaz, fierce demon-killing lion, the manliness of the ass is inferior, the manliness of Reason superior,

That which so many eminent persons did not apprehend was to your child’s play: lo, here is the man!

O you who have felt the delight of my command and have loyally devoted your life for the sake of my command,

Now listen to the tale of the savour and relish of the command in the spiritual exposition thereof.”
One day the King hastened to the Diwan:
in the Diwan he found all the courtiers.

He produced a radiant pearl
and immediately put it in the palm of the Vizier.

“How about this pearl?” he asked, “and what is it worth?”
He replied, “is worth more than a hundred ass-loads of gold.”

He said, “Break it!” “How should I break it?” he replied:
“I am a well-wisher to your treasury and riches.
How should I deem it allowable
that a priceless pearl like this should go to waste?”

“Well said!” exclaimed the King and presented him with a dress of honour;
The munificent monarch bestowed on the Vizier
every garment and robe that he wore.

For a while he engaged them in conversation
concerning new event and old mystery.

Afterwards he put it into the hand of a chamber lain, saying,
“What is it worth to a would-be purchaser?
He replied, “It is worth half a kingdom:
may God preserve it from destruction!”

“Break it,” said he. “O you whose sword is like the sun he replied,
“Alas, it is a great pity to break it.
Let alone its value, mark its splendour and brilliancies:
this daylight has become second to it.

How should my hand make a movement to break it?
How should I be an enemy to the King’s treasury-house?”

The King gave him a robe of honour and increased his stipend,
and then opened his mouth in praise of his intelligence;

After a short time he who was making the trial again
handed the pearl to the Minister of Justice (Mir-i dad).
He said the same, and all the Amirs said the same: he bestowed a costly robe of honour on every one.

The King was raising their salaries; he brought those base wretches from the Way to the pit.

All the fifty or sixty Amirs, one by one, spoke like this in imitation of the Vizier.

Though imitation is the pillar of the (present) world, every imitator is disgraced on being put to the trial.

How the pearl, from hand to hand, came round at last to Ayaz; and the sagacity of Ayaz, and how he did not act in conformity with them and was not beguiled by the King’s giving them goods and riches and increasing their robes of honour and salaries and praising the intelligence of those erring men; for one ought not to regard the imitator as a Moslem: he may be a Moslem, but it rarely happens that he holds fast to his faith and comes off safely from the trials — for he lacks the steadfastness of the clairvoyant — except those whom God preserves; because the Truth is one, and its contrary is very deceptive and like unto it. Since the imitator does not know the contrary, on that account he cannot have known the Truth; but when, notwithstanding his ignorance, God preserves him by favour, that ignorance does him no harm.

“Now, O Ayaz, will not you say how much a pearl of this splendour and excellence is worth?”

He replied, “More than I am able to say.” He said, “Now break it immediately into small fragments.”

He had stones in his sleeve: he quickly reduced it to dust, that seemed to him the right course.

Or that entirely sincere man had dreamed of this and put the two stones under his arm,

Like Joseph to whom at the bottom of the well his ultimate fortunes was revealed by God.

To whomsoever He has announced victory and triumph — to him success and failure are one.
To whomsoever the favour of the Friend has become a surety — what fear should he have of defeat and combat

When it has become certain to him that he will checkmate, the loss of his horse and elephant is a trifle to him

If his horse be taken by anyone who desires to take the horse, let the horse go; is not he, the winner?

How should there be an affinity between a man and a horse? His love for the horse is for the purpose of getting in front.

Do not endure all this anguish for the sake of forms: grasp the reality without headache on account of a form.

The ascetic feels anxiety concerning his latter end: what will be his plight on the Day of Reckoning;

The gnostics, having become conscious of the beginning, are free from anxiety and the ultimate conditions.

The gnostic had the same fear and hope as the ascetic, his knowledge of the past devoured both those.

He perceived that in the past he had sown pulse: he knows what the produce will be.

He is a gnostic and has been delivered from fear and dread: the sword of God has cut lamentation asunder

Formerly he had from God fear and hope: the fear has passed away and the hope has come into clear view.

When he broke that choice pearl, thereupon from the Amirs arose a hundred clamours and outcries—

“What recklessness is this? By God, whoever has broken this luminous pearl is an infidel” —

And the whole company in their ignorance and blindness had broken the pearl of the King’s command.

The precious pearl, the product of love and affection— why was it veiled from hearts like those?
تشنیع زدن امرا بر ایاز که چرا شکستش و جواب دادن ایاز ایشان را

How the Amirs reviled Ayaz, saying, “Why did he break it?” and how Ayaz answered them.

در میان مهتران نامور
امر شه بهتر به قیمت یا گهر
امر سلطان به بود پیش شما
یا که این نیکو گهر بهر خدا
ای نظرتان بر گهر بر شاه نه
قبله تان غول است و جاده راه نه
من شه بر مینگدان نظر
من چو مشرک روى نارم با حجر
بی گهر جانی که رنگین سنگ را
بر گزیند پس نهذ شاه مرا

گفت ایاز اى مهتران نامور
امر شه بهتر به قیمت یا گهر
امر سلطان به بود پیش شما
یا که این نیکو گهر بهر خدا

Ayaz said, “O renowned princes,
is the King's command more precious or the pearl?

In your eyes is the command of the sovereign or this goodly pearl superior?
For God’s sake!

O you whose gaze is upon the pearl, not upon the King,
the ghoul is your object of desire, not the highway.

I will never avert my gaze from the King,
I will not turn my face towards a stone, like the polytheist.

Devoid of the pearl is the soul that prefers a coloured stone
and puts my King behind.”

پشت سوی لعبت گل رنگ کن
عقل در رنگ او رنده دنگ کن
اندر آ جو سیو بر سنگ زن
آتش اندر بر آ پر رنگ زن
گر نهای در راه دین ذر هن زن
رنگ و بو مهرست مانند زن

پشت سوی لعبت گل رنگ کن
عقل در رنگ او رنده دنگ کن
اندر آ جو سیو بر سنگ زن
آتش اندر بر آ پر رنگ زن
گر نهای در راه دین ذر هن زن
رنگ و بو مهرست مانند زن

Come into the river, dash the pitcher against the stone,
and set fire to scent and colour.

If you are not one of the brigands on the Way of the Religion,
do not be addicted, like women, to colour and scent.

Those princes cast down their heads,
craving with their soul to be excused for that forgetfulness.

At that moment from the heart of each one
two hundred sighs were going, like a smoke, to heaven.

سر فرو انداختند آن مهتران
عطر جویان گسته ز آن نسیان به جان
از دل هر یک دو صد آه آن زمان
همچدیمانی می شدی تا انسان

کرد اشارت شه به جالد که
که ز صدرم این خسان را دور کن
این خسان چه لیاق صدر من ان
کذپی سنگ امر مرا را بشکنند
امر ما پیش چنین اهل فسد
بهر رنگین سنگ شد خوار و کساد

The King made a sign to the ancient executioner, as though to say,
“Remove these vile wretches from my seat of honour.

How are these vile wretches worthy of my seat of honour,
when they break my command for the sake of a stone?

For the sake of a coloured stone
my command is held contemptible and cheap by evil-doers like these.”
قصد شاه به کشت‌ن امرا و شفاعت کردن ایاژ پیش تخت سلطان که العفو اولی

How the King was about to kill the Amirs, and how Ayaz made intercession before the royal throne, saying, “it is better to forgive.”

Then Ayaz, who was abounding in love, sprang up and ran to the throne of that mighty Sultan.

He made a prostration and spoke with bated breath, saying, “O Emperor at whom the celestial sphere is astounded,

O Huma from whom humas have auspiciousness, and every generous man generosity,

O Noble One before whose self-sacrifice acts of nobility in the world are hidden (eclipsed) and disappear,

O Lovely One whom the red rose beheld and tore its shirt in shame,

Forgiveness is fully content with your forgivingness: because of your pardon the foxes prevail over the lion.

Whosoever treats your command with insolence, whom should he have to support him except your pardon?

The heedlessness and irreverence of these sinners arise from the abundance of your pardon, O mine of pardon.”

Heedlessness always grows up from irreverence, for reverence will remove the inflammation from the eye.

The heedlessness and wicked forgetfulness he has learned will be consumed by the fire of reverence.

Awe will bestow on him wakefulness and keen wittedness: negligence and forgetfulness will leap forth from his heart.

Folk do not fall asleep at the time of a raid, lest anyone should carry off his cloak.

Since sleep is banished by fear for one’s cloak, how should the sleep of forgetfulness be with fear for one’s throat?’

Do not punish if we forget is evidence that forgetfulness too, in a certain way, is sinful,

Because he did not attain to complete reverence, or else forgetfulness would not have assailed him
Although forgetfulness was necessary and inevitable, he was a free agent in employing the means;  

For he showed remissness in his feelings of reverence, so that I forgetfulness was born or negligence and trespass.

Like the drunken man who commits sins and says, "I was excused from myself"  

"But," says he to him, "the cause, in the loss of that power to choose, proceeded from you, O evil-doer.

Your senselessness did not come of itself, you invited it; your power to choose did not go of itself, you drove it away.

If intoxication had come without exertion on your part, the spiritual Cup-bearer would have kept your covenant.

He would have been your backer and intercessor: I am devoted to the sin of him who is intoxicated by God.”

"The forgiveness of the whole world is a mote—the reflection of your forgiveness, O you from whom comes, every fortune.

Forgiveness sings the praise of your forgiveness: there is no peer to it. O people, beware!

Grant them their lives, neither banish them from yourself: they are your sweet desire, O you who brings desire to fruition.

Have mercy on him that beheld your face: how shall he endure I the bitter separation from you?

You are speaking of separation and banishment: do what I you will but do not this.

A hundred thousand bitter sixtyfold deaths are not comparable to separation from your face.

Keep the bitterness of banishment aloof from males and females, O you whose help is besought by sinners!

It is sweet to die in hope of union with you; the bitterness of banishment from you is worse than fire.”

Amidst Hell-fire the infidel is saying, "What pain should I feel if He were to look on me?’’

For that look makes pains sweet: it is the blood-price to the magicians for the amputation of their hands and feet.
Commentary on the Saying of Pharaoh’s magicians in the hour of their punishment, “it is no harm, for lo, we shall return unto our Lord.”

Heaven heard the cry, “it is no harm”: the celestial sphere became a ball for that bat.

“The punishment inflicted by Pharaoh is no harm to us: the grace of God prevails over the violence of others.

If you should know our secret, O misleader, you are delivering us from pain, O man whose heart is blind.

Listen, come and from this quarter behold this organ pealing ‘Oh, would that people knew!’

God’s bounty has bestowed Pharaohship on us, not a perishable one like your Pharaohship and kingdom.

Lift up your head and behold the living and majestic kingdom, O you who have been deluded by Egypt and the river Nile.

If you will take leave of this filthy tattered cloak, you will drown the Nile in the Nile of the spirit.

Listen, O Pharaoh, hold your hand from Egypt: there are a hundred Egypts within the Egypt of the Spirit.

You say to the common, ‘I am a Lord,’ being unaware of the essential natures of both these names.

How should a Lord be trembling for that which is lorded over? How should one who knows ‘I’ be in bondage to body and soul?

Lo, we are the real ‘I,’ having been freed from the unreal ‘I,’ from the ‘I’ that is full of tribulation and trouble.

To you, O cur, that ‘I’-hood was baleful, in regard to us it was irreversibly ordained felicity.

Unless you had had this vindictive ‘I’-hood, how should such fortune have bidden us welcome?

In thanksgiving for our deliverance from the perishable abode we are admonishing you on this gallows.

The gallows (dār) on which we are killed is the Buraq on which we ride; the abode (dār) possessed by you is delusion and heedlessness.
This is a life concealed in the form of death, 
while that is a death concealed in the husk of life.

Light seems as fire, and fire as light: 
else, how should this world have been the abode of delusion?”

Beware, do not make haste: first become naught, 
and when you sink rise from the radiant East!

The heart was dumbfounded by the eternal “I”-hood: 
this “I”-hood became insipid and shameful.

The spirit was made glad by that “I”-hood without “I” 
and sprang away from the “I”-hood of the world.

Since it has been delivered from “I,” it has now become “I”: 
blessings on the “I” that is without affliction;

For it is fleeing from its unreal “I”-hood, 
and the real “I”-hood is running after it, since it saw it to be selfless.

If you seek the real “I”-hood, it will not become a seeker of you: 
when you have died to self will that which you seek become your seeker.

If you are living, how should the corpse-washer wash you? 
If you are seeking, how should that which you seek go in search of you?

If the intellect could discern the way in this question, 
Fakhr-i Razí would be an adept in religious mysteries;

But since he was whoso has not tasted does not know, 
his intelligence and imaginations increased his perplexity.

How should this “I” be revealed by thinking? 
That “I” is revealed after passing away from self (faná).

These intellects in their quest 
fall into the abyss of incarnation (bulúl) and ittihád.

O Ayaz who have passed away in union 
like the star in the beams of the sun—

Nay, transmuted, like semen, into body— 
you are not afflicted with bulúl and ittihád.

“Forgive, O you in whose coffer Forgiveness is (contained) 
and by whom all precedents of mercy are preceded.

Who am I that I should say ‘Forgive,’ 
O you who are the sovereign and quintessence of the command Be?

Who am I that I should exist beside you, 
O you whose skirt all ‘I’s’ have clutched?
Mجرم دانستن ایاژ خود را در این شفاعت‌گری و عذر این جرم خواستن و در آن عذر گویی خود را
مجرم دانستن، و این شکستگی از شناخت عظیم شاه خیزد که انا اعلامک به‌الله و اخشاکم الله و قال الله
تعالی إنَّما يُخَشَى الله من عباده العلماء

How Ayaz deemed himself culpable for thus acting as intercessor and begged pardon for this offence and deemed himself culpable for begging pardon; and this self-abasement arises from knowledge of the majesty of the King; for, ‘I know God better than you and fear Him more than you,’ and the High God hath said, ‘None fears God but those of His servants that are possessed of knowledge.’

How should I bring mercy to you who art moved with anger, and point out the path of clemency to you who art endued with knowledge?

If you subject me to the indignity of (receiving) cuffs, I am deserving of a hundred thousand cuffs.

What should I say in your presence? Should I give you information or recall to your mind the method of lovingkindness?

What is that which is unknown to you?

And where in the world is that which you dost not remember?

O you who are free from ignorance and whose knowledge is free from that forgetfulness should cause to be hidden from it,

You have deemed a nobody to be somebody and have exalted him, like the sun, with light.

Since you have made me somebody, graciously listen to my supplication if I supplicate (you);

For, inasmuch as you have transported me from the form, it is you that have made that intercession unto yourself.

Since this home has been emptied of my furniture, nothing great or small in the house belongs to me.

You have caused the prayer to flow forth from me like water: do you accordingly give it reality and let it be granted.

You were the inspirer of the prayer in the beginning; be you accordingly the hope for its acceptance in the end,

In order that I may boast that the King of the world pardoned the sinners for his slave’s sake.

I was a pain, entirely self-satisfied:
the King made me the remedy for every sufferer from pain.
I was a Hell filled with woe and bale:
the hand of his grace made me a Kawthar.

Whomever Hell has consumed in vengeance,
I cause him to grow anew from his body.

What is the work of Kawthar by which every one that has been burned
is made to grow and becomes reintegrated?

Drop by drop it proclaims its bounty, saying,
“Restore that which Hell has consumed.”

Hell is like the cold of autumn;
Kawthar is like the spring, O rose-garden.

Hell is like death and the earth of the grave;
Kawthar resembles the blast of the trumpet.

O you whose bodies are consumed by Hell,
the kindness is leading you towards Kawthar.

Since Your mercy, O Self-subsistent Living One, said,
“I created the creatures that they might profit by Me,”

“Not that I might profit by them” is Your munificence,
by which all defective things are made whole,

Pardon these body-worshipping slaves:
pardon from the ocean of pardon is more worthy.

Creaturally pardon is like a river and like a torrent:
the troop run towards their ocean.

Every night from these individual hearts
the pardons come to You, O King, like pigeons.

At the hour of dawn You cause them to fly away again,
and imprison them in these bodies till nightfall.

Once more, at eventide, flapping their wings they fly off
in passionate longing for that palace and roof.

In order that they may snap the thread that unites them with the body,
they come before You, for by You they are endowed with fortune—

Flapping their wings, secure from falling back headlong,
in the air and saying, “Truly unto Him we are returning.”

From that Bounty comes the call, “Come!
After that returning desire and anxiety are no more.

As exiles in the world you suffered many indignities:
you will have learned to value Me, O nobles.
Listen now; stretch your legs beneath the shade of this tree of Mine in the intoxication of delight,

Stretch your legs, which are fatigued by the Way of Religion, resting for ever on the bosoms and hands of the houris,

The houris amorously and fondly say, ‘These Sufis have returned from their travels.

The Sufis pure as the light of the sun, who for a long time had fallen into earth and filth,

Have come back stainless and undefiled, as the sunlight to the lofty orb.’”

“This company of sinners likewise, O glorious—all their heads have come against a wall.

They have become aware of their fault and sin, although they were defeated by the King’s two dice.

Now they turn their faces towards you, uttering cries of lamentation. O you whose clemency is making way for sinners,

Speedily grant the defiled ones admission into the Euphrates of pardon and the fountain a washing-place,

That they may wash themselves clean of that prolonged sin and join in prayer among the ranks of the purified—

Among those innumerable ranks plunged in the light of ‘We are they that stand in line.’

When the discourse reached the description of this state, at once the pen broke and the paper tore.

Did any saucer measure the sea?

Did a lamb ever carry off a lion?

If you are veiled, cease being veiled, that you may behold the marvellous sovereignty (of God).

Although the drunken fellows broke Your cup, there is an excuse for him that is intoxicated by You.

Is not their intoxication with fortune and riches of Your wine, O You whose actions are sweet?

O Emperor, they are intoxicated with Your election: pardon him that is intoxicated with You, O Pardoner!

The delight of being elected by You at the moment of Your addressing them has an effect that is not produced by a hundred jars of wine.
Since You have intoxicated me, do not inflict a penalty:
the Law does not see fit to inflict a penalty on the intoxicated.

Inflict it at the time when I become sober;
for indeed I shall never become sober.

Whoever has drunk of Your cup, O Gracious One, is forever delivered from self consciousness and from the infliction of penalties.

Their intoxication consists in a state of unconsciousness of self (fanā), abiding for ever: he that passes away from self in love for You will not arise.

Your grace says to our heart,
“Go, O you who have become in pawn to the buttermilk of My love.

You have fallen, like a gnat, into My buttermilk:
O gnat, you are not intoxicated, you are the wine.

O gnat, the vultures become intoxicated by you, when you ride on the ocean of honey.

The mountains are tipsy with you like motes;
the point and the compass and the line are in your hand.

The torment at which they tremble is trembling at you:
every costly pearl is cheap to you.”

If God gave me five hundred mouths,
I would sing in description of you, O soul and world;

I have one mouth, and even that one
is crushed with shame before you, O knower of the mystery.

In truth I am not more crushed than non-existence, from the mouth of which these peoples have come.

A hundred thousand impressions of the Unseen World are waiting to spring forth graciously and kindly from non-existence.

Because of your urgency my head is reeling:
oh, I am dead in the presence of that bounty.

Our desire arises from your urgency:
wherever there is a wayfarer, it is the pull of God.

Does the dust leap upward without a wind?
Does a ship voyage without the sea?

None died in the presence of the Water of Life:
compared with your water the Water of Life is dregs.

The Water of Life is the goal of those to whom life is dear:
by water the garden is green and smiling.
Those who quaff the cup of death are living through His love: they have torn their hearts away from life and the Water of Life.

When the water of Your love gave us its hand, the Water of Life became worthless in our sight.

Every soul derives freshness from the Water of Life, but You are the Water of the Water of Life.

You did bestow on me a death and a resurrection continually, that I might experience the conquering power of that bounty.

This dying became to me as sleeping, from my confidence that You, O God, wouldst raise me from the dead.

If the Seven Seas become a mirage at every moment, You will take it by the ear and bring it, O Water of the water.

Reason is trembling with fear of death, but Love is bold: how should the stone be afraid of rain as the clod?

This is the Fifth of the Scrolls of the Masnavi: it is like the stars in the zodiacal signs of the spiritual sky.

Not every sense can find its way by the star: except the mariner acquainted with the star.

The lot of the others is naught but looking: they are ignorant of its auspiciousness and conjunction.

During the nights till daybreak make yourself familiar with devil-burning stars like these,

Everyone is hurling naphtha from the fortress of Heaven to drive away the evil-thinking devil.

To the devil the stars are as a scorpion, to the buyer it is the next of kin.

If the Bow pierces the devil with an arrow, the Bucket is full of water for the crops and fruit.

Though the Fish wreck the ship of error, for the friend it is sowing like the Bull.

If the Sun rends Night to pieces, like a lion, there comes from it a satin robe of honour for the ruby.

Every existence that emerged from non-existence is poison to one and sugar to another.

Be a friend and become quit of sour qualities, so that you may eat sugar even from a jar of poison.

A poison did no harm to Faruq because to him the antidote, discrimination (faruqt), was sweet as candy.