BOOK VI

In the Name of God the Compassionate, the Merciful

The Sixth Volume of the Books of Rhymed Couplets (Masnavi) and Spiritual Evidences, which are a Lamp in the darkness of imagination and perplexity and phantasies and doubt and suspicion. And this Lamp cannot be perceived by the animal sense, because the state of animality is the lowest of the low, since they have been created to keep in good order the outward form of the lower world; and about their senses and perceptive faculties there has been drawn a circle beyond which they may not pass: that is the measurement of the Mighty, the Wise, i.e. He has made manifest the limited measure of their action and the range of their speculation, just as every star has a certain orbit and sphere of work to which its action reaches in the sky; or as the ruler of a city whose authority is effective within that city, but beyond that city's dependencies he does not rule. May God preserve us from His imprisoning and sealing and from that wherewith He has veiled those who are veiled! Amen, O Lord of all created beings.
In The Name of God The Merciful The compassionate

O Life of the heart, Husamuddin, desire for a Sixth Part has long been boiling.

Through the attraction of a Sage like you, a Book of Husam has come into circulation in the world.

O spiritual one, I bring to you as an offering the Sixth Part to complete the Masnavi.

From these Six Books give light to the Six Directions, in order that anyone who has not performed the circumambulation may perform it.

5 Love has nothing to do with the five senses and the six directions: its goal is only the attraction exerted by the Beloved.

Afterwards, maybe, permission will come: the secrets that ought to be told will be told, With an eloquence that is nearer than these subtle obscure allusions.

The secret is partner with none but the knower of the secret; in the skeptic’s ear the secret is no secret.

But the command to call the people to God comes down from the Maker: what has he to do with acceptance or non-acceptance?

Noah continued to call for nine hundred years: the unbelief of his folk was increasing from moment to moment.

Did he ever pull back the rein of speech? Did he ever creep into the cave of silence?

He said, “Does a caravan ever turn back from a journey on account of the noise and clamour of dogs?”

Or on a night of moonlight is the running of the full-moon in its course retarded by the dog’s outcry?

The moon sheds light and the dog barks: every one proceeds according to his nature.

15 Destiny has allotted to everyone a certain service, suitable to his essential nature, in trial.

Since the dog will not leave off his pestilent howling, I who am the moon, how should I abandon my course?”
Inasmuch as the vinegar increases acidity, therefore it is necessary to increase the sugar.

Wrath is vinegar, mercy like honey; and these two are the basis of every oxymel.

If the honey fails to withstand the vinegar, the oxymel will be spoiled.

The people were pouring vinegar on him, and the Ocean was pouring more sugar for Noah.

His sugar was replenished from the Sea of Bounty; therefore it was exceeding the vinegar of the inhabitants of the world.

Who is a single one like a thousand? That saint.

Nay, that Servant of the High is a hundred generations.

The great rivers kneel before the jar, into which there comes a channel from the sea,

Especially this Sea; for all the seas, when they heard this mandate and tumult—

Their mouths became bitter with shame and confusion because the Greatest Name had been joined with the least.

At the conjunction of this world with yonder world this world is recoiling in shame.

This expression is narrow and deficient, for what resemblance exists between the vile and the most elect?

If the crow caws in the orchard, how should the nightingale cease its sweet song?

Every one, then, has his separate customer in this bazaar of *He does what He please*.

The dessert provided by the thorn-brake is fuel for the fire; the scent of the rose is food for the intoxicated brain.

If filth is disgraceful in our opinion, it is sugar and sweetmeat to the pig and the dog.

If the filth your ones commit these foulnesses, the waters are intent on purification.

Though the snakes are scattering venom and though the sour people are making us distressed,

In mountain and hive and tree the bees are depositing a sugar-store of honey.
However much the venoms show venomousness, the antidotes quickly root them out.

When you consider, this world is all at strife, mote with mote, as religion with infidelity.

One mote is flying to the left, and another to the right in search.

One mote up and another down: in their inclination behold actual strife.

The actual strife is the result of the hidden strife: know that that discord springs from this discord.

The strife of the mote that has been effaced in the sun is beyond description and calculation.

Since the soul and breath have been effaced from the mote, its strife now is only the strife of the sun,

Natural movement and rest have gone from it—how? By means of Truly unto Him we are returning.

We have returned from ourselves to Your sea and have sucked from the source that suckled us.

O you, who, on account of the ghoul, have remained in the derivatives of the Way, do not boast of the fundamental principles, O unprincipled man.

Our war and our peace are in the light of the Essence: it is not from us, it is between the two fingers.

War of nature, war of action, war of speech—there is a terrible conflict amongst the parts.

This world is maintained by means of this war: consider the elements, in order that it may be solved.

The four elements are four strong pillars by which the roof of the present world is upright.

Each pillar is a destroyer of the other: the pillar water is a destroyer of the flames.

Hence the edifice of creation is upon contraries; consequently we are at war for well-being and woe.

My states are mutually opposed: each one is mutually opposite in its effect.

Since I am incessantly struggling with myself, how should I act in harmony with another?
Behold the surging armies of my “states,” each at war and strife with another.

Contemplate the same grievous war in yourself: why, then, are you engaged in warring with others?

Unless God redeems you from this war and bring you into the unicoloured world of peace?

That world is nothing but everlasting and flourishing, because it is not composed of contraries.

This reciprocal destruction is inflicted by contrary on its contrary; when there is no contrary, there is nothing but everlastingness.

He who has no like banished contraries from Paradise, saying, “Neither sun nor its contrary, intense cold, shall be there.”

Colourlessness is the origin of colours; peace are the origins of wars.

That world is the origin of this pain filled abode, union is the origin of every parting and separation.

Why are we thus in opposition, and wherefore does unity give birth to these numbers?

Because we are the branch and the four elements are the stock: in the branch the stock has brought its own nature into existence.

Since the substance, the spirit, is beyond ramifications, its nature is not this; it is the nature of Majesty.

Perceive that wars which are the origins of peace are like the Prophet whose war is for God’s sake.

He is victorious and mighty in both worlds: the description of this victor is not contained in the mouth.

Still, if it is impossible to drain the Oxus, one cannot deny one’s self as much as will slake thirst.

If you are thirsting for the spiritual Ocean, make a breach in the island of the Masnavi.

Make such a great breach that at every moment you will see the Masnavi to be only spiritual.

When the wind sweeps away the straw from the river-water, the water displays its unicolouredness.

Behold the fresh branches of coral; behold the fruits grown from the water of the spirit!
When it is made single of words and sounds and breaths, it leaves all that and becomes the Ocean.

The speaker of the word and the hearer of the word and the words—all three become spirit in the end.

The bread-giver and the bread-receiver and the wholesome bread become single of their forms and are turned into earth,

But their reality, in the three categories, is both differentiated in grades and permanent.

In appearance they have become earth, in reality they have not; if anyone say that they have, say to him, “No, they have not.”

In the spiritual world all three are waiting, sometimes fleeing from form and sometimes taking abode.

When the Divine command comes—“Enter into forms”—they enter; likewise at His command they become divested.

Know, therefore, that to Him belongs the creation and to Him the command “the creation” is the form and “the command” is the spirit riding upon it.

The rider and the ridden are under the authority of the King: the body is at the portal and the spirit in the audience-chamber.

When the King desires the water to come into the pitcher, He says to the spirit-army, “Ride!”

Again, when He calls the spirit aloft, there comes from the overseers the cry, “Dismount!”

The discourse, after this, will become subtle: diminish the fire, do not put more faggots on it,

Lest the small pots boil quickly: the pot of the perceptions is small and low.

The Holy Transcendent One who makes the apple-orchard conceals them in a mist of words.

From this mist of sound and words and talk a screen that nothing of the apple comes save the scent.

At least inhale this scent in greater quantity with your intelligence, that taking you by the ear it may lead you towards your origin.

 Preserve the scent and beware of the discharge: protect your body from the cold wind and being of the ordinary,

Lest by the effect it stop up your nose: oh, their air is colder than winter.
They are like lifeless matter and frozen and stout of body: their breaths issue from a snow-hill.

When the earth is covered with a shroud of this snow, brandish the sunbeam-sword of Husamü’ddin.

Listen, lift up the sword of Allah from the east: with that east make this portal hot.

That Sun smites the snow with a dagger: it causes the torrents to pour from the mountains upon the earth,

For it is neither of the east nor of the west: by day and by night it is at war with the astronomer,

Saying, “Why in your baseness and blindness have you made a qibla other than me of stars that give no true guidance?

By Quzah, you have girt yourself before the moon: hence you are annoyed by and the moon shall be split asunder.

You disbelieve that the sun shall be folded up: in your opinion the sun is of the highest degree.

You deem change of weather to be caused by the stars: you are displeased with when the star shall fall.

Truly, the moon produces no greater effect than bread: O many a loaf of bread that severs the vein of life!

Truly, Venus produces no greater effect than water: O many a water that has destroyed the body!

Love of those is in your soul, and the advice of your friend strikes on the outer skin of your ear.

Our advice takes no hold of you, O great man; know that neither does your advice take any hold of us.

Your ears are closed unless, perchance, the special key comes from the Friend to whom belongs the keys of the heavens.”

This discourse is like the stars and the moon, but without the command of God it makes no impression.

Saying, “Come from locality to the world without spatial relations, in order that the wolf may not tear you to pieces in checkmate.”
Since its pearl-scattering radiance is such, the sun of the present world may be described as its bat.

The seven blue spheres are in servitude to it; the courier moon is fevered and wasted away by it.

Venus lays her hand upon it to beseech; Jupiter comes forward to offer to it the ready money of his soul.

Saturn is eager to kiss its hand, but he does not regard himself as without of that honour.

On account of it, Mars has inflicted so many wounds on his hands and feet; and on account of it Mercury has broken a hundred pens.

All these planets are at war with the astronomer, saying, “O you who have let the spirit go and has preferred colour, it is the spirit, and we all are colour and designs: the star of every thought in it is the soul of the stars.”

Where is thought? There all is pure light: this word “thought” is for your sake, O thinker.

Every star has its house on high: our star is not contained in any house.

How should that which transcends place enter into space? How should there be a limit for the illimitable light?

But they use a comparison and illustration, in order that a loving feeble-minded man may apprehend.

It is not a simile, but it is a parable for the purpose of releasing the frozen intellect.

The intellect is strong in the head but weak in the legs, because it is sick of heart though sound of body.

Their intellect is deeply involved in the dessert of this world: never, never do they think of abandoning sensuality.

In the hour of pretension their breasts are like the orient sun, in the hour of pious devotion their endurance is as the lightning.

A learned man who shows self-conceit in his talents is faithless as the world at the time for keeping faith.

At the time when he regards himself he is not contained in the world: he has become lost in the gullet and belly, like bread.

All these qualities of theirs may become good: evil does not remain when it turns to seeking good.
If egoism is foul-smelling like semen, when it attains unto the spirit it gains light.

Every mineral that sets its face towards the plant—life grows from the tree of its fortune.

Every plant that turns its face towards the spirit drinks, like Khizr, from the Fountain of Life.

Once more, when the spirit sets its face towards the Beloved, it lays down its baggage into the life without end.

How an inquirer asked about a bird that was supposed to have settled on the wall of a city—
“Is its head more excellent and estimable and noble and honourable or its tail?”—
and how the preacher gave him a reply suited to the measure of his understanding.

One day an inquirer said to a preacher, “O you who are the pulpit’s most eminent expounder, I have a question to ask. Answer my question in this assembly-place, O possessor of the marrow.

A bird has settled on the city-wall: which is better—its head or its tail?”

He replied, “If its face is to the town and its tail to the country, know that its face is better than its tail; But if its tail is towards the town and its face to the country, be the dust on that tail and spring away from its face.”

A bird flies to its nest by means of wings: the wings of Man are aspiration, O people.

The lover who is soiled with good and evil, do not regard the good and evil; regard the aspiration.

If a falcon be white and beyond compare, it becomes despicable when it hunts a mouse;

And if there be an owl that has desire for the king, it is the falcon’s head: do not regard the hood.

Man, no bigger than a kneading-trough, has surpassed the heavens and the ether.
Did this heaven ever hear *We have honoured* which this sorrowful Man heard?

Did anyone offer to earth and sky beauty and reason and eloquence and fond affection?

Did you ever display to heaven your beauty of countenance and your sureness of judgement in opinion?

Did you ever, O son, offer your silvery limbs to the pictured forms in the bath-house?

You leave those houri-like figures and display yourself to a half-blind old woman.

What is there in the old woman that was not in them, so that she rapt you away from those figures to herself?

You will not say, I will tell plainly: it is reason and sense and perception and consideration and soul.

In the old woman there is a soul that mingles: the pictured forms in the hot-baths have no spirit.

If the pictured form in the hot-bath should move, it would at once separate you from the old woman.

What is soul? Soul is conscious of good and evil, rejoicing on account of kindness, weeping on account of injury.

Since consciousness is the inmost nature and essence of the soul, the more aware one is the more spiritual is he.

Awareness is the effect of the spirit: anyone who has this in excess is a man of God.

Since there are consciousnesses beyond this nature, in that arena these souls are inanimate matter.

The first soul is the theatre of the court; the Soul of the soul is truly the theatre of God.

The angels were entirely reason and spirit there came a new Spirit of which they were the body.

When, by happy fortune, they attached themselves to that Spirit, they became subservient to that Spirit, as the body is subservient to the spirit dwelling in it.

Hence Iblís had turned his head away from the Spirit: he did not become one with it because he was a dead limb.

Since he had it not, he did not become devoted to it: the broken hand does not obey the spirit.
The Spirit is not impaired though its limb is broken, for that is in its power, and it can bring it to life.

There is another mystery, where is another ear? Where is a parrot capable of that sugar?

For the elect parrots there is a profound candy: to that food the eyes of the ordinary parrots are closed.

How should one who has the appearance of a dervish taste of that purity? It is spiritual reality, not fa'ilun fā'ilāt (amphibrachs and cretics).

Candy is not withheld from the ass of Jesus by him, but the ass is naturally pleased with straw.

If candy had roused delight in the ass, he would have poured hundreds of sugar in front of the ass.

Know that this is the meaning of We seal their mouths: this is important for the traveller on the Way.

That perchance, by the Way of the Seal of the prophets, the heavy seal may be lifted from his lips.

The seals which the prophets left were removed by the religion of Ahmad.

The unopened locks had remained: they were opened by the hand of Lo, We have opened.

He is the intercessor in this world and in yonder world—in this world to the religion, and yonder to Paradise.

In this world he says, “Do You show unto them the Way,” and in yonder world he says, “Show them the Moon.”

It was his custom in public and in private, “Guide my people: truly they know not.”

By his breath both the Gates were opened: in both worlds his prayer is answered.

He has become the Seal for this reason that there never was any one like him in munificence nor ever shall be.

When a master surpasses in his craft, don’t say, “The craft is sealed on you”? In the opening of seals you are the Seal: in the world of the givers of spiritual life you are the Hatím.

The claim is this, that the esoteric teachings of Mohammed are wholly revelation within revelation within revelation.
A hundred thousand blessings on his spirit
and on the advent and cycle of his sons!

Those fortunate Caliph-born sons of his
are born of the substance of his soul and heart.

Whether they are of Baghdad or Herat or Rayy,
they are his progeny without admixture of water and earth.

Wherever the rose-bough blossoms, it is still the rose;
wherever the wine-jar bubbles, it is still the wine.

If the sun uplifts its head from the west,
it is the same sun, not anything else.

O Maker, by means of Your veiling grace
keep the fault-pickers blind to this utterance.

God said, “I have blindfolded the eyes
of the evil-natured bat from the peerless Sun.

From the glances of the infirm and feeble bat
even the stars of that Sun are concealed.”

In blame of the rotten reputations which prevent spiritual experience of the Faith and point to
insincerity and stand in the way of hundreds of thousands of fools; as the sheep stood in the way of
a certain effeminate person, and he dared not pass, so he asked the shepherd, “Will these sheep of
yours bite me, I wonder?” “If you are a man,” he replied, “and the root of manhood is in you,
they all are devoted to you; but if you are effeminate, each one of them is a dragon to you.”

There is another effeminate person who, when he sees the sheep, immediately turns back
and does not dare to ask; for he is afraid that, if he asks, the sheep will fall upon him and bite him.

Come, O Radiance of God, Husamu’ddin,
O polisher of the spirit and sovereign of the Way to salvation,

Give the Masnavi a free and open course,
endow the outward form of its parables with the spirit,

That all its words may become reason and soul
and may fly towards the soul’s everlasting abode.

Through your efforts they came from the spirits
into the trap of words and were confined.
May your life in the world be like Khadir, soul-increasing and help giving and perpetual!

Like Khadir and Ilyas, may you remain in the world that by your grace earth may become heaven!

I would declare a hundredth part of your grace, were it not for the vainglory of the evil eye;

But from the evil venomous eye
I have suffered spirit-crushing strokes.

I will not give an eloquent description of your state except allusively, by telling of the state of others.

This pretext too is one of the lures of the heart whereby the feet of the heart are in a mire.

Hundreds of hearts and souls are in love with the Maker, the evil eye or the evil ear has hindered.

One, indeed, is Bu Talib, the Prophet’s uncle: to him the revilement of the Arabs seemed terrible,

For, “What will the Arabs say of me? 'At the bidding of his nephew he has changed the custom on which we rely.’”

He said to him, “O uncle, pronounce once the profession of faith that I may plead with God for you.”

He said, “But it will be spread abroad by hearsay: every secret that passes beyond the two becomes common talk.

I shall remain on the tongues of these Arabs: because of this I shall become despicable in their sight.”

But if the predestined grace had been to him, how should this faintheartedness have existed with God’s pull?

O You who are the Help of those who seek help, help from this pillory of wicked acts of free-will.

By the heart’s deceit and guile I have been so discomfited that I am left unable to lament.

Who am I? Heaven, with its hundred businesses, cried out for help against this ambush of free-will,

Saying, “Deliver me from this pillory of free-will, O gracious and longsuffering Lord!

The one-way pull on the straight Path is better than the two ways of perplexity, O gracious One.
Although You are the entire goal of these two ways, yet indeed this duality is agonising to the spirit.

Although the destination of these two ways is to You alone, yet the battle is never like the banquet.”

Listen to the explanation thereof given by God in the Qur’an, the Verse they shrank from bearing it.

This perplexity in the heart is like war:
“I wonder whether this is better for my case or that.”

In perplexity the fear and the hope of success are always in conflict with each other, advancing and retreating.

A prayer and a seeking refuge with God from the temptation of free-will and from the temptation of those things that minister to free-will; for the heavens and the earth dreaded and feared free-will and the things that minister to it, while the nature of Man is addicted to seeking free-will and all that ministers to his free-will; as if he is sick he feels himself to have little free-will and desires health, which ministers to free-will, in order that his free-will may be increased; and he desires high office in order that his free-will may be increased. And it was excess of free-will and of whatever ministers to it that caused the wrath of God to fall upon the peoples of the past. No one ever saw Pharaoh destitute.

From You first came this ebb and flow within me; else, O glorious One, this sea was still.

From the same source where You gave me this perplexity, graciously make me unperplexed likewise.

You are afflicting me. Ah, help, O You by whose affliction men are made weak as women.

How long this affliction? Do not afflict me, O Lord! Bestow on me one path; do not make me follow ten paths!

I am an emaciated camel, and my back is wounded by my free-will which resembles a pack-saddle.

At one moment this pannier weighs heavily on this side, at another moment that pannier sags to that side.
Let the ill-balanced load drop from me, that I may behold the meadow of the pious.

Like the Fellows of the Cave, I shall browse on the orchard of Bounty—not awake, nay, they are asleep.

I shall recline on the right or on the left, I shall not roll save involuntarily, like a ball,

Just as You, O Lord of the Judgement, turn me over either to the right or to the left.

Hundreds of thousands of years I was flying involuntarily, like the motes in the air.

If I have forgotten that time and state, the migration in sleep recalls it to my memory.

I escape from this four-branched cross and spring away from this halting-place into the pasture of the spirit.

From the nurse, Sleep, I suck the milk of those bygone days of mine, O Lord.

All the world are fleeing from their free-will and existence to their drunken side.

In order that for awhile they may be delivered from sobriety, they lay upon themselves the shame of wine and minstrelsy.

All know that this existence is a snare, that volitional thought and memory are a hell.

They are fleeing from selfhood into selflessness either by means of intoxication or by means of occupation, O well-conducted man.

You draw the soul back from that state of not-being because it entered into unconsciousness without Your command.

Neither for the Jinn nor for mankind is it to pierce through the prison of the regions of the temporal world.

There is no piercing through the cavities of the highest heavens save by the power of Guidance.

There is no guidance save by a power that preserves the spirit of the devout from the keepers of the shooting stars.

What is the means of ascension to Heaven? This not-being. Not-being is the creed and religion of the lovers.
From self-abasement in the way of Love
the fur jacket and rustic shoes became the prayer-niche of Ayaz.

Even though he was beloved by the king,
and was charming and beauteous outwardly and inwardly—

He had become devoid of any arrogance or ostentation or malice,
and his face was a mirror for the beauty of the king—

Yet it was only because he was far removed from his existence,
the end of his affair was praiseworthy.

The steadfastness of Ayaz was all the firmer
forasmuch as he was taking precautions in fear of arrogance.

He had been purified, and he had come
and smitten the neck of arrogance and selfishness.

He was practising these devices either for the purpose of instructing
or for the sake of some principle of wisdom far removed from fear;

Or the sight of his rustic shoes pleased him
because existence is a shutter against the breeze of not-being,

And he looked at them in order that the charnel-house which is built on
not-being might open, and that he might feel the breeze of vitality and life.

The wealth and riches and silks of this traveller’s halt
are a chain on the light-footed spirit.

The spirit espied the golden chain and was beguiled:
it remained in the hole of a dungeon from the open country.

The world’s appearance is Paradise, in reality it is a hell;
it is a viper full of venom, though its figure is a rose-cheeked beauty.

Although Hell-fire does no injury to the true believer,
yet it is still better to pass on from that place.

Although Hell keeps its torment far from him,
yet in any case Paradise is better for him.

O you deficient in understanding, beware of this rose-cheeked one
who at the time of intercourse becomes a hell.
حكایت غلام هندو که به خداوند زاده خود پنهان هوا آورده بود، چون دختر را با مهتر زاده عقد کردند غلام خبر یافته رنج از تر گرفت و با سلامتی، علت او را در نمی‌یافت و او را زهره‌ی غفتند.

Story of the Hindu slave who had secretly fallen in love with his master’s daughter.
On learning that the girl was betrothed to the son of a nobleman, the slave sickened and began to waste away. No physician could diagnose his malady, and he dared not tell.

A certain Khwaja had a Hindu slave whom he had educated and enlivened.

He had taught him science and all polite accomplishments; he had lighted the candle of erudition in his heart.

That beneficent man had brought him up indulgently from childhood in the lap of kindness.

This Khwaja had also a fair daughter, silver-limbed, lovely, and of excellent disposition.

When the girl had almost reached womanhood, the suitors were offering heavy dowries, and there was continually coming to him from every nobleman a wooer to ask for the girl.

The Khwaja said, “Wealth has no permanence: it comes in the morning, and at night it goes in all directions.

Physical beauty too has no importance, for a face is made yellow by a single thorn-scratch.

Noble birth also is of small account, for he is fooled by money and horses.”

Oh, there is many a nobleman’s son who in riot and mischief has disgraced his father by his wicked deeds.

Do not court a man full of talent either, if he be exquisite, and take a warning from Iblís.

He had knowledge, since he had not religious love, he beheld in Adam nothing but a figure of clay.

Though you may know the minutiae of knowledge, O trustworthy, not by that will your two eyes that discern the invisible be opened.

He sees nothing but a turban and beard: he asks the announcer about his merits and demerits.
You, O knower, have no need of the announcer: you see for yourself, for you are the rising light.

The thing that matters is fear of God and religion and piety, of which the result is happiness in both worlds.

He chose a pious son-in-law who was the pride of the whole clan and stock.

Then the women said, “He has no riches, he has neither nobility nor beauty nor independence.”

He replied, “Those things are secondary to asceticism and religion: he, without gold, is a treasure on the face of the earth.”

When it became known that the girl was going to be married in earnest, the hand-promise, the tokens, and the wedding-outfit,

The little slave, who was in the house, immediately became ill and weak and poorly.

He was wasting away like one wasting away: no physician could recognise his ailment.

Reason declared that the malady had its source in his heart medicine for the body is useless for heart-ache.

The little slave breathed no word of his state and did not tell what the cause of the pangs in his breast was.

One night the husband said to his wife, “Ask him privately what the matter with him is. You are in the place of a mother to him: maybe he will disclose his trouble to you.”

When the mistress heard these words, next day she went to the slave.

Then the dame combed his head very fondly with many endearments and signs of friendliness.

In the fashion of fond mothers she truthed him until he began to explain, saying, “I did not expect this from you—that you would give your daughter to a cross-grained stranger.

She is my master’s child, and I am heart-sick: is it not a shame that she should go elsewhere?”

The mistress, by the anger that rose in her, was about to strike him and hurl him down from the roof.
Saying, “Who is he, a whoreson Hindu, that he should desire a Khwaja’s daughter?”

She said, “Patience is best,” and restrained herself; she said to the Khwaja, “Listen to this wonderful thing!”

Such a wretched slave a traitor! we thought he could be trusted!”

**How the Khwaja bade the girl’s mother be patient, saying, “Don’t scold the slave: without scolding him I will make him abandon this desire in such a way that neither will the spit be burnt nor the meat be left uncooked.”**

“Have patience,” said the Khwaja: “tell him, ‘We will break off with him and give her to you,’

That maybe I may banish this from his mind: watch and see how I will thwart him.

Gladden his heart and say, ‘Know for sure that our daughter is really your spouse.

O goodly wooer, we didn’t know, since we know, you are the most worthy.

Our fire is in our own hearth: Layla is ours, and you are our Majnun.’

Tell him this in order that happy phantasies and thoughts may affect him: sweet thoughts make a man fat.

An animal is made fat, but by fodder; man is fattened by honour and eminence.

Man is fattened through his ear; an animal is fattened through its stomach and by eating and drinking.”

The mistress said, “Such a vile disgrace! How indeed shall my lips move in this matter?

Why should I talk drivel like this for his sake? Let the devilish traitor die!”

“Nay,” replied the Khwaja, “have no fear, but wheedle him, in order that his illness may depart from him by virtue of this sweet flattery.

Charge me with the task of thwarting him, O beloved, and let that spinner of fine yarns regain his health.”
When the mistress had spoken in this strain to the invalid, on account of his swagger there was no room for him on the earth.

He grew stout and fat and red cheeked, and bloomed like a red rose and gave a thousand thanks.

Now and again he would say, "O my mistress, lest this may be a deception and trick."

The Khwaja gave a party and a feast, saying, "I am making a match for Faraj."

So that the company chaffed and quizzed and said, "May your marriage be blessed, O Faraj!"

With the result that the promise seemed to Faraj surer and his illness vanished entirely and radically.

Afterwards, on the wedding-night, he artfully dyed a youth with henna, like (those of) a woman.

He decorated his fore-arms like a bride: then he displayed to him a hen, but he gave him a cock;

He dressed the sturdy youth in the veil and robes of beautiful brides.

At bedtime he quickly extinguished the light.

The Indian was left alone with the stout man

The Hindu yelled and shrieked, he begged and entreated him, but owing to the sound of the music outside, no one heard him.

The strong men had his way with the Indian until dawn.

At morning they brought the wash-basin and a big package, and according to the custom of bridegrooms Faraj went to the bath.
“May no one,” he exclaimed, “live in wedlock with a nasty evil-doing bride like you!

By day your face is the face of fresh young ladies; by night your penis is larger than a donkey’s.

Even so all the pleasures of this world are very delightful from a distance before the test.

Seen from a distance they appear, when you approach they are a mirage.

She is a stinking hag, though by reason of her great blandishments she displays herself like a young bride.

Listen! Do not be deceived by her rouge; do not taste her sherbet which is mixed with poison!

Have patience, for patience is the key to joy, lest like Faraj you fall into a hundred straits.

Her bait is visible, her trap is hidden: at first her favours seem sweet to you.

Do not lay your burden on any one, lay it on yourself: do not seek eminence, it is best to be poor.

Inasmuch as the coffin is a burden on the people, these grandees have laid the burden on the people.

If you dream of any one on a bier, he will become a high stirruped rider of office.

Since you are attached to those, oh, beware!

The names “princedom,” “vizierate,” and “kingship” are enticing, but hidden beneath them is death and pain and giving up the ghost.

Be a slave and walk on the earth like a horse, not like a bier which is carried on the neck.

If the ungrateful man wishes all people to carry him: they bring him, like a dead rider, to the grave.

Explaining that this self-delusion was not to that Hindu alone; on the contrary, every human being is afflicted with a similar self-delusion at every stage, except those whom God has preserved.
Do not be perpetually riding on the necks of people, lest gout attack your feet.

The vehicle which you will curse in the end, saying, “You resemble a city, but you are a ruined village”—

Curse it now when it appears to you like a city, in order that you may not have to unload in the wilderness.

Curse it now when you possess a hundred gardens, lest you become unable and devoted to the wilderness.

The Prophet said, “If you desire Paradise from God, desire nothing from any one.

When you desire nothing, I am your surety for the Garden of resort and the vision of God.”

Because of this certainty that Companion became so independent that one day when he had mounted,

And the whip fell right out of his hand, he himself dismounted and did not ask anyone to give it to him.

He, from whose gifts no evil comes, knows and Himself will give it without any asking.

But if you ask by God’s command, that is right: such asking is the way followed by the prophets.

When the Beloved has signified, it is evil no more: infidelity becomes faith when the infidelity is for His sake.

Any evil deed prompted by His command surpasses the good deeds in the world.

Even if the skin of the oyster-shell be damaged, do not curse it, for within it there are a hundred thousand pearls.

This topic has no end. Return to the King and become endued with the nature of the falcon.

Like pure gold, return to the mine, in order that your hands may be delivered from giving the ten fingers;

When they admit a phenomenal form into their hearts, in the end they curse it in contrition.

The repentance they show is like that of the moth: forgetfulness draws them back again to the work.

Like the moth, he deems the fire from a distance to be light, and packs off towards it.
As soon as he comes, it burns his wings, and he flees; and again he falls, like children, and spills the salt.

Once more, thinking and hoping to profit, he quickly dashes himself on the fire of that candle.

Once more he is scorched and recoils; again the greed of his heart makes him forgetful and intoxicated.

At the moment when he recoils on being scorched, he gives the ten fingers, like the Hindu, to the candle,

Saying, “Oh, your face is splendid as the night-illumining moon, but oh, in intercourse you are false and destructive to him that is duped.”

Again his repentance and moaning go out of his memory, for God has made the stratagems of the liars to be feeble.

Concerning the interpretation, in a general sense, of the Verse: “as often as they kindle a fire for war.”

As often as they kindle the fire of spiritual warfare, God quenches their fire so that it is put out.

He makes a resolution, saying, “O heart, do not stay there!” he becomes forgetful, for he is not resolute.

Since there was no seed of sincerity sown by him, God has caused him to forget that resolution

Though he strikes the match of his heart, the Hand of God is always extinguishing the star.

A Story in further exposition of this.

A man of trust heard a sound of footsteps during the night: he took up the fire-lighter to strike a flame.

At that moment the thief came and sat down beside him, and whenever the tinder caught he put it out,

Laying the tip of his finger on the place, in order that the fiery star might vanish.
The Khwaja thought it was dying of itself: 
he didn't see that the thief was extinguishing it.

The Khwaja said, “This tinder was moist: 
on account of its wetness the spark is dying at once.”

As there was great gloom and darkness in front, 
he didn't see a fire-extinguisher beside him.

The infidel's eye, because of dimness, 
does not see a similar fire extinguisher in his heart.

How is the heart of any knowing person ignorant with the moving there is a mover?

Why don't you say, “How should day and night 
come and go of themselves without a Lord?”

You are conversant with intelligible ones; 
see what a lack of intelligence is shown by you, O despicable man!

Is a house more intelligible with a builder or without a builder? 
Answer, O man of little knowledge!

Is writing more intelligible with a writer or without a writer? 
Think, O son!

How should the jím of the ear and the 'ayn of the eye 
and the mím of the mouth be without a Writer, O suspect?

Is the bright candle without one who lights it 
or with a skilful lighter?

Is it more reasonable to expect good craftsmanship from the hand of one 
who is palsied and blind or from one who has control and can see?

Since, therefore, you have apprehended that He will overpower you 
and beat the mace of tribulation on your head,

Like a Nimrod, repel Him by war! 
Launch an arrow of poplar-wood into the air against Him!

Like the Mongol soldiery, shoot an arrow at Heaven 
to prevent your soul being torn!

Or flee from Him, if you can, and go; 
how can you go, since you are a pawn in His hand?

You were in non-existence, you did not escape from His hand: 
how will you escape from His hand, O helpless one?

To seek one's own desire is to flee 
and shed the blood of piety in the presence of His justice.
This world is a trap, and desire is its bait:

flee from the traps, quickly turn your face towards God.

When you have gone this way, you have enjoyed a hundred blessings;
when you have gone the opposite way, you have fared ill.

Therefore the Prophet said, “Consult your hearts,
though the mufti outside gives you advice in affairs.”

Abandon desire, in order that He may have mercy:
that such is required by Him.

Since you cannot escape, do service to Him,
that you may go from His prison into His rose-garden.

When you keep watch continually,
you are always seeing Justice and the Judge, O misguided man;
and if you shut your eyes because you have veiled yourself,
how should the sun relinquish its work?

How the King revealed to the Amírs and those who were intriguing against Ayaz
the reason of his superiority to them in rank and favour and salary,
in such a manner that no argument or objection was left for them.
He went and returned and said, “For Yemen.”

“He,” said the King, “what is their merchandise, O trusty one?”

He remained perplexed. The King said to another Amír, “Go and inquire the merchandise of those people.”

He came back and said, “It is of every sort; the greater part consists of cups made in Rayy.”

He asked, “When did they set out from the city of Rayy?”

The dull-witted Amír remained in perplexity.

So till thirty Amírs and more had been tested: feeble in judgement and deficient in mental power.

He said to the Amírs, “One day I put my Ayaz to the test separately,

Saying, ‘Inquire of the caravan where it comes.’

He went and asked all these questions right.

Without instructions, without a hint, he apprehended everything concerning them, point by point, without any uncertainty or doubt.”

Everything that was discovered by these thirty Amírs in thirty stages was completed by him in one moment.

How the Amírs endeavoured to rebut that argument by the Necessitarien error and how the King answered them.

Then the Amírs said, “This is a branch of His providential favours: it has nothing to do with effort.

The fair face of the moon is bestowed on it by God, the sweet scent of the rose is the gift of Fortune.”

“Nay,” said the Sultan, “that which proceeds from one's self is the product of remissness and the income derived from labour.

Otherwise, how should Adam have said unto God, ‘O our Lord, truly we have wronged ourselves?’

Surely he would have said, ‘This sin was from Fate: since it was destiny, what does our precaution avail?’

Like Iblís, who said, ‘You has led me astray:
You have broken the cup and are beating me.’”

مرافعه امرا آن حجت را به شبیهه چیریانه و جواب دادن شاه ایشان را
Nay, destiny is a fact and the slave's exertion is a fact: beware, do not be blind of one eye, like the tatterdemalion Iblis.

We are left vacillating between two actions: how should this vacillation be without free-will?

How should he whose hands and feet are chained say, “Shall I do this or shall I do that?”

Can there ever be in my head such a dilemma as this, “Shall I walk on the sea or shall I fly aloft?”

There is this vacillation,
“Shall I go to Mosul or shall I go to Babylon for magic?”

Vacillation, then, must have a power to act; otherwise, it would be a mockery.

Do not put the blame on Destiny, O youth: how can you lay upon others your own sin?

Does Zayd commit murder, and the retaliation for which he is liable fall upon ‘Amr?

Does ‘Amr drink wine, and the penalty for wine fall upon Ahmad?

Circle round yourself and perceive your sin: perceive that the movement proceeds from the sun and do not regard it as proceeding from the shadow;

For the Lord's retribution will not err: that sagacious Lord knows the guilty one.

When you have eaten honey, the fever does not come to another; your day's wages do not come at nightfall to another.

In what have you exerted yourself without its returning to you? What have you sown without the produce of the seed coming?

Your action that is born of your soul and body clings to your skirt, like your child.

In the Unseen World the action is given a form:

is not a gallows erected for the act of robbery?

How should the gallows resemble robbery?

But that is the form given by God who knows things unseen,

Since God inspired the prefect's heart to make such a form for justice’ sake.

So long as you are wise and just, how should Destiny deal justice and give retribution not in accordance?

Since a judge does this in the case of a virtuous man, how will the most Just of these judges give judgement?
When you sow barley nothing except barley will grow up: you have borrowed, from whom will you require the security?

Do not lay your sin upon any one else: give your mind and ear to this retribution.

Lay the sin upon yourself, for you yourself sowed: make peace with the recompense and justice of God.

The cause of affliction is some evil deed: acknowledge that evil is done by you, not by Fate.

To look at Fate makes the eye squint: it makes the dog be attached to the kennel and lazy.

Suspect yourself, O youth; do not suspect the recompense of justice.

Repent like a man; turn your head into the Way, for whoso does a mote's weight shall see it.

Do not be duped by the wiles of the carnal soul, for the Divine Sun will not conceal a single mote.

These material motes, O profitable man, are visible in the presence of this material sun.

The motes consisting of ideas and thought are manifest in the presence of the Sun of Realities.

Story of the bird catcher who had wrapped himself in grass and drawn over his head a handful of roses and red anemones, like a cap, in order that the birds might think he was grass.

The clever bird had some little notion that he was a man, and said, “I have never seen grass of this shape”; but it did not wholly apprehend and was deceived by his guile, because at the first view it had no decisive argument, on its second view of the trick it had a decisive argument, namely, avarice and greed, especially at the time of excessive want and poverty. The Prophet—God bless and save him!—has said that poverty is almost infidelity.

A bird went into a meadow: there was a trap for the purpose of catching a bird.

Some grain had been placed on the ground, and the bird catcher was ensconced there in ambush.
He had wrapped himself in leaves and grass that the wretched prey might slip off from the path.

A little bird approached him in ignorance: then it hopped round and ran up to the man,

And said to him, “Who are you; clad in green in the desert amidst these wild animals?”

He replied, “I am an ascetic severed: I have become content here with some grass.

I adopted asceticism and piety as my religion and practice because I saw before me the appointed end of my life.

My neighbour’s death had given me warning and upset my business and shop.

Since I shall be left alone at the last, it behooves me not to become friendly with every man and woman.

I shall turn my face to the grave at the last: it is better that I should make friends with the One.

Since my jaw will be bound up, O worshipful one, it is better that I should jaw little.

O you who have learned to wear a gold-embroidered robe and a belt, at the last there is the unsewn garment for you.

We shall turn our faces to the earth where we have sprung: why have we fixed our hearts on creatures devoid of constancy?

The four ‘natures’ are our ancestors and kinsfolk from of old; we have fixed our hopes on a borrowed kinship.

During years the body of Man had companionship and intimacy with the elements.

His spirit, indeed, is from the souls and intelligences, the spirit has forsaken its origins.

From the pure souls and intelligences there is coming to the spirit a letter, saying, ‘O faithless one,

You have found miserable five-day friends and have turned your face away from your friends of old.’

Although the children are happy in their play, at nightfall they are dragged off and taken home.

At play-time the little child strips: suddenly the thief carries off his coat and shoes.
He is so hotly engaged in play that his cap and shirt are forgotten.

Night falls, and his play becomes helpless: he has not the face to go home.

Have not you heard the present life is only a play? You have squandered your goods and have become afraid.

Look for your clothes ere night comes on: do not waste the day in talk.

I have chosen seclusion in the desert:
I have perceived that mankind is a stealer of clothes.

Half of life in desire for a charming friend;
half of life in anxieties caused by foes.

That has carried off cloak, this has carried off cap, we have become absorbed in play, like a little child.

Lo, the night-time of death is near.
Leave this play: you have enough, do not return.

Listen, mount repentance, overtake the thief, and recover your clothes from him.

The steed of repentance is a marvellous steed:
in one moment it runs from below up to heaven.

But always keep the steed from him who secretly stole your coat.

Lest he steal your steed also, keep watch over this steed of yours incessantly."

Story of the person whose ram was stolen by some thieves. Not content with that, they stole his clothes too by means of a trick.

A certain man had a ram he was leading along behind him: a thief carried off the ram, having cut its halter.

As soon as he noticed, he began to run to left and right, that he might find out where the stolen ram was.

Beside a well he saw the thief crying, “Alas! Woe is me!”
“O master,” said he, “why are you lamenting?”
He replied, “My purse of gold has fallen into the well.
If you can go in and fetch it out,
I will give you a fifth with pleasure.
You will receive the fifth part of a hundred dinars in your hand.”
He said, “Why, this is the price of ten rams.
If one door is shut ten doors are opened:
if a ram is gone, God gives a camel in compensation.”
He took off his clothes and went into the well:
at once the thief carried away his clothes too.
A prudent man is needed to find the way to the village:
prudence be absent, cupidity brings calamity.
He is a mischievous thief:
like a phantom, he has a shape at every moment.
None but God knows his cunning:
take refuge with God and escape from that impostor.

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prudence be absent, cupidity brings calamity.
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like a phantom, he has a shape at every moment.
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The bird’s debate with the bird catcher concerning monasticism
and about the meaning of the monasticism which Mustafá (Mohammed), on whom be peace,
forbade his community to practise, saying, “There is no monkery in Islam.”

The bird said to him, “O Khwaja, don’t stay in seclusion: monasticism is not good in regard to the religion of Ahmad.
The Prophet has forbidden monasticism:
how have you embraced a heresy, O trifler?
The conditions are: the Friday worship and the public prayers,
to enjoin good and shun evil,
To bear patiently affliction caused by the ill-natured,
and to confer benefit on creatures as the clouds.
O father, the best of the people is he who benefits the people:
if you are not a stone, why are you consorting with the stupid?
Live amongst the community that is the object of mercy:
do not forsake the religion of Ahmad, be ruled.”
He replied, “Anyone whose intelligence is infirm, he in the opinion of the intelligent is like a stone and stupid.

One whose wish is for bread resembles an ass: companionship with him is the essence of monkery.

For all except God crumbles away, everything that is coming after a time will come.

His predicament is the same as that of his qibla: call him ‘dead’ inasmuch as he seeks the dead.

Anyone who lives with these people is a monk, for his companions are earth and stones.

In truth, clods and stones never waylaid any one, from those clods come a hundred thousand corruptions.”

The bird said to him, “Then, the Jihad (spiritual war) is waged at the time when a brigand like this is on the road.

The valiant man enters on the unsafe road for the purpose of protecting and helping and fighting.

The root of manhood becomes apparent at the time when the traveller meets his enemies on the road.

Since the Messenger was the Prophet of the sword, his community is heroes and champions.

In our way the right thing is war and glory; in the religion of Jesus the right thing is cave and mountain.”

He said, “Yes; if one has help and strength to make a mighty attack on evil and mischief.

When there is no strength, it is better to abstain: spring easily away in flight from what cannot be endured.”

It replied, “Firmness of heart is needed for achievement, but a friend does not lack friends.

Be a friend, that you may find friends innumerable; for without friends you will be left helpless.

The Devil is a wolf, and you are like Joseph: do not let go Jacob’s skirt, O excellent one.

Generally the wolf seizes at the moment when a year-old sheep strays alone by itself from the flock.

He who has abandoned the Sunna with the community, has not he drunk his own blood in such a haunt of wild beasts?
The Sunna is the road, and the community is like companions: without the road and without comrades you will fall into straits;

Not the fellow-traveller who is an enemy to Reason and seeks an opportunity to carry off your clothes,

Goes about with you in order to find a mountain-pass where he can plunder you!

Not one who has the heart of a camel and, when he feels afraid, instructs to turn back on the road!

By his camel's courage he frightens his comrade:

know that such a fellow-traveller is an enemy, not a friend.

The road is self-sacrifice, and in every thicket is a bane to drive back any one whose soul is as a glass bottle.

The road of religion is full of trouble and bale for the reason that it is not the road for any one whose nature is effeminate.

On this road souls are tried by terror as a sieve for sifting bran.

What is the road? Full of footprints.

What is the friend? The ladder whereby minds ascend.

I grant that, through taking precautions, the wolf may not find you, without company you will not find that alacrity.

He who cheerfully goes alone on a journey—

with companions his progress is increased a hundredfold.

Notwithstanding the grossness of the ass, it is exhilarated, O dervish, by comrades and becomes capable of strength.

To any ass that goes alone from the caravan the road is a hundredfold by fatigue.

How much more prodding and beating does it suffer that it may cross the desert alone!

That ass is saying to you, 'Take heed!

Don't travel alone like this, unless you are an ass!'

Beyond doubt he who cheerfully goes alone into the custom-house will go more cheerfully with companions.

Every prophet on this straight road produced evidentiary miracles and sought fellow-travellers.

Were it not for the help given by the walls; how should houses and mezzanines arise?
If each wall is separated, how shall the roof remain suspended in the air?

If no help be given by ink and pen, how shall the writing come on to the surface of the paper?

If this rush-mat which someone is spreading were not joined together, the wind would carry it away.

Since God created pairs of every kind, therefore results are produced by means of union.”

He spoke and the bird spoke: their debate on this subject was prolonged by the vehemence.

Make the Masnavi nimble and pleasing to the heart: abridge and shorten controversy.

Afterwards, it said to him, “Whose is the wheat?” He replied, “It is the deposit of an orphan who has no guardian.

It is orphans’ property, deposited with me because people deem me trustworthy.”

The bird said, “I am driven by necessity and in a sore plight: carrion is lawful to me at this moment.

Listen, with your permission I will eat of this wheat, O trusty and devout and venerable one.”

He replied, “You are the judge of necessity: if you eat without necessity, you will commit a sin;

And if the necessity exists, yet it is better to abstain; or if you do eat, at any rate give a guarantee for it.”

Thereupon the bird pondered deeply, its restive steed took its head from the pull of the rein.

When it had eaten the wheat, it remained in the trap: it recited several times Yāsīn and al-An‘ām.

What is “Alas” and “Ah me” after being left helpless? This black smoke ought to have been before that.

At the time when greed and desire have stirred, at that time keep saying, “Help me, O You who come at the cry for help!”

For that time is prior to the devastation of Basra, and it may be that Basra will still be saved from that overthrow.

O you that will weep for me, O you that will be bereft of me, weep for me before the demolition of Basra and Mosul.
Mourn for me and smear yourself with dust before my death; do not mourn for me after my death, but bear with patience.

Weep for me before my destruction in decease: after the flood of decease leave off weeping.

At the time when the Devil was waylaying, at that time you ought to have recited Yâsîn.

O watchman, use your rattle before the caravan is ruined.

Story of the watchman who kept silence till the robbers had carried off the entire stock of the merchants, but afterwards made an outcry and did the duty of a watchman.

A certain watchman fell asleep. The robbers carried off the goods and secreted the articles under any piece of earth.

It was day, the caravaneers awoke:
they saw that stock and money and camels were gone.

Then they said to him, “O watchman, tell what has happened. Where are this stock and these goods?”

He replied, “The robbers came unexpectedly, and hastily carried off the stock from before me.”

The party said to him, “O man weak as a sand hill, what were you doing, then? Who are you, O disloyal?”

“I was one,” said he, “and they were a band, armed and brave and formidable.”

He said, “If you had no hope in battle, shout, ‘Gentlemen, spring up!’”

He replied, “At that moment they produced knives and swords, crying, ‘Silence! Or we will kill you ruthlessly.’

At that time I shut my mouth in terror; at this time screams and calls for help and cries of distress.

At that time my breath was stopped from breathing a word: at this time I will scream as much as you please.”

After the Devil who exposes to disgrace has carried off your life, it is foolish “I take refuge” and recite the Fatiha;
Though it is foolish to moan now, assuredly heedlessness is more foolish than that.

Continue to sob thus, even foolishly, crying, “Regard the base, O Almighty One!

Whether it is late or early, You are omnipotent: when did anything escape You, O God?

The King of may not grieve for what has escaped you — how should the object of desire vanish from His power?

How the bird attributed its being caught in the trap to the artifice and cunning and hypocrisy of the ascetic; and how the ascetic answered the bird.

The bird said, “This is a fit punishment for one who listens to the beguiling talk of ascetics.”

“Nay,” said the ascetic; “it is a fit punishment for the greedy wretch who incontinently devours the property of orphans.”

Afterwards it began to lament in such wise that the trap and the bird catcher trembled at the grief, Crying, “My back is broken by the contradictions in my heart: come, O Beloved, rub Your hand on my head.

Under Your hand my head has a relief: Your hand is a miracle in bestowing favour.

Do not take away Your shadow from my head: I am restless, restless, restless.

All sorts of sleep have left mine eye in my passion for You, O You who art envied by the cypress and the jasmine.

Though I am not deserving, what matter if for a moment You ask after an unworthy one in a anguish?”

What right, for truth, had Not-being, to which Your grace opened such doors?

Bounty touched the mangy earth and put in its bosom ten pearls of the light of sensation—

Five outward senses and five inward senses— whereby the dead semen was made Man.
Repentance without Your blessing, O sublime Light, what is it but to laugh at the beard of repentance?

You do tear the moustaches of repentance piecemeal: repentance is the shadow and You are the shining moon.

O You by whom my shop and dwelling is ruined, how shall not I wail when You rack my heart?

How shall I flee, since without You no one lives, and without Your lordship no slave has existence?

Take my life, O Source of my life, for without You I have become weary of my life.

I am in love with the art of madness; I am surfeited with wisdom and sagacity.

When shame is rent asunder, I will publicly declare the mystery: how much of this self-restraint and gripping pain and tremor?

I have become concealed in shame, like the fringe: I will spring forth of a sudden from beneath this coverlet.

O comrades, the Beloved has barred the ways: we are lame deer and He a hunting lion.

In the clutch of a fierce bloodthirsty lion where is any resource except resignation and acquiescence?

He, like the sun, has neither sleep nor food: He makes the spirits to be without food and sleep,

Saying, “Come, be Me or one with Me in nature, that you may behold My Face when I unveil Myself.

And if you had not beheld it, how should you have become so distraught? You were earth, you has become one who seeks to be quickened.”

If He has not given you food from the without spatial relations, how has your spiritual eye remained on that region?

The cat became intent on the hole because she had fed herself from that hole.

Another cat prowls on the roof because she obtained food by preying on birds.

One man’s qibla is the weaver’s craft, while another is a guardsman for the sake of the allowance;

And another is unemployed, his face towards spacelessness because You gave him spiritual food from that quarter.
He has the work who has become desirous of God and for His work’s sake has severed himself from every work.

The rest are like children playing, these few days, till the departure at nightfall.

The drowsy one who awakes and springs up, he, the nurse, evil suggestion, beguiles, saying, “Go to sleep, my darling, for I will not let anyone arouse you from slumber.”

You yourself will tear up your slumber by the roots, like the thirsty man who heard the noise of the water.

“I am the noise of the water in the ears of the thirsty: I am coming like rain from heaven. Spring up, O lover, exhibit agitation: noise of water and thirsty, and then to fall asleep!”

**Story of the lover who, in hope of the tryst promised by his beloved, came at night to the house that he had indicated. He waited part of the night; he was overcome by sleep.**

His beloved came to fulfill his promise and found him asleep, he filled his lap with walnuts and left him sleeping and returned.

In the days of old there was a lover, one who kept troth in his time. For years checkmated in the toils of his fair one’s favour and mated by his king.

In the end the seeker is a finder, for from patience joy is born.

One day his friend said, “Come to-night, for I have cooked haricot beans for you. Sit in such and such a room till midnight, that at midnight I may come unsought.”

The man offered sacrifice and distributed loaves, since the moon had appeared to him from beneath the dust.

At night the passionate lover seated himself in the room in hope of the tryst promised by that loyal friend.
After midnight his friend, the charmer of his heart, arrived like those who are true to their promise.

He found his lover lying asleep; he tore off a little piece of his sleeve

And put some walnuts in his lap, saying, “You are a child: take these and play a game of dice.”

When at dawn the lover sprang up from sleep, he saw the sleeve and the walnuts.

He said, “Our king is entirely truth and loyalty: that which is coming upon us is from ourselves alone.”

O sleepless heart, we are secure from this: we, like guardsmen, are plying our rattles on the roof.

Our walnuts are crushed in this mill: whatever we may tell of our anguish, it is little.

O raider, how long this invitation to the business? Henceforth do not give advice to a madman.

I will not listen to deceitful talk of separation: I have experienced it: how long shall I experience it?

In this Way everything except derangement and madness is farness and alienation.

Listen; put that fetter on my leg, for I have torn the chain of consideration to pieces.

Though you bring two hundred fetters, I will snap except the curls of my auspicious Beauty.

Love and reputation, O brother, are not in accord: do not stand at the door of reputation, O lover.

The time is come for me to strip, to quit the form and become wholly spirit.

Come, O Enemy of shame and anxious thought, for I have rent the veil of shame and bashfulness.

O You who by Your magic has spell-bound the spirit’s sleep, O hardhearted Beloved that You are in the world,

Listen, grip the throat of self-restraint and strangle it, in order that Love’s heart may be made happy, O Cavalier!

How should His heart be made happy till I burn? Oh, my heart is His home and dwelling-place.
You will burn Your house, burn it!
Who is he that will say, “It is not allowed”?

Burn this house well, O furious Lion!
The lover’s house is better so.

Henceforth I will make this burning my qibla, for I am the candle:
I am bright by burning.

Abandon sleep to-night, O father:
for one night traverse the district of the sleepless.

Look on these who have become frenzied
and been killed, like moths, by union.

Look on this ship of creatures sunk in Love:
you would say that Love’s throat has become a dragon—

An invisible heart-ravishing dragon: it is a magnet to draw the reason
that is like a mountain.

Every druggist whose reason became acquainted with Him
dropped the trays into the water of the river.

Go, for you will not emerge from this river unto everlasting:
in truth there is none to be compared with Him.

O false pretender, open your eye and see!
How long will you say, “I know not that or this”?

Ascend from the plague of hypocrisy and deprivation:
enter the world of Life and Self-subsistence,
So that “I see not” may become “I see”
and these “I know not’s” of yours may be “I know.”

Pass beyond intoxication and be one who bestows intoxication:
move away from this mutability into His permanence.

How long will you take pride in this intoxication? it is enough:
there are so many intoxicated at the top of every street.

If the two worlds were filled with those whom the Friend has intoxicated,
they all would be one, and that one is not despicable.

This is nowise rendered despicable by multitude.
Who is despicable? A body-server of fiery nature.

But, notwithstanding all this, mount higher,
since God’s earth is spacious and delightful.

Although this intoxication is like the white falcon,
in the earth of Transcendence there is superior to it.
Go, become an Seraphiel in distinction—an inspirer of spirituality and intoxicated and an intoxicator.

Since the intoxicated man's heart is occupied with thoughts of merriment, it has become his practice “I don't know this” and “I don't know that.”

What is the purpose of “I don't know this” and “I don't know that”? in order that you may say who He is whom we know.

In discourse negation is for the purpose of affirmation: cease from negating and begin to affirm.

Come, leave off “this is not” and “that is not”: bring forward that One who is Real Being.

Leave negation and worship only that Real Being: learn this, O father, from the drunken Turk.

How a drunken Turkish Amir summoned a minstrel at the hour of the morning-drink; and a commentary on the Tradition, “Truly, God most High has a wine that He prepared for His friends: when they drink it they become intoxicated, and when they become intoxicated they are purified,” to the end of the Tradition. “The wine is bubbling in the jars of the mysteries in order that anyone who is denuded may drink of that wine.” God most High has said, “Lo, the righteous shall drink.” “This wine that you drink is forbidden; we drink none but a lawful wine.” “Endeavour through non-existence to become existent and to be intoxicated with God's wine.”

A barbarian Turk came to his senses at dawn with a wine induced hangover, desired the minstrel.

The spiritual minstrel is the bosom-friend of those intoxicated: he is the dessert and food and strength of the drunken.

The minstrel led them on to intoxication; then again, he quaffed intoxication from the song of the minstrel.

That one fetches God's wine because of that minstrel, while this one imbibes the bodily wine from this minstrel.

Though both have one name in discourse, yet there is a vast difference between this Hasan and that Hasan.
There is a verbal resemblance in enunciation, but what relation has heaven (ásmán) to a rope (rísmán)?

The participation of a word is always obstructive: the participation of the infidel with the true believer is in the body.

Bodies are like pots with the lids on: look and see what is in each pot.

The pot of that body is filled with the Water of Life; the pot of this body is filled with the poison of death.

If you keep your eye fixed on its contents, you are a king; but if you regard its vessel, you are misguided.

Know that words resemble this body and that their inward meaning resembles the soul.

The bodily eye is always seeing the body; the spiritual eye sees the artful soul.

Therefore the man of appearance is misled by the form of the expressions used in the Masnavi, while they guide the man of reality.

He has said in the Qur’án, “This Qur’án with all its heart leads some aright and others astray.”

God, God! When the gnostic speaks of “wine,” how in the gnostic’s eyes should the non-existent be a thing?

Since your understanding is the Devil’s wine, how should you have any conception of the wine of the Merciful?

These two—the minstrel and the wine—are partners: this one quickly leads to that, and that one to this.

They that are full of crop-sickness feed on the song of the minstrel: the minstrels bring them to the tavern.

That one is the beginning of the course, and this is the end thereof: the witless is like a ball in his polo-bat.

The ear inclines to that which is in the head: if there is yellow bile in the head, it becomes black bile.

Afterwards, these two pass into unconsciousness: there the begetter and the begotten become one.

When joy and sorrow made peace, our Turk awakened the minstrels.

The minstrel began a slumberous verse—

“Hand me the cup, O You whom I see not."
You are my face: no wonder that I see it not: extreme proximity is a mystifying veil.

You are my reason: no wonder if I see You not, on account of the abundance of the intricate perplexities.

You have come nearer to me than my neck-artery: how long shall I say 'Oh'? 'Oh' is a call to one who is far off.

Nay, but I dissemble with them when I call in the deserts, in order that I may conceal Him who is beside me from those who excite my jealousy.”

How a blind man entered the house of Mustafá, on whom be peace, and how ‘Aisha, may God be pleased with her, fled from the presence of the blind man, and how the Prophet, on whom be peace, asked, “Why are you running away? He cannot see you”; and the answer given by ‘Aisha, may God be pleased with her, to the Prophet—God bless and save him!

A blind man came into the presence of the Prophet, saying, “O you who supplies fuel to every oven of dough,

O you who are the lord of the Water, while I am suffering from dropsy—help, help, O giver of drink to me!”

When the blind man came in hastily by the door, ‘Aisha ran away to conceal herself,

Because that chase lady was aware of the resentfulness of the jealous Prophet.

The more beautiful any one is, the greater his jealousy, for jealousy arises from loveliness, O sons.

Since foul hags are aware of their ugliness and old age, they let their husbands take a concubine.

When has there been in the two worlds a beauty like that of Ahmad? Oh, may the Divine Glory aid him!

To him belong the charms of both worlds: it beseems that hundredfold Sun to be jealous,

Saying, “I have thrown my orb over Saturn: beware, O stars, and cover your faces!

Be nonexistent in my incomparable radiance; else you will be put to shame before my light.
For kindness’ sake, I disappear every night; how should I depart? I only make a show of departing,

That for a night you may fly without me like bats, flapping your wings, around this flying-place;

And that, like peacocks, you may display a wing, and then become intoxicated and haughty and self-conceited.

Look at your crude feet, like the rustic shoes that were a candle to Ayaz.

At dawn I show my face to reprimand you, lest from egoism you become among the people of the left hand.”

Leave that, for that topic is lengthy: the command “Be!” has forbidden lengthiness.

How Mustafá, on whom be peace, made trial of ‘Aisha, may God be pleased with her, and said, “Why are you hiding? Do not hide, for the blind man cannot see you,” in order that it might appear whether ‘Aisha was acquainted with the secret thoughts of Mustafá, on whom be peace, or whether she was one who would follow his expressed wishes.

The Prophet said by way of trial, “He cannot see you: do not hide.”

‘Aisha made a sign with her hands, “He does not see, yet I see him.”

Reason’s jealousy of the beauty of the Spirit is this sincere admonition being full of similitudes and allegories.

Notwithstanding that this Spirit is so hidden, why is Reason so jealous of Him?

O jealous one, from whom are you hiding Him whose face is concealed by His light?

This Sun goes with face uncovered: His face is veiled by the excess of His light.

From whom are you hiding Him, O jealous one? The sun cannot see a trace of Him.

“The jealousy in my body is the greater because I desire to hide Him even from myself.
On account of the fire of fell jealousy
I am at war with my own eyes and ears.”

Since you have such a jealousy, O my soul and heart,
close your mouth and leave off speaking.

“If I keep silence, I fear that that Sun
will rend the veil and from another quarter.”

In silence our speaking is made more evident,
since the desire is increased by suppression.

If the Sea roars, its roaring turns to foam
and becomes the surge of “I desired to be known.”

To utter words is to shut the window:
the very act of expression is the concealment.

Sing, like nightingales, in the presence of the Rose,
in order that you may divert them from the scent of the Rose,
So that their ears will be engaged in the song,
and their attention will not fly to the face of the Rose.

Before this Sun, which is exceedingly radiant,
every guide is in reality a highway robber.

Story of the minstrel who began to sing this ode at the banquet of the Turkish Amír:
“Are You a rose or a lily or a cypress or a man? I know not. What do You desire from this bewildered one who has lost his heart? I know not”— and how the Turk shouted at him,
“Tell of that which you know!”—and the minstrel’s reply to the Amír.

In the presence of the drunken Turk
the minstrel began the mysteries of Alast under the veil of melody—
“...I know not what service I shall pay You,
whether I shall keep silent or express You in words.
It is marvellous that You are not separate from me,
where am I, and where You, I know not.
I know not how You are drawing me:
You draw me now into Your bosom, now into blood.”
In this fashion he opened his lips to say “I know not”: he made a tune of “I know not, I know not.”

When “I know not” passed beyond bounds, our Turk was amazed and his heart became sick of this ditty.

710 The Turk leaped up and fetched an iron mace to smite the minstrel’s head with it on the spot;

An officer seized the mace with his hand, saying, “Nay; it is wicked to kill the minstrel at this moment.”

He replied, “This endless and countless repetition of his has pounded my nerves: I will pound his head.

O cuckold, you don’t know, don’t talk nonsense; and if you do know, play to the purpose.

Tell of that which you know, O crazy fool: don’t draw out ‘I know not, I know not.’

I ask, ‘Where do you come from, hypocrite, eh?’ you will say, ‘Not from Balkh, and not from Herat, not from Baghdad and not from Mosul and not from Tiraz: you will draw out a long journey in ‘not’ and ‘not.’

Just say where you come from and escape: in this case it is folly to elaborate the point at issue.

Or I asked, ‘What had you for breakfast?’ you would say, ‘Not wine and not roast-meat, not qadid and not tharid and not lentils’: tell me what you did eat, only and no more.

Why this long nattering?” “Because,” said the minstrel, “my object is obscure.

Before you deny, affirmation evades:

I denied in order that you might get a scent of affirmation.

I play the tune of negation: when you die, death will declare the mystery.
Commentary on his saying—peace be upon him!—‘Die before you die.’ ‘O friend, die before your death if you desire life; for by so dying Idrís became a dweller in Paradise before us.’

You have suffered much agony, but you are in the veil, because dying was the fundamental principle, and you have not fulfilled it.

Your agony is not finished till you die: you cannot reach the roof without completing the ladder.

When two rungs out of a hundred are wanting, the striver will be forbidden to the roof.

When the rope lacks one ell out of a hundred, how should the water go from the well into the bucket?

O Amír, you will not experience the wreck of this ship till you put into it the last mann.

Know that the last mann is fundamental, for it is the star that rises at night: it wrecks the ship of evil suggestion and error.

The ship of consciousness, when it is utterly wrecked, becomes the sun in the blue vault.

Inasmuch as you have not died, your agony has been prolonged: be extinguished in the dawn, O candle of Tiraz!

Know that the Sun of the world is hidden till our stars have become hidden.

Wield the mace against yourself: shatter egoism to pieces, for the bodily eye is cotton wool in the ear.

You are wielding the mace against yourself, O base man: this egoism is the reflection of yourself in my actions.

You have seen the reflection of yourself in my form and have risen in fury to fight with yourself,

Like the lion who went down into the well; he fancied that the reflection of himself was his enemy.”

Beyond any doubt, negation is the opposite of being, in order that by means of the opposite you may gain a little knowledge of the opposite.

At this time there is no making known except denying the opposite: in this life no moment is without a snare.
O you who possess sincerity, you want that unveiled, choose death and tear off the veil—

Not such a death that you will go into a grave, a death consisting of transformation, so that you will go into a Light.

A man grows up, his childhood dies; he becomes a Greek, he washes out the dye of the Ethiopian.

Earth becomes gold, its earthly aspect remains not; sorrow becomes joy, the thorn of sorrowfulness remains not.

Hence Mustafá said, “O seeker of the mysteries, you wish to see a dead man living—

Walking on the earth, like living men; dead and his spirit is gone to heaven;

One whose spirit has a dwelling-place on high at this moment, if he die, his spirit is not translated,

Because it has been translated before death: this is understood by dying, not by reason;

Translation it is, not like the translation of the spirits of the ordinary: it resembles a removal from one place to another—

If anyone wish to see a dead man walking thus visibly on the earth,

Let him behold Abu Bakr, the devout, through being a true witness became the Prince of the Resurrected.

In this life look at the Siddiq, that you may believe more firmly in the Resurrection.”

Mohammed, then, was a hundred resurrections here and now, for he was dissolved in dying to loosing and binding.

Ahmad is the twice-born in this world: he was manifestly a hundred resurrections.

They asked him concerning the Resurrection, saying, “O Resurrection, how long is the way to the Resurrection?”

And often he would say with mute eloquence, “Does anyone ask the Resurrection concerning the Resurrection?”

Hence the Messenger of good tidings said, symbolically, “Die before you die, O nobles,

Even as I have died before death and brought from Yonder this fame and renown.”
Do you, then, become the resurrection and see the resurrection: this is the necessary condition for seeing anything.

Until you become it, you will not know it completely, whether it is light or darkness.

If you become Reason, you will know Reason perfectly; if you become Love, you will know Love’s wick.

I would declare plainly the proof of this assertion, if there were an understanding fit to receive it.

Figs are very cheap in this vicinity, if a fig-eating bird should arrive as a guest.

Whether men or women, in the whole world are continually in the death agony and are dying.

Regard their words as the injunctions which a father gives at that moment to his son,

That thereby consideration and pity may grow, so that the root of hatred and jealousy and enmity may be cut off.

Look on your kinsman with that intention, so that your heart may burn for his death-agony.

“Everything that is coming will come”: deem it here and now, deem your friend to be in the death-agony and in the act of losing.

And if motives debar from this insight, cast these motives out of your bosom;

And if you cannot, do not stand inertly in a state of incapacity: know that with incapable there is a good Incapacitator.

Incapacity is a chain: He laid it upon you: you must open yours eye to Him who lays the chain.

Therefore make humble entreaty, saying, “O Guide of life, I was free, I have fallen into bondage: what is the cause of this?

I have planted my foot in evil more firmly, for through Your omnipotence truly I am in a losing business all the time.

I have been deaf to Your admonitions: while professing to be an idol-breaker, I have been an idol-maker.

Is it more incumbent to think of Your works or of death?

Death is like autumn, and You are the origin of the leaves.”

For years this death has been beating the drum, too late is your ear moved.
In his agony he cries from his soul, "Alas, I am dying!"
Has Death made you aware of himself now?

Death's throat is exhausted with shouting:
his drum is split with the astounding blows.
You enmeshed yourself in trivialities:
now have you apprehended the mystery of dying.

*Comparison of the heedless man who wastes his life and begins to repent and ask pardon when he lies in extreme distress on his death-bed to the yearly mourning of the Shi’ites of Aleppo at the Antioch Gate during the ‘Ashura; and how a poet, who was a stranger, arrived on his journey and asked what was the cause of these shrills of mourning.*

On the Day of Ashura all the people of Aleppo gather at the Antioch Gate till nightfall,

Men and women, a great multitude, and keep up a constant lamentation for the Family.

During the Ashura the Shi’ites wail and lament with tears and sobs on account of Karbalá.

They recount the oppressions and tribulations which the Family suffered at the hands of Yazíd and Shimr.

They utter shrieks mingled with cries of woe and grief: the whole plain and desert is filled.

A stranger, a poet, arrived from the road on the Day of Ashura and heard that lamentation.

He left the city and resolved in that direction: he set out to investigate those shrill cries.

He went along, asking many questions in his search—
“What is this sorrow? Whose death has occasioned this mourning?
It must be a great personage who has died: such a concourse is no small affair.
Inform me of his name and titles, for I am a stranger and you belong to the town.
What are his name and profession and character?
Tell me in order that I may compose an elegy on his gracious qualities.
I will make an elegy—for I am a poet—that I may carry away from here some provision and morsels of food."

“Eh,” said one, “are you mad? You are not a Shiite; you are an enemy of the Family.

Don’t you know that the Day of Ashura is mourning for a single soul that is more excellent than a generation?

How should this anguish be lightly esteemed by the true believer?

Love for the ear-ring is in proportion to love for the ear.

In the true believer’s view the mourning for that pure spirit is more celebrated than a hundred Floods of Noah.”

The poet’s subtle discourse in criticism of the Shi’ites of Aleppo.

“Yes,” said he; “but where is the epoch of Yazid?
When did this grievous tragedy occur? How late has it arrived here!

The eyes of the blind have seen that loss;
the ears of the deaf have heard that story.

Have you been asleep till now, that now you have rent your garments in mourning?

Then, O sleepers mourn for yourselves, for this heavy slumber is an evil death.

A royal spirit escaped from a prison: why should we rend our garments and how should we gnaw our hands?

Since they were monarchs of the religion, it was the hour of joy when they broke their bonds.

They sped towards the pavilion of empire; they cast off their fetters and chains.

It is the day of kingship and pride and sovereignty, if you have an atom of knowledge of them.

And if you have not knowledge, go, weep for yourself, for you are disbelieving in the removal and in the assembly at the Last Judgement.

Mourn for your corrupt heart and religion, for it sees nothing but this old earth.

Or if it is seeing, why is it not brave and supporting and self-sacrificing and fully contented?
In your countenance where is the happiness of the wine of religion?
If you have beheld the Ocean, where is the bounteous hand?

He that has beheld the River does not grudge water, especially he that has beheld that Sea and Clouds.”

Comparison of the covetous man, who does not see the all-providingness of God and the stores of His mercy, to an ant struggling with a single grain of wheat on a great threshing-floor and showing violent agitation and trembling and dragging it hurriedly along, unconscious of the amplitude of the threshing-floor.

The ant trembles for a grain because it is blind to the goodly threshing-floors.

It drags a grain along greedily and fearfully, for it does not see such a noble stack of winnowed wheat.

The Owner of the threshing-floor is saying, “Hey, you who in your blindness deem nothing something, Have you regarded that as belonging to My threshing-floors, so that you are devoted with your soul to that grain?”

O you, who in semblance are a mote, look at Saturn; you are a lame ant: go, look at Solomon.

You are not this body: you are that Eye.

If you have beheld the soul, you are delivered from the body.

Man is eye: the rest is flesh and skin: whatsoever his eye has beheld, he is that thing.

A jar will submerge a mountain with water when the eye of the jar is open to the Sea.

When from the soul of the jar a channel is made to the Sea, the jar will overwhelm the Oxus.

For that reason whatever the speech of Ahmad may utter, the words are uttered by the Sea.

All his words were pearls of the Sea, for his heart had a passage into the Sea.

Since the bounty of the Sea is through our jar, what wonder the Sea should be in a Fish?
The sensual eye is fixed on the form of the thoroughfare: you are regarding it as a thoroughfare, but he as a permanent abode.

This dualism is characteristic of the eye that sees double; but the first is the last and the last is the first.

Listen, by what means is this made known? By means of the resurrection. Seek to experience resurrection: do not dispute concerning resurrection.

The condition of the Day of Resurrection is to die first, for ba‘th (resurrection) signifies “to raise to life from the dead.”

Hence the entire world has taken the wrong way, for they are afraid of nonexistence, though it is the refuge.

Where shall we seek true knowledge? In renouncing knowledge. Where shall we seek peace? From renouncing peace.

Where shall we seek existence? From renouncing existence. Where shall we seek the apple? From renouncing the hand.

O best Helper, only You can make the eye that regards the non-existent to regard that which is existent.

The eye that was produced from non-existence regarded the Essence of Being as wholly non-existent; if two eyes are transformed and illumined, this well-ordered world becomes the scene of the Last Judgement.

These realities are shown forth imperfectly because the apprehension of them is forbidden to these raw ones.

Although God is munificent, the enjoyment of the delightful gardens of Paradise is forbidden to him who is destined for Hell.

The honey of Paradise becomes bitter in his mouth, since he was not one of them that faithfully keep the covenant of everlasting life.

You also who are engaged in commerce—how should your hands move when there is no buyer?

How should looking-on be capable of buying? The fool’s looking-on is loitering.

Continually asking, “How much is this?” and “How much is that?” for the sake of pastime and mockery.

From boredom he asks you your goods: that person is not a buyer and customer.

He inspects the article a hundred times and hands it back: when did he measure a piece of cloth? He measured wind.
What a distance between the approach and bargaining of a purchaser and the pleasantries of a silly joker?

Since there is not a mite in his possession, how should he seek a coat except in jest?

He has no capital for trading: what, then, is the difference between his ill-favoured person and a shadow?

The capital for the market of this world is gold; there the capital is love and two eyes wet.

Whoever went to market without any capital, his life passed and he speedily returned in disappointment.

“Oh, where have you been, brother?” “Nowhere.”
“Oh, what have you cooked to eat?” “No soup.”

Become a buyer, that my hand may move, and that my pregnant mine may bring forth the ruby.

Though the buyer is slack and lukewarm, call to the religion, for the call has come down.

Let the falcon fly and catch the spiritual dove: in calling take the way of Noah.

Perform an act of service for the Creator’s sake: what have you to do with being accepted or rejected by the people?

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Story of the person who was giving the drum-call for the sahur at the gate of a certain palace at midnight. A neighbour said to him, “Why, it is midnight, it is not dawn; and besides, there is no one in this palace: for whose sake are you drumming?” — and the minstrel’s reply to him.
There is nobody here except demons and spirits: why are you trifling your time away?

You are beating your tambourine for the sake of an ear: where is the ear?
Intelligence is needed in order to know: where is the intelligence?

He replied, “You have said: hear the answer from your servant that you may not remain in bewilderment and confusion.

Although in your opinion this moment is midnight, in my view the dawn of delight is near at hand.

In my sight every defeat has been turned to victory,
in my eyes all nights have been turned to day.

To you the water of the river Nile seems blood;
it me it is not blood, it is water, O noble one.

In regard to you, that is iron or marble,
to the prophet David it is wax and tractable.

To you the mountain is exceedingly heavy and inanimate,
to David it is a master-musician.

To you the gravel is silent;
to Ahmad it is eloquent and making supplication.

To you the pillar of the mosque is a dead thing;
to Ahmad it is a lover who has lost his heart.

To the ordinary all the particles of the world seem dead, but before God they are possessed of knowledge and submissive.

As for your saying, ‘there is nobody in this house and palace:
why are you beating this drum?’—

This people are giving sums of gold for God’s sake, founding hundreds of pious institutions and mosques,

And, like intoxicated lovers, gladly risking their property and lives on their way to the distant Pilgrimage:

Do they ever say, ‘The House is empty’?
Nay, the Lord of the House is the Spirit invisible.

He that is illumined by the Light of God
deems the House of the Beloved to be full.

In the eyes of those who see the end,
many a palace filled with a crowd and throng is empty.
Seek in the Ka’ba whomever you please, that he may at once grow before your face.

How should the form, which is splendid and sublime, be absent from the House of God?

He is present, exempt from exclusion, the rest of mankind on account of need.

Do they ever say, ‘We are crying Labbayka without any response. Pray, why?

Nay, the Divine blessing which causes Labbayka is a response from the One at every moment.

I know by intuition that this pavilion and palace is the banquet of the soul, and that its dust is an elixir.

I will strike my copper on its elixir unto everlasting in the mode of treble and bass,

That, from playing the sabúr tune in this fashion, the seas may surge to scatter pearls and bounty.

Men hazard their lives in the line of battle and in fighting for the Creator’s sake.

One is like Job in tribulation; another like Jacob in patience.

Hundreds of thousands of people, thirsty and sorrowful, are doing some sore toil for God’s sake in desire.

I too, for the merciful Lord’s sake and in hope of Him, am drumming the sabúr call at the gate.”

you want a customer from whom you will get gold, how should there be a better customer than God, O heart?

He buys a dirty bag from your goods, and gives an inner light that borrows.

He receives the ice of this mortal body, and gives a kingdom beyond our imagination.

He receives a few tear-drops, and gives a Kawthar that sugar shows jealousy.

He receives sighs full of melancholy and vaporous gloom, and gives for every sigh a hundred gainful dignities.

Because of the wind of sighs that drove onward the tearful cloud, He has called a Abraham awwáh (full of sighs).
Listen, sell your old rags in this brisk incomparable market, and receive the sterling kingdom.

And if any doubt and suspicion waylay you, rely upon the traders, the prophets.

Inasmuch as the Emperor increased their fortune exceedingly, no mountain can carry their merchandise.

The Story of Bilal’s crying “One! One!” in the heat of the Hejaz, from his love for Mustafá, on whom be peace, in the forenoons when his master, by Jewish fanaticism, used to flog him with a thorny branch under the sun of the Hijaz; and bow at blow the blood spurted from Bilal’s body, and “One! One!” escaped involuntarily, just as sobs escape involuntarily from others stricken with grief, because he was full of the passion of love there was no room for any care about relieving the pain of the thorns to enter. Like Pharaoh’s magicians and Jirjis and others innumerable and beyond computation.

That Bilal was devoting his body to the thorns: his master was flogging him by way of correction, saying, “Why do you celebrate Ahmad? Wicked slave, you disbelieve in my religion!”

He was beating him in the sun with thorns he cried boasting “One!”

Till those cries of “One!” reached the ears of the Siddiq, who was passing in that neighbourhood.

His eyes became filled with tears and his heart with trouble, from that “One!” he caught the scent of a loving friend.

Afterwards he saw him in private and admonished him, saying, “Keep your belief hidden from the Jews. He knows secrets: conceal your desire.”

He said, “I repent before you, O prince.”

Early next day, the Siddiq was going quickly in that district on account of some affair,

885 Listen, sell your old rags in this brisk incomparable market, and receive the sterling kingdom.

And if any doubt and suspicion waylay you, rely upon the traders, the prophets.

Inasmuch as the Emperor increased their fortune exceedingly, no mountain can carry their merchandise.
He again heard “One!” and blows inflicted by the thorns: flames and sparks of fire were kindled in his heart.

He admonished him once more, and once more he repented; Love came and consumed his repentance.

There was much repenting of this sort, at last he became quit of repentance,

And proclaimed and yielded up his body to tribulation, crying, “O Mohammed, O enemy of vows of repentance,

O you with whom my body and my veins are filled— how should there be room therein for repentance?

Henceforth I will banish repentance from this heart: how should I repent of the life everlasting?”

Love is the All-subduer, and I am subdued by Love: by Love’s bitterness I have been made sweet as sugar.

O fierce Wind, before You I am a straw: how can I know where I shall fall?

Whether I am Bilal or the new moon, I am running on and following the course of Your sun.

What has the moon to do with stoutness and thinness? She runs at the heels of the sun, like a shadow.

Anyone who offers to make a settlement with destiny is mocking at his own moustache.

A straw in the face of the wind, and then a settlement! A Resurrection, and then the resolve to act!

In the hand of Love I am like a cat in a bag, now lifted high and now flung low by Love.

He is whirling me round His head: I have no rest either below or aloft.

The lovers have fallen into a fierce torrent: they have set their hearts on the ordinance of Love.

Like the millstone turning, day and night, in revolution and moaning incessantly.

Its turning is evidence for those who seek the River, lest anyone should say that the River is motionless.

If you see not the hidden River, see the turning of the celestial water-wheel.
Since the heavens have no rest from Him, you, O heart, like a star, seek no rest.

If you lay hold of a branch, how should He let? Wherever you make an attachment, He will break it.

If you see not the revolutionary action of the decree, look at the surging and whirling in the elements;

For the whirling of the sticks and straws and foam are caused by the boiling of the noble Sea.

See the giddy wind howling; see the billows surging at His command.

The sun and moon are two mill-oxen, going round and round and keeping watch.

The stars likewise run from house to house and convey every good and evil fortune.

Listen, though the stars of heaven are far away and your senses are dull and slack,

Where are our stars—eye, ear, and mind—at night, and where when we are awake?

Now in good luck and union and happiness; now in ill-luck and separation and insensibility.

Since the moon of heaven is in making this circuit, she is sometimes dark and sometimes bright.

Sometimes it is spring and summer, as honey and milk; sometimes a place of punishment by snow and piercing cold.

Seeing that before Him universals are like a ball, subject and prostrating themselves before His bat,

How should you, O heart, which are one of these hundred thousand particulars, not be in restless movement at His decree?

Be at the disposal of the Prince, like a horse, now confined in the stable, now going,

When He fastens you to a peg, be fastened; when He frees you, go, be exultant.

When the sun in heaven jumps crookedly, He causes it to be eclipsed in black disgrace,

Saying, “Avoid the Dragon’s Tail: listen, take heed, lest you become black of face like a cooking-pot.”
The cloud, too, is lashed with a whip of fire, “Go that way, do not go this way!”

Rain upon such and such a valley, do not rain in this quarter”: He reprimands it, saying, “Give ear!

Your reason is not superior to a sun: do not stay in a thought that has been forbidden.

O Reason, do not you too step crookedly, lest that eclipse of face befall.

When sin is less, you will see half the sun eclipsed and half radiant,

For I punish you in proportion to your sin: this is the principle laid down for justice and retribution.

Whether good or bad or open or secret, I am He that overhears and oversees all things.”

Leave this topic, O father: New Year’s Day is come: the creatures have had their mouths made sweet by the Creator.

The spiritual Water has returned into our river-bed, our King has returned into our street.

Fortune is strutting and trailing her skirt and beating the drums to break vows of repentance.

Once more the flood-water has swept repentance away: the opportunity has arrived, the watchman is overcome by sleep.

Every toper has drunk the wine and is intoxicated: to-night we will pawn all our belongings.

From the ruby wine of the life-increasing Spirit we are ruby within ruby within ruby.

Once more the assembly-place has become flourishing and heart-illuminating: arise and burn rue-seed to keep off the evil eye.

The cries of the joyous drunk lovers are coming to me: O Beloved, I want it to continue like this forever.

Lo, a new moon (hilálí) has been united with a Bilal: the blows of the thorns have become to him roses and pomegranate-flowers.

“If my body is a sieve from the blows of the thorns, my soul and body are a rose-garden of felicity.

My body is exposed to the blows of the Jew’s thorns, my spirit is intoxicated and ravished by that Loving One.
The scent of a Soul is coming towards my soul:
the scent of my loving Friend is coming to me.”

Mustafá came from the Ascension, and pronounced on his Bilal the blessing, “How dear to me, how dear!”

On hearing this from Bilal, in whose speech there was no guile, the Siddíq washed his hands of urging him to repent.

How the Siddiq, may God be pleased with him, recalled what had happened to Bilal, may God be pleased with him, and his maltreatment by the Jews and his crying “One! One!” and the Jews becoming more incensed; and how he told the story of the affair to Mustafá, on whom be peace, and consulted him as to buying him from the Jews.

Afterwards the Siddíq related to Mustafá the plight of the faithful Bilal, saying, “That heaven-surveying nimble of blessed wing is at this time in love and in your net.

The Sultan’s falcon is tormented by those owls; that grand treasure is buried in filth.

The owls are doing violence to the falcon: they are tearing out his plumes and feathers though he is innocent.

His only crime is this, that he is a falcon: after all, what is Joseph’s crime except beauty?

The owl’s origin and existence is the wilderness; that is the cause of their Jewish anger against the falcon.

‘Why are you making mention of yonder land, or of the palace and wrist of the Emperor? You are behaving impudently in the owls’ village; you are introducing dissension and disturbance.

Our dwelling-place, which is the envy of the empyrean, you call a wilderness and give it the name of “vile.”

You have employed hypocrisy in order that our owls may make you king and leader.

You are instilling into them a vain imagination and a mad fancy: you are giving the name “ruin” to this Paradise.
We will beat your head so long, O of evil qualities, that you will renounce this hypocrisy and nonsense.’

They are crucifying him, his face to the East, and flogging his naked body with a thorny branch.

The blood is spurting from his body in a hundred places, he is crying ‘One!’ and bowing his head.

I admonished him often, saying, ‘Keep your religion hidden, and conceal your secret from the accursed Jews.’

He is a lover: to him the resurrection has come, so that the door of repentance has been shut on him.”

Loverhood and repentance or the possibility of patience—this, O soul, is a very enormous absurdity.

Repentance is a worm, while Love is like a dragon: repentance is an attribute of Man, while that is an attribute of God.

Love is of the attributes of God who wants nothing: love for anything besides Him is unreal,

Because that is a gilded beauty: its outside is light, it is smoke within.

When the light goes and the smoke becomes visible, at that moment the unreal love is frozen up.

That beauty returns to its source; the body is left—foul-smelling, shameful, and ugly.

The moonlight is returning to the moon: its reflection goes off the black wall;

And then, the water and clay are left without that ornament, the wall, moonless, becomes as a devil.

When the gold flies from the surface of the base coin that gold returns to its mine and settles;

Then the shamefully exposed copper is left like smoke, and its lover is left looking blacker than it.

The love of them that have insight is on the gold-mine; necessarily it is greater every day,

Because the mine has no partner in golden properties.

Hail, O Gold-mine, You concerning whom there is no doubt!

If anyone lets a base coin become a companion with the Mine, the gold goes back to the Mine beyond locality.
The lover and his beloved are dead in agony:
the fish is left, the water is gone from the whirlpool.

The Divine Love is the Sun of perfection:
the Word is its light, the creatures are as shadows.

When Mustafá expanded with joy this story,
his desire to speak increased also.

Since he found a listener like Mustafá,
every hair of him became a separate tongue.

Mustafá said to him, “Now what is the remedy?”
He replied, “This servant is going to buy him.
I will buy him at whatever price he may name:
I will not regard the apparent loss and the extortion;
For he is God’s captive on the earth,
and he has become subjected to the anger of God’s enemy.”

How Mustafá, on whom be peace, enjoined the Siddíq, may God be pleased with him, saying,
“Since you are going to purchase Bilal, they will certainly raise his price by wrangling:
make me your partner in this merit, be my agent, and receive from me half the purchase-money.”
The prophets taught them to trade
and lighted the candle of the religion before them;

By means of magic and in despite the devilish and ghoulish Magician
caused the prophets to appear ugly in their eyes.

By sorcery the Foe causes ugliness,
so that divorce takes place between the wife and husband.

Their eyes have been sealed by an enchantment,
so that they have sold such a pearl for rubbish.

This pearl is superior to both the worlds:
listen, buy from this ignorant child, for he is an ass.

To the ass a shell and a pearl are alike:
the ass has a doubt concerning the pearl and the Sea.

He disbelieves in the Sea and its pearls:
how should an animal be a seeker of pearls and adornments?

God has not put it into the animal's head
to be engrossed with rubies and devoted to pearls.

Have you ever seen asses with ear-rings?
The ear and mind of the ass are on the meadow.

In the best proportion surpasses the empyrean:
in the best proportion is beyond thought.

If I declare the value of this inaccessible, I shall be consumed,
and the hearer too will be consumed.

At this point close your lips and proceed no further.
This Siddiq went to those asses.

He knocked the door-ring, and when the Jew opened the door
he went into his house, beside himself.

He sat down, beside himself and furious and full of fire:
from his mouth leaped many bitter words—

“Why are you beating this friend of God?
What hatred is this, O enemy of the Light?

If you are steadfast in your own religion,
how is your heart consenting to maltreat him who is steadfast?

O you effeminate in Judaism,
who imputes this to a prince!
Do not view all in the distorting mirror of your selfhood, 
O you who are banned with an everlasting curse!

If I should tell what burst from the lips of the Siddîq at that moment, 
you would lose foot and hand.

From beyond spatial relations, the fountains of wisdom 
as the Euphrates were running from his mouth,

As from the rock where water gushed, 
having no source of supply in side or interior;

God made that rock a shield for Himself 
and opened the blue crystalline water,

Even as He has caused the light to flow 
from the fountain of your eye without stint or abatement:

It has no source of supply either in the fat or in the coating; 
the Beloved made a veil when bringing light into existence.

The attracting air in the cavity of the ear 
apprehends that which is spoken, true or false.

What is that air within that little bone, 
which receives the words and sounds uttered by the story-teller?

The bone and the air are only a veil: 
in the two worlds there is none except God.

He is the hearer, He is the speaker, unveiled; for the ears belong to the head, 
O you who have merited the Divine recompense.

He said, “If you are feeling pity for him, 
give gold and take him, O man of generous disposition.

Since your heart is burning, ransom him from me: 
your difficulty will not be solved without expense.”

He replied, “I will perform a hundred services and five hundred prostrations. 
I have a handsome slave, but a Jew; 
He has a white body, but a black heart: take, and give in exchange 
that one whose body is black but whose heart is illumined.”

Then the chieftain sent to fetch him: 
in truth that slave was exceedingly comely,

So that the Jew was dumbfounded: 
that slave was exceedingly comely, 
This is what happens to form-worshippers: 
their stone is pale by a form.
Again he wrangled and would not be satisfied, saying, “Without any evasion, give more than this.”

He offered him in addition two hundred dirhems (nisab) of silver, so that the Jew’s greed was satisfied.

**How the Jew laughed and imagined that the Siddiq had been swindled in this bargain.**

The stony-hearted Jew guffawed jeeringly and mockingly in malice and spite.

The Siddiq said to him, “Why this laughter?”

In reply to the question he laughed more loudly,

And said, “Had it not been for the earnestness and ardour shown by you in the purchase of this black slave,

I would not have wrangled excitedly: indeed I would have sold him for a tenth of this,

For in my opinion he is not worth half a dang; you made his price heavy by clamour.”

Then the Siddiq answered him, “O simpleton, you have given away a pearl in exchange for a walnut, like a boy;

For in my opinion he is worth the two worlds: I am regarding his spirit, you his colour.

He is red gold that has been made black polished iron on account of the envy of this abode of fools.

The eye that sees these seven bodily colours cannot perceive the spirit because of this veil.

If you had haggled in the sale more,

I would have given the whole of my property and riches;

And if you had increased your demands,

I would have borrowed a skirt full of gold in my anxiety.

You gave up easily because you got cheaply: you did not see the pearl, you did not split the casket.

Your folly gave a sealed casket: you will soon see what a swindle has befallen you.

You have given away a casket full of rubies and, like the negro, you are rejoicing in your blackness of face.
In the end you will utter many a 'woe is me!'

Does anyone, truthfully, sell fortune and felicity?

Fortune came in the garb of a slave,
your unlucky eye saw only the surface.

He showed unto you his slavery:
your wicked nature practiced cunning and deceit with him.

O driveller, take idolatrously this
whose secret thoughts are black though his body is white.

This one for you, that one for me: we have profited.

Listen, unto you religion and unto me religion, O Jew."

Truly this is proper for idolaters:
his horse-cloth is satin his horse is made of wood.

It is like the tomb of infidels—full of smoke and fire,
on the outside it is decked with a hundred designs and ornaments;

Like the wealth of tyrants—fair externally,
within it the blood of the oppressed and woe;

Like the hypocrite externally fasting and prayer,
inwardly black loam without vegetation;

Like a cloud empty, full of thunderclaps,
wherein is neither benefit to the earth nor nourishment for the wheat;

Like a promise of guile and lying words,
of which the end is shameful though its beginning is splendid.

Afterwards he took the hand of Bilal, who was as a toothpick from the blows inflicted by the tooth of tribulation.

He became a toothpick and found his way into a mouth:
he was hastening towards a man of sweet tongue.

When that wounded one beheld the face of Mustafá,
*be fell down in a swoon*, he fell on his back.

For a long time he remained unconscious and beside himself:
when he came to himself, he shed tears for joy.

Mustafá clasped him to his bosom:
how should anyone know the bounty that was bestowed on him?

How is it with a piece of copper that has touched the elixir?
How with an insolvent who has hit upon an ample treasure?

A parched fish fell into the sea,
a caravan that had lost its way struck the right road.
If the words which the Prophet addressed at that moment should fall upon Night, it would cease from being night; 

Night would become day radiant as dawn: 

I cannot express that mystic allocution.

You yourself know what a sun, in Aries, speaks to the plants and the date-palms; 

You yourself, too, know what the limpid water is saying to the sweet herbs and the sapling.

The doing of God towards all the particles of the world is like the words breathed by enchanters.

The Divine attraction holds a hundred discourses with the effects and secondary causes, without a word or a lip.

Not that the production of effects by the Divine decree is not actual; but His production of effects thereby is inconceivable to reason.

Since reason has learned by rote in regard to the fundamentals, know O trifler that it learns by rote in regard to the copies.

If reason should ask how the aim may be, say, "In a manner that you know not, and farewell!"

How Mustafá, on whom be peace, reproached the Siddíq, may God be pleased with him, saying, “I enjoined you to buy in partnership with me: why has you bought for yourself alone?” and his excuse.

He said, “Why, O Siddíq, I told you to make me the partner in generosity.”

He replied, “We are two slaves in your street: I set him free for your sake.

Keep me as your slave and loyal friend: I want no freedom, beware!

For my freedom consists in being your slave: without you, tribulation and injustice are on me.

O you who through being the chosen has brought the world to life and has made the common folk to be the elect, especially me,

In my youth my spirit used to dream that the orb of the sun greeted to me,
And lifted me up from earth to heaven:
by mounting high I had become its fellow-traveller.

I said, ‘this is an hallucination and absurd:
how should absurdity ever become actuality?’

When I beheld you I beheld myself:
blessings on that mirror goodly in its ways!

When I beheld you, the absurd became real for me:
my spirit was submerged in the Glory.

When I beheld you, O Spirit of the world,
truly love for this sun fell from my eye.

By you my eye was endowed with lofty aspiration:
it looks not on the garden save with contempt.

I sought light: truly I beheld the Light of light.
I sought the houri: truly I beheld an object of envy to the houri.

I sought a Joseph comely and with limbs silver:
in you I beheld an assembly of Josephs.

I was in searching after Paradise:
from every part of you a Paradise appeared.

In relation to me this is praise and eulogy;
in relation to you this is abusive and satirical,
Like the praise given to God by the simple shepherd
in the presence of Moses the Kalím—

‘I will seek out Your lice, I will give You milk,
I will stitch Your shoes and lay them before You.’

God accepted his harsh language as an expression of praise:
if you also have mercy, it will be no marvel.

Have mercy upon the failure of minds,
O you who are beyond understandings and conceptions.”

O lovers, new fortune has arrived
from the old World that makes new,
From the World that is seeking a remedy for them that have no remedy:
hundreds of thousands of wonders of the world are in it.

Rejoice, O people, since the relief has come;
be glad, O people: the distress is removed.

A Sun went into the hut of the new-moon,
making urgent demands and saying, “Refresh us, O Bilal!”
From fear of the foe you were wont to speak under your breath: to his confusion, go up into the minaret and speak.”

The announcer of glad news is shouting in the ear of every sorrowful one, “Arise, O unlucky man, and take the road to fortune.

O you that are in this prison and amidst this stench and these lice, beware lest anyone hears! You have escaped: be silent!”

How should you keep silence now, O my beloved, when a drummer has appeared from the root of every hair?

The jealous foe has become so deaf he says, “Where is the sound of all these drums?”

The fresh sweet basil is touching his face, in his blindness he says, “What is this annoyance?”

The houri is nipping his hand and drawing: the blind man is distraught and says, “Wherefore is he hurting me? What is this having my hand and body pulled hither and thither? I am asleep, let me sleep awhile.”

He whom you seek in your slumbers, this is He! Open yours eye, it is that auspicious Moon.

Tribulations were more upon dear ones because the Beloved showed more coquettishness towards the beauteous.

He sports with the beauteous ones in every path; sometimes, too, he throws the blind into frenzy.

For a moment He gives Himself to the blind, so that a great uproar arises from the street of the blind.
Story of Hilal, who was a devoted servant to God. Possessed of spiritual insight and was not a mere imitator. He had concealed himself in being a slave to creatures, not from helplessness but for good reason, as Luqman and Joseph and others in appearance. He was a groom in the service of a certain Amír, and that Amír was a Moslem, but blind. “The blind man knows that he has a mother, but he cannot conceive what she is like.” If, having this knowledge, he show reverence towards his mother, it is possible that he may gain deliverance from blindness, for when God wills good unto a servant, He opens the eyes of his heart, that He may let him see the Invisible with them.

Since you have heard some of the qualities of Bilal, now hear the story of the emaciation of Hilal. He was more advanced than Bilal in the Way; he had mortified his evil nature more. Not a backslider like you, for at every moment you are farther back: you are moving away from the state of the pearl towards the state of the stone.

It is like the case of the guest who came to a certain Khwaja: the Khwaja inquired concerning his days and years. He asked, “How many years have you lived, my lad? Say out and don’t hide away but count up.” He replied, “Eighteen, seventeen, or sixteen, or fifteen, O adoptive brother.” “Backward, backward,” said he, “O giddy-headed one; keep going back until you came out of your mother!”
“It goes back, back very hard in the direction of its rump.”
He replied, “Turn its tail towards home!”

The tail of this beast you are riding, your carnal soul, is lust; hence that self-worshipper goes back, back.

O changer, make its lust, which is the tail, to be entirely lust for the world hereafter.

When you bind its lust from the loaf, that lust puts forth its head from noble reason.

As, when you lop off a branch from a tree, vigour is imparted to the well-conditioned branches.

When you have turned its tail in that direction, if it goes backward, it goes to the place of shelter.

How excellent are the docile horses which go forward, not backward, and are not given over to restiveness,

Going hot-foot, like the body of Moses the Kalím, to which to the two seas as the breadth of a blanket!

Seven hundred years is the duration of the journey on which he set out in the path of Love, for an age.

Since the aspiration on his journey in the body is this, his journey in the spirit must be unto the highest Paradise.

The kingly knights sped forward in advance; the boobies unloaded in the stable-yard.

It is like the caravaneers arrived and entered a village and found a certain door open.

One said, “During this spell of cold weather let us unload here for a few days.”

A voice cried, “Nay, unload outside, and then come indoors!”

Drop outside everything that ought to be dropped: do not come in with it, for this assembly-place is of high dignity.

Hilal was a spiritual adept and a man of illumined soul, the groom and slave of a Moslem Amír.
The youth served as a groom in the stable, but a king of kings and a slave in name.

The Amīr was ignorant of his slave’s condition, for he had no discernment but of the sort possessed by Iblīs.

He saw the clay, but not the treasure in it: he saw the five and the six, but not the source of the five.

The colour of clay is manifest; the light of religion is hidden: such was every prophet in the world.

One saw the minaret, but not the bird upon it, upon the minaret a fully accomplished royal falcon;

And a second saw a bird flapping its wings, but not the hair in the bird’s mouth;

But that one who was seeing by the light of God was aware both of the bird and of the hair,

And said, “Pray, direct your eye towards the hair: till you see the hair, the knot will not be untied.”

The one saw in the mud figured clay, while the other saw clay replete with knowledge and works.

The body is the minaret; knowledge and obedience are like the bird: suppose three hundred birds or two birds, whichever you please.

The middle man sees the bird only: neither before nor behind does he see anything but a bird.

The hair is the hidden light belonging to the bird, whereby the soul of the bird is enduring.

The works of the bird in whose beak is that hair are never counterfeit.

Its knowledge gushes perpetually from its soul: it has nothing that is borrowed and no debt.
رنجور شدن این هلال و بی‌خبری خواجایی از رنجوری او از تحقیر و ناشناخت، و واقف شدن دل مصطفی‌ی علیه الصلاة و السلام از رنجوری و حال او و افتقد و عیادت رسول علیه السلام این هلال را

How this Hilal fell ill, and how his master was unaware of his being ill, because he despised him and did not recognise; and how the heart of Mustafá, on whom be peace, came to know of his illness and his state, and how the Prophet, on whom be peace, inquired after this Hilal and went to see him.

By destiny Hilal became ill and weak:
inspiration acquainted Mustafá with his condition.

His master was unaware of his illness,
for in his eyes he was worth little and without importance.

A well-doer lay in the stable for nine days,
and none took note of his plight.

He who was a personage and the Emperor of personages,
he whose oceanic mind reaches every place—

To him came the inspiration: God's Mercy sympathised, saying,
"Such-and-such a one who longs for you is fallen sick."

Mustafá went thither
to pay a visit to the noble Hilal.

The Moon was running behind the Sun of inspiration,
while the Companions followed behind him, like the stars.

The Moon is saying, “My Companions are stars—
a model for the night-journey, and missiles hurled at the disobedient.”

The Amír was told of the arrival of that Sultan,
he sprang up, beside himself with joy;

He clapped his hands joyously,
thinking that the Emperor had come on his account.

When the Amír came down from the upper chamber,
he was ready to lavish his soul on the messenger as a reward.

Then he kissed the earth and gave the salaam:
in his delight he made his countenance like a rose.

“In God’s name,” he said, “bestow honour on the house,
so that this assembly-place may become a Paradise,
And that my palace may surpass heaven, saying,
‘I have seen the Pole on which Time revolves.’”
The venerable Prophet said to him by way of rebuke, “I have not come to visit you.”

He replied, “My spirit belongs to you—what, indeed, is my spirit? Oh, say on whose account is this solicitude?—

That I may become dust for the feet of the person who is planted in the orchard of your favour.”

Then he said to him, “Where is that New-moon of the highest heaven? Where is he that in his humility is spread as moonbeams?—

That king who is disguised as a slave and has come to this world for the purpose of spying?

Do not say, ‘He is my slave and stableman’: know this, that he is a treasure in ruins.

Oh, I wonder to what state he has been reduced by sickness—that New moon by which thousands of full-moons are trodden underfoot.”

He said, “I have no knowledge of his illness, but he has not been at the palace-gate for several days.

He keeps company with the horses and mules: he is a groom, and this stable is his dwelling-place.”

How Mustafá, on whom be peace, came into the Amir’s stable to see the sick Hilal, and how he caressed Hilal, may God be pleased with him!

The Prophet went eagerly into the stable to look for him and began to search.

The stable was dark, foul, and dirty; all this vanished when friendship arrived.

That fierce lion scented the Prophet just as the scent of Joseph was perceived by his father.

Miracles are not the cause of religious faith; it is the scent of homogeneity that attracts qualities.

Miracles are for the purpose of subjugating the foe: the scent of homogeneity is for the winning of hearts.

A foe is subjugated, but not a friend: how should a friend have his neck bound?
He was awakened from sleep by his scent:  
he said, “A stable full of dung, and this kind of scent within it!”

Through the legs of the riding-beasts  
he saw the holy skirt of the peerless Prophet,

And that hero came creeping out of a corner in the stable  
and laid his face upon his feet.

Then the Prophet laid his face against his face  
and kissed his head and eyes and cheeks.

“O Lord,” he cried, “what a hidden pearl you are!  
How are you, O heavenly stranger? Are you better?”

He said, “One whose sleep was disturbed,  
how for truth is he when the Sun comes into his mouth?

The thirsty man who eats clay, how is he the Water lays him on its head  
and bears him happily along?

The explanation of, that Mustafá, on whom be peace, hearing that Jesus, on whom be peace, walked on the water, said, ‘If his faith had increased, he would have walked on the air.’

How is he whom the vast river takes on its head, like Jesus, saying,  
‘In the Water of Life you are safe from drowning’?

Ahmad says, “Had faith been greater,  
even the air would have carried him safely,

Like me, who rode upon the air on the night of the Ascension and sought communion.”

He said, “How is a blind filthy dog  
that sprang up from sleep and found itself to be a lion?—

Not such a lion as anyone could shoot;  
nay, but by the terror of it sword and javelin would be shattered.

The blind man, going on his belly, like a snake—  
he has opened his eyes in the garden and in spring?”

How is the “how” that has been freed from “how-ness”  
and has attained to the abounding life of “how-lessness”?

He has become a dispenser of “how-ness” in the world beyond locality:  
all “how’s” are round his table, like dogs.
او یا چوئونی دهندشان استخوان در جنابت تن زن این سوره مخوان
تا ز جوئنی غسل ناری تو تمام
تو بر این مصافح منه کف ای غلام
گر پلیدم و نظیفم ای شهان
این نخوانم پس چه خوانم در جهان
تو مرا گرفی که از بهر ثواب
غسل ناکرده مرو در حوض آب
از برون حوض غیر خالی نیست
هر که او در حوض نادید پاک نیست
گر نیایند آبها را این کرم کار ذنیرد مر حبتا را دم به دم
وای بر مشتاق و بر اومید او
حصرتاً بر حسرت جاود او
آب دارد صد کرم صد احتساب که پلیدن را پذیرد و السلام
ای ضنای الحق حسام الدین که نور پایسیان تست از شر الطور پایسیان تست نور و ارتقاش
ای تو خورشید مستر از کفاح چیست پرده پیش روی آتوب جز فروشی شغش و تزی تاب
پردهی خورشید هم نور رب است بهنصیب از وی خفاح است و شب است
هر دو چه در بعد و پرده ماندهان
یا سیه را یا پلیده ماندهان
چون نیستند بعضی از قصه‌های یک
داستان بدر آر أدر مقاله آن هلال و بدر دارند انحاد
از دوی دورند و از نقش و فساد
آن هلال از نقش در باطن برای است
آن به ظاهر نقش تدریج اوری است
درس گویید شب به شب تدریج را در تانی بدر ده تدریج را
در تانی گوید ای عجول خام
پایه پایه بر توان رفن به بام

He gives them a bone from “how-lessness.”
In the state of pollution, keep silence: do not recite this Sûra.

Until you wash yourself entirely clean of “how-ness,”
do not put your hand on this Book, O youth.

Whether I am dirty or clean, O princes, if I do not recite this,
then what in the world shall I recite?

You say to me, “For the sake of the reward,
do not go into the water tank without having washed”;

Outside of the tank there is nothing but earth:
no one who does not enter the tank is clean.

If the waters have not the grace
to receive filth continually,

Alas for the longing lover and his hope!
Oh, sorrow for his everlasting sorrow!

The water has a hundred graces, a hundred pities,
for it receives the defiled ones and purifies them—and peace be with you!

O you Radiance of God, Husámu’ddin,
the Light is your protector from the worst of flying creatures.

The Light and its ascent are your protector,
O Sun who art concealed from the bat.

The veil before the face of the Sun,
what is it but excess of brilliance and intensity of splendour?

The veil over the Sun is just the Light of the Lord:
the bat and the night have no lot therein.

Inasmuch as both have remained far and veiled,
they have remained either black-faced or cold.

Since you have written part of the story of the New-moon,
put into words the tale of the Full-moon.

The New-moon and the Full-moon have oneness:
they are far from duality and from imperfection and corruption.

The new-moon is inwardly free from imperfection:
its apparent imperfection is increasing gradually.

Night by night it gives a lesson in gradualness
and with deliberation it produces relief.

With deliberation it says, “O hasty fool,
only step by step can one mount to the roof.”
Let the cooking-pot boil gradually, as a skilful does: the stew boiled in a mad hurry is of no use.

Was not God able to create heaven in one moment by “Be”? Without any doubt.

Why, then, O seeker of instruction, did He extend for it to six days, every day a thousand years?

What is the reason for the creation of a child taking nine months? Because gradualness is a characteristic of that King.

Why was the creation of Adam forty mornings? He was adding to that clay little by little.

Not like you, O foolish one, who have rushed forward just now: you are a child, and you have made yourself out to be an Elder.

You have run up, like a gourd, to the top of all, where is the warfare and combat to sustain you?

You have rested on trees and walls for support: you have climbed up like a pumpkin, O little baldhead.

If at first you mounted on a tall cypress, yet in the end you are dry and pulp less and empty.

Your green colour soon turned yellow, O pumpkin, for it was derived from rouge, it was not original.

Story of the old woman who used to depilate and rouge her ugly face, though it could never be put right and become pleasing.

There was a decrepit old woman aged ninety years, her face covered with wrinkles and her complexion saffron.

Her face was in folds like the surface of a traveller’s food-wallet, but there remained in her the passionate desire for a husband.

Her teeth had dropped out and her hair had become as milk: her figure was like a bow, and every sense in her was decayed.

Her passion for a husband and her lust and desire were in full force: the passion for snaring, though the trap had fallen to pieces.

She was like a cock that crows at the wrong time, a road that leads nowhere, a big fire beneath an empty kettle;
Like one who is exceedingly fond of the race-course, but has no horse and no means of running; exceedingly fond of piping, but having neither lip nor pipe.

May Jews have no greediness in old age! Oh, miserable is he on whom God has bestowed this selfishness!

A dog's teeth drop out when it grows old: it leaves people and takes to eating dung;

Look at these sexagenarian dogs! Their dog-teeth get sharper at every moment.

The hairs drop from the fur of an old dog; see these old dogs clad in satin!

See how their passionate desire and greed for women and gold, like the progeny of dogs, is increasing continually!

Such a life as this, which is Hell's stock-in-trade, is a shambles for the butchers of Wrath;

When people say to him, "May your life be long!" he is delighted and opens his mouth in laughter.

He thinks a curse like this is a benediction: he never uncloses his eye or raises his head once.

If he had seen a hair's tip of the future state, he would have said to him, "May your life be like this!"

Story of the dervish who blessed a man of Gilan, saying, "May God bring you back in safety to your home and household!"

One day a sturdy beggar, very fond of bread and carried a basket, accosted a Khwaja of Gilan.

On receiving some bread from him, he cried, "O You, whose help is sought, bring him back happy to his home and household!"

He said, "If the house is the one that I have seen, may God bring you there, O squalid wretch!"

Worthless folk humiliate every story-teller: if his words are lofty, they make them low;

For the tale is in proportion to the hearer: the tailor cuts the coat according to the Khwaja's figure.
Description of the old woman.

Since the audience is not free from such reproach, there is no means of avoiding low and undignified talk.

Listen, redeem this topic from pawn: return to the tale of the old woman.

When he has become advanced in years and is not a man in this Way, bestow the name of “aged crone” upon him.

1245 He has neither capital and basis, nor is he capable of receiving stock-in-trade.

Neither tongue nor ear nor understanding and insight nor consciousness nor unconsciousness nor reflections;

Neither humble supplication nor any beauty to show pride:

His coat on coat, is stinking, like an onion.

He has not traversed any path, nor the foot for the path:

That shameless one has neither glow nor burning (passion) and sighs.

قصة درويش كه از آن خانه هر چه میخواست میگفت نیست

Story of the dervish to whom, whenever he begged anything from a certain house, he used to say, “It is not to be had here.”

A beggar came to a house and asked for a piece of dry bread or a piece of moist bread.

The owner of the house said, “Where is bread in this place? Are you crazy? How is this a baker’s shop?”

“At least,” he begged, “get me a little bit of fat.”

“Why,” said he, “it isn’t a butcher’s shop.”

He said, “O master of the house, give me a pittance of flour.”

“Do you think this is a mill?” he replied.

“Well then,” said he, “give me some water from the reservoir.”

“No,” he replied, “it isn’t a river or a watering-place.”

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Whatever he asked for, from bread to bran,
he was mocking and deriding him.

The beggar went in and drew up his skirt:
he jumped into the house and wanted to relieve himself.

He (the householder) cried, “Hey, hey!” “Be quiet, O morose man,”
said he, “Since this is a ruin, I had better answer nature’s call.

Since there is no means of living (zístan)
here, upon a house like this defecate (rístan) oportet.”

Since you are not a falcon, so as to catch the prey,
a falcon hand trained for the King’s hunting;

Nor a peacock painted with a hundred designs,
so that eyes should be illumined by the picture which you present;

Nor a parrot, so that when sugar is given to you,
cars should bend to your sweet talk;

Nor a nightingale to sing, like a lover,
sweetly and plaintively in the meadow or the tulip-garden;

Nor a hoopoe to bring messages,
nor are you like a stork to make your nest on high—

In what work are you, and for what are you bought?
What bird are you, and with what are you eaten?

Mount beyond this shop of hagglers to the shop of Bounty
where God is the purchaser.

That Gracious One has purchased the piece of goods
that no people would look at on account of its shabbiness.

With Him no base coin is rejected,
for His object in buying is not profit.

Return to the tale of the old woman.

Since that autumn desired to be wed,
that lustful one plucked the hair of her eyebrows.

The old woman took the mirror before her face,
that she might beautify her cheeks and face and mouth.

She rubbed gleefully rouge several times,
the creases of her face did not become more concealed,
That filthy hag was cutting out portions of the Holy Book and sticking them on her face,

In order that the creases of her face might be hidden and that she might become the bezel in the ring of fair.

She was putting bits of the Book all over her face; they always dropped off when she put on her veil (chador);

Then she would stick them on again with spittle on all sides of her face,

And once more that bezel would arrange her veil, and the bits of the Book would fall from her face to the ground.

Since they always dropped off though she tried many an artifice, she exclaimed, “A hundred curses on Iblis!”

Immediately Iblis took shape and said, “O luckless dried-up harlot,

In all my life I have never thought of this:
I have never seen this by any harlot except you.

You have sown unique seed in infamy:
you have not left a single Scripture in the world.

You are a hundred Devils, troop on troop:
let me alone, O foul hag!”

How long will you steal portions of the lore of the Book, in order that your face may be coloured like an apple?

How long will you steal the words of the men of God that you may sell and obtain applause?

The daubed-on colour never made you rosy; the tied-on bough never performed the function of the stump.

At last, when the veil of death comes over you, these bits of the Book drop away from your face.

When the call comes to arise and depart, thereafter the arts of disputation vanish.

The world of silence comes into view. Stop!
Alas for him that has not a familiarity within him!

Polish your heart for a day or two: make that mirror your book,

For from the reflection of the imperial Joseph old Zalikha became young anew.
The chilly temperature of “the old woman’s cold spell” is changed by the July sun.

A dry-lipped bough is changed into a flourishing palm-tree by the burning of a Mary.

O old woman, how long will you strive with the destiny? Seek the cash now: let bygones be.

Since your face has no hope of beauty, you may either put rouge or, if you wish, ink.

Story of the sick man of whose recovery the physician despaired.

That by the pulse you may diagnose the state of my heart, for the hand-vein is connected with the heart.”

Since the heart is invisible, if you want a symbol of it, seek from him who has connection with the heart.

The wind is hidden from the eye, O trusty friend; see it in the dust and in the movement of the leaves,

Observe whether it is blowing from the right or from the left: the movement of the leaves will describe its condition to you.

You know not intoxication of the heart where, seek the description of it from the inebriated eye.

Since you are far from the Essence of God, you may recognise the description of the Essence in the Prophet and evidentiary miracles.

Certain secret miracles and graces from the elect Elders impress the heart;

For within them there are a hundred immediate resurrections, the least is this, that their neighbour becomes intoxicated;

Hence that fortunate who has devoted himself to a blessed has become the companion of God.

The evidentiary miracle that produced an effect upon something inanimate either the rod or the sea or the splitting of the moon.

If it produces an immediate effect upon the soul, it is brought into connection by means of a hidden link.
The effects produced upon inanimate objects are accessory: they are for the sake of the fair invisible spirit,

In order that the inmost heart may be affected by means of that inanimate object. How excellent is bread without the substance, dough!

How excellent is the Messiah’s table of food without stint!

How excellent is Mary’s fruit without an orchard!

Miracles from the spirit of the perfect affect the soul of the seeker as life.

The miracle is the sea, and the deficient man is the land bird; the water-bird is safe from destruction there.

It bestows infirmity on any one that is uninitiated, but it bestows power on the spirit of an intimate.

Since you do not feel this bliss in your inmost heart, and then continually seek the clue to it from outside,

For effects are apparent to the senses, and these effects give information concerning their producer.

The virtue of every drug is hidden like magic and the art of any sorcerer;

When you regard its action and effects, you bring it to light though it is hidden.

The potency that is concealed within it is clearly seen and made manifest when it comes into action.

Since all these things are revealed to you by means of effects, how is not God revealed to you by the production of effects?

Causes and effects, kernel and husk—are not the whole, when you investigate, effects produced by Him?

You make friends with things because of the effect: why, then, are you ignorant of Him who produces effects?

You make friends with people on the ground of a phantasy: why do not you make friends with the King of west and east?

This topic has no end. O emperor, May there be no end to our desire for this!
Returning to the Story of the sick man.

Return and tell the story of the sick man and the wise physician whose nature was to palliate.

He felt his pulse and ascertained his state: that it was absurd to hope for his recovery.

He said, “Do whatever your heart desires, in order that this old malady may quit your body.

Do not withhold anything that your inclination craves, lest your self-restraint and abstinence turn to gripes.

Know that self-restraint and abstinence are injurious to this disease: proffer to your heart whatever it may desire.

O uncle, in reference to a sick man like this God most High said, ‘Do what you will.’

He said, “go; look you, my dear nephew, I am going for a walk on the bank of the river.”

He was strolling beside the water, as his heart desired, in order that he might find the door to health opened to him.

On the river-bank a Sufi was seated, washing his hands and face and cleansing himself more and more.

He saw the nape of his neck and, like a crazy man, felt a longing to give it a slap;

He raised his hand to inflict a blow on the nape of the pottage-worshipping Sufi,

Saying, “The physician told me it would make me ill if I would not let my desire have its way.

I will give him a slap in quarrel, for, ‘Do not cast yourselves with your own hands into destruction.’

O such-and-such, this self-restraint and abstinence is destruction: give him a good blow, do not keep quiet like the others.”

When he slapped him, there was the sound of a crack: the Sufi cried, “Hey, hey, O rascally pimp!”

The Sufi was about to give him two or three blows with his fist and tear out his moustache and beard piecemeal.
Mankind suffers from a wasting disease, without remedy, and through the Devil's deception they are passionately addicted to slapping.

All are eager to injure the innocent and are seeking fault behind each others' backs.

O you who strike the necks of the guiltless, don't you see the retribution behind you?

O you who fancy that desire is your medicine and inflict slaps on the weak,

He who told you that this is the cure mocked at you: it is he that guided Adam to the wheat,

Saying, “O you two who implore help, eat this grain as a remedy that you may abide in Paradise forever.”

He caused him to stumble and gave him a slap on the nape: that slap recoiled and became a retribution for him.

He caused him to stumble terribly in backsliding, but God was his support and helper.

Adam was a mountain: if he was filled with serpents, he is a mine of the antidote and was unhurt.

You, who do not possess an atom of the antidote, why are you deluded by your deliverance?

Where, in your case, is trust in God like Abraham, and when will you get the grace like Moses, so that your knife should not cut Ishmael and that you should make the depths of the Nile?

If a blessed one fell from the minaret was saved by the wind filling his raiment,

Why have you, O good man, committed yourself to the wind when you are not sure of that fortune?

From this minaret hundreds of thousands like Ad fell down and gave to the wind their lives and souls.

Behold those who have fallen headlong from this minaret, hundreds of thousands on thousands!

You have no sure skill in rope-dancing, give thanks for your feet and walk on the ground.

Don't make wings of paper and fly from the mountain, for many a head has gone in this craze.
Although the Sufi was afire with anger, yet he cast his eye on the consequence.

The highest success belongs permanently to him who does not take the bait and sees imprisonment in the trap.

How excellent are two noble end-discriminating eyes that preserve the body from corruption!

That was from the vision of the end that was seen by Ahmad, who even here saw Hell, hair by hair,

And saw the Throne and the Footstool and the Gardens, so that he rent the veil of forgetfulness.

If you desire to be safe from harm, close your eye to the beginning and contemplate the end,

That you may regard all nonentities as existent and look upon entities, perceived by the senses, as of low degree.

At least consider this, that everyone who possesses reason is daily and nightly in quest of the non-existent.

In begging, he seeks a munificence that is not in being;
in the shops he seeks a profit that is not in being.

In the cornfields he seeks an income that is not in being;
in the plantations he seeks a date-palm that is not in being.

In the colleges he seeks a knowledge that is not in being;
in the Christian monasteries he seeks a morality that is not in being.

They have thrown the existent things behind them and are seekers of, and devoted to, the non-existent things,

Because the mine and treasury of God's doing is not other than non-existence in being brought into manifestation.

We have previously given some indication of this: regard this and that as one, not as two.

It was stated that every craftsman who appeared sought the abode of non-existence in his craft.

The builder sought an unrepaired place that had become ruined and the roofs fallen in.

The water-carrier sought a pot with no water in it, and the carpenter a door less house.

At the moment of pursuing they rushed into nonexistence; then they all are fleeing from non-existence.
چون امیدت لاست زو پرهیز چیست
با اینس طمع خود استیز چیست
چون امیدت لاست هرام تو این نبستی است
از فنا و نبست این پرهیز چیست
گر امیدت لاسته ای جان به سربکمین لا پرهیز منتظر
ز آن که داری جمله دل بر کندیا
شست دل در بحر لا افکندیا
پس گریز از چیست زین بحر مراد
که به شستثت سد هزاران صید داد
از چه گیم برگ را کردی تو مرگ
جادویی بین که تمودت مرگ برگ
هر دو چشمت بست سحر صنعتش
تا که جان را در چه آمد رغبتش
در خیال او ز مکر کردار
جمال صحرا فوق چه زهر است و مار
لاجرم چه را پناهی ساخته ست
تا که مرگ ای را به چه اندادنها ست
آن چه گفتم از غلطهای ای عزیز
هم بر این بندنو دم عطار نیز

Since your hope is non-existence, why avoidance of it?
Why strife with what is congenial to your desire?

Since that non-existence is congenial to your desire,
why this avoidance of nonentity and non-existence?

O soul, if you are not inwardly congenial to non-existence,
why are you waiting in ambush for non-existence?

You have torn your heart away from all that you own;
you have cast the net of your heart into the sea of non-existence.

Why, then, flee from this sea of desire
that has put hundreds of thousands of prey into your net?

Why have you given the name “death” to food for the spirit?
Observe the sorcery that has caused the provision to seem to you death.

The magic of His doing has bound both your eyes,
so that desire for the pit has come over your soul.

Through the contrivance of the Creator,
in its fancy all the expanse above the pit is poison and snakes;

Consequently it has made the pit a refuge,
so that death has cast it into the pit.

What I have said concerning your misapprehensions, O dear friend,
hear also the utterance of Attar on this same.

قصه ى سلطان محمود و غلام هندو

Story of Sultan Mahmud and the Hindu boy.

He, God have mercy upon him, has told it:
he has strung together the tale of King Mahmud, the Ghazi—

How, amongst the booty of his campaign in India,
a boy was brought into the presence of that sovereign.

Afterwards he made him his vicegerent and seated him on the throne
and gave him preferment above the army and called him “son.”

Seek the length and breadth and all particulars of the story
in the discourse of that prince of the Faith.

In short, the lad was seated on this throne of gold
beside the King-emperor.

He wept and shed tears in burning grief.
The King said to him, “O you whose day is triumphant,

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Why should you weep? Has your fortune become disagreeable to you? You are above kings, the familiar companion of the Emperor.

You are on this throne, while the viziers and soldiers are ranged in file before your throne, like the stars and the moon.”

The boy said, “The cause of my weeping bitterly is that in yonder city and country my mother

Was always threatening me with you, ‘May I see you in the hands of the lion, Mahmud!’

Then my father would wrangle with my mother in reply, ‘What wrath and torment is this?

Cannot you find any other curse lighter than this deadly curse?

You are very pitiless and exceedingly hard-hearted, for you are killing him with a hundred swords.’

I used to be dismayed by the talk of both: a terror and pain would come into my heart,

Oh, wonderful! What a hellish person Mahmud must be, since he has become proverbial for woe and anguish!

I used to tremble in fear of you, being ignorant of your gracious treatment and high regard.

Where is my mother, that she might see me now on the throne, O King of the world?”

Spiritual poverty is your Mahmud, O man without affluence: your nature is always making you afraid of it.

If you come to know the mercifulness of this noble Mahmud, you will cry joyously, “May the end be praised!”

Poverty is your Mahmud, O craven-hearted one: do not listen to this mother, namely, your misguiding nature.

When you become a prey to poverty, you will certainly shed tears, like the Hindu boy, on the Day of Judgment.

Although the body is a mother in fostering, yet it is more inimical to you than a hundred enemies.

When your body falls ill it makes you seek medicine; and if it grows strong it makes you an outrageous devil.

Know that this iniquitous body is like a coat of mail: it serves neither for winter nor summer.
The bad associate is good because of the patience, for the exercise of patience expands the heart.

The patience shown by the moon to the night keeps it illumined; the patience shown by the rose to the thorn keeps it fragrant.

The patience shown by the milk betwixt the feces and the blood enables it to rear the camel-foal till he has entered on his third year.

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The patience shown by all the prophets to the unbelievers made them the elect of God and lords of the planetary conjunction.

When you see anyone wearing goodly raiment, know that he has gained it by patience and work.

If you have seen any one naked and destitute, that is a testimony of his lack of patience.

Anyone who feels lonely and whose soul is full of anguish must have associated with an impostor.

If he had shown patience and loyal friendship, he would not have suffered this affliction through being separated from Him.

He would have consorted with God as honey with milk, saying, “I love not them that set.”

Assuredly he would not have remained alone, even as a fire left on the road by caravaneers.

Since from lack of patience he associated himself with others, in separation from Him he became sorrowful and deprived of good.

Since your friendship is as pure gold, how are you placing it in trust with a traitor?

Consort with Him with whom your trusts are safe from loss and violation.

Consort with Him who created nature and fostered the natures of the prophets.

If you give a lamb, He will give you back a flock: truly the Lord fosters every quality.

Will you entrust the lamb to the wolf? Do not tell the wolf and Joseph to travel in company with each other.

If the wolf show foxiness towards you, beware, do not believe, for no goodness comes from him.

If a churl shows sympathy towards you, in the end he will inflict blows upon you because of his churlishness.
He has two organs and is androgynous. The purpose of both organs is apparent.

He hides his penis from women so he can appear to be one of them.

He hides his vagina from men so that he claims to be one of them.

God saw that from his hidden penis we would make a snout, in order that Our seers may not be entrapped by the artfulness of that ogler."

The gist is that masculinity does not come from every male: beware of the ignorant man if you are wise.

Do not listen to the friendliness of the fair-spoken ignorant man, for it is like old poison.

He says to you, “O soul of your mother! O light of my eye!” from those only grief and sorrow are added to you.

That mother says plainly to your father, “My child has grown very thin because of school. If you had gotten him by another wife, you would not have treated him with such cruelty and unkindness.”

"Had this child of mine been of another, not of you, that wife too would have talked this nonsense."

Beware, recoil from this mother and from her blandishments: your father’s slaps are better than her sweetmeat.

The mother is the carnal soul, and the father is noble reason: its beginning is constraint, but its end is a hundred expansions.

O Giver of understandings, come to my help: none wills unless You will.

Both the desire and the good action proceed from You: who are we? You are the First, You are the Last.

Speak and hear and be! We are wholly nothing notwithstanding all this hewing.

Because of this resignation do You increase our desire for worship: do not send the sloth and stagnation of necessitarianism.

Necessitarianism is the wing and pinion of the perfect; necessitarianism is also the prison and chains of the slothful.
Know that this necessitarianism is like the water of the Nile—water to the true believer and blood to the infidel.

Wings carry falcons to the king; wings carry crows to the graveyard.

Now return to the description of non-existence, for it is like undigested animal fodder, though you think it is poison.

Listen, O fellow-servant, go and, like the Hindu boy, be not afraid of the Mahmud of non-existence.

Be afraid of the existence in which you are now: that phantasy of yours is nothing and you are nothing.

One nothing has fallen in love with another nothing: has any nothing ever waylaid any other nothing?

When these phantasies have departed from before you that which your understanding has not conceived becomes clear to you.

Those who have passed away do not grieve on account of death; their only regret is to have missed the opportunities.

That captain of mankind has said truly that no one who has passed away from this world feels sorrow and regret and disappointment on account of death; nay, but he feels a hundred regrets for having missed the opportunity,

Saying, “Why did not I make death my object—the store-house of every fortune and every provision—through seeing double, did I make the lifelong object of my attention those phantoms that vanished at the fated hour?”

The grief of the dead is not on account of death; it is because “we dwelt upon the forms, and this we did not perceive, that those are form and foam, the foam is moved and fed by the Sea.”

When the Sea has cast the foam-flakes on the shore, go to the graveyard and behold those flakes of foam!

Then say, “Where is your movement and gyration? The Sea has cast you into the crisis”
In order that they may say to you, not with their lips but implicitly, “Ask this question of the Sea, not of us.”

How should the foam-like form move without the wave?
How should the dust rise to the zenith without a wind?

Since you have perceived the dust, namely, the form, perceive the wind; since you have perceived the foam, perceive the ocean of Creative Energy.

Come, perceive, for insight in you avails: the rest of you is a piece of fat and flesh, a weft and warp.

Your fat never increased the light in candles, your flesh never became roasted meat for any one drunk with wine.

Dissolve the whole of this body of yours in vision: pass into sight, pass into sight, into sight!

One sight perceives two yards of the road; another sight has beheld the two worlds and the Face of the King.

Between these twain there is an incalculable difference: seek the eye salve—and God best knows the hidden things.

Since you have heard the description of the sea of non-existence, continually endeavour to stand upon this sea.

Inasmuch as the foundation of the workshop is that non-existence which is void and traceless and empty,

All master-craftsmen seek non-existence and a place of breakage for the purpose of exhibiting their skill,

Necessarily the Lord the Master of masters—His workshop is non-existence and nothingness.

Wherever this non-existence is greater, in that quarter is the work and workshop of God.

Since the highest stage is non-existence, the dervishes have outstripped all,

Especially the dervish that has become devoid of body and goods: poverty of body is the matter, not beggary.

The beggar is he whose goods have melted away; the contented man is he who has gambled away his body.

Therefore do not now complain of affliction, for it is a smooth-paced horse towards non-existence.

We have said so much: think of the remainder, if thought be frozen, practise recollection.
Recollection brings thought into movement:
make recollection to be the sun for this congealed.

God’s pulling is, indeed, the original source; but, O fellow-servant,
exert yourself, do not be dependent on that pulling;

For to renounce exertion is like an act of disdain:
how should disdain be seemly for a devoted lover?

O youth, think neither of acceptance nor refusal:
regard always the command and prohibition.

Suddenly the bird, namely, the attraction, will fly from its nest:
put out the candle as soon as you see the dawn.

When the eyes have become piercing, it is its light:
in the very husk it beholds the kernels.

In the mote it beholds the everlasting Sun,
in the drop it beholds the entire Sea.

Returning once more to the Story of the Sufi and the Cadi

The Sufi said, “It does not behove me blindly to lose my head
by taking retaliation for a single slap on the nape.

My putting on the mantle of resignation
has made it easy for me to suffer blows.”

The Sufi observed that his adversary was exceedingly frail:
he said, “If I give him a hostile blow with my fist,

At my first blow he will crumble like dead,
and then the king will punish me and exact retaliation.

The tent is ruined and the tent-pin broken:
it is seeking excuse to collapse.

It would be a pity, a pity that on account of this dead man retaliation
should fall upon me under the sword.”

Since he dares not give his adversary a fisticuff,
he resolved to take him to the Cadi.

Saying, “He is God’s scales and measure;
he is the means of deliverance from the deceit and cunning of the Devil.

He is the scissors for enmities and wrangling,
he is the decider of the quarrels and disputes of the two litigants.
His spells put the Devil in the bottle, his legal ruling makes dissensions cease.

When the covetous adversary sees the scales, he abandons rebelliousness and becomes submissive;

But if there are no scales though you give him more his shrewdness will never be satisfied with the portion.”

The cadi is a mercy and the means of removing strife: he is a drop from the ocean of the justice of the Resurrection.

Though the drop be small and short of foot, by it the purity of the ocean’s water is made manifest.

If you keep the veil free from dust, you will see the Tigris in a single drop.

The parts bear witness to the state of wholes, so that the afterglow of sunset has become an informer concerning the sun.

God applied that oath, His Words Truly by the afterglow of sunset, to the body of Ahmad.

Why should the ant have been trembling for the grain, if from that single grain it had known the stack?

Come to the topic, for the Sufi is distraught and is making haste to exact redress for the injury.

O you that has committed deeds of injustice, how are you glad at heart? Are you unaware of the demand by him who exacts the penalty?

Or have you forgotten those deeds of your, since heedlessness has let down curtains over you?

If there were no litigations pursuing you the celestial orb would envy your happiness, but on account of those just claims you are embarrassed. Little by little, beg to be excused for your unrighteousness.

But let the Inspector suddenly arrest you, now make your water clear towards the lover.

The Sufi went to the man who had slapped him, and laid hold of his skirt like a plaintiff.

Haling him along, he brought him to the Cadi, saying, “Mount this asinine miscreant on an ass, or punish him with blows of the whip, according as your judgment may deem fitting;
For one who dies under your chastisement, no fine is on you in vengeance: that is not penalised.

When any one has died under the punishment and flagellation of the cadi no responsibility lies on the cadi, for he is not a person of small account.

He is God's deputy and the shadow of God's justice, the mirror of every plaintiff and defendant;

For he inflicts correction for the sake of one who has been wronged, not for the sake of his honour or his anger or his income.

Since it is for the sake of God and the Day hereafter, if a mistake is made the blood-wit falls upon the kinsmen on the father's side.

He who strikes for his own sake is responsible, while he who strikes for God's sake is secure.

If a father strikes his son and he dies, the father must pay the blood-price,

Because he struck him for his own benefit, it is the duty of the son to serve him.

When a teacher strikes a boy and he perishes, nothing is on the teacher; no fear'

For the teacher is a deputy and a trustee; and the ease of every trustee is the same as this

It is not his duty to serve his master therefore in chastising him the master was not seeking benefit,

But if his father struck him, he struck for his own sake: consequently he was not freed from paying the blood-price.

Behead selfhood, then, O Dhu 'l-faqár: become a selfless non-existent one like the dervish.

When you have become selfless, everything that you do you did not throw when you threw, you are safe.

The responsibility lies on God, not on the trustee: it is set forth plainly in jurisprudence.

Every shop has a different merchandise:
the Masnavi is the shop for poverty, O son.

In the shoemaker's shop there is fine leather: if you see wood, it is the mould for the shoe.

The drapers have silk and dun-coloured cloth: if iron be, it is for a yard-measure.
Our Masnavi is the shop for Unity: anything that you see except the One is an idol

Know that to praise an idol for the purpose of ensnaring the vulgar is just like "the most exalted Cranes"

He recited it those words quickly in the Sūra Wa‘l-Najm, but it was a temptation, it was not part of the Sūra.

Thereupon all the infidels prostrated themselves: it was a mystery, too, that they knocked their heads upon the door.

After this there is a perplexing and abstruse argument stay with Solomon and do not stir up the demons!

Listen; relate the story of the Sufi and the Cadi and the offender who was feeble and wretchedly ill.

The Cadi said, “Make the roof firm, O son, in order that I may decorate it with good and evil

Where is the assailant? Where is that which is subject to vengeance? This man in sickness has become a phantom.

The law is for the living and self-sufficient: where is the law upon the occupants of the graveyard?”

Those who are headless because of poverty are in a hundred respects more non-existent than those dead.

The dead man is non-existent from one point of view, as regards loss; the Sufis have been non-existent in a hundred respects.

Death is a single killing, while this is three hundred thousand, for each one of which there is a blood-price beyond reckoning.

Though God has killed these folk many a time, He has poured forth stores in payment of the blood-price.

Every one is inwardly like Jirjis: they have been killed and brought to life sixty times.

From his delight in the spear-point of the Judge, the killed one is ever burning and crying. Strike another blow!”

By God, from love for the existence that fosters the spirit, the killed one longs - more passionately to be killed a second time.

The Cadi said, “I am the cadi for the living: how am I the judge of the occupants of the graveyard?

If to outward seeming this man is not laid low in the grave; graves have entered into his household
You have seen many a dead man in the grave, O, blind one, 
see the grave in a dead man.

If bricks from a grave have fallen on you, 
how should reasonable able persons seek redress from the grave?

Do not concern yourself with anger and hatred against a dead man: 
beware, do not wake war on the pictures in a bath-house.

Give thanks that a living one did not strike you, 
for whom the living one rejects is rejected of God.

The anger of the living ones is God's anger 
and His blows for that pure-skinned one are living through God.

God killed him and breathed on his trotters 
and quickly, like a butcher, stripped off his skin.

The breath remains in him till the final boundary: 
the breathing of God is not as the breathing of the butcher.

There is a great difference between the two breathings: 
this is wholly honour, while that side is entirely, shame.

This took life away from it and injured it, 
while by the breathing of God that life was made perpetual.

This breath is not a breath 'that can be described 
listen, come up from the bottom of the pit to the top of the palace.

It is not a sound legal decision to mount him on an ass: 
does anyone lay upon an ass a picture of firewood?

The back of an ass is not his proper seat: 
the back of a bier is more fitting for him.

What is injustice? To put out of its proper place: 
beware, do not let it be lost out of its place.”

The Sufi said, “Then do you think it right 
for him to slap me without retaliation and without a farthing?

Is it right that a big rascally bear 
should inflict slaps on Sufis for nothing?”

The Cadi said, “What have you, larger or smaller?”
He replied, “I have six dirhems in the world.”

Said the Cadi, “Spend three dirhems 
and give the other three to him without words.

“He is weak and ill and poor and infirm: 
he will need three dirhems for vegetables and loaves.”

You have seen many a dead man in the grave, O, blind one, 
see the grave in a dead man.

If bricks from a grave have fallen on you, 
how should reasonable able persons seek redress from the grave?

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Said the Cadi, “Spend three dirhems 
and give the other three to him without words.

“He is weak and ill and poor and infirm: 
he will need three dirhems for vegetables and loaves.”
His eye fall on the nape of the Cadi’s neck: it was better than the nape of the Sufi.

He raised his hand to slap it, saying, “The retaliation for my slap has been made cheap.”

He approached the Cadi’s ear for the purpose of a secret, and dealt the Cadi a blow with his palm.

“O my two enemies,” he cried, “take all the six dirhems: I shall be free without trouble and anxiety.”

How the Cadi was incensed by the slap of the poor man and how the Sufi taunted the Cadi.

The Cadi was incensed. “Hey,” cried the Sufi, “your decision is just, no doubt: there is no error.

O Shaykh of the religion, how can you approve for a brother what you disapprove for yourself, O man of trust?

Don’t you know this; that you dig a pit for me you will at last let yourself fall into the same pit?

Haven’t you read in the Traditions, ‘Whoever digs a pit’? Practise what you have read, O soul of your father!

This one judicial decision of yours was like this, for it has brought you a slap on the nape.

Alas for your other decisions! What they will bring upon your head and feet.

From kindness you take pity on a wrong-doer, saying, ‘May you have three dirhems to spend!’

Cut off the wrong-doer’s hand: what occasion is there for you to put the control and reins in his hand?

O you from whom justice is unknown, you resemble the goat that gave her milk to the wolf-cub.”

The Cadi’s reply to the Sufi.

The Cadi said, “It is our duty to acquiesce, whatever slap or cruelty the destiny may bring to pass.
I am inwardly pleased with the decision in the Scrolls, though my face has become sour—for Truth is bitter.

This heart of mine is an orchard, and my eye is like the cloud: the cloud weeps the orchard laughs joyously and happily.

In a year of drought the orchards are reduced to death and agony by the sun laughing unconscionably.

You have read in God’s Commandment and weep much: why have you remained grinning like a roast head?

You will be the light of the house, like the candle, if like the candle you shed showers of tears.

The mother’s or father’s sourness of face preserves the child from all harm.

You have experienced the pleasure of laughing, O inordinate laugher: experience the pleasure of weeping that it is a mine of sugar.

Since thinking of Hell causes weeping, therefore Hell is better than Paradise.

In tears there is concealed laughter: seek treasure amidst ruins, O simple man.

Pleasure is in pains: the track has been lost, the Water of Life has been taken away into the Darkness.

On the way to the Caravanseray the shoes are upside down: make your eyes to be four in precaution.

Make your eyes to be four in careful consideration: join to your own eye the two eyes of the Friend.

Read in the pages their affair is a matter for consultation: be to the Friend and do not say to him disdainfully, ‘Fie!’

The Friend is the support and refuge on the Way: when you consider well; the Friend is the Way.

When you come into a company of Mends, sit silent: do not make yourself the bezel in that ring.

At the Friday prayer-service look well and attentively: all are concentrated and possessed by a single ought and silent.

Direct your course towards silence: when you seek the marks, do not make yourself a mark.

The Prophet said, ‘Know that amidst the sea of cares Companions are stars in respect of guidance.’
Fix your eye on the stars, seek the Way; speech is a cause of confusion to the sight: do not speak.

If you utter two true words, O such-and-such, the dark speech will begin to flow in their train.

Haven't you read that talk concerning grief, O frenzied is drawn along by the draw of talk?

Beware; do not begin those right words, for words quickly draw words.

When you have opened your mouth, they are not in your control: the dark flows on the heels of the pure.

He may open who is preserved in the way of inspiration it is permissible since he is entirely pure.

For a prophet does not speak from self-will: how should self-will proceed from him who is preserved by God?

Make yourself one that speaks eloquently from ecstatic feeling, lest you become a slave to argumentation like me.”

How the Sufi questioned the Cadi.

The Sufi said, “Since the gold is from a single mine, why is this beneficial and that other harmful?

Since the whole has come from a single Hand, why has this one come sober and that one intoxicated?

Since these rivers flow from a single Sea, why is this one honey and that one poison in the mouth?

Since all lights are from the everlasting Sun, wherefore did the true dawn and the false dawn rise?

Since the blackness of every seeing person’s eye is from a single eye salve, why did true, sight and being crossed eye come?

Since God is the Governor of the Mint, how is it that good and spurious coins are struck?

Since God has called the Way ‘My Way,’ why is this one a trusty escort and that one a brigand?

How can the freeman and the fool come from a single womb, since it is certain that the son is his father’s inmost nature?
Who saw a Unity with so many thousand, a hundred thousand motions from the essence of Rest?”

The Cadi’s reply to the Sufi.

The Cadi said, “O Sufi’ do not be perplexed: listen to a parable in explanation of this

Just as the disquiet of lovers
is the result of the tranquility of the one who captivates their hearts.

He stands immovable, like a mountain, in his disdain,
while his lovers are quivering like leaves.

All this conditionality is tossing like foam
on the surface of the unconditioned Sea.

In its essence and action there is neither opposite nor like:
by it are existences clothed in robes.

How should an opposite bestow being and existence on its opposite?
Nay, it flees and escapes from it.

What is \textit{nidd}? The like (\textit{mithl}), the like of good or bad.
How should a like make its own like?

When there are two likes, O God-fearing man,
why should this one be fitter than that one for creating?

Opposites and likes, in number as the leaves of the orchard,
are as a flake of foam on the Sea that has no like or opposite.

Perceive that the victory and defeat of the Sea are unconditioned:
how should there be room for conditionality in the essence of the Sea?

Your soul is the least of its playthings;
how can the quality and description of the soul be ascertained?

Such a Sea, then, with every drop whereof the intellect and the spirit
are more unfamiliar than the body—

How should it be contained in the narrow room of quantity and quality?
There Universal Reason is one of the ignorant.

Reason says to the body, ‘O lifeless thing,
have you ever had a scent of the Sea whither all return?’
The body replies, ‘assuredly I am your shadow: who would seek help from a shadow, O soul of your uncle?’

Reason says, ‘this is the house of bewilderment, not a house where the worthy is bolder than the unworthy.’

Here the resplendent sun pays homage to the mote, like a menial.

In this quarter the lion lays his head before the deer; here the falcon lays his wings before the partridge.

If you cannot believe this, how is it that Mustafa seeks a blessing from the lowly poor?

If you reply that it was for the purpose of teaching in what respect was his leaving them in absolute ignorance a means of causing them to understand?

Nay, but he knows that the King deposits the royal treasure in ruined places.

Evil thoughts are his presenting an appearance contrary to the reality, though every part of him is his spy.

Nay, the Truth is absorbed in the Truth; hence seventy, nay, a hundred sects hive arisen.

I will talk to you of matters indifferent.

Listen, O Sufi, open your spiritual ear very wide.

Whatever blow may come to you from Heaven, always be expecting a gift of honour after it;

For He is not the king to slap you and then not give you a crown and a throne on which to recline.

The whole world has the value of a gnat’s wing; for one slap there is an infinite reward.

Nimbly slip your neck out of this golden collar, the world, and take the slaps from God.

Since the prophets suffered those blows on the nape, in consequence of that affliction they have lifted their heads.

But be present in yourself O youth, in order that He may find you at home.

Else He will take back His gift of honour, saying, ‘I found nobody in the house.”
How the Sufi again questioned the Cadi.

The Sufi said, “How would it be if this world were to unknit the eyebrow of mercy for evermore!
If it were not to bring on some trouble at every moment and produce anguish by its changes!
If Night were not to steal the lamp of Day, and if December were not to sweep away the orchard that has learned to delight!
If there were no stone of fever to shatter the cup of health, and if fear did not bring anxieties for safety!
How, indeed, would His munificence and mercy be diminished if in His bounty there were no torment?”

The Cadi’s answer to the questions of the Sufi, and how he adduced the Story of the Turk and the Tailor as a parable.

The Cadi said, “You are a very idle vagabond Sufi: you are devoid of intelligence, like the Kufic کاف. Haven’t you heard that a certain sugar-lipped used to tell at nightfall of the perfidy of tailors, Setting forth to the people old stories concerning the thievery of that class? To that one and this one he would relate tales of their snatching pieces of cloth while cutting it, And during the night-talk he would read aloud a book on tailors, when a throng had gathered round him. Since he found eager listeners among those who came, all parts of him had become the story.
The Prophet, on whom be peace, said, ‘Truly God teaches wisdom by the tongues of the preachers according to the measure of the aspirations of those who hear them.’

If anyone has suave eloquence, hearing draws it out:
the teacher’s enthusiasm and energy are from the boy.

When the harpist who plays the four-and-twenty finds no ear,
his harp becomes a burden;

Neither ditty nor ode comes into his memory:
his ten fingers will not get to work.

If there were no ears to receive the Unseen,
no announcer would have brought a Revelation from Heaven;

And if there were no eyes to see the works of God,
neither would the sky have revolved nor would the earth have smiled.

The declaration lawláka means this;
that the affair is for the sake of the piercing eye and the seer.

How should the vulgar, in their love for bedfellow and dishes,
have any care for love of God’s work?

You do not pour tutmáj broth into a trough
till there are a number of greedy dogs to drink it.

Go, be the Cave-dog of His Lordship
in order that His election may deliver you from this trough.

When he related the pitiless thefts
which those tailors commit in secret,

A Turk from Khitá amongst the crowd
was exceedingly annoyed by that exposure.

At night-time he was exposing those secrets
for the benefit of the intelligent, as on the Day of Resurrection.

Wherever you come to close quarters with a wrangle,
you will see there two enemies in exposing secret.

Know that that hour is the Last Judgment mentioned,
and know that the throat which tells the secret is the trumpet;

For God has provided the motives of anger
and has caused those shameful things to be divulged.
When he had related many instances of the perfidy of tailors, the Turk became annoyed and angry and aggrieved, and said, 'O story-teller, in your city who is the greatest expert in this deceit and fraud?'

How the Turk boasted and wagered that the tailor would not be able to steal anything from him.

He replied, 'There is a tailor named Pir-i Shush who beats folk in light-fingeredness and thievery.'

'I warrant,' said he, 'that with a hundred efforts he will not be able to take away a coil of thread in my presence.'

Then they told him, 'Cleverer persons than you have been checkmated by him: do not soar in your pretensions. Go to, be not so deluded by your intelligence, else you will be lost in his wiles.'

The Turk became hotter and made a wager there that he would not be able to rob either old or new. Those who flattered his hopes made him hotter: immediately he wagered and declared the stakes, saying, 'I will pay this Arab horse of mine as a forfeit if he artfully steals my stuff; and if he cannot rob I shall receive a horse from you for the first stake.'

Because of his anxiety sleep did not overcome the Turk that night: he was fighting with the phantom of the thief.

In the morning he put a piece of satin under his arm, went to the bazaar, and the shop of that cunning rogue. Then he saluted him warmly, and the master-tailor sprang up from his seat and opened his lips to bid him welcome. He inquired with a cordiality exceeding that of the Turk, so that he planted in his heart affection for him.

When he heard from him a song like the nightingales, he threw down before him the piece of Stamboul satin,
Saying, ‘Cut this into a coat for the day of battle:
wide below my navel and tight above it—

Tight above, to show off my body;
wide below, so as not to hamper my legs.’

He replied, ‘O kindly man, I will do a hundred services,’
and in accepting it he laid his hand upon his eye.

Then he measured and inspected the working surface
and, after that, opened his lips in idle chat.

Of stories about other Amírs
and of the bounties and gifts of those persons

And about the misers and their economies—
he gave a sample for the purpose of laughter.

In a flash he whipped out a pair of scissors and went on cutting
while his lips were full of tales and beguiling talk.

The Turk began to laugh at the stories,
and at that moment his narrow eyes closed.

He filched a shred and put it under his thigh,
hidden from all living beings except God.

God saw it, but He is disposed to cover up;
yet when you carry beyond bounds He is a tell-tale.

From his delight in his anecdotes
the Turk’s former boast went out of his head.

What satin? What boast? What wager?
The Turk is intoxicated with the jokes of the pasha.

The Turk implored him, crying, ‘For God’s sake go on telling jokes,
for they are meat to me.’

The rascal told such a ridiculous story
that he fell on his back in an explosion of laughter.

He swiftly clapped a shred of satin to the hem of his under garments,
while the Turk was paying no attention and greedily sucking in the jests.
Still, the Turk of Khitá said for the third time, ‘Tell me a joke for God’s sake!’

He told a story more laughable than on the two previous occasions, and made this Turk entirely his prey.

His eyes shut, his reason flown, bewildered, the boastful Turk was intoxicated with guffaws.

Then for the third time he filched a strip from the coat, since the Turk’s laughter gave him ample scope.

When for the fourth time the Turk of Khitá was demanding a jest from the master-tailor,

The master took pity on him and put aside artfulness and injustice.

He said, ‘This infatuated man has a great desire for these, not knowing what a loss and swindle they are.’

He showered kisses on the master, crying, ‘For God’s sake tell me a story!’

O you who have become a story and dead to existence, how long will you wish to make trial of stories?

No story is more laughable than you: stand on the edge of your own ruinous grave!

O you who have gone down into the grave of ignorance and doubt, how long will you seek the jests and tales of Time?

How long will you listen to the blandishments of this world that leave neither your mind un-deranged nor your spirit?

The jests of Time, this mean and petty boon-companion, have robbed of honour a hundred thousand like you.

This Universal Tailor is ever tearing and stitching the garments of a hundred travellers silly as children.

If his jests conferred a gift on the orchards, when December came they gave that gift to the winds.

The old children sit down beside him to beg that he will jest by fortunes good or bad.
How the tailor said to the Turk, “Hey, hold your tongue: if I tell any more funny stories the coat will be tight for you.”

The tailor said, ‘Begone, unmanly fellow!
Woe to you if I make another jest;
Then, after that, the coat will be tight for you:
does anyone practice this on himself?
What laughter? If you had an inkling, instead of laughing you would weep blood.’

Explaining that the idle folk who wish stories are like the Turk, and that the deluding and treacherous World is like the tailor, and that lusts and women are this World’s telling laughable jokes, and that Life resembles the piece of satin placed before this Tailor to be made into a coat of eternity and a garment of piety.

The Tailor, Worldly Vanity, takes away the satin of your life, bit by bit, with his scissors, the months.

You wish that your star might always jest and your happiness continue forever.

You are very angry with its quartile aspects and its disdain and enmity and mischief;
You are very annoyed with its silence and inauspiciousness and severity and its endeavour to show hostility.

Saying, ‘Why doesn’t the merry Venus dance?’
Do not depend on its good luck and auspicious dance.

Your star says, ‘If I jest any more, I shall cause you to be swindled entirely.’
Do not regard the counterfeiting of these stars:
regard your love for the counterfeiter, O despicable man.
A certain man was on the way to his shop
he found the road in front of him barred by women.

He was hurrying along hot-foot,
and the way was blocked by a crowd of women as the moon.

He turned his face to one woman and said,
‘O vile, how numerous you are, little girls, eh!’

The woman turned towards him and replied,
‘O man of trust, do not think it dreadful that there are so many of us.

Consider that notwithstanding the multitude of us on the earth
you find it insufficient for your enjoyment.

Never minding the number of women on the earth,
men find them insufficient and turn to other men for enjoyment.’

Do not regard these happenings of Time
which from heaven come to pass intolerably here.

Do not regard the husbanding of daily bread and livelihood
and this dearth and fear and trembling,

Consider that in spite of all its bitterness
you are mortally enamoured of it and recklessly devoted to it.

Deem bitter tribulation to be a mercy,
deem the kingdom of Merv and Balkh to be a vengeance.

That Ibrahim fled not from destruction and remained,
while this Ibrahim fled from honour and rode away.

That one is not burnt, and this one is burnt. Oh, wonderful!
In the Way of search everything is upside down.”
He who brings forth roses from the very midst of thorns is also able to turn this winter into spring.

He by whom every cypress is made ‘free’ has the power if He would turn sorrow into joy.

He by whom every non-existence is made existent—what damage would He suffer if He were to preserve it forever?

He who gives the body a soul that it may live—how would He be a loser if He did not cause it to die?

What, indeed, would it matter if that Bounteous One should bestow on His servant the desire of his soul without toil, and keep far off from poor the cunning of the flesh and the temptation of the Devil in ambush?"

The Cadi’s reply to the Sufi.

The Cadi said, “Were there no bitter Commandment and were there no good and evil and no pebbles and pearls, and were there no flesh and Devil and passions, and were there no blows and battle and war, then by what name and title would the King call His servants, O abandoned man? How could He say, ‘O steadfast one’ and ‘O forbearing one’? How could He say, ‘O brave one’ and ‘O wise one’? How could there be steadfast and sincere and spending men without a brigand and accursed Devil? Rustam and Hamza and a catamite would be one; knowledge and wisdom would be annulled and utterly demolished. Knowledge and wisdom exist for the purpose of the right path and the wrong paths: when all are the right path, knowledge and wisdom are void. Do you think it allowable that both the worlds should be ruined for the sake of this briny shop of the nature? I know that you are pure, not raw, and that these questions of yours are for the sake of the vulgar.

The cruelty of Time and every affliction that exists are lighter than barrenness from God and forgetfulness, because these will pass, that will not. He that brings his spirit awake is possessed of felicity.”
A Story setting forth that patience in bearing worldly affliction is easier than patience in bearing separation from the Beloved.

A certain woman said to her husband, “Hey, O you who have finished with generosity once and for all, why have you no care for me? How long shall I dwell in this abode of misery?”

The husband replied, “I am doing my best to earn money; though I am destitute, I am moving hand and foot.

O beloved, it is my duty money and clothes: you get both these from me and they are not insufficient.”

The wife showed the sleeve of her chemise: the chemise was very coarse and dirty.

“It is so rough,” said she, “it eats my body: does anyone get a garment of this kind for any one?”

He said, “O wife, I will ask you one question. I am a poor man: this is all I know. This is rough and coarse and disagreeable, but think, O thoughtful wife! Is this rougher and nastier, or divorce? Is this more odious to you, or separation?”

Even so, O Khwaja who are reviling on account of affliction and poverty and distress and tribulations, no doubt this renunciation of sensuality gives bitter pain, but it is better than the bitterness of being far from God.

If fighting and fasting are hard and rough, yet these are better than being far from Him who inflicts tribulation.

How should pain endure for a single moment when the Giver of favours says to you, “How are you, O My sick one?”

And if He say not, because you have not the understanding and knowledge for it, yet your inward feeling is inquiring.

Those beauteous ones who are spiritual physicians turn towards the sick to inquire; and if they be afraid of disgrace and reputation, they devise some means and send a message;
Or if not, that is pondered in their hearts: no beloved is unaware of his lover.

O you, who desire a wondrous tale, read the story of them that play the game of love.

You have been boiling mightily during this long time, O dried meat, you have not even become half-cooked.

During a life-time you have seen the justice and jurisdiction, and then you are more ignorant than the blind.

Whoever serves Him as a pupil becomes a master; you have gone backwards, O blind fool!

Truly you have learned nothing from your parents, nor have you taken a lesson from night and day.

Parable.

A gnostic asked an old Christian priest, “Sire, are you the more advanced in age, or your beard?”

He replied, “Nay; I was born before it; I have seen much of the world without a beard.”

He said, “Your beard has turned white, it has changed, your evil disposition has not become good.”

It was born after you and it has surpassed you: you are so dry because of your passion for tharid.

You are of the same complexion with which you were born: you have not taken one step forward.

Still you are sour buttermilk in the churn: in truth you have not extracted any oil from it.

Still you are dough in the jar of clay, though you have been a lifetime in the fiery oven.

You are like a herb on a hillock: foot in the earth, though your head is tossed by the wind of passion.

Like the people of Moses in the heat of the Desert, you have remained forty years in place, O foolish man.

Daily you march rapidly till nightfall and find yourself in the first stage of your journey.
You will never traverse this three hundred years' distance so long as you have love for the calf.

Until the fancy of the calf went out of their hearts, the Desert was to them like a blazing whirlpool.

Besides this calf which you have obtained from Him, you have experienced infinite graces and bounties.

You have the nature of a cow; hence in your love for this calf mighty benefits have vanished from your heart.

Please now, ask each part of you:
these dumb parts have a hundred tongues

To recall the bounties of the World-Provider which are hidden in the pages of Time.

By day and night you are eagerly seeking stories, while each several part of you is telling you the story.

Since each several part of you grew up from non-existence, how much joy have they experienced and how much pain!

For without pleasure no part will grow; on the contrary, at every spasm the part becomes thin.

The part remained, but the pleasure vanished from memory; nay, it did not vanish, it became concealed from the five and the seven.

Like summer, from which cotton is born:
the cotton remains, the summer is no more remembered;

Or like the ice which is born of winter:
winter disappears, but the ice is with us.

The ice is a souvenir of the hardships, and in December these fruits are a souvenir of summer.

Similarly, O youth, every single part in your body is telling the story of a bounty,

As, a woman who has twenty children; each tells of a delight.

There is no pregnancy without rapture and amorous sport:
how should the orchard produce without a Spring?

The pregnant and the children on their laps are evidence of dalliance with the Spring.

Every tree in suckling its children is impregnated, like Mary, by a King unseen.
Although in water the heat of fire is concealed, a hundred thousand bubbles froth upon it, and though fire works very secretly, the froth indicates with ten fingers.

In like manner the parts of those intoxicated with union are pregnant with the forms of feelings and words. Their mouths remain gaping at the beauty of ecstasy, their eyes are absent from the forms of this world.

Those progenies are not by means of these four; consequently they are not seen by these eyes. Those progenies are born of illumination; consequently they are covered by a pure veil.

We said “born,” but in reality they are not born, and this expression is only in order to guide.

Listen; be silent that the King of Say may speak: do not play the nightingale with a Rose of this kind.

This eloquent Rose is full of song and cry: O nightingale let your tongue cease, be ear!

Both kinds of pure ideal forms are valid witnesses to the mystery of union. Both kinds of subtle and delectable beauty are witnesses to pregnancies and growing big in the past, like ice that in the brilliant Tamúz is ever telling the story of winter.

And recalling the cold winds and intense frost in those hard days and times; like fruit that in winter-time tells the story of God’s lovingkindness.

And the tale of the season when the sun was smiling and embracing the brides of the orchard. The ecstasy is gone but your part remains as a souvenir: either inquire of it, or yourself recall to mind.

When grief takes possession of you, if you are a fit person you would question that moment of despair, and would say to it, “O Sorrow that denies implicitly the allowance of favours by that Perfection,
If spring and fresh gladness are not always your, of what is your body, like a heap of roses, the storehouse?

Your body is a heap of roses, your thought is like rose-water; the rose-water denies the rose: lo, here is a marvel!"

Straw is refused to those who apishly show ingratitude, sun and cloud are lavished on those who resemble the prophets in disposition.

That obstinacy in ingratitude is the rule followed by the ape, while that thankfulness and gratitude is the way of the prophet.

What was done to the apish by their deeds of shame; what was done to those of prophetic complexion by their acts of piety!

In well-cultivated places there are curs and biting; in ruined places there is the treasure of glory and light.

If this moonlight had not been in eclipse, so many philosophers would not have lost the way.

Through losing their way the acute and intelligent saw the brand of foolishness on their noses.

The remainder of the Story of the fakir who desired his daily bread without work as a means.

In his grief that wretched pauper, who suffered a thousand agonies on account of indigence, Used to beseech in prayer and invocation, crying, "O Lord and Guardian of the shepherds, You created me without any exertion: give me daily bread from this mansion without contrivance.

You gave me the five jewels in the casket of my head, and also five other occult senses.

These gifts of Yours are not to be numbered or computed; in setting them forth I am tongue-tied and shamefaced.

Since You are alone in my creation, do You adjust the matter of providing me with daily bread."

For years this prayer was frequently uttered by him, and at last his supplication took effect, As the person who used to beg God to grant him a lawful livelihood without labour and fatigue,
At length the cow brought him happiness: the epoch of David whose justice was divinely inspired.

This thrill of love, too, made piteous entreaties, and he likewise carried off the ball from the field of response.

While praying he would at times become distrustful on account of the postponement of the recompense and reward;

Again the gracious Lord's deferment would bring a message of joy to his heart and become a surety.

Whenever in earnest supplication weariness caused him to despair, he would hear from the Presence of God "Come!"

This Maker is He who abases and exalts: without these two no work is accomplished.

Consider the lowness of the earth and the loftiness of the sky: without these two its revolution is not, O such-and-such.

The lowness and loftiness of this earth are of another sort: for one half of the year it is barren and for half green and fresh.

The lowness and loftiness of distressful Time are of another sort: one half day and half night.

The lowness and loftiness of this blended temperament are now health and now sickness that causes to cry out.

Know that even so are all the changing conditions of the world—famine and drought and peace and war—from probation.

By means of these two wings this world is in the air; by means of these twain souls are habitations of fear and hope,

To the end that the world may be trembling like a leaf in the north wind and simoom of resurrection and death,

That the vat of the unicolority of our Jesus may destroy the value of the vat containing a hundred dyes;

For that world is like a salt-mine: whatever has gone thither has become exempt from coloration.

Look at earth: it makes many-coloured humankind to be of one colour in their graves.

This is the salt-mine for visible bodies, in truth the salt-mine for ideal things is different.

The salt-mine for ideal things is ideal: it remains new from eternity unto everlasting.
This newness has oldness as its opposite, but that newness is without opposite or like or number.

It is as by the polishing action of the Light of Mustafá a hundred thousand sorts of darkness became radiant.

Jew and polytheist and Christian and Magi—all were made of one colour by that Alp Ulugh (great hero).

A hundred thousand shadows short and long became one in the light of that Sun of mystery.

Neither a long remained nor a short nor a wide: shadows of every kind were given in pawn to the Sun.

But the unicolarity that is at the Resurrection is revealed and manifest to the evil and the good;

For in that world ideas are endued with form, and our shapes become congruous with our qualities.

The thoughts will then become the form of the books: this lining will become the working surface of the garments.

During this time inward beliefs are as a piebald cow, and in the religious sects the spindle of speech is spinning a hundred colours.

It is the turn of many-colouredness and many-mindedness: how should the one-coloured world be unveiled?

It is the turn of the Ethiopian; the Greek is hidden: this is night, and the sun is in pawn.

It is the turn of the wolf, and Joseph is at the bottom of the well; it is the turn of the Egyptians, and Pharaoh is king.

In order that for a few days these curs may have their allotted portion of the unstinted and deluding provision.

Within the jungle are lions, waiting for the command “Come!” to be spread abroad.

Then those lions will come forth from the pasture, and God will show their income and expenditure without any veil.

The essence of Man will encompass land and sea, the piebald cattle will be killed as victims on the Day of Slaughter.

The terrible Day of Slaughter at the Resurrection is a festival for the true believers and destruction for the cattle.

On that Day of Slaughter all the water-birds sailing along like ships on the surface of the Sea.
To the end that they who perish may perish by a clear proof,
and that they who are saved and have sure knowledge thereof may be saved,

And that the falcons may go to the Sultan
and that the crows may go to the graveyard;

For in this world the dessert of the crows
was bones and pieces of dung like bread.

How remote is the sugar of wisdom from the crow!
How remote is the dung beetle from the orchard!

It is not suitable for an effeminate man to go to fight against the carnal soul:
aloes-wood and musk are not suitable for the arse of an ass.

Since women are not at all adapted for fighting,
how should they be adapted for that which is the greater holy war?

A Rustam may have been concealed in a woman's body, as a Mary; only seldom.

Similarly, women are concealed in men's bodies,
and they are female because of faintness of heart.

In that world, if anyone has not found in his manhood the capacity,
his femininity takes shape.

The Day is justice, and justice consists in giving what is proper:
the shoe belongs to the foot, and the cap belongs to the head.

In order that every seeker may attain to the object of his search,
and that everything destined to set may go to its point of setting.

No object of search is withheld from the seeker:
the sun is paired with heat and the cloud with water.

The present world is the Creator's penitentiary:
since you have chosen punishment, suffer punishment!

Contemplate the bones and hair of the punished ones
the sword of punishment overthrew on sea and land.

Consider the bird's feathers and feet around the trap
and silently expounding God's punishment.

He dies and leaves a vault to occupy his place;
and one who has lain for ages, even the vault has disappeared.

The justice of God has mated every one—
elephant with elephant and gnat with gnat.

The familiar associates of Ahmad were the Four Friends,
the familiars of Bu Jahl were Utba and Dhu 'l-Khimár.
The Ka'ba of Gabriel and the spirits is a Lotus-tree;  
the qibla of the belly-slave is a table-cloth.

The qibla of the gnostic is the light of union;  
the qibla of the philosopher's intellect is phantasy.

The qibla of the ascetic is the Gracious God;  
the qibla of the flatterer is a purse of gold.

The qibla of the spiritual is patience and long-suffering;  
the qibla of form worshippers is the image of stone.

Similarly reckon up new and old;  
and if you are weary, go about your business.

Our provision is wine in a golden cup,  
while those curs have the tuumáj broth and the trough.

“To him on whom We have bestowed a disposition  
We have sent the appropriate provision accordingly.

We have made it that one's disposition to be passionately fond of bread;  
We have made it this one's disposition to be intoxicated with the Beloved.”

Since you are pleased and happy with your disposition,  
then why are you fleeing from that which is appropriate to your disposition?

If femininity pleases you, get a chador;  
if the prowess of Rustam pleases you, get a dagger.

This topic has no end, and the fakir  
has been sorely wounded by the blows of penury.

Story of the treasure-scroll, “Beside a certain domed building turn your face towards the qibla (Mecca) and put an arrow to the bow and shoot: the treasure is at the spot where it falls.”

One night he dreamed—but where was sleep?  
The vision without sleep is familiar to the Sufi—

A heavenly voice said to him, “O you who have seen trouble,  
search among the leaves of handwriting sold by stationers for a certain scroll.

Unobserved by the stationer who is your neighbour,  
bring your hand into touch with his papers.
It is a scroll of such a shape and such a colour: then read it in privacy, O sorrowful one.

When you steal it from the stationer, my lad, then go out of the crowd and the noise and turmoil,

And read it by yourself in some lonely place: beware; do not seek any partnership in reading it.

But even if it be divulged, do not be anxious, for none but you will get half a barley-corn thereof.

And if it be long drawn out, beware and take heed! Make *do not despair* your litany at every moment."

The announcer of the good news said this and put his hand on his heart, saying, "Go, and endure the toil."

When the youth came back to himself after the absence, on account of his joy he could not be contained in the world.

Had it not been for the tender care and protection and favour of God, his gallbladder would have burst from agitation.

One cause of joy was this, that after six hundred veils his ear had heard the answer from the Presence.

When his auditory sense had pierced through the veils, he raised his head aloft and passed beyond the skies,

That maybe, by taking the lesson to heart, his sense of sight would also find a passage through the veil of the Unseen,

And that when his senses had passed through the veil, his vision and allocution would then be continuous.

He came to the stationer’s shop and was laying his hand here and there on his models for writing.

Suddenly that piece of script, with the distinctive marks which the heavenly voice had mentioned, caught his eye.

He slipped it under his arm and said, "Good-bye, Khwaja: I will come back presently, O master."

He went into a solitary nook and read it and remained lost in bewilderment and amazement,

How a priceless treasure-scroll of this sort had fallen and been left among the (stationer’s) papers.

Again the thought darted into his mind, that God is the guardian for everything,
How should the Guardian, in circumspection, let anyone recklessly carry off anything?

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> Though the desert is filled with gold and money, not a single mite can be taken away without God's approval;

> And though you read a hundred volumes without a pause, you will not remember a single point without the Divine decree;

> But if you serve God and do not read a single book, you will learn rare sciences from your bosom.

The hand of Moses was spreading from his bosom a radiance that surpassed the moon in the sky,

> Saying, "That which you were seeking from the terrible celestial sphere has risen up, O Moses, from your own bosom,

In order that you may know that the lofty heavens are the reflection of the perceptive faculties of Man."

Is it not that the hand of the Glorious God created Reason first, before the two worlds?

This discourse is clear and exceedingly recondite, for the fly is not intimate with the Anqa.

O son, return once more to the tale: bring the tale of the treasure and the fakir to an end.

**Conclusion of the Story of the fakir and the signs indicating the position of the treasure.**

This is what was written in the scroll—

> “Know that outside of the town a treasure is buried.

Such-and-such a domed building in which there is a martyr's shrine, with its back to the town and its gate towards the desert.

Turn your back to it and face the qibla and then let loose an arrow from your bow.

When you have shot the arrow from your bow, O fortunate one, dig up the place where your arrow fell.”

Thereupon the youth fetched a strong bow and let fly an arrow into the expanse of space,

And quickly and with great joy brought a pick-axe and mattock and dug up the spot where his arrow had fallen;
Both he and the mattock and pick-axe were worn out, and he found not even a trace of the hidden treasure.

Every day in like fashion he was shooting arrows, but never getting to know the situation of the treasure.

Since he made this his continual practice, a whispered rumour arose in the city and the people.

How the news of this treasure became known and reached the ears of the king.

Then the party who lay in ambush gave information of this to the king,

And submitted the matter secretly, saying that such-and-such a one had found a treasure-scroll.

When this person heard that it had come to the king, he saw no remedy but resignation and acquiescence;

Before he should suffer the rack by order of the Emperor, that person laid the note before him,

Saying, “since I found this scroll, I have seen no treasure but infinite trouble.

Not even a single mite of treasure has been discovered, but I have writhed very much, like a snake.

During a month I have been in bitter distress like this, for loss or gain from this is forbidden to me.

Maybe your fortune will disclose this mine, O king victorious in war and the conqueror of fortresses.”

For six long months and more the king shot arrows and dug pits.

Wherever an energetic drawer of the strong bow was, he gave arrows to shoot and searched for the treasure in every direction.

Nothing but vexation and grief and futilities: as the Anqa, the name was known to all, but the essence was non-existent.
How the king despaired of finding the treasure and became weary of searching for it.

When he met with obstacles in the breadth and length, the king became sick at heart and weary.

The king dug pits in the deserts, yard by yard, he threw the scroll wrathfully before him.

"Take this scroll," said he, "which has no effects; you are the fittest for it, since you have no work.

It is no use for one who has work (to do)
that he should burn the rose and go about the thorn.

It is singular the victims of this melancholy madness expect grass to grow from iron.

This specialty needs a man of stout heart like you:
do you, who have a stout heart, search for this.

If you cannot find it, you will never weary;
and if you find it, I grant you the right of possession.

How should Reason wend the way of despair?
It is Love that runs on its head in that direction.

Love is reckless, not Reason:
Reason seeks that from which it may get some profit.

Fierce in onset and body-consuming and unabashed:
in tribulation, like the nether millstone;

A hard-faced one that has no back:
he has killed in himself the seeking of self interest.

He gambles clean away, he seeks no reward,
even as he receives clean from Him.

God gives him his existence without any cause:
the devoted yields it up again without cause;

For devotion consists in giving without cause:
gambling clean away is outside of every religion.

Neither do they put God to any test,
nor do they knock at the door of any profit or loss.
How the king gave back the treasure-scroll to the fakir, saying, “Take it: we are quit of it.”

When the king handed over to that grief-stricken man the treasure-scroll fraught with commotion,

He became secure from rivals and annoyance; he went and wrapped himself in his melancholy madness.

He made sad-thoughted Love his friend: a dog licks his own sore himself.

Love has none to help him in his torment: there is not in the village one inhabitant familiar with him.

None is madder than the lover, Reason is blind and deaf to his melancholia,

Because this is no common madness: in these cases Medicine cannot give right guidance.

If frenzy of this kind overtake a physician, he will wash out the book of Medicine with blood.

The Medicine of all intellects is a picture of him; the faces of all sweethearts are a veil of him.

O votary of Love; turn your face towards your own face: you have no kinsman but yourself, O distraught one.

He made a qibla of his heart and began to pray: man has naught but that for which he labours.

Before he had heard any answer he had been engaged in praying for years.

He was always praying intently without any response, but he was hearing Labbayka in secret from the grace.

Since that sickly man was always dancing without the tambourine, in reliance upon the bounty of the Almighty Creator,

Neither a heavenly voice nor a messenger was beside him, the ear of his hope was filled with Labbayka;

His hope was always saying, without tongue, “Come!” and that call was sweeping weariness from his heart.

Do not call the pigeon that has learned the roof: drive it away, for its wings are stuck.
Do you, O Radiance of God, Husámú'ddín, drive him away, for through meeting with you his spirit has grown up in him.

If you unconscionably drive away the bird, his spirit, it will still circle about your roof.

All its grain and food is on your roof: flying in the zenith, it is intoxicated with your snare.

If for one moment the spirit stealthily disbelieve in rendering thanks to you, O victory and favour, Love, the magistrate who exacts vengeance repeatedly, will lay the fiery cauldron on its breast.

Saying, “Come to the Moon and leave the dust behind; Love, the King, calls you: return with all speed!”

I am flying ecstatically, like a pigeon, about this roof and pigeon-house.

I am Love’s Gabriel, and you are my Lotus-tree; I am the sick man, and you are Jesus son of Mary.

Let that pearl-shedding sea break into surge: to-day ask kindly after this ailing one.

When you have become his, the sea is his, even though this is the hour of his crisis.

This Masnavi is only the wailful music that he has uttered; that which is hidden, mercy, O Lord!

We have two vocal mouths, like the reed: one mouth is hidden in his lips.

One mouth is wailing unto you: it lets a shrill note fall on the air;

But everyone who has insight knows that the lamentation at this end is from that end.

The noise of this reed is from his breaths: the spirit’s outcry is from his outcry.

If the reed had no converse with his lip, the reed would not fill the world with sugar.

With whom have you slept and from what side have you risen, that you are so full of agitation, like the sea?

Or have you recited, “I pass the night with my Lord,” and plunged into the heart of the sea of fire?
The shout, “O fire, be cool,” became a protection to your spirit, O exemplar.

O Radiance of God, Husam religious and spiritual, how can a sun be daubed over with clay?

These lumps of clay attempted to cover up your sun.

The rubies in the mountain’s heart are your brokers; the orchards in laughter are filled to the brim with you.

For one familiar with your manhood, where is a Rustam that I might tell a single barley-corn out of hundred stacks?

When I wish to sigh forth your secret, like Ali I put my head down into a well.

Since his brothers have vindictive hearts, the bottom of the well is best for my Joseph.

I have become intoxicated; I will set about making a row: what of the well? I will pitch my tent in the open plain.

Put the fiery wine in my hand, and then behold the pomp and glory that is enjoyed by the drunken!

Bid the fakir wait without the treasure, for at this moment we are drowned in the syrup.

Now, O fakir, seek refuge with God: do not seek help from me who am drowned;

For I have no concern with lending support: I have no recollection of myself and my own beard.

How should there be room for wind of the moustache and water of the face in the wine in which there is no room for a single hair?

Hand a heavy goblet, O cup-bearer: deliver the Khwaja from his beard and moustache.

His arrogance is curling a moustache at us, but he is tearing out his beard in envy of us.

He is mated by Him, mated by Him, mated by Him, for we are acquainted with his impostures.

The Pir is seeing distinctly, hair by hair, what will become of him after a hundred years.

What does the common man see in the mirror that the Pir does not see in the crude brick?
That which the bushy-bearded man never saw in his own house is apparent at once to him who has but a few hairs on his chin.

Go to the Sea of whose fish you are born: how have you fallen, like rubbish, into the beard?

You are not rubbish—far be it from you! You are an object of envy to the pearl: you have the best right amidst the waves and the sea.

It is the Sea of Unity: there is no fellow or consort: its pearls and fishes are not other than its waves.

Oh, absurd, absurd to make anything its partner. Far be it from that Sea and its pure waves!

In the Sea there is no partnership or perplexity; but what can I say to him that sees double? Nothing, nothing.

Since we are the mates of those who see double, O idolater, it is necessary to speak in the fashion of him who attributes a partner.

That Unity is beyond description and condition: nothing comes into the arena of speech except duality.

Either, like the double-seeing man, drink in this duality, or close your mouth and be very silent;

Or in turns, now silence now speech: beat the drum like him that sees double, and peace!

When you see a confidant, declare the mystery of the Spirit: you see the rose, sing loud like nightingales.

When you see a water-skin full of deceit and falsehood, shut your lips and make yourself like a jar;

He is an enemy to the water: in his presence do not move, else the stone of his ignorance breaks the jar.

Patiently endure the punishments inflicted by the ignorant man: give him fair words and dissemble with the reason that is divinely inspired.

Patience to the unworthy is the means of polishing the worthy: wherever a heart exists, patience purifies it.

The fire of Nimrod was the means of making pure the mirror of Abraham in polishing.

The iniquitous unbelief of Noah's people and the patience of Noah were instrumental in polishing the mirror of Noah's spirit.
A dervish went from the town of Talaqan because of the fame of Abu 'l-Husayn of Kharraqan.

He traversed the mountains and the long valley to visit the Shaykh who was endowed with sincerity and fervent supplication.

Although the afflictions and injuries which he suffered on the road are deserving, I will abridge.

When the young man reached the end of his journey, he asked to be directed to the house of that king.

As soon as he knocked at his door with a hundred reverences, the wife put forth her head from the door of the house,

Saying, “What do you want? Tell, kind sir.”

He replied, “I have come with the intention of paying a visit.”

The wife gave a laugh. “Ha, ha,” she exclaimed, “look at your beard, look at this undertaking of a journey and this trouble! Was there nothing for you to do in the place that you should idly set out upon this expedition? Did you feel a craving to indulge in foolish sight-seeing, or were you overcome by disgust with your home? Or, perchance, the Devil laid on you a two-forked barnacle and let loose upon you the temptation to travel.”

She uttered unseemly and foul and silly words: I cannot relate all of them.

The disciple was thrown into a painful state of dejection by her parables and countless mockeries.

Tears burst from his eyes, and he said, “Nevertheless, where is that king of sweet name?”

She replied, “That vain hypocritical impostor, a trap for fools and a noose for error—
صد هزاران خام ریشان همچو تو افتاده از وی اندر صد عتو گنبنیش و سلامت وا روی خیر تو باشند نگردید زو غوی لافسکشی کاسه نیسی طلخوار
بانگ طبلش رفته اطراف دیار
سبطیان این قوم و گوسلهه برست در چنین گاوی چه میمالند دست
جره که او شد غریب این طلخوار
هشتنادر این قوم صد علم و کمال مکر و تزوری گرفته کیست حال
آل موسی کو دریغتا تا کنون عادبان عجل را ریزتند خون
شرع و توپی چهسفند رست کو عمر کو امر معرفوی درشت
کاپین اپارت زین جماعت فاش شد رخصت هر مفسد فلاش شد
کو ره بیگمبر و اصحاب او
کو نماز و سبحه و آداب او

How the disciple answered that railing woman and bade her refrain from her unbelief and idle talk.

The youth cried out at her and said, “Enough!
In bright daylight where did the night-patrol come from?

The splendour of the men has overspread the East and the West:
the heavens have bowed low in amazement.

The Sun of God has risen from the Ram:
the sun has gone, shamefaced, under the veil.

How should the nonsense of a devil like you
turn me back from the dust of this abode?

I have not come by a wind like a cloud,
that I should be turned back from this presence by a dust.

By virtue of that Light the calf becomes a qibla of grace;
without that Light the qibla becomes infidelity and an idol.
The licence that comes from self-will is error; 
the licence that comes from God is perfection.

In that quarter where the illimitable Light has shone, 
infidelity has become faith and the Devil has attained unto Islam.

He is a theatre for the manifestation of the Glory, and he is the real beloved: 
he has carried off the prize from all the Cherubim.

The worship of Adam is clear evidence of his superiority: 
the husk always bows down to the kernel.

O old woman, you puff God’s candle, you will be burnt, 
you and your head at the same time, O foul-mouthed one.

How should the sea be defiled by a dog’s muzzle? 
How should the sun be extinguished by a puff?

Even if you judge by appearances, 
tell, what is more apparent than this Light?

In comparison with this appearance all apparent things 
are in the utmost degree of imperfection and default.

If anyone puffs at God’s candle, how should the candle be extinguished? 
His jaws and nose will be burnt.

Bats like you often dream that this world 
will be left orphaned of the Sun.

The fierce waves of the seas of the Spirit 
are a hundred times as many as was the Flood of Noah;

But hair grew in the eye of Canaan: 
he forsook Noah and the Ark and sought the mountain.

Then half a wave swept the mountain and Canaan 
down into the abyss of dishonour.

The moon scatters her light and the dog bays: 
how should the dog feed on the light of the moon?

Those who travel by night and move swiftly with the moon on her way, 
how should they relinquish their journey because of the dog’s yelping?

The part is speeding like an arrow towards the Whole: 
how should it stop on account of any old hag?

The gnostic is the soul of religion and the soul of piety: 
gnosis is the result of past asceticism.

Asceticism is the labour of sowing; 
gnosis is the growth of the seed.
Therefore the hard struggle and his firm religious conviction are like the body, the soul of this sowing is the growth and its harvesting.

He is both the command to do right and the right; he is both the revealer of mysteries and that which is revealed.

He is our king to-day and to-morrow: the husk is forever a slave to his goodly kernel.

When the Shaykh said ‘I am God’ and carried it through, he throttled all the blind.

When a man’s ‘I’ is negated from existence, then what remains? Consider O denier.

If you have an eye, open it and look! After ‘not,’ why, what else remains?

Oh, the lips and throat and mouth cut off that spit at the moon or the sky!

Without any doubt his spittle will recoil upon his face: spittle can find no path to heaven.

Spittle from the Lord rains upon him till the Resurrection, just as rains (tabbat) upon the spirit of Bu Lahab.

Drum (tabl) and banner are the possession of the king: anyone who calls him a parasite (tabl-khwar) is a cur.

The heavens are a slave to his moon: the whole East and West is begging him for bread;

For lawlāka is on his sign-manual: all are in his bounty and distribution.

If he did not exist, Heaven would not have gained circling motion and light and being the abode of the angels;

If he did not exist, the seas would not have gained the awe and fish and regal pearls;

Our means of sustenance are eating the means of sustenance bestowed by him: the fruits are dry-lipped for his rain.

Take heed, for in the command this knot is upside down. Give alms to him who gives alms to you.

All gold and silk comes to you from the poor man: listen, give an alms to the rich man, O you who are poor.
A disgrace like you, married to that man whose spirit is accepted, resembles the unbelieving wedded wife of Noah.

Were it not for your relationship to this house, I would tear you to pieces at this moment.

I would deliver that Noah from you, in order that I might be ennobled in retaliation.

But such disrespect to the house of the emperor of the world cannot be shown by me.

Go and thank God that you are the dog of this dwelling-place, otherwise I would do now what ought to be done.”

How the disciple turned back from the Shaykh’s house and questioned the people, and how they directed him, saying, “The Shaykh has gone to such and such a forest.”

Afterwards he began to inquire of every one and sought the Shaykh for a long while in every quarter.

Then somebody said to him, “That Qutb of the world has gone to fetch fire wood from the hilly country.”

The disciple, whose thoughts were Dhu ‘l-faqár, ran quickly to the forest in eager desire for the Shaykh.

The Devil was introducing to the man’s mind an evil suggestion, in order that the Moon might be concealed by dust,

Namely, “Why should this Shaykh of the religion keep in his house a woman like this as his mate and companion?

Whence familiarity between opposite and opposite?

Whence a nasnas (anthropoid ape) is with the Imam of mankind?”

Then again he was exclaiming fervidly, “God help me!

My impugning him is infidelity and enmity.

Who am I, in view of God’s exercising control, that my carnal soul should raise difficulties and objections?”

But soon his carnal soul was returning to the attack—in consequence of this acquaintance smoke in his straw-like heart—

Saying, “What affinity has the Devil with Gabriel, that she should be his bedfellow in intercourse?
How can Khalil agree with Azar?
How can a guide agree with a brigand?

How the disciple gained his wish and met the Shaykh near the forest.

He was in this when suddenly the renowned Shaykh appeared before him, riding on a lion.

The roaring lion carried his faggots, while that blessed one sat on the top of them.

Because of the honour his whip was a fierce serpent: he had grasped the serpent in his hand, like an ass-goad.

Know for certain that likewise every Shaykh that exists is riding on a furious lion.

Although that and this are not perceived by the senses, yet it is not concealed from the spiritual eye.

Under their thighs a hundred thousand lions carrying faggots are before the eye that knows the Unseen;

But God has made them visible singly, in order that even he who is not a man may behold them.

That prince saw him from afar and laughed and said, “O you who are tempted, do not listen to it from the Devil.”

The venerable knew his secret thought by the light of the heart: yea, it is an excellent guide.

The master of mystical sciences recited to him in detail all that had befallen him on his journey until now.

Afterwards that man of sweet discourse opened his mouth on the difficult matter of his wife’s disbelief,

Saying, “My long-suffering is not from sensual desire; that is a vain fancy of your carnal soul: do not take that standpoint.

Unless my patience had endured the burden of my wife, how should the fierce lion have endured the labour of me?

I am Bactrian camels, in advance, intoxicated and beside myself under the panniers of God.

I am not half-raw in the order and command, that I should take any thought of revilement by the public.
My public and my private is His command:
my spirit is running on its face in search of Him.

My being single or wedded is not on account of sensual desire:
my spirit is like a die in the hand of God.

I endure the disdain of that foolish and a hundred like her,
neither from love of colour nor passion for scent.

This much, indeed, is the lesson learned by my disciples;
unto what place the forward and backward movement of my battle!

Unto what place? Unto the place where Place finds no admittance,
and where nothing exists save the lightning-flash of the Moon of Allah.

Far beyond all conceptions and imaginations,
the Light of light of light of light of light of light.”

If I have made my discourse low for your sake,
in order that you may put up with an ill-natured companion,

And smilingly and cheerfully bear the burden of distress,
because patience is the key to relief from pain.

When you put up with the vileness of these vile folk
you will attain unto the light of the sunnas;

For the prophets have often suffered affliction from the vile:
often have they writhed in anguish on account of such snakes.

Since in eternity it was the will and decree of God, the Forgiver,
to reveal and manifest Himself,

Nothing can be shown without a contrary;
and there was no contrary to that incomparable King.

The purpose in, “Lo, I will place a viceroy in the earth.”

Therefore He made a viceroy, one having a heart;
to the end that he might be a mirror for His sovereignty;

So He endowed him with infinite purity,
and then set up against him a contrary of darkness.

He made two banners, white and black:
one Adam, the other the Iblís of the Way.

Between those two mighty camps combat and strife,
and there came to pass what came to pass.
Likewise in the second period Abel arose, and Cain became the antagonist of his pure light.

Even so these two banners of justice and iniquity till in the course of time the period of Nimrod arrived.

He became the antagonist and adversary of Abraham, and those two armies waged war and sought battle.

When He was displeased with the prolongation of the strife, His fire became the decision between the twain.

So He caused a fire to be His arbiter and servant, in order that the difficulty of those two persons might be solved.

These two parties from period to period and from generation to generation, down to Pharaoh and God fearing Moses,

Between whom there was war for years. When it passed bounds and was causing excessive weariness,

God made the water of the sea His arbiter, that it might be left which of these two should prevail.

So till the period and time of Mustafá, with Abu Jahl, the general of the army of iniquity.

Moreover He appointed a servant for Thamud, the Cry that took away their lives.

Moreover He appointed a servant for the people of 'Ad, one that rises quickly and moves rapidly, that is, the Wind.

Moreover He appointed a discerning servant for Qarun: He endured the graciousness of the Earth with enmity,

So that the graciousness of the Earth turned entirely to wrath, and she bore Qarun and his treasure down to the abyss.

In the case of the food that is a pillar for this body, bread is like a breastplate to repel the sword of hunger;

When God puts a wrath into your bread, that bread will stick in your throat as if it were inflamed.

This garment that protects you from the cold—God gives it the temperature of intense frost,

So that this greatcoat on your body becomes cold as ice and biting as snow.

In order that you may flee from the fox-fur and silk and take refuge from them with the intense cold.
You are not the two *quillas* (ewers), you are one ewer: you have forgotten the chastisement inflicted by an overshadowing cloud.

In town and village, to house and wall came the command of God, “Give no shade!” so that the people went in haste to that Apostle (Shu‘ayb), Crying, “We are dead for the most part: mercy, O Prince!” Read the rest of it in the book of commentary.

Since that deft-handed One made the rod a serpent, that instance is enough if you have any intelligence.

You possess consideration, but it does not go deep: it is a frozen spring and has stopped.

Hence the Artist who depicts thoughts is saying, “Consider deeply, O servant.”

He does not mean, “Beat cold iron,” but “O steel, and devote yourself to David.”

If your body is dead, resort to Isrá‘îl; if your heart is frozen, repair to the sun of the Spirit.

Inasmuch as you have wrapped yourself in the garment of phantasy, lo, you will reach the evil-minded sophist.

Truly he was dispossessed of the kernel Reason: he was dispossessed of perception and deprived of experience.

Listen, O mouther, it is the hour for mumbling: if you speak to the people, it is a shameful exposure.

What is *imn*? Causing the spring to flow: when the spirit (*jān*) has escaped from the body, they call it *rawān*.

The philosopher whose spirit was delivered from the bondage of the body and began to wander (*rawān*) in the garden Bestowed two titles on these two in order to distinguish. Oh, may his spirit be blest!

Showing that if he who walks according to the command wishes a rose to become a thorn, it will become that.
The evidentiary miracle of Hud, on whom be peace, in the deliverance of the true believers of the community at the moment when the Wind descended.

All the true believers, from the violence of the pernicious Wind, seated themselves in the circle.

The Wind was the Flood, and His grace was the ship: He has many such arks and floods.

God makes a king to be an ark, to the end that he, by selfishness, may assault the ranks.

The king’s aim is not that the people should become safe; his aim is that his kingdom should become a fetter.

The ass that turns the mill is running along: its aim is release, so that it may gain refuge from blows at that moment.

Its aim is not to draw some water or thereby to make sesame into oil.

The ox hurries for fear of hard blows, not for the purpose of taking the cart and baggage;

But God put such fear of pain in him, to the end that good results might be achieved in consequence.

Similarly, every shopkeeper works for himself, not for the improvement of the world.

Every one seeks a plaster for his pain, and in consequence of this a whole world is set in order.

God made of fear the pillar of this world: because of fear everyone has devoted himself to work.

Praise be to God that on this wise He has made a fear to be the architect and improvement of the world.

All these are afraid of good and evil: none that is afraid is himself frightened by himself.

In reality, then, the ruler over all is that One who is near, though He is not perceived by the senses.

The sense to which God is manifested is not the sense of this world; it is another.
If the animal sense perceived those forms
an ox or an ass would be the Bayazid of the time.

He who made the body to be the theatre in which every spirit is manifested,
He who made the Ark to be the Buraq of Noah,

He, if He will, makes a very ark in character to be a flood for you,
O seeker of light.

At every moment, O man of little means,
He has conjoined with your grief and gladness an ark and a flood.

If you do not perceive the ark and the sea before you,
consider the tremors in all your limbs.

Since his eyes do not perceive the source of his fear,
he is affrighted by diverse kinds of phantasy.

A drunk boor strikes a blind man with his fist:
the blind man thinks it is a kicking camel,

Because at that moment he heard a camel's cry:
the ear, not the eye, is the mirror for the blind.

Then again the blind man says, “No, it was a stone,
or perhaps it was from an echoing dome.”

It was neither this nor that nor that:
He who created fear produced these.

Certainly fear and trembling are by another:
nobody is frightened by himself, O sorrowful man.

The miserable philosopher calls fear “imagination” (wahm): he has wrongly understood this lesson.

How should there be any imagination without reality?
How should any false coin pass without a genuine one?

How should a lie fetch a price without truth?
Every lie in both worlds has arisen from truth.

He saw the currency and prestige enjoyed by truth:
he set going the lie in hope of the same.

O lie, whose fortune is from veracity,
give thanks for the bounty and do not deny the truth!

Shall I speak of the philosopher and his mad fancy,
or of His ships and seas?

Nay, of His arks, which are the spiritual counsel;
I will speak of the whole: the part is included in the whole.
Know every saint to be a Noah and captain of the Ark; 
know companionship with these people to be the Flood.

Do not flee from lions and fierce dragons, 
beware of friends and kinsmen.

They waste your time face to face, 
and your recollections of them devour your absence.

Like a thirsty ass, the image of each one 
is licking up the sherbet of thought from the carafe of the body.

The image of those talebearers has sucked out of you 
the dew that you have from the Sea of Life.

The sign, then, of the absorption of the water in the boughs 
is that they are not moved to sway.

The limb of him who is free is a moist fresh bough: 
you pull it in any direction, it is pulled.

If you want a basket, you can make it; 
you can also make its neck a hoop;

When it has been sucked dry by the draining of its root, 
it does not come in the direction to which command is pulling it.

Recite, then, from the Qur'an they stand up languidly, 
when the bough gets no medicinal treatment from its root.

This symbol is fiery, I will cut it short and resume the fakir and the treasure 
and the circumstances connected with it.

You have seen the fire that burns every sapling; 
see the fire of the Spirit by which phantasy is burnt.

Neither for phantasy nor for reality is there any protection 
against a fire like this which flamed forth from the Spirit.

He is the adversary of every lion and every fox: 
everything is perishing except His Face.

Go into His aspects and Face, become spent: 
go in, become enveloped, like the alif in bism.

In bism the alif has stayed hidden: 
it is in bism and also it is not in bism.

Such is the case with all the letters that disappear 
when they are elided for the purpose of conjunctions.

The suppressed alif in bism is a sila and through it the b and the s 
have attained to union: the union of the b and the s could not bear the alif.
Since this union cannot bear a single letter, it behooves me to cut short the discourse.

Since a single letter is the cause of separation between the s and the b, here silence is most a urgent duty.

When the alif has passed away from self-existence, taking shelter, the b and the s say “alif” without it.

You did not throw when you threw are without him; likewise God said sprang from his silence.

So long as a drug exists, it has no effect; it removes diseases when it has perished.

If the forest should become pens and the ocean ink, there is no hope of bringing the Masnavi to an end.

So long as the Brick-maker’s mould is earth, the scansion of its poetry, too, will be kept up.

When earth remains no more and He dries its existence, His sea when it foams will make earth.

When the forest remains no more and disappears, forests will raise their heads from the essence of the Sea.

Hence that Lord of relief said, “Relate Traditions from our Sea, since there is no harm.”

Turn back from the Sea and set your face towards dry land: talk only of the plaything, for it is better for the child,

So that in his boyhood, little by little beyond the plaything, his spirit may become acquainted with the ocean of Reason.

By means of that play the boy is acquiring reason, though superficially it is repugnant.

How can a demented child play?
There must be a part in order that it may attain to the whole.

Returning to the Story of the dome and the treasure.

Lo, the idea of that fakir with “Come! Comet” has rendered me totally unable.

You do not hear his cry;
I hear it, because I am his confidant in my inmost thoughts.
Do not regard him as a seeker of the treasure; he is the treasure himself, how should the lover in reality be other than the beloved?

At even moment he is bowing down to himself: the bowing is in front of the mirror for the sake of the face.

If he saw in the mirror a single mite without any phantasy, nothing would be left of him.

Both his phantasies and he would vanish: his know ledge would be obliterated in nescience.

From our nescience another knowledge would rise into clear view, saying, "Lo, I am."

The call was coming—"Bow down to Adam, for you are Adam, and for a moment see yourselves to be him."

He uncrossed their eyes, so that the earth became identical with the azure heavens.

He said, "There is no god," and He said, "except God": not became except God, and Unity blossomed forth.

The time has come for that righteous beloved and dear friend to pull my ear towards the fountain, saying, "Wash your mouth clean of these things: do not tell that which we have concealed from the people. And if you tell, it will not become manifest, you will be guilty of attempting to reveal it.

But, mark, I am compassing them about: I am at once the speaker and the hearer of this.

Tell of the form of the dervish and the picture of the treasure. These folk are addicted to trouble: tell of trouble.

The fountain of Mercy has become unlawful to them: they are drinking cup after cup of deadly poison.

Having filled their skirts with clods, they are taking them along in order to make a dam for these fountains.

How should this fountain, which is replenished by the Sea, be stopped up by this good or bad folk’s handful of earth?

But it says, ‘With you, I am closed; without you, I continue unto everlasting.’

The folk are perverted in their appetites: eating earth and have left the water.
The people have a nature opposite to that of the prophets: the people deem the dragon an object of reliance.

Inasmuch as you have known the eye-bandage whereby God seals, do you know at all to what you have shut your eyes?

To what instead have you opened these eyes? Know that in every respect it is a bad exchange for you.

But the sun of favour has shone and has graciously succoured them that despair.

He in His mercy has played a very marvellous game of backgammon: He has made the essence of ingratitude to be a turning in repentance.

Even from this ill-fatedness of the people that Bounteous One has caused two hundred fountains of love to burst.

He gives to the rose-bud a source in the thorn; He gives to the snake-stone, from the snake, an ornamental quality.

He brings forth day from the blackness of night and makes ease to grow from the hand of him who suffers hardship.

He makes sand into flour for Khalil; the mountain becomes an accompanist to David.

The solitary mountain amidst that cloud of darkness opens the music of the harp and treble and bass,

"Arise, O David, you shunner of the people! You have abandoned that: receive compensation from me."

How the seeker of the treasure, after having searched much and having been reduced to helplessness and despair, turned to God most High, saying, "O You to whom manifestation belongs, do You make this hidden thing evident!"

The dervish said, "O Knower of the secret, I have run about in vain for the sake of this treasure.

The devil of greed and cupidity and hurry sought neither deliberation nor calmness.

I have not gained a morsel from any pot: I have blackened my hand and burnt my mouth.

Truly, I did not say, ‘Since I have no certainty in this, I will untie this knot by Him who ties knots.’"
Seek the exposition of God’s Word from God: do not talk nonsense from opinion, O hard man.

The knot which He tied He also will loosen: the die which He cast He will take off.

Although words of that sort seemed to you to be easy, how should the esoteric symbols be easy?

He said, “O Lord, I repent of this haste: since You have shut the door, do You also open the door.

To go once more to the patched frock: even in making invocation to God: I was devoid of merit.

How have I any independent merit or personality or heart? All these are the reflection of You, and You Yourself are.

Every night in sleep my forethought and knowledge become: like a ship overwhelmed by the water.

Neither do I myself remain nor that merit: my body lies unconscious like a carcass.

The whole night until dawn
that exalted King is Himself uttering an ‘Alast’ and ‘Yea.’

Where is anyone to say ‘Yea’? The flood has swept them all away, or a leviathan has swallowed them all piecemeal.

At morning tide, when He draws His sheeny sword from the scabbard of the darkness of night,

And the orient sun rolls up night, this leviathan spews out all that it swallowed,

And we, delivered like Jonah from the belly of that leviathan, are dispersed into scent and colour.

Like Jonah, the people give praise, because they were restful in that darkness.

At the hour of dawn each one says, when he comes forth from the belly of the Fish, Night, ‘O Gracious One who deposits in lonesome Night the treasure of Mercy and all these delicious experiences!

By means of Night, which resembles the scaly leviathan, the eye keen, the ear fresh, and the body nimble?

Henceforth, with One like You, we will never flee from positions of fearful aspect.
Moses deemed that to be fire, but it was light:
we regarded Night as a Negro, but it was a houri.

After this, we beg of You the eye,
in order that sticks and straws may not conceal the Sea.

When the eyes of magicians were delivered from blindness,
they were clapping their hands, deprived of these hands and feet.

What bandages the people's eyes is nothing but means:
whoever trembles for means is not one of the Comrades.

But, O my comrades, God has opened the door to the Comrades
and led them to the high-seat in the palace.

Through His hand the unworthy and the worthy
are freed by Mercy from the bonds of servitude.

During non-existence how were we worthy
to attain to this spirituality and knowledge?

O You who have made every stranger friend,
and O You who have given the rose as a robe of honour to the thorn,

Sift our dust a second time;
make nothing to be something once more!

You commanded this invocation from the beginning;
else how should a creature of dust have dared this?

Since—oh, wonder!—you commanded us to invoke You,
cause this invocation of You to be answered favourably.

Night has wrecked the ship of understanding and senses:
no hope is left, nor fear nor despair.

God has borne me into the sea of Mercy:
with what specialty He will fill me and send me.

He fills one with the light of Majesty,
while He fills another with imagination and fancy.

If I had any judgement and skill by myself,
my judgement and forethought would be under my control;

At night my consciousness would not go without my bidding,
and my birds would be under my trap.

I should be aware of the stages of the soul at the time of sleep
and unconsciousness and tribulation.

Inasmuch as my hand is empty by this power of His to loosen and bind,
och, I wonder, from whom comes this self-conceit of mine?
I have even deemed that what I saw was not seen and I have again held up the basket of invocation.

Like alif, I possess nothing, O Gracious One, except a heart more constricted with anguish than the eye of mim.

This alif and this mim are the mother (umm) of our existence: the mim of umm is narrow, and the alif is from it a sturdy beggar.

‘alif possesses nothing’ is forgetfulness; the distressful mim is the time of rationality.

During the time of unconsciousness I am nothing at all; during the time of consciousness I am in torment.

Do not lay another nothing upon a nothing like this; do not put the name of ‘fortune’ upon a torment like this.

Truly ‘I possess nothing’ suits me better, since these hundred troubles arise from imagining that I possess.

Just in the state where I possess nothing You act in sovereign fashion towards me. I have suffered pain: Increase my pleasure.

I will just stand naked in tears at Your gate, since I have no sight.

Bestow on the tears of Your sightless slave verdure and vegetation from this pasture;

And if I leave no tears, Give me tears from an eye like the two streaming eyes of the Prophet.

Since he, with all that high fortune and majesty and pre-eminence, sought tears from the bounty of God,

How should not I, an empty-handed destitute lick-platter,
spin fine webs of blood-stained tears?

Inasmuch as an eye like that is enamoured of tears, it behooves my tears to be a hundred great rivers.”

A single drop of those is better than these two hundred great rivers, for by that single drop mankind and the Jinn were saved.

Since that Garden of Paradise sought rain, how should not the foul briny soil seek water?

O comrade, do not refrain from invoking: what business have you with His acceptance of rejection?

Since bread was the barrier and obstacle to this water, you must quickly wash your hands of that bread.
Make yourself harmonious and congruous and balanced: let your bread be baked well with tears.

How the Voice from heaven called to the seeker of the treasure and acquainted him with the truth of the mysteries thereof.

He was in this when inspiration came to him and these difficulties were solved for him by God,

Saying, "It told you to put an arrow to the bow, when were you told to pull the bowstring?

It did not tell you to draw the bow hard: it bade you put to the bow, not 'shoot with your full strength.'

You, from vanity, raised the bow aloft and brought to a high pitch the art of archery.

Go; renounce this skill in drawing the strong-bow: put the arrow to the bow and do not seek to draw to the full extent.

When it falls, dig up the spot and search: abandon strength and seek the gold by means of piteous supplication."

That which is real is nearer than the neck-artery; you have shot the arrow of thought far afield.

O you who have provided yourself with bow and arrows, the prey is near and you have shot far.

The farther one shoots, the farther away and more separated is he from a treasure like this.

The philosopher killed himself with thinking: let him run on, for his back is turned towards the treasure.

Let him run on: the more he runs, the more remote does he become from the object of his heart's desire.

That King said, "those who have striven in Us": He did not say, "those who have striven away from Us," O restless one,

As Canaan, who in disdain of Noah went up to the top of that great mountain.
همچو این درویش بهر گنج و کان
هر صیبایی سخنگوی جستی کمان
هر کامیا کاو گرفته سختی کمان
بود از گنج و نشان بدن بخشید
این مثل اندب زمانه جانی است
جان نادانان به رنگ ارزائی است
ز انکه جاهل نگ دارد ز وستاد
لاجرهم رفته و دکانی نوشاد

آن دکان بالایی استاد ای نگار
گنده و پر گردی است و پر ز مار
زود ویران کن دکان و باز گرد
سوی سبزه و گلبنان و آب خورد
ته چو کمکان کاز ز کبیر و ناشناخت
از که عاصم سفینه فوز ساخت
علم تیر اندازی ای آم حجاب
و ان مراد او را به حاضر به جه
ای با علم و ذکرات و فطن
گشته ره رو را چو گول و یاه زن

بهیشت اصمحب جنت ابلهند
تا ز شر فیلسوفی می رهند
خویش را عربان کن از فضل و فضول
تا کند رحمت به تو هر دم نزار
زبرکی ضد شکست است و نبای
زبرکی بگذر و با گولی بلسر
زبرکی دان دام بر و طمع و گاز
چه خواهد زبرکی را یا بک بر
برگان با صنعتی قانع شده
ابلهان از صنعان در صنعان شده
ز انته طلح خرد را مادر نهاد
دست و چا باشند نهاد بر کنار

Like this dervish for the sake of the treasure and the mine
sought the bow more strongly every morning,

And the more strongly he gripped the bow each time,
the worse luck he had in respect of the treasure and the mark.

This parable is of vital import in the world:
the soul of the ignorant is worthy of pain.

Inasmuch as the ignoramus disdains his teacher,
consequently he goes and opens a new shop.

O picture, that shop, over the teacher,
is stinking and full of scorpions and snakes.

Quickly lay waste that shop and turn back to the greenery
and the rose-tress and the watering-place;

Not like Canaan, who from pride and ignorance
made of the “protecting” mountain a ship of safety.

His knowledge of archery became a veil to him,
while he had that object of desire present in his bosom.

Oh, how often have knowledge and keen wits and understandings
become as the ghoul or brigand to the wayfarer!

Most of those destined for Paradise are simpletons,
so that they escape from the mischief of philosophy.

Strip yourself of learning and vanity,
in order that mercy may descend on you at every moment.

Cleverness is the opposite of abasement and supplication:
give up cleverness and sort with stupidity.

Know that cleverness is a trap for gaining victory and ambition
and a scarecrow: why should the pure devotee wish to be clever?

The clever ones are content with an ingenious device;
the simple ones have gone from the artifice to rest in the Artificer,

Because at breakfast time
a mother will have laid the little child's hands and feet on her bosom.
Story of the three travellers—a Moslem, a Christian, and a Jew—who obtained some food at a hostelry. The Christian and the Jew had already eaten their fill, so they said, “Let us eat this food to-morrow.” The Moslem was fasting, and he remained hungry because he was overpowered.

Here listen to a story, O son, in order that you may not suffer affliction in talent.

As it happened, a Jew and a true believer and a Christian travelled together on a journey.

A true believer travelled along with two miscreants, like reason with a carnal soul and Devil.

In travel the man of Merv and the man of Ray meet one another as companions on the road and at table.

Crow and owl and falcon come into the cage: the holy and the irreligious become mates in prison.

At night Easterners and Westerners and Transoxianians make their abode in the same caravanseray.

Small and great remain together for days in the caravanseray because of frost and snow.

As soon as the road is opened and the obstacle removed, they separate and everyone goes in a direction.

When sovereign Reason breaks the cage, all the birds fly away, each one to a quarter.

Before this each one, full of longing and lament, spreads its wings towards its destination, in desire for its mate.

At every moment it spreads its wings with tears and sighs, but it has no room or way to fly.

Way is made, each one flies like the wind towards that in remembrance of which it spread its wings.

Its way, when it gains the opportunity, is towards the region whither its tears and sighs were.

Consider your own body: from what places were these corporeal parts collected in the body—
Watery and earthen and airy and fiery, celestial and terrestrial, of Rum and of Kash.

In this caravanseray one and all, from fear of the snow, have closed their eyes to the hope of returning.

The various snows are the congealing of every inanimate thing in the winter of barrenness from that Sun of justice.

When the heat of the angry Sun flames, the mountain becomes now sand and now wool.

The gross inanimate things dissolve, like the dissolution of the body at the hour of the spirit’s departure.

When these three fellow-travellers arrived at a certain hostelry, a man of fortune brought them halwá as a gift.

A benefactor brought to the three strangers halwá from the kitchen of Lo, I am near.

One who had expectation of the reward brought warm bread and a dish of halwá made with honey.

Intelligence and culture are characteristic of townsmen; hospitality and entertainment are characteristic of tent-dwellers.

The Merciful has implanted hospitality to strangers and entertainment in the villagers.

Every day in the villages there is a new guest who has none to help him except God.

Every night in the villages are new-comers who have no refuge there save God.

The two aliens were surfeited with food and suffering from indigestion; the true believer, as it happened, was fasting day.

At the evening prayer, when the halwá arrived, the true believer was reduced to extreme hunger.

The two said, “We have eaten our fill: let us put it away to-night and eat it tomorrow.

To-night let us practise self-denial and refrain from food; let us hide the dainty for to-morrow.”

The true believer said, “Let this be eaten to-night; let us put away self-denial till to-morrow.”

Then they said to him, “Your purpose in this wisdom-mongering is that you may eat it by yourself.”
"O my friends," said he, "are not we three persons?
Since disagreement has occurred, let us share.
Let him who wishes take his own share to his heart;
let him who wishes put his share in hiding."

The two said to him, "Abandon sharing; give ear to ‘The sharer is in Hell-fire’ from the Traditions."

He replied, "The sharer is he that has shared himself between sensuality and God."

You are God's property and His share entirely:
you give the share to another, you are a dualist.

This lion would have prevailed over the curs,
if it had not been the turn of those evil-natured ones.

It was their intention that the Moslem should suffer pain
and pass the night in want of food.

He was overpowered: he said, with resignation and acquiescence,
"My friends, I hear and obey."

So they slept that night,
and in the morning they rose and dressed themselves,
And washed their faces and mouths;
and each one had a method and practice in his devotions.

For a while each one applied himself to his devotions,
seeking favour from God.

True believer and Christian, Jew and Guebre and Magi—the faces of them all are towards that mighty Sultan.

Nay, stone and earth and mountain and water
have their invisible recourse to God.

This topic is infinite.
At that time the three companions looked on one another friendlily,

And one said,
"Let each relate what he dreamed last night.
Let him who had the best dream eat this:
let the most excellent carry off the share of every one that is excelled."

He who mounts highest in reason—
his eating is the eating of all.

His luminous spirit is supreme:
it is enough for the rest of them to tend him.
Since those endowed with reason endure forever,
in reality this world is enduring forever.

Then the Jew related his dream
whither his spirit had wandered during the night.

He said, “Moses met me on the way,
‘the cat sees a fat sheep’s tail in her dreams.’

I followed Moses to Mt Sinai:
in the Light all three of us vanished.

All three shadows disappeared in the Sun;
after that, there came from the Light an opening of the door.

From the heart of that Light another Light sprang up,
and then the second quickly sought to transcend it.

Both I and Moses and also Mt Sinai, we were lost, all three,
in that effulgence of the Light.

After that, I saw the mountain break into three pieces
when the Light of God surged upon it.

When the Attribute of Majesty was revealed to it,
it burst asunder in every direction.

One piece of the mountain fell towards the sea,
and the water bitter as poison was made sweet.

One piece thereof sank into the earth,
and a medicinal spring of running water gushed forth,

So that its water became a cure for all the sick
by the blessedness of the goodly revelation.

The other piece flew at once to the neighbourhood of the Ka’ba
where ‘Arafat was.

When I came back to myself out of that swoon,
Sinai was in its place, neither greater nor less;

But under the foot of Moses it was melting like ice:
o no spur or peak of it remained.

The mountain was levelled to the earth by terror:
it was turned upside down by that awful Majesty.

After that scattering I came to myself again
and saw that Sinai and Moses were unchanged,

And that the desert skirting the mountain was filled from end to end
with people resembling Moses in their faces.
Their mantles were like his staff and mantle: all were speeding joyously towards Sinai.

All had lifted their hands in prayer and struck up together the tune of *let me see You*.

Again, as soon as the trance departed from me, the form of each one seemed to me to be diverse.

They were the prophets endowed with love: the unity of the prophets was apprehended by me.

Again, I beheld some mighty angels: their outward form was of bodies of snow;

And another circle of angels asking help: their outward form was wholly of fire.”

On this wise did the Jew tell: there is many a Jew whose end was praiseworthy.

Do not regard any infidel with contempt, for there may be hope of his dying a Moslem.

What knowledge have you of the close of his life that you should once avert your face from him?

Afterwards the Christian began to speak, saying, “The Messiah appeared to me in my dream. I went with him to the Fourth Heaven, the centre and abode of the sun of this world.

Truly, the marvels of the citadels of Heaven have no relation to the wonders of the world.

Everyone knows, O pride of the sons, that the artifice of the celestial sphere exceeds the earth.”

*Story of the camel and the ox and the ram who found a bunch of grass on the road, and each said, “I will eat.”*

Whilst a camel, ox, and ram were going along, they found a bunch of grass in front of the road.

The ram said, “If we divide this, certainly none of us will get his fill of it;

But whichever of us has lived longest has the best right to this fodder: let him eat;
For to give the foremost place to the seniors has come from Mustafá among the practices observed by him,

Although, at this time when vile men hold sway, the vulgar put forward the elders on two occasions,

Either in food that is burning hot, or on a bridge that is in a state of ruin.

The vulgar do not pay homage to a venerable Shaykh and leader without some mischievous idea associated.

This is their good: what must their evil be? Distinguish their foulness from their fairness."

Parable

A king was going to the congregational mosque, and the marshals and mace-bearers were beating the people off.

The wielder of the stick would break the head of one and tear to bits the shirt of another.

A poor wretch amidst the throng received ten blows with the stick without any offence. “Begone,” they cried, “get out of the way!”

Dripping blood, he turned his face to the king and said, “Behold the manifest iniquity: why ask of that which is hidden?

This is your good: you are going to the mosque; what must your evil and burden be, O misguided one?”

The Pír never hears a salaam from a base fellow without being exceedingly tormented by him in the end.

If a wolf catch a saint, it is better than that the saint should be caught by the wicked carnal soul,

Because, though the wolf does great violence, yet it has not the same knowledge and craft and cunning;

Else how should it fall into the trap? Cunning is complete in man.

The ram said to the ox and the camel, “O comrades, since such a chance has come to us, let each declare the date of his life: the oldest has the best right, let the others suffer in silence."

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In those times,” said the ram,
“my pasturage was with the ram that was sacrificed for Ishmael.”

The ox said, “I am the advanced in years,
coupled with the ox that Adam yoked.

I am the yoke-fellow of the ox with which Adam,
the forefather of mankind, used to plough the earth in sowing.”

When the camel heard the ox and the ram he was amazed:
he lowered his head and picked up that.

Promptly, without any palaver,
the Bactrian camel raised the bunch of fresh barley in the air,

Saying, “I, in sooth, need no chronology,
since I have such a body and high neck.

Indeed everyone knows, O father’s darling,
that I am not smaller than you.

Whoever is one of those possessed of intelligence knows this,
that my nature is superior to yours.”

“All know that this lofty heaven
is a hundred times as great as this low earth.

How can the wide expanse of the celestial domains
be compared with the character of the terrestrial regions?”


Then the Moslem said, “O my friends,
Mustafá came to me, my sovereign,

And said to me, ‘that one has sped to Sinai with him to whom God spoke,
and has played the game of love;

And the other has been carried by Jesus, the Lord of happy star,
to the zenith of the Fourth Heaven.

Arise, O you who have been left behind and have suffered injury,
at least eat up the sweetmeat and comfit!

Those (two) talented and accomplished men have pushed forward
and have read the book of fortune and honour.

Those two eminent men have attained to their eminence and because
of their talents have mingled with the angels.
Listen, O foolish simpleton who have been left behind, jump up and seat yourself beside the bowl of halwá!”

Thereupon they said to him, “Then, you greedy fellow, have you made a meal of the halwá and khabíš? Oh, an astonishing thing!”

He replied, “When that sovereign who is obeyed gave the order, who was I that I should resist it?

Will you, Jew, rebel against the command of Moses if he summons you in a fair cause or a foul?

Can you, Christian, ever spurn the command of Christ for good or evil?

How, should I rebel against the Glory of the prophets? I have eaten the halwá and now I am happy.”

Then they said to him, “By God, you have dreamed a true dream, and it is better than a hundred dreams of ours.

Your dreaming is waking, O gleeful one, for its effect is made evident by waking.”

Abandon eminence and energy and skill: what matters is service and a goodly disposition.

For this God brought us forth: “I did not create mankind except to serve Me.”

How did that knowledge profit Sámirí, whom the skill banished from God’s door?

What did Qárún gain by his alchemy? See how the earth bore him down to its abyss.

What, after all, did Bu ’l-Hakam get from knowledge? On account of his unbelief he went headlong into Hell.

Know that knowledge consists in seeing fire plainly, not in prating that smoke is evidence of fire.

O you whose evidence in the eyes of the Sage is really more stinking than the evidence of the physician, Since you have no evidence but this, O son, eat dung and inspect urine!

O you whose evidence is like the staff in your hand indicate that you suffer from blindness,

Noise and pompous talk and assumption of authority, “I cannot see: excuse me.”
How the Sayyid, the King of Tirmid, proclaimed that he would give robes of honour and horses and slave-boys and slave-girls and a large sum in gold to anyone who would go on urgent business to Samarkand in three or four days; and how Dalqak, having heard the news of this proclamation in the country, came post-haste to the king, saying, “I, at all events, cannot go.”
Everyone was taking an omen by conjecture what had set the rug on fire.

He sought admission and the king at once granted it to him. When he kissed the earth, the king said to him, “Hey, what’s the matter?”

Whenever anyone asked that sour-faced man for some particulars, he laid his hand on his lips as though to say “Hush!”

Apprehension was increased by his gravity: all were perplexed and dumbfounded by him.

Dalqak made a gesture, as though to say, “O gracious king, let me have a moment to take breath, That my wits may once come back to me, for I am fallen into a marvellous state.”

After a little while, during which both the throat and the mouth of the king were made bitter by foreboding and surmise—

Because he had never seen Dalqak like this; there was no companion moreagreeable to him than he;

He was always bringing up stories and jests and keeping the king in merriment and laughter. When sitting he used to make him laugh so that the king would grip his belly with both hands;

And his body sweated from the violence of his laughter and he would fall on his face with laughing.

To-day, on the contrary, he, pale and grim like this, is laying his hand on his lips as though to say, “Hush, O King!”

Foreboding on foreboding and fancy on fancy to the king what chastisement would come, For the king’s heart was anxious and alarmed because the Khwárizmsháh was very bloodthirsty, And that perverse had killed many kings in that region either by craft or violence.

This King of Tirmid was apprehensive of him, and his apprehension was increased by the artifice of Dalqak.

He said, “Be quick! Tell what is the matter. Who is the cause of your being so perturbed and agitated?”

He replied, “I heard in the country that the king had proclaimed on every highway
That he required someone to run to Samarkand in three days and would bestow treasures.

I hurried to you in order to say that I am not able to do it.

For one like me such agility is impossible: at all events do not expect this of me.”

“Curse your hurry!” cried the king; “for a hundred confusions have arisen in the city.

For this trifle, O half-baked fool, you have set fire to this meadow and hay?”

Like these raw persons with drum and banner, saying, “We are couriers in poverty and non-existence;”

Boast far and wide of being Shaykhs and make out that they have the rank of Bayazid,

And, having travelled away from themselves and become united, open a secret religious gathering in the abode of pretension.

The bridegroom’s house is full of turmoil and trouble; the girl’s family knows nothing about it.

An outcry, saying, “Half the affair is concluded; the conditions that are on our side have been fulfilled.

We have swept and garnished the rooms and have risen up intoxicated and glad with this ardent desire.”

Has any message come from over there? “No.”

Has any bird come here from that roof? “No.”

After these missives one on the top of another, has any answer reached you from that neighbourhood?

“No; but our Friend is acquainted with this, because inevitably there is a way from heart to heart.”

Why, then, is the way devoid of answer to letter from the Friend who is your hope?

There are a hundred signs, secret and manifest; but desist, do not lift the curtain from this door.

Return to the story of that foolish Dalqak who brought tribulation on himself by his silly meddling.

Afterwards the vizier said to him, “O Pillar of the Truth, hear a word from your humble slave.
Dalqak came from the country on some enterprise; his mind is changed and he has repented.

He is making the old new with water and oil, he is evading by means of buffoonery.

He has displayed the scabbard and concealed the sword: he must be tortured without mercy.

Unless you break the pistachio or walnut, it will neither reveal its heart nor give any oil.

Do not listen to this skilful defence of his; look at his trembling and his colour.

God has said, ‘Their mark is on their faces,’ for the mark is an informer and tell-tale.

This ocular evidence is opposed to that story, for this mankind is moulded of evil.”

“O Sahib,” cried Dalqak, wailing and sobbing, “do not endeavour to shed the blood of this miserable wretch.

Many a thought and fancy that is not real and true comes into the mind, O Prince.

Truly, some suspicion is a sin, O Vizier: injustice is not right, especially to a poor man.

The words of the Sahib impressed the king, and he resolved to clear up this deceit and imposture.

“The king does not chastise one who vexes him: wherefore should he chastise one who makes him laugh?”

The drum is wet or dry or full or empty, its sound informs us of everything.

In order that he may be compelled to declare the secret, so that these hearts will be reassured.

Since the shining truth is tranquil, the heart will not be calmed by lying words.

Falsehood is like a straw, and the heart like a mouth: a straw never becomes hidden in the mouth.
So long as it is there, he keeps moving his tongue, in order that thereby he may eject it from his mouth.

Especially, when a straw by the wind falls into the eye, the eye begins to water and shut and open.

We, therefore, now kick this straw, in order that our mouth and eye may be delivered from this straw.”

Dalqak said, “O King, be calm: do not scratch the face of clemency and forgiveness.

Why such an excessive haste to take revenge? I cannot fly away; I am in your hand.

It is not right to be haste in correction that is for God’s sake;

That which is humour and casual anger, he is in a hurry lest he should become content.

He is afraid that, if contentment comes and his anger goes: his revenge and the pleasure of it will be lost.

False appetite makes haste to the food for fear of missing the pleasure: that is sickness indeed.

The appetite be true, it is better to delay, in order that it may be digested without difficulty.

Will you beat me for the purpose of averting a calamity, to the end that you may see the crevice and block it up, So that the calamity will not issue from that crevice? Destiny has many a crevice besides that one.

Violence is not the means of averting calamity: the means is beneficence and pardon and kindness.

He said, ‘Alms is a means of averting calamity: cure your diseased ones by alms, O youth.’

It is not alms-giving to burn a poor man and to blind the eye that meditates on forbearance.”

The king replied, “Charity and the occasion for it are excellent, but when you perform an act of charity in its place.

You put the king in the rook’s place, it is ruin; likewise, the horse in the king’s place, it is the act of an ignoramus.

Both bounty and severity are in the religious Law: for the king the throne, for the horse the gate.
What is justice? To put in its place.

What is injustice? To put it in its wrong place.

Nothing is vain that God created, anger or forbearance or sincere counsel or guile.

None of these things is absolutely good, nor is any of them absolutely evil.

The usefulness and harm of each depend on the place: for this reason knowledge is necessary and useful.

Oh, many a punishment inflicted on a poor fellow is more meritorious than bread and sweetmeat,

For sweetmeat unseasonably causes yellow bile, slaps purge him of wickedness.

Give the poor fellow a slap in season: it will save him from beheading.

The blow is really inflicted because of evil disposition: the stick falls on the dust, not on the felt.

Every Bahram has a banquet-hall and a prison: the banquet is for the sincere and the prison for the half-baked.

A sore wants lancing and you apply a poultice to it, you will establish the pus in the sore, so that it will eat away the flesh underneath: will be a half of profit and fifty losses.”

Dalqak said, “I am not saying, ‘Let pass’; I am saying, ‘Take some care to investigate.’

Listen, do not bar the road of patience and deliberation: be patient, reflect for a few days.

In deliberation you will hit upon a certainty, you will chastise me with a sure conviction.”

Why, indeed, walks falling in wayfaring, when it behooves him to walk in an upright posture?

Take counsel with the company of the righteous: note the command to the Prophet, “Consult them.”

Their affair is consultation are to this purpose, for owing to consultation mistakes and errors occur less.

These intellects are luminous like lamps: twenty lamps are brighter than one.
There may happen to be amongst them a lamp that has become aflame with the light of Heaven,

The jealousy of God has produced a veil and has mingled the low and the lofty together.

He has said, "Travel":
always seek in the world and try your fortune and lot.

In assembly-places always be seeking amidst the intellects such an intellect as is in the Prophet,

For the only heritage from the Prophet is that which perceives the unseen things before and behind.

Amidst the eyes, too, always be seeking that eye which this epistle has not the power to describe.

Hence the majestic has forbidden monkery and going to live as a hermit in the mountains,

In order that this kind of meeting should not be lost; for to be looked on by them is fortune and an elixir of immortality.

Amongst the righteous there is one the most righteous:
his diploma verified by the Sultan's hand a sabh,

That the prayer is linked with acceptance, the greatest of men and Jinn are not his peers.

Those who are sweet or sour in contention with him, in God's sight their argument is null,

For, "As We have exalted him by Ourselves, We have done away with plea and argument ."

Since the Hand of God has made the Qibla manifest, henceforth deem searching to be disallowed.

Listen; avert your face and head from searching, now that the Destination and Dwelling-place has come into view.

If you forget this Qibla for one moment, you will become in thrall to every worthless qibla.

When you show ingratitude to him that gives you discernment, the thought that recognises the Qibla will dart away from you.

If you desire benefit and wheat from this Barn, do not part, even for half an hour, from those who sympathise,

For at the moment when you part from this helper you will be afflicted with an evil comrade
Story of the attachment between the mouse and the frog:
how they tied their legs together with a long string, and how a raven carried off the mouse, and how the frog was suspended and lamented and repented of having attached himself to an animal of a different species instead of sorting with one of his own kind.

As it happened, a mouse and a faithful frog had become friends on the bank of a river.

Both of them were bound to a tryst: every morning they would come into a nook, and they played heart-and-soul with one another and emptied their breasts of evil thoughts.

The hearts of both swelled from meeting: they recited stories and listened to each other, telling secrets with and without tongue, knowing how to interpret, “A united party is a mercy.”

Whenever the exultant consorted with the merry, a five years’ tale would come into his mind. Flow of speech from the heart is a sign of friendship; obstruction of speech arises from lack of intimacy.

The heart that has seen the sweetheart, how should it remain bitter? A nightingale has seen the rose, how should he remain silent?

At the touch of Khadir the roasted fish came to life and took its abode in the sea.

To the friend, when he is seated beside his Friend, a hundred thousand tablets of mystery are made known. The brow of the Friend is a Guarded Tablet: to him it reveals plainly the secret of the two worlds.

The Friend is the guide on the way during advance: hence Mustafá said, “My Companions are the stars.”

The star shows the way in sands and on the sea: fix your eye on the Star, for he is the one to be followed.

Keep your eye always paired with his face: do not stir up dust by way of discussion and argument, because the Star will be hidden by that dust: the eye is better than the stumbling tongue.
In order that he may speak whose innermost garment is inspiration which lays the dust and does not stir up trouble.

When Adam became the theatre of inspiration and love, his rational soul revealed the knowledge of the Names.

His tongue, from the page of his heart, recited the name of everything as it is.

Through his vision his tongue was divulging the properties and essences of all things.

Such a name as fits the things, not so as to call a catamite a lion.

Nine hundred years Noah in the straightway, and every day he had a new sermon to preach.

His ruby drew its eloquence from the corundum in the hearts: he had not read the Risāla or the Qūtu 'l-qulūb.

He had never learned to preach from commentaries; nay, from the fountain of revelations and from the exposition by the spirit—

From the wine that when it is quaffed the water of speech gushes from the dumb,

And the new-born child becomes an eloquent divine and, like the Messiah, recites mature wisdom.

The prophet David learned a hundred odes from the mountain that gained from that wine sweet song.

All the birds left off chirping and joined their voices with King David as accompanists.

What wonder that a bird should be enraptured by him, since iron obeyed the call of his hand?

A roaring wind became murderous to Ad, to Solomon it became as a carrier.

A roaring wind carried on its head the throne of the king a month's journey every morn and eve.

It became both a carrier and a spy for him, making the talk of the absent to be apprehended by him.

The waft of air that caught the words of the absent would hasten to the ear of the king,

Saying, “Such-and-such a one said so-and-so just now, O mighty Solomon of auspicious fortune!”

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How the mouse made an arrangement with the frog, saying, “I cannot come to you in the water when I want. There must be some means of communication between us, so that when I come to the river-bank I may be able to let you know, and when you come to the mouse-hole you may be able to let me know, etc.”

This topic is endless. One day the mouse said to the frog, “O lamp of intelligence, at times I wish to talk with you in secret, and you are leaping playfully in the water.

I am on the river-bank, crying aloud for you, you in the water do not hear the wailing of lovers.

At this appointed time, O brave, I never become weary of conversing with you.”

The hangover that is in those heads is not relieved by five nor by five hundred thousand.

“The prayer is five times, but the guide for lovers is, they who are in prayer continually.

The hangover that is in those heads is not relieved by five nor by five hundred thousand.

“This visit once a week” is not the ration for lovers; the soul of the sincere has an intense craving to drink.

“Visit once a week” is not the ration for fishes, since they feel no spiritual joy without the Sea.

Notwithstanding the crop-sickness of the fishes, the water of this Sea, which is a tremendous place, is but a single draught.

To the lover one moment of separation is as a year; to him a year’s uninterrupted union is a fancy.

Love craves to drink and seeks him who craves to drink: this and that are at each other’s heels, like Day and Night.

Day is in love with Night and has lost control of itself; when you look, Night is more in love with it.

Never for one instant do they cease from seeking; never for one moment do they cease from pursuing each other.

This one has caught the foot of that one, and that one the ear of this one: this one is distraught with that one, and that one is beside itself for this one.
In the heart of the beloved the lover is all: Wāmiq is always in the heart of Adhrá.

In the lover’s heart is naught but the beloved: there is nothing to separate and divide them.

These two bells are on one camel: how, then, in regard to these two should, “Visit once a week,” be admissible?

Did anyone pay recurring visits to himself? Was any one a companion to himself at regular intervals?

That is not the oneness that reason apprehends: the apprehension of this depends on a man’s dying;

And if it were possible to perceive this by means of reason, wherefore should self-violence have become a duty?

How, with such mercy as He has, would the King of intellect say unnecessarily “Kill yourself”?

مبالغه كردن موش در لابه و زاري و وصلت جستن از چغز آبى

How the mouse exerted himself to the utmost in supplication and humble entreaty and besought the water-frog to grant him access.

He said, “O dear and affectionate friend, without your face I have not a moment’s rest.

By day you are my light and acquisition and strength; by night you are my rest and comfort and sleep.

It would be a generous act if you would make me happy and kindly remember me early and late.

During a day and night you have allowed me breakfast-time for access, O well-wisher.

I feel in my liver five hundred cravings for drink, and bulimia is joined with every craving.

You, O prince, art unconcerned with my passion: pay the poor-tax on your high estate, look on poor wretch.

This poor unmannerly wretch is not worthy; but your universal grace is superior to that.

Your universal grace requires no support: a sun strikes on excrement.
Its light suffers no loss thereby, and the ordure is made dry and fuel,

So that the ordure goes into a bath-furnace, is converted into light, and illumines the door and wall of a bath-house.

It was defilement, now it has become an adornment, since the sun chanted that spell upon it.

The sun also warms the belly of the earth, so that the earth consumes the remaining excrement.

They become a part of the earth, and herbage springs up from them: even so doth God wipe out evil actions.

To ordure, which is the worst, He does this, that He makes it herbage and narcissus and egglantine.

What God bestows in recompense and bounty on the egglantines of devotion faithfully.

Since He confers such a robe of honour on the wicked, what He bestows on the righteous in the place where He waits.

God gives them what no eye has beheld; that which is not comprehensible in any tongue or language.

Who are we to this? Come, my friend, make my day bright with goodly disposition.

Do not regard my ugliness and hatefulness, though I am as venomous as a mountain-snake.

Oh, I am ugly and all my qualities are ugly: since He planted me as a thorn, how should I become a rose?

Bestow on the thorn the springtide of the rose's beauty: bestow on this snake the loveliness of the peacock!

I have reached the limit in perfection of ugliness: your grace has reached the limit in excellence and accomplishment.

Do you grant the boon sought by this consummate one from that consummate one, O you who are the envy of the tall cypress.

When I die, your bounty, though it is exempt from need, will weep for kindness' sake.

It will sit beside my grave a long while: tears will gush from its gracious eye.

It will mourn for my deprivation; it will shut its eyes to my abjection.
Bestow a little of those favours now, put a few of those words as a ring into my ear!

That which you will say to my dust—strew it upon my sorrowful perception!

How the mouse humbly entreated the frog, saying, “Do not think of pretexts and do not defer the fulfillment of this request of mine, for ‘there are dangers in delay,’ and ‘the Sufi is the son of the moment.’” A son does not withdraw his hand from the skirt of his father, and the Sufi’s kind father, who is the “moment,” does not let him be reduced to the necessity of looking to the morrow keeps him all the while absorbed, unlike the common folk, in the garden of his (the father’s) swift reckoning. He does not wait for the future. He is of the River, not of Time, for “with God is neither morn nor eve”: there the past and the future and time without beginning and time without end do not exist: Adam is not prior nor is Dajjal posterior. these terms belong to the domain of the particular reason and the animal soul: they are not in the non-spatial and non-temporal world. Therefore he is the son of that “moment” by which is to be understood only a denial of the division of times, just as “God is One” is to be understood as a denial of duality, not as the real nature of unity.

A certain Khwaja, accustomed to scatter silver, said to a Sufi, “O you for whose feet my soul is a carpet,

Would you like one dirhem to-day, my king, or three dirhems at breakfast-time tomorrow?”

He replied, “I am more pleased with half a dirhem yesterday then with this to-day and a hundred dirhems to-morrow.”

“A slap in cash is better than a donation on credit: lo, I put the nape of my neck before you: give the cash!

Especially as the slap is from your hand, for both the nape and the slap inflicted on it are intoxicated with you.

Chose, come, O soul of my soul and of a hundred worlds, gladly take the opportunity of the cash of this moment.
Do not stealthily remove your moon-like face from the night-travellers; do not withdraw yourself from this river-bed, O flowing water,

But flow in order that the river-bank may laugh by the running water, and that jasmines may rear their heads on each brim of the river.’

When you see that greenery is fresh on the river-brim, then know from afar that water is there.

The Maker has said, “Their mark is on their faces,” for the verdant orchard tells a tale of rain.

If it rains during the night, no one sees, for every soul and breath is asleep;

The freshness of every beauteous rose-garden is evidence of the rain hidden.

“O comrade, I am of the earth, you art of the water; but you are the king of mercy and munificence.

By way of bounty and dispensing so act that I may attain to serving you early and late.

I am always calling you on the river-bank with my soul, I never experience the mercy of response.

Entrance into the water is barred against me because my frame has grown from a piece of earth.

Use the aid either of a messenger or a token to make you aware of my cry.”

The two friends debated on this: at the close of the debate it was settled

That they should procure a long string, in order that by pulling the string the secret should be revealed.

“One end must be tied to the foot of this slave double, and the other to your foot,

That by this device we two persons may come together and mingle as the soul with the body.”

The body is like a string on the foot of the soul, drawing it from Heaven to earth.

When the frog-like soul escapes from the mouse-like body into the water, the sleep of unconsciousness, it enters into a happy state;

The mouse-like body pulls it back with that string: how much bitterness does the soul taste from this pulling!
Were it not for the pulling of the scatter-brained mouse, the frog would have enjoyed himself in the water.

You will hear the rest of it from the light-giving of the Sun when you rise from slumber on the Day.

“You will hear the rest of it from the light-giving of the Sun when you rise from slumber on the Day.”

This news was disagreeable to the heart of the frog, “This wicked fellow will bring me into a tangle.”

Whenever a feeling of repugnance comes into the heart of a good man, it is not devoid of some significance.

Deem that sagacity to be a Divine attribute, not a suspicion: the light of the heart has apprehended from the Universal Tablet.

The refusal of the Elephant to march against the House notwithstanding the driver’s efforts and cries of “Come on!”

In spite of all blows the Elephant's feet would not move, either much or little, towards the Ka’ba.

You would have said that its legs were paralysed or that its impetuous spirit was dead.

Whenever they turned its head towards Yemen, the fierce Elephant would begin to stride with the speed of a hundred horses.

The Elephant's perception was aware of the blow from the Unseen, how must the perception of the saint with inspiration be!

Is it not that the prophet Jacob, that man of holy nature, for Joseph's sake to all his brethren—

When the brothers begged their father to give him to them, that they might take him to the country for a while,

They all said to him, “Do not be afraid of harm: give him one or two days' time, O father;

For why will not you entrust your Joseph to us in going about and traveling,

That we may play together in the meadows? In this request we are trustworthy and beneficent”—

Did not he say, “I know this, that his being removed from me is kindling grief and sickness in my heart;
This heart of mine never lies,
for my heart is illumined by the light of the highest heaven”?

That was a decisive proof of wickedness,
but by destiny he took no account.

Intimation like that passed away from him,
because Destiny was at that moment engaged in philosophy.

It is no wonder that a blind man should fall into a pit,
the falling of one who can see the way is beyond all wonder.

This Destiny employs diverse shifts:
its eye-binding spell is *God does what He pleases*.

The heart knows and yet knows not its artfulness:
its iron becomes as wax for the seal.

It is as though the heart should say, “Since its inclination is turned to this,
whatever may happen, let it come!”

Accordingly it makes itself heedless of this
and binds its soul fast in the shackle thereof.

If that exalted one is checkmated in this,
it is not checkmate, it is tribulation.

A single tribulation redeems him from a hundred tribulations; a
single fall takes him up on the ladders.

The half-baked saucy fellow, whom the wine has relieved from the surfeit of
intoxication with a hundred thousand wicked half-baked persons like himself,

Finally becomes mature and adept:
he escapes from enslavement to this world and is made free.

He is made drunken with the everlasting wine,
he becomes discerning, and is delivered from created beings,

From their weak conventional faith
and from the illusions of their unseeing eyes.

Oh, what device can their mental perception employ, I wonder,
against the ebb and flow of the trackless Sea?

From that Desert came these signs of cultivation and prosperity;
came empires, kingships and governments.

Yearning with desire they come in troops
from the Desert of Non-existence into the visible world.

Caravan on caravan, they arrive from this Desert
every evening and morning.
They come and seize our houses in distress, saying, “I have arrived, it is my turn, leave!”

When the son has opened the eye of reason, the father at once puts his baggage in the cart.

It is the King's highway—departing and arriving, one going in this direction, another in that direction.

Consider well! We, sitting still, are marching: don't you see that we are bound for a new place?

You do not get your capital for any present need; nay, but for your ultimate purposes.

The traveller, then, O devotee of the Way, is he whose march and face are towards the future,

Even as the troops of Phantasy are at every moment arriving unwearied through the curtains of the heart.

If ideas are not from one Plantation, how are they coming to the heart on each other's heels?

Company after company, the army of our ideas, by thirst, is speeding towards the fountain of the heart.

They fill their jars and go: they are continually appearing and vanishing.

Regard thoughts as stars of the sky revolving in the sphere of another heaven.

You have experienced good fortune, give thanks and do works of charity; you have experienced bad fortune, give alms and ask pardon.

Who am I in relation to this? Come, O my King, make my ruling star auspicious and wheel once.

Illumine my spirit with moonbeams, for my soul is blackened by contact with the Tail.

Deliver it from fancy and vain imagination and opinion; deliver it from the well and the tyranny of the rope,

In order that through Your goodly lovingkindness a heart may lift its wings and soar up from a water and earth.

O Prince of Egypt and faithful keeper of your promise, the wronged Joseph is in your prison.

Quickly dream a dream of his release, for God loves the beneficent.
The seven noxious lean cows are devouring its seven fat cows.

The seven dry, ugly, and unapproved ears of corn are feeding on its fresh ears.

Famine has arisen in its Egypt, O mighty Potentate: listen, O King, do not continue to sanction this.

Let my Joseph sit in Your prison, O King:
come, deliver me from the wiles of the women.

My mother's lust caused me to fall from the highest heaven which was my tethering-place, for, Fall down!

So by the artfulness of a crone
I fell from complete perfection into the prison of the womb.

She brings the spirit from the highest heaven to the Hatim: great must be the craft of women.

My first and my last fall were caused by woman, since I was spirit—and how have I become body?

Hearken to this lament of Joseph in his lapse,
or take pity on that distraught Jacob.

Shall I complain of my brethren or of the women who have cast me, like Adam, from the gardens?

I am withered like leaves in December because I have eaten the wheat from the Paradise of union.

When I saw Your graciousness and kindness and Your greeting of peace and Your message,

I produced rue against the evil eye; the evil eye reached even my rue.

Only Your languishing eyes are able to avert every evil eye in front or behind.

Your good eye, O King, defeats and extirpates the evil eye: how excellent it is as a remedy!

Nay, from Your eye come alchemies: they turn the evil eye into the good eye.

The King's eye has smitten the eye of the falcon-heart, and its falcon-eye has become mightily aspiring,

So that, because of the great aspiration which it has gained from the look, the royal falcon will catch nothing but the fierce lion.
What of the lion? The spiritual royal falcon is Your quarry and at the same time You art its prey.

The call uttered by the falcon-soul in the meadow of devotion is cries of "I love not them that set.

From Your infinite bounty there came an eye to the falcon-soul that was flying for Your sake.

From Your nose came smell, and its ear the hearing: to each sense was allotted a portion distributed.

Since You give to each sense the means of access to the Unseen, that sense is not subject to the frailty of death and hoary old age.

You are the Lord of the kingdom: You give to the sense something, so that that sense exercises sovereignty over the senses.

Story of the night-thieves with whom SultanMahmud fell in during the night, saying, "I am one of you; and how he became acquainted with their affairs, etc.

While King Mahmud was roaming about alone at night he encountered a band of thieves.

Thereupon they said to him, “Who are you, O honest man?”

“I am one of you,” replied the King.

One said, “O company practised in cunning, let each of us declare his talent;

Let him tell his comrades in the night-talk what skill he possesses in his nature.”

One said, “O you fellows who are exhibiting cleverness, my specialty lies in my two ears.

That I know what a dog is saying when it barks.”

The party replied, “Two dangs of a dinar.”

Another said, “O company of gold-worshippers, my specialty lies wholly in my eyes.

If I see any one in the world by night, I know him by day without doubt.”

Another said, “My specialty lies in my arm:

I make tunnels by strength of hand.”
Another said, “My specialty lies in my nose: my business is to detect the smell in different earths.

The secret of ‘men are mines’ has yielded itself, so that why the Prophet has said it.

From the earth of the body
I know how much good ore is therein and what mine it holds.

In one mine is contained gold immeasurable, while another revenue from it is less than the expenditure.

Like Majnun, I smell the soil and detect the soil of Layla without mistake.

I smell and know from every shirt whether it is a Joseph or an Ahriman.

Like Ahmad, who catches scent from Yemen, this nose of mine has gained some portion of that, 

So that I can smell which soil is a neighbour of gold, or which soil is empty and poor.”

Another said, “Look here, my specialty lies in my fist: I can throw a lasso to the height of a mountain,

Like Ahmad, whose spirit threw a lasso so that his lasso bore him to Heaven,

so that his lasso bore him to Heaven, 

And God said to him, ‘O thrower of the lasso at the House, deem that to be from Me: you did not throw when you threw.”

Then they asked the King, saying, “O man of authority, in what may your special talent consist?”

He replied, “My specialty lies in my beard: I can save criminals from punishment.

When criminals are handed over to the executioners, as soon as my beard moves they are saved.

When I move my beard in mercy, they put an end to the killing and the trouble.”

The company said to him, “You are our qutb, for you will be the deliverance on the day of tribulation.”

[Afterwards they all set out together and went towards the palace of the fortunate King.]

When a dog barked on the right, said, “It says ‘The Sultan is with you.’”
Another smelt the ground from a hill and said, “This belongs to the house of a widow.”

Then the skilful master of the lasso threw his lasso, so that they got over the lofty wall.

When he smelt the earth in this other place, he said, “it is the earth of the treasury of a peerless king.”

The tunneller made a tunnel and reached the treasury: every one carried off some goods from the treasury.

The band took away much gold and gold-embroidered cloth and big pearls and quickly concealed them.

The King saw distinctly their lodging-place and their personal appearance and names and refuge and way.

He stole away from them and returned, and day related his adventure in council.

Thereupon furious officers rushed away to arrest and pinion the thieves.

They came handcuffed into the council-chamber, and they were trembling in fear for their lives.

When they stood before the King’s throne, that moon-like King was their night’s companion.

He who could without hesitation recognise by day any one on whom he had cast his eye by night

Saw the King on the throne and said, “This man was going about with us last night and was our comrade.

He who has such a great talent in his beard—our arrest is the result of his enquiry.”

His eye was a knower of the King: consequently he opened his lips of knowledge to his followers.

He said, “This King was and He is with you: he was seeing our actions and hearing our secret.

My eye made its way, recognised the King by night, and all night long played the game of love with his moon-like face.

I will beg forgiveness for my people from him, for he never averts his face from the knower.

Deem the eye of the knower to be the salvation of the two worlds, whereby every Bahram obtained help.
Mohammed was the intercessor for every brand because his eye did not swerve for anything except God.

In the night of this world, where the sun is veiled, he was beholding God, and his hope was in Him.

His eyes received eye salve from “Did not We expand your breast?” He saw that which Gabriel could not endure.

The orphan to whom God applies eye salve becomes the orphan pearl endowed with guidance.

Its light overpowers pearls; it desires such an object of desire.

The stations of God’s servants were visible to him: consequently God named him ‘The Witness.’

The weapons of the Witness are a trenchant tongue and a keen eye, whose nightly vigil no secret can elude.

Though a thousand pretenders may raise their heads, the Judge turns his ear towards the Witness.

This is the practice of judges in dealing justice: to them the witness is two clear eyes.

The words of the Witness are equivalent to the eye because he has seen the secret with a disinterested eye.

The pretender has seen it, but with self-interest: self-interest is a veil upon the eye of the heart.

God desires that you should become an ascetic (zabid) in order that you may abandon self-interest and become a Witness (shahid);

For these motives of self-interest are veils upon the eye: they enfold the sight, like a veil.

Therefore he does not see the whole in various aspects: your love of things makes you blind and deaf.

Since the Sun caused a light to dwell in his heart, the stars no longer had any values for him.

Therefore he beheld the mysteries without veil: the journey of the spirit of the true believers and the infidels.

God has not in the earth or in the lofty heaven anything more occult than the spirit of Man.

God has unfolded moist or dry, He has sealed the spirit: of the amr of my Lord.'
Therefore, since the august eye beheld that spirit, nothing remains hidden from him.

He is the absolute witness in every dispute: his word crushes the crop sickness of every headache.

God is named ‘the Just,’ and the Witness belongs to Him: for this reason the just Witness is the eye of the Beloved.

The object of God’s regard in both worlds is the heart, for the king’s gaze is fixed upon the favourite.

God’s love and the mystery of His dallying with His favourite were the origin of all His veil-making.

On that account, then, in meeting on the night of the Ascension our fond of dalliance said, ‘But for.’

This Destiny rules good and evil: does not the Witness become the ruler of Destiny?

The bondsman of Destiny became the Commander of Destiny: hail to you, O keen-sighted one who art pleasing!

The knower made many a petition to the Known, saying, ‘O You who watches over us in heat and cold, O You who gives us intimations in weal and woe, our hearts are unaware of Your intimations, O who daily and nightly sees us and whom we see not, regarding the secondary cause has muffled our eyes.

My eye has been chosen above eyes, so that the Sun was beheld by me in the night.

That was Your well-known grace, O Beauteous One; and, ‘The perfection of kindness consists in making it complete.’

O Lord, make our light complete in the plain of Resurrection and deliver us from shameful and overwhelming indignities!

Do not let Your night-companion be banished in the daytime, do not inflict farness on the soul that has experienced nearness.

Absence from You is a grievous and tormenting death, especially the absence that comes after enjoyment of Your favour.

Do not put him that has seen You in the position of one that has not seen: sprinkle water on his verdure that has sprung up.

I have not acted recklessly while faring: do not You either act recklessly in pricking.
Oh, do not drive far from Your face
him who once beheld Your face!

To behold the face of anyone but You is an iron collar for the throat:
everything except God is vain.

They are vain, but they show me the right way
because vanity attracts the vain.

Each one of the atoms on atoms which exist in this earth and heaven
is like amber for its congener.

The belly attracts bread to its resting-place;
the heat of the liver attracts water.

The eye is an attractor of beautiful persons from these quarters of the town;
the brain is seeking scents from the rose-garden,

Because the sense peculiar to the eye is an attractor of colour,
while the brain and nose attract sweet perfumes.

O Lord who knows the secret, do You preserve us from these attractions
by the attraction of Your grace!

You, O Purchaser, are dominant over attractors:
it would be fitting if You redeem the helpless.”

He turned his face to the King as a thirsty man to a cloud—
he who on the Night of Power was the Full-moon's own.

Since his tongue and his spirit were His,
he who is His may converse with Him boldly.

He said, “We have been bound like the spirit in its prison of clay:
You are the Sun of the spirit on the Day of Judgement.

O King whose course is concealed, the time is come for You graciously
to make a movement with Your beard in clemency.

Each one has displayed his specialty:
all those talents have increased ill-fortune.

Those talents have bound our necks;
by those high attainments we are headlong and low.

Talent is a cord of palm-fibre on our neck:
there is no help from those accomplishments on the day of death.”

Save only the specialty of that man endowed with goodly perceptions
whose eye was recognising the Sultan in the night.

All those talents were ghouls on the road,
except the eye which was aware of the King.
On the day of audience the King was ashamed of him whose gaze was on the King's face at night.

And the dog that is acquainted with the loving King—even him you must entitle “the Dog of the Cave.”

Excellent, too, is the specialty in the ear; for he by the bark of a dog is made aware of the Lion.

When the dog is awake during the night, like a watchman, he is not ignorant of the nightly vigil of the kings.

Listen, you must not disdain them that have a bad name: you must set your mind on their inward parts.

 Whoever has once got a bad name must not seek a name and become half-baked.

Oh, many a gold is made black polished iron in order that it may be saved from pillage and calamity.

*Story of the sea-cow: how it brings up the royal pearl from the depths of the ocean and at night lays it on the seashore and feeds in the resplendence and lustre thereof; and how the trader comes forth from his hiding-place and, when the cow has gone some distance away from the pearl, covers the pearl with loam and black clay and runs off and climbs a tree; and so on to the end of the story and exposition.*

The water-cow fetches a pearl out of the sea, lays it on the meadow, and grazes around it.

In the radiance of the light of the pearl the water-cow feeds hurriedly on hyacinths and lilies.

The excrement of the water-cow is ambergris because its food is narcissus and water lily.

Anyone whose food is the Light of Majesty, how should not lawful magic spring from his lips?

Anyone who, like the bee, has been given inspiration as a prize, how should not his house be full of honey?

The cow grazes in the light of the pearl; suddenly it moves some distance away from the pearl.

A trader puts black loam on the pearl, so that the meadow and verdant ground becomes dark.
Then the trader takes refuge on a tree, while the cow seeks the man with its hard horn.

Twenty times the cow runs about the meadow, in order to impale its enemy on its horn.

When the fierce cow desairs of him, it comes to the place where the pearl was laid

And sees the loam over the royal pearl; then it runs away from the clay, like Iblis.

Iblis is blind and deaf to the gist of the clay, how should the cow know that the pearl is in the clay?

(The Divine command) fall cast the spirit into abasement: this menstruation excluded it from prayer.

O comrades, beware of this resting-place and of that talk: truly, sensuality is the menstruation of men.

(The Divine command) fall cast the spirit into the body, that the pearl of Aden might be hidden in clay.

The trader knows it, but the cow does not: the spiritual know, but not any clay digger.

Every piece of clay in the heart of which there is a pearl—its pearl can tell the secrets of clay;

While the clay that has not been illumined by God's sprinkling cannot bear the companionship of the pieces of clay that are filled with pearls.

This topic is endless; our mouse on the bank of the river is on our ear.

Return to the Story of the mouse seeking the frog on the river-bank and pulling the string in order that the frog in the water might become aware of his seeking him.

That moulded of love is pulling the string in hope of being united with the righteous frog.

He is perpetually harping on the heart-string, saying, “I have got the end of the string in my paw.

My heart and soul have become as a thread in contemplation, ever since the end of the string showed itself to me.”
But suddenly the raven of separation
came to chase the mouse and carried it off from that spot.

When the mouse was taken up into the air by the raven,
the frog too was dragged from the bottom of the water.

The mouse in the raven's beak,
and the frog likewise suspended in the air, its foot in the string.

The people were saying,
“How could the raven make the water-frog its prey by craft and cunning?
How could it go into the water, and how could it carry him off?
When was the water-frog the raven's prey?”

“This,” said the frog “is the fit punishment for that one who,
like persons devoid of honour, consorts with a rascal.”

Oh, alas, alas for the sorrow caused by a base friend!
O sirs, seek ye a good companion.

Reason complains bitterly of the vicious carnal soul:
as an ugly nose on a beautiful face.

Reason was saying to him, “it is certain that congeniality
is spiritual in origin and is not from water and clay.”

Take heed, do not become a worshipper of form and do not say this.
Do not seek the secret of congeniality in the form.

Form resembles the mineral and the stone:
an inorganic thing has no knowledge of congeniality.

The spirit is like an ant, and the body like a grain of wheat
which it carries to and fro continually.

The ant knows that the grains of which it has taken charge
will be changed and become homogeneous with it.

One ant picks up barley on the road;
another ant picks up a grain of wheat and runs away.

The barley does not hurry to the wheat,
but the ant comes to the ant; yes.

The going of the barley to the wheat is consequential:
the ant, mark you, returns to its congener.

Do not say, “Why did the wheat go to the barley?”
Fix your eye on the holder, not on that which he holds in pawn.

A black ant on a black felt cloth:
the ant is hidden; the grain is visible on its way,
Reason says, “Look well to your eye: when does a grain ever go along without a grain-bearer?”

On this account the dog came to the Companions: the forms are diverse, while the heart is the ant.

Hence Jesus goes to the holy ones of Heaven: the cages were diverse, the young birds were of the same kind.

This cage is visible, but the young bird in it is hidden: how should the cage be moving without a cage-carrier?

Oh, blessed is the eye that is ruled by reason that discerns the end and is wise and cool.

Get the distinction between evil and good from reason, not from the eye that tells of black and white.

The eye is beguiled by the verdure on dunghills, reason says, “Put it to my touchstone.”

The eye that sees its desire is the bird’s bane; reason, which sees the trap, is the bird’s means of deliverance.

There was another trap which reason did not perceive; hence the inspiration which beholds the unseen sped in this direction.

By reason you can recognise congener and non-congener: you ought not to run at once to forms.

My being your congener is not in respect of form: Jesus, in the form of man, was homogeneous with the angels

The celestial Bird carried him up above this dark-blue fortress as the raven the frog.

Story of ‘Abdu ’l-Ghawth and his being carried off by the peris and staying among them for years, and how after years he returned to his town and his children, but could not endure to be parted from the peris, because he was really their congener and spiritually one with them.

‘Abdu ’l-Ghawth was a congener of the peri: for nine years he was flying about invisibly, like a peri.

His wife had offspring by another husband, and his orphans used to talk of his death,
Saying, “A wolf or a brigand attacked him, or he fell into a pit or ambush.”

All his children were passionately absorbed in occupations: they never said that they had a father.

After nine years he came temporarily: he appeared and disappeared again.

He was the guest of his children for one month, and after that nobody saw any more of him.

Homogeneity with the peris carried him off; just as a spear thrust ravishes the spirit.

Since one who is destined for Paradise is homogeneous with Paradise, on account of homogeneity he also becomes a worshipper of God.

Has not the Prophet said, “Know that liberality and virtue are branches of Paradise come into this world”?

Declare all loves to be homogeneous with Love; deem all wraths to be homogeneous with Wrath.

The reckless man gets a reckless man, because they are congenial in respect of their understanding.

The congeniality in Idris was from the stars: for eight years he was coming along with Saturn.

He was his companion in the East and in the West; his partner in conversation and familiar with his characteristics.

When after his absence he arrived, on the earth he was always giving lessons in astronomy.

The stars gladly ranged themselves in ranks before him: the stars attended his lectures,

So that the people, nobles and commons alike, would hear the voices of the stars.

The attraction exerted by spiritual affinity drew the stars down to the earth and caused them to speak plainly before him.

Each one declared its name and its circumstances and expounded to him astronomical observation.

What is homogeneity?
A species of insight whereby people gain admission into one another.

When God endows you with the same insight which He has hidden in him (another person), you become his congenor.
What draws a body in any direction? Insight. How should the conscious attract the unconscious?

When He implants in a man the nature of a woman, he becomes a catamite and has sex with men.

When God implants in a woman the masculine nature, she becomes a lesbian.

When He implants in you the qualities of Gabriel, you will seek the way up to the air, like a young bird,

Gazing expectantly, your eye fixed upon the air, estranged from the earth and enamoured of heaven.

When He implants in you the asinine qualities, if you have a hundred wings you will fly to the stable.

The mouse is not despised for its form: it becomes a helpless victim of the kite because of its villainous character.

It is a food-seeker and a traitor and a lover of darkness, besotted with cheese and pistachio nuts and syrup.

When the white falcon has the nature of a mouse, it is an object of contempt to the mice and a disgrace to the wild animals.

O son, when the nature of Harut and Marut was changed and He bestowed on them the nature of man, They fell from truly; we are they that stand in rows into the pit at Babylon shackled head-foremost.

The Guarded Tablet was removed from their sight: sorcerer and ensorcelled became their tablet.

The same arms, the same head, the same figure—a Moses is celestial, while a Pharaoh is contemptible.

Be always in quest of the nature and consort with him whose nature is good: observe how rose-oil has received the nature of the rose.

The earth of the grave is ennobled by the man, so that the heart lays his face and hands on his grave.

Since the earth is ennobled and made fortunate by the neighbourhood of the pure body,

Then, say, “first the neighbour, then the house”:

if you have a heart, go, seek a sweetheart.

His dust is endued with the character of his soul: it becomes an eye salve for the eyes of those who are dear.
Oh, many a one sleeping like dust in the grave
is superior in usefulness and open-handedness to a hundred living.

He has taken away his shadow, but his dust is overshadowing:
hundreds of thousands of the living are in his shadow.

Dastaan An Mard Ke Wazifehyi Daastaht Az Muxtoub Tabrizi 
Ve Muxtaht Tabrizi Wa Muxtaht Vod Amid An Wazifehy Vod Ra Khair Ne 
Az Vodat Vod, Havaal Az Hieq Zendei Vod Vod Gzarde Ka
Nesh A3 Muxtoub Mutofiz Gzarde Shid Channah Ke Ghtehand

Story of the man who had an allowance from the Police Inspector of Tabriz and had incurred debts
in expectation of that allowance, since he was unaware of his death. The gist is
that his debts were paid, not by any living person, but by the deceased Inspector, as has been said,
“He that died and found peace is not dead: the dead one is the man dead among the living.”

A certain dervish, who was in debt,
came from the outlying provinces to Tabriz.

His debts amounted to nine thousand pieces of gold.
It happened that in Tabriz was Badru’din ‘Umar.

He was the Police Inspector, at heart he was an ocean:
every hair’s tip of him was a dwelling-place of Hatím.

Hatím, had he been, would have become a beggar to him
and laid his head and made himself the dust of his feet.

If he had given an ocean of limpid water to a thirsty man,
such was his generosity that he would be ashamed of that gift;
And if he had made a mote a place of sunrise,
that would to his lofty aspiration to be an unworthy action.

That poor stranger came in hope of him,
for to poor strangers he was always a kinsman and relative.

That poor stranger was familiar with his door
and had paid innumerable debts from his bounty.

In reliance upon that generous he ran into debt,
for the man was confident of his donations.

He had been made reckless by him
and eager to incur debts in hope of that munificent sea.

His creditors looked sour, while he was laughing happily, like the rose,
on account of that garden of generous souls.

When his back is warmed by the Sun of the Arabs,
what does he care for the moustache of Bu Lahab?
When he has a covenant and alliance with the rain-cloud, how should he grudge water to the water-carriers?

How should the magicians who were acquainted with God’s Hand bestow hands and feet upon these hands and feet?

The fox that is backed by those lions will break the skulls of the leopards with his fist.

When Jafar advanced against a certain fortress, the fortress to his dry palate a single gulp.

Riding alone, he charged up to the fortress, so that they locked the fortress-gate in dread.

No one dared to meet him in battle: what stomach has the ship’s crew with a leviathan?

The king turned to his vizier, saying, “What is to be done in this crisis, Counsellor?”

He replied, “that you should bid farewell to pride and cunning, and come to him with sword and shroud.”

“Why,” said the king, “is not he a single man alone?”

He replied, “Do not look with contempt on the man’s loneliness.

Open your eye: look well at the fortress: it is trembling before him like quicksilver.

He sits on the saddle; his nerve is just as unshaken as if an East and West were accompanying him.

Several men rushed forward, like Fida’is, and flung themselves into combat with him.

He felled each of them with a blow of his mace headlong at the feet of his steed.
God’s action had bestowed on him such collectedness that he was attacking a people single-handed.

When mine eye beheld the face of that emperor, plurality vanished from my sight.”

The stars are many; though the sun is one, on his appearance their foundation is demolished.

If a thousand mice put forth their heads, the cat feels no fear or apprehension of danger.

How should mice advance, O such-and-such? They have no collectedness in their souls.

The collectedness in outward forms is a vain thing: listen, beg from the Creator collectedness of spirit.

Collectedness is not the result of bodily multitude: know that body, like name, is built on air.

If there were any collectedness in the heart of the mouse, a number of mice would be collected by a feeling of indignation,

And, rushing up like assassins, they would throw themselves on a cat without any respite.

One would tear out her eyes in conflict, while another would rip her ears with its teeth,

And another make a hole in her side: there would be no way of escape for her from the united party.

But the soul of the mouse has no collectedness: at the cry of a cat its wits fly out of its soul.

The mouse is paralysed by the wily cat, if the numbers of the mice amount to a hundred thousand.

What cares the butcher for the numerous flocks? How can abundance of consciousness prevent slumber?

He is the Lord of the kingdom: He gives collectedness to the lion, so that he springs on the herd of wild asses.

A hundred thousand savage and courageous wild asses are as naught before the onset of the lion.

He is the Lord of the kingdom: He gives to a Joseph the kingdom of Beauty, so that he is as the water of white clouds.

He bestows upon one face the radiance of a star, so that a king becomes the slave of a girl.
He bestows upon another face His own Light, so that at midnight it sees everything good and evil.

Joseph and Moses fetched light from God into their cheeks and countenances and into their inmost bosoms.

The face of Moses shot forth a flashing beam: he hung a veil in front of his face.

The splendour of his face would have dazzled eyes as the emerald the eyes of the deaf adder.

He besought God that the veil might become a covering for that powerful Light.

He said, “Listen, make a veil of your felt raiment, for the garment of gnosis can be trusted, because that robe has become inured to the Light: the Light of the Spirit shines through its warp and woof.

Nothing will be a repository except a mantle like this: nothing else can endure Our Light.

If Mt Qáf should come forward as a barrier, the Light would rend it asunder like Mt Sinai.”

Through the omnipotence the bodies of men have gained ability to support the unconditioned Light.

His power makes a glass vessel the dwelling-place of that Light of which Sinai cannot bear a mote.

A lamp-niche and a lamp-glass have become the dwelling-place of the Light by which Mt Qáf and Mt Sinai are torn to pieces.

Know that their bodies are the lamp-niche and their hearts the glass: this lamp illuminates the empyrean and the heavens.

Their light is dazzled by this Light and vanishes like the stars in this radiance of morning.

Hence the Seal of the prophets has related (the saying) of the everlasting and eternal Lord—

“I am not contained in the heavens or in the void or in the exalted intelligences and souls;

I am contained, as a guest, in the true believer’s heart, without qualification or definition or description,

To the end that by the mediation of that heart above and below may win from Me sovereignties and fortune.
Without such a mirror neither Earth nor Time could bear the vision of My beauty.

I caused the steed of mercy to gallop over the two worlds:
I fashioned a very spacious mirror.

From this mirror at every moment fifty wedding-feasts:
hearken to the mirror, but do not ask to describe it.”

The gist is this, that Moses made a veil of his raiment,
since he knew the penetrating nature of that Moon.

Had the veil been of anything except his raiment,
it would have been torn to shreds, if it had been a solid mountain.

It would penetrate through iron walls:
what contrivance could the veil employ against the Light of God?

That veil had become glowing:

it was the mantle of a gnostic in the moment of ecstasy.

The fire is deposited in the tinder because it is already familiar with the fire.

And in sooth Safura, from desire and love for that Light of true guidance,
sacrificed both her eyes.

At first she closed one eye and beheld the light of his face;
and that eye was lost.

Afterwards she could no longer restrain herself
and she opened the other and spent it on that Moon.

Even so the warrior gives away his bread;
when the light of devotion strikes on him, he gives away his life.

Then a woman said to her, “Are you grieving for the jonquil-like eye that you have lost?”

“I am grieving,” she replied, “would that I had a hundred thousand eyes to lavish!

The window, mine eye, has been ruined by the Moon; but the Moon is seated like the treasure in the ruin.

How should the treasure let this ruin of mine have memory of my porch and house?”

The light of Joseph's face, when he was passing by, used to fall on the latticed windows of every villa,

And the people within the house would say, “Joseph is taking a walk in this quarter and passing by”;
For they would see the radiance on the wall, and then the landlords would understand.

The house that has its window in that direction is ennobled by that Joseph's walking for recreation.

Listen, open a window towards Joseph and begin to delight yourself by looking at him through the aperture.

The business of love is to make that window, for the breast is illumined by the beauty of the Beloved.

Therefore gaze incessantly on the face of the Beloved! This is in your power. Hearken, O father!

Make a way for yourself into the innermost parts: banish the perception that is concerned with other.

You possess an elixir: treat your skin, and by means of this art make your enemies your friends.

When you have become beauteous you will attain unto the Beauteous One who delivers the spirit from friendlessness.

His moisture is nourishment for the garden of spirits; His breath revives him that has died of anguish.

He does not bestow the entire kingdom of the base world; He bestows a hundred thousand kingdoms of diverse kinds.

God gave him, in addition to the kingdom of beauty, the kingdom of interpretation without his having studied and taken lessons.

The kingdom of beauty led him to prison; the kingdom of knowledge led him to Saturn.

Because of his knowledge and skill the King became his slave: the kingdom of knowledge is more praiseworthy than the kingdom of beauty.

Return to the Story of the man who incurred debts and his coming to Tabriz in hope of the favour of the Inspector of Police.

The poor stranger, afflicted with fear on account of his debts, set out on the way to that Abode of Peace.

He went to Tabriz and the rose-garden district: his hope was reclining on roses.
From the glorious imperial city of Tabriz
darted light upon light on his hope.

His spirit was laughing for that orchard of men
and the fragrant breeze from Joseph and the Egypt of union.

He cried, “O cameleer, let my camel kneel for me:
my help is come and my need is flown.

Kneel down, O my camel! All goes well:
truly, Tabriz is the place where princes alight.

Graze, O my camel, round the meadows:
truly Tabriz is for us the most excellent source of bountifulness.

O camel-driver, unload the camels:
it is the city of Tabriz and the district of the rose-garden.

This garden has the splendour of Paradise:
this Tabriz has the brilliance of Heaven.

At every moment of time joy-enkindling odours diffused by the Spirit
from above the empyrean upon the inhabitants of Tabriz.”

When the poor stranger sought the Inspector’s house,
the people told him that the loved one had passed away.

“The day before yesterday,” they said, “he removed from this world:
man and woman is pale for the calamity that has overtaken him.

That celestial peacock went to Heaven,
when the scent of Heaven reached him from invisible messengers.

Although his shadow was the refuge of people,
the Sun rolled it up very quickly.

He pushed off his boat from this beach the day before yesterday:
the Khwaja had become sated with this house of sorrow.”

The man shrieked and fell senseless:
you would say that he too had given up the ghost on the heels.

Then they threw julep and water on his face:
his fellow-travellers wept and bewailed his plight.

He remained unconscious till nightfall,
and then his soul returned, half-dead, from the Unseen.
How the poor stranger was informed of the Inspector’s death and begged God to pardon him for having relied upon a created being and having rested his hopes upon the bounty of a created being; and how he remembered the blessings he had received from God, and turned to God and repented of his sin: “then those who disbelieve equal.”

When he came to his senses, he said,
“O Maker, I am a sinner: I was setting my hopes on creatures.

Though the Khwaja had shown great generosity that was never a match for Your bounty.

He gave the cap, but You the head filled with intelligence; he gave the coat, but You the tall figure and stature.

He gave me gold, but You the hand that counts gold; he gave me the beast for riding, but You the mind that rides it.

The Khwaja gave me the candle, but You the cool eye; the Khwaja gave me the dessert, but You the food-receiving.

He gave me the stipend, but You life and animate existence; his promise was gold, but Your promise the pure things.

He gave me a house, but You the sky and the earth: in Your house he and a hundred like him fat.

Gold is Yours: he did not create gold.
Bread is Yours: bread came to him from You.

You also gave him generosity and pity, and his joy was increased by that generosity.

I made him my qibla:
I let the original qibla-Maker fall.”

Where were we when the Judge of Judgement was sowing reason in the water and clay?—

Since He was producing the sky from non-existence and spreading this carpet of earth,
And making lamps of the stars and of the natural properties a lock together with the keys.

Oh, how many structures hidden and plain to see has He enclosed in this roof and this carpet!
Adam is the astrolabe of the attributes of Sublimity:
the nature of Adam is the theatre for His revelations.

Whatever appears in him is the reflection of Him,
just as the moon is reflected in the water of the river.

The figures on the "spider" on his astrolabe
are there for the sake of the Eternal Attributes,
in order that its "spider" may give lessons
in exposition of the sky of the Unseen and the sun of the Spirit.

Without an astronomer, the "spider" and this astrolabe
which guides aright fall into the hands of the vulgar.

God bestowed this astronomy on the prophets:
for the Unseen an eye that observes the Unseen is necessary.

These generations fell into the well of the present world:
everyone saw in the well his own reflection.

Know that what appears to you in the well is from outside;
else you are the lion that plunged into the well.

A hare led him astray, saying, "O such-and-such,
this furious lion is at the bottom of the well.
Go into the well and wreak vengeance on him:
tear off his head, since you art mightier than he."

That follower of authority was subjugated by the hare:
he was filled with boiling by his own fancy.

He did not say, “This image is not produced by the water:
this is not by anything except the changing activity of the Changer.”

So when you, O slave to the six, wreak vengeance on your enemy
you are in error concerning all the six.

That enmity in him is reflected from God,
for it is derived from the attributes of Wrath there;

And that sin in him is homogeneous with your sin:
you must wash that disposition out of your own nature.

Your evil character showed itself to you in him
because he was the surface of a mirror to you.

When you have seen your ugliness in the mirror, O Hasan,
do not strike at the mirror!
Saying, “This unlucky star has come into the water to overthrow my good luck.”

You pour upon it the earth of subjection, because on account of the resemblance you deem it to be the star.

The reflection becomes hidden and disappears, you think that the star is no more;

The unlucky star is in the sky: it is in that quarter it must be cured;

Nay, you must fix your heart on that which is illimitable; the ill-luck in this quarter is the reflection of the ill-luck in the realm where no quarters exist.

Know that gifts are the gift of God and are His bounty: it is the reflection of those gifts that appears in the five and the six.

Though the gifts of the base be more than the sands, you will die and they will be left behind as an inheritance.

After all, how long does a reflection remain in view?
Make a practice of contemplating the origin, O you who look awry.

When God bestows bounty on those who supplicate Him in their need, together with His gift He bestows on them a long life.

The benefit and the beneficiary are made enduring forever.
It is He that brings the dead to life, so repair unto Him.

The gifts of God are mingled with you like the spirit, in such wise that you are they and they are you.

If you have no more appetite for bread and water, He will give you goodly nourishment without these two.

If your fatness is gone, God will give you from yonder fatness concealed in leanness.

Since He gives the peri nourishment from scent and gives every angel nourishment from spirit,

What is the soul that you should make a support of it?
God will make you living by His love.

Ask of Him the life of love and do not ask for the soul: ask of Him that provision and do not ask for bread.

Know that created beings is like pure and limpid water in which the attributes of the Almighty are shining.

Their knowledge and their justice and their clemency are like a star of heaven in running water.
Kings are the theatre for the manifestation of God's kingship; the learned are the mirrors for God's wisdom.

Generations have passed away, and this is a new generation: the moon is the same moon, the water is not the same water.

The justice is the same justice, and the learning is the same learning too; but those generations and peoples have been changed.

Generations on generations have gone, O sire, but these Ideas are permanent and everlasting.

The water in this channel has been changed many times: the reflection of the moon and of the stars remains unaltered.

Therefore its foundation is not in the running water; nay, but in the regions of the breadth of Heaven.

These attributes are like Ideal stars: know that they are established in the sphere of the Ideas.

The beauteous are the mirror of His beauty: love for them is the reflection of the desire of which He is the object.

This cheek and mole goes to the Source thereof: how should a phantom continue in the water forever?

The whole sum of pictured forms is a reflection in the water of the river: when you rub your eye, all of them are really He.

Again, his reason said, "Abandon this seeing double: vinegar is grape-syrup and grape-syrup is vinegar.

Since, from defect, you have called the Khwaja 'other', be ashamed before the jealous King, O man of double sight.

Do not suppose the Khwaja, who has passed beyond the ether, to be homogeneous with these mice of darkness.

Regard the Khwaja as spirit; do not regard him as gross body: regard him as marrow, do not regard him as bone.

Do not look at the Khwaja with the eye of Iblís the accursed, and do not relate him to clay.

Do not call the fellow-traveller of the Sun 'a bat': do not call him who was worshipped a worshipper.

This resembles the reflections; but it is not a reflection, it is the appearance of God in the likeness of a reflection.

He beheld a Sun and remained frozen no more: the oil of roses was no longer oil of sesame.
Since the Abdal of God have been transmuted, they are not among created beings: turn over a leaf!

How should the qibla, namely, the Unity, be two? How should earth be worshipped by the angels?

When a man sees the reflection of apples in this river, and the sight of them fills his skirt with apples,

How should that which he saw in the river be a phantom, when a hundred sacks have been filled by his vision?

Do not regard the body, and do not act like those dumb and deaf men disbelieved in the Truth when it came to them.

The Khwaja is You did not throw when you threw: to see him is to see the Creator.

To serve him is to serve God: to see this window is to see the Daylight;

Especially this window is resplendent of itself: nothing is deposited by the sun and the Farqad.

From that Sun, too, strike upon a window, but not in the ordinary way and direction.

Between the Sun and this window there is a way; the windows are not acquainted with it,

So that, if a cloud arise and cover the sky, in this window its light will be coruscating.

There is familiarity between the window and the Sun, otherwise than the way of this atmosphere and the six directions.

To praise and glorify the Perfect Man is to glorify God: the fruit is growing out of the essential nature of this tray.

Apples grow from this basket in fine variety: it is no harm if you bestow on it the name 'tree.'

Call this basket the Apple-tree, for between the two there is a hidden way.

That which grows from the fruit-bearing Tree—the same kind of fruit grows from this basket.

Therefore regard the basket as the Tree of Fortune and sit happily under the shade of this basket.

When bread produces looseness, why call it bread, O kindly man? Call it a purgative.
When the dust on the road illumines the eye and the spirit, regard its dust as eye salve and know that it is eye salve.

When the sunrise shines forth from the face of this earth, why should I lift up my face to Ayyuq? He is non-existent: do not call him existent, O bold-eyed man!

How should the new-moon shine in the presence of this Sun? What is the strength of a decrepit old woman against such a Rustam?

The Agent is seeking and prevailing, to the end that He may utterly destroy existences.

Do not say 'two,' do not know 'two,' and do not call 'two'; deem the slave to be effaced in his master.

The Khwaja likewise is negated and dead and checkmated and buried in the Khwaja's Creator.

When you regard this Khwaja as separate from God, you lose both the text and the preface.

Listen; let your eye and your heart pass beyond the clay! This is One Qibla: do not see two qiblas.

When you see two you remain deprived of both sides: a flame falls on the touchwood, and the touchwood is gone.”

Like the stranger in the town of Kash, whose name was ‘Umar. Because of this they passed him on from one shop to another. He did not perceive that all the shops were one in this respect that they would not sell bread to ‘Umar; “Here I will repair my error, ‘I made a mistake: my name is not ‘Umar.’ When I recant and repair my error in this shop, I shall get bread from all the shops in the town; but if, without repairing my error, I still keep the name ‘Umar and depart from this shop, I am deprived and seeing double, for I have deemed these shops to be separate from each other.”

If your name is ‘Umar, nobody in the town of Kash will sell you a roll of bread for a hundred dângs.

When you say at one shop, “I am ‘Umar: kindly sell bread to this ‘Umar,”
He will say, “Go to that other shop: one loaf from that is better than fifty from this.”

If he had not been seeing double, he would have replied, “There is no other shop”;

And then the illumination produced by not seeing double would have shot upon the heart of him of Kash, and ‘Umar would have become ‘Alí.

This says, from this place to that baker, “O baker, sell bread to this ‘Umar”;

And he too, on hearing ‘Umar, withholds bread and sends to a shop some way off,

Saying, “Give bread to this ‘Umar, O my partner,” that is, “apprehend the secret from my voice.”

He also will pass you on from there, “Listen, ‘Umar is come to get some bread.”

When you have been ’Umar in one shop, go and do not expect to obtain bread in all Kashan.

But if you have said in one shop, “Ali,” obtain bread from this place without being passed on and without trouble.

Since the squinter who sees two is deprived of the enjoyment of delicious food, you are seeing ten, O you who would sell your mother!

Because of seeing double, wander like Umar in this Kashan of earth, since you are not Ali.

In this ruined monastery the man who sees double is removing from one nook to another, O, “The good is there.”

But if you get two eyes that can recognise God, see the expanse of both worlds full of the Beloved,

You escape from being transferred from place to place in this Kashan filled with fear and hope.

If you have seen buds or trees in this River, do not suppose that they are a phantom like any river;

For by means of the very reflection of these images God is made real to you and sells the fruit.

By means of this Water the eye is freed from seeing double: it sees the reflection, and the basket is filled.

Therefore this is really an orchard, not water: do not, then, like Bilqís, strip yourself from the waves.
Diverse loads are upon the backs of asses:
do not drive these asses with one stick.

One ass is laden with rubies and pearls,
another with stones and marble.

Do not apply this principle to all rivers;
in this River behold the Moon, and do not call it a reflection.

This is the Water of Khizr, not the water drunk by herbivorous animals and beasts of prey: everything that appears in it is Real.

From the bottom of this River the Moon cries, "I am the Moon, I am not a reflection: I am conversing and travelling with.

That which is above is in this River:
take possession of it either above or in that as you please.

Do not assume this River to be of other rivers:
know that this ray of the moon-faced is the Moon.

This topic is endless. The poor stranger wept exceedingly:
he was heart-broken by grief for the Khwaja.

The calamity of his debts became notorious,
and the bailiff was distressed by his grief.

He went round the city to collect subscriptions and everywhere,
in hope, he told all that had happened;

That devoted beggar obtained by means of begging
no more than a hundred dinars.

The bailiff came to him and took his hand
and went to the grave of that very wonderful generous man.

He said, “When a servant gains the Divine favour
so that he entertains a fortunate man,

And gives up his own wealth for his sake
and sacrifices his own dignity for the sake of dignity on him,

Gratitude to him is certainly gratitude to God,
since the Divine favour caused him to show beneficence.
To be ungrateful to him is to be ungrateful to God: beyond doubt his right is consequent on God.

Always give thanks to God for His bounties, and always give thanks and praise to the Khwaja too.

Though a mother’s tenderness is from God, it is a sacred duty and a worthy task to serve her.

For this reason God has said, ‘bless him (the Prophet),’ for Mohammed was one to whom were transferred.

At the Resurrection God will say to His servant, ‘Listen, what have you done with that which I bestowed on you?’

He will reply, ‘O Lord, I gave thanks to You with my soul, since the source of my daily provision and bread was in You.’

God will say to him, ‘Nay, you did not give thanks to Me, inasmuch as you did not give thanks to him who made a practice of generosity.

You have done wrong and injustice to a generous man: did not My bounty come to you by his hand?’

When he arrived at the tomb of his benefactor, he began to weep bitterly and broke into loud lamentation.

He said, “O you who were the support and refuge of every noble man and the hope and helper of wayfarers, O you on whose heart the care for our means of livelihood, O you whose beneficence and charity were the universal provision of sustenance, O you who were kinsfolk and parents to the poor in their taxes and expenses and in discharging their debts, O you who like the sea, gave pearls for those near and rain as a gift to those afar, Our backs were warmed by you, O sun the splendour in every palace and the treasure in every ruin. O you in whose eyebrow none ever saw knots, O you generous and bountiful as Michael, O you whose heart was connected with the Sea of the Unseen, O you, who were the invisible Anqa on the Qáf of munificence, Who never took thought how much of your wealth had gone, and the roof of the azimuth of your magnanimity was never cloven, O you to whom in month and year I and a hundred like me had become a family like your own children,
You were our ready money and our movables and our furniture, our fame and our glory and our fortune.

You are not dead; our luxury and fortune are dead, our happy life is dead and the sustenance that was provided in full measure.

A single person like a thousand in warfare and in generosity; as a hundred Hatims in the hour of lavishing bounties unselfishly.

If Hatím bestows dead on the dead, he bestows a certain number of walnuts.

You at every moment are bestowing a life that, because of its preciousness, cannot be contained in breath.

You are bestowing a life exceedingly enduring, real gold coin exempt from depreciation and beyond count.

There exists no heir to one disposition of yours, O you to whose abode Heaven is bowing in worship.

Your grace is the shepherd of all who have been created, from the wolf of pain—a loving shepherd like God’s Kalím.”

One sheep fled from God’s Kalím: the feet of Moses were blistered and his shoes dropped off.

He continued searching after it till nightfall, and the flock had vanished from his sight.

The sheep was enfeebled and exhausted by fatigue: then God’s Kalím shook the dust off it,

And stroked its back and head with his hand, fondling it lovingly like a mother.

Not half a mite of irritation and anger, nothing but love and pity and tears!

He said, “I grant you had no pity on me, why did your nature show cruelty to itself?”

At that moment God said to the angels, “So-and-so is suitable for prophethood.”

Mustafá himself has said that every prophet herded sheep as a young man or boy,

Without his having been a shepherd and that trial, God did not bestow on him the leadership of the world.

A questioner said, “Even you, O man of might?”

“I too,” he replied, “was a shepherd for a long while.”
In order that their calmness and fortitude should be displayed, God made them shepherds before prophethood.

Every prince who performs the task of shepherding mankind in such wise that he obeys the Commandments,

In tending them with foresight and understanding shows forbearance like that of Moses,

Inevitably God will bestow on him a spiritual shepherd’s office above the sphere of the moon,

Even as He raised the prophets from this herding and gave them the task of tending the righteous.

“You, in short, O Khwaja, have performed in your shepherding that which causes him that hates you to become blind.

I know that God will give you yonder an everlasting sovereignty in compensation.

In hope of your hand as the ocean and upon your giving a stipend and discharging (my obligations) in full,

I recklessly incurred debts nine thousand pieces of gold: where are you, that these dregs may become clear?

You, that laughing like the garden you may say, ‘Receive that and ten times as much from me’?

You, that you may make me laughing and show favour and beneficence as lords?

Where are you, that you may take me into your treasury and make me secure from debt and poverty?—

I am saying continually, ‘Enough!’ and you, my bounteous friend, replying, ‘Accept this too for my heart’s sake.’

How can a world be contained under the clay? How should a Heaven be contained in the earth?

God forbid! You are beyond this world both in your lifetime and at the present hour.

A man lies asleep: his spirit is shining in Heaven, like the sun, while his body is in bed.
His spirit is hidden in the Void, like the fringe:
his body is turning to and fro beneath the coverlet.

Since the spirit, being from the command of my Lord, is invisible,
every similitude that I may utter is denying.

Oh, where, I wonder, is your sugar-shedding ruby lip
and those sweet replies and mysteries of yours?

Oh, where, I wonder, is that candy-chewing cornelian lip,
the key to the lock of our perplexities?

Oh, where, I wonder, is that breath as Dhu 'l-faqár,
that used to make our understandings distraught?

How long, like a ringdove seeking her nest, ‘where (ku) and where
and where and where and where and where?’

Where? In the place where are the Attributes of Mercy,
and Power and Transcendence, and Intelligence.

Where? In the same place where his heart and thought always dwelt,
like the lion in his jungle.

Where? In that place whither the hope of man and woman
turns in the hour of anguish and sorrow.

Where? In the place to which in time of illness
the eye takes wing in hope of health—

In that quarter where, in order to avert a calamity,
you seek wind for the corn or a ship;

In that quarter which is signified by the heart
when the tongue utters the expression 'Yá Hú.'

He is always with God beyond ‘where? Where?’ (Ku, ku).
Would that like weavers I might have said ma ku!

Where is our reason, that it should perceive the spiritual West and East
flashing forth a hundred kinds of splendour?

His ebb and flow was caused by a foaming Sea:
the ebb has ceased and the flow remains.

I am nine thousand dinars in debt and have no resources:
there are a hundred dinars, from this subscription.

God has withdrawn you and I am left in agony:
I am going in despair, O you whose dust is sweet!

Keep in your mind a prayer for your grief-stricken,
O you whose face and hands and prayers are auspicious.
I come to the spring and the source of fountains:  
I find in it instead of water blood.

The sky is the same sky, it is not the same moonlight:  
the river is the same river, the water is not the same water.

There are benefactors, where is that one who was found to be good?  
There are stars, where is that sun?

God is the assembly-place where the generations are mustered under His banner: all are brought before Us.

The pictures, whether unconscious or conscious, are present in the hand of the Painter.

Moment by moment that traceless One is setting down on the page of their thought and obliterating it.

He is putting anger and taking acquiescence away:  
He is putting stinginess and taking generosity away.

Never for half a wink at eve or morn are my ideas exempt from this imprinting and obliterating.

The potter works at the pot to fashion it:  
how should the pot become broad and long of itself?

The wood is kept constantly in the carpenter’s hand:  
else how should it be hewn and put into right shape?

The garment is in the hands of a tailor:  
else how should it sew and cut of itself?

The water-skin is with the water-carrier, O adept:  
else how should it become full or empty by itself?

You are being filled and emptied at every moment:  
know, then, that you are in the hand of His working.

On the Day when the eye-bandage falls from the eye, 
how madly will the work be enamoured of the Worker!

If you have an eye, look with your own eye:  
do not look through the eye of an ignorant fool.

If you have an ear, hearken with your own ear:  
why be dependent on the ears of blockheads?

Make a practice of seeing without blindly following any authority: 
think in accordance with the view of your own reason.
How the Khwárizmsháh, may God have mercy upon him, while riding for pleasure, saw an exceedingly fine horse in his cavalcade; and how the king's heart fell in love with the beauty and elegance of the horse; and how the ‘Imádu ’l-Mulk caused the horse to appear undesirable to the king; and how the king preferred his word to his own sight, as the Hakim, may God have mercy upon him, has said in the Iláhí-náma: “When the tongue of envy turns slave-dealer, you may get a Joseph for an ell of linen.” Owing to the envious feelings of Joseph’s brethren when they acted as brokers, such a great beauty was veiled from the heart of the buyers and he began to seem ugly, for “they were setting little value on him.”

A certain Amír had a fine horse:
there was no equal to it in the Sultan's troop.

Early he rode out in the royal cavalcade:
suddenly the Khwárizmsháh observed the horse.

Its beauty and colour enraptured the king’s eye:
till his return the king’s eye was following the horse.

On whichever limb he let his gaze fall,
each seemed to him more pleasing than the other.

Besides elegance and beauty and spiritedness,
God had bestowed on it exquisite qualities.

Then the king’s mind sought to discover what it could be that waylaid his reason,

Saying, “My eye is full and satisfied and wanting naught: it is illumined by two hundred suns.

Oh, the rook of kings is a pawn in my sight;
a knight enraptures me without any justification.

The Creator of witchery has bewitched me: it is an attraction, not the peculiar virtues of this.”

He recited the Fatiha and uttered many a lá hawl; the Fatiha increased the passion in his breast,

Because the Fatiha itself was drawing him on:
the Fatiha is unique in drawing on and averting.
If another appears, it is His illusion;
and if another vanishes from sight, it is His awakening.

Then it became certain to him that the attraction was from Yonder:
the action of God is producing marvels at every moment.

Because of the probation a stone horse a stone cow becomes,
through God's deception, an object of worship.

In the eyes of the infidel the idol has no second,
the idol has neither glory nor spirituality.

What is the attracting power, hidden in the hiddenmost,
that shines forth in this world from the other world?

The intellect is barred, and the spirit also, from this ambush;
I cannot see it: see it you can!

When the Khwárizmsháh returned from his ride,
he conferred with the nobles of his kingdom.

Then he immediately ordered the officers
to fetch the horse from that household.

As fire, the party arrived: the Amír who was like a mountain
became as a piece of wool

He almost expired from the anguish and fraud:
he saw no protection except the 'Imádu 'l-Mulk;

For the 'Imádu 'l-Mulk was the foot of the banner to which every victim
of injustice and every one stricken by distress would flock for refuge.

In truth there was no chief more revered than he:
in the eyes of the Sultan he was like a prophet.

He was not ambitious, strong-minded, devout, and ascetic,
one who kept vigils and was Hatím in generosity;

Very felicitous in judgement, endowed with foresight, and sage:
his judgement had been proved in everything that he sought to attain.

Generous both in self-sacrifice and in sacrificing wealth:
always seeking the Sun of the invisible world, like the new-moon.

In his princedom he felt strange and embarrassed:
he was clad in the attributes of poverty and love.

He was like a father to everyone in need:
before the Sultan he was an intercessor and the means of averting harm.

To the wicked he was a covering, like the clemency of God:
his nature was opposite to created beings and apart.

پس چهارداغی به تهیه اوست
ور رود غیر از نظر تنبیه اوست
پس یقین گشتش که جذبه ز آن سری است
کار حق هر لحظه نادر اوری است
اسب سنگی، گاو سنگی ز ابتن
میشود مسجدی از مکرو خدا
پیش کافر نسبت بت را ثانی
نسبت بت را ره و نه روحانی
چیست آن جاذب ناهان اند نهان
در جهان تابیده از دیگر جهان
عقل مرجوب است و جان هم زین کمین
من نمی بینم تو می تانی ببین
چون که خوارزمش ز سیران باز گشت
با خواص ملک خود هم راز گشت
پس به سرنگان برهمود آن زمان
تا بیاورد اسب را آن خاندان
همچو آتش در رسیدند آن گروه
همچو پنی خشایش امیر همچو کوه
جانش از درد و غبنی تا لب رسید
جز عمام الملك زناهاری ندید
که عمام الملك ب پای علم
بهر هر مظلوم و هر مقاول غم
مختصرت خورد نید زو سروری
پیش سلطان بود جان پیغمبری
بی طمع بود و اصیل و پارسا
راز خیار و حانم در سخا
پس همایون رای و با تذبیر و راد
ازموده رای اور در هر مراد
هم به بدل جان سخی و هم به مال
طالب خورشید غیب او چون هلال
در امیری و غربی و محتبس
در صفات فقر و خلت ملتبس
بوده هر محاج را همچون پدر
پیش سلطان شافع و دفع ضرر
مر بدان را است چون حلم جدا
خلق او بر عکس خلقان و جدا
Many a time he would have gone alone to the mountains, the Sultan prevented him by a hundred humble entreaties.

If at every moment he had interceded for a hundred sins, the Sultan's eye would have been abashed before him.

He went to the noble ‘Imádu ’l-Mulk:

Saying “Let him take my harem together with all that I possess!
Let any raider seize my revenue!
There is this one horse—my soul is devoted to it:
if he takes it, I will surely die O lover of good.
If he takes this horse out of my hands, I know for certain that I shall not live.

Since God has bestowed a connection, stroke my head at once with your hand, O Messiah!

I can bear the loss of my women and gold and estates: this is not pretence nor is it an imposture.

If you do not believe me in this, try me; try me in word and deed!”

Weeping and wiping his eyes, the ‘Imádu ’l-Mulk ran, with agitated mien, into the presence of the Sultan.

He closed his lips and stood before the Sultan, communing with God the Lord of His slaves.

He stood and listened to the Sultan’s intimate talk, while inwardly his thought was weaving this—

“O God, if that young man has gone the wrong way, for it is not fitting to make anyone except You a refuge,
Act in Your own fashion and be not offended with him although he beseech any prisoner to deliver him,
Because all these creatures are in need: take all from a beggar to the Sultan."

To seek guidance from candle and wick when the perfect Sun is present,

Doubtless it is irreverence on our part; it is ingratitude and an act of self-will,
But most minds in thinking
are lovers of darkness, like the bat.

If the bat eats a worm during the night,
the Sun fosters the life of the worm.

If the bat is intoxicated with a worm during the night,
by the Sun the worm has been caused to move.

The Sun from where radiance gushes forth
is giving food to his enemy.

But the royal falcon which is not a bat
and whose falcon-eyes are seeing truly and are clear,

If it, like the bat, seeks increase during the night,
the Sun will rub its ear in correction,

And will say to it, “I grant that the perverse bat has an infirmity,
anyhow what is the matter with you?
I will chastise you severely with affliction,
in order that you may not again turn your head away from the Sun.”

How Joseph the Siddiq—the blessings of God be upon him!—was punished with imprisonment
“for several years” because of his seeking help from another than God and saying,
“Mention me in your lord’s presence,” together with the exposition thereof.

That is like Joseph’s of a prisoner,
a needy abjectgroundling.

He besought him for help and said,
“When you come out, your affairs will prosper with the king.

Make mention of me before the throne of that mighty prince,
that he may redeem me also from this prison.”

How should a prisoner in captivity
give release to another imprisoned man?

All the people of this world are prisoners
in expectation of death in the abode that is passing away;

Except, to be sure, in the rare case of one who is single,
one whose body is in the prison and his spirit like Saturn.

Therefore, in retribution for having regarded him as a helper,
Joseph was left in prison for several years.
The Devil erased from his mind the recollection of Joseph and removed from his memory those words.

In consequence of the sin which proceeded from that man of goodly qualities, he was left in prison for several years by the Judge,

Who said, “What failure was shown by the Sun of justice that you should fall, like a bat, into the blackness?

Listen, what failure was shown by the sea and the cloud that you should seek help from the sand and the mirage?

If the ordinary are bats by nature and unreal,
you, at least, O Joseph, have the eye of the falcon.

If a bat went into the blind and blue,
after all what ailed the falcon that had seen the Sultan?”

Therefore the Master punished him for this sin, saying,

“Do not make your prop of rotten wood”;

But He caused Joseph to be engrossed with Him,
to the end that his heart should not be pained by that imprisonment.

God gave him such intimate joy and rapture that neither the prison nor the murk remained to him.

There is no prison more frightful than the womb—noisome and dark and full of blood and unhealthy;

When God has opened for you a window in His direction,
your body in the womb grows more every moment,

And in that prison, from the immeasurable delight, the senses blossom happily from the plant, your body.

It is grievous to you to go forth from the womb: you are fleeing from her pubes towards her back.

Know that the way of pleasure is from within, not from without: know that it is folly to seek palaces and castles.

One man is enraptured and delighted in the nook of a mosque,
while another is morose and disappointed in a garden.

The palace is nothing: ruin your body!
The treasure lays in the ruin, O my prince.

Don’t you see that at the wine-feast the drunkard becomes happy when he becomes ruined?

Although the house is full of pictures, demolish it: seek the treasure, and with the treasure put it into good repair.
It is a house filled with pictures of imagination and fancy, and these forms are as a veil over the treasure of union.

It is the radiance of the Treasure and the splendours of the gold that cause the forms to surge up in this breast.

It is from the purity and translucence of the noble Water that the particles of foam have veiled the face of the Water.

It is from the purity and agitation of the precious Spirit that the bodily figure has veiled the face of the Spirit.

Listen, then, to the adage that issued from the mouths—“this which is upon us, O brother, is from us.”

Because of this veil, these thirsty ones who are fond of the foam have got out of reach of the pure Water.

“O Sun, notwithstanding a qibla and Imam like You, we worship the night and behave in the manner of bats. Make these bats to fly towards You and redeem them from this bat-like disposition, O You whose protection is implored!”

In the ‘Imádu ’l-Mulk these thoughts were raging like a lion through the jungles.

His exterior stood before the Sultan, his soaring spirit was in the meadows of the Unseen.

Like the angels, he was instantly being intoxicated with fresh draughts in the realm of Alast;

Inwardly a wedding-feast, but outwardly like a man filled with sorrow; a delectable world in a tomb-like body.

He was in this bewilderment and waiting to see what would appear from the things occult and mysterious,

At that time the officers brought the horse along into the presence of the Khwárizmsháh.

Truly beneath this azure sky there was no colt like that in figure and in fleetness.

Its colour dazzled every eye: “Hail to the steed born of the lightning and the moon!”

It moved as swiftly as the moon and Mercury: you might say that its fodder was the sarsar wind, not barley.
The moon traverses the expanse of heaven in one night during a single journey and course.

Since the moon traversed the signs of the zodiac in one night, why will you disbelieve the Ascension?

That wondrous orphan Pearl is as a hundred moons, for at a nod from him the moon became two halves.

The marvel which he displayed in splitting the moon was only according to the measure of the weakness of the perception possessed by the people.

The work and business of the prophets and messengers is beyond the skies and the stars.

Also go beyond the skies and the revolving, and then contemplate that work and business.

While you are inside the egg, like chicks, you cannot hear the glorification of God by the birds of the air.

The miracles will not be set forth here: tell of the horse and the Khwárizmsháh and what happened.

Whatever the sun of God's grace shines upon, whether it be dog or horse, gains the glory of the Cave;

Yet deem not the radiance of His grace to be uniform: it has given a sign to the pebble and the ruby.

From that the ruby has a borrowed treasure; the pebble has only heat and brightness.

The sun falling on a wall is not the same as from water and quivering movement.

After the peerless king had been astounded by it for a moment, he turned his face to the 'Imádu 'l-Mulk,

Saying, “O vizier, is not this an exceedingly beautiful horse? Surely it belongs to Paradise, not to the earth.”

Thereupon the 'Imádu 'l-Mulk said to him, “O emperor, a demon is made angelic by your inclination.

That on which you look appears good. This steed is very handsome and graceful, and yet

The head is a blemish in its form: you might say that its head is like the head of an ox.”

These words worked on the heart of the Khwárizmsháh and caused the horse to be cheap in the king’s sight.
When prejudice becomes a go-between and describer, you may get a Joseph for three ells of linen.

When the hour arrives for the spirit’s parting, the Devil becomes a broker of the pearl of Faith, and then in that sore distress the fool hastily sells his faith for a jug of water; But it is a phantom and not a jug: the aim of the broker is naught but trickery.

At this time, when you are healthy and fat, you are giving up the Truth for a phantom.

You are constantly selling the pearls of the mine and taking walnuts, like a child;

Therefore it is no wonder if you act in this way in the sickness of your day of doom.

You have concocted an idea in your fancy: when you are rattled like a walnut, you are rotten.

In the beginning that phantom resembles the full-moon, but in the end it will become like the new-moon.

If you regard its first as being like its last, you will be quit of its feeble deception.

This world is a rotten walnut: O man of trust, do not make trial of it, behold it from afar.

The king viewed the horse with regard to the present, while the ‘Imádu ‘l- Mulk with regard to the future.

The king’s eye, because of distortion, saw two ells; the eye of him who regarded the end saw fifty ells.

What an eye salve is that which God applies, so that the spirit discerns the truth behind a hundred curtains!

Since the Chief’s eye was ever fixed on the end, by reason of that eye he called the world a carcass.

On hearing only this single blame from him, the love in the king’s heart for the horse became chilled.

He abandoned his own eye and preferred his eye: he abandoned his own intelligence and listened to his words.

This was the pretext, and at entreaty the unique Judge caused it to be cold in the king’s heart.
He shut the door on its beauty to the eye:
those words intervened like the sound of the door.

He made that cryptic saying a veil over the king's eye,
a veil through which the moon appears to be black.

Pure is the Builder who in the unseen world
constructs castles of speech and beguiling talk.

Know that speech is the sound of the door from the palace of mystery:
consider whether it is the sound of opening or shutting.

The sound of the door is perceptible, but the door is beyond perception:
you see this sound, but the door you see not.

When the harp of wisdom breaks into melody,
what door of the Garden of Paradise has been opened.

When the sound of evil speech becomes loud,
what door of Hell is being opened.

Since you are far from its door, listen to the sound of the door:
oh, blest is he whose eye has been opened.

When you are aware of doing a good action,
you obtain a life and joy;
And when a fault and evil deed issues,
that life and rapture disappears.

Do not abandon your own eye from regard for the vile,
for these vultures will lead you to the carcass.

You close your narcissus-like eye, saying,
“What? Hey, sir, take my stick, for I am blind”;
But if you would only look,
the guide whom you have chosen for the journey is blinder than you.

Grasp in a blind man's fashion the rope of Allah:
do not cling to anything but the Divine commandments and prohibitions.

What is the rope of Allah?
To renounce self-will, for this self-will was a roaring wind to Ad

It is from self-will that folk are sitting in jail;
it is from self-will that the bird’s wings are tied.

It is from self-will that the fish is in a hot pan;
it is from self-will that shame is gone from the modest.

The anger of the police magistrate is a fiery spark from self-will;
crucifixion and the awfulness of the gallows are of self-will.
You have seen the magistrate of bodies on the earth:
see also the magistrate who executes judgments against the soul.

Truly tortures are inflicted on the soul in the world invisible,
but until you escape the torture is concealed.

When you are freed you will behold the torture and perdition,
because contrary is made manifest by contrary.

He that was born in the well and the black water, how should he know
the pleasantness of the open country and the pain of the well?

When, from fear of God, you have relinquished self-will,
the goblet from God’s Ṭasním will arrive.

Do not in your self-will make a way:
ask of God’s Majesty the way to Salsabil.

Be not submissive to self-will like hay: in truth
the shade of the Divine Throne is better than the summer-house.

The Sultan said, “Take the horse back
and with all speed redeem me from this wrong.”

The King did not say in his heart,
“Do not deceive the lion so greatly by means of the head of an ox.
You drag in the ox in order to cheat: go,
God does not stick the horns of an ox upon a horse.”

This renowned Master-builder observes great congruity in His workmanship:
how should He attach to a horse’s body part of an ox?

The Master-builder has made bodies congruously:
He has constructed moving palaces,
Balconies in them and cisterns from this to that;

And within them an infinite world:
this entire expanse in a single tent.

Now He causes the moon to seem like an incubus,
now He causes the bottom of a well to have the semblance of a garden.

Inasmuch as the closing and opening of the eye of the heart by the Almighty
is continually working lawful magic,

For this reason Mustafá entreated God, saying,
“Let the false appear as false and the true as true,
So that at last, when You turn the leaf,
I may not by sorrow fall into agitation.”
It was the Lord of the Kingdom guided the peerless 'Imádu 'l- Mulk to the deception which he practised.

God's deception is the fountainhead of these deceptions: the heart is between the two fingers of the Majesty.

He who creates deception and analogy in your heart can set the sackcloth on fire.

This goodly episode is endless.

When the poor stranger turned back from the Khwaja's grave,

The bailiff took him to his house and handed over to him the purse of a hundred dinars.

He fetched delicacies for him and told him stories, so that from the hope a hundred roses blossomed in his heart.

He opened his lips to relate the ease which he had experienced after difficulty.

Midnight passed, and narrating: sleep transported them to the meadow where the spirit feeds.

On that night the bailiff dreamed that he saw the blessed Khwaja on the high-seat in the palace.

The Khwaja said, "O excellent bailiff, I have heard what you said, point by point, But I was not commanded to answer, and I dare not open my lips without being directed.

Now that we have become acquainted with the conditions and degrees, a seal has been laid upon our lips, lest the mysteries of the Unseen should be divulged and the life and livelihood be destroyed,

And lest the veil of forgetfulness should be entirely rent and the pot of tribulation be left half-raw.

We are all ear, the form of the ear has become deaf: we are all speech, but our lips are silent.
We now see everything that we gave:
this world is the veil, and that world is the vision.

The day of sowing is the day of concealment
and scattering seed in a piece of earth.

The season of reaping and the time of plying the sickle
is the day of recompense and manifestation.

How the Khwaja disclosed to the bailiff in his dream the means of paying the debts incurred
by the friend who had come; and how he indicated the spot where the money was buried,
and sent a message to his heirs that on no account should they regard that as too much
or withhold anything, and that though he were to refuse the whole or a part of it
they must let it remain in the place, in order that anyone who wished might take it away;

'for,' said he, 'I have made vows to God that not one mite of that money
shall come back again to me and those connected with me,' etc.

Now hear the bounty for my new guest.
I foresaw that he would arrive,
And I had heard the news of his debt;
I packed up two or three jewels for him,
Which are the full payment of his debt, and more:
in order that the heart of my guest should not be wounded.
He owes nine thousand of gold:
let him discharge his debt with some of these.
There will be a great many of them left over:
let him expend and include me too in a benediction.
I wished to give them with my own hand:
these assignments are written in such-and-such a note-book.

Death, however, did not allow me time
to hand over to him secretly the pearls of Aden.
Rubies and corundums for his debt
are in a certain vessel on which his name is written.
I have buried it in a certain vault:
I have shown solicitude for my ancient friend.
None but kings can know the value of that: take care, then, that they do not cheat you in the sale.

In sales, for fear of being swindled, behave in the same manner as the Prophet, who taught three days’ option.

Do not be afraid of it depreciating and do not fall, since the demand for it will never decline.

Give my heirs a greeting from me and rehearse to them this injunction, point by point,

In order that they may not be deterred by the largeness of the gold, but may deliver it to that guest without reluctance.

And if he says that he does not want so much, bid him take it and bestow it on whom he will.

I will not take back a speck of what I have given: the milk never comes back to the teat.

According to the Prophet’s saying, he who reclaims a gift will have become like a dog devouring his vomit.

And if he shut the door and has no need of the gold, let them pour the bounty at his door, Everyone who passes may carry gold away: the gifts of the sincere are never taken back.

I laid it in store for him two years ago and vowed to the Almighty.

And if they deem it permissible to take aught, truly twentyfold loss will befall them.

If they vex my spirit, a hundred doors of tribulation will at once be opened for them.

I have good hope of God that He will cause the due to reach the person who has the right to it.”

He unfolded two other matters to him, I will not open my lips in mention of them,

In order that two matters may remain secret and mysterious, and also that the Masnavi may not become so very long.

He sprang up from sleep, snapping his fingers, now singing love-songs and now making lament.

The guest said, “In what mad fits are you? O bailiff, you have risen intoxicated and merry.
I wonder what you dreamed last night, O exalted one, that you cannot be contained in city or desert.

Your elephant has dreamed of Hindustan, for you have fled from the circle of your friends.”

He replied, “I have dreamed a mad dream: I have beheld a sun in my heart.

In my dream I saw the wakeful Khwaja, who gave up his life for vision.

In my dream I saw the Khwaja, the giver of things desired, one man like a thousand if any affair happened.”

Drunk and beside himself, he continued to recount in this fashion till intoxication bereft him of reason and consciousness.

He fell at full length in the middle of the room: a crowd of people gathered round him.

When he came to himself, he said, “O Sea of bliss, O You who has stored forms of consciousness in unconsciousness, You have stored wakefulness in sleep; You have fastened a dominion over the heart to the state of one who has lost his heart. You conceal riches in the lowliness of poverty; You fasten the necklace of wealth to the iron collar of poverty.”

Contrary is secretly enclosed in contrary: fire is enclosed in boiling water.

A garden is enclosed in Nimrod’s fire: revenues grow from giving and spending;

So that Mustafá, the King of prosperity, has said, “O possessors of wealth, munificence are a gainful trade.”

Riches were never diminished by alms-giving: in truth, acts of charity are an excellent means of attaching to one’s self.

In the poor-tax is the overflow and increase of gold: in the ritual prayer is preservation from lewdness and iniquity.

The poor-tax is the keeper of your purse; the ritual prayer is the shepherd who saves you from the wolves.

The sweet fruit is hidden in boughs and leaves: the everlasting life is under death.

Dung, by a certain manner, becomes nutriment for the earth, and by means of that food a fruit is born to the earth.
An existence is concealed in non-existence, adorability in the nature of adoration.

The steel and flint are dark externally, inwardly a light and a world-illuminating candle.

In a single fear are enclosed a thousand securities; in the black of the eye ever so many brilliances.

Within the cow-like body there is a prince, a treasure deposited in a ruin,

To the end that an old ass, Iblís to wit, may flee from that precious and may see the cow and not the king.

There was a King, and the King had three sons: all three endowed with sagacity and discernment.

Each one more praise worthy than another in generosity and in battle and in exercising royal sway.

And the father’s palm-tree was drawing water by a hidden channel from the two fountains of the son.

So long as the water of this fountain is running swiftly from the son towards the gardens of his mother and father,

His parents’ gardens will always be fresh: their fountain is made to flow by both these fountains.

When from sickness the fountain fails, the leaves and boughs of the palm-tree become withered.

The withering of his palm-tree tells plainly that the tree was drawing moisture from the son.

How many a hidden conduit is connected in like fashion with your souls, O you heedless ones!

Story of the King who enjoined his three sons, saying, “In this journey through my empire establish certain arrangements in such-and-such a place and appoint certain viceroys in such-and-such a place, but for God’s sake, for God’s sake, do not go to such-and-such a fortress and do not roam around it.”
O you who have drawn stocks from heaven and earth, so that your body has grown fat,

This is a loan: you need not stuff so much, for you must pay back what you have taken—

Except “I breathed,” for that has come from the Munificent. Cleave to the spirit! The other things are vain.

I call them vain in relation to the spirit, not in relation to His consummate making.

Explaining that the gnostic seeks replenishment from the Fountainhead of everlasting life and that he is relieved of any need to seek replenishment and draw from the fountains of inconstant water; and the sign thereof is his holding aloof from the abode of delusion; for when a man relies on the replenishments drawn from those fountains, he slackens in his search for the Fountain everlasting and permanent. “A work done from within your soul is necessary, for no door will be opened to you by things given on loan. A water-spring inside the house is better than an aqueduct that comes from outside.”

How goodly is the Conduit which is the source of things! It makes you independent of these conduits.

You are quaffing drink from a hundred fountains; whenever any of those hundred yields less, your pleasure is diminished;

When the sublime Fountain gushes from within, no longer need you steal from the fountains.

Since your eye is rejoiced by water and earth, heart’s sorrow is the payment for this joy.

When water comes to a fortress from outside, it is more than enough in times of peace;

When the enemy forms a ring round that, in order that he may drown them in blood, The troops cut off the outside water, that the fortress may have no refuge from them.

At that time a briny well inside is better than a hundred sweet rivers outside.
The Cutter of cords and the armies of Death come, like December,
to cut the boughs and leaves,

There is no succour for them in the world from Spring,
except perchance the Spring of the Beloved's face in the soul.

Before that she was running right and left, saying,
“I will take away your sorrow”; but she never took anything away.

In the hour of anxieties she would say to you,
“May pain be far from you, and ten mountains between!”

When the army of Pain arrives, she holds her breath:
she will not even say, “I have seen you.”

God made a parable concerning the Devil on this wise:
“He leads you into battle by his cunning tricks,
Saying, ‘I will give you help, I am beside you,
I will run before you in the perils;
I will be your shield amidst the arrows of khadang wood;
I will be your refuge in the hour of distress;
I will sacrifice my life for you in raising you to your feet.
You are a Rustam, a lion: come on, be manful!’”

By means of these wiles that bag of deceit and cunning and craft
leads him to infidelity.

As soon as he sets foot and falls into the moat,
he opens his lips with a loud ha, ha.

“Hey, come! I have hopes of you.”
He says, “Begone, leave, for I am quit of you.

You did not fear the justice of the Creator,
I fear: keep your hands off me!”

God says, “He, indeed, is parted from felicity,
and how should you be saved by these hypocrisies?”

On the Day of Reckoning the active and passive
will be shamed-faced and partners in stoning.

Assuredly, by the decree and just dispensation, the waylaid and the waylayer
are in the pit of farness and in an evil resting-place.

The fool and the ghoul who deceived him
must ever endure to be deprived of salvation and felicity.
Both the ass and he that caught the ass are in the mud here:
here they are forgetful of and there they are sunk—

Except those who turn back from that
and come from the autumn into the springtide of grace,

And who repent, for God is ready to accept repentance,
and cleave to His command, for a goodly Commander is He!

When, by sorrow, they raise a piteous cry,
the highest Heaven trembles at the moaning of the sinners.

It trembles even as a mother for her child:
it takes them by the hand and draws them upward,

Saying, “O you whom God has redeemed from delusion,
behold the gardens of grace and behold the forgiving Lord!

Henceforth you have everlasting provision and sustenance
from God's air, not from the gutter.”

Inasmuch as the Sea is jealous of intermediaries,
he that is thirsty as a fish takes leave of the water-skin.

The three sons set out, in the fashion of travel,
to their father's possessions,

And to make a tour of his cities and fortresses
for the purpose of regulating the administrative and economic conditions.

They kissed the King's hand and bade him farewell;
then the King, obeyed, said to them:

“Direct your course wherever your heart may lead you,
go under the protection of God, waving your hands.

Except to one fortress, the name of which is 'the robber of reason':
it makes the coat tight for wearers of the tiara.

For God's sake, for God's sake, keep far away from that castle
adorned with pictures, and beware of the peril!

The front and back of its towers and its roof and floor
are all images and decorations and pictures,
Like the chamber of Zalikha full of pictures in order that Joseph should look upon her willy-nilly.

Since Joseph would not look at her, she cunningly filled the room with portraits of herself,

So that, wherever the fair-cheeked looked, he might see her face without having the power to choose.

The peerless God has made the six directions a theatre for the display of His signs to the clairvoyant,

In order that, whatever animal or plant they look upon, they may feed on the meadows of Divine Beauty.

Hence He said to the company,

‘Wherever you turn, His Face is there.

If in thirst you drink some water from a cup, you are beholding God within the water.’

He that is not a lover sees in the water his own image, O man of insight;

Since the lover’s image has disappeared in Him, whom now should he behold in the water? Tell!

Through the working of the Jealous One, they behold the beauty of God in the faces of the houris, like the moon in water.

His jealousy is against a lover and sincere;
His jealousy is not against a devil and beast;

If the devil becomes a lover, he has carried off the palm: he has become a Gabriel and his devilish nature is dead.

The Devil became a true believer’ is made manifest on the occasion when by His grace a Yazíd becomes a Bayazid.

This topic is endless. Beware, O company, keep your faces from that fortress!

It is a bounden duty to abstain from peril: hear disinterested advice from me.

In seeking relief it is better that one’s wits should be sharp: it is better to abstain from the ambuscade of tribulation.

If their father had not spoken these words and had not warned them against that fortress,
Their party would never have approached the fortress; their desire would never have inclined towards it;

For it was not well-known: it was exceedingly remote and aloof from the fortresses and the highways.

When he uttered that prohibition, their hearts were thrown by his speech into vain desire and into the quarter of phantasy,

And, because of this prohibition, a craving arose in their hearts to investigate the secret of that.

Who is that will refrain from the forbidden thing, since man longs eagerly for what is forbidden?

The veto causes the devout to hate; the veto incites the sensual to covet it.

Therefore He leads many folk astray by this means, and by the same means He guides aright a knowing heart.

How should the friendly dove be scared by the pipe? Nay, the doves in the air are scared by that pipe.

Then they said to him, “We will perform the services, we will be intent on hearing and obeying. We will not turn aside from your commands: it would be ingratitude to forget your kindness”;

But, because of their reliance upon themselves, it was far from them to pronounce the saving clause and glorify God.

Mention of the saving clause and manifold precaution was made at the beginning of the Masnavi.

If there are a hundred books, they are but one chapter: a hundred regions seek but one place of worship.

These roads end in one House: these thousand ears of corn are from one Seed.

All the hundred thousand sorts of food and drink are one thing in respect.

When you are entirely satiated with one, fifty foods become cold to your heart.

In hunger, then, you are seeing double, for you have regarded a single one as a hundred thousand.

We had told of the sickness of the handmaiden and of the physicians and also their lack of understanding—
How those physicians were like an unbridled horse, heedless of the rider and having no profit.

Their palates were covered with sores made by the impact of the bit, and their hooves wounded by changing step.

They had not become aware, “Lo, on our back is a nimble Trainer who displays masterly skill.

Our turning the head to and fro is not caused by this bit, but only by the control of a successful Rider.

We went into the gardens to gather roses: they seemed to be roses, but they were thorns.”

It never occurred to them to ask, by reason, “Who is kicking our throats?”

Those physicians so enthralled by the secondary cause they have become blind to God’s contrivance.

If you tether an ox in a stall and then find an ass in the place of the ox,

It would be asinine carelessness, like a man in slumber, not to inquire who the secret agent is.

You never said, “Let me see who this changer is: he is not visible; surely, he is a celestial being.”

You have shot an arrow to the right and have seen your arrow go to the left.

You have ridden in chase of a deer and have made yourself the prey of a hog.

You have run after some gain for the purpose of stuffing yourself: the gain has not reached and you have been cast into prison.

Since the Lord has disappointed you in regard to the means, then why do you not become suspicious of the means?

Many a one has become an emperor by dint of toil, while another has been made destitute by that toil.

Many a one has been made Qárún by marriage, and many a one has been made bankrupt by marriage.

The means, then, is turning about, like the tail of an ass: it is better not to rely upon it.
And if you take the means, you should not take it boldly, for beneath it there are many hidden annoyances.

This prudence and precaution is the gist of the saving clause, for this decree makes the ass appear to be a goat.

Although he whose eye it has bandaged is clever, because of his seeing double, in his eyes the ass is a goat.

Since God is the Turner of eyes, who should turn the heart and the thoughts?

You deem a pit to be a pleasant house; you deem a trap to be dainty bait.

This is not sophistry, it is God’s turning; it shows where the realities are.

He who denies the realities is wholly involved in a phantasy.

He does not say, “Your thinking phantasy is also a phantasy: rub an eye!”

How the Sultan’s sons went to the forbidden fortress, inasmuch as man eagerly covets that which he is refused—“We rendered our service, but your evil nature could not buy the servant.”

They trod all their father’s injunctions and counsels underfoot, so that they fell into the pit of tribulation, and their reproachful souls were saying to them, “Did not a warner come to you?” while they, weeping and contrite, replied, “If we had been wont to listen or understand we should not have been among those who dwell in the flaming Fire.”

This discourse has no end.

The party took their way to seek that castle.

They approached the tree of the forbidden fruit; they went forth from the file of the sincere.

Since they were made more ardent by their father’s prohibition and veto, they raised their heads towards that fortress.

In spite of the orders of the elect King to the fortress which is the destroyer of self-restraint and the robber of rationality.
Turning their backs on the day, they came in the dark night in defiance of counsel-bestowing Reason

Into the beautiful fortress adorned with pictures, five gates to the sea and five to the land—

Five of those, like the senses, facing towards colour and perfume; five of them, like the interior senses, seeking the mystery.

By those thousands of pictures and designs and decorations they were made mightily restless to and fro.

Do not be intoxicated with these cups, which are forms, lest you become a carver of idols and an idolater.

Abandon the cups, namely, the forms: do not tarry! There is wine in the cup, but it is not from the cup.

Open your mouth wide to the Giver of the wine: when the wine comes, the cup will not be lacking.

"O Adam, seek My heart-enthralling Reality: take leave of the husk and form of the wheat."

Since sand was turned into flour for the Friend, know that the wheat is deposed from its office, O noble one.

Form is brought into existence by the Formless, just as smoke is produced by a fire.

The least blemish in the qualities of that which is endowed with form becomes annoying when you regard it continually;

Formlessness throws you into absolute bewilderment: from non-instrumentality a hundred kinds of instruments are born.

Handlessness is weaving hands: the Soul of the soul makes a formed Man.

It is like as from separation and union diverse fancies are woven in the heart.

Does this cause ever resemble its effect? Does the cry and lamentation ever resemble the loss?

The lamentation has a form, the loss is formless: they gnaw their hands on account of a loss that has no hand.

This comparison, O seeker of guidance, does not fit; it is the best effort a poor man can make to explain it.
So that the form, whatever it be, according to its own nature brings the body into good or evil.

If it be a form of beneficence, it turns to thanksgiving; if it be a form of deferment, it becomes patient;

If it be a form of mercy, it becomes flourishing; if it be a form of repulse, it becomes full of moans;

If it be the form of a city, it takes a journey; if it be the form of an arrow, it takes a shield;

If it be the form of fair ones, it indulges in enjoyment; if it be a form of the unseen world, it practices religious seclusion.

The form of want leads to earn; the form of strength of arm leads to seize by force.

These are boundless and immeasurable: the motive to action from various sorts of phantasy.

All the infinite ways of life and the crafts are the shadow of the form of thoughts.

Happy folk standing on the edge of a roof, observe the shadow of each one on the ground.

The form of thought is on the lofty roof, while the action appears, like a shadow, on the pillars.

The action is on the pillars, while the thought is concealed; but the two are combined in the correlation of cause and effect.

The forms that arise at a banquet from the festive cup have as their result unconsciousness and senselessness.

The forms of man and woman and sport and sexual intercourse—their result at the time of sexual union distraction

The form of bread and salt, which is a benefit, has as its result strength, which is formless.

On the battle-field the form of sword and shield has as its result a formless thing, i.e. victory.

College and learning and the forms thereof are done with, as soon as they have reached knowledge.

Since these forms are the slaves of the Formless, why, then, are they denying their Benefactor?

These forms have their existence from the Formless: what means, then, their denial of Him who brought them into existence?
His disbelief is really manifested by Him:
in truth this act of his is nothing but a reflection.

Know that the form of the walls and roof of every dwelling-place is a shadow of the thought of the architect.

Even though in the seat of his thought there is no visible stone and wood and brick.

Assuredly the Absolute Agent is formless:
form is as a tool in His hand.

Sometimes the Formless One graciously shows His face to the forms from the concealment of non-existence,

In order that every form may thereby be replenished with some perfection and beauty and power.

When, again, the Formless One has hidden His face, they come to beg in colour and perfume.

If one form seeks perfection from another form, it is the quintessence of error.

Why, then, O worthless man, are you submitting your need to another needy?

Inasmuch as forms are slaves, do not say or deem that form is applicable to God: do not seek Him by tashbīh.

Seek in self-abasement and in self-extinction, for nothing but forms is produced by thinking.

And if you derive no advantage except from form, the form that comes to birth within you involuntarily is the best.

The form of a city to which you are going: you are drawn by a formless feeling of pleasure, O dependent one;

Therefore you are really going to that which has no locality, for pleasure is different from place and time.

The form of a friend to whom you would go: you are going for the sake of enjoying his society;

Therefore in reality you go to the formless, though you are unaware of that object.

In truth, then, God is worshipped by all, since wayfaring is for the sake of the pleasure.

But some have set their face towards the tail and have lost the Head, although the Head is the principal;
But that Head is bestowing on these lost and erring ones the bounty proper to Headship by way of the tail.

That one obtains the bounty from the Head, this one from the tail; another company has lost foot and head.

Since all has been lost, they have gained all: through dwindling away they have sped towards the Whole.

How in the pavilion of the fortress adorned with pictures they saw a portrait of the daughter of the King of China and how all three lost their senses and fell into distraction and made inquiries, asking, “Whose portrait is this?”
Get the seed from me, that it may yield a crop;
fly with my wings that the arrow may speed Yonder.

If you do not recognise the necessity and existence of that,
yet in the end you will confess that it was necessary."

He is you, but not this “you”:
that “you” which in the end is conscious of escape.

Your last “you” has come to your first “you”
to receive admonition and gifts.

Your "you" is buried in another:
I am the slave of a man who thus sees himself.

That which the youth sees in the mirror
the Elder sees beforehand in the brick.

“We have transgressed the command of our King,
we have rebelled against the favours of our father.

We have lightly esteemed the King’s word
and those incomparable favours.

Lo, we all are fallen into the moat,
killed and wounded by affliction without combat.

We relied on our own intelligence and wisdom,
so that this tribulation has come to pass.

We regarded ourselves as being without disease and emancipated,
just as one suffering from lung disease regards himself.

Now, after we have been made prisoners and a prey,
the hidden malady has become apparent.”

The shadow of the Guide is better than praising God:
a single contentment is better than a hundred delicacies and trays.

A seeing eye is better than three hundred staves:
the eye knows pearls from pebbles.

By sorrows they began to make inquiry, saying,
“Who in the world, we wonder, is she of whom this is the portrait?”

After much inquiry in travel,
a Shaykh endowed with insight disclosed the mystery,
Not by way of the ear, but by inspiration from Reason:
to him mysteries were unveiled.

He said, “This is the portrait of an object of envy to the Pleiades:
this is the picture of the Princess of China.
She is hidden like the spirit and like the embryo:

she is in a secret bower and palace.

Neither man nor woman is admitted to her:

the King has concealed her on account of her fascinations.

The King has a jealousy for her name,

so that not even a bird flies above her roof.”

Alas for the heart that such an insane passion has stricken:

may no one feel a passion like this!

This is the retribution due to him, who sowed the seed of ignorance

and held light and cheap that counsel,

And put trust in his own management, saying,

“By dint of intelligence I will carry my affair to success.”

Half a mite of the favour is better than

three hundred spells devised by the intellect.

Abandon your own cunning, O Amír:

draw back your foot before the favour and gladly die.

This is not by a certain amount of contrivance:

nothing avails until you die to these plans.

Story of the Sadr-i Jahan of Bukhara. Any beggar who begged with his tongue was excluded from
his universal and unstinted charity. A certain poor savant, forgetting and being excessively eager
and in a hurry, begged with his tongue amidst his cavalcade. The Sadr-i Jahan averted his face
from him, and he contrived a new trick every day and disguised himself, now as a woman
veiled in a chador and now as a blind man with bandaged eyes and face,
be always had discernment enough to recognize him, etc.

It was the habit of that most noble lord in Bukhara
to deal kindly to beggars.

His great bounty and immeasurable munificence
were always scattering gold till nightfall.

The gold was wrapped in bits of paper:
he continued to lavish bounty as long as he lived.
Like the sun and the spendthrift moon;
they give back the radiance that they receive.

Who bestows gold on the earth? The sun.
Through him, gold is in the mine and treasure in the ruin.

Every morning an allowance to a set of people,
in order that no class should be left disappointed by him.

On one day his gifts were made to those afflicted;
next day the same generosity to widows;
next day to impoverished descendants of Ali
together with poor jurists engaged in study;
next day to empty-handed common folk;
next day to persons fallen into debt.

His rule was that no one should beg for gold
with his tongue or open his lips at all;
But the paupers stood in silence,
like a wall, on the outskirts of his path,

And anyone who suddenly begged with his lips
was punished for this offence by not getting from him a mite of money.

His maxim was “Those of you who keep silence are saved”:
his purses and bowls were for the silent.

One day extraordinarily an old man said,
“Give me alms, for I am hungry.”

He refused to the old man, but the old man importuned him:
the people were astounded by the old man’s importunity.

He said, “You are a very shameless old man, O father.”
The old man replied, “You are more shameless than I,
For you have enjoyed this world, and in your greed
you would happily take the other world together with this world.”

He laughed and gave the old man some money:
the old man alone obtained the bounty.

Except that old man none of those who begged
saw half a mite or a single farthing of his money.

On the day when it was the turn of the jurists,
a certain jurist, by cupidity, suddenly began to whine.

He made many piteous appeals, but there was no help;
his uttered every kind, but it availed him naught.
Next day he wrapped his leg in rags in the row of the sufferers, hanging his head.

He tied splints on his shank, left and right, in order that it might be supposed that his leg was broken.

He saw and recognised him and did not give him anything. Next day he covered his face with a rain-cloak, The noble lord knew him still and gave him nothing because of the sin and crime by speaking.

When he had failed in a hundred sorts of trickery, he drew a chador over his head, like women.

And went and sat down amongst the widows, and let his head droop and concealed his hands.

Still he recognised him and did not give him any alms: on account of the disappointment a burning grief came into his heart.

He went early in the morning to a purveyor of grave-clothes, saying, “Wrap me in a felt and lay me out on the road. Do not open your lips at all, sit down and look on till the Sadr-i Jahan passes here. Maybe he will see and suppose that I am dead and drop some money to cover the cost of the shroud. I will pay you half of whatever he may give.”

The poor man, desiring the present, did just as he was told. He wrapped him in the felt and laid him out on the road. The Sadr-i Jahan happened to pass that way and dropped some gold on the felt. He put forth his hand in his haste. Lest the purveyor of the grave-clothes should seize the gift of money and lest that perfidious rascal should hide it from him.

The dead man raised his hand from beneath the felt, and following his hand, his head came forth from below. He said to the Sadr-i Jahan, “how I have received, O you who did shut the doors of generosity against me!”

He replied, “but until you died, O obstinate man, you got no bounty from me.”

The mystery of “Die before death” is this that the prizes come after dying.
گریزیدن با خانه‌ای خففته، شیبی اتفاقا امرد خشت‌ها بر پشت خود انبار کرد. عاقبت دباب دب آورد و آن خشت‌ها را به حبله و نرمی از پس او بر داشت. کودک بیدار شد به جنگ که این خشت‌ها کو کجا بردى و چرا بردى، او گفت تو این خشت‌ها را چرا نهادی الی آخره

Story of two brothers, one of whom had a few hairs on his chin while the other was a beardless boy.

They went to sleep in a house for celibates. One night, as it happened, the boy piled bricks over his buttocks. At length, a crawler (sodomizer) crept and craftily and softly took off the bricks from his back. The boy awoke and began to quarrel, saying, “Where are these bricks? Where have you taken them to? Why did you take them?”

He replied, “Why did you put these bricks there?” etc.
I am a sick boy and because of my weakness
I took precautions and made here a place to lie down.”

He replied, “If you are ill with a fever,
why didn’t you go to the hospital
Or to the house of a kindly physician,
in order that he might relieve you of your malady?”

“Why,” said he, “where can I go?
For wherever I go, persecuted,

Some foul ungodly miscreant like you
springs up before me like a wild beast.

The dervish-convent, which is the best place—
not there do I find safety for one moment.

A handful of pottage-eaters direct their looks at me:
their eyes bursting with lust

Since the convent is this, what must the public market be like?
A herd of asses and boorish devils!

What has an ass to do with decorum and piety?
How should an ass know reverence and fear and hope?

Intelligence consists in being safe and in the desire to act justly

towards woman and towards man; but where is intelligence?

And if I run away and go to the women,
I should fall into tribulation like Joseph.

Joseph suffered imprisonment and torment at the hands of a woman:
I should be divided amongst fifty gibbets.

Those women in their foolishness would attach themselves to me,
and their nearest and dearest would seek my life.

I have no means of escape either from men or women:
what can I do, since I belong neither to these nor to those?”

After that the boy looked at the youth and said,
“He is quit of trouble by reason of the two hairs.

He is independent of the bricks and of quarrelling over the bricks
and of a wicked young ruffian like you who would sell his own mother.

Three or four hairs on the chin as a notice
are better than thirty bricks around my ass.”
One atom of the shade of favour
is better than a thousand endeavours of the devout pietist,

Because the Devil will remove the bricks of piety:
if there are two hundred bricks he will make a way for himself.

If the bricks are numerous, they are laid by you;
those two or three hairs are a gift from Yonder.

In reality each one of those is as a mountain,
for it is a safe conduct bestowed by an Emperor.

If you put a hundred locks on a door,
some reckless fellow may remove them all;

If a police magistrate put a wax seal,
at that the hearts of doughty champions will quail.

Those two or three hair-threads of favour form a barrier as a mountain,
like majesty of aspect in the faces.

Do not neglect the bricks, O man of goodly nature;
but at the same time do not sleep safe from the wicked Devil.

Go and get two hairs of that grace,
and then sleep safe and have no anxiety.

The sleep of the wise ('alim) is better than worship,
such a wisdom ('ilm) as brings awakening.

The quiet of the swimmer in swimming
is better than the exertion with hands and feet of one who is unable.

He that cannot swim throws out his hands and feet and drowns,
the swimmer moves quietly like pillars.

Knowledge is an ocean without bound or shore:
the seeker of knowledge is the diver in seas.

Though his life is a thousand years,
ever will he become weary of seeking,

For the Messenger of God said in explanation this—
"There are two greedy ones who are never satisfied."
Commentary on the Tradition that Mustafá—the blessings of God be upon him!—said, “There are two greedy ones who will never be satisfied: the seeker of the present world and the seeker of knowledge.” This “knowledge” must be different from “knowledge of the present world,” in order that there may be the two classes; but “knowledge of the present world” is just the same as “the present world,” etc.; and if it be equivalent to “the seeker of the present world and the seeker of the present world,” that would be repetition, not division. With the exposition thereof:

The seeker of the present world and its abundant opportunities for acquisition, and the seeker of knowledge and the considerations proper to it. Now, when you fix your attention on this division, this knowledge must be other than the present world, O father.

What, then, is other than the present world? The next world, which will take you away from here and be your guide.

How the three princes discussed the plan to adopt in view of what had occurred.

The three afflicted ones put their heads together: all three felt the same grief and pain and sorrow.

All three were comrades in one meditation and one passion; all three were sick with one disease and one malady.

At the time of silence all three had one thought; at the time of speech, too, all three had one argument.

At one moment they all were shedding tears and weeping blood on the dining-table of calamity;

At another moment all three, from the fire in their hearts, heaved burning sighs as a chafing-pan.

The discourse of the eldest brother.

The eldest said, “O men of integrity were not we masculine in giving counsel to others?

Whenever one of the retainers complained to us of affliction and poverty and fear and agitation,
We used to say, ‘do not bewail your hardships: be patient, for patience is the key to relief from pain.’

What has become now of this key, fortitude? Wonderful! The rule is null and void: what has become of it?

Did not we always say, ‘In the struggle laugh happily like gold in the fire’?

We said to the soldiers at the time of conflict in battle, ‘Listen, do not change colour!’

At the time when the ground trodden underfoot by the horses was entirely severed heads,

We were shouting to our troops, ‘On, on! Advance irresistibly like the spear point!' We preached fortitude to the entire world, because fortitude is a lamp and light in the breast.

Now it is our turn. Why have we become distracted and gone under the chador like cowardly women?”

O heart that did inspire all with ardour, inspire yourself with ardour and be ashamed of yourself!

O tongue that was a mentor to all, now it is your turn: why are you silent?

O reason, where is your eloquent and persuasive counsel? Now it is your turn: what has become of your admonitions?

O you who has removed a hundred anxieties from hearts, now it is your turn: wag your beard!

If now, in your vile cowardice, you have stolen a beard, formerly you must have been laughing at your beard.

When you exhort others, “Come on! Come on!” In your own anguish, “Alas, alas!” like women.

Since you were a cure for others’ pain, you are silent when pain has become your guest?

It was your fashion to shout at the soldiers: shout: why is your voice choked?

For fifty years you have woven on your intelligence: put on an under shirt of the fabric which you yourself have woven.

The ears of your friends were delighted by your song: put forth your hand and pull your own ear.
You were always a head: do not make yourself a tail,
do not lose your feet and hands and beard and moustache.

It is for you to make a move on the board:
restore yourself to your normal state and your vigour.

Anecdote of a king who brought a learned doctor into his banquet-hall by force and made him sit down. The cup-bearer offered him wine and held out the goblet to him, the doctor averted his face and began to look sour and behave rudely. The king said to the cup-bearer, “Come, and put him in a good humour.” The cup-bearer beat him on the head several times and made him drink the wine, etc.

A drunk king was feasting merrily,
a certain jurist passed by his gate.

He gave directions, saying, “Bring him into this hall and give him a drink of the ruby wine.”

So they brought him to the king, he had no choice: he sat down in the hall, sour as poison and snakes.

He offered him wine; he angrily refused it and averted his eyes from the king and the cup-bearer,

Saying, “I have never drunk wine in my life: rank poison would please me better than wine.

Hey, give me some poison instead of the wine that I may be delivered from myself and you from this.”

Without having drunk wine, he began to make a row and became as disagreeable to the company as death and pangs.

Like carnal earthly-minded people in the world when they sit with spiritual folk.

God keeps His elect drinking secretly the wine of the free.

They offer the cup to one who is veiled; perception apprehends nothing of it except the words.

He averts his face from their guidance because he does not see their gift with his eye.

If there were a passage from his ear to his throat, the hidden meaning of their admonition would have entered his inward parts.
Inasmuch as his spirit is wholly fire, not light, who would throw anything but husks into a blazing fire?

The kernel remains outside and the husk, words, goes:

how should the stomach be made warm and stout by husks?

The Fire of Hell torments only the husks:

the Fire has nothing to do with any kernel;

And if a fire should dart its flames at the kernel, know that it is in order to cook it, not to burn it.

So long as God is the Wise, know that this law is perpetual in the past and in the time that has not come.

The pure kernels and the husks are pardoned by Him:

how, then, should He burn the kernel? Far from Him!

If in His grace He beat the head of him, he will feel an eager desire for the red wine;

And if He does not beat him, he will remain, like the jurist, with his mouth closed against the potations and festivity of these kings.

The king said to his cup-bearer, “O well-conducted, why are you silent? Give and put him in good humour.”

Over every mind there is a hidden Ruler, cunningly diverts from his purpose whomever He will.

The sun in the East and his radiance are bound like captives in His chain.

He causes the sphere to revolve immediately when He chants half of a cunning spell in its brain.

The mind which dominates another mind has the dice from Him: He is the Master-player.

He gave him several cuffs on the head, saying, “Take the cup!”

The tormented man drained it in dread of blows.

He became tipsy and merry and smiling as a garden: he began to act like a boon-companion and tell ridiculous stories and make jokes.

He became brave and jolly and snapped his fingers: he went to the bathroom.

There he encountered a very beautiful slave girl who belonged to the royal household.

When he espied her, his mouth gaped, his reason fled and his body was ready for violence.
He immediately jumped on her.

The girl screamed and resisted but to no avail.

A woman in the hands of a man at such a time is like dough in the hands of a baker.

He kneads it now gently, now roughly, and makes it groan under his fist;

Now he draws it out flat on a board, now for a bit he rolls it up;

Now he pours water on it and now salt:
he puts it to the ordeal of oven and fire.

Thus are the sought and the seeker intertwined:
the conquered and the conqueror are in this sport.

This sport is not between husband and wife only:
this is the practice of everything that is loved and loves.

A mutual embracing, like Wís and Rámín, is obligatory between eternal and non-eternal and between substance and accident;

But the sport is of a different character in each case:
the embracing is for a different reason in each instance.

This is said as a parable for husband and wife, meaning,
“O husband, do not dismiss your wife unkindly.
On your wedding-night did not the bridesmaid place her (the wife’s) hand in your hand as a goodly trust?
For the evil or good which you do unto her,
O man worthy of confidence, God will do unto you.”

To resume, on this occasion this jurist was so beside himself that neither continence nor asceticism remained in him.

The jurist threw himself on the nymph:
his fire caught hold of her cotton.

Soul was joined to soul and their bodies strove in mutual embrace, trembling like two decapitated birds.

What was the wine-party or the king or Arslan?
What were modesty, religion, fear and dread of their lives?

Their eyes were contorted like ‘ayn and ghayn:
here neither Hasan nor Husayn is seen distinctly.
It became protracted, and how could he return?
The king’s expectancy too passed beyond bounds.

The king came to see what had happened: he beheld there the commotion of Calamity.

The jurist sprang up in terror and fled to the banquet-hall and hastily seized the wine-cup.

The king, full of fire and fury like Hell, was thirsting for the blood of the guilty pair.

When the jurist saw his enraged and wrathful countenance, which had become bitter and murderous as a cup of poison,

He shouted to his cup-bearer, “O solicitous, why do you sit dumbfounded? Give and put him in good humour!”

The king laughed and said, “O sir, I am restored to my good humour: the girl is yours.

I am the king: my business is justice and bounty: I drink of that which my munificence bestowed on my friend.

How should I give friend and kinsman for food and drink what I would not drink as honey?

I let my pages eat and drink of that which I eat and drink at my own private table.

I give my slaves the same food, cooked or raw, as I eat myself.

When I put on a robe of silk or satin, I clothe my retainers in the same, not in coarse woollen garments.

I feel reverence for the all-accomplished Prophet, who said, ‘Clothe them in that which you clothe yourselves.’

Mustafá gave his sons this injunction — Feed your dependents with what you eat.”

You have often restored others to a good disposition: you have made them ready and willing to show fortitude.

Manfully restore yourself too to disposition: take the reason that meditates on fortitude as your guide.

When the guidance of fortitude becomes a wing for you, your spirit will soar to the zenith of the Throne and Footstool.

See, when fortitude became a Buraq for him, how it carried Mustafá up to the top of the spheres.
How, after full discussion and debate, the princes set out for the province of China towards their beloved and the object, in order that they might be as near as possible to that object; although the way to union is barred, it is praiseworthy to approach as near as is possible.

Story of Imra’u ’l-Qays, who was the king of the Arabs and exceedingly handsome: he was the Joseph of his time, and the Arab women were desperately in love with him, like Zalikha.

He had the poetic genius—"Halt, let us weep in memory of a beloved and a dwelling-place."

Since all the women desired him with soul, one may well wonder what was the object of his love-songs and lamentations. Surely he knew that all these are copies of a picture which have been drawn on frames of earth. At last there came to this Imra’u ’l-Qays such a experience that in the middle of the night he fled from his kingdom and children and concealed himself in the garb of a dervish and wandered from that clime to another clime in search of Him who transcends all climes: "He chooses for His mercy whom He will"; and so forth.

Imra’u ’l-Qays was weary of his empire:

Love carried him away from the country of the Arabs,

So that he came and worked as a brick-maker at Tabuk.

The king was told that a royal personage,
Imra‘u ‘l-Qays, having fallen a prey to Love, had come there and was making bricks by labour.

The king rose up and went to him at night and said to him, “O king of beauteous countenance,

You are the Joseph of the age. Two empires have become entirely subject to you—, of the territories and, of Beauty.

Men are enslaved by your sword, while women are the chattels of your cloudless moon.

You will dwell with me, it will be my fortune: by union with you my soul will be made a hundred souls.

Both I and my kingdom are your to hold as your own, O you who in high aspiration have abandoned kingdoms!”

He reasoned with him for a long time, and he kept silence, suddenly he unveiled the mystery.

Think what of love and passion he whispered into his ear! Immediately he made him a crazy wanderer like himself.

He took his hand and accompanied him: he too renounced his throne and belt.

These two kings went to distant lands: not once has Love committed this crime.

It is honey for the grown-up and milk for children: for every boat it is the last bale.

Besides these two, many kings, beyond number, have Love torn from their kingdoms and families.

The souls of these three princes also were roaming around China in every direction, like birds picking up grain.

They dare not open their lips to utter the thoughts hidden, because it was a perilous and grave secret.

A hundred thousand heads for a penny at the moment Love strings his bow in anger.

Even without anger, at the time when he is well-pleased, Love is always accustomed to kill recklessly.

This is at the moment when he is contented: how shall I describe when he is angered?

But may the soul’s pasture be the ransom for his lion that is killed by this Love and his scimitar!
It is a killing better than a thousand lives: sovereignty is mortally enamoured of this servitude.

They were telling each other their secrets allusively in low tones with a hundred fears and precautions.

None but God was the confidant of their secret; their sighs were breathed to Heaven alone.

They were using certain mystical terms among themselves in order to convey information.

The ordinary have learned this birds’ language and have acquired prestige and authority.

That terminology is the image of the bird’s voice: the uninitiated man is ignorant of the state of the birds.

Where is the Solomon who knows the birds’ song? The demon, though he seizes the kingdom, is an alien.

The demon in the likeness of Solomon stood: he knows how to deceive, but he does not possess we have been taught.

Inasmuch as Solomon was rejoiced exceedingly by God, he had a birds’ language from we have been taught.

Understand that you are a bird of the air because you have not beheld the esoteric birds.

The home of the Simurghs is beyond Qāf: it is not a hand-loom to any imagination, but only to the imagination that beholds it by chance and then, after the vision, is parted—

Not a parting that involves severance, for a wise purpose; for that high estate is secure from every parting.

In order to preserve the spiritual body the Sun for a time withdraws from the snow.

Seek good for your soul from them: beware, do not steal mystical expressions from their language.

Zalikha had applied to Joseph the name of everything, from rue-seed to aloes wood.

She concealed his name in names and made the inner meaning thereof known to confidants.

When she said, “The wax is softened by the fire,” this meant, “My beloved is very fond of me.”
And if she said, “Look, the moon is risen”; or if she said, “The willow-bough is green”;

Or if she said, “The leaves are quivering mightily”; or if she said, “The rue-seed is burning merrily”;

Or if she said, “The rose has told her secret to the nightingale”; or if she said, “The king has disclosed his passion for Shahnáz”;

Or if she said, “How auspicious is Fortune!” or if she said, “Give the furniture a good dusting”;

Or if she said, “The water-carrier has brought the water”; or if she said, “The sun is risen”;

Or if she said, “Last night they cooked a pot full of food” or “The vegetables are cooked to perfection”;

Or if she said, “The loaves have no salt”; or if she said, “The heavenly sphere is going round in the contrary direction”;

Or if she said, “My head aches”; or if she said, “My headache is better”—

If she praised, it was his caresses; and if she blamed, it was separation from him.

If she piled up a hundred thousand names, her meaning and intention was always Joseph.

W here she hungry, as soon as she spoke his name she would be filled and intoxicated by his cup.

Her thirst would be quenched by his name: the name of Joseph was a sherbet to her soul;

And if she were in pain, her pain would immediately be turned into profit by that exalted name.

In cold weather it was a fur to her.

This, the Beloved's name can do in love.

The ordinary are always pronouncing the Holy Name, it does not do this work since they are not endowed with love.

That which Jesus had wrought by the Name of Hu was manifested to her through the name of him.

When the soul has been united with God, to speak of that is this, and to speak of this is that.

She was empty of self and filled with love for her friend, and, “A pot drips what is in it.”
The scent of the saffron of union produces laughter;
the smell of the onion of absence tears.

Everyone has in his heart a hundred objects of desire;
this is not the way of love and fondness.

Love's sun in the day-time is the Beloved:
the sun is as a veil over that Face.

He that does not know the veil from the Face of the Beloved
is a sun-worshipper: keep your hand off from him.

He is both the lover's day and daily bread;
He is both the lover's heart and heart-burning.

Fish receive directly from the Essence of the Water
their bread and water and clothes and drugs and sleep.

He is like a child getting milk from the breast:
he knows nothing in the two worlds except the milk.

The child knows the milk and yet he does not know it:
consideration has no means of entrance here.

This circular made the spirit crazy to find
the Opener and that which is opened.

It is not crazy in going; nay, it is the Sea within it that bears it along,
ot a torrent or a river.

How should it find? He that finds becomes lost:
like a torrent he is absorbed in the Ocean.

The seed is lost: then does it become a fig-tree.
This is “I did not give the money till you died.”
How, after they had stayed in hiding and tarried patiently for a long while in the capital of China, where the Emperor was enthroned, the eldest lost patience and said, “Farewell! I will go and present myself to the King. Either my feet will bring me to the object of my quest, or I will lose my head there as my heart”—“Either my feet will bring me to the object of my quest and desire, or I will give away my head there as my heart”—and how the good advice of his brothers was of no avail.

“O you that chide those in love, let them alone! How should you direct a band which God has led astray?”

And so forth.
My soul and body are alive by this boast:  
how should I refrain from making this boast?

I am dreaming but I am not asleep;  
I am a boaster but I am not a liar.

Though you behead me a hundred times,  
I will burn brightly.

Though the stack catches fire in front and behind,  
the stack of that Moon is enough for travellers in the night.

Joseph was hidden and concealed from Jacob the prophet  
by the trickery of his brethren.

They put him out of sight by an artifice;  
at last his shirt gave information.”

The two admonished him in converse, saying,  
“Do not ignore the dangers.  
Listen, do not put salt on our wounds!  
Beware; do not drink this poison rashly and in doubt.

How can you go without being counselled by a wise Shaykh,  
since you have not a discerning heart?

Woe to the unfledged bird  
that flies up to the zenith and falls into peril!”

Intelligence is wings and feathers to a man:  
when he lacks intelligence, the intelligence of a guide.

Either be victorious or in search of a victor:  
either have insight or be in search of one endowed with insight.

Without the key, namely, intelligence, this knocking at the door  
is prompted by self-will, not by right motives.

See a whole world ensnared by self-will  
and by wounds that look like remedies.

The snake, as death, stands on its breast,  
with a big leaf in its mouth in order to catch its prey.

It stands erect, like an herb, amidst the herbage,  
the bird thinks it is the stalk of a plant.

When it settles on the leaf for the purpose of eating,  
it falls into the mouth of the snake and death.

A crocodile opens its mouth:  
its teeth are surrounded by long worms.
The worms were produced by the residue of food left in its teeth; and it gave them lodging there.

The little birds see the worms and the food and imagine that coffin to be a meadow.

When its mouth is filled with birds, it suddenly swallows them and closes its mouth.

Know that this world full of dessert and bread is like the open mouth of the crocodile.

O you who scrape together the means of livelihood, for worms and morsels do not feel secure from the artfulness of the crocodile, Time.

A fox falls flat under his earth: above his earth are deceptive grains,

In order that the heedless crow may approach them and the crafty one cunningly seize her by the leg.

Since there are a hundred thousand cunning tricks in animals, how must be the cunning of Man who is superior!

In his hand a copy of the Holy Book as Zaynu ’l-Abdin; in his sleeve a vengeful dagger.

He addresses you smilingly—“O my lord,” in his heart there is a Babylon of sorcery and guileful spells.

Deadly poison, in appearance he is honey and milk. Beware, do not go save in company with a wise preceptor.

All selfish pleasures are a deceit and fraud: round the lightning-flash is a wall of darkness.

The lightning is a brief gleam, false and fleeting, surrounded by darkness; and your way is long.

By its light you can neither read a letter nor ride to your destination.

But, as a penalty for your being enthralled by the lightning, the beams of sunrise withdraw themselves from you.

Mile after mile through the night the lightning’s deception leads you on, without a guide, in a dark wilderness.

Now you fall on a mountain, now into a river; now you wander in this direction, now in that.

O seeker of worldly estate, you will never find the guide; and if you find him, you will avert your face from him,
Saying, “I have travelled sixty miles on this road, and this guide tells me I have lost my way.

If I give ear to this marvel, I must begin my journey again under his authority. I have devoted my life to this journey: come what may. Begone, O Khwaja!”

You have journeyed, but in opinion as lightning: make a tenth part of that journey for the sake of inspiration as the sunrise.

You have read, *Opinion cannot serve instead of truth*, and by a lightning-flash like that you have been blinded to a rising sun. Listen, come into our boat, O wretched man, or tie that boat to this boat.”

He replies, “How should I abandon power and dominion? How should I follow you blindly?”

A blind man is certainly better off with a guide than alone: in the former case there is one ignominy, while in the latter there are a hundred.

You are fleeing from a gnat to a scorpion; you are fleeing from a dewdrop into an ocean.

You are fleeing from your father’s unkindness into the midst of scoundrels and mischief and trouble.

Like Joseph, you are fleeing from one sorrow to fall into a well through *let us frolic and play*.

Because of this pastime you fall into a well, like him; but where is the favour to help you?

Had it not been by his father’s leave, he would never have emerged from the well till the Resurrection; in order to please him his father gave the permission and said, “Since this is your desire, may good come!”

Any blind man who turns away in scorn from a Messiah will be left, like the Jews, without guidance; though he was blind, he was capable of receiving light; from showing this aversion he becomes blind and blue. Jesus says to him, “O blind man, cling to me with both hands: I have a precious eye salve.

If you are blind, you will obtain light from me and lay hold of the Joseph’s shirt of the spirit.”
The fortune and highway lies in the business that comes to you after utter defeat.

Give up the business that has no foot or head: listen, old donkey, get for yourself a Pir!

May none but the Pir be master and captain! — not the Pir of the rolling sky, but the Pir of right guidance.

The devotee of darkness sees the light immediately as soon as he becomes subject to the Pir.

What is required is self-surrender, not long toil: it is useless to rush about in error.

Henceforth I will not seek the way to the Ether: I will seek the Pir, I will seek the Pir, the Pir, the Pir!

The Pir is the ladder to Heaven: by whom is the arrow made to fly? By the bow.

Was it not Abraham that caused the gross Nimrod to journey to heaven by means of the vulture?

By self-will, he often went upward; but no vulture can fly to heaven.

Abraham said to him, “O traveller, I will be your vulture: this is more seemly for you.

When you make of me a ladder to go aloft, you will ascend to heaven without flying” —

As the heart, without provisions or riding-camel, travels as lightning to west and east;

As man’s consciousness, wandering abroad while he is asleep travels during the night to cities;

As the gnostic, sitting quietly travels by a hidden track through a hundred worlds.

If he has not been endowed with power to travel like this, from whom are these reports concerning that country?

Hundreds of thousands of Pirs are agreed upon these reports and these veracious narratives.

Amongst these sources there is no dispute, such as there is in knowledge based on opinions.

That is searching in the dark night, while this is the presence of the Ka’ba and midday.
Arise, O Nimrod, and seek wings from personages: you will not get any ladder from these vultures.

The vulture is the particular reason, O poor one: its wings are connected with the eating of carrion;

The reason of the *Abdal* is like the wings of Gabriel: it soars, mile by mile, up to the shade of the lote-tree.

“I am a royal falcon, I am fair and auspicious, I have nothing to do with carrion: I am not a vulture.

Abandon the vulture, for I will be your helper: a wing of mine is better for you than a hundred vultures.”

How long will you gallop blindly? For a trade and business one needs a master.

Do not disgrace yourself in the capital of China: seek a sage and do not separate yourself from him.

Listen, whatever the Plato of the age bids you do, give up your self-will and act in accordance with that.

All in China are saying in zeal for their King, “He begets not.

Never in truth has our King begotten a child; nay, he has not allowed a woman to approach him.”

When any king says of him something of this sort, he weds his neck to the cutting scimitar.

The King says, “Since you have spoken these words, either proves that I have a wife and family—

And if you prove that I have a daughter, you are safe from my keen sword—

Or else without any doubt I will cut your throat: I will tear the mantle off the Sufi, your spirit.

You will never save your head from the sword, O you that havefalse vain and lying words!

O you that have foolishly spoken an untruth, behold a moat full of severed heads!—

A moat filled from its bottom to its mouth with heads severed on account of this enormity.

All have been sacrificed to this assertion: they have beheaded themselves with this assertion.
Beware! Regard this with a heedful eye: do not conceive or utter such an assertion!

“You will make our lives bitter to us: who is inducing you to this, O brother?

If one who is ignorant should journey a hundred years in blindness that is not reckoned as a journey.

Do not go into battle unarmed, do not go recklessly into destruction.”

They said all this, but the impatient replied, “These words inspire me with repugnance.

My bosom is full of fire, like a brazier: the crop is ripe; it is time for the sickle.

There was fortitude in my breast, now it is no more: Love has set fire to the dwelling-place of fortitude.

My fortitude died on the night when Love was born: it has passed away—long live those who are present!

O you that tell of rebuke and punishments, I have passed beyond that: do not beat a piece of cold iron!

I am headlong: hey, let go my feet! Where in all my limbs is understanding?

I am a camel: I carry as long as I can, when I fall down exhausted, I am glad to be killed.

If there are a hundred moats full of severed heads, it is an absolute pleasantry in comparison with my anguish.

Nevermore in fear and dread will I beat such a drum of passion under a blanket.

Now I will plant my banner in the open plain: either to lose my head or the face of my adored one!

The throat that is not worthy of that wine—it is best it should be cut by blows of the sword;

The eye that is not in abundance by union with her—such an eye is best white and blind;

The ear that is not worthy of her secret—tear it off; for it is no good on the head;

The hand in which there is not the amount—it is best that it should be chopped off by the butcher’s knife;
The foot by whose faring the spirit is not led into her narcissus-plot—
Such a foot is best in iron, for such a foot is ultimately headache.

Setting forth the earnest seeker who does not refrain from exerting himself to the utmost, although he knows that the amplitude of God's bounty may cause the object of his desire to reach him from a different quarter and by means of work of a different kind which he has never imagined; but since all his thoughts and hopes are fixed on this particular method, he continues to knock at this same door, maybe God most High will cause his appointed portion to reach him through some other door which he has not foreseen, 'and will provide for him from a quarter on which he does not reckon'—'Man proposes but God disposes.' And, a slave may conceive, as beseems a slave, that although he keeps knocking at this door he will be supplied from another door; and God most High may cause his portion to reach him through this very door. In short, all these are the doors of one Palace. And the exposition thereof.

Either this desire of mine will be fulfilled on this journey or when I return home from the journey.
It may be that my desire depends on going abroad and that after I have gone abroad I shall attain at home.
I will seek the Beloved with all my might and energy until I know whether I need not have sought.
How should His being with me enter my ear unless I wander round the world?
How should I apprehend the mystery of His being with me except after long journeys?

God has said that He is with us, but He has sealed the heart in order that it may enter the heart's ear contrariwise, not directly.
When he has made journeys and performed the duties of the Way, after that the seal is removed from his heart.
As “the two errors,” the excellent calculation becomes clear to him after two mistakes.
After that, he says, “If I had known this being with God, how should I have searched for Him?

The knowledge thereof depended on journeying: that knowledge is not to be gained by keenness of thought.”

It is just as the payment of the Shaykh's debts was contingent and dependent on the weeping of that creature.

The confectioner's boy wept bitterly, the debts of the venerable Shaykh were discharged.

That spiritual tale has already been related in the course of the Masnavi.

He puts in your heart the fear of a certain position, in order that no other may be an object of hope to you.

To your hope He attaches another advantage; but He grants you your wish from someone else.

O you who have fixed your hopes firmly on one quarter, saying, “The fruit will come to me from that lofty tree,”

Your hope will not be fulfilled from there; nay, the bounty will come from another place.

Why, then, did He implant in you that hope, since He would not give you the thing from that quarter?

For a wise purpose and contrivance; and also in order that your heart may be in a state of bewilderment.

That your heart may be bewildered, O learner, from where the object of your desire will come.

That you may know your weakness and your ignorance and that consequently your faith in the Unseen may be increased;

And, moreover, that your heart may be perplexed concerning the source whence the benefit will arrive, and what the Disposer will produce from this hope.

You hope a means of livelihood in tailoring, so that by working as a tailor you may earn money all your life;

He causes your daily bread to come to you in the goldsmith's craft—a means of gain that was far from your imagination.

Why, then, were your hopes set on tailoring, when He did not intend to let your daily bread reach you from that side?

By reason of a marvellous providence in the knowledge of God—an edict which He wrote in the past;
And also to the end that your thoughts should be bewildered, so that bewilderment should be your whole occupation.

“My union with the Beloved will be achieved either by this effort or by some means outside of bodily effort.

I do not assert that my object will be gained in this way: I am palpitating to ascertain from what quarter it will appear.

The decapitated bird tumbles in every direction to see in what direction its spirit may escape from its body.

My desire will be attained either by this going forth or through some other gateway by Heaven.”

Story of the person who dreamed that his hopes of opulence would be fulfilled in Cairo and that there was a treasure in a certain house in a certain quarter of that city. When he came to Cairo, someone said to him, “I have dreamed of a treasure in such and such a quarter and such and such a house in Baghdad”; and he named the quarter and house in which this person lived.

The latter perceived, however, that the information concerning the treasure in Cairo had been given to him in order to make him realize that, he must not seek anywhere but in his own house, this treasure would really and truly be gained only in Cairo.

There was a man who inherited money and estates: he squandered all and was left destitute and miserable.

Inherited wealth indeed does not remain constant, since it was parted against its will from the deceased one.

Just because he got it easily, he does not know its value; for he never made haste to work and toil and earn it.

O such-and-such, you know not the value of your soul because God bountifully gave it to you for nothing.

His ready money went and his furniture and houses went: he was left (alone) like owls in the deserts.

He cried, “O Lord, You gave provision: the provision is gone: either give some provision or send death.”

When he became empty, he began to call unto God: he started the tune of “O Lord!” and “O Lord, protect me!”
Since the Prophet has said that the true believer is a lute, makes music at the time when it is empty—

As soon as it is filled, the minstrel lays it down—
do not become full, for sweet is the touch of His hand.

Become empty and stay happily between two fingers,
for “where” is intoxicated with the wine of “nowhere.”

Stubbornness departed and released the water from his eye:
his tears watered the crops of devotion.

The reason why the answer to the true believer’s prayer is delayed.

Oh, how many a sincere moans in prayer,
so that the smoke of his sincerity ascends to Heaven,

And from the lamentation of the sinful
the perfume of the censer floats up beyond this lofty roof!

Then the angels beseech God piteously, saying,
“O You who answer every prayer and O You whose protection is invoked,

A faithful slave is making humble entreaty:
he knows none but You on whom to rely.

You bestow Your bounty on strangers:
every ardent wisher gains his desire from You.”

God says, “It is not that he is despicable;
the very deferment of the bounty is helping him.

Need caused him to turn towards Me from his forgetfulness:
it dragged him by the hair into My presence.

If I satisfy his need, he will go back
and become absorbed in that idle play.

Although he is crying with his soul, ‘O You whose protection is invoked,’
let him moan with broken heart and wounded breast!

His voice pleases me
and his cries of ‘O Lord’ and his secret,

And how in supplication and pleading
he would gladly beguile Me with every sort.”

Parrots and nightingales are put into cages
because they give pleasure by their sweet song;
How should crows and owls be caged?
This has never been recorded in story.

When two persons, one of them a decrepit old man and the other a beardless, come to an admirer of handsome boys,

And both ask for bread, he will at once fetch the unleavened bread and bid the old man take it;

But how should he give bread to the other, by whose figure and cheeks he is pleased? Nay, he will delay him

And say to him, “Sit down a while, it will do no harm; for the new bread is baking in the house”;

And when, after the work, the hot bread is brought to him, he will say to him, “Sit down, for halwá is coming.”

In this same fashion he is always detaining him and seeking covertly to make him his prey,

Saying, “I have some business to do with you: wait a moment, O beauty of the world!”

Know for sure that this is the reason why the true believers suffer disappointment in good or evil.

Returning to the Story of the person who was given a clue to the treasure at Cairo, and setting forth his supplication to God on account of his poverty.

When the man who received the inheritance had squandered it and become a pauper, he began to cry “O Lord!” and weep and lament.

Truly, who shall knock at this Door, from which mercy is showered, without gaining in response a hundred springs?

He dreamed that he heard a Voice from heaven saying, “Your fortune will be found in Cairo; Go to Cairo: there your affair will be set right. He has accepted your humble petition: He is the Object of hope.

In such-and-such a spot is a great treasure: you must go to Cairo in quest of it.

Listen, O wretched man, go without any delay from Baghdad to Cairo and the home of sugar-candy.”
When he departed from Baghdad to Cairo, at the sight of Cairo his courage was restored,

"In such and such a quarter and such and such a spot there is a buried treasure exceedingly rare and very choice."

But of money for expenses, great or small, he had nothing left; and he was about to go and beg from the common folk,

But shame and honour held him back; he began to plant himself firmly on fortitude.

However, his soul fluttered on account of hunger: he saw no means of escape from foraging and begging.

"At nightfall," he said, "I will slip out very quietly, in order that I may beg in the dark without feeling ashamed.

At night I will chant and bawl like a night-mendicant, that half a dang may come to me from the roofs."

Thus meditating, he went out into the street, and with these thoughts he wandered to and fro.

At one moment shame and dignity prevented him, at another moment hunger said to him, "Beg!"

Till a third part of the night was gone, one foot forward and one foot backward, "Shall I beg or shall I lie down to sleep with my lips dry?"

How that person arrived at Cairo and at night came out into the street to play the mendicant and beg, and how he was arrested by the night-patrol and after having been soundly beaten succeeded through him in gaining his object. "And it may be that ye loathe a thing though it is better for you"; and as God most High has said, "God will surely vouchsafe after hardship ease"; and as God most High has said, "Lo, with hardship goes ease"; and as he, on whom be peace, has said, "O year of drought, become severe, and then you will pass away."

And the whole of the Qur'an and all the Revealed Books confirm this.

Suddenly the night-patrol seized him and, unable to restrain his anger, beat him with fist and cudgel.

As it happened, the people had suffered losses in those dark nights from night-thieves.
They were nights of alarm and disaster, and the police were searching for the thieves with all their might,

That the Khalifa said, “Cut off the hand of anyone who roams about by night, even if he is a kinsman of mine.”

The king had terrified the police with threats, saying, “Why are you merciful to the thieves?

For what reason do you believe their blarney or why do you accept gold from them?”

To show mercy to thieves and any sinister-handed person is to inflict blows and have no mercy on the weak.

Beware; from sympathy with a particular do not let him go unpunished: do not consider his sufferings, consider the sufferings of the public.

Amputate the snake-bitten finger to prevent mischief: keep in view the infection and destruction of the body.

In those days, as it happened, the thieves, both expert and unskilled, had become numerous.

He saw him at such a time and gave him a sound drubbing and blows without number.

Shrieks and cries for mercy arose from the poor wretch: “Don’t strike! Let me tell the truth about it all!”

He replied, “Look now, I will give you time: speak, that I may learn how you came out into the streets by night.

You do not belong to this place; you are a stranger and unknown: tell me truly what you are plotting.

The government officials have attacked the police, asking why there are now such a great number of thieves.

It is owing to you and the likes of you that they are so numerous: first disclose your wicked associates;

Otherwise I will exact from you the vengeance incurred by all of them, in order that every respectable person’s money may be safe.”

After taking many oaths he replied, “I am not a housebreaker or cutpurse.

I am no thief and criminal: I am a stranger in Cairo, I belong to Baghdad.”
Explaining the Tradition, “Falsehood causes suspicion, while veracity inspires confidence.”

He related the story of his dream and the treasure of gold, and from his veracity the man’s heart expanded.

From his oaths he scented the truth: in him the combustion and the rue-seed were evident.

The heart is comforted by true words, just as a thirsty man is comforted by water—

Except the heart of one who is veiled and suffers from a malady, he cannot distinguish between a prophet and a dolt;

Or else, the message that is from the place were to descend upon the moon, it would be split asunder.

The moon would be split, but not the heart of him who is veiled; for he is rejected, he is not beloved.

The night-patrol’s eye became a fountain with wetting tears, not from the dry words, nay, but from the fragrance in the heart.

One word comes to the lips from Hell, one word into the region of the lips from the Spiritual City.

There is the spirit-increasing sea and the distressful sea: these lips are where the two seas meet.

Like a great mart between towns: goods come there from all directions:

Damaged, spurious, and swindling commodities lucrative commodities highly esteemed, like pearls.

The shrewdest traders in this mart inspect the genuine and spurious wares.

To him the mart is a place of gain, while to others in their blindness it is a place of loss.

Every particle of the world, one by one, is a fetter for the fool and a means of deliverance for the wise.

It is candy for one and as poison for another: it is mercy for one and as wrath for another.

Every inanimate thing tells a tale to the Prophet: the Ka’ba testifies to the pilgrim and is eloquent.
The mosque, too, bears witness to him who performs the ritual prayer, saying, “He came a long way to me.”

The fire is flowers and sweet basalts and roses to Khalil; to those like Nimrod, on the contrary, it is death and anguish.

We have said this many a time, O Hasan: I will never be weary of setting it forth.

Many a time have you eaten bread to prevent getting thin: it is the same bread: why are not you surfeited?

In normal health, a new hunger comes to you, by which indigestion and satiety are consumed.

When one actually feels the pangs of hunger, refreshment is associated with every part.

The pleasure is from hunger, not from new dessert: hunger makes barley-bread more delicious than sugar.

That weariness, then, is caused by lack of hunger and complete indigestion, not by repetition of the discourse.

How is it that you are not weary of your shop and of haggling and disputing in order to cheat people?

How is it that you have not been surfeited by speaking ill of men in their absence and backbiting them for sixty years?

Time after time, without wearying, you have gaily spoken false words of flattery in pursuit of a vile woman;

And the last time you utter them with fire and energy, a hundred times more ardently than the first time.

Passion makes the old medicine new; passion lops every bough of weariness.

Passion is the elixir that makes new: how weariness where passion has arisen?

Oh, do not sigh heavily from weariness: seek passion, seek passion, passion, passion!

Vain remedies beguile passion: they are brigands and those who extort money in the form of tolls.

Briny water is no remedy for thirst: if it seems cold and delicious at the moment of drinking, Yet it beguiles and prevents from seeking the sweet water by which a hundred plants are made to grow.
Likewise every piece of spurious gold prevents from recognising the good gold wherever it is.

It cuts off your feet and your wings by imposition, saying, “I am what you seek: take me, O seeker.”

It says, “I will remove your passion,” in truth it is dregs: it is checkmate though it is victory in appearance.

Go; always flee from the false remedy, in order that your passion may be successful and rich in perfume.

He said, “You are not a thief and you are not a reprobate: you are a good man, but you are foolish and silly.

You make such a long journey, on a phantasy and dream: your intelligence has not the least spark of brightness.

I have dreamed many times, continuously, that there is a concealed treasure at Baghdad,

Buried in such-and-such a quarter and such-and-such a street” — the name, in fact, was that of the street where this sorrowful man lived.

“It is in so-and-so’s house: go and seek it!” — the enemy named the house and mentioned his name.

“I myself have often dreamed that there is a treasure in the dwelling-place at Baghdad.

I never left my home on account of this phantasy, you in consequence of a single dream come without thinking of the fatigue.

The dreams of a fool are suitable to his intelligence: like it, they are worthless and good-for-nothing.

Know that a woman’s dreams are inferior to those of a man because of her deficiency of intelligence and weakness of soul.

The dreams of one deficient in intelligence and foolish are of little value: what, then, must be the dreams produced by lack of intelligence? Wind!”

He said to himself, “The treasure is in my house: then why am I poverty-stricken and lamenting there?

Living over the treasure, I have died of beggary because I am heedless and blind.”

At this good news he was intoxicated: his sorrow vanished, and without lips he chanted a hundred thousand praises to God.

He said, “My food depended on these blows: the Water of life was in my shop.
Begone, for I have met with a great piece of fortune, to confound the idea that I was destitute.

Deem me foolish or contemptible as you please: it is mine, say what you like.

Beyond doubt I have seen my wish: call me anything you please, O foul-mouthed one!

Call me sorrowful, O respected sir: in your view I am sorrowful, but in my view I am happy.

Alas, if the case had been reversed a rose-garden in your view and miserable in my own!”

Parable.

One day a base fellow said to a dervish, “You are unknown to anyone here.”

He replied, “If the ordinary do not know me, I know very well who I am.

Alas, if the pain and sore had been reversed and he had seen me, while I was blind to myself!”

“Suppose I am a fool, I am a lucky fool: luck is better than perversity and a hard face.

These words express your opinion; for my luck at the same time endows me with all that belongs to intelligence.”

How that person returned rejoicing and successful and giving thanks to God and prostrating himself and amazed at the wondrous indications vouchsafed by God and the coming to light of the interpretations thereof in a way that no mind and understanding can conceive.

He returned from Cairo to Baghdad, prostrating himself and bowing and giving praise and thanks.

All the way he was bewildered and intoxicated by this marvel, by the complete change as regards his daily bread and the method of seeking,

Saying, “Whence did He make me hopeful and whence did He shower money and profit upon me!”
What wisdom was this, that the Object of desire
causeth me to go forth from my home gladly on a fool's errand,
So that I was hastening to lose the way and at every moment
was being farther removed from that which I sought—
And then God in His munificence made that very aberration
the means of reaching the right road and gaining wealth!"
He makes losing the way an avenue to faith;
He makes going wrong a field for the harvest of righteousness,
To the end that no righteous man may be without fear,
and that no traitor may be without hope.
The Gracious One has put an antidote in the poison
in order that they may say He is the Lord of hidden grace.
That bounty is not mysterious in piety;
Forgiveness bestows a robe of honour in sin.
The unbelievers sought to abase those who were worthy of trust:
abasement became exaltation and miracles being displayed.
In their unbelief they attempted to abase the religion:
that very abasement was turned to glory for the prophets.
Unless every wicked man had shown unbelief,
why should evidentiary miracles have appeared?
How should a judge require evidence
until his disbelieving opponent has demanded proof of his veracity?
The miracle is like an honest witness
to the indubitable veracity of the claimant.
Since they were being attacked by every ignoramus,
God bestowed on them the gift of miracles and showed them favour.
The plots of Pharaoh were three-hundredfold:
al became his abasement and subjugation.
He brought magicians, good and bad, into his presence
in order that he might invalidate the miracles of Moses,
That he might nullify the rod and put it to shame
and remove from hearts the respect for it.
Those very plots only serve to manifest the veracity of Moses:
the prestige of his rod goes up.
He leads his army betimes to the neighbourhood of the Nile
in order to waylay Moses and his people;
it only serves to ensure the safety of the followers of Moses, he goes under the earth and the plain.

If he had stayed in Egypt, he would not have marched: how, would the Israelites have been relieved of dread?

He marched and caused the Israelites to be consumed; know that safety is concealed in danger.

The hidden grace consists in this that the Lord shows unto him a fire, but it is really a light.

There is nothing mysterious in rewarding piety, look at the reward bestowed on the magicians after their sin!

There is nothing mysterious in the favour shown while cherishing, He bestowed His favour on the magicians in the amputation.

There is nothing mysterious in journeying with feet that move, but look at the journey of the magicians when their feet had been cut off!

The knowers of God are safe for ever because they have passed through a sea of blood.

Safety appeared to them from the very midst of terror; consequently they are always in a state of increase.

You have seen that safety is concealed in a fear: O excellent man, observe also that fear is in hope.

A certain Amír cunningly shadows Jesus: Jesus hides himself in the house.

He enters in order that he may wear the crown: because of his likeness to Jesus he himself becomes the crown of the gibbet.

“Oh, do not hang me: I am not Jesus, I am the Amír, and I am well-disposed to the Jews.”

“Hang him on the gibbet,” “with all speed, for he is Jesus: seeking to escape from our hands by personating another.”

How often does an army march to enjoy the fruits: its equipment becomes spoil, and it is overthrown?

How often does a merchant go in hope of gain: he thinks it will be a feast (‘id), but he is consumed like aloes-wood (‘ud)?

How often in the world does it happen contrariwise to this: one fancies poison when it is honey?

Often, soldiers have made up their minds to die, splendour and victory appear.

You have seen that safety is concealed in a fear: O excellent man, observe also that fear is in hope.
Abraha came with the elephant to dishonour the House, that he might throw down the living as though dead,

And destroy the holy Ka’ba and cause all to wander forth from that place,

In order that all the pilgrims might gather round him and might all turn in worship to his Ka’ba,

And that he might take vengeance on the Arabs for the injury, for “why,” said he, “should they set my Ka’ba on fire?”

His efforts only turned to glory for the Ka’ba: they caused the House to be glorified.

The glory of the Meccans had been one: it became a hundred: their glory was now extending to the Resurrection.

He and his Ka’ba were eclipsed more. Whence is this? From the favours of the Decree.

Those poor Arabs were enriched by the equipment and baggage of Abraha, like a wild beast.

He thought that he was bringing an army: he was bringing gold for the defenders of the House.

He was every step of the way, in contemplating this annulment of fixed purposes and ambitions.

He came home, he discovered the treasure: by Divine grace his fortune was restored.

How the brothers repeated their advice to eldest, and how he was unable to endure it and ran away from them and went off, frenzied and beside himself, and rushed into the King’s audience-chamber without asking permission; but from excess of passionate love, not from disrespect and recklessness, etc.

The two said to him, “In our souls are answers, like stars in the sky.

Unless we speak, the game will not come out right; and if we speak, your heart will be grieved.

We are like frogs in the water: it is painful to speak, while the result of silence is suffocation and illness.

If we speak not, friendship has no light; and if we speak, it is without leave.”
Straightway he sprang up, crying, “Farewell, O kinsmen: truly this world and all therein is but a passing enjoyment,”

And darted away like an arrow from the bow, so that there was no opportunity to speak at that time.

He came intoxicated into the presence of the King of China and at once kissed the earth frenziedly.

To the King their feelings, their passion and agitation, were open in every detail from first to last.

The sheep are busy in their pasture, but the shepherd knows all about the sheep.

“Each of you is a shepherd,” knows which of the flock is feeding and which is in combat.

Although apparently he was far from those ranks, yet he was like the tambourine at a wedding-feast.

Well acquainted with the burning and flaming of those who came to his court, in his wisdom he had ignored them and kept silence.

That exalted was in the midst of their souls, but he had purposely feigned to be unfamiliar.

The form of the fire is beneath the kettle; the spirit of the fire is in the soul of the kettle.

Its form is outside and its spirit inside: the spirit of the soul’s Beloved is like blood in the veins.

The prince knelt before the King, ten announcers gave a description of his state.

Although the King knew it all long ago, yet the announcer was performing the duties of his office.

O sincere man, a single atom of the light of knowledge within is better than a hundred announcers.

To confine one’s attention to the announcer is a mark of being debarred and of conjecture and opinion.

He whose scout is his inward eye—his eye will behold with the very acme of clairvoyance.

His soul is not content with traditional authority; nay, his feeling of certainty comes from the inward eye.

Then the announcer opened his lips to describe his plight in the presence of the elect King.
He said, “O King, he is fallen a prey to your beneficence: show kingly favour, for he has no means of escape.

He has clutched the saddle-strap of this empire: stroke his distraught head with your hand!”

The King replied, “This youth will obtain every high dignity and sovereignty that he seeks.

I will bestow on him here twenty times as many kingdoms as he has relinquished, and myself into the bargain.”

He said, “Since your royal majesty sowed in him the seed of love, how could it leave any passion except passion for you?

It is so agreeable to him to be your slave that kingship has become cold comfort to his heart.

He has gambled away kingship and princedom: for your sake he has put up with living in exile.

He is a Sufi: he has flung away his mantle in ecstasy: how should he turn again to his mantle?

To hanker for the given away mantle and repent is as much as to say, ‘I have been swindled:

Put the mantle back here, O comrade, for that was not worth it, that is, this.’

Far be it from a lover that such a thought should occur to him; and if it does, dust ought to be on his head.

Love is worth a hundred mantles like that of the body, which contains a life and sensation and reason;

Especially the mantle of worldly dominion, which is cut short: a pennyworth of intoxication with it is headache.

Worldly dominion is lawful to those who indulge the body: we are devoted to the everlasting kingdom of Love.

He is Love’s agent: do not deprive him of his employment, do not let him be employed in aught but loving you.

The office that veils me from your face is the very essence of unemployment, though it is called ‘office.’

The cause of delay in coming hither was lack of capability and defect of skill.”

You go into a mine without capability; you will not gain possession of a single grain,
Like an impotent man who buys a virgin for a slave: even if she is silver-breasted, how can he enjoy?

Like a lamp without oil or wick that gets neither much nor little from the taper.

One who cannot smell enter a garden, how should his brain be delighted by the fragrant herbs?—

Like a beautiful and heart-attracting woman who is the guest of an impotent man; like the sound of a harp or lute in the ears of the deaf;

Like the land-bird that falls into great waters: what should it find there but death and perdition?

Like one who, having no wheat, goes to a mill: nothing will be given to him except the whitening of his beard and hair.

The celestial mill bestows on those who have no wheat whiteness of hair and weakness in the loins;

But on those who bring wheat with them this mill bestows empire and gives them sovereign power.

You must first be qualified for Paradise in order that from Paradise the life may be born to you. You must first be qualified for Paradise in order that from Paradise the life may be born to you.

What pleasure has the new-born child in wine and roast-meat and palaces and domes?

These parables have no limit: do not seek words: go and acquire capability! He tarried until now for the sake of capability, ere it was acquired his longing burst bounds."

He said, “Capability too is imparted by the King: how should the body be made capable without the soul?”

The favours of the King did away with his anguish: he had gone to hunt the King; he became the King’s prey.

“Whoever goes in chase of a quarry like you does not catch his quarry till he is himself caught.”

It is certain that every seeker of princedom is thrown into captivity before it.

Know that what is depicted on this mundane frontispiece is preposterous: every slave to the world is named “lord of the world.”

O wrong-thinking perversely-acting body, you that have enthralled a hundred thousand freemen,
Abandon this guileful plotting for a time: live free a few moments ere you die;

For if, like the ass, you have no way of attaining to freedom, your movement, like that of the bucket can only be into the well.

Go; take leave of my spirit for awhile: go, seek another companion instead of me.

My turn is finished: set me free, espouse another, someone else.

O body with your hundred concerns bid me farewell: you have taken my life: seek another.

How a cadi was infatuated with the wife of Jubi and remained in a chest, and how the cadi’s deputy purchased the chest; and how next year Jubi’s wife came again, hoping to play the same trick last year, the cadi said, “Set me free and seek someone else”; and so on to the end of the story.

Every year, on account of poverty, Juhi would artfully turn to his wife and say, “O sweetheart, since you have the weapons, go; catch some game in order that we may get milk from your prey.

Why has God given you the bow of your eyebrow, the arrow of your amorous glance, and the snare of your craftiness? For hunting.

Go; lay the snare for a big bird: show the bait, but do not let him eat it.

Show him his wish, but disappoint him: how can he eat the bait when he is imprisoned in the snare?”

His wife went to the cadi to complain, saying, “I appeal for help against my faithless husband.”

To cut the tale short, the cadi fell a prey to the words and beauty of the fair woman.

He said, “There is such a noise in the court of justice I cannot understand this complaint; if you will come to my private house, O cypress-slimmer one, and describe to me the injurious behaviour of your husband” —
“In your house,” she replied, “there will be a coming and going of every sort of people, good and bad, for the purpose of making complaints.”

If the house of the head be wholly filled with a mad passion, the breast will be full of anxiety and commotion.

The rest of the members are undisturbed by thinking, while those breasts are consumed by thoughts that return.

Take refuge in the autumn gale of fear of God: let last year’s flowers be shed;

These flowers prevent the new buds, and it is for the sake of their growth that the tree of the heart exists.

Put yourself to sleep from this thinking: lift up your head from sleep into wakefulness.

Like the Men of the Cave, pass quickly, O Khwaja, into awake, though you would deem them asleep.

“O adorable one,” said the cadi, “what can be contrived?”
She answered, “This handmaid’s house is quite empty.

The enemy has gone into the country, and the caretaker is not there either: it is a very good place for meeting in private.

Come there to-night if possible: what one does by night is without making hear of it or see it;

All the spies are intoxicated with the wine of sleep: all have been beheaded by the Negro, Night.”

The sugar-lipped chanted wondrous spells over the cadi—and then with what lips!

How often did Iblis chatter with Adam!—
but when Eve told him to eat, then did he eat.

The first blood in this world of iniquity and justice was shed by Cain for the sake of a woman.

Whenever Noah was frying meat in the frying-pan, Wahila would throw stones at the frying-pan,

And his wife’s plotting would defeat his work; the clear water of his exhortation would become turbid;

She used to send secret messages to the folk, saying, “Preserve your religion from these erring men!”
The guile of woman is infinite.
The sagacious cadi went at night to the wife for the sake of crawling.

The wife set two candles and the dessert for his entertainment.
"Without this drink," said he: "I am intoxicated."

At that moment Juhi came and knocked at the door:
the cadi looked for a place into which he could slink for refuge.

He saw no hiding-place but a chest:
in his fright the man went into the chest.

Juhi came in and said, "O spouse,
O you who are my plague in spring and autumn,
What do I possess that is not sacrificed to you:
that you are always crying out at me?

If, my dear, I suffer from these two maladies,
one comes from you and the other from God.

What do I possess but that chest,
which is a source of suspicion and a ground for surmise?
People think I keep gold in it,
and because of these opinions charity is withheld from me.

The appearance of the chest is very pleasing,
but it is quite empty of goods and silver and gold.

Like the hypocrite, handsome and dignified;
in the basket you will find nothing except a snake.

To-morrow I will take the chest into the street
and burn it in the midst of the market at the cross-ways,
That true believer and Zoroastrian and Jew
may see there was nothing in this chest but cursing."

"O husband," cried the woman, "come now, and give up this idea!"
He swore several times that he would do just as he had said.

Early he like the wind, fetched a porter,
and immediately put the chest on his back.
The cadi inside the chest shouted in an agony, “O porter! O porter!”

The porter looked to the right and the left to see from what direction the shouts and warnings were coming.

“I wonder,” Said he, “is it a hatif, this voice which is calling me, or is it a peri summoning me mysteriously?”

When the shouts followed one another in succession and increased, he said, “It is not a hatif,” and recovered himself.

At last he perceived that the shouts and cries for help came from the chest and that somebody was concealed in it.

The lover who has fallen passionately in love with an object of affection has gone into the chest, though he is outside.

He has spent his life in the chest on account of cares: he can see nothing of the world except a chest.

The head that is not above the sky—know that it is in that chest by its vain desires.

When he goes forth from the chest of the body, he will go from one tomb to another tomb.

This topic is endless. The cadi said to him, “O porter, O carrier of the chest,

Give news of me to my deputy at the court of justice and acquaint him with all this as quickly as possible,

In order that he may buy this with gold from this witless fellow and take it fastened, just as it is, to my house.”

O Lord, appoint a spiritually endowed company to redeem us from the chest of the body!

Who but the prophets and apostles can redeem the people from confinement in the chest of guile?

Among thousands there is one person of comely aspect, who knows that he is inside the chest.

He must formerly have beheld the world, so that by means of that contrary this contrary should be made evident to him.

Because “knowledge is the true believer’s lost camel,” he recognises his own lost camel and feels certain.

He that has never seen good fortune, how will he be perturbed in this calamity?
Either he fell into captivity in childhood,
or was born a slave at first from his mother’s womb.

His soul has never known the delight of freedom:
the chest of forms is his arena.

His mind is forever imprisoned in forms:
he passes from cage into cage.

He has no means of passing beyond the cage aloft:
he goes to and fro into cages.

In the Qur'an, “If you have the power, pass beyond”:
these words came from Him to the Jinn and mankind.

He said, “There is no way for you to pass beyond the sky
save by authority and by inspiration from Heaven.”

If he goes from chest to chest,
he is not of Heaven, he is of the chest.

The pleasure of changing his chest stupefies him anew:
he does not perceive that he is inside the chest.

If he is not deluded by these chests,
he seeks release and deliverance, like the cadi.

Know that the mark of one who apprehends this
is his crying for help and being in terror.

Like the cadi, he will be quaking:
how should a breath of joy rise from his soul?

The arrival of the cadi’s deputy in the bazaar and his purchase of the chest from Jubi, etc.

The deputy arrived and asked, “How much for your chest?”
“They are offering nine hundred pieces of gold and more,” said he,
“I will not come lower than a thousand:
if you intend to buy, open your purse and produce.”

He replied, “Have some shame, you in the short felt frock!
The value of the chest is self-evident.”

He said, “To buy without seeing is an iniquity:
our bargain is in the dark: this is not right.
I will open: if it is not worth, don’t buy,
lest you be defrauded, O father!”

آمدن نایب قاضی میان بازار و خریداری کردن صندوق را از جوحي الی آخره

The arrival of the cadi’s deputy in the bazaar and his purchase of the chest from Jubi, etc.
He said, “O Veiler, do not reveal the secret!”,
“I will buy it with the lid on: come to terms with me.
Veil in order that veiling may be vouchsafed to you:
do not deride any one till you see security.
Many like you have been left in this chest
and have landed themselves in tribulation.
Inflict upon another the pain and injury
that you would wish and approve for yourself,
For God is lying in wait and in ambush,
ready to give retribution before the Day of Judgement.
All-encompassing is the Throne of Him who is enthroned in grandeur:
over all souls is spread the Throne of His justice.
A corner of His throne is touching you:
beware, do not move a hand to act impiously or unjustly.
Keep a careful watch over your own behaviour:
observe that the honey is in justice and that after injustice the sting comes.”
He said, “Yes, what I did is wrong,
but at the same time know that the aggressor is the more unjust.”
The deputy replied, “We are aggressors, every one of us,
but notwithstanding our blackness of face we are happy,
Like the Negro who is happy and pleased,
he does not see his face, others see it.”
The altercation in bidding was prolonged:
he paid a hundred dinars and bought it from him.
O you that find wickedness agreeable, you are always in the chest:
the 
hatifs
and those who belong to the Unseen are redeeming you.
Dr. F 550
Expounding the Tradition that Mustafá said, the blessings of God be upon him:
“When I am the protector of any one, ‘Alí too is his protector,” so that the Hypocrites
asked sarcastically, “Was not he satisfied with the obedience and service rendered by us to himself
that he bids us render the same service to a snivelling child?” etc.
For this reason the Prophet, who laboured with the utmost zeal,
applied the name “protector” to himself and to Alí.
He said, “My cousin Alí is the protector and friend of everyone
who is under my protection.”
Who is the “protector”? He that sets you free and removes the fetters of servitude from your feet.

Since prophethood is the guide to freedom, freedom is bestowed on true believers by the prophets.

Rejoice O community of true believers: show yourselves to be “free” as the cypress and the lily;

But do you, like the gay-coloured garden, at every moment give unspoken thanks to the Water.

The cypresses and the green orchard mutely thank the water and show gratitude for the justice of spring:

Clad in robes and trailing their skirts, drunken and dancing and jubilant and scattering perfume;

Every part impregnated by royal spring, their bodies as caskets filled with pearly fruit;

Like Maries, having no husband, yet big with a Messiah; silent ones, wordless and devoid of articulate expression,

“Our Moon has shone brightly without speech; every tongue has derived its speech from our beauty.”

The speech of Jesus is from the beauty of Mary; the speech of Adam is a ray of the Breath.

In order that from thanksgiving, O men of trust, increase may accrue; then other plants are amidst the herbage.

Here the reverse is, he that is content shall be abased; in this case, he that covets shall be exalted.

Do not go so much into the sack of your fleshly soul; do not be forgetful of your purchasers.

How next year Juhi’s wife returned to the court of the cadi, hoping for the same contribution as last year, and how the cadi recognised her, and so on to the end of the story.
The wife came before the cadi with women: she made a certain woman her interpreter, lest the cadi should recognise her by her speech and remember his past misfortune.

The coquettish glances of a woman are fascinating, but that is increased a hundredfold by her voice.

Since she durst not raise a sound, the wife's ogling looks alone were of no avail.

“Go,” said the cadi, “and fetch the defendant, that I may settle your quarrel with him.”

Juhi arrived; the cadi did not recognise him at once, for at meeting he was in the chest.

He had heard his voice outside, during the buying and selling and chaffering.

He said, “Why won’t you give your wife all the money she needs for expenses?” He replied, “I am devoted with soul to the religious law, but if I die I do not possess the shroud: I am bankrupt in this game, I have gambled everything away.”

From these words the cadi, as it happened, recognised him and called to mind his roguery and the trick he had played.

“You played that game with me,” he said: “last year you put me out of action. My turn is past: this year try that gamble on someone else and keep your hands off me!”

The knower of God has been isolated from the six and the five: he has become on his guard against the sixes and fives of the backgammon.

He has escaped from the five senses and the six directions: he has made you acquainted with beyond all that.

His intimations are the intimations of Eternity: he has transcended all conceptions and withdrawn himself apart.

Unless he is outside of this hexagonal well, how should he bring up a Joseph from the inside?

He is one who goes to draw water above the pillarless firmament, his body, like a bucket, is in the well, helping.

The Josephs cling to his bucket, escape from the well, and become kings of Egypt.
The other buckets seek water from the well:
his bucket has no concern with the water, it seeks friends.

The buckets plunge into the water for food:
his bucket is the food and life of the soul of the fish.

The buckets are attached to the lofty wheel:
his bucket is in two Almighty fingers.

What bucket and what cord and what wheel?
This is a very weak comparison, O pasha.

Where shall I get a comparison that is without frailty?
One to match him will not come, and never has come.

A hundred thousand men concealed in a single man, a hundred bows and arrows enclosed in a single blowpipe;

_You did not throw when you threw, a temptation, a hundred thousand stacks in a handful._

A sun hidden in a mote:
suddenly that mote opens its mouth.

The heavens and the earth crumble to atoms before that Sun when he springs forth from ambush.

_How is a spirit like this meet for the body?_  
_Listen, O body, wash your hands of this spirit!_  
_O body that has become the spirit's dwelling-place, it is enough: how long can the Sea abide in a water-skin?_

_O you who are a thousand Gabriels in man,  
O you who are Messiahs inside the ass,  
O you who are a thousand Ka'bas concealed in a church,  
O you who causes ifrīt and devil to fall into error,_

_You are the spaceless Object of worship in space: the devils have their shop destroyed by you,  
“How should I pay homage to this clay?  
How should I bestow on a form a title signifying obedience?”_

He is not the form: rub your eye well,  
that you may behold the radiance of the light of glory!
Resuming the explanation of the Story of the prince and his constant attendance at the court of the King.

The prince in the presence of the King was bewildered by this: he beheld the Seven Heavens in a handful of clay.

Nowise was it possible to open his lips in discussion, but never for a moment did soul cease to converse with soul.

It came into his mind that It was exceedingly mysterious—
“all this is reality: whence, then, comes the form?”

A form that frees you from form,
a sleeper that awakens everyone who is asleep.

The words deliver from words
and the sickness lets you escape from the sickness.

Therefore the sickness of love is the soul of health: its pains are the envy of every pleasure.

O body, wash your hands of this soul now,
or if you will not wash, seek another soul than this!

In short, the King cherished him fondly,
and in that Sun he was melting away like the moon.

The melting away of lovers is growth:
like the moon, he has a fresh face while he is melting away.

All the sick hope to be cured, but this sick one sobs,
crying, “Increase my sickness!”

I have found no drink sweeter than this poison:
o state of health can be sweeter than this disease.

No act of piety can be better than this sin:
years in comparison with this moment are an hour.”

In this fashion he remained with this King for a long while,
his heart kabab and his soul laid on the tray.

He said, “The King beheads every one once,
I am sacrificed anew by the King at every instant.

I am poor in gold, but rich in heads:
my head has a hundred heads to take its place.

No one can run in Love with two feet:
no one can play Love with one head;
Yet everyone has two feet and one head: the body with thousands of feet and heads is a rarity.”

On this account all combats are in vain, this combat grows hotter every moment.

The source of its heat lies beyond the realm of space: the seven Hells are a smoke from the sparks of its fire.

Setting forth how Hell will say, when the Bridge Sirat is over it, “O believer, pass more quickly across the Sirat! Quick, make haste, lest the greatness of your light put out my fire,” “Pass, O believer, for lo, your light has extinguished my fire.”

For this reason, O sincere man, Hell is enfeebled and extinguished by the fire of Love.

It says to him, “Pass speedily, O respected one, or else my fire will be destroyed by your flames.”

Behold how this breath dissolves infidelity, which alone is the brimstone of Hell!

Quickly entrust your brimstone to this passion, in order that neither Hell nor its sparks may assail you.

Paradise says to him, “Pass like the wind, or else all that I possess will become unsalable;

For you are the owner of the stack, I am a gleaner: I am an idol, you are the provinces of China.”

Both Hell and Paradise are trembling in fear of him: neither the one nor the other feels safe from him.

His life sped away and he found no opportunity to cure: the waiting consumed him exceedingly and his soul could not endure it.

For a long time, gnashing his teeth, he suffered this: ere he attained, his life reached its end.

The form of the Beloved vanished from him: the waiting consumed him exceedingly and his soul could not endure it.

He said, “Though his raiment was of silk and Shushtar cloth, his unscreened embrace is sweeter.

I am denuded of my body, and he of phantasy: I am advancing triumphantly in the consummation of union.”
These topics may be discussed up to this point; all that comes after this must be kept hid;

And if you would tell it and make a hundred thousand efforts, it is fruitless labour, for it will never become clear.

As far as the sea, it is a journey on horseback: after this you have a wooden horse.

The wooden horse is no good on the dry land: it carries exclusively those who voyage on the sea.

The wooden horse is this silence: silence gives instruction to the sea-folk.

Every silent one who wearies you is uttering shrieks of love Yonder.

You say, “I wonder why he is silent”; he says, “How strange! Where is his ear? I am deafened by the shrieks, he is unaware.” The sharp-eared are deaf to this converse.

Someone cries aloud in his dream and gives a hundred thousand discussions and communications, This other sitting beside him is unaware: it is really he who is asleep and deaf to that turmoil and tumult.

And he whose wooden horse is shattered and sunk in the water, he in sooth is the fish.

He is neither silent nor speaking: he is a marvel: there is no name to describe his state.

He does not belong to these two, that prodigy is both: to explain this would transgress the limits of due reverence.

This comparison is poor and unsuccessful, but in the sensible there was none better than this.
متوفى شدن بزرگین از شه زادگان و آمدن برادر میانی به جنازه‌ی برادر که آن کوچکین صاحب فراش بود از رنجوری و عینى بدو رسد از دولت و نظر آن شاه، مع تقریر بعضه

The death of the eldest prince, and how the middle brother came to his funeral—for the youngest was confined to his bed by illness; and how the King treated the middle brother with great affection, so that he too was crippled by his kindness; he remained with the King, and a hundred thousand spoils, from the unseen and visible worlds, were conferred upon him by the fortune and favour of the King; with an exposition of some part thereof.

The youngest was ill, and the middle one came alone to the funeral of the eldest.

The King espied him, he said with a purpose, “Who is this?—for he is of that sea, and he too is a fish.”

Then the announcer said, “He is a son of the same father: this brother is younger than that brother.”

The King greeted him affectionately, saying, “You are a keepsake”; and by this enquiry made him too his prey.

In consequence of the kindness shown by the King, that wretched man, roasted, found in his body a soul other than the soul.

He felt within his heart a sublime emotion which the Sufi does not experience during a hundred chilas.

Court-yard and wall and mountain woven of stone seemed to split open before him like a laughing pomegranate.

One by one, the atoms were momently opening their doors to him, like tents, in a hundred diverse ways.

The door would become now the window, now the sunbeams; the earth would become now the wheat, now the bushel.

In eyes the heavens are very old and threadbare; in his eye it was a new creation at every moment.

When the beauteous spirit is delivered from the body, no doubt an eye like this will be conferred upon it by destiny.

A hundred thousand mysteries were revealed to him: he beheld that which the eyes of the initiated beheld.

He opened eye on the form of that which he had read in books.
From the dust of the mighty King's horse
he obtained a precious eye salve for his eyesight.

In such a garden of flowers he was trailing his skirt,
while every part of him was crying, “Is there any more?”
The flowers that grow from plants are a moment;
the flowers that grow from Reason are fresh.

The flowers that bloom from earth become faded;
the flowers that bloom from the heart—oh, what a joy!

Know that the delightful sciences known to us
are two or three bunches of flowers from that Garden.

We are devoted to these two or three bunches of flowers
because we have shut the Garden-door on ourselves.

Alas, O on account of bread
such keys are always dropping from your fingers!

And if for a moment you are relieved from preoccupation with bread,
you dangle about the chador and your passion for women;

And then, when your dropsy breaks into billows,
you must have under your sway a city full of bread and women.

You were a snake: indeed you have become a dragon.
You had one head: now you have seven heads.

Hell is a seven-headed dragon:
your greed is the bait and Hell the snare.

Pull the snare to pieces, burn the bait,
open new doors in this tenement!

O sturdy beggar, unless you are a lover,
you have an echo, like the unconscious mountain.

In the same fashion as your speech is the reflection of another,
so all your feelings are nothing but a reflection.

Both your anger and your pleasure are reflected from others,
the joy of the procurers and the rage of the night-patrol.

Pray, what did that poor fellow do to the night-patrol t
hat he should punish and torment him in revenge?

How long the glittering phantom reflected?
Strive to make this actual for yourself;
So that your words will be by your immediate feelings, and your flight will be made with your own wings and pinions.

It is with alien feathers that the arrow captures its prey; consequently it gets no share of the bird's flesh;

The falcon brings its quarry from the mountains itself; consequently it lets it eat partridge and starling.

The speech that is not from inspiration springs from self-will: it is like dust in the air and among the motes.

If this saying appears to the Khwaja to be erroneous, recite a few lines at the beginning of *Wa'l-Najm*.

Down to, Mohammed does not speak from self-will: 'It is only gained by inspiration.'

O Ahmad, since you despair not of inspiration, leaves investigation and conjecture to the corporealists;

For in case of necessity a carcass is lawful, but there is no need to investigate in the Ka'ba of union.

Whoever willfully adopts a heresy without investigation and the utmost efforts to discover the right way,

The wind will lift him up and kill him, like Ad:

For Ad the wind is a treacherous carrier: as a lamb in the hands of a glutton,

Which he lays in his lap as though it were his own child and carries away to slaughter like a butcher.

That wind was (the punishment) for Ad because of their pride: they indeed deemed it a friend, it was a stranger.

When of a sudden it turned its coat, that evil comrade shattered them piecemeal.

Shatter the wind—for the wind is a great temptation—ere it shatter you, like Ad

Hud admonished them, saying, “O prideful folk, this wind will tear out of your hands the skirt.

The wind is God's army, and in hypocrisy has it embraced you for a few days.

Secretly it is loyal to its Creator: when the appointed term arrives, the wind will throw up its hands.”
See how the wind passes through the mouth,
coming and going at every moment in advance and retreat.

The throat and teeth are in no danger from it;
when God commands, it attacks the teeth;

An atom of wind becomes a mountain and heavy,
and toothache keeps him miserable and ill.

This is the same wind that used to pass by harmlessly:
it was the life of the crops and it became the death of the crops.

The hand of the person who kissed your hand—
in the moment of anger that hand becomes a mace.

He cries from his soul, “O Lord! O Lord!
Take away this wind, O You whose aid is besought!

O mouth, you were heedless of this wind:
go and betake yourself to asking pardon of God with utter abasement.”

His hard eye sheds tears like rain:
pain causes the unbelievers to call unto God.

Since you have not received the breath of men from a man, listen;
receive the Divine inspiration from pain.

The wind says, “I am a messenger from the King of mankind:
now I bring good news, now calamitous and bad;

For I am subject to command, I am not in command of myself:
when am I forgetful, like you, of my King?

If your state resembled that of Solomon,
I should have carried you as I carried Solomon.

I am lent; I should have become a possession in your hand:
I should have made you acquainted with my mystery.

But since you are rebellious and I am taken on loan
to serve you for three or four days,

Therefore I will lay you low, like Ad,
and dash away in revolt from your army,

In order that your faith in the Unseen
may become firm at the moment when your faith is a source of woe.”

At that moment, in truth, all become believers:
at that moment even the headstrong run on their heads.

At that moment they cry piteously and make humble supplication,
like robbers and brigands under the gibbet.
But if you become upright in the Unseen, you are owner of the two worlds and a magistrate over yourself.

The abiding magistracy and kingship is not taken on loan for two days and ailing.

You are delivered from strife and can act for yourself: you are king and at the same time beating your own drum.

When the World squeezes our throats tightly, would that our gullets and mouths had eaten earth!

This mouth, indeed, has been an eater of earth; but an earth that has been coloured.

This roast-meat and this wine and this sugar are coloured and painted earth, O son.

When you have eaten or drunk and they have become flesh and skin, He gives them the colour of flesh, but they are still the earth of street.

It is from a bit of earth that He stitches the clay, and then makes the whole a bit of earth again.

Hindus, Turks, Greeks and Abyssinians—all have quite the same colour in the grave.

So you may know that all those colours and pictures are entirely a mask and deceit and borrowed.

The only lasting colour is the dye of Allah: know that all the rest are tied on like a bell.

The colour of sincerity and the colour of piety and intuitive faith will endure in the worshippers for evermore;

And the colour of doubt and the colour of ingratitude and hypocrisy will endure in the undutiful soul for evermore;

Like wicked Pharaoh’s blackness of face, the colour whereof is enduring, though his body passes away.

The radiance and glory in the beauteous faces of the sincere: their bodies pass away, but that remains till the Day of Judgement.

The only ugly one is that ugly one; the only beautiful one is that beautiful one: this one is always laughing and that one scowling.

He gives to earth a certain colour and variety and value, and causes childish folk to wrangle over it.

A piece of dough is baked in the shape of a camel or lion; children bite their fingers in their greed for it.
The lion or camel turns to bread in the mouth, but it is futile to tell this to children.

The child is in an ignorance and fancy and doubt: at any rate, thank God, his strength is little.

The child is quarrelsome and very mischievous: thank God for his lack of skill and strength.

Alas for these childish undisciplined elders who in their strength have become an affliction to every guardian!

When weapons and ignorance are brought together, he becomes in his tyranny a world-consuming Pharaoh.

O poor man, thank God for your deficiency, for you are delivered from being a Pharaoh and ungrateful.

Thank God that you are the oppressed, not the oppressor: you are secure from acting like Pharaoh and from every temptation.

An empty belly never bragged of Divinity, for it has no faggots to feed its fire.

An empty belly is the Devil's prison, because anxiety for bread prevents him from plotting and deceiving.

Know that a belly full of viands is the Devil's market, where the Devil's merchants raise a clamour:

Merchants who practice sorcery and sell worthless goods and obfuscate wits by vociferation.

By sorcery they cause a vat to run like a horse and make a piece of linen out of moonshine and twilight.

They weave earth like silk and throw earth in the eyes of the discerning.

They give to a bit of sandal-wood the appearance of a piece of wood; they put in us the envious desire for a clod.

Holy is He who gives earth a colour and causes us to quarrel over it like children.

A skirt full of earth, and we are like little children: in our sight the earth is as gold of the mine.

There is no room for a child beside men: how should God let a child sit with men?

If fruit become old, so long as it is immature and not ripe it is called ghūra (unripe grapes).
Though immature and sour reach the age of a hundred years, he is a child and unripe in the opinion of every sagacious person.

Though his hair and beard be white, he is still in the childish state of fear and hope.

Saying, “Shall I attain, or am I left immature? Oh, I wonder, will the Vine bestow that bounty on me?

Notwithstanding such an incapacity and remoteness, will He confer on these unripe grapes of mine perfection like that of the ripe grape (angúr)?

I have no hopes from any quarter, but that Bounty is saying to me, ‘Do not despair!’”

Our Khaqan has made a perpetual feast:
He is always pulling our ears, “Do not lose hope!”

Although we are in the ditch by this despair, let us go dancing along since He has invited us.

Let us dance like mettlesome horses galloping towards the familiar pasturage.

Let us toss our feet, though no foot is there; let us drain the cup, though no cup is there,

Because all things there are spiritual:
It is reality on reality on reality.

Form is the shadow, reality is the sun:
the shadowless light is in the ruin.

When not a brick is left on a brick there, no ugly shadow remains in the moonlight.

If the brick be of gold it must be torn away, since the brick is the price paid for inspiration and light.

In order to remove the shadow the mountain is razed to the ground:
It is a small matter to fall to pieces for the sake of this light.

When the light of the Lord struck on the surface of the mountain, it fell to pieces in order that it should penetrate its interior too.

As soon as a loaf of bread touches the palm of a hungry man, his eyes and mouth open wide in desire it.

This is worth falling into a hundred thousand pieces: soar up through the heaven, O earth, That the light of heaven may consume your shadow: the night is caused by your shadow, O enemy of Day.
This earth is like a cradle for babes: it cramps the movements of grownup men.

On account of the babes God has called the earth a cradle, and He has bestowed milk on the babes in their cradle.

The house is crowded with these cradles: let the babes grow up quickly, O King!

O cradle, do not incommode the house, so that the grown-up man can move freely.

The vicious distempered thoughts that arose in the prince in consequence of the self-sufficiency and illumination with which his heart had been endowed by the King: how he proceeded to show ingratitude and rebelliousness, and how the King, being made aware of it in an inspired and mysterious manner, was pained at heart and, though outwardly unconscious, dealt his spirit a wound, etc.

When from the inward nature of the King the allowance was paid over, without sale or purchase, into his soul,

His moon-like soul was feeding on the light of the King's soul as the moon on the sun,

And the spiritual ration from the peerless King was arriving in his intoxicated soul at every moment.

It was not that which polytheists and Christians eat part of the food which the angels eat.

He felt self-sufficient within himself, and from self-sufficiency emerged a feeling of insolent pride.

"Am not I," said he, "both a king and a king's son? How have I let this King take control of me?"

Now that a resplendent moon has risen for me, why should I be following a cloud of dust?

The water is in my river-bed, and it is time to show disdain: why should I who want nothing endure disdain from another?

Why should I bandage my head when my headache is gone? The time for pale face and tearful eye is past.

Since my lips have become as sugar and my cheeks as the moon, I must open another shop.”
When his carnal soul began to spawn from this egoism, he began to chew a hundred thousand thistles.

Even the evil eye can traverse a hundred deserts to reach the object of its greed and envy:

How should the sea of the King, to which every water returns, be ignorant of what is in torrent and river?

The King’s heart was pained by his thoughts and the ingratitude for his virgin munificence.

He said, “Please, O base ill-mannered fellow was this bounty deserved? Marvellous!

How I have dealt with you in this precious treasure! How you have dealt with me in your mean-spiritedness!

I have put in your bosom a moon that will never set till the Day of Reckoning,

And in requital for that gift of pure light you have thrown thorns and earth in my eye.

I have become for you a ladder to Heaven, and you have become a bow and arrow in combat with me.”

Pangs of jealousy arose in the King: the reflection of the King’s pangs entered into him.

The bird of his felicity fluttered violently in reproaching him and tore the veil of him who had sought seclusion.

When the comely youth felt within himself the dust and effects of his wicked behaviour, the allowance of favour and bounty had failed and that the house of his joy was filled with sorrow,

He came to himself from the intoxication caused by the wine; in consequence of that sin his head became the abode of crop sickness.

He had eaten the wheat, his celestial robe had been stripped off him, and Paradise had become for him a desert and sandy plain.

He perceived that that draught had made him ill and that the poison of those egoistic pretensions had done its work.

His soul that was like a peacock in the garden of delight became like an owl in the wilderness of unreality.

Like Adam, he was left far away from Paradise, driving an ox on the earth for the purpose of sowing.
He was shedding tears and crying, "O Hindu mighty, you have made the lion a captive of the cow’s tail.

O wicked fleshly soul with your chill breath, you have acted disloyally to the King who answers every call for help.

In your greed for a grain of wheat you have chosen the trap, and every grain of its wheat has become a scorpion to you.

The vain fancy of egoism came into your head: behold a shackle weighing fifty *mann* on your foot!"

In this fashion was he mourning for his soul, saying, “Why did I become the antagonist of my sovereign?”

He came to himself and asked pardon of God, and with his repentance he combined something else.

The pain that arises from dread of losing one’s faith—take pity, for that is the irremediable pain.

May no human being have perfect raiment!

As soon as he is delivered from enduring he at once seeks the seat of honour.

May no human being possess a fist and nails!

Then he never thinks of devotion and righteousness.

It is best for a man to be killed in tribulation: the carnal soul is an ingrate and one that has gone astray.

How God addressed Azrael, saying, “Of all these creatures whose souls you have seized, whom did you pity most?” and the answer given by Azrael to the Lord.

God was saying to Azrael, “O marshal, whom of all the miserable ones did you pity?”

He replied, “My heart burns with grief for them all, but I am afraid to neglect the command,

So that I should say, ‘would that God might sacrifice me in exchange for the youth!’”

God asked, “For whom did you feel the greatest pity?

On account of whom was your heart most filled with flame and grilled?”

“One day,” said he, “by Your command

I wrecked a ship on the fierce waves, so that it went to pieces.
Then You bade me take the souls of them all, except one woman and one child belonging to that company.

The two were left on a plank, and the plank was being driven on by the waves.

Then You said, 'Take the mother’s soul and leave the child alone in obedience to the command Be!'

When I parted the child from its mother, You yourself know how bitter It was to me.

Often have I seen sighs in great mourning, the bitter grief of that child has never gone from my recollection.”

God said, “Of My grace I bade the waves cast that child into a forest—

A forest abounding in lilies and sweet basil and roses, full of trees laden with fruit good to eat,

And fountains of sweet limpid water.

I fostered the child with a hundred endearments.

Myriads of melodious singing-birds poured forth a hundred songs in that garden.

I made for him a couch of wild-rose leaves;

I made him secure from the shock of afflictions.

I said, ‘O December, do not cut off the mild weather from this orchard; O November, do not let your fist fall on this garden.’”

**The miracles of Shayban Ra’i, May God sanctify his venerable spirit!**

Just as Shayban Ra’i, because of the stubborn wolf, used to draw a line round his flock at the hour of the Friday prayers, in which his followers were safe from the sarsar wind.
Stay quietly within this line for eight days and view the terrible mutilation outside.

It lifted into the air and flung them on the stones, so that flesh and bone were torn asunder.

One party it hurled against each other in the air, so that their bones crumbled like poppy-seed.

There is no room in the Masnavi to describe fully that chastisement whereat Heaven trembled.

If, O icy wind, you are doing this by nature, try to invade the line and circle drawn by Hud!

O natural philosopher, perceive that this kingdom is above Nature, or else come and wipe out this from the Holy Book!

Prohibit those who recite the Qur’an and impose a ban, or punish the teacher and put terror into him!

You are helpless and unable to understand the cause of this helplessness: your helplessness is a reflection of the Day of Retribution.

O perverse man, you have many a helpless plight before you: the hour comes, lo, the hidden ones will emerge!

Happy is he whose food is this helplessness and bewilderment and who in both worlds are sleeping in the shadow of the Beloved.

He is conscious of being helpless both in the stable and in the last state: he is dead; he has adopted “the old women’s religion.”

Like Zalikha, when Joseph beamed upon her, found the way from decrepitude to youth.

Life depends on dying and on suffering tribulation: the Water of Life is in the Darkness.

Resuming the Story of the most High God’s bringing up Nimrod in his childhood without the intervention of mother and nurse.

In short, that garden, like the orchard of gnostics, was secure from the simoom and the sarsar wind.

A leopardess had newly given birth to cubs: I bade her give milk to him, and she obeyed.
So she gave him milk and tended him
till he grew up and became strong and valiant.

When he was weaned,
I told the peris to teach him how to discourse and deal justice.

I gave him nourishment from that garden:
how should My artfulness be contained in words.

I bestowed on Job a father's love
in order that he might entertain the worms hospitably and do them no harm.

I bestowed on the worms love for him like that of children for their father.
Look, here is Power, here is Hand!

I have taught mothers to care:
how must be the kindness that I have kindled!

I showed a hundred favours and a hundred ties,
that he might experience My kindness directly,
And not be distracted by any secondary cause,
to the end that every call for help should be made by him to Me,

Or at least that he should have no excuse and no occasion
to complain of any evil companion.

He enjoyed this tender care by a hundred ties,
for I fostered him without an intermediary.

His thanks, O honoured servant, were this
that he became Nimrod and the burner of Khalíl”—

Just as this prince, in return for the favours of the King,
showed arrogance and sought to aggrandise himself,

Saying, “Why should I become the follower of another
when I possess empire and new fortune?”

The King's favours, of which the tale has been told above,
were veiled from his heart by his outrageous insolence—

“Even so did Nimrod ignorantly and blindly
trample underfoot those favours.

Now he has become an infidel and is waylaying:
he is acting with arrogance and pretending to Divinity.

By means of three vultures he has gone towards august Heaven
in order to battle with Me,

And has killed a hundred thousand innocent children
that he may find Abraham;
For the astrologers declared that, according to the forecast for the year, there would be born an adversary to combat him,

‘Listen, take precautions to repel that enemy’;
in his craziness he would eagerly kill every child that was born.

To confound him, the inspired child was saved;
the blood of the others remained upon his neck.

Oh, it is wonderful! Did he obtain that empire from his father so that he was befouled by the darkness of noble lineage?

If father and mother were an obstacle to others, he derived the jewels in his pocket from Me.”

Assuredly your wicked carnal soul is a rapacious wolf: why are you laying the blame on every comrade?

In its misguidedness the foul disbelieving unconscionable carnal soul is a cap for a hundred baldpates.

For this reason, O poor slave, I am always saying,
“Do not remove the collar from the neck of the cur.”

If this cur has become a teacher, it is a cur still: be you one whose carnal soul is abased, for it is evil-natured.

You will perform your bounden duty if you go round about Suhayl as Tā’if hide,

In order that Suhayl may redeem you from the vices of the skin, and that you may fit the foot of the Beloved like a boot.

The entire Qur’an is a description of the viciousness of carnal souls: look into the Holy Book! Where is your eye?

An account of the carnal soul of people like Ad, which found weapons, took the utmost pains to combat the prophets.

From generation to generation, the wickedness of the undisciplined carnal soul was the cause of the world being suddenly set on fire.

Returning to the Story of the prince who was smitten by a blow from the heart of the King and departed from this world before he was fully endowed with the other excellences.

Abridge the tale: after a year the indignation of that jealous one brought him to the grave.

When the King emerged from the state of self-effacement into consciousness, his martial eye had wrought that bloodshed.
When the peerless looked at his quiver
he perceived that one arrow was missing from his quiver.

He said “Where is that arrow?” and requested God.
He replied, “In his throat, for it is by your arrow.”

The King, whose heart was like an ocean, pardoned him;
but, alas, the arrow had struck a vital spot.

He was slain, and the King wept in mourning for him,
he is all: he is both the slayer and the next of kin;

For if he is not both, then he is not all;
he is both the slayer of people and a mourner.

The pale-cheeked martyr was thanking that it had smitten his body
and had not smitten that which is real.

The visible body is doomed to go at last
that which is real shall live rejoicing forever.

If that punishment was inflicted, yet it fell only on the skin:
the lover went unscathed to the Beloved.

Although he laid hold of the Emperor’s saddle-strap,
in the end he was admitted by the eye whose glances kill.

And the third was the laziest of the three:
he won completely—the form as well as the reality.

The injunctions given by a certain person that after he died his property should be inherited
by whichever of his three sons was the laziest.

Long ago a certain person, in giving injunctions on his death-bed,
had spoken—

He had three sons like three moving cypresses:
to them he had devoted his soul and his spirit.

He said, “Whichever of these three is the laziest,
let him take all the goods and gold in my possession.”

He told the cadi and enjoined him strictly:
after that, he drained the wine cup of death.

The sons said to the cadi, “O noble sir,
we three orphans will not depart from his decision.
We accept and obey: control belongs to him: what he has commanded must be executed by us.

We are like Ishmael: we will not recoil from our Abraham though he is offering us in sacrifice."

The cadi said, “Let each one, using his intelligence, and give some account of his laziness, that I may perceive the laziness of each and know beyond any doubt the case of every one.”

That I may perceive the laziness of each and know beyond the case of every one.”

The gnostics are the laziest folk in the two worlds, because they get their harvest without ploughing.

They have made laziness their prop since God is working for them.

The vulgar do not see God’s working and never rest from toil at morn or eve.

“Come,” “define laziness, so that from the disclosure of the secret I may learn its definition.”

It is unquestionable that every tongue is a curtain over the heart: when the curtain is moved, the mysteries reach us.

A little curtain like a slice of roast-meat conceals the forms of a hundred suns.

Even if the oral explanation is false, yet the scent makes one acquainted with his veracity or falsehood.

The zephyr that comes from a garden is distinct from the simoom of the ash-heap.

The scents of truth and fool-catch eyel falsehood are apparent in the breath, like musk and garlic.

If you cannot distinguish a friend from a double-hearted person, complain of your own rotten sense of smell.

The voices of cowards and brave courageous men are as distinct as the characteristics of the fox and the lion.

Or, the tongue is just like the lid of a cooking-pot: when it is moved you know what sort of food is inside;

One whose sense is keen can tell by the vapour whether it is a pot of sweetmeat or sour sikbaj (stew flavoured with vinegar).

When a man taps a new pot with his hand at the time when he is buying it, he detects the cracked one.
He said, "I know a man at once by his mouth; and if he do not speak, I know him within three days."

The second said, "I know him if he speak, and if he do not speak, I engage him in conversation."

He said, "If he has heard of this device, he will close his lips and take refuge in silence."

They said, "The case is like that of the mother who said to her child, "If a ghost comes to you in the night, or if in a graveyard and frightful place you behold a black boogeyman full of rage, keep a stout heart and rush at it, and immediately it will turn its face away from you."

"Said the child, "Suppose the devilish boogeyman's mother has said this to it; If I rush at it, by its mother's orders it will fall on my neck: what shall I do then? You are teaching me to stand firm, the ugly boogeyman has a mother too."

The instructor of devils and of mankind is the One: through Him the enemy prevails if he is in small force.

Tell me truly, how can you know his hidden nature?"

He replied, "I sit before him in silence and make patience a ladder to climb upwards: patience is the key to success."

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And if in his presence there should gush from my heart a speech beyond this joy and sorrow, tell me truly, how can you know his hidden nature?"

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