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Translator's Note

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This is a humble attempt of an English translation of the late distinguished Turkish Scholar Abdalbaki Golpinarli's (d.1982) seven volumes of the *Divan-i Kebir* of Mevlana Celaleddin.

According to Golpinarli, his translation of the *Divan* was based on the following sources:

1. Two volumes of *theDivan* which were compiled between July 2, 1367 and October 13, 1368 by Hasan ibni Osman-al Mavlavi. This *Divan* has 290 pages, and the volume dimensions are 0.325 x 0.47 meters. It is registered at the Mevlana Museum in Konya as No. 68 and No. 69.

2. The *Divan* registered at the Library of the University of Istanbul, No. 334, which was compiled in the 15th century.

3. The *Divan* owned by Golpinarli, prepared in 1691 in Baghdad. Later, this *Divan* was donated to the Mevlana Museum in Konya.

4. Eight volumes of *Kulliyat-i Shems yaDivan Kebir* prepared by Bedi-uz-Zaman Furuzan-fer, prepared in 1965 (1345 S.H.).

There are many other versions of the *Divan-iKebir*, but these are the most dependable ones.

Mevlana did not write, but rather recited the poems. Most of them were recorded by assigned people called Secretaries of Secret (Katibal esrar).

The *Divan's* language is 13th century colloquial Farsi. However, there are numerous *gazels*, or poems, written in Arabic and Greek. In addition, there are Turkish words and phrases spread throughout the *Divan's* pages.

There are 21 meters in the *Divan*. The first volume has 12,493 verses; the second has 4,052; the third has 4,526; the fourth has 4,180; the fifth has 6,684; the sixth has 4,002; and the seventh has 8,892. All together, the *Divan* has 44,829 verses.

We are starting with the first meter, *Bahr-i Recez*. In the original *Divan-i Kebir*, the meters were compiled according to their ending rhyme scheme and the last alphabet letter of their rhyme, not in chronological order. This first meter has the rhyme scheme *Mustef'ilun Mustef'ilun Mustef'ilun Mustef'ilun*.

I am grateful to the Ministry of Culture of Turkey and, in particular, the Minister of Culture Ercan Karakas, for their support and encouragement which have enabled me to bring the first meter of this gigantic work to reality.

I am also indebted to Mrs. Terry Peart for the years she has spent not only reading my handwriting, but understanding, typing and editing it.

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It is with great excitement and humility that I bring this treasure, in its entirety for the first time, to the English-speaking world.

Nevit Oguz Ergin  
Translator

### *Verse 1*

☺ Beloved, whose Love gives arms and wings  
To the flyers in the sky of happiness  
And makes them go higher and higher,  
Different ecstasies come to the spiritual person  
Through Your chains of Love.

"I don't like anything to set." [\[1\]](#)  
Those words are devoid of appearances.  
Forms and shapes from You  
Are seen every moment  
By those eyes that see hidden things.

Hearts are upside down because of You.  
The earth has turned into a sea of blood.  
I cannot call You "Moon," O Beloved,  
Who has been above the moon, above time.

The mountain is split open with Your grief,  
And that grief falls down to the bottom  
To blaze with glittering flames.  
All these favors, all these beauties  
Have grown and developed  
Because they acquired a drop of blood  
From Your favor and Grace.

O the support and confidence of all great men,  
Consider us among them.  
As You know, tails will follow heads.  
You have created such a great man out of dust [\[2\]](#)

That all the angels are jealous.  
The Soul is penniless compared to Your wealth.  
All goods and fortune fall to the ground underfoot.

A person reaches the height of the sky  
If You become his arms and wings.  
That person carries the sign of beauty on his face  
And becomes more and more beautiful.

Assume I'm a thorn, a bad one.  
But the thorn and rose go together.  
When a jeweler weighs gold,  
He puts barley as a weight  
On the other side of the scale.

Actions go with ideas;  
Goods come from the earth.  
This situation appears in words;  
The words are the sign of situations.

The beginning of the universe  
Is confusion, tumult.[\[3\]](#)  
The end is a shake and a quake.  
Love and gratitude are the same as complaints.  
Peace and comfort go hand-in-hand  
With jolts and shakes.

Dawn is the decree of the sun.  
Love of God, the Sultan's monogram,  
And "the time of Union has come now:"  
Love is interpreted this way.

Look at the One  
Who is the compassion of the universe. [\[4\]](#)  
Look at how He uplifts, gives status to the poor.  
Mantles are as bright as the moon.  
Shawls smell like roses.

Love is the whole thing.  
We are only pieces.  
Love is the sea of no end.  
We are a drop of it.  
He brings forth hundreds of proofs.  
We can find our way only through them.

The sky turns only with Love.

Without Love, even the stars  
Are eclipsed, extinguished.  
With Love, hunched back *dal* [5] become *elif*. [6]  
Once *elif* loses Love, it turns into *dal*.

The word is the Fountain of Life,  
Because it originates  
From the Love of the knowledge  
Of the real truth of things.  
Don't keep Love away from your Soul,  
So that your good deeds may bear fruit  
And keep growing.

The word is enough, even if it is scarce,  
For the one who understands its meaning,  
But it is never enough for the one  
Who sees only appearances.  
To him, the words are weak and pale.

It doesn't matter  
If too many poems have been said.  
Wouldn't it be better  
If the sea were full of pearls?  
The camel can keep going stage by stage  
With the pleasure derived from poems.

## 2

### *Verse 18*

That hodja's [7] feet got stuck in the mud  
In our neighborhood.  
Let me tell you his story.  
Do you remember the proverb,  
"The eye becomes blind when fate comes?"

He used to boast cruelly,  
Tuck up his trousers  
So they wouldn't touch the ground.  
He used to walk pompously.  
He made fun of Lovers  
And used to accept Love as a plaything or toy.

There are so many birds unaware of the trap,  
Flying without knowing that an arrow of trouble

Is coming from the hand of fate.

That man was also dead drunk,  
Passed out of himself,  
Clapping his hands, making fun of Lovers,  
And, with the illusion of his greatness,  
He attempted to wrestle with God.

He wasn't aware of what was coming to him.  
He used to raise his head to the sky.  
Gold and silver were in his pockets.  
*Bravo, bravo* sounded in his ears.

He was exalted by the people's applause,  
By those who knelt down in front of him,  
By those poets who praised him  
And gave foolish talks.

Nobility has its own disaster,  
Because kindness appears as greatness in man.  
The ones who fawn create illusion  
And make the person ill.

Hodja gave money thinking he was doing favors.  
Actually, he didn't create that money.  
How could someone be generous  
With someone else's money?

He turned into a pharaoh and a Sheddad.[\[8\]](#)  
He became a sack filled with air.  
He was an ant, then changed into a snake,  
And finally into a dragon.

Love is like the staff of Moses.  
With the Divine secret,  
Love threw an arrow from ambush.  
Our hodja was bent like a bow  
From the wound of that arrow.

He fell suddenly to the ground  
Like a man with a seizure,  
Started growling and convulsing.

He lost everything,  
Became naked and disreputable.  
Even his enemies felt sorry for him.

His relatives cried  
As if there were a death in the family.

He was turned into a pharaoh like Nemrud.[\[9\]](#)  
Really, he kept saying, "I am God."  
When his neck was broken,  
He realized his state  
And started crying and calling out,  
"O our God, O our God."

His face became pale like saffron.  
He had no wound but the one opened  
By the eyes of a beautiful face with sugar lips.

Shall we be more amazed  
By the arrow of that beauty or by her bow?  
Are her eyes more beautiful than her lips?  
Is she more disloyal than the world?  
Is she more concealed, or is the phoenix?

Let me tell you the secret of how to test Lovers.  
Come back to your senses, free yourself  
From this secret lock and chain.  
Open your ears. Listen.

But how can a person open his ears  
If he's out of himself  
And doesn't know where his ears are?  
"God does whatever He desires" [\[10\]](#)  
Is the only rule that restores the mind.

Hodja's wings were broken like a mosquito's.  
He yelled and screamed in torment  
And started to cry from Ayse's [\[11\]](#) love-telling.  
"A curtain has been drawn over my eyes,"  
Said the hodja.

"Since you've gone, we've been ruined.  
We're separated from you.  
Alas, alas! Without you,  
Life is death.  
Please come back to us of your own will."

"My mind has been pawned to you.

Is there anyone to help me in my grief?  
My Heart is subject to your trials.  
It has fallen in the middle of death's hell  
And keeps burning."

O yelling, crying hodja,  
Your hands and feet were safe before  
Whenever fate and accident hit them.  
But you broke so many Hearts  
Before this moment  
That now their punishment has found your feet.

Be thankful to God that your punishment  
Came from the side of Love.  
But leave temporary Love,  
Because real Love is God's Love.

The experienced veteran puts a wooden sword  
In the hand of his son  
Simply as a tool for training.

To Love another human  
Is like that wooden sword.  
When it ends in disaster,  
Love turns toward a merciful God.

At first, Joseph, son of Jacob,  
Was in love with Zeliha.  
This lasted for years.  
In the end, he experienced God's Love,  
And it was then  
That Zeliha fell in love with Joseph.

At first, she stayed away from Joseph,  
Who had tried to touch her shirt.  
In the end, Zeliha tried to tear Joseph's shirt.

"That's my retaliation," she said, "I got even."  
Joseph said, "God's Love makes this  
Such a funny kind of thing."

The one who desires becomes the desired one.  
The one at the bottom rises to the top.  
With His blessing, He makes many people

The Kible [\[12\]](#) to their prayer.

Here, words become thinner.  
Breath doesn't fit in the mouth.  
Now I want to use tongue-twisting words,  
Because it's the right place.

He said, "Who am I?  
I'm a figure made out of dust."  
The one who casts Remil [\[13\]](#)  
Draws, right or wrong, many lines on the ground.

Tell these words to our hodja, then listen.  
Hodja said,  
"Love set fire to my beard and burnt me.  
Why have you left me?"

"O noble hodja, I left, but I came back quickly  
To tell your situation to the people."

What could a silly man possibly tell?  
How could a particle from the sun  
Or a drop from the ocean  
Explain this endless adventure?

When He shows you a small piece,  
You'll understand the rest,  
Just as you do when merchants show you  
A handful of wheat from the barn  
For buying and selling the grain in the silo.

When you see the sample,  
You'll know the rest;  
You'll know what kind of flour you'll get.

You're also like an old barn.  
Dip in your hand  
And pick up a handful of wheat from the pile.  
See what kind of wheat you are,  
Then dike it to the mill.

That world looks like a mill.  
This one is like a threshing floor.  
Whatever you are here, bran or wheat,

That's what you are there.

Go on. Leave this obstinacy, O obstinate one.  
Look. That hodja is waiting.  
The one who has done his work halfway  
Is rushing.  
He says, "Come on now."

"O hodja, tell us, how are you?  
Why did you stay in this land of troubles?  
You're tired and afflicted with incurable pains,  
Covered with blood and dirt."

The hodja answered, "Help, O Moslems.  
Watch your Hearts. I've been wounded.  
Be careful that something like this  
Doesn't happen to you.

"I used to blame lovers  
When I saw them suffering.  
I laughed at them with a Heart full of malice  
And called them names, using bad words."

"Woe to the one  
Who slanders and ridicules people.  
The one who says bad things,  
He will get back exactly what he says. "[14]

Is this the mouth of a human  
Or the hole of a snake, a scorpion?  
Close this hole with mud and straw.  
Don't let friends be bitten.

Fall in Love. Forget names and titles.  
Leave the grains, leave the trap.  
Name the stone 'gold.'  
Name sugar 'grief and suffering.'

### 3.

☉ parrot who has Jesus' breath, [\[15\]](#)  
O sweet-voiced Beauty, nightingale,  
Come with the melodies,  
Adding Soul to Soul.  
Make Venus confused and lost in space.

Claim your Beauty.  
Let hundreds of enemies,  
Hundreds of friends, known and unknown,  
With yellow saffron faces and wet eyes  
Become the witnesses.

Grief makes everyone cry.  
Men, women, all wail  
Because of grief.  
Save us from grief,  
Because it's become like a dragon of cruelty.

O beautifully-voiced Sweetheart,  
Poke the belly of grief  
With Your hard, soft melodies.  
With Your justice, a tumult will be dropped  
In the land of Absence.

Remember, our Cupbearer fills  
Hundreds of water bottles with air,  
Turns Souls into Ferhad [\[16\]](#)  
For the Love of sweet-faced Shirin.  
Your Heart, like an Archangel,  
Gives life to man, who is made of mud.  
Please blow the breath of God in our ear.

We've fallen to the ground  
Like a heap of winnowed grain.  
Grain and straw are mixed in us.  
Give us a breeze from the wind of Soul.  
Separate the grain from the straw.

Do us a favor. Let grief go to grief,  
Joy to the joyful,  
The rose to the rose garden.  
Soul will rise to the sky.

Those beautiful grains' ears  
Listen for God's compassion.

Their hope is in the morning breeze.  
That's why they remain in the prison of earth.

Do a favor. Soul's work shines like gold,  
Embraces the Beauties.  
Soul's feet will become its head;  
Straws will turn into amber.

Be silent! In one breath, if permitted,  
I would tell the secret  
That no one dares utter in the ear of his brother.

#### 4.

#### *Verse 73*

☪ restless wind of ours  
Which doesn't stop anywhere,  
Say this to the rose for us:  
"O rose, the one who escaped  
From the rose garden  
To be made into rose petal preserve  
By mixing with sugar!

"O rose, you were sugar originally,  
You deserve the sugar."  
Sugar is good.  
To be a rose is also good,  
But to be loyal is better than both.

Touch your cheek to the cheek of sugar.  
Get the taste of it. Give perfume to it.  
Try to alleviate the pain of separation  
With the help of sugar.

Once you become the conserve of roses,  
You are food for the Soul,  
Light for the eyes.  
Pull your Heart away from the rose.  
It's different now.

You were living with thorns  
Just like the mind  
Who is the friend of Soul.

Ascend from earth to the sky stage by stage  
Until you meet Him.

When you walk among the people,  
You walk on a secret path  
From garden to garden.  
You go to the Source  
Where all these forms and shapes appear.

O rose, you are a rare bird,  
Flying the opposite way of others  
Because your news comes  
From that other direction.  
Leave your arms and wings.  
Come without head or feet.

O rose, you've seen all.  
That's why you're smiling at the world.  
That's why you're tearing your clothes.  
O red-kaftaned trickster!  
O strong, healthy brave!

The roses are raining  
From the sky to the rose garden, shouting,  
"Anyone who wants stairs to the sky  
Should throw his Soul to grief."

Come to your senses.  
Try to get out of the bottle of the Master  
Who makes rosewater like sweat.  
Become like a Soul out of its container.

We were like you once.  
Now we've become Soul.  
Come. You must become Soul, too.  
You'll have good luck, good fortune,  
And a very rosy face.  
When I say 'conserve of roses,'  
I mean the Grace of God and our existence.  
You see, our existence is like iron;  
God's Grace is the magnet.

The mind is like a mirror.  
The mirror maker  
Causes torture with His flames Because He doesn't want us.  
He says, "I want you without you."

O the One who says words smells like musk!  
Come back to yourself.  
There is no end to these talks.  
I won't tell anyone  
The things You've told me.

O Shems of Tebriz,  
Tell the secret of the Sultans  
Without sound, without color, without smell.  
If there is no sun,  
There will be no light of dawn.

5

*Verse 88*

☞ Sultan of our body and Soul!  
O One who makes us smile and show our teeth!  
O One who puts salve  
On our body's and Soul's eyes!

O my Beautiful, the moon is embarrassed  
Seeing Your light, Your height.  
Our blood should be sacrificed to You.  
When Heart sees You, it says,  
"Divine fate has come. Divine fate has come."

We become a ball for You,  
Fitting the curved end of Your club.  
Sometimes You call us into places of fun.  
Sometimes You push us into places of trouble.

Sometimes You put us to sleep.  
Sometimes You send us to reason.  
Sometimes You throw us  
To the world of existence,  
Sometimes to the desert of Absence.

He gives thanks to the Master.  
Sometimes he yells and screams, "Alas!"  
Sometimes he goes to serve Leyla.[\[17\]](#)  
Other times he becomes God's drunk,  
God's crazy one.

You torment the Soul,

Make him crazy, insane.  
Sometimes You make him enjoy solitude.  
Sometimes *You* make him fond  
Of ostentation and hypocrisy.

Sometimes he wants gold,  
Then other times spreads earth on his head.  
Sometimes he thinks he's Caesar.  
Sometimes he wears  
Old, patched and worn-out mantles.

What a strange tree he is.  
Sometimes an apple is grown,  
Sometimes a pumpkin.  
At one time he yields poison,  
At another, sugar.  
He causes trouble sometimes,  
And other times he is the remedy.

What a strange river he is.  
Sometimes he becomes water, sometimes blood.  
He turns into ruby-colored wine or milk,  
Or sometimes health-giving honey.

Sometimes he weaves knowledge in the Heart.  
Sometimes he destroys one's knowledge.  
Sometimes he achieves superiority,  
Other times he sees  
Every trouble and misfortune.

One day he becomes Master Muhammed.  
One day he turns into a tiger, then a dog.  
Sometimes he becomes a mean enemy.  
Other times he becomes a father, mother or kin.

Sometimes he becomes a thorn, then a rose.  
Sometimes he is the vinegar,  
Other times the wine.  
Sometimes he plays the drum.  
Sometimes he becomes a drum  
And is hit by a mallet.

Sometimes he falls in love  
With his five senses and six dimensions.  
Sometimes he wants good spirits.  
But sometimes, like a lost camel in the desert,  
He wanders around.

Sometimes his aims and hopes  
Are as deep as a well-digger's.  
Sometimes he is among the treasures  
Of a Karun[18] who hides his treasures.  
Sometimes he is like Jesus  
And ascends to the sky.

In the end, when Your grace opens his way,  
Our Sheyyad[19] sings one tune  
And is saved from changing from color to color.  
He becomes crazy and dips into one color  
Like an early morning sun.

He dives into the sea like a fish.  
His garden, his meadow, his country become sea.  
His coffin, his grave and everything else  
Are dead, a plague to him, except that sea.

When he slips out of those colors,  
He slips into the jar of Jesus.  
God's color appears to do God's wishes.

He is saved from malice, from modesty.  
He is saved from running and stopping  
Like the millstone turning around the pin.  
He is saved from 'come and go.'

"We open your door, really,  
So you can keep your friend next to you.  
We merge your coming generation with you.  
This is the reward of Love.[20]

"We tie your waist tightly.  
Really, we forgive your sins.  
You gave thanks to God. That's the reason.  
Thanks brings contentment."

Müstef' ilün, Müstef' ilün, Müstef' ilün, Müstef' ilün.[21]  
The door of explanation is closed.  
It is better for us to be silent.

## 6

### Verse 109

☉ Cupbearer, O Cupbearer,  
Today *You* and I exist here  
And have fallen into deep water.  
Let's find out who knows how to swim.

If a flood covers the earth  
With waves as big as camels,  
The birds don't have to worry.  
They think of nothing  
While flying in the sky.

Our face shines with gratitude.  
We are mixed like fish into the waves of the sea.  
Sea and flood give life to fish  
And make them more lively.

O Master, give us a boat.  
O water, rise, engulf us with your waves.  
O Moses, Son of Imran,  
Hit the sea with your staff. [\[22\]](#)

This wine causes a different kind of drunkenness  
In every head,  
But the Love of that Cupbearer  
Is enough for me.  
*You* can have the rest of it.

The Cupbearer grabbed  
All the drunks' hats yesterday.  
Today He's serving cup after cup of wine  
To take our mantles away.

O Beautiful One, of whom  
The moon and Jupiter are jealous,  
*You* are with me secretly, like a fairy,  
Pulling me nicely, but not telling me  
Where *You're* leading me.

O both of my eyes, light of my eyes,

Wherever I go, You are with me.  
If *You* want, pull me toward the tavern,  
Make me drunk,  
Or pull me toward Nothingness.  
Annihilate me!

Accept this world as Mount Sinai.  
We also want manifestation like Moses.  
Every moment God manifests,  
And every moment  
The mountain is broken into pieces.

A time comes when it becomes green,  
Another time, extremely white,  
Clear and beautiful.  
One time it becomes pearl,  
Then later, red amber.

O the ones who want to reach Him, see Him,  
Look in the mountain places where He manifests.  
O mountain, what kind of wine did you drink?  
We've become drunk. Come, O friend, come.

O Owner of the garden, Gardener,  
Why do You hold us?  
Why don't *You* let us be free?  
If we eat the grape, You take our turban.

7

*Verse 121*

☉ Beloved whose light  
Comes from behind the curtains,  
Your light and warmth  
Are like summer for us.  
Take us to the rose garden.  
Our Hearts are fiery like summer.

O salve for the eyes of my Soul,  
Where did you go?  
Come, come, so the water  
Will spring from our oven.

Come, so the barren land will be green,  
The cemeteries will become a garden,  
Grapes will ripen,  
And our bread will be baked.

O sun of Soul, sun of Heart,  
O Beauty who shames the sun with His beauty,  
Come and see how this sticky mud  
Got stuck to our Soul.  
We can't get rid of it.

The kindness of Your face  
Has changed so many thorns  
Into so many rose gardens  
That our faith has been acknowledged  
Hundreds of thousands of times.

O eternal Love, in order to deliver our Soul  
Out of this dungeon to God,  
How beautifully You show Your face  
From behind this mold.

O our bright morning,  
Make joy during the time of gloom.  
Show in the evening  
A bright, wonderful day.

You make pearls out of blue beads.  
You scare Venus.  
You make kings out of the penniless.  
Good for You, our Sultan.

Where are the eyes  
That can see a trace of Your dust?  
Where are the ears  
That hear our testament?  
Where is the mind  
That understands our evidence?

If the Heart sees the beauty of that sugar cane  
And tells of its grace and favors,  
Tate and flavor will sing songs  
At the bottom of our every tooth.

The sound of drums coming from the land of Soul

Says, "Particles are reaching wholeness,  
Sweet basil to sweet basil, rose to rose.  
Everything is becoming free  
From the jail of our thorns."

8

*Verse 132*

☉ rainy season, like sad lovers  
Crying because of the absence  
Of our beloved ones,  
Pour your rain on our friends.

O eyes of the clouds,  
Pour your tears out of cups,  
Because you are jealous of our Beauties,  
The Ones with faces like the moon.

Look at the crying of this cloud.  
Look at the smile of this garden.  
Now our patients get well  
And are saved  
From their father's cries and begging.

This cloud which rains continuously  
Resembles God's blessing  
To the thirsty, chapped-lipped friends,  
God is the One who offers this huge jar to rinds.[\[23\]](#)

The sky is spreading pearls  
Over the barren plains of earth  
Which lost their harvest  
Because of our deceitful Beauty's failure  
To give provisions.

This cloud is like Jacob.  
The rose in the garden is Joseph.  
Josephs are smiling  
Because of our crying clouds.

One drop becomes pearl,  
The other, narcissus.  
The hands of the ones  
Who make a living on the plains by crops

Are filled with goods and blessings.

The garden and meadow that offer wines  
Were decorated with flowers yesterday,  
Because our men who are fond of wine  
Drank it on an empty stomach.

Close your mouth like an oyster.  
Don't bring your drunkenness  
In front of the naïve,  
So that our knowledgeable friends  
Will come back from the land of Absence.

## 9.

### *Verse 141*

☉ Heart, what excuses have you given  
For all these faults?  
Loyalties come from Him;  
From you, all these troubles.

Kindness comes from Him;  
From you, all this nonsense.  
Favors come from Him;  
From you, these mistakes.

Benevolence, goodness, gifts  
Come from Him;  
From you, this jealousy,  
These bad thoughts and surmises.

Why so many favors?  
So your bitter Soul  
Can become better and sweeter.  
Why is He pulling you to Himself?  
So you can reach the Ones  
Who have attained the truth.

The moment you repent your faults  
And start calling Him,  
That's the moment He pulls you to Himself  
And gets you out of trouble.

When you're afraid of the sin you've committed,

Of asking for His help to get out of it,  
Then, right then, why don't you see the one  
Who scares you inside of yourself?

In His hands you are like a small crystal ball.  
He rolls you, then covers you  
And throws you in the air  
Just to be amused.

Sometimes He leaves you to your own nature,  
The way you were born.  
You fall in love with gold, silver  
And the love of women.  
But sometimes He shines on you  
With the light of Mustafa's [\[24\]](#) image,  
So that you'll be illuminated.

When He pulls you this way,  
You join with good people.  
When He pulls you that way,  
You mix with bad people.  
He either passes your ship  
Through this turbulence  
Or breaks and wrecks it.

Pray, pray secretly,  
Cry, moan and groan so much through the night  
That a voice will come to your ear  
From the seven layers of sky.

At last at dawn, a voice came to Shuayb's [\[25\]](#) ear  
After he yelled and cried and cried  
And shed tears like the dew.

"I'll pardon you if you're guilty,  
Forgive your sins.  
If you want the heaven I give you,  
Stop this praying and be silent."

Shuayb said, "I don't want this or that.  
Clearly, I want to see the beauty of God.  
To reach Him, even if the seven seas  
Become fire,  
I will plunge in and pass through them.

"If you expel me from Your temple,

Deprive me of that Beauty,  
If my wet eyes don't see that Beauty,  
I might as well stay in hell.  
Heaven is not for me."

"At least, don't cry so much," they said.  
"When you cry so much,  
Your eyes lose their sight."

"If, at the end, both my eyes see Him,  
Why should I worry about becoming blind?  
My every particle will turn into eyes.

"If my eyes are deprived of seeing Him,  
If they don't deserve the Beloved,  
Let them become blind."

In this world, everyone gives life  
For his own beloved.  
One beloved is a bag of blood,  
The other is sunlight.

Since everyone chooses a beloved, good or bad,  
Isn't it sad for us  
To become nothing for nothing?

One day on the road  
Someone became a companion to Beyazid.[\[26\]](#)  
Beyazid asked, "O bad man, what do you do?"

The man said, "I ride a donkey.  
I've become a slave to the donkey."  
Beyazid said, "Go away," then said,  
"My God, kill this man's' donkey  
So that he can become a slave to God."

## 10.

### *Verse 162*

☉ Joseph, whose name is beautiful,  
How nicely you walk on your roof!  
O the One who breaks our glass!  
O the One who tears open our trap!

O our light, our wedding, our assembly!  
O our kingdom!  
Boil our bitter water.  
Ferment our grapes  
That they may become wine.

O our charmer, our desire,  
Our Kible,[\[27\]](#) our God,  
You throw our aloe wood on the fire.  
Now watch the smoke.

O our deceitful Beloved, O our friend,  
The One who set a trap for our drunken Heart,  
Don't go away.  
Pawn our turban.  
The feet of Heart got stuck in the mud.  
Never mind Heart.  
I am giving Soul to Him, Soul.  
Alas to Heart for the Love in which Heart fell.  
Alas to us.

## 11.

### *Verse 167*

☉ One who sweetens our Soul,  
The one by himself, make him go beyond,  
And the one beyond,  
Make him come back to his senses.  
Give something to the poor.

Do favors for Lovers.  
Lighten the daybreak.  
Turn the antidote to poison.  
Give something to the poor.

Look at us with Your face like a moon.  
With kindness You search for the poor.  
Give us mercy, make us Your companion.  
Give something to the poor.

You give the sense of Love to the Soul  
With Your Grace, like the moon.  
How have You come into our company?

Give something to the poor.

What is the sign of the dervish?  
A soul sprinkles pearls,  
A tongue sprinkles pearls,  
Not a mantle made with hundred of patches.  
Give something to the poor.

You are Adam and, at the same time,  
Jesus and Mary.  
You are the secret and, at the same time,  
The One who knows the secret.  
Give something to the poor.

Bitter becomes sweet with You.  
Blasphemy becomes faith with You.  
Thorns change to the roses of August.  
Give something to the poor.

O my Soul, my Beloved,  
My blasphemy, my religion,  
Give something to the poor.

O one who falls into grief,  
The one who worships the body,  
Don't struggle with flesh.  
Don't fight with Soul.  
Don't look at the body.  
Don't look at me.  
Give something to the poor.

O my Light, I'll do something today.  
I'll turn around Your spiritual light,  
Then I'll give life to Love.  
Give something to the poor.

Are You the One who is looking to blame us?  
Are You a snake or a fish?  
Will You tell who You are?  
Give something to the poor.

My Beautiful, You can't be you  
And, at the same time, Him.  
This is not the way for You.  
Throw this soul to Absence.  
Give something to the poor.

## 12.

### *Verse 179*

☉ Joseph, at last come to this Jacob  
Who has become blind.  
O hidden Jesus,  
Appear from the dome of this sky.

My Heart is darkened because of separation.  
My Heart was like a bow string  
Now turned into hair.  
Poor Jacob has become old.  
O young Joseph, come.

O Moses, son of Imran,  
I have such Mount Sinais  
In my Heart for you.  
Come now from Mount Sinai.  
They're worshipping the oxen as a god.

The pale color of my face is like saffron.  
My bent neck has turned into a harp.  
I have been tightened and squeezed  
In the grave of my body.  
Come, O Soul, give cheer and spaciousness.

My eyes, which watch Muhammad, tell You  
That I have been longing with grief for You.  
O Secret of the verse,  
"We send you to the universes  
To show God's compassion!" [\[28\]](#)  
Show Your face through that scattered hair.  
Come!

The sun is like a sunset in front of You.  
O One who grabs the reward from the King!  
O the eye which looks with God, sees with God! O the Heart which knows everything!  
Come!

All Souls are like body for You.  
You are the Soul.  
What's the good of a body without Soul?

I've given You my Heart for a long time.  
Come, O Beloved, I'll give You my Soul, too.

The crops of my Soul have been harvested  
Since You took my Heart.  
The last trouble is You. Go.  
The last cure is You. Come.

O Beloved, my medicine is You.  
My remedy is You.  
The light of my Heart  
Which has been broken into a hundred pieces  
Is You.  
Everything in this helpless Heart except You  
Has gone. Come.

I have not been able to appreciate You.  
Destiny tells me:  
"Wound your Heart with arrows.  
Break your head with stones. Come."

O One whose level is stated in the verse,  
"The distance between them  
Is only two arrow throws," [\[29\]](#)  
O One who has an exalted state,  
O my Sultan,  
No one could be Your confidant.  
Come from the level of  
"Maybe it is much closer." [\[30\]](#)

O Sultan as beautiful as the moon!  
O One more beautiful  
Than a hundred beauties!  
O water, O fire, come!  
Come, O pearls. Come, O sea!

O One to whom my Soul  
Has become a slave and servant,  
O Shemseddin, O my Archangel Gabriel,  
Because of You,  
Tebriz became the mounted throne of God.  
Come from Mescid-i Aksa. [\[31\]](#)

*Verse 192*

☉ Spring of the Lover,  
The green has been made pregnant by you.  
O One who makes the garden and meadow smile,  
Do you have any news  
From our Beloved?

O winds which have the cleanest breath,  
O One who comes  
To help the wailing Lovers,  
O breeze which is purer than Soul and space,  
Where were you then?  
Where were you?

O mischievous one from the land of Rum,  
O deceitful one from the land of Ethiopia,  
I am confused.  
This beautiful smell is either  
From the skirt of Joseph  
Or the mantle of Muhammad.

O river of truth,  
You are flowing in our Beloved's canal.  
You are the Mount Sinai of the Heart.  
You add Soul to Souls.

O Charmer whose manners are pleasant,  
His essence, His worlds are beautiful.  
O Friend to whom month and year  
Have become slaves,  
Your months, Your years are beautiful.

14.

*Verse 197*

☉ suddenly-risen uproar!  
O endless compassion!  
O fire which sets the forest of thought ablaze!

Today You came with a smile  
Like the key to the dungeon.

You came like God's favor to the needy.

You are the doorkeeper of the sun.  
You are the One for whom to be hoped,  
The One to be depended upon.  
You are the One to be desired  
And the One who desires.  
You are the beginning; You are the end.

You appear in hearts and adorn the mind.  
You make wishes and, at the same time,  
Make wishes come true.

O peerless One who gives gratis to the Soul!  
O the taste and flavor of knowledge  
And the pleasure of keeping that knowledge,  
All except *You* is a fake and an excuse.  
Everything else is an illness.  
You are the remedy.

We fall in the trap and become cross-eyed.  
Without sin, we face all kinds of grudges.  
Sometimes we become drunk  
With black-eyed Houris;[\[32\]](#)  
Other times, we're fond of soups and breads.

See this drunkenness  
And leave the mind behind you.  
Watch only this snack. Forget the other.  
It's not worth even one piece of bread and a meal  
To jump into this adventure.

That invisible Master puts you to work.  
You take hundreds  
Of different-colored precautions,  
Reach the brightness and fall into darkness.  
In between, you keep struggling.

O my brave man, pull the ears of Soul secretly.  
Pray to God with all your Heart and Soul  
So you can stay away from people.  
I swear to God, they all are nonsense.

Be silent! I have urgent things to do.  
I'll get under the flag.

Throw away the paper. Break the pen.  
Here is the Cupbearer, coming, coming.

15.

*Verse 207*

A word came from sky to Soul:

"It's time. Come back."  
Soul answered, "Greetings,  
O Beauty who invites me.  
I'm coming."

"With pleasure," Soul continued.  
"I'll give hundreds of Souls for *You*.  
Call me back once more  
So I can reach the state of a Hel-eta." [\[33\]](#)

O peerless guest, You took away  
The patience and decisions of our Soul.  
Where should I search for You?  
Where can I find You?  
"Beyond Soul, beyond places," He answered.

I'll untie the heavy chains  
Of those in the dungeon  
And put a ladder to the sky  
So Soul will ascend.

Your beauty adds Soul to Souls.  
You are from our town.  
Even so, why are you favoring strangers?  
Is this fair to your friends?

You drank vagrancy like a syrup  
And forgot the way home.  
That woman, that witch of Kabil,  
Has cast many spells upon you.

Why don't you feel dizzy?  
Don't you get that urge in your Heart  
When all these caravans  
Are going there one after the other?

Haven't you heard  
The caravan Master and the sound of bells  
Ringing from front to back?  
There are so many friends waiting for us.

So many people are waiting for us.  
All of them are our drunks.  
Thinking of us, they passed out of themselves.  
They are yelling in our ears,  
"O poor ones, come to the side of the Sultan."

16.

*Verse 216*

Look at His beauty. Watch His manner,  
That figure, that stature,  
That face, those eyes.  
Look at His hands and feet.  
Watch His color,  
That dignity, that calmness.  
Watch that One dressed  
Like a full moon.

Shall I start with the cypress,  
Or tell about the tulips,  
Or describe the jasmine?  
Shall I talk about the candle and bowl,  
Or the roses that dance in the morning breeze?

Love looks like a pulpit for fireworks,  
Dressed to become the form  
Which came and cut the road  
For the caravan of Heart.  
O young one, give a moment of mercy.

All night I've been in the fire,  
Burning until morning.  
I'm so bright and happy from the morning sun.

I've been turning around His face  
Which resembles the Moon.  
I send greetings to Him  
Without lips or tongue.  
I throw myself to the ground

Before He invites me in.

You are the rose garden of the earth  
And the eyes and light of the universe.  
Yet when You step into the land of cruelty,  
You become all the sorrow and grief of the world.

I come to Your temple to sacrifice my life.  
"Don't give me trouble, go away," You say.  
I return to serve You.  
"Oh, stupid one, where are you?" You say.

Your reflection is having an affair  
With a fiery Lover.  
I hope my eye won't lose sight of Your face  
For even one moment.

O Heart, what has happened  
To your patience, your decision?  
Where is your work, your occupation?  
Why do you lose your sleep day and night?

Heart, expound upon the beauty of Your face  
And praise those charming  
Narcissus eyes of Yours.  
Talk about that hair which looks like hyacinth,  
Those beautiful eyebrows  
And those ruby-colored lips  
That tell such fascinating stories.

O Love, You have many different names  
Among the people.  
But yesterday I gave You yet another name.  
I call You  
Pain which has no remedy.

O Beautiful, my Soul is enlightened by You.  
I whirl around like the sky because of You,  
My Soul, my Beauty.  
Send some wheat  
So that the mill won't become confused.

I won't talk about Him anymore.  
After this verse, I'll be silent.  
It's enough.  
My Soul has been burned by this desire.  
My God, You take good care of us.

17.

*Verse 229*

Our Joseph, Your name is so beautiful.  
You climb our roof so nicely.  
We've opened the door.  
Come down from the roof  
And enter through the door.

O my ocean full of coral,  
I swear in God's name  
That my anxious Soul has no patience.  
Its head is so dizzy  
From the rolling of this mill.

Caravan Master, for my sake,  
For God's sake, don't move the caravan  
Out of this place.  
Don't go away. Let the camels rest here.

No, no, go insane one. Go like a madman.  
Walk nicely in the blood.  
Don't talk about what or how.  
Walk without what, without how,  
Because there is no resting place for the Soul.

When your body goes into the ground,  
Your Soul rises to the sky.  
Don't worry if your mantle is torn.  
There is no end for your Soul.

You're not a stranger  
To the secrets of Heart.  
Show your face because you are a mirror.  
And because you've fallen in Love,  
You will certainly go through  
Many trials and much turbulence.

You ask me,  
"How and where are you going,  
Running carelessly like that?  
Be careful! You're sailing through blood.  
How far do you plan to go?  
You're not telling me."

I answer, "You're going through the fire of Heart,  
Jumping over the hearts  
That are spread over the ground,  
Rolling with the Love of Heart  
Until you reach the sea of  
'God does whatever He desires.' "[\[34\]](#)

Every moment an envoy comes,"  
Grabs the Soul by his neck and pulls.  
Every moment an image appears.  
They all tell the Soul,  
"Come back to your own source."

The Heart is running away  
From this world of color and smell  
By yelling and screaming,  
"Where is that source? Where is that origin?"

18.

*Verse 239*

☞ I have seen the Beloved.  
I have seen that Beauty today,  
The One who gives light  
To every action, every force.  
His glory was shining in the sky  
Like the Soul of Muhammad.

The sun was ashamed after seeing His face.  
The sky split open and fragmented like a Heart.  
Water and ground became brighter than fire  
Just from His sparks.

"Show me," I said,  
"Show me the stairs so I can ascend the sky."  
He answered, "The stair is your head.  
Put your head under your feet."

When you put your feet over your head,  
You step on the stars.  
If you overcome your fancies and pleasures,  
You step on air.  
Why don't you come?

Hundreds of roads become apparent to you.  
Every dawn you ascend the sky like prayers.

## 19.

### *Verse 244*

O our friend, our Beloved,  
Our confidant, our Joseph,  
The light of our bazaar and our demand!

Look! Last year fell in Love  
With our present time.  
We are all spendthrifts.  
You are hundreds of treasures to us,  
Hundreds of our spent monies.

We are lazy.  
You are hundreds of pilgrimages,  
Hundreds of businesses and occupations.  
We fall asleep.  
You are hundreds of states of awakesness.

We are the sick ones.  
You are hundreds of salves for our wounds.  
We are all ruined.  
Your kindness, your favor  
Is our architect.

I said yesterday to Love,  
"O our crafty Sultan of Sultans,  
Don't deny that You hid our turban."

He answered me by saying,  
"No, what We do comes from you,  
Because Our mountain echoes your voice to you."

"Yes," I said, "true. We are the mountain.

This is our voice.  
But, O Friend who does what He wishes,  
The same is not true for us.  
We cannot do what we wish."

20.[\[35\]](#)

*Verse 251*

Our feast, our wedding  
Will be auspicious to the world.  
God fit the feast and wedding  
To our length like a proper garment.

Venus and the moon  
Will be matched to each other,  
The parrot with sugar.  
The most beautifully-faced Beloved  
Makes a different kind of wedding every night.

With the favor of our Sultan's prosperity,  
Hearts become spacious  
And men pair up with each other.  
Troubles and anxieties are all gone.

Here tonight, You go again  
To the wedding and feasting.  
O Beauty who adorned our city,  
You will be groom to the beauties.

How nicely You walk in our neighborhood,  
Coming to us so beautifully.  
O our river, O One  
Who is searching for us,  
How nicely You flow in our stream.

How nicely You flow with our desires,  
Unfastening the binding of *our* feet.  
You make us walk so nicely, holding our hand,  
O Joseph of our world.

Cruelty suits You well.  
It's a mistake for us to expect Your loyalty.  
Step as You wish on our bloody Soul.

O Soul of my Soul, pull our Souls  
To our Beloved's temple.  
Take this piece of bone.  
Give it as a gift to our Huma.[\[36\]](#)

O wise ones, give thanks  
To our Sultan's kindness, who adds Souls to Soul,  
Keep dancing, O considerate ones.  
Keep whirling and dancing.

At the wedding night of rose and Nesrin[\[37\]](#)  
I hang the drum on my neck.  
Tonight, the tambourine and small drum  
Will become our clothes.

Be silent! Venus becomes the Cupbearer tonight  
And offers glasses to our sweetheart,  
Whose skin is fair and rosy,  
Who takes a glass and drinks.

For the sake of God, because of our praying,  
Now Sufis become exuberant  
At the assembly of God's Absence.  
They put the belt of zeal on their waists  
And start Sema.[\[38\]](#)

One group of people froth like the sea,  
Prostrating like waves.  
The other group battles like swords,  
Drinking the blood of our glasses.

Be silent! Tonight, the Sultan  
Went to the kitchen.  
He is cooking with joy.  
But a most unusual thing,  
Tonight, the Beloved is cooking our Halva.[\[39\]](#)

## 21.

### *Verse 265*

O angel of death, afraid of us,  
Afraid of our battle,  
Afraid because you can't wear our colors,  
You can't.

If you get in a fight with us,  
If you dare to challenge us,  
None of your vessels will remain intact  
Because of the wounds  
That will be inflicted by His soldiers.

First you have to drink wine.  
You must get so drunk  
That you pass out of yourself.  
Then you might join our harmony.

If you want to drink this wine,  
First you must squeeze like a bottle.  
When you become a bottle,  
Hit yourself on our stone,  
Hit yourself on our stone.

Whoever drinks that red wine  
Grows and attains his desire,  
Reaches pleasure from our squeezed Heart.

Our doorkeeper plays many two-stringed lutes  
And six-stringed berbad[40] in that river.  
Whoever drinks will rub shoulders with Sultans.

Here even time's Mars is female  
At the strike of this dagger.  
No one comes with a headscarf to our fight.  
No one comes with a scarf to our battle.

If you want an arrow from the sun,  
You should get a shield from the full moon.  
If you are a Caesar, walk.  
Pass through our light,  
Pass through our light.

If we slaughter you,  
Become Isaac for us.  
Plunge in our ocean and be silenced.  
Be silent so that  
Our power won't destroy your boat,  
Won't destroy your boat.

*Verse 274*

☞ sit at Your door  
Hoping Your generosity, Your blessing  
Might open it and invite me in.

O Beautiful, the One  
On whose face hundreds of sparks  
Of mercy's light and kindness shine,  
My Soul is overwhelmed at Your door  
From the smell of musk and ambergris.

We are drunk. Our heads are dizzy.  
We have nothing to do with others' business.  
We don't even care if the world  
Turns upside down,  
As long as Your Love lasts forever.

Your Love claps its hands,  
Creating new universes, new centuries  
Beyond the sky, out of the great emptiness.

O Love, smile like a rose.  
O One whose looks are similar  
To that beautiful universal intelligence,  
O peerless rider of the land of Hel-eta,[\[41\]](#)  
Catch the sun. Put it into a sack.

We are Your guest today.  
We are the drunk of Your smiling face.  
I swear to God, my Heart leaves me  
Once I mention Your face.

Is there any roof besides Yours?  
Any name besides Your name?  
O sweet, beautifully-mannered Cupbearer,  
There is no cup but Yours.

I will grab him and beg for his help  
If I find an awakened Soul.  
I wish I could sleep  
So that I could see Your face in a dream.

O great man, slaves, people

Are gathered at Your door.  
Get out, stagger along.  
I am out of myself. I am drunk  
Because of Heart-catching, drunken eyes.

See the bloody tears, the hundreds of torn shirts  
By Your grief.  
Listen to all the yelling and screaming.  
Look at the blood of my lungs  
Smear'd all over my face, my back, my front.

The one who sees Your face  
Runs from town to town and becomes mad.  
Why should I curse him,  
Want him to face all that trouble?  
He is going to eat stones and soil anyway.

The very worst comes to the one  
Who doesn't know You.  
O Sultan of mankind,  
Don't prevent me from seeing You.  
Don't make me blind.

The blood runs like a torrent  
To the shore of the sea of Soul.  
It merges with the sea.  
The ones who know the sea  
Forget everything else.

One astonished river runs smoothly;  
Another one is lost.  
The first one thanks God;  
The other prays for help.  
"God is the only One  
Able to change one condition to the other." [\[42\]](#)

O One who rises like a sun  
And falls in Love with the poor,  
Please do a favor for Your people.

The rose has passed out of himself  
After seeing You,  
Suddenly torn his dress and petals to pieces.  
The harp begins to cry after hearing Your harp,

And bends its head down in shame.

Venus doesn't have a better song than Yours.  
What kind of flute could she play?  
She puts her lips to Yours  
To learn new tunes.

With just a little hope  
All the sugar canes keep swaying.  
You give the kingdom to whomever You please.[\[43\]](#)  
They also want to rise.

The harp is no good without You.  
The reed flute is engulfed in grief.  
Take one in Your arms. Kiss the other.  
The tambourine says, "Hit, hit my face  
So I may become more valuable."

Make this Heart,  
Which has broken to pieces  
And been scattered around,  
Well drunk, so that it can find today  
The things it lost yesterday.

O great Sultan, from now on,  
It's a pity to stay sober.  
I made an oath to God  
That I would not mention Him  
When I'm sober.

Don't bring any more proof.  
Either give wine or talk.  
Like one who found You through Grace,  
Follow the adventure of the Sufi.

23.

*Verse 296*

Who cares if death comes  
And grabs my being?  
I'll welcome death.  
If I have hundreds of lives, I'll give them all.

I'll ascend first to the sky,

Then with joy to the land of Nothingness.  
I'll tell the Master of the house,  
"You took away all my patience, all my decisions.  
You should have come sooner."

You snatch the stars from the moon  
And carry them off piece by piece.  
Sometimes you take away the baby sucking milk.  
Sometimes you take away the nanny.

I have a Heart like the earth.  
It pulls huge mountains.  
Why should I be loaded with straw?  
I am a man who moves mountains.  
Save me from this barn.

Every hair in my body has become a lion.  
But I'm tired of dead wishes.  
I am flour, not grain.  
Why did I come to the mill?

Grain was born from an ear of corn  
And goes to the mill.  
Yet I am not the son of an ear of corn.  
I was born from the moon.  
My place is not the mill.

No, no, moonlight also reflects the mill  
Through the window.  
But it returns to the moon,  
Not the bakery store.

If I were a friend,  
With my mind I would tell you more.  
But be silent now  
So that the wind in the air  
Won't hear this fable.

24.

*Verse 304*

☞love You with all my Heart and Soul.  
That's my sin.  
Why do You turn Your face

From my pale saffron face?

Either take care of this bleeding Heart  
Or give the patience of  
"God does whatever He desires." [\[44\]](#)

We came to the crossroads after a long walk.  
One road was 'Be patient.'  
The other was 'Give thanks for the blessing.'  
But I can't see either one  
Without the light of Your face.

No water flows in any canal  
When You turn Your face away.  
Particles don't appear  
If the sun doesn't rise at early dawn.

The Hearts of beauties can't be dizzy and drunk  
Without Your wine.  
How can the devil run from Lahavle [\[45\]](#)  
If You don't protect us?

If You don't add a palmful of Helie [\[46\]](#)  
To the medicine with Your own hand,  
It can be neither pill nor paste.

Without the uproars of Your clouds,  
The sun doesn't enter the sign of the lion.  
Without You, no artery pulsates  
In the hands and feet of the devout.

You hide meaning in death,  
Awakeness in sleep.  
You get spring water from stone.  
You manifest faithfulness in lightning.

The dark torrent of the night  
Carries away mind and intelligence everywhere.  
Who better to bring them back  
Than the follower of Hel-eta? [\[47\]](#)

O Soul of the whole or Soul of the part!  
O the One who provides a dress  
To cover the garden and meadow!

O the One who invites Soul with the drumbeat,  
Chanting, "Come, O wandering Soul!"

Everyone wants to cheat  
And take Oshur[48] from me.  
But I don't have the mind  
To understand this word.

From wherever understanding comes,  
One has to go in that direction.  
Whoever makes your life longer,  
Pray for him to have a long life.

The One who squeezes your Heart,  
The One who makes you green and grow,  
Gives the color of rose to your face.  
He is the One who forces you to pray  
And accepts your praying,  
Grants your prayers.

He adds *R* to be,  
*Nun* to *elif* [49]  
In order to say the word *Rabbena*, [50]  
Which gives breath and power to your mouth.

I follow Your orders, saying,  
"Lebbeyk, Lebbeyk," [51]  
O munificent One.  
With Your Love in my Heart,  
I keep turning like a millstone.

The millstone turns and turns,  
But the mill doesn't understand  
That our nourishment comes from that.  
So does the miller's income.

Water is the one that turns the stone.  
When God stops the water, nothing moves.

Be silent. All these words  
Are coming from our secret.  
You be silent, so that the One  
Who doesn't slip in His talk can tell.

*Verse 322*

☞ should wail.

I should do so much that, in the end,  
I would clean the rust off the mirror  
Of the disbeliever's Heart.

The Heart is riding  
The horse of Your Love.  
Your Love's horse is so fast  
That every step  
Is passing the land of Soul by miles.

If You show Your bright ruby lips  
In spite of all the darkness,  
Hard rocks will rain from the sky  
On the Hearts of the stone-hearted ones.

Do You know why they deny such brightness?  
They see the splendid glory,  
But are ashamed of themselves.  
They're jealous of You.

If that isn't really the case,  
Even though they're blind now,  
Their eyes will be opened eventually,  
And they will see thousands of beauties,  
Of moon-pieces like stars  
Clustered on the side.

The joy of Your glory  
Opens the eyes of the blind.  
The beauty of Your roads  
Causes the lame to walk.

Even though they walk,  
They still lose themselves suddenly on the road.  
In fact, every mind that grows in Your garden,  
Follows that air.

I've seen so many people,  
Their insides empty, wailing like a flute.  
For that reason, many brave necks  
Are bent by grief like a harp.

For that reason, so many caravans  
Are lost on the road.  
For that reason, so many ships  
Are wrecked and run aground.

All those broken and ruined ones,  
With their Hearts and Souls,  
Keep their hopes pinned on You,  
Expecting to get something  
From Your endless knowledge.

It is expected that Your favor,  
Which is the favor of favors,  
Will alleviate suffering.  
Every place will turn into peace  
And be done with struggling.

It is expected that this humdrum world  
Will stop.  
It will be a different road and journey.  
New melodies will appear in every Heart,  
And Hearts will be attached  
To each other like chains.

With the beautiful invitation  
Of Shems of Tebriz,  
Every particle would rise  
And ascend to the sky,  
Every hair would become a brave.

26.

*Verse 335*

O Sultan of Sultans, blood never sleeps.  
O beautiful Moon face,  
A sea of blood comes from trouble and grief,  
Boiling, flowing over my eyes.  
How could sleep possibly get there?

If I closed my lips,  
My Heart would overflow.  
When I pour water on it,  
It boils and rises more.

If people don't condone my Love  
And criticize me, I understand.  
But how can an accused one  
Ever reach light and glory?

My blood overflows, becomes words in my mouth,  
Then drops out of my pen.  
The alphabet goes to Solomon  
Like ants begging.

O Solomon, O Sultan,  
O the One who grants favors,  
Your favors exalt every goodness.  
Souls are the shells for Your pearl.  
Grasses are the hearts in Your garden.

We are a helpless bunch of ants,  
Separated from the place of harvest,  
Wandering from one side to the other.  
Come and help us.

We are a handful of dirt in Your hand,  
Your slave and Your servant.  
Even with all this blindness,  
We can see and watch the Beauties.

Don't look at us.  
Remember Your kindness.  
"He doesn't need anything.  
Everything needs Him. "[\[52\]](#)  
As You praise Yourself,  
You may forgive the one  
Who did all the sinning,  
Committed bad deeds in both worlds.

O warmth of greatness,  
O Beautiful, Heart has seen You.  
Give him an alm.  
How can I see anything else in this world?  
How can I watch anything else in the sky?

The Heart has drunk wine  
From the Sultan of Sultans.

If such a Heart were to drink,  
Even from the clean, pure Fountain of Life,  
It would stick in its throat.

To the One who sees that Beauty  
Who is bright like a moon in beauty and charm,  
The sun is seen as a dark annoyance  
Resembling only a small spark in His eye.

To the Lovers who have been separated  
From that beautiful Sultan  
Who has not been extolled,  
Despite hundreds of honors,  
Their sweet life becomes sandy, sour.

O Soul, cut the words short. While you're talking,  
Try to go as far as Tebriz,  
To the way of the Sultan of Sultans.

O flesh, don't be lazy like a dog.  
Don't try to bark.  
Give up your being  
In order to go toward the Sultan of beings.

O beautiful One, hundreds of existences  
Are nothing but a handful of dust.  
Hundreds of Sultans of Sultans are nothing  
But servants at His side.  
O Charmer to whom hundreds of Asafs [\[53\]](#)  
Turn into slaves,  
Even Solomon becomes astonished with His Love.

Solomon felt he would fall  
Into all kinds of tricks because of that Love,  
Would go through lots of trouble.  
He started trembling because he knew  
All these exaltations would degrade him.

Suddenly a devilish trick came.  
A glass of loftiness and fame inflated his ego  
And took his greatness away.

That peerless Sultan at one time worried  
About his belongings.  
He put giant fairies  
Row upon row to protect himself. [\[54\]](#)

He then realized he had fallen  
Into a trap of his desire and fancy,  
Turned his back on those gardens  
And understood that all his belongings  
Actually did not belong to him.

He had cut the neck of the giant fairies' necks  
With the sword of distress,  
Because they kept him away  
From the Beloved on the other side.

At once, the grace of Shemseddin,  
To whom everyone is a slave and servant,  
Rose like a moon and said,  
"O choice man,  
Don't burn and hurt the universe."

When he heard that order from the Sultan,  
He prostrated himself.  
He received such assurance from Tebriz  
That he would gladly sacrifice both worlds.

27.

*Verse 357*

☞ don't know how much I should cry and moan  
To make the Beloved feel sorry for me,  
How much blood these eyes should shed  
So I can see the rose garden.

When the sun shines,  
I don't complain that much about separation.  
But if the Heart would show me a new road,  
I would start all over again.

O universal mind  
Which has all these skills,  
Teach me a spell,  
A way for me to go  
So that the beauty of the beautiful Beloved  
Will have pity on me. '

The Heart cannot find the light

Of Cigil's [\[55\]](#) candle,  
Is unable to reach that Glory.  
One is water; the other is dirt.  
How could water and dirt understand  
The desire of this deceitful Beauty's Heart?

The Archangel Gabriel  
Is understanding and tolerant.  
But how can he know  
The taste of well-fed suckling calf meat?  
How can one hunt the beautiful phoenix  
With a trap of grain?

Even a small fly looks like a phoenix  
In front of a phoenix who has been trapped.  
O mind which resembles a spider,  
How long will you keep making this web?

Where is Jesus, whose breath is so holy  
That even without the means of Mary  
He would be so exalted, so overflowing,  
That the Christians' Hearts would become untied  
And throw off their Zunnar? [\[56\]](#)

Deccal [\[57\]](#) of grief  
Who looks like fire  
And burns everything like fire,  
Who lays a carpet of fire,  
Where is Jesus  
Who will draw a knife on that Deccal?

All the health and soundness  
Which comes to the body  
Comes from You.  
The uproar which comes to the Soul  
Comes from You.  
The signs of Jesus' return  
Before the Last Day of Judgment  
Also come from You.

Once a stone is thrown at glass,  
It falls down because of its sorrow.  
The thorn would feel as if it were on fire  
If it didn't have the rose.

I became like Vamik,

Who is separated from Azra,[\[58\]](#)  
Because I didn't deserve Him.  
But even then, in the Lover's Heart,  
There still is Love's drunkenness, dizziness.

As in a stately game of chess,  
Wherein a hundred Souls  
Provide provisions for the Shah,  
He puts hundreds of mountains  
On top of one straw.  
For the one who suffers one grief,  
He gives a hundred times  
More grief and calamities.

I see the Soul has reached the Sultan,  
Passed beyond himself, separated from self.  
With the Sultan's favor,  
He has made the window and door for Soul.

It is possible that the great Sultan  
With innumerable favors  
Would exempt us from the custom  
Of asking forgiveness for those sins.

The Soul who turns to Him  
Will become like Bayezid,[\[59\]](#)  
Or turn his face to Senai [\[60\]](#)  
Or give perfumes to Attar.[\[61\]](#)

The Beloved in whose temple the Soul is served  
Is such a Beloved  
That even days are drunk  
After drinking from His glasses.  
Once you mention His name,  
You'll have to repeat it again and again.

He is the great Sultan Shemseddin.  
Because of Him,  
Tebriz became the land of Soul,  
Filled with lights like Arsh.[\[62\]](#)  
All the halos are jealous of His luminous lighting.

Hundreds of thousands bravo the moment  
When Archangel Gabriel will reveal His secrets.  
Hundreds of thousands bravo this holiest

Of His holy hour.

You sit at His Love assembly  
Without affection and hatred  
And see that the curtain  
Has been put up and secured  
With hundreds of nails  
So that the disbeliever cannot see through.

28.

*Verse 376*

At dawn, I saw that Sultan  
At the main street of Hel-eta. [\[63\]](#)  
He was in the sleep of heedlessness.  
He did not know about Abu-Ali [\[64\]](#) or Abu-l Ala. [\[65\]](#)

I filled a cup from the wine  
Which made my head dizzy  
And put it in front of him.  
"Come, my Sultan," I said, "drink."

"O so-and-so," he said, "what's this?"  
"That is the blood of Lovers," I said.  
"On top of the fire of Love,  
It became pure like Soul."

"Since you drank, you've become exuberant  
At the cup of Soul,  
At the garden and meadow  
Of the secrets of God," he said.  
"I will drink that wine."

My drunk Beloved took the glass from my hand  
And drank the wine  
Which adds Soul to Soul-like Souls.

He passed the Soul in joy and cheer  
Hundreds of times.  
The sky said that now evil eyes  
Won't stay away from You.

29.

*Verse 382*

The Cupbearer offers lots of wine,  
Offers that hope and fear will both disappear.  
Cut the neck of thought!  
Where are we?  
Where is He?

Bring the cup. Give us more and more wine.  
Pull our mind up from the roots.  
Untie the daily struggle which barely covers  
His face and wide open pleasure  
From existence.

Come to the assembly as a drunk.  
Take the veil from your face.  
O the secret of  
"God does whatever He desires,"[\[66\]](#)  
Come as you did before.

See those tired, scattered insane Ones?  
See the Ones who've freed themselves  
From the ties of existence?  
Watch the Ones who fall in Love with Love.  
That's when trouble starts.

Come even faster. Put your senses in your mind.  
It's getting late.  
My Heart is tired and sick of this town.  
Make Him drunk and save Him,  
Again saying, "Come fast. Come."

Take this rope from my hands  
And tie the feet of Abu-l Hasan.[\[67\]](#)  
Offer me a glass so I can lose my head and feet.

Among every-day events,  
In the gossip of every moment,  
The one who keeps talking  
About the subjects of Abu-l Ala,[\[68\]](#)  
Abu-l Ala is simply absurd.

Don't give water and bread.

Don't give peace and sleep, O Beautiful.  
To the thirst of His Love,  
The blood of hundreds like us would be sacrificed:

I'm Your guest today.  
I'm Your drunk.  
I'm all over the place today.  
That news is spread over the entire city.  
Everyone knows it.  
Today is the day of drink.  
Come all, come.

If anyone is looking for any purchaser  
Other than God,  
He is nothing but a donkey.  
He's searching for something to eat  
Like a donkey at the green of that stock hole.

Be advised that the green  
Which grows around the stock hole  
Makes your mouth and beard smell bad.  
As Muhammad said, "Stay away from the rushes  
And the green around the sewage,  
Because it makes your mouth and beard  
Smell bad." [\[69\]](#)

I am away from the green  
Which grows around the sewage,  
I am away  
From the beauties of garden and meadow.  
I am away from pride, free from self.  
I am drunk with the divine wine.

How the moon appears above the horizon!  
How the rose appears among the grasses!  
That is how, suddenly, the image of a Beauty  
Appeared in the Heart.

All earthly images  
Start running toward His image,  
Just like pieces of iron  
Run toward a magnet.

Rubies are like stones in front of Him.  
Lions are wild donkeys,  
Swords are like shields,

And the sun is a bunch of particles.

The earth became Mount Sinai.  
Every part was shining.  
The Soul, like Moses,  
Lost his mind and passed out  
Because of manifestation.

Every drunk is at a different world of union,  
Merges with His Source of Source.  
Absence beats time in the timelessness.  
He claps His hands openly.

Every blade of grass is green.  
Every particle is yelling,  
"Patience is the key to grief;  
Gratitude is the key to contention."

The rose says to the Nightingale,  
"O One to whom hundreds like me  
Will be sacrificed,  
You were a guard. You've now become King.  
How long will you keep saying,  
'May you live long'?"

While praying and crying,  
Lightning struck every needy particle  
With such confusion  
That they forgot praying.

For peace is the way to wish.  
Mildness is the stair of joy.  
Fire is a good judge for gold.  
Glory is the judge for Love.

Love is the light of nights.  
Separation prepares, matures for union.  
O One who walks on my chest,  
Union is the antidote for separation.

The sun is one of our horses.  
The full moon is one of our guards.  
Love is one of our close friends  
With whom we hang around.  
Who knows what we have in our head?  
Who knows?

O one who is asking me about His Love,  
You honor Him. Be grateful for Him.  
Because once He appears,  
All the wishes and desires about Him  
Will be scattered like particles.

O one who is asking for my story,  
I have a share of Love,  
But drunkenness eradicates my trouble.  
What fortune and happiness for me!

Growing, spreading because of your apples,[\[70\]](#)  
Our mornings are the cause of pulling together.  
A Soul is from Your Soul.  
There is hope and begging  
Turning from one state to another,  
Changing from hand to hand.

The wind coming from You  
Gives light to the eyes,  
Makes blind Jacob see again.  
Our Joseph among the people  
Becomes generous with the things God sells.

The sun, moon and eleven stars  
Prostrate themselves  
And fall in front of You to worship,  
Whereas Joseph saw this  
When he had a short sleep.

O the one who keeps complaining  
Either because of Love  
Or the sharp nails of separation,  
Be aware that all this favor and goodness  
Is our gain  
And the things people spend  
Are our goodness and favor.

30.

*Verse 411*

Who am I that I could listen to advice,

O Cupbearer?  
Turn the wine glasses, O Cupbearer.  
Pour the wine for our Soul  
Which adds Soul to our Soul, O Cupbearer.

O Cupbearer who holds Lovers by their hands,  
The One who helps Lovers,  
Give the glass of Soul to my hand.  
Keep it away from the stranger's lips.  
Offer it to me secretly.

Give the bread to bread eaters.  
Give the loaf of bread  
To those greedy, helpless ones.  
Bread's lovers  
Don't deserve Your treasure, O Cupbearer.

O the One who becomes Soul to the Soul of Soul,  
We didn't come here to eat bread.  
Jump. Get up. Don't put on a poor face  
At the assembly of the Sultan.

Just take this big glass  
And offer it to that old man.  
Once the old man of the village gets drunk,  
Go to the side of the drunks, O Cupbearer.

O Cupbearer,  
Whose favor and kindness are expected,  
Be quick, offer more and more.  
Where is bashfulness? Where is the drunk?  
If you are shy, pour one glass  
Over the head of shyness.

Get up, O Cupbearer.  
Come, O One who is the enemy of bashfulness.  
Come to us with a smile,  
So our fortune will smile, O Cupbearer.

31.

*Verse 418*

Every moment, a revelation  
Comes to Hearts from the sky.

"How long you do you intend  
To stay on earth like sediment?  
Ascend to the sky."

Only heavy Souls  
Drop to the bottom like sediment.  
Once they are purified,  
They go to the top.

Don't stir up the mud all the time.  
Let turbid water stay still to cleanse itself.  
Your dregs can become clean.  
The remedy can be found in your grief.

There is a Soul like lightning,  
But it is smoke more than light.  
When smoke exceeds the limit,  
One cannot see the houses' lights.

If you get rid of the smoke,  
You'll be enlightened with glory,  
Illuminate this and the other world  
With your light.

*You* don't see the moon or sky on muddy water.  
The sun and moon are hidden  
When the air gets dark.

The South wind cleans the air.  
The breeze of early dawn  
Can light up the world.

Every breath we take  
Cleanses the grief and discomfort in the Soul,  
Shines inside of man.  
When a man stops breathing one moment,  
Nothingness touches his being.

Our bizarre Soul longs  
For the land of Nothingness.  
Yet I don't know why  
The animal self is out to pasture.

O Soul, whose essence is clear and clean,  
How long will you wander, take journeys?  
You are the falcon of the King.

Fly to the whistle of your King.

32.

*Verse 428*  
*Terci- Bend*

Your face is pleasant, Your disposition good.  
The curl of Your hair's sidelock,  
Your head, Your face are beautiful.  
Your grace, Your manner, Your fruit  
Are all pleasant.  
Your kindness is as good as your cruelty.

O the appearance of eternal Love,  
O His beauty beyond the extreme,  
O His face more beautiful than the moon,  
O His stature resembles the cypress.  
O the most beautiful One adds Soul to Soul,  
Gives joy to the Heart.

O the Soul of garden, meadows and jasmine,  
O the light of earth and sky,  
O the One who comes to help Lovers,  
O the peerless cavalry of the square of Hel-eta.[\[71\]](#)

O the One who sets the table of favors,  
O the One who is kind to the bad and greedy,  
The parrot is praising You.  
So are the partridge and dove.

O eyes of the Chinese beauties,  
O Beauty who never frowns,  
Never puts on a sour face,  
Don't leave the poor.  
Don't scratch the face of contention  
With your fingers.

O Beauty who makes sultans  
Slave-servants to Him,  
Even sultans are poor in front of You.  
They put their heads down in Your temple  
And praise You, searching for words to praise You,  
O Sultan who deserves to be praised.

O the One who gives patience to the devout  
And belief to the worshipers,  
O the One who becomes  
A rose garden to the wise,  
When they reach union,  
Heart's spaciousness becomes vast.

I am with Lovers.  
I don't want to sleep tonight.  
I will pray for You, O Beloved, until dawn.

I have friends outside  
And workers inside of my Heart,  
A bunch of charming brothers at home.  
They are clean and pure  
On the table of Ihvan-i Sefa.[\[72\]](#)

O the light of gardens and greenery,  
O the Cupbearer of cypress and jasmine,  
When I mention You, my mouth is sweetened.  
I will tell Terci.

\* \* \* \* \*

You are about to go on a trip alone,  
Either to the drunks or to the Beloved,  
Swaying from side to side.

I become like a ball, headless and footless,  
In front of the club of destiny.  
If you are going to the square,  
Take me with You. Take me back to my essence.

You are so bright that You fault the sunshine.  
The moon looks dark because of You.  
If You run around, even the sky will be too small.

You are such an unprecedented Beloved.  
You are such a peerless Beauty.  
You came so late with so much difficulty,  
But you are going so quickly and easily.

O Beautiful, with His face like the sun,  
O Jesus, looking for ills,

How fortunate is the crowd  
To whom You are going.

Either You are entirely Soul,  
Or Hizir[73] of the present, or the Fountain of Life.  
That's why You're hidden from the people.

O the Kible[74] of thoughts,  
O God's lion in the middle of the forest,[75]  
O guide of talents,  
You keep walking in the Soul like a mind.

When You take the road of separation,  
Lovers lose the glass of mind and intelligence.  
Please tear the curtain of shame and modesty  
That makes the mistake of calling Soul *mind*.

Never mind separation.  
Wherever You go to look for something,  
A bright moon with cloudy wet eyes follows You.

O the light of every eye, every mind,  
O the One who is brighter than the moon or sun,  
Look at the third Terci.  
Look at it carefully.

\* \* \* \* \*

O light inside of the light,  
I will ask you a question.  
What spell do You cast  
That grief becomes joy?

Such sweet lips You have to cast a spell,  
Like the Prophet David.  
You also soften iron,  
Melt and cast different shapes. [76]

No. You may be a Sultan who refuses  
To be limited by any restrictions.  
You may be the governor of the land of God,  
Or the private pupil of the Creator  
Who gave up all spells.

I have ridden so many stately horses  
Since I have known You.

At last, I threw myself out of trouble.  
I am free from fear,  
Have reached the land of security.

I am a new Soul in every moment.  
I go to a different garden every time.  
If You put Your hand on me,  
Neither my hand nor my Heart will remain.

I know neither the sky nor the star of Suha.[\[77\]](#)  
I know neither the garment nor its price.  
I know nothing.  
All I know is, O my One as beautiful as the moon,  
You are my peace and comfort.

O One who gives sustenance  
To angels, to people,  
O the pivot of this thoughtful sky,  
With all these beauties,  
Will You forget this guest in Your Heart?  
That's impossible.

What a wonderful moment it is  
That my cypress-statured Beauty Grows in the green  
And I stand in front of Him,  
Trembling like a willow tree in the wind.

The tulip would be washed with blood.  
Narcissus would keep looking with jealousy.  
The bud would throw its hat from its head.  
The iris would pass out from being iris.

O Cupbearer of the assembly of all kindness,  
I am Your drunk, Your ruined one.  
O rose garden, O garden of Eden,  
I am Your guest today.

\* \* \* \* \*

Look at those playful eyes  
Coming drunk from the tavern.  
He tucked His shirt in His belt  
To shed the blood of Lovers.

The Beauty of Beauties took an oath:  
"I will offer this wine constantly.

Not father, not mother, not anyone  
Will remain sober."

"I'll serve so much of this wine,  
I'll play such a game with this wine," He said,  
"I'll make you all crazy.  
In the end, you won't find one sane person  
In the world of humans."

Our Leyla,[\[78\]](#) Cupbearer of Soul,  
All the world is her Mecnun.  
Everything else is useless, worthless  
Besides Leyla and Mecnun.

Either He takes our stage horse from us  
And makes it gallop,  
Or pillages everything we have.  
Neither ordinary places  
Nor places of worship are safe.  
How can you be safe from our Love?  
Is that possible?

If I don't see you drunk,  
I'll throw all your belongings in the fire.  
I'll yell and scream.  
I'll force you to drink.  
I'll make you drunk.

The time for the wise is gone.  
This is the time for the Cupbearer.  
Give a big glass to the one who denies that.

Winter is gone. Spring is here.  
That's the moment the wine meets the glass.  
Drink. Listen to the reed.  
The time for eating is gone.

That deceitful old woman has left.  
So has the winter, rain and mud.  
Spring has arrived.  
Hundreds of beauties  
And hundreds of sweethearts are born.

O Cupbearer, now serve that red wine.  
Serve it so the ears will be opened,  
And I will tell one more Terce.

\* \* \* \* \*

Threaten as harshly as possible.  
Fight as viciously as you can.  
Know this:  
The smoke coming  
From the stokehole of a bath  
Doesn't rise very high in the sky.

Even if it does,  
It cannot cover the sky.  
Even with that, the sky acquires  
All its purity and light from the smoke.

O brother, don't hurt yourself.  
Don't hit your head against the stones.  
You cannot fight with that burned, flamed self.

If you spit at the moon,  
Your saliva will land on your face.  
If you pull on His shirt,  
Your dress gets shorter.

Lots of immature ones before you have also  
Boiled, overflowed, fought and struggled  
In the kettle of this world.  
But they all gave up at the end,  
Finding nothing but contention.

One porcupine grabbed the tail of a snake  
And pulled its head inside,  
Then became like a ball.

That stupid snake started throwing itself  
From one spike to another  
And became riddled with holes.

That impatient, ugly face,  
Without knowing the game,  
Killed itself.  
If it had waited awhile,  
It might have been saved.

You also put yourself together.  
Don't throw yourself on the spikes

Of every porcupine of trouble.  
Relax when you have accidents.  
Say to yourself, "Even the airspace will shrink."

The Creator of all universes said,  
"I am with the One who has patience."  
O the One who stays with patience,  
Pour patience on our head.  
Give us patience.

I've gone to another valley.  
You tell the rest of it.  
Give our greetings to the patient One  
Again and again.

### 33.

#### *Verse 479*

Put Your mind in Your head,  
O Doctor of Love.  
Have you ever seen any Lover like us?  
O Beloved, I would be long gone without You.

O Joseph, of all the hundreds gathering,  
Have you ever seen a Jacob like me  
Who has been engulfed by grief?  
My face turned a pale yellow  
Because of the grief of Love.  
My eyes became blind from crying.

O Joseph, look at me and see the tears  
Coming from the eyes of poor Jacob.  
Because of Love,  
Tears keep coming from my eyes.

There are hundreds of Egypts,  
Hundreds of reed beds in the Heart of Joseph.  
"Either small or big,  
Game is in the stomach of wild donkeys."[\[79\]](#)

The chance for drink, joy and pleasure  
Have all gotten better.  
Whatever my Heart has desired has happened.  
But rest assured, "Time is a sharp sword."[\[80\]](#)

Don't think of the past.

For Love, play with your Soul.  
Don't say, like the Israelites said to Moses,  
"You and your God go and fight.  
We'll stay here."[\[81\]](#)

You cannot find milder people  
Than these Lovers of this world.  
Tell the wise and intelligent people,  
"Be kind to Lovers."

If you have fallen into grief,  
In the end, with the favor of God,  
Whose compassion and justice cover the arch,  
You will be helped and relieved.[\[82\]](#)

If you know us, if you are familiar  
With our beautiful, graceful Cupbearer,  
Grab Him. Don't let Him go.  
Nobody else has anything for you.

O One who teaches tricks to the wise,  
We have tried all the tricks and deceits,  
But You are the One  
Who sees and does everything,  
The One who sees and knows the unseen.  
Be silent! Listen to the rest of it  
From the One whose disposition is kindness.  
As a matter of fact,  
Understanding is given  
As a remedy for every bad thing  
Because of His favor.

34.

*Verse 490*

That hodja[\[83\]](#) became ill suddenly  
In the middle of the night.  
He had lost himself  
And kept hitting his head against the wall  
Until morning.

The sky and earth cried and yelled for him.

He looked like he had fallen into fire.  
Even his breath was burning.

He had a bizarre sickness.  
He didn't have a headache.  
He didn't have malaria.  
There is no cure in this world for this disease,  
Because it; came from the sky.

Galinos<sup>[84]</sup> came and examined his pulse.  
He said, "Leave my hand alone.  
Look at my Heart.  
My disease is not in the books."

There was much talk and discussion in our city:  
"What kind of disease is that?  
He has no bile, no passion,  
No muscle aches, no edema.

"He doesn't sleep, doesn't talk.  
He is fed by Love.  
Love is like a nanny, like a mother to him."

"O my God," I said. "Help him  
So he can rest for a moment.  
He hasn't hurt anyone.  
He hasn't stolen anything."

A voice came from the sky.  
"Leave him alone  
Because there is no medicine  
For the illness of Lovers.

"Don't bother this hodja.  
Don't tie him up. Don't advise him.  
The place he has fallen into  
Is neither the place of worship  
Nor the place of bad things."

What do you think about Love?  
You haven't heard about Love, even from Lovers.  
Be silent. Don't try to cast a spell.  
Love is neither a tale nor a game.

O Shems of Tebriz, come,  
O Source of mine, O Source of light!

This great stately Soul  
Is dull and lifeless without Your light.

35.

*Verse 501*

Be lost in grief, O Soul.  
Patience is the key to suffering.  
Be lost in grief  
That in the end He will show His face.  
Patience is the key to suffering.[\[85\]](#)

Plunge into pain and suffering  
So deeply that at the bottom,  
The Throne of God [\[86\]](#) comes suddenly  
To your temple.  
Patience is the key to suffering.

Smile with the light of the earth.  
Be the wedding feast of the earth.  
Leave mourning, reach security,  
Because patience is the key to suffering.

O my Heart, give up men and women.  
Pull their love out from inside you.  
With Love, He becomes  
Your paternal and maternal uncle,  
Because patience is the key to suffering.

If you bend double like the sky  
And go with God's command,  
You'll be saved from destiny and its twisted ways.  
Patience is the key to suffering.

At the same time, you'll be saved from self,  
Grab the hair of the devil and cut his throat.  
Patience is the key to suffering.

Your fortune comes to your feet,  
Success to your side.  
Be honored by His presence.  
Patience is the key to suffering.

A trouble bothers you inside;

That's the reason things don't go well for you.  
Tie up that trouble neatly.  
Patience is the key to suffering.

There is a wonderful world of God.  
Don't look for it in this imaginary world  
For even one moment.  
God is the only confidant  
For this world.  
Patience is the key to suffering.

Be silent! Don't tell the secret.  
Strangers cannot reach the secret of Min ledun.[\[87\]](#)  
Patience is the key to suffering.

## 36.

### *Verse 511*

[Kinds](#)[\[88\]](#) are greeting you.  
Their Souls become slaves and servants to you.  
They become drunk with your cup.  
"Drunks are greeting you."

I became the topic of talk for everyone  
Because of Your Love,  
Which made me meaner.  
"Drunks are greeting you."

Look at this divine struggle.  
Watch this flood-like torrent.  
See this Sun of God.  
"Drunks are greeting you."

One is casting spells on me.  
One is expecting me to repent.  
One keeps running without feet, like me.  
"Drunks are greeting you."

O desire of desires, lift this curtain.  
I don't know anyone but Him.  
"Drunks are greeting you."

O cloud which rains so beautifully!  
Come, O drunkenness of friends.

Come, O Sultan who steals the Heart.  
"Drunks are greeting you."

Astonish us. Get us out of trouble.  
Ruin us, but fill us up with treasures.  
Count the eternal money which is in our hand.  
"Drunks are greeting you."

The entire town turned upside down for you.  
At times, they all have known you.  
Other times, they haven't known you at all.  
O the One who gives the Heart  
The power to see and perceive,  
"Drunks are greeting you."

Tell the One whose face  
Is more beautiful than the moon,  
The One whose eyes are like a magician,  
Tell that good-mannered Sultan,  
"Drunks are greeting you."

Tell the man of the brawl,  
The brave of the war,  
That confusion, that Love,  
That fresh green cypress,  
"Drunks are greeting you."

To the place where no one with right mind exists,  
To the place where no one but one drunk fits,  
To the land with no road, no religion, no creed!  
"Drunks are greeting you."

Tell the Soul who is beyond  
The question of what and how,  
Tell the sweetheart who trapped Mecnun,  
Tell the hidden pearl,  
"Drunks are greeting you."

The One who is a trap for the people,  
The One who is the Soul of the world,  
Tell that Love, that constant companion,  
"Drunks are greeting you."

Tell that blue sea,  
Tell that watching eye,  
Tell Mount Sinai,

"Drunks are greeting you."

Tell the One who broke my repentance,  
The One who patches my mantle,  
Tell the light of my days,  
"Drunks are greeting you."

Tell my Kurban bayram,[\[89\]](#)  
Tell that light of the Koran,  
Tell the One who is praised  
At the door of Heaven,[\[90\]](#)  
"Drunks are greeting you."

O our Sultan Husameddin,  
O the man whom all saints praise,  
O the One with whose help  
All become aware of their Soul,  
"Drunks are greeting you."

37.

*Verse 528*

Go tell that Rebab player,  
"Drunks are greeting you."  
Run tell that moor hen,[\[91\]](#)  
"Drunks are greeting you."

Tell that man who is serving drinks,  
"Drunks are greeting you."  
Tell that permanent life,  
"Drunks are greeting you."

Tell the man of this tumult,  
"Drunks are greeting you."  
Tell that confusion, that Love,  
"Drunks are greeting you."

O most Beautiful  
Whose face makes the moon ashamed,  
"Drunks are greeting you."  
O peace and comfort of the Heart,  
"Drunks are greeting you."

O the One who is the Soul of Soul,  
"Drunks are greeting you."  
O that much Beauty and beyond,  
"Drunks are greeting you."

There is nobody by himself there.  
Here, there is nobody but one who is drunk.  
"Drunks are greeting you."

O wish of wishes,  
"Drunks are greeting you."  
Lift the veil off of your face.  
"Drunks are greeting you."

## 38.

### *Verse 535*

No one's advice will ever help Lovers.  
Love is such a torrent  
That no one can stand in front of it.

The mind will never understand  
The pleasure of the drunk.  
The wise will never know  
The value of the dirt in front of the door  
Of the One who has gone beyond himself.

Kings would give away their throne  
For the smell of the wine that Lovers drink  
At the assembly of Heart.

Husrev[92] left his kingdom for Shirin.  
Ferhad[93] tried to make a tunnel in the mountain  
For the same reason.

Mecnun[94] stays out of normal people's circle  
Because of his love for Leyla.  
Vamik[95] keeps smiling  
At the beard and mustache of the unruly ones  
Because of Love.

O my Beauty,

Without the awareness of Soul,  
Life is frozen.  
The One who doesn't know the pass  
Finds the abyss on the road.  
Without news from the Beloved,  
His brain is decayed.

If this sky weren't in Love like us,  
If this sky's head weren't as dizzy as ours,  
It would give up this whirling  
And say, "Enough!"  
How long would I whirl? How long?

The whole universe is like a reed flute.  
He keeps blowing from every hole.  
Every cry knows the pleasure  
Of those two sweet lips.

Look and see. Every time He blows  
On a bit of earth, on every Heart,  
He gives them a need, offers a Love,  
And they cry with grief  
Because of that sorrow.

If you take God out of your Heart,  
With whom are you going to be in Love?  
Tell me.  
The one who takes Him out of his Heart  
For even one moment  
Is lifeless.

I'll be silent. *You* go quickly  
And climb up on the roof at night.  
O Soul, send an uproar to the town.

39. [\[96\]](#)

*Verse 546*

Today, we are smiling and happy  
Because that good fortune is coming.  
Our beautiful Sultan of Sultans is coming.

Today I will break my vow.

I'll throwaway my diet,  
Because the Beauty of Joseph  
Is coming from the land of Canaan.

I go swaying like a drunk.  
I go secretly like a Soul  
In the direction of that Sultan,  
Searching, asking along the way.

The stately palace is built.  
The sky has untied its turban  
And is walking with great difficulty,  
Because it's coming  
From the assembly of the drunks.

O son, follow our orders.  
Be faithful to us, O son.  
Don't go buy on terms, O son.  
Look. Orders are coming today.

Be enlightened like the sky.  
Blossom like the rose garden.  
Try to swim like a fish.  
That endless sea is coming.

Come to your senses, O son.  
Come to your senses.  
Don't look at me. Look at yourself,  
Because the smell of saffron<sup>[97]</sup>  
Makes the one who talks laugh.

You came back again, clapping your hands.  
You'll ruin the houses again,  
Because the bright sun  
Is coming to the run-down places.

O the one who's stayed at home,  
You've grown in the shade.  
Go outside,  
Because the Sun turns ordinary stone  
Into the Ruby of Bedehsan.<sup>[98]</sup>

Sometimes He is bloody.  
Other times He drinks blood.  
Sometimes He takes care of the ill  
And cures them,

Especially this hopeless one,  
Because he came from their side.

Look for the drunks today.  
See my secret things.  
Don't see or talk about my shames.  
I am so drunk because of Him  
That words are coming from my mouth  
And falling all over the place in utter confusion.

40.

*Verse 557*

The Soul who is not in Love with the faithful  
Is so disloyal.  
God will curse the one  
Who is not in Love with the Grace of God.

O Sultan who deserves the words:  
"His eyes haven't moved  
From what he has seen! "[99]  
He has visited all around the world,  
Has seen a figure,  
But he wasn't in Love with figures.

I heard this yesterday from a bunch of fairies.  
They gathered at the door of the town.  
They said, "Give a house in the village  
To the one who doesn't like our city."

Pity the fish  
That falls on dry soil.  
Pity the copper  
That hasn't been in Love with chemistry.

Where is the Soul that hasn't tried  
To merge with his origin?  
Why won't iron fall in Love  
With the magnet?

The door of death is closed to him.  
He can't escape soon.  
He doesn't deserve to live,  
Yet he isn't in Love with death.

41.

*Verse 563*

Who is the One who gives grief to the Heart,  
But when you cry at His temple,  
Your grief is sweetened?

At first, He appears to be a snake.  
In the end, He becomes a treasure, a pearl.  
He is such a Sultan  
That He turns suffering into sweet pleasure.

He makes the devil  
Into the most beautiful girl in heaven  
And changes mourning into a wedding party.  
He makes a wise man out of one born blind.

He enlightens the dark  
And turns the thorn into a rose garden.  
He pulls the sliver out of your palm  
And makes a cushion out of rose petals.

He gives fire to His Abraham,  
But He transforms the fire of Nimrod [\[100\]](#)  
Into the roses of August.

He is the One who gives light to the stars.  
He is the One who helps the needy.  
He does favors for His creatures,  
Then He gives praise to them.

He drops the guilt of the guilty,  
Like autumn leaves,  
And suggests words of apology  
To the ear of the one  
Who says bad things about Him.

He says, "O loyal man,  
Ask for forgiveness for your guilt."  
When the man starts praying,  
He secretly says, "Amen."

Because He knows the Amen

Of the one to whom  
He gives the pleasure of praying,  
After prayers, He turns that person  
Inside out like a fig, sweet and beautiful.

He gives power to hands and feet  
In good work and bad,  
In such pleasure that the body assumes  
The strains of Rustem.[\[101\]](#)

With enjoyment, the lean man becomes Rustem.  
Without it, Rustem falls into pain and suffering.  
If this pleasure is not  
The companion of the Soul,  
The Soul won't have peace and- quietness.

I sent the Soul to Tebriz in early dawn  
To praise Shemseddin.  
He knows the way to go.

42.

*Verse 575*

The spring of the Lovers has come  
To make the earth a garden and meadow.  
A voice is heard from the sky  
For the bird of Soul to fly.

The sea is filled with pearls.  
At the same time, bitter water  
Becomes a river of Kevser.[\[102\]](#)  
Stone turns to ruby in the mine.  
At the same time, the body becomes Soul.

The Soul's eyes of Lovers  
Rain a flood like clouds,  
But their hearts shine  
Like lightning in God's clouds.

Do you know why the eyes of Lovers  
Turned into clouds with Love?  
Because that moon was hidden in the clouds.

What a happy, joyful moment it is

When those clouds cry.  
My God, what an auspicious moment it is  
When those lightnings laugh.

There is not even one drop  
That comes to earth  
Out of those hundreds of thousands of drops.  
If one did,  
It would destroy the whole world.

The whole world would be ruined by Love.  
So many would board Noah's ark,  
So many turn to be confident  
And not worry about the flood.

If the flood calms down, the sky won't turn.  
That wave can't fit any dimension.  
Because the six dimensions keep moving.

O the One who is bound with six dimensions,  
Be oppressed by sorrow or not.  
At the same time, those seeds  
Will shove up from the ground,  
Grow and become date palms.

There will be a day  
When that root raises its head above the ground  
And becomes a new branch.  
Even if a few of the branches become dry,  
The rest of them will bud and grow.

Those dried branches burn and become fire.  
This fire is good for the people, like Soul.  
If this is not the case,  
Then the opposite is:  
One either becomes green or becomes fire.

Something is closing my mouth.  
I am at the edge of the roof,  
At the same time, I am drunk.  
The thing which admires you  
Is also admired by Him.

*Verse 587*

The sun went to sleep. Time is gone.  
It's night now.  
The sun has descended into the well.  
The sun of the Lover's Soul  
Has gone to God's privacy.

A Turk among Indians  
Is like a day in the night.  
Don't make noise at night  
Because that Turk has gone to his tent now.

If you get a smell from this brightness,  
You set your sleep on fire, burn it.  
Even Venus becomes a friend of the moon  
By walking and serving at night.

We're running away at night.  
The Indians are pursuing us,  
Because we've stolen gold,  
And the doorkeeper has gotten the news.

We've learned how to walk in the night,  
How to get rid of hundreds of doorkeepers.  
Our cheeks blaze and glitter like candles  
And make kings out of our pawns.

What glory to that face  
That rubs His face.  
What greatness to that Heart  
That is turned into the abode  
Of all Heart's desire.

Who hasn't sighed on the way to Heart?  
It's good for the one  
Who has plunged into the waters of this sigh.

If he sinks into the sea,  
The sea carries him to its head,  
Like Joseph who fell in the well  
And then reached glory.

It is said that man comes from earth  
And eventually returns there.  
Why would the one who is the earth of this door

Become earth?  
Is it possible?

Crops are all alike until harvest.  
But at the threshing,  
Half becomes grain, the other straw.

44.

*Verse 597*

It's too late, too late.  
The sun has gone down the well.  
But O good fortune, Beauty,  
It's time for the moon to rise again.

Cupbearer, walk toward the glass.  
Doorkeeper, climb to the roof.  
O restless, uneasy Soul,  
Go. That Sultan wants privacy.

The tears which enlightened the eyes,  
The patience which burned my harvest to ashes,  
Even the mind  
To whom you teach the rules of the game,  
They've all left.  
They disappeared in the middle of the night.

O men whose bright eyes enlightened the night  
With their glory!  
The night that resembles an Indian [\[103\]](#)  
Has escaped screaming,  
Yelling, "That Turk is coming into the tent!"

With good moves,  
The pawn will be gone, and Vizier will come.  
With the help of that auspicious Beauty,  
The Vizier is gone, and the Shah has come.

At night, Souls reach their proper places,  
And intentions are realized.  
The One who understands and appreciates this  
Will acquire a Soul as bright as day.

O day, are you the Last Day of Judgment?

O night, are you the Night of Kadir?[\[104\]](#)  
Or the tree in which God manifested to Moses?

The moon threshes the stars at night.  
O day, go 'away.  
The Milky Way is filled with straw,  
Because that galaxy entered the sign of Virgo,  
Its face covered with straw.

Don't be heedless at the well of the flesh.  
Grab the bucket of sky.  
Joseph got out of the well  
Because he held that bucket,  
Freed himself from the well,  
Reached glory.

Look for purification in the dark night,  
Like Muhammad.  
That Sultan ascended in one night  
And became a unique, peerless One.

The whole universe becomes silent  
Because of the night.  
Start searching and carrying on wholeheartedly.  
The peace at the land of privacy  
Is disturbed because of noises.

O Shems of Tebriz,  
You don't need the cover of night.  
You've slipped out of it.  
You don't belong to the East and West.  
Now the words have ceased.

45.

*Verse 609*

It's late night now.  
The sun has descended into the well.  
The sun of the Souls of Lovers  
Has gone to God's privacy.

A Turk among the Indians  
Is like a day in the night.  
Be quiet at night,

Because that Turk has already gone to his tent.

If you get the smell of this daylight,  
You bum the night.  
Venus became the peer of the moon  
By walking and serving at night.

We're running away at night.  
The Indians are after us,  
Because we've stolen gold.  
The watchman knows that.

We've learned to walk at night.  
We got rid of, burned, hundreds of watchmen.  
Our cheeks shine like the moon  
Because our pawns became Shahs.

The bazaar of the earth is all gone.  
Watch the bazaar of the stars.  
Dawn is becoming like a bazaar,  
Full of stars and priceless pearls.

How long will I be suffering  
From this body's horse?  
It keeps asking constantly for straw and barley.  
Yet in the sky, the galaxy of the Milky Way  
Is full of straw for him.

The saddle horse doesn't have  
A share of this glory.  
That peerless Soul is the One  
Who has a share of that Kingdom.

You've seen the body,  
Now look at the Soul.  
You've seen the jewel,  
Now look at the mine.  
Look at the peerless, strange fate that,  
Once it gets into Him,  
Loses its way.

Meaning constantly says,  
"Don't dress me in these old clothes."  
Words are really old shirts,  
Such old shirts that everyone makes fun of them.

I say, "O meaning, come.  
Get in a form like the Soul  
So that old shirts and clothes  
Become silk with Soul's light."

Quit washing clothes  
So that the fairies won't hear.[\[105\]](#)  
Never mind the fairies.  
That Soul is tired.  
Even from the angels who are close to God,  
He wants privacy.

46.

*Verse 621*

Since I have seen Your glory,  
The world has fallen into disesteem in my eyes.  
And given up the surmise of existence.

Lightning has flashed from the place  
That has no beginning of the beginning.  
The whole universe has burned to ashes.  
When the glory of union opened the flag,  
All I's and we's fell to pieces.

We're separated from the motherland;  
That's why we're tired and in trials.  
How can one be confident  
When he's away from his country?

The Cupbearer grabbed a glass  
Instead of the Koran.  
A spark dropped on our shirt  
From that hot glass.  
We are burning.

47.

*Verse 625*

A vain man came to the garden of Soul  
To eat melon.

Have you ever seen a donkey  
Eat goat meat in this world?

The wise and brave eat the early melon  
Grown at the garden of Soul,  
Not the oxen or donkeys.

Food for the one who lives in the West  
Comes from Spain.  
The one who lives in the East  
Is nourished with food from Hurmuz. [\[106\]](#)

The one who serves the Kaiser  
Gets food from the Kaiser.  
If he is the servant of Urbuz, [\[107\]](#)  
He is fed by Urbuz's kitchen.

The one who steals and bullies  
Is eventually handled by law officers  
And subject to the torture of Oguz. [\[108\]](#)

The one called Turk is such  
That the village is sure to pay taxes  
Because they're afraid of him.  
Not so for the one  
Who is hit and slapped by everyone  
Because of his greed.

The smart person doesn't worry  
About not having beaver fur in springtime.  
He doesn't bother with furs then.

The one who has excess bile  
Doesn't like sweet pomegranates  
Because of his bad character.  
He likes bitter ones.  
That's good for him.

Be silent! The one who has  
The appetite of an ox  
And eats the beans and grapes of ten people  
Is unable to drink the Soul's wine.

*Verse 634*

Four Love flows like the Fountain of Life  
In the canal of Soul.  
Even the Fountain of Life  
Runs with Your Love in the canal,  
Searching for You.

The world is full of the melodies of birds  
Which are praising You.  
The bird of my Heart flies away  
Once birds are mentioned.

I give my Soul with pleasure  
When I hear these melodies.  
Why shouldn't the Soul smile  
While leaving the flesh,  
Remembering the Beloved?

Every bird of Soul makes circles.  
Each one of them has his own cage.  
Each one is like me,  
Going toward the temple of Solomon.

There is every moment a spiritual ecstasy  
From the Soul of the Ones  
Who go to the Throne of God drunk,  
Without existence.

What is Soul?  
The jar of great Sultans.  
There is wine of sky inside.  
Because of that,  
The words are going, scattered like Lovers.

There is another pleasure  
In my eating, my living.  
There is another pleasure In my talking.  
The rest of them go like that.

In the meantime,  
We've been playing with You at this place.  
O most Beautiful, what a nice place!  
But this is not a square for those  
Whose horse is limping;  
They all leave this place.

The moon has put itself like a ball  
In front of Your club.  
The sun is playing with its Soul,  
Rolling like a ball.

The moon and sun are always running,  
But they haven't found the way to Your temple.  
They're just covered by Your halo.  
They walk out of the tent.

If the brilliance outside is like that,  
O my God,  
How could the One who reaches Your glory  
Be sober?  
He shines and shines, O my God.

49.

*Verse 645*

Don't think of profit and self-interest.  
Those are the signs of poverty.  
Clean people make contributions.  
They get into God's habit.

With Love, in the end,  
There will be no greed and no generosity.  
Some hidden return is expected  
In every generosity.

Generosity is like taking a journey.  
Greed is like standing still.  
But if you've boarded Noah's Ark,  
Journeys and stations are not important.

All those forms and names  
Which have piled up in hundreds of layers  
Will lose their quality and quantity  
At the sea of glory which covers every where,  
The sea where everything turns to Him  
And becomes Him.

O poor shepherd, Love is the staff of Moses  
In this world of existence.

In real existence, in front of Him,  
His manifestations and appearances  
Are nothing but forms created by a magician.

Escape from drowning  
In front of the whirlpool of flesh.  
Existence and joy all come  
From that world which gives light  
To this six dimensional world.

Shake yourself off like a tree.  
Shake off green leaves as well as dry ones.  
Once the colors of goodness and badness  
Disappear,  
Union and Oneness appear.

Go on your way.  
Don't ask what or why,  
Because He is beyond quality and quantity.  
You are a gazelle.  
What are you doing with lions?

Be silent. Words are the sign of separation.  
When a brave man is chewing bread,  
How can he ask for more bread?

## 50.

### *Verse 654*

Why has the Sufi sobered?  
Why has the Cupbearer stopped serving?  
If one drunkenness goes to sleep,  
Another drunkenness is awakened.

When the sun goes down,  
The world is illuminated by You.  
When Your beautiful eyes become languid,  
Earth squeezes its eyes.

If the first drink dries up,  
There are hundreds of new ones.  
Since Your hair became a chain,

We've become crazy.

O beautifully-voiced singer,  
Watch the first and last drinking.  
Now no one listens to the other's spell,  
Because everyone has learned the secret.

My Sultan, we are Moses.  
You are sometimes a staff, sometimes a dragon.  
O beautiful ones, your prices come down  
Because it is the time  
When Bulgars<sup>[109]</sup> come looting.

Your ruby lips have sucked the sugar cane.  
Your eyes are ruined with envy.  
The Soul has cleaned and prepared  
The house of the Heart.  
Come back to yourself.  
It is time for Union.

You give excuses all the time,  
Avoiding and running away from me.  
O Soul, why are you ignoring me?  
Isn't it enough yet?

O stone-hearted Beauty,  
No excuses tonight.  
You are the moon, we are a star.  
Tonight the moon will meet the star.

O the moon cannot fit into the dawn.  
Tonight we are Your guest.  
Once the night covers the world with curtains,  
It's time for people to walk alone.

I have suffered from your pain and troubles.  
You thought I was dead.  
No, you are pure and clean.  
I am sediment.  
Nowadays drinks are not pure and clean.  
They are drinking sediment.

With Your Union-like mornings,  
With Your separation that burns the worlds,  
With Your Love that teaches deceit,  
So many naive ones have become deceitful.

I didn't have a fever.  
I didn't have a heartache.  
Yet I knocked my head on the wall until morning.  
I became ill because of the desire  
For rose marmalade.

## 51.

### *Verse 666*

☞ We don't do anything  
But serve our Cupbearer.  
The Cupbearer offers more cups  
So that I will be saved from good and bad.

God created everyone for one job.  
He created us for the art of joblessness.

Every day we keep playing  
In front of this light, like particles  
Every night we turn like stars  
Around the Beloved  
Whose face is like the moon.

If You expected work from us,  
You wouldn't offer this wine.  
The one who drinks this wine  
Doesn't bend his head down to earth.

What kind of job can a drunk do?  
A drunk does whatever the wine wants.  
God's wine would destroy both worlds  
Until man reaches God,  
Who doesn't need anything.

You'll wake up from the drunkenness of this world  
After a good night's sleep.  
But the drunkenness from God's wine  
Will last until the grave.

O neighbors, free wine comes from Grace.  
Those Cupbearers  
Are kind, protective and sweet to the child,  
Like nannies.

Heart, get drunk beyond the limit.  
Wherever you go, go drunk.  
Makes others drunk, too,  
So that He will offer you one more cup.

Wherever you see a Beauty,  
Sit in front of her like a mirror.  
As for the ugly, cover the mirror with carpet.

Play with the Beautifuls around town.  
Say secretly, "I make an oath to this town."[\[110\]](#)  
What holy, happy town is that?

My head is dizzy from this wine.  
I've become drunk.  
It's time to be quiet, engulfed in silence.  
It's impossible to count  
All the favors and kindnesses  
That I have received.

52.

*Verse 677*

When the Lover breathes,  
Flames spread through the universe.  
One breath shatters this illusionary world  
Into particles.

The world becomes an ocean  
From beginning to end,  
And the ocean disappears in its majesty.  
If this were made manifest for even a second  
To the people,  
There would be no humanity left.

Smoke rises to the sky, so thick  
That no human, no angel can exist there.  
Suddenly a fire comes out of this smoke  
And covers the whole sky.

The sky splits at that moment.  
Time, space and existence all disappear.  
An uproar fills the world,

A wedding joy descends after the mourning.

Sometimes He puts fire into water.  
Sometimes water extinguishes the fire.  
Sometimes He blows a wind  
To send the waves of the sea of Absence  
To the eighth level of the Atlas sky.

Even the sun loses its light  
Because of the brilliance of a human's Soul.  
Don't ask anything from the people  
When even the confident talk little of the secret.

In front of this secret,  
Mars loses its masculinity;  
Jupiter burns its book;  
The moon's greatness disappears,  
Its joy turned into grief.

Mercury becomes stuck in mud;  
Saturn burns with fire;  
Venus loses its posture  
And starts striking tunes of joy.

There will be neither rain nor rainbow,  
Neither wine nor glass,  
No drink, no cheer, no salve for the wound.

Water doesn't form designs;  
Wind doesn't cover the ground;  
The garden doesn't become beautiful;  
And April's rain doesn't kiss the earth.

Neither illness nor remedy stays,  
Neither friend nor enemy.  
There is neither reed flute nor melody;  
Neither a high-pitched tune  
Nor a low one is played.  
Causes stay behind.  
The Cupbearer gives wine to himself.  
Soul says, "God is great."  
Heart says, "God knows better."

Get up. Look.  
The painter of eternity has started to work again,  
To design unmatched figures

On the clothes of the creatures He desires.

God started a fire to burn all untrue things.  
Fire burns the Heart  
And takes him to the middle of that universe.

God is sun. Heart is dawn's sky,  
Such a dawn that every ray of light  
Reflects on Edhemogul [\[111\]](#)  
And Jesus, son of Mary.

53.

*Verse 692*

Once the fire of the Heart blazes,  
It burns the faithful as well as the unfaithful.  
Once the bird of essence flies,  
All of existence disappears.

The world is demolished.  
The Soul plunges into flood.  
The same water which melts pearl into water  
Creates pearl again.

Hidden secrets become obvious.  
The forms of earth are broken down.  
Suddenly a gigantic wave  
Comes and rises to the emerald sky.

At times it becomes paper and pen.  
At times, he passes out.  
The Soul becomes an enemy to good and bad  
And keeps wounding them every moment.

The Soul who reaches God  
Enters the privacy of the Sultan.  
If it was a snake, then it became a fish,  
Escaped from the ground and plunged into the sea  
To merge with the River of Kevser. [\[112\]](#)

While in space,  
He reaches the world of Absence.  
He appears in that universe.  
Wherever he is dropped afterwards,

He smells musk and turns it into ambergris.

He is in poverty in Absence,  
But He is a guide to the stars.  
He becomes dust at the door of Hakan,[\[113\]](#)  
Then knocks at the door of Sencer.[\[114\]](#)

A voice comes to the Heart from flame,  
Flame that burns the sun:  
"Leave this light alone  
So the light of your Soul  
Will be awakened and illuminate the universe."

You serve the Beloved.  
Why are you hiding yourself?  
O gold, after being hammered  
By that goldsmith's hand,  
Say, "This is better. It is better this way."

The Heart which is drunk  
From the wine of eternity  
Passes himself through the telling of this gazel.  
If he held his breath and remained silent,  
He would do even better.

54.

*Verse 702*

Drunkenness is sending its greetings,  
Giving information secretly to You.  
The one whose Heart You grabbed  
Makes his Soul a slave to You.

O One who turns existence  
Into non-existence,  
Receive the greeting of the drunk.  
He is so drunk  
That he keeps catching his hands and feet  
In Your trap.

O sky of Lovers,  
The one who becomes Soul to the Soul of Lovers,  
Your beauty offers wine among the Lovers,  
Saying cheers to your Love.

Your Love made you pray  
For the goodness of Lovers.

O the One who is the taste of every lip,  
The Kible[115] of every creed,  
Moon is turning around Your house every night,  
Guarding You.

O Heart, what kind of drunk are You?  
How nice are You?  
You turned into a Sultan.  
You are the Sultan.  
With all this greatness,  
How does Love subjugate you to Himself?

The One who pulls his Heart out of this earth,  
Whose fortune goes to the star of Saturn,  
O flesh made from dirt,  
O smoke which comes from the fire of Heart,  
See what shape He puts you in  
If you stay on the ground or fly to the sky.

Take the glass from the hand  
Of the Sultan's Cupbearer.  
Be drunk like the One who has reached eternity.  
If you are half drunk,  
You haven't been completed yet.  
You are deficient.  
He wants to make you totally drunk.

O unique, peerless person,  
Your greeting comes like lightning from Your lips.  
This greeting cannot be contained  
By the lips of the mouth.  
The One who attains Your greeting  
Gives You the whole favor.

The moon has been split in two with your grief.  
Faces have turned silverish.  
They look very pale and straight.  
A stature like *elif*[116] has become *cim*. [117]  
That *cim* shapes you like a *cam*. [118]

Hear all those yells and screams  
That are caused by Love.  
Look at all the tears.

Watch all the things that the jar does,  
How it cooks the rawness and matures you.

Look at the wine.  
Its color and bouquet are so beautiful.  
With His generous hands,  
Look how nicely He gives You to the Soul,  
But denies the body.

I should be Soul instead of body.  
I should be the source instead of the pearl.  
O Heart, don't be afraid of having a bad name.  
He is giving you a good name.

Enough! Quit talking back and forth.  
Don't say any more poems or prose,  
Because this deceitful Beauty  
Has started talking with you.

55.

*Verse 715*

Drunkenness is sending its greeting to you.  
Is sending news to you secretly.  
The one whose Heart You grabbed  
Makes his Soul a slave to You.

O the One who makes existence non-existent,  
Hear the greeting of the drunk.  
He is so drunk  
That he keeps catching his hands and feet  
In Your trap.

O sky of Lovers,  
Your beauty, which is Soul to Lover's Soul,  
Offers wine and cheers to Your Love,  
And asks you to pray  
For the goodness of Lovers.

O the One who is the taste of every lip,  
The Kible[119] of every creed,  
The moon is turning around Your house  
Every night, guarding *You*.

O the One who makes a body out of earth  
And changes smoke into the stars of Saturn!  
What a shape it makes  
Out of your earthen body, your smoky Soul!

Sometimes He gives you wings and you fly.  
Other times, He gives you iron  
And you anchor like a ship.  
One moment, He makes you morning.  
Another, He makes you evening.

One moment He makes you tremble.  
Another moment, He makes you laugh.  
One moment He makes you drunk  
The next, He turns you into a wine glass.

*You* are like Muhre[120]in His hand.  
Sometimes you are wine.  
Sometimes you are drunk because of Him.  
But once He breaks this Muhre,  
I swear by God, He makes you wholly mature.

Sometimes this, sometimes that,  
But your end is to realize the truth.  
Putting you through this color or that one  
Is maturing you, subjugating you.

*You* were like Noah once  
And went through lots of trouble.  
You endured.  
Now He makes you sail like a ship  
Without feet, without steps.

Be silent. Sit with astonishment.  
Be astonished by astonishing.  
*You* are a man with wise words,  
But words sometimes get out of condition.

56.

*Verse 726*

Again, another sour-faced someone dropped in.  
He's like cold winter.  
O sugar-like, sweet Cupbearer,

Pour a glass of wine on his head.

Either give him wine or get rid of him,  
Because it's not proper to have a devil  
Among the rose faces, O son.

Give him the wine of the Prophet  
So the donkey won't be a donkey anymore.  
With the wine of Jesus,  
He would grow two wings and fly to the sky.

Don't let any sober ones  
Enter: the assembly of the Heart's drunk.  
As you know,  
Drunks can do something good or evil  
While they are drunk.

O doorkeeper, sit at the door.  
Don't let anyone in  
Except the Lover whose mouth smells his lungs,  
His Heart full of fire.

Other than this kind of Lover,  
If you ask for a hand, he gives you a foot.  
If you ask for a foot, he gives you a head.  
If you want to borrow a spade,  
He gives you an axe.

When I'm covered with blood,  
Neither my mind nor my modesty stays with me.  
I become a crazy, insane Lover.  
I'm not safe or sane.  
I'm like a shield in front of the sword.

I'm looking for a singer  
To become the living Fountain of Life  
And sing sometimes until early dawn,  
Throwing sleep to the fire.

If you find that one vessel of my body  
Is sober while I am at His door,  
If he is not drunk at the square of God,  
If he is unable to hunt the lion,  
Consider him a dog on this way.

One group of people is ruined, drunk, nice.

The other is the slave of five and six.[\[121\]](#)  
One is different than the other.

I've drunk beyond the limit.  
I've gone beyond the boundary.  
Tie my hands. Close my mouth.  
It's necessary to protect the drunk.

Relieve our suffering.  
Hear our cry.  
Pass us beyond ourselves, just like You.  
Watch us in that shape.

57.

*Verse 738*

☉ most Beautiful, whose chin is so sweet,  
Give us the golden wine  
So that our Heart will become enlightened  
And our eyes more shiny.

Out of obstinacy to the sober,  
Give this big glass.  
The body becomes Soul;  
Night turns into dawn.

When You make sleep go away, offer God's wine.  
It's not Your Grace  
To close two doors at the same time.

O one who drinks the wine of benevolence,  
Don't blame me for anything,  
Because the one who thanks will be saved,  
Not the one who denies favor.

O the one who stays at the tavern,  
Drunk and ruined,  
Even then, O one born bad and no good,  
Why are you blaming us?

58.

*Verse 743*

Really, we opened your eyes.  
Try to see the hidden things.  
Really, we stand among you  
And watch the good news come  
From the One who came to help you.

O morning breeze, O One  
Who brings good news,  
Take my Heart for the good news.  
I have a Soul in my hand.  
I will gladly sacrifice it for You.

If the swords become armour,  
The ruins become rose gardens.  
The day becomes shinier  
If we have attained Your look.

O grief which doesn't have teeth to bite,  
O kindness which smiles  
Hundreds of hundreds of times,  
Since the Soul has reached victory,  
Now the Soul smiles.  
The universe smiles.

O greatest of the great,  
Whoever has seen You in that greatness  
And still talks about skill  
Should be ashamed in front of God.

That lion of the forest  
Hasn't left one vessel in our existence.  
We have only half our mind left,  
And that is only to rave about the difference  
Between day and night,  
To talk about separation.

Praise the beauty of the Sultan.  
The moon is ashamed after seeing Him.  
The blind one opened his eyes and said,  
"Wonderful,"  
Over and over again.  
Even the deaf heard His favors.

I am like a cloud for Him.

He is my moon.  
He is my day. I am His night.  
He is my Soul. I am like His body.  
I admire His beauty, anyway.

How will my Soul be filled  
With the Love of my Sultan?  
Why won't I need that medicine, that remedy?  
I have an oxen's appetite in my Soul.

Even my joy and pleasure are gone.  
My mind is clouded with insomnia.  
I swear to God,  
My Soul hasn't given Him up,  
Hasn't denied His favor.

O from prayer without a hearer,  
Guilt without a forgiver,  
Disease without a proper doctor or remedy,  
My face is so pale, like gold,  
Without that silver-statured beauty.

When will it be time  
For me to give thanks to God  
Because I have obtained my pearl?  
When that time comes,  
I will lay down with joy under that tree.

When I see my Beloved,  
When I look for relief from my grief,  
I will tell my story of separation  
And then show the blood of my lungs.

O pearl of existence and eternity,  
You are concealed like God.  
Your face has been hidden.  
The Beauty whom everyone serves,  
The One who is Master of everyone  
Is Shemseddin,  
Whose town is Tebriz.  
He is known and famous there.

Spring is here.  
The time of joy and cheer is here;  
Winter has gone.  
With the grace of God,  
Who pardons all mistakes and sins,  
We have passed the dangerous season.

God is revealed to you, saying,  
"We forgive your sins.  
Don't worry about the things you've lost.  
Be content, for contentment is the best virtue."

There are many who say secretly  
That we are the only ones who know His favor.  
Never mind this.  
We know His secret.  
Don't pay much attention  
To things already seen and heard.

O young man, the secret is in you.  
Don't ask for it from a stranger,  
From the one who comes and goes.  
There is no use in something  
Which has already been explored.

Look at all the humiliated people.  
Most of them have seen  
The light of the right way.  
Once the moon is split,  
Their curtain won't be raised again.

O our God, O God who has compassion, favor,  
If You don't pity us, who will?  
To lead us the right or wrong way  
Is all under Your power.  
The rest is illusion and deception.

O desire, where is purification, realization?  
How long will you struggle with the rhyme?  
We have clean dispositions;  
We eliminate grief and anxiety.

If my words are scattered,  
My Love, the One who protects and watches me,  
Has grown, spread.

Love is a long, very long time for us,  
And the great Sultan is among us.

This is such a secret  
That it's hard to talk about.  
It is such a sword  
That it gleams too much.  
The sun cannot be hidden in the early morning  
Unless a sorcerer puts a spell on it.

O magician who closes our eyes,  
You've already put us under Your spell.  
Comfort us now,  
Or accept the place where we choose to live.  
That is the place of insomnia.

O people of Moses,  
We are also lost in the desert.  
How did you find the way out?  
Tell us. Don't hide this from us.

It didn't matter  
If water took away our food and belongings.  
Food rained on us from the sky.[\[122\]](#)  
God put us in an orderly way.  
Now it is a pleasure to travel  
Or to make a stop on the journey.

Love cheated us after it made us happy.  
You repair the damage with Your kindness.  
The Prophet said, "Produce no harm."[\[123\]](#)

We will consider what we'll do about you.  
They said, "We'll open your ears.  
We'll put a pillar where you stand.  
You are the light of humanity."

Here is the ladder to reach You.  
Here are the steps  
Of that ladder to reach eternity.  
Give the blessings of that destiny.  
Entertain us at that stage.

Real life is your life.  
Real death is yours.  
This world is yours.

The next world is yours.  
This is the reward given to the one  
Who gives thanks to God.

Be silent my brother. Don't say too much,  
Unless you have nothing else to do.  
There is no place to hide  
Where the wind of Love blows.

60.

*Verse 774*

Accept only the Lover,  
The One who makes man fall in Love,  
The drunk and intelligent Lover,  
Into the assembly.  
That drunk is such that  
He cannot differentiate his belt from his hat.

Talk brings fights and war all the time.  
Because of talk, men like Rafizi [\[124\]](#)  
Argue with Omer, [\[125\]](#)  
And Omer argues with Ali. [\[126\]](#)

Be silent! Cut talks short.  
Watch the One whose face  
Is more beautiful than the moon.  
He is such a moon  
That if He appears to the moon,  
The moon will be split in two  
Because of His light.

O moon-faced Master, cover Your face.  
O Soul of Lover, exalt.  
Give Your ecstasy to us  
And watch us when we are out of ourselves.

61.

*Verse 778*

Go, open the eye of the Soul

And look at the Lovers.  
They're like the Heart.  
It's an upside-down gathering,  
An assembly that has no head, no feet.

They all keep working  
Without earning, without profit.  
They are all boiling like a kettle.  
They are all without curtain and drapes.  
Their Hearts are like a shield  
In front of His commands.  
Whatever comes, they accept.

Their Hearts are more cheerful  
Than the garden and rose,  
More free than the cypress.  
They are above mind and thought,  
Cleaner than the Fountain of Life.

They have passed  
Through the waves of the blood's sea  
Without getting smeared  
With one drop of blood.  
They are pure and clean.

They are in thorns, but like a rose.  
They are in jail, but like wine.  
They are in mud, but like Heart.  
They are in night, but like dawn.

They are in air like particles.  
The sun is like a robe of honor for them.  
They step in mud,  
But appear in the middle of the Heart.

You also become company, even for an instant,  
To their Soul.  
You drink their wine from their cup.  
You become nice and drunk  
And pass beyond good and bad  
With their wine.

Enough now, son. Be silent.  
Not every bird can swallow figs.  
Parrots eat sugar.  
For ravens, it's something else.

62.

*Verse 786*

Why did God bring us into this world?  
To make an uproar.  
His chain makes the crazy ones more insane.

How can we be saved from this Love?  
Even the sky is on a big bow string.  
It's stretched like Lovers, upside down.

It is amazingly beautiful, amazingly charming,  
This Love which gives joy to our Soul.  
Yes, every night, come in as a drunk  
Without knowing yourself.  
Come in through the door.

O Love, you took my patience, my decision.  
You drank my blood.  
Because of Your trials day and night,  
I've been hidden like the dawn.  
Neither my day nor night is apparent.

How can I hide from the Soul?  
Even if I become very subtle and Soul-like,  
He would see me in the land of Absence,  
Even if I roll over in that land.

O One who becomes a treasure chest  
In our absence!  
O One who opens the door  
To existence from Absence!  
Aren't you the One who created us?  
Aren't you the One  
Who brought us from Absence?

Existence is good for You.  
It's for Your drunk.  
The ear of Absence is in Your hand.  
Both are Your slaves, Your creatures.  
Both accept Your command,  
Put it at the top of their heads.

Demolish the house. Make the smart crazy.  
Pour that wine into the glass, then offer it  
So that both will be saved  
From losses and dangers.

O agile, dependable Love,  
A drunk is greeting You.  
Accept his greeting.  
Don't be stone-hearted.

Since You broke his hand,  
Since You took his sleep,  
Come and end his hangover.  
Stop at the village of the drunks.

63.

*Verse 796*

The stars and that lovely sky  
Both become drunk after seeing Your face,  
Which is more beautiful than the moon.  
O sweet Charmer, Your face is beautiful.  
Your eyes, your brows are beautiful.  
That different charm of Yours  
Is beyond beauty.

The sky doesn't have a Soul of Leyla[127] like You,  
Nor a beautiful Mecnun like me.  
In fact, the world has never seen  
This kind of Leyla and Mecnun.

The smart person will know  
And will be a charmer  
Who has Moses' Heart like You  
And a beautiful Harun[128] like me.  
But there won't be any resemblance to them  
In this dark, muddy land.

O the pivot of seven mills,  
You are a gold mine,  
At the same time, a rare and precious thing.  
O Jesus of the present time,  
Come and cast Your spell on us

So we can come to life.

Since I am a whole, unpierced pearl,  
Never mind raw, never mind mature  
I am asleep in Your shadow,  
Under the spell of Your opium.

Is it no wonder that particles  
Dance to Your melodies?  
Right here, the Mount Sinai of Moses  
Has also passed out of itself.  
So has that beautiful writing.  
Keep playing.

O Heart, in order to please Your Heart,  
You gather gold, show Your talent.  
But have You seen any Harun  
After he gathered the gold  
Who hasn't gone to the ground?

That money, that wealth  
Looks beautiful at first,  
But has no way to real beauty.  
It looks like poison inside of the antidote,  
Like the poison of a mountain snake.

It looks like a grave of infidels  
Who are full of troubles  
And covered with wounds inside,  
Yet all dressed up on the outside  
In black satin garments.

Your ears and looks are  
Like cim,[\[129\]](#) your eyes like *sad*,  
Your statute life *elif*  
And Your eyebrows like *nun*.

Yes, because of all these letters of the alphabet,  
I have become a student of reading and writing  
On board Soul.  
In that beautiful sea, I've become a boat  
And turned into a sailor.

The arch of the sky's roof,  
Which has the catapult of greatness,  
Doesn't resemble me.

O Beauty who is balanced in every way,  
Since I've fallen in Your love,  
How can I be balanced?

O One who is the foundation  
Of hundreds of states of drunkenness,  
Yesterday You took the lead.  
You asked me, "My indescribable beauty,  
Are you happy in this world of wonder?"

The justice of Your face  
Has cut the neck of every injustice.  
The bad thing is  
That he became drunk on his own blood  
While you were gone  
And found what he deserved.

O Shems of Tebriz,  
You are such a great man  
That there is no limit to Your greatness.  
*You* are great  
On hundreds of levels above greatness.  
My Soul is such a fish  
That there is a Jonah like You  
Inside his belly.

64.

*Verse 811*

☞ If you are in a deep, Heart-felt Love,  
Suffer through the Beloved's grief and torture.  
If you are not, go and pull thorns for nothing.

A Soul which looks like pure, clear pearl  
Is necessary in order to find the way  
To the Beloved.  
Get that Soul out of Your body.  
Put it on the gallows.

Sometimes he plunges in darkness.  
Sometimes he wanders,  
Becomes sick of that Soul  
And covers him with words of disgust.

Don't look at yourself. Look at me.  
Look and see: No trace of Soul is left on me.  
Be as drunk as the nightingale.  
Put all your belongings in the rose garden.

This violent, unruly horse of luck  
Is not submissive to your Soul.  
You are the fast cavalry of this temple.  
Tame this horse. Control him.

You are a peerless horseman.  
How long will you be a slave to the donkey?  
The donkey tells you to carry a donkey's load.  
Doesn't that shame you?

You are living under guilt like an Israelite.  
You might as well put a sober, yellow fur  
On your turban.

Or, in order to open your eyes,  
Take some earth from the steps  
On which Muhammad stood.  
Put that on your eyes like salve.

65.

*Verse 819*

Isn't it a strange thing?  
We're in autumn,  
But the sun has entered the sign of Aries.  
My blood started to boil  
In the river of body,  
Danced like a camel  
And made the body dance.

Watch the dances of the blood's waves.  
See the valley full of Mecnun. [\[130\]](#)  
Watch this unseen drinking,  
Totally saved from the sword of death.

Even carcasses come to life.  
The old get younger.  
Even copper changes into pure smelted gold.  
Better and more beautiful is coming,

Instead of the one who left our town.

This is a city full of abundance and drinks.  
Every drunk has a glass in his hand.  
Some offer more drink;  
Others offer health, happiness.  
This is a river of milk;  
The other is honey.

There is only one Sultan in every town;  
This one is full of Sultans.  
There is only one moon in the sky;  
This sky is full of Moons and Saturns.

Go. Go tell the doctors,  
"You don't have any business there,  
Because nobody gets ill there.  
There is no sickness there."

This town has no judge,  
No deputies, no rulers, no accounting.  
Conflicts, animosities and fights  
Can't walk on top of the sea.

66.

*Verse 826*

☉ Heart, You are such a kind, gracious Heart  
That my beautiful One  
Will find peace in the beauty of Your face.  
O the One who is nice enough  
To ask how my Heart is!  
That kindness towards my Beautiful  
Gives peace to my Heart.

We are alive because of Your kindness.  
O Charmer to whom both worlds are submitted!  
O the One who becomes Soul  
To the name of Heart  
With the life His name gives,  
Make him alive!

The 'Heart becomes a circle around the body.  
It embraces my body,

Wears the same mantle as my Soul.  
In the end, both have been submerged in You,  
O Beautiful, who does favors for the Heart.

O body of the One holding Heart's feet,  
Here there is no mention of Heart's name,  
No place for Soul.  
On days after the Heart is brighter with You,  
Nights are happier.

O the One who Loves me,  
The One whom I Love!  
Throw everything in the fire but Love.  
You are like a dot in the body's *cim*[\[131\]](#)  
And resemble the clearness in the glass of Heart.

The sound of drums keeps coming  
From the temple of universal intelligence.  
The sky's army is coming.  
At this moment, it is announced that  
"The Order of Heart is arriving."

The roads and plains are full of blood  
From the swords of this army.  
Having killed the enemy of that Sultan,  
The road is drinking the blood of the Heart.

The head of the body's devil is crushed  
By the attacks to the enemy line.  
Sermons are delivered in the name of the Sultan.  
The Council of State is filled  
With the Order of the Heart.

O beautiful One,  
Your words are as sweet as sugar.  
Even Your ear-pulling is beautiful.  
It's an award to hear from You,  
Even if You look down on me.

If I didn't hide Your secrets,  
I could tell so many things.  
Then all people, top and bottom,  
Would know the state of my Heart.

*Verse 836*

Friends, spring has come.  
We should go to the cypresses.  
There we will wake up the fortune  
Who keeps sleeping face down,  
Like the fortune of the cypress.

We'll go to that strange land  
By walking while our feet are tied,  
Like the bride of grasses  
Who runs without feet.  
What a trick!

The name of the Soul  
Who is freed from the land  
Is going, flowing.  
We'll pick up the Soul whose knees are tied  
And take Him there.

O leaf, certainly you found the power  
To split a branch and get out of the dungeon.  
Tell us, tell us,  
So we can do the same  
And be freed from this jail.

O cypress, you came from the ground  
And reached such a height.  
What a spectacle the great One has shown you.  
We want to know and see the same.

O bud, you came with the color  
Of the rose beyond yourself.  
How did you do that?  
Tell us, so we can do the same.

Where is this white color?  
From which direction  
Is that smell of ambergris coming?  
Where is the door to that house?  
We will become the slave of the doorkeeper.

O nightingale, they come for your help.  
I'll give everything for your song.  
You are cheerful because of the rose.

I am cheerful because of you.  
How can I thank you for that favor?

O cypress of the garden,  
Turn into Hizir[132] who tells hidden secrets.  
Tell them so I can put them up to my ears  
Like earrings made of pearl and coral.

O nightingale, listen to the secret  
From the rose garden.  
Hear the truth without sound or alphabet.  
If you understand this story,  
You tune your voice and sing along.

The cooing of the dove has reached the Moon.  
Parrots have gotten the sugar.  
The Beauty is singing new songs;  
We will make our Soul drunk with the melodies.

68.

*Verse 847*

☞ Cupbearer of the One  
Whose Heart is so bright,  
Offer the glass of Your kindness,  
Because that's why You brought us  
From the valley of Absence.

Give the glass to the Soul,  
That he would give up thoughts  
And tear that curtain,  
Because thoughts are harmful to the Soul.  
Thoughts shorten life every moment.

O Heart, don't talk about Him.  
Be silent. You wouldn't know His manners.  
You look like a Moon,  
But you don't have His mole on your cheek.[133]

That mole is the beauty  
Of the man of knowledge and the wise.  
But where are the eyes to see that  
And the knowledge to understand?  
Where is the rose garden that perfumes

And the nose to smell it?

The wine which in the end becomes a vineyard  
Won't relieve the bitterness of the face.  
Don't look for this wine.  
Look for the other.  
Where is the glass of grief?  
Where is the glass of Cem?[\[134\]](#)

O Cupbearer whose face is so beautiful,  
Offer us a wine that grows the flower of wisdom,  
Nourished by the sea of Soul,  
That comes and turns the inside of man  
Into a bowl of pearls.

Pour on the head of the disbelievers  
That big cup of wine.  
Put that coldness in the fire.  
Their no will turn into yes.

If there is no one in the assembly,  
My words become greater.  
Either turn into glory  
Or stay away from us.  
Don't reproach us.

You stick to the eyes like sores.  
Turn the page, hodja.  
Otherwise, I will break the pen.

The One who says, "Hey, hey,"  
His Hey, hey comes from somewhere.  
There must be some reason.  
They don't raise the flag for nothing.  
There must be either a king or an army there.

The Yurt[\[135\]](#) refuses to be empty.  
Shake this body out of myself.  
Free myself from this body.  
The Soul that got stuck in the mud was drunk.  
My feet are slipping.  
I am afraid.

O Shems of Tebriz, O beautiful Helper,  
Take care of us.

O the One who is the power of our feet  
When we are walking  
Is also health to our Soul  
When we are sick.

69.

*Verse 859*

☉ Lovers, O Lovers,  
I'll turn dirt into jewels.  
O players, O players,  
I'll fill your tambourines with gold.[\[136\]](#)

O, thirsty ones, O thirsty ones,  
I will become the Cupbearer today,  
Turn this barren land to Heaven,  
Make it flow with the River of Kevser.[\[137\]](#)

O lonely ones, O lonely ones,  
The time for salvation has come,  
The time for salvation has come.  
I will make every sufferer a Sultan, a Sencer.[\[138\]](#)

O unbelievers, O unbelievers,  
I will open your locks,  
Because I am absolute ruler.  
I will make believers  
Of whomever I please  
And disbelievers of whomever I please.

O great man, O great man,  
You are like a candle in Our hands.  
If you are a dagger, I'll make you a glass.  
If you are a glass, I'll turn you into a dagger.

You were a drop of sperm,  
You became blood, then turned into a Beauty.  
O human, come close to Me,  
So I can make you more beautiful.

I'll turn sorrow into joy,  
Make leaders out of the crazy ones.  
I'll change the wolf to Joseph, poison to sugar.

O glasses, O glasses, I opened My mouth,  
Told My secret to make every thirsty mouth  
Resemble the lip of the wine cup.

O rose garden, O rose garden,  
When you make sweet basil  
Equal to lilies,  
Come to My rose garden, pick roses.

O sky, O sky,  
When I make ambergris out of earth  
And change thorns to flowers  
Which smell like musk,  
You'll be more astonished than the narcissus.

O Universal Intellect, O Universal Intellect,  
Whatever You say, You are right.  
*You* are the judge, You are the ruler.  
I'll do better making less gossip.

70.

*Verse 870*

☉ Lovers, O Lovers,  
I have lost the glass.  
I have drunk the wine  
Which cannot be contained by glasses.

I am drunk with the wine of Min Ledun. [\[139\]](#)  
Go, complain to the judge about me.  
I brought a taste of this wine  
For you and the judge.

O Sultan of Truth,  
Have You seen any double-faced ones like me?  
I am alive with the live ones,  
Dead with the dead ones.

With charmers, I will open up  
Like a rose garden and smile.  
With winter-like, cold disbelievers,  
I become winter and turn to frozen ice.

O the one who wants bread, look at me.  
God is my witness. I am drunk.  
I don't know anything,  
But neither have I turned around the jar,  
Nor squeezed the residue of the grape.

I am drunk. Because of Him I sink,  
But I sink in His river.  
I have become rose marmalade  
Because of His rose, because of His sugar.

Some day, Your face will be reflected  
On my pale face.  
I will shine like the Beauty of the land of Rum  
And turn into a moon.  
I won't be dark anymore.

I grabbed the cup of wine.  
I shed the blood of thoughts.  
I became one with the Beloved,  
But you don't see me. I am behind the curtain.

I've hung thoughts,  
Because thoughts keep man awake.  
I'm tired of them. I'm confused because of them.

Time is my time.  
The universe admires me.  
My excursion into the land of Absence  
Brought orders from the Khan of Truth.

There is another Soul in my body,  
Another mind in my Soul,  
A different touch in my Beauty.  
I followed His trace. I reached Him.

If you tell me, "there is not much time left,  
You have to go," I'll tell you,  
"Tell this to the one who is alive:  
I have given my life to my God.  
I have been dead, long gone."

Be silent! The nightingale asked the falcon,  
"Why do you keep silent? Why don't you sing?"  
The falcon answered,  
"You'll see me when the Sultan is hunting.

I'm better than a hundred soldiers."

71.

*Verse 883*

☉ the One who is with me like my Heart,  
But is hidden at the same time, Greetings to You.  
You are the Kaaba[140] of my prayers.  
Wherever I go, I turn toward You.  
I want to reach You.

Wherever You are, You exist everywhere.  
You look at us from a distance.  
If I mention Your name,  
The house is illuminated, even at night.

Sometimes like a tamed falcon,  
I flutter my wings over Your hand.  
Sometimes I come to a landing on Your roof  
Like a pigeon.

If You are absent,  
Why do You keep hurting my Heart?  
If You are present,  
Why do I set a trap in my Heart for You?

Your body is away from me,  
But there is a window open  
From my Heart to Yours.  
From this window, like the moon,  
I keep sending news secretly to You.

The sun, who is far away from us,  
Is still sending its light.  
O the Soul of everyone away from You,  
I make my Soul a slave and servant to You.

I've been shining  
The mirror of my Heart with You,  
Making my ears like a book  
To contain all the wonderful words  
You've kindly said to me.

You're the one in the ears, mind and Heart.  
What are all these things?  
You are me. That's the way I praise You,  
Explain You totally as a whole.

O Heart, in this adventure,  
Didn't that Charmer say,  
"If you are missing something,  
I will complete it?"

O One who is the remedy for all trouble,  
Look at, admire and see what kind of form  
I'll put you in at this moment.

At times, I'll make you straight like *elif*.[\[141\]](#)  
Other times, I'll bend and twist you  
Like other letters of the alphabet.  
One moment you become ripe, mature;  
Another, I make you raw.

If you go for hundreds of years,  
You are still in my hand, like a burnisher.  
I'm the one who gives you joy  
And the pleasure of things  
Which are submitted by you.

O Sultan Husameddin Hasan,[\[142\]](#)  
Tell the Beloved,  
"I am turning the Soul  
Into a sheath of knowledge for Your sword."[\[143\]](#)

72.

**Verse 899**

This time I really got involved with Love  
And separated completely from devoutness.

I tore down my Heart.  
I'm alive with something else.  
I burned the mind from the bottom up,  
Did the same with the Heart and thoughts.

O people, O people,  
Don't expect me to act

Like an ordinary human anymore.  
I fell in such reflection  
That not even the insane  
Could think my thoughts.

The insane have seen my craziness  
And run away from me with foaming mouths.  
I joined with death  
And flew to the land of Nothingness.

My mind is totally annoyed with me today.  
He tried to scare me,  
As though I'd never seen him before.

Why should I be afraid of him?  
I've dressed a different form for him.  
How can I be a treasure?  
I've been hidden in the corner.

I care neither for the bowl of stars  
Nor the table of fortune.  
For the poor, I lick so many plates  
And fall in so much disgrace.

Because of the donkey's jealousy and evil eye,  
I've been engulfed by blood  
In the dungeon of flesh,  
Dragging my bloody shirt on the ground.

I entered this world's jail for only one affair.  
Otherwise, where am I?  
Where is the jail?  
Whose goods did I steal?

I am nourished by blood  
Like an embryo inside the mother's womb.  
Man is born once.  
How many times have I been born?

Look at me carefully as long as you want.  
Still you won't recognize me,  
Because you haven't seen enough of me.  
I have hundreds of attributes.

Get in my eyes.  
Look at me through my eyes.

I have chosen a different mansion  
Beyond the eyes.

You're drunk with wine.  
I'm drunk without it.  
You're a Lover with a smile.  
But I keep smiling without mouth or lips.

I am such a funny bird  
That when I was hungry,  
I flew from the meadow into a cage.  
There was no hunter, no trap.

With friends, a cage is better  
Than the garden and meadow.  
For the honor of Joseph,  
I stayed at the bottom of the well.  
I made my home there.

Don't cry because of the suffering He gives.  
Don't complain because you're sick.  
I've bought these troubles  
By giving hundreds of sweet lives.

The silkworm keeps busy knitting silk.  
Listen to me. I'm also a silkworm.  
I keep knitting trouble,  
Winding the silk of trouble.

I've been decaying in the grave of flesh.  
Go to my Archangel,  
Who will blow the last trumpet for me.  
I will be resurrected.  
I've gone to pieces  
By sleeping in this grave of flesh.

No, you should close your eyes by yourself  
Like an experienced falcon.  
Don't say you dress in heavy garments  
Like a peacock.

Kneel down in front of the doctor  
And ask for an antidote,  
Because in this mighty trap,  
I've drunk so much poison, so much poison.

You'll be sweetened in front of the person  
Who sells sweetmeats.  
Your Soul will be light and sweet.  
I haven't heard anything but, "Come on,"  
From the Soul's sweetmeat. [\[144\]](#)

He makes you sweetmeat itself,  
Which is better than giving it to you.  
I haven't found any place  
To get the taste or to hear of the sweetmeats  
Except from His lips.

Be silent. While talking,  
You may drop the sweetmeat from your mouth.  
Like *me*, everyone else  
Can get the smell without words.

Every unripened grape is yelling,  
"O Shems of Tebriz, come help *me*.  
I'm crying from tastelessness and immaturity."

73.

*Verse 923*

△ An image came to my eyes, saying,  
"I've come from the rose garden of my Beloved  
And the quarters of the Tavernkeeper.  
Look at my sleepy eyes.

"I am the essence of drunkenness  
And the wish and desire of existence.  
I am the top. I am the bottom.  
I've come like a whirling sky.

"From the beginning of creation,  
I came to merge and get along with the Soul.  
I went back, returned again,  
Like a compass making constant turns  
Around one point."

I said to him,  
"Welcome. I hope you've come to help me."  
He answered,  
"That's the reason I've come here."

"I am the Moon. You are my light," he said.  
"You are the rose garden and water.  
I've come from a long distance,  
I've come without shoes and without a turban.

"Though you are still immature, son,  
You have a good name.  
Don't be sad.  
I've brought lots of favors for you.

"Come in with a smile.  
Change this suffering.  
O most Beautiful suffering!  
Be cheerful.  
I've come like thorns,  
But I will give you roses."

The rose said, "Patience is the key to suffering,"  
And He appeared on the rosebud,  
And every branch moved, saying,  
"Because I endured,  
Now I come as scattering pearls."

74.

*Verse 931*

☉ Universal intellect,  
Don't keep creating figures.  
O Universal Soul, break your pen.  
O searching man, don't look for footprints  
On the surface of water.

O pure-hearted Lover,  
Walk like pure, clear running water,  
Because this still, waveless water  
Adds Soul to Souls every moment.

Don't blame the still water  
For getting ripples because of the wind.  
Don't blame the water in the creek.  
It has no fear, no worry.

See the design in emptiness,  
The shape in shapelessness.  
There are hundreds of colors  
And smells in every shape.  
Look at the food in fasting.  
There is a garden of Eden  
In every tree branch.

That form which destroys all forms  
Is the source of Soul and Heart.  
The body is melting because of its shame.  
The Soul has escaped to the harem.

Because of His wine and His wind,  
Many of His free creatures  
Hold their breath like a mine and keep silent,  
Filling their bellies.

Are you talking  
About either the sea or the pearls?  
Or about "Better judgment and fate  
Will always prevail?"  
You cannot solve anything with words.  
Go, ride your horse under the flag.

Be aware, this is a funny, bizarre back road.  
On this road, position and fame  
Are at the bottom of the well.  
When you arrive on the rough sea of blood,  
Look for the dining table of kindness Inside of the blood.

There is water in the fire.  
Fire is hidden in the water.  
The Soul is full of joy inside of His fire.  
Soul falls in sorrow when it plunges in His water.

O One who gives all the blessings,  
Keep our feet on dissent.  
All comforts are discomforts without You.  
All healths are illness without You.

75.

*Verse 941*

O sky, I learned this whirling  
From the One whose face is like the moon.  
I am a particle to His sun.  
I learned this trembling, this dancing from Him.

O Beloved whose veil is the moon,  
The river of Soul flows in His canal.  
I learned how to run face down from that river.

The rose garden kept asking me  
How I stole this musk gazelle.  
I am such a lion that I learned to steal musk  
From His gazelle.

I learned to tightrope walk so beautifully  
Like a pumpkin vine  
From this garden, this dried, twisted date palm,  
From the curly hair  
That has fallen on His forehead.

I closed my eyes and my mouth  
To the world's pictures and designs.  
I learned how to paint without smell or color.

His kindness, generosity and creativity  
Opened my eyes.  
I learned dying instant by instant  
From the One who gives favor and compassion.

In sleep, you walk without direction.  
Don't go six directions when you're awake.  
Don't talk about direction.  
I've found a side beyond directions.

76.

*Verse 948*

*R*eally, we opened your door.  
Don't separate your friends from yourself.  
Don't send them away.  
Don't worry about the one  
Who separates Him from you.  
Don't dirty your clothes. Stay clean.

Thanks to God, with the strength  
Of the religion in which I believe  
He did us a favor  
And gave us the power to praise Him.  
Don't close your door, then.

O friends, don't be sad.  
I gave you wealth. I made you rich.  
Don't deceive, don't cheat anyone.  
I gave you strength and power,  
Made your Heart brave.  
Don't be afraid.  
Don't love your name, your fame.

My God, open our Hearts.  
Increase our dignity.  
Show us our full Moon.  
Don't worship self-made gods.

I don't have any God but Him.  
Every creature has received His help,  
His goodness.  
His kindness kept His promise.  
You don't deprive  
The one who comes after you, either.

The words smell Heart,  
And Heart appears from the words.  
Say something which will be worth accepting.  
Don't let the people around you down.

77.

*Verse 954*

☉ one who walked and has gone  
As clean as the glass of Cem![\[145\]](#)  
O one who is accused  
Of the Love of the Moon-faced One!  
This death will bring up your purity.  
Don't worry that much.

O my dear, my Soul and your Soul  
Are in the sea of blood.  
Keep searching.

Let's see who's going to find the pearl.  
Whoever finds it will come forward.

How could I possibly close my eyes  
And lose hope, in the sea of pearl,  
That every moment good news is coming  
From the coast of the sea of Soul?

I became lazy after I fell in Love.  
I gave up superiority,  
Gave up being at the top of that leisure.  
Because with the Love of the Sultan,  
Top becomes bottom,  
And bottom is considered top.

The sky of Heart has drunk wine from His table  
And become pale.  
When this Love saw me,  
He recognized me and said,  
"This is one who is from Us, separated from Me."

Look at my face, which goes from color to color  
With the Love of the Sultan  
Who doesn't change color.  
Sometimes it looks like saffron  
Because of His grief,  
Sometimes red because of shyness.

I have slipped out of existence.  
I am totally annihilated.  
I've become the interpreter of God,  
While sober or drunk.  
Nobody can hear anything anymore,  
Nothing less than His words.

I went to the bazaar in Egypt.  
I entered the presence of a great person there.  
I saw someone whose face resembles Joseph.  
Then, by mistake, I asked his price.

The saint of Egypt said to me,  
"You are in Love. I will give Him to you."  
This must be either  
An extraordinary favor from Him  
Or His generosity and kindness.

I didn't appreciate that then.  
I thought it was just a caprice.  
I am so sorry now for my heedlessness.  
I miss Him so much.

O the Beloved with His mighty power  
Makes the impossible possible in two worlds.  
I swear to God, there is no one  
Who could ever realize things as you do.

O Tebriz, you get this honor.  
"Way back in the time of Elest," [\[146\]](#)  
Before my praise to Shems,  
The pen wrote this, and the inks have dried.

78.

*Verse 966*

Spring is here, friends.  
Let's stay in the garden  
And be guests to the strangers of the green.

We'll fly from one flower to the other,  
Like bees making the six comers  
Of this earth's hives prosperous.

An envoy came from this fortress  
And said, "Don't beat the drum secretly.  
With our yells, we would tear down the place  
Where that Love's drum is beating."

Hear that voice which comes from the sky,  
"Rise, all insane ones.  
I sacrifice my Soul to the insane.  
Let's scatter our Soul today."

Let's break all the chains.  
Every one of us is a blacksmith.  
Let's go to the fireplace where the pincers are.

Let's fan the flame of the Heart's fire  
Like the furnace of blacksmiths  
So we can have iron Hearts  
Under our control with this breath.

We'll put fire in this universe,  
Incite riots in the sky,  
Make his sober, resisting mind  
Turn around, become dizzy like ours.

We are like a ball, without hands and feet,  
Sometimes at the end  
And sometimes at the beginning of the square.  
Who told you we could do what we want?  
Who told you we are independent?

No, no. We are like a club  
In the hand of the Sultan.  
We send hundreds of thousands of balls  
To His feet.

Let's be silent. Silence is made  
With some material like craziness.  
His mind is such a fire  
That we hide this fire by wrapping it in cotton.

79.

*Verse 976*

☞ came again like a new Bairam.[\[147\]](#)  
I came to break the door of the dungeon  
And the teeth of fate,  
Which are abusing and exploiting humans.

I came to put fire on the waters  
Of the seven dry stars,  
Which suck the blood of the people on earth.  
I came to calm and extinguish their wind.

I flew like a falcon from the palace of the Sultan  
Who has no beginning of the beginning.  
I came to tear to pieces  
The great eagle owl  
Who eats the parrot in its ruined place.

I promised to give my Soul to the Sultan  
Right at the beginning.

If I change my promise,  
The back of Soul will be broken.

Today I am like Asaf.[\[148\]](#)  
The sword of order is in my hand.  
I will cut the head of the rebels  
In front of the Sultan.

If you see green for a few days  
At the garden and field of those rebels,  
Don't worry.  
I will pull those plants up from their roots.

I won't harm anyone  
Except the unjust, cruel tyrant.  
I would be an unbeliever  
If I touched the good Ones.

Wherever there is a ball,  
The club of union rolls it.  
With that club, I will break the ball  
Which doesn't come to the field by the club.

I sat at His assembly.  
I saw His favor, how He grabs His work.  
I became His paid servant  
In order to break the legs of the devil.

I was a small particle and became a mine  
In the hand of the Sultan.  
Make this very clear:  
I got so heavy  
That if, you had put me on a scale,  
The scale would have been broken.

How can you take home  
Someone who is so drunk  
That he falls on the ground as I do?  
Don't you know  
That I will break this, tear that?

If the watchman asks what I'm doing,  
I pour the wine glass over his head.  
If the doorkeeper tries to pull my hand, I break his.

I will stop and pull the sky out by the roots

If it doesn't turn around Heart.  
I'll break the neck of fate  
If it becomes despicable.

You set the table of kindness  
And invite me as Your guest;  
So when I break a piece of bread,  
Why do You pull my ear?

No, no, I am at Your table.  
I am Your honored guest.  
I will serve a glass or two of wine  
To the guest so that he will overcome his shyness.

O the One who makes me say poems,  
I'm afraid I will be rebelling against Your orders  
If I close my mouth and keep silent.

I will walk without fear  
And break the pole of Saturn  
If I receive wine from Shems of Tebriz  
And become drunk.

80.

*Verse 993*

☉ the One who becomes  
The Moon and bright light to me,  
Since I've seen Your face,  
I'm full of joy wherever I stay.  
It's a rose garden wherever I go.

Everywhere is a garden  
If the reflection of the Sultan is there.  
I set a table to drink  
Wherever I arrive.

That Charmer whose face  
Is more beautiful than the moon,  
Rise from the land of Absence.  
Put Your head through my window.  
Come inside even if all the doors  
In this six-door convent are locked.

He comes and says, "Hey, greetings.  
I brought you hundreds  
Of different kinds of appetizers.  
I brought you hundreds of different kinds of wine.  
I am the Sultan of Sultans.  
I play melodies from Isfahan.[\[149\]](#)

"I am a bright sun.  
I tear the curtains in such a nice way.  
I am spring. I've come to remove the thorns.

"The One who wants the pleasure  
Of drinking, joy and music day and night  
Should know  
That I am the taste of sugar, the oil of almonds."

"Please repeat that," I respond.  
"Start giving favors and kindness again.  
Tell me again why You're not sad.  
I'm a little slow to understand.  
I'm a little hard-of-hearing."

"That hard-of-hearing ear," He says,  
"Is better than the others.  
Your ears are one hundred times  
Better than others,  
Because there's air in others.  
I am in your ear."

Go, go. You are stately, the Soul of life,  
Pleasure and drink,  
The angel at the gate of heaven.  
You are heaven because You hold onto my shirt.

You are the mountain.  
You are the phoenix, the strong rope.  
You are the water and the giver of water.  
You are my garden, my cypress, my jasmine.

Skies put their heads down in front of You.  
Angels scatter their wings.  
Heart tells You,  
"I am wax for You; for others, iron."

*Verse 1004*

Yesterday, that Beloved  
Put a golden crown on my head.  
It doesn't matter how much You hit me.  
The drunkenness of that wine  
Doesn't leave my head.

The Sultan who sews the hat of eternity  
Wears it at night.  
He took it off His head  
And put it on mine.  
How can I say it will be eternal?

If I don't have a hat or a head,  
The moon will turn out to be my head.  
The pearl shines better  
If it doesn't have a shell for a cover.

Here's my head. Here's a big hammer.  
If you want to try, hit it.  
If that head could be broken, rest assured  
That I would be sweeter than the mind and Soul.

The walnut which chooses its shell  
Usually stays empty.  
How could it taste my Prophet's marzipan?

His marzipan is made  
With walnuts, almonds and sugar.  
It makes my mouth sweet  
And, at the same time,  
Gives light to my eyes.

Son, if you find what's inside,  
You won't even look at the shell.  
Wherever Jesus stands,  
You don't look for the donkey.

How long will you talk about the Kullah?[\[150\]](#)  
It's not a big deal  
If one donkey is missing  
Out of a bunch of donkeys.  
Watch my big horseman;  
Never mind the lean horse.

Power, strength and health come to the Lover  
From the Beloved's strength,  
Because the greatness of the Lover  
Is from the greatness of my greater God.

O One who has fallen  
Into all kinds of grief,  
Don't say, "Ah, ah."  
Say, "Allah."  
O Joseph who is from the Soul,  
Don't talk about the well.  
Talk about glory and presence.

82.

*Verse 1014*

☉ Love, you crack me into pieces like an idol.  
I'll take you to the judge.  
Nobody asked me to be a witness.  
I am a witness, completely unindebted.

You are the One who is judged.  
You are the judge.  
You are the past.  
You are the future.  
You are the One who gets into a rage.  
You are the One who is contented.  
You appear different with every moment.

O my beautiful great Love,  
You are me. I am You.  
You are the torrent.  
You are the heap of grain for threshing.  
You are joy, suffering and grief,  
All at the same time.

These are from You. Those are from You.  
You are pure from this and from that.  
You are these plains. That mountain is You.  
You are the valley of kindness.

You are the sweetness and drunkenness  
Of close ones.

You are the sea full of pearls  
And the mine full of gold and money.

You are the love of talking  
And the passion of silence.  
Comprehension is You. You are also ecstasy.  
The right way, justice and reproach are all You.

O the One who became Sultan  
To the Sultan of Sultans!  
O mind, O the One  
Who put His throne at the land of Soul!  
O the One who offers hundreds of signs,  
Still His face, His trace are unseen!  
O the sea, the store of Absence!

For You, all the beauties and ugly ones  
Are like a picture in front of Your brush.  
If You desire it, You draw a beautiful picture.  
If You want to draw ugliness,  
Then You tear and throw them  
To sickness and death.

If the pictures knew  
They all came from the same pen,  
They would get along fine with each other.

Your zeal says, "Go away,"  
To the ones coming toward you  
To give their Soul.  
Your kindness invites them by saying,  
"Yes, come here."

But Your kindness exceeds  
And attracts the Lover more and more.  
Like light is superior to darkness,  
Your favor is much greater than Your grief.

He hooked everyone with one desire, one fancy  
And kept pulling them behind Him  
From place to place.  
You are the One.  
The flag in Your hand pulls the army of all fancies.

At first, you give desire for ownership, for power.  
Then you give another fancy

And grab greatness from the one  
To whom You have given it  
And make him a slave to the other.

Every moment, a desire  
Comes from the land of Soul to the body  
Without the knowledge of the One  
Who divides destiny and says, like a child,  
"This is mine. This castle is mine."

I'll be silent. I'll close my mouth  
So that this world won't become  
Mixed up and confused.  
You cannot be explained with words.  
What can I say, more or less?

84.[\[151\]](#)

*Verse 1029*

This world has no patience, no consistency.  
How long should I decide to stay in this mud?  
My Beloved doesn't even need my Love.

I am not the black topsoil  
Just so the wind can blow me to dust.  
I am not the roof of the sky  
Just so I can wear a gray mantle.

Since He is my store, my bazaar,  
Why should I rent a store?  
I am the Sultan of Soul.  
Why should I watch and serve like a servant?

I will tear the store down.  
My store is His Love.  
I have found the mine of ruby.  
How can I be a shopkeeper?

I don't have a cut on my head.  
Why should I wear a bandage?  
I am the doctor of the world.  
Tell me, why should I look sick?

I am the nightingale of the garden of Heart.

It would be a shame to become an owl.  
I am a rose sapling in His rose garden.  
It would be bad for me to be a thorn.

I should stay away from troubled ones,  
Since I am close to the Sultan.  
I should be disgusted with my self,  
Because I have reached His Love.

If I look for a job to do,  
He ties my hands with chains.  
If I intend to stay sober,  
He drowns me in a jar of wine.

O hodja, I am a glass of wine.  
How could I bring sorrow to the Heart?  
I am the candle light.  
How could I darken the house?

Come one night. Be my guest.  
I'll put the full moon in front of you.  
Give your Heart to me.  
I'll do all the favors and take your Heart.

If you lose your life in Love,  
I'll become your life, your Love.  
This will be enough for you.  
If the thief steals your turban,  
I'll become a turban for you.

Don't give your Heart to others.  
You can't find a pearl like me.  
Come in slowly. Don't worry.  
I'll worry for you.  
I'll be responsible for you.

I've overcome laziness and boredom.  
I've cleared my Soul of fear.  
Death won't come unless it's at the given time,  
Yet I command death. He listens to my orders.

My thanks to His pleasures.  
My patience to His disasters.  
O Cupbearer, get up.  
Give me wine so that I will be drunk.

The wine is the wine I boiled. I made it.  
Joy and pleasure are the ones  
I have brought as good news.  
My grape is ripe.  
Why should I crush unripe grapes?

O the experienced player  
Plays his tune until dawn.  
As long as my head is like that, healthy,  
Why should I be turned into a carcass?

You are a night bird tonight  
Or in the arms of a beauty.  
Stay awake like a fairy.  
Stay awake and watch me dance.  
I'll tell you all about everything.

I swear to God, our foundation is enforced.  
Our evidence becomes obvious.  
Thanks to God, I am a lion, not a hyena.

Joy and pleasures have come.  
Sorrows are all gone.  
Thanks to God, Who gives favors and kindness,  
O customer, kneel down so I can buy you.

I've been playing the tambourine since dawn.  
I have had a wedding.  
I will throw the veil in the fire,  
How long should I stay covered?

I've withdrawn myself  
Like dawn from the sky,  
Which is covered by a veil.  
I will be the omnipotent of the universe.  
I will repair all broken Hearts.

The homeless have the house.  
The poor have the wealth.  
Be silent! If you are silent,  
I will talk for you.

If I have the same disposition  
As Shems of Tebriz,  
If we have the same star,  
I will shine in six dimensions.

I will be enlightened in six dimensions.

85.

*Verse 1052*

☞ tried very hard to become  
The mirror of virtue and goodness,  
But as much as I tried,  
You made me a tavern, a town of wine.

I became a private tavern for special ones  
In order to be a doctor and cure diseases  
And mend all the broken bones.  
I became a sea for divers.  
I became a whole sun.

You made forms of angels in this world of mud  
Just so they would be charmers.  
You exalted them.  
You threw me away  
In order to make me the elixir of closeness.

You set a flame for the way of Harut, [\[152\]](#)  
Taught magic to lots of people.  
As for me, You made me a candle  
To enlighten the darkness.

The Turk always acts like a Turk,  
The Tacik [\[153\]](#) like a Tacik.  
I become a Turk one moment  
And a Tacik another.

Sometimes I become the crown of the Sultan,  
Sometimes the tricks of the devil.  
One moment I become the smartest of minds,  
Other times, a child  
Who plays the game of tipcat.

In order to become the rose color of Your face,  
The fineness of Your hair,  
I shed the blood of duality,  
Merge and unify with only Joseph.

86.

*Verse 1059*

☞ will never kick out the drunk  
Who has fallen down at my door.  
If I have wine in my house,  
I'll put it in front of him.  
I'll sit and drink with him.

My drunk guest is my Soul, my crown, my Sultan.  
I put him on top of my head.  
He is that holy to me.

O my friend, my confidant, make me drunk.  
I don't count the day that I am not quite drunk  
As part of my life.

Since I sacrifice my life like gold  
To the Cupbearer,  
I don't look at anyone's face  
But the Cupbearer's.  
I don't listen to anyone but the Cupbearer.

How much more shall I try myself,  
This smart, this wise Soul?  
The day I am drunk,  
I am like a ship sailing around.  
The day I am sober, I stand still with an anchor.

Where is the wine for the body?  
Where is the wine for the Soul?  
Where is the sky? Where is the rope?[\[154\]](#)

There is a drunk who vomits.  
There is a drunk who brings distance near,  
Who passes over all the roads of earth.  
One is despicable on earth;  
The other, highly esteemed in Heaven.

O Caravan Master, if You are drunk,  
If Your Heart is bright,  
Don't sleep tonight.  
Be silent. Be silent.  
O One who is all kindness,  
Drink from this wine.

87.

*Verse 1067*

Ⲛull yourself together. Come to your senses.  
Don't look so confused.  
The One from Mecca knows I am from Batha.[\[155\]](#)

The color of my face is turning to saffron  
Because of that Heart-catching,  
Tulip-faced Beauty.  
Every moment my business is growing  
Because of that Beauty, adding joy to my joy.

My Heart resembles the snow,  
Melting every moment,  
Wanting to be there all the time,  
Because I am from there.

People are happier  
Where there is a more orderly life.  
Come and look at me.  
I've become crazy from the calls  
Coming from Soul.

That snow says, "I am melting  
Every moment to become a torrent,  
A cascade running to the sea.  
I am from the sea. I am the sea."

I stay alone, stand still,  
Freeze and become lifeless.  
I have been chewed  
Between the teeth of trouble.

Untie your knots, like water,  
So that you'll be saved  
From the torture of those teeth.  
I will be tightly knotted.  
Naturally, I'll be chewed up, crushed, beaten.

Come to your senses.  
Leave the snow's water alone.  
Look at the real wines. They are boiling up:

"We are sharp and could cause lots of trouble."

I talk too much.  
You know I know only that much.  
I'm like a reed flute without a head or feet  
In the hands of the flute player.

I become more exuberant every moment,  
Foam and froth.  
I am flying like a mind without wings,  
Because I am from the heights.

If you are tired of me,  
Look at the Sultan of time.  
See Him so He can give you wisdom.  
That Beauty of a halvamaker makes you sweet.

O Beauty, the One who is existence  
To the ones who deny existence!  
O the cure for the ill ones!  
O the One who says, "I am from Kafdagi,[\[156\]](#)  
I belong to the phoenix and make the Soul fly!"

Enough. I'll be silent, stop staying all this.  
But He won't stop.  
He keeps saying all these words.  
In fact, I'm like a parrot.  
His Love is sugar.  
I start talking because of His sugar.

88.

*Verse 1080*

☞ my Beloved, O my Beloved!  
O the One who doesn't know mercy!  
O my Charmer, the One who took my Heart!  
O my confidant, the One who relieves my grief!

O the One who becomes a moon  
For us on earth!  
O the One who becomes dawn  
In the middle of the night!  
O the One who becomes a shield for us In the moment of danger!  
O my cloud which rains sugar for me!

How beautifully You flow in my Soul.  
How beautifully You cure my illnesses.  
O my religion, O my faith,  
O my sea full of pearls!

O the torch for night passengers!  
O the chain for crazy Lovers!  
O the Kible[\[157\]](#) for everyone!  
O my Caravan Master!

You are a brigand and, at the same time, a guide,  
A Moon and, at the same time, Jupiter.  
You are on this side  
And, at the same time, on the other one,  
The corner where I stand,  
The place on which I rely.

You came like the prophet Joseph,  
Looking for a customer.  
You've come to burn my Egypt, my bazaar.

You are the Moses of my Mount Sinai,  
The Jesus who cures all my illnesses.  
You are the halo of my light.  
You are my Ahmed-i Muhtar.[\[158\]](#)

You are company for me in the dungeon,  
Sometimes my smiling prosperity.  
I swear to God  
That You are hundreds of times more than that.  
O my Beloved, who deserves more praise  
Than my many, many praises!

You tell me, "Jump over to this side."  
"How can I come to Your temple?" I ask.  
You answer, "O my deceitful one, O my creature,  
Don't try to find excuses."

I say, "You are an unmeasurable treasure  
Who deserves Sultans."  
"Yes," He answers, "but it is not free.  
I want Soul, special Soul."  
I say, "I agree, take the weight from me."

If you want treasure, put up your head.

If you want Love, give your Soul.  
Come in rank. Don't return,  
O my Hayder-i Kerrar. [\[159\]](#)

89.

*Verse 1091*

☉ gardener, autumn has come,  
Autumn has come.  
See the sign of sorrow of the Heart  
On the leaves and branches.

O gardener, listen carefully.  
Hear the cry of the trees.  
There are hundreds of Souls  
Wailing silently everywhere, hundreds of Souls.

Eyes won't tear without a cause.  
Lips won't become dry without a reason.  
Nobody's face becomes pale like saffron  
Without suffering like saffron.

In short, the raven of grief  
Has landed in the garden, asking,  
"Where, where is the rose garden?"

Where is the iris? Where is the August rose?  
Where is the tulip, the cypress?  
Where is the jasmine?  
Where are the beauties  
Who dress the green of the grasses and meadows?

Where is the taste of the fruit?  
Where is all the free honey and milk?  
All the Hearts and lungs are dry,  
Longing for milk.

Where are the nightingale's sweet melodies?  
Where is the coo of the dove?  
Where are the arrogantly beautiful peacocks?  
Where are the parrots? Where?

After eating a grain, just like Adam,  
It seems they've left the house of heaven.

Their crowns have been blown off their heads  
With this test.  
Their dresses have fallen  
Because of it.

The rose garden has fallen into deprivation,  
Just like Adam.  
It cries and at the same time waits, saying,  
"Don't abandon hope of the One  
Who has all kindness and favors.  
Don't give up."

All the trees draw a line.  
They are all mourning, dressed in black.  
They don't have even one leaf.  
They have nothing left.  
They are crying, yelling because of this test.

O stork, O head of the village,  
Please answer my question.  
Where did you go, underground  
Or over the sky? Over the sky?

"O villainous raven," they say,  
"That water will flow again to the rose garden.  
The world will be filled  
With color and smell again,  
Just like heaven. Just like heaven."

O raven, who talks only nonsense,  
Wait for only three months.  
You'll see the festive days of earth.  
Festive days will come again in spite of you.

With the sound of our Israfil,[\[160\]](#)  
Our oil lamp will shine,  
We will come back to life from death.  
We will find new life  
From that merciful Soul  
That resembles the sun.

How long will this denial, this doubt last?  
You are a mine of beauty.  
You have taste, charm.  
Ascend to the sky like the pupil of the eye,  
Without stairs.

Fly to the sky like sight, without stairs.

Monster autumn is dying.  
You kick its grave.  
Guard, guard right now.  
A kingdom is borning.

O morning, light up the world.  
Expel the Indians. Warm up time.  
Cast spells. Cast spells.

O sun who does all good,  
Come to the sign of Aries.  
Don't leave any ice or mud.  
Spread ambergris, ambergris.

Fill the rose garden with laughter.  
Bring life to the dead.  
Light up the day of judgement.  
Do it now, clearly. Do it now.

Seeds are freed from their jail.  
We're also freed from inside our houses.  
The garden has brought hundreds of gifts  
From the land of Absence, hundreds of them.

The rose garden is filled with hundreds of roses.  
Gossip stops.  
Time starts giving birth.  
Time becomes the father and helps to give birth.

The stork lands  
On that great big house like the sky,  
Saying, "Leylek."[\[161\]](#)  
O the One whose help is asked, is begged,  
It's Your property, Your property.

The nightingale is playing its lute,  
The dove is saying, "coo-coo,"  
And the other birds come  
As players of young destiny.

I am so loaded with this tumult  
That I can hardly talk. I'll stop.  
In fact, it's impossible to explain  
All the thoughts in my Heart With words.

Be silent. Listen.  
New news is coming  
From the garden, from the birds.  
An arrow has come flying  
From the land of Absence.

90.

*Verse 1116*

☉ Lovers, O Lovers, it's time  
To leave this world.  
I hear the sounds of the exit drums  
With the ear of my Soul.

Here, right now, the Caravan Master is up,  
Sets the string of camels and asks his fee.  
Why have you slept all this time,  
O people of the caravan?

The sounds which come from the front and back  
Are the sounds of departure,  
Sounds of the bells  
Hanging on the necks of camels.  
Every moment, Soul and breath  
Appear in the land of Absence.

A bunch of amazing people  
Came from the light of upside-down oil lamps  
And from behind the deep blue curtains  
To reveal the secret things.

You fall in deep sleep  
Watching the wheel of the sky.  
Cry for this life which has passed so quickly.  
Wake up from that deep sleep.

Everywhere there are torches and candles,  
Lots of noise and lots of action,  
Because tonight the world has become pregnant.  
The eternal world will be born.

You were earth and became Heart.  
*You* were ignorant, but you learned much.

The One who pulls you here  
Now pulls and drags you over there.

Don't make a face at Him.  
His fire is like water.  
His pulling, His other unpleasant things  
Are very good.

His job is to sit on Hearts.  
His fun is to break the repentant.  
Even the hearts of particles are trembling  
From His innumerable deceits.

O this sarcastic smile  
That jumps out of the slit of the mouth,  
O the boasting that says,  
"I am the head of the village,"  
How long will you be jumping around?  
Give up. Bend your neck, your head.  
Otherwise, they will pull and bend you like a bow.

You kept sowing the seed of deceit,  
Lamenting and denying God.  
Now let's see you, O charlatan.

O donkey, better eat hay.  
*You* deserve a black pot.  
O the shame of your house, your family,  
It would be better if you pass under ground.

I have another person in me.  
These angers come from him.  
If water burns, it's because  
It's boiled from the fire.

There's no stone in my hand.  
I don't fight or argue with anyone.  
I'm as pleasant as the rose garden.

My anger is because of him, from that world.  
The one who is angry isn't me.  
He is the one who jumps  
From one side to the other.  
I sit at the threshold, moving nowhere.

The one who sits at the threshold  
Is mute, but talks.  
You give this hint. It's enough.  
Be silent. Don't say anything else.

91.

*Verse 1132*

Who is He? Who is He?  
He is the One who makes Lovers crazy, insane.  
The earth becomes more beautiful than the sky,  
With His light.

He is the One  
Who guides the Soul away from himself,  
The jewel of treasures,  
The cypress of the garden,  
The Archangel Gabriel himself.

He is the drunkenness  
Of the Soul and universe,  
The Beloved of the eyes and mouth.  
He is the looter of profit and stores,  
Abstinence from sins and religion.

The moon and sun are ashamed  
After seeing Him.  
He is a stone Heart who spreads pearls,  
Such a tyrant, that even iron mountains  
Are fragmented by fear of Him.

The sun has become richer because of Him.  
Hundreds of moons are eating  
Like the flying vulture star [\[162\]](#) at His harvest.

Come, O Soul of eternity,  
Come, O beautiful face,  
Come, O sun of dawn,  
Come, O One who is understanding and light.

Come and shine on the faces.  
Water the field of Hearts.  
Take off your shoes and sit at the head of Souls.

O knowledge, go away.  
O ear, hear the good news. O mind, get drunk.  
O eyes, watch the kingdom.

The eyes of Job are opened.  
The son of Jacob has returned.  
The sun has become a peer to the moon  
And sits at the drinking table.

I used to make purses;  
I was burning with greed for gold.  
I shouldn't appear poor anymore;  
I saw treasure at the ambush.

O the One who has the best writer  
Of the order of "Reveal," [\[163\]](#)  
O the One in front of His mind,  
The universal Soul has become  
Like a child biting his nails.

The knowledgeable One who sees Him  
Increases his knowledge a hundred fold.  
He raises his hands above his head  
And clapping, says,  
"What a wonderful helper!"

Under the shade of His lotus tree  
Man became the Archangel Gabriel.  
It is not everyone  
Who has a plump calf at his guest house.

He has found the way to God's table,  
Has understood, become one  
With the spiritually chosen Ones.  
Black-eyed Houris [\[164\]](#) carry plates full of blessings.

How long will you be reading  
The book of the Soul's secret with banal people?  
This book is obviously reaching  
The hands of the right people anyway.

Who is He? Who is He?  
He must be a second Joseph  
Or maybe Elijah, Hızir[165] or the Fountain of Life.

This must be a divine garden,  
The assembly of God,  
The salve of Isfahan,[166]  
Or the Glory of God,  
Devoid of all deficiencies.

He is the One who adds Soul to Soul.  
He is the Heaven of Me'va.[167]  
He is our beautiful Cupbearer,  
Our wine of Soul.

This resembles sugar cane.  
The mouth of the Beloved  
Looks like a head in Love.  
This resembles that silver statue.  
This is joy and pleasure,  
Ease and happiness.

We are drunk today.  
O my Father, we broke our repentance.  
O my Father, we came out of famine.  
This day gives the most abundance of the year.

O player who has the voice of David,  
Throw all my belongings in the fire.  
Hit the high and low notes;  
It's time for singing and playing.

I am Your drunk, Your ruined one.  
I depend on Your rule.  
I am Your sacrifice, Your Isaac.  
That is the fate of sacrifice.

We're free from fear, from hope.  
Where is Love? Where is modesty and shyness?  
It's hell for the one who's ashamed;  
This is the time to leave all shame behind.

Look at the red and yellow roses.  
See this instigation, this disorder.  
Watch the dust under the sea.  
All these are from Imran, son of Moses.

He changes every substance into Soul,  
Makes the Soul know God,  
And turns everyone into Solomons of justice.  
This must be holy order, a rule of giants.

Love, where is all Your nonsense talk,  
That joy, that drink, that beauty?  
No one understands You, not even one man.  
They think it's Syriac. [\[168\]](#)

The brilliant sun is coming,  
Swaying like a drunk,  
Like a Sultan coming with a ball and club.

Whenever there is a ball,  
It always rolls with a club.  
You also become handless and footless.  
This is the time for union.

If you become a ball, without hands and feet,  
His club will become a foot for you.  
You will go to the temple of God,  
Because this is a divine journey.

That water runs into the river.  
Now throw your jar on the stone.  
Prostrate yourself, don't say anything,  
Because this is the assembly of the Sultan.

93.

*Verse 1162*

Don't go there.  
Come here, O my smiling sapling rose,  
O one who is the mind of my mind,  
The Soul of my Soul.

Look this way. Come to our side.  
Exalt in the sugar cane,  
O my Fountain of Life.

I want to come to you secretly  
After the darkness of night has fallen.

Your face will lighten up the night  
For night travelers.

In relation to your Love, who am I?  
I'm the cupbearer for your bloody tears.  
My eyes are a jar of wine.  
My eyelashes are the filter for the wine.

I'm serving You wine from my tears,  
My Heart is roasted.  
These are the only things I have.

The sea of my eye won't be deprived of that pearl  
For even one moment.  
Your beautiful ruby will always  
Stay in my mine.

Even with all this,  
Where is your gratitude?  
What happened to your oath?  
Give up this oppression and cruelty,  
O my Beautiful.

Look! My eyes are tearing.  
My face is pale,  
Trying to reach your agate-colored lips.

God wrote on your face,  
"Renew your faith."  
My faith has been increasing  
Because of your beautiful face and this writing.

When You're angry,  
Your *eyes* tell such words to my eyes;  
They belong to *my* secret fire.

He says, "Don't be afraid of that Beauty's anger.  
Don't give up out of coyness.  
First, drink a cup *of* His wine with sediment  
And watch the end *of* this affair.

"There is a thorn for every rose,  
There is a snake at the top *of* the treasure.  
My Soul will reward you  
For your patience and suffering."

After I heard these words, I said,  
"Since you want to torture me,  
Your suffering is my treasure."  
I am like Abu-Hurayra;[\[169\]](#)  
Your grief, your troubles  
Become my leather bag.

I pick up things from the bag,  
Make the beggar a Sultan.  
I give gold and silver to the people who ask,  
Because the full moon became my guest.

I pull out from the bag  
Whatever my Heart desires.  
This way, color comes to my face,  
And blessings come to my table.

He said, "*You* are right.  
Put your mind in your head.  
Don't lose the bag.  
You've found a good key,  
O my trustworthy doorkeeper."

Patience is the key to affliction and troubles.  
Patience is the ladder *of* rank and ascension.  
Patience is the antidote *of* depression,  
O my Arabic-reading Turk!  
O my Beauty who knows Arabic!

Quit saying Lahavle.[\[170\]](#)  
O son, it's enough,  
Because the devil *of* wine  
Has become furious.  
I quit Lahavle,  
And my devil starts saying Lahavle now.

94.

*Verse 1180*

*For* some time I've been left on this journey  
With the sound of 'start the journey.'  
For some time I've heard the sound of go,  
But I've lost the location of my tent.

When will you save me  
From the voice that says things like,  
"Go, get on the road,"  
So that I can reach You, Your glory,  
My Beauty whose face is like the moon,  
The place of my harvest? [\[171\]](#)

O my Beloved! The One  
Who is the light of the sun!  
I've been happy with Your Love  
On the journey through mountain and valley,  
Plain and river, day and night.

But how is my road to be opened?  
Where is that face? Where is that Sultan?  
Tell me about that.  
Tell me, tell me that.  
I've been burned  
By my desire for that Sultan.

How long will I be asking for Your news  
From the morning breeze?  
How long will I be searching through the image  
Of the fish in the well's water?

I've been burned hundreds of times,  
Flowered with the kindness of spring.  
In all cases, I have admired the art of God.

95.

*Verse 1186*

Yesterday, my Beloved's image  
Was turning around the Heart.  
I said, "Come in, lighten up my insides  
With the light of Your face."

O Sultan of Sultans,  
O the One who threw  
My sane Soul into the fire!

O the One whose spring made my life green!  
My Soul and many others all have wondered  
At the things I've done.

O the One who is the Soul  
Of the angels in the sky,  
O the one who is the rosary  
Of the fish in the sea,  
There is a taste and trace of You  
On every Beauty and beautiful face.

You are the greatest of the great.  
The proof of every prophet,  
You reign and, at the same time,  
Are the source of justice.  
You are also the remedy  
To my irremediable disease.

My earth turns into golden treasure  
With the brightness of Your sun.  
With Your light,  
My wandering thoughts gained wings.

I am full of melodies  
In the arms of Your favors, like a harp.  
Strike gently, so my strings won't be broken.

When the kindness of Your spring  
Reflected on the garden of Soul,  
Either the thorns disappeared in the rose,  
Or all my thorns became roses.

This blood-drinking Heart  
Set hundreds of golden tables every night  
Because of the grace of Your face.

The specter of my Beloved comes every night,  
Puts out His hand and scratches my head.  
In the end, that Beauty who patted my head  
Took my turban away.

The One who brought me from Absence  
Made me talk every moment.  
In the end, the One who made me talk  
Became all the words I have spoken.

*Verse 1197*

☞f the rose with its beauty,  
The jasmine with its fine three petals  
See Your face, reach You,  
They all grow so big, so beautiful.

O my Beautiful, life is Your rose garden.  
O my Beloved, the wound You open  
Is luck and prosperity for me.  
To be a slave to Your slave  
Is higher than being a king or sultan.

"I offer you life," *You* said.  
No, no. Say, "I kill you," so that I will be brighter  
And more alive, like a candle with its wick cut.

What do the devout look for?  
Your mercy.  
What do Lovers search for?  
Your wound, Your oppression, Your cruelty.  
He is death, dressed;  
Others are alive in their coffins.

One runs for his life;  
The other One sacrifices himself to Love.  
One keeps his head down to save his, life;  
The other becomes an enemy to himself.

O the One who shines in my Soul  
Like a Sun entering the sign of Aries!  
O the One who turns me into  
Yemen's [\[172\]](#) ruby with the light of His face!

97.

*Verse 1203*

☞merged so completely with Love,  
Was so fused, that I became Love  
And Love became me.  
That way, I was saved  
From instigations, trials, tribulations.

Yes, with complete Union,  
Man becomes strange to himself.  
There wouldn't be any animosity  
If people could solve this problem.

There is a sea that isn't far from us.  
It's unseen, but not hidden.  
It's forbidden to talk about,  
Yet, at the same time,  
A sin and sign of ungratefulness not to.

To talk about Him  
Is like comparing Him to a human.  
To keep silent denies His omnipotence.  
This is a problem with no solution,  
A disease which has no cure.  
You save us, O One who has kindness and favors.

The shapes, colors, smells of this world  
Ask for His help every moment,  
Just like a baby who doesn't know Him,  
Yet wants nourishment from Him.

The Heart is asleep.  
At the same time, He is awake,  
Boiling up constantly.  
He is like a lidded saucepan  
That sits on top of the fire.

O the One who offers that wine  
Without saying words to us!  
Every moment a legend comes with a shout  
Out of that silence.

There are hundreds of pities in Your curse,  
Hundreds of generousities in Your greed,  
Hundreds of bits of knowledge in Your ignorance.  
He talks silently, like one surmises.

The words You said when You were silent  
Are heard by the Ones  
Who fell in Love and lost their minds.  
I am in silence, but I'm exuberant with You.  
I look like the Sea of Aden.[\[173\]](#)

Your Grace is doing Godliness,

Grants all wishes.  
My God, help the one who is separated from You  
To pass through himself.

O the One who is our consent, our coyness,  
Our origin and our beginning!  
How can the father of Hasan[\[174\]](#)  
Know this secret of ours?

O the One whose Love buys us,  
Pulls us from others!  
O the One who tears our clothes,  
Put Your hand on our tom dresses!

O the One who sheds the blood of my mind  
Smuggles the patience out of my Heart.  
O the One who merges with my Soul  
Breaks the Soul of every shape!

If a bird flies away from the place  
Where the Lover was ruined  
And finds that his prey is dead,  
It will keep tearing its coffin.

98.

*Verse 1217*

The fortune of my Beauty never sleeps.  
Neither do my eyes see sleep.  
O the One whose beauty  
Is a candle to this world,  
My eyes become the basin for that candle.

With the food of Your Love,  
Eyes and Heart have ceased sleeping.  
They're nourished with Your Love.  
Both of them, like a cypress,  
Suck the juice of Your kindness  
Without the need of a mouth.

The occupation of the Soul  
Is not a bunch of nonsense.  
The sustenance of Soul is not dirty.  
It doesn't lose the state of canonical purity.

There is new form and shape born  
Without man or woman  
Every moment in the town of the Soul.

Every form is more beautiful than the moon,  
Sweeter than sugar or honey.  
They dress differently,  
With hundreds of thousands of clamors,  
And serve my Beloved.

They all admire the sovereignty of dervishes.  
The water of the sky flows in their rivers.  
O Heart, You came to their quarter as a drunk.  
Clap Your hands.

Because of that charming Beauty's face,  
Whose forehead is as bright as the Moon,  
Earth turned into sky.  
Help us, O Moslems, save us  
From these designs filled with instigations.

99.

*Verse 1223*

Suddenly, I catch a smell.  
Maybe it's coming from my Beloved.  
Maybe my faithful, drunk Beauty  
Is drinking wine and remembering me.

O the Charmer  
Who stays in my Heart and Soul,  
How can He not remember me?  
How can I be out of His Heart?  
He's making Macun[\[175\]](#) for my broken Heart.

Now, because of this exuberance,  
God's compassion is flowing  
Like a cascade in my sea of secrets,  
Like the river of Ceyhun.[\[176\]](#)

My act, my talk  
Are the curtains of my ecstasy.  
My Heart, which resembles a rose garden,  
Is shamed by my thoughts,

Which look like thorns.

Where is the shout and sound  
Which deserves my Love?  
Where are the moon and sun  
That have brighter lights than I do?

Leave this alone.  
Now a Kaiser comes to Ethiopia  
From the land of Rum  
To clean away my rust,  
To instigate trouble among the blacks.

Climb His roof and watch.  
His news is coming from the Heart's window,  
Hitting my Soul,  
Which is fed by fire.

How can I talk about meeting Him?  
How can I describe His Beauty?  
Those parrots don't even come close  
To the trap of my words.

Don't look at my Beloved  
With the worth of my words.  
Watch the Mount Sinai of Moses  
On the Heart of my ideas.

My awake Beloved will give a hint  
With these words  
To the ones who are awake.  
Tonight He will give a sign.

I wonder why this elephant with insomnia  
Sees India in its dream.  
Leyla [\[177\]](#) came by,  
Searching for her beloved in my Heart,  
Which became Mecnun.

Tonight, all the earth will be washed away  
From the torrent of my Heart,  
Because the Source of my rivers is flowing  
Through my Heart's canals.

He screams in my ears in such a way  
That every particle

Becomes drunk with the sound.  
I hear the sound of my flying Cafer's wings.[\[178\]](#)  
I understand that he keeps flying.

My God, give another language to my Soul  
Besides this one  
So that when talking about Union,  
My shingles won't untie.

You took the patience and decisions  
From my Heart.  
You made me drunk and threw me to the ground.  
Where is my knowledge?  
Where is my mind  
Which used to understand everything?

Son, cover this  
So that beautiful silver statue won't hear.  
Beside Him, everything, including Soul,  
Is a stranger to me.

O my peerless Beauty! O the One  
Who is impossible to describe with words!  
O the One whose quality  
Cannot be contained with words!  
O the One who covers my sins,  
Give some beauty to these words.  
Adorn these words.

O parrot with whom we are fed  
At the same table,  
Don't chew any sugars  
Except the unconditional, uncircumstantial ones.  
Don't talk about existence,  
Attributes, signs, forms.

My Heart and Soul stay away  
From faith and blasphemy.  
They go only one way.  
It would be hell for me  
If I had anything else to do but You.

How can I beat the drum of others  
While my table is full of Your sugars?  
O One who has hundreds of musks  
In every curl of His hair,

Who gives perfume  
To hundreds of perfume sellers!

Son, put me up as your guest.  
This is my food and drink;  
This is my garden and field;  
This is my gold and silver.  
Play that tune until early dawn.

My Heart which has been sleeping is awake.  
The One who has been drunk all night long  
Is sobered  
By a lightning strike to my Heart  
From my clouds full of rain.

O One who has become  
An admonition to my eyes!  
The eyes of all the ones  
Who came before or after  
Have never seen a Love like this.

Many times I've become stone,  
Many times pearl.  
I've become a believer, then a disbeliever.  
In this appeal, in this transformation,  
Sometimes I was the head, sometimes the feet.

I'll go out of myself for one single day,  
Give up good and bad  
And start naming the attributes of God,  
The One whom everyone needs,  
The One who doesn't need anyone.

O the Owner of this watering sky,[\[179\]](#)  
My Soul hasn't gotten any joy from it,  
O my rose-faced One, O my rose garden,  
My heaven and my flowers.

What is the night?  
Hundreds of years have passed.  
This fire hasn't been extinguished.  
This hell hasn't cooled down.  
I've turned into water with my shame,  
But this fire keeps burning.

Every moment I become younger,

Keep hiding from myself.  
This sound, straight kingdom  
Makes me more beautiful, more attractive.

Since I'm part of the Soul,  
I'll be the whole Soul.  
Since I'm the thorn of the rose.  
I'll be the rose.  
I've become "we have heard."[\[180\]](#)  
At the time my Beauty  
Transforms me from one stage to another,  
I'll become the words 'to tell.'

O the one who claps his hands for me,  
Don't be confused.  
O the one who plays for me,  
Don't be tired.  
There will be a day when  
My Sultan will ask for your excuses.

There will be a day when you'll be His drunk.  
There will be a day when you'll kiss His hand,  
A day when you'll be scattered like my turban.

O Beautiful for whom my Soul became Ferhad,[\[181\]](#)  
My Soul remembered Him tonight.  
The strings of the harp are broken.  
Help me tolerate this new rule.

Who would be Mecnun[\[182\]](#) in front of Him?  
Anyone whose Heart is wounded by His Love  
Becomes Leyla.  
The good Leyla consumes  
All the patience and decisions of other Leylas.

Son, hold your father's hand.  
Take care of him until morning,  
Because I have been overwhelmed  
By the sparks of the cloud  
Which rains fire over me.

Since wine is forbidden for him,  
The Soul becomes restless.  
Once he drinks, the unlucky Saturn  
Won't let him see my moon-faced Beauty.

The Soul has been trembling because of Him,  
But he deserves all this trembling.  
Where are the eyes  
That search the waves  
Of my endless seas and being  
Which are sacrificed in those waves?

O the King of the five senses  
And the six dimensions!  
I will talk about Him  
Until the Last Day of Judgment.  
Even amazement is astonished  
That I am so close with Him.

Either tell or don't.  
I have no patience for that game.  
O Beloved whose face is mine this year,  
His hair was mine last year.

People are scared of Him.  
For me, death is like sugar in His temple.  
Life without Him is my death.  
Praise without Him is my shame.

O deceiving moon,  
O star that doesn't befriend  
My leftover knowledge!

My Beautiful, I will turn around this pivot;  
I will hide in privacy from the stars.  
But where is the morning  
Of the Ones who drank the morning wine?  
Where is the assembly of free people?

O One who speaks these words,  
Be a friend to the wrestler of aged, bored people,  
Because these languages, quatrains, poems  
Have tired me.

Don't mention anyone except Shems of Tebriz.  
Don't say anything  
That isn't either help or victory.  
Don't talk about anything  
But Love and burning Hearts.  
I won't acknowledge anything else.

## 100.

### *Verse 1266*

You are just like a Soul inside of my Soul,  
Flowing secretly and stealthily.  
O light of my garden, my meadow,  
You walk and sway like a cypress.

Since you're going, don't go without me.  
O Soul of my Soul, don't go without the body.  
O gleaming light, don't go away  
From my eye. Don't go!

I'll tear the seven layers of sky,  
Cross seven seas  
If You look charmingly  
At my dizzy-headed Soul.

O Beauty whose face is my faith,  
Whose looks are my religion,  
The believer and disbeliever become my slaves  
When You are in my arms.

O Joseph of Canaan, you took my hands, my feet  
And made me without hands and feet,  
Cut me off from food, drink, sleep,  
Came inside drunk and laughing.

I turned into Soul with Your kindness,  
I passed out of myself.  
O Beautiful whose existence  
Has disappeared from my eyes  
But is hidden within myself!

O Beautiful whose eyes  
Make the narcissus drunk!  
The rose tears its dress because of You.  
Branches are full of buds with Your Grace,  
O my endless garden meadow.

One moment You pull me  
To the mountain next to the garden.  
Another moment, in order to open my eyes,  
You lead me to the source of light.

O the Soul who is better than all Souls,  
O the mine which is better than  
The most valuable mine,  
O my most attractive, most charming Beauty!

Since this place is not our country,  
Let this flesh be decayed, go to pieces.  
I'm not afraid. I don't even think of the sky,  
O One whose Union  
Is like meeting with Saturn.

The Soul resembles little particles in the air  
Without Your sun.  
Why does my foundation  
Of the four foundations, [\[183\]](#)  
My pillar of the four pillars,  
Become alone, without You?

O my Sultan Selahaddin,  
O One who knows, shows the way,  
Doesn't care for my composure,  
The One who is above all possibilities!

101.

*Verse 1278*

How long do you think you can escape death  
By watching the purple color of the Judas tree,  
By listening to the sound of the organ?  
Look and see.  
They're pulling and dragging you away.  
Really, we are returning to Him.

How long will you lock the houses with greed?  
How long will you keep indulging in food,  
Chasing the bait?  
The trap of death has already exhausted you.

There is no need for a silver saddle  
On a dead horse.  
When you ride the wooden horse  
And use the slab as a saddle,  
You'll understand all the deceit and fables of life.

Take off your expensive dresses and skirts;  
Surrender yourself to the shroud.  
Move away from the greenness, the garden;  
Try to stay on the ground with the blood.

You used to watch beautiful ones stealthily,  
Used to be their confidant.  
You used to come over, clapping your hands.  
Where are they now? What happened to them?

You bent your jaw<sup>[184]</sup> to nice people,  
Made fun of them.  
Now they've tied your jaw.<sup>[185]</sup>  
Your son, your wife have removed you  
From the house.

Where are your night-drinking joys and parties,  
Those sugar-tasting lips?  
Where is the breath you used  
To blow spells up to the moon  
With your mind, your talent?

Where" is the time when you refused  
To give bread to the needy?  
Where are your fights,  
In which you jumped over crumbs of bread?  
O the One who was dumped in the hole  
Upside down,  
Where is your necklace?  
Where are your headbands?

Where is your incongruous,  
Nonsensical business?  
Where is your annoyance, your discord?  
Where is your ambition in work, in deceit?  
Your tracks, O imposter?

O the one who says this garden is my garden,  
This inn is my inn,  
This one is mine, that one is mine!  
The one who says "mine" weighs seventy tons.  
Now, even a single piece of straw  
Is more valuable than you.

Where is that stately pride,  
Your sarcastic smile, your dislike of everyone?  
Where are those attacks, those fights  
In which your face got all red  
Because of your crazy anger?

Not even one night did you repent until morning,  
You didn't remember God,  
Didn't even mention His name.

Today, you'll be beaten and sorry for the past,  
Because of your crazy beliefs and loose faith.  
You repent for loving the past.

You repent being a stranger to God,  
And yet stay away from the prophets.  
How does this happen, how?

My friend, be like a mirror,  
Tell legends without tongue or lips.  
If action gives sadness,  
Drunkenness goes away.

## 102.

### *Verse 1293*

☞ turn so much around my Heart,  
That my body cannot carry my weight;  
Nor can my Soul stand my fight.

I will turn around this mine  
Until my being is totally disintegrated.  
My wires will be entirely broken.

Son, you are obstinate. So am I.  
Sometimes even the male lion  
Bends his head when faced with my persistence.

How can the body  
Not turn around the Soul,  
Which looks like a sky with torches?  
O Beauty! The attraction point  
Of my compass-like Soul!

The millstone turns as water comes.  
You wouldn't know that.  
You said that it's enough  
For all my wheat to become flour.

But the millstone doesn't care  
For your floor or your grain.  
As long as water comes,  
It turns around my secrets  
Like a whirling sky.

I am a sieve in His hands.  
He moves and turns me around.  
That is His business.  
To be a sieve is my business.

Neither truth nor appearance remain.  
Water is gone, grass is gone.  
Seizing the moment, I say,  
"O my rose-faced Beauty, come."

O One who becomes Soul  
To my drunk Soul,  
The One who escaped last night from my hand,  
Be kind to me. Look at my broken heart.

O my Soul, beg that Beloved  
That He calls you thus:  
"O my Soul, O my sustenance, my livelihood!"

My body looks like a spindle  
When I am in silence.  
God, keep spinning my thread,  
Make a ball out of the threads of my body.

The thread and spinning of the thread  
Are invisible.  
The spindle and its turns are visible.  
The spindle says, "Without His hold and pull,  
How can I do this work?"

The body is like a turban.  
The Soul looks like a head.  
The body covers the Soul  
In every curve like a turban.

O Shemseddin, You are  
Sometimes like a turban, sometimes a head.  
I'm afraid You'll find an excuse  
To change Your mind about meeting me  
And disappear.

103.

*Verse 1307*

☉ my fast, quick flyer,  
Fly to the land of Absence;  
Don't stay on this side.  
Go to the house of secrecy,  
O my thought, my understanding.

What else does this world have  
But a drum on the feast day  
Of this universal intelligence?  
In the harvest of my skies,  
This sky offers nothing but a piece of straw.

I wounded your Heart,  
Don't try to put salve on my wound.  
I tore your mantle,  
Don't try to grab my torn mantle.

It's better to look at what I do,  
Because I am the complete Fountain of Life.  
O one who is afraid  
That I will destroy him,  
Don't carry around that kind of feeling about me.

This sea isn't even a drop  
On the coast of the sea of Soul.  
Joy isn't even a grain  
In my time of sorrow.

Rabbits, pheasant and gazelles  
Are hunted by kings.  
Look at the male lions  
That are tied on my stirrups,  
Hanging upside down.

Because of my Beloved,

Who is the Beauty of the land,  
"I created the skies because of You."[\[186\]](#)  
The Hearts of lions were turned into blood.  
The valley was spread with blood.  
The One who makes man is Mecnun,[\[187\]](#)  
Becomes Mecnun.

If you're tired and bored,  
Come, drink a small glass of God's wine,  
The wine which moves and shakes man  
And makes the mountain of Uhud[\[188\]](#) disappear.

This is the kind of wine  
Whose light reflects  
The sky which is not supported  
By poles and walls. [\[189\]](#)  
If you drink a drop of it,  
You will understand  
All the exuberance of my Soul.

This wine affects your insides,  
Sharpens your mind,  
Enlightens your eyes, your Heart,  
So that in time, you will see  
The pearl inside of this flimsy body.

The world is like a chicken  
Sitting on an incubating egg.  
The arms and wings of my angels  
Are nourished by this egg.

One day, the chicken goes away  
With the fear of a kick  
And leaves the egg alone.  
At that time, my seven-level sky disappears  
In the light of my clean egg.

The bottomless sea says,  
"O old earth, lift up your skirt.  
Pick up a pearl from me.  
My eyes are not jealous or protective."

I am beyond illusion.  
The mind fails to understand me.  
The one who can see my peer, my partner,  
Is the one who sees double

Because of confusion.

My words are like a toothbrush  
Which cleans your teeth,  
Makes your mouth beautiful.  
Even then, you should be silent,  
Because when you're in silence,  
You plunge more deeply  
Into the world of ecstasy.

104.

*Verse 1322*

*(Same as gazel 101, except these verses)*

☉ One whose perfume fills the air on my way.  
O One whose, "Ah," becomes my company.  
With the Love of my Beloved Sultan of Sultans,  
Color and smell fall in Love with me.

My Soul has ascended to the sky  
Like a particle devoid of weights;  
So why is the essence of my four pillars,  
My foundation,  
Without You, separated from You?

105.

*Verse 1324*

☉ My Beloved was walking about  
The garden yesterday, saying,  
"O greenness, there are hundreds  
Who tolerate your oppressions,  
But is there anyone like me?"

I asked Him, "Why don't you ask this of me?"  
"My questions," He answered,  
"Don't fit in the ear O  
And don't come from the mouth."

"Even if You don't ask me openly,  
Tell me secretly," I said.

"The Soul and body both will be burned  
By secret explanations, hints  
And signs of the Heart," He answered.

"In what manner do you go  
On this journey?" I asked.  
"Like the moon," He said.  
"I go in my orbit, bright, beautiful and playful."

To turn around himself is only for the Pivot.[\[190\]](#)  
Because he is on a journey in his country,  
He walks while standing.

The caravan master and camels  
Are all drunk from the Sultan of Sultans.  
O caravan master, don't stay anywhere  
Except my Beloved's place.

O our drink, our whims,  
O our essence, our beginning!  
How does the Soul of Hasan or Abu-l Hasan[\[191\]](#)  
Know our secret?

O the One whose Love in my Soul  
Resembles the sun in the sign of Aries,  
Whose stature, face and eyes  
Turn into Yemen's[\[192\]](#) ruby in my eyes!

The ones before, the ones after,  
If they all get together  
At the end of the world,  
None will be more beautiful than You.

If Mecnun[\[193\]](#) sees You, he'll forget Leyla.  
If Leyla sees you,  
She'll get in the same trouble as Mecnun.

The rose has so many thorns in its feet  
Just from searching for You.  
The jasmine cries all the time  
Because of its separation from You.

All the particles in both worlds  
Wouldn't greedily open their mouths  
If the sun of Your face didn't give us sustenance.

When an animal is sacrificed,  
Its soul leaves its body.  
Piece by piece, its meat comes back  
To life on this side.

Fire teaches eternal living  
To those pieces of meat.  
"O the one just freed from the Soul,  
Who becomes Nothing,  
Tries to reach the Soul  
Which cannot be damaged."

Those pieces of meat yell, saying,  
"I wish my tribe could know  
And understand that!"  
If those yells ever come this way,  
Arrogance and disbelief among the people  
Will disappear.

There will be no fear in any Heart,  
Nor thorn in the foot of any rose.  
You'll march to reach this country, saying,  
"I accept Your invitation,  
I accept Your invitation!" [\[194\]](#)

There's an end to this longing.  
I can tell it if the Cupbearer comes  
And makes me go out of myself.

106.

*Verse 1341*

My Beloved, walking  
Around the garden yesterday  
And talking to the plants, said,  
"There are hundreds of people  
Who suffer because of you.  
But is there anyone like me?"

You didn't appreciate my lips.  
You argued with me.  
See how much you've' wasted me,  
Making me admired by the people of our time.

O instigator!  
The One who throws fire at the people  
Hangs every Heart,  
With invisible thread, from the sky.

All this world is like garbage  
In Your clean, pure sea.  
Only the Souls and Hearts of men and women  
Play in Your sea.

You light so many candles  
And lamps beyond the sky.  
You make so many shapes  
Beyond the house of Souls and bodies.

O most Beautiful,  
If there isn't an image of Your face,  
All of the realities turn into image.  
If it isn't You,  
The Soul in my body becomes dead,  
Wrapped in its shroud.

O my eyes don't see anything  
Without His glory.  
O my Soul dies without His Soul,  
Which adds Soul to Soul.

I said, "Why are you asking  
All this from me?"  
"Our questions," he said,  
"Don't touch ears and mouths."

O the one who thinks  
The shadow of the beloved is the Beloved  
And doesn't differentiate a shirt from flesh!

When your limited, counted Soul  
Merges with limitless, countless Soul,  
Your Soul cannot fit in your body.  
Your candle cannot be covered.

You flee in every direction,  
But, no, don't flee from our circle.  
Don't run away from our circle.  
O moon, you're spoiling  
The galaxies of the Pleiades.  
No, no. Don't do that.

You are Nev-ruz,[\[195\]](#)  
Full of fire, full of light.  
We're like the night following you.  
Wherever you stay, we go there.  
No, no. Don't do that.

O Sun, at the sign of Aries,  
Garden and field are dressed  
By your kindness, your honor.  
Without You, they were idle,  
Wounded by winter.  
No, no. Don't do that.

O the One whose Sun  
Has become a nanny for us,  
We're a shadow following You.  
O nanny, without Your Grace, we're lonely,  
No, no. Don't do that.

108.

*Verse 1355*

Your Love came later,  
But surpassed the others,  
So much greater than other Loves.  
Clearly, God wrote His commandment to say,  
"And the last ones went further."[\[196\]](#)

His imperial cipher has inscribed in gold,  
"Truly, we did open!"[\[197\]](#)  
His form has appeared  
Out of the blue color of the Soul's sea.

Adam has come once more  
To sit at the throne of religion.  
The ones who are identified by

"We stay in line"[\[198\]](#)  
Bend their heads gratefully  
In an act of prostration.

Who is Rustem[\[199\]](#) compared to  
The line of Lovers in this world,  
Lovers riding their black horses  
On the sea of blood every day.

Hundreds of bodiless heads are swimming  
And saying with smiles,  
"Truly we'll return to Him."[\[200\]](#)  
They are in the sea of blood  
Because of Your clamor and greatness.

When the shadow of the Lover  
Falls on the stone mountain,  
The mountain jumps to the nine-level sky.  
"Really, it's the truth we believe,"  
It says a hundred times.  
Try it if you don't believe it.

He shines. His light reflects off that mountain.  
Listen to all the noises in it.  
What is the position of that poor mountain  
Compared to Moses who became helpless?

The sky is an ordinary ladder in front of Moses.  
Where is the sky? Where is the rope?  
Where is the Soul?  
Where in this degraded world?

You are the sun, a golden plate.  
God boiled your kettle.  
God cooked your meal.  
Before, you were wanted.  
How did you become the one who wants?

He was planted last year.  
This year He grew leaves,  
Raised them above the ground,  
Casting spells on Himself.

The Soul became drunk with the glass He offered.  
What a glass, what a cup!  
It is such a cup that even the sky

Turned upside down to be prostrate before Him.

O Shems of Tebriz, more beautiful  
Than the Garden of Eden,  
You played my harp  
With your Grace and kindness;  
I became an organ in the universe of Love.

109.

*Verse 1367*

☞ve seen a thief.  
He was stealing people's belongings and money.  
But why does our Thief  
Steal from that thief?

If a thief becomes too much trouble,  
People ask the Sultan for help.  
If the Sultan starts stealing,  
Where do they go for help then?

Love is the Sultan  
Who steals the Heart of all thieves.  
In this way, God pulls these rebels,  
By seizing their forelock, [\[201\]](#)  
To the front of that unruly mob.

Love is the Sultan who steals  
All the Shahnes' [\[202\]](#) Hearts,  
And at His place,  
There are all kinds of Shahnes.

Last night I yelled to the sleeper,  
"There's a thief here."  
That Thief quickly stole  
My tongue from my mouth.

I tried to tie His hands,  
But instead He tied mine.  
I wanted to lock Him up in prison,  
But He can't be contained  
In the whole world.

Because of His sweet style of stealing,

The guards become thieves.  
The smart ones disappear  
Because of His cunning.

I saw a bunch of people  
In the middle of the night, asking,  
"Where is the Thief?"  
He was also asking, "Where is the Thief?"  
He was among them,  
But nobody could see Him.

O the One who is the source of every word  
Appears as an enemy,  
Then puts on a friend's face.  
O the One who is eternal life  
Comes suddenly as a tragedy.

O the One who walks in the Heart's blood,  
May the Heart be your lawful right.  
Hit and wound me.  
I'm not asking for Your mercy.

O the One who stretches the bow,  
Shoot that beautiful arrow at me.  
I would be sacrificed to Your bow and arrow.

The wound You open in my vessel is life for me.  
It adds Soul to my Soul.  
Even then, it's a pity  
To cut my body,  
Which has turned into a reed flute,  
In half with Your sword.

Where is Ishmael's [\[203\]](#) neck  
That gives thanks to Your knife?  
Where is Circis, [\[204\]](#)  
Who gives Life every moment  
With the wound You open?

Maybe our King, Shems of Tebriz,  
Returns from His journey.  
There have only been a few like Him among men.  
He's gone, disappeared like Semurg. [\[205\]](#)  
Not even a trace of His dust appears.

110.

*Verse 1381*

This is the belief of the infidel;  
This is the reward of the One  
Who patiently waits;  
This One is also the life  
Which that One laid down on the ground  
And found.  
What a beautiful helper!  
What a beautiful hope!

Hundreds of suns are ashamed  
After seeing Your face, Your beauty.  
The sun has been harvesting the clusters  
At the sign of Sumbule. [\[206\]](#)  
You are in business.  
The Heart is beating,  
Yelling and screaming in the chest,  
So that you can see and understand clearly.

From great angels, there are words like  
"O cleanest Soul,  
God's compassion to the universe"  
In every kind of food.

A door is opened to the truths  
Which have been imprisoned.  
A freshness, a light comes  
To the garden of peonies.  
News appears about difficult subjects,  
Difficult to understand  
Before the Last Day of Judgment.

O Heart, set a trap with your eye.  
If you don't have an eye, borrow one.  
O Soul, call everyone.  
Do everything.  
Jump, free yourself from this water, this earth.

O Soul, are you lazy?  
You are the lion of great battles.  
You have to break the lines  
And conquer this enforced castle.

Hurry up, O One who Loves  
And wants to be Loved.  
Hear us praying "You grant our wishes."  
If the Beloved is hidden, unseen,  
Look carefully here, for Soul is going to Him.

When the talented Soul plunged  
Into the sea of blood,  
It wondered with whom it was and said,  
"I wish my tribe knew." [\[207\]](#)

He said, "I'm a torrent flowing to the sea.  
I'm Soul ascending to the sky.  
I'm a ruby, reaching to the pearls,  
And either I will become a crown  
Or a ring's stone."

The one who has reached  
This mind, this understanding,  
Tastes that sugar which cannot be counted,  
Then brings clear water from the stone,  
Like Moses.

Since I've become drunk, I'll jump,  
Put the saddle on the Heart's horse,  
Because I have the desire for the Sultan,  
The One who is greater than all the moons.

Never mind all these words.  
Talking is the curtain in front of meaning.  
If you will drink, drink that wine.  
If you will select, select that wine.

It is better to be silent  
While waiting and watching,  
Because there is always grief with words.  
The One who helps has come.  
The One who helps has come.  
O Moslem, ask for help.

Mustef'ilun, Mustef'ilun, [\[208\]](#) O Great One,  
O the One who is closer to us than our self,  
Closer than the vessel [\[209\]](#) of our Heart,  
Either sitting drunk or up walking!

*Verse 1395*

Play, tambourine. Play, tambourine.  
 You'll reach the kingdom.  
 O One who is the confidant  
 Of men and women,  
 Be brave; don't worry.

Give power, take power.  
 O One who is involved with trading,  
 Don't give up, don't give up.  
 Go to absolute profit.

If you're concerned about losing your honor,  
 Don't be afraid.  
 He'll give you hundreds of honors.  
 Your Soul will come to life and be saved  
 From the shame of going to the grave,  
 The shame of needing the grave digger.

You come here today drunk,  
 Hit the modesty and shame of each other.  
 Now, O candle of Soul, shine,  
 Shine and enlighten everywhere.  
 Save yourself from the shame  
 Of going under the basin.[\[210\]](#)

I burned that mantle.  
 I gave up acceptance and denial of the people.  
 Tell Abu-l Ala [\[211\]](#) I don't care if he treats me coldly,  
 If Abu-l Hasan is mad at me.

If you're noble,  
 Why are you after gain all the time?  
 This will bring disgrace,  
 Especially if you expect something  
 From the beauty of Hutten.[\[212\]](#)

Hundreds of Souls are sacrificed  
 To my Beloved.  
 My crown, my turban are sacrificed.  
 If I go to the stockhole of the bath with Him,  
 Even heaven is jealous of that.

That stockhole turns into a rose garden.  
Ashes and dust become iris.  
Like the manners of my Beloved,  
It changes in such a way  
That it's impossible to describe.

I'll obey the order of my Beloved.  
I'll be silent.  
I'll follow the rhythm of the rope,  
And jump like a rope.

112.

*Verse 1404*  
*Terci-i Bend*

☞ never new, never thought  
That that moon would take the shape of a human  
And come to earth  
And that His beauty would throw  
All the Chinese beauties into the fire.

It never would have come to mind  
That that male lion would come from the forest  
And cover the Lovers with blood.

I told my Heart,  
"Oh, Heart, once more  
You're smeared with your own blood."  
"Be silent," he said, "silent.  
You should come and see His face once."

Shall I talk about His face or His character?  
Shall I praise His bangs or His hair,  
His drunk eyes, or His cheeks?  
Or mention His forehead?

I've been captivated by Him.  
I'm drunk with that wine.  
I've fallen down to the ground because of Him.  
From night until morning I asked God  
And yelled to Moslems to come help me.

Where is some paper?  
I'll make a painting,

A face as bright as that Beauty  
Who resembles the sun.  
Then I will set fire to the belongings  
Of water and earth, burn them all.

Earth turns its face to the sky  
Because of His separation.  
But the sky also screams and says,  
"I am as you are a hundred times."

Answers come from the secret land  
To both of them.  
"O Lovers, O unhappy ones,  
Look here, right here.  
Happiness is to lay an ambush."

The kingdom is everywhere  
With the torch of complete visibility  
In its hand, guiding Lovers  
On the right way.

With this mighty flame,  
The secrets of good ones or bad  
Come to the surface,  
Like the hair inside of milk.  
Today is like the day of resurrection.

The one who has fallen in Love  
With Our river won't be thirsty.  
The door of the treasure won't close  
To the one who is looking for treasure.

O garden, you endured and waited,  
Then clouds came over you.  
O really patient one,  
Patience is the key to tightness and distress.

Is this Moon the sun of earth?  
Did it come from the sky?  
His Love is like Soul.  
I should hide Him like a scream.

I should hide so Soul can taste Him alone.  
Terci will grab His ear  
And pull Him from behind the curtain.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mustafa [\[213\]](#) asked God,  
"Why are You disdainful of us?  
Tell us, please.  
What's all this about people?  
What was the purpose of creating them?"

God said, "O Soul of the universe,  
I was a hidden treasure.  
I wanted this gift of treasure  
And the favor to become apparent.[\[214\]](#)

"I created a mirror;  
The back is the earth,  
The front is the sky.  
The back will be even better  
If it escapes from hypocrisy and ostentation."

If the grape wants to be wine,  
It has to stay in the jar and ferment.  
If the back wants to be the front,  
It has to be crushed and mended.

How can muddy water be a desirable mirror?  
When it gets rid of the mud,  
It becomes clear.

My Sultan says to the Soul  
Who flew away from the body,  
"Come. Since You left the bad ones,  
You're my friend now."

It's well known  
That with the treatment of the alchemist,  
Copper becomes gold.  
The secret Chemist turns copper into gold.

This sun is rich because of God;  
It doesn't need a crown or robe.  
It has become a hat for hundreds of bald ones  
And clothes for all the naked ones.

Jesus rode a donkey  
Because of His humility.  
If that weren't the case,

How could the morning breeze  
Ride a donkey?

You should yell, saying,  
"O Soul, make your head  
Food on the search.  
O mind, be eternal for this eternity!"

Remember God so much  
That you forget yourself.  
While you're praying  
You'll bend like the dal [\[215\]](#)  
Of the word of praying.

As you know, the bazaar of desires  
Is full of deceit and cheating.  
O good man, put your mind into your head.  
Don't get involved with those useless things.

If you want to reach Soul,  
The smiling Kingdom,  
Smile like a rose in disfavor  
As well as in favor.

O the Soul gives life to every corpse.  
This ready meal is carried away  
And becomes more and more.  
But the third Terzi is coming.

\* \* \* \* \*

If my Cupbearer were here,  
I would drink the wine offered to me.  
I would learn how to cast  
A permanent spell from His magician eyes.

If my cowardly Heart would turn brave  
And become His lion hunter,  
I would catch one male lion now  
And put a saddle on it.

I would be freed from the oxen of body [\[216\]](#)  
And ascend to the sky  
With the help of hyacinth-like eyebrows [\[217\]](#)  
And beautiful harvest moons.

I would leave the assembly of my Sultan  
As a drunk,  
Rule every town I visit,  
Be the cure for every trouble.

I would neither harvest nor sow.  
I would become absolute reflection.  
I would be neither wet nor dry,  
Neither hot nor cold.

I wouldn't get involved with daily bread  
Or the trouble of life.  
Neither would I roll over the earth, like a ball,  
Nor fly to the sky, like dust.

I would turn into neither a dizzy cypress  
Nor a dancing hyacinth,  
Neither a ruby-dressed tulip, nor yellow saffron.

I wouldn't close my mouth, like a bud  
Because of the secret ailment of my Heart.  
I would give up this and the other world,  
Be nourished by the Glory of God.

The Sultan of Faith says, "Yes, every moment  
You have gone through all  
And a hundred times more,  
Because I was on your track  
Saying, 'open the door.'  
I was the one sending you  
From one situation to the other.

"I am helping the earth, like rain helps greenness!  
I am the pair of everyone,  
But I am exempt from every pair.  
I am the One.

"When Solomon lost his throne,  
He started selling fish.  
If he had stayed out of trouble,  
Why would I hurt him?  
I wouldn't even hurt an ant.

"Thorns wouldn't get into the foot of the rose  
If there were a summer without winter.  
I wouldn't crush the grape

If there were wine without a hangover."

If that witch-woman's knot were untied  
From the feet of my Soul,  
I would be hundreds of Rustems, [\[218\]](#)  
Hundreds of brave ones,  
In spite of the harm  
Of the blind hold of man.

Our eyes are bright because of You.  
Your life would be eternal, O our joy.  
O generous One,  
O Charmer who understands us,  
My life and hundreds like mine  
Would be sacrificed to You.

113.

*Verse 1446*

☉ Lovers, O Lovers,  
The One who sees His face  
Loses his mind, becomes crazy,  
Insane, spread around.  
His manners change.

Start looking for the Beloved.  
His store is demolished,  
Runs face down like water in the river,  
Makes His feet His head.

When He becomes Mecnun [\[219\]](#)  
In the world of Love,  
He starts turning like a universe.  
But the ones who are afflicted with this ailment,  
In the end, they find His remedy and are cured.

The angel would prostrate  
To the one who becomes black dirt for God.  
The sky would be a slave and servant  
To the one who is a black slave to Him.

His Love picks up the wounded Heart in His hand  
And keeps smelling it.  
How can the Heart

That's picked up and smelled by Him  
Not be good?

He has wounded so many Hearts,  
Made so many lose sleep.  
This magician's narcissus eyes  
Have tied the hands of so many magicians.

All the kings are His poor ones.  
All the beauties gather His favor.  
Lions are tamed and sit on their tails  
In front of His neighborhood dogs.

Look at the sky.  
Look at the castle of angels.  
On its tower and sides  
There are so many torches and lights.

The warden of the castle  
Of that Sultan who is without drums  
Is the universal intelligence.  
Whomever He sees at the castle  
Grows and matures.

O moon, have you seen Him?  
Did you get this beauty from Him?  
O night, have you seen His lovelock?  
No, no, no. The most you have seen  
Is maybe one lock of His hair.

Tonight is dressed in black.  
It must be in mourning.  
It's dressed in black,  
Like a widow whose husband has died.

Don't believe the night is dying.  
It secretly drinks with Him.  
It doesn't have eyes,  
But sees His eyes and makes Him frown.

O night, I don't ask your help  
For my yelling and screaming.  
You're also rolled like His ball  
With the club of fate.

The One who becomes a ball for His club

Acquires the ball of happiness.  
In front of His club,  
Like a ball without head and feet,  
It keeps running like the Heart.

O our face is saffron-colored  
Because of His tulip-red features.  
O the Heart is plunged into grief,  
Like a comb inside of His hair.

Trust Love. Love is completely  
A face and eyes turned this way, watching you.  
There is nothing next to Love  
Except face and vision.

He doesn't have shape,  
But all His work is to make shapes and forms.  
O Heart, you cannot do without forms and shapes,  
Because you are not from the same origin.

Anyone who has a clean Heart  
Will be able to differentiate  
The sound of the Heart  
From the sound of the body.  
This voice is His lion's,  
Roaring in the shape of a gazelle.

The things which are woven  
By God's hands  
Still come from the weaver's hand,  
The weaver's shuttle.

O Beautiful One,  
Who is the shuttle of the Soul,  
O the One  
Whose face is the direction in which we pray,  
The sky is the one  
Who creates and decorates this place.  
Earth is his wife.

My Heart has been burning  
Because of my jealousy of Him.  
My eyes turn into a leather bottle.  
But how can I get Him wet?  
Even the ocean comes only to His heel.

This Love has become a guest to me;  
It hits and hurts my Soul.  
This is a reward, a favor for me.  
Hundreds of thanks to His arms, His hands!

I gave up my hands, my feet  
And quit searching.  
O the Friend who wipes out our search  
With His searching!

How long will I say, "O Heart, O Heart?"  
Give up the Love of Heart. Be silent.  
When Heart hears His voice saying, "Hu,"[\[220\]](#)  
There'll be no use for my worries and troubles.

114.

*Verse 1470*

☞n the morning before the sun rises,  
Light sparkles on the glass dome of the sky.  
At night, the blood-red glass of the west  
Comes from Your blood-stained arrow's head.

Waters cascade from the canyons.  
Torrents eventually reach the coast of Your sea  
And merge, mixing with the sea.

With all its height, even the moon  
Raises its head to see You,  
Dropping its hat to the ground.

In the early dawn the nightingale  
Sings songs in Your garden  
To the tunes of the ones who have reached You.  
They scream like Lovers.

O Beautiful! Souls search for Your face,  
For all the Hearts, for the Beloved!  
O Charmer, whose big garden  
Carries the four overflowing rivers[\[221\]](#)

In one river water runs through.  
Another is the river of honey.  
See the next one?

It's the river of fresh milk.  
The last one is Your river of red wine.

When will You give me a break?  
When will You fill me up with wine,  
Giving me jar after jar?  
How can I tell the mind  
The things that this wine does?

Who am I?  
Even the sky keeps turning,  
Drunk from this great big jar.  
He can't be away one moment from Your Love.  
For even one moment,  
He can't be out of this wine.

O silver-belted moon,  
you have known Love for a long time.  
O sky, it's obvious from your face  
That you are a Lover.

Love which has been a friend to the Heart  
Is tired out by the words of the Heart.  
Be silent, O Heart.  
How long will You be working, searching?

Heart answered me, "I am His reed flute,  
I cry with His breath."  
I said, "Cry, O One  
To whom my Soul will be sacrificed  
For His Love."

Really, we opened your door.  
Don't separate from your friends.  
Thank God for the Love  
Which totally covers and holds you.

115.

*Verse 1482*

The tactless one  
Who has been jealous and frustrated  
Because of Jesus  
Should die.

Hundreds of dogs should soil his beard.[\[222\]](#)

How can a donkey hunt gazelle?  
How can a donkey  
Give off the gazelle's smell of musk?  
Who smells the urine of the donkey?  
Who looks for the smell of it?

It doesn't hurt running water  
If the bitch donkey urinates in it.  
But even that one should not drink that water.  
It's better to stay thirsty.

O the One whose coquetry and coyness  
Are worse than a deviate's,  
Whose face-scratchings look like a prostitute's.  
Because of such deceit, such cheating,  
Even animals become ashamed.  
Hear from God,  
"They are more deviate than animals."[\[223\]](#)

I'll be silent.  
God will make him ashamed for eternity.  
I will go to the Cupbearer.  
I am drunk from His manners, His humors.

116.

*Verse 1487*

☉ Love, are You taller and better  
Than the apple trees in Your orchard?  
O new moon, offer new life to Your admirer.

Bitter becomes sweet if it comes from You.  
Blasphemy and deviation turn into religion.  
Your pieces and bits become August's rose.  
Hundreds of Souls will be sacrificed to Your Soul.

O the One who makes people's heads dizzy,  
Put up a ladder to the sky.  
Give wings to the men,  
Involve them in hundreds of fights.

What a beautiful disposition you have, O Love.

What a beautiful face you have, O Love.  
You like so much drinking, O Love,  
O One who gives joy to His friends.

It is Your color in the best peony.  
Every truth becomes confused in front of You.  
Every particle, expecting kindness and generosity,  
Turns to You.

Without You, all the bazaars are ruined and lost.  
The garden expects Your rain.  
So does the orchard, grape and flower.

The trees learn to move from You.  
The fresh leaves step on the ground with You.  
The leaves and fruits all become drunk  
After drinking Your Fountain-of-Life's water.

The garden wants an autumnless spring  
As a gift from You,  
Because it wants to spread its hair  
With Your rose-perfumed winds.

Your shining star brightens the star of Saturn,  
Then feels shame on seeing the darkness  
Of all these stationary and moving stars.

You have such nice invitations  
In Your garden of joys.  
The Soul who becomes your guest  
Eats joy instead of bread.

I have it tried once;  
I cannot find pleasure without You.  
How can I find a taste for life  
Without Your endless salt?

I went on a journey, came back.  
I reached the end, started all over again.  
This elephant of Soul [\[224\]](#)  
Saw Your India in its dream.

Your India is a square for Your drunks.  
Even virgins are pregnant  
Because of the pleasure of Your melodies.

I took measures, but they didn't help.  
The Heart broke its chains  
And dragged the Soul  
In front of Your imperial tent.

There, I didn't see any obstinate or cold people.  
There was a new life every moment  
There were new, abundant favors.

The mountain looks at Your gentleness  
And is ashamed.  
The Heart becomes insolent  
And wants like crazy to jump to Your tent.

You've opened so many doors in iron, in stone,  
That Heart turns into an ant  
Looking for a crack in Your bowl, Your glass.

I'm incapable of describing You,  
To the Last Day of Judgment.  
How Your endless sea would be depleted  
If I took a glass of water!

117.

*Verse 1505*

Wake up! Wake up! Night is over.  
Be disgusted. Be disgusted even with yourself.

Right now, an idiot is selling  
Joseph in Egypt.  
If you don't believe me,  
The bazaar is right here.  
Go and see for yourself.

Totally Absolute God  
Would devoid you of conditions,  
Give you that rose face.  
Take the thorns out of your feet,  
Then go to the rose garden.

Don't listen to every trick, every deceit.  
Why are you washing blood with blood?  
Stay upside down like a glass

So that you can drink the wine with sediment.

For His club, be like a ball.  
As an appetizer for His vultures,  
Be like a carcass.

A voice is heard from the sky, saying,  
"The Doctor of Love has come.  
If you want Him to come to your side  
Become ill, become ill."

Assume His Heart is a cave,  
A place of union for the Beloved.  
If you are the cave's friend,  
Come to the cave, come to the cave.

You are a nice, naive, gullible man.  
You lost your gold to thieves.  
If you want to know the thief  
And get your money back,  
Be a pickpocket, be a pickpocket.

Be silent. Don't try to describe  
The sea and the pearl in His ocean.  
If you want to be a diver,  
Hold your breath, hold your breath.

118.

*Verse 1514*

Give up cheating, O Lover.  
Be ruined, ruined.  
Jump right in the middle of the fire,  
Get inside Heart. Be a moth.

Be a stranger to yourself.  
Come. After you give up your house,  
Stay at the same place,  
The same house with Lovers.

Go wash your Heart clean of hate  
Seven times, like trays, then come.  
Be a glass for the wine of Love.

In order to deserve the Beloved,  
Be pure Soul.  
If you go to the drunks, be drunk, drunk.

You are the night of Kadir. [\[225\]](#)  
Be the night of Kadir here.  
Be a palace to the Souls,  
Like the night of Kadir.

Wherever your thought goes,  
It drags you behind, pulls you there.  
Give up thought  
So that you may walk in front  
Like fate and destiny.

Fancies and pleasures are like a lock  
Which closes our Heart.  
Be a key.  
Be a thread of the key, thread of the key.

You are not lower than the Pole of Hannane, [\[226\]](#)  
Which the prophet Muhammed caressed.  
Be the Pole of Hannane, Pole of Hannane.

Solomon tells you,  
"Hear, learn the language of the birds,"  
Yet you have become a trap.  
The bird escapes from you.  
Don't be a trap.  
Be the nest, be the nest.

If Beauty shows His face,  
Fill yourself with Him, like a mirror.  
If that Beauty opens, spreads His hair  
In front of you,  
Be a comb, be a comb.

How long will you be running  
With two feet like a Ruh, [\[227\]](#)  
One foot like a pawn,  
Or crisscrossing like a queen?  
Put your mind in your head. Be wise.

For gifts and possession  
You give Love as gratitude.  
Never mind possession and gifts,

Give yourself to Love as gratitude.

For some time you were fire,  
Then became wind, turned into water,  
Became earth.  
For some time you became an animal,  
Stayed around in the animal kingdom.  
Since you are now Soul,  
Try to be a Soul who deserves the Beloved,  
A Soul who deserves the Beloved.

O with the ability to talk,  
How long will you stay at the roof, at the door?  
Go into the house. Quit using words.  
Quit talking. Be silent!

119.

*Verse 1528*

Cupbearer, if You haven't had much wine,  
Pawn our cup.  
As long as this wine  
Comes from Your kindness, Your favor,  
I would never hesitate to pawn my Soul.

So many eunuchs, so many lords  
Have pawned their belongings in our town,  
With the drunkenness of God's wine.

Look at Ibrahim Edhem, [\[228\]](#)  
Who is riding the horse of knowledge.  
That king gave up his throne, his crown.

If that unique, peerless Beauty  
Were to drop a little sip of that wine  
Into the foundation of that idol,  
The infidel would pawn his faith  
For the Love of the black stone.

I'm the drunk of that tavern.  
I haven't pawned my wings  
To just any trap, like a bird.  
I've been trapped  
Only by a grain of that pearl, only that pearl.

Since you've put your belongings in pawn,  
Why are you trembling?  
Give up your life for Him.  
It's nothing to pawn your Soul for Him.  
I wish I had a hundred Souls.  
I would pawn them all.

Abu-Bekr[229] pawned his head;  
Omer, his son; Osman, his lung.  
Abu-Hurayra put up his leather bag  
As pawn for Him.

If He treats kings in that way,  
Why do you wonder  
When the poor pawn all the people for wine?

Be silent. Don't act  
Like the nightingale in the rose garden.  
The nightingale pawns its head and wings  
For this smiling rose.

120.

*Verse 1537*

☞ If you see a drunk who knows the secret,  
For sure, he is His drunk.  
If you see one whose Heart is alive,  
For sure, He is the One  
Who made him like that.

If you see a head full of joy and music,  
Who can't differentiate day from night,  
For sure, He is the One who scratches that head.

Everyone on this earth is against each other,  
Thirsty for each other's blood.  
They're all full of malice, looking for fights,  
But this is impossible to talk about  
Because of the majestic ties  
He has put on our feet.

The one who is offered wine every moment  
Grows like a tree.

The devil and also the fairy  
Admire his jump and growth.

When you see someone like a lion,  
Twirl your mustache slightly.  
But if he is fat and ugly  
That's what you deserve.  
You should see the ones who deserve Him.

Particles are molded  
To form your shape with His favor  
So that your condition functions  
Together with His favor.

What a beautiful valley  
Is that valley where only Love walks,  
Slowly and gracefully.  
There is nothing but God above this valley  
And nothing but Absence underneath.

Knitted loosely, the word's fishing line  
Is not catching anything anyway.  
Knitted loosely, the line will catch only prey  
That are also drunk with His line and net.

121.[\[230\]](#)

*Verse 1545*

It's impossible to have  
A Moon like that in the world.  
Concede it, concede, O Heart.  
You're threatening me with a fight.  
Let's fight.

We are God's drunks,  
Drunk from that eternal wine.  
You are smart and skillful.  
Go and stay where there are names and games.

We dressed in paper clothes [\[231\]](#)  
And went to see the King.  
You're in love with appearances,  
Stay with colorful pencils.

Give your life with the Beloved's love.  
A knot cannot be untied without Love.  
O Soul, become drunk here,  
O mind, become lame here.

Rum[232] saw Your face and became drunk.  
Zenci[233] saw Your hair and was ruined.  
Either go to the land of Rum or Zenci.

You have fallen into His buttermilk.  
As a matter of fact, you were born from His Love.  
Even if you run hundreds of miles,  
You cannot get away from that idol.

If you are a believer,  
He is searching for you.  
If you are a disbeliever,  
He is calling you.  
Walk this way, become faithful,  
Go there, become unfaithful.  
Both are the same to Him.

Your eye is still in His garden.  
Your ear is still in His sweet talk.  
Plunge into His wealth, become a bee.  
Grab His date branch, grow, spread.

Sky is a bow to His arrow.  
Water is under His command.  
If you are straight, be like an arrow.  
If you are crooked, turn into a crab.

He has an endless, big, beautiful country.  
Whatever or whomever you are,  
You are needed there.  
Become an agate, ruby, brick or stone.  
All are necessary in that country.

Ruby or stone, come.  
Fall into this torrent of trouble.  
Go to the sea with the torrent.  
Be the guest for that lively Love.

That sea resembles Hizir's[234] Fountain of Life.  
No matter how much you drink  
It doesn't decrease.

If it does, you feel bad  
In your Heart and Soul.

Swim like a fish in the sea.  
When you remember dryness,  
Go toward the land.

Sometimes He puts His lips to yours;  
Other times He puts you on His lap.  
First be a reed flute;  
Then become a harp.

He has no enemy. His drunks are all around.  
Don't stay in the land of solitude.  
The day of parade has come for Lovers.  
Walk in the front. Be a leader.

Whoever is unaware of His vineyard  
Is needy for wine.  
It's a vineyard full of wine and grapes.  
Sometimes it becomes wine; other times, opium.

Be silent like Mary.  
Let the One who has Jesus' breath talk.  
Who told you to be a friend  
Of the donkey between jobs?

122.

*Verse 1562*

☞ swear to God, I'm tired  
Of glass, earthen and wooden jars.  
Where is the Cupbearer  
With a Heart as large as the sea  
Who offers me the pitcher like a glass?

Offer me the one  
To which I'm accustomed.  
Don't hide surreptitiously from me.  
You have it. Don't search here and there.

You've fooled me every time, saying,  
"Why don't you come to Our gathering?"  
You say, "Whatever you want,

Come and whisper it in my ear."

Well, I swallowed Your lie.  
I didn't look, I didn't think.  
Since I'm like a doorbell on the outside,  
How can I place my lips to your ear,  
Say anything to You?

I'm at the door you've already reached.  
My Soul is like foam.  
Your Heart like the sea.  
For God's sake, quit being lazy.  
Pour wine as though You're shedding  
My enemy's blood.

As long as mind is my friend,  
There is no essence to my words.  
Every moment, an image comes  
And puts its head on the ground in His temple.

My God, day is added to his day  
By the one whose face becomes rose-red  
With Your wine,  
Because he becomes Hizir [\[235\]](#)  
And, like Hizer,  
He performs ritual ablutions  
With the Fountain of Life.

A voice came from the sky and said,  
"We are all to be sacrificed to your assembly.  
How lucky for friends, how lucky!  
Be happy with these favors.  
Keep drinking."

The gathering that drinks this wine  
Has become cheerful,  
With glasses here, glasses there.  
In the end, their insides  
Have turned into bazaars.

Everyone has passed out.  
No one is aware of himself.  
Everyone has closed the door, loosened his belt.  
Oh son, we are gone. Wash your hands of us.

I am drunk with Your lively eyes,

The tuft of Your hair.  
I am saved from color and smell  
Because of that rose-colored wine.

Be silent. Don't make the sounds  
Of noise and confusion.  
Neither noise nor confusion fit here  
With the Grace of God.

I was out of myself last night until dawn.  
My mind was out of my head.  
For one moment, where was the beginning?  
Where was the end?

O Shems of Tebriz,  
O the one Heart and Soul that became a slave!  
Although You wrote my name on the river,  
Maybe You've forgotten me.  
Even so, come back, come.

123.

*Verse 1576*

☉ One who has good intentions,  
Start the journey.  
Find the one who can direct you the right way,  
Seek the roads.  
To reach Him, search everywhere.  
The One who will give you happiness,  
Where is that great One?  
How can you find Him?

Love is a light, exalted,  
A secret river to be drunk,  
Purified and flowing forever,  
A fire burning, never extinguished.

Love goes together with suffering,  
But it is the greatest.  
If they say the one who Loves can fly,  
It's true. Don't deny it.

It's better to be a slave  
And serve Him with pleasure,

Than to be a free wanderer.  
The one who cries with Love  
Doesn't have an eye ache;  
His eyes are not sick.

No one knows a Lover's business.  
There is no cure for his illness.  
Suffering is the best cure for him.  
Don't think too much about anyone  
Who hasn't fallen in Love,  
Hasn't stayed in the valley of Love.

Friends, don't be discouraged.  
Compassion comes after trouble.  
Don't put on any dress but Love.  
Don't cover yourself with any garment but Love.

Knots have been tied  
On the strings of Love's spell.  
The pain and suffering of Love's fire  
Is all ablaze.  
Love is such a lost blessing  
That anyone who doesn't try to find it  
Is deprived.

The day I met my Beloved,  
I screamed, I lost my mind.  
My trials to avoid guilt all disappeared.  
But this is Absence inside of Presence.  
This is eternal blessing.

If Love slips out of your hand  
Don't fall into despair. Keep searching.  
Fight to find it.  
Until you reach Him, see Him,  
Don't sleep, don't eat, don't relax.

124.

*Verse 1585*

☪ Lovers, O Lovers, I'm crazy, insane.  
Where is the chain?  
O One who rattles the chain of Soul,  
The world is filled with these rattles and jingles

Because of You.

You made another chain  
And hung it around my neck.  
To stage a hold-up of the caravan,  
You ride a horse from the sky.

Get up, O Soul, free yourself  
From the land of soil. Ascend.  
That torch in the sky  
Is turning around just for us.

How could rain stop the journey  
Of one who has grief in his Heart?  
How could the mud slow him?  
He halts only for Love.  
No other place is for him.

A coward yelled one day.  
"Bad shepherd," he said,  
"That goat in the herd looks at me.  
Do you think it will bite me?"

The shepherd answered the coward,  
"Even if it bites you  
Or kills you under its feet,  
The brave one wouldn't mind,  
Wouldn't be afraid of the goat."  
The coward said, "You're right."

Where is the mind that lets you talk?  
Where are the legs that let you  
Run from the land, jump in the sea,  
Be safe from earthquakes?

You'll be the Sultan of Sultans.  
Your sovereignty will be permanent.  
Your place will be higher than Saturn.  
You'll be free from this rubbish heap.

You'll do the business of universal intelligence,  
Be exuberant and overflowing  
Like a river of honey.  
You'll be the sun at the sign of Hamel,[\[236\]](#)  
The moon at the sign of Sunbule.[\[237\]](#)

A hundred ravens, a hundred owls  
And a hundred doves will make tunes for you.  
If you give up loitering,  
You'll hear the secrets of the Heart.

If you have Heart, fall in Love.  
Lose your Heart.  
If you have mind, be crazy,  
Because this individual mind  
Looks like a drop of water  
To the eyes of Love.

In the end, Absence comes  
And pulls you out of this world of appearances.  
Things have become confused  
Because of his curly black hair;  
It doesn't straighten easily.

But even so, you're to raise up your skirt nicely  
On that road  
Because there is so much Lovers' blood there.

Go, O Heart, go with the caravan.  
Don't try to walk alone,  
Because this pregnant time  
Gives birth to many troubles.

If you go the way I've told you,  
You'll have no trouble.  
Your journey will be  
With the Mercy of God.  
You'll sail like a ship on the sea.  
O Heart, since you're going,  
You may as well go the easy way.

If you take your Heart away from your Soul,  
You'll be saved from war and peace.  
You'll need neither the store nor provisions.

Your Soul will be separated from thoughts.  
The road to danger will be closed.  
Your desire will reach you  
And be friendly with you.

You're saved during the day  
From that troublemaker from the land of Rum.

Don't be afraid  
When the black of night comes with bells.

Be silent, O sweet face.  
Go', water carrier,  
Tie the head of the water sack,  
Because waves cannot be contained  
By jars and glasses.

125.

*Verse 1604*

☉ Beautiful, whose Love  
Makes the Archangel Gabriel dance in the sky  
And the stars and universe  
Become exuberant and overflow!

Under the sky, everything  
From the oxen to fish is cheerful.  
Everything above the sky  
From the sign of Taurus  
To the sign of Pisces is dancing.

The Lover whose Heart is full of blood  
Has gone to the tavern,  
Has put such a fire into the wine  
And started playing inside the jar.

Heart has seen that honor and respect  
Have been poured on His soil  
And has started playing with fire, with difficulty.

Souls, like the Prophet Job's,  
With the joy of Your kindness, Your favor,  
Are dancing in troubles,  
Their bodies full of worms.

The Souls of generations  
Coming from the family of Adam  
Are dancing in Your land of Absence.

The Sultan of Sultans goes on dancing  
Without the robe of honor  
In the tavern of Absence,

Then becomes Hakan [\[238\]](#)  
Without throne and crown.

A group of people have seen  
Just a little bit of something,  
But they've ended up with greed.  
Because of honor and pride  
They started dancing alone,  
Without being seen by others.

The ones who are full of pride and self  
Cannot deserve to be Sultan.  
Greatness and exaltation keep dancing  
Because of the greatness of that Sultan.

One group of people plays for bread and soup;  
The other falls in Love.  
They don't care; they just keep dancing.

How nice for that pearl  
That it plunged into His sea.  
In the end, He Himself turned into a choice sea,  
Dancing with that choice.

Where is the one  
Who tries to imitate with his mind,  
Then turns with fear, acquires hope,  
And starts dancing with that hope?

Even then, this one is better  
Than the one who denies or is heedless.  
At least, time by time, he conforms  
And is relieved from the world  
Of is not,  
Then starts dancing.

There are some who've given up  
Existence as well as non-existence  
With His Love.  
Still others, with His Love,  
Say, "I am annihilated and keep dancing."

Bats in the dark are dancing  
With the Love of darkness.  
The birds which Love the sun  
Dance from dawn to sunset.

O fast-blowing morning breeze,  
Go and tell Shems of Tebriz,  
"Tell me about Yourself.  
Come and dance with me."

126.

*Verse 1620*

Look at the drunks.  
They've all gathered around our drunk,  
Left their minds, thoughts and health.  
They've all gotten into trouble.

I told them, "O Soul's drunks,  
"O ones who drink wine from the hand of Soul,  
Hundreds of thousand of Hearts and Souls  
Come close to you, holding you."

They answered, "Thanks to God!  
With His Grace, that moon has risen.  
We were stuck with deprivation  
At the bottom of poverty.

"We escaped from His cruelty,  
Stayed away from Him for awhile.  
We were like an enemy  
And suffered torture and cruelty.

"We put aside the glass of loyalty,  
Left work and business,  
Gave up the profitable, but tasteless stores."

The mind which puts salve in its eyes  
Knows everything  
And becomes the friend  
Of the ones who have beautiful eyes,  
Then starts hanging around with them.  
The raven spies upon and lands  
Where there's a hanging corpse.

If you have taste in your mouth  
You can taste His sweet, bitter jars.  
Is it better to give up pleasure and fancies,

Or get hung up on them?

My Heart has been like a vagabond all my life  
Because of His Love, looking for Him.  
Once I looked, I saw that poor Heart  
Has been glued to God.

O brave one, if you trust this house of earth,  
I will show you the One who hangs you,  
Chains you in, then sets you free.

See the ones who have been murdered  
In the land of eternity,  
But whose Souls are alive?  
They are hung on the gallows of consent,  
Like young Mansur. [\[239\]](#)

O Love, You are my Sultan.  
Set gallows for me.  
The lamp which isn't suspended  
Doesn't illuminate the house.

I'm the ground for the feet of the person  
Who is attached to the brave One.  
I'm a slave and servant to the copper  
Which is attracted by secret chemistry.

Get up, jump, tune the instrument,  
Start the pleasure, Sema.  
It isn't nice for the reed flute  
To stay without a melody  
Or the tambourine to hang on the wall.

The tambourine unties the Heart;  
The reed flute gives new Soul to the ill.  
How can the Soul-giver stay closed,  
The Heart-opener stay hung?

Today, try to be generous.  
Give your Heart.  
Haten [\[240\]](#) was saved from being a disbeliever  
Because of his generosity.

Generosity is like a trap for bread,  
But cleanliness and joy are the trap for the Soul.  
Where is the One who holds generosity?

Where is the Other  
Who brings our joy and cleanliness?

Generous is the one who gives all his possessions  
In the cave with fear.  
Sufi, on the other hand, is like Abu-Bakr[241]  
Who was held by Muhammed in his arms.

This one fell in Love with a Beauty,  
Sacrificed his life to Hakan.[242]  
The one who is after advantage  
Is hindered by money and goods  
And keeps bargaining like a customer.

This One is like a shark  
Which plunged into the sea;  
The sea admires him.  
The other is like a novice swimmer,  
Looking for someone to hold.

All these jobs, this work,  
This noise and clamour are real or show.  
But at the place where we are with Lovers,  
Real and show become the same truth.

Night comes, O my dear Soul,  
O the eye and light  
Of the One who travels at night.  
O Charmer who resembles the moon,  
For You the moon has been suspended in the sky  
Because of its admiration.

I'm as cheerful as the new moon.  
You're adding Soul to Soul  
Like a new position, a new kingdom.  
O Beautiful, whose grief  
Bends the new moon down, like me!

Soul is like a great mountain with its knowledge.  
Flesh is like a piece of straw.  
Who has ever seen a piece of straw  
Elevate the mountain?

You've left the one who's been on the road.  
Don't get involved with strangers.  
You'll get in trouble.

You'll turn into the one  
Who's hoping to get help from troubled ones.

Even the Soul of the great One  
Turned into blood by thinking  
Of the end of the road.  
The ones who are assumed to be bad,  
Their souls were hanging upside down.

Clean Souls of great men gave up  
Thinking of the end,  
After seeing what seed the Soul has sown,  
And turned back to the beginning.

Heart is the one who calls.  
The sound of Heart echoes  
On the mountain of body.  
O the one who hangs on sound,  
Be silent.  
Instead, embrace the place  
From whence sound comes.

The words coming from the mouth  
Give contempt.  
Finish your pleading.  
Leave contempt. Grab the wisdom of greatness.

127.

*Verse 1648*

Who is that? Who is that?  
He came nicely as a drunk,  
Put his shoes under his arms  
And walked slowly into our house.

He admires him.  
The head of thoughts is dizzy.  
Hundreds of minds and Souls  
Are handless and footless in front of him.

That ruby-lipped Beauty played a trick  
And came with a shovel in his hand,  
Asking for fire.  
I wonder what the purpose was

Of his coming alone like that.  
Who was he going to burn?

O source of the fire, come.  
Why do you ask fire from us?  
O Beloved, with your untimely arrival,  
I swear to God, this is a trick;  
This is a spell.

O his face is as bright as the morning sun!  
O corner of the house  
Which has become a plain, a valley  
From the glory of his face,  
How could the veil hide you?

O Joseph over the well,  
Your reflection shines on the well's water.  
That water boils, overflows  
From the light of your face.

Welcome, welcome!  
You are even a teacher to magicians.  
You came from the assembly of the phoenix  
Like the Prophet's bird of hoopoe.

O one who is the Fountain of Life  
In my lungs,  
Every one of your tortures is sweeter  
Than ten tons of sugar.  
You appear in a different form every moment  
From great God.

O Heart-catching Beauty,  
You can't fit any angle.  
O Beloved, I shed more tears than the oceans  
For your beauty.

Earth and sky are a mirror  
To your Moon face.  
That mirror came to life,  
Started watching you.

My God, save me from science, from deeds  
Before my last day,  
Especially from the words  
That come out of the mouth.

Save me from the science of language itself.

O Love's longing has penetrated my mind!  
O Beloved! Be silent, be silent.  
Hear me telling things  
In a different way from now on.

128.

*Verse 1660*

Who is this? Who is this  
Who has come suddenly into our circle?  
He is the Glory of God. He has come from God.

See this favor, this kindness?  
Watch this fortune, this kingdom.  
He came like the moon to help the unlucky ones.

Look at the beautiful Leyla, [\[243\]](#)  
How much she desires Mecnun.  
Look at the amber of Soul,  
Come just to attract the grasses to itself.

Souls come to the door  
Because of the taste of His perfumes, His beauty,  
His beautiful manners, His saying, "Come." [\[244\]](#)

He draws hundreds of pictures  
Of men and the Sultan who has the flag  
To Absence.  
He paints many different paintings.  
All these images please the Heart.

That Beauty who needs nothing  
Gives life to these images.  
These last forms come to life one by one.

Ascend from this bitter water's well  
By hanging on the bucket of the Koran.  
O Joseph, this bucket  
Was sent to the bottom just for you.

O words, when I give you up,  
Then I will reach

The shade of the Sultan  
With the sun of knowledge.

My God, save me from science, from deeds  
Before my last day,  
Especially the talk and words  
Which come from my mouth.  
Save me from them.

129.

*Verse 1669*

Soil becomes body with Your favor.  
From talk and thought,  
So many forms and shapes  
Become pregnant in the land of Absence.

You feed growth in every form and shape,  
But there is meaning, which You freeze.  
Shapes and forms are the source of it.

The one who doesn't know the origin of ice  
Will know it without doubt  
Once he sees ice become water.

Don't think anything but good things,  
Because thoughts are the strings  
Of the fabric of shapes.  
Good thoughts make the best shapes.

They come the way you look at them.  
Forms are structured by way of look,  
Then they are dressed as men and women.

Stay with the enlightened One,  
Because a window is open for Him in the Heart.  
Earth grows roses and irises,  
But water becomes land for them.

If you associate with God,  
You become a beautiful, unconditional Soul,  
And so bright, O my God.  
O the One who becomes Soul to my Soul!

A kingdom, a glory has come from somewhere.  
The time for sorrow is gone.  
Now is the time for joy.  
A halo has surrounded  
The full moon without hands and feet.

How can I see the One  
To whom my Soul, my faith  
Has become a slave, a servant?  
O my God, where is my dignity  
In front of Him?  
He is the One who gives composure to my mind.

He is the confidant of every particle,  
Company for every breath.  
The one who doesn't see  
Becomes devout because of Him.  
The One who sees  
Becomes unconventional because of Him  
And doesn't care for anything.

O the One whose passion becomes God's Love,  
The One who searches in the searcher,  
The One who blows His own reed,  
The One who wants mine!

He is the One who desires to be desired,  
The One who Loves and is Loved.  
He is Joseph. He is Jacob.  
He is the necklace. He is the neck.

Cut short the descriptions.  
Don't search too much.  
He doesn't have an end like you.  
How long will I play with water and oil,  
Pass time with the impossible?  
However, my water and oil are both gone.  
I have attained my desire.

130.

*Verse 1682*

☺ Beautiful!  
Heart and Soul have fallen in Love

And keep dancing at Your assembly.  
O the One!  
Innumerable heads have been cut  
And dropped to the ground in Your battle.

O Archangel Gabriel!  
Once you desired to come to this earth,  
All the particles on the ground heard;  
They all started dancing.

When your timely order came that  
"The blood of the Heart should be shed,"  
O my Sultan, blood put on make-up  
To beautify other blood.  
Appreciate that order. Start dancing.

O One who is most capable  
Among all the Sultans, from the Prophet to Adam,  
Pawn my Soul. He is in the game  
Because he heard Your desire.

Kharezms [\[245\]](#) have denied  
God's absolute countenance,  
But because of Your sight,  
They start dancing by tapping their feet.

O the Sun of His face routed the moon,  
Which is happy with Your embrace.  
Start dancing.

If Shems of Tebriz  
Looks at the Koran of the Heart just once,  
That Koran's learning lines  
Will start dancing with Your desire.

131.

*Verse 1689*

On this side, there are a few unconventional ones  
Hidden in His shadow.  
That Sun, through the roof of Heart,  
Reflects and shines in their Heart.

Every star turns into Venus.

Every particle becomes the sun.  
The sun and stars change into particles  
In front of them.  
They keep whirling.

Every one of them who's lost his mind  
Ascends seven layers of sky,  
Where the star of Saturn is, like Keyhusrev, [\[246\]](#)  
Without a tent and flag, a Sultan.

You've been on a ride a long time,  
Turned around the world.  
This time, journey to the land of Soul;  
See the tribe of Souls.

Even with God's favors,  
God's Beauty, God's grace,  
Still, they are overwhelmed by command  
And stay under orders.

Their Hearts are like a mirror  
Without dirt or rust.  
Their Hearts have become square like the sky,  
And the Sultan has landed on the square.

Snakes and sugar have  
Become cheaper in our town  
Because of their sweet yells and ruby lips.

If I were in ecstasy like I was last night,  
If it wouldn't worry the instigator,  
I would tell the rest of it,  
Being out of myself.

But I close my mouth  
Because I'm by myself now.  
I'll keep silent until my Heart  
Becomes drunk with that wine.

O the Sultan of Soul,  
God's Shems of Tebriz,  
Every Soul becomes a sea because of Him,  
Every body turns into coral.

*Verse 1699*

☺ One who is tired  
Of me and my work,  
I become more thirsty every moment.  
What do You lose  
If You grant one of my wishes?

If Absence becomes apparent  
Because of You,  
If Non-existence finds a dress, puts it on  
And has one flag from existence,  
What do You lose?

It would reach the level  
Which deserves Your pity,  
Where it reads a verse  
From the Tablets of God's decree [\[247\]](#)  
In Your school.

O favor of universes, offer a pearl  
From the sea of Divine understanding  
To the one who made this land a home,  
Peace and comfort to the fish in the sea.

The wave of that sea sometimes gives pearls;  
Other times, carries ships.  
With its favor,  
There is a trace of joy and manner  
In every creature, from Him.

Most parts of this sea  
Are an act of prostration,  
Like the one who gives thanks to God.  
Time by time,  
Its waves rise to do some service.

The seven oceans of this world  
In front of this secret sea  
Are like a person who bestows a kindness  
Or a worshiping priest.

The sea which is full of pearls and coral  
Is our long life, our Soul.  
Our life becomes eternal.

There won't be any end for us,  
Thanks to Your kindness.

O particle, if you once understand,  
You'll become a companion to the torrent  
Which carries you to the sea.  
You won't get hurt on the way.

If you try to go your own way  
And that torrent of Love,  
Which covers everything,  
Grabs your ear to pull you on the way,  
You'll be saved and protected.

Mustef'ilun, Mustef'ilun,[\[248\]](#)  
Now I should hide my sugar,  
Because they send a bunch of parrots  
To loot it.

Watch all these new kinds of sugar.  
Hear the sounds which come from chewing.  
These sugars do not have form,  
Nor do the parrots have jaws or feet.  
None of them is visible.

There is another sugar from God  
That isn't in the sugar cane.  
The parrot doesn't have the power to eat it,  
Nor are men able to swallow it  
Down their throats.

That sugar resembles Shems of Tebriz.  
Neither can He be contained by the sky.  
His sun rises in the land of wonder.[\[249\]](#)

133.

*Verse 1712*

☉ One who. put a tent of hair  
On the garden of earth!  
O One who put fire in the material  
And made a whole,  
Adorned and ornamented Soul!

The roots of the trees  
Were tied to the ground  
Before You untied them.  
You laid down pearl on the ground  
Where roses were standing.

The bird who tells riddles  
Learned to talk from You.  
You give hundreds of wings  
To the sick, pale falcon of Heart.

O One who gives life without death,  
Provisions without food!  
You give the best shield  
For the arrow of death.

The Lover is like a pen  
Which walks wobbling on this road.  
In order to walk straight,  
You draw a straight line.

It isn't surprising  
That You made man from an animal, an oxen.  
You made ambergris  
Out of the water buffalo's left-over excrement.

The person who conquered the universe for You  
Received hundreds of swords,  
Hundreds of soldiers from their own particles,  
Like sun and sunshine.

Angels prostrate themselves  
In front of Adam.  
Even the sky becomes a water carrier,  
A slave for humans.

You gave power to the stars  
And affect to the soil and stones.  
You spread this power to the earth,  
then You built stairs,  
Made a passage from Heart to sky.

You gave the temptation of lust to black dirt.  
In order to give birth  
And make delivery,  
One bit of soil

Became the father; the other, mother.

You have the power to open doors  
To the heavens from the grave.  
You created the five senses in the body's grave  
And opened the doors to the universe.

You hid hundreds of raindrops of compassion  
In the anger of the father,  
Hid hundreds of sparks of fire  
In the Hearts of a generation of men.

You built a tent for the Soul  
From the mantle  
Made by our saliva, blood, bile and Love,  
O my Sultan.

There will be a time  
When this world will argue  
With the One who listens and says,  
"I've spoken words like the 'Fountain of Life.'  
You have not heard because of your deafness."

O Shems of Tebriz,  
Explain the meaning, hair by hair.  
Since You made a head,  
Give him hands and feet, too.

134.

*Verse 1727*

O Sun of rebellion!  
O Beauty who bows to no one!  
You're in agreement  
With the Milky Way up in the sky.  
You've become friendly with people,  
Like milk and honey.

O You've given joy to every particle,  
Like the wine which adds Soul to Soul.  
O You've merged and saturated the earth  
With a rain of favors.

You've plunged in fire so much

That You've flamed, burned the fire.  
We've looked for Your trace so much  
That You've unified with the One  
Whose trace cannot be found.

O secret of God,  
Who has no wants,  
O One who has no need for good or bad,  
You've given up Your self.  
You've merged with Absolute might.

You were searched for everywhere by Souls,  
But no one ever got a smell of You.  
They all became desperate;  
Their Hearts were ruined.  
Then suddenly, You joined them.

It's no wonder  
That the same kind will unite.  
Otherwise, different people cannot become one.  
But You are not this or that.  
Even so, You came to an understanding  
With this, with that.

Both worlds are Your guests,  
They sit around Your table.  
You offer them hundreds of blessings.  
You join the guests.

You've merged with Him so much  
That He cannot differentiate himself from You.  
How could He differentiate,  
Since You merged like a body  
United with the Soul?

You've become the beauty and freshness  
Of this rose garden.  
O great old man, be rejuvenated.  
O arrow, you'll reach the target  
Because you're joined to the bow.

O everyone's kingdom and destiny,  
You've stolen everyone's belongings.  
You came very quickly,  
Staged a hold-up on our way,  
But agreeing with the caravan,

Joined them, then left.

You thought that fate  
Is to keep walking.  
You agreed with the universe.  
Soul is flying high.  
So is the universe.

I admire Your kindness.  
When stress becomes overpowering,  
Like the butcher,  
Who bends the lamb's head toward its hind legs,  
You hold the head of stress  
And bend it in the same way.

You taught Joseph-faced beauties  
How to kill the Beloved.  
You are the One who merged.  
The devil is looking for thorns  
Within the rose garden

The One who knows and understands,  
Leave this alone.  
Look at Him. Watch Him with the cleanest eyes.  
You're freed from the particles of earth.  
You've reached and merged with the sky.

O bird of Soul, you're free from the trap.  
You've landed on the branch of the rose tree.  
You're saved from the anxieties of the Heart,  
Entered the heavens, reached that universe.

O Fountain of Life, honor of the water of vitality,  
You came from the roof of the sky,  
Ran around our roof, then merged  
And flew through the gutter pipe.

How could a robber find You at night?  
You're not at home.  
You hid Your cane on the roof.  
You made a deal with the watchman.

Tell the secret of this without words,  
Without the alphabet of one hair to the other,  
O One who, while talking, merges  
And becomes one with the sounds and alphabet.

135.

*Verse 1745*

☉ One who gives ecstasy  
Better than eternal drunkenness  
To the Soul, without a wine cup!  
Come, if only for one moment.  
Give us our blessing, that moment  
Which is so clean of everything,  
Including cleanness.  
How long must we wait for that unique moment?

You are such a Sultan of plunder  
That even the enemy is waiting to be pillaged,  
Because of the greatness of Your pillage.

Is it His form or the form of the universe?  
Why doesn't the Soul know this?  
For sure, feet know  
If the shoes fit him, belong to him.

Feet are comfortable in their own shoes.  
Someone else's shoes will feel  
Tight and uncomfortable.

The mind has this capability,  
But is unable to withstand that moment  
When it is jailed in this world.

The Soul also knows his peers, his friends,  
Because in the world of Absence,  
That knowledge is given to the Soul  
According to his limits, his capacity.

This is just the same  
As the grown-up clothes of the prince  
Being hidden in the basement chest.

Open the lock of the Heart, Walk toward the treasure.  
If you have this treasure,  
You'll have the answers  
To all the questions in two worlds.

The tavern of man is the Heart  
If you know what kind of drunkenness  
You can have there.  
But you are a little child yet.  
Your feet are stuck in the mud.  
You'll have to wait awhile.

Wait awhile, then luck  
May bring a bunch of grapes.  
Look. There is dust far away,  
Raised like a flag.

On this flag is written,  
"This is the proof, the evidence  
Of the sign of Shems of Tebriz,  
To whom all Tebriz and China  
Are singing praises. "[250]

136.

*Verse 1757*

☉ unique Hasbek[251] rider,  
You rode from the land of Soul  
To the tavern,  
Incited one against the other,  
And went all the way to the square.

The Ones who stay in the sky  
Pulled our ear.  
You curl Your mustache  
And ride Your horse toward them.

O One who, when He takes one step,  
Goes beyond the two worlds,  
Do You know to what place  
You ride Your horse?

All modesty and rhymes  
Have been ruined by Your love.  
Since You've gone toward them,  
No curtain is left.

When You ride toward the Soul, start looting,  
The mind loses its mind.

Love becomes Your admirer.  
Only one name lives in the body.

137.

*Verse 1762*

Please, be content with the Beloved  
One moment.  
Give honor to the sky,  
O One whose face  
Is more beautiful than the moon!

His name, when mentioned between words,  
Gives the drunkenness of aged wine.  
Teach the translator how to please the Heart  
For even one short moment.

The sea is a touch of humidity in Your palm.  
Even with all Your generosity,  
You still deprive one confidant.  
Don't. Put the watchman to sleep one moment.

Your Love is giving me a wine  
Which cannot be described  
And keeps putting opium in it.  
How could the drunk  
Who's been drinking this wine  
Be able to show a trace from the One  
Whose trace cannot be found?  
How can he show a sign from Him?

Enlighten the world with Your face.  
Make the eyes of fate drunk.  
For one moment, take the troubles  
Out of the universe's Soul.

O One who is a hundred times  
Sweeter than the Soul,  
How difficult to describe You with language!  
Only the sufi can do that.  
Bring that sufi for one moment.

I repent.  
O mind, how would the sufi find the way to Him?

Hold your tongue.  
Not every bird can fly on that side.

O sun of God, even the moon  
Tears its colored shirt with Your Love.  
O red colors of sunset,  
Leave him alone for one moment,  
For the Love of ruby-colored lips.

You should have only His Love in your Heart.  
Don't take useless measures.  
Don't stay any place for the night.  
Annihilate all of your beings.

O the One whose rest and decisions are hidden  
Around His search,  
Safety and comfort in His fear!  
The Soul desires You so much  
That just to reach You  
He left safety; he left mercy.

My body is like a bow;  
My Heart is the bow string.  
O Soul, aim high in the sky.  
For a moment, put the ladder to the sky.

A young one in every place  
Has grown old for no reason  
Because of Your grief.  
Show Your brow, so I can see the kingdom.  
I'll reach eternity in one moment.  
I won't grow old forever.

Look at this crying one.  
Be true to Your own work for a moment,  
My Sultan.  
Be generous, be just, have pity.  
Turn the head of Your horse this way.  
Gallop here.

Come here for one moment.  
Have the Soul chew sugar.  
Show Your halo to our eyes for one moment.  
We'll see You.

When I want to be jumped and thrown down,

I turn into an arrow  
And fly over the village to get better.  
Show me Your brow.  
I will stretch that bow.

O raven of separation  
Which has no essence, born from illusion,  
When will you leave me and flyaway  
Like a raven?

O light which every eye with sight desires,  
O light of the kingdom,  
When will You ask, "I want such and such?"

O lion self, how can you be separated from Love?  
O lion-natured self,  
Throw this tasty food, this table  
In front of the dogs. Throw it.

O One who has no idea about the Soul's wine,  
How long will you be talking about skill, ability?  
Even for one moment, throw that trap of bread  
To the bottom of hell.

Where is the Sultan of time, Shemseddin,  
The One to whom everyone  
Is a slave and servant?  
O Tebriz, for the Sultan  
Whose kingdom is so obvious,  
Build a temple, be His slave.

138.

*Verse 1782*

Our King, our Sultan,  
*You* came from the kingdom of the Sultan  
Who has no beginning,  
No end to His sovereignty,  
Penetrated the Heart of the Moon  
And conquered the flags of the King.

You rose from the land of Absence,  
Which is the source of the working place  
Of the Soul.

You came, causing hundreds of suns in the skies  
To collide with each other.

You lit such a torch  
That You burned night as well as day,  
Made up such an excuse  
That even goodness  
Became shameful from malice.

O Venus of hundreds of Jupiters,  
O Secret of God's favor,  
O Fairy, in order to avoid jealousy,  
Come to the land of Soul secretly.  
Take the Soul's Heart in Your hand.

Oh Beauty of Beauties, *You* came  
By swaying from side to side,  
Because You are at the harem.  
*You* are the desired beauty of the one who prays  
And also the direction to the house of prayer.

His face, which shines with the  
The Glory of the Creator,  
Has matchless beauty.  
The curly hair coming down to the forehead  
Is adorned with Ahmets' taylasan.[\[252\]](#)  
Nothing resembles the way His hair looks  
And smells like black musk.

When Shems of Tebriz goes,  
Soul follows Him like a shadow.  
The earth He steps on  
Is either salve for the eye  
Or make-up for the light of eternity.

139.

*Verse 1789*

☺ Heart, you're not telling  
What has happened to you.  
You've fallen in love,  
Which adds life to your life.  
Sometimes you become mad with grief;  
Other times turn into blood with trouble.

When I talk about your love,  
Lots of trouble appears  
In the land of Absence.  
O lucky, good-fortuned one,  
Play until dawn.

When the time came to drink wine,  
We became indebted up to our necks  
Because of that wine.  
No, no, leave this 'wine' word alone.  
Watch the One who gets drunk  
Without a glass and wine.

You insist like burning fire,  
I'm spread like soil on the ground.  
You sent fire to me. I'm burning.  
O Beautiful, you are surely beautiful.

O Absence, attack existence.  
Destroy, be drunk.  
Give your heart to drunkenness.  
Clap your hands, clap your hands.

"Oh moon," I said, "Look at us!  
Watch the eyes which have turned into sea.  
Don't go there. Look here!"  
"Congratulations, how nice," he said.  
"Look at Love."

O nightingale, talk about the rose garden.  
Say something about that cypress,  
Tell about this pregnant branch.  
Don't hide. Tell it like it is.

Don't look at forms all the time.  
See the graceful Soul  
That earth turned into sky,  
With the sparkle of the Archangel Gabriel.

Forms are like shields  
In the hand of the painter.  
They hide His eyes and face.  
Shapes are like drapes.  
The One who makes the shapes  
Is behind the curtain of Azer.[\[253\]](#)

140.

*Verse 1798*

☉ my Beautiful,  
You are the moon, You are Jupiter.  
The moon turns around Your face  
And worships You.  
The sun, the sky are whirling with Your Love.

O my God, am I looking for You,  
Or are You looking for me?  
What a shame for me  
That 'I' stays with 'am.'  
As long as I cannot free myself from me,  
I am one, You are another.

O the One who surrounds me, surrounds us,  
Sheds the blood of us and me and both,  
Makes someone appear in the middle!  
But He is, neither a man nor a fairy.

It's alright if the foot doesn't exist.  
The foot takes us to thorns anyway.  
It's alright if the head doesn't exist.  
The head makes duality and disbelievers anyway.

There is water running in the creek.  
Other water is frozen on the side.  
This goes fast, the other very slow.  
Put your mind into your head.  
Run fast, so that you won't be frozen.

The sun tells the stone,  
"In order to make you a jewel,  
I shine on you and enlighten you,  
So that you'll be free from being a stone."

The unfading sun of Love  
Also reflects on your Heart  
To raise you from manhood.

The sultan says to the falcon,  
"I cover your eyes

So you'll feel cold to your peers  
And see only my face."

The sun tells the unripe grape  
"I came to your kitchen  
So you won't sell the vineyard.  
You'll learn how to make Halva."[\[254\]](#)

The falcon says, "Yes," to the sultan, says,  
"I obey your order. I see only your face,  
Dream only of you. I'll become  
The slave by Heart."

The rose tells the garden,  
"I put everything I have in front of you  
So that you'll give up everything that's yours.  
Stay, eat and drink with us."

If anyone takes gold from here,  
Goes and spends it with another beauty,  
He has to be a donkey.  
He sits awry, but talks straight.

Jesus turns your copper into gold,  
Then gold into jewelry, even makes your jewelry  
Better than the moon or sun.

He's not like a penniless customer.  
He makes you aware of the secret,  
"God has bought."[\[255\]](#)  
If you are Joseph, you'll get the smell  
From that shirt.

Fresh dates are given to us from the dry branch,  
Just like Mary.  
Holiness is destined in the cradle without asking,  
Just like Jesus.

Look at the grape which has no garden.  
Watch the glory shine without night.  
See God's blessed kingdom  
Devoid of all troubles and fights.

My fiery face warmed the earth's bath.  
Don't cry like children.  
Look at the pictures

On the glass of the bath.[\[256\]](#)

You'll see tomorrow  
That his face became food for snakes and rats,  
That his narcissus eyes became a window  
For the ants to come and go through.

The wall stays in the dark  
And doesn't read the verse,  
"Really, we will return to Him,"[\[257\]](#)  
As long as the moonlight doesn't warm it  
And the moon doesn't reflect on it.  
If you see, have sight, look at it that way.

Either go to Tebriz and get pleasure from Shems  
Or believe the One telling all this.

141.

*Verse 1818*  
*Terci-Bend*

☉ Soul, the One who is pulling us  
From earth to the green sky,  
How beautifully You are pulling us!  
Pull us faster!

I woke up so beautifully today,  
Making all kinds of noise, struggling.  
Today, I'm even more exalted,  
Because You're pulling me better today.

You're throwing all the thirsty ones  
Into the river today,  
Pulling Abraham to water and fire with Zun-nun.[\[258\]](#)

People have been burned and ruined today.  
Their eyes have been kept on You.  
Who is the one You'll be pulling first?  
They're all waiting to see him.  
Will You be taking him on Your arm?

O the Source of the Beauty of Beauties,  
You are something else today.  
How nicely You took

The Heart from the chest,  
The mind from the head.

O sky, you are a tent.  
O earth, you are a nice country.  
O sun, you are spreading pearls.  
O night, you are making ambergris.

O early dawn, how beautifully becoming  
Your light is.  
O breeze, what a nice friend you are.  
O sun killing the stars!  
O moon pulling the armies!

O rose, you're going to the rose garden.  
O bud, growing secretly,  
O cypress, how beautifully  
You suck the nectar from under the ground.

O Soul, You are peace to the body,  
Wine to the flesh.  
O religion, you are my keys.  
O Love, You are lively, crossing people's path.  
O mind turning the book pages!

O wine, you are the one who gets rid of grief,  
Salve for our wounds.  
O beautiful Cupbearer, You are the One  
Who drinks oceans with the cup.

O morning breeze, you are the messenger  
Who brings news from the Beloved  
Every morning.  
You take such gifts from His ambergris hair.

O earth, you are under every step.  
In your Heart you hide so many rose gardens.  
The water runs, making its head like feet.  
You run, but you gather pearls from the sea.

O fire, which wears a ruby kaftan,  
You blaze from Lave.  
You open your mouth like a dragon  
And swallow everything.

Terci means that You pull us to the heights,

Grab the Saul, pulling us to the place  
Where Souls have been grown, matured.

\* \* \* \* \*

You are pulling the Jesus of Soul  
To the star of the Pleiades.  
There is no. up, no dawn in such a universe.  
You are leading Saul high,  
Highest to the most exalted God.

Like Moses, You brought springs out of the eye,  
Pulling the Moses of Soul to Mount Sinai.

Keep pulling this undecided mind.  
In what a nice way You carry  
This blood-thirsty Soul.

You are the Soul of our Soul.  
You are the essence of all.  
From there, You are pulling our self to Us.

We came like *la*, [\[259\]](#) upside dawn.  
You keep pulling us from nothing  
To the land of *illa*. [\[260\]](#)

Self is nothing but a house of idols,  
But with You, it becomes a Mescid-i Aksa. [\[261\]](#)  
You're pulling mind,  
Which is nothing but a small candle,  
To the roof of the sky.

Sultans have put all the guilty ones in jail.  
You pull them out of jail  
And take them today and pleasure.

You fill the body that You've purified  
With musk and ambergris,  
Give the wings of a phoenix to a fly.

You make the body,  
Which resembles a dirty raven,  
Like a carcass,  
And, at the same time, having Soul  
Which resembles a clean parrot chewing sugar,  
Pull him high in the sky.

You give fresh dates  
From the dry branch of the date palm  
To the tired, sorrowed Mary.

You pull Joseph, who is soiled with blood,  
From the bottom of the well.  
Every moment, you're pulling him  
Through secret roads to the heights of the sky.

When Jonah was caged inside the fish,  
You took him to Your side,  
Like a pearl from the bottom of the sea.

You set the table of angels  
At the assembly of Heart's drunks  
And offer Jesus' meals  
To the drunk of Hearts.

This is another Terci.  
You are bringing the heaven of Soul  
In front of the guest with Your kindness, favors.

\* \* \* \* \*

You pull the troubled hearts of lovers  
To the place of remedy  
And lead every longing, thirsty one  
Toward the Fountain of Life.

How could You pull the one  
Who doesn't have an understanding Heart  
And who isn't a Sultan?  
You pull every human like that.

You are the Sultan of Sultans.  
You are endless compassion.  
You are the One who set a table of favor  
In the time of scarcity.

You show such modesty  
To the few poor, needy ones.  
You are just a humble person  
Taking meals to the Sultan.

You are filling their baskets

With rubies and pearls  
And carrying those baskets  
Like the rain carries straw.

There is the order, "God is calling." [\[262\]](#)  
Come, free the ones in the dungeon.  
But they fall in sorrow  
As though You were calling them to the dungeon.

You scare the pharaoh with snakes,  
But in reality Your kindness and Your favor  
Save him from himself, which resembles a snake.

With Your kindness, You said to the pharaoh,  
"I am taking you to the throne, the crown.  
Don't resist, let Me pull you,  
Because you cannot do it."

The pharaoh said, "This bond is from You.  
Moses is a pretext. Pull me like Moses, secretly."

He answered, "If he were Moses,  
Why did the staff become a dragon?  
His palm shone like the moon.  
You turned your head from forgiveness.

"We sent Moses to Shuayb, [\[263\]](#) uninvited.  
Why are you jealous and greedy  
Like a helpless lover?

"Moses did not complain,  
Served Shuayb for ten years as a shepherd.  
How would you be, if called shepherd?"

O Shems of Tebriz,  
Oratory has been refined by You.  
Boiled, overflowing with bubbles,  
This bubble jumped over the head,  
Because You are pulling him to Saturn.

That is another Terci.  
Soul, You pull every moment.  
If You do so slowly,  
The trouble of my Heart increases.

\* \* \* \* \*

O One who pulls and leads us,  
You are the sun.  
We resemble humidity;  
You pull us to the heights.

You give life once more  
To these dead bones.  
You are taking on a cruise  
The ones who are jailed in sorrow and grief.

Soul was drinking wine before  
With angels in the sky.  
Soul is clapping His hands,  
Because You're pulling him back up there again.

O Sun, O Moon, O Brightness!  
You are the place for safety and comfort.  
Stage a hold-up on our road.  
How nicely you do it. Pull us nicely.

O Sun who protects the good one,  
O young fate, fresh destiny,  
You hold us like a water bag,  
Taking us to that river.

When I saw Your jar,  
I pawned my turban, my Heart.  
I told thought, "Go away,"  
Because You are pulling me to Love.

O mind, you make me exist.  
O Love, You make me drunk.  
Although You humiliate me,  
You are taking me  
To the Greatest of the Great Almighty.

O Love, give Your order.  
Separate us from everyone except You.  
O torrent, you are taking us  
To the sea with the cascade.

O Soul, come and confess.  
O flesh, go and deny.  
O Absence, hang me on the gallows,  
Because You are taking me to essence.

Everyone pulls everything to themselves,  
Good or bad,  
Yet You pull us toward ourselves.

O head, you become head with His Grace.  
O feet, you become feet  
With His kindness acting as a guide.  
But You turned away from Him.  
Why do you raise your head with arrogance  
And pull your feet with laziness?

O head, if you want the sky,  
Put your head on the ground.  
O feet, if you want to go to the valley,  
Don't get stuck in the mud.

O eye, don't look at the people.  
O ear, don't hear good or bad.  
O mind, don't be a donkey-brain.  
You are going to Jesus.

I swear to God, you are really pulling nicely,  
Without hand and dagger.  
You are pulling us to the temple  
Of timelessness and spacelessness,  
Leading us in the direction of no direction.

142.

*Verse 1874*

☉ friend, if you do good to others,  
You better yourself a hundred times.  
Even if you turn your face this way,  
Maybe you will get to know Us.

I spread water on the ground  
To settle the dust  
And decorated every place.  
Even if I forgive your sins,  
Maybe you will get to know Us.

I have made you out of nothing,  
Put you on the throne.

I gave you a mirror so you can work for us.  
Maybe you will get to know Us.

O son of My pillar, My foundation!  
O one who is asking help from Me,  
Come now, see My favors  
Maybe you will get to know Us.

Be wine to My cup.  
Become a stranger to yourself, feel My pain.  
If you stay in the same house with My suffering,  
Maybe you will get to know Us.

O Sultan's son, be just.  
Liberate yourself from your self.  
Remember the day of death.  
Maybe you will get to know Us.

The phoenix of Soul flies off  
Just like an arrow from the bow.  
You such and such, think about that.  
Maybe you will get to know Us.

Fasten your ties with your religion.  
Keep your oath.  
Fall in Love with your faith.  
Maybe you will get to know Us.

O the one who collects gold and silver,  
Falls in love with every sweet pair of lips,  
Come and see what real Beauty is.  
Maybe you will get to know Us.

I've sown the seeds of faithfulness.  
I've drawn wonderful pictures  
And opened so many curtains.  
Maybe you will get to know Us.

143.

*Verse 1884*

☉ One who rides the horse of eternity  
And leaves this temporary monastery,  
You know Your way.

You're going to the place You know.

Without becoming friends  
With material things and symptoms,  
Without falling into the trap,  
Without slowing down with illness,  
You're going from bitterness to sweetness  
From deprivation to Your intention.

*You* are the Soul of Souls.  
That's the way You're going;  
Not like the mind which gathers bait;  
Not like the self, full of hatred and grudges;  
Not like the souls of the creatures  
Which live on earth.

O One who makes the web of fate,  
O One who shines like the moon,  
The One who found a track, a trace on the road,  
You're going to the One  
Who has no track, no trace.

O One who is overwhelmed by His Love,  
O One who has gone  
Beyond himself with wine,  
*You* are going from Medrese, [\[264\]](#)  
Where His names have been taught,  
To their meanings.

You should not give the impression to people  
That You're going without gifts.  
Your manners, which resemble  
The water in the creek,  
Give smell and color to time.

At night, hundreds of caravans go  
To the sky from this world.  
You're going alone.  
But by Yourself, You are hundreds of caravans.

O Sun of that world,  
Why are You hiding in one particle?  
O Sultan of Sultans,  
You're going like a guard.

You cast spells beyond day and night

So that eyes will think  
You're going somewhere, to some country.

O Favor of the unknown,  
How many times You've come dressed like spring!  
O Absolute Justice,  
How many times You've appeared,  
Then disappeared in the fall season!

Get out of these forms.  
Take this cover off Your face.  
How long will You act  
Like a shepherd in human form?

O One whose sign appears,  
But whose essence is hidden like the Soul,  
O One who became slave and servant  
At the temple of earth,  
When am I going to see You secretly,  
Like the Soul?  
You are going to the world of silence.

144.

*Verse 1896*

☉ Joseph, whose name is beautiful,  
O beautiful charmer, you won't find  
Any companion on the journey.  
Don't be separated from the reason of Jacob  
To keep from falling into the well.

The dog is the one who sleeps idle  
In front of every door.  
The donkey is the one who gets tired  
And goes to any tent it sees.

Where is this Love, this greed  
Which comes from the Heart?  
Only the One who makes the Heart knows;  
The One who understands  
Makes you understand.

Lean over, don't leave the egg.  
Watch like a bird.

But once your Heart's egg is hatched  
And the chick comes out,  
Drunkenness, union, and laughter  
Are all for you.

Uncle, no one but Him  
Has the shirt for this and that favor;  
The rest are all poor.  
Hang on.  
Entreat the Sultan of Sultans  
With both hands.

Fall into His grief, follow sorrow.  
Walk with fire until evening,  
Like the sun.  
At night, keep turning nicely around His roof,  
Like the moon.

Those stars keep guard around His roof  
With their batons until morning.  
I swear to God, it's a great temple,  
It's a great door.

Those prophets who turn their faces to the sky  
Are saved from the traps of earth  
And from the stupid people  
Who attribute a partner to God.

They are trapped in the other world  
The way iron is attracted to a magnet,  
An armless, legless piece of straw  
Which flies toward amber.

Know for sure that without His favor  
No food ever grows.  
Without His order, His creation,  
Not even a shadow would fall to earth.

Souls are like drunk camels  
Which wander around the desert  
When they hear the sound 'travel.' [\[265\]](#)  
He is the desert Arab. He says, "Uh, uh,"  
And makes the camels kneel anywhere He wants.

If the Remil [\[266\]](#) maker of the Soul  
Casts the sand of Truth

On the Heart's signboard,  
All the numbered sands turn into real gold.

Friends, go nicely on your journey.  
A kind of doctor came to this earth,  
Who brings every death to life  
And opens the eyes of all born blind.

All these things could happen,  
But when He lifts the veil from His face,  
It won't be Venus  
Or the sounds of the professional criers.

Be silent! If you are a nightingale,  
Fly to the rose garden.  
Even the nightingale lands on thorns,  
But that is very seldom.

145.

*Verse 1911*

Sounds are coming from the sky every moment,  
But no one hears them  
Except the Ones who are in a state of ecstasy.

O the one who bends his head down  
Like a donkey,  
Drink less of this water,  
Eat less of this grass.  
For a moment, lift your head up.  
Maybe you can see a sign or proof.

Nowadays, the Cupbearer opens  
The top of the jar of sky.  
He has an army of Souls  
And flags from the wine.

Where is that lion-hearted one in this world,  
That brave hero?  
Who will meet him?  
He will be brave enough to hunt lions.  
The one who drinks wine with the brave Sultan  
Has to be Sultan.

What a pity it is that the ear  
Which attributes a partner to God  
Is open, but doesn't hear the voice  
Coming from the sky!  
The soul that hasn't received  
Peace and Love from God,  
What a helpless and lost soul that is!

Would it be possible  
That just one night,  
You wouldn't have the Soul say,  
"O my God,"  
That you would pull and free him  
From the dungeon of the body,  
And be led to a large space?

When you untie the rope from your feet,  
You'll fly to the sky.  
Like the sky, you'll be immune  
From wear and tear and all hazards.

You'll be saved from the sword of death.  
You'll join the Union of Soul.  
You'll be in such a garden  
That fall's looking will never take place.

I'll be silent.  
The silence that Love would tell to Love,  
That would be a narration  
Which would feed the Soul  
And have no end.

146.

*Verse 1920*

△ Heart-catching smell has come from the sky,  
Saving every tired, broken-hearted prey  
From the trap of the flesh.

Every bird has gained hundreds of wings,  
Keeps flying to the star of Pleiades.  
Every weight, every mountain  
Has started flying with its own weight.

Look at the birds of Abraham?[\[267\]](#)  
Even though they were torn to pieces,  
They came back flying.

I asked, "Oh particle, you have no wings, no head.  
How do you fly?"  
He said, "With the wind of Love."

From now on, you can hear no yell  
But the shrill pipe from the city.  
You can hear no cry  
But the harp from the house.

The tambur[\[268\]](#) says,  
"Life is our life,"  
Then starts all the melodies.  
The bee of the soul  
Learned architecture from that honey.

Today, the Cupbearer,  
Whose offers are as generous  
And endless as the sea,  
Has given up greatness  
And mixed with ordinary people.

He whispers instigations  
To the ear of chance and fate.  
But today, we are saved from this sorrow,  
O my God!

The singer of the Soul sings and blows  
Like the Son of Mary.  
The Cupbearer attacks like God's lion  
Again and again,  
Then offers wine,  
Then attacks repeatedly.

If He breaks a few idols,  
He then carves' hundreds more immediately.  
If He breaks two or three jars,  
It doesn't matter.  
His ability, His art in making  
New jars from kneaded mud  
Hasn't been decreased.

O nightingale, you learned

All these beautiful melodies  
Because of the rose.  
But once you reach the Beloved,  
You'll be with Him.  
You will say very little  
And forget all of them.

147.

*Verse 1931*

☞ If you go to the garden of Heart,  
You'll have beautiful perfume like a rose.  
If you fly to the sky,  
Your face will turn into a moon like the angels.

You'll turn into light  
Even if He burns you like oil.  
You'll become like hair because of grief,  
But they'll put you at the head of the table.  
Like a candle, you'll illuminate the assemblies.

You'll become a Sultan.  
You'll become supreme sovereignty,  
Heaven, and an angel at the door of heaven.  
You'll become sky and faith.  
You'll turn into a lion  
And, at the same time, a gazelle.

You'll leave place.  
You'll go to the land of Absence.  
You'll separate from yourself.  
You'll go alone, walking without riding,  
Without feet, like water in the river.

You'll become One like Heart and Soul,  
You'll keep appearing even if you are invisible.  
You'll become bitter-sweet, like wine.

You'll be free from the qualities  
Of wetness and dryness, like Jesus.  
You'll pierce the turbulence  
And make a road of it.  
You'll be free of dimensions;  
Every side will become one for you.

You'll be free from desires  
And the fancy of your insides.  
You'll become empty.  
You'll stay alive without breath.  
You'll be plunged into the sea of Ya Hu,[\[269\]](#)  
And then you'll quit saying, "Ya Hu."

You'll turn sweet into bitter  
And hear all, from a distance.  
When you reach the ninth level of the sky,  
You won't be a curtain to the light.

Be a Sultan with a kingdom.  
Reach the height. Become a moon.  
How long will you keep searching  
By saying, "Coo-coo," like the dove?

You'll become a window for every house.  
You'll be a rose garden in every field.  
If you leave your self, drop your existence,  
You'll become Me without me.

Don't take the lead. Don't brag.  
Be joyful, bend your head,  
Like a branch of the peach tree.  
Smile. Be beautiful.

You won't ask for light.  
You won't need your self.  
You'll look after  
The feeding and care of the poor,  
Like the Sultan.  
You'll look for darkness, like the moon.

You won't look for Soul;  
You'll give Soul.  
You'll find a remedy for every ill.  
Don't look for salve for your wounds.  
You'll be salve for all wounds.

☞ want peace from You,  
Understanding and Union.  
*You* showed me a sign,  
Said something about peace yesterday.

The Soul became so happy, so cheerful  
That it started singing and playing.  
That's His most important job,  
To sing songs about peace.  
Is there anything more important than that?

When the Soul is angry with someone,  
The world becomes a jail for him.  
When does the idea of getting along with body  
Come to Soul, O my God?

When you're angry with someone,  
You head somewhere else.  
But if your head is angry with you,  
What happens to peace?

If my Heart should kiss the hand of Union  
While searching for You,  
At that time it will also kiss the dust  
Of the feet of peace  
And keep kissing.

The goodness which the body does  
Is always from the kindness of Soul.  
Whenever I was generous,  
This was the generosity of peace.

I cried like winter rain.  
No leaves, no fruits. I am naked, new.  
I want to dress in the kaftan of peace  
And roar suddenly.

I would be Sultan.  
To become Sultan to the Sultans,  
I will do favors, even for the moon.  
I will smile when I see the face of peace.

O Soul of hundreds of gardens  
And hundreds of greens,  
Come, give Your honor to this country.  
When there is no room for peace

Because of my bad thoughts, bad measures,  
Even then, be kind to me.

Come, give this charm to the earth  
From unthinkable, unbelievable spring.  
That way, there won't be a fog of grief  
In the sky of peace.

It isn't good to have these fights and struggles  
Against the sea of Soul.  
It isn't good to do evil things,  
To try and boast  
Against the greatness of peace.

O one who does things beyond modesty,  
Be silent. Don't even say one thing  
With the tip of your lips  
So that the prayer for peace becomes modest.

149.

*Verse 1956*

His image in the heart offers endless favors  
So that you won't look anywhere else.

If you step out of this six-doored chapel, [\[270\]](#)  
You'll meet the sufi whose fate is clean;  
You'll reach His ecstasy.

You have a secret door.  
Every night you flyaway through that door.  
Don't look for six directions, six doors.

They tie an imaginary string to your feet  
When you fly  
So that you won't get lost.  
They pull you back every morning  
With that string.

This world looks like a womb.  
That's why you're fed by blood.  
Return to the dungeon of this womb  
Until your creation is complete.

When the Soul grows wings,  
The shell of the body is broken.  
In order to show Cafer,  
Become Ca'fer-i Tayyar.[\[271\]](#)

150.

*Verse 1962*

Spring has come, see?  
The gardens and meadows are full  
Of Houris [\[272\]](#) and fairies.  
It's just like Solomon  
Showing his ring to the army.

Rum-faced charmers were born  
In the land of Ethiopia.  
Just like you, many beautiful Moslems  
Become faithful, cease to be infidels.

Look at the rose garden.  
Watch the flowers of the pomegranate.  
See the reflection of the Beloved on the water.  
Admire these drunk, narcissus eyes.  
Admire these red, rosebud lips.

Look at the petals of the rose.  
How nicely gold and silver mix with each other.  
They're like matchless jewels  
Which came from no jeweler's art.

See the rose in the Soul of the nightingale.  
See universal intelligence in that rose.  
Fly from color to colorlessness.  
Maybe you can find the road there.

The rose loots the mind.  
Other flowers make signs as though saying,  
"The One who made this painting, this form  
Is here, right behind this curtain."

O One who gives peace to war,  
Who brings water out of stone,  
How do You bring all these colors  
Out of this ordinary soil?

There is freshness in the branches,  
Greatness and height in the cypresses,  
Hundreds of beauties in the rose.  
But, O Soul, you are altogether different.

It isn't the place for garden, valley and rose,  
Nor the time for food and wine glasses,  
Not even for Soul and universal intelligence,  
Because you are better and more beautiful  
Than the Soul of Soul.

151.

*Verse 1971*

If the garden knew Him,  
Blood would drip from its fresh branches.  
If the mind understood Him,  
A river would overflow from its eyes.

If that beautiful piece of Moon  
Ever rose and appeared  
From the circle of sun,  
Every particle would become  
Leyla and Mecnun. [\[273\]](#)

If His treasures of mind  
Would ever reflect down from one corner.  
Hundreds of treasures of Karun [\[274\]](#)  
Would be in every ruin.

If the Beauty reflected in the Heart  
Were seen in the eyes,  
Every person who washes the dirt from his face  
Would become Seyh Zun-nun. [\[275\]](#)

O merchant who looks around,  
How long will you keep looking?  
If to reach the Beloved were so cheap,  
The Beloved would come forward with that look.

When a new guest comes,  
That blessing in the world is enough.  
If more people come to earth,

More blessings will come.

152.

*Verse 1977*

Last night I saw the secret of Heart  
On the face of the stone-hearted,  
Ruby-lipped Charmer  
Who offers belief to blasphemy,  
Increases the faith of unbelievers.

Who will talk about Soul and Heart  
In front of such a Beloved?  
Who will mention gold and silver  
In the presence of that silver statue of Beauty?

If Love had a mouth,  
The whole world would become a morsel.  
If Love had a door,  
The Soul of Sultans  
Would become doorkeeper at that door.

I used to hear people say, "Heart, Heart!"  
It's happened to me so that I understand.  
O the Beautiful to His Beauty,  
Soul and Heart become ashamed.  
O the Charmer with His love,  
Even Duldul [\[276\]](#)  
Becomes a donkey stuck in the mud.

O Soul, come gather pearls.  
O Soul, come and see the Beauty,  
Mercy from this disaster, from grief,  
O Moslems.

Where is the body  
That would spread under His cavalry of sorrows?  
Where is the head that wouldn't bend  
At the assembly of such a Sultan?

Earth will become green and beautiful.  
Spring has come, friends,  
Like the time of Union with my Beloved.  
It is so sweet, so charming, like His ruby lips.

Every moment His face is asking me  
If I have any beautiful-faced Beloved like Him.  
My heart is asking Him,  
"Do You have any servant like me?"

Friends, let's go to the rose garden.  
Spring is here.  
But You are my spring,  
I don't look at anything else.

Flowers and fruits have air,  
Tone and gracefulness.  
But we are like water lilies around Your face  
Which looks like a rose garden.

Nightingales are playing tambourines.  
Leaves of the trees keep clapping their hands.  
Every bud is asking,  
"Is there a fresher, more beautiful bud, than I?"

That kind, gracious, green spring  
Has come dragging its skirt,  
Swaying from side to side  
So that the garden would be adorned.  
Birds have taken wing and are flying.

Spring has come so that people will be happy.  
Out of obstinacy to the blind  
Who don't see this face,  
To the deaf  
Who don't hear this voice,  
Spring has come.  
Our Beloved becomes Soul to our Soul.

If He is the Sultan in one place,  
The rest of the Sultans  
Become slaves and servants.  
If He is the Beloved in one place,  
Every Heart turns into Lover's grass.[\[277\]](#)

The specter of my Beloved  
Walks, swaying in the Heart,  
A moon which has  
The greatest exaltation and beauty,  
With favor and kindness

Like a magnificent Sultan.

153.

*Verse 1992*

☞ was looking for a buyer for my words,  
Wanted someone who would have them.  
Now, I want You to take my words.

I've carved so many idols  
To deceive everyone,  
But I'm tired of being Azer.[\[278\]](#)  
Today, I am the drunk of Abraham.

Such an idol has come my way  
That has no color, no smell.  
I lost my words just by looking at Him.  
You find another master for the house of idols!

I've given up the store, left words.  
I appreciate the value of insanity.  
I've given up the mind.

When a form comes to my Heart, I say,  
"Go away, O One who made me lose my way."  
If it moves slowly,  
I crack and break it into pieces.

The One who becomes His Mecnun,[\[279\]](#)  
Cannot deserve Leyla.  
The One who comes from there,  
Whose Soul belongs there,  
His place is under the flag.

154.

*Verse 1998*

☞ turning those two to Kible [\[280\]](#) would go away  
From mind and Soul for one moment,  
Our mind would be Adam,  
Our self would be Eve.

If Adam hadn't descended  
From the canopy of Heart  
And gotten stuck in this mud,  
His holy teaching would be better  
Than the attributes of God.

The one who falls in doubt and says,  
"I don't believe that,"  
If he would have believed  
And surrendered like Abraham,  
His shadow,  
Which falls on the ground upside down,  
Would have become a sun in the sky.

If the existence of body were annihilated,  
Self would become exalted.  
His head would reach the sky.  
When completely he became Nothing,  
He would reach the Union of Existence.

If there weren't weakness in the eyes  
Of the self who looks like a bat,  
Instead of one sun,  
A hundred suns would rise  
And add Soul to Souls.

If good and bad were the same  
At the final time in God's place,  
The devil would be as beautiful  
As moon-faced Gabriel.

If man knew the secret,  
Evil and benevolence wouldn't appear.  
Everything he didn't know  
Would appear, become obvious.

This sense of ours  
Which looks and watches everything  
Is in our trap, becomes our prisoner.  
Since he doesn't see the truth of anything,  
I wish he would go blind.

The feeling of the banal self  
Is like a fly which has landed  
On the side of the basin.

If the fly would choose a better place for landing,  
It would immediately turn into a phoenix.

The stars resemble the bowls, those golden bowls.  
They are adorned for the greedy ones.  
It would be better  
If they were not adorned or decorated.

Be silent. The word comes  
From the land of Absence.  
If your eyes are over there,  
How can you fly there with words?

Because of Shems of Tebriz,  
Know for sure that every particle  
Is the light of certainty.  
If the pleasure were in the talking and saying,  
Every particle would start talking.

155.

*Verse 2010*

☪ brightness of every Heart's garden!  
O window of every house!  
Your sun shines in every particle,  
Like a piece of pearl.

O One who comes to aide  
Every helpless one,  
The place for every homeless one,  
You correct everything untidy.  
You are the purpose and moral  
Of every story.

O longing of the tall, straight cypress!  
O brightness of the Sultan of Sultans!  
I plead of You, give to Lovers  
A Lover deserved by Lovers.

Your Love is in every head.  
Your wine is on every lip.  
Without the abundance of Your sherbet,  
The world would become an empty glass.

Every king is Your pawn,  
A lousy prey of Your falcon.  
O the One who changes  
Everyone and everything,  
One situation to the other,  
Becomes the chain for every insane one.

There is a fire for every light,  
A thorn for every rose.  
There is a snake in the ruins  
To protect every treasure.

O One whose rose garden  
Doesn't have thorns!  
O One whose clean light has no fire!  
There is no snake, no snake bite,  
No teeth marks around Your treasure.

You set forth such drink,  
Sow hundreds of seeds for testing.  
You haven't left one rational man in our town.

Thoughts, arts, talents are all beautiful  
Because they've taken color from Your Love.  
Harp players play until dawn  
In front of the rising moon of Your sky.

Wisdom and insanity are mixed with each other,  
Joined and spread hundreds of appetizing meals  
On Your way.  
Thought is like a comb  
Plunged into Your curly black hair.

O One whose eyes resemble narcissus,  
Sleep becomes a thorn to my eye.  
I see lots of dreams when I'm awake,  
But I see behind the loaded bale.

Even if he has sour yogurt,  
The grocery man's Heart  
Is still with the customer.  
His lips closed, he sits and waits  
At the corner of the store,  
Awake until morning.

In the morning, he runs for profit

And starts bargaining.  
In the end, because of his customer,  
His dried mints come to life  
And become green, fresh mint.

O one who leaves the field  
And sows wheat in the garbage place,  
In the barren land!  
O one who thinks light is a window!  
You resemble a moth.

Some day He will dress you,  
Give you power of description, explanation,  
Join your particles with universal intelligence  
And offer you a Beloved.

Be silent. You are saved from that.  
You've jumped out of those traps.  
You gave your Heart and Soul  
To this seducing charmer.

156.

*Verse 2026*

☞'s only dawn, and the Cupbearer  
Has already filled the glass.  
He is as beautiful and bright  
As the stars of Ursa Minor,[\[281\]](#)  
Great as the cypress,  
And sugar-lipped as a piece of the Moon.

His eyes are drunk. His curly hair,  
Coming down on his forehead,  
Resembles a trap.  
He is help for the helpless.  
The glass in His hand  
Is a remedy for the sick one.

Black-eyed Houris [\[282\]](#) dance  
In front of the sprinkling fountain,  
Holding their harps on their arms  
And playing at left and right  
In the garden full of jasmine.

O sweet Cupbearer, pick up the glass  
In spite of all the trouble and grief.  
For the Soul of Ali[283] and Abu-l Ala[284] offer wine.

Turn like the sun in the sky, spread jewels.  
Offer drink to the thirsty of this mean world,  
To the occupants of this land of mud.

O the one who makes magic, who has talent,  
O the one who is in the hand of insanity,  
The time for work has arrived.  
We are already the most competent ones  
For that work.

I threw off the dress of modesty once.  
I drank a glass, started Love-play  
With a cruel, conceited, playful Beauty.

Even the ones in the sky  
Are drunk from the smell of that wine.  
Their heads are dizzy.  
Every great person is prostrating  
In front of my moon-faced Beauty  
Like a drunk in ecstasy.

The seas of wine are flowing here and there.  
Fifty rivers are in every garden.  
Hit this jar on the stone and break it  
For the obstinacy of mad people

Blessings and the elixir of Absence are raining.  
The Sultans of drunkenness  
Are met with large armies

If you see the ones who are passing  
Above the roof,  
You will tear down the tent of daily struggle,  
Throw it in the fire.

The one who's called drunk  
Goes like a ship up and down,  
Wobbling on rough seas.  
He goes like timber, awry, gnarled.

I ask, "O busy brave  
Whose Soul has been saved from all ailment,

There is no door, no window.  
How could you have freed yourself  
From the dungeon of death?

"How have you been freed  
From this bitter, sour earth;  
From this old firmament who eats his own child;  
From this place where he tells stories  
And at the same time keeps silent,  
A slave and at the same time a master?"

He told me, "The Sultan of the world  
Secretly offered me a glass.  
Once I drank, I turned into a star  
Which goes around that town of Soul."

The entrance and exit are both concealed  
In this world of trials.  
They're hidden, well-covered  
From men and women  
At the wish of God.

Watch and see. There is no opening, no door.  
How did I pass through?  
How did I get out?  
I'm like water  
Which comes from a stone without a spring.

O taste of sugar,  
Give some from this big earthen jar.  
Like a mother, nurse me.  
Pull, pick me up from the cradle.

O all the possessions,  
The joy and pleasure of wise men!  
O the One who adds more wonder  
To the wonders of narcissus!  
O the One who give sustenance  
To that muddy world and those who live there,  
The purpose of every idle one!

The thoughts of troubled ones  
Are prostrating because of that wine  
Which saves the person  
From the guard, from thieves,  
And the rest of the ordinary people.

O the glass which searches the Soul  
And looks after the comfort of the wounded ones!  
O the Cupbearer who has a face like the sun  
And who keeps bleeding every star!

O One who gives sustenance to Hearts,  
O One who becomes Soul  
To the good and no-good ones!  
You are the One who catches and loots  
And, at the same time, over praises and calms.  
You are straight sometimes,  
Then reverse and become one with whom  
It's hard to get along.

You give life to these forms.  
You are the sound of Gabriel's trumpet.  
You turn this world into the Day of Judgment,  
Incite everyone against each other.  
Your chain is like a necklace,  
Every cabbar [\[285\]](#) gives Him honor.

You took away the smartest thought  
From the Soul,  
Diverted, dismissed the mind.  
You gave smartness to the silly fool,  
Made him tricky and deceitful.

He attacks the master, the pasha  
To cut the neck of doubt,  
To beat time on the head of mind,  
Or to make a tune on the order of the deceitful.

Enough! Be silent, join the crowd.  
Come where men and women are together.  
You also make shapes and figures  
At the place of the solitude of the Master  
Who makes statues out of mud.  
Then you break and throw all those figurines.

You talk and, at the same time, are silent  
Like a rose.  
You don't make a face.  
You are at the top corner  
Of the house of the Heart.  
At the same time, You are at the highest summit

Like a flying bird.

157.

*Verse 2053*

△ All our belongings have been stolen  
By a gentle, gracious, graceful charmer.  
His deceits have not left  
Even one carpet in the mosque.

The mantle of fate has been torn in ten pieces  
Because of Him.  
Kamer's [\[286\]](#) moon is pierced because of him.  
What would happen if someone  
As naive as I am  
Were to fall into His hand?

He put fire to our aloe tree.  
Our smoke went up to the sky.  
The Cupbearer got rid of our useless works,  
Wiped them out with that unseen wine.

It makes things difficult, staying at sea.  
The Soul is telling the story of Heart.  
Where is the Lover who gives his Heart?

The Lover who gives his Heart  
Is not like you who goes about everywhere,  
Then falls in one corner.  
The true Lover has patience and persistence.

You are sad and sorrowful.  
You've fallen into grief.  
How can you be a Lover who has given his Heart?  
You're either caught in the desire of a whore  
Or caught in the anxiety of a pimp.

Shame on your beard, your cluttered beard.  
In the end, you close your eyes  
And open your mouth  
To a lot of nonsense.

A good mind belongs on the other side,  
Quick to see the outcome.

It is cleansed from greed, from lust.  
It is ready to be a Lover.

Be silent. My Heart's bird  
Is flying fast to the green.  
It cannot be pawned to the book  
Kept in a small room.

158.

*Verse 2062*

A deceitful, pickpocket  
Has grabbed my skirt,  
Pulling me toward an idol house.  
I'm following this blood-thirsty one,  
Like a skirt.

He pulls me up one minute;  
The next, he lets me down.  
One moment he makes himself drunk;  
That drunk thinks only of himself.

I am in his hand, like a small crystal ball.  
Like a fish, I am in his net.  
I bend down to the well of Babel  
Because of his magician's eyes.

He is my divinity, my humanity,  
He is my two angels.  
For the ones who get involved in bad deeds,  
He is my ruby, he is my coral.

You look like beautiful water.  
A moon in the sign of fire.  
But you are a marble Heart  
In the chest of the Beloved, like a rock.

I will tell you the secret  
Of that world's treasure,  
But give me time, a little time  
So that I can come to myself.

I took the jar to the river  
With the image of Your face.

I saw the reflection of light  
Like a star on the water.

I said to myself,  
"What I was looking for in the sky,  
I found on the earth."  
God's favor suddenly becomes help  
For the helpless one.

I'm thanking God at the garden of Union.  
In my hand is a sword made in India.  
I will settle with the light  
Of the rose-faced One.

I used to be bent down like a bow,  
Under grief and sorrow.  
Those times are gone.  
My body was like a bone  
In the hand of every greedy person, then.

My old bow became new with the order to exist.  
It came from the curl of the Sultan's monogram.  
Jesus started talking,  
Even when He was tied to the cradle.

Such a fire was dropped in the Heart  
That no bad person could stand in front of me,  
No renegade could rebel.  
There is no self left  
That could be the source of malice.[\[287\]](#)

The world of Lovers is beautified.  
The time has come for Lovers to De united.  
Their hearts have been freed  
From all instigators and troublemakers.

Soul won't turn under Soul, tasteful, graceful Soul,  
Is turning above the arch, like fate.  
It cannot come down  
And make the lower place home.  
Like the stars, Soul won't turn under the sky.

Mind and Soul have crowded  
The plate of earth, like ants.  
Secretly, a curtain is opened  
To the ones looking for a crack there.

Now the rose sapling is free from the thorn,  
Because it is sure of the Heart.  
It doesn't have any enemies;  
There is no one to gather the rose now.

Be silent, be silent, O Heart.  
Become an eye like the language  
Of the iris and narcissus.  
Keep looking at the garden.

159.

*Verse 2079*

Last night, the Heart like a drunk  
Had fallen here and there  
Because of Him.  
The Soul acquired hundreds of languages  
Like the iris  
Because of His stature,  
Which resembles a rose sapling.

Hearts are like sugar,  
Full of sweetness because of His lips.  
But once He is hidden,  
They start crying like Ferhad. [\[288\]](#)

This body, which is made of soil,  
Becomes hundreds of heaven's gardens  
Because of His favor.  
The wind coming from His side  
Enlivens death, makes Jesus jealous.

He shows a caliph, suddenly, from nature,  
Which resembles the stoke hole of a bath.  
Baghdad starts praising Him  
Because of the head of the devouts.

The angels in the sky find  
The pleasure of their rosaries  
Because of the light of His face.  
The eyes of guidance,  
The light of showing the way,  
Were given to the worshipers because of Him.

Thousands of Souls are around Him.  
He is at the center like a moon.  
Going by, swaying like a drunk.  
God saves Him from evil eyes.

The brightness of the full moon  
Comes from the glory of His face.  
The smell and color of ambergris  
Of the hair of Shimshad,[\[289\]](#)  
Coming down on his forehead,  
Are curls that are also from Him.

What would happen if the world were destroyed  
Because of the soldier of Love's Sultan?  
The Soul of Souls would create  
Hundreds of worlds again.

Even those looks in the eyes  
Which torture lovers, favor kindness to beauty,  
Those charms still come from Him.

You stepped on the sky with coyness, greatness.  
In one moment the earth should understand  
That the Sultan of Beauty was born  
From Him  
And grew with His kindness.

Hundreds of idols and idol makers  
Have fallen into commotion  
Because of His beauty.  
In the end, idol makers start yelling  
And quit idol making.

What is that? What kind of sun is that,  
Shining at the sky of Beauty?  
Why did this Fountain of Life  
Overflow and become a sea?

Someone put his head  
On the cover of Shemseddin's saddle blanket  
At the temple where He is served.  
But who could that be?  
Shemseddin is such a man  
That even the Archangel Gabriel  
Would spread his wings under His feet.

Because of Him, Tebriz may open its secret,  
The Eyes of the Soul start seeing,  
And the eyes of the ones who are jealous  
Become totally blind.

159.[\[290\]](#)

*Verse 3567*

☉ Lover, Lovers, the time for Union has come.  
A voice is heard from the sky, saying,  
"O moon-faced ones, be ready."

O drunks, drunks, joy and pleasure  
Come by holding His skirt.  
He has held our chains.  
We grabbed His skirt.

Fiery, strong red wine has come.  
O grief, go to the corner and sit there.  
O Soul who is thinking of death, go away.  
O One who offers the wine, Cupbearer, come.

O my Beautiful!  
Seven layers of sky are drunk  
Because of You.  
We are a crystal ball in Your hands.  
Our being comes from Your Being,  
Saying hundreds of thousands of times,  
"Welcome," to this whole Being.

O sweet-breathed player,  
Ring the bell every moment.  
O drinking One,  
Put the saddle on the horse.  
Blow on our Soul,  
O morning breeze.

O flute, the stories you tell us at night  
Are so lovely.  
Your Soul has the sweetness of sugar.  
The smell of loyalty comes from your sounds  
Day and night.

O beautiful-faced sun,  
Start once more.  
Play the same tunes.  
Be coy with all the beautiful ones.

Be silent. Don't tear the curtain.  
Drink from the glass  
From which the silent ones drink.  
Cover the others' faults.  
Get into the habit of God.

160.

*Verse 3775*

☞ told the beloved yesterday,  
"O, peerless Beauty,  
Even the moon has become jealous of you  
And is folded in two in the sky."

You were beautiful.  
Now your beauty has increased a hundred fold.  
You were the doorkeeper.  
Now you've become a Sultan.  
You resembled Joseph.  
Now you've acquired the glow of Mustafa [\[291\]](#)  
And His manner.

O Fairy, let me praise you tonight,  
Because tomorrow  
You cannot be described by words.  
While describing you,  
Tomorrow, earth and sky  
Will disappear altogether.

Let me take the opportunity tonight.  
I will be your servant, your slave.  
Tomorrow the angel will pass out of himself.  
The Arsh[\[292\]](#) will be torn.

Suddenly, a storm breaks out,  
Leaving no door, no roof.  
How could a fly be able to fly?  
Not even an elephant could withstand it.

Suddenly, His beauty, His light  
Shines inside of this storm.  
Every particle smiles with joy,  
With the light of the morning sun.

Those poor particles regain their beauty  
And their charm  
From that one whose face is like the sun  
And become attractive particles again.

161.

*Verse 3582*

☞ I am at the head of the table  
Of His favor and loyalty every night.  
I am the guest of the Sultan every night.  
I am the guest of the One  
Whose kingdom would be eternal.

One night, a monkey sat at the lion's table.  
Don't insist, be fair.  
Where is the monkey?  
Where is the lion?

Even the heart of the brave  
Is scared by the sword of the Sultan,  
Of bleeding drop by drop.  
What insolence is this?  
In God's name, this is not right,  
It is not right.

It's alright if a lion cub  
Claws its mother's face.  
But if you aren't your own enemy,  
Don't even try to play with Him.

The one who drinks milk from the lion  
Becomes a lion.  
He isn't human anymore.  
I have seen so many human-shaped creatures.  
They were really monsters.

Noah was in the shape of a human,

But he was the flood who wiped out humans.  
If there is a fire in one particle,  
It must be the light in there.

I am a sword. I shed blood.  
I am soft and, at the same time, hard and sharp.  
I resemble this temporary world,  
Pretty outside, troubles inside.  
I am Absence in reality.

162.[\[293\]](#)

*Verse 3589*

☞ wayward, amiable friend,  
The one who became insane!  
His cup had fallen from the roof,  
His secret became known.  
Here, look. Once he was sent  
To the lunatic asylum.

He was looking for water  
By turning around the pool like a thirsty One.  
Suddenly he fell into Our pool  
And, like dry mint,  
Got wet and became relish for our bread.

O learned man, don't take these words seriously,  
Close your ears, don't hear this spell.  
He became a legend with our spell.  
What has happened to him  
Has become a story for everyone.

People won't forget this.  
Ears won't get free of this earring,  
Because He took thoughts  
And intelligence from heads  
And poured them into a cup  
Like grain ready to become ground in the mill.

O Soul, don't take this too lightly.  
Don't think it is just play.  
Try to work with your Soul,  
Take a personal interest in that.  
So many combs turned upside down

Because of His black curly hair.

Don't be over-confident with your mind.  
So many masters in this world  
Stand upright, wail  
And cry more than the pole of Hannane. [\[294\]](#)

I've been separated from Soul.  
I tore my clothes like a rose.  
I became such a shape  
That even my mind became a stranger to me.

That drop of mind  
Has been annihilated in His sea.  
That particle of Soul has been spent and depleted  
On the way to the Beloved.

I should be silent,  
What's the use of this candle  
In front of the One whose light  
Makes the sun and moon like a moth?  
I should extinguish this candle.

163.

*Verse 3598*

This Love puts a tray on top of His head  
And walks around from street to street, yelling,  
"Wherever there is death, I will give life,"  
Adding, "No cheating, no deceit."

He continues, "I become a meal with My favors,  
My kindness goes around,  
But never comes to an end.  
Where is the beggar who would  
Come and fill his bag?"

"I overwhelm you with pearls,  
Sometimes with poison.  
Recognize Me, know Me.  
You are like a bushel in My hand.

"I will make gold mines  
If a small grain comes and submits itself to Me.

If there is a steep, bare hill,  
I'll make an endless sea of it.

"Poverty is from you, favor from Me.  
You'll be satisfied; I'll give away a fortune.  
I'll put out hundreds of satins for the silkworm,  
Dress him with hundreds of heavy garments.

"I give such a crop to helpless ones  
Who have never sown nor harvested;  
I give such a feeling to the dervish  
Who has neither suffered nor struggled.

"I'll pour a fountain of sweets  
On the narrow heart of sugar cane.  
I'll put nice, happy thoughts  
In the mind.

"Ride your horse in the way of religion,  
If your horse gets hurt, don't worry.  
You'll find Yilki, [\[295\]](#) a wild, unbroken horse,  
Instead of a pure one."

Be silent, don't say, "It is not like that."  
Don't look for anything but God's favor.  
The Halva [\[296\]](#) of contention  
Is overflowing from the pot to the fire.

See every particle to know of a certainty  
From the light of God's Shems of Tebriz.  
Every particle starts talking  
If there is pleasure in talking.

The end of

**Bahr-i Recez**

**FOOTNOTES:**

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[1]"I don't like anything to set." This refers to a story about Abraham's disappointment that the sun and moon, which at first he thought were God, always set and about his desire for a permanency in God. Koran VI, 76-79.

[2]"You have created...": Refers to story of creation as described in the Koran, VII, 10; X, 3; XI, 7; XX, 59; XXXII, 3; L, 38; LII, 4.

[3]"The beginning..." Koran, XXII, 1.

[4]"Compassion of the universe": Koran, XXI, 107.

[5] Dal: Eighth letter in the Arabic alphabet. A line descends slightly to the right, then curves left.

[6] Elif: First letter in the Arabic alphabet. A straight vertical line.

[7] Hodja: Slang for man.

[8] Sheddad: Founder of the city of Irem who announced himself as God. Koran LXXXIX, 7.

[9] Nemrud: Ruler of Keldenishtan in the time of Abraham who threw Abraham into the fire. God turned the fire into a rose garden. Koran XXI, 57-70.

[10] "God does whatever He desires": Koran XIV, 27.

[11] Ayse: The name of the hodja's lover.

[12] Kible: Direction to Mecca for Muslim praying.

[13] Remil: Arabic word meaning sound. Ancient way of fortune-telling based on sounds.

[14] "Woe to every slanderer and defamer": Koran CN, 1, 2.

[15] Parrot: Koran, XI, III, 49-110.

[16] Ferhad & Shirin: Persian love story.

[17] Leyla & Mecnun: Arabic love story.

[18] Karun: According to legend, an exceedingly rich man who hid his treasures.

[19] Sheyyad: A musician, minstrel.

[20] Reward of Love: Koran, L, 11-21.

[21] Mustef'ilun: This represents the meter of this portion of the poetry of the Divan-i Kebir.

[22] Staff: The rod of Moses.

[23] Rinds: Certain type of Sufi.

[24] Mustafa: The Prophet Mohammed.

- [25] Shuayb: Father-in-law of Moses.
- [26] Beyazid: Bistami, died in 874 A.D.
- [27] Kible: Direction Muslim faces when praying.
- [28] "God's compassion..." Koran XXI, 107.
- [29] "Two arrow throws..." Koran LIII, 9.
- [30] "Level of much closer": Koran LIII, 9.
- [31] Mescid-i Aksa: The chapel of Jerusalem.
- [32] Houris: Beautiful women in heaven.
- [33] Hel-eta: Mature man. Koran LXXVI, 1.
- [34] "God does whatever..." Koran III, XIV, 27.
- [35] Gazel20: Recited at the wedding of Mevlana's son Veled.
- [36] Huma: Legendary bird which eats bone. The person on whom she casts her shadow becomes a Sultan. Also called stately bird.
- [37] Nesrin: A variety of rose.
- [38] Sema: Ritual of the Whirling Dervishes.
- [39] Halva: Sweetmeats.
- [40] Berbad: Musical instrument. Bârbet
- [\[41\]](#) Hel-eta: A mature man, mentioned in the Koran LXXVI, 1
- [42] "God is the only one..." A saying called "Lahavle" attributed to the Prophet Muhammad.
- [43] "You give Your kingdom..." Koran III, 26.
- [44] God does whatever..." Koran III, XIV, 27.
- [45] Lahavle: Praise.
- [\[46\]](#) Helie: Medicinal herb called terminalia.
- [47] Hel-eta: A mature man, mentioned in the Koran LXXVI, 1.
- [48] Oshur: A 10 percent tax owed to the government.
- [49] Nun & elif: Arabic letters.

[50] Rabbena: A name of God.

[51] Lebbeyk, Lebbeyk: "I accept Your invitation." As pilgrims turn around Mecca, they say these words.

[52] "He doesn't need..." Samed. Name of God mentioned in the last chapter of the Koran and the second verse names of God which mean, "Everything, everybody needs Him, but He needs none."

[53] Asaf: Vizier of Solomon.

[54] "Giant fairies..." Koran, XXXVIII, 31-33.

[55] Cigil: A city in Central Asia.

[56] Zunnar: A rope girdle formerly worn by early Christians in Turkey.

[57] Deccal: A legendary one-eyed evil person who will come just before the world ends.

[58] Vamik & Azra: Persian love story written by Unsuri (d. 1040). Lovers like Romeo and Juliet.

[59] Bayazid: Melometi Sufi who died in 875.

[60] Senai: Died in 1130.

[61] Attar: Died in 1221.

[62] Arsh: Throne of God. Ninth level of sky.

[63] Hel-eta: Koran LXXVI, 1.

[64] Abu-Ali, died 1037. Famous philosopher Ibn-sina.

[65] Abu-l Ala, died 1057. Famous poet Al-Maari.

[66] "God does whatever...": Koran III, XIV, 27.

[67] Abu-l Hasan: An Arabic philosopher.

[68] Abu-l Ala: An Arabic poet. Died 1057 (Ibn-i sina), 1037 (Abu-l Malri).

[69] "Stay away..." Hadis (Al-Dimna).

[70] "Apples": The story of Joseph and Zeliha. Women cut their hands because they were peeling apples and trying to watch the beauty of Joseph at the same time. Koran XII, 30-31.

[71] Hel-eta': A mature man.

[72] Ihvan-i Sefa: Clean brothers, Sufis on the same road, a secret Moslem sect which applies pre Christian Greek philosophy to Moslem.

[73] Hizir: Legendary person who attained immortality by drinking the water of life and comes to aid in

a critical moment.

[74] Kible: Direction Moslems face to pray.

[75] "God's lion...": Signifies Khalife Ali.

[76] "Melt & cast...": Koran XXXIV, 10-11.

[77] Suha: A small star in Ursa Major.

[78] Leyla & Mecnun: Famous Arabic love story.

[79] "Game...": Arabic saying.

[80] "Time...": Arabic saying.

[81] "Israelites...": Story from Koran.

[82] "You will be...": Koran V, 24.

[83] Hodja: Slang for man.

[84] Galinos: Famous doctor who lived in the city of Bergama and who died in 131 A.D.

[85] "Patience is the key...": Old saying.

[86] Throne of God: Koran II, 255.

[87] Min ledun: According to Sufis, a knowledge comes to the Heart without books or teacher. Based on Koran XVIII, 65.

[88] Rinds: Certain Sufis. A jolly, humorous, unconventional man.

[89] Kurban bayram: Moslem festival of sacrifice. Tenth day of Arabic month, Zilhicce

[90] Door of heaven: Ridvan.

[91] Moor hen: Seagull.

[92] Husrev: A Persian mythological hero.

[93] Ferhad: Persian love story.

[94] Mecnun: Arabic love story.

[95] Vamik: Love story.

[96] Gazel 39: Written about the return of Shems from Damascus.

[97] Saffron: Old saying. Saffron made people laugh.

[98] Bedehsan: City famous for its rubies.

- [99] "His eyes...": Koran LIII, 17.
- [100] Nimrod: An impious king who is said to have cast Abraham into the flames.
- [101] Rustem: A legendary man with great power.
- [102] Kevser: River of heaven.
- [103] Indian: Symbolizes night. The Turk symbolizes day or brightness.
- [104] Kadir: The night the Koran came to Muhammad.
- [105] Fairies: Old folk tale. The fairies lived around fountains and waterfalls.
- [106] Hurmuz: City in Central Persia.
- [107] Urbuz: The name of a Mongol ruler of this time.
- [108] Oguz: An old Turkish tribe.
- [109] Bulgar: A Turkish tribe.
- [110] "I make an oath...": Koran XC, 1.
- [111] Edhemogul: Died in Damascus, 777-778. His life resembles Buddha's.
- [112] Kevser: The river of heaven.
- [113] Hakan: Head of the Khan.
- [114] Sencer: Ruler of Khorosan Selcuks from 1117 to 1157.
- [115] Kible: Direction that Moslems pray.
- [116] Elif: First line of Arabic alphabet. A straight line.
- [117] Cim: A letter from the Arabic alphabet. A curved line.
- [118] Cam: A wine glass.
- [119] Kible: Direction Moslems pray.
- [120] Muhre: Burnished glass ball used to polish paper.
- [121] Five and six: The five senses and six dimensions.
- [122] "Food rained...": Koran II, 57.
- [123] "Produce no harm": Khadis AI Cami al sagiyr II, p. 192.

- [124] Rafizi: The one who quit. Later Suni called him Shii.
- [125] Omer: First with Suni.
- [126] All: Considered first by Shii.
- [127] Leyla and Mecnun: Arabic love story.
- [128] Harun: Legendary rich man from Moses' tribe. Koran XXVIII, 76-82.
- [129] Cim; sad; elif; nun: Letters of the Arabic alphabet combined to resemble the face.
- [130] Mecnun: Arabic love story.
- [131] Cim: Curved letter in Arabic alphabet.
- [132] Hızir: Legendary figure who is a Godsend.
- [133] "His mole on your cheek": Refers to spots on the moon.
- [134] Cem: A mythological Persian king.
- [135] Yurt: Tent or country.
- [136] "I'll fill...": Mevlana put dirt to Kemal-i Kowval. Menakubil-Arifin T.Yazici. P. 94-86, 1-942.
- [137] Kevser: River of heaven.
- [138] Sencer: Selcuk king (d. 1167).
- [139] Min ledun: According to Sufis, the knowledge which comes to the Heart without teachers or books. Based on Koran XVIII, 65.
- [140] Kaaba: Direction.
- [141] Elif: Letter of the Arabic alphabet.
- [142] Husameddin Hasan: Died 10/25/1284. Precursor of Mesnevi. He followed the path of Mevlana with Sultan Veled after the death of Mevlana.
- [143] Verses 896-898 (gazel 71) do not appear in Golpınarlı's translation of Di'van-i Kebir. Most probably, this is due to misnumbering.
- [144] "From the Soul's sweetmeat...": Taalav. Koran III, 61-64, 167; IV, 61; V, 104; VI, 151; LXIII,S).
- [145] Cem: Mythological Persian king.
- [146] Elest: "Am I not your God"? Koran VII, 171-173. "
- [147] Bairam: Religious holiday.

[148] Asaf: The vizier of Solomon.

[149] Isfahan: Mode of Near-Eastern music.

[150] Kullah: A conical hat.

[151] In Golpinarli's translation of Di`van-i Kebir, there is no gazel<sup>83</sup>. Most probably, this is due to misnumbering.

[152] Harut-Marut: Two angels in the Koran who blamed the people for being bad. God told them it was because the people had lust. The angels couldn't understand, so God gave them lust and sent them to earth, to Babel. During the day they would teach magic, and at night they would get in trouble with women. One angel wanted a woman's favor, and in order get it, he taught her the names of God. When she went up to the sky, God punished her and made her the planet Venus. When asked what kind of punishment the angels on earth would get, God caused them to be hung upside down at the well in Babel. Magicians still go to the well hoping to learn tricks. Koran II, 102.

[153] Tacik: Tribe in Central Asia.

[154] "Where is the sky, where is the rope?": Old Persian proverb.

[155] Batha: Another name of Medina.

[156] Kafdagi: Fabulous mountain inhabited by Donjinns.

[157] Kible: The direction for Moslem prayer.

[158] Ahmed-i Muhtar: The Prophet Muhammad, Koran LXI, 6.

[159] Hayder-i Kerrar: A hero who attacks like a lion, back and forth.

[160] Israfil: Angel who blows the trumpet on judgment day.

[161] Lylek: Stork.

[162] Vulture star: Name given a certain star in the west side of the sky.

[163] Reveal: This order comes from God to the Prophet Muhammad many places in the Koran.

[164] Houris: Beautiful women in heaven.

[165] Hızir: A legendary Godsend who attained immortality by drinking from the water of life and comes to aid in a critical moment.

[166] Isfahan: Name of a city in Persia.

[\[167\]](#) Me'va: One of the eight paradises where martyrs and prophets are allowed to go.

[168] Syriac: Northern Iraqi Christian.

[169] Abu-Hurayra: Muhammad's disciple. Nicknamed "father of cats." He used to carry a leather bag. He said, "I received two bags full of knowledge from God's messenger: one for people; the other, I

couldn't say. (d. 677).

[170] Lahavle: The beginning of the Koran states that only God makes it possible to change from one condition to another.

[171] Verses 1180 & 1181 were included in Farsi in Golpınarlı's translation of Di'van-i Kebir as follows: 1180: Iy bes ki ez avaz-i dus vamendeem ez rah men/ ey bes ki ez avazi kos gum kerddem hargah men. 1181: Key varehani zin kosem/ Key varehani zin dusem ta deressem/ Der dovletet der man/O hirmangah men.

[172] Yemen: The country.

[173] Sea of Adan: A gulf from whence the best pearls come.

[174] Hasan: Common name.

[175] Macun: A sweet fruit with medicinal value.

[176] Ceyhun: A river in southeast Turkey.

[177] Leyla & Mecnun: Arabic love story.

[178] Ca'fer-i Tayyar: Flying Cafer, one of the uncles of Muhammad who lost his arms in war. The Prophet said he will have wings in heaven.

[179] "Owner of this watering sky": Koran LI, 7.

[180] "We have heard": Koran II, 285; III, 193; XXIV, 51.

[181] Ferhad: Persian love story.

[182] Mecnun & Leyla: Arabic love story.

[183] Four foundations: Fire, air, water and earth.

[184] Jaw bending: Sign of contempt.

[185] Tie the jaw: Moslems tie the jaw of a corpse.

[186] "I created the skies because of You": Khadis-i Kutsi.

[187] Mecnun & Leyla: Arabic love story.

[188] Uhud: Mountain near Medina.

[189] The sky has been described in the Koran XIII, 2; XXXI, 10.

[190] Pivot: According to Sufis, the universe is a body for humans. Humans are the soul of the universe. There is one Man among humans who is the soul of humanity. All the Universe turns around him. He is like a Pivot. That's why he is called (Kutup) Pivot. He turns around himself.

[191] Hasan or Abu-l Hasan: Husameddin. Follower of Mevlana. Precursor of Mesnevi. Succeeded him. (d. 1284). Koran XXXVI, 26.

- [192] Yemen: The country.
- [193] Leyla & Mecnun: Arabic love story.
- [194] "I accept Your invitation": Lebbeyk, Lebbeyk, or Pilgrim's yell.
- [195] Nev-ruz: New day when the sun enters the sign of Aries. The beginning of spring.
- [196] "And the last one went further": Ahadis-i Masnavi, p. 67-68.
- [197] "Truly we did open...": Koran XLVIII, 1.
- [198] "We stay in line": Koran XXXVII, 165.
- [199] Rustem: Persian mythological hero.
- [200] "We'll return to Him": Koran II, 156.
- [201] Forelock: Koran XCVI, 15-16.
- [202] Shahne: Police magistrate.
- [203] Ishmael: Son of Abraham.
- [204] Circis: A prophet who was killed by his people seventy times and came back to life seventy times.
- [205] Semurg: The fabled King of the Birds.
- [206] Sunbule: The sign of Virgo.
- [207] "...my tribe knew...": Koran, XXXVI, 26.
- [208] Mustef'ilun: This represents the meter of this portion of the poetry of the Divan-i Kebir.
- [209] Vessel: We created man, and we know what doubt his self gives to him, and we are closer to him than his carotid artery. Koran, 50-16.
- [210] "Going under the basin": To extinguish the candle.
- [211] Abu-l Ala & Abu-l Hasan: Abu-l Ala was an Arabic poet. Abu-l Hasan was an Arabic philosopher.
- [212] Hutun: Chinese beauty.
- [213] Mustafa: The Prophet Muhammad.
- [214] "...become apparent": David asked, "My God, why did you create man?" God said, "I was a hidden treasure. I wanted to be known. I created man." Badi-al Zaman Firuzan-fer, Ahadis-i Masnavi, 29.
- [215] Dal: the 8th Arabic letter of the alphabet. The beginning of prayer.

[216] Oxen of body: Sign of Taurus.

[217] Hyacinth-like eyebrows: Sign of Virgo.

[218] Rustem: A legendary man with great power.

[219] Mecnun & Leyla: Arabic love story.

[220] Hu: Beginning of a Dervish chant.

[221] "Four overflowing rivers": Before his ascension, the Archangel Gabriel showed four rivers to the Prophet Muhammad. Two of them were the Euphrates and Tigris. The other two were the rivers in heaven.

[222] "...should soil his beard": Not a complete translation. This verse in Farsi is: *Iy kun-i har kez hasidi isi buved tesvis-i u Sed Kiri har der kun-i u sed suz-i sek der ris-i u.*

[223] "More deviate than animals": Koran VII, 179.

[224] The elephant of Soul: According to folklore, when the elephant sees India (its own country), it becomes exuberant.

[225] Kadir: The night of Kadir. The night the Koran is revealed to the Prophet.

[226] Pole of Hannane: Crying pole. Prophet Muhammad leaned on it while giving his sermon. It was a branch of a date tree. Later they built a pulpit in the mosque and, according to legend, a crying noise came from that pole. The crying stopped when the Prophet put his hand on the pulpit.

[227] Ruh: Name of legendary bird like the phoenix, able to catch an elephant. One of the chess characters is named for it.

[228] Ibrahim Edhem: d. 777-778 in Damascus. Like Buddha, this son of a king gave up everything for the way of Truth.

[229] Abu-Bakr: Flying from Mehe, the Prophet stayed in a cave with him on the way to Mechna.

[230] The 7th & 10th verses of this gazel were recited during a Sema. (Eflaki-T. Yozici, 2O-a)

[231] "We dressed in paper clothes": In these days, someone with a grievance who wanted to get the attention of the ruler would dress in paper clothes and put a candle on top. (Golpinarli)

[232] Rum: People from the land of Rome. (Asia Minor, denotes day, light.)

[233] Zenci: Denotes black, night, darkness.

[234] Hizir: A legendary Godsend who attained immortality by drinking from the water of life and comes to help in a critical moment.

[235] Hizir: See footnote #234.

[236] Hamel: Sign of the zodiac.

[237] Sunbule: Sign of the zodiac. Virgo.

[238] Hakan: Oriental potentate.

[239] Mansur: Hallaj Mansur: Famous Mystic who was killed in 922 because of his beliefs.

[240] Heten: A generous man who lit campfires at night for those who had lost their way.

[241] Abu-Bakr: Flying from Mehhe, the Prophet stayed in a cave with him on the way to Mechna.

[242] Hakan: Oriental potentate.

[243] Leyla & Mecnun:, Arabic love story.

[244] "Come": Taalav: Koran III, 61-64; IV, 61; V, 104; VI, 151; LXIII, 5.

[245] Kharezms: Rulers in Central Asia in 12th & 13th centuries.

[246] Keyhusrev: Persian king (d. 519) who took Babel in 554, freed the Jews and united Persia with Mesopotamia. Persian name is Kurus-i Kebir.

[247] Tablets of God's decree: Levh-i Mahfuz.

[248] Mustef'ilun, Mustef'ilun: This represents the meter of this portion of the poetry of the Divan-i Kebir.

[249] The numbering "Verse 1712" appears twice in G6lpinarli's translation of Di'van-i Kebir, as the last verse of gazel132 and again as the first verse of gazel133, most probably due to misnumbering.

[250] Verse 1756 does not appear in G6lpinarli's translation of Di'van-i Kebir, most probably due to misnumbering.

[251] Hasbek: Someone close to the palace.

[252] Taylasan: Material which turns around a turban and then connects with the hands and waist.

[253] Azer: This name is mentioned in Koran VI, 74. May be uncle of the Prophet Abraham.

[254] Halva: Sweetmeats.

[255] "God has brought": Koran II, 3.

[256] "On the glass of the bath": It was an old custom that the glass on public baths had drawings. Sa'di (d. 1293) mentioned that someone saw satan in his dream as a handsome young man, and he said to the devil, "Why do they draw your ugly picture on the glass of the bath?" The devil answered, "What can I do? The pen is in the hand of others."

[257] "Really, we will return...": Koran II, 156.

[258] Zun-nun: Letter of Arabic alphabet.

[259] La: No, absent.

[260] Illa: There is nothing but Him.

[261] Mescid-i Aksa: Holy shrine in Jerusalem.

[262] "God is calling": Koran II, 221; X, 25.

[263] Shuayb: The father-in-law of Moses.

[264] Medrese: Moslem theological school.

[265] Travel: Koran III, 137; VI; XVI, 36-20; XXV, 42.

[266] Remil: Sand. Denotes old fortune telling with sand.

[267] Birds of Abraham: Abraham asked God how He brought death to life. God said, "Go get four birds. Tear them to pieces and put them on top of the mountain. Now call them." And four birds came flying. Koran II, 260.

[268] Tambur: Stringed instrument.

[269] Ya Hu: Names of God.

[270] Six-doored chapel: Earth. The five senses and six dimensions.

[271] Ca'fer-i Tayyar: Flying Cafer, one of the uncles of Muhammad who lost his arms in war. The Prophet said he will have wings in heaven.

[272] Houris: Beautiful women in heaven.

[273] Leyla & Mecnun: Arabic love story.

[274] Karun: Legendary rich man. Moses' cousin.

[275] Seyh Zun-nun: Melameti Sufi (d. 859).

[276] Duldul: White horse of the Prophet.

[277] Lover's grass: A kind of grass which fades quickly.

[278] Azer: This name is mentioned in Koran VI, 74. May be uncle of the Prophet Abraham.

[279] Leyla & Mecnun: Arabic love story.

[280] Kible: Direction Muslims face to pray.

[281] Ursa Minor: Star of Ul-ker.

[282] Houris: Beautiful women in heaven.

[283] Abu-Ali, died 1037. Famous philosopher Ibn-sina.

[284] Abu-l Ala, died 1057. Famous poet Al-Maari.

[285] Cabbar: Bully.

[286] Kamer's Moon: Sign of zodiac. Cancer.

[287] "Source of malice...": Koran XII. 53. Nefsi emmare.

[288] Ferhad & Shirin: Persian love story.

[289] Shimshad: Gracefully grown young person.

[290] The following gazels were translated by G6lpinarli at a later date than the rest of this meter, Bahri Recez. The numbering is his. The numbering for gazel 159 appears twice, first as beginning with verse 2079, and second, as beginning with verse 3567.

[291] Mustafa: Prophet Muhammad.

[292] Arsh: Ninth heaven. Throne of God.

[293] Gaze1162: According to Eflaki, this gazel was told to one of the Katib-al-esrd (The Secretary of Secrets). Eflaki said that Fahreddin Sivasi (45b-46 1259) changed some words while copying Mevlana's words and became insane. )

[294] Pole of Hannane: Crying pillar (pole) while the Prophet Muhammad was preaching.

[295] Yilke: Wild, unbroken horse.

[296] Halva: Sweetmeat.

## Meter - 2

### 1.

#### *Verse 2093*

For some time he has poured  
So much wine on our soil  
That there is a yell and scream  
In every particle of our earth and body.

Our chest is split wide open.  
Our hearts start weaving love

With the Almighty's cup.  
Our glass is cleaned and purified.

Though flowers have bloomed,  
Bad eyes don't see them.  
Zeal says to me, "Don't drool, drink the wine."

O Soul, as soon as you appeared  
You snatched my heart and soul.  
Because you were the customer,  
The garment became valuable.

Your cloud rains grass.  
Your glass gives soul.  
Your trouble sets inside so nicely,  
Don't add anymore.

O love, I will be drunk with your wine  
As long as I am alive.  
When I approach the "He-drew-near-then-nearer" level.[\[1\]](#)  
I am exalted with your kindness,  
I am down with your kindness.

How can I call you moon?  
The moon has fever and becomes pale.  
It is true I could call you cypress,  
But the cypress can be burned.

The moon hasn't shown the last three nights.  
There is no substance to anything  
But the source of the source of the soul.

The moon and sun eclipse.  
If you are the Abraham of the time,  
Tell them you don't want them.  
Turn your face away from them.

They say, "All our friends have died, are gone."  
The one who loves God  
Lives with His love and never dies.

The fountain of life is God.  
The soul will be slave to  
The one who escapes to God.  
Gabriel will be his nanny.

Beside the laughter which comes from Soul  
With the Grace of God,  
The laughter of these people  
Is like lightning,  
It comes and goes.

2.

*Verse 2105*

☉, watermaster, open the fountain.  
Let the garden be awakened,  
The eyes of the flower be opened.

In the darkness of your eyes  
Your kindness is hidden  
Like the fountain of life.  
With those pupils, he turns the eyes  
Into a sea.

Without your favor,  
Neither the people, nor the embryo  
Inside the womb would move.

Moving in the womb or in absence is nothing.  
Even the bones in the grave  
Dance with your radiance.

We dance around a lot  
With the tunes of this world.  
Come on friends, be ready  
For the dance in another world.

Souls are moving with these rough, coarse covers.  
Once they throw these heavy covers off,  
Watch their dances.

Before birth, we were kicking  
And moving in the darkness  
Of the womb  
Just to express our sincere thanks.

We are all Sufis  
Who came dancing from the dervish convent  
To give thanks for these free blessings.

It is proper to give our life  
For these blessings.  
What is life for  
But this generous treasure?

The sky is the top of this cup,  
Which contains earth's blessings.  
How can I talk about the dining table?

We are Sufis on the journey.  
Eat the blessings of our Sultan.  
May God make this cup,  
This table, eternal.[\[2\]](#)

We have nothing but an empty cup  
To hold the Sultan's favors.  
We have no profit  
But to extend our cup  
For those blessings.  
In any case, the wrong one  
Could not get this bowl, this bread.

To the fly-the creature which  
Gives shame to the host  
There is no difference between  
A bowl full of blessings  
And an empty, dirty one.

But the true one sometimes  
Bites his tongue,  
Even without seeing and tasting,  
And keeps his silence.  
At other times, he starts talking  
And praising them.

### 3.

#### *Verse 2119*

☞ expelled all the philosophical denials  
From my heart entirely.  
I purified my heart entirely  
I put the forms that belonged to Joseph  
In my eye.

It should be a beauty unseen  
And impossible worlds to praise  
Like Adam in front  
Falls down and worships.

This is an imperial cipher.  
With a kind of radiance of its own.  
Every moment gives a glow.  
Every extinguished light.  
Bum them, light them.

When the sun rises,  
Every particle appears.  
It would be necessary that a secret particle  
Would need another light to shine.

The source of existence is that  
Sea of abundance which has  
Been catching all unseemly things.

4.

*Verse 2124*  
*Terci-Bend*

☉ sparing cupbearers,  
Love is increased.  
And increased again.  
Give color to these pale faces.

O, Master of cupbearers,  
O, One who holds  
The hand of my soul,  
O, my Master,  
This is the time for business.  
Act bravely.

Beloved, the mind is your drunk,  
So is the soul.  
What are you holding in your hand?  
Bring it forth, put it in front.  
Don't hide it.

O, One who makes the sky restless,

The mind drunk,  
Open your arms just once.  
I fell in depression, depression.

O; greatest of Futu-i vet[3]  
O, introduction of the Books of the Prophet,  
O, Sultan of humanity,  
Don't eat halva alone.

You have escaped from us  
And gone far away,  
Holding a mirror to hide  
Your face from others.

O, One whose face  
Is like the sun,  
They open a window at every stop,  
Every staging place,  
So the Universe will be illuminated by You.

If you don't drink this,  
And have no mercy for me,  
I'll write a new Terzi.  
Maybe you'll be enthusiastic with that one.

\* \* \* \* \*

O; light of the eyes of Soul,  
You'll guide us like eyes.  
The Soul tried that, O Beloved.  
You are adding soul to his Soul.

Wherever Soul turns its face,  
It turns to You,  
But still doesn't know  
Where You are, O Soul.

Wherever You are, You call  
Elest's invitation.[4]  
You make us drunk,  
Give us existence  
With Your generosity and kindness.

You give temptation to the heart.  
Pull in every direction.  
Sometimes You lead us to the bottom,

At other times, drag us to joy and happiness.

If you want to help, gain something.  
Hopelessness will cease immediately.  
Even the dog that took refuge in your cave  
Became a saint.[\[5\]](#)

When a man runs that direction,  
The moon rises from Your sky  
And reflects on him, lighting his way.  
He acquires the property of Absence  
And the mind of consent.

Who can tell anything about Him?  
When the needy look for Him,  
He fills their pockets with gold.  
When the poor look for Him,  
Just to be kind, He acts like a beggar.  
He becomes the beggar's beggar.

Now, tell all its branches and roots  
In different ways.  
Show this hidden sea.  
Bring its track to the surface.

\* \* \* \* \*

When I start to talk  
About the Beloved,  
I lose my heart.  
Once I lose myself,  
How can I look for Him?

It is all His decision.  
What do I say?  
For what do I search?  
He is the cupbearer.  
He is the final One.  
I am only a ladle.

If I am a thorn, a porcupine,  
You turn me into silk.  
I have a thousand layers.  
I became a string on this road.

If I kiss you once,

I will become the Holy Ghost, like Jesus.  
If I smell your apple,  
I will give my soul, like Moses.

I am an old ruined house,  
Saved for your treasure.  
You are the fountain of life.  
I lay under your feet, like a river.

I used to hang around people.  
I was magnanimous and tolerant of everyone.  
I am changed .  
In order not to have anybody else.  
My heart has become very narrow now.

Because of your peerless beauty  
And very delicate image,  
My love, even my worries,  
Have lost their confidentiality.  
Nobody understands anything from me.

Love came as a rushing torrent  
From the great abyss.  
For God's sake,  
Build a dam for this torrent.

## 5.

### *Verse 2148*

Somebody is hidden.  
Don't think yourself alone.  
Someone hears with sharp ears.  
Don't say bad things.

That fairy put an obstacle  
At the springs of the Heart.  
Every form that comes to your  
Imagination is from that fairy.

One has to be very cautious  
When going near the fountains,  
Because there are lots of fairies there.

As long as the springs of these five senses

Keep running in your body,  
That fairy opens the dikes  
And lets those five springs flow away.

Let those springs flow away  
Through your five inner senses,  
Like imagination, surmise, and other perceptions.

Every spring has two fortresses  
And fifty passengers.  
If you clean the mirror of your heart  
They show their faces to you.

If you don't follow good manners  
At the source of the water,  
You suffer from fairies  
Because this kind of fairy is hard and ferocious.

It doesn't matter how hard you work,  
Fate always spoils the measures.  
His rules carry away  
The carpets of hundreds like us.

Look at those birds in the cage,  
Those fish in the net.  
Watch all the hearts crying  
Because of this deceitful beauty.

Don't look at every beauty  
With evil eyes,  
So that beautiful Sultan  
Won't give you up.

There are a few verses left,  
But that spring is dried.  
Maybe tomorrow we will jump,  
And that spring will start flowing again.

6.

*Verse 2159*

The spring of Souls has come.  
Dance, O green branches.  
Sugar came to this world

Like Joseph returned to Egypt.  
Start dancing.

O Sultan who grows with love  
Like a baby with its mother's milk,  
Come, be exuberant.  
O Soul of his father, get in the dance.

You came running like a ball  
After seeing His hair,  
Which resembles the club.  
You gave up your head, your feet.  
And danced without head or feet.

A bloody murderer came suddenly,  
With the sword in his hand,  
And asked me how I am.  
I said, "Good news, I hope."  
"No," he answered, "It is evil,  
Start dancing."

With love, even kings turn  
Into rain in His sky.  
What's the use of a caftan?  
O, one who has this beautiful belt,  
Start dancing.

Oh, you who are drunk with your own being,  
Absence is written on you.  
The decree of Absence came to you.  
Be ready for the journey.  
Start dancing.

My beauty came walking  
With the wine cup in his hand.  
If you are not a woman, start dancing  
With the love of this male lion.

The war is ended.  
The harp is playing.  
Joseph got out of the well.  
O clumsy, no-good one,  
Start dancing.

How long will these promises last?  
How long will this head stay in prostration?

How long will I stay on the floor in worship?  
How long is this separation which will ruin colors  
And works in which I am involved?  
Come, start dancing.

When will he tell me, that one  
Who is not aware of anything, to get lost?  
The one who is aware of everything,  
Get up, start dancing.

When will our peacock come,  
Those colors appear,  
And tell the Bird of Soul,  
"Come and dance without wings, without arms?"

The deaf and blind  
Have found their cures from Jesus.  
Mary's son, Jesus, told them,  
"O deaf and blind, keep dancing."

Shems is the one who became an idol, a deity.  
Even China is jealous of Tebriz.  
Oh branches, trees, dance.  
Dance in the spring of his beauty.

## 7.

### *Verse 2172*

You brought the wine of eternity,  
But we couldn't enjoy drinking  
Even one cup of this wine.

Play, leave the glass.  
Play this kind of wail.  
O Soul, try to price that priceless beauty.

Price the chain of love that ties you.  
That calamity, the well of Babil,  
That mine of spells.

Bring it back.  
Offer that cup again,  
That our affairs will turn into pure gold  
To return to the customs of loyalty.

Even the devil,  
Whose essence is kneaded by evil,  
Becomes an angel with your favor.  
Your imperial cipher is drawn  
To the country of cleanliness and truth.

Oh, chosen man. Oh, exalted one.  
I see Mohammed's glory every moment  
In your radiance.

Once roads are folded,  
Everything in my hand turns into a sigh.  
Even mountains become a piece of straw  
Against Love that resembles amber.

Only Tebriz understands Shems.  
Who, like a moon  
Hears the praying, but says Amen  
Every once in a while.

## 8.

### *Verse 2180*

△rouse the music and joy.  
Give yourself to me, follow me.  
Turn your face from evil eyes.  
Look at me.

To be enlivened,  
Give yourself to me,  
Then read that dependable spell.  
Breathe on death, like Jesus.

Oh, One whose face  
Is more beautiful than the moon,  
Put Your face over mine  
So your slave would  
See eternal prosperity.

Once you said,  
"This kiss is only  
For the engaged ones."  
I saw in my dream, it was me.

I was kissing your sweet lips,  
Tasting that sugar.

O, my God,  
What would happen to the angels  
If the verse of  
"Nobody could be His son,"<sup>6</sup>[\[6\]](#)  
Appeared on His face?  
If He made His matchlessness  
Known to the universe?

Since I have held your hand  
I haven't seen anyone.  
But I have gone so far from myself  
That no reason, no mind, is left.  
Everything there has disappeared.

Offer that pomegranate-colored cup.  
Fill it up to the rim  
So my eyes will be full.  
No envy will be left.

Offer the wine that comes  
From the height of the assembly of  
"There is no One but Him to be worshipped."<sup>7</sup>[\[7\]](#)  
There, Soul sees God  
And breaks and destroys the mold.

Once the mirror of the mind  
Is out of its woolen cover,  
You can beat the wool  
As much as you want.

## 9.

### *Verse 2189*

☉, watermaster of the water of Soul,  
Break the jar, break the carafe  
So eyes will be open.  
Like bowls in front of You.

Strike our nonsense.  
O, One who blows our minds,  
Make man confused.

Strike, so that this mind will give up  
All these trials, all this silliness.

Since You broke the bell of body,  
Take the modesty from the mind  
So that sneak can do no harm.

If he casts a spell and ties people's tongues,  
You walk like Moses' staff  
And untie tongues.

Lovers should be silenced.  
It is better for the sea to boil up.  
But the words have been spoken in silence  
Resembling images on the face of a mirror.  
They look better.

## 10.

### *Verse 2194*

Beloved, be tolerant to our searching.  
We are the creatures of love,  
The disciples of love.  
Grab our hair and pull us toward You.

The rose is prostrate in front of us  
After seeing our faces  
When You have offered us  
Tulip-colored wine  
Without a glass or jar.

Make our eyes drunk, sleepy,  
And tender today.  
Change our village so much that  
Even Heaven will be jealous of it.

We resemble the gold and silver mine.  
No one is an enemy of gold.  
We are the ones who give prosperity  
To our friends, as well as our enemies.

We turn into the candles of Taraz.[\[8\]](#)  
We get taller, our heads get higher,  
Our necks grow, our hearts get spacious.

You made all these things with that wine.

O, Fountain of Life,  
Your torrent snatches us,  
Breaks our jar now.

If you don't know our disposition,  
Ask it of the charm of wine.  
It turned our disposition into wine.

Even if You pour the sea,  
We can't be filled our satisfied.  
Because You put the scoop  
To our mouths upside down.

Another guest came.  
Pick up another cup  
Because this one doesn't  
Have enough even to wash us.

Look, a bunch of drunks are  
Coming to the garden.  
How could they resist?  
They get our smell.

If Mercury had heard our guiding voice,  
It would have given up its talent  
And erased all its notebooks.

The one who falls in love and boasts  
Will De beaten like a tambourine.  
You pick up the plectrum,  
Play our three-stringed instrument.

It is enough. Be silent now.  
If they hear the gossip of our words,  
Suddenly, even Earth will become a bitter place  
For the worldly.

11.

*Verse 2207*

Now, I've set a nice trap for that beauty  
Who became Kible<sup>[9]</sup> to our eyes.

I'll catch that beauty who is  
The essence of all forms and beauties.

There is an ear on the wall.  
O, mind, go to the roof and watch.  
O, heart, lock your door.

Enemies are waiting in ambush.  
If they hear, they will talk to each other,  
And make a lot of gossip.

From this heart  
A world of secrets were heard.  
He runs to the enemies  
And tells them, one by one.  
True or false, he told all of them.

Even particles are hidden.  
They are enemies to each other.  
They talk at the bottom of the well.  
If you look for privacy,  
Choose the early dawn.

O Soul, one day, not the enemy  
But the image of the enemy,  
While passing by,  
Stopped in my heart.

Since then we decided,  
The beloved and I,  
To hide the secret.  
Bend our head down.

We are also brave men.  
We are not worse than  
The stone cover of the mine.  
The mine doesn't show its gold  
Without being hit by the pick.

Even the sea tightened its purse,  
Frowned, sour-faced, and said,  
"Where did I see the pearl?  
I don't know anything."

*Verse 2216*

The ones who meet you  
Add hundreds of souls to their soul.  
But when you meet a woman  
You become withered;  
Your backbone loosened.

Because to meet the dead,  
Freeze the body,  
Look at all these early people.  
Understand.

Their rulers are worn out.  
So are the merchants.  
Throw dirt to the heads  
Of these kinds of beauties.

Go and see the beauties in divine love.  
Their faces light up  
And adorn the whole sky.

A secret Beauty offered youth  
As a gift to every old man.  
Look at the soul coming  
To the Judas tree from that house.

If you don't stop talking,  
I'll leave here.  
Look at that sinister tongue of yours.  
Close your mouth.

13.

*Verse 2222*

Untie your hair, which spreads ambergris.  
Put the soul of Sufis to dancing.

The sun, moon, and stars  
Are turning around the sky.  
We are in the middle.  
Turn the one in the middle.

Your singing and playing is such a favor,  
Even the lowest tones in the melody  
Start turning the Sufis of the sky.

The spring breeze comes running,  
Singing and making the world smile.  
It causes a commotion among the young.

How many sneaks become friends?  
The rose and thorn are one of a pair.  
Kindness of time turns the garden  
Into the likeness of a Sultan

The garden turns within,  
Gains distance and tells you,  
"You. too, reach the end  
Of the road from within.  
To Soul would be added your soul."

At last, a bud opens,  
Whispers the secrets of the iris and cypress.  
The tulip gives good news, with the willow,  
To the Judah tree.

Secrets of every sampling  
Raise their heads from the bottom,  
Then grow taller and spread.  
The Ones resurrected  
Put letters from the gardens to the sky.

Birds and nightingales  
Are in the branches like guards.  
They get their sustenance from treasure.

These leaves resemble tongues.  
This fruit is like hearts.  
When hearts smile,  
The ties of the tongues will loosen.  
Words will become valuable.

The stars remarked, "It is very bright tonight."  
When I heard that, I said to the stars,  
"For sure, the Moon is with me tonight."

Climb the roof of greatness  
To call everybody; to talk with them.  
Tonight is the night to gather roses.  
Tonight is the night to drink wine.

Our beloved has been in our arms  
Until morning, like a heart.  
His hands have been around  
Our neck tonight.

Negroes have been fighting with  
The people of Rum until morning.[\[10\]](#)  
Musicians have been singing  
Their musical rhythm[\[11\]](#) from morning 'til night.

Wine glasses have been  
Turning around until morning.  
Favors are coming.  
The rose and iris have been  
In privacy, night until morning.

I will offer the wine of Union  
To the people, prominent or not,  
To everyone.  
The Beauty with a moon face  
Is at the window looking at us.  
I will offer the wine with that joy, to everybody.

Iron has been softening and turning into wax  
The same way it happened to David.  
Because the Beloved is a magnet,  
Heart is iron tonight.

Untie the hands of the heart  
So he can put his head on the feet of Love.  
Because that poor one who has been crying  
And waiting because of evil eyes  
Is in a safe place tonight.

O, fortune, keep kissing my  
Golden, pale face, because Cut,  
chipped gold has returned

And is mine again.

The one who constantly tries  
To stage a hold-up, deceiving us,  
Should have the saddle of the donkey on his back.  
He is so confused, so stupid tonight.

His sharpened sword doesn't work.  
It looks like it is wooden tonight.  
His long spear turned into  
A small needle tonight.

His inaccessible fortress  
Looks like a spider's web.  
His armor, his horse's bit  
Melted like oil tonight.

Be silent! Because the one  
Who desires and expects is always lispng.  
Why are you betting with him?  
He is lispng tonight.

## 15.

### *Verse 2245*

☺ soul of hundreds, on Regaib's night[\[12\]](#)  
Pay attens, to lovers,  
Sit among the drunks.  
Here is the moon, here are he stars.

That day which hasn't been  
Seen by anyone is full of wonders;  
Turned out to be a day of resurrection,  
Is submerged in wonders and  
Has disappeared in the face of your beauty.

"Clean things," you said, flare for the clean."[\[13\]](#)  
But who is more clean than you are,  
O mine of cleanliness?

A kingdom is given to soul  
Every moment from you.  
Who should I thank for that?  
The Sultan, or the doorkeeper?

You put clean-hearted ones under the ground.  
They all bend their heads to their mantles  
Like Sufis in meditation.

Once your love came,  
Thoughts died in front of Him.  
Your love is the real dawn,  
Mind is a phoney morning.

O mind, don't look  
For either Union or Separation.  
How can you desire to meet  
Someone who is not absent?

What is Soul? Absence? Need?  
Who is the One who gives Soul?  
Oh, the Kible of needs,  
The sweetheart of demands.

Now the last day of judgment has come.  
Here is the sign of it  
The sun rose from the west.

O One who pulls so great,  
Pull the one who is scared,  
The ones who are in trouble,  
With one of your Soul's pullings.

Pull, that these two eyes  
See the daybreak of God's morning,  
The net of desire tom to pieces,  
And understand  
That the One who was desired  
Is the One who desires.

What is Love's desire?  
The mirror of manifestation.  
What are Self and Greed?  
The mirror of shame.

Where is the nightingale of the garden?  
I will tell words to him  
That have never been told  
Nor written by anybody.

Those words are not for  
The design of forms,  
Nor pure things, nor turbid;  
Not for past, nor present,  
Not for asceticism, nor presence.

I have lost my mind.  
You tell the rest  
O One from whose door  
Nobody has ever returned deprived,  
Without reaching his hope.

## 16.

### *Verse 2260*

The works of lovers  
Turned into gold tonight.  
The souls of the greedy  
Are blind and deaf tonight.

God's beautiful sea became rough.  
Waves overflowed.  
The dirt on the road  
Became amber with His arrival.

We are pleasant, good all the time,  
But with the Grace of God,  
We are different tonight.  
He is different tonight.

Don't turn your face away.  
He is such a friend, next to you.  
Bend your head down, because this  
Head is good and drunk from that.

Since He came to hold your hand,  
Clap your hands and dance tonight.  
A branch of the Kingdom  
Is green and fresh tonight.

I swear to God,  
Sleep is forbidden to me tonight,  
Because the Soul, which looks like a water bird,  
Plunged into the Kevser.[\[14\]](#)

17.

*Verse 2266*

Today our town is so bright,  
So lively, because  
The Sultan of Beauty is among us.

How come this town won't smile And admire the fact  
There there is the gallant  
Of time here?

When that sun of beauty  
Shines on the world,  
The muddy earth  
Is better than sky.

Angels with green dresses  
Are flying and saying,  
"He is our King, our Sultan.  
He's worth a hundred worlds."

Give our greeting and tell him,  
"O Soul of the Beloved,  
Pity the poor.  
Your love has no mercy."

How could the world not be green  
Since you are the spring?  
How could there be no security  
If the lion is the guard?

The Soul understood from His smell,  
Even before he knocked  
On the door of the heart,  
That the tender-hearted beloved was coming.

The One who holds your hand  
And pulls you is your creator.  
The One who is company to your Soul  
Is the Sahib Kiran.[\[15\]](#)

He is such a moon, such a sun  
That never eclipses;

Such a wine that never gives a hangover.  
He is profit without loss.

That great Sultan has set such  
An assembly today that  
Candles, wine, and beauty are all free.

When people get drunk,  
The real truth comes out.  
Then, the one who pretends  
To be brave and strong  
Is understood by the poor ones.

With the help of the morning breeze,  
The rose is separated from the thorn.  
Rain is trying to help  
The grasses of the garden.

Be silent, let Him talk  
Without alphabet or tongue.  
If the tongue is His,  
What's the use of these tongues?

## 18.

### *Verse 2279*

Who is there?" he asked.  
"Someone who wants to be your slave,  
Your servant," I answered.  
"What do you want?" he said.  
"O, my moon face, I wanted to greet you."

"How long will you be waiting there?" he asked.  
"Until you accept me."  
"How long will you be exuberant?"  
"Until the day of resurrection." I said

I have sworn, saying,  
"I got involved with that business of love.  
I made an oath. I lost all my belongings,  
My name, my reputation,  
Because of Love."

"The judge would ask a witness," he said.

"My tears are my witnesses.  
My pale face is my evidence," I answered.

He said, "Your witness is not acceptable;  
It comes to eye, he has no good reputation.  
He is involved in many bad things."  
"I swear, your great Honor," I said.  
"They both are innocent,  
They both are just."

"Who was your company," he asked,  
"While you were coming here?"  
"Your spectre." I said. "Your spectre, my Sultan."  
"Alright," he said. "Who called you here?"  
"The smell of your glass," I said.

"What is your intention?" he asked.  
"I want to be a loyal lover."  
"What do you want from me?" he asked.  
"The favor. I want the favor  
You give to everybody and everything," I said.

"Where is that most beautiful one?" he asked.  
"In the palace of the Kayser," I said. [\[16\]](#)  
"What did you see there?" he asked.  
"Many kindnesses. Many favors," I said.

"Why is the road so empty?"  
"From fear of the brigand," I said.  
"Who is the brigand?" he asked.  
"That blame, that reproach," I answered.

"Where is a safe place?" he asked.  
"Devoutness and withdrawal," I said.  
"What is devoutness?" he asked.  
"The road to happiness." I answered.

"Where is disaster?" he asked.  
"Around your love," I said,  
"What kind of shape are you in there?" he asked.  
"I am with exact truth there," I said.

Be silent.  
If I keep telling His witticisms,  
You will go out of yourself.  
You will have neither door nor roof.

19.

*Verse 2291*

Every moment he brings greetings.  
Says, "This letter is from so and so,"  
As if greeting and paper are  
Very expensive in our town.

No dwarf has ever received  
A free kiss from any beauty with that trick.  
It is only the male donkey  
Who puts out his nose and sniffs.

Whoever has money and wealth,  
That silver statue of beauty is there.  
Don't keep saying "My soul, my world."  
That soul will flyaway from you.

You scratch the mine with your finger.  
Do whatever is necessary.  
Just obtain the gold and then don't hide it;  
Because if gold is hidden,

The beauty doesn't appear.  
If it wasn't gold, the earring  
Wouldn't be put on the ear.  
The earring will tell  
The importance of the person who uses it.

Even if you don't have  
Gold, silver, or money,  
Still try to get a beauty.  
Somehow, by chance, that kingdom  
Will come into your hand.

But this Beloved can't be bought with gold.  
You offer him a soul  
Which looks like gold.  
Dead gold won't do much there.

Gold is nothing but ordinary stone.  
There, a kind of stone is split in half  
And the seed of instigation is inserted.

Anyone who is after minted gold  
Is a raw charlatan.

Be silent.  
Once love comes in one place,  
Words become worthless.  
Be silent so you won't be worse than gold:  
Because the Beloved also has no tongue.  
He is silent.

20.

*Verse 2300*

☞ accept every cruelty  
That comes from you  
As a favor to my soul.  
I hang my neck with my own guilt.

O, moon-faced Beauty,  
Your hundreds of cruelties  
Are like clothes made  
Of material valuable to the body,  
Happiness for the soul.

Everybody in this universe  
Has his share from You.  
Mine is Your love.  
It is wonderful. You gave me that.

Because of the taste of Your wine,  
Sometimes the glass becomes drunk.  
Sometimes the wine overflows  
Because of the taste of Your glass.

Meanings prostrate as soon as they see Your face.  
Every alphabet starts dancing  
As soon as it hears Your words.

When the lover becomes too drunk,  
He starts blaming himself  
Because to be blamed  
Is the appetizer for wine.

21.

*Verse 2306*

They put you in their eyes  
Because of your greatness.  
They gave you a place in their eyes,  
Then, see, they've all gone  
And left you alone at the end.

☉, Joseph, your untrustworthy  
Brothers sold you.  
They sold you cheap, lowered your price.

The ones who have seen  
The unfaithfulness of this world  
Have already left the living  
And gone.

You have so many secret enemies  
You don't see them.  
You have tried every trick,  
But they defeat you in the end.

The invisible Sultans have seen that.  
Because of their love for you,  
They all pray for you.

Stay with the ones who have space in the heart.  
The ones who have a grudge against you  
Turn you into a new student.  
You don't have hands or feet.

These are the hidden ones.  
The others are masters of the servants.  
They set a trap and bend you  
Like a harp, suddenly.

Be afraid of them.  
They know your thoughts.  
And others have no loyalty.  
See, they did the same thing to you.

22.

*Verse 2314*

A house full of drunks.  
Even then, more drunks came.  
All the crazies broke-their chains.

We have been very careful.  
Took every measure so they wouldn't hear us.  
But fate announced an accident like a drumbeat.  
They all heard the sound of the drum.

All the souls of the drunks,  
And hearts of lovers,  
Broke from their cages  
And flew away like birds.

Yesterday, I came from a journey  
And met that kind of crowd.  
I tried to stay away from them,  
But they pulled me to themselves.

The only eyes which could see the soul  
And the One who chooses the sky for a house,  
Is the talented one who has an inside view.

A cupbearer came forward,  
Spread all kinds of instigation to the sky,  
Created all kinds of commotion.  
Since then, the wine is overflowing and pungent.  
That's why they tear the skin of its bag.

Drunks broke the jars,  
Sat in the cellar.  
My god, what kind of wine  
Did they drink, and what did they eat?

23.

*Verse 2321*

The sea doesn't need fish.  
Fish are just ordinary  
Creatures for the sea.

You cannot find fish  
In the endless sea.  
But there are many fish  
In God's sea.

The sea resembles a nanny.  
Fish are like nursing babies,  
Keep crying for milk like hungry babies.

If this indifferent sea feels  
Some attraction toward the fish,  
This is a great favor  
And kindness for the fish.

There is a fish which the whole sea wants.  
Whoever knows this fish,  
Understands his greatness  
And will step on Esir.[\[17\]](#)

The sea doesn't care for anything  
Except when this fish points out  
Or directs something.  
The sea will react and follow him.

The fish who receives this favor  
Is like a Sultan.  
And that endless sea is his minister.

If anyone dares to call him a fish,  
Every drop of the sea  
Becomes an arrow and destroys him.

For how long will you  
Be speaking in symbols?  
Your symbols confuse the 18Pple.  
speak openly, so the eyes of the heart  
Will see and understand.

Shemseddin, whom everybody serves, Is master and protector.  
Because of him, Tebriz  
Turned into musk and ambergris.

If the thorns of the world  
Received his favor,  
They would become as silk  
For softness and grace.

I would lose my soul,  
If my soul was aware of itself,  
With his wine  
And the drunkenness of his beauty.

24.

*Verse 2333*

The one who is sick with a bile disorder  
Would not know the taste of sugar.  
Every stone-hearted one  
Couldn't tell pearls from stones on his way.

The spider that is busy making its web  
Wouldn't have any pleasure  
Besides that of making a spider web.

The one who lost his position, his job,  
Will get into wine, hold the glasses.  
He gets so drunk that he couldn't  
Differentiate his head from his feet.

25.

*Verse 2236*

This is a wonderful time.  
What we need now is wine.  
At a time like this,  
We would give our soul  
Just to drink a cup of wine.

Our wine comes from the jar of Absence,  
The place where we set our assembly  
Is at the great throne of God.

Wherever you see a poor one,  
Stay with him.  
Avoid the fortune teller, the witch doctor.

But stay away from the poor

Who are fond of food.  
We need a poor one like Beyazid[18]  
Who became poor by giving up  
His belongings, his Being.

The one who was born from  
Cleanliness and brightness,  
Looks for clean.  
The one from the dirty, needs dirt.[19]

Fake and real gold sometimes look the same.  
But they are differentiated  
Under the light of God.

God put a lock on the heart and sealed it.[20]  
You have to struggle in grief  
In order to open it.

It doesn't matter to the donkey  
If the door is locked.  
It falls asleep outside.  
But the one in the house  
Has to open the lock in order to go outside.

Only the ignorant celebrate  
Two holidays in a year.[21]  
We are Sufis on a journey.  
There are two holidays in every moment for us.

The soul says, "I am newborn with your order."  
New sustenance is necessary for the newborn.

Fresh daily bread comes to us  
From the place of Salvation and Union.  
Naturally, dry bone for the ones not new.

O one who comes to the assembly of Sema  
Like a cypress,  
Death should come to life.  
Lifeless personalities should be enlivened now.

If you are a dead, dry branch,  
You have to go in the fire.  
But if you are a green branch,  
You'll come up with leaves and fruits  
And bend down.

You reached the pleasure that comes  
Flowing to the breast of the mother.  
He put this into your mouth,  
You must suck it.

You have spent your whole life  
With elegant speeches.  
For some time you should  
Walk alone in the gardens of silence.

Oh, God's sun, Shems of Tebriz,  
You are the one who attracted me to words.  
You made me talk.  
I should breathe for two days  
In the world of silence.

26.

*Verse 2352*

What else could come out of sugar  
But kindness and sweetness?  
What else could the moon do  
But lighten the sky?

What else would be in the rose garden  
But heart-catching colors?  
What else could grow in fresh branches  
But leaves and flowers?

What can you find in the star of Jupiter  
But good luck?  
What else could be found in a gold mine  
But shining gold?

What could the bright sun  
Give to the ruby?  
What shape can a lung become  
From the fountain of life?

What would happen to the eye  
That sees the beautiful One  
Who created beauty?  
See and understand what would happen

To your sight, once you looked at God.

We gave ourselves to exuberance.  
To drunkenness, to the worship of beauty.  
As long as we live,  
What else could come from us?  
What can we do?

There is a trace of Being left in us.  
Be brave, cupbearer. Give that red wine.  
Is there any talk more brief than that?

You are drunk, be more drunk.  
No up, no down would be left for you.  
Go beyond yourself, know nothing.  
What comes out of knowledge, anyway?

Let's go out with rose-colored dresses, like roses.  
Let's be crazy, insane.  
What's in sleep?  
What's in food and drink?

O, Sultan Selahaddin, don't leave that form.  
Don't go away from this world.  
Show the angel what is in man.

27.

*Verse 2362*

After Sema, you said,  
"What has happened to all the exuberance;  
Our flowing excesses?  
Where did they go?"  
Just like nothing has happened.

Don't deny it. Look at the staff of Moses.  
It was a staff once,  
And become a dragon afterward.

The body resembles a dragon with closed lips.  
But in reality, he swallowed the whole universe,  
Then turned into a staff.

A pearl of egg size became exuberant,

Then melted, turned into sea.  
Its waves made the earth.

Its vapors, the sky.  
Really, a secret cavalry,  
Dressed like a Sultan  
Comes and attacks every moment,  
Then goes back to its origin.

He just went to another world,  
Which is hidden from us.  
That doesn't mean he doesn't exist.

All behavior is like arrows  
At the bow of the body.  
When they leave the bow,  
They are directed to the target.

A shell grabs a drop of water  
And disappears.  
But a good diver knows  
Where to look for that drop.

Blood boils because of  
The love of man and woman,  
And becomes sperm, ovum.  
Then a tent is set in the sky  
From these two drops.

After the soldier of man came  
From the land of soul,  
Mind became the minister.  
Heart is the Sultan and sits at the throne.

After a while, heart missed  
The town of soul and returned there.  
The rest of the army  
Went back to the land of existence.

If you ask how senses come and go,  
Pay attention to the time  
Just before you fall asleep.  
That period will explain many things for you.

*The following verses are in "Guldeste,"*

Organs are like laborers.  
They do different things in different places.  
The heart is their controller.

They all work under Him.  
I won' Hell you all these activities.  
I will keep silent now.  
Pate's back is bent because of His sorrow.

My heart, my soul, my body  
Are shining from the reflection  
Of the light of Shems of Tebriz on my heart.

28.

*Verse 2374*

What would happen if you  
Gave up thought for one moment,  
Plunged into our sea tike fish,  
And swallowed the waves there?

If you sleep from your thoughts,  
Give them up.  
You will be one of the Ashab-i Kehf  
And turn into a holy light,  
Exempt from thought.  
Why don't you become like this?

You are a piece of straw.  
We are stately amber.  
Why don't you slip out  
Of this earth and turn into amber?

You promised a hundred times  
To become Earth.  
Why don't you keep your promise this time?

You are a hidden pearl.  
But look to be the color of the soil in this barn.  
O Beautiful one, why don't you  
Wash all that dirt from your face?

You are the Son of the Sultan.

Even Gabriel prostrates in front of you.  
What wonderous things would happen, oh poor one,  
If you looked for your Father's land?

O, one who thinks that  
Saints and friends of God  
Are different than God,  
Why don't you have  
A better idea about Saints?

You are a fragment,  
Separated from the whole,  
Hand out of body.  
Why don't you stay with us from now on?

Then you won't have a head.  
You'll lose your belongings,  
Be out of ambition and pride.  
But at the same time, you appear  
At the land of greatness and are seen.  
Why don't you do that?

Drink some juice from God's praise  
And be saved from thought.  
O, one who is honored by God's consent,  
Why don't you stay out of struggles?

It is enough. You look like a mountain.  
Search the gold mine in the mountain.  
Don't make noise so the mountain echoes you.

## 29.

### *Verse 2385*

This soul is like a glass.  
How does the soul know that?  
It is filled by someone very clean  
And the glass empties its contents  
To the man who is made of earth.

The glass is busy with its work constantly.  
It takes from the Throne of God  
And spreads to the Earth.

It doesn't know the place  
Where it is serving.  
It would be nice if it knew the place  
From whence it was taking.

The Earth is shining like a mine  
To give its blessing to souls.  
If they could talk,  
Would they give us epigrams?

If they could talk,  
They would say the same thing  
About that forest, that eternal forest.  
What would this forest offer to our soul?

Here, the tiger yells and shouts, "Ya hu."  
The gazelle is asking, "O shelter of sighs,  
Who is pulling and dragging us?"

Such a lion, that gives nothing  
To our existence but his own milk.  
Free Self from ourselves, from our being.

That lion shows himself to us as a gazelle,  
And pulls us to the forest with that trick.

Sometimes he gives us Fatiha,[\[22\]](#)  
Gives us abundance.  
Sometimes he gives us only  
A piece of straw, lowers us.  
But when we become Fatiha,  
He hesitates, doesn't even read us.

30.

*Verse 2394*

The glorious sun  
Has appeared in the sky again,  
Raised from the peace of dawn.  
The wishes of the souls come again  
From the way of the Soul.

With the permission of Ridvan,[\[23\]](#)  
The doors of heaven are opened.

Every soul plunged in the pool  
Of Kevser up to his neck.

That Sultan came again  
Who is Kible to the Sultans.  
That moon came again,  
Which is greater and better than the moon.

The ones who are dizzy with love  
Ride their horses  
Because that peerless, unique rider  
Came to the center, the heart of the army.

Eyes of all  
The particles of black soil are blurred, admired.  
Hear the call from the land of Absence,  
"Get up, it is time for the last day of judgment."

This unconditional voice is not  
Coming from inside nor out,  
Neither from the left nor right.  
It is not from the back nor the front.

"Alright," you say. "Where is that side?"  
The side which has been kept searching.  
"Where shall I turn my face?" you say.  
From wherever that head comes.

It's the side where ripeness comes to fruit,  
The side where the stone becomes a jewel.  
The side that, with its abundance,  
Brought to life the cooked fish in front of Hizir.[\[24\]](#)  
The side from which favor comes  
Turned the hand of Moses  
Into a shiny moon.

That fire was borne on our hearts  
Like a full moon.  
This judgment was put on our head  
Like a crown.

The soul doesn't have permission  
To talk about that.  
If he ever talks, all disbelievers  
Will be saved from doubt.

Even the disbeliever turns to this side  
In difficult times.  
When he has problems on this side,  
He believes in the other side.

Suffer. Suffer that.  
The suffering guides you,  
Takes you toward that side.  
The only one to see this side  
Is the one who is frustrated from troubles.

The greatest of the great Sultans,  
Dressed with a human mantle today,  
Came through locked doors.

## 31.

### *Verse 2408*

The bird which was in our trap  
Suddenly broke all the traps  
And flew to the land of Absence.

The meaningless, ordinary wine  
Has been purified.  
It's become the purest of the pure;  
Has overflowed from the troubles  
Of the two worlds, fermented.  
Sediment went down deep, and  
The wine came to the surface of the jar.

Heart has cleansed this Soul  
From the Earth, then ascended  
And found a better abode there.

He found many sweet pleasures  
In that land of freshness and brightness.  
His face became pale like saffron  
By describing the tulip faces.

Whoever hasn't met that moon,  
Whoever cannot read this form and design,  
This writing of His Beauty,  
Only stays at the level of religious designs.  
I swear to God, he becomes unfaithful.

I have given up my epithets.  
I have undressed myself,  
Become stark naked.  
The sun is the only  
Cover for the naked.

It is not nice to say "God is Great,"  
While one is still in the world of existence.  
When this head is sacrificed,  
Then "God is Great" words  
Become reality,  
The real essence of God manifest.

Greatness is far away from the Soul,  
Which gets easily wearied.  
If you are bored with love,  
Your ship stops sailing and is anchored.

O, God's Sun, Shems of Tebriz,  
Heart has fallen in the abyss  
In front of your sun,  
And has become so small,  
Has become more worthless than  
Even the smallest of the small particles;  
Has turned into nothing.

32.

*Verse 2417*

Get angry with the one  
You can get away from;  
The one you don't need,  
The one you don't expect to hold your hand  
And help. Accept the ground under your feet.

Assuming you let him go, you left him.  
You are the king. Nobody is like you.  
But, for sure, the day will come  
When Death will stand in front of you  
Like a master.

You are superior, peerless,  
And drink from the Fountain of Life, like Hizir.

The one who doesn't drink His water  
Will be in the trap of death.

O, Master of the Soul of creation!  
O, Master who is not an illusion!  
The One who appears in reality,  
Not the one who gets old;  
The one whose hair becomes milk-white.

O, Master, don't be a master  
To the one who pretends  
To be master to the real Master  
With deceit, lies and insolence.

Be Master to the one who  
Dies for you.  
Becomes humble for your greatness.

How can the sun appear as a circle  
To the one who sees the hair  
Of his eyebrows as a new moon?

How can the one who swaggers  
Constantly because of his greatness  
Be enlightened by the light of greatness?

O, wealthy one, don't show  
Off your possessions.  
Annihilate yourself  
So that the particles of your existence  
Become the sun.

Put a dam to those black torrents,  
To block and protect the five senses.  
At the end, universal intelligence will  
Rain mercy from six directions.

If you don't put the yeast  
Of that dough to your flesh,  
Even if you cook a hundred years  
In the oven, the bread  
Won't be ready.

Be straight, like an arrow,  
If you want to approach  
"Two bows distance." [\[25\]](#)

Only the one who gets into His bow,  
The one who looks like an arrow,  
Will be thrown to the target.

Be silent!  
Say the meaning without the alphabet  
If you can.  
Say it without words, so the heart  
Can take over the conversation.

### 33.

#### *Verse 2430*

Welcome. The holiday is here.  
The Beloved, who attracts  
Hearts, has come.  
The dead jump out of the grave  
And come to His temple.

The word came to Heart  
To invite the Soul to war.  
That friend came to the front.  
Soul will come by dragging his feet.

The soul has been submerged  
In honey and sugar from the fountain.  
The moon has fallen on the harvest  
And is surrounded by a halo  
From that Turk who resembles the moon.

The soul has become Kible  
To the angels, because of  
The light of his breath.  
Even water resembles fire  
If it stays close to the fire.

The heart and souls of the angels  
Come so close to God  
That the sky becomes a carpet, a cover  
To the angels.

Be brave.  
Polish the mirror of your heart

And read all the writing  
And designs reflected there.  
Six directions are also filled  
With a variety of designs and  
Writings without signs and designs.

You will find that garnet  
In your bosom.  
Its light spreads to  
The heart of the pure person.

He became drunk and fell asleep  
From the opium of Bidat's sherbet.[\[26\]](#)  
The kingdom has set a throne and seat  
At the top of the pole of Mercy.

How smart is that ear,  
That His hand held and pulled?  
How clean and honest is that face  
Which He has scratched?

Be silent.  
Listen to the turns  
Of the five times of the sky,  
Which is beyond the five senses  
And the six directions.

34.

*Verse 2440*

*R*ise, jump, wake up from sleep.  
Bright daylight has come.  
Pull your heart from sleep.  
It is time to go.

All these signs keep coming.  
How long will you ignore them?  
I am afraid love will say,  
"This Hodja is getting senile,  
Becoming an imbecile."

All the gleaners are gone.  
This one is left to sit here.  
He has become so heavy, so soft,

He turned into a heap of grain.

35.

*Verse 2443*

☉, Lovers, the moon that exceeds  
Everybody's beauty is sending messages to you.

He wrote a line on the roll  
Of paper of the sky.  
Whoever knows how to read  
Comes and reads that line.

That line is the secret  
Of Soul, written by saffron.  
Every word is a blazing fire,  
Burning the heart.

We took refuge in one comer,  
Fell in love, wore a patched mantle.  
Where are we? Where are the people?  
But He grabbed our necks and kept pulling.

We are like a ball, armless, footless,  
Rolling over in His direction.  
His hair is like a club which  
Keeps us running that way.

If I run in this direction,  
His club hits me to His side.  
Tell me, who knows this secret?

Wherever I am, I am drunk.  
I worship His club.  
Until He asserts His authority,  
I exist in the middle of Absence  
Or as I appear, as I exist.

Because you are tired and bored,  
Go to sleep.  
Put your head down,  
Conform with the sleeper.  
Because sleep saves the one  
Who is cold and frozen.

If my Shems shows up,  
Comes forward from Tebriz,  
I swear to God that no dregs,  
No trouble, will remain in two worlds.

36.

*Verse 2452*

Will it be any cause for decision in the heart  
If we see your drunk eyes?  
Stars won't be counted if your face,  
Which resembles the moon, should be seen.

When your pleasure's player starts  
Playing the harps of joy,  
It won't be any gain or loss  
For Venus up in the sky.

No town or country will remain  
If the commanders of Yagma,[\[27\]](#)  
For your beauty,  
March their soldiers in that direction.

If your rose garden,  
Which adds Soul to souls,  
Smiles on the garden of soul,  
The roses lose their minds  
And thorns lose their sharpness.

Once the spy of your love,  
Who resembles the Sultan,  
Enters the heart,  
Nobody finds a place but love.

What a happy, joyful time it is  
When, with good luck, You suddenly  
Take the Soul in Your arms  
And cast the body aside.

Such drunkenness comes to the head  
From such Beauty,  
That the heart doesn't look for a crown or throne.  
Shame and bashfulness go away.

I beg God that  
God's Sun, Shems of Tebriz,  
Rises to the cave of heart  
And stays there with his friend.

37.

*Verse 2460*

☉ charmer, whose temple of beauty  
Can only be visited by noble hours,  
Is it fair that grief will get  
In the house of your image?  
Is it suitable for grief to stay there?

Every Being is from You.  
You are the origin of existence.  
The only thing for us to do  
Is annihilate ourselves in Your Being.

O, Grief, pull yourself together.  
Here, there is an army of joy.  
Keykubad, [\[28\]](#)king of joy, is coming  
To this country with hundreds of flags.

Don't worry, O heart.  
Right now a harp is coming.  
A harp which is full of melody  
But which is empty inside.

That cupbearer who belongs to God  
Is coming from the assembly of the Sultan.  
The player of meanings  
Will start the melodies now.

O, Grief, how insolent you are.  
You are such a desperate one,  
Still trying to force yourself in my door.

At last, O Grief, I will submit myself  
To the One who adds Soul to soul,  
And be free from your fire.

38.

*Verse 2467*

One has to be alive in love.  
Death is no good.  
Do you know which one is alive?  
The one who is borne by love.

The anger of roaring lions,  
And the bravery of all men,  
Are nothing to love.

There are some who stage a hold-up on the road.  
These fellow travelers are women.  
Their feet are dyed with henna  
And are not good for this road.  
They cannot complete the journey.

War drums are beating to invite  
The great Rustem[29] to fight.  
A big army is gathered with the invitation of love.

His thunder comes from the heart.  
His soul flashes like lightning from the body.  
But he doesn't stay the same for even one moment.

The sword of death cannot cut a head like that.  
Because his head is so great  
That it touches the Throne of God.

A heart like that doesn't contain  
Any grief or sorrow.  
Earthly grief increases his joy.

Don't believe it if you see him looking angry.  
He resembles the clouds of spring.  
The whole world smiles and becomes sweet with him.  
He does this as a joke;  
Pretends to look angry.

The gazelle doesn't look for the lion.  
Its lion is Him.  
Disbelievers eat lots of grass,  
Chew lots of thorns in this pasture.

Look for us in love,  
And for love in us.  
Sometimes I praise love.  
At other times, love praises me.

When he opens his mouth  
Like a shell in the ocean,  
He swallows the sea of me and us  
Like a single drop.

39.

*Verse 2478*

Neither should the eye  
Indulge every heart,  
Nor the Sultan show his face  
To every common person.

However, our contemptible  
And despicable ones are different.  
He showed them the rose garden,  
Saved them from the thorns.

He attracts our dark black smoke  
To the light of holiness;  
Changes our old devoutness  
Into a fully drunk tavern keeper.

He neither gives up nor sells his creatures.  
He prepares a crown and throne right here.  
But He shows this power  
Like a sale in the bazaar.[\[30\]](#)

Humanity is like a lion,  
Caged and locked in the Earth's box.  
It looks very tired and frustrated.

Once this idle lion roars  
And breaks the cage,  
Then you can see what he is able to do.

Mohammed and Siddiyk[\[31\]](#)  
Appear to be in a cave.  
But, in reality, they are in

The seventh level of the sky.

Love is only One,  
But it manifests in different forms.  
Only, it appears to the eyes of  
Cross-eyed illiterates as two or four.

God's Shems is such a sun  
That its light reflects on the mirror.  
This and that will be able  
To see his shadows on the wall.

Whichever tray I open,  
The same sweets come from the same sugar.  
The shopkeeper is the one  
Who shows them differently.

40.

*Verse 2488*

When I said, "Dear master,  
Don't do that. Grief has designs against us,"  
He answered, "It is impossible."

How dare grief touch you.  
If he goes beyond his boundary,  
I will burn and ruin him.

Grief is afraid of us.  
He knows us very well.  
If he doesn't behave,  
I'll put him in the fire  
So that billows of smoke will come  
From his fire.

Grief knows his enemy and his place.  
It is like Earth, and can be  
Spread out for the believers.

Since you are with us, from us,  
Even if you drink poison,  
It will become honey.  
It couldn't harm you.

Halil[32] was happy and comfortable  
In the fire, in the smoke.  
Only God knows that.  
He doesn't tell the people  
Because they are not dependable.

The one who is trustworthy  
Will reach the land of Absence.  
Be companion to those of that world.  
Similar people accompany each other.

O One whose hands shine  
Like the hand of Moses,  
I wish Moses wouldn't put his hand  
In his pocket.  
It would light the world.

Because the rose of happiness  
Doesn't grow without Your face, my Master,  
Without "We only worship You,"  
We only expect help from You.

41.

*Verse 2497*

You ask, "How are you? What do you do?"  
There is nothing I can do  
While I am with you.  
Only wailing and crying will be for me  
When I am separated from you."

Even if I drink the wine of heaven  
From the golden cup,  
The only hangover I get  
Is without you.

Whatever I weave is at the loom of your love.  
Without you, I swear to God,  
There is no woof nor warp to the material.

You look like a river with  
No beginning and no end.  
The world is like a bridge over this river.  
How can one pass this river

With that kind of small bridge?

This world has four seasons,  
Each one against the other.  
To fight all of them  
Leaves no peace, no life for man.

O spring of Beauty,  
You come. You are the essence of the seasons.  
Come, all the seasons  
Will be ended and burnt out.  
They all become spring.  
Only spring will stay.

42.

*Verse 2503*

There is a preacher in the pulpit.  
He is advisor to himself and  
The ones who listen to him.  
He is like a spring of water,  
Clean and cleanser.

There is one at the pulpit of greatness.  
Another one at the lower steps  
Who repeats what he hears from above.

Every word is like a world,  
Clear as the sky.  
He talks in such a way that  
It is easy to explain, easy to be understood.

This opens the door to you  
From the dark and muddy  
Dungeon of the Earth.

He made stairs with the art of language  
To the roof of the round sky,  
Which kept whirling.

Light is what pulls  
The fire out of the wood.  
Fire is not something that sparkles  
And shines by itself.

Man makes fire by  
Hitting iron to stone.  
Stars are also created by order,  
Following their course of action.

Every prophet brought a brand new miracle.  
How is it that miracle doesn't  
Spread around, hasn't been recognized?

With that, happy becomes unhappy.  
Heaven changes to a dungeon.  
Self, because of that, starts lying,  
Uses cunning, cheating,  
And, at the same time, is cheated.

This pulpit, this preacher  
Are all inside of you.  
Don't fail to look for them.

43.

*Verse 2513*

☉ One who is annihilated in Love  
And reaches Absence,  
You are Soul beyond Soul.  
You have such charm  
That it is beyond charm.

You read the secret of the sky,  
The condition of this and situation of that  
Before it has been written on the board.  
You even read more than that.

You keep asking about  
The throne of God from the people.  
Yet you know all about it, even more.

There is an ocean of Ruby,  
Brightest of the bright.  
You are a mine of priceless garnet,  
And you have many more gems.

You execute the commands given to the Soul

On the day of Elest,  
And all the other orders.

That cross-eyed one got confused  
At the first step. Saw many from one.  
Talked to the first, then the second,  
Then saw many and kept talking.

The one who hasn't reached  
The world of existence,  
Hasn't existed like God's Shems;  
Is mortal at the world of truth,  
Even worse than that.

44.

*Verse 2520*

Four face is a beautiful sunny day;  
More beautiful than the brightness of the day.  
Brighter than the day.  
Wine is good, but the cupbearer  
Is better than the wine.

Every hidden thing opens today.  
The heart reaches endless wishes.  
Like a falcon catching a pigeon.

Every lover gets his deserved  
Blessing from the Beloved.  
Everyone who is thirsty  
Sits by the side of Kevser.

Every moment, the Beloved offers  
A new glass and says,  
"Today our assembly is open,  
Give this to the lovers."

It is such a thin glass that  
It appears as if the wine has become the glass.

45.

*Verse 2525*

☉ mirror of Absence,  
You are Absence, even beyond that.  
a one inside of the heart,  
You are everything in the heart, even beyond.

You know the secrets of the sky;  
Hidden thoughts,  
Situations of this and that,  
Even beyond.

You read the history of past periods,  
The unwritten and written,  
To the people, to the angels.  
You read even beyond.

You give them their deserved share  
From the land of Absence.  
You push sorrow out of the heart.  
You do many other things,  
Many other.

46.

*Verse 2529*

☉ one Soul of the Soul of Souls,  
You are Soul and even beyond that.  
O, chemistry of the mines,  
You are the mine and even beyond.

O eternal Sun, O cupbearer of everywhere,  
All the coasts, the comers, every store, bazaar,  
The disposition of every joy and pleasure,  
Are your beauty and charm, even beyond.

O torch for certainty,  
For growth and maturity on earth,  
Second to the Universal Intelligence, even beyond.

O one who is honored by God,  
O light of the Sultan,  
What kind of art do you want?

You could do as well, even beyond.

You know things which have no sample,  
Everything which has been wondered about,  
Every unknown and invisible thing, even beyond.

You make some like Leyla,[\[33\]](#)  
Others like Mecnun,[\[34\]](#)  
With that love which looks like opium.  
O One whose light brightens the sky,  
You are something else.

O glory to the chest,  
Hope to the patience,  
You drag the clouds to the heights,  
And do many other things.

O exalted person praised by prophets;  
O provision of saints;  
O One who builds the house of choice,  
You build many other things.

O treasure of mercy,  
O sea of pity,  
There is no other door on which to rely but yours.  
There is nothing beside that anyway.

An eye that sees any other face  
To be adorned, besides Yours,  
Any other beauty, beside You,  
Commits adultery and other wrong things.

O Origin, Beginning of the Beginning,  
O helper for tomorrow,  
I bend down in the hands of love,  
Become something different.

My mouth is full of words,  
But I don't talk to anybody but you.  
Because other's ears are temporary.  
They disappear, even go beyond that.

☉ One who frowns in front of me,  
You said many bad things about me.  
The vulture's mouth smells bad all the time.

The signs of those bad words  
Showed on your face.  
The ugliness of someone who  
Is not good  
Appears on his face.

Beloved and Beautiful are ours.  
You go and die, eat grief,  
Plunge into sorrow.  
The sea won't be dirty  
Because of the dog's mouth.

If the crusader is filled with hogs,  
The name of this holy mosque of Beyt-i Mukaddes  
Won't be bad.

This is the face of the mirror.  
The beauty of Joseph reflects on this face.  
For the stranger,  
This is the back of the mirror.

The sun doesn't mind  
If bats talk too much.  
If the shadow comes reverse to the ground,  
The sun doesn't care.

Jesus used to keep smiling.  
John the Baptist was very somber.  
One smiled because of his confidence in God,  
The other frowned because of fear.

They asked God,  
"Who is better on this  
Already arranged world?"

The one who has a better  
Opinion of Me is better.  
If the guilty has a good opinion,  
He'll cleanse himself.

Coming up to you, you are

Neither making a face because of fear,  
Nor for the hope of religion.  
You frown only because of hate.  
Your face is pale, like saffron, with greed.  
Blackened from the cheers of the enemy.

Those don't do any good.  
Throw them both in the fire.  
How sad to the one who saw  
The seed of envy in his heart.

Leave him alone.  
"His hand would be dry."[\[35\]](#)  
This saying is enough for him.  
The one who falls in the dark  
Is the one who hates the moon.

O Sun, know this very well.  
Your enemies are bats,  
The other birds are ashamed of them.  
Besides, they are caged by darkness.

The one who is the enemy of the sun will perish.  
Nothing will remain of him.  
If a chip gets into the eye,  
How could anybody see or be comfortable?

48.

*Verse 2555*

Four face is the Soul of Souls.  
Don't deprive Soul of this face.  
Don't hide in the Earth the thing that is  
Bigger and better than Earth.

O Beloved, who is at the pole of sky,  
Stays at the sky of the Soul,  
You should know that Soul  
Turns around you. Make him restless.

Earth became like a smiling pomegranate.  
Showed its teeth.  
He is uncontrollably impatient.  
Calm him down.

His Sun doesn't leave a trace  
Of choice for me.  
If I have any choice,  
What would happen to His?

The wind of love threw me  
Around like dust from the ground.  
Naturally, where there is wind,  
There will be dust.

His spring grows  
Everything on the Earth with love.  
The seeds have the same hope;  
That they become His prisoner in the ground.

The earth, new moon, houris,  
Beauty, garden, and sapling  
Are all waiting for Him,  
Just like me.

Is it His wine? I trust in God.  
Is it His trap? God saves us.  
Is it His name? O, my God.  
I swear to God, nothing is like Him.

I am like roses.  
He is my gardener.  
My Soul blooms because of Him.  
But I will sacrifice this Soul to Him.

I am swaying, about to fall  
Like a leaf, but trembling  
Lest I fall somewhere other than in his arms.

All his works are trickery.  
Bang the cup, tear the curtain.  
But not like the vagabond.

He tears my throat.  
Shall I tell or not?  
You are not the intimate of the secret,  
Let Him tear my throat.

*Verse 2567*

My Beloved has become drunk.  
Look at his narcissus eyes.  
He starts mumbling,  
Starts talking confusedly.

He sways from one side to the other.  
It is obvious, he is drunk.

His eyes trouble the drunks,  
But don't try to scare us with them.  
I am drunk, too.  
I am not afraid of the sticks  
Of the security men.

O, Love. My God, my God.  
The Sultan of Sultans has become drunk.  
Jump. Grab his hair.  
Pull; bring him over here.

When a thought comes to the heart,  
He starts talking about the Beloved.  
Then I spread my Soul like hair  
To his head. Fill his mouth with gold.

O one whose face opens roses,  
O beloved, who talks  
Like a singing nightingale,  
My God, this gracefulness,  
For whom do you do that?

His appearance is all pretext.  
He is the light of the sky.  
Give up the design of appearance.  
His essence is the beautiful one.

With His favor, cold winter  
Changes into spring;  
Night becomes day.  
This dead earth is alive  
With His other world.

*Verse 2575*

Of Soul desires anyone but You,  
We push him from Self and throw him away.  
If skies don't bend their heads for You,  
We crush them against each other.

If He asks for his belongings,  
We give them to Him.  
If He hides in the castles,  
We demolish the castles down to earth.

If this world resembles the Soul,  
We are the Soul of Soul.  
If this sky is like a head,  
We are its bright two eyes.

The roots of the tree are the ground,  
This sky is its branches and leaves.  
The Earth is an olive tree,  
We are like its oil.

Since the love of Shems of Tebriz  
Is our magnet,  
We are iron  
On the way to his service.

51.

*Verse 2580*

His playful eyes told the black hair,  
Fallen on his forehead,  
I do tricks like so and so.  
You grab his hat.

I said to Jacob,  
"Joseph is at the bottom of the well.  
When he comes to the surface,  
Pick him up. Give him a kingdom.  
Prosperity."

We show ourselves like pilgrims.

In reality, we are spies for the robbers.  
When pilgrims start a journey,  
We set the stage to hold them up.

We fool the pathfinders  
With the reverse horseshoe and nails.  
Like the moon and his army of stars  
Reflecting on water in reverse positions.  
We are like the branch of the Judas tree,  
Which reaches the heights but  
Reflects in the water upside-down.

The fox saw a fat tail in the grass.  
Told himself, "Isn't it strange?  
A prey in the green grass,  
Without a trap."

Whereas a wolf fell right down  
On the tail in anger.  
It didn't even see the trap.

When a fool falls, or gets into trouble,  
He says, "That's not my fault."  
Isn't his foolishness enough  
Fault for him, O brother?

Love also makes a man a fool.  
At least, choose a kind of love  
That the Beloved's beauty, charm,  
And kingdom are worth the foolishness.

If your foot hurts,  
Cast a spell to your Soul  
And your Soul's foot.  
Because this foot is an oxen's foot.  
Its spell is only straw.

When your throat is tightened,  
You will be relieved by taking a breath.  
How can you feel better without sighing?

His love's deed registers "How? What?"  
Until you reach the temple of His love.  
But when we surrender,  
Even the lowest place will be the highest for us.

What beauty that Beautiful one has,  
That even forms and shapes  
At the work place  
Burn our Soul.

I am frustrated trying to figure  
What kind of trick or trap  
I could use for the one who has been  
Taught trickery by God.

The mind helps to find the way  
For the one who loses his way.  
But what could he do  
For the one who lost his mind?

Aren't we men of the Sultan?  
We don't want either mind or Soul.  
What is mind? His binding.  
What is the advice which comes from mind?  
What is Soul?  
What are his "Hi's" or "Why's"?

Drunkenness is increasing. Be silent.  
Never say a word or make a sign,  
O, one fearlessly trying to hurt  
The one who wants to do him good.

52.

*Verse 2596*

☉ one who talks with God's inspiration,  
O eyes of truth,  
O one who saves people from this sea of fire,  
You are an old Master. .

There is no beginning of Your beginning.  
You are a very great, peerless Sultan.  
The one who holds the Soul's hand  
And saves him from the disasters  
Of the world's attachments.

You are the One who catches the Soul  
When death releases it.  
I wonder whose Soul, among the preys',

Is the one deserving to be caught.

Who is the creature that could  
Talk about your love?  
Even the Glory of God is in love  
With your face, your beauty.

I have been caught up in this love.  
I have been sick with this love.  
I cry. I wail. O, good doctor,  
What do you advise me to do?

Your favor asks me to come.  
Your grief says to go back.  
Which one is true among these?

O Sun of Soul, O God's Shems of Tebriz,  
Every particle turned into a Soul  
With your light and  
Became graceful and talkative.

53.

*Verse 2603*

☞ haven't seen any joy,  
Pleasure, or music in both worlds  
Besides you, O Beloved.  
I have seen many wonderful things,  
But I haven't seen anyone like you.

I was told that fire  
Is for the unbelievers.  
They are the ones who bum with it.  
But I haven't seen anyone  
Deprived of your fire but Abu-Lehib.[\[36\]](#)

I put my ear on the window of heart.  
I listened a long time.  
I have heard many words,  
But I haven't seen the lips that speak them.

Suddenly you blessed this  
Humble servant of yours.  
I haven't found any reason for that

Except unaccountable favors.

O choice cupbearer,  
O apple of my eye,  
A beauty like you came  
Neither from the land of Acem,[\[37\]](#)  
Nor from among the Arabs.

Pour the wine from glass that  
Cannot be found, even in Alepo;[\[38\]](#)  
The wine that doesn't come to the trough  
When it is crushed.

Serve so much that I will come down  
From the horse of existence  
And walk on foot;  
For I see nothing but fatigue  
When I am sober.

You are the Sun.  
You are the Moon.  
Honey is you. So is sugar.  
You are the mother and father.  
I have had no family but you.

O love which doesn't allow  
One to fall into destitution,  
O place where God  
Looks and is Manifest,  
You are shelter and support.  
I haven't found a nickname,  
A word, to describe you.

We are pieces of iron.  
Your love is the magnet.  
You are the source of desire,  
Though I haven't seen any desire in you.

Brother, be silent. Leave these matters  
Of manners, knowledge, and talent.  
The more you talk about manners,  
The less I see in you.

O God's Shems of Tebriz,  
O the one essence of the Souls,  
I haven't seen fresh dates

Without your Basra's [\[39\]](#) date of existence.

54.

*Verse 2615*

☞ player, sing this Gazel.  
I gave up my Beloved and  
All kinds of roses and thorns.  
I vow not to do it again.

I was either drunk, or sleepy and languid.  
I gave up that business.  
I vow not to do such business again.

I was down deep, up to my neck  
In the sin of repentance.  
Now, I repent all the repentances  
I have made in the past.

O you who sells wine in this village,  
O cupbearer, give me the biggest jar.  
I gave up honor. I repent the shame.

I resemble a fallen drunk.  
I am out of four natural qualities.  
I repent hot and cold, wet and dry.  
Gave up all four of these.

My heart has been tom to pieces  
Looking for help.  
When I understood that helplessness  
Is the only help, I repent helplessly.

Enlighten this dark night.  
Show your moon face.  
I repent so much  
With the pleasure of that sin.

I said, "It is time to repent."  
A lover answered me,  
"I did yesterday.  
I am an older repentant."

The one who denies the land

Of Selahaddin's yakiyn,[\[40\]](#)  
Who says with love,  
"I repent denials."

55.

*Verse 2624*

☉ sky that seeks my fault,  
O roof that is full  
Of noise and fights,  
How long must I hide  
From your trickery?

O fate, the one which sucks people's blood,  
I am a cloud that looks like blood.  
Why shouldn't I rain blood on your head?

Heart, keep burning nicely.  
Don't try to flee from those two fires.  
They are good for you.  
Your Soul is mixed with love.  
You need love.

Intention is like a light.  
The universe is the oven.  
This love resembles the fire.  
People are the wood.

I cheerfully plunged, like a moth,  
And sat in the middle of the fire,  
The way God's Abraham did.  
I cannot get up from there.

56.

*Verse 2629*

☉ The sound of the Beauty  
Came right from my Soul.  
When I heard that,  
I ran to your love like the wind,  
Like water, like fire.

The ones who were watching  
The beauty of Joseph cut their hands.  
Put your hand in our Soul.  
See what we cut?

The situations of the penniless  
And rints[41] are obvious.  
What else is left?  
We also put this tom mantle  
In front of your feet.

There are many like us,  
Who give their Souls to the land of Love.  
But we haven't seen anyone  
Like you. Even in a dream.

We were frightened,  
Seeing our shadow on the water  
Like animals, while drinking water.

57.

*Verse 2634*

Yes, while I struggle, insist,  
You are fighting back.  
But I am not that weak,  
That frustrated yet. I won't run.

You didn't come to me.  
Pretended to be asleep.  
If you sleep, I swear  
I'll pour this wine on you.

O, great happiness,  
Give me the glass.  
Don't try to send me back quickly.  
I won't get up from my place that fast.

Your face says, "I am the light  
That illuminates every moment."  
Your hair, "I am the belly button  
Which drops musk all the time."

O Beauty, whose skin is like jasmine,  
I won't settle for less than eighteen glasses.[\[42\]](#)  
Be nice, be easy, a tough, stem Beauty.

O favor beyond boundary,  
Hug me nicely. It would be so nice  
To resurrect on the last day  
If I die in your arms.

Offer wine. Quit this joking, being playful.  
I am not after the bride's trousseau.  
I am drunk for the bride.

I want to have a wine like fire,  
Like a pomegranate.  
You'll push a big kettle in front of me.  
How long will I turn around this kettle?  
Am I a skimmer?

I am not like a braying donkey,  
Nor in love with urine.  
O friend Jesus, give me  
The wine of monks.

Be silent! If you are not a hypocrite,  
Listen to love.  
I am the friend of Rustem,  
Not the shameless.

58.

*Verse 2644*

☞ One who broke my repentance,  
Where shall I run away from You?  
O One who settled down, sat on my heart,  
Where can I escape from You?

O light of both my eyes,  
How could I see without You?  
O One who tied my neck,  
Where can I escape from You?

O Beautiful One, the lights of your eyes  
Turned six dimensions into a six-faced mirror.

O One whose face is blessed,  
Where can I escape from You?

Heart is a creature  
Which jumped out of You.  
Nourished and was nurtured from you.  
Soul, on the other hand, is exhausted from You.  
Where can I escape from You?

Even if I close my eyes,  
You are still in my heart.  
You don't go away from there.  
Where can I escape from You?

59.

*Verse 2649*

☞ came, swaying, to die again  
In your presence,  
O one who saves me  
Again and again from grief and suffering.

I am like the dried, cracked earth.  
My cloud is from favor.  
My musk is from favor.  
I don't want anything but thunder.  
I don't take anything in my hand  
But your curly hair.

Being your slave is  
A hundred times better  
Than being free and a king.  
Especially when you say,  
"O, my sick-hearted slave."

A hand full of dirt that will come  
Reaches you better than the gold  
Which stays away from you.  
Especially the moment you say,  
"O, my poor, hungry one."

Leave adventure. Where is the mind  
Which will deal with that?  
The harp is my ecstasy, my remembrance.

Wine is my sheik, my master.

O Soul of the Soul of drunks,  
O one whose hand is treasure for the needy,  
I have been engulfed in honey  
And milk at the heaven of your beauty.

I have seen the last day of Judgment.  
I have lost myself.  
My existence has become invisible.  
I am bent like a bow,  
But I fly like an arrow.

O friend from whom it is impossible  
For me to separate,  
I was a handful of dust.  
The wind coming from you lifted me up  
In the air, gave me great height.  
But where could I go without you?

O light of my eye, glory of religion,  
You said, "Sit down wisely."  
O one who tears my curtain,  
Are you leaving me alone?

I am the slave of Elest,  
I have been yours since then;  
But your cruel separation  
Is driving me crazy.

How could my tree  
Smile without your spring?  
How could my dough  
Be cooked, if you don't knead it?

Since I have seen your table, your blessing,  
I have been saved from crumbs.  
Since I have seen your Being,  
I am running away from my existence.

I'll lose my mind, my Soul  
If you leave me or stay away from me.  
I'll climb to the top of the tower of Aeter<sup>[43]</sup>  
If you appear to me;  
If you are with me.

O Soul, when I sit at the last ritual  
Of prayer, give me a greeting and take mine.  
This is the last part of the ritual.  
It is not possible without salutation.

How can I stop clapping my hands?  
My Beautiful One is in my hand.  
How can I stop tapping my feet?  
My base tones become high-pitched.  
I am upside-down already.

Give our greetings to Shems of Tebriz.  
It is good to set a temple to such an East.  
I am glorified by the glory of his face.  
I want glory from him.

60.

*Verse 2665*

*How* can I not be death? Not be crazy?  
Not be insane? Not be chained  
For such a Beauty who gives Soul?

I drank your wine.  
How can I be destroyed?  
It looks like you are wine, I am water.  
You are honey, I am milk.

Open your mouth. Spread countless sugars.  
If you don't listen to excuses,  
I'll endure your coyness, your caprices.

Do you understand why I am smiling?  
Because of your great zeal.  
Because I am the master of lovers  
In the city of your love.

I was in the same womb  
With everlasting love.  
I was born from the same mother.  
I am his twin brother.  
I swear to God, I'll create a brand new love  
Even when I become very old.

You only see yourself with those eyes.  
But if you open the eyes of the Soul,  
You'll understand there is nobody  
Like me.

I fire the ovens of cold people.  
In the hot oven,  
I am the best-cooked bread  
Among the others.

I resemble the milk for drinking.  
I don't stay in the throat.  
Don't make a wrong judgment  
If you find me as salty as cheese.

I am a Sultan with a crown and throne  
With the love of Shems of Tebriz.  
But if he sits on the throne,  
I am a Vizir in his presence.

61.

*Verse 2674*

☞ want to boil the kettle  
Of the Soul. Spread bloody foam.  
I want to say the words of  
The two universes in one breath,  
In one effort.

I am out of myself.  
I became a slave for Love.  
I want to make all the universe  
Go out of itself.

I twist the rope girdle  
Of bad self around his neck.  
He says, "When I scream  
I'll be free and flyaway."

But how could he be free?  
I will pull in such a way that  
He will turn all around the world.  
His smoke-colored Soul will  
Be engulfed in fire.

I will snatch the veil  
From the face of the bride of Soul.  
I will deprive the ones who are the leaders of love  
Of wealth and property.

I'll make this Earth a harp of Love.  
I'll make three hundred languages.  
Out of this mute harp.

Shems of Tebriz stretched such a bow  
At the land of love that,  
When I let go, not only the arrow  
But the bowstring will flyaway.

62.

*Verse 2681*

You're hiding your heart from me.  
Pretending you don't know.  
You are mixing all the words  
And alphabet together, like saying  
You don't know how to write.

I am the one who wrote  
All those things on your imagination.  
How can I not know the secret  
Of your heart?  
I am inside of your Soul.

I am better and brighter than the sun.  
Particles of Souls are dancing in front of me.  
They all turn toward my temple,  
Where I scattered pearls.

How could particles be visible  
Without sunshine?  
O atoms, how can you stay  
Away from my gravity?

Earth has been turning  
Around my light like a moth.  
I am the one who burns its wings.

This cracking up, piece by piece;  
This indescribable love,  
Is union with the Beloved.  
If you want to understand love,  
I'll take you to His presence.

If you are in doubt, make sure  
The doubt comes from me to you.  
I draw down deep the one  
Who denies with that trick.

If you are faithful,  
This also comes from me.  
I catch the ones who are at the top  
With the same net.  
Save them from blasphemy.

If you have any grief, any trouble,  
Find me in this grief. See me in this trouble.  
Because the arrow of distress  
Flies out from my bow.

When difficulty turns into comfort,  
When arrows become shields, pay attention.  
This also comes from my favors.  
This is a gift for you.

Wherever this beauty exists,  
Relations are alright there.  
But I cannot talk  
Where the master of greatness exists.

63.

*Verse 2692*

Give us wine constantly  
So we will be together, become one.  
For just one moment,  
Throw away our forms.

If we give ourselves up,  
We will all have the color of the same water.  
We are branches of the same tree.  
We are all neighbors.

We have the same character of love.  
Hidden, at the same time obvious.  
We are hidden at the city of love,  
But wide open at the quarters of love.

If we see ourselves dead,  
We go and sit at our grave.  
If we see ourselves alive,  
We start yelling and screaming,  
And tear our faces.

Every shape reflects  
On our mirror of heart.  
Looks are not bound with anything,  
Because we are not bound with anything.

We are a bunch of fish  
Walking on the surface of the water.  
We throw this ever-changing soil  
From one desire to the other,  
To the face of Earth.

We have seen the glory of love  
Turned into the heart of the penniless.  
We had love as cash,  
Became merchants without garments.

64.

*Verse 2699*

☞ am not myself.  
I fell into the world of ecstasy.  
There, what a nice joy  
And beautiful shape I am in.

In order not to see anyone else,  
That Beauty closed my eyes.  
At the end, I opened my eyes  
And suddenly, I saw Him.

The Soul has started fighting with me.  
"Don't hurt me," he said.  
"I'll divorce you," I said.

"Go ahead," said he. "I just did."

My mother saw on my face  
The mountain on which  
Your love is reflected.  
Cut my umbilical cord with that love.  
I have been in love with you since my birth.

Even though I ride a horse to the sky,  
Read the tablet of Absence,  
Without you, O One who controls my Soul,  
I am in complete defeat and disorder.

O, One who lifts the curtain,  
Brings death to life,  
I remember the oath of Elest  
When I see the holy light of your face.

O Soul, I have been out of myself so much.  
I have been hidden from myself,  
From people, so much it seems  
Like I was born from a fairy.  
I almost became one.

I asked my body,  
"What are you in front of Shemseddin of Tebriz?"  
"Earth," he answered.  
My Soul said,  
"Someone who is as dizzy as the wind."

65.

*Verse 2707*

☞ solemnly promised. I said,  
"I broke the bad oath."  
He said, "How could you solemnly promise?  
How could you break the things I tied?"

I am like honey and milk with Him.  
I would hold onto His skirt, but I can't  
My hands are broken.

But only the ones whose hands are broken  
Can hang onto his skirt.

He cast me down with sorrow and grief.  
But now he has lifted me up.

When I go up, His justice  
Would put me down.  
First I was annihilated,  
Then He made me exist again.

O One who has tied  
His love-lock on my neck,  
Wail from his drunken eyes.  
They are the Ones who made me drunk.  
Made me drunk.

His drunken image came  
Like a drunk attack on me.  
I have used every excuse,  
But couldn't getaway from Him.

I knocked at the door of the Beloved.  
"Nobody is here," he said.  
That means, "I am here.  
Make sure of that."

"Your slave has arrived," I said.  
"Those words of yours are a trap," he answered.  
"Do you think I'll bite this bait?"

"If you want to burn, burn me.  
I deserve it, O Beautiful,  
Because I worship such an idol, such a Beauty."

I've become dry so you can bum me good.  
If you burn me, I will be saved from fire.

I go wherever you go.  
You come wherever I go.  
I am happy with you  
In life or in death.

O water of vitality, as long as  
I am with you, death won't touch me.  
I swear to God,  
I am saved from death with your help.

66.

*Verse 2719*

I have died hundreds of times.  
I have found this:  
Once your smell comes,  
I become alive.

I have dropped dead  
Hundreds of times.  
But once I heard your voice,  
I was born again.

I lose myself. I become nothing  
When I see your face, O charmer  
Who turns me into a feast day and  
Burns me like Aloe wood.

I set a trap in my heart  
To hunt the falcon of Love.  
But he fooled me with many tricks.  
Came and snatched me.

O, flame which keeps whirling  
The hearts of men,  
I turn around your moon  
Like the sky.

What a happy moment it was  
That I made that oath again and again.  
But then I broke them all.  
I became the same as I was.

He put the idea in my mind  
That I could only reach the Sultan through him.  
I went to the side of the mind,  
But I couldn't find any help there.

67.

*Verse 2726*

The ones who denied You

Became the enemy of my drunk Soul.  
But Your beauty is the answer for them.

Once you show your face from a distance,  
Once you pull the ear of  
The one who reproaches you,  
I am saved.

I don't believe it if he says,  
"Neither pearl nor jewel"  
It is not even that, O brother.  
I am as I am.

Yesterday, Heart became drunk  
Because of the beautiful One.  
He became so drunk that I broke  
A glass in front of the Sultan.

I am drunk with that Beauty  
Whose face is more beautiful than the moon.  
I am happy because of that Sin.  
I am the culpable one of that Sultan.  
Come and break my hand.

I am easy and deceitful.  
Belong to the religion of love.  
That is why my name is all around.  
Who am I to send gifts to the Sultan?

Heart is a thief, a first-class thief,  
Waiting in front of the treasure's door.  
After I tied the hand of that thief,  
The door was opened.

O one who doesn't know that Sultan,  
You keep asking, "Where are you?  
Where are you going?"  
Like a fish in a net,  
I go wherever the net pulls me.

God's Shems is my secret,  
Tebriz is my supplication.  
He is the one, my Kible  
At Namaz. [\[44\]](#) He is the light of my Abdest. [\[45\]](#)

68.

*Verse 2735*

☞ am such a dark evening  
That I am mad at the moon.  
I am such a stark naked, poor one,  
That I am mad at the Sultan.

That peerless, unique Beauty  
Kindly invited me to his house.  
But I am mad at the road of the journey.

If my Beloved is obstinate and coy,  
It throws me into grief, makes me helpless.  
Even then, I won't say " Ah."  
I am even mad at "Ah."

He fools me sometimes with gold.  
Sometimes with power and armies.  
I am already mad at power.

I am such an iron that  
I am running away from the great Magnet.  
I am a piece of straw,  
Mad at the magnet of the universe.

We are such particles  
That we rebel at the four elements,  
The five senses, and the six dimensions.  
What are four, five and six?  
I am even mad at the only God.

You cannot take this world  
Because you are out of the water.  
I am getting mad at the ones  
Who are like the sun  
Because they look like the sun.

69.

*Verse 2742*

☞ entered the road of love pure, clean.

I walk on that road, pure, clean.  
I don't spread the seeds of grudge.  
Even Absence takes shelter in me.  
I don't scratch the back of greed.

Neither do I worry about people,  
Nor have fear of anyone.  
I am a free bird. I don't need  
The leftovers of the cages.

I am a raining cloud,  
A sky which spreads pearls.  
I give the water of life  
To the thirsty on the Earth.

It looked like fire to Moses,  
But it was the Glory of God  
Coming to the heart.  
I also look like fire from a distance.  
But I am the Glory, O my friend.

The branches of the tree tremble  
But its roots stay still.  
I may be restless here,  
But I settled down at the world of Soul.

I am such a strange universe  
That I can be hidden in a handful of dust.  
I am light to every night;  
Spring to every fall.

I am night for the bird of night;  
Day for the bird of day.  
But when I come to myself,  
I am different from both of them.

I come to myself  
When I am totally annihilated,  
Out of myself.  
I become completed when  
I am free from the four elements,  
The five senses.

The Soul of man gets  
Into an endless dispute of "choice."  
His great "choice" took my "choice"

Out of my hand. Left me without choice.

The smart mind has such wind in his head.  
But when you offer a glass of wine,  
That wind blows away.

70.

*Verse 2752*

My God, what kind of Beloved have I?  
It seems like I have been hunting a lion.  
There are hundreds of fields and meadows  
In my heart for him to walk and enjoy.

When he comes close to me,  
He says, on purpose,  
"I have a problem with you.  
How long are you going to stay  
Away from me?"

Last night, I asked my Beloved  
About the new moon. He said  
"I have been running after Him.  
My feet are full of dirt."

When the sun rose, I asked,  
"Why is your face yellow like that?"  
He answered, "I saw His face.  
I felt so ashamed that my face  
Turned into this color."

"O water, you fall down prostrate.  
You make your head, feet. You are  
Running face down," I said.  
He answered, "With His spell,  
I keep running and curling like a snake."

"O head of Justice, head of discipline;  
O fire, why do you writhe and wriggle," I said.  
He answered, "I have such a restless  
Heart because of the flame from His face."

"O messenger of the world, the wind,  
Why are you so restless?" I asked.

"If I had a choice, never mind restlessness.  
My heart would be burned and destroyed," he said.

I said, "O Earth, why- are you  
In silence? What do you think?  
You are in such deep thought."  
"Never mind my silence," he said.  
"I have gardens and springs inside of me."

Give up all those elements. God is enough for us.  
I have drunkenness in my head.  
Wine is in my hand.

If you take my sleep away,  
The door of drunkenness is wide open.  
For sure, he would serve wine, jar by jar  
Since my Beloved's hand is in my hand.

Be silent. That Heart speaks  
Without tongue or lips.  
When I hear words of the Heart  
I am ashamed of words of the mouth.

71.

*Verse 2763*

☉ bird in the sky,  
It is time to fly.  
O gazelle of meaning,  
It is time to spread musk.

O unique lover,  
O one who was chosen among the lovers,  
It is time to give up "created."  
Watch creation. See the Creator.

Enlightenment has come to you.  
You are Soul. Such a Soul,  
Who knows to run like a specter  
Through the eyes.

Orders come now.  
They will teach you  
To see without eyes,

Hear without ears.

He knows how to curl a mustache;  
At the same time, to bring the dead to life.  
He knows how to give the throne of destiny;  
At the same time, to educate and bring up humans.

Even the Joseph of Meaning,  
That free treasure, lowers his price.  
But I wonder if you know how to buy him?

Where is that customer who knows  
How to tune in two different notes  
At the same time; tear the fret  
Of the stringed instrument?

O successful lover,  
O one who has been proven,  
You should turn around your own pivot,  
Like the sky.

Search for yourself in Absence  
And find it is difficult  
To be contrary or separated from God.

Clean your lips of the devil's milk.  
After that, you can drink  
From the breast of the heart.

O love of universe,  
You keep pulling us.  
O one who pulls,  
How beautifully you pull.  
O one who is pulled,  
Bravo for you, too.

The sun knows how to show  
Its face from the East.  
Otherwise, it is impossible  
To reach Him by running,  
To know Him by seeing.

Be silent. If it was possible  
To tell the conditions of the Heart,  
Mountains would start to move  
And flutter like the sea.

If you see Shemseddin of Tebriz suddenly,  
You can also see the sparks of the wine  
Of eternity because of him.

72.

*Verse 2777*

An army came from the land  
Of dark people.  
Attacked the center of the army.  
O brave one whose head is up,  
Attack fearlessly.

Attack like fire.  
They are all wood.  
With the fire of your heart,  
Bum the dry one, bum the wet one.

If the sea starts a war,  
Has a grudge with you,  
You turn all the waves of hatred into fire.  
Destroy all its pearls and coral.

The arrow came from your bow  
And pierced the seven layers of sky.  
O arrow of state,  
Only two distant bows remain.  
Attack with His shield.

Put your hand to the head  
Of the one who comes headless,  
Caress him.  
Cut with the dagger the one  
Who comes with a head.

The Soul who shines and is enlightened  
Keeps burning in your love.  
If you want him to regain his freshness  
Throw him in the fountain of Kevser.

Make the Earth green  
With ruby lips of yours, which give wine.  
Take the harp from the hand of Venus,

Throw stones to its glass, break it.

Attack with the power of faith  
The infidel Soul of the one  
Who denies God's Shems of Tebriz.

73.

*Verse 2785*

Today, your love brought  
All the boasting leaders  
To your temple with their necks  
Tied with his coyness.

Go. Go to the rose garden.  
Watch the ones who worship the rose.  
One moment they prostrate,  
One moment they drink wine.

That sweet-mannered Beloved  
Hasn't left even a piece of hair to us.  
That is what shaving the Sufi head means.  
Giving up his head.[\[46\]](#)

When you lose your loose tooth,  
A new one comes.  
Death is the same for the believer.

O enemy of Shems of Tebriz  
O thief who stages hold-ups,  
The worst disbeliever;  
Shrink yourself, have grief, torture yourself.

74.

*Verse 2790*

O vain, useless people,  
Run, struggle for bread.  
O ones who have reached  
The kingdom's fortune,  
Walk toward the Soul,

Try to get Soul.

Animals pull grass, eat grass,  
Don't know anything else.  
Humans are the ones  
Who search for agates and coral.

Those gardens are asleep,  
There is nothing there.  
These gardens are open,  
Flowers are in bloom.  
This is the share for  
The palace of the Sultan,  
Harvested from these gardens.

There are Souls, far away,  
Who haven't reached the Beloved;  
Who stay in misery.  
There are Souls who have flown, gone,  
Who have already reached the Beloved.

There is also a Soul, hard to describe,  
Above the sky.  
Fine and agile, it looks like  
The moon in the sign of Libra.

There is still another Soul,  
Hard like fire; rigid, ugly,  
Which has a short life.  
Looks like the shadow of the devil.

My Hodja, which one are you?  
Are you cooked, or still raw?  
Are you drunk with wine and snacks,  
Or are you only the rider of the field?

One day, while I was traveling  
In the valley, I saw a great man.  
He was up in the air, dancing  
Upward toward the heights.

Everywhere was exuberance  
Overflowing because of Him.  
But he was very calm, silent.  
He was wearing green.  
My Soul admired Him.

I asked, 'What's this excitement?  
You are away from people's illusion.  
Are you the glory of the Glory of Glories,  
Or a shining sun?'

"My heart was squeezed," He said.  
"My body became light as a result of this.  
My feet were freed from  
The cross of the four elements."

"Master," I said. "How wonderful.  
Can I embrace you?"  
I begged, begged fervently.  
"Impossible," he said.

I said, "Show some sign of faithfulness.  
Leave this coyness.  
Give me just one sugar cane.  
Be generous.  
What would be lost from that mine?"

"I am Absent. A reed in the riverbed.  
I appear in this form  
Just as a remedy for suffering."

"To talk like that is not for You,"  
I said. "You can always get rid of me.  
O One who speaks well,  
Tell me something else."

"How do you believe a one-sided secret  
Spoken only from one side?  
You are a child," He said.  
"Go and learn how to read and write."

I said, "Punish me right away.  
It is alright.  
Get rid of me with hundreds of excuses.  
Kill me with your separation."

Suddenly; He started talking sweetly,  
Gave me hundreds of suggestions.  
Read all of them by heart.  
I was devastated. Became drunk.

I shed many tears.  
Stayed there as a drunk for a long time.  
Then I saw that Sultan, suddenly come out  
Like a Soul in human shape.

A scorch is left on the heart  
From this conversation.  
A kind of scorch; its pleasure  
Worth a thousand favors.

He offered me such unexplainable things.  
There was such amazing advice  
In those words.  
Be silent. It is not easy  
To put them into words.

75.

*Verse 2811*

Look for that Beauty  
Here among the beauties.  
If someone tells you,  
"Don't wake up that troublemaker,"  
Don't listen to him.

The Soul smiles with joy  
When his image settles the heart.  
The suffering of the patient ones  
Brings out hundreds of sweet things.

Lights come from his shining face,  
Like a full moon reflecting in the eyes.  
How could the blind see that?

76.

*Verse 2814*

Heart, don't run away  
From the houri's Sultan;  
The Kible of the patient ones;  
Like someone who stayed away from him.

Don't excite him.  
Don't wake the troublemaker.

I am already someone who looks for trouble.  
I can't leave him. I can't give him up.  
I can't wash my hands of him.  
But don't you excite,  
Don't wake the troublemaker.

I am head of the lovers,  
Master of wanderers.  
I am in love with someone.  
But don't you excite,  
Don't wake the troublemaker.

Don't ask me how I am,  
Look and see yourself.  
Drowned in the blood, even worse than that.  
But don't stir, don't excite,  
Don't wake the troublemaker.

I am Rustem; Soul,  
Float for the tribe of Noah,  
Drunk from the mornings wine.  
Don't wake the troublemaker.

You cannot read this writing  
Because you are earthbound.  
You only know this much:  
Don't excite,  
Don't wake the troublemaker.

77.

*Verse 2820*

☉ stone-hearted one,  
Turn the Soul into a sea full of pearls.  
O, the hair of the Beloved looks  
Like night. Create dawn in  
The middle of the night.

Tune the harp that is played  
By heart and Soul with love.  
Fill the silent reed with sugar

From the love of that sweet Beauty.

You have hundreds of thousands  
Of pearls in your ears and eyes.  
Give a handful of them  
To the blind and deaf.

Give to lovers the blood  
Of heart which smokes,  
Smells love as a cup of soup,  
Feed them.

Souls have been going different ways  
But haven't reached anywhere.  
O one who is the answer for Souls,  
Teach them a new way.

The wings of birds in water  
And in air, got stuck in mud.  
O Huma bird, fly.[\[47\]](#)

Go like the devil. Run around the world.  
Find that fairy. Turn your heart  
To gold in front of his silvery heart.  
Become pale, tired, to reach him.

Signs and orders are coming  
From everywhere to you.  
To stop asking "why" and "how,"  
Walk together with that hot-tempered Beauty.  
You beg when he gets more difficult.

Take the Soul that is  
Like the feet of an ant  
As a gift to His temple,  
And wait at every corner  
Where the army of Solomon will pass.

The Sea is salty, bitter water,  
But there are pearls at the bottom.  
You pass through the salty water  
And dive for the pearls.

There is a kind of snake  
That has an antidote in its head.  
If you want to get it,

Pass through the poison.

If you are looking for the tree of Tuba,[\[48\]](#)  
Here is God's Shems of Tebriz.  
If you look for eternal pleasure, joy, or life,  
Sit in the shade of this tree.

78.

*Verse 2832*

☉ one who is lost in Absence  
On the journey, go even further.  
Leave even that behind you.  
Look from heart to Heart itself.  
See the essence.

Heart is like a Chinese mirror.  
If you sit with Heart, you'll see  
Hundreds of swords. Don't be afraid.  
Make a shield of your eyes,  
Put it in front of them.

I know you gave up everything.  
You have been annihilated in Heart.  
You are right in Absence,  
But one more effort is necessary.

Attack once more. Cut your prey  
To pieces around this fountain.  
Lay a hand on your liver  
O lion of the heart.

Since you pawn your carpet  
For that peerless pearl,  
For one more big test,  
Try to put your hand to your belt.

We are particles in sunshine.  
Get a little bit of soil  
From the particle and put it  
On the eye of the moon as salve.

No Soul is left for us  
From love and craziness.

O Sultan who sees and knows,  
You are the one. Tell us about yourself.

Sweep. Throwaway all these forms  
And pictures from this earth.  
Create a live image of yourself,  
O love that resembles fire.

They died, passed away from themselves,  
Drank wine. Even that rint  
Has greetings for you. .  
O Sultan, go to their side just one time.

Even the Phoenix would get up  
And fly from Kafdagi[49] with the love  
Of Shems of Tebriz.  
You pull the wing of existence  
From its roots. Tear it to pieces.  
Get an arm and wing from love.

79.

*Verse 2842*

♫. moth, plunging into the fire,  
Told me "Do the same."  
He was burning, fluttering his wings  
And telling me,  
"Be like me."

The oil lamp is filled with oil.  
Its wick is knotted, burning  
With its broken neck,  
And at the same time, telling me softly,  
"Be like me."

The candle was burning and melting.  
It gave itself for heat and suffering.  
At the same time, it was telling me,  
"Bum and melt like this.  
Be like me."

"It isn't worth it to spend  
Gold and silver to earn profit

In this world," he was saying.  
"Try to bum. Melt this way.  
Be like me."

The sea filled his lap with pearls,  
Sat at the head, so as not to be conceited;  
Showed itself bitter and salty.  
It is trying to tell you,  
"Be like me."

The Phoenix has given up good and bad,  
Is free from traps.  
It has settled down on Kafdagi,  
Is trying to tell you,  
"Be like me."

The rose purified its face,  
Tore its robe, enduring the thorns,  
Telling you to do and  
"Be like me."

Wine gave up hundreds of names  
And fame, free from shame and modesty.  
Became an enemy to the mind.  
Keeps running in man's brain,  
Saying to you,  
"Be like me."

The shrill pipe became completely empty;  
Closed its eyes; only gave its lips  
To the one who blows, and was saying  
"Be like me."

Adam was in mourning forty years.  
Kept crying, telling his children  
"Be like me."

Be silent. Learn, at last  
A lesson from the hard rock.  
It also stays silent, but cries  
"Be like me:"

See Shemseddin of Tebriz  
Fill the valley with the light of Soul;  
The plains with greatness, saying  
"Be like me."

80.

*Verse 2854*

Death is the sweetest thing for us,  
As long as You take the Soul.  
Dying with You is sweeter  
Than sweet life for us.

Lift this cover. Don't hide the truth.  
Death is like fire, but  
For God's Abraham, it is a garden,  
The fountain of life.

Death is on this side.  
The other side is a birth.  
There, nobody dies.  
Death is only on this side.

Leave this body, become Soul.  
Go to that world with pleasure.  
Death is sad and terrible now,  
But don't be afraid of death.

I made an oath to the Glory of God,  
For whom nine skies became dirt.  
That death is like the one who makes  
Halva[50] with the sugar of union.

Why should I run away from Soul?  
Giving life is Soul. To reach the Soul,  
Why should I escape from the mine?  
Death is a gold mine.

If you are out of this cage,  
You are in the rose garden.  
When you break this shell,  
Death is the pearl.

When God calls you,  
Pulls you to His side,  
Going is like Heaven.  
Dying is like Kevser.

Death is a mirror.  
Your beauty reflects there, appears there.  
The mirror keeps telling you  
He is the One showing you to yourself.

If you are a believer, a nice person,  
Your death is safe, secure, and pleasant.  
If you are a disbeliever, a bitter person,  
Death is also bitter and bad for you.

If you are like Joseph, beautiful,  
Your mirror is also beautiful.  
If you are ugly, your mirror  
Inevitably shows your ugliness.

Be silent. You are a sweet-tongued  
Immortal, like Hizir.[\[51\]](#)  
Death is blind and deaf  
For the fountain of life.

## 81.

### *Verse 2866*

☉ Beloved, make us man first.  
Keep us that way, then give us wine.  
Keep filling the wine glasses.

O Soul, nothing comes from us  
Nor from our temple.  
You started building.  
You finish it.

You turned our land of happiness  
To a land of reproach.  
Turn it back  
To the land of happiness again.

This endless road is too far, too long.  
But, with Your favor,  
It is made a two-step road.

You made us hostage to this "Self."  
But You are the Master of this Self,  
Who orders us to do bad things.

Make us the master, Self the slave.

You give general favors to special ones.  
Today, make those special favors  
That You give your close ones,  
General favors.

Give a new sun to every particle  
With Your kindness.  
Raise Your sun of favor and kindness  
To everyone.

Sweeten the praying for us.  
Prayers become like milk and honey  
For our mouths.  
Favor the one who says " Amen."  
Turn him to someone who wants  
To do everybody good.

82.

*Verse 2874*

Look for January's advice.  
Stack wood in a big pile.  
If the cold doesn't come,  
I'll take the blame of the winter and wood.

When the weather gets cold,  
Throw wood on the fire.  
Trying to save wood?  
Is wood better than your health, your body?

Wood is the symbol of Absence.  
Fire is the love of God.  
O clean Soul, burn forms and shapes.

Your Soul feels frozen if you  
Don't burn the forms and shapes.  
Stay away from spring and security  
As an idol-worshipper.

Fire becomes a rose, tulip, and flower.  
Turns into mint and willows  
By the order of God.

Plunge into love, which looks like fire.  
Keep your heart good, like silver.  
Inside of that fire, beautify.  
Since you are the son of Abraham,  
Fire is your place.

Believers change the fire to a full moon  
By the spells they know.  
The fire doesn't burn anymore.

Bravo, for that spell  
That melts iron to a small needle.

The moth sees fire like a window  
And jumps into the flame for that reason.

The arrow and spear look like  
A branch of roses for Hamza.[\[52\]](#)  
Nobody wears armor against roses.

The Pharaoh went down like yogurt in water,  
But Moses stayed above the water, like oil.

Fine horses carry the Sultans.  
Dumb, ordinary ones carry only  
Saddles and dried dung.

Words are senseless,  
Annoying chatter in the mill of meaning.  
The millstone turns with water,  
Not with chatter.

Because of these senseless words,  
Grain jumps out of the tray  
And falls under the millstone.  
In the other world,  
That's the way to be ground.

I am hot, not because of  
Gossip or empty words, my friend,  
Because of a pure gold mine, like Shemseddin.

*Verse 2889*

Go, put your head on the pillow.  
Leave this sorrowful, burned one  
Who walks around all night long.

At night, we struggle through  
The wave of love until morning.  
If you want, forgive us.  
If you want, torture us.

You run away from me  
So you'll stay out of trouble.  
Be on the way to safety, not grief.

We are suffering at the corner of sorrow,  
Shedding tears.  
You can run hundreds of miles,  
In hundreds of places,  
From our flowing tears.

There is someone who is a cruel tyrant,  
Who has a marble, granite heart.  
He is the One who pulls us.  
He would kill man and  
Nobody would ask the cost of his blood.

It is not necessary for  
The Sultan of Beauty  
To be loyal to lovers.  
O Lover, whose face turned to pale yellow,  
You be patient. You be loyal.

There is a disease  
Whose only remedy is death.  
How can I ask to find the cure  
For that disease?

I saw a master in my dream.  
He was at the village of Love.  
He signaled with his hand,  
Bidding me to come to his side.

He told me "If there is a dragon  
On the road, you have love like an emerald.  
Go, repel that dragon with

The shine of emerald-like lightning."

Enough. I am not myself anymore.  
If you want to increase your knowledge,  
Read the stories of Abu-Ali[\[53\]](#) or  
The advice of Abu-Ala.[\[54\]](#)

84.

*Verse 2899*

☉, my eyes. It is morning.  
Look through my window.  
You are the source, the essence of the sun.  
Since you came, the dawn is made clear.

Take the ones who desire.  
Pass them through seven seas.  
Don't look at the oxen and fish,  
Go beyond hundreds of them like that.

Find what you are looking for.  
Bring up what you search for.  
You are free from all creatures.  
Turn this old house upside-down.

The universe is nothing but Absence.  
You make it exist in one moment.  
A poisonous snake is this world.  
Try to change this poison into sugar.

Wherever you see a dryness,  
Make a running spring.  
Wherever you see a stone,  
Shine on it, make it a jewel.

If you see an enemy  
In front of or behind the lover,  
Slap him, destroy him.

How long will you give  
Excuses as they are?  
The blind cannot see.  
Give them the power to see  
If you don't want them to be blind.

If you don't want curtains  
Over their eyes, give orders  
For the curtains to be lifted,  
So they won't be blind anymore.

Among all these crowds,  
Command is absolutely yours.  
I folded the Kaftan of idleness  
Rose and ordered, "Put on the belt of zeal."

O Sun of the Throne of God,  
O God's Sun of Tebriz,  
I am pale and weak like a new moon.  
Turn my face into a full moon.

85.

*Verse 2909*

You asked, "How are you?"  
Look at our face.  
You'll understand how we are.  
Were you alright when I was gone?  
Never mind this sarcasm.

You said with a smile,  
"Have a good day."  
If you are not around,  
Nobody has a good time.  
Tell me another story.

"I am tired of how long  
You keep talking about love," you said.  
Tell that to the one who is not in love.  
Cut the story short.

I cannot find a confidant.  
I am in fire, in water.  
I'll go to some corner.  
Make this sword like a shield, O God.  
I'll be silent; a friend; a confidant.  
Tell my situation.

You made us insolent the first day.

Ask me whatever you want.  
Now listen to our problems.

"I have been perturbed because  
Of penniless friends," you said.  
Open your lips and fill the worlds  
With pearls and jewels.

"Get ready to serve with respect," you said.  
If that's so, open your arms of kindness  
And embrace me.

86.

*Verse 2916*

☞ I have sat in fire up to my neck  
Lots of times.  
But today, I am in the water of union  
With my Beloved, up to my neck.

I have been blessed with  
All kinds of favors, up to my neck.  
The Beloved was not satisfied with that.

"Are you not good for even a thorn?"  
He asked while waiting for roses.  
The thorn was in the ground  
For nine months, up to its neck.

"What is the thorn?" I said.  
"For your rose garden, like a rose,  
I stayed in blood for a long time."

"You are freed from the world of struggles,  
Have reached the world of love," He said.  
"You were submerged, up to your neck,  
In fights and troubles there."

You're free from that world,  
But haven't freed yourself from you.  
Your being is the shame, the fault.  
You are in that shame up to your neck.

Don't set up lots of tricks

Like a pickpocket.  
He is in this trap up to his neck.

The trap of this world is such a trap  
That kings and lions have fallen  
In its gut like dogs.  
Stayed there up to their necks.

There are even more fascinating traps.  
If you observe, you'll see.  
The one who is out of himself is only on his hill.  
But the one who has all his mind in his head  
Is up to his neck.

Quit talking  
You'll become short of breath.  
If I wasn't tired, I would engulf you  
In words up to your neck.

87.

*Verse 2926*

☞ have no fear of anyone.  
Especially now that my Beloved is with me.  
Why should I be afraid of even one needle?  
I have Zul-fekar.[\[55\]](#)

How can I be thirsty?  
That "river" is looking for me.  
How could my heart suffer?  
The One who relieves my grief is with me.

How can I be bitter?  
I have been immersed in sugar.  
How could winter come close to me?  
My spring is next to me.

Why should I suffer fever?  
Jesus is the doctor of my mind.  
Why should I be afraid of the dog?  
The master of the hunt is with me.

Why shouldn't I come to the assembly?  
The Cupbearer is attracting me.

How can I not conquer those cities?  
The Sultan is with me.

The wind in this big jar  
Is fermenting, overflowing for us.  
There is no place for difficulty  
And lightheadedness here for us.

If I fight with fate,  
Tear it to pieces,  
I don't have to make excuses.  
The Beautiful One is with me, next to me.

I have been immersed in wealth and blessings.  
Drunk with favor and Grace  
In the arms of fortune.  
The Beloved, who embraces so beautifully,  
Is with me.

O, the talent of orators.  
O, the talent of fighters.  
I am tired of words. Be silent now.  
The master of conversation is by my side.

88.

*Verse 2935*

For a long time, the singer of the heart  
Sang with love.  
Then my Beloved entered from the door  
With the glass in his hand.

He took all the love,  
Which is like smoke in clouds,  
From my head, then poured  
It back into my head.  
The thousand-year-old wine  
Renewed our love.

The ties of sects and religions  
Have killed me.  
Now, I am drunk with the present moment.  
I neither recognize credit of the past,  
Nor future gains.

I gave the vineyard of the Soul.  
I bought the barrel where grapes are crushed.  
I wrote the deed of this transaction  
On a glass of wine.

O clown of time,  
Give up all your house of belongings.  
This cup of wine has more value than that.  
Once you give up everything  
You will understand its value.

Close this mouth,  
Open the mouth of Soul;  
Then you will see.  
This world is nothing but a morsel.

But when your soul becomes drunk  
It doesn't even want a morsel.  
Anyone who is drunk with his face,  
His beauty mark,  
Doesn't care for thick soup.

Souls belong to the sky.  
Great souls are all  
Drunks of Shems of Tebriz.  
They ascend to the heights  
Like drops of mist.

89.

*Verse 2943*

☺ my Beautiful, I have been  
Free from you for some time; have given you up.  
Still, my heart is not content.  
I have been burning, melting,  
At the same time, have been frozen  
From you and have become ice.

Sometimes you squeeze me in your hand.  
Sometimes you crush me under your feet.  
Yes, you are right.  
The grape won't become wine  
Without being squeezed and crushed.

You reflected on Earth like sunshine.  
Then slowly you took us back to that side.  
You went in that direction.

You returned to the circle of Sun  
Like a light through our body,  
From the window of our body.

The one who sees the circle of Sun  
Says, "He is alive."  
The one who sees the window,  
Says, "Somebody died."

He has hidden; covered  
Our source, our essence,  
In the glass of grief and joy.  
Our origin is pure.  
The rest is sediment.

O Source of the Source of heart;  
O God's Shems of Tebriz,  
Hundreds of hearts are roasted for you.  
What's the value of  
The thin layer of bread dough?

90.

*Verse 2950*

☉ Beautiful One who is pure  
From water, from earth,  
Step just once on my ground.  
I have no hand left, no heart.  
Put Your hand on my heart.

I became turbid water,  
Lost in the mud.  
Pick me up, pour me in Your chest.  
My home will be there.

The curls of your hair  
Have made my life very complicated.  
Spread your hair  
On my utterly disordered affairs.

Whatever I have gained,  
Isn't worth anything without You.  
Send the torrent of love  
Over my gains.

If you want, even the Soul  
Becomes a moth around my light.  
Give your fire to my talented light.

I have been like a mohair garment,  
Tied by hundreds of knots  
Because of your hair.  
But, still do me the favor  
That ties me to your curly, wavy hair  
For even a short time.

Beloved, the well of Babil  
Is filled with spells because of your eyes.  
Make a good spell. Drop me there.

You said Elest.  
Since then, my Soul has been pregnant.  
Make an amulet with the word "trouble."  
And give it to my pregnant Soul.

When will you disperse the cloud  
From your face and call me?  
Put your face to mine,  
Which becomes like a full moon.

O God's Shems of Tebriz,  
If my Soul is happy,  
Give the blessing of Union  
To this happy Soul.

91.

*Verse 2960*

☞ If the wind snatched the cover  
From your face and flew,  
Death, wherever it is,  
Would come to life and move.

O One who separates  
Those belongings from ours,  
Stop the fight. Come to peace.  
Quit anger and coyness.

O One who raises us like a happy destiny,  
Gives us our wishes; one morning of joy.  
You offered that big glass of Keykubad,  
And we drank it.

Then mind, when it has fallen  
Into the valley of separation,  
Becomes drunk, passes out of itself.  
If your turbid wines are like that,  
How would the pure ones be?

You are our Sun.  
Once you rise behind the mountain,  
This cold frozen earth  
Becomes warm and exuberant.

Last night you opened your lips.  
Sugar and honey spread around.  
You made a beautiful promise.  
We started counting the days.

The drunkenness of your love  
Is better than wine or opium.  
Your face is brighter  
Than the Sun and moon.

O Lion who catches every prey,  
You wouldn't deem it proper for the heart  
To burn in fire like chips and straw  
By counting his faults and shame.

I am in this world  
But my heart never falls into the greed  
Of making the thin, half dough  
Bigger or rounder with stretching.

O Love, until when will you  
Be asking me why my face is so pale?  
My temper is bilious.  
I boil and overflow  
Because of my own exuberance.

I am turning yellow, like saffron.

When will the time come  
That you'll spread your black, curly hair  
Over my face out of obstinacy to evil eyes?  
Say, "O One who gave his heart to us,  
I am giving you all."

I am neither with you,  
Nor can I stand this separation.  
This ruins me, destroys me.

You talk because your words remain  
Like the inscriptions on stone.  
Ours will be forgotten quickly.

92.

*Verse 2973*

O One who makes his lover  
A slave and tortures him with jealousy,  
All your lovers gave up the throne,  
And gain with Your love.

You filtered hundreds of raindrops,  
Made wine and put it in one glass.  
You drank hundreds of glasses  
From that wine and still stayed sober.

You threw a rope and  
Pulled us to the sky.  
But I stayed in the air.  
The rope is broken in my hand.

So many lions have been skinned.  
Their bones were broken  
Because of your gazelle eyes.

What luck to see your moon face  
In a dream at night.  
What happiness to see  
Your beauty in the morning.

O Beautiful One, even your cheapest

Slave turned into a mirror.  
When the mirror was broken,  
Hundreds of hands and feet were wounded.

I have glimpsed the Beauty  
Of Shems of Tebriz.  
Said "What a beauty. God saves  
You from evil eyes."  
But the arrow was already  
Thrown away by jealousy.

93.

*Verse 2980*

Since you have been burning  
With that pure, clean love now,  
You will see the face  
Of hundreds of houri's tomorrow.

Look at your affection, your desires.  
How pure, clean, and colorless.  
Look at, and see, that Earth full of beauties,  
Born from that clean love.

Your Soul, which looks like a bee,  
Is not seen. But look at  
The honeycomb which made it.  
It is full of honey.

Look at the height of your body.  
Two yards, maybe even less.  
But look at your Soul.  
It is higher than nine skies.  
Maybe even larger than that.

How long will you be licking this bowl?  
Throw this jar to the ground.  
Remove the cap which is made of mud  
And show the top of the wine barrel.

Turn your praying rug into fire  
So your prostration will be clean.  
Someone with a fire-face would be born  
And show his face under the praying rug.

Comes riding, the love  
Of Shems of Tebriz.  
The moon and sun come by foot  
Behind that Sultan.

94.

*Verse 2987*

Someone is hidden here,  
Holding my skirt.  
He bent backward and grabbed  
My hair, kept pulling me.

There is someone secret here,  
Like Soul; better than Soul.  
He has shown a garden,  
Taken over my house and belongings.

Someone is hidden here  
Like an image in the heart.  
But the light of his face  
Covers my whole Being.

Someone is secret here,  
Like sugar in the sugar cane.  
It is a candy man. Sweet, sweetest.  
He took over my store.

Magician? Sorcerer?  
Nobody sees him.  
A merchant who knows all the businesses  
Has taken the scale from my hands.

I am mixed with him like rose marmalade.  
I took his habits.  
He gained my dispositions.

I don't even see the beauties of this earth.  
Only his beautiful image  
Has been absorbed by my eyelashes.

I am ill. I have turned  
Around the world.

Haven't found help from anyone.  
At the end, I have seen his trouble.  
Have taken my remedy from his hand.

You'll also find the remedy  
If your heart is burned and roasted;  
If you still keep turning around your troubles.

You'll bring pearls and coral  
If you give up hope yourself  
And plunge into the sea of desperation.

Break the spell of appearance.  
Open the Soul's eye  
And see my power, my splendor,  
Which covers both East and West.

When you open the Soul's eye  
You see the Cupbearer of Absence has come.  
Greed, you kept my promise.  
Offered a glass of wine.

O Noah, who knows and sees the Soul.  
I hold your shirt and pull;  
Because, as you see, my  
Float covers the whole world.

I am asking, "Is it proper?  
If you are our throne, how come  
Our head is wounded?  
You are our cave's friend.[\[56\]](#)  
How come our friend  
Would be a slave?"

He answered, "Quit crying.  
Look at the direction from which  
Your crying comes. Lovers become Soul  
And obtain my sustenance."

Heartbroken friends,  
Sit at the top of heart's house.  
The drunks and wine worshippers  
Fill all my space.

Hunt your prey like sporting dogs.  
Get your wine. Don't be like

A barking dog in my barn.

You see Shemseddin of Tebriz  
Has risen in the sky of Soul.  
The glory of his face covers  
And sparkles light on my world.

95.

*Verse 3005*

☉ my Beautiful, your love,  
Just like amber, attracts the heart.  
Heart has gone to you  
And we, like lovers, run behind him.

The heart has stolen  
A bunch of love dresses  
From your beauty.  
The police of Separation  
Cut the hands of the heart.

My Soul eats so much sugar  
At the Egypt of Love,  
That sugar comes  
From the reed of my wails.

O stately bird of good fortune,  
Landed at the throne of God,  
From the shadow of your love,  
Every moment, Souls fly  
To the throne, like falcons.

What a happy garden and meadow,  
Where roses and iris grow  
With the water of love,  
And gazelles are spread all around.

The eye doesn't see itself.  
But, because of your mirror,  
All eyes are watching themselves  
In the mirror now.

O God's Sun of Shems of Tebriz,  
With your stately shrill pipe,

Tune the Rebab[57] of the Soul. .  
With that Soul's Rebab is His voice heard.

96.

*Verse 3012*

That singer came again  
And started singing with the harp.  
Opened the door of joy to love.

He freed the "Bazaars of Josephs" from jail;  
Made the sugar stores more valuable.

He cut the heads off great men  
With a sword,  
But raised them up with meaning.  
Gave them real greatness.

He wounded and killed lovers.  
Sat in the middle of their blood,  
Then got up and performed their  
Namaz,[58] one by one.

I don't know who will  
Have the pleasure of sharing  
The curls of your hair.  
We also put our necks in front  
Of those curls, O my Beauty.

Eternal destiny has told you,  
"I am your least important slave."  
And rubbed his face at your feet.  
You even showed him coyness.

For your endearment, God made  
The heads of the Graceful  
Bow in supplication  
To the ground on which you walk.

O Jeweler of the Truth,  
O God's Shems of Tebriz,  
Sometimes you prune me like a vine stump.  
Sometimes you make me the pruning knife.

97.

*Verse 3020*

Tell the intolerant bigots  
It is time for repentance,  
That troubled times have come.  
But how can one repent  
When he has such beauty, such charm?

Religious bigotry is finished.  
The repentant vow not to repent again,  
Because lovers have other things  
To do than repent.

You escaped from the world,  
Reached the light of the Soul,  
Broke the foot of repentance,  
When you cut your own head like a candle.

To be restless  
To the gazelle of Tartar land  
Is a must in love.  
When Hitay's Turk comes, [\[59\]](#)  
Repentance is a big mistake.

When He starts hunting,  
He gets lots of Soul.  
One arrow from his looks  
Is worth hundreds of blood repentances.

His image hits, crushes the lover every dawn.  
The dust which his horse breaks  
Is a salve for hundreds,  
A remedy for the eyes of repentance.

You repent while God's Sun,  
Shems of Tebriz, is away.  
But once he returns and shows his face,  
Pity to repentance. Pity, pity.

98.

*Verse 3027*

Wake up from sleep. Jump.  
Look, a brand new morning is coming,  
Asking for friends; dancing  
And tapping his feet.  
The brand new morning is coming from the sky.

O my life, why did you sit?  
It is time to drink wine, get drunk.  
Nobody could get his feet loose  
From this world of struggle. Fight.

Get up. For the thought of drunkenness,  
The memory of a drunk, clap your hands.  
Pick up the glass. Know that you have  
Surpassed the chosen tent  
Of the great dome of sky.

Don't look at us like ordinary drunks.  
Whatever I drink, it becomes wine.  
The bread I eat turns into opium  
And makes my eyes dreamy.

That charmer who is the sign of resurrection,  
And resurrection, itself;  
The One who no eyes could see  
And no ears could hear,  
Doesn't let me achieve austerity.

The Fountain of Life offered me,  
Free, such a wine  
That one drop of it  
Grew the Garden of Paradise.

Whatever I say about the Beloved,  
Is all about the outside.  
How does the Soul know  
The secret of the inside?  
How could stumpy-tailed words  
Explain the secrets?

Even if His zeal  
Wouldn't close my mouth,  
If He let me talk,  
You would see the curtains

Of hundreds of skies be torn.

What would cold, frozen soil  
Know about the Sun? Know about light?  
How would created Soul know Creation?

Even he doesn't know that  
If he gets a small droplet,  
Its drunkenness will destroy,  
And pass him out of himself.

O Tebriz, how would you know  
The secrets of Shemseddin?  
You haven't been out  
Of the hunchbacked sphere of fate.

99.

*Verse 3038*

☉ my Life, who stays in the house of heart?  
Who could sit at the throne  
Besides the King or Prince?

"Tell me, what do you want from me?"  
The one who got drunk with wine  
Pointed his hand at me and asked.  
For what else would he ask  
Except an appetizer and glass of wine?

An appetizer even the heart cannot reach.  
A glass of wine, made by Absolute brilliance.  
God is the only One who set  
An eternal assembly at His solitude.

There are so many cheaters and imposters  
In the gathering of wine drinkers.  
They sell many deceits.  
Put your mind in your head,  
O soft and naive one.  
Don't fall in their traps.

If you enter the circle of indifference,  
If you sit with the ones who are free from care,  
Don't be like a bud with its eyes closed.

Be like a rose with its mouth open.

The universe is like a mirror.  
Love is the reflection of Absolute Beauty.  
O people, why should the One who sees the whole  
Look only at the parts?

Be on foot, like the green  
At this rose garden;  
Because the Beloved is the only one  
Who rides a horse.  
The rest of them here are on foot.

He is the sword,  
Then the only one who pulls the sword.  
He is the one who is killed,  
Then he is the killer.  
He turns into complete reasoning,  
Then he is the one  
Who throws reason to the wind.

That Sultan is Sellaheddin.  
Pray he will be eternal,  
Live a long life.  
His hand of kindness and favor  
Is like a necklace around my neck.

100.

*Verse 3047*

☞ have seen my Beloved  
Turning around the house.  
He had a stringed instrument  
And kept playing a tune.

He was lost in that beautiful melody  
With fiery strokes.  
He was drunk with the wine of Mugh,[\[60\]](#)  
Attracting many hearts.

He was singing the tune of Irak,[\[61\]](#)  
Playing for the name of the cupbearer.  
But his real purpose was wine.  
The cupbearer was his pretext.

A beautiful cupbearer came  
From somewhere, with the jar in his hand,  
And put the jar between them.

First helmed the glass  
With wine like fire.  
Have you ever seen water bum with flame?

He picked up the glass  
And offered it to that charmer  
Who catches hearts,  
Then prostrates and kisses the threshold.

The Beloved took the glass  
And drank the wine.  
The flame of this wine covered his face.

He was watching his Beauty  
And telling the evil eyes,  
"Nobody like me has ever come to this world,  
And will never come."

## 101.

### *Verse 3055*

☉ wise man, open the jar of wine.  
Be careful so the mirror of heart  
Won't be rusted and broken;  
So hatred and contempt  
Cannot get in between.

If you break the glass,  
Lots of feet will be hurt.  
In any case, this is a bad thing.

But if you put on salve,  
Express your sorrow,  
Caress and scratch the head of the wounded,  
Thousands of them will kneel down  
To the shoes of your love and kiss your feet.

Drink the wine, as much as you can.  
Get better and better. Go out of

The five senses and six dimensions.  
Don't leave any malice  
Around the house of the heart.

But not the wine made by grapes  
That grow in the ground.  
Drink the wine offered by the hand of God  
Without jar, without barrel.  
It comes from the land of cleanliness.

If you drink this wine,  
You'll find whatever you desire.  
You'll get whatever you want  
At the assembly of Union.  
At the land of struggle and trouble.  
Either this doesn't exist,  
Or that can't be found.

Brand new joys come from  
God's Shems of Tebriz to the Soul  
Which has been plunged in grief  
And trouble after trouble.  
Not the old worn-out joys.

102.

*Verse 3062*

☞ charmer, whose deceits  
And tricks are sweet and beautiful,  
How long will You keep fooling me?  
Why do You cheat the person who belongs to You?

The whole Universe is Your domain  
By one good omen.  
Who exists beyond Your domain?  
Who are You fooling?

You deceived David with wealth and power.  
In a different way, You did the same  
To Job with grief and calamities.

You attract some with bait,  
You lead others to the trap.  
O Beautiful face, since You are

The One who deceives,  
That trap becomes bait.

Pharaoh cheated the whole world,  
But that villain didn't know  
You were the One cheating him.

Even Your minor deceit is better  
Than his hundreds of bloody ransoms.  
How great is the person  
Who You attract to Yourself  
Without showing any valuable bait?

O Heart, if you have learned  
How God persuades someone,  
Then you will be able to persuade  
And get everything from God.

103.

*Verse 3069*

☞ If you get a smell of Soul  
From that unseen, hidden Beauty,  
If you find a trace, a sign from Him,  
You won't be able to be contained  
In hundreds of worlds.

If you see the Sun of Soul,  
You become king without an army.  
You'll have the land of Absence  
And reach the One who knows  
All the hidden secrets.

If you cannot find the treasure  
You are looking for on Earth,  
You will find it in the sky.

If you are not ungrateful to Love,  
If you are sure,  
You'll see and have  
Many Chinese beauties for nothing.

You will see the Beauties  
And beautiful things in Heaven

While you are still on this Earth,  
In the clean, pure mirror of the heart.

If you are wounded with the arrow of Love,  
If the Beloved made you drunk,  
Don't worry if life goes out of your hand.  
You will get hundreds of them.

If you free yourself  
From the heart's anxieties,  
You will find the key to the secret  
Of breaking all difficult spells.  
You will break them.

You break all the idols  
For the sake of the Sultan of Soul  
And see the sculptor who makes them.

You will obtain hundreds of interpreters  
To know the signs and symbols freely  
From that God's and Sheriat's[62]  
Shems of Tebriz:  
The one who has realized himself in God.

104.

*Verse 3078*

☞ Imam[63] of Love,  
Pronounce God's greatness.  
Extend your hands to the sides.  
Be disgusted with your existence.  
Give up your Being.

You were waiting anxiously.  
It is time. Time for praying.  
Get up. Jump. Don't sit.

You are worshipping hundreds of idols  
Because of the love of that Beauty;  
Looking in hundreds of different Kibles  
To find the real Kible.

O Soul, fly high a little bit. Fly high.  
O Beloved, on whose orders

Did the Soul become a slave?  
Because the moon is always at the top,  
Shadows are at the bottom.

Don't go to every door,  
Like the poor of every house.  
You are alright. Have power.  
Knock at the door of the sky.

If the jar of the sky  
Made you like that,  
If you are out of yourself,  
Be indifferent to the whole world.

I keep asking, "How do you do?  
How are you?"  
But who could inquire like that  
To the invisible Soul?

You are very drunk tonight.  
When morning comes you will see  
How many glasses you have broken.  
How many bags you have deflated.

Even then, I still depend on you;  
Because you are the one  
Who repairs all those thousands  
Of broken ones.

O painter who makes secret forms  
Inside of our Soul,  
You have hundreds of thousands  
Of paintings besides the moon and sun.

If you close one door,  
You open a hundred doors.  
If you break one heart,  
You'll give hundreds of hearts  
Hundreds of Souls.

I become crazy, insane.  
Whatever I say, I say from my craziness.  
If you are the confidant of Elest,  
You say, "Yes, yes," to my crazy words.

*Verse 3090*

☉ one who makes a face  
 Like he's been drinking vinegar,  
 What would happen if you smiled once?  
 I swear to God, you haven't  
 Changed from this sour-faced one at all.

Take the bitterness, give sugar.  
 Give your life. You are a nice person.  
 Have a high opinion of yourself.  
 At least die with a smile.

The moon has become thin, like hair,  
 Still, it keeps laughing.  
 What would happen if  
 You also become like that?

Flowers grow and bloom in the wetland.  
 You are an unripe grape.  
 Don't you have a Soul? ,  
 How long will you live, being needy?

How can a rat rise to the heights  
 From the rat hole?  
 You settled down at the mine of troubles.  
 What can you see from there?

They will find the Archangel Gabriel  
 Above the dome of the sky.  
 They find safety and security on the ground,  
 Where the clean, harmless people walk.

Your face, the color of your face  
 Tells where you are from,  
 Who your friends are, what your secret is.

It is obvious to the one who can see,  
 Whether you are wise and intelligent  
 Or someone who has just opened his eyes.

Karun[64] went down the well  
 Like a bucket.  
 Jesus ascended the dome of the sky

With the rope he threw to the sky.

Even if it ascends,  
The bucket would only carry well water.

Rot and decay are at the bottom of the well.  
O Graceful ones, fly above, to the heights.  
Free yourselves from specters;  
From the bounds of "how" and "what."  
Fly to the heights.

106.

*Verse 3101*

☺ smiling spring, bring us something  
From the land of Absence.  
Tell us about our Beloved.

You are smiling. Your face is clean, fresh.  
You are full of green and smell like musk.  
You either have the same color as our Beloved,  
Or you took this color from Him.

O season, You are nice,  
Like soul hidden from eyes.  
You manifest with your signs,  
But you are concealed.

O Rose, why don't you smile?  
Your separation is ended.  
O cloud, why don't you cry?  
You are separated from your Beloved.

O Rose adorning the green, smile openly,  
Because you kept hiding  
Inside the thorns  
For the last three months.

O Garden, feed and grow  
These newcomers well.  
Because you heard from thunder  
How they came.

O Wind, move the branches.

Someday you will blow them  
To the time of Union.  
Remember that. Move the branches.

Look at the trees. Cheerful like lucky people.  
O Violet, why is your neck bent with sorrow?

The Iris said to the bud,  
"Your eyes are closed, but day by day  
You are reaching a happy destiny.  
Congratulations. You are lucky."

107.

*Verse 3110*

☉ One who made rose marmalade  
Out of our Soul,  
You took the Soul and heart,  
Then You left us.

You have seen us fall to the ground  
Without feet, like a shadow.  
Like a cypress which grows from the top.  
O Beloved, You gave up the shadow.

We are running this way and that,  
Like the torrents in the forest,  
To the top of the mountain, after you.  
You, like the fountain of spring,  
Are running in a different direction.

You are such a moon.  
Catching the one who comes to Your harvest  
And pulling to the gold's mine like the sun.

You kill us with jealousy.  
Since You have an eye on us,  
Keep us, like tears in Your eyes.  
Don't drop us out of Your eyes.

Your lover has been hurt  
On a hundred sides.  
People keep blaming him in every way.  
But You are shielding him

With Your mercy and kindness.

You tricked some people.  
Tied them up with gold chains.  
The others, with proof and evidence,  
You threw to hell.

Alas, one bad person  
Has hurt several naive people.  
But You pity the one whom  
You lead into evil things.

Your lovers' sleep is all gone.  
Their eyes are open all night long,  
Because You pulled them to Yourself at dawn.

O Love, You don't have  
A heart to burn, to ruin,  
Even though You are  
The One who attracts all hearts.

Enough. Be silent now.  
You are not by yourself. You are drunk.  
You took the snack which was to serve Jesus  
To the stable and put it in front of the donkey.

108.

*Verse 3121*

☞ If you make a nest  
For a bird in the pigeon loft,  
It doesn't matter how big or long it is,  
A camel can't fit there.

That pigeon loft is the mind.  
That nest is your body.  
The camel, with his height, is Love-  
The beauty of Love.

That bird cannot drink  
From the big jar of the Sultan.  
Even if you open hundreds of narrows  
Or open closed boxes,  
You cannot get the smell.

Beloved, don't look for  
The secret of that truth from us.  
I have been involved and overwhelmed  
By temporary witticisms.

I have seen a paper  
Written at great length.  
I hung it on my neck  
Like an amulet, as a joke.

But that divine amulet  
Became heavier and heavier.  
Reached the point that  
A thousand Arab horses couldn't carry it.

While I tore the curtains  
With the flame that comes from Hicaz,[\[65\]](#)  
My own curtains have been tom.

It is time to love,  
God's Shems of Tebriz.  
When His love roars and overflows,  
It will tear all the curtains.

109.

*Verse 3129*

Since you are in the casino,  
You'll surely gamble.  
Since you started this business,  
Even if it is temporary,  
At the end you will reach the truth.

O my dear friend,  
Be kind. Get along with everyone.  
This is the place to make a profit.  
Why don't you take the opportunity  
To make a big profit?

You say I am busy praying, day and night.  
But, O my brother,  
Your words don't belong in prayers.

Don't get involved with unsavory ones.  
If your head is high,  
If you are great,  
Be involved with Kings.

You put on human clothes.  
You have the most beautiful,  
The most distinguished, shape.  
Since things are like that,  
Why do you keep getting black  
Like a frying pan?

O one who hangs around with Sultans,  
Since so many Arab horses, under your order,  
Are waiting for you,  
Why do you ride this donkey?

Hit this glass heart  
To the stone of the Beloved.  
Come to His assembly and  
See how to please  
And take care of the heart.

The Sultan will blow such  
A breath to your heart  
That you'll be free from music,  
From the mode of Hicaz.

You tap your feet on the ground like a drunk  
And enter the assembly  
Of the moon-faced Beauty.  
You keep looking at the face  
Of that Beauty and sway like a Sultan.

The Sultan compliments you, saying  
"O purest of the pure, guide the close ones.  
Always be at our temple,  
Because you are the confidant  
Of the secrets of the trusted one."

Sometimes, you admire his Beauty.  
Sometimes, you drink wine, become drunk.  
Sometimes, you give yourself to him, get closer.  
Sometimes, you are coy with him.

I mean Shemseddin when I say,

"Throne, our master, our owner."  
I am like two different, unrelated people  
At his temple. Where is he? Where am I?

Whoever has air from Tebriz,  
Even if he is Indian,  
Will become a rose-faced Turk.

110.

*Verse 3142*

☞ If that moon-faced one rose in your heart  
Would you be able to recognize him?  
How does He come to the Heart?  
Unexpectedly, and not the customary way.

If you say, "I will recognize Him,"  
This is a very important word. A big matter.  
If you say, "How would I know?"  
This is a denial, almost a blasphemy.

In fact, people keep busy, turning around  
With the dilemma of "I know, I don't know."  
They are like a camel.  
When its eyes are covered, it keeps turning around.

Keep turning in silence, involuntarily.  
Don't even try to raise your head or complain.  
You are tied. Your ropes are in His hand.

A blind man bought Joseph  
With eighteen counterfeit coins.  
Because the owner was greedy,  
The seller was blind.

You are like Joseph,  
Fallen into the well of the flesh.  
Here is the rope. Climb outside.  
Free yourself from the grief  
And frustration of the Earth.

O Nefs-i Mutmainne, [\[66\]](#)  
Cover yourself with God's attributes.  
Here are the heavy dresses.

How long will you wear that tom, old mantle?

The moon comes out of eclipse  
When metal cups bang against each other.[\[67\]](#)  
I am the One who covers your moon.  
Give me a sound. The moon will be free  
And shine again.

Adam ate a grain from the wheat,  
Which will eventually be harvested.  
But You are the Hyacinth of Union,  
You are sure You won't be cut with a sickle.

If I don't tell a gazel,  
He splits my mouth and says,  
"Play. Sing. Increase the words, the joy.  
After all, you are the drummer," he says.

111.

*Verse 3152*

We don't hold a shield  
In front of our face in the war.  
When we do Sema,[\[68\]](#) we are aware  
Of neither the reed nor tambourine.

We have been annihilated with His love.  
Spread under the feet of love.  
We are layer upon layer of love.  
Not bald or deaf.

We have struggled with ourselves.  
Annihilated our existence.  
Become the absolute lover.  
We don't have anything but Nazar.[\[69\]](#)  
What will salve do for us?

The body that is nothing but attributes,  
Becomes Soul and heart for malice  
And will bum to ashes, melt all sicknesses.  
The worst disease is to be frozen.

From the intensity of that fire and melting,  
From the love of that favor,

My lungs have turned into blood.  
I don't have lungs anymore.

My heart has been broken  
Into a hundred pieces.  
Has become a vagabond.  
If you look for a heart in me today,  
You won't see a trace of it.

If you look at the circle  
Of the moon in the sky,  
It becomes smaller every day.  
At the end, it disappears entirely.

The moon's disappearance from the sky  
Is the result of the sun.  
It comes back later,  
But it is not the same.

My Sultan, send the planet Venus  
To the land of heart to play and sing;  
Because the reed and tambourine are not suitable  
At the Sema gathering of Souls.

No. No, in the place where even the sun  
Feels incapable of what Venus can do,  
Not every player or instrument  
Would be able to stand the temperature.

112.

*Verse 3162*

You came to confuse;  
To ruin us with excitement.  
You are the present-day David  
With the melody of that Zebur?[\[70\]](#)

You are either Egypt, full of sugar cane,  
Or the beauty of Joseph, full of life.  
Why don't you ask Jacob  
If he could stand that suffering  
With this patience?

That tumult came again

With instigations and blame.  
"You are either the Sun," I said,  
"Or the glory of Glory."

O sky, you keep turning with indecision.  
O Earth, you keep silent with sorrow.  
Stay calm, in repose.

O Charmer, who is more beautiful than fairies;  
O Charmer, who has such sweet instigation,  
Heart doesn't want to tell his name  
Because he is so jealous.

After the sun rises, I wonder  
Why it shows its face  
So blindly and ignorantly,  
Since your face is so much brighter.

Why have you stayed behind the curtain?  
Why haven't you been disgraced publicly?  
This is not from obstinacy.  
This is from stupidity.

That falcon came again:  
The one who hunts criers and beggars.  
If you are not an owl of ill omen,  
Not sinister, why are you  
Flying away from Him?

The one who knows doesn't care for this idea.  
You took this and put it in your head.  
Pay attention and see how far  
You are from Him. How far?

He became manifest  
From the Greatest of the Great temple.  
O Soul, yell and scream.  
You are the Mount Sinai of Moses.

O Kible of our time,  
Come home again.  
I swear to God that you  
Are the Salah of religion [\[71\]](#)  
And keep appearing all the time.

*Verse 3174*

With thousands of tales and deceits,  
 The image of such a friend comes,  
 That wherever there is such a beauty,  
 He would die in front of His feet.

You have seen many beauties.  
 You have heard charmers like the houris.  
 But come here and look  
 At the Beloved. See His charm.

When my Soul found Him,  
 My being disappeared.  
 When I touched His feet,  
 I lost my hand. Can't do anything now.

O player, my God,  
 For the sake of the Sultan  
 Play that tune with the harp.

There is new, unseen excitement in the heart  
 From those beautiful faces.  
 My pale face will turn  
 Into pure gold because of Him.

They asked me, "Why are you crying  
 In these two worlds? What is this wail?"  
 I told them, "Yes. That wail is  
 Enough for me in two worlds."

I have seen the Sultan while hunting.  
 That moon was filled with joy, laughing,  
 Riding his horse in the dust.

He threw an arrow with his eyes.  
 A big, hard arrow.  
 He threw to such a lean prey.

A thorn has pierced my heart  
 From the rose garden of His love.  
 A thorn, but such a thorn,  
 That hundreds of rose gardens  
 Would be slave and servant for it.

What is Soul for the pleasure  
Of your love? A piece of dust.  
What is Soul for the light of your sun?  
Only a drop of mist.

God should be your enemy  
If you talk about roses  
Or mention the Plain tree in  
The Love garden of your face.

We became poets because of  
Your magic eyes.  
We cannot fall in love with someone else.  
We have a big excuse.

Will I be able to see a day  
That the Sultan comes swaying;  
Sending glory to the whole of existence  
From His fiery face?

Will I be able to see  
My bitter soul sweetened by His honey?  
Will I be able to see a new excitement  
Fall on my Soul with His spark?

Tebriz of love, now become  
A song for every ear, an excursion  
For every eye with  
The love of Shemseddin.

114.

*Verse 3189*

☞ have complaints for you.  
Why are you like that, Beloved?  
I am sick. I feel weak.  
Why don't you come and see me?

You have seen me so pale  
You thought I had died.  
How could anybody  
Who has been your friend die?

You haven't even bothered  
To ask how I was doing while  
I was burning with fever.  
O my Master, my Soul,  
You haven't even heard my moaning.  
O, my health, my cure.

I hesitated. I waited patiently  
For a long time.  
But today, I started showing coyness  
To the source of coyness and gracefulness.

The medicine of my Soul  
Comes when the moon rises tonight.  
Then, a troubles and griefs,  
You will turn into wax  
Even though you are towers of iron.

Night inquires about this poor one's health  
Regardless of how late the time is.  
And, without that big jar, without anything  
To eat, would become drunk and leave.

O wail, how long will you last?  
You are more than morning dew.  
You also set a trap for that poor, worthless man.

115.

*Verse 3196*

☉ Brother, what would happen  
If you didn't sleep one night?  
If you stayed awake like a candle, a spark?

The doors of the sky are open at night.  
Fortune is open at night.  
If you stay awake like the moon,  
Your star will shine, become beautiful.

If you belong to the sky  
You always desire that world.  
You don't stay anywhere but the sky.  
Don't sleep anywhere but the heights.

When Abyssinian soldiers  
Attack the land of Rum,  
Don't sleep. Defend the land like Caesar.

Your are the Jesus of time.  
Journey at night, walk straight, circle.  
Don't sleep in the mud like a donkey, a Soul.

Good times are made at night.  
Stages are reached at night.  
If you want the Sultan,  
Don't sleep on the journey.

Lucky, auspicious people  
Are in the shadow of God.  
Don't ever sleep anywhere else, brother.

Didn't Joseph get in trouble  
When he left his father?  
You are also Joseph.  
Be careful. If you sleep,  
Sleep with your father.

Your brother plotted against you.  
Put your mind into your head.  
Be aware if you sleep among them.

Shems of Tebriz, keep going  
On the road.  
You are also on a journey.  
Don't sleep on the road.

116.

*Verse 3206*

Beloved, don't cover your  
Flaming, shining face for one moment.  
I will be overjoyed, will overflow.  
Then you ask me "How long  
Will you be boiling, overflowing?"

When you set the rule  
Of wine drinking like that,  
How can that poor Soul,

That poor mind, be calmed,  
After being so exuberant?

You are the one who keeps  
Blowing the reed of Soul every moment.  
If you are in ecstasy and rapture,  
Why do you blame the reed?

Brilliance like that cannot be covered.  
If hundreds of veils cover your face,  
It still cannot be hidden.

O naive, inexperienced love,  
You are fooled by appearance.  
Keep turning around the blaze.  
You are either a bloody murderer  
Or a dazzling jackal.

If you were wise,  
How did you become insane?  
If you don't belong to love,  
Why did you get involved with love?

I have seen all my particles  
In silence at that temple.  
But under every silence  
I heard shouting.

I asked Shems of Tebriz,  
"Who are these silent ones?"  
He said, "When the time comes,  
You'll learn all about them."

117.

*Verse 3214*

He spread a cover in the fire.  
Be like that, my Beloved.  
Then he was hidden inside the fire.  
Be like that, my Beloved.

The cover became so beautiful.  
My candle has burned with so much desire,  
Cried, shed so many tears, and melted.

Be like that, my Beloved.

Since we came back to love,  
We cannot sleep at night.  
Be like that at the gathering  
Of the drunks, my Beloved.

Lovers are all up.  
They can't sleep at night.  
Don't leave the gathering. Don't run away.  
Be like that, my Beloved.

Union runs like a torrent.  
Mecnun becomes Leyla.[\[72\]](#)  
Now is night, tomorrow will be day.  
But with all this,  
Be like that, my Beloved.

God has become manifest,  
Showed kindness and favor to the speaker.  
I saw a fire in reality.  
Be like that, my Beloved.

## 118.

### *Verse 3220*

You are smelling like roast.  
Your heart has burned, is fried.  
Come back to your senses.  
Find whatever you have lost.

If you act too big in this world,  
Your head will be bowed in the real one.  
But if you make yourself a slave to Him,  
I will become a slave to you.

My Hodja,[\[73\]](#) never mind this road.  
Tell us about the Sultan.  
If you are drunk with that wine,  
Open your mouth. Let me smell your breath.

Yesterday, the charmer offered  
A golden cup and said,  
"If you are half sleepy-drunk,

Drink one more glass."

"I cannot get up," I said.  
He insisted. "Even if you fall  
On the ground, I will pour  
This glass on your head."

Really, he poured the glass on my head.  
I saw the Earth completely disappear;  
Turn into a rough sea with big waves.  
I was like a seagull there.

Hodja, don't get mad, be calm.  
Don't keep shaking your head.  
It is not our fault if you don't understand.

I told the secret of God,  
But I told it at the bottom of the well.  
You are intimate to the curtain and veil,  
That is why I said, "The moon is black."

O God's Sun of Tebriz,  
I closed my mouth; will keep silent now  
Because you are such a sun, that not  
Every eye could stand your light.

119.

*Verse 3229*

" want to go hunting," you said.  
You have gone, become hunted.  
They hunt you.  
"I will find peace," you said.  
You have become totally restless, without peace.

How can I not call you Hizir?  
You drank from the Fountain of Life.  
How can I not die in front of you?  
You have become Beloved to the Beloved.

How can I not turn around you?  
You are the house of God.  
How can I not kiss your feet?

You drag your feet,  
And have reached eternity.

How can I not drink your cup?  
You are the cupbearer to Being.  
How can I not eat your snack?  
You keep spreading sugar.

How can you not be Faruk?[\[74\]](#)  
You are saved from separation.  
How can you not be Siddiyk?  
You have become a friend  
To the friends of the cave.

Since you've become a slave to Him,  
You are a sultan now.  
Since you've become weak and tired with grief,  
You have grown and become stronger now.

You have seen His rose garden;  
Gathered hundred of different roses.  
At the same time, you touched  
His hyacinth and returned to the tulip garden.

Did you see his eyes, God?  
We trust in God from those eyes,  
Which stage a hold-up, even in sleep.  
Those eyes half-closed, half-sleepy from wine.

You stole so many mantles  
When you were poor.  
Alas for the poor.  
Now you've become the Zul-fekaar?[\[75\]](#)

Get up. Pull up and throwaway  
The dead roots.  
Because you are the sound of Gabriel's trumpet,  
Cut the neck of the fallen.  
You are the springs.

You are saved from Judgment Day  
Because You are the last day of time.  
You are free from counting  
Because you cannot be contained by numbers.

You don't need bread

Like the fish in the sea.  
You don't care for water either.  
You turn into a lizard.

O pure Soul, the one kneaded with God's glory,  
You are free from choices and willpower.  
Look at this.  
You've become willpower and choice.

You stayed away from the desires of Self.  
Gave up your wishes in two or three days.  
Now, you want everyone to reach their desires  
Because you have already reached yours.

You were a game for grief  
Before you had a helper.  
Now, you have all the power  
And have reached God,  
Who is absolute power  
And manages everything.

If you shed the people's blood,  
Fight with destiny,  
You don't need any excuses.  
You become a rose-cheeked Beauty.

Your coyness is tolerated  
Because you are beautiful and charming.  
If you act great, it is alright,  
Because you belong to the great ones.

You turned out to be earrings to the ears.  
But still, to say something meaningful,  
Get in the circle of silent ones  
And be silent.

120.

*Verse 3247*

You made an oath, repented yesterday.  
Today, you broke both.  
Yesterday, you were a bitter sea.  
Today, you become a pearl.

Yesterday, you were Beyazid,[\[76\]](#)  
Adding Being to your Being.  
Today, you fall on the ground,  
Selling wine with sediment;  
And you are drunk.

Drink that sedimented wine, O Soul.  
Quit. Give up the mind, O Soul.  
While worshipping idols, don't dress in green.  
Don't try to appear Sufi, O Soul.

Today, you are a river,  
At the same time, a glass  
Filled by the sun.  
You are neither a bridegroom  
Of a moon-faced beauty,  
Nor the husband of the moon.

You can't fit in with a house and family.  
You are beyond meaning.  
You don't resemble anyone.  
You are as you are.

There was a comer. That comer was closed.  
You were worried and unhappy about it.  
Now, you opened that closed place  
And freed yourself.

Animals don't ride, they are  
Usually ridden for work.  
You are not an animal.  
You are higher than that.  
You are saved from being ridden to work.

You are the messenger in the sky.  
When will you ride like the moon  
With the news arrow in your hand?  
Send this to the world.

Be silent. Don't show any sign or trace,  
Although every word of yours  
Is like medicine for those whose heart is hurt.  
Still, be silent.

*Verse 3256*

Even though you wear coarse woolen stuff,  
You are Keykubad.  
Even though you are hidden from eyes,  
You are the fire in the Soul,  
The remembrance in the heart.

You entered as a form,  
Dressed with shape.  
But You are in the sky.  
You are the pole for  
The nine-level sky;  
The lamp in it.

You have tied our Being  
To the land of Absolute Absence.  
To attain our desire,  
You gave us failure and frustration.

You did this because You wanted  
Only the lion and lion cub  
To reach your temple.  
Not the one whose legs are shakey.

You wished that man would  
Leave his head before he enters Your temple,  
And hear the voice of "O my creature,"  
Without the use of his ears.

You get one month's road  
In one day, because you are  
Riding the horse of the wind, like Solomon.

What is gold?  
What is silver?  
Bring the storehouse of Soul  
And give Soul if you are generous.  
Never mind money and wealth.

O my Beauty, for your way  
There is no need for a guide.  
Because on this road,  
The one who goes and the one who guides  
Are halo and moonlight.

The moon carries its light  
From place to place  
Like the Arab drags  
His camel from stage to stage.

A large bouquet will come  
From the sweet basil  
Which grows from the trouble  
You go through-the beliefs you have.

Don't blame Solomon  
Because you were lost.  
It doesn't matter.  
The Hoopoe bird is looking for you.  
That's enough for you.

O my friend, this is just  
The beginning of salvation;  
Reaching your wishes.  
Daylight broke. Wake up from sleep.

The Sun is shining without cover or curtain.  
Victory and help keep coming  
Without even trying.

The Soul is dipped into wine.  
The glass keeps turning.  
Grief and sorrow were chased away.  
Thanks are getting longer.

122.

*Verse 3270*

There is an Aloe wood  
In the land of Absence, burning.  
This Love is its smoke.  
There is an existence  
Painted with non-existence,  
From which comes every Being.

A Being is free from any defect, any fault.  
Put a curtain at the Land of Absence.  
That Absence is like a fire

Behind this curtain.

Smoke, although it is born from fire,  
Still covers the fire.  
Pass through the smoke of existence.  
There is nothing in that smoke.

If the Soul passes through the smoke,  
It will be Glory itself.  
Soul is like a candle;  
Body is the dish in which it stands.  
Soul is like water;  
Body is the riverbed.

Soul will go up when man falls down;  
Even break the circle of fate.  
If Soul grabs Absence, he will be better  
Than existence, reaching to Absolute Being.

Soul will prepare the Universe for you,  
From the Pleiades to the throne of God;  
Will pick up the pearl of eternity  
From the bottom of the seven oceans.

He will give up wet or dry gladly, happily.  
Will go to that side.  
Become confident of Love and reach Beauty.

If Shems of Tebriz accepted  
Him as a confidant,  
He would see Absence with the eye  
Of certainty, and appear in that world.

123.

*Verse 3278*

Either I became funny  
Or you did. You drank  
Of all those glasses.  
Didn't offer me one.

You are drunk with wine.  
I am drunk with hope and wishes.  
There is no lack of hope and wishes

At the assembly of such a Keykubad.

You killed so many lovers.  
But still you are innocent  
Because you didn't kill them  
With pain or brutality.  
You killed them with joy and pleasures.

The world opens and enlightens with You.  
Humans reach their attainment and desire with You.  
If things are like that, O my Beauty,  
Why have you made the village  
Of hopelessness your home?

Yes, I know why.  
Because a bright light appears  
In the darkness of night.  
Cure come to the troubled one.  
That is the important point.

In order to drink nothing but your grief,  
Neither tell the subtle point of Amid,[\[77\]](#)  
Or hear the words of Imad?[\[78\]](#)  
You hold my mouth, my ear.

Carry greetings to Shems of Tebriz  
From drunks. And after  
You prostrate yourself to him,  
Ask "Did you run away to Solitude,  
O my life, my Soul?"

124.

*Verse 3285*

☞ If you are dizzy with last night's wine,  
And if you are still half drunk,  
Don't touch our glass.  
You have nothing to do with that.

If your drunkenness is gone,  
Come. Sit and drink this glass.  
Don't scratch your head  
By falling into the reflections of the past.

You'll have no interest with others  
If you worship stone.  
You don't deserve the sea  
As long as you remember the creek.

Those people who strive and scheme  
Are not tolerated at the King's temple.  
Every poor one's basket  
Is extended to the Sultan.

Where are they,  
The generousities of the Badya?[\[79\]](#)  
It is impossible to be in heaven  
And at the same time in  
The flames of the fire.

If you see a single thread  
Of that Chinese beauty's hair,  
Neither the notes nor wails  
Of the Zir[\[80\]](#) tunes will remain.

You neither boil unripened grapes,  
Nor sell the vinegar.  
You only drink wine and squeeze grapes.

To squeeze this grape  
Of existence is good for you.  
Assume: If you didn't have any existence,  
To whom would it be of interest?

If you escape to the side  
Of Shems of Tebriz,  
God knows what kind  
Of tulip garden you have entered.

125.

*Verse 3294*

My friend, either you are  
Dark or bright-hearted.  
Don't give up the Beloved.  
Don't become separated from Him.

In both cases,

To draw back from him is blasphemy.  
For lovers, to run away from the Beloved  
Is a hundred times more  
Blasphemous than blasphemy.

Your cleanness becomes dirty  
When you give up Beauty.  
But if you plunge into the fountain,  
Even your dirt will be cleansed.

If you grabbed the tail of a lion,  
You would always have roast meat.  
If you are a friend of a rich man,  
How can you be hungry?

Give up malice.  
You have been hiding.  
Don't cover yourself.  
In wisdom, in understanding,  
You are like a hair that  
Appears inside of the glass of milk.

For poison, "What would God miss  
From that?" you asked.  
It is true. God is disdainful of that.  
You'll die from poison.

Even if you are tired, lazy,  
Or very old, try to go  
Under the date tree, like Mary.

Under the shade of the date tree  
You'll be sweetened like a date.  
Mature from the maturity of the date tree.

126.

*Verse 3302*

☞ turned into earth  
So you would spread pearls on me.  
I became very thin, like hair,  
So you could scratch my head.

In order for you to hold my hand,

I am washed away from my Being.  
I turned into a specter  
So you would come into my heart.

I have been in love day and night,  
So you would rise like a moon  
From the East of my heart.  
I tear my collar with love.

I thought the springs of your Beauty  
Would turn me into a spring.  
I shed tears like spring's cloud.

I put around my neck and carry  
The Trust,[\[81\]](#) which skies couldn't carry,  
With the help of your grace.

You change every moment  
To a new shape and form  
For the plate of Heart.

Do a favor please.  
Show a shape and form that  
Cannot fit in the heart,  
So idol worshippers will quit worshipping  
And idol makers will quit making idols.

127.

*Verse 3309*

O Beloved, what a beautiful time.  
Listen, for the sake of friendship.  
Listen, for the sake of Love.  
Mercy to the wishes of my heart.  
Don't try to hurt and trouble me.

Don't treat my heart with contempt.  
Don't be withdrawn from our side.  
See, watch, know our situation.  
Don't go away. Don't make our life bitter.

You are the real cupbearer of Soul.  
Give us the morning's wine.  
Night turned its face away

And is gone. The full moon is hidden.

O one who took our mind and thought,  
Remember what shape we were in last night.  
You offered cup after cup to us.  
We are still drunk.

You ruined us, drowned us with wine.  
In the end, all our secrets  
Came out and spread around.

You are our Sultan  
The Leyla of our nights,  
The beauty of our days.

O secret of Mount Sinai,  
O light of the seeing eyes,  
You are great among us.  
Mercy to the small ones.

Now a bout of craziness comes.  
Our drunkenness is increased,  
O Beautiful one who intoxicates the mind,  
Who destroys shame and dignity.

Sultans of words came.  
The wave of the words overflows.  
But we are only voices.  
The one who recites the most  
Auspicious things says  
The most beautiful words are God.

128.

*Verse 3318*

It was ordered for us.  
Pleasure, peace, weddings,  
They are all for us.  
They were given for us to increase  
The pleasures of the Moslem,  
Blind the eyes of the heretic.

Every day, our new sermon is read.  
Every night is a new wedding night for us.

Every moment, a handful of pearls  
Are spread on us.

Love is more beautiful than it appears.  
Absence is sounder than it stands.  
If you kiss the hands of both,  
You step to the sky.

Soul is a light  
Hidden under the basin of body.  
Even the sun obeys his light;  
Fawns on him.

He has hundreds of different possessions and wealth.  
Has hundreds of thrones and destinies.  
His throne is made of greatness;  
Not like the night's,  
Which is made of black ebony wood.

His wealth and possessions are made  
Of the light of Glory,  
Protected in the chest of God;  
Neither is carried on the groom's horse,  
Nor has moth holes eaten in it.

I became a fire worshipper because  
Of the pleasure of the Heart's fire;  
And am burning with fire.  
But not like Zoroastrian's  
Involvement with fire.

The poor Soul became a friend  
With the flesh for a few days.  
But, like Merguzle with Rey'li,  
Or like Magribli with Tuslu,[\[82\]](#)  
They never knew or understood each other.

The earth is like a sieve.  
We are the flour in it.  
Once we go through the sieve  
We are pure.  
Before that, we are straw.

Every day in the bazaar  
Of these ordinary people,  
Such things are heard:

"O poor immature man, come here.  
Our material is good.  
Our garment won't wear out."

Break the mold of the jar.  
Pick up the cup that is filled to the rim.  
How long will you be licking the bowl?  
How long will you be fawning?

Will you allow me to tell the end of this:  
That the destiny which has no bad omen,  
No bad luck, covers East and West?

129.

*Verse 3330*

Since you are drunk with wine,  
Hit yourself on a stone like a bottle.  
Let it be broken.  
You'll have a bad name for the love of Soul,  
But you'll have a good reputation.

If you sit, sit like a carafe full of pleasure.  
If you get up, raise up like a glass  
To give joy to the people.

Your mind is a tie to your feet.  
Your love is greatness.  
Mind is in the land of reproach.  
Love is to drink ecstasy.

The rooster, every morning, announces  
The end of night.  
Morning appears from the heart of darkness.

There is no Beloved but ourselves.  
No wine, but our blood.  
Soul is the master and slave  
At the same time.

O Soul, you burned the heart,  
Turned blood into wine.  
O the leader of creatures,  
The greatest of men!

If you want to drink this vintage wine,  
Get down from the horse of thought.  
Be on foot.

Mustef'ilun, faulun. Don't get excited.  
Calm down, because it is time  
To mature. Don't be vain.

The wine blows like the wind.  
Grief escapes like a fly.  
Don't forget drunks. Take care of them.

Say what You wish.  
Your order is our command.  
You are the Sultan, greetings to You.  
You have our submission.  
We are under Your order.

Tebriz should cheer because  
Of the shining of Shemseddin.  
Because when the Sun rises and walks,  
It will enlighten everywhere  
And protect both East and West.

130.

*Verse 3341*

☞ Soul, forget having  
A good name and reputation.  
Take it out of your heart completely.  
Then you will learn all  
The secrets, one by one.

O God's lover, you worry  
About people's blame.  
You are concerned with shame and dignity.  
In the world of love, it is immature  
To be bound with shame or dignity  
Or to act like a Sultan.

A lover should be sweet  
Beyond the bonds of why and how.  
He should have great soul,

Because that temple is very high.

All this existence is like  
A sty growing on Soul's eye.  
Throw this robe if you are in love.  
In love, those hairs are dark like evening.

Knowledge is ignorance  
In the land of love.  
Knowledge is not honorable there.  
The uneducated lover is much greater  
Than the scholar of everyday sciences.

Love came from an unseen traceless side.  
The side of different knowledge, or ignorance;  
From the place where  
Your Soul gets the Soul of Souls.

I saw Him as a full moon  
Above the roof without a house.  
I admired His grace so much,  
I got stuck at the door.

Either I became drunk,  
Or I became wine.  
I am not the drunk of reed nor tambourine.  
I drank His grace,  
That made me drunk.

There is a face like fire,  
Covered with hair,  
Which attracts heart.  
Soul is trapped in the curls of that hair  
And becomes a slave with its own desire.

Your grief says, angrily,  
"It is time to shed your blood."  
O heart; O Soul,  
Who are you in front of Him?

O Soul, you surrendered to Him  
On the night you were born.  
You gave whatever He asked.  
You submitted yourself.

O Soul, you flew to a coast.

You stayed, grew there.  
You gave your heart, but you earned Beauty.  
You became a slave, a servant.

O Shems, the Sun of every person  
Whose mind is diverted or gone,  
O rule and order of Tebriz,  
Be either unconventional or mean.  
You are our companion. You are our peer.

131.

*Verse 3354*

Once you pull the string  
Of the bow of supplication,  
Once you strike the plectrum of desire,  
The lazy ones in the street  
Become busy, hard workers.

O love, when you come  
With that beauty and charm,  
You pull the skirt of the soul  
And take him to the Beloved.

You give such security to the soul  
Out of contrariness to  
The blind ones on the road.  
You are hanging on the gallows  
Those who steal heart.

You offer a relaxing medicine  
For lovers of the Soul.  
You make them cry, and pull those  
Whose faces become pale  
With the color of gold  
Because of their love for gold.

You show the rose garden  
To the one who is separated  
From the Beloved, pulling thorns.  
But you are sending those with  
Faces like roses, and tempers  
Like thorns, toward thorns.

You send Moses, who walks on ground,  
To the sea.  
Drive the Pharaoh, who wants to be great,  
To malice and embarrassment.

Moses had a staff for help and company.  
You turned this into a snake.  
He carries it like a snake.

When Moses touched the snake,  
He found his staff.  
You did that upside down,  
The way a horseshoe is nailed.

You'll find a way to dip in water  
The one who falls into fire.  
You send to the fire  
The one who dives in water.

He drank wine, open-hearted, drunk.  
How beautiful, a heart.  
You'll bring him out in the open  
By pulling him by his turban  
From behind the curtain.

Don't give us to someone else.  
He would pull us toward himself.  
You pull us. Your attraction  
Is so beautiful, so royal.

When a friend is well and alive,  
You block his way with a mountain.  
When You kill him with grief,  
You take him to the cave  
And become his friend.

Be silent. Drink the secret with silence.  
Because when you are silent,  
You look like you are smoking hashish.

132.

*Verse 3367*

Tremble, 0 gold leaves, silver birdsongs.

You are the essence of essence.  
Be sure of what you look for.  
It is you. It is in you.

The Sun rises, wants Particles to dance.  
You may as well, O Particle.  
Keep dancing. Keep whirling your skirt.

There will be a day, O Particle,  
When the sun will embarrass you  
And take you in his arms.  
Do you know this subtle point?

He'll offer you wine and say,  
"O Particle, drink this."  
When you drink, you'll be annihilated.  
You'll reach nothingness  
In the Sun of the Soul's existence.

With the Glory of Manifestation,  
Particle becomes Sun without reproach of  
"You won't be able to see me."[\[83\]](#)

We are unripened fruits.  
We will keep dancing under  
The heat and light of the Sun.  
Because you are the mature One, ripen us.

Bravo, O mature One.  
Applause to you, O maturation;  
O apprentice of the Sun of the Soul,  
The One whose trace  
And sign unseen are not apparent.

O Soul, O heart, as you know,  
All Souls have surrendered to you.  
My Shemseddin, whom everybody serves,  
You are the Sultan of Sultans  
Grown in Tebriz.

133.

*Verse 3375*

☉ pearl of God, mirror of meaning,

With the light of your face,  
You are a gift to the throne of God.

Even the throne asked God,  
"From where is that light coming,  
Which reflects on me?"  
God felt jealous and said to the throne,  
"You don't know this."

Throne was surprised at God's jealousy.  
Because "You will never be able to see me."  
That news also comes from his jealousy.

If one sparkles from this light,  
Reflects to the sky,  
Hundreds of moons will  
Appear in the sky.

Eternal kindness would be  
Seen on every moon.  
Every lover would see the love  
Of his heart's desire.

It won't be the trouble of desire  
On the route of the people's journey.  
It won't be fear of nothingness  
On the earth.

You breathed into it once and  
Life came to a skeleton.[\[84\]](#)  
Breathe once more for Soul  
To come forth.

One spark of Your face  
Changed the land of nothingness  
To the land of existence.  
Your lightning will reverse this  
Back to the land of nothingness.

If You put Your ruby ring  
In front as a charm,  
All the ruby mines will scream and yell.

You offer one glass.  
Everything we have has gone to the pawnshop.  
Offer one more to find

The remedy for that, as You know.

A kind of Soul came to us  
From God's Shems of Tebriz,  
That keeps pleasing all the souls  
In the land of nothingness.

134.

*Verse 3386*

O one who has a sign  
Of his existence on both worlds,  
You know well. You wounded  
This sign so much.

Wound once more. I don't  
Want salve from you.  
It is not grief if the  
Whole universe disappears.  
You are hundreds of universes.

It is impossible to describe you.  
You are the explanation of God's secret.  
You are the Soul of Soul.  
Why don't you come to the Soul?

Your art of influence is like  
A wind which blows here and returns.  
We are like trees. The wind is unseen;  
Hidden, but knows what to do.

Because of this wind,  
We become green, yellow.  
But if you drop the leaves,  
How can you grow fruit?

In appearance, the garden comes first;  
But in truth, fruit comes first,  
Because the purpose of the garden is fruit. [\[85\]](#)  
You show the first pearl at the end.

I want to talk about you all the time,  
Only to tell you to forget everyone else.  
But you always hide and put us in line.

135.

*Verse 3393*

☉ the shame of living.  
Look at the face of the pure Beloved,  
So the color of life  
Will come to your face.

Every particle is running to find life.  
Don't you have a desire for life?  
Not even a particle?

If life was a stone, for instance,  
Springs would still come.  
Rivers would flow from that living stone.

I have seen a passing image  
In the mirror. I asked, "What is that?"  
He answered, "I am the dust of life."

You will find real life  
In the world of Eternity.  
Who are they?  
They are the ones who suffer  
During their lives.

The ones who love peace, escape;  
Give up life.  
The no-good ones are the ones  
Who stay in the struggle of life.

136.

*Verse 3399*

☉ This Soul was hurt, bruised.  
That new, better one has appeared.  
This world has gone down.  
That new, different one came forward.

The mine is full of holes;

With the wound of pickaxes.  
But look at the goldsmith's store.  
There, there is gold everywhere.

Thought doesn't come to your mind  
Until you become quiet.  
When Heart opens his mouth,  
This mouth will be closed.

Thousands of houses fill the earth.  
Thousands of buildings secretly existed  
In the mind of the architect  
Before coming to this world.

There is another secret:  
That all which comes to the mind  
Of the architect, or heart of others,  
Also comes from there, from that secret.

When heart is purified,  
That secret covers the world.  
At that time, nobody dies.  
Because of the rotation of the land of Absence,  
All of them become eternal.

Beg Shems of Tebriz. Say  
"Kindly look at us once  
From the garden of Absence."

137.

*Verse 3406*

Don't look for salvation  
Except at the burning deep inside,  
Because Heart is not enlightened  
From outside fire.

When a patient's suffering and pain increase,  
The Sultan of Absence comes from  
The secret door inside of the heart  
And kindly asks, "How are you?"

Look for the scent of that Musk Gazelle,  
The hair of that Beauty, in trouble and poverty.

There is no such thing in enjoyment.

An Angel won't claim the Soul  
Until man dies.  
Who would fall in love with a murderer?  
The one who is content with death.

His Love has told you,  
"Either We go, or you go."  
Advance. It doesn't matter if you  
Are on the move or standing still.

When your heart is wounded,  
Heart will know the secret of Soul  
And understand.  
Then, no shame, no blame,  
No rebellion stays in Self.

If grief makes you suffer,  
Separates you from yourself,  
It rains glory on you from the blue sky.

Sit in the middle  
Of troubles and sorrows  
And think of the Beloved.  
☉ poor lazy one, why are you after a spell?

If God's Shems showed himself,  
Tebriz would add Soul to your Soul.  
You'd be happy; not miserable like that.

138.

*Verse 3415*

☉ sword of time,  
Pull out of the sheath of space.  
Dive in the sea like a fish.  
Swim this endless sea of meanings.

Don't wish to unite.  
Union is attributed to the body.  
I see such closeness  
That it is closer than closeness.

Even man doesn't want several owners.  
Why would God want a second one  
In His Providence?

Is there a lover who  
Would have two Beloveds?  
Fall in love in such a way  
That love will free you  
From all captivities.

Love is the light of my Soul,  
My morning wine.  
Love is such a hope that  
All hope gathers there.

Do you know what Love is?  
Love is leaving "Me," "We,"  
And all claims of "Being" behind.  
Destroying all desire and longing  
In the Creator of Beauty.

That smoke, those words, are mine.  
My fires are in the heart  
Behind that smoke.  
My love is increasing every day.

My heart wants you more and more.  
My God, don't stop me from that wish.  
My God, You see me  
Absolving You from all defects.  
You increase my fire more and more.

I absolve from defects  
The One who sees me.  
I absolve from defects  
The One who sees and watches.  
I absolve from defects  
The One who calls me  
With His grace, not to try me.

Be silent. The color of my face,  
My tears, explain my situation.  
The shape I'm in from the Love  
Which is greater than pure meaning,  
Cannot fit in meaning.

139.

*Verse 3425*

Player, when you hit  
Your *plectrum* to the strings,  
You are encouraging the ones  
Who become lazy on this road.

O Love, you came  
To this land of Separation  
To help the stranded ones.  
To lead them to the Beloved.

You give security to the Earth  
In spite of the blindness  
Of the one who holds-up  
The stage on the roads.  
You catch the thieves  
On the tavern of Heart  
And drag them to the gallows.

You see the swindlers.  
You blind them with one trick.  
When you see a friend  
You lead him to the cave.[\[86\]](#)

You put a golden saddle  
On the fast horses.  
The ones which have a bad saddle,  
You make pack animals.

You caress our lovers all the time,  
But drag the ones who are dealers  
In the market, fond of money,  
Here and there; making them cry.

You show the rose garden to the lover  
Who suffered from the thorns.  
But the one who wanted  
To control the rose of joy for himself  
You pushed onto the thorns.

You favor the one who plunged into fire

With an open road to the water.  
The one who escaped the water,  
You threw into the fire.

You give greatness to Moses,  
Who walks oil the earth modestly.  
Face the Pharaoh, who wants greatness,  
With shame and disgrace.

You lead Moses to the snake  
With the horse which has reversed shoes.[\[87\]](#)  
Nobody could question your divine wisdom.

140.

*Verse 3435*

☉ One who took our choice,  
Our willpower, You are our choice.  
You are our willpower.  
I am a branch of saffron,  
You are our tulip garden.

"You grief has killed me," I said.  
"How dare Grief," he answered.  
"Didn't it know that you  
Are our last friend?"

"I am a garden, a meadow," I said.  
"But autumn burnt me.  
Bring back the smile to my garden.  
You are the ultimate spring."

"You are our harp," he said.  
"It is our voice which comes through you."  
"In a situation like that,  
What is that cry?  
You are already in our arms."

I said, "Every imagination hurts my head."  
"Cut the neck of the images," he said.  
"You are our Zul-fekar.

I put my hand to my head.  
"I have a hangover," I said.

"Didn't we give you this hangover?" he asked.  
"You are our drunk."

"I swear to God," I said,  
"Like a whirling sky, I have no decisions."  
"Didn't you decide on us?" he said.

Your lips are like sugar." I said.  
He bit his lips.  
"Hide this secret," he said.  
"Aren't you our own confidant?"

O, the nightingale who sings  
In the early morning  
Often inquires about us.  
You are from our country.

You are the bird which flies in the sky,  
Not the one on the ground.  
You are from our garden, our meadow.

You have been annihilated from your Being.  
You've been wrapped up by the Beloved.  
You exist with His existence.  
You are either the Glory of God,  
Or You are our God.

You were born from mud,  
Fell into fire.  
Since you are gambling with us,  
Take gain and losses as the same.

Duality doesn't fit here.  
What is this me and we?  
Since you are with our numbers,  
Count them both the same.

Be silent! There is a Soul  
In every subtle point.  
Don't give Soul to everyone.  
Didn't you give Soul to us?

☞ held his skirt.

"O pearl of kindness and generosity,  
Don't leave by saying "Goodnight."  
Don't hurt us. Tonight you are for us," I said.

His face, which attracts the heart,  
Is flushed, becomes red like fire.  
"Enough," he said. "Get your hand off.  
What is this hunger?"

I told the messenger of God,  
"If you want something, ask it  
Of the ones who have beautiful faces."

He answered me, "The beautiful-faced one  
Desires whatever he desires after his own wishes.  
He has a bad temper because his only worth  
Is his coyness, his oppression."

"If this is the case," I said,  
"His oppression offers Soul to the Soul.  
Just try. Everything you try  
Is the spell of a treasure."

He said, "These are just empty words.  
Where is this beautiful face?  
This shape, this color are all a trap;  
Disloyalty and a fake."

If there is no Soul of the Soul  
In someone, make sure there is no attraction.  
But so many people sacrifice their lives  
To shape, it may soon disappear.

I said, "O beautiful face,  
You make nothing into something again.  
Change our copper to gold.  
You are the secret chemical itself."

When the secret chemical comes,  
Copper gives itself.  
You are a grain, but out of the mill.

He said, "You don't even give thanks.  
Don't know the copper.

You have doubt about things.  
You show, you talk, you compare."

I started to cry. "Command is yours,"  
I said. "Come to my crying.  
Help me, O Source of Brightness."

He smiled when he saw my tears.  
With that kindness, with that intimacy,  
East and West came to life.

O friends, cry.  
Shed tears like rain  
So the beauties will send you  
A beautiful-faced charmer  
From the green fields.

142.

*Verse 3462*

Play the three-stringed instrument.  
I reached Union. Don't double talk.  
Either play from a Rehavi[88] tune,  
Or sing from the tune of salvation.

If you don't have the zir and bem[89]  
For the lute notes, don't play them.  
We are engulfed in grief.  
Find a Neva tune with the reed.  
Find and blow the sounds.  
Wail from lack of music and melodies.

The remedy of this separation  
Is the song from Irak's tune.  
You will take the heart away  
Without saying one word.  
But where, and how far, will you take it away?

O Beauty who all the Sultans know,  
Caress our Soul with the tune of Isfahan.  
Be intimate with us.

Go to the gathering of our drunk friends  
By composing some Zengule tunes.

Finish this matter.  
Why this anxiety, this sluggishness?

Restrain our heart,  
O one who falls down from non-union.  
He is One, but he appears  
To us as two.

Play a tune of Rast  
If you are a good and faithful friend,  
So you will arrive to the tune of Hicaz.

Get into Ussak through  
The melodies of Huseyni.  
Bring joy to the heart  
With the tunes of Buselik and Maye.

The are asking for Dugah,  
You sing from Cargah.  
You are the candle, the light  
Of this place, this country.  
O my Beautiful, how nice  
That you sing and play.

143.

*Verse 3471*

☉ matchless, peerless Creator,  
You sometimes make a dog  
Superior to a lion.  
Other times, You make a black stone  
Appear as a water carrier.

So many Sultans. Feridun,[\[90\]](#)  
With their bloody swords  
And tulip-like faces, eventually  
Become beggars, slaves, and shoe cleaners.

That will be the day  
The greatest of the Greats  
And tyrants who are more fiery than fire  
Will turn around the neighborhood of love.  
They will fall into poverty and become beggars.

It is for the fire to destroy.  
It is for the candle to cry.  
It is for us to be faithful and in service.  
For the Beloved  
Unfaithfulness is expected.

The fire doesn't smile;  
It is ashes and smoke.  
The candle doesn't cry;  
It is a piece of wood or thick stick.

The one who comes to the garden of Earth  
And doesn't look for the owner,  
Is the donkey out in the thorn pasture.

O donkey, first look for the owner  
Of the garden. His kindness, His greatness  
May help you to be better than a donkey.

A stranger came from somewhere;  
Became the guest of a distinguished person,  
Who treated him with respect.

Every day, he served better, fresher fish  
To him than the day before.

One night, the stranger told him,  
"This is fine, but if you come  
To our town, I will treat you much better."

The distinguished man wondered,  
"What could be better than  
These meals; these clothes?"  
He was bewildered.

Those words made the host sick.  
They stuck in his throat.  
He didn't know what it was  
To be entertained in the sky;  
To be a guest in the sky.

The fruits of this world  
Are like colorful roses;  
But Earth's benefaction is nothing  
But bread and grabbing the bread.

"O, my God," he said.  
"Take me to this stranger's town  
So I can untie this knot in my heart."

Several years elapsed  
In expectation of this trip.  
Even medicine doesn't have effect  
Without waiting.

"O One," he said,  
"Who creates reason,  
You are the One to create  
The way out of this trap of troubles."

His praying increased.  
In the end, God accepted his praying.  
"O one saying 'my God'," he said,  
"See the power of God?"

The King wanted to send an emissary  
To that town to carry a message.

This man, who bribed openly,  
Managed, in his secret way, to have  
The king send him on that mission.

The King said, "All right. You sound  
Like a nice parrot. Go there  
And relate our news to them."

The man did all the preparations  
For the journey. Gathered a squadron of soldiers  
And had them carry a big, moon-like torch  
In front to light the roads.

He started the journey,  
Moving from one stage to another,  
Flowing like a torrent and  
Prostrating toward the side of secret sages.

Like Moses, in order to find  
The Hızir who is the enlightener,  
He flew with hundreds of wings,  
Like a Hoopoe bird.

Like the Archangel Gabriel,

That messenger of the throne  
Set forth on a journey  
In order to apply His orders.

A bright eye is always on the journey.  
O one whose face is like a moon,  
You also are the light of this land.  
You also are set on the journey.

Every stage of your journey  
Is like a different sign of the Zodiac.  
There is a door there. There is a cover.  
Sorrows are like fire and lightning.  
Your joys are like lights.

To make the story short,  
The Emissary reached there  
Like a piece of straw, attracted  
By the Beloved's magnet.

We are like a caravan, constantly moving.  
The hand of the One who pulls us is hidden.  
Nobody will be able to get away from that hand.

He pulls this one to the left;  
The other one, He leads to the right.  
He pulls this one to Union;  
The other, He pushes to separation.

This side shows all the signs of Union.  
In order to make the one who comes, drunk and warm.  
The other side shows the forms of separation  
With all the tricks and deceits.

That distinguished man was going  
Like a ship in a rough sea.  
After he arrived, he ran here and there  
Saying, "What is my purpose? Where is my wish?"  
He was looking for his purpose, his wish.

The One who searches by heart,  
Eventually finds what he looks for.  
We know You are searching for us.

Suddenly, in one place he smelled something.  
His mind flew from his head.

He became drunk, his legs gave up.

He forgot the news the king  
Had given to him to carry.  
How could he enter the assembly  
To give the news?

He stayed there for forty days,  
Drunk from that smell.  
Those with him were all puzzled.  
Wondered what had happened to him.

There was no order left. No authority,  
No ritual ablution, no cleanliness,  
No words, no sign, no desire for Earth.

The one who wishes one thing so strongly,  
Becomes bewildered and says yes to everything.  
In confusion, Yes and No are the same.

Where is the tent? Where to ride?  
Where is business or occupation?  
Where are tricks and deceits?  
Where is Dimme Kelile?[\[91\]](#)  
Where is the emissary?

The torrent of Love came  
And no house, no roof was left.  
When the torrent mixes with the sea,  
There will be no source, no beginning,  
No end or merging.

The man told the stranger,  
"My friend, you did what you promised.  
You took us from the bottom  
And put us at the top of greatness."

This is a lesson. It is not in the Vasisit,[\[92\]](#)  
Nor in the Muntakaa.[\[93\]](#)  
I have never read this lesson.

Your case is better than your means.  
Your means more beautiful than your case.  
Soul turns his face to you.  
You are the Kible for praying.

These are the beginnings.  
Tell the end of the story.  
I won't tell. You ask for the end  
From the One who gives you  
The seeing eyes, the hearing ears.

My God, I do wrong to myself.  
You tear the curtain of the senses.  
If copper acted like copper,  
What would happen?  
You are the Alchemist.

The head of the table where the big ones sit  
Is the place where troubles are.  
I made an oath to God.  
We get higher only with contrition.

O my people, my great men,  
From those who keep their promises,  
Those who are in the habit of righteousness,  
Loyalty has never been deprived.

144.

*Verse 3518*  
*(Terci-i Bend)*

Our master, our leader,  
As long as you are around  
Our fortune smiles. Our luck is good.  
O my Beautiful, your coquetries,  
Your gracefulness remain.  
You are the Soul of Grace and coquetry.

You cause lips to smile.  
Brighten sorrowed eyes.

I made an oath to myself. I said,  
"I won't laugh as long as I live."  
But when you uncovered your face  
And appeared to me, I broke my oath.

Whichever death body you want to try,  
If you go next to his grave,  
He tears his coffin, rises up

And grabs the glass.

You pass by my grave when I die,  
And watch how I rise up.  
Watch the real resurrection.

How could a person die  
When You are the cupbearer?  
The place You water is always green;  
Never fades, bums, nor decays.

Be our companion.  
We pass, even, though there are  
Hundreds of deserts in front of us,  
Because You are our hands and feet.

I asked the moon and stars,  
"How long will you go on making  
Your heads like feet?  
Is that because the road is too far,  
Or because of confusion?"

"O moon," I said, "Your effort is great.  
You are the top height. You are great.  
But even then, time after time,  
You become thin, decrease in size.  
At other times, you mature, become a full moon.  
You disappear during the day, like a bat.  
At night, you raise your flag."

One thing grows and matures,  
On thing declines.  
One dies, disappears,  
The other ailment finds the remedy.

Be a student to my moon-faced one  
And walk under his flag.  
Walk, and with the help of God,  
Be saved from changing  
From one condition to the other.

He told me, "If you have doubt,  
I'll get rid of it.  
I'll clean up all your problems.  
Enter another Terci  
So I can tell all about me.

O, the moment the bird  
Of Soul flies away,  
When the Beautiful One goes to His temple,  
Souls will return at the time  
Coffins and clothes are tom.

O One who says, "What is Soul?"  
What is the world?  
O, the Soul just comes to the lip.  
This is the time of Union.  
This is the time of which  
You have been asking.

O heart, you opened your hand,  
Grabbed a few things from this one and that one.  
Nothing but struggle is left to you now.

Sometimes you earned gold and silver.  
Sometimes you took the silver-bodied  
Beauty in your arms.  
At the time of death  
Those were dreamy memories for you.

O one who hurt everything  
From bird to fish with his wildness,  
Now you have to suffer through  
All they suffered and have gone through.

How lucky for such a person  
That he, who acquired the power to do  
The impossible from God, learned  
To run like a lion before death.

He learned to close his ears  
To the words of flirts and Beauties.  
Gave up the things which would  
Eventually leave man and disappear.

You were born from the soil.  
You are drunk from the garden.  
Filled from the earth.  
If you want to eat the food of heart,  
Wash your mouth. Its milk  
Won't stay on your lips.

The teeth of Heart won't grow  
When you are sucking milk.  
The teeth of Heart grow  
To make you able to eat the food of Soul.

Your fondness is to eat roasted meat,  
To drink wine, to increase your milk sucking.

O one who pursues his desires;  
O one who closes both ears,  
Take the cotton from your ears  
And listen to this.

Even if you don't remove the cotton,  
Don't add more of it.  
Another Terci comes, come to your senses.

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Night time, coming untimely, you are ours.  
You are an untimely risen sweetheart.  
It is night now, come home. Where are you?

You don't have food in the cage.  
Have no desire for anybody but us.  
You don't have anybody.  
You are alone. Come, leave this duality.

Give your Soul to love.  
Show your loyalty to us.  
Leave yourself. Come to us.  
That's better for you.

Give up the dry and wet.  
Come quickly to the house.  
Instead of being more loyal than others,  
Why are you so unfaithful?

Your kindness is different than others'.  
Nobody appreciates you.  
Love attracts you toward us  
Because you deserve us.

If sleep has slipped away  
From the eyes because of the sparks of love,  
Just answer our questions

O Soul, who earned everybody's satisfaction.

If that Sultan named Shems of Tebriz  
Insists and hides,  
You give Soul to him  
So you can reach eternal life.

145.

*Verse 3549*

☉ one who plays the Harp of Meaning,  
You have given enough water  
To the one whose heart has been thirsty  
For you with your beautiful melodies.

Soul is your eternal thirst.  
This thirst has gone beyond the limit.  
Either you cut this with the sword of separation,  
Or offer the cup of grace and kindness.

O adorned, decorated Venus,  
Play us those two tunes.  
Either the tune of Rehavi  
Or the tune of Salvation.

If you play the harp in such a bad way,  
You will dissolve and melt  
Under the nails of grief.  
Play well. Sing nice. Otherwise  
You'll be dead without food, without music.

Without hitting the strings with the plectrum,  
No instrument has cheer and joy.  
No sound, no voice comes from the instrument.  
If you are loyal to your friend,  
Hit the strings of the instrument  
With the plectrum, the plectrum.

If they break your strings,  
They put you on their laps.  
They will adjust you again.  
What's your worry? Why are you so sad?

You are a dear friend.

You are always on a lap  
In the assembly of the Sultan.  
You are in the world  
Beyond the Soul, beyond the place.

Be silent. I am very drunk.  
Tie both my hands.  
If you come, if I see you a moment,  
I'll break the glass.

I am the head of the one  
Who is out of work or business.  
I keep hurting myself.  
I don't appreciate not showing  
Respect to the drunk.

I am tom to pieces.  
Sometimes I am against any help.  
Also, I am like a rock  
For resistance and hunger.

I am tough and rebellious.  
I have been at the hell of separation  
For some time, being burned so much.  
Even hell stays away from my burning.

The one who sells perfume  
At the assembly of Greatness  
Broke his tables when he saw  
My exuberance, my bittersweetness.

I have spoken hundreds of words to Shemseddin  
At the Assembly of God's Union at Tebriz,  
Without sound and alphabet.

146.

*Verse 3562*

△ A sound came from the reed of Kingdom.  
O Soul, clap your hands.  
O Heart, tap the floor. Start dancing.

A jewel, a mine, starts sparkling,

The whole world smiles.  
A table is set and prepared.  
The sound of invitation is coming.

We have smelled a spring;  
Have seen green grass and meadow.  
We fell in love with a beautiful face.  
That's why we are drunk, yelling "Hey. Hey."

He is the sea; we are clouds.  
He is treasure; we are a ruined place  
We are particles in the sunlight.

I am drunk beyond bounds.  
Forgive me for whatever I said.  
Let me. Let me split the moon in two  
With the glory of Mustafa.

147.

*Verse 3567*

All day we were with You.  
Day has passed, with all kinds of happiness.  
Alas. Alas, I am afraid  
You'll leave me by saying goodnight.

You are saying goodnight.  
How will the fire be good?  
Your separation is like fire;  
Even worse than that.

The Lover couldn't live  
Without You at night.  
He would die.  
But Your beautiful image comes,  
Asks about him. That's the only way  
The Lover could survive.

You told my ears a few words.  
To pair with You, to unite with You.  
Don't deny it.  
How could I know this secret otherwise?

I have heard Your secret.

I will have the night as my witness.  
But night has seen so many guilty ones  
He worships secretly. .  
I wonder if it would be my witness.

## Notes

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[1] Koran LIII, 8.

[2] This verse is said as a prayer before eating by the Mevlevis.

[3] Futu-i vet: A social organization with Sufi influence (12-13 century and after).

[4] Elest: "Am I not your God?" Koran VII, 172-173.

[5] Ashab-i Kehf: Seven friends and a dog took refuge in a cave so they wouldn't have to worship idols. God put them to sleep for three hundred years. When they woke up, they thought they had slept for only half a day, Koran, XVIII, 9-26.

[6] Koran XVII-III.

[7] Koran XLVII, 19.

[8] A city in central Asia- Turkestan. Famous for beautiful women.

[9] Kible: Direction to Mecca for prayers.

[10] Negro symbolizes darkness, versus people of Rum, who symbolize brightness, day.

[11] Literally, "Saying 'ten-ten-ten. . .'"

[12] Fifteenth day of the eighth lunar month. A holy day.

[13] Koran XXIV, 26.

[14] Kevser: River in Heaven.

[15] Sahib Kiran: A sultan who was crowned at the time the sun and Venus were in the same sign of the zodiac.

[16] Kayser: Julius Caesar was called Kayser in the East. Denotes the one with the most power.

[17] Esir: The layer above the sky, lighter than air, which becomes a conduit for light and heart.

[18] Beyazid-i Bistami: d. 874-75.

[19] Koran XXIV, 26.

[20] Koran II, 7.

[21] Two holidays in the Arabic calendar: First day of Sevvat and 10th day of Zilhicce.

[22] Fatiha: First Sure of Kuran.

[23] Ridvan: The angel at the door of heaven.

[24] Hızir: legendary person who attained immortality by drinking from the fountain of life.

[25] Koran, LIII, 3.

[26] Bidat: Events which happened after Prophet Mohammed.

[27] Yagma: A Turkish clan.

[28] Keykubad: King of Kings, First king of Persia.

[29] Rustem: A Persian king who became a legendary hero.

[30] Refers to Joseph being sold in a bazaar.

[31] Siddiyk: Nickname of First Caliph, Abu Bekr means "proven."

[32] Halil: the prophet Abraham

[33] Arabic love story.

[34] Mecnun: A character in an Arabic love story.

[35] Koran.

[36] Abu Lehib: Prophet Mohammed's uncle. A disbeliever.

[37] Acem: Everyone who is non-Arab.

[38] Alepo: The city where the best glass was made.

[39] Basra: A city famous for its dates.

[40] Yakiyn: A certainty.

[41] Rint: An unconventional, jolly person or Dervish.

[42] Eighteen is a lucky number for Mevlevis.

[43] Aeter: The clear, upper regions of the sky-ether.

[44] Namaz: Ritual praying.

[45] Abdest: Ritual Abolution.

[46] The Melameti order takes a few hairs from the head, beard, and mustache of the aspirant.

- [47] Huma: A bird of legend. If its shadow is cast upon someone, he becomes a Sultan.
- [48] Tree of Tuba: The legendary tree that covers the universe.
- [49] Kafdagi: A fabulous mountain inhabited by djinns
- [50] Halva: Sweetmeats.
- [51] Hizar: legendary person who comes to help in critical moments; a godsend.
- [52] Hamza: Uncle of the Prophet Mohammed, known for his bravery.
- [53] Abu-Ali (ibni sina) d. 1037. Famous philosopher.
- [54] Abu-ala: d. 1057. Famous poet
- [55] Zul-fekar: The sword of Ali.
- [56] Koran, IX, 40.
- [57] Rebab: Three-string violin
- [58] Namaz: Prayer.
- [59] Hitay: A city in Eastern Turkistan, famous for beautiful women and gazelles that give musk.
- [60] Mugh: Zarathrustan priest.
- [61] Irak: A mode in music.
- [62] Sheriat: Religious law.
- [63] Imam: Religious Leader.
- [64] Karun: Legendary rich.
- [65] Hicaz: Mode of Near-Eastern music.
- [66] Nefs-i Mutmainne: Pious, saintly self: Koran LXXXIX, 27.
- [67] Old belief.
- [68] Sema: Dance ritual of whirling dervishes.
- [69] Nazar: Glance of the guide.
- [70] Zebur: (Mezamir): Name of the Prophet David's book.
- [71] Salah of Religion: Righteousness of religion, referring to Salahaddin.
- [72] Mecnun and Leyla: Arabic love story.
- [73] Hodja: Teacher or guide
- [74] Faruk: Nickname of Second Caliph: Omer.

[75] Zul-fekaar: Caliph Ali's famous sword.

[76] Beyazid: (died 874-75).

[77] Amid: Vizir in Selchuck's famous literature. Generosity (d. 1063).

[78] Imad: Founder of Al-i Buvah government in Iran (d.949).

[79] Badya: A large wooden or earthen bowl.

[80] Zir: Tunes in near-Easter music.

[81] Trust: According to Sufis, Names of God

[82] Merguzle and Rey'li, and Magribli and Tuslu are allusions to opposites.

[83] Koran, VII, 143.

[84] Koran, XV, 29 - XXXVIII, 72.

[85] According to Sufis, man comes first. The universe is his manifestation.

[86] Koran, IX, 40.

[87] To lose trackers, the shoes on the horses would be put on backwards.

[88] Rehavi is a mode of near-Eastern music. In this poem, the following modes of music are mentioned: Neva, Irak, Isfahan, Zengule, Rast, Hicaz, Ussak, Huseyni, Buselik, Maye, Dugah, and Cargah.

[89] Zir and bem: Top or bottom strings.

[90] Feridun is an idol in Indi-Persian mythology.

[91] Dimme Kelile is the Indian book of manners, written by Baydaba.

[92] Vasit: Book by Ebu Hamid Muhammed el Gazali (d.1111-12).

[93] Muntakaa: Abu-i Fadi Muhammed al Hakim (d.945-46).

## Notes From Eflaki

In the Bahr-i Recez, according to Eflaki (Yazici T., 1953-57, Volume I and Volume II. A publication of the Ministry of Education of the Republic of Turkey.):

Gazel 20 was read at the wedding of Sultan Veled, son of Mevlana (V. II, p. 165).

Gazel 69 was recited during a Sema. Mevlana dropped a handful of dirt into the Kemal-i Kavval's tambourine (V. D, p. 94).

Gazel 79 was recited after staying seven days at Zirva Hamam (bath house) while leaving Hamam because of his son's (Sultan Veled) pleading (V. II, p. 92).

Gazel 150 was recited for the birth of his grandson, Ulu Arif Celebi (V. II, p. 284).

Gazel 162 was for Katib-i Esrar Fahreddin Sivasi, when he had a mental disorder while acting as one of the secretaries (V. I, p. 259).

In the Bahr-i Muzari,

Gazel 30 was recited when Shemseddin-i Mardini entered Medrese, where Mevlana was teaching (v. I, p. 162).

Gazel 130, tenth verse, was recited during Mevlana's last illness (V. II, p. 12).

Gazel 133 was Mevlana's last gazel, recited on his last night (V. D, p. 13-14).

Meter - 3

1.

*Verse 1* [\[1\]](#)

*P. 66 of original Divan*

The charmer of the tavern  
Came to take us home.  
He brought the spring to rejuvenate us,  
To make us very young.

He staged a hold-up on the way.  
He opened his leather bag,  
Lightened his belt,  
Put his arrow in and stretched his bow.

He made hundreds of witty remarks,  
Played hundreds of tricks,  
And played strange moves in chess  
In order to defeat us.

He will pull us up by our roots  
Like a sapling, but don't worry.  
Go behind him, be his shadow,  
Keep running in front, behind him.

My friend, endure, don't run away.  
If you have a heart like marble,  
First He kills, but later  
He takes us in His arms.

If the secret Beloved in our heart  
Starts to be coy,  
We also act the same  
To all Sultans.

That long life came back,  
Came back to bum our heart,  
That beauty with his coyness  
Came back again.

That soul of the world,  
That secret treasure came,  
That beauty to whom even  
Sultans give praise,  
Came to tear our curtain.

It is proper if our hearts come  
To our mouth because  
That important beauty is coming.

God's Shams of Tabriz came  
To the sign of Hamel[2] in order  
To grow and mature us  
At the top of creation's tree.

## 2.

### *Verse 11*

Even if you are not a searcher,  
You will still follow us,  
You'll keep searching with us.  
Even if you don't know how  
To play and sing,  
You will become like us.  
You will start singing, dancing with us.

If you are Karun[3] when you fall in love,  
You become poor.  
Though you are a Sultan, you become a slave like us.

One candle of this assembly is worth  
A hundred candles; it's light is as great.  
Either you are alive or dead.  
You will come back to life with us.

You untie your feet.  
Show the rose garden,  
Start laughing with all  
Your body, like a rose, with us.

Put on the mantle for one moment  
And see the ones whose hearts are alive.  
Then, throw your satin dresses out  
And cover yourself with a mantle, like us.

When a seed falls into the ground,  
Germinates, grows and becomes a tree,  
If you understand these symbols,  
You'll follow us, fall to the ground with us.

God's Shams of Tabriz says  
To the heart's bud,  
"If your eyes are opened,  
You'll see the things worth seeing."

### 3.

#### *Verse 18*

You who have all the wealth and good fortune,  
You don't see that day of judgment.  
You don't see that Joseph of beauty,  
That figure and stature.

O my Sheikh, you don't see  
The pearl of Sheikhdome.  
That spark of a halo,  
That height and greatness.

You don't see this land of soul,  
The garden of glory, fortune and splendor.  
O good-hearted, honest person,  
Who is crazy, you or me?  
Just drink one glass

With me, forget blaming.

O moon, you turn around,  
But never lose weight.  
Your light of glory has pierced  
And consumed the stars.

Since you have seen the  
Running water, forget Tayammum [\[4\]](#)  
The feast of union is here,  
Rejoice, put austerity aside.

If you are coy, you are immature,  
If you are tolerant, you submit yourself.  
But, if you carry the burden,  
Then you see the beauty.  
You achieve the glory.

Be silent! Silence is better  
Than the juice of honey.  
Bum the words, forget the allusion and symbols.

O God's Shams of Tabriz  
Souls are your East.  
This Sun gets the warmth from  
Your glory, from your sparks.

4.

*Verse 27*

Cupbearer, fill the cup with God's wine.  
Offer that divine wine  
To the burned, thirsty hearts.

Don't talk too much about bread  
At the assembly of drunks.  
The one who likes water,  
Wants to hear all about drink.

The body has been ruined  
By your water, your talk.  
Adorn this ruin with that treasure.

Your love will turn that

Barren land into a rose garden.  
Your wave will change the eye which resembles clouds  
Into a shape that scatters pearls.

Increase our wine, offer more and more.  
Make our sleep light; How can the one  
Who falls asleep know the night?

The guest of God drinks water  
From the same cup as the angels.  
The wine comes from the sky  
To the one who does good deeds.

The lips of His best friend  
Touches His cups, His pitcher,  
Drinks from His glasses.  
You can only find that pure, clear wine  
In the jug of abstinence and avoidance.

How can a sober man know  
The ecstasy of the drunk?  
How can Abu Jahl<sup>[5]</sup> understand  
The feelings of Sahabe?<sup>[6]</sup>

A Sufi's master is  
God without an intermediary.  
And believers in the book of revelations  
Are the book.

If you become God's confidant,  
You don't need an intermediary.  
Snatch the veil of beauties  
Whose faces are covered by veils.

The one who denies and says,  
In desperation, "You cannot find that."  
Those words "You cannot,"  
Are the block in his way.

He is not a white falcon,  
Nor a nightingale with a beautiful voice.  
He is a black raven at the ruins of the earth.

Be silent! Don't talk to increase  
The confusion and evil.  
The voice that comes from the land of Absence

Is the One that deserves to be addressed.

5.

*Verse 40*

Give more of this clean pure wine  
Today, offer more and more.  
Hit, break and demolish this fast-turning wheel.

Assuming the glass of Absence  
Is not visible to the eye,  
Still, what about drunkenness and devastation,  
How can you hide that?

O Love, you are fond of joy and music,  
Whose speech and thoughts are good.  
Snatch the cover from the Sultan  
Who covered his face.

Snatch, O auspicious cupbearer,  
Snatch so that lamenting and grieving  
Will disappear from this side and that side.  
O rose-faced cupbearer,  
Fill the glass, fill the cup.

If you didn't want to flirt  
With the rose garden,  
Why did you open a store  
Where rose water is sold?

You tempt us by letting this river flow.  
Throw the goose which was born in water  
Into the water quickly.

We resemble crops, my friend,  
Grown in this place.  
Our lips are dried, searching,  
Looking for rain clouds,  
Waiting with all our heart.

Everywhere there is a new emissary,  
"Go away," he says.  
Don't listen, hit the stone of La hawle<sup>[7]</sup>  
On the head of that black raven.

O you who instigate every Soul,  
O you who snatch the purse of everyone,  
O you who stole the rebab  
From Rebabi Abu-Bakr[8]

Today I want this expert of Hadith[9]  
To make the Soul drunk.  
That expert of Tefsirs [10]  
To make the mind senile.

O our fountain of life,  
Although the milk of the mangy camel  
Is like Soul for the desert's Arab,  
Still, don't hide. come forward  
Like the day of judgment.

Be silent, a one whose essence and face are beautiful,  
Hold your breath.  
Don't make our situation known  
To every ignorant one who has fallen asleep.

6.

*Verse 52*

☞ cupbearer, throw the goose  
Which was born in water into the water,  
Be quick, impulsiveness fits impatient drunks.

O Soul of spring and winter,  
O cupbearer, you who are fond  
Of wine and snacks,  
Turn Rebabi Abu-Bakr[11] into sugarcane.  
Fill him with sugar.

O cupbearer of bewilderment and agitation,  
Go ahead, fill the cups and glasses with wine.  
Start to drink again.

Fill this side and that side with pleasure  
And joy screaming from that auspicious wine.  
Snatch the veil from the face of the beloved  
Who hides his face with the veil.

What a beautiful Beloved he is,  
What a wonderful thornless rose sapling he is,  
What good medicine for a burned heart he is.

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Look and see, hundreds of groups  
Of people become crazy, insane  
With this invisible wine.  
This wine made hundreds  
Of filtered, pure wines worthless.

Secret flowers, drunk with green,  
Fall from branches, and hundreds  
Of mountains, like pieces of straw  
Go sinking and rising in the torrent  
Full of bubbles.

Even that bright glass becomes Soul,  
And is hidden from the body. It is  
Impossible to hide the drunkenness and devastation.

We resemble crops, we have to grow  
In that place, thirsty,  
"Looking and waiting for rain clouds.

You keep talking like thunder,  
Because your mind is like a curtain to you.  
Be patient, plunge into Absence,  
Kill this chattering parrot.

7.

*Verse 62*

At last, that moon has heard  
Our wails at early dawn,  
Our gathering was different tonight.

When that moon rises in my heart,  
"O Time of the Moon,[\[12\]](#)" I say,  
"See our moon's time."

Where is Zaloglu Rustem?[\[13\]](#)  
I'll show him new tricks, new games.

Where is Joseph?  
He should come and see our charms, our beauty.

Our sugar mine cannot be  
A mouthful, cannot be swallowed.  
It is better for you to be a morsel on His sweet plate.

His grace and kindness want  
To embrace us every moment.  
For that reason, He prepares  
A remedy for our ailments, gives  
Favors all the time.

Burned, roasted liver cannot  
Be eaten without salt.  
For that reason, He spreads  
Salt on our burned, roasted liver.

Let's do Tavaḥ[14] without feet,  
Prostration without head.  
Because He made us without feet, without head.

We would do Tavaḥ around  
The door of our beloved, without feet,  
Because that drunk of Alast[15]  
Came and broke our door.

Our face, our color turned into gold  
Because of His silverish chest,  
Hundreds of treasures would  
Be sacrificed for our gold and silver.

How could His glory, which turns  
Our body into angels, have color and shape?  
Is this possible?

This is not possible,  
Even though he allows us to make comparisons  
Because He knows our sight,  
Our view is limited.

“My Glory,” He said, “resembles a lamp.”[16]  
Hearts and chests are like  
The glass and the container.

Be silent, so nobody hears that.

Even then, who will understand  
Our excellence, our evil?

8.

*Verse 75*

☉ Cupbearer of Soul,  
Give this old, aged wine.  
The one which will be a guide  
On the way to heart and faith,

Pour the wine which boils  
The heart and mixes with Soul,  
Which overflows and makes the eyes  
Soft and tender, and able to see God.

That grape wine is for Jesus' community.  
This Mansur's wine for Yasin's [\[17\]](#) community.

There are jars full of that wine.  
There are jars for this wine.  
But, unless you break the jars,  
You cannot taste this wine.

If you drink that wine  
It won't cheer the heart,  
Won't remove sorrow and hatred  
From their roots.

But, even one drop of this wine  
Turns your work into gold.  
I would sacrifice my life  
For this golden cup.

This would happen only to  
The one who gathers up  
His bed in the early dawn.  
Awake, man achieves this  
Progress in the early morning.

Don't slip, stagger,  
Or break your oath with Sultans.  
Because, bad friends can't  
Be deceived with apprehension.

If your face is lacerated, never mind,  
Go, look for another wound.  
Even if it is Rustem.[\[18\]](#)  
What could he do against  
A bouquet of roses  
He faces in the line of battle.

9.

*Verse 84*

☞ is the "Fountain of Life"  
To drink for the One who adds Soul to Soul.  
The fish of God's sea  
Must be pure Soul.

This ruin which is made of mud  
Is the house for an owl.  
It is not for the Phoenix  
Who flies so high.

Sparks of this kingdom  
Dazzled hundreds of eyes.  
Don't bring every blind one,  
Who can hardly walk with his cane,  
Here by pulling their ears.

If you have good money,  
How come you get in debt  
And become drunk on borrowed money.  
What do you think about this  
Treasure of favor and generosity?

The one who is in distress,  
Knows where to find His kindness and generosity.  
It is proper to sacrifice hundreds  
Of hearts for the eternal Soul.

The heart is not worse than iron.  
Even iron knows a stone  
In front of a magnet  
Won't be pulled.

Mind came to this muddy earth,

This universe, to fall in love.  
Otherwise, what's the use of mind  
To someone who has no loyalty, no mind?

The Sun of Truth is God's Shams of Tabriz.  
The heart fell to the ground and kissed the earth  
At the temple of that Soul which  
Is like a blessing for us.

## 10.

### *Verse 92*

The Beloved is adorned and has become beautiful;  
I wish it would always be like that.  
His blasphemy turns into faith as long  
As He exists.  
I wish it would always be like that.

Because of the bad omen of the Devil,  
That splendor has been turned upside-down,  
The country has been ruined.  
The kingdom has passed to Solomon again.  
Everything is under his possession  
I wish it would always be like that.

The Beloved who broke my heart,  
Who closed the door in front of my face,  
Has started sharing his friend's grief.  
I wish it would always be like that.

He used to enjoy drinking wine alone.  
Now, he has become the master of ceremonies.  
I wish it would always be like that.

Sparks from His Royal face,  
The torch which lights the house,  
Every corner is turned into open space.  
I wish it would always be like that:

Earth became the house of sugar  
From his fake anger and sweet coquetries,  
His charms.  
I wish it would always be like that.

Night is gone, it is time for morning wine.  
Sorrows are all gone, joys and abundance  
Show their faces; the sun rose and shines brightly.  
I wish it would always be like that.

That chain started to swing  
Because of the glory and help of the one  
Who has passed out of existence  
With grief, who has become insane and crazy.  
I wish it would always be like that.

The holiday is here, festivities are here.  
The Beloved, the One who went away, returned.  
Joys and pleasures of the holiday increased.  
I wish it would always be like that.

O you who have heart,  
O player who understands us,  
Don't stay so long on the bass string,  
Because that planet Venus entered the sign of Libra.  
I wish it would always stay there like that.

The poor became Feridun[\[19\]](#)  
His treasure is the same as that of Karun.  
He spends from the same purse,  
And eats from the same cup as the Sultan.  
I wish it would always be like that.

Look at that wind, that blowing wind  
Of love, harmonizing with the reed  
By the charms of those sweet lips.  
I wish it would always be like that.

That unlucky Pharaoh with all  
His harshness and vulgarity,  
Suddenly changed into Moses, son of Imran.  
I wish it would always happen like that.

That wolf with all its ugliness,  
Ignorance and absent-mindedness  
Became Joseph of Canaan.  
I wish it would always be like that.

O God's Shams of Tabriz,  
You merged and mixed so much with us,  
Tabriz became Korasan.

I wish it would always be like that.

The secret of "my devil became Muslim."  
Appeared that your self became divine Self.  
The devil came to Islam.  
I wish it would always be like that.

This moon rises, both worlds  
Turn into rose gardens.  
All those of flesh become Souls.  
I wish it would always be like that.

Your light reflects on Soul  
It sets it on fire, shines  
As long as Soul is permanent.  
I wish it would always be like that.

His subjugation has changed to compassion.  
His poison turned into sweetness.  
His clouds rained sugars.  
I wish it would always be like that.

Since this oxen is sacrificed,  
Now it cannot be exalted and glorified  
Because it came to a rich house  
Or be ashamed of its horns.  
I wish it would always be like that.

Senai's[20] wishes are realized  
When earth turns into sky.  
I wish it would always be like that.

Be silent, I am drunk.  
Somebody tied my hands,  
Thoughts have flown away.  
I wish it would always be like that.

11.

*Verse 114*  
*Terci-i Bend*

*p. 68 of original Divan*

☾ moon-faced Beloved,

The month of Ramadan came.  
Cover the top of the table,  
Open the road of exaltation.

O inconstant busybody,  
It is time to change your ways.  
Look at the one who sells halvah.[\[21\]](#)  
How long do you want halvah?

Just seeing the halvah maker once,  
Made you too sweet.  
Even honey says to you, "I'll be the soil you step on,  
I worship at your temple."

Your chick is left in the egg  
Because of your eating and vomiting.  
Get out of that egg so you can grow wings.  
You'll be able to fly.

The lips of the Mehter [\[22\]](#) are dry  
With the calls of the Beloved,  
Yelling so nicely with  
An empty stomach like a horn.

There should be nothing inside of you.  
Be empty; give your lips to the lips of the reed.  
When you fill with His breath like a reed,  
You'll chew sugar.

Sweetness is hidden in the breath  
Which blows the reed.  
The reed resembles Mary  
Who became pregnant by the sweetness of that breath.

What will you lose  
If you repent of eating bread?  
Where is the table, that  
Its bread increases in time?  
Where is the Beloved who  
Adds Soul to Soul?

I will be purified by sediments,  
Even go beyond that, climb the Kafdagi.[\[23\]](#)  
The sparrow which flies to fasting's Kafdagi  
Becomes a Phoenix.

Losing weight and paleness come from fasting;  
It makes you dizzy, but this weight loss,  
This paleness will give "Yed-i Beyza"[\[24\]](#)  
To the people.

Every year, they dredge the canal,  
Clean the mud in order for the water to flow  
So they can grow the green crops.

You also give this bread  
To the one who cleans and opens the canal.  
You obtain the fountain of life.  
Your particle comes back to life.

O one who listen to me,  
Accept these words like a cascading torrent  
Calling Soul to the sea.

O Beautiful One, whose face  
Is more beautiful than the moon,  
The first words of your description  
Have already filled seventy-two books.  
In the hand of envious Venus,  
Seventy-two tambourines got wet,  
And could not make another sound.

\* \* \* \* \*

We dosed the door of hell,  
Gave up the desire of eating and drinking.  
You also open the door of Heaven,  
Open the door of your bright Heart.

You served the donkey enough;  
You carried its grasses and straw.  
Now, it is time to serve Jesus,  
Time to help Him.

If we were not donkeys,  
This earth wouldn't be our country, our home.  
The sky will pull us like Jesus,  
Pat its eyes and it will embrace us.

But, if the one whose armpit stinks  
Puts us under his arm,  
We shouldn't bear any grudge against that idiot

Whose heart's eyes are blind.

As long as you watch a tableful  
Of bread and meat,  
Where will you see the Soul?  
O my world and Soul, go and look  
For the world, search the Souls.

All those things have come and passed,  
My dear friend, *you* look at once for the needy.  
We haven't had leaves or flowers like the rose  
Because of the cold winter.

We are full of this harvest,  
This wheat and barley.  
Show me one without the signs  
Of Virgo and Libra.

We hold the string of the sky  
To put up our tent,  
Next to the hyacinth and iris.

How long will you say coo-coo, "where, where?"  
Like a stork or a dove.  
Look for a way to the height  
Because this earth bruises and destroys  
Every silver-bodied beauty.

Each Beauty is like a moon,  
Standing on a road, staging a hold-up.  
Each one of them like a Sultan of Sultans,  
Each one is more beautiful than the others.

Oh my life, give your Soul.  
Don't be afraid, don't be stingy.  
You bum lots of light,  
For sure, you need oil.

Look for the throne, exaltation.  
You say, "I don't care for those little things."  
Snatch that disposition from the lion.  
You are a man, not a woman.

Step on the road full of blood,  
put your face on the face of Majnun.  
Pull out the sword of war,

Skin the lion.

O musician who resembles the parrot,  
Tell the third Terci,  
That the Soul flows like water in the river.

\* \* \* \* \*

O Jesus, You who are exalted  
Passing through the sky of fire,  
Bend Your head; look down from the sky  
And pull us up there.

I am like soil, stepped on everyday.  
You give me capacity;  
Then the soil becomes a floor for me.

This eye couldn't look at that divine light.  
But You put some salve in my eyes.  
In this common world they become  
Like an ocean.

Without the drunkenness from that glass  
Heart is unaware of himself; he is emaciated.  
Without the salve Caesar puts on,  
The eyes are blind.

Go to the forest of lions  
Where you can hunt gazelles.  
Go to the assembly of Sultans  
If you want to drink the Sultan's wine.

On every comer there is a cupbearer  
Holding a cup of wine, pure and clear.  
In every place, there is a musician;  
His dewlap is sweet.  
They all look like the moon.

You keep asking the Beloved,  
"Are you bayram feasting?"  
O God, how did You give this beauty, this magnificence?

How could this lion fit  
The six comers of this world?  
The paw which this lion deserves,

Is beyond the six dimensions.

The Sun burns for that Beauty  
The moon becomes dry.  
This brightness, this sparkle  
Comes from the secret of  
"God has spread His Holy light to them." (Hadith)

That brilliance is such that Soul  
Becomes eternally drunk with it.  
It is such light that the Sun  
Won't be able to reach its dust.

I was talking with my head above water.  
Words were coming from my lips, discussing nicely.  
Now I have become submerged,  
How can I describe the river?

You are not submerged in the river  
If you are not a fish.  
Nobody comes to this meadow  
But the rose sapling.

That Sultan of Sultans who resembles no one,  
Explained this in such a way.  
How can you convey this explanation?  
It doesn't fit the words or the pictures.

The heart, which became your house,  
Is bigger and better than two worlds.  
Layla became crazy, insane  
Because of that heart, so did Majnun.

\* \* \* \* \*

O moon-faced friend,  
O player who chews sugar,  
Your voice adds Soul to Soul,  
Don't stop to rest until morning.

You are help, you are a joy to all.  
You have become better than everyone.  
You have been like that, don't stop.  
Sit until morning.

The news went to a hundred cities, like,

"O lovers, O ruined ones, that  
Sleeping Beloved has awakened."  
Don't you rest either;  
Sit until morning.

That instigator has awakened,  
He is such an instigator that,  
If He reproaches the mountain,  
The mountain is split. Don't stop,  
Rest until morning.

There is such a gathering in the house,  
Such a light in the gathering.  
I expect things from you, don't stop,  
Rest until morning.

The Bey[25] came, bey came,  
That bright full moon came.  
Sugar and milk came, don't stop  
Or sleep until morning.

O charmer, whose voice  
And melodies are more beautiful and sweeter  
Than a morning breeze,  
You are the one seducing us.  
You play continually until morning;  
Don't stop; don't sleep.

Drinking and gathering are happy  
And lively because of your breath, your melodies.  
You illuminate everything like a candle.  
Don't stop or rest until morning.

This sky is like a tent put over the earth.  
Has anybody ever seen a tent like that?  
O pole of this tent,  
Don't fall until morning.

This gathering is filled with You  
And has reached honor and glory with You.  
It is becoming upside-down because of You.  
Don't stop or rest until morning.

That oar moves all the time,  
Like it is in the hand of the boatman.  
This will go on like that

Until it reaches the prosperous land.  
Keep on until morning.

O beautiful breath which blows through the reed,  
How nice and fresh you are!  
Why don't you respect everybody?  
Don't stop or rest until morning.

The tambourine is stretched  
By a stroke of the hand,  
Not the breath of a drunk.  
Its sound is lighter than the reed.  
Keep playing until morning.

We are in silence like the Soul,  
But how can Soul sleep?  
O Beloved, you become our tongue.  
Don't stop; don't rest. Sing and play.

## 12.

### *Verse 170*

Laugh not only with my mouth,  
But with my whole body,  
Because I am out of myself.  
I am in privacy with the Sultan of the world.

O one who comes with a torch  
In the early morning to take the heart away,  
Take the Soul to the sky, too.  
Don't leave the heart alone.

Don't make the Soul a stranger  
To the heart with anger and greed.  
Don't leave this here;  
Call the other one to come along.

Send the news the Sultan deserves;  
Make a general invitation.  
O my Sultan, how long will  
This one be with You  
And that one stay alone?

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If you don't come tonight,  
Close your lips tonight like last night.  
O my master, not only will I make noise,  
I will make a scene and cause an uproar.

13.

*Verse 175*

For God's sake, Beloved,  
Look at my face, pale like gold.  
For God's sake, wherever  
You go, take us with you.

When you come to the heart,  
Lift the skirt of your garment,  
So it won't be spoiled with blood, O Beloved.

Despite the blindness  
Of those moon-faced beauties  
Who don't see you,  
Rise and draw a black cloud  
Over the face of the moon.

Alas, O sugar-lipped friend,  
Since your mother gave birth to you,  
The sugar market in the bazaar  
Has been depressed.

We said, "Health and happiness for you:  
That voice covered the whole world."  
The heart is prostrated,  
Soul put the belt of effort around his waist.

I used to bum at night like a candle;  
Was put out every morning.  
But tonight, I cannot differentiate  
Night from day, O Beloved.

14.

*Verse 182*

O Beloved, from whose face,  
The rose garden, red and yellow roses smile;  
I wish you would become like that  
All the time. Mix like honey and milk with us.

O friend to whom the sky has become a slave,  
His grace will give life to the people.  
Wonderful; what beauty, what charm this is.

If your sea of beauty suddenly froths  
And becomes rough, the lower world  
Will fill with pearls, and the upper world  
Turn into heaven.

Wherever you turn, roses will grow  
In front of you.  
Whenever you go out and come back,  
The soil under your feet, I pray,  
Will change to gold.

When you get angry and talk reproachfully  
And bitterly, don't worry; your injustice,  
Your cruelty are totally sweet and pleasant.

Although his heart is stone,  
You look and see what his color is.  
When the torch sees it, when the  
Red rose sees it, they become ashamed of themselves.

God, give him an open, wide-awake heart,  
Give him long life.  
He will live hundreds of years,  
Praising, exalting, acting shy,  
So we will be praising Him.

## 15.

### *Verse 189*

For your Soul's sake,  
For your head's sake,  
Don't leave us like that, Beloved.  
O walking cypress, show that  
Stature to us.

Cheer and illuminate the dirt floor,  
Show another sun to the roof of this sky.

Make the Soul knowledgeable,  
Guide, fill the mines with gold.  
Give an earthquake to shake  
The bottom of the ocean.

Even the sun takes shelter  
Under the shadow of your kingdom.  
Is there any other way than to go  
Under the shadow of your blessing?

My dear friend, the one who  
Has a bad idea, that idea does not suit him well.  
The incapable, lazy ones,  
Are lazy and incapable of love.

You are the mercy of Merciful God,  
You are the salve, the remedy.  
Give us the medicine which controls  
The bile, like a doctor.

You are the nightingale of the rose garden,  
The cupbearer of good people.  
You listen to the secrets.  
At the same time, you have no head, no feet.

My God, what do You have there?  
You are spring with Your kindness.  
You put the granite stones  
And rocks to work.

You shine with such a light,  
You instigate such mischief,  
That hundreds of floods  
Are unable to calm that.

16.

*Verse 198*

O moon-faced one, welcome.  
You brought joy and happiness to our Soul.

You were always like that.  
I wish you would be like that  
As long as you live.

O you who are the shape  
And form of every joy,  
O symbol of pure love,  
You always stay in our heart.

My dear Beloved, help us grow  
From this childhood, from  
The needs and service of nannies.

We fall in grief, and hang onto  
Our friends and relatives.  
O tambourine, yell from the heart.  
O reed, wail and cry.

O Heart, you are beautiful,  
Be more beautiful because of that Husrev.  
If you are a sweet Husrev, Shirin's Husrev  
Will fall in love, and become Ferhad.[\[26\]](#)

17.

*Verse 203*

☞ If you don't want to be disgraced  
Publicly, take my advice.  
I am like a jar full of opium;  
Don't lift my lid.

If you want to throw me into the fire,  
What could the fire do to me?  
I bum hearts with hundreds of different fires,  
And cause hundreds of uproars and tumult.

Though the sky becomes a head  
From beginning to end,  
Though the earth becomes feet,  
I will neither put my head on this,  
Nor step on that.

O cupbearer of the jar  
Of the clean, pure wine of our Master,

Give us a big glass.  
That's best for us to be grateful to God.

18.

*Verse 207* [\[271\]](#)

Earth is illuminated  
With the light of our fire.  
The full moon is our cupbearer;  
The Pleiades is our glass.

Love is my belief.  
Solitude is my garden, my meadow.  
The blazing fire is my drinking friend.  
The rose garden is the place  
Of our joy and pleasure.

Whoever is in love, this is his assembly.  
Whoever still has a mind  
Should stay away from us.  
Where is he? Where are we?

The one whose country is ruined,  
The one who became thirsty with fire  
Should come to us.  
We'll show him the spring-such a source of water.  
He'll return satiated.

The one who has no eye  
To see the world of Absence  
Should come to our temple  
With love and enthusiasm and serve there.

O time, have your eyes  
Ever seen a man like  
God's Shams of Tabriz  
Who is the master of my heart?

What happiness it is for you,  
O one who has found the right way,  
You gave up form and shape  
In order to find our meaning.

Whoever has grief or trouble,

Whoever is ruined or destroyed,  
Should come and drink our master's coffee,  
And become drunk and free from suffering.

19.

*Verse 215*

My Hodja, you don't see  
The day of resurrection;  
You don't see this beautiful stature.

The wall of the house  
Has become crazy, insane,  
The door and chimney, too.  
I climb the wall in order to be noticeable.

It is such a moon that  
It keeps turning, but it hasn't  
Been notched or thinned.  
The Sun of His Beauty  
Pierced the darkness.

O chaste, beautiful Hodja,  
Who is crazy, you or me?  
Have a glass with me. Quit blaming.

Before you, how many fools kept  
Looking for miracles?  
Once they see the face of the cupbearer,  
They should get rid of miracles.

20.

*Verse 220*

Beloved, how lucky for us  
That we have fallen into your grief.  
We are confident of your love  
And at the same time are your confidant.

We become lost by looking at  
And watching your face

When we have drunk from your cup.  
Sometimes, we climb onto your roof  
And are cheered by you.

You are the Soul of Solomon,  
The halting place for the Soul  
To rest and be calm.  
O Beloved, the giant became crazy  
For your ring, so did the fairy.

O Beloved, Souls have lost themselves  
By looking at your beautiful face.  
Hearts are shining because  
Of your breath, your presence.

I have been drunk with your love.  
Your hangover is in my head.  
I am happy, joyful because of your beauty.

O God's Shams of Tabriz,  
You are the Kaaba[28] of lovers.  
O friend, even Zamzam[29] is mixed with sugar,  
Sweetened because of your zamzam.

## 21.

### *Verse 226*

O sleep, for your Soul's sake,  
Don't trouble us tonight.  
For God's love, pass by;  
Don't stop here.

O sleep, wherever you fly and land,  
You destroy the gathering.  
Don't come to our assembly tonight.

Beloved, tonight the eye is nourished  
With your beauty.  
Don't be sorry because of sleeplessness.  
O eye, keep watching His beauty tonight.

"By the night enshrouding,"[30]  
God forbid. Go away sleep; go away tonight.  
You will obtain-hundreds of gifts

From the hearts of those who are awake.

People fall asleep, thank God.  
O heart, you didn't sleep last night,  
But tonight, you are worse than last night.  
You are fully awake tonight, too.

I am like the moon, talking until morning.  
O caring friend of the one who is longing,  
The eyes of your heart are open tonight.  
See me. Listen to me.

The moon is my witness; stars are my army.  
O moon, you are my shield against the arrows of stars.

## 22.

### *Verse 233*

Beloved, don't sleep tonight.  
Don't leave us without you, beloved.  
Beware, don't start a race drinking with us.  
Please, don't sleep tonight.

We are not ourselves tonight;  
We became different with love.  
Look and see what shape we are in this time.  
Please, don't sleep tonight.

O One whose ring encircles every neck,  
Don't leave us alone every night.  
Please, don't sleep tonight.

We are bait for grief's fishing.  
We are confused, and drunk with sorrows.  
Don't hand us over to grief.  
Please, don't sleep tonight.

O cypress of the rose garden,  
O moon which illuminates the evening.  
Be kind to moon worshipers.  
Please, don't sleep tonight.

23.

*Verse 232*

The Soul and body become drunk  
Because of that sugar-lipped cupbearer.  
O friend, don't sleep tonight.

In order to have him hear and understand me,  
I keep wailing for that light of the whole world  
And tell of all his charms and shy manners.  
O friend, don't sleep tonight.

*P. 70 of original Divan*

Sometimes because of resentment,  
Sometimes because of confusion,  
You have been deprived of this drink.  
Don't be deprived tonight.  
O friend, don't sleep tonight

If one day you become a thorn,  
Despicable and contemptible,  
And another day you die and become a corpse,  
How will you have any idea about us?  
O friend, don't sleep tonight.

Give up both of them.  
Ah, men, time has passed. Get up.  
The rose is smiling.  
O friend, don't sleep tonight.

I am afraid of your departure;  
I live day and night with your love.  
O my God's Shams of Tabriz,  
O friend, don't sleep tonight.

24.

*Verse 244*

O Soul, I am your guest,  
Don't sleep tonight.

O Soul and heart of the guest,  
Don't sleep tonight.

Your face rose like a full moon;  
Tonight has become the Night of Qadr.[\[31\]](#)  
O the Sultan of all Beauties,  
Don't sleep tonight.

O cypress of five hundred rose gardens,  
O you who are peace within the sound  
And heart of the drunk.  
You took the heart away with you;  
Take the Soul, too.  
Don't sleep tonight.

O beautiful, smiling garden,  
Both worlds are prisons without you.  
You were such a charmer, even better than that.  
Don't sleep tonight.

## 25.

### *Verse 248*

☞ One who is exempt from changing  
From one state to another,  
O One who was created with no peer, no equal,  
O You who bring man constantly  
From one state to another,  
You who give him wonders,  
And make some like Majnun, others like Layla,  
O Artist, who needs no tool,

O One who gives hundreds of states  
To Layla and Majnun, making  
Them yell and cry at His temple, saying,  
"O You who only give and have no needs."

It is Solomon's ring which  
Answers all needs,  
Which does all the work that is pledged to You.  
Don't let this proof slip from your hand.

The Moon of Repentance[\[32\]](#) has passed.  
A new moon has risen in the sky.

In a single moment this One will break  
Hundreds of agreements and oaths of repentance.

How foolish is the head that  
Won't be stunned and frozen because of Him.  
How silly is the heart that  
Won't lose everything in front of Him.

We limped here. Close the door of the house.  
The one who is scattered or the one who flies  
Both are lame in this temple.

O Love, You are a whole Being,  
You are a crown, and at the same time a chain.  
You are the invitation of the Prophet,  
And at the same time You are the changes of beliefs  
And the mood of the people.

From Absence You created us  
With thirst and turned our eyes  
To that fountain of Your kingdom.

My thorn changed into a rose;  
My particle became whole.  
"Our beginning is God's compassion;  
So is our end [\[33\]](#)."

See the rose in the thorn.  
Everybody sees a rose without thorns.  
See the whole in the part;  
That is competence.

See the wine in the unripened grape;  
See existence in Absence.  
O Joseph, watch the Kingdom  
Of the Sultan of Sultans at the well.

Thorns without roses won't  
Sit on top of the meadow  
Where a handful of dirt finds  
The head and mustache without Soul.

You clap your hands and understand  
That you are the source of the sound.  
It is coming from you.  
Because, if Union and Separation didn't happen,

You wouldn't be able to hit your hands together.

Be silent now; spring has come.  
The rose and thorn have come.  
Beauties have come leaping  
From the land of Absence to invite us.

## 26.

### *Verse 262*

One page is left from our book of Life.  
The Soul has seen this grace,  
And has become jealous and fallen into grief.

He wrote a sweet alphabet,  
Sweeter than sugar, in that book.  
When the moon read that  
It caused him to sweat  
Because of his bashfulness.

Eternal life is shining  
On the leaves of the garden.  
It is such eternal life,  
That it has no fear of being changed  
From one sign of the Zodiac to another;  
Neither does it become diminished or decreased.

It is called a leaf,  
But eternal glory is there.  
All the clean people's secrets are there,  
Like the redness after sunset.

The Glory of God comes  
From God's Shams of Tabriz,  
Reflected over a rolled, twisted page.

## 27.

### *Verse 267*

They have been admiring the greatness  
Of that world where your contempt,

Your boasting came like wind to me.  
The one who is drunk with that kingdom,  
Why shouldn't he exalt Him,  
Why wouldn't he see His greatness?

Each moment I have been drinking  
Hundreds of cups of wine  
Which come from neither a big earthen jar  
Nor from any container.

I have been catching, without any nets,  
All the birds in the sky  
And God's falcons in the world of Absence.

Even surprisingly wonderful birds  
Are flying away from my hands.  
With that, wine overflows into my mouth.

A grain of wheat which has grown  
In His ear of corn, the one Adam ate,  
I would sell it with heaven.  
Then, I would hold the other  
Heaven, like a Soul, in my arms.

28.

*Verse 272*

There were two Turks with bows  
In their hands at Balasagon,[\[34\]](#) saying,  
"If one of those two people  
Disappears, it doesn't matter to us.

O one who falls into useless grief  
Because, "That has happened or this didn't happen,"  
That one has a purse full of gold.  
This one has a plate, a full table,  
Saying and becoming sick with that.

You are exasperated with greed  
If a man donates a saddle  
To someone at nightfall.

I vow to God that every living thing  
With Soul has no thought, but for

That gaze of the Sultan,  
And knows no anxiety, but the fear  
Of the wrath of the Sultan.

I would rather be crazy, insane  
Than think of absurd things.  
O you who see everything  
With the eyes of Soul,  
I have been crazy and insane  
From the beginning.

Since I don't have a mind, come to me.  
You are my reason. You are  
The sense and intelligence for one  
Who has a shepherd like You.

If my worship is not enough,  
You are my worship, my prosperity.  
Anybody who worships You  
Frees himself from fear.

O you who make different shaped jars,  
Don't try to sell me one.  
What would I do with it,  
Since I have the river.

You dedicate yourself  
To someone who is dead.  
I dedicate myself to the One  
Who possesses the Soul and the Universe.

Come and become our friend because  
There is a trace of our Soul in yours.

God's Shams of Tabriz is a sun  
Of the sky of existence.  
What a sky that is where he keeps turning.

29.

*Verse 283*

Today, your face  
Is a different face.  
Today, there is another

Taste upon your sweet lips.

Today, your ruby lips  
Which resemble an open rose,  
Bloomed on another branch.  
Today, your cypress-like stature  
Grows in a different way.

Today, your moon face  
Cannot be fit into the sky.  
There is another cheerfulness, another spaciousness,  
In your chest which resembles the sky.

Which side of the bed  
Did the instigator get out of today?  
I don't know. All I know is  
There are different fights  
And uproars on the earth today.

Today that Gazelle, who is beyond  
These two worlds,  
Spread out on another plain,  
Hunts lions appearing in your eyes.

The heart that has fallen in love is gone.  
Heart and love both have disappeared.  
He has a much better love now.

Though the lover doesn't have feet,  
He will fly with eternal wings.  
Though He doesn't have a head,  
He has many other heads.

The sea of both eyes was looking for Him  
And was unable to find Him.  
He didn't know that pearl had another sea.

I turned both worlds upside down with love,  
But I couldn't find it.  
I didn't know that He has another place.

Today, my heart is love;  
Tomorrow, it is the Beloved.  
I have another tomorrow  
At the heart of my heart.

Though Sultan Selahaddin is hidden,  
No wonder God is so jealous of him,  
For every moment he has a new tutor.

30.

*Verse 234*

The Soul cannot be broken or divided;  
Take a slice from the loaf of bread.  
The one who falls in love, becomes out of work,  
But cannot be called a vagabond.

If I become a mantle for someone,  
He will never be naked.  
If I help someone,  
He will never be helpless.

If I become a representative for someone,  
He cannot be dismissed.  
A stone turned into a jewel  
Cannot become a stone again.

The Qibla<sup>[35]</sup> of the ones with longing  
Will never be destroyed.  
The Koran of the ones who keep silent  
Won't be divided into thirty sections.<sup>[36]</sup>

My eyes shed tears, just like the cupbearer,  
But without His languid eyes.  
Neither do I become drunk nor serve wine.

Love becomes sick, but never dies.  
The moon becomes notched, but won't be a star.

Be silent. Enough. Don't worry.  
The Self that has been in love,  
Won't turn and do bad things.

31.

*Verse 301*

The lover should be like me,  
Consumed constantly with passion.  
If he cannot be like that,  
He should keep playing with his knuckle bones~

O charmer to whom even the moon  
Became a slave, a servant,  
The one who has a face like the moon  
Should be like you who are better than  
All the moon-faced ones,  
And flirt with everyone.

The one you call a lover should be like me.  
He should be so drunk, so much out of himself,  
That neither would he get along with people  
Nor would he have any use for himself.

O my Sultan, you who ride so uniquely,  
The horseman should be like you.  
He should ride his horse from illusion  
And doubt, to that side further away.

Love is the fountain of life.  
It saves you from death.  
How lucky is the one who  
Gives himself to love.

*P. 71 of original Divan*

This Soul resembles a green branch;  
Keep pulling it toward yourself.  
The harder you pull, the more you get.

My Soul, my heart have been absorbed  
By that essence and become drunk.  
Every day looks for a new way  
Like the first time of falling in love.

He holds you in His arms,  
Caresses you, loves you,  
When you bend double, like a harp, with grief.

The gazelle who admires the lion  
When his blood is changed, rejuvenated  
The lion takes him to his right side  
To walk together.

O God's Shams of Tabriz,  
It is possible that one day  
Your light will reflect on the sun,  
On the sky and make it better and more beautiful.

32.

*Verse 311*

When will that time come, when friends  
Who rise in the early dawn will find us  
Like particles which have been  
Spread upside down and gone?

How lucky is that person who comes  
To drink water from the river  
And finds the reflection of that moon.

Who is that person who resembles Jacob  
While searching for his son's smell?  
From the shirt of Joseph he will  
Bind the light of his eyes and start seeing again.

Or, like the desert Arab who drops his  
Bucket in the well-  
When he pulls it up, he finds  
A sweet and peerless beauty.

Or, like Moses while looking for a fire,  
He turns his face toward the tree  
And instead of fire he finds  
Hundreds of dawns, hundreds of mornings.

Or, like Jesus, in order to be safe  
From the enemy, he enters the house.  
There He finds a way to ascend to the sky.

Or, like Solomon, he opens the belly  
Of the fish and finds that golden ring there.

Who is that man who comes like Omar,  
With the sword in his hand to make  
An attempt on the life of God's messenger,  
Then falls in God's trap and acquires

God's inspiration with good luck?

Or, like Edhemoglu, while riding his horse  
To hunt Gazelle, he was hunted by someone else?

Or like a thirsty shell which opens  
Its mouth, swallows a drop, and then makes a pearl?

Or like the person who gathers plants  
And straw from one corner to another,  
And suddenly discovers the treasure in the ruins?

Get on the road, advance.  
Leave the gossips, the fables behind.  
Know well, so the stranger will find  
The door from the light of "didn't we  
Open and enlarge your chest"[\[37\]](#)  
And will reach this light.

### 33.

#### *Verse 323*

That drifter came again,  
Came to burn and melt like a candle  
In front of You.

He came to make supplication  
To your narcissus-sweet face.  
Don't close the door, O my Soul.

Because if you close the door,  
He'll accept your order.  
Nevertheless, supplication for the slave  
And coyness for the Sultan.

Every candle which has been consumed  
With passion gives light to the eye.  
Whoever burns and melts will  
Be able to find the secret.

If I separate the poison  
That comes from His hand from the wine,  
That means my soul might fall in temporary  
Love on the way of Soul.

I have to take some more poison.  
I have to advance much more.

How will the animal be able  
To drink His fountain of life?  
How could closed eyes  
See His face?

I stop traveling; I stay with the Beloved.  
I am saved from death  
Because of that long life.

O heart, how long will you  
Be looking for water in this river?  
How long will you be expecting  
A call to prayer?  
Prayer time is here.

Whoever takes a step toward  
Shamseddin with good heart,  
Even if he can't walk, love  
Will put wings on him.  
He can fly with them.

## 34.

### *Verse 332*

Every particle, at the height of exaltation,  
Who drinks wine, and dances, with the love of God,  
By tapping his feet, sees the sun of eternity.

The one He makes smile  
Dances by swinging his arms and sleeves;  
The one He makes scared,  
Moves his lips by praying.

Even His beautiful great sky  
Became drunk with that wine.  
Keep playing the prayer bells.

This love came as a drunk,  
Entered the garden of Alast,[\[38\]](#)  
Put the grape of existence under  
His feet and started crushing.

Why should love come to the vineyard  
And crush grapes, if he is not drunk?

You are also jumping, stamping your feet  
On the floor, but you don't see the grapes.  
Your Sufi-like Soul, on the other hand,  
Is crushing grapes all the time.

Every moment He seems to be giving  
Grief and troubles to me.  
If the vineyard is yours,  
Whose grapes will you be crushing?

You keep stomping your feet  
Because you wear the same mantle Job did.  
Whoever hears the voice of  
"hit your foot to the ground."[\[39\]](#)  
Stamps on the foot of loyalty and enters the dancing.

Jacob started dancing  
From the chanting of Joseph.  
That sweet-lipped Joseph  
Was also dancing, standing,  
And stomping with his feet.

O Souls, since you are in  
The presence of the Beloved,  
Stomp your feet; dance.  
It is possible that the foot  
Of luckiness may touch you and dance with you.

My friend, this love is like rain that  
Comes over the leaves, the grass, and the meadow.  
It will make them green and grow.

God's Abraham has danced in the fire of Nimrod.  
God's Ishmail's neck has moved  
In front of grief's sword.

The Soul of God steps on the oceans  
Like a bird and dances with the bird  
Which has ascended.

Say "long life" to that Beauty  
Without words or sounds

Or concern about evil eyes  
On that Beautiful one.

35.

*Verse 346*

My beloved friend, don't fall into desperation.  
There is a hope; the expectation  
Of all Souls comes from the world of Absence.

Although Mary is gone,  
The divine light that pulled  
Jesus to the sky has come.

O Soul, don't be desperate.  
The Sultan who freed Joseph from jail  
Came from the darkness.

Jacob came from seclusion,  
And reached Joseph, who tore  
The curtain of Zeliha.

O you who wail every night,  
"My God, my God," until morning,  
Mercy has heard your cry and arrived.

O old chronic trouble,  
The cure has come.  
O locked closet door,  
The key has come.

O you who keep fasting  
After eating Sahur,[\[40\]](#)  
Break your fasting; eat a good meal of Iftar.[\[41\]](#)  
Because the crescent of Bayram[\[42\]](#) has appeared.

Be silent. Confusion comes after His order of "Be."  
Become better than words.

36.

*Verse 354*

The month of fasting has passed.  
Bayram came, bayram came. [43]  
The night of separation is gone,  
The Beloved appeared, suddenly came.

Your Azra became Vamik [44]  
In the bright morning.  
Your beloved fell in love with you.  
Your master became your disciple,  
And gave his pledge to you.

War has died, peace came,  
Poison disappeared, sugar came.  
The stone turned into a jewel.  
For every lock, a key came.

The sun shines on the clean  
As well as on the dirty.  
Nevertheless, Soul went  
To the land of the pure  
From this dirty flesh.

The heart falls in your trap  
By the taste of your glass.  
When Soul understands that  
It comes running.

So many repentants have been  
Hit by your stone and broken to pieces.  
So many devout worshipers tore their mantles  
And came to your temple.

The garden and meadow have closed  
Their mouths for three months  
Because of this winter, they didn't talk.  
At the end, a breeze came  
From the world of Absence,  
To your smell of spring.

37.

*Verse 361*

☉ you who spent the dark evening sleeping,

The time for worshipping has come.  
O Self, whose custom is cruelty,  
The time for loyalty has come.

Look out through the window,  
Open the door of repentance,  
Put the house in order,  
Hurry, it is our turn now.

Why don't you wash your hands  
From sins and cruelty?  
Slap water on your face,  
The time for Namaz[45] has come.

When you turn your face to the grave,  
You'll remember His Qibla.[46]  
When you postpone Namaz,  
All your begging and crying  
Won't do you any good.

Look for a light from this Qibla.  
It may become a candle for the grave,  
That light brightens your tomb.  
When God's glory comes,

The grave becomes a rose garden.  
The one who has little zeal  
Is the one who remains in the house of grief.  
How can you find your secret  
From that one's heart?

Your value is measured  
By whatever you care for the most.  
For that reason, the lover's heart  
Is greater than the throne of God.

Your trouble comes from the medicine you take.  
Your loyalty is deceit and fraud.

How could the Soul fit into  
The place from which love comes?  
How could reason fly  
To the place ruled by insanity?

How could you trap the heart  
Of the lover, which resembles a Phoenix?

The place where that kind of bird flies  
Is beyond the world of existence.

The heart that is full of fire  
Is whirling around the common people.  
How could it be that a constant  
In the sky turns like that?

O God's Shams of Tabriz,  
Drink a glass from Moses' wine.  
That bloody Nile will become clean, pure water.

39.

*Verse 373*

*P. 72 of original Divan*

The Soul is wondering about Your Presence,  
Dying to know,  
How could anybody dare  
To talk with You?

Somebody's head is rising,  
From every place you step,  
Wanting to know how could anyone wash his hand  
And wondering how anybody could give up on You.

Only the Soul knows what fragrance  
He gets from the Beloved the day he starts  
To fly with the pleasure of Your fragrance.

The head will wail hundreds of times.  
Every hair weeps miserably  
If your hangover decreases in my head.

I emptied the house,  
I arranged Your property and possessions.  
In order to increase Your love day by day,  
I have been melting, declining.

With the love of God's Shams of Tabriz  
My Soul is advancing  
On the sea like a ship without feet.

40.

*Verse 379*

My friend, is sugar better  
Than the *one* who makes sugar?  
Is the Moon's beauty greater  
Than the one who created the Moon?

O Garden, are you better  
Than the roses on you?  
Is the rose more perfect  
Than the one who grows the rose  
And makes hundreds *of* narcissuses?

O mind, are you better in knowledge,  
Or the One who creates hundreds  
Of minds every moment?

O Love, you are  
Scattered and energetic,  
But there is someone or something  
Who has put a fiery belt around you.

I have been in ecstasy because of Him.  
I feel dizzy because of Him.  
I am confused, sometimes He bums  
My arms and wings,  
Sometimes He gives me a head and arms.

The sea of heart, with His grace,  
Makes a string *of* pearls out of words  
Given to Husrev and Shirin.[\[47\]](#)

But, He crushes all these pearls with Love.  
There is something else in that amazing Love.

God's Shams of Tabriz, turns our heart,  
Which resembles the sun, into a sword for work,  
And a shield for essence.

41.

*Verse 387*

☉ Soul, I will be surprised  
If sleep finds a way to come tonight.  
The eye that finds a Sultan  
Like you won't sleep.

O well-mannered lover,  
Don't even sleep tonight,  
Because that Beloved who always looks  
For excuses considers this a sin.

I am an admirer of a lover  
That makes the moon like a Kullah [\[48\]](#)  
With his agility and sleeplessness at night.

He should be in the service of the Sultan,  
Keep company with the Moon at night  
And have an army of angels like the Moon.

That ruler has taught the hair  
Of the Sultan to act like ropes for a bucket.  
That is to say, he thought Joseph's kingdom  
Was at the bottom of the well.

That desperate camel gave up getting water,  
Now it is turning around the threshing wheel  
Hoping for a handful of straw.

If he cannot make a pillow  
For your satin-smooth face,  
I wish he could obtain a black shawl  
From the hair that resembles Qadr's night. [\[49\]](#)

Everyone who falls in love  
Has affection toward you.  
They wrote your name on the horseshoe  
And put it in the fire.

Go after the sun, advance  
With hope that you'll reach it.  
That way your great moon  
Might resemble the Moon.

Tonight became the Night of Power.

Be silent. Serve Him, so  
The hearts belonging to God  
Will receive admiration from God.

42.

*Verse 397*

*My* good man, he broke my glass,  
His shoulder is clumsy.  
But it doesn't matter, one broken glass.  
It is only natural where  
There are so many drunks.

I don't mind if he breaks my glass.  
That Cupbearer has another glass  
Under His arm.

The body made of clay  
Is like a cup.  
Soul is like clean, pure wine.  
He will give me another glass.  
This one is already cracked.

He is such a loyal cupbearer  
That he wears a Kullah made of love and tenderness.  
He is such a cupbearer that there is  
A patch in his dress made by softness and pity.

He gives relief and joy to the heart  
That is in grief and sorrow.  
He gives good sight to the one  
Whose hair has grown over his eyelids.

The mind that sits at  
The window guards this house.  
If you know anything, go and  
Lie down at His door, become dirt or dust.

Bow could the one who has seen  
The face of the Sultan, lose the game?  
How could the one who  
Became a sea of honey turn bitter?

The one who leaves His Fountain of Life

Finds hundreds of deaths  
At the source of everyday life.

The Sun is beautiful  
In every sign of the Zodiac,  
But its clamor is at the sign of Aries.

Whatever I have seen besides  
The appearances of God's love,  
Half were deceptions, the other half lies.

I have given so many names for Him,  
But He is so unique, peerless and incomparable,  
That it is impossible to  
Describe Him with examples.

43.

*Verse 408*

Bayram[50] has come, Bayram has come.  
That blessed fortune came.  
Grab the drum, start playing,  
Because the moon showed His face.

O crazy fool, Bayram is here.  
Listen to the tumult in the sky.  
The trusted one who stayed at the lotus tree  
Suddenly came from the throne of God.

Reciting gazels, playing, dancing, laughing,  
Bayram came.  
The Caesar of the moon-faced one  
Left the house and came to us.

Hundreds of the sources of knowledge  
And understanding became crazy, insane,  
Fell in love because of that charm.  
That beauty has appeared in a wonderful way.

That permanent strength  
Made the prophet David drunk  
By softening the rock and iron in his hand.

Bayram came, we were in bad shape without Him.

Come and reach Bayram,  
Because that table, that tirit[51] came.

Poison turns into sugar because of Him.  
Wherever there is skin, bone, and skeleton,  
It becomes alive and beautiful.

Get up, come to the front,  
Join the circle of rint.[52]  
Walk to meet the guest,  
Who came from such a long way.

His griefs are entirely cheer and joy,  
His ties are freedoms.  
You gave him a seed,  
He is giving you hundreds of gardens.

I am a slave of that East,  
Submerged in His blessing.  
Whatever is left besides His blessing  
Is dirty and bad luck to me.

Close your lips, be silent like a bud,  
And iris, wait to speak,  
Because patience is like a key  
And that is the time for that.

44.

*Verse 419*

☞f the one who has a love and a desire in his heart,  
Goes to the door of the heart  
And the heart doesn't open the door,  
There must be some reason.

Go and sit at the door of the heart,  
Because that secret Beauty may  
Come one early dawn.  
Maybe one midnight he'll suddenly show up.

The Soul who abandons everything,  
Looking only for God,  
Is a peerless, wonderful Soul.

The eye that sees a different canopy  
Than this has good sight.  
His eye has a good reputation.

The person who is like that,  
Becomes the peer of the Soul.  
He will have a different  
Kind of pleasure at the time of dying.

If a stone hurts his feet,  
A pearl drops in his hand.  
When his Soul comes to his lips  
He kisses the lips of the sweet-lipped one.

Even if his crown which deserves a king  
Is not visible, this fatherless,  
Motherless being has great family and relations.

Be silent. Don't spread the secrets everywhere  
It is possible that among the gathering of  
The light-hearted, competent people  
There will be one Abu-Lahab.[\[53\]](#)

45.

*Verse 427*

Whoever has my fire  
Has worn my mantle.  
He is wounded like Huseyn,  
And has a glass like Hasan's.[\[54\]](#)

If his beloved moon falls in the water,  
Don't worry. He parts his  
Hair with his hands and reveals his face again.

Self becomes devout, but it won't change.  
If you are looking for honesty and simplicity,  
It only exists in the cypress of the meadow.

If a hundred moons join with the Moon,  
He doesn't see.  
That Beauty of Hutem[\[55\]](#) has a different beauty.

O Soul, the light in the sky

Is His reflection, a smiling rose,  
A fresh jasmine in the garden.  
All are from Him.

It doesn't matter if His candle  
Is under the basin of strangers,  
Even the candle under the basin  
Shines on the ceiling.

You are with others, looking at us.  
You should know that we have,  
Besides this body, a pure soul.

If this heart gets out of hand,  
Becomes smaller, or gets thin,  
It is because of those twisted strands of hair.

God's Shams of Tabriz  
Is the Sultan of all lions.  
That lion has stayed in the forest  
Of our Soul, made a home there.

46.

*Verse 436*

☞ catch your fragrance  
From the tall symmetry of the cypress.  
I almost see the color of your face in the Moon.

Every sugarcane comes to your temple  
To wear the belt of service.  
Every bit of sugar comes to be  
A servant in your halva.

Every light which shines,  
Comes from the glory of your face.  
Wine gives good news by saying,  
"Your next day is coming."

*P. 73 of original Divan*

The rose becomes master to the iris,  
Adorning the meadow.  
Because it reminds them

Of your beautiful smile.

When I run away from your love, I'm teasing.  
Your love is being spread  
To my head from six directions.

When I was raised from this despicable earth,  
I undressed from existence.  
Even in that land of Absence your voice  
Comes to my ear.

Every sound is full of exaltation and instigation.  
I understand this comes from your reed flute.

My night is day because of You.  
My lips are dry because of You.  
But I don't mind;  
Your rivers are coming.

Nobody is sober under Your satin sky,  
Because Your wine is coming back and forth.

I am afraid of Your oppression, Your torment,  
But once they come,  
I see they are also from Your sea.

O God's Shams of Tabriz,  
Words and thoughts are refreshing  
The Soul like breezes,  
That come from your valley.

47.

*Verse 447*

The moon that illuminates the night  
Might cover His face. Let's say it did.  
How could he hide His fragrance?

Even if He covers His face,  
And hides His fragrance,  
There are a hundred bits of evidence  
Of His Spiritual manifestations.

That moon came behind the house,

Running like a thief.  
But the crazy heart  
Does a hundred different prayers.

Grief is like an enemy, but tell me,  
"I am thinking of Him, I have affection for Him."  
Then tell my heart,  
"Where, where did that charmer set His trap?"

48.

*Verse 451*

Is there anything missing in the  
Happiness of the one who has You?  
O charmer, whose face is  
More beautiful than the moon,  
Is there any grief or sorrow  
In the one who has seen You?

Your oppression, Your torment  
Are very strong, at times  
Unbearably heavy, but they are also  
Painted with Your crystal color  
And they are sweet.

O Beautiful One, who brings  
Along a hundred moons like students,  
The coyness of Houris, the gleaming  
Of the holy ones are all from You.

He becomes the Sun alone,  
Even if He doesn't have people walking  
In front of and behind Him.  
His beauty is enough for Him,  
That Beauty has hundreds of drums and flags.

Many disorganized lovers slept safely  
And in peace because of Your curly hair.

I told my beloved, "Don't break me  
And hurt me with torment." He answered,  
"If I don't break you, you'll stay  
Inside of your shell like a pearl, hidden."

O crazy fool, if you don't  
Crack that shell a pearl won't come out.  
That pearl is the idol I worship,  
Or it is in the same shape.

When the name of God's Shams of Tabriz  
Appears on the paper, I make an oath to God,  
He does such favors to paper and pen.

49.

*Verse 459*

Listen to the love that souls serve  
Because of His cleanliness and charm;  
Listen to what He is saying.  
He has such an auspicious breath.

He has hundreds of armies  
In the secret world of Absence.  
Even though He fits into the smallest body.  
He gives relief to your Soul,  
Frees you from the world of existence.

If you get stuck in this mud,  
Turn your face to the One  
Who offers an eternal kingdom  
And an eternal crown.

O Heart, you have seen the world  
And been around for awhile,  
Have you seen anybody  
Who has an imperial edict from Love in his hand?

O one who rides over himself,  
Wander around the world, then return,  
Come to the Sun who has kindness in His heart.

That heart is such a heart  
That He even shines mirrors.  
He has hundreds of Gardens of Eden.

His love keeps saying that,  
"The heart who is looking for me  
Should step on every fire, like gold."

I want a Beauty with a silver body.  
I want someone like me.  
I am tired of the ugly rich  
Who have gold and silver.

When the name of Selahaddin appears in the paper  
It comes there for pity  
It puts so much kindness and favors to the pen.

50.

*Verse 468*

That moon is so full,  
So brilliant, that nobody could look at it.  
Eyes won't see Him.  
Soul keeps giving birth, without a man,  
Just with the pleasure of His love.

Reason with the joy of His fragrance,  
With the sparks of His face,  
Becomes bewildered, laughs  
And at the same time, bites his fingers.

I watch Him every dawn with amazement.  
In any case, He doesn't show  
His face unless the Soul becomes His admirer.

Whatever you see, you see  
When you are not by yourself.  
He doesn't even open the curtain  
When you are with yourself.

Breath cannot breathe with Him,  
Soul cannot be His confidant.  
Thought knows that, but  
Cannot be worthy of Him.

The body stayed under the curtain,  
And the soul burned the curtain.  
The heart has wondered about these opposite actions,  
There's no way to reach and join Him.

Two strange armies in this house

Keep fighting, they can do nothing  
But turn around, and never go anywhere.

If you want to save yourself  
Run to the side of the Sultan.  
Poison won't be poison anymore  
Next to the antidote.

Stay under His tree  
With His happiness,  
Then the soul full of trouble  
Will reach peace until resurrection.

The eye may be able to see God  
Because of Sultan Selahaddin.  
The heart turns his face  
To an open field, and the soul gains a torch.

51.

*Verse 478*

You fell in love O heart.  
Congratulations.  
You are free from place and time,  
Congratulations.

Give up the two worlds, be alone.  
Eat and drink alone.  
Destiny and angels will say  
"Congratulations."

O brave one, you went ahead bravely;  
You reached your wish today.  
O devout one, who expects and waits  
For tomorrow, congratulations  
To you and your tomorrow.

Your blasphemy turned into faith;  
Your bitterness became sweet halvah. [\[56\]](#)  
Congratulations for your halvah.

There is fighting and tumult  
At the poor people's convent of the heart.  
O Heart who has no hatred, no blame,

Congratulations for your fight.

The eyes who see the heart  
Shed so many tears that two seas were formed.  
Even the seas congratulate those eyes.

O lonely love, that Beloved  
Became your friend.  
O you who wanted exaltation,  
Congratulations for your exaltation.

O soul who is admired,  
Constantly searching, working soul,  
You grew wings,  
Congratulations for your wings.

Be silent. You have made a fine purchase,  
Obtained very rare garments.  
Congratulations for your garment.

52.

*Verse 487*

☉ Heart, give your life  
For your trouble, isn't it worth it?  
Lose your head, your belongings,  
Isn't it worth it?

You became dizzy from the love of such a club.  
Roll around in His field like a ball.  
Isn't it worth it?

You have seen His ruby lips  
Steal a kiss.  
Now you are His ruby farm.  
Get up, isn't it enough?

He became headless, footless,  
Turned into a wandering dervish.  
Applaud how cheaply he attained this.  
Isn't it worth the applause?

You started a new fire,  
You took my mind like a pawn.

I turned into soil for you  
And spread out on the ground.  
O my Sultan, isn't it worth it?

I fell in love,  
Became your slave, your servant.  
Isn't that holiday  
Worth this sacrifice?

Crazy, I demolish this house.  
I mean, isn't that union worth this separation?

I gave my heart to the moon.  
I am joyful for his whirling.  
I start turning like the sky.  
Isn't it worth it?

53.

*Verse 495*

The eye is necessary  
To see wonderful, amazing things.  
Soul is necessary to experience  
Joy and pleasure.

The head is to become drunk  
For someone beautiful.  
The feet are to be tired on the road  
Of the Beloved.

Love is necessary to fly to the sky.  
Mind is to learn knowledge,  
Manners, and modesty.

There are so many secrets,  
Amazing things beyond reasoning.  
The eye that got stuck in the land of reason  
Is blind.

The lover who has many accusations  
And a bad name is here.  
When his time comes for union  
With the Beloved, he will have  
Hundreds of names and titles.

Going to the desert, sinking in the sand,  
Fighting with lions, riding camels,  
Being looted by Arabs,  
All these are worth the pilgrimage.

The pilgrim kisses the black stone[57]  
With the hope of getting pleasure  
From the ruby lips of the Beloved.

My friend, don't try to put  
A seal on the money of words.  
The one who has a wish, a desire,  
For sure will find the gold mine.

54.

*Verse 503*

☉ merchants of the bazaar,  
sugar has arrived from Egypt.  
Joseph, who is sweet like sugar,  
Suddenly came from a journey.

Soul came, wine came,  
The Macun[58] of salvation.  
If you want something else,  
That something else also came.

*p, 74 of original Divan*

The fruit of Jacob, fountain of Job  
Have become visible through the windows.  
The time for care has come.

Khidr[59] reached the Fountain of Life  
With the Grace of God.  
Here, look, Venus has entered  
The sign of the moon by singing gazels.

The Sultan who has ascended, came.  
Night was saved from need.  
Sky arrived with gold in his shirt  
To spread over Him.

Moses, who was hidden, has come.  
Hundreds of springs started overflowing.  
Soul became a staff and came,  
So the body came as a stone.

Jesus doesn't like people  
Who make lots of noise, who fight  
And create unnecessary work for others.  
Jesus doesn't eat halva in their house,  
Because this is the barn for the donkey.

That spell, that abundance  
Was not hidden, but destiny has  
Suffered a lot, looking for it  
In the six directions of the earth.

The Sultan, who never walks without a crown  
Like a hoopoe, was born with the belt  
On his waist from his mother, like an ant.

He has reached maturity in love.  
He doesn't care for the crown or belt anymore,  
Because he has received the imperial edict  
From the throne of God.

Expect the rest of the words  
From the Sultan who has such generosity.  
Ask for news from the source of the news.

55.

*Verse 514*

*My* friend, is sugar better  
Than the One who made the sugar?  
*MY* friend, is the moon beautiful,  
Or the One who created the moon?

Never mind sugar, never mind the moon.  
He has something else,  
He does something different.

There are so many amazing things  
In the sea besides the pearl.  
But the Sultan, who created the sea and

Made the pearls, is a different Sultan.

He keeps turning this amazing wheel constantly  
With different water than this water.  
He prepares food for the soul.

Even a picture of the public bath house  
Cannot be drawn without mind.  
Think about the knowledge  
Of the One who created the mind.

You cannot make oil from suet,  
Not without knowledge.  
Think of the One who gave the  
Power of seeing to the eye  
That looks like suet.

Souls are amazed and confused,  
For the assembly is set for early dawn.  
They cannot eat and drink.  
They don't know what to do.

What a happy night that was.  
The Beloved, for whom every Moon feels longing,  
Put his hands around my waist  
And covered me like a belt.

The firmament will laugh at the fool  
Who makes himself a donkey  
For two or three donkeys.

This donkey jumps to gold  
Like the other donkey does to barley.  
But doesn't know the Sultan  
Who changes stones to jewels.

I become silent and quit talking;  
So the Beloved who gives sight to the eye  
Will talk.

56.

*Verse 525* [\[60\]](#)

My sun, my moon came.

My ear, my eye came.  
My silver body came.  
My gold mine came.

The drunkenness of my head came.  
The light of my eye came.  
What else you ever wanted, that came.

The one who has staged a hold-up  
On my way, came.  
The one who broke my repentance came.  
That jasmine-bodied Joseph  
Suddenly came into my arms.

Old friend, today is  
Better than yesterday.  
I was drunk because of him, yesterday.  
Today, I received news from him.

The friend I was looking for  
With a candle last night,  
Came my way like a bouquet of roses today.

He made a belt of his hands, embraced me, and  
Held me in his arms.  
I obtained an unseen belt from that Beauty  
Who is the crown to every beautiful head.

Look at his garden and meadow,  
Watch his wine and drunkenness.  
Pay attention to his eating and assimilating,  
Because my rose marmalade came.

Why should I be afraid of death,  
When a Fountain of Life like him came?  
Why should I be scared of reproaches  
When I obtained a shield like him?

I am Solomon today, because you gave me the ring.  
That crown which deserves the Sultan  
Has come and landed on my head.

My suffering has gone beyond that.  
I set out on a journey with love.  
My God, what a happiness I get,  
What a happiness.

It is time to drink wine,  
I'll drink, so my mind will have lightning.  
It is time to fly, because my wings have come.

It is time to shine like early dawn,  
To brighten the world.  
It is time for roaring,  
Because my male lion has come.

Beloved, a few more verses remain,  
But they took me out of myself  
To somewhere else.  
This world is looking awfully  
Small to me from there.

57.

*Verse 538*

The status of the Bey[\[61\]](#)  
Isn't worth the pain of dismissal.  
Man smiles one day,  
And trembles for hundreds of years.

The one who serves a donkey,  
At the end, dies for the donkey.  
He became a companion of thorns  
For a faded rose.

Don't try to smile until he makes you smile.  
Because all the smiles come from that smile.

O you who frown, look at  
The One who gives you trouble.  
If you turn your face to Him,  
He will put sugar in the vinegar and  
Make you sweet.

O you who have fallen to the ground tired,  
Look at the One who made you fall.  
You turn your face to Him,  
He will lift you up, again.

Because the lion is afraid

The dog living in His quarters,  
Will leave behind its fear.

58.

*Verse 544*

When that morning of happiness shines,  
The Soul starts crowing like a rooster.

The sun rises and shines.  
The body is the color of dust and soil.  
The Beloved comes and embraces the soul.

That poor, desperate heart,  
When he hears that, this helps cheer him,  
He comes dancing.

At that moment soul,  
Who went to eternity, reached Absence,  
And appeared with his two-folded height.

Heart, who has become pregnant, like Mary,  
Starts showing coyness and flirts with me.  
Body, which resembles a two day-old Jesus,  
Starts talking.

Heart becomes the light of the universe.  
Soul shines and sparkles.  
Heart starts dancing, soul claps his hands.

Wherever God's Shams of Tabriz steps,  
That place becomes free from the boundaries of space.

59.

*Verse 551*

Sleep comes to take your  
Mind away from you.  
But, how do the insane sleep?  
How does he know the night?

In the mind of the insane,  
There is no day and night.  
He knows whatever he has.

The days and nights of this world  
Result from the turning of the sky.  
But the sky cannot turn  
The crazy ones of the other world.

Even if the eyes in his head sleep,  
He turns completely into eyes, head, and feet.  
He reads the eternal writing  
With his soul's eye.

If you want craziness,  
Turn into a bird, become a fish.  
If you fall asleep and lose your way,  
How can you catch Him?

Get busy at night, be skillful  
In the love of the Beloved.  
Get on the road.  
Your work will be in order,  
Because of that scattered, curly hair.

The one you call crazy  
Is a different person.  
He was pregnant to the Soul.  
His eyes are fixed on the Beloved.  
That pregnancy doesn't resemble  
The other's pregnancy.

If you want to understand this well,  
Ask God's Shams.  
He is such a Sultan that  
He sends new lights  
To the Tabriz of the Universe.

60.

*Verse 559*

Whoever has my heart,  
Has worn my mantle.  
He is wounded like Huseyin,[\[62\]](#)

He has a glass of poison in his hands.

Self becomes devout, but still won't change.  
If you are looking for straightness,  
For plainness, ask it of the Cypress  
Standing in the meadow.

You have a pure, clean Soul,  
Your shape was born from that Soul.  
Look for the pure Soul, devoid of shape.  
See what kind of a body he has.

Look at the mirror of Soul,  
It is pure from shape,  
At the same time, full of shape.  
Every moment it creates  
A new idol, just like a shaman.

Sometimes he runs to the side of the heart;  
Sometimes he worries about the mind.  
With his ambition, he looks like  
A man who has two wives.

How could a Sultan, who is not aware  
Of the Soul become happy?  
How could death, covered by  
A hairy coffin, rise and show coyness?

That man is like a camel who moves his mouth  
To give the impression there is food there.  
But, chewing the cud, without food,  
Only tires the jaw.

Be a man, be madly in love,  
Dip in the pitcher full of blood.  
Don't be a sometime man, a sometime woman,  
That's not for humans, that's for Caylak.[\[63\]](#)

Don't change from your heart's desire  
By getting scared like His Moses.  
Don't repent of your trouble.  
The Beloved says, "You'll never,  
Never see me," but stay firm  
Until He says, "You'll see me."

When you are immersed in His favors

And become drunk,  
You will have no grief, no worry.  
How would a drunk know what the sky is saying?

Your mouth is sweetened if  
The spring water is good and your heart wants it.  
But pearls are in Aden's sea, not in the spring.

## 61.

### *Verse 570*

☉ my Sultan, what is faith  
In front of Your curse?  
The Phoenix that passes through the sky  
Is nothing but a fly in front of You.

The faith which resembles the Fountain of Life  
And curses which resemble black dirt  
Are all like brushwood for Your fire.

Faith is an attribute of the soul,  
And this Soul is the soul, only with breath.  
But, Heart is engulfed in ocean,  
Is it time for breathing?

Night is the curse, faith is the candle.  
When the sun rises,  
The candle says to the curse,  
"Let's go, nothing is left for us."

Faith is the horse of religion,  
The ride is for the great Self.  
But the Sultan whose customs are brand new  
Doesn't need a horse.

Faith tells you, "Come here."  
Curse says, "Go away."  
But, when your body's candle becomes Soul,  
There will be no front, no back, no here, no there.

O God's Shams of Tabriz,  
I stand firm on your way.  
Your rank has been so high  
That nothing but my hand could reach it.

62.

*Verse 577*

The one who drinks our wine  
Should be served by our Cupbearer.  
With all His sweetness,  
If our Cupbearer frowns, it will be proper.

That moon-faced Beauty,  
With all the charms,  
If he shows coyness from time to time,  
I swear to God, he will  
Snatch the hat of the Sultan.

O my friend, give me a full glass.  
I am not senile enough to sit and wait till death  
To see what this destiny will give birth to.

Order the cupbearer, that he shouldn't  
Breeze by like the wind.  
Offer us wine for the sake  
Of the one who keeps drinking, without passing out.

That Cupbearer will wipe out hundreds  
Of thoughts and worries from  
Your confidant, or stranger.  
The confident man neither falls into  
Grief or mourning, nor offers his hand to anyone.

When he throws his hair behind,  
And adorns his face,  
The poor moth will bum like a candle.

When there is no life left in the moth,  
He borrows new life  
From that fiery soul  
With a big cup.

A glass from this eternal wine  
Will give you such a state  
That every shape which comes into your mind  
Will appear in your heart.

O Love of God,  
O God's Shams of Tabriz,  
The more you offer this wine,  
The more abundant it becomes.

63.

*Verse 586*

☞ will dance and glitter so much  
From the shine of Your sun  
That every particle would remember  
Me when they start moving.

With the light of your face,  
Every particle becomes pregnant.  
Each one gives birth to hundreds of particles.

Look at the soul in the body's mortar.  
He is so much in love that  
He constantly crushes and thrashes  
Himself to become a particle.

Either be a pearl or coral,  
Crush yourself to particles,  
Because nothing but particles deserve His temple.

Look and see the pearl of Soul  
Through the shell of the body.  
He is tired and sick from sluggishness  
And biting his fingers.

When soul flies away, that  
Jailed pearl will reach his origin like other particles.  
He won't come back even if you call.

He would get stuck in blood,  
Burn to the extent of how strong  
His ties to this jail are.  
But his fur stays clean  
Even if he spends his life with blood.

Be won't stay anywhere  
Until he arrives at the well of Babil.

The soul won't be happy  
Until he becomes a magician.

O Tabriz, if Shamseddin rises  
From your sign, he goes behind the clouds  
Like the moon and at the same time  
Adds more light to light of the moon.

## 64.

### *Verse 595*

How are you? How do you do?  
"How" and "What" won't be able to understand you.  
Except for the Sultan, who is beyond  
"How" and "What," nobody will understand you.

O my Beauty, the universe  
Is illuminated by you, filled with light.  
But the sky and earth won't be able  
To appreciate you.

There is a wind which moves  
This blue curtain,  
But this is not the air  
Blowing in and out.  
It is a wind that only God knows.

Do you know who knits  
That mantle of joy,  
That mantle of grief?  
How come this mantle thinks  
He is different than the one who knits him?

Do you know what image  
Shines in the heart of the mirror?  
The only one who knows,  
Is the One whose heart is clean and pure.

This universe, which resembles a flag,  
Moves all the time.  
Your heart sees only the flag,  
Your Soul thinks air is moving it.

But, the one who knows

Bow air is a helpless creature,  
Accepts that everything is nothing but God.

O God's Shams of Tabriz  
God has so many tricks.  
Without your dice, how could the Soul  
Get in this difficult backgammon game?

65.

*Verse 603*

The lover breaks his chains when  
He goes to the side of Lovers.  
The one who is insane keeps turning,  
And tears all his measures.

How can you find fault  
In the lover's careless, fast walking?  
Fire from His love,  
Burns all faults and mistakes.

When a youth catches that fire  
What shape will he be in?  
Never mind, O youth, if an older person gets this fire  
It tears the mantle of piety.

If there are hundreds of curtains  
In one eye, his arrow-shaped eyebrow  
Pierces them all at once.

Once he breaks the egg and gets out,  
The bird of every lover destroys  
The remains in a hurry.

This universe is like tar,  
Everybody's feet get stuck in it.  
But, once the fire of love comes,  
It melts the tar.

God's Shams of Tabriz  
Is a Sultan of Sultans,  
And at the same time a bey.[\[64\]](#)  
He is such a bey, that he will

Pull and tear every patient person's shirt.

66.

*Verse 610*

The one whose origin is the raven  
Cannot become a falcon.  
How can *you* smell onion  
From the mouth of one who just ate garlic?

The lion won't fall down  
From the attack of a catamite or whore.  
Can you hear the sound of *Ezan* [\[65\]](#)  
From the fart of a donkey?

O little one, your feet are squeezed  
Small because of the  
Tightness of your shoes.  
Take off your shoes, relax, and expand.

Be hopeful, open the eye of Eternity.  
That Sun will shine from the throne of God,  
Everywhere, it will shine and sparkle.

O Harp, leave thought,  
Come to the circle,  
Empty yourself so that you'll  
Be filled with melodies,  
Give joy to the gathering.

67.

*Verse 615*

What a happiness for the eye.  
Today I saw his face.  
A new desire came and settled  
In the head. Congratulations.

Roses come to the rose garden,  
Laughing at the whole world.  
O friend, who laughs with the rose

And hundreds like the rose,  
Congratulations for your joy.

Beauties have stumbled after seeing  
Your face, and fallen.  
The heart also stumbled at the door  
Of this house.  
Congratulations for his stumble.

I saw your face like Nevruz [\[66\]](#)  
Shed tears like rain.  
Congratulations to earth for that  
Kind of rain in Nevruz.

Without speech or writing,  
Your ear hears the voice of congratulations  
From the inside.

68.

*Verse 620*

Even giants and angels protect  
With sword and shield.  
When God's order comes,  
This measure will be turned upside down. . . gone.

Can you get what you expect?  
The thing which comes into  
Your possession sometimes becomes  
A staff, sometimes a double-headed snake.

When you were sorry yesterday, saying,  
"Why didn't I try to find a solution  
For this problem?" the measures misled you.

Even if you took those measures,  
What has happened to that project?  
Hundreds of traps appear behind those measures.

"I took all those measures,  
Still I failed," you said.  
That lame measure didn't help, as you see.

Accept losses as food.

Be a ruby to Him; be Him.  
That is the shelter, that's where to run.

69.

*Verse 626*

Hear the right news from the Prophet's words.  
He said this for the believer,  
"The one who believes is like a Kopuz[67]."

That Sultan of Sultans came.  
How nice, how beautiful.  
Earth is filled with the perfume of musk and ambergris.

Since the believer is like a Kopuz for wailing,  
How could the Kopuz cry without somebody  
Striking him with the plectrum.

The greatest of great joys came.  
Honor of the honorable joy arrived.  
Everlasting favor, the Moon of moons came.

It is the custom of the Kopuz,  
That it can't stand not being struck  
With the plectrum.  
It puts its face to the players feet and begs.

Our kingdom is our livelihood,  
Our coffee comes from the throne,  
Almonds and sweetmeats  
Are scattered among our assembly.

Before you read the Ayat of,  
"The one who hates you,  
Their generation will be extinct." [68]  
Here are fifty gazels for you right away, five extra. . . .

God is the cupbearer; prosperity  
Is permanent with Him.  
Happiness is to praise Him.  
O you who are afraid, don't be scared.

Soul became drunk from our  
Big cup of coffee.

Earth is adorned by green and red flowers.

Be silent. Be confident that you  
Will keep drinking wine at the divine assembly  
Without lips, mouths and cups.

70.

*Verse 636*

Turkistan's [69] Yagmabey[70] has attacked  
The land of blacks with his army.  
Come to your senses, escape to  
The castle of ecstasy.

How long will this black  
Night give us a headache?  
The Sultan of Sultan's morning arrived,  
Plunged his dagger into his head.

They sacrificed the black night's oxen  
To the early dawn.  
For his sake the Muezzin[71] calls, "Allahu Akbar." [72]

The sky has brought out such a candle  
Under the basin that  
All the stars left with shame.  
There is not even one star remaining in the sky.

The Sun is sick at the beginning,  
But later it gets better.  
It becomes more beautiful every moment.

The eye that filled with trouble,  
Sits in His shade, but don't  
Look to Him in that condition.

The bright-hearted preacher who puts  
The particles to dancing,  
Spreads so much divine light from this pulpit.

Applaud this light.  
Be is such a light that,  
In spite of the blindness of the blind  
He is visible to them,

And never covers His face.

O God's Shams of Tabriz,  
If I ever see anything but God  
On your clean mirror,  
I will become worse than a disbeliever.

71.

*Verse 645*

☉ one who has been friend  
And company for my soul,  
Soul is in your hand.  
Offer me the heavy jar,  
I'm in a hurry.

The Cupbearer makes every lean one  
Fat with the wine that comes without a glass.  
O friend, you are quick, but become faster.

Souls are gathering at your door,  
And your roof to drink morning wine.  
Because of the taste of your glass  
I am the first one who came here.

The wine brought by your love  
Doesn't cause man to vomit.  
Your love goes from heart to eye  
Faster than clear light.

72.

*Verse 649*

How long are you going to hurt  
Me with your denials?  
I am not calling you  
An old, dead, decayed man.

You are black like a cloud,  
Except you don't have rain.  
Don't blacken my day, O cloud,

Give at least one drop of rain.

All these orders came from destiny,  
O ignorant fatalist.  
You are unaware of the taste,  
The salt of this business.

Who will tell the blind,  
"Pass the thread through the  
Eye of the needle?"  
Nobody asks the man whose  
Feet are tied to go hunting.

Who will tell a two year-old child  
About wine and beauty?  
Who will talk about dreamy eyes with animals?

You can't do anything,  
Go and sit with the women.  
Leave the circle of the One.  
Who plays with their soul, stay aside.

If you plunge into the sea with the power  
Of God's Shams of Tabriz, who every creature worships,  
And swallow the waves, at the end  
You will see God very clearly with your eyes.

73.

*Verse 656*

☉ Charmer, who hides his head  
After seeing me at the door,  
Later, showing that narcissus  
Face to me, secretly,

One moment you appear, as if to say,  
"I am here."  
From time to time you laugh sweetly at my confusion.  
You shut the door in my face  
As if to say, "Go away."  
Then climb the roof and look back.

You shake your head, as if saying,  
"Go away, there's a problem."

May I prostrate myself, saying,  
"Don't do that to me."

I become totally eyes from head to feet.  
Then you look at me stealthily only;  
Many instigations and confusions  
Come from your behavior.

You bite your hands, saying,  
"See all these marks, because of you?"  
Me? I fall on the ground,  
Kiss the ground and ask your forgiveness.

When will the time come, that,  
Instead of kissing the ground  
I will kiss your red lips?  
I will kiss and you can scratch  
My pale cheeks like saffron.

O Charmer, whose infidel tresses  
Are the Sultan of dark creatures,  
Help, help, even faith became an unbeliever  
By falling in love with your head.

When you part the hair on your face,  
Even musk would fall at your feet.  
When you throw curly hair behind,  
The fuzz on your cheeks gives ambergris.

What a beautiful shape that is.  
His sneeze brings life to the Soul.  
O my Beauty, hundreds of Mani[\[73\]](#) and Azer[\[74\]](#)  
Would die for your presence.

Suddenly, lightning came, this house burned.  
Doors, roof are all gone.

I said, in the middle of Absence,  
"O Sultan of Sultans, with this fire  
All the shapes and forms are melted, gone."

"These words also come from that lightning,"  
He said, "In that flash the red rose became invisible."

"O Moon," I said, "even the Sun prostrates  
Toward the sparks of your face

Like a common slave."

"Please," I said, "look at me once."  
"Aren't you afraid of the fire of my face?  
You are not a semender,"[\[75\]](#) He said.

"I close my eyes, cover myself  
With a cloud of zeal,  
I wear that helmet, dive in deep," I said.

"This love," he said, "will give you  
Such power that you'll deserve  
To look and be looked at."

"How do I know the proof  
Of that promise?" I asked.  
"Look at the flash of the soul  
In the fire of the heart, like melted gold.

After watching the spectrum of fineness  
Of the soul, while it is shining,  
Get your share," he said.

I told him, "While seeing my Soul  
I am scared I will lose this pearl,  
It will go away from me."

O Beauty of jasmine body,  
I put that pearl  
In a space in my eye, that pearl  
Is made by the beauty of your image.  
"Don't be afraid," he said, "I am  
The one who keeps telling you, you'll  
Always get your share from my Beauty.  
Also see the light of my Beauty."

This form of divinity is God's Shams of Tabriz.  
The universe is full of his Glory.  
Tabriz is brightly illuminated because of him.

He is the summary of the order, "Be."[\[76\]](#)  
You prostrate in front of Him  
And hear the words "God is Great,"  
From yourself, from your essence.

74.

*Verse 680*

☉ my Beloved, You are honey,  
Your words are a different kind of honey.  
O Love, You have a different work and trace  
In every heart and-Soul

In every Soul; there is a garden, a meadow  
From Your face, a green smile.  
There is a different bunch of musk  
In every heart from Your curly hair.

The moon sometimes becomes thin, sometimes fat,  
Changes into a full moon because of Your pain.  
This suffering gives the moon  
Hundreds of different griefs.

Your spring offers kindness and favors,  
But Heart keeps trembling as if it lives in the meadow,  
Afraid fall will come and bring different orders.

Salve and medicine not made  
By the dirt of your door,  
Cause different diseases to the eye of the heart,  
Grows different hair at the eye of the heart.

Even the devil hasn't ceased expecting Your favor.  
There is new hope. It shines every  
Moment (on him from You, and a new desire appears.

Even the Pharaoh gave up his throne.  
"I believe," said my heart,  
Then saw a new patch  
On the mantel of soul because of faith.

If your Sun of union  
Reaches the sign of Aries,  
It will find another sign of Aries  
At the sky of my soul.

Look at the particles on the earth,  
How they move and dance.  
Once this group stops, new ones come.

Light and exaltation for the Soul  
Are from Him on the earth.  
Time and power to grow the body,  
Like a seed under the ground  
Are also from Him.

How long will you speak gazels  
With alphabet and forms.  
Speak another gazel by soul,  
Without words and forms.

75.

*Verse 691*

☞ We are not the sea but  
At last a grain of pearl.  
We are not in front,  
But we have glory and beauty.

If you offer wine, it is fine.  
If not, that's alright.  
The wine he gave us yesterday  
Made us so drunk we have no idea  
Of giving or not giving.

O Love, how beautiful, how clean  
And pure you are, how great and nice.  
What would happen if the gold  
In our purse were lost?  
At least we are in a gold mine.

O you who blame us, talks against us,  
If you are vain and useless, don't touch us.  
We are very drunk.

A thief who has no money,  
No inheritance from his father,  
If he doesn't steal, he says,  
"Alright, what are we going to eat?"

We don't have much shame or modesty.  
We are full of fun and joy.  
We don't have a job or income.  
Well, what else can we steal

Besides the Muslim's possessions.

If we took the basket away,  
We would be filled with dates.  
If we drink water from the Nile,  
Never mind, we are sugarcane.

If the police catch us  
And put us in jail,  
We will drink water from  
The well of the dewlap.

His well, His jail is nice.  
His cupbearer is beautiful, so are His drunks.  
Even the penniless people are saying  
They have silver bodies.

Soul, tell the body,  
"O body, be silent, close your mouth,  
Your lips. Open your eyes and have vision."

76.

*Verse 701*

Half of you is like poison,  
The rest is sweet, very sweet.  
For God's sake, don't look at us  
Like that, don't look at us like this.

Even then, the poison you serve us  
Is the source of sugar.  
You are such glory, such a light.

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He has a brilliance that I cannot describe.  
Even if he fell from his feet and said,  
"O poor ones, come and see us better."

I am you, look at me, be like that.  
O Beautiful One who is nothing but glory  
From head to feet.  
Don't talk about feet, don't mention the head.

When you appear in the eyes of the people  
You are all appearance.  
But You are more immersed in the blood  
Of my heart than I am.

If you have pearls, come and see  
The sea of my eyes.  
If you have a touchstone,  
Look at my golden face.

Don't even consider as a dog  
Someone who has not reduced himself  
To smallness and has become crafty  
In front of God's shams of Tabriz.

77.

*Verse 708*

Four Soul and mine have been tied  
To each other so much, that good or bad  
We should take the same color;  
We will be the same; that's my desire.

O my charmer, O essence  
And origin of my color, my condition,  
O sugar in my load,  
O my friend, better than a load of sugar,

O Beloved, who strikes hard,  
But whose jokes heal my heart,  
I am totally annihilated,  
Completely out of myself, I become You.

You were our neighbor while  
You were showing your face.  
Then you joined the house with us, a bright moon.

Attack this house once more, like a sultan.  
All will be destroyed but You.  
The secret of "God is Great" becomes apparent.

If He makes me lost, what should I look for?  
Everybody knows gold doesn't  
Need any magic elixir to become gold.

Even copper says,  
"I became gold from the heat  
And brightness of that oven,  
Because its heart started shining  
From that sacred fire."

When copper comes back to himself,  
His pleasure becomes sorrow,  
His joy turns into grief.  
Then, he goes back to the temple  
Of that famous elixir of magic.

78.

*Verse 716*

You are in good moment. You are in good time.  
Sweet as sugar.  
Jamshid<sup>[77]</sup> is your slave.  
The sun is spread on your footsteps.

Come this moment, amble, walk.  
I swear to God that neither coyness, grace,  
Nor fruit, nothing but You can fit in this place.  
This is not for the sky, the moon, nor moon-faced beauty.

There is a place for no one here,  
Except you, us and the Cupbearer  
Who has generous hands like the sea.  
Don't boil down with grief like a kettle.  
Come and keep drinking, like sand.

I gave up six directions and five senses  
Once I passed from that side.  
I broke them altogether.  
My God, who could fight that six, that five.

O beautiful one, whose time is right,  
Whose breath is happy,  
I was caught in your trap when I was unprepared.  
When it was unexpected I fell for you  
O beautiful wine, beautiful fire.

No, no, be silent, be mute.

Because this is not the kind  
Of reading that Ahfesh[78] would understand.

79.

*Verse 722*

Ⲡull him here, this frowning  
Churlish beloved. Bring him to this side.  
Have him taste this rose-colored wine.

He hasn't drunk from this wine,  
That's why he is acting so cold.  
Even so, offer him a glass,  
Make him ripe and mature.

Why does he bring a vineyard?  
Squeeze the unripe grape. Do you know why?  
You should all know that.  
That's why he pours all these poisons.

That grape wine doesn't do anything  
But increase blindness.  
For God's sake, don't get close  
To that kind of wine. Don't bring it to the front.

It is possible that the blind one  
Is completely out of himself,  
That it won't affect him.  
That's the time to pour a handful  
Of the water of Khidr down his throat.

80.

*Verse 727*

O nightingale, O bird of dawn,  
It's time to come and drink morning wine.  
Enter the circle of drunks with Venus  
By singing songs.

Wherever there is a confidant,  
Wake him up.

Leave the others alone.  
They will sleep until the day of resurrection.

Speak slowly to the ear of the heart  
Symbolic words about Him,  
So even blasphemy will turn into faith,  
Spread hundreds of pearls of belief.

Lightning strikes the sky  
From the love of the Sultan,  
Bums the moon, shakes its foundation.

In the place where His grace offers miracles,  
What would striving and struggling do?  
What knowledge would understanding talk about?

Anywhere sight, the abundance of sight  
Is in control, everything moves smoothly,  
Turns to gold.  
The ball is hit by a club there,  
Without hands and arms.

God's Shams of Tabriz pulls every  
Lover's heart toward the temple of the Sultan.

81.

*Verse 734*

Spread that hair which has  
The value of Soul, and offers Soul.  
There is much musk hidden there.  
Help, have mercy, spread that hair.

There are hundreds of mornings  
In the night of his divided hair.  
Spread that hair hundreds  
Of times every moment.

Disperse that state of earth,  
That happy heaven.  
Rose gardens are being  
Grown in the soul because of Him.

The wine ferments, overflows,

But He hides this from the people.  
Spread that hair so that  
Our face shines, revives from drunkenness.

Mary's heart and eyes are  
Brightened from that date.  
He is a sapling from that date,  
Spread his hair.

My poor heart has been lost  
In the curls of his hair.  
It may come out someday,  
Spread, scatter that hair.

God's Shams of Tabriz  
Is a Jesus in the world of love.  
Whoever wore zunnar,[\[79\]](#)  
Became ruined by him.

82.

*Verse 741*

☞ Joseph of the moon-face,  
O charmer whose honor and beauty are pleasant!  
O Husrev, O Shirin, O Beloved whose eyes  
And full disposition, are beautiful!

O friend whose face resembles the moon!  
Your face is like water,  
But there is a fire in the water.  
Your fire is an unseen fire.  
Your water is a clear, pure water.

O shape and form of God's Grace,  
Really, your shape and form is so beautiful.  
O shape and form of divine Beauty,  
Your brilliance is the greatest beauty.

O drunkenness of heads,  
Become exuberant with love.  
O beloved, the morning  
Of His union is beautiful.  
Help us to reach union with You.

Morning comes from Your face,  
Nights are the shadow of Your hair.  
O One whose fate and fortune  
Is so beautiful, rise like the moon tonight.

You are mixed with the soul.  
Either kindly let me reach your union  
Or cruelly torture me with unusual grief,  
O charmer whose grief and cruelty  
Are also so beautiful.

The heart told me one day  
"A month became a year, and came back again:"  
Soul said to the ear of heart,  
"Your month is beautiful.  
Your year is beautiful"

O Tabriz, tell the eyes of Shamseddin,  
O instigator to the magician,  
O one who tries them,  
The beautiful one whose permissible  
Magic is so beautiful.

83.

*Verse 749*

What would rejuvenate my soul?  
To reach and be with You, O Beloved.  
What makes a patient well?  
Change his whim, his temperament

You take him in your arms, embrace him,  
But he won't be satisfied or contented.  
Do you know what makes him content?  
To reach You, to be with You.

Can ten days thirst be satisfied  
With a jar of water?  
Only if he is immersed in Your water for repletion.

He tried to reach you,  
But was unable to ask to be happy again with  
The pleasure of last year's togetherness  
Because of shyness.

Man plans for something,  
But fate smiles at that.  
O man who falls in the sleep  
Of ignorance, in order to attain  
That goal, try to reach Him, be with Him.

Because with union, an earthen brick  
Becomes a big house.  
Pieces of garment become a dress.

Even one thorn becomes hundreds  
Of rose gardens  
In union with the meadow of love  
Of God's Shams of Tabriz.

84.

*Verse 756*

His face is beautiful.  
His hair is beautiful,  
Coming down his forehead,  
Twisted and curly.  
A hundred mercies to your soul, your faith.

Every moment is sweeter  
Than the previous moment.  
Coyness and grace appear in different charms.

When the wind blows the curls  
Of his hair, hundreds in China and Indochina  
Will disappear in their waves.

His beauty struck the moon  
On the face, on the head.  
His poor ones make fun of Kharun. [\[80\]](#)

O my eye, my light,  
Lose yourself in that indescribable moon  
Which keeps smiling.  
Hold your breath, watching Him constantly.

His fountain of life turns hundreds  
Of skies like a wheel.

Hundreds of mountains enter His service  
In front of His serious, dignified look.

Are you stupid, O crafty one?  
Why have you remained here?  
Go hunting, see the falcon acting like a king.

If soul doesn't have a horse  
It goes to His temple by limping.  
That rider puts the soul on the back of His saddle.

If he doesn't have feet,  
He puts a head-band on his head,  
Lies down on the bed, puts  
His head on the pillow.  
That Sultan comes to his side like a doctor.

Love is all One but appears in  
Hundreds of different shapes.  
I have been crazy for His games and jests.

That unseen beauty, that charmer came  
With the form of love to the soul  
To help the soul beautify  
And find peace with His presence.

He set an unseen calendar'  
With the destiny of months and years.  
Look for that calendar in the Wa Tin.[\[81\]](#)

O my life, if the Sun kills someone  
With its sword, He sets his coffin  
His dowry, by its light.

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Following His way,  
Ferhad went to the mountain  
To change marble to ruby with his mace.

O Player, you make a tune of this.  
I'll be silent. You hear the clamor  
Of Him from the melodies.

Be silent. The walnut and almond  
Halva has been brought in front of us.

One will pray, the other will say, "Amen;"

85.

*Verse 772*

Go. Go away. You are not a lover,  
O one of little hair, little self.  
O one who is reluctant and angry,  
O poor man, whose feet are decorated with bangles.

Since you are in that shape,  
How could your poor hair, your side lock  
Wriggle with the fear of death?  
How could your poor little  
Arms and wings fly to the sky?

O delicate-hearted, spoiled darling,  
Try to gain heart,  
Because when you are separated from  
Your dear gold, your dear belongings,  
Heart is the only thing which  
Will remain with you.

Why are you torn to pieces  
And full of foreboding?  
O one whose heart is squeezed like  
The poor Mim's eye,  
O you whose neck is bent like Dal.[\[82\]](#)

You are Rustem-i Destan.[\[83\]](#)  
Why are you afraid of Zal?[\[84\]](#)  
God will save you from the fear  
Of that kind of poor Zal.

I saw you in my dream last night.  
You were a little bit drunk,  
Floating up in the sky in a playful mood.  
This dream, I believe, will come true.

You were floating in the sky,  
You were saying, at the same time,  
"O Venus, look at me, watch me.  
I am drunk, free from your good and bad luck."

Poverty, at the same time sorrow, grief  
And not much wine for the drunk.  
Go and serve one short year  
With the one who has a moon-face.  
Free yourself from these troubles

Pass through seven skies.  
Don't mind the spell of Saturn,  
Never mind all those astrological signs and words.

I have a mantle of solar rays,  
Ruby, like pearls from mohair.  
Why do I need a mantle, a shawl?  
Do I cover myself with that?

I told an Arab friend of mine,  
"Look at my wet eyes." "  
He answered me and said  
With a half-smile, "Don't fool me."

I was talking and at the same time  
Planning a hundred deceits in my heart.  
He asked me, "How long will you be hiding?"

Be silent, look at the sultan,  
Because you are a white falcon,  
Not a nightingale who is bereft of words.

86.

*Verse 784*

Look at this phony man, this liar.  
He poses on the saddle of his horse, boasting,  
His gold-decorated turban on his head.

He denies death and asks,  
"Where is it? Where is it?"  
Death comes from six directions, saying,  
"Here I am. Here I am."

"O Donkey," Death tells him,  
"Where is that glamour, pretension, that swagger?  
Where is your big nose, your pride, your hates?"

Where are those beauties?  
Where is the joy, the fun?  
To whom did you give the carpets and rugs?  
Your pillow is a brick.  
Your mattress is the ground now.

Quit eating and drinking.  
Quit resting and sleeping. Look for real faith  
So you may go to the kingdom  
Where there are no rules and restrictions.

Don't leave the soul without zeal.  
Don't turn this bread to manure,  
O poor man who lost pearls in the manure."

We are all locked in the place  
Which is filled with manure,  
Looking for pearls.  
O one who is so proud and pompous,  
Bend your back, your neck,  
Search for pearls.

Wherever you see a man of God,  
Be of service to him, behave.  
If you are in grief and suffering,  
Don't make faces.

These words are to blame myself.  
I am that man.  
How long am I going to  
Talk about this one or that one?

O God's Shams of Tabriz,  
You are the fountain of life.  
That water is found only  
In your attractive eyes.

87.

*Verse 795*

Greetings to you, O soul.  
Every dawn, hundreds of greetings  
While you are talking or in silence.

From the soul's point of view  
You are completely clean.  
For the flesh, you are nothing  
But pretension and deceit.  
You are a rose which heals the broken ones.  
Greetings to you from the thorns.

I am a Turk, drunk,  
Girth on my arms, like a Turk.  
I went to the village  
And said to the chief,  
"Greetings to you."

He offered me a glass of wine and told me,  
"Hold this valuable gift,  
Keep it safe, be careful." I said,  
"Greetings to you."

I told him, "I am crazy, insane,  
Always in the fire, like Abraham."  
I thank my God, my Owner and say,  
"Greetings to You."

When I am outside, the universe  
Is filled with my greetings.  
When I entered the cave with  
The beloved, I said, "Greetings to you."

There is His art, His work  
In every form and every shape.  
And good night, O sneaky one  
"Greetings to you."

David says, from the throne,  
"I will be sacrificed for you."  
Mansur greets you from the gallows.

The one who is longing for your praise  
Greets you without expecting anything.  
The one who is in need, sends  
Greetings from helplessness.

The king salutes you with flag and drums.  
Sick ones move their tongue to greet you.

I pawned my clothes when I drank

The wine of soul. I have been undressed from my being  
So that the drunk will see and greet me.

This year has been so nice and lucky  
Because of your moon face.  
Don't turn back and greet last year.

Every string wished health to the next  
On the harp of fate because of the  
Pleasure of your plectrum.

The Birds of Abraham<sup>[85]</sup> were scattered,  
Their necks were cut coming forth  
From that world bringing good health  
And greetings to you.

I let a torrent of words flow,  
Read Sura Qaria,<sup>[86]</sup> left my work, my business.  
O work and business, greetings to you.

88.

*Verse 810*

☞ thank God, this heart  
Is better today than yesterday.  
Today my heart has a different  
Color from this love.

He was drinking wine  
Under the rose sapling yesterday.  
That's why this heart  
Is upside-down today.

The reed of love has been  
Wailing that tune a long time.  
That heart turned into sugar from  
The pleasure of that reed of love.

O my beauty, O one who is dressed so neatly,  
I will become a belt for you.  
This heart has embraced you like a belt.

O sea of sweetness and pleasure,  
This body has turned into shell.

The heart is a pearl from the nourishment  
I received from your water.

God's Shams of Tabriz shines  
Brightly like the sun, with the light of his sun,  
This heart turned into early dawn.

Every house of the faithful has  
Been demolished by your love.  
Because of this confusion, that heart has  
Run to the roof, taken shelter under the door.

89.

*Verse 817*

☞ I look sleepy but I am fully awake,  
Aware of everything.  
I am out of myself,  
But in Your business, I am all there.

I join the ones who are  
Crushing Your grapes, because of You.  
I entered the trough of love,  
Kept crushing Your grapes.

You see only my feet,  
You don't see the grapes.  
Take a glass of juice, drink,  
Understand I am crushing the grapes.

If you keep kicking the floor,  
Come to the trough of soul,  
Swallow waves in the depth of the juice.

This wine doesn't make you sick,  
Doesn't make your head dizzy.  
Come and taste my wine.

Your wine makes you drunk,  
Gives you a hangover.  
I know what you have,  
But I don't want to reproach you.

O my kept bird, don't look

At the trap you are in.  
See the one who set the trap.  
That way you will learn  
To search for the truth.

Even a trap as deep as  
The bottom of a well,  
God can change into heaven.  
If it is full of thorns and garbage,  
God can make that place a rose garden for me.

When Joseph fell into the well,  
News came to him, "I will take care of you,  
O My tired one, O My sick one.

I am preparing your medicine,  
I am cleaning your tent.  
I am making opposites from the opposite.  
My power reaches everywhere.  
I am mighty, overpowering."

"I order stone to come to life.  
I make nothing into something.  
I ask the garden and meadow to turn into winter.  
Do you acknowledge Me now?"

O God's Shams of Tabriz,  
You are the light of day.  
I resemble the night  
Which comes after the day.

90.

*Verse 829*

☞ don't take my hand from You  
For one moment, because  
You are my job, my business.

I taste Your sugar, drink Your sherbet,  
I have been trying to untie Your feet.  
I am Your prey, my heart is sick.  
You are the lion eating my heart.

My soul and Yours look like

They've become one. I made an oath to that Soul,  
I am tired of anybody else.

I am like a bouquet of flowers,  
A bundle of grass from the garden of Your beauty,  
A kulah[87] made by Your grace and kindness.

This universe is made up of thorns  
Spread over the walls around You.  
I keep chewing, tom with hope  
To smell the rose of Union.

If the thorn is like that,  
How is Your rose garden,  
O Beauty Whose mystery wipes out all my secrets?

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O my life, even in the sky,  
The moon becomes a partner to the sun.  
I understand that You won't  
Leave me alone at the gathering of strangers.

I went to see a dervish,  
He told me, "God is your help."  
It looks like, with his prayer  
A sultan like you has become my helper.

I have seen the whole world,  
Like the pictures on the wall  
Of the public bath.  
O Beautiful One who snatched  
My turban and ran,  
I will still look for You, attach to You.

Every race goes to His group  
By dragging their chain.  
What race do I belong to, that  
I got stuck here in this trap.

Beloved, you have been turning  
Around my heart like a thief.  
O my deceitful beauty, I know  
What you want, for what you are searching.

You hide a secret candle under

Your dress, O beloved,  
You want to burn my barn, my harvest,  
That's what you want.

O my rose, my rose garden,  
O my health, my sickness, a my Joseph's face,  
O the demand of my trade,

You are turning around my heart.  
I keep turning around your door.  
I am like a pelker,[\[88\]](#) I turn dizzy.

I deserve grief and sorrow  
If I start telling the story  
Of grief and sorrow in front  
Of Your beautiful face.

These people would dance  
With the tambourine of Hikmet.[\[89\]](#)  
But until Your tune is played,  
Nobody will start dancing.

The sound of the tambourine is hidden.  
The dance of the people is evident.  
The spot I scratch is obvious,  
But the One who scratches is hidden.

I would be silent with my jealousy,  
Because I became a cloud spreading sugar.  
I don't rain anything but sugar.

I am in water, in soil, in fire.  
I blow with the wind.  
These four elements are around me,  
I am not out of them.

Sometimes I am a Turk, sometimes an Indian.  
Sometimes I am from the land of Rum,  
Other times, I am a Negro.  
O my life, both my denial, and my acknowledgment  
Come from You.

Now, I don't give a headache with my body.  
In appearance I am here,  
But the Tabriz of my heart and soul  
Are with God's Shams.

91.

*Verse 850*

He cracked everybody's head,  
Then he frowned, complaining of a headache.  
Be has snatched the mantle  
Of destiny, then complained, "I am naked,  
I don't have anything to wear."

Alas, for that stony heart,  
Alas, for his different coyness and flirtation.  
But he is not the one who is like stone.  
It is me; I instigate the world  
And provoke everybody.

I am at the bottom of a sea of blood,  
I became drunk drinking that blood.  
But I am so nice, so cheerful  
That it looks like I am  
The juice of the grape, not blood.

O Love, You are so big, so great,  
That the sky cannot contain You.  
How come You fit into this invisible heart?

You jumped into the house of the heart,  
Closed and locked the door  
So nobody could come in.  
I am the glass that covers the candle,  
Or I've become the light, the brilliance.

This body is like a pregnant black woman.  
This heart is a beauty of Rum inside her womb.  
That's why half of me is musk  
And the other half is camphor.

You took my heart.  
I am looking for it in others  
Without perceptibly looking.  
But I am not one who has no sight.

O my dear, if some day, when I die,  
My pale face is buried,

A yellow rose will grow next to my tomb.

Didn't Solomon hear the complaint of an ant?  
You are a Solomon, in a sense and  
I am like an ant.

Didn't I ask you, "Why are you crying  
And moaning? You have hundreds of honeycombs."  
I wear the same mantle as the honeybee.  
I make honey at the same time I cry and moan.

I wail from this suffering,  
But I wouldn't change His incurable  
Wound for a hundred glories.

I cry out like a harp,  
Because I am the nightingale of the rose garden.  
I curl, wriggle like a snake  
Because I am next to the treasure.

I am reminded by you that, "You say  
I am great, I am full of self."  
I say, "No, I am not great, have no self.  
My 'self' comes from You,  
My greatness is a reflection of Your greatness."

I am raw, cooked, and burned,  
Laughing and crying.  
Sometimes I wonder if I amaze people.  
I am in union, and at the same time, separated.

92.

*Verse 864*

☞ doesn't matter whether  
Its hard for me to learn  
Or if I have a crooked mouth.  
I am your student.  
I want to learn to smile from your smiling lips.

O Source of understanding and feeling,  
Don't you want a student?  
What should I do in order  
To be accepted and stay with you?

Make a spark through the opening of the door  
So I can see your face.  
I will light hundreds of candles  
From this fire and enlighten everything.

One minute you say, "I am a tithe collector,"  
And take all my belongings.  
The next minute, you go in front of me, saying,  
"I am your guide."

Sometimes you push me to sin,  
Other times you lead me to regret.  
You twist my beginning, my end,  
Because I am like hamza, in words of hamza. [\[90\]](#)

I look like a fish in the pan,  
Frying first on one side then the other,  
At the bazaar.

You are the one who turns me  
From side to side in the pan.  
I am brighter than the day  
If I am with you at night.

In work or in business, in thought or in a dream,  
I am too tired to change from one situation  
To the other. One minute I am turquoise blue,  
The next I become happy.

93.

*Verse 872*

☞ have such a shape,  
Who do I look like, Hodja?  
One moment, I look like a fairy.  
In the next moment, I am calling the fairies.

With the fire of longing, I am altogether.  
Sometimes I am a candle, illuminating  
The gatherers. I am light. I am smoke.  
I am organized and scattered at the same time.

I won't twist or pull anything

Except the ear of the heart's rebab.[\[91\]](#)  
I won't strike anything with the plectrum  
Except the harp of happiness.

I am like sugar or milk.  
I beat myself, then hold on.  
When my craziness comes,  
I keep shaking my chains.

Hodja, what kind of bird am I?  
I am neither a partridge nor a falcon,  
I am not beautiful, nor ugly,  
Neither this nor that.

I am neither a merchant in the bazaar,  
Nor a nightingale of the rose garden.  
Hodja, give me a name, so I can  
Call myself by that name.

I am neither a slave nor free.  
I am neither candle nor iron.  
I have neither given my heart to anyone  
Nor have I become anyone's beloved.

Neither my good deeds nor wickedness are from me.  
They are from Him,  
Wherever He pulls me, I go.

94.

*Verse 880*

☞ became Solomon in love,  
A friend of the birds.  
I have the love of a fairy.  
Sometimes I am the one who calls the fairy.

Whoever has a fairy-like disposition,  
I grab, put him inside of a bottle.  
I cast a spell; I scare him with my sword.

I am in terror of that business.  
I am all together; at the same time  
I am out of myself.  
Sometimes I talk and other times keep silent.

I am a blackboard for the one who is silent  
And the one who talks with silence.

Alas, Mary changed to different  
Colors and different conditions.  
Alas, that I cannot wail anymore  
For that situation.

How did I become colorless  
Because of that color?  
I turned into a hanging bunch of grapes  
Because of that curly hair falling on his forehead.  
My God, I have scattered, vanished  
Like a moth because of that candle.

I said, "O Moon, you are soul  
Today, you have another 'beauty. "  
"Go," he said, "Don't look at me  
With the eyes of humans."

O Hodja, if you are a man,  
Why do you fall for all this illusion and worry?  
My soul is filled with the smoke  
Of your fire of greed.

Either become a crazy, insane Lover,  
Or go away from us.  
Don't come to this curtain with your Being.  
I will cover your face with it.

I am blood and also milk.  
I am a child and old as well.  
Slave, at the same time, master.  
I am this and that.

I am Shams who distills sugar,  
Also the land of Tabriz.  
I am the cupbearer, as well as the drunk.  
I am famous to all  
And, at the same time, hidden from all eyes.  
Nobody sees me.

Come, come to our gathering.  
Then we will continue our drink.  
Don't treat me so bitterly,  
So that I'll become a load of sugar.

O charmer, I plunged into your  
Shapeless, colorless love.  
Pull me out of this jar,  
So I can cover myself with another color.

My heart is smaller than the eyes  
Of the Mim, because I am expectant,  
I am in fear. I look like half  
A divided circle, like the moon.

O you who became sultan for  
Hundreds of foot soldiers because of  
The king of soul, ride your horse.  
I will carry the cover of your saddle.

I was concerned. I was good and bad  
Because of the wind of obstinacy.  
I was with myself.  
But, I swear to God, from now on  
I will be much more absorbed in You.

I am secure because of you.  
O moon-faced one, I reached confidence  
Thanks to you.  
I hope I will have safety on this side,  
Or I follow a dangerous road.

The cypress bent down for me.  
The rose garden received munificence from me.  
Faith has flown away from me.  
I am afraid to fall in the way of blasphemy.

You have such an eye that  
You are making a shield out of arrows.  
If you throw your arrow,  
How can I protect myself?

God's Shams of Tabriz is the top  
And the bottom of my love.  
I made my soul up and down

With his love.

96.

*Verse 899*

Don't lose your way by trying  
To be visible in this world of existence.  
In the valley of the brave, it is not only you,  
Your shoes will also disappear.

Try to be annihilated in this world full of fire,  
Pay attention and see, even the ermin  
Is killed by arrows for its fur  
In this world of existence.

You are the leader of wakefulness  
Under the sky of this fire,  
But, at the end, no head or tail  
Remains in you.

Your distress increases in time,  
So does your trouble.  
At the end you will be destroyed,  
Reach the holiday.  
Your drum will be banged, tu-dum.

Understand the wretchedness of my words.  
O piece of wood, go to the fire.  
Read me a verse of "It won't be anybody from  
You that won't stop there."[\[92\]](#)

What else will grow in this valley  
But a mouthful of morsels for the table?  
How could a donkey whose nails  
Are made by wool fly to the sky?

Even if he flies like a vulture,  
Earth's gravity will bring him down.  
Everything turns around  
And comes back to its origin.

If you are a man, go toward that  
Secret jewel. It is like the fountain of life  
In this jar-like body.

O God's Shams of Tabriz,  
We will stay and incubate like an egg  
Beneath your wing until  
You tell us to get up.

97.

*Verse 908*

Since I fell in love with this Beloved,  
I am busy and at the same time, idle.  
My head is spinning, my feet  
Are fixed to the ground.  
I look like a compass.

I am mad with the moon and earth-like Mars.  
I am ashamed and bored with  
This golden glorious sky.

If you are close to me, O my friend,  
Come and see me.  
See how I am in deep ecstasy.  
Why do you ask secrets of me?  
I am already known, exposed.

That lion doesn't drink anything  
But blood from the lover's heart.  
I am the son of that lion.  
I am looking for a heart  
From which to drink blood.

I am sick, that's why you are praying the Fatiha.[\[93\]](#)  
But, my friend, don't you see I am sick from Fatiha.

People put Hallac on the gallows  
For a few symbolic words of truth.  
I have such unendurable secrets,  
That if Hallac were alive,  
He would put me on the gallows.

O Hodja, if you don't want  
To acknowledge me, don't.  
I am not telling you anyway.  
I don't wash corpses.

I don't scratch rocks.

O you who denies God's  
Shams of Tabriz, to whom the universe  
Became a slave and servant,  
I am already sick and tired  
Of the acknowledgments of blind people, like you.

98.

*Verse 916*

☞ have no heart, no hand.  
My feet are also tied with your love.  
Yet, I have broken so many ties,  
Freed myself from so many bonds,  
O my smiling beauty, go easy, I am drunk.

At the assembly of admiration,  
A glass was offered to me  
Like a soul from the Sultan.  
Who do you know?  
Be easy, I am drunk.

O my soul, come closer a moment.  
Don't hurt me anymore.  
O my cheerful charmer,  
Go easy, I am drunk.

O cupbearer of the Beloved,  
Never mind this clumsy, heavy soul.  
Steal from the monks, offer wine slowly.  
I am drunk.

You are unconventional.  
You are in front of religion, indifference, and rakishness.  
Why do you stay behind the curtain hiding yourself?  
Come out slowly, I am drunk.

O wine, I became worse than you.  
I am more wine than you are.  
I am more exuberant, overflowing.  
Then you be easy, I am drunk.

I am the same kind with

The boiling, overflowing wine.  
I am with the one who sells their mantle.  
Why should I hide or cower from the Beloved?  
Go easy, I am drunk.

I went beyond myself, chose your love.  
Then I saw I am annihilated.  
Go slowly with me because I am drunk.

I am the light of Enoch's soul.  
I even dressed like a monk  
And fooled the people.  
Go easy, I am drunk.

In the creed of the one who is free  
From the restriction of religion,  
Even the indifference of knowledge is worthless.  
This is empty air for them.  
Go easy, I am drunk.

O one who stirs hundreds  
Of instigations and deceits,  
The time is late.  
Drunks are dropping into drunken slumber.  
Also, take those young ones away.  
But be easy, because I am drunk.

99.

*Verse 927*

☞ came to start trouble,  
To fight the gathering of Rustem,[\[94\]](#)  
To sit and break hundreds of glasses.  
Come slowly, because I am drunk.

O one who keeps talking nonsense,  
Who plays a drum and laughs  
Who became a donkey and a donkey's slave,  
Come slowly, because I am drunk.

O wise one who sits awkwardly and stays,  
O one whose face is darker than a blacksmith,  
Come and see my charmer, watch him, but  
Come slowly, because I am drunk.

You're almost like a wooden man.  
You should approach, come closer.  
You may become alive and see  
Hundreds of blood-filled Tigris rivers.  
Come slowly, because I am drunk.

Don't be lazy O cupbearer,  
We haven't drunk it all, we still have wine.  
Fill this with pure, clean wine, give it to us, but  
Come slowly, because I am drunk.

The ones who fall in grief  
And sorrow on this road  
Are fools or people with no sense, but  
Come slowly, because I am drunk.

God's Shams, free from everything,  
Tabriz, clear and pure wine,  
I have fallen down until the Day of Judgment, but  
Come slowly, because I am drunk.

100.

*Verse 934*

When I see Your face in the mirror  
I start talking, but the mirror  
Doesn't want to be misted over with the breath of words.  
Alas, my words, alas.

I see You in the water,  
I reach for You with my hand,  
The water ripples, becomes muddy,  
So does my work and business.

O friend, even the word "friend"  
Doesn't fit between us.  
If I try to say, O Beloved,  
I am unable to say "O Beloved."

Even "Ah," goes back to the place  
From which it comes.  
I closed the road to my mouth,  
I can't wail.

Even if I wail "Ah," that's  
Because I can't see that Moon when  
It is covered by clouds.  
O my charmer of the full moon,  
Certainly it is more pleasant  
To look at the moon.

101.

*Verse 939*

☞ told one charmer, whose face  
Is like the moon, that  
"I have hundreds of different  
Pleasures and joys because of You."  
Be answered me, "I have a hundred more  
Amazing things besides that."

"Show me some reason to hang on,  
To be ahead in this game," I said.  
"I came to this game from beyond reason," he answered.

Each community comes from one tribe,  
Close to one nation.  
I am close with the grief of Your love.

O Glorious One who is loved and admired,  
Settle down by my eyes,  
Don't be absent from my sight.  
I achieved the things that are desired, wished for,  
With the Kingdom of that Glory.

I am such a person, that everyone  
Of my sighs raises the sky, bums it with flame.  
I obtained this hot, angry fire from that blazing love.

102.

*Verse 944*

☞ Love, you turned my sleep upside down.  
My sleep has been spoiled

With the blood of my heart.

To look for the source of sugar  
And bring it over, among other thoughts,  
Made my sleep melt like sugar at  
The time of evening which  
Is pregnant with many incidents.

I have turned into something like  
His eyebrow. I resemble a new moon.  
Without reaching the favor of His union,  
I became thinner.  
It is impossible to sleep at this phase of the moon.

In spite of all these times, I am awake.  
When night comes, I beg that Love  
To take my sleep away.

When sleep sees me, it can't sit with me.  
It runs away, finds somebody else to overwhelm.

Love belongs to the Kingdom of Heaven.  
Greatness, love of purity, took  
Sleep out of my human eyes.  
For that reason, whenever I was able,  
I kept my friends with me and kept them awake.

If you are a lover, if you are  
Seriously in love, follow me.  
I don't feel sleepy until early dawn,  
And I don't sleep.

103.

*Verse 951*

☞ am a painter.  
I paint beautiful paintings  
Every moment. When I see You,  
I destroy them in front of You.

I paint hundreds of paintings,  
Give them life.  
But when I see You,  
I throw them in the fire.

You are either a cupbearer serving wine,  
Or the enemy of mind and sobriety,  
Destroying every house I build.

Soul has been spread and broken,  
Ran toward You and merged with You.  
I smell You from the soul,  
That's why I should caress and love the soul.

My blood flows on Your soil, says,  
"I am the same color as Your love."

Soul is devastated in this  
House of mud, without You.  
Beloved, either You come home,  
Or I'll destroy the house from its foundation.

104.

*Verse 957*

☞ don't repent of that guilt.  
I even resent and avoid the ones  
Who repent of that guilt,

O my soul, Majnun did not  
Repent of his love of Layla.  
I have hundreds of Laylas,  
Majnun's loves are my secrets.

What kind of love is it that has  
No head, no feet, no beginning, no end.  
I am the lover and also the beloved.  
I wail, I am sick, and at the same time,  
I am the cure for the sick.

The thought that flew away  
Has already left this burned love.  
Because I am sometimes a narrow cage,  
Sometimes Jafar-i Tayyar. [\[95\]](#)

105.

*Verse 961*

☞ went to the doctor of soul and told him,  
"Take my pulse, examine me.  
My heart doesn't belong to me, I am sick,  
I am in love and drunk at the same time.

I have hundreds of different problems.  
I wish it was one.  
Even with all these troubles,  
I keep searching beyond this."

He asked me, "Haven't you died?"  
I said, "I was dead, but when I smelled  
Your scent I jumped out of my grave."

O beautiful one, who has divine beauty,  
O charmer, who belongs in God's East,  
O Joseph of Canaan, who made me cut  
My hand while watching your Beauty,

He approached me slowly, nicely,  
Put his hand to my heart and asked,  
"Where are you from? How are you?"  
I said, "I am from here, my situation is like that."

When I started to argue, he offered  
Me a glass of wine. Fire came to my pale face.  
I gave up the fight.

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Then I took my clothes off,  
Became crazy, insane with drunkenness,  
Entered the circle of drunks  
And sat on the right side.

I've worn hundreds of kinds of garments.  
I have shown hundreds of different exuberances.  
I spilled hundreds of cups, broke hundreds of bowls;

That tribe worshipped the golden calf.  
If I didn't worship Love,  
I would become a toy calf made of wool.

That Divine Sultan is calling me.  
I am a falcon, He pulls me  
To the height of His Kingdom.

You tied my feet, Beloved.  
I am Your drunk.  
Either as the arrow or the string of the bow,  
I am in Your hand, Beloved.

If I fly off into space its because of You.  
If I am drunk its because of You.  
If I come down, You lowered me down.  
If I exist, I exist because of You.

You made me drunk, let me dance around.  
When You closed the top of the jar,  
I shut my mouth.

106.

*Verse 974*

☉ One for whom r became drunk from this grief,  
Yes, I am drunk, I broke the glass.  
I also broke all the promises I made yesterday.  
I am saved from all of them.

Break all your thoughts with the glass, Beloved.  
Because, I've become prey for that cupbearer today.

I am mature now, I threw him off the roof.  
His meeting, his talks were all a trap.  
I was caught.  
I don't have anything to do with the trap anymore.

A snake jumped out of my hand,  
Ran to the mountains and entered a cave.  
Now I have employment again. Thanks a hundred times.  
These thanks became my trade.

There are many black scorpions in human shape,  
But we are protected from them.  
That's why I am giving thanks.

107.

*Verse 979*

Ɔodja, greetings to you,  
I want to start a journey.  
I have found a passage,  
A road on the roof of the sky.

Soul decided to return to its origin.  
Eye returned to the place  
Where sight was given to it.

Now the torrent is carrying  
Me to my destination.  
How thirsty my heart was,  
Burned by the separation from that sea.

I will ride my horse like a Turk  
With joy to the door of Hakan's [\[96\]](#) temple,  
Because He gave me a belt  
As big and wide as a nomad's tent.

I disappeared under the sun like a shadow.  
I reached nothingness.  
For that reason, I follow Him like the moon.  
Like a ruby, I have different sparks,  
A different love by His heat and light.

Never mind my shell, even if  
He breaks my essence, my marrow.  
I am still marrow and essence, quite fresh.  
Even if He breaks me like a reed,  
I have lots of sugar.

My feet are tied like a cypress,  
Like an iris, but I am free.  
I am like stone, like iron  
But I have sparks in my heart.

O Charmer of my heart,  
I am losing my manners, my modesty,  
But the things I obtain from you  
Are enough for me, forever.

O my Master, I don't have any more patience.

Don't leave my heart, don't push me away.  
Your separation is intolerable.

O Love, You let me know you  
Are coming, welcome, come.  
If I am kept away from You,  
To whom would I be close?  
Who will give me peace and tranquility?

Even if I die and am put in a coffin,  
My food is still Your love.  
I appear human,  
But I am nourished with angel's food.

Master, how auspicious you are.  
Nobody has your beauty.  
Nobody could kiss your lips.  
Nobody could talk about your lips.  
I mention your name every night.  
I keep telling your stories.[\[97\]](#)

O generous sultan, who has  
A temper like the sea,  
You tell the rest of it.  
I'll close my mouth like a shell.  
I mean, I have a pearl inside of me.

108.

*Verse 993*

☞ drunk cupbearer, take  
The glass away from my hand,  
I am drunk.  
I got out of the circle of sober ones,  
I am free of them.

Separation is the opposite of the rind[\[98\]](#)  
I am either at the top or bottom.  
You color yourself with the same color, my hodja.

Anything you think about war,  
I am separate from.  
Anything about love, I am that, I am there.

Since I have fallen into your love,  
I stay out of all feuds.  
I am at peace with you.

Accept me like spinach,  
Cook me sweet or sour.  
Whatever I am cooked with,  
I reached You, I mixed with You.

His musical instrument has been idle.  
It is all my fault, that instrument  
Was always ready to be played,  
I first came as a drunk.

You are drunk, and so am I.  
Our drunkenness is mixed with each other's.  
We are like mortar and pestle,  
We look like two, but, in reality, are only one.

109.

*Verse 1000*

The cupbearer was my Sultan,  
That's why I drink more than anyone else.  
I felt dizzy from drunkenness.  
I started acting funny, did all kinds of wrong things.

When the cupbearer who tied my feet  
Saw me like that, he came and held my hand,  
Kissed my pale face.

I said, "You are the Sultan, You are Soul,  
Worth hundreds more.  
You are the salt pan, but I brought  
You a different saltiness.  
You were attractive, but I brought  
A different charm for You.

The place has been filled  
By noise and fights because  
Of that pure, clear wine cup.  
But, I am not afraid of that,  
I am the one who makes all the trouble.

Either thirsty or sleepy,  
I don't drink without Him.  
Either in a pair or alone,  
I am matched to His sight.

I am a green branch, but  
How could I move without wind?  
I am the shadow of that cypress.  
If the cypress was not there,  
What would I turn around?

If I become a cloud, that moon  
Is the source of light for the heart of the cloud.  
If I am a man, that Sultan is the Sultan of man.

That Charming Sultan was about to leave.  
"Kindly," I said, "Sit a little bit longer,  
O drunkenness of every particle of mine,  
O answer to my troubles."

The Sun at the sign of Aries is nothing,  
O One whose head is in infinity,  
O Beloved, with whom all my  
Warmth and cold disappear.

I have fallen in Your basin,  
Because I drank Your wine.  
I am the dice of that backgammon.  
Because of that I was dropped  
In Your bowl like a glass ball.

If He is not the One who excites  
And makes me talk, I'll be silent, quit talking.  
He is the rider, I am only dust under His feet.

110.

*Verse 1011*

☞ If you don't want to sleep,  
You sit, I'll go to sleep.  
You keep telling your story, I finished mine.

I finished that story.

I have so much sleep  
I stagger like a drunk falling down.

Either asleep or awake,  
I am thirsty for that Beloved  
Whose image is always my company.

I am like a mirror which depends on that face.  
Because of that, I show His attributes,  
I hide His attributes.

When He smiles, I smile.  
When He is exalted, scattered, open,  
I am the same.

You tell the rest. Those pearls  
Of meanings that I have been threatening  
Are in Your threat, come from Your sea.

111.

*Verse 1017*

☞ I am out of myself, but I want  
To go beyond that, I could say to your eyes,  
"Here, that's what the drunk is like.  
I want that kind of drunkenness."

My Beautiful Beloved grabbed my neck  
And asked me what I wanted?  
"That's all I want," I said.

I neither want a crown nor a throne.  
I want to kiss the ground at your temple.

I want to tell my secrets to the breeze at dawn.  
I want to make him my company.  
But really, if I want a great confidant,  
I should discuss it with Him.

I grabbed the doorknob of the place  
They wear ihram,[\[99\]](#) I am at Harem.[\[100\]](#)  
Out of all disasters, I was dropped into  
A drunken slumber in which You put Your seal on me.  
I want the imprint of Your ring.

O my Soul, there is another moon  
Hidden in my heart. I know this very well.  
I now have Knowledge of Certainty, (*ilm al-yaqin*)  
But, I want to see neat and clear.  
I want to reach Vision of Certainty. (*Ain al-yaqin*)

112.

*Verse 1023*

☞ pawned my mantle.  
I am a stark naked person of the tavern.  
I sold all my belongings and spent the money.  
I am a guest of the tavern.

O beautiful-faced player, play, sing,  
Clap your hands and say,  
"You are the man of prayers,  
I am the rind[101] of the tavern."

O one who is tied to the designs of the body,  
You want to see me, but you cannot see the Soul.  
I am the Soul of the Tavern.

I am fond of neither eating nor drinking,  
Nor have I made this my problem.  
I am tired of this eating and drinking.  
I am at the head of the table in the tavern:

I am the crony of the Sultan.  
Really, I am Solomon.  
I turned completely into faith.  
I am the faith of the tavern.

In this no-good place, I played,  
Sang with your love, got drunk.  
I saw someone and asked, "Who are you?"  
"I am the sultan of the tavern," he said.

Wherever I am, I drink from the same cup with Him.  
Wherever I walk around, I am in the same tavern.

You must have evidence for that claim.  
You said, "I'll show you one better

Than you ask.  
I am the evidence, evidence of the tavern."

I lost my gold and silver, but I lean  
Against the jasmine-bodied Beauty.  
I am in His arms.  
I don't have any property, good.  
But I've become all the belongings of the tavern.

O cupbearer, who became Soul to my soul.  
You watch out for my ruined heart.  
I fell and was ruined in the tavern.

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"The devil made you fall into this ruin," you said.  
But, there is a beauty of an angel in  
The devil of the tavern.

When I keep silent I am the bottle in the tavern.  
If I start to talk, I become only the doorkeeper.

113.

*Verse 1035*

☞ swear on Your Soul,  
I am congenial now with You.  
I will be tomorrow.  
I am spreading sugars here and there.

Heart drank Your wine and took the road.  
We don't have heart; heart is with You.  
Even then, it is still with us,  
Still without us.

O Heart, you are on the way to  
A known destination.  
All we want from you is to  
Take our greetings to Him and tell Him that.

We are waiting for the right time.  
But, heart is always with You,  
Watching Your face, on one hand he is in peace,  
Otherwise, he is overflowing,

He is struggling, has troubles.

This heart turned into a wave  
From your wind, your wine.  
It is pleasant when it swells  
Nice even when it is down.

The beautiful cloud of Your favor  
Made our soul and heart very pleasant,  
Had its effect on soil, stone and rock.

After going away from this earth,  
Being free from human form,  
To merge souls with You,  
And reach the privacy of  
The assembly of souls with You  
Would be wonderful.

The ones who know  
And the ones who are ignorant,  
Are puzzled with your drunken eyes  
And your magic.

As you know, I am crazy, insane.  
I have no shame.  
Love and craziness are in my blood.  
That's the way I was born.

O one who is looking  
For a sign, and evidence of His fire, His water.  
Look at the color of our face,  
The tears in your eyes.

There is peace,  
And at the same time, turbulence  
In the land of mud.  
This trouble, this fight is all because of love.

For that curly hair coming  
Down on His forehead  
With those chains of Soul,  
Muslim, as well as Christian,  
Will put on Zunnar.[\[102\]](#)

*Verse 1047*

Isn't that the fragrance of the wine  
That I became very drunk with  
And passed out of myself?  
O cupbearer, You understand  
My situation from that wine.

O my drunk cupbearer,  
Look what terrible shape I'm in.  
O one who flies out of my hand,  
Whatever has happened to me  
Happened because of that hand.  
You understand that I belong to this hand.

I have been ruined in your traps.  
But I also broke your glass.  
You are drunk and so am I.  
We both break and tear everything.

Keep my word, O Soul  
And Heart of the drunks, talk with me.  
You say, "I am not your confidant."  
I swear to God, I am a confidant, I am.

Pour this vintage wine into the glass.  
Come to my arms, come,  
So even if I am asleep, I'll wake up.

Give the wine to us now.  
For your soul, your head's sake,  
Don't fool us by saying,  
"I'll offer it to you tomorrow."

How can I give up on you?  
I certainly won't leave you.  
I will fight to the point you'll say,  
"I am tired and sick, I give up this fight."

I want you to bum with  
The wind of the wine.  
I desire you to love me down to earth  
And spread me with your water.

115.

*Verse 1055*

My soul will be sacrificed  
To the charmer whose name  
I never mentioned.  
If there is a day I don't look for Him,  
It will turn into a dark evening.

If He comes to my neighborhood tomorrow,  
If I worried about the hearts,  
I would be damned and ashamed in the town.

I said, "O one whose face  
Is as beautiful as the moon,  
Look for me time by time  
So I can wash my face with the blood of heart."

"I came looking for you,  
But you weren't home."  
My God, how could he tell  
Such a lie in front of my face.

I swear that one day I will  
Die by telling a gazel.  
Because I wept bitterly for  
Such a long time, I turned into hair.

116.

*Verse 1060*

O one who invites me as a guest.  
Come over next to me, I am confused,  
I don't know where the house is.

O one who caused the whole  
City to become bewildered,  
The one who amazes the villager  
And the city people at the same time,  
Where is the house? Show it to me.  
I don't know where the house is.

Don't look for reason, mind  
Or knowledge from the one whose soul you become.  
Don't hurt him.  
I don't know where the house is.

Excuse the one who has seen You,  
Then becomes exuberant.  
Don't let him go from the house,  
I don't know where the house is.

I am in love, burning with desires.  
My reputation is known everywhere.  
Don't leave me alone at the house.  
I don't know where the house is.

O player, who is at the front of all the singers,  
Hit the tambourine with your hand.  
Close the road to the house, I have lost the way.  
I don't know where the house is.

O my God's Shams of Tabriz,  
I cannot be intimate with anyone but you.  
I don't know where the house is.

117.

*Verse 1067*

Do you know where you can find me?  
Around that eye, that narcissus,  
Which is pregnant to all instigations.

When that beauty reflects on the heart,  
His image appears and shines.  
The heart breaks its dam, overflows, runs;  
It becomes impossible to control.

The heart's baby, who is full of love,  
Gets in fights, starts struggling,  
Then the time of nursing passes.  
And he starts running.

The heart learned this hustling from his fire of love.  
Flying from the chest, jumping, and escaping  
He learned from Him.

118.

*Verse 1071*

Make sure of that creed.  
That the way of lovers is the road that lovers walk  
Entirely opposite to others.  
Even their ostentations, their lies  
Are better than other's truths, kindnesses and favors.

There is nothing impossible for the lover.  
Even his guilt is a meritorious act.  
His cruelty is justice,  
His false accusation is a compliment, a favor.

The stern face of love is like a soft smile.  
His fire temple is Ka'be.[\[103\]](#)  
The thorn He pokes is better than the rose, or reyhan.[\[104\]](#)

When it makes a face, that feeling  
Is better than sugar.  
When He is tired and bored,  
That gives a better feeling  
Than being hugged and kissed.

If he says, "I am tired of you"  
These words are like the fountain of life  
Of Khidr which comes from the  
Source of eternal life.

When He says, "No, it is impossible."  
There are thousands of "Yes, it is possible,"  
Hidden in his words.  
When he acts strange, that is acceptance  
In the creed of people in ecstasy.

His cursing becomes total faith,  
His stone changes into coral.  
His greed is a favor.  
His guilt and sin are mercy and forgiveness.

How can you blame me and accuse  
Me of going the wrong way?  
I gave my soul and followed

The way of His eyebrows,  
That's the direction I went.

If I became drunk from this road,  
I stopped, was silent, closed my lips.  
You look at the bright Soul,  
The rest is not important.

O God's Shams of Tabriz,  
How much sugar are you spreading?  
You are telling hundreds of truths  
Through my tongue, bringing  
Hundreds of clear proofs.

119.

*Verse 1081*

☉ Cupbearer who creates  
Hundreds of loves,  
You keep doing that.  
O Beloved, Your grace, Your manners are so beautiful.  
Keep being like that.

You control beauties.  
When you raise your eyebrow, this slave would tell you,  
"Do that, do this, this is beautiful,  
So is that."

Fill up the glasses of monks  
With the blood of Muslims.  
Bum and destroy religion  
With your infidel hair.

You kick from your side,  
The one who has been pardoned as a traitor.  
With your brigand jealousy  
You waylay those on the road of Gabriel.

The command that cannot be contained  
In the sky with its heaviness,  
You put on the shoulders of the people,  
And spread it in daily life.

Give life to death with your Jesus breath.

Give your secret chemistry to the poor,  
Make him reach it with gold.

The order is yours as long as time passes.  
O God's Shams of Tabriz  
Yes, you keep the command.

120.

*Verse 1088*

☉ heart, words and alphabets  
Are not enough to explain You.

That player plays the instrument  
With my strumming, plays for my heart  
Instead of my tongue.  
All my existence turns around that tune.  
It tells the stories of my heart with that strike.

Because of this Cupbearer,  
The wine is drunk, the glass is drunk.  
Soul and universe admire my soul and my universe.

A garnet came from the land of Absence  
To this world, but it was also puzzled  
Seeing the greatness of my mine.

If you look for us, hair by hair,  
Minutely, in a subtle manner,  
You cannot find us, because our place is His hair.

Last night, soul was telling that  
Moon-faced one, "You hurt my heart, O my hard bow,  
Look at this spear which is full of blood."

"Is there a better prey for me than the lion?"  
Said He who found my trace better than  
The ruby of Bedehksan.[\[105\]](#)

O One who holds and pulls *on* my mantle,  
Which is made in hundreds of pieces,  
That's all I have.  
Where are your garments?

God's Shams of Tabriz,  
Is above time and space.  
That's why my fate is greater  
And nicer than any time.

121.

*Verse 1097*

Put those silver arms around my neck.  
My soul is your place,  
Come to my bosom.

I am drunk, O soul,  
I am out of control, O soul,  
Wake me up with your ruby lips.

O cupbearer of every great man,  
O you who melts and seduces everybody,  
From which jar did *you* pour this wine?  
O Beautiful One, to whose torture I've  
Become a slave and servant,  
Pull me out of my roots.

Tear my curtain and  
Shed the blood of my heart.  
As long as you are with me at the end,  
I'll be happy.

A friend doesn't complain,  
And the drunk is forgiving.  
Why are you hurting me?

O my soul, get out of your source, come forward.  
Even gold doesn't sparkle when it is in the mine.

No soul will fall in grief with someone like you,  
As a ruby that is just out of the mine.  
Nobody is wrapped with a shroud  
While his soul is in his body.

122.

*Verse 1104*

Know this well, the ways of  
The drunk are fights and struggles,  
And being exposed to all bad things.

For the lover, it is even worse.  
The lover is also from  
The same town as the drunks.

What is it to fall in love?  
I'll tell you.  
Love is to fall into a gold mine.

Even then, what is gold?  
Love is the salvation from death.  
To be free from the fear  
Of having the crown fall from the head.

The Dervish is wrapped up in his mantle,  
But he has a pearl under his arm.  
Why should he be ashamed  
To be a vagabond?

That beauty with the moon-face  
Came suddenly last night.  
He dropped his belt on the road.  
He was so drunk he didn't even know about it.

I said, "O Heart, get up, offer wine  
To the soul, this is the right time,  
The right opportunity to fall.

It is time to be company  
To the nightingale in the rose garden.  
It is time to eat sugar with the divine parrot.

My heart is not with me.  
I gave it to you.  
I fall in your way.  
I don't know anywhere else to fall.

If I broke your glass,  
I am drunk my beautiful, drunk.  
Bold my hand, save me from dangers.  
As you see, I am drunk.

That is a new rule, a new order;  
To break the glass and embrace the glass maker.

123.

*Verse 1114*

☉ playful-hearted beloved,  
Don't cheat, come forward.  
Since you are hurting us,  
You might as well hit hard, hurt hard.

If you will put up a throne for us,  
Do it in the middle of the ocean.  
If you will put up a gallows for us,  
Put it at the top of the sky.

Give sherbet to the compatible peers,  
Blow on their sherberts, [\[106\]](#) but the incompatible,  
Mixed up, double-faced ones,  
Mix and destroy them.

Rub the elixir of Ledun[\[107\]](#) on frozen thoughts  
So they can come to life, become gold.  
Give that forbidden wine to the  
Old lonely one so he would be a peer to others.

Show an altogether brand new justice  
To this world.  
Give a new intelligence to the earth.  
Send the Gazelle of the land of Ya-Hu[\[108\]](#)  
Over to the well-trained hunting dog,  
So that he hunts the dog.

Blow once more this kneaded mud.[\[109\]](#)  
Bend over and blow that curly hair  
So it will touch the mud of Adam.

If you are the truth who bends.  
His head to truth,  
Enter the cave of happiness.  
If you are a Muslim,  
Reach the land of submission.

O my Soul, You asked for soul,  
Here I am, here is the soul.  
The soul that won't be sacrificed  
To You, throw to the bottom of hell.

If you want to have a new Jesus  
Born every moment, send a breeze  
From your rose garden to the garments of Mary.

If you want the land of Absence  
To change into existence,  
Set the fire that Moses, son of Imran, saw,  
Into the harvest of mourning, burn it up.

If you want those two universes  
T a drink from the same cup,  
Become the same way, put the salve of  
"I am God," on their eyes.

O bright-hearted player,  
I will be silent, you play high notes  
When you have satisfied the  
Audience with "low pitches."

You are the enemy of grief and sorrows,  
Silence doesn't fit you.  
Throw a new stone to the head of grief every moment.

124.

*Verse 1127*

△ A new canal is opened from  
The source of Soul to every  
Poor one's home without a pick or mace.

Heart turned his face to soul,  
"O lover who is engulfed in trouble  
Go to the Beloved's window." he said,  
"Don't stay home."

O lover Hodja, O merchant  
Who worries for profit, turn  
Your face to the valleys.  
Go to the rose gardens of joy.

Don't get into the grief of those  
Who are oppressed with anxiety.

This heart is like leather,  
Grief is a fire, through which,  
The heart turns into a wrinkled table cloth.

If the eyes of your heart are filled  
With the soil of grief,  
How could you find Tabriz?  
How could you arrive at the temple of Shamseddin?

125.

*Verse 1132*

Watch these black people  
Behind the curtain of night.  
Tonight, have a soul drink  
With these black people.

People are asleep.  
Lovers are all scattered,  
Telling secrets to each other.  
What a beautiful custom.

Friends are all exalted,  
Their hearts and souls are all burned.  
They keep looking for that beautiful one  
Who has no dowry  
And shows his beauty free of charge.

Since your love became submissive to me,  
That love is forbidden.  
Since your hair has become my trap,  
Night has become my place.

The Negro of Night became drunk.  
Everything turned into a glass of wine.  
Watch the drunkenness of every existence  
In the eye of that Negro,

That water wheel would stop  
If water didn't come.  
But how could the wheel

Know why it was not turning?

That poor one kept turning,  
He has no love, no hate.  
The reason Ferhad made a tunnel  
In the mountain was just to reach Shirin[\[110\]](#)

The Sultan has sent intermingled soldiers  
To that hashish-addict Indian,  
To the source of coyness and grace,  
To that King of the Negroes.  
(That curly hair keeps hanging  
Down to the mole on his cheek.)

O God's Shams of Tabriz,  
You will illuminate the night  
Which resembles an Indian,  
With your face that has a hundred Pleiades.

126.

*Verse 1141*

☞ turned into a harp,  
Opened the door of melodies.  
Set forth to play the harp.  
On return, took hundreds of souls  
And started showing coyness.

Since You are Jesus,  
Sit us at the same table as Mary.  
We eat from the same bowl.  
Play the same tune on our Heart's tambour[\[111\]](#)

O one who plays the harp,  
Take the pulse of the elderly.  
Pour the blood of that grape's heart  
Into the glass and offer it to us.

Show today's beauty to the dervishes  
Promise tomorrow to the devout.

If you want to exalt the crazy people,  
Show your hair which resembles chains,  
Then watch them from a distance.

I have seen a beautiful one  
Made from Your Beauty.  
Soul said, "Say that we depend on God."  
Heart said, "Cry, shout and roar."

Since that day, this poor man  
Has neither mind nor religion.  
Turn me into a cross. I open  
My arms and wait for you to crucify me,  
Because of your hair which looks and smells like musk.

O heart, wear zunnar, and go to the monastery.  
Ask a kiss from the monk  
Who made everything disappear  
Except himself.

If you see a longing and enthusiasm for us  
On the face of Shams of Tabriz,  
Whom the whole universe serves,  
Start anew this beautiful story.

127.

*Verse 1150*

*M*ake sure there are two things  
Impossible in the two worlds.  
Neither could God's lover repent,  
Nor could a saddle bag be filled with air.

If repentance becomes a sea,  
I wouldn't get a drop of it.  
If I was buried in the ground.  
That soil would smoke and burn.

Every particle of it keeps turning  
Like a heart which is in love  
Because of my soul that followed fancy and desire.

That's my essence, my work, my occupation.  
Wherever I go, that's what I am;  
The saddle maker makes saddles wherever he goes.

Every living thing will go into the grave,

Be a slave to the ground.  
But musk in the small box,  
Won't fall into decay.

If your heart grows merry in your dark chest,  
That chest is not considered a dungeon,  
It becomes open space.

When a baby is happy inside  
Its mother's womb,  
Blood is better than wine for him.  
That small space is nicer than a rose garden.

If I spread these words,  
I am afraid the wrong one  
Will misunderstand this  
And lose his head.

128

*Verse 1158*

You are personified Soul.  
If anybody sees you as flesh, He looks in the mirror  
And sees nothing but dark iron.

I swear by your greatness that  
Your water of life won't stay  
At the top like oil.  
This is not your style.

O Beauty whose face is as bright as the moon  
If soul kisses Your feet once, he'll lick  
His mouth until the Day of Judgment.

I asked the Heart, "How are you?"  
"Soul is added to my soul," he answered,  
"Since I became home for His image."

Grief and sorrow won't come close to the heart  
In which His image exists.  
How can the one who plunges into  
His fountain of life be afraid of death?

129.

*Verse 1163*

He came and adorned the garden and meadow.  
What kind of face is His?  
He blew and made us drunk.  
What kind of smell is that smell?

Is this the house of heaven,  
Or quarters for the tavern?  
My God, what kind of house is this?  
What kind of quarters are these quarters?

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There is a river of red wine  
Flowing in the heart like the river of Kawthar.[\[112\]](#)  
The heart is filled with love.  
My God, what kind of river is this?

O Friend, although hundreds of men died  
At the top of every hill for You,  
You still hide yourself behind the curtain.  
What kind of behavior is that?

Souls that have been overwhelmed by pleasure  
And fallen in love, are of two kinds:  
One turned into wine with love;  
The other became the jars of love.

130.

*Verse 1068*

Burn my heart with the fire  
Of Your face.  
Take a flame from the fire  
Of my heart and send it  
To the sky, bum the hearts.

O Soul who has been freed  
From all bonds.  
O Soul who originally was born

From an angel, wherever you go, go nicely.  
Whenever you breathe, breathe nicely.

If my soul separates your body  
From the soul,  
Hit the sword in your hand  
To the top of my soul's head.

O Beauty, who has curly hair  
With many knots, but unties  
All the knots of the heart,  
Put one knot in the curly hair.

131.

*Verse 1172*

O my Soul of souls, how are you?  
O my Soul, please give me a kiss.  
I want a load of sugar from your sweet lips.

O my cheerful Soul of souls,  
I know you, you are very sweet.  
For God's sake, smile for me.

I am a buyer, I want sugar.  
O my Beauty who sells beautiful perfumes,  
Don't close the store, O my Soul.

I learned your name, your address,  
Then I went to the store.  
"Greetings to you, O great-statured cypress," I said.

"You are deceitful, a cheater," I said,  
"Don't trouble me so much,  
Don't make me sick and ruined, O my Soul"

Come to play, to please our heart, O Beloved.  
Use that hair like a snare  
With coyness and grace, O my Soul.

O most Beautiful, O smiling rose branch,  
Show me how beauties give kisses.

I am a slave, spread on the ground,

Burn and smoke nicely.  
I am smoking, like rue seeds,  
Inside the fire, O my Soul.

132.

*Verse 1180*

O cypress-statured rose of the rose garden,  
Take care of the empty-handed ones.  
Give them a loaf of bread; take hundreds,  
But give something to the poor.

Hear what the Prophet said,  
"Gold and silver are not diminished by alms."[\[113\]](#)  
Give something to the poor.

If you sow one seed,  
You'll harvest a hundred ears of com.  
Why are you scratching your ear?  
Give something to the poor.

Give a little, see more returned.  
Make heart, watch being praised.  
Solve problems, see your problem solved.  
Come, give something to the poor.

You are sleeping safe and sound  
In this night of confusion, because  
Your alms have reached God.  
He protects you.  
Come, give something to the dervishes.

If He does a favor, you take shelter  
In His shadow, rest and reach peace.  
Come, give something to the poor.

Respect, you'll be respected.  
Bless and you'll be blessed.  
Show compassion, you'll get the same.  
Give something to the poor.

O You who gives kindnesses and favor  
To every poor one.  
O You who feels sorry for every sufferer,

O You who commands at Judgment day.[\[114\]](#)  
Give something to the poor.

My voice has reached you,  
You have learned my secret.  
Don't deprive me, come,  
Give something to the poor.

I change from one minute to the other.  
I feel dizzy from that.  
I am full of gossip.  
Look at this empty basket.  
Come, give something to the poor.

You know I pray all the time,  
Praise you everywhere.  
Where do I go if I leave you?  
To whom do I tell my troubles?  
Come, give something to the poor.

You won't have any pain and suffering. Amen.  
You'll be spared from accidents. Amen.  
God will always be with you. Amen.  
Come, give something to the poor.

Heaven is your surrounding,  
Mercy is your disposition,  
Especially now, this hour,  
Come, give something to the poor.

We prayed, we walked,  
We passed your quarters.  
Stay well, we have gone.  
Give something to the poor.

133.

*Verse 1194*

Rayla is on one side, Majnun on the other,  
Pulling my ears.  
She pulls me to this side,  
He to the other side.

One of my ears is in the hand of this one,

The other in the hand of that one.  
This one pulls me above,  
The other down to the valley.

Because of this pulling, this fiery sky,  
I keep turning and crying all the, time.

When I am not myself, I am free of them.  
I dress like a sultan with satin,  
Put on heavy garments and walk,  
Swaying from side to side.

I love the day I can tear  
And repair my own mantle,  
But you repair the mantle with invisible patches  
Which are beyond words and conditions.

134.

*Verse 1199*

There is no way to walk away.  
Open your mouth, say something.  
It is impossible to sit or sleep without Him.

O you who constantly knocks at this door,  
There is no way this door will be open.  
Because you are awake, your mind  
Is in your head all the time.  
You want to be the leader.

To take the lead comes from greed.  
That kind of person wants gold, sheds blood,  
Will long for unusual food like a pregnant woman.

He gives his gold, his life  
He flies away from this windowless dome  
Like a bird of soul.

"This and that necessity comes from polytheism."  
But if you are a believer, you'll be saved  
From these anxieties like the flower of the Iris.

He produces whatever is necessary, spreads pearls.  
My God, that charming cupbearer

Has everything, everything.

A house will be ruined if it has two owners.  
He is the owner, I am the slave.  
I am below like water, He is above, like oil.

135.

*Verse 1206*

☉ flag of God's help,  
O torch of Yasin,[\[115\]](#)  
My God, how light your Soul is,  
Come, sit on my eye, my head.

O crown of the skill,  
O ascent of wisdom,  
There's no way to describe you.  
You are Soul, entirely.

Every moving particle,  
Every clapping hand tells you "Come."  
Without tongue, without feet, come  
And stay in the sky.

Beloved You are everybody's Soul,  
O grace of our Master,  
You saved the soul from the  
Coyness of Fulaneddin.[\[116\]](#)

Angels grow wings when you blow.  
They'll fly because of Your help.  
The old firmament which has been impotent  
For some time, will rejuvenate from Your  
Sun and have descendants.

The whole universe is filled  
With the sound of "Amen" without  
Even one prayer, because of your  
Fiery love and longing.

There was no path, no road.  
Suddenly, one morning, the "Doctor of Soul"  
Came and brought a jar of herbal medicine with him.

My sick body and crying heart came to life,  
Was invigorated, raised its head from the pillow,

And told Him, "Welcome, O Sultan,  
O remedy of every poor one,  
O charmer, You look like Jesus."

You are the prophet of the ill,  
You are better than rain for them.  
What do you have in your jar?  
The doctor answered, "Medicine for grieved hearts."

I am a remedy to the heart of Jacob.  
I am the source of the river which gives relief to Job.  
I am beautiful, I am ugly.  
I am Khosrau, I am Shirin.

"How could a sea like that  
Be confined in a jar like this," I asked.  
"You wouldn't know this way, this business."

Who could know the absolute skill  
Of a Master who could fill the world  
Of Illiyini[117] to the world of Siccin?[118]

Joseph was watching seven layers of  
Sky from the bottom of the well.  
Jonah was above the star of Pleiades.

Wherever you are, above or below,  
Ask for drunkenness, your destiny  
Is not above or below.

Be silent, the moral of this story  
Doesn't fit that story.  
Go, turn your face to His moon-face.

136.

*Verse 1222*

Know that this world of existence  
Is for nothing but pleasure, O soul.  
Keep this sweet subtle point  
In your soul, O soul.

Because pleasure is what  
Makes essence and symptoms.  
The pleasure of your father and mother  
Brought you into this world, O soul.

Wherever there are pleasures,  
There are two bodies there.  
Out of the merging of those two bodies,  
A pleasure comes out, O soul.

Every sense is one pair.  
The ones who sense this, mix together.  
Every intelligence is found  
By the intelligent, O soul.

O Sense, if you become a pair  
With the One who created you,  
If you avoid the others,  
You'll be a sultan, O soul.

Pleasures, which come from the people  
Create the existent body.  
The pleasure which comes from God,  
Makes the heart and soul, O soul.

Where are the eyes to see?  
Curtains are drawn everywhere.  
Every particle secretly merged with its pair, O soul.

The lover has mixed and merged  
With the Beautiful One; so has the devout.  
They cannot fit in the world  
Of existence from pleasure, O soul.

Young and old work with their mind  
And intelligence in the world.  
Their Souls are having wet dreams every moment,  
Secretly from this world, a soul.

Don't hide, O Rustem.  
I found the thing you hid.  
I know you now, don't flirt.  
Don't cheat me, O soul.

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We know that your sad, sour face  
Is only a trick, and you are full of deceit,  
Afraid of the consequences of all this, O soul.

A beautiful Houri has slept  
At the corner of a bachelor's house  
Like a drop of pearl.  
You get up, grab her  
Before the stranger's lips, a soul.

She plays lots of love games,  
Flirts in a hundred ways.  
Once she turns and raises her hand to you,  
Get a kiss, a soul.

The amusement of fish cannot be  
Seen at the surface of the sea.  
Water is a curtain to hide  
The ones who enjoy and make love, O soul.

All the animals over there  
Are like a wolf which has stolen  
A sheep behind the shepherd and  
Keep chewing their prey, a soul.

Every particle claps its hands in rhythm  
To the one who does wonderful things,  
Even if they have no idea of it.  
How will the animal know  
The fountain of life, O soul?

There is a Sun that rises in the heart  
Of every particle.  
Hundreds of rivers are flowing  
In the essence of every drop.

Be silent, everyone who shuts his mouth  
Couldn't chew this morsel.  
Be silent, close your mouth  
So you won't drop this morsel, O soul.

☉ Self, who looks and acts like a dog,  
How long will you grind your teeth?  
You resent others being puffed up,  
But you are puffing up a hundred times more.

You cry, you are full of poison.  
Why do you bother the people?  
You smile like a roasted sheep's head  
And you call this laughter.

"I am a Sufi who is dressed in soft wool,  
I command only good things," you are saying.  
How could someone who is in jail  
Be the sheriff of the town?

You are excused, because you see  
Only yourself, through yourself.  
Then pretending to be a mature person,  
You are trying to excuse other people.

You change the Quran according to your knowledge  
As you like and keep hitting the Quran  
Like an anvil in front of the people.

If you turn yourself to soil on the way,  
You'll find the fountain of life.  
But if you are puffed up seeing  
Yourself as great, you'll be tied  
By bonds and thrown in the fire.

Pass through this passage, close your door  
To everyone except God's Shams of Tabriz,  
That sweet friend who is sweeter than sugar.

138.

*Verse 1247*

To be spaceless in Union  
Settle down in Absence.  
Cut every head which carries  
The idea of duality suspended  
On the neck of idol worshippers.

Feed this divine parrot with sugar  
In gratitude, before it grows wings  
In the cage of existence.

If you become the drunk *of* Ezel,[\[119\]](#)  
Take the sword of Ebed [\[120\]](#)  
And start looking at existence.

Filter the sediment of your existence.  
Purify and fill this bottle *of* meaning  
With that clear, pure wine.

As long as you remain as the snake of this earth,  
How can you be the fish *of* religion?  
When you become a fish, throw everything in the sea.

Look at the animals,  
Their heads are all bent down to earth.  
If you are a man, raise your head to the sky.

If you become a confidant of God  
At Adam's school, go and sit in front  
And teach the angels the names *of* God.

If you want to reach the kingdom of Illa,[\[121\]](#)  
Annihilate yourself and reach nothingness.  
Take a broom from Absence  
And sweep all of existence.

If you take a journey,  
Ride the horse of meaning.  
If you look for a place to stay,  
Choose the very top of the sky.

Be thirsty like a man  
Who has the disease of dropsy.  
Don't be satisfied with just any drink.  
Exalt as high as you can,  
Yet try and ask for more.

The soul who has a head,  
Turns his face toward the door.  
If you have His love in your head,  
Hang on to this love wholeheartedly.

The body cannot be without a shadow,  
And a shadow cannot be bright.  
Go toward the window, fly.

Follow the way of Majnun,  
Become the source of fights and tumult,  
Because His love asks you to  
Stay away from people.

Be like a fire for burning,  
At the same time be cooked and burned.  
Be like a drunk,  
At the same time become the wine.  
Without them, you have the joys of both.

Be a leader, and at the same time a confidant.  
Take a breath, at the same time, be a breath.  
You become us, at the same time, ours.  
Then be in our service.

In order to hide your monastery from Christians,  
Sometimes fall in love with zunnar,  
Sometimes embrace the cross.

Because of your being you become knowledgeable.  
Never mind the eye of your existence.  
Leave this, open the eyes of the soul.  
See with the eyes of your soul.

Turn your feet into heads.  
Walk toward God's Shams of Tabriz  
Who is a Moses with Khidr's temper.  
Try to see Yedi beyza.[\[122\]](#)

139.

*Verse 1265*

☉ silver-statured charmer of the drunks,  
O you whose face turns all my work  
And business into gold,  
You take gold and silver from me  
Then throw them to the wind.

When You ride your horse

In the middle of winter,  
The heat in the ground  
Would burn the summer.

If a day-old baby  
Sees You jumping and playing,  
He would be weaned from his mother's milk.

Alas, for that moment that,  
My elephant-like heart became  
Your drunk and remembered India. [\[123\]](#)

The day I experience the pain of death with Your love,  
When the cramps of death cover my body,  
Every particle of my body turns into a rose garden,  
From the fire of that love.

When you show Your head  
From the curtain of heart,  
Then every hair of my body becomes drunk  
An passes out again.

My every memory of You,  
Is like a charming virgin being coy  
At the roof and doors of Your love.

Then, with the sparks of Your face,  
My memories will become  
Pregnant by a Sultan like You.

O God's Shams of Tabriz,  
If anybody asks you,  
I immediately get curious  
Or upset from my jealousy.  
Try to see him, become upset with him.

140.

*Verse 1274*

Look through the curtains  
And see hundreds of pregnant women  
From the heart's corner,  
From the place of adoration for the drunk.

Listen and hear what sounds  
Are coming from that place,  
"Come to this side," they say,  
"Pick up the glass."

All these beauties are fighting  
Because of love.  
The army of India is locked in a battle  
With the army of Turkestan.

I asked the mind, "Who are these  
Famous beauties?"  
It answered me, "They are all  
Hidden, their deceits are apparent."

They come and go to every  
Garden and meadow with the  
Help of the Sun of God's Shams of Tabriz.

141.

*Verse 1279*

☞ one who worries for nothing,  
Go and read this verse,  
"They left such gardens and fountains."[\[124\]](#)  
O one who practices greed every day, read this verse,  
"They left such gardens and fountains."

O you who gets mad because of  
A little horse and a little saddle,  
Falls into grief and sorrow,  
Go and read this verse,  
"They left such gardens and fountains."

You are in the guts, you are dirt,  
You are nothing but the wind of hate and desire.  
O smart one who has been soiled,  
Go and read that Quranic verse,  
"They left such gardens and fountains."

O Shaikh, who has so many problems,  
O dressed shape, who has no meaning,  
O one who is absent but appears to exist,  
Read that verse from the Quran,

"They left such gardens and fountains."

Don't be proud of your kingdom, your stature.  
You are dying, you'll be dead, burned under  
A pile of soil. Think about that and read that verse,  
"They left such gardens and fountains."

O small coquettish one,  
O ugly selfish one,  
Your little existence has become decayed  
And is gone. Read the verse from the Quran,  
"They left such gardens and fountains."

Don't put your cheeks to the cheeks of beauties.  
Look to the end, your cheeks, your face  
Are all decayed. Read that verse,  
"They left such gardens and fountains."

When you have either garden, meadow, house or palace,  
They are worthless in front of death.  
You cannot beat death with them.  
Go to the grave that has been  
Plastered with mud and read,  
"They left such gardens and fountains."

The one who sees the people's coffins  
And smiles from a distance,  
The one whose eyes have not  
Yet opened, read these verses,  
"They left such gardens and fountains."

Enough, quit talking.  
What do you expect from words?  
O one who measures the wind,  
Cuts out the water, read these verses,  
"They left such gardens and fountains."

142.

*Verse 1289*

☞ was expecting Him, and at the same time, I wasn't.  
Suddenly, that Beauty, that guest came to me.  
Heart said, "That's it, come now."  
Soul said, "Here is the Beautiful one whose

Face is like the moon."

He came to the house,  
We went outside, looking for Him, attracted like moths,  
To that one whose face is as beautiful as the moon.

He kept yelling and screaming from the house saying,  
"Here I am. Here I am."  
But I had no idea about that and was still  
Calling Him, "Where are You? Where are You?"

That drunk nightingale was singing in our rose garden.  
We were like pigeons flying over,  
Cooing and asking stupidly,  
"Where is He? Where is He?"

In the middle of the night,  
People rose from their bed, started yelling,  
"There is a robber, there is a robber."  
He was also yelling and screaming with them,  
"There is a robber, there is a robber."  
He was the robber.

His voice mixed with the others so well,  
Nobody could identify Him.

He is with you.[\[125\]](#)  
He is also looking for you.  
If you are searching, search for Him.

"He is closer to you than yourself."[\[126\]](#)  
Why do you go outside?  
Choose poverty, melt like snow,  
Search yourself, in yourself.

When a man falls in love,  
He becomes like an iris,  
Starts talking, but you keep silent.  
That's what the iris does,  
It has a tongue, but it doesn't talk.

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Break the strings of "myself," and "yourself," from  
The harp of the mind,  
Start playing tunes of the heart.  
One for me, one for you.

In longing, we are all together,  
But once we start talking,  
I become one friend, you become another.

When we get into a cave,  
We turn into Ahmed and Ebu-Bekr,[\[127\]](#)  
Because duality is a different cave for me,  
A different cave for you.

We have had lots of journeys  
In this land of thorns.  
Now, remove the thorn of me and you  
From my feet.

O heart, take refuge, go  
Sleep like a drunk in  
The shadow of Jesus.  
He was gone, but both you and I  
Have been crying for Him.

I got involved with gold.  
You, O head, you keep prostrating.  
It is not good to be idle,  
Neither for you, nor for me.

Anybody looking for me,  
Should come to your neighborhood.  
If somebody becomes Layla, it should be you.  
For Majnun, it has to be me.

The "robber" who staged the hold-up Has been caught.  
You set one gallow for him,  
I'll set one.

Be silent, there is honor in silence  
For you and for me.  
Impatience in that is shameful  
For you and for me.

144.

*Verse 1307*

My heart starts beating fast,  
Come and tell me again, O Soul,  
Come and say, O world.  
Move this chain, start talking  
O cupbearer of soul.

The Sultan of Beauties has come.  
That magnificent Beauty has come.  
How long will you keep pulling my ear?  
O one holding my ear, come, talk.

It is a secret that Semender[128] doesn't burn in the fire.  
But Kalender[129] has a Soul even better than that,  
More amazing than that.

Watch the gathering of the drunks;  
Don't tell fables.  
Come to the front with a big glass;  
Talk with a deep voice.

Express through bow and arrow  
How your gaze is like an arrow,  
Your marksman brows, the secrets  
Of that archer.

Speak, O my soul,  
Speak in front of everybody,  
But make His witty remarks secretly to Him.

The one who loves Him, who sees Him,  
Is already drunk with His clear, pure wine.  
Tell the news about His agate-looking lips,  
O real pearl of the mine.

I am all upside down,  
Thrown to the claw of that lion.  
I am full of this world,  
No interest in daily events.  
Tell me about the condition of so and so.

The tune of grief is at the bottom.

Bass notes deserve the strings of joy.  
One moment, sing and play this way,  
Another moment, another way.

The Sun is your helper;  
Kingdom is your friend, company.  
You got what you wanted,  
Reached your goal, talked openly.

O One who knows and understands the truth,  
Once you passed through this trickling,  
Dripping, melting mud and reached  
The world of meaning, talk like Hatif[\[130\]](#)  
Without name or surname, tell about that world.

Make your home in the world of soul.  
Watch the land of absence. Walk in that direction.  
Tell about the ones who go  
Like fire, running like lightning.

I am not myself.  
I've become drunk.  
I closed this dog's mouth.  
O Sultan, to whom I am a slave and servant,  
You tell, without tongue and lips.

145.

*Verse 1320*

Look at our thirst  
And play that cheerful tune.  
O light of my eye, see all  
These tears in my heart, play and sing.

Look at all that sugar come together,  
Look at the ones who are watching us.  
Look at those sweet looks, talk about them.

Today you are so drunk that  
You jumped over the river of the universe.  
There is that someone, if you wish  
Tell us about Him today.

We know you are master of both worlds.

But, at the end, who really received you?  
Tell us about Him today.

You have seen so many universes  
With your heart, your eyes,  
Without leaving your place.  
Tell us about your journey.

You are in a boat, passing through oceans.  
There is wave after wave.  
Sometimes you go up, sometimes down.  
Tell about the top, tell about the bottom.

You become a constant companion of patience,  
Suffer nicely with grief.  
Draw the sword of tongue,  
Tell about patience, tell about the shield.

Look at the drunkenness of the gathering,  
They made a pillow out of glasses.  
God, You increase that drunkenness, Amen.  
Come and tell us that story from the beginning.

Whoever finds this proof and reveals it,  
Finds the Soul, a hundred souls.  
If you don't believe me,  
Go and talk with stone or wood.

He said if I follow him, listen to him,  
"I'll scratch your face."  
O one who knows the truth,  
Tell this to Him in the early dawn.

"Put another kettle on the fire,  
Other guests have come from the village."  
Talk about pawning your belt,  
If you already pawned your crown.

If you are talking with Rafizi,[\[131\]](#)  
Mention the kindness of Ali.  
If he is Sunni, talk about  
The justice of Omar.[\[132\]](#)

How much could an ant talk  
About the justice of Solomon?  
You tell us the secret of exaltation.

146.

*Verse 1333* [\[133\]](#)

Where are you, O my kind,  
Gracious, moon-faced Master?  
I am looking for you to ask,  
“How are you? How am I?”

What a beautiful morning this is.  
All the rinds[\[134\]](#) are drunk.  
They are in the river, naked,  
With the Beloved until evening.

O people, we came to you,  
We gave you soul, sacrifice to you.  
Our desires are purified,  
Cleansed since we have seen you.

I will rejoice whether you  
Offer me a glass of wine  
Or cuss and swear at me.  
Whatever you want, that's what I want.  
That's what I'll do,

You hear all that nonsense  
When this man gets drunk.  
My God, help me,  
I am saying lots of nonsense.

O my lady, fill my cup with coffee.  
Give me one after another.  
Pity the one who visits you awake.

O horseman of this place,  
Keep turning like you're dizzy.  
You are not less than the sky  
In the service of that Beauty.

I love you, Celebi,[\[135\]](#) I love you,  
But where are you, where?  
You have no contempt, no pride,  
Look for us now, take our heart in your hand.

Where did you sleep?  
What dream did you see?  
Tell me, O heart,  
Since you are relaxed and drunk,  
I wish you would never be sober again.

O my support, once the Beloved's mouth is opened,  
The wine he serves gets better and better,  
Sweeter and sweeter.

You are like a salt mine,  
Also in the heart of the soul.  
O you whose kindness and favors are expected,  
Everybody's taste, everything's beauty  
Comes from you.

Every beauty looks a little bit like you,  
Otherwise I wouldn't look at the man or woman.  
I would close my eyes and pass away from this world.

Even if people blame me,  
Laugh at me, tie my hand,  
It is impossible for me  
To go away from here.

Heart becomes cold, frozen,  
From cold people.  
When Mazi[136] loses its color,  
Heart feels the gloom.

Once he hears your voice,  
Heart will fly like a pigeon  
Over hundreds of curtains and walls,  
Castles come to the tower of union.

There are people who were born  
To do bad things.  
They lie on the way to reach You.  
But we don't hear them.

This obstinate self is like a little goat,  
Wants to climb high mountains, get to the top.  
But he doesn't have anything but a beard.  
I can name him the bushy-bearded one.

Be silent, be silent, forget the words.

Put your mind in your head.  
Don't come this way, try to fly  
To the other side like a dove.

147.

*Verse 1351*

☞ Kalender-hearted friend,[\[137\]](#)  
Why do you worry, and become restless?  
Why do you think of the raven?  
You are the Soul of the windfall.

Come slowly to the circle of  
The ones who play with their souls  
And play with your own soul.  
Where are you, O one who  
Has left home and town?

Your ruby lips reveal the treasure you have.

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Meter - 4

1.

*Verse 2246*

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☞ What is the Turkish name of Suttur? Say camel.  
What's the name of its calf, which runs behind?  
That's the young camel, Koshek.

We are also the sons of fate and destiny.  
Everybody's mother is fate and destiny. We keep  
Running after fate and destiny, like children.

We were nursed by that. Either it flies to the East,  
To the West or ascends the sky. We are after that.

The drum is beaten for the journey.  
Let's ask for help, for the Grace of God,

And make the right start on the road.

We are company to the moon-faced  
One in the town as well as on the desert;  
Souls become slaves and servants  
To that moon face.

Isn't there a place where the Sultan of Soul pulls us?  
That's where the town is.  
Isn't there a place where God calls us?  
That's where the house is.

If He is Kible, if we turn our face to Him  
The road won't be long. The desert becomes small.  
We don't mind the journey. Everything will be  
Green like the garden of Cypress.

Even the mountain in front of us will bend down.  
Greetings, O one who is on the  
Journey toward the Source of Greatness.

As long as He is our guide, this field  
Of stones on our way turns into ground as soft as silk.

We run like a shadow behind that Moon.  
O travelers on the same road with  
Similar hearts, come and walk with us.

That brave man who doesn't  
Hurt anybody gives the heart  
As company for the road, because  
Heart is quick, agile and speedy.

Heart goes to Egypt without boarding a ship,  
Arrives at Mecca without joining a caravan.

God's secret doesn't manifest in the body.  
Because of the lameness of the body, that blessing  
Appears only in the heart because of its agility.

But there is such a body that becomes  
The same color as the soul. It turns into water  
And soil for the Sultan of Soul.

But if souls see a body like that they become amazed  
And say, "Look at that black soil,

He went beyond us and became a sultan.  
He turned out to be the one who is followed."

Here is someone to be followed.  
If we step in the place before him,  
Where he has already arrived,  
We fall into confusion and bum out.

We were not expecting this.  
We kept blaming him.  
O poor one, don't look down on anyone.

We are on the road. We have flown inside the rose,  
In the essence of Reyhan<sup>[1]</sup> like water,  
To make the barren land become green with grass.

The ground has no feet, no hands.  
It's heart is burning with thirst.  
Because of that, rivers and creeks run toward it.

The water wheel will keep bringing water  
Because it is nursing it's children,  
It's plants and flowers.

This pulling has attracted us from the town of soul  
And, through hundreds of stages,  
Has brought us to the land of absence.

Now and then, envoys come openly, or secretly,  
From the town of soul, inviting us to,  
"Come, come to your close ones.

You now have new friends. You left us.  
You may be happy without us,  
But we can't do without you."

My hodja, your sadness and your sorrows,  
Come from the sadness of your friends.  
To whomever you become a friend,  
He has left you.

Be silent, their zeal is still with you.  
Their efforts are saving you from troubles.

*Verse 2271*

Night has gone, but things come  
To mind that are not finished.  
We can't tell them all,  
But we should tell them one by one.

I swear to God, that long road,  
From the time of Adam until now,  
Has not been shortened.  
It won't be shortened until resurrection day.

But it looks like it is about to be finished.  
The traveler asks the Turk, "How much road is left?"  
The Turk answers, "Isbu".[\[2\]](#)

By that, the Turk means to give you encouragement,  
To speed you on your journey.

How could he stop you and ask you to stay  
At the stage where there is still road to go?  
To stop here is like dying.

He is so kind, so generous.  
He would give his life for you.  
But if he stops you from your journey  
You will get into trouble.

Don't think badly about the Turk.  
Don't blame him. Don't be obstinate like a Hindu.  
Run, O companion of the road. Run.

There, all friends and relatives  
Are anxiously awaiting you.  
They put three horseshoes in the fire.

O loyal friend, if you are for the kind  
And the munificent, how come this  
Clear water goes through your throat?

They will make you bitter  
Even if you are submerged in honey.  
If you become friendly with someone  
Loyal, he will torment you.

Be silent. Keep going on the road  
And make this known. The water  
Kept the stranger's head whirling  
Like a mill stone.

3.

*Verse 2282*

☉ cupbearer, who offers wine,  
Come give wine, Our cup is empty.  
Fill it with that love's wine.

O perfect beauty, O friend of complete  
Greatness and favor, my body  
Is the cup to me. Your love is the wine.

There is no lover who could see your face  
For one moment and not suffer from  
Your troubles; be melted down.

O full moon, even death is beautiful,  
When I am with you, but you don't kill.  
To reach you is to be saved from trouble.

When your love sings praises, it seems that  
Pigeons and doves repeat it's words,  
And coo in my heart.  
You kindly offered me that beautiful wine  
So that my heart became purified and shone.

4.

*Verse 2288*

☼very day, at early dawn, that sultan,  
And the secret of the one who has  
The consent of God, sit together there.  
I say, "Greetings to both of you."

Heart is settled at his temple,  
Expecting that sultan to scatter gold and gifts.

Soul has drunk from the cup of wine and passed out  
Until judgment day. Heart has been putting our share  
On the table of our body, time, and saying.

“The hand of Love’s Jesus offers happiness  
To every dead one and health  
To every sick one from that share.

With that share, the garden  
Of drinks will have leaves  
And become green and adorned.  
The harp, which is bent over, will gain melodies.”

Body is dancing with “ten-ten” beats.  
Soul has already gone to the land of Absence;  
Is ruined and is falling to the ground.

Dungeons became heaven from the sound  
Of love’s reed flute. The judge of reason  
Became drunk at the bench of judgment.

The came to ask the teacher of reason,  
“Form where did this instigation  
Come to the Muslim world?”

The jurist of universal intelligence answers saying,  
"Whether you deem it proper or not,  
This moment is the moment of resurrection.  
The last day of judgment is here."

Souls who became jewelers,  
Scatter souls like pearls, like coral from the sea of Absence.

Preachers of love came to the place of festivity  
With Zulfekaar,[\[3\]](#) and started praising that Sultan.

The purest of the pure had the desire to see him;  
To sit at the door of the palace with the doorkeeper.

If He looks at them through the opening of the curtain,  
So many yells and screams of love  
And, "How are you?" would be heard.

He wanted to give light and glory to the sky,  
But His chest, which resembles Mt. Sinai,  
Could not fit the sky.

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Those four elements resemble  
The boiling kettle that overflows.  
There is no constancy in fire or soil;  
No quietness in water or air.

Time by time earth gets the urge  
To cover itself with green dresses.  
Sometimes water becomes air  
And ascends to the sky with that love.

Water is colored by red and turns into fire,  
Then fire becomes air and goes into space.

Four poles, four elements walk square to square  
Like chess men, but this moves with the love  
Of the Sultan, not simple play like yours.

O one who doesn't know anything, walk toward  
The pure clear water so its purity and clarity  
Can clean your cloudiness, your dirt and dust.

Because water looks for .cleanliness, that cleanliness  
Could only happen if you reach the sea of light.

If you turn your face from man,  
Who is not separated from God,  
You eat stone, like a devil, from the hand of God.

Yes, man is not God.  
But it is God's usual custom that He  
Manifest the secret of greatness in man.

If you prostrate in front of man  
With heart, soul and body,  
It is by God's order, not pretension.

You turn your face from Kible.  
Wherever you turn, that place  
Becomes Kaaba in your heart.

I cannot put myself together on the road.  
How could my faithful friends gather  
Themselves because of me?

O Heart, the wall of the house is built by putting  
Stones on top of each other. After that,  
People gather inside of the house.

How could I put myself together now that  
God's Shems, who is the head of every  
Great gathering, has settled down at Tebriz?

5.

*Verse 2315*

☉ man, come back to our door,  
Hear the voice of "return" from our hearts.

O bare-footed man, we open the gate  
Of the rose garden for you.  
Why do you go to thorn bushes? What is this?

Soul, I created them, gave them trouble.  
The One who gives trouble also gives relief.

Go to the garden of love if you want to have  
The stature of a cypress, because  
That hunchbacked fate bends your back here.

There is such a garden, such a meadow,  
That it's leaves are alive.  
They talk, so do the branches.  
A garden without soul doesn't add soul to Soul.

O young, fresh Son of life,  
How do you do with the smell of death?  
Doesn't death bother you?

Both worlds are filled with the one  
Who is eternally alive and gives life to all.  
Don't be separated from us with  
Contempt of these five days of life.

Everyone of these innumerable particles are like soul,  
Moving like the sun in the sky of greatness. .

They were also a bat, like us, earlier,

But with His kindness and grace,  
A bat became the sun.

Love Sufis, tear your mantles  
Even the rose has tom hundreds of mantles  
Because of the early morning breeze.

The rose has lost it patience and decision  
Because it is separated from the  
Beloved and afflicted with thorns,

Somebody showed his face from the land of Absence,  
Sent his invitation, then disappeared.  
Just before that he said, "This is a short distance,  
Even if you don't have feet and have to walk."

I became silent. I went after the rose and gave  
My regards to the tulips and sweet basil.

Heart is full of words, but it is hard to tell them all.  
O soul of Sufis, open your lips. You tell our stories.

Tell about the situation which has not yet appeared.  
To talk about the past is not a Sufi custom.

If the purse is not tightened, if the thief tears it,  
How could money be contained in this purse?  
None of the silver would stay there. It would slip out.

## 6.

### *Verse 2331* *Terci-Bend*

Drunkenness, being in love, youth and our Beloved,  
Nevruz[4] spring and green all keep calling "Come here."

The eyes of the world have never seen  
Spring like that. Rare and precious things  
Are growing in the mountains and valleys.

There is an houri leaning on every tree.  
If you have the power to see, watch them.

Flowers are drinking cups of Soul's wine.

Look, they are calling you.

If you haven't seen wine drinking,  
At least enjoy watching them.  
Bravo, O flower, Hello, O wine.

The iris is saying to the bud,  
"How come you stay asleep, wake up, jump."  
There are candles, beauty and wine.  
There is flirting and instigation.

Sweet basil and tulips hold wine cups in their hands.  
Where does this offer come from?  
Is it from anyone else but God?

Everybody is poor and somber, except God.  
They look rich on the surface  
But down deep they frown.  
Everybody is dark and poor.

It doesn't make sense to beg from a beggar.  
He drinks one drop of wine and becomes drunk like us.

Hyacinth bends down to the ear of the rose  
And says, "The shadow of God always stays over us."

Last year we threw off our mantles. Remember?  
Two or three mantles are worth nothing.  
We offer our life to Him.

Be said, "O one who gave the old mantle,  
All this is nonsense and mean talking;  
All these stingy people's eyes would be  
Blind seeing that new mantle. Take it."

Every sultan gives a turban,  
This one offers wisdom and reason.  
This Sultan donates endless souls.

O smiling rose garden, walk,  
Rain the cloud of gratitude.  
He will tell the rest of the Terci. Be patient.

\*\*\*\*\*

O one who rains mercy hundreds of thousands of times;

God's compassion gives new kindness  
And grace every moment.  
Give praise to that beautiful face.  
I pray that it never fades for a moment.

All the faces of the beauties are a curtain to that face.  
Once that charmer uncovers his face,  
The rest of them will disappear.

How could Venus shove its face in front of sunlight?  
How could a fly attack a storm?

How happy that spring is that Your wind blows.  
How glorious that disciple is that  
You are his intention.

I came to order at the presence of  
A beloved one moment with your love.  
He brought a golden crown and put it on my head.

His heart will be clean and his faith will be purified.  
The one who undresses from his being dives in the ocean.

Would the one who girds himself with honesty  
And truth be afraid of defeat and troublemakers?

The one who relies on your loyalty,  
Becomes exalted and steps on that roof  
Which stands with no pole and no support,

"His previous and future sins are forgiven." [\[5\]](#)  
Your blessings won't be diminished.  
He won't afflict bad luck, won't return to  
His old shape, won't be deprived of your blessing.  
He is sure of all of them.

Earth becomes entirely green because the head  
Of water carriers offers a fountain of life  
To people of our time.

The destiny that past centuries wanted to see  
In their dreams was given to the people of our time.

Not to the one who has a long finger and eats halva,  
But to the one who deserves Keykubad [\[6\]](#).

The sea of God's compassion is so full and has become  
So rough that every moment the waves are saying,

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"This is the essence of spring,  
At the same time, it is spring."  
We come to the third Terzi, put your  
Mind in your head; listen to the story.

\*\*\*\*\*

Night came, everybody was running to their houses.  
At the time of night s Namaz,[\[7\]](#) a new day appeared.

A Soul came to help and educate the souls.  
All the souls are His shadow.

He puts the saddle and girth on his horse in order  
To free the people from this narrow place, this jail.

The ties of grief and the trap of sorrows,  
Which block the people's way,  
Have been removed every moment,  
But the one who does this is not apparent.

Open your chest to the early morning breeze  
So death will come back to life;  
So freshness will come to old dried bones.

If you don't believe it, go and see in the  
Garden how that soil has tasted a drop  
Of wine from the wind of early dawn.

If cruelty has locked your heart, now they  
Are playing the drum; announcing  
That the key came to open your heart.

They blame the hope of lovers, but the sea won't  
Become dirty from the mouth of those dogs.

This is a holiday for Sufis, these food trays are  
Evidence of that. But even if there is no tray,  
Nothing would be lost from the holiday.

This is the end of the Bazaar.  
Come to your senses, let's see what you bought,

Lucky one who traded beads for pearls.

He has seen the truth about illusionary goods[8]  
So he chose the love of the beloved  
And acquired that peerless pearl.

You have a wonderful Muselles[9]. Drink it.  
It is good for you. Happy is the one who drinks at  
The tavern of eternity and creeps and crawls there.

Every moment, there is a new spring, a new wine.  
The soul of the drunk tears his dress  
A thousand times, like the rose.

I have seen the love who had the glass in his hand,  
Saying, "Greetings from our assembly to the lovers,"

\*\*\*\*\*

O friend, the flag of your love flies forever,  
Never comes down. The one who doesn't have  
Love is lost and deprived.

The wind of Your love is calling from the essence  
Of all existence, "My greatness brought you  
Back to life. My greatness is greater than great."

Love is the foundation, the essence of our lives.  
The one who runs away from love and goes to  
The other shady place is the one who is deprived.

How lucky is the one who could read them; such writings  
Have been written on the face of the lover.

O one who is submerged in all this trouble  
And is frowning, for God's sake watch me  
And listen to my words.

O one who follows the desire of self, lowers his mind  
And falls down; be sure that the fastest way to ascend  
To exaltation is to lower the Self.

O one who was involved with the beloved and forgot  
His livelihood, God is more than enough for support,  
For a defender for you.

7.

*Verse 2380*

Spring came boasting to our side,  
Friends have settled down right  
Here in our home with a smile.

Be purified and honor Him.  
Come in with good news to the Beloved.  
Drink our wine.

The one who wants to have treasure  
And pearls, has to row the boat  
To the middle of the ocean.

8.

*Verse 2383*

Spring came happily; our beloved came to our arms  
With hundreds of thousands of bales of sugar.

That moon came to wake us up from the drunkenness of  
Rose-colored wine. Soul is enlightened from that moon.

Welcome a cypress of our rose garden,  
Green grass of our tulip garden.  
You arrived in such a royal way.

Shine and glitter a moon. Have a long life. Enlighten  
Us at the jungle of this earth for hunting. Be eternal.

The sea praises and overflows, saying,  
"You are as a peerless pearl."  
The mountain roars, "O friend of our cave."

O day of assembly, our cupbearer, who offers donations  
Like seas; a male lion of the battle's day;  
Our Zulfekaar![\[10\]](#)

How are you in that foreign land on this lonely journey?  
Let's go together to our land.

*Verse 2390* [\[11\]](#)

☞ We cannot be satisfied with jugs and jars.  
Take us to our river.

Have our drunken minds and restless hearts reach  
The peace of the fairy face who stays at the fountain.

The sun is the only thing remaining as a  
Gift for us from His face. The moon has  
Melted and disappeared like us, with His love.

O brightness of our mornings,  
O charming beauty who cheers our morning wine drinking!  
O the glory that comes to us, one after the other!

You are very drunk, completely out of yourself.  
Even so, don't refuse to drink more, because our  
Drunkenness, our wine is well worth whatever you say.

Pick up the glass which is filled with  
Fire and shines like the sun.  
Drink as you look at the face of our sultan.

That one's work stayed unfinished.  
My heart has also become idle.  
But the one who is our work  
And occupation will do that work.

9.

*Verse 2397*

☞ One who has separated and stayed away from  
His home, his town; welcome back from  
The journey from God's house.

In order to visit the Kaaba,  
To see the face of Mohammed,  
You have walked without  
Provisions day and night.

You rubbed your face on God's house of kible.  
You entered the House of God.  
You reached the secret of "One who  
Enters finds mercy and salvation."[\[12\]](#)

How have you survived on the road full of danger?  
God saves people from all kinds of danger.

The sound of "Lebbeyk"[\[13\]](#) of pilgrims in the sky  
Reaches the throne of God. The sky is full of humming.

O you who have seen Merve, have climbed Safa.[\[14\]](#)  
Soul kisses your eyes and puts his head at your feet.

You have been a guest of God. He promised  
To take care of those who became His guest.

Soul would become soil at the feet of the  
Camel which carries the pilgrim to the  
Stages of Mesar-al Haram and Mina.[\[15\]](#)

He came back from pilgrimage  
But his heart stuck at the door of Kaaba.  
His body is inflicted with troubles here.

The ones who come from Damascus  
At Zat Cuhje and the ones from Basra  
At Zat-al Arak are covered by coffins.[\[16\]](#)  
They have only a sword.  
"Our God, we are directed to You." they say.

You turned seven times around Kaaba.  
Come to Makam,[\[17\]](#) and do two Rekat[\[18\]](#) Namaz.

Climb the hill of Safa, put your face  
Down to the ground, say Tekbir.[\[19\]](#)  
Exalt God, tell of His uniqueness. Pray.

Then climb Merve and do the same thing there.  
Repeat seven times. Afterwards,  
Come back to Kaaba and do Tavaf.[\[20\]](#)

On the day of Terviye[\[21\]](#) listen to the  
Eloquent sermon, then come to Arafat.[\[22\]](#)

Come and stay near the mountain.

Spend the night there. Stay until morning.

Then turn your face to Mina. Afterward,  
Pick up seven stones and throw them.[\[23\]](#)

Greetings from us to Hafin[\[24\]](#) and Rukn.[\[25\]](#)  
How thirsty we are for Zemzem,[\[26\]](#)  
That house of loyalty.

We wake up one morning, the morning breeze  
Brings the smell of the separation of Mecca  
From the stage place of Abraham.

## 10.

### *Verse 2415*

You took my sleep away, a Moon,  
Take the cover from your face so the sun can  
Prostrate in our presence, with thanks.

I hold your skirt. You twist my arm.  
I take my hand off now,  
But don't turn your face from faithfulness.

"Don't rush," you said,  
"Hurrying is the devil's work."  
The devil is the one who doesn't  
Come to you without rushing.

I say my God, wouldn't that be a day when  
I would see myself praying at His temple?  
All my desires, thousands of "My Gods"  
Are waiting for an answer.

Fiery souls have fallen into the fire.  
Hearts, who are thirstier than soil,  
Have pitchers in their hands, asking for water.

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Pity the soil. It is the one among the four elements  
That rolls and changes from one shape  
To the other without hands or feet.

Once he becomes light and impatient,  
He takes a few steps toward the clouds, limping.  
That's his fastest, quickest move.

These steps of that lame one makes lightning laugh.  
Soft-spoken thunder feels pity and helps him.

Cloud tells the water carriers to get up,  
Run to the thirsty of the earth,  
Save them from trouble.

Assuming I did not say these words,  
Don't you get the smell of burned heart?

And then a cloud-like water carrier  
Comes and spreads wine-filled jars,  
Pitchers and sacks over the world.

Be silent. Look for the treasure of love at the ruins.  
This treasure grows, in the spring, in run-down places.

## 11.

### *Verse 2427*

Love has ruined my heart.  
It is about time for the sun to shine on my broken heart.

That sultan has prayed for me,  
Then he accepted his own prayer.  
When I heard that, I became so ashamed,  
I lost all control and fell to the ground.

In order to calm me down,  
He showed His face many times,  
But I told Him, "Every time I  
Looked at Your face it was covered.  
All I saw on Your face was the cover.

Even the light of that cover bums the universe.  
What would happen if that Sultan uncovered His face?

Love met me, then passed by. I ran after.  
He turned back to attack, like an eagle,  
And swallowed me in one bite.

When He swallowed me I lost time and place.  
I plunged into a most pleasant sea  
And was saved from sorrow and torment.

The one who hasn't eaten and digested the morsel  
Of grief wouldn't know the taste of this wine.

Prophets depend on that and drink trouble like juice,  
With that trust; because water is never afraid of fire.

## 12.

### *Verse 2435*

That moon, the one that fortune has never seen,  
Rose again and flamed the fire  
Which can never be extinguished.

Look at the house of body. Watch the soul.  
This one is drunk with the wine of love,  
The other has fallen to the ground.

When the tavern keeper became a friend of my heart,  
My blood turned into wine with love.  
My lungs were roasted.

Once my eyes are filled with His image, a voice comes,  
"What a beauty you are O glass.  
How wonderful you are, O wine."

Shemseddin's face, whom Tebriz praises,  
Is such a sun that hearts will follow,  
Will run behind him, like clouds.

## 13.

### *Verse 2440*

O harp, I want the mode of Isfahan[27]  
O reed flute, I want to have a nice wail  
Which bums and bums.

Start a nice melody in the mode of Hicaz.[\[28\]](#)  
I am a bird of Hoopoe,  
I want the whistle of Solomon.

Take gifts from the mode of Irak to Ussak,  
Because I desire Rast and good melodies from Buselik.

Go into Huseyni, because Maye[\[29\]](#) said,  
"I want the melodies from my small and large ones."

You put me to sleep with the mode of Rehavi.  
Wake me up with the mode of Zengule.  
That's what I want now.

This knowledge of music is like making Shahadet.[\[30\]](#)  
Since I believe, I want to pronounce my belief.  
I want to make Shahadet.

O Love, break up the mind, let it go.  
O Love, I want perplexed, subtle points.

O beautiful wind, you are coming from  
The garden of love, stay a moment with me.  
I want the smell of the rose garden.

Under the light of the Beloved,  
Forms of beauties are seen.  
I want to watch the face of the Beloved.  
I want to see them.

## 14.

### *Verse 2449*

Show your face. I want to watch  
The meadow and the rose garden.  
Open your lips, say something,  
I want lots of sugar and honey.

O sun of beauty, appear one moment from behind  
The cloud. I want to see that gleaming, sparkling face.

I have heard the sound of drums from the air around you.  
I am a falcon. I come again.

I desire the hand and arm of the sultan.

"Go away," you said, "don't  
Hurt me any more with your coyness."  
The words, "Don't hurt me anymore."  
I want those words again.

"Go away, the sultan is not at home," you said.  
And then you drove me away.  
I want that rude refusal of the doorkeeper.

There are pieces cut off from the source of  
Beauty in everybody's hand. But I want  
The whole mine, the treasure of Beauty.

The water and bread of this fortune  
Resemble an unreliable creek.  
I am a fish. I am an alligator. I want the ocean.

I keep saying what a pity, how sorry.  
Like Jacob, I want the beautiful face of Joseph of Canaan.

Really, this town is like a jail for me without you.  
I want to climb the mountains and go to the valleys.

I am tired of these slow, cozy friends.  
I want God's lion, Zaloglu Rustem.[\[31\]](#)

I am bored with the Pharaoh and his cruelty.  
I want the glory of the face of Moses, son of Imran.

I am sick of these crying, complaining,  
Wailing people I want to hear  
The yells and shouts of drunks.

I would sing better than a nightingale,  
But because of people's envy I seal my mouth.  
Yet, I want to scream so much.

Yesterday, the sheik was running around  
The city with the candle in his hand,  
Saying, "I am tired of devils and giants.  
I am searching for man."[\[32\]](#)

"We also searched for him," they said,  
"But couldn't find him." He answered

"The one I want is the one you can't find."

I am broke but I don't want a small piece of agate.  
I desire peerless and, at the same time,  
A cheap mine of a gate.

The invisible source of eyes and sight;  
I want this art of obvious secret.

In any case, things are all over now.  
I am through with desires and greed all together.  
I am looking for the footprints of the elements  
In the world of place and existence.

My ears have heard the story of fate, have become drunk.  
I want to see the beautiful eyes of faith.

I hold the wine glass in one hand,  
The other is in the beloved's curly hair.  
I want to dance like that at the square.

That rebab[33] is saying, "I am dying by waiting,  
I want the hand, arm and bow of Osman.[34]"

I am also love's rebab. My love resembles  
The love of rebab. I want God's favor  
Of the bow and kindness of the plectrum.

O courteous, graceful player,  
You finish the rest of this gazel.  
But do it the way I want and desire it.

O Shems, to whom Tebriz gives praises,  
Rise from the East. I am the hoopee,  
I want the temple of Solomon.

## 15.

### *Verse 2473*

☞ It is a precept that the lover must search for,  
And tell about, the Beloved. The lover must flow  
To the river of the Beloved like a torrent,  
With his head face down.

As a matter of fact, He is the one who asks and desires.  
We are like shadows.  
All our talks, our conversations belong to the Beloved.  
In reality, He is the One who does the talking.  
He tells about Himself.

Sometimes we go to the creek of the Beloved,  
Like a cascading, running stream.  
Sometimes we fill the jar of the Beloved,  
Like water, and stay still there.

Sometimes we are boiled down like  
Water in a cooking pot.  
He stirs us with a skimmer.  
That's the habit of the Beloved.

He puts His mouth to our ear,  
Keeps saying something in order  
To have our soul get the smell the Beloved.

He becomes Soul to the soul.  
It is impossible to be separated from Him.  
I haven't seen any enemy of the Beloved in this world.

He will melt you, weaken you with coyness  
And coquetry. You'll become as slim as a hair.  
But still you won't change one hair of  
The Beloved of two worlds.

We sit with the Beloved. We stay with Him  
Even though we are looking for Him.  
We call, "Where are You?  
Where are You?" in our drunkenness.

Bad thoughts and illusions all come  
From our lousy nature.  
It is not from the Beloved.

Be silent. He praises Himself.  
Where are your worries and troubles?  
Where are His?

It is like a life for us to see your face  
Since early dawn. Today, your beautiful  
Face became much more beautiful.  
Bow nicely you catch our hearts.

You have a different beauty on your face today.  
Whatever that crazy lover does; it is worth it today.

After seeing you, the one who was  
Advising me yesterday apologized today.

I don't have enough eyes,  
I should have hundreds more.  
I could borrow from someone.  
But who has eyes able to see You?

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For several days my heart has had a funny feeling.  
It seems that I would have the good luck to reach  
The Kingdom on a day like that.

If I say, "This is human." I am shamed by love.  
If I say, "This is God." I become afraid of God.

My eyebrows keep twitching; my heart beating rapidly.  
I didn't know I would be destined for such glory.

I move more than trees in this garden and meadow  
Because I am the tree of fortune and glory.  
The morning wind breezes through my head.

What would happen to the tree to which  
You gave leaves? How is the stranger on whom  
The bird of good luck nestles his head?

Out of obstinacy to the blind, who says the shadow  
Is separated from the tree; we are wandering  
Around the shadow of Your sun.

Soul yells and screams saying, "What a fiery love."  
Since He stayed with you,  
The fountain of life is also with Him.

When your specter is passing by heart's neighborhood,

Heart comes out of the door asking, "Where is Soul?"

Earth would be illuminated and adorned so much from  
The moon that when you look at the ground you'll see  
A thousand of the planet Venus and a thousand Suns.

Look through the window of my heart,  
Shine like a Sun there. So the sky won't Say,  
"That moon has no loyalty."

My neck is bent with grief.  
That's why my words are coming out twisted.  
But I am straight like an arrow with Your love.  
That's the whole truth.

The picture of Tebriz is inscribed on heart  
Because it is the Kible of acceptance there at  
The house where prayers are answered.

17.

*Verse 2499*

Don't be concealed.

Your face is so auspicious to us.  
It is great happiness to see and to watch you.

Don't keep your shadow out of our head  
For even one moment. As You know, the  
Shadow of the bird of luck is good luck for us.

O spring of beauty, come.  
That nice air is good for garden and meadow.  
It is a blessing to the rose garden and valleys.

Hundreds of thousands of souls will be sacrificed  
To that sacred Soul that comes to the quarter of love.

We are roaming from one place to another with Your love;  
No work, no occupation. But this idleness and  
This kind of love are a blessing for us.

O ones who are tied to bodies, go and watch the soul.  
"Outings and observing are auspicious," the Prophet said.[\[35\]](#)

Every leaf, every tree is an envoy from the land  
Of Absence, bringing the news,  
Saying the clean green is sacred.

How do the leaves and trees give this news without  
Sound and words? You also hear without ears  
Because this is good news.

O One who is the Soul of the four elements of universe,  
Your beauty, Your face is the blessing of water and wind,  
The holiness of fire and earth.

That means whatever you sow you always harvest.  
It won't be lost. How auspicious  
It is to sow the seeds of faith.

I would prostrate to the ground You stepped on,  
Because that earth is a crown to heads.  
I would walk on Your way,  
Because that road is sacred for us.

At right that moment, Your image came to my-eyes.  
By God, how nicely it came. How wonderful that is.

The shape which gets its color from this  
Earth is temporary. The one that takes its  
Color from the higher place is auspicious.

The face of spring is happiness for things on the ground.  
Swimming and jumping in the sea is the blessing of fish.

That sun which shines from the heart and reflects  
On the chest, is auspicious to the Throne of God;  
To the sky as well as to the earth.

Heart doesn't have enough power to talk about that.  
Soul keeps prostrating, saying, "This is auspicious.  
This is auspicious."

The heart would be Your company tonight,  
Follow Your way. It would be the  
Happiest and luckiest heart tomorrow.

Keep serving wine until we stop talking.  
It is better to save certain things in the heart.  
That's the blessing.

18.

*Verse 2517*

☉ one who has already passed away,  
There is not even a smell of soul in you,  
Go away. Love of the one whose heart  
Is alive doesn't wash death.

You resemble Autumn, getting colder day by day.  
You haven't had a spark from the fire of love.

Fall will never become spring, never.  
And spring doesn't have the bad manners of fall.

The lame fox started a journey for the love of the lion.  
I told him, "There is nothing  
You can do with humdrum words."

Let us suppose that you don't have the fire of lovers.  
What has happened to your shame?  
You are disgusting.

Love resembles the dragon.  
You are not even a small worm.  
Love is like a treasure.  
You don't have a grain of treasure.

Let me tell you a few words about love.  
Even I don't have the power  
To talk about love. Listen:

First, you should know that there is no beginning  
And no end for love. Wherever you look,  
Love is free from that.

Nowadays, if you are looking for a donkey, go ahead.  
Don't search for Jesus here. Jesus cannot be found here.

Jesus is separated from that donkey with  
A hallowed heart. Heart is not filled  
With layer upon layer of dirt like a pouch.

Don't come to the front with a donkey.

You cannot run, cannot attack riding a donkey;  
Will not be able to hit the ball  
With the club while riding a donkey.

My heart, which resembles an Indian cupbearer,  
Set up a gathering to prevent the grief of a Turk  
To ride a horse, because there is no banquet today.

I should come to town like a drunk so people  
Would understand that; this man is not  
Among the beggars of the neighborhood.

That love, who sells wine, and became  
Drunk with the wine that cannot be  
Contained by jar or pitcher, is raising hell.

The only tongue that tastes this wine  
Belongs to the person who has no tongue.  
This wine gives enjoyment to the throat  
Of the person who has no throat.

Enough. No matter how much you want to talk,  
I am drunk with that wine and have no desire to talk.

## 19.

### *Verse 2533*

Today, even the sky is admiring our moon-faced one.  
Even the Sun is embarrassed  
Seeing the brightness of his face.

There is no other sun in the morning of existence.  
His Sun of Union shines  
On every piece and on total existence.

But he appears in a different shape every evening  
And every morning. For that reason,  
Each one looks different than the other.

He shows you different shapes opposite each other.  
The differences are hidden among the opposite things.

If you have war, there seems to be many armies.  
In peace-time you know there is only one army.

Abraham had goodness.  
That's why fire appeared to him as water.  
Nimrud[36] was nothing but a curse.  
Water appeared to him as fire.

Joseph was like a wolf to the jealous ones.  
They didn't look on him as a sweet-lipped brother.

This one cut her hands from love, watching his face.  
The other considered him a bad person  
And attempted to take his life.

That curtain is not woven by wool.  
It is made by jealousy.  
Don't look at the beloved behind this curtain.  
He doesn't look very pleasant.

Self is such a devil that envy is only a  
Small part of its nature. You think about  
How ugly and dirty the whole Self is.

Now, you are feeding that ugly snake with milk.  
It will turn into a dragon soon.  
There is man-eating in its nature.

O lightning, which kills dragons, flash from the sky  
Of exaltation. Remove the dragon, because soul falls  
Into distress and anxiety because of him.

If you want to be put on a chest and sit at  
The head of the table, become like the  
Heart without an alphabet, quit talking.  
Your tongue becomes like a beggar  
Behind the door because of words.

20.

*Verse 2546*

You have no arms, no lap; even so embrace me.  
God knows, to caress the lover and make  
His heart happy is not a shame.

There is no beginning, no end of You.

O Sea without mercy, you don't wash the shore.  
You show no pity.

There is no peace, no decision in anybody since you  
Have shown your moon-face to lovers.  
They all turned into a restless sky.

We have no hope but favors of Your  
Sea of Grace and kindness, because it is  
Impossible to scatter Your pearls of praise.

We have fallen in with Your whim, we have seen  
Your clamor, Your magnificence, and have become  
So confused that we can't do anything.

Show me a man who hasn't been trapped by You.  
Show me a lion who hasn't been hunted by You.

We are birds that have escaped and flown from  
Hundreds of traps.  
But Your trap is such that there is no way to escape.

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The envoy of Your love came like a cupbearer offering  
Morning wine, which doesn't give a hangover.

"I am tired and weak; sick from separation," I said.  
"Come on," He said, "it is not time for excuses."

"I am not giving you excuses.  
Look at me," I wailed, "I am ruined."

"It is too late. With pain and suffering I came close  
To death. That's not the time for drinking," I said.

"Forget your situation, drink," He said,  
"Lovers don't have a choice or will power."

If you don't give up comfort, torture and self pity,  
They don't let you come close to the people of Union.  
They don't allow you to go there.

Water the dust of thoughts and mind with this wine  
So they will settle down, because anything else  
Besides Love's moon, is dirt and dust.

## 21.

### *Verse 2560*

The soul who has not known real love, has not  
Been involved with love, would find it better to perish,  
Because his existence is nothing but shame and disgrace.

Be drunk with love. Love is everything.  
There is nothing better than to fall in love;  
To deserve the Beloved.

"What is Love?" they ask. "Tell them that love is  
To abandon all desires, all wishes and the will  
To do or not to do; to reject choices and selections."  
The one who doesn't give this up  
Is not worth mentioning.

The lover is such a sultan of sultans that both worlds  
Are scattered to his feet like gifts,  
But the sultan doesn't need any of them.

Love and lovers are the only eternal things.  
Don't pay attention to anything else.  
Don't give your heart, because all of that is temporary.

How long will you be embracing a dead sweetheart?  
Embrace the soul, which has no beginning,  
No end and no sides.

Your rose, which was grown in the spring will die.  
But love's rose garden doesn't need the help of spring.

The thorn is the friend of the spring rose.  
The wine made from the grape pulp gives a hangover.

Don't stay idle. Move on this road.  
I swear to God, this waiting is worse  
Than any kind of death.

Don't leave it until tomorrow.  
If you are not false today, embrace the heart right away.  
Make this like an earring, if you don't have one.

Don't keep trembling at the top of body's horse.  
Get down. Become a faster walking pedestrian.  
God offers wings to the one who doesn't ride body's horse:

Remove the thoughts, purify your heart.  
Be like a mirror, have no form, no ornament.

When the mirror is purified from all forms and pictures,  
Every form and picture will reflect on it.  
That mirror whose face is clean and shiny,  
Is not ashamed of any face.

If you want to be free from fault and shame,  
Try it yourself, look at it.  
Because that clean mirror tells the truth.  
It is not scared or afraid of anyone.

If the mirror, which is made of iron,  
Became pure like that; think about  
The heart which is free from one small  
Piece of dust. What shape would that be?

I'll tell you what that would be.  
No. I shouldn't tell. I'll keep silent,  
So the beloved won't tell something  
That he heard from me,  
Because he cannot keep a secret.

## 22.

### *Verse 2576*

Beloved, although soul's face is beautiful  
And very bright. Your face,  
Your beauty is something else.

O one who has kept praising soul, show one of  
His attributes to be the same as His essence.

The glow of His specter comes to eyes more and more  
Every moment. Even so, in front of His union,  
This is nothing but a cloudy, weak image.

When I saw that beauty, that face, my mouth  
Stayed open. I have the words, "God is great,"

In my heart and on my tongue every moment.

Heart has found an eye that has settled in Your air.  
That air nourishes and matures  
The eye and heart very nicely.

Talk about neither houris nor the moon.  
Don't mention the soul or the fairy,  
Because they don't resemble Him.  
He is completely different.

His love caresses and embraces man,  
Otherwise there is no heart which deserves this love.

The heart which stays with You one  
Night turns into bright daylight.  
The air becomes brighter and lighter.

The one who gives up his wishes and desires,  
Becomes Your disciple. He will find  
What he wants without looking.

The one who falls in this Love and burns,  
Would be in the Kevser.[\[37\]](#)  
Your love is like the river of Heaven.

I hit my head because of Your separation,  
But my feet don't touch the ground  
With the hope of union.

Don't be grieved with the cruelty of enemies,  
Consider that the Beloved is just.  
He will take care of you.

If the enemy enjoys seeing the color of my face,  
He should know that my saffron-colored face  
Is more red than the rose.

I am unable to describe the beauty of my beloved.  
Because of that, I have a big problem;  
My praises are very weak.

It is most common that when a patient's  
Illness becomes worse, pain and suffering increase;  
But moaning decreases.

Shemseddin has risen like a moon from Tebriz;  
There's no comparison to the moon.  
His face is brighter and more beautiful.

23.

*Verse 2592*

Today is the time to see and meet the Beloved.  
Today is the day the great Sun rises.  
We have the luck, the fate of the Sun.

The Beloved was cruel yesterday,  
He was drinking blood. Today He became kind,  
Nourishing the hopeless ones.

Don't even mention the sun and moon or the  
Soul and fairy, because they don't resemble Him.  
He is totally different.

If someone has seen His face and hasn't been ruined,  
He is not a man, he is marble.

The believer who doesn't know His fire in the  
The eyes of lovers, is considered an unbeliever.

O one who denies the wine of His lips,  
And its existence, look at my eyes.  
They look like two glasses full of wine.

The Angel Gabriel knocked on the door.  
My moon-faced one asked, "Who is there?"  
He answered, "Your old slave, your old servant."

"Who's with you? With whom did you come?"  
The Beloved asked.  
"Your Love, Your love," the Angel Gabriel said.  
"Where?" asked the Beloved.  
"In my arms," he answered.

O jasmine body," he said, "Look at me just  
Once for the alms of Your beauty.  
My eyes are filled with pearls and my face is pale.

I am holding the doorknob in one hand

My other hand is on my head.  
Please, kindly look through the half-open door.

The Beloved said, "All the world is in love  
With me, particle by particle. Go away.  
The thing you brought is not worth anything."

Come, O shah of love, O Shems,  
The one Tebriz praises.  
Words are not enough to tell this fiery story.  
It's beyond description.

## 24.

### *Verse 2604*

☉ rose, your face is graceful and delicate.  
But don't put your cheek over the beloved's,  
Because his is more delicate, more graceful than yours.

Don't bring him in your heart,  
Because when you put your cheek over his,  
He will know your secret.  
The friend who takes heart is very graceful.

Prostrate secretly when desire is intensified.  
But don't go beyond that, because he is very delicate.

If you are out of yourself, every time is your time.  
But watch out if you are conscious,  
Because secrets are very fragile.

Clean your heart from grief because  
Heart is the house of his image.  
The image of that charmer is very delicate.

The shadow of the rose, one day, has fallen  
To the beloved's image, has done so much  
To the beloved. Really it is a delicate thing.

Don't look down on the image of Shemseddin  
Whom Tebriz praises, because that  
Blood-drinking sultan is very graceful.

25.

*Verse 2611*

Soul came to the body. Body did not go to soul.  
The bow doesn't follow the arrow.

Soul jumped out of body,  
But the heavy body has fallen to the ground,  
Unable to ascend to the sky.

Soul became the landlord of the body in  
This mud house. When the landlord leaves,  
Body likes to stay in that house.

Flesh became so lonely, however, that  
Soul reached the place where even doubt  
Would never be able to reach.

The end is separation.  
Whoever has seen the one who came to this  
World since the world became a world,  
Hasn't gone from this world.

Death comes to your door, and squeezes your neck.  
Then you wonder; just like nobody  
Had come and told you this before.

Water has said so much about my freedom,  
My liberation, has rained so much over me.  
But it never bothers the ant colony;  
Never went inside of the ant colony,  
Never inside of the mouth of the ant.

26.

*Verse 2618*

Even when blame and reproaches are heard from  
The right and left,  
The lover won't deviate from the road of love.

The moon shines, spreads its light.  
The dog keeps barking.  
How could you blame the moon?  
That's the dog's habit.

He is like a mountain.  
He is not a piece of straw to be blown by the wind.  
The things that the wind blows are a bunch of mosquitoes.

It is only natural for lovers to be blamed for love.  
The same is true for the lover who has a deaf ear.

Prosperity, in this way, is the abolishing,  
The complete destruction of two worlds.  
The benefit in the way of love, is to give up all benefits.

Jesus is calling from the fourth layer of heaven,  
"It is time for the meal.  
Wash your hands and your mouth."

Go, annihilate for the beloved at the tavern  
Of annihilation. Wherever there are drunks,  
There are troubles and fights.

You are coming to the place of the devil, asking for help.  
Here, everybody is a demon, a freak.  
Ask for help from God.

The Prophet Mohammed told us not to  
Take advice from women.  
Our self, even when it becomes devout, is like woman.[\[38\]](#)

Drink so much wine that you'll forget how to talk.  
Aren't you a lover? Isn't that love a tavern?

Even if you write poems and prose,  
Like the gold of Cafer,[\[39\]](#) there is no value  
For these counterfeit things at Cafer's place.

27.

*Verse 2629*

This is bizarre, unseen fire.  
It is blazing from the Beloved's place.

At the same time, it is not with the Beloved.

Bow could the form stand in front of Him?  
Form has no constancy.  
How could meaning grasp Him?  
He is not apparent.

The world is a place for hunting.  
All the creatures are prey.  
There is no trace of the One who is hunting.

There is a work-business in every comer where  
There is bale-load. Everybody says He is great,  
He is the boss.  
But there is no bale-load at the side of the great One.

O Soul, take your hand away from your face.  
Show your face.  
Because all these appearances are forms;  
Only shapes, dye and fussy ornaments.

Wherever dust rises, there must be an army.  
Wherever there is fire,  
Warmth and smoke will be there.

You cannot see Him because of the dust.  
Find Him. Never mind the dust.

O good fortune, lucky one, if you search for Him,  
He who has unlimited compassion also looks for you

When the torrent drags and carries you,  
You'll understand that people think they have  
Choices and willpower on their way; but they don't.

I wove poverty, decided to talk less,  
But where can you find a rose without a thorn?

Be a witness brother, we are the thorn of such a rose.  
But to be this kind of thorn is for praise, not for shame.

28.

*Verse 2640*

Last night was so dark because you were not here.  
There was no brightness, no taste in our candle  
No pleasure in our Sema gathering.

We were in torture all night.  
This innocent heart was also thrown into jail.  
There was nobody who could console and please him.

The world gets its confidence from You.  
Even the moon doesn't feel secure without You at night.

The arrogance and selfishness of the people  
Make a curtain around You.  
The one who has no self could  
Come to Your shadow, Your protection.

Heart is Yours, it is in Your palm like a  
Drop of mercury which jumps and moves  
Around and has no peace and quietness.

## 29.

### *Verse 2645*

Cupbearer, offer wine. Days are very pleasant.  
Today is the day to drink wine.  
Put up otag<sup>[40]</sup> and build a fire.

The cupbearer is charming and graceful.  
The wine is wonderful; days are great.  
The assembly is as bright as the sky.

Listen to the reed flute. Keep playing melodies.  
Drink wine. Grief has fallen;  
So has its trouble and struggling.

Today there is nothing to break but your oath.  
Today there is nothing to be scattered  
But the beloved's hair.

Messenger of God, repent seventy times at night.<sup>[41]</sup>  
But since God is the One who makes or breaks them;  
All repentance will go away in the morning.

That beauty with whom the whole world is in love  
Is made by mud. But is adorned and decorated by  
The power of God.

Today, wherever there is death it will come to life.  
The blind acquire new eyes today.

The branch which is green is relatively  
Secure from the fire.  
The arrowed porcupine is not afraid of the arrow.

Look at the lover who is kissed by the beloved.  
Don't mind the pale color of his face and his crying eyes.

There is body that is slave to the earth, but his heart  
Commands the sky. There is seed under the ground,  
But the tree grown from that seed  
Is way up above the ground.

How can the one whose heart becomes a treasure of  
Pearl, of jewels settle down on earth? How could  
The lover be bored when the beloved is in his arms?

O one who washes my dead body,  
Tie my jaws tightly<sup>[42]</sup> because my heart  
And soul are tasting sugar, secretly,  
Without mouth and lips.

Be silent, don't move your jaw.  
Nobody washes you. Your halting place is  
Neither the five senses nor six dimensions.

## 30.

### *Verse 2658*

Brother, they say there is a window from heart to heart.  
Don't leave any crack or hole open,  
Even if its as small as a needle's eye, cover it.

Whoever is ignorant of this window of heart  
Is blind and stupid,  
Even if he is the greatest scientist.

Look through that window to the inside of the house.

Is it dark or bright in that house?

If it is bright, if its light reflects on you,  
Make sure it is a garnet or an agate mine.  
It is a treasure, that house.

Sit next to Him. He is the Master, the hero.  
Scatter roses on His way.  
He is the cypress. He is the iris.

Wrap your arms around him, hug him.  
Enjoy this embracing.

Go, carry your belongings to His side.  
Get a house next to Him.  
Because His place is the halting place for angels.

I want to explain, but my heart is trembling.  
He is peerless, unseen and unselfish.

If He is not in one place, this soul and body  
Escape from each other like oil and water.

I have iron locks on my lips, my mouth.  
But whether or not You scare me, I will say this.

What is it for the David of love to break the irons?  
Be silent. That sultan of love is a bizarre Rustem.[\[43\]](#)

## 31.

### *Verse 2669*

☞ want my beloved to be cupbearer;  
To offer me wine from his lips.  
I want his narcissus-eyes to become languid, drunk.

The curly hair on his forehead is like  
A fearless charmer who plays with a rope.  
My heart wants the playfulness of the  
Hair that catches heart and steals mind.

There are troubles from your sneaky eyes in my heart.  
I want that trouble maker's old magician eyes.  
I long for them.

His treacheries, his badness are very pleasant.  
His cruelties are beautiful.  
His meanness keeps burning me.  
For these reasons I am looking for that ungrateful one;  
Searching for that cruel one.

I want to bum like a moth around that peerless  
Candle that shines in the land of Absence.

O rose garden of the beauty, open your face.  
Even the moon became ashamed after seeing your face.  
I want that rose garden.

Four years later, we will stay together.  
I am begging for your union on one road.  
That's all I desire.

Your mind did that thing. Love has succeeded this.  
There is no use for that thing, That's why I want this.

We throw the pillow of the sultan,  
Open the snake's wound. I want to stay  
With the Mustafa of beauty in the cave.[\[44\]](#)

The Tartar[\[45\]](#) of separation scattered musk and ambergris.  
I want the musk of the Tartar's gazelle.

I have such a heavy load on my heart.  
I have been squeezed. I have lost patience  
And decision. My Sultan, allow me.  
Give your permission once. That's what I want.

O bat, what do you care for the coyness of the sun?  
It is shame for you. Yet, I prostrate hundreds of times.  
I want the thing which is shame for you.

You have been putting me off with  
The promise of union. I have lost my patience.  
Separation has blindfolded my eyes,  
Pulling me to the gallows.

The army of your love bums the soul;  
Brightens the heart at the same time.  
I want the commandant of love's army.

The anti-Christ of grief is raising hell  
With separation in my head.  
I should ask for the breath of Jesus to get well.

I had a trick. Union had another,  
But I repent now the deceits and tricks.  
I want that deceitful impostor.

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I would come as a drunk, worn out,  
To the rose garden of pleasure and joy.  
I only want a thorn from your union.

I made a belt from the hairs curling  
On your forehead and put it around my waist.  
I came from town. I want to climb the mountains.

Moses of soul saw a tree in the fire's light.  
I want the blaze of that tree. I want that fire.

Tebriz turned into heaven because of Shemseddin.  
I want to go to heaven and see his face.

32.

*Verse 2689*

What news are the nightingales giving this year?  
What kind of sugar was offered to the parrots?

Come to the garden this year and see  
The dry branches that give such fruits.

Scissors are in the middle.  
Dresses are cut out constantly.  
Belts are offered to the one who loses his crown.

Under no obligation, no trouble to anyone,  
Silver is minted.  
Without the fear of repossession,  
Gold is given.

Every thirsty heart is taken to the sea.  
They offer jewels to the one who has pearls.

Who hasn't seen any gift like that?  
Nowadays the lover offers heads and  
The amount of hair on their head.

Is there any light seen like that?  
The crazy and insane on the road  
Gives talents and take love in return.

### 33.

#### *Verse 2696*

The tailor of time never cuts and sews the shirt  
Right to the size of the one who wears it.

In this world, lots of stupid ones spend handfuls  
Of gold to buy trouble from the devil.

There are appetizers made of colorful soil,  
You eat them, but what you eat makes your face pale.

O one who takes the corpse in his arms,  
And loves it as a sweetheart,  
In the end the corpse cools your  
Soul as well as your heart.

Be aware of God. Get rid of these devil's pictures.  
When the time comes, you pass away having nothing.

Don't lay down and stretch your legs  
On this world's upholstery. It is temporary.  
Suddenly they roll up. Be afraid of that.

Don't throw a bar-shot at this time plate  
Constantly, for nothing. [\[46\]](#)  
Don't play backgammon with the Master.

Don't look at the dust of the body.  
Watch the soul's rider.  
He resembles the horseman inside of dust.

Surely rose cheeks came from the rose garden.  
If there is no rose garden, where did this rose grow?

When you see a chin like an apple,  
Make sure there is an apple tree.  
This apple is not for eating.  
It is offered as a sample.

Start work with great effort.  
If you are loose and slow to start, the sultan's  
Doorkeeper will kick you out of the door.

Be silent. Leave the word.  
Talk without words and sound.  
Like the talk of the angels  
Above the dome of this sky.

## 34.

### *Verse 2708*

That beautiful-faced Beauty has done all kinds  
Of favors for me. If he didn't do any for you,  
It's not my fault.

You blame that beauty who torments you.  
But who has ever seen a beauty  
Who hasn't done some cruelty?

If he hasn't given sugar,  
Isn't his love enough sugar?  
If he hasn't shown any loyalty,  
Isn't his beauty complete loyalty?

Show me a house in which the light from Him  
Hasn't been reflected.  
Show me a table where His face hasn't shone.

That eye and this light are two glories.  
When they merge, nobody will separate them.

When soul watched and passed out of himself,  
He said, "Nobody has seen God's face, but God."

These are symbolic descriptions,  
But sometimes they are misleading.  
God only mentioned the face "by the  
Morning sun."[\[47\]](#) Because of jealousy.

When the sun of Shem's face,  
Who is the praise of Tebriz,  
Reflects on any mortal, he becomes immortal.

35.

*Verse 2716*

The sea has pulled me toward itself, made me  
A known acquaintance made me a diver.  
The one that pulls me, takes me and  
Also pulls and takes you, one by one.

The one that became iron was pulled by the magnet.  
The one that became straw, by ambergris.

Karun[48] who was the anchor of the earth,  
Was pulled and swallowed by earth.  
The sky pulled and exalted  
The greatest of the great, Jesus.

The land of Absence pulls every spiritual feeling.  
Chemistry changes auspicious copper into gold.

The one who pulls and takes all his  
Belongings to the side of prophets,  
Will be safe from the looting of absence and death.

No evil eye would ever touch that beautiful eye,  
Because He took the candle of beauty  
To the place nobody reaches or sees.

We run away from fate and destiny to the side  
Of God who takes care of needs and grants wishes.  
The One who re-arranges fate and destiny  
Will take care of what comes from fate and destiny.

All these things come and go.  
How lucky for that heart that he saw  
The beauty of that moon-faced one  
And passed out of himself.

36.

*Verse 2724*  
*Terci Bend*

The doorkeepers of the sky,  
Who are the mothers of all secrets and things  
Concealed, are pulling us to the sky.

Watch and see the angels come from the throne.  
They are so bright with the light of that auspicious sun.  
We run after them like shadows.  
Those shadows also get their shares from the sun.

Because shadows worship the sun,  
The way he came as a guest, they are also guests.

Thoughts that come to mind, come from  
Universal Mind Their control and their measure  
Comes from His control and measure.

You say, "He sowed the seed and the tree  
Came afterward." But is it is not so.  
Open your eyes and see.  
There is no beginning for these, and no end.

The sun of Shemseddin is neither in the East nor West.[\[49\]](#)  
For that reason, the shadow of the One who reaches him,  
Turns around a different sky.

They are like a heart that runs around everywhere,  
But they don't have the worry of shelter,  
Nor of a camel and saddle.

Our water and our soul turn into heart  
With the effect of that Sun.  
Our particles fly over the sky like heart.

What is the sky that our heart will go that way?  
Our body, soul and heart are totally in love with Him.  
They are always with Him.

Our lips were dry, our eyes full of tears  
With the grief of separation.  
Since we met Him, with the light of union,  
Neither is this dry, nor the other wet.

They come and they go.  
Eventually they reach their purpose.  
The others stay muddy in their turbid water and earth.

The nature of the lover and love is different  
Than the other four natures;  
Hundreds of times better than the four elements,  
The five senses and the seven skies.

If five natures hold the halter of soul and pull,  
Be silent. Don't talk about this world.  
Start telling the Terci.

\*\*\*\*\*

Direct yourself to the sky of truth.  
The one who goes there has no horse and no feet.

O one who turns around love,  
You won't be covered with dust. Keep riding  
The horse like the sun, bright and warm.

On that journey, to follow a guide,  
To imitate a; great man,  
Is like holding a stick in your hands.  
With the brightness and greatness of the road,  
Our stick becomes Zulfekaar.[\[50\]](#)

Moses hit the stone with his staff.  
The stone split, and clear water sprang from it.  
That staff was Zulfekaar.  
That water was for Zulfekaar.  
Because of that it was shining.

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The heart came today, suddenly, like the sky,  
Without hands and feet.  
It got rid of this hangover with ruby-colored wine.

I said, "O heart, what has happened to you?  
Why are you acting so insolent?" He answered,  
"The Beloved offered me wine in the morning,"

I am a lion hunter today.

I will attack even the male lion because  
I came as a drunk from the meadow.

The Lion and the Oxen[51] are spread out in the meadows  
Of the sky. If I drop fire in that meadow,  
That Oxen and Lion will be burned.

Really, Kaf and Nun, like iron and stone,  
Resemble light. Being and non-being struck each other;  
As a result those stars came out.

Happy stars jump toward lovers.  
Hundreds of beauties will be born from their sparks.

When unlucky and unhappy stars promise union,  
They start torturing the rose. They jump to  
The happy-faced, unlucky people who resemble thorns.

There is also another group of people that  
Gave up wanting to be auspicious or not.  
They have been destroyed like  
The stars in the sun of the Beloved's beauty.

They have no fear, nor do they grieve.[52]  
They have no hopes and know neither  
Separation nor union; have no trouble or joy.  
They are not obvious. They are not hidden.

My third Terci, like Muselles[53] adds joy to joy.  
If you have a hangover, work with Muselles.  
Its worth it.

\*\*\*\*\*

Mind, love and soul; those three are straight Muselles.  
They are a salve for every wound,  
A remedy for every trouble.

If someone drinks this Muselles wine  
Of mine and can't pass out of himself,  
He certainly doesn't deserve this gift.  
He must have some problems in his brain.

Every moment granite becomes garnet with the glass of  
The Sun of Truth and turns into agate.  
Earth gets its share and becomes cheerful.

But it is not the ruby which is not aware of itself.  
It is not the agate you know.  
That agate pulls the truth like ambergris.

That ruby is as cheerful, as hard a worker as the mind.  
This sultan is neither with a bride, nor separated.

He is God's special man;  
But when the man dies and becomes annihilated,  
God remains.

Mind tried very hard to get a smell from Absence,  
But didn't succeed. All his works were wasted.

The one who exists, receives the smell of  
Absence and becomes totally annihilated.  
That person has reached such being  
That he is completely submerged in Absence.

He was undressed from his existence at the height  
Of greatness. One annihilation is completed.  
Absolute Being is reached.  
There, no pride and no appearance exists.

When God's attributes come, humanity disappears,  
Because he is a brilliant Sun.  
This one is a light of Suha.[\[54\]](#)

His soul is a mirror for the beauty of God.  
His eye is a glass that shows  
The worlds at the assembly of love.

Whoever drinks the wine of secrets from this glass  
Will be annihilated at the union of the Beloved.  
He will go beyond himself with ecstasy.

Every copper, with the Glory of God,  
Turns into a magical chemical.  
This is an art of the unseen; a bizarre alchemy.

Look for the elixir of love from His Being.  
Be like Him with His favor and kindness.

*Verse 2765*

☉ one who rides Burak[55] of soul's eye,  
O one who opens the eye of the soul, and eventually  
Starts the journey; keep watching the face  
Of the moon which has no dust and no cloud.

They throw the seeds of lust to the fire.  
They escape this trap,  
From which it is very difficult to be freed.  
They jump through with one step.

They escape from the noises of this deaf nature  
And go there. Their gathering becomes an assembly  
And turns into rose gardens.

They tie the feet of shameless, ordinary people.  
From then on sultans, whose souls reflect on  
Their faces, become apparent to them.

They tie the feet of mind and beat  
The hell out of this shameless self.

All particles of our bodies have died in  
This narrow grave. Where is the trumpet of  
Judgment day? They will all come back to  
Life and raise their heads from the grave.

Your lust is like copper.  
It's elixir is the glory of love. With that,  
They will change your copper-like existence into gold.

Be fair. In front of His warm love-breath,  
Who would be able to talk about talent?  
Whoever can must be very cold.

They come to the kitchen of the mind like hungry Sufis  
And receive the guilt which has heavy consequences.

Don't feed nature's raven with cascades of food.  
Keep them fasting so they will become parrots;  
So they can look for sugar.

The fires of nature can be harnessed and turned to ashes  
With the sweetness of the cupbearer of

The fountain of life.

The reason for the blindness and deafness of the mind of  
Maturity is the feeling toward that beauty and charm.

Besides God, the eye of whoever looks at him to see  
Will be sealed with eternal blindness.  
After that, he will know nothing.

In order to stay away from trouble even the sun will  
Take refuge in Shemseddin, who is Tebriz's eye of Soul.

They searched diligently in the land  
Of Soul a hundred thousand times.  
They couldn't find anyone who resembles Him.

His shadow always stays on the head of the Sun.  
Every particle of dust is decorated with his footsteps.

## 38.

### *Verse 2782*

☞ If this is the Bairam[56] of your union,  
I am a slave and servant to Bairam.  
You are the preparation of Bairam,  
The prostration and salute to Bairam.

I heard your name. The great sweetness  
Of your name made the name of Bairam sweet.  
Peace and comfort came to my heart.

How happy is the moment  
When the time of your union comes.  
We take some from the treasure of union  
And pay the debt of Bairam.

Your beautiful face, which resembles the sun,  
Rises so that Bairam's night turns into morning  
With the daylight of your face.

O beautiful, whose specter of light  
Becomes Iman[57] to Bairam,  
Worshipping with auspiciousness and good luck,

It is the religious precept of Bairam  
To prostrate at your door.  
It is haram[58] to see yourself when you stand here.

Fill and offer the glass of union  
With your grace and favor  
So soul will reach his wish with  
Bairam's glass, Bairam's wish.

Souls are running behind your horse.  
But even Bairam takes hundreds of steps.  
How could he reach Him? Is this possible?

This Bairam gave me the good news,  
Coming from the dust of your road.  
My soul goes out to meet Him.  
Hold the halter of Bairam's horse.

And understand that this clarity and brightness,  
This beauty of Bairam are from  
The greatest of the great, Shemseddin.

But where is the brilliance of your beauty?  
How could the lover be fallen to Bairam?

O Tebriz, when there is the wine  
Of the greatest of the great,  
It is haram for you to drink Bairam's wine.

### 39.

#### *Verse 2794*

*M*orning came and opened the polished, gleaming page.  
A brightness, a color of camphor has appeared in the sky.

The Sufi of the sky has torn his blue mantle.  
His shawl is up to his belly from his obstinacy.

After his defeat and exile,  
The Rum of morning came suddenly  
And dethroned the negro of night.

The Turk of joy and the Hindu of grief  
Come and go from that side.

This coming and going is permanent  
But the road is not apparent; doesn't exist.

My God, where did the Abyssinian army escape to and  
Disappear? From where did the army of Rum's Kaiser  
come?

Who gets the smell from this invisible, enigmatic road?  
The one who tastes and drinks the eternal wine of wines.

Night is wondering who makes his face so dark?  
Day is wondering who created him?

Earth is also astonished. Half of it is grass and plants.  
The other half are animals. They are out of pasture.

Half of the world is the eater. The other half to be eaten.  
Half is greedy, but clean. The other half is dirty.

Sleep, at night, is like dying.  
To wake in the morning is like coming back to life.  
Kill me a grief, I am Huseyn[\[59\]](#), you are Yezid.[\[60\]](#)

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When the pearl put himself up for sale  
To see who would buy him, nobody had money.  
He put up the money and bought himself from himself.

Cupbearer, we are all your guest today.  
Our night became Kadir's Night.[\[61\]](#)  
Because of you, our days are Bairam.

Offer the wine which has a pleasant ending.[\[62\]](#)  
Nothing will relieve worry and thoughts  
But to start drinking afresh.

If the ones who are thirsty keep drinking wine beyond  
Their limit and pass out of themselves,  
They will surely find the key.

Nuh-Lut,[\[63\]](#) Kerhiy[\[64\]](#), Sibli[\[65\]](#) and Beyazid[\[66\]](#)  
All sat next to the jar of union.

Be silent.  
Soul is flying with cheer.

At the end, this wine hits you on the head  
And runs through the main vessels.

40.

*Verse 2810*

Auspicious spring is here.  
Blessings are scattered to the earth.  
The iris became as beautiful as Ali's Zulfekaar  
And started shining.

Particles of earth are pregnant from the sky.  
Nine months have passed.  
They have all become restless.

The pomegranate is filled with bows.  
The creek is wearing armor, it shines and sparkles.  
The valley is full of violets.  
The hills look like tulip gardens.

Flowers open their lips for kissing.  
The cypress opens its arms for hugging.

After the rose garden of sky saw the heart's rose garden,  
It became ashamed and covered its face with clouds.  
It was embraced by heart. "

The thorn was crying, saying,  
"Help, O One who covers other's faults."  
His prayer is accepted so his cheeks become rose after rose.

The sultan of spring put on his belt, after apologies.  
Every branch and tree is crowned by Him;  
Is turned into a sultan.

It is not much that a stick in  
The hand of Moses became a staff.  
Every branch is adorned so much,  
It looks like an assembly of the Master.

The ones who were dead in the winter  
Came back to life.  
The ones who denied the resurrection,  
Lost face and reputation.

God's favor helped the garden's Ashabi Kehf.[\[67\]](#)  
They woke up from sleep.

O one who came to life,  
Where were you in the winter?  
Isn't the place where soul goes at night, asleep?

Every night the senses of soul fly there.  
Every night that is the place to be seen, and stand.

Even when the moon was a crescent it went there.  
When it became a full moon,  
It turned into a candle for the world.

These visible five senses and invisible five senses  
Go there tired, worn out and troubled.  
They come ambling back from there to their earth.

Close your mouth. Don't run in front of the wind.  
Because the wind of words is  
Raising dust on the road of observation.

41.

*Verse 2825*

Watch death. How does it come back to life?  
Look at how the free cypress  
Became a slave, a servant.

Watch and see how these loose, decayed boxes and coffins,  
Are filled with soul, with love and knowledge.

That throat and mouth,  
Which have been torn in the grave,  
Are singing like a drunk nightingale now.

Watch Kaaba today.  
It is raised and coming to the pilgrims.  
For that reason thousands of caravans are blessed.

That soul who runs away from the needle  
And enters the bottle,  
Is today offering his soul to the sword of love.

You have seen how water comes out of rock so many times.  
Watch now and see how milk springs from honey.

Look at the unripe grape. It becomes sugar out of its joy.  
Look at all this barren land, how it becomes green.

Keep smiling O Earth. .  
You gave birth to such a Caliph[68] that  
Because of him stones and bricks are moving.

Grief is dead. Mourning time is gone.  
You and I will stay well.  
Wherever there was crying is now filled with laughter.

Such a rose garden grew and was so adorned  
That all its thorns were utterly eradicated,  
And without forks, by the power of the rose's smell.

Hizir has drunk from the fountain of life  
And has become eternal.

Our pleasant life would become eternal,  
Even if body was worn out like an old mantle.  
Soul, no doubt, is eternal.

Be silent.  
Sleep on the sugar-threshing floor.  
Because sugar is scattered by words.

I have been kept silent,  
But all the noises of parrot's sugarcane  
Become lightheaded and keep being exuberant.

42.

*Verse 2839*

This love always kills the intelligent, wide awake people.  
It cuts the head off without a sword.  
And kills without the gallows.

We become a guest to someone  
Whose custom is to destroy his guest.  
We become a friend to someone who kills his friend.

If he sees a Joseph, he tears him to pieces, like a wolf.  
If he sees a devout one,  
He kills him like an unbeliever.

We gave our heart to Him.  
Either He shows friendship and kindness to us  
Or kills, wounds and destroys us properly.

No. No. He kills many lovers with His eyes,  
But His breath brings the dead back to life.

Let Him kill you. Isn't He the fountain of life?  
He doesn't show that the grim-faced beloved is like honey.  
He kills the man sweetly.

Be sure your zeal is great,  
Because this great zeal, this love  
Only kills choice sultans and free people.

We resemble the night; look like the shadow of the earth.  
He is the sun; kills night with the gleaming sword.

The negro of night has stolen our mind like a thief.  
The police of the day came and killed the thief.

Black color covers the world at night from East to West  
But the Rum of day killed all of them.

In sum, that drunkenness comes to me  
From the rose garden, just like the nightingale.  
Like the nightingale,  
Separation from the rose garden kills me.

43.

*Verse 2850*

The valley and desert are beautiful  
If the sun shines there.  
The rose garden is beautiful  
If the roses open and smell there.

There is another sun which shines  
Only to finish the work under his command.

The Beloved doesn't kiss the one  
Who offers gold and property.  
He lets him be kissed by the lover  
Whose face becomes pale with the troubles of love.

Look carefully. All the parrots are fluttering their wings  
And flying to the sugar-lipped one  
Who gives sugar to them.

Everyone in this world chooses  
One of the sugar-lipped ones as a lover.  
We also have a sugar-lipped one  
But he gives an entirely different thing to us.

We have such a sugar-lipped one,  
That even sugars are his servant and beggar.  
We have such a Sultan of sultans that  
He offers us a kingdom; gives victory to us.

Your zeal would be great, if you were the son of a sultan.  
Don't be content by the sultan's coronation,  
And his giving a belt to you.

Undress. Take your clothes off.  
Run. Dive into the fountain of life.  
Dive, so the piece of soil you step on  
Gives rubies and scatters pearls.

Run to love. Take shelter there.  
Avoid the beauty who flirts,  
Charms and then bleeds your heart.

My eyes don't see any beauty from others.  
The painter gives shapes and forms  
To the body of soul from the land of Absence,  
And adorns him in a different way.

The bird whose mind gets news from Kevser<sup>[69]</sup>  
Won't drink bitter water like blind birds.

He fills our eyes with his own beauty.  
He is so beautiful that when the moon sees him  
It would sacrifice its head for him.

His poor ones see beauty as a piece of dirt.

Think about the eye to which God gave sight.  
How would that eye see?

Quit talking, Be silent so that universal intellect  
Will allow us to go through this particular intellect.

44.

*Verse 2864*

Bring wine my dear, because days are going by.  
Only a taste of that glass overcomes the bitterness of grief.

This is the glass that is familiar to mind;  
That hangs around with him.  
It is not the glass that blind-eyed Self runs to.

When you enter the door with that fiery glass,  
The devil of grief, which gives anxiety,  
Will go away, out the chimney, like smoke.

If you put Kil[70] on your head for washing,  
Don't wash. Leave. Run as you are  
With the Kil on your head.  
Come, because time is going by.

Excite the one who caught the mind.  
Mature the one who talks immaturely.

You offered the same wine to the sun, moon and sky.[71]  
Everyone of them submit themselves to You.  
They turn with joy.

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By God, even the particles are drunk with that wine,  
But still want more, come in that direction.

Give peace and comfort to this soul  
Because the fever of that wine  
Left no peace and decision, no comfort and repentance.

Even if donkeys smell that wine they would  
Have the same mother's tender heart for orphans.

Today, earth has drunk one drop, slowly, from that wine.  
Now turns the glass of kindness like the sun,  
Offering favors and everything to anyone.

The way blood runs from the body  
Through the bottle of Hacamatci[72]  
Is the way one pulled goes to the one who pulls.

The way Kaaba goes to the door of God's friend,  
The one who has arrived at the truth,  
Is the way of God's compassion.  
It runs and cascades with compassion.

If a saint is not drunk, he is behind all the lame ones.  
But when he passes himself, he reaches Kaaba  
In one step.

When he is sober, he behaves well, hides the secrets.  
But when he is drunk he follows his heart.

Be silent.  
Don't talk about wine in front of a raw person.  
Because he immediately thinks of that ordinary wine.

45.

*Verse 2879*

Watch the nightingale, it is going to the rose garden.  
Redness is on the way to the beloved's face,  
That resembles the flower of the pomegranate.

Fruit has been ripened, went beyond itself.  
It is going to hang, like Mansur.

Flowers are in bloom, adorned for the sultan,  
Because the sultan intended to give  
Favors in the springtime.

The heart of the tulip which resembles a monk,  
Is burning with fires; is sunk in bloody tears.  
It is on the road to the mountains.

The thorn has cried exactly nine months,  
Because of the separation of the rose.

The rose saw that loyalty, is now going to the thorn.

The narcissus, bewildered by hearing the talks about union,  
Watches the borders of the garden.

The fountain of life is flowing at the roots of the tree,  
Like fire in the hearts of free people.

Every rose which has been  
The slave of the ground in winter,  
Is now burning, falling in love.  
To show itself it is going to the bazaar.

God's divine inspiration of spring gave a general lecture.  
The garden, the meadow, everything wrote this.  
Kept reading it over and over.

That student, who worked hard to learn,  
Finished his studies, earned his uniform,  
And is now on his way to make a living.

Looks, like spring, said, "God has bought."[\[73\]](#)  
And the rose advanced on these roads  
To go to the "Buyer."

The rose heard these words of God better than others,  
Right in his heart.  
He threw away his turban and his heart,  
To run better and faster than others.

The heart sees every branch, like the Beloved.  
Looks for union with the Beloved.  
Goes to the Beloved.

O Heart, you are penniless,  
At the same time, thinking of buying pearls.  
Nevertheless, there, they talk about loads of gold.

No. No. Who talks about loads of gold?  
There, they talk about barns full of souls.

The food of "the soul who is at peace,"[\[74\]](#)  
Believes and is silent.  
Self is the one who keeps talking on the way to words.

46.

*Verse 2895*

My eye is twitching.  
Is that beloved coming?  
My heart is beating fast.  
I understand the one who caught my heart is coming.

This hoopee bird comes flying from Solomon's army.  
This nightingale has arrived from the rose garden.

If you are penniless, sell your soul and get this glass.  
Sell your self, the buyer is coming.

The ear of expectation drinks news like honey and sherbet.  
Crying eyes meet the beloved.

That heart which was broken to pieces,  
And became drops of blood and scattered,  
Is now getting together.

The plectrum of joy and the bow of pleasure  
Are touching the stature,  
Which has bent like a harp, turned into strings.

The ruin of the garden and meadow is over.  
Beautiful-faced roses are running toward thorns.

All the sighs and moans of the lover were for something.  
Union's army is coming to find the remedy for those sighs.

The parrots of love have already  
Spread their wings to fly.  
Because bales of sugar are coming from Egypt.

The city is safe.  
All the thieves ran away from fear of  
The strong, fierce security of the town.

News came that "Cafer-i Tayyar is coming."[\[75\]](#)  
All the Cafer's who were stealing at night, ran away.

Tell it as it is.  
The qualities of human behavior are gone,  
Because God's attributes, the ones that repair the broken,

Impellers of everything, are coming.

O poor ones of the garden,  
You lost everything at the robbery staged by the fall.  
The sultan of spring is coming  
To refurbish all your losses.

The luminosity of the sun has no cover.  
Curtains are made by silence.  
Be silent. This curtain is coming from the words.

47.

*Verse 2909*

Such charm, such sweetness,  
That drunkenness, that openness;  
How did the painter of eternity  
Give all of these to your eye?

Your eyes, every moment,  
Open thousands of eyes, offer thousands of sights.  
God gave you the same force and power He gave to Jesus.

The eyes that were blessed to see, by Him,  
Are looking at Him with admiration,  
And wondering how this has happened.

I asked the sky if it had ever seen a moon like that.  
He swore, and told me, "I honestly don't remember."

Now, close your lips, open the eyes of your soul.  
If you are with Him, if you have merged with Him,  
Don't say anything.

48.

*Verse 2914*

Cruelty has destroyed hundreds of the sultan's cities.  
Hundreds of seas of sovereignties have been dried;  
Turned to hallucinations of oasis, by injustice. .

Hundreds of greed towers,  
And meanness castles have fallen in ditches.  
Half-sleepy fortunes have fallen into deep sleep.

The main street of the land of Absence  
Has been closed to these people.  
The moon of dark cruelty is covered  
By a cloud; has disappeared.

That eye which sparks like lightning to burn people,  
Is now wailing; has turned into a cloud from crying.

That heart which burned hundreds of thousands of people,  
Now is, itself, burning in God's fire.

How lucky is the person who took lessons from that.  
That trouble of the sultan helped to open a door for him.

He understood in the morning what he had done at night.  
But it was too late.  
He became ashamed and disgraced;  
And was involved in lots of trouble.

He spent the night praying, like a bright morning.  
Also, Noah's praying was accepted at night.

49.

*Verse 2922*[\[76\]](#)

Such charm, this sweetness,  
That drunkenness, that openness.  
How did the painter of eternity  
Give them to your eye?

Your eyes create a thousand eyes every moment.  
God gave power to them from His own.

All these eyes were lost, confused in Your eye.  
They all send hundreds of thousands of prayers.

Your eyes were the seat at the throne of the Sultan.  
The soul who sees your eyes yells, "Mercy, mercy."

I asked the sky if he had ever seen such eyes.

He swore, and told me, "I honestly don't remember."

50.

*Verse 2927*

How long will I tear my mantle  
With fear and expectations?  
Give me wine so that r will  
Be saved from fear and expectation.

Bring the glass that burns thoughts and worries.  
Because there are thoughts in my head  
That come from fear and grief.

I am anchored with fears and expectations.  
Sail me like Noah's ark.  
That's the only way r can survive this flood.

Give me that red gold, that permanent pleasure.  
My face became pale gold from expectation and fear.

Bring and pour in my mouth the thing you served  
To the one who sat in that circle.  
I became like a doorknob from fear and expectation.

Water once more this color, this smell,  
Because I have a different color, a different smell now.

Offer me the water with which even  
That river of Kevser will fall in love.  
Wash me with that water because  
I fall in the air of Kevser with hope and fear.

I am in the middle of the fire, like Abraham.  
I have hopes and expectations, like Azer,  
So that I make idols out of hope and fear.  
Send me that water.

Out of obstinacy to blind eyes,  
Don't hide from my eyes.  
Bad eyes would be blind.  
I am hidden from eyes with hope and fear.

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Don't separate me from the sun of your face.  
Because I am totally wet with fear and hope,  
Like this gazel.

51.

*Verse 2937*

The beloved was pretending to sleep.  
"Now," I said, "I will steal a peach from his garden."  
Actually, he wasn't sleeping.

He smiled and said, "It's like the wolf  
Trying to outsmart the lion to take its prey,  
But, it's not that easy."

"Who will reach the sky and milk the cloud,  
Unless the cloud becomes generous and does favors?"

Absence has no hands or feet to invent anything.  
God's grace creates something out of nothing.

Sit like absence, because Selam[\[77\]](#)  
Was given only at namaz, while sitting.

Water becomes confused, lets itself go  
At the top of the fire,  
Because fire is to make sacrifice.  
Water is the prostration.

When the lips are silent,  
The heart gains hundreds of languages.  
Be silent. How many times will you  
Keep trying Him? How many?

52.

*Verse 2944*

Fire leaned toward the ear of smoke,  
Said secretly, "He can't do without me.  
Aloe wood really likes me."

"He understands me. He thanks me,  
Because the purpose of aloe wood is to bum out,  
To become non-existent."  
At that time its value becomes apparent.

Aloe wood is full of knots.  
Once it opens up at Absence,  
All these knots will be untied.

O my friend who eats flames and swallows lights, welcome.  
O One who is annihilated in me,  
O my Martyr, the One who gives soul, welcome.  
O friend whom all my acquaintances praise and are proud!

Look and see.  
Earth and sky are both submerged in existence.  
Escape from this dome of sky,  
From this blind world, to Absence.

The one who runs away from Absence  
Is an unlucky, sad person,  
Who escapes from glory, kingdom and happiness.

No one will benefit from the book of Absence  
Before he is annihilated.  
O God, who is loved and beloved.  
Help me to make up with Absence,  
To make peace with Absence.

Black soil, without giving of itself, its existence  
Won't become abundant.  
It will stay still, become motionless.

If sperm stays sperm, it will neither grow, get bigger  
Nor have a head, face and rosy cheeks.

When bread and meals are digested in the stomach  
They turn into mind and life,  
So even the most envious will long for that.

Black stone won't be gold and silver  
Or worth anything,  
Unless it goes beyond its existence.

Just to be contemptible and humiliated,

Later to become the sultan of sultans,  
This is the way it is.  
Also at namaz, to first stand up, then later, sit.

We tried "existence" our whole life long.  
Now we are due to try Absence.

The clamor of the kingdom of Absence is not fake.  
Smoke doesn't come from the place  
Where there is no fire.

Love comes every morning to lead us to the school  
Of "the ones who kept their promise"[\[78\]](#)  
By pulling our ears

If Love doesn't want us,  
If He hasn't fallen in our way,  
Why did He catch our heart and snatch our turban?  
Just for nothing?

In order to clean his heart from grudges,  
Purify it from evil, the tear of sorrow  
Is flowing from the eye of the faithful.

You are asleep.  
Hizir keeps sprinkling water on your face to wake you up,  
So you can pick up the glass of eternity.

Love will tell you the rest of it secretly.  
You will be asleep and, at the same time,  
Awake like Ashab-i Khef.[\[79\]](#)

53.

*Verse 2963*

Heart has been watching your face,  
Even though he is waiting to see you.  
Soul has been drunk in your rose garden,  
Is stuck with thorns,  
Even though watching for roses.

He is looking for heart every moment;  
From the light of His look,  
A houri appeared at the right,

A beautiful charmer at the left.

In the early morning,  
Once we tore apart the trap of evening and morning  
We received a kiss from the Beloved.  
We prostrate to Him a hundred thousand times.

Who cares if the life  
That has been spent in love won't return?  
We are at the circle which is made  
By the intense longing of lovers.

Play the harp of love with immortal melodies.  
Soul becomes a thread;  
A thread of the melody of love.

There is such brightness of life  
In the air of Your love.  
There, the roots of the trees  
Are not buried in soil, but still give fruits.

Soul was plunged into a sea,  
Swallowed water, but obtained a pearl.  
But, that sea and the pearl  
Are both crying for your ruby lips.

The willow tree is dancing.  
The plain tree is clapping its hands,  
Because of the melodies of the parrots in the reed bed.

Once this event of joy and purification  
Comes and passes,  
The Sufis of love embrace each other.

Like the torrent keeps flowing tirelessly  
To the sea, soul remembers the Union of Elest<sup>[80]</sup>  
And jumps out from the body like a drunk.

Part has flown out from the bow  
Of the whole, like an arrow.  
But it has no target, no place to go but the wholeness.

Soul goes out from thousands of skins,  
Starts the journey with joy.  
His place is in the land of eternity.

The soul of truth embraced Him,  
Held His skirt to reach known Soul; to attain their desires.

Souls hold His skirt with love.  
He also bravely holds that eternal skirt.

O soul, go to Tebriz, ask this from Shems.  
Ask and learn that you will mount the Burak<sup>[81]</sup> of meaning.

54.

*Verse 2978*

*My* beauty, everybody gets along,  
And is merged with his own kind.  
Everybody has found the friend  
Who matches his own nature.

But the one who has Your brand  
In his heart cannot choose anyone.  
The one who has become prey for You  
Cannot be hunted by anyone.

Since Your kindness took us out of our self,  
Engulfed us in ecstasy,  
Don't deprive us of Your favor.  
Don't leave us without You.

Every species, everything,  
Is united with the same and attracts the same kind.

The one who doesn't consort with the same causes trouble,  
Like water with oil or snow with tar.

Until he separates from the other  
And returns to his own, he becomes thirsty  
And his thirst increases more and more.

Whoever runs away from You  
And gets to like someone else,  
Leaves You and stays with someone else.

He would sit at Your temple with a sour face  
And frown like clouds,  
Or smile like spring with someone else.

He seems to be saying,  
"I have no share from the moon at the land of Absence;  
The glass of soul, the wine of soul make my head dizzy."

Don't you remember the sound of the reed flute?  
That wine of joy that you are drinking so nicely?  
How come you drink wine  
From the hands of a devil, to be stoned.

You will see what a bad and dirty shape you'll be.  
Keep drinking hundreds of glasses of wine  
From the devil's hand. Drink, O cheap beggar, drink.

Here, your head is down. Your face is sour.  
Also you should know,  
There is a dark monster here as big as a mountain.

When he is with his own,  
He turns into an iris-like tongue.  
With others, he is mute.  
With his kind, he opens like a rose;  
With others he is a thorn.

Go away, you can't be from the same species  
With all creatures.  
One branch cannot get pregnant for one fruit  
From hundreds of trees.

If you belong to one tree like its branch,  
Separate, break off from the others.  
If you want to reach this one,  
Take your hand away from the other.

How auspicious is that soul  
That belongs to the same kind  
As the one who is praised by Tebriz.  
He reaches there and becomes enlightened.  
Whatever he does, it is happy and auspicious.

55.

*Verse 2994*

☞ We are drunk; out of our Self.

You are hidden from us behind the curtain.  
O Moon, appear, don't stay under the cloud.

We are a group of Your lovers.  
We are called to instigate and create trouble;  
To do a bunch of evil things.

At early dawn, the sun rose from Your face.  
We were caught in the circle of Your face,  
Climbed the roof to watch You.

We are drunk with the wine of sunshine.  
Our heads are dizzy.  
That flaming fire enlightened our head,  
But, at the same time, we lost our head.

O player who fits in with the tunes  
Of the heart of soul's lover,  
Play better and more pleasant melodies of soul.

Play, so the Soul will get out of this mantle of flesh.  
Soul, which is aware of everything,  
Would pass from Self like a mantle.

Lift the id and bits of body  
With pure, clean wine  
So we will come close to Kingdom,  
Face to face and chest to chest.

Eyes would see what is behind the curtains,  
Be saved from house, roof and door.

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The stately bird of soul would see thousands  
Of gardens from Shemseddin, whom Tebriz praises;  
Obtain thousands of wings.

56.

*Verse 3003*

☞ my hunting master,  
You hunted me.  
I have no pleasure without you;

No sleep and no constancy.

You own my heart.  
You are the base of all my trade.  
Don't deem proper all that  
Oppression to this poor slave.

O one who has no Beloved  
In the world of love, look at me.  
I yell and scream in the Universe,  
"O Beloved, O Beloved."

Give us the wine You offered the first time.  
And sober us from our hangover  
With those drunken eyes.

O sky, send the wine that You served.  
You took the mind of the head of mind.  
Send that wine.

You take care of thousands of businesses  
With one look. At last, look at me once,  
So that we can take care of this business.

57.

*Verse 3009*

*M*ake sure that nobody in this world  
Will remain without somebody.  
If you don't get along, someone else  
Comes, instead, to that place.

If I leave this house,  
If I vacate the house,  
Either someone like me comes,  
Or someone worse than me.

The world has been inherited for thousands of years.  
When the father goes under the ground,  
The son becomes the father.

It is not only men.  
Animals are the same.  
If it wasn't like that,

You wouldn't see any living creature.

At night when the sun leaves the roof of sky,  
Stars and moon replace the sun.

When a person quits one profession, one business,  
His nature will be occupied with another craft.

Because an agent is appointed to everyone's heart,  
That agent won't leave them without work,  
Business, provision or expedition.

58.

*Verse 3016*

*H*appy spring, the envoy of lovers suddenly came.  
We are drunk. We are in love.  
We are in a dream and have no constancy.

O eye, O candle, walk to the garden.  
Don't keep waiting for the beauties of the green.

Envoys came from the land of Absence  
To the garden and meadow.  
Go and see, it is custom to meet their arrival.

The rose came to the garden  
To celebrate your arrival.  
The thorn became beautiful,  
And was adorned seeing your face.

O cypress, give your ear, listen.  
The iris turned into a tongue,  
At the side of the river, to praise you.

The bud became a node-node, knot-knot.  
But your grace opens the node, unties the knot.  
That grace opens flowers for you,  
And, again, scatters them over you.

Just like on the day of resurrection,  
The ones who decayed in December,  
The ones who died in January,  
Are raising their heads from the ground.

The seed, which has been dead,  
Came back to life. The water, which was  
Hidden by the ground, has now appeared.

The branches, with fruits, shower coyness with joy.  
The roots, which have no fruit, are hiding.

At the end, the trees of  
Soul became like that, also.  
The choice tree and stately branch  
Would be known, become evident.

The Sultan of Sultans came with an army,  
Dressed, put on a sash, and was armored  
With a jasmine shield, a green Zulfekaar [\[82\]](#).

They say, "Let's cut so and so's neck,  
Like a leek."  
Look at the art of God; see the obvious.

Yes, that's what it is.  
When God's help comes,  
One mosquito can destroy Nemrud. [\[83\]](#)

59.

*Verse 3029*

Abandon thoughts and worries.  
Don't give them any space in your heart,  
Because you are naked.  
Thoughts and worries are extreme cold.

You are in thought to be free from troubles and suffering.  
But thought is the source of trouble and suffering.

There is no thought at the bazaar of art.  
That place is beyond thought.  
The one who is caught in atmosphere  
Is the one who becomes a laughing stock to that.  
Watch all the signs.

Look at the source of things that come to mind and thought.  
Look for the One who turns ~s old, tough fate around.

The cheeks of the charmers are rosy with His art.  
The face of lovers are pale because of His troubles.

Those thousands of birds come flying  
From the land of Absence, very nicely.  
Those hundreds of thousands of arrows  
Were thrown from the same bow, at the same time.

Hundreds of wine makers are crushing grapes  
In the land of Absence, without hands and feet,  
Beyond the mind and imagination; making wine.

He makes bread without the fire  
Of the tandir<sup>[84]</sup> of the heart,  
The oven of the stomach, and stores it.  
But the baker is invisible to the eyes.

He makes hundreds of thousands of paintings  
On earth's flat frame.  
Boils the blood of females; and milks  
Hundreds of jars of milk from that blood.

You called God.  
A voice came from the sky.  
Open your basket, O poor one,  
A favor has come.

You opened your basket  
But the favor was big and heavy and broke the basket.  
Naturally, small things don't come from God's kitchen.

The one who sends quail  
Sends manna from the sky,  
Pulls the camel from the crack in the mountain.

The One who creates a strong,  
Powerful man out of sperm,  
Opens roads to the sleeper, to fly out from sleep!

He shows forms every moment in Absence  
For the ones who fall asleep,  
To wake up and go faster on their journey.

I follow the rule.  
Since He told me, "Be silent!"

I am silent now.  
That Ruler will tell the rest, one day, by Himself.

60.

*Verse 3044*  
*Terci Bend*

☉ fiery Beloved!  
O fiery Charmer who gives calm to hearts,  
Kindly come over and scratch the head of Your slaves.

We are Your soil,  
Thirsty for Your water, Your plant.  
Sow the seed of abundance and loyalty with Your hand.

Sow, that new plants and colorful flowers  
Will grow on the surface of the earth.

At the bottom of every well  
A reflection of the beautiful,  
Moon-faced, rose-checked Joseph appears.

Forget that story.  
Listen to the new story that just came in.

A Saint came up next to me.  
He had a rose in his hand.  
I asked, "Where is that from?"  
"From that country," he said.

I said, "There is no trace of that  
Spring in this world. Here, there are  
Two hundred wounds from thorns for each rose."

"No, that spring is also here," he said,  
"But you don't see it.  
Your eyes are confused and darkened,  
Just like the person who smokes hashish.

Purify and cleanse your heart  
From thoughts and illusions.  
"Throw out that hashish from your hands.  
Look at the garden and meadow."

Tell a verse of the Terci,  
Because a glass came, full to its rim.  
Soul is screaming.  
Come, it is permissible to taste.

\*\*\*\*\*

If you are fond of wine, if you are a brave master,  
Don't be like the rose.  
It drank one glass and dropped into a drunken sleep.

Come like hell and drink seven seas.  
The Cupbearer calls you,  
"O my sultan, may it do you good;  
Become sugar and honey."

When man turns into a pearl,  
His cup becomes an ocean.  
When he opens his mouth,  
The whole world becomes a morsel.

The world is only a mouthful.  
But only for man, not for the mosquito.  
It is a morsel for only  
The one who was born of Adam.

Man doesn't give birth to mosquitoes.  
Don't be a mosquito either.  
Be a sultan.  
Be a man like Cemshid, Husrev and Keykubad.[\[85\]](#)

There is no taste of my talks,  
Because I am not drunk now.  
It is mere ceremony to try hard to make art;  
To give literary value to words.

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The mouth of the drunk resembles a beehive.  
The honey bee flies around without aim or purpose.

Honey bees become drunk  
From the honey in their mouth.  
They keep flying with their  
Honey and needle, into the wind.

They say, "We are free from the six-sided house.  
The Sultan of Sultans, who gives  
That sweet sherbet to the bees, saved us."

Terci wants bend [\[86\]](#).  
But the drunk doesn't know  
What a tie is; what a rope is.  
He is not aware of them,  
Because his mind is not in his head.

\*\*\*\*\*

O Soul of Souls, bring the ruby glass.  
Where are we?  
Where do we listen to those long stories?

Open both your arms,  
Embrace me like a belt.  
Bring immortality; undress us.

You drank hundreds of glasses, then became  
Silent like you had put a brick on your mouth.  
But your drunken eyes  
Keep inviting the drunks for drinking.

You are drinking constantly.  
That wine's smell comes to two fersah. [\[87\]](#)  
Go ahead, drink. You know better.

Except, don't hide from me,  
Because, as you know, like others  
I am your faithful servant. '

There is another thing.  
Bow could you hide wine?  
Its effect becomes obvious on the face and head.  
For sure, it will show up.

When you mount the camel, it bends its head down.  
You are going to town  
And asking people not to see you.

You know that much,  
Yet, your drunk camel keeps saying,  
"Af-af, see both of us."

Forget the bazaar and the market.

Ride your camel to the rose garden.  
That is the place for the drunk and people  
Who are compatible with each other.

O my beautiful,  
Thousands of God's blessings to your beauty.  
We are just fine.  
I hope you are well, too.

61.

*Verse 3074*

☉ one who shows coyness and seduces people,  
Salvation and the attainment of wishes  
Are only possible by reaching You.  
How happy is the one  
Who has attained and is saved.

I have a fiery tongue.  
It is like a candle with Your love,  
Telling me You turned head and feet to tongue,  
To flame and bum.

When you see struggles,  
The noises of the day become death  
Like a candle, but at night they lighten up.

I said, "I only burned for You.  
I have peace with You,  
O my leopard-looking male lion;  
Don't hide. Don't disappear from my eyes."

Since You attracted me,  
Made me a slave, don't hide Your face from me.  
Since You tore this curtain,  
Don't put another one in front of me.

O Fountain of Life, have mercy, don't stay away.  
Don't hide from the one who used to drink from You,  
From this separation.

First such a favor, later this fire, burning, melting down.  
What is this?  
First, saying its permissible, then forbidden.

What kind of opinion on a matter of cannon law is that?

O smiling soul, smiling fate,  
Smile on our face so, that in the depth of winter,  
The cypress will smile, the rose will smile.

If you go to the garden of Soul in the middle of winter,  
You'll see hundreds of months of July  
In every comer in that cold.

"You go to the garden of Soul" he says.  
I ask, "Where is the road?"  
"Still," he says, "You haven't  
Learned the road to the garden."

The place where words which have subtle meaning,  
And witticisms resemble the soul,  
Is the place where the road is,  
O one who is fond of words that have subtle meaning  
And witticism and gives his life to the wind.

You ask our look; don't get into subtle meaning  
But, hard-to-understand words.  
Why do you have the stately bow?  
Don't hang on the dust of the bow.

If Self has become old; heart is young.  
Soul is very fresh.  
Its face is like a newly-opened violet.

If you don't have generosity in your heart,  
By birth and wealth;  
Possession and position won't make you rich.

Even if you are rich and hiding your wealth,  
It doesn't matter.  
There are so many sneaky ones looking  
For the chance to come to the surface.

O one who wants pearls, jewels and stones,  
How do you know what you have, in the darkness?

Pick up the broken odds and ends,  
The stones from the road,  
The pearls from the bottom of the sea.  
Don't print counterfeit money at night.

You will be caught during the day.

Check the money with the right scale.  
Throw away the one that is harmful to you.  
Take the scale that helps you.

62.

*Verse 3092*

The phoenix suddenly came from Kafdag.[\[88\]](#)  
The bird of my heart started to fly again.

The bird, which has been following you like a drunk,  
Burned the feed, fluttered and flew.

The eye, that was full of blood  
On the night of separation, saw daylight again.

Siddik[\[89\]](#) and Mustafa[\[90\]](#) became friends at the cave;  
The spider is making webs at the door of the cave again.

The teeth of joy and pleasure have become blunt.  
Their face has turned sour.  
Today, they smiled  
And started biting the sugar of union again.

He tore the armor, that he wore on battle day,  
Down to his navel again.

The women of Egypt saw the face of Joseph again.  
They picked up the orange,' while watching Joseph,  
And cut their hands again.

Cry for help from Joseph  
That Salome will give loads of rubies  
To buy him from auction.

The beautiful bloody eyes of Joseph's lions  
Spread out in the lover's blood again.

Soul's woman, who is staying at her house,  
Fell in love, grabbed her cover  
And started running again.

The Beloved's love kettle,  
That cooks and matures the raw ones,  
Was put, again, at the top of the brain and  
Started boiling and cooking the brain again.

Look at Abraham.  
He started sucking milk and honey  
From the fingers of love.

The heart who repents the love of the Beloved  
And retires at His side,  
Starts feeling the magic of the Beloved  
And will be persuaded again.

The heart which climbs the roof  
Of the thoughts of sleepers,  
Starts counting stars, one by one,  
With our love again.

The melancholy of that no-good, deceitful thief  
Starts climbing the hair, like a rope, again.

The coyness in the essence of love  
Put scraps of gold, silver and copper in his hand,  
Like a jeweler who is an expert in his business.

There is kindness and favor  
At God's Shem's at Tebriz.  
He starts pulling us to himself, by our ears again.

63.

*Verse 3109*

☉ beautiful, you run away for hundreds of years,  
And don't come close to us.  
Still, we turn your business upside-down,  
Make it like ours.

Don't run away. Inevitably, you  
Will pass through the wheel of fortune.  
It doesn't matter whether  
You are a roaring lion or a tamed lamb.

The body is like a boil

Grown on the shoulder of soul.  
When it is ready,  
It drains itself without a knife.

How lucky is that false one  
Who stays away from false.  
He stuck himself to God's love  
Without glue, without paste.

They measure by yards,  
Cutting and sewing the dress of life  
Day and night.  
It will surely come to an end one day;  
Either at night or in the morning,

Poor man. Love has exhausted him.  
That rider became too heavy for the horse.  
Its back is hurt.

Be silent. Annihilate in the land of silence.  
The job of His love  
Is to kill the lovers of faith and sect.

## 64.

### *Verse 3116*

They say the Sultan of Love has no loyalty.  
It is false.  
"There is no end of your night," they say,  
"You cannot see daylight."  
It is false.

They say, "Why are you killing yourself for love?  
When the body dies, there is no life."  
It is false.

"It is useless to shed tears for love," they say,  
"Once you close your eyes,  
You can't see, you can't meet."  
It is false.

They say, "When our time is up,  
When we have finished our time,  
Soul doesn't go to the other side."

It is false.

The ones who imagine and don't give up fancies say,  
"The stories of prophets are fiction,  
Only for the imagination."  
It is false.

The ones who are not on the right road say,  
"Men cannot reach the door of God."  
It is false.

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The one who doesn't know the secret of heart says,  
"God won't tell the secret; the Absolute Secret  
To men without an intermediary."  
It is false.

They say, "The secret of heart is not open to man,  
He cannot be accepted in heaven."  
It is false.

They say, "The man who is made of mud cannot  
Be acquainted with the community of heaven."  
It is false.

They say, "Clean soul cannot fly out of this nest  
With the wings of love."  
It is false.

They say, "The real sun won't award or punish  
People for small goodness or badness."  
It is false.

Be silent.  
If someone tells you there is no speech possible  
Without words or sounds,  
It is false.

65.

*Verse 3128*

Today is the day of joy.  
This year is the year of enjoyment.

We are good.  
Also, good to the garden and meadows.

Spring is here.  
The rose tells the narcissus, with a smile,  
"We haven't seen the ugly face of the raven,  
It is good news for you and, for me."

The rose is the appetizer for the nightingale.  
Sugar for the parrots. It doesn't matter  
If the raven can't see it, for its obstinacy.  
Earth is green and full of tulips.

The pomegranate told the apple,  
"Give me a peach."  
The apple tree answered, "All the loafers  
Of the gardens and meadows ask that."

One must give soul to Jesus to get the peach;  
Especially real soul. Not the one  
That grew up from heart and head.

The garden and meadow are both the drunks  
Of the envoy who came from the Heaven of Absence.  
Listen and hear, "The job of the envoy  
Is only to carry the message." [\[91\]](#)

Open new, fresh wings and arms  
Under the sun of kindness,  
Because clouds and fog  
Are all gone in front of the sun.

The Cupbearer of spring poured such a wine  
That even the thirsty of the land of Absence  
Me fulfilled by the favor.  
They called, "Enough."

Our Sun entered the sign of Aries  
At the spring of soul, and stayed there.  
There is neither fear of winter  
Nor of December and January. It is wonderful.

Shake your head to tell me to, "Come this way."  
I will come. Then scratch my head.  
That's what I want. I cannot give this up.

Drag your feet today, the cupbearer is standing.  
Soil is soaked in water. Sky is adorned  
With hundreds of candles of light.

Sometimes He shows fire, other times water.  
My heart was scorched.  
I used to have mountains in my heart.  
He saved me from all of them.

Grief is in the paws of the cat, screaming "geek-geek."  
Say that either you cry "eek-eek" or "gek-gok."  
There is no salvation for you.

Throw the distaff to the fire. Don't spin cotton.  
These worlds, this alphabet  
Became stuck in your throat.  
Your neck turned into a spindle because of that.

66.

*Verse 3142*

Today is the day of joy.  
This year is the year of the rose.  
We are all fine.  
We hope the rose will do well, too.

Help came to the rose  
From the Beloved's rose garden.  
From now on, our eyes won't see  
The decline of the rose.

The eyes of the narcissus became drunk.  
The garden is smiling  
From the clamor and beauty of the rose.

The iris is telling secrets  
About the love of the nightingale  
To the ear of the cypress;  
Explaining the good disposition of the rose.

The rose came running to help us  
And tore its clothes  
We also tear ours because of the joy of the meeting.

The rose is such a world that  
It doesn't fit in this world.  
Even the world of imagination  
Cannot imagine the rose.

Who is the one who is called Rose?  
A messenger from the garden of soul and heart.  
What is the rose?  
It is a small thing that indicates  
The eternal beauty of the real Rose.

Let's hold the skirt of the rose.  
And go to the eternal rose sapling  
Together, with a smile.

The origin of the rose is that eternal rose sapling  
Which has grown out of the sweat of Mustafa.[\[92\]](#)  
Came out from his kindness and because of him,  
The rose turned into a full moon from a new moon.

You pick leaves of the rose,  
But they give life back, again and again.  
They offer new arms and wings to the rose.

How did the rose accept the invitation of spring?  
It was dead, not even in existence.  
It came like four birds flying toward Abraham.

Be silent hodja.  
Don't open your lips.  
Sit in, the shade of the rose  
And smile like a bud under closed lips.

67.

*Verse 3154*

Pity to ourselves for losing  
All the advantages,  
All the opportunities.  
Pity to our soul.

I am separated from the Soul  
Who is praised by every tribe.  
Even the rocks feel sorry about my situation.

They cry and wail for me.

If they load my separation  
On the top of Mount Sinai  
Or on the hills of Safa<sup>[93]</sup> for one moment,  
They will fall down with earthquakes.

When the sparks of love  
Inside of us appear,  
They will burn all the ones who blamed us.

If one particle from Your beauty  
Reflects on the earth,  
There won't be any dangerous desert for caravans.

I vow to the Union  
That its greatness brightens the heart,  
And to the glory that even  
The greatest man won't understand.

I vow those secret things that  
Have happened between us, I cannot tell  
Openly, but only explain with metaphors.

I vow that Your generosity and blessing  
Will always stay in my heart,  
But they are impossible to talk about.

Have us reach union so our wishes  
And our desires will be fulfilled.

My eyes are red, and swollen so much  
That I don't have the power  
Or strength to meet with guests.

I should put a handful of soil  
From in front of his door to my eyes,  
As a salve, so my eyes would be brightened.

Is all the soil of Tebriz like that soil?  
Is this possible?  
The body that says I am exactly like Soul,  
Shouldn't exist.

Our master, our owner Shemseddin!  
Have a long life.

His blessing is a ring on my neck.  
He is the one who makes my business,  
And my occupation, successful.

68.

*Verse 3167*

Don't get tired and discouraged with us.  
We are very beautiful.  
Because of our jealousy, we cover ourselves.

When we throwaway the cover  
Of body from soul one day, you will see us.  
The moon will be jealous of us;  
So will the star of Ferkad[94].  
They will both be longing for us.

Wash your face. Clean yourself.  
If you don't wash and become purified  
Our beauty is enough for us.  
Stay away from us.

Ours is not the beauty that will get old in time.  
We are eternally young.  
Our heart is in comfort.  
There is no beginning to our beginning,  
No end to our end.

If the cover becomes worn out,  
The beauty will not get old.  
The cover of our life is mortal,  
But we are immortal.

When the devil saw the cover of Adam,  
He turned his face.  
Adam called to him, "You are exiled, denounced;  
But we are not."

The rest of the angels prostrate to him,  
And say, "We fall in love with a beauty."

There is such a beauty under the cover,  
That his beauty took our minds.  
"We fall in prostration," they said.

If our mind doesn't differentiate  
The old and feeble from the beautiful  
In the world of Love,  
We should change our religion.

What is the word of beautiful?  
Be is the Lion of God.  
We are talking like a kid.  
Actually, we are children reading our a-b-c's.

They persuade children with walnuts and raisins.  
If we are not kids,  
We don't deserve walnuts and raisins.

An old lady with worn armor and helmet  
Is hiding behind them, saying,  
"I am the hero of war, the great Rustem."[\[95\]](#)

It does not matter what she wears  
And how much she decorates herself,  
She is a woman.  
How can we make that mistake.  
We are submerged in the Glory of Ahmed."[\[96\]](#)

Believers would understand and differentiate."[\[97\]](#)  
That's what Mustafa said.  
Be silent. We found the right way without words.

Listen to the rest of it from Shems  
Whom Tebriz praises, because  
We haven't heard the whole story from our sultan.

69.

*Verse 3182*

☞ We are the thirsty during-the famine.  
We eat many meals.  
We are not helpless,  
But we are the remedy of trouble,  
Help to the helpless.

We are wine at the assembly, the sword in war.

We are like a fountain in thanks;  
Like rock marble in endurance.

We are not the sultan of money,  
Who takes a bribe.  
We patch, we sew our mantles that are all in bits.

Don't try to hide secrets from us.  
We are already in your heart.  
Don't try to take your heart from us.  
Your heart is in our hands.

We are the hidden sea under the straw.  
Or the sun which shines on stars.

Don't look at the way we stand on the edge  
Of the roof like a drunk.  
Even the roof knows we have no edge or side.

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Why should moonlight be afraid  
Of reflecting at the edge of the roof?  
Why should we worry?  
We are riding the moon.

It doesn't matter if our lungs  
Have been a target for arrows.  
Look and see. We are not  
Concerned with trouble like that.  
We are involved with so many other things.

The butcher of the village  
Cut us by wailing and tearing.  
Yet, we are at the pasture of the village,  
Still hanging at the slaughterhouse.

We are Muhre[\[98\]](#), at the same time, Muhr i hokka.[\[99\]](#)  
We are not involved with the uproar  
Of the heart going up and down at the same time.  
We passed to the other side, watching ourselves.

We are giving the good news of Ahmed,[\[100\]](#)  
And talking in the cradle as a child, like Jesus.  
But we will keep silent.

With the love of Shems,  
Whom Tebriz praises day and night,  
Burn and kill the devils with flames and sparks.[\[101\]](#)

70.

*Verse 3194*

We are looking at Your face.  
We gave up the meadows and rose gardens.  
We are lost in the view of Your eyes.  
We gave up the wine and the wine maker.

We pawned the house, made home Your quarters.  
We demolished the store and gave up work.

Love kept looking at all our belongings.  
We gave up profits, losses and trading.

It is impossible for one hand to get involved with love,  
The other hand to worry about name, fame and honor.  
I gave up shame, bashfulness and modesty.

The land of joy and inner calmness were given to us.  
We gave up the wealth and poverty of "more or less."

Our head has exalted over the top of the sky, because  
We gave up head and turban with the pleasure of love.

"What," we are saying, "are you denying?"  
We gave up the declaration and denial of both worlds.

Look at that handful of dogs.  
How they fight with each other.  
We are not dogs. We are not born from dogs.  
We gave up the carcass.

Only God knows your secrets.  
That is more than enough.  
We have given up the evils of the bad ones,  
And the deceits of the deceitful.

How could the lesson that love gave, be forgotten.  
At last, we gave up talk about him and being  
Involved with a war of words or repeating him.

Whatever you do secretly  
Grows and becomes apparent.  
Sow any seed you desire. We give up.

The magnet of the companions  
Who attract us and make us talk;  
We have given up talking this way.

We even gave up the sun that whirls around the sky,  
Because of the grace of Shemseddin's face,  
To whom Tebriz gives praise.

71.

*Verse 3207*

*R*ise, let's drink the wine  
From the big earthen jars.  
This is the assembly of the Sultan of Sultans.  
Why shouldn't we drink wine at this assembly?

The Sultan is a sea,  
And that wine is so sweet, so penetrating,  
Offer that ruby-colored wine.  
Offer it and see what our essence is.

The Sun scattered light to the earth  
From such a glass that we also fly high  
With drunkenness, like particles.

The eternal Sun has offered such a wine for us  
That we don't look at the glass  
Of this Sun out of our pride.

Bring this wine that burns the mind  
And enlightens the heart.  
Bring it so that we will be freed  
From the mud of existence, like soul.

We drink full glasses because we know  
The kindness and favors of the Sultan.  
We are ahead in drinking,  
But we are behind in rendering services.

Because, to be grateful  
We impede those who render services.  
On this side we are developed,  
And on the other side we lean.

Enlighten us by the shining light  
That is a niche wherein is a lamp [\[102\]](#).  
We already radiate with the flame of that light.

Body is heated, by the flame of this wine,  
Like an oven, then cooled.  
Burn us like wood so we won't be cold.

Soul is like the lantern  
Of the sky; full of fires.  
The oven is to find out if we are false  
Like copper, or real gold.

O rose-cheeked one,  
Bring the glass that resembles a tulip.  
We will harvest jasmine, like a rose,  
Because of that tulip-looking glass.

Smile nicely, bring the essence  
Of the beauty to the assembly.  
We are nice to everybody;  
But much better when we are with you.

Musician, play that new tune once more.  
You are nice and pleasant,  
But we are more pleasant.

Exalt! Your beautiful voice comes to us.  
We ate like marble rock for loyalty to your love.

You inherited that breath from Jesus.  
Blow in our ear, we are like a shrill pipe.  
Give the same sounds that come to the 'ear.

Mouth is full of words;  
But you keep silent  
Because we are next to envious people  
Who are full of denials.

*Verse 3223*

We cannot be understood or agreed with  
By anyone in this earth.  
We cannot build a house under the dome of the sky.

We are languid, drunk and thirsty.  
We keep drinking.  
Everybody said "enough"  
And dropped into a drunken stupor.  
We don't have enough.

This is the sea of God's compassion.  
The enemy is the foam, the id and bid.  
We cannot give away the wave of heart  
For every id and bid.

Like the big-nosed Ad-Semud[\[103\]](#)  
We don't build a house or hut  
In the land of Absence.

We don't build anything but the house of love  
On that property of the immortals,  
Like Noah and Abraham.

When we want to hunt,  
The place we go is the mountain of Kaf.[\[104\]](#)  
We don't hunt carcasses, like a vulture.

When there are beautiful, clean hours,  
We don't take the black devil,  
Who persuades the whores, like a bride.

We don't plant the sapling,  
Whose fruit is grief, in the soil of greed.

When the taste of His auspiciousness  
Is in our eyes,  
We don't even look at the auspicious soul.

Be silent.  
From now on we don't pay attention  
To the verse or the rhyme,  
Because they are not from our kind.

73.

*Verse 3233*

My bloody tears are dripping, shlip, shlip, shlip,[\[105\]](#)  
Because of this glass that fills the empty ones,  
Every moment, with deep, red-colored wine.  
These sounds remind me of a drum.  
O Heart, beat the drum with gratitude, gum, gum, gum.[\[106\]](#)

You have found the drum of wine.  
Go ahead, beat the drum of gratitude.  
Beat it with zir[\[107\]](#) sometimes, O Heart.  
At other times the bem[\[108\]](#) pitches, bem, bem, bem.

Buy one drum from the drum sellers.  
I will play it so I can pull the roots,  
Break the branches of grief from earth's garden.

For that reason, don't give up.  
You can still drink wine.  
We accept the cruelty, the reprimand.

An army came suddenly.  
The commander of the army is love.  
Everywhere was filled with flags and drums.  
The mountain and the valley were filled.

We became full of wine,  
But the cupbearer kept serving  
In spite of that, like an ocean.

Do you know why the sea became rough and choppy?  
Ask me, I am a man from the sea.

Its floor has become too small for the sea.  
It wants a larger space.  
That's why water rises to the air.

O my beauty, water made travel  
Its habit when it was in the sky.  
It rains from the sky,  
Cascades from the mountain and runs in the river.

Our water of life is the same

As the water of the sea.  
We also flow from existence  
To Absence in waves.

There is no rest for the soul,  
Neither on this earth made of dust,  
Nor in the air under the tilted dome of the sky.

Whichever garden flourishes,  
Soul is attracted there.  
That means soul wants to reach the arms  
Of the greatest of the great Sultans.

For that reason, don't give up.  
You can still drink wine.  
We accept the cruelty, the reprimand.

Be silent.  
You instigate trouble in the city.  
But the soul of your uncle is like an ocean.  
Don't wait in vain for his silence.

74.

*Verse 3246*

Don't say anything.  
I obtained a secret treasure.  
I gave a soul but I received the universe.

My face looks like a jeweler's face.  
He says, "I gave a bid for gold.  
I bought a gold mine."

I have been hit with so many arrows  
From the beloved's beautiful face,  
But I received such arrows from his eyebrows.

I will tell this to the people, unequivocally.  
I shouldn't tell that I bought this from so-and-so.

I was mute, like a fish,  
But I saw someone who has sugar lips.  
I bought a tongue from him.

Suddenly, I grew up like a tree in a garden.  
I have found a trace in that invisible garden.

I said, "There is no end, no beginning for this garden."  
But I found a corner in that nothingness.

I have met Shemseddin, to whom Tebriz gives praise.  
Then I reached the Kiran[\[109\]](#) beyond two worlds.

75.

*Verse 3254*

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*R*ise, O lovers.  
Let's all ascend to the sky.  
We have seen this earth.  
Let's see the other one.

No. No. Both gardens are beautiful and nice,  
But let's give up both of them and go to the Gardener.

We run toward the sea by prostrating like the torrent.  
Once we merge with the sea, we walk  
And run, clapping our hands like foam over the sea.

To go on a journey from the world of grief  
To the world of weddings and joy,  
We leave this pale face that's like saffron,  
And get a pink one, like the purple juda tree.

We'll arrive at the land of mercy  
By trembling like a leaf  
From fear of falling.

We are in a foreign land.  
There is no way to stay away from trouble.  
We are on the journey of the country of soil,  
Impossible to be free from dust.

We will fly, fluttering our beautiful wings  
Like green parrots.  
We have become the land of sugar.  
We'll go to the square of sugar.

All these forms are evidence of that painter,  
Though His trace is not apparent.  
We will go to that painter  
Who is hidden from evil eyes.

It is a road full of danger and trouble,  
But love is our guide.  
Love teaches us how to journey on that road.

The Grace of the Sultan's shadow will protect us.  
Even then, it is better to go with the caravan.

We resemble rain on a roof full of cracks and holes.  
We should avoid the cracks, go through the gutter pipe.

We are bent like the bow,  
Because the bowstring is in our throat.  
We came here straight.  
We should go like an arrow; fly out of the bow.

We have stayed at home like a mouse,  
Because of the fear of cats.  
If we are the sons of the Lion,  
We should go to that Lion.

We purify our soul like a mirror,  
For beauty, like Joseph's,  
So we will arrive at His beauty with gifts.

We will keep silent.  
The One who makes us talk would say,  
"And we will go that way."

76.

*Verse 3269*

Open your eyes and look.  
We are bright because of those eyes.  
Never do we turn our eyes from that face.

Burn, flame, flame.  
Enlighten your chest for your moth.  
Brighten, so we can throw ourselves to the flame.

Increase the fear of love.  
We don't want to be sure.  
Our total security is in the fear of Your love.

Good news comes every day  
From Your candle to the moth.  
Say, "Die." Die so we can give  
You a new soul., We have your ransom.

We go out of ourselves. We leave our existence.  
The day when you say, "I exist only with love,"  
Is the day we are in joy and happiness.

We have seen the beauty of your garden.  
That's why our stature is like the cypress.  
That's why we are as talkative as the iris.

Go and burn rose gardens of the present time.  
Because we fell in love with your face  
And went into that rose garden.

O one whose heart has been withered; and has  
Become upside-down on the road of love.  
Hurry, run to us, because we are an iron fortress.

We poured out all the water of our face,  
Because of the pleasure of the fire  
Of the Sultan of Tebriz, Shemseddin's, face.  
We turned into pure fat.

77.

*Verse 3278*

☉ One who grabs and pulls my ear,  
You are my clear eye.  
Why do you want to lead me to the garden?  
You are my meadow. You are my rose garden.

I have been on Your table all my life.  
I eat Your blessing.  
I have been beating the drum  
Under the shadow of Your kindness.

Beloved, I rub my eyes to see  
If it is a dream or reality.  
I wonder, is it me or not?  
I cannot believe it.

Yes, I am, I only leave "Self."  
I undress from existence.  
I stand in front of Your full moon  
Like a pale, thin new moon.

I despise even the crown of the king of kings.  
The desire of Your face is a collar on my neck.  
That is only natural.

I am eating Your blessing  
In Your sea with the fish.  
I don't get along with the ones on land  
Because of my jealousy; like water and oil.

If the nail of torment  
Scratches my wish's vein,  
I'll give beautiful melodies like the harp.

But You also understand that  
I don't have one vein or artery.  
If you find one, I'll cut it out from its roots.

You asked, "What is your business?  
The one who is annihilated has no business."  
Yes, it is true.  
If I am not annihilated,  
Why has Absence become my home and country?

You are the trumpet of the day of resurrection.  
I am dead.  
You are the soul of spring.  
I am a cypress, an iris.

I say this with broken language.  
You say the whole thing.  
You are a mind, of the mind of mind, of the mind.  
I am just a fool.

I made a painting,  
It is for You to give soul.  
You are the Soul of Soul, of the soul.

I am someone who asks only of the body.

78.

*Verse 3291*

You look like clear, clean water.  
Don't make it turbid,  
Don't put a curtain over your heart.  
Don't close your heart,  
Don't do this. Don't do it O Heart.

Clean people gathered around the heart  
For an outing and, for looking.  
Don't be bashful for them.  
Don't make the heart shameful for them.

Heart is yelling to say,  
"Pull yourself from love."  
If you become totally soul,  
Don't make heart stingy like that.

They change copper to gold.  
This is another knowledge.  
For the things you are doing  
Copper won't become gold.  
Quit those things.

O heart, it has been a long time  
That you have been away from soul.  
Thirty years have passed.  
Don't make thirty become forty.[\[110\]](#)

The thing crushed in the mortar of sky is not salve.  
Don't put this in your eye, like salve.

There is so much uproar.  
Don't stop at every cross in the road.  
Time has past.  
Day is ending, don't loiter around.

79.

*Verse 3298*

Beloved, bring wine.  
Complete my fortune.  
Make my joy as auspicious  
As the land of mercy and soundness.

Venus is like a small slave at your wine gathering.  
Your heart's sun is eclipsed; bring the sun again.  
That moon becomes a slave and a servant.

Bring meal from the sky, like Jesus.  
Make the people give up this bread, this soup.

Bring back to life a handful of frozen people  
With your warm breath.  
Make the greatest of the great sultans  
Out of a handful of poor beggars.

Give a smile to cheer this frowning wrinkled face.  
Make eternal this cut-finished life.

O yearning of all heads, scratch the lover's head.  
O pleasure of every stage,  
Come to our arms, make a stage there.

There is no light in the house if there is no glass.  
We have now found the house; look for the glass.

Your kindness keeps giving us  
Hundreds of thousands of blessings.  
Heart is bewildered.  
It doesn't know what to say or what it wants.

Be silent, the Beloved answers without questions.  
You just keep watching, quit talking.

80.

*Verse 3307*

See from your face and from  
Your smell that you are mad.  
You took your heart from the friend

Who loves, protects and feels sorry for you.

Because of the shape of the objects  
That come from your face,  
Which resembles the sun, my back is  
Hunched like the sky. My chest is dark blue.

Your angry eyes look like thrown arrows.  
Because of them, hundreds of stature-like  
Straight arrows bend down like bows.

My questioning made you mad;  
Closed your lips.  
Because of the sorrow of this,  
No heart, no soul, and no tongue is left in me.

Your favor was a ladder to the roof  
Of kingdom and the house of fortune.  
You have given up all these favors.  
Break the ladder now.

O one whose image became the  
Soul of hundreds of souls,  
In the name of God,  
My begging is not just to save my soul.

Remember, one night you wanted a sign, a trace  
From the soul which turned to blood.  
I'll show that to you.

For the sake of that night,  
Put that black curly hair around my neck;  
Pull me like a drunk.

Pull, so that soul will go with joy.  
At the land of Absence your hair becomes a club.  
Heart is a ball. Heart will roll with your club.

Establish the bench of justice  
At Shemseddin's town, Tebriz,  
That the throne would be enlightened  
And earth would give praise.

Verse 3317 [\[111\]](#)

☞ heard you are contemplating a journey. Don't.  
you want to love someone else;  
To be the friend of someone else. Don't.

You are a stranger in this world.  
There is no one like you.  
You are peerless.  
Why do you want to go to a foreign land? You are  
Hurting the one whose heart is wounded. Don't.

Don't leave and go among the foreigners.  
You are looking surreptitiously to others. Don't.

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O Moon-face, even the sky becomes  
Upside down because of you.  
You break and spread us to the ground,  
Turn us upside-down. Don't.

Why do you make vows and promises? You are  
Using your vows and coyness as a shield. Don't.

Where is the oath you made with me?  
Where is your promise?  
You are breaking the oath you made with this man.  
You go back on your own word. Don't.

O His deed is higher, better than existence and absence.  
You are leaving the world of existence. Don't.

Heaven and hell are under your rule.  
You are changing heaven to hell for us. Don't.

We are safe and secure in your land of sugar.  
But you are adding poison to the sugar. Don't.

My soul is like a stove full of fire.  
Isn't it enough, what you have done?  
You turned my face to gold.  
I turn pale yellow. Don't.

If you hide your face, even the moon becomes dark.  
Do you want the moon to be eclipsed?

If that's what you want. Don't.

When you become angry and silent,  
Our lips also become dry.  
Why do you wash our eyes with tears?  
Don't do that.

Since you have no tolerance for the gathering of lovers,  
Why do you go crazy?  
Don't look at lovers, don't see them.

You don't give halva because of a diet.  
You don't show a pleasant face,  
But you are making your sick worse. Don't.

My eyes, which have been used  
To look at forbidden things,  
Are the thieves of your beauty.  
You are punishing this thief of eyes. Don't.

You are leaving O my companion.  
It is not time to talk.  
Love has no head. Even then,  
Why do you attempt to cut your head? Don't.

82.

*Verse 3333*

You are becoming tired and bored with us. Don't.  
You are getting mad, turning your face from us. Don't.

You only think about yourself, your good,  
And want to hurt us.  
Nobody gains anything from that, including you.  
Don't do that.

You agree not to hurt us.  
But for whose sake do you put up with that?

Instead of wine you give a vineyard of grief.  
Don't do that.  
Why do you make blood flow on the river bed?  
Don't do that.

You are taking away the joy of pleasure from my face.  
Don't do that.  
You target your look to my face.  
Don't do that.

You are killing an innocent.  
At the same time, you feel sorry.  
You are the one who is cutting my way.  
At the same time you are wailing.

My hands and feet are unable to do anything,  
Because I am the drunk of the Beloved.  
Let the drunk fall down.  
Why are you pulling? Don't do that.

You are saying, "Come, I'll make  
The patient like a shepherd for the sheep.  
Why do you make the wolf a shepherd for the sheep?  
Don't do that.

During the day, you are devout.  
At night you kill the devout.  
Tonight is the night of peace,  
But you are still doing that. Don't.

O my Beautiful, all the friends have become  
Enemies with each other because of jealousy.  
Why are you making this friend  
An enemy to the other? Don't.

"Don't drink wine," you say.  
If you don't give wine,  
Why are you making this one's lips so dry?  
Don't do that.

"Go straight like an arrow,  
Fly in our air," you say.  
But how come you are bending the straight arrow,  
Making a bow out of it? Don't do that.

You are saying to me, "Be silent."  
But you are the one making me talk.  
Every hair on my body turned into a tongue  
Because of your love.

83.

*Verse 3246*

☞ see you are contemplating tormenting  
And scolding me. Don't.  
Getting ready to leave us. Don't.

O, apple of my eye,  
You are shedding my blood like a roaring lion  
At the grass of jealousy. Don't.

You are holding my fate upside-down like a pen. Don't.  
You are bending my back like a branch. Don't.

O my Beautiful, you are God's grace and kindness.  
In spite of that, why are you changing yourself  
Into God's curse, God's torture? Don't do that.

You caught my heart with your kindness and favors.  
Then why do you separate  
My heart from this kindness and favor?

Why do you checkmate the pawn, who became  
A king because of the beauty of your face, with grief  
And turn him again into a poor beggar? Don't do that.

Why do you change the one who became a full moon,  
With the light of your face, into a new moon with troubles?

Whether believer or unbeliever,  
All are in your hands.  
So why do you fight with the unbeliever? Don't.

Go out of yourself, like Moses.  
Be silent like his staff.  
Why do you echo like Mount Sinai? Don't.

84.

*Verse 3355*

☞ Beloved, bring wine, exalt my fortune.  
Make your curly hair be a halter to my heart.

It is a beautiful gathering.  
We are all friends and are happy.  
Put some incense into the fire, for evil eyes.

Pour that wine that cannot be spared  
To the head of thoughts and worries. Pass out of  
Yourself and put this conceited heart in its place.

O grief, go away.  
You have no business with drunks.  
Wherever you find one who is sober, harm him.

Drunks are free from thoughts and worries.  
You go and bother the ones who have not  
Been able to free themselves.

The soul, who became drunk at the assembly  
Of "the righteous shall drink of a cup whereof  
The mixture is of the water of Kafur," [\[112\]](#)  
Will laugh to the cry of the one  
Who followed his fun and fancies.

Look and see, all of these people's beards  
Are in the hand of death.  
See and pity; save them from death,  
Make them benefit from that.

O moon, load all your belongings on the ox.  
Start the journey.  
Don't get in a discussion with  
The drunken lion hunter. Quit advising.

Look at our eyes. See how drunk we are?  
Make us ride the dun horse.  
Offer red and gray-yellow wine.

If you find one sober hair in our body,  
Reckon with it, scribble seventy books.

O black-faced nature, go to the land of the Hindu.  
O love that resembles a Turk,  
Ride your horse, go to the city of Cend.

Wherever you get drunk, stay there.  
Make that place your house.

Wherever you drink wine, sleep there.

If there is no soul food for you at God's table,  
Go, stick your head into the cowshed.

If you want to have beauties of the sky  
Appear to you and flirt with you,  
Give your heart to the One who makes the mirror.  
He will make it shine, be clean.

O Heart, be silent. Talk without words.  
When you talk about Absolute world,  
Talk without tongue, without lips.

## 85.

### *Verse 3370*

Hang around with lovers; always choose love.  
Don't be a friend, for even *one* moment,  
To the one who is not a lover.

If the Beloved will kindly uncover  
His face From the curtains of greatness,  
Go and admire His open face.

See the face of someone who  
Has a trace from His face.  
Watch the beauty when the sun  
Shines on his forehead.

The sun put its cheek to His cheek  
And gave such a light that,  
When the moon sees His face  
It passes out and falls to the ground.

That "Thee alone we worship" verse of the Koran  
Is written on the hair falling to his forehead.  
In his eyes there is the look of,  
"Thee alone we ask for help."[\[113\]](#)

His body is like a specter. It has no blood, no veins.  
His inside and outside consist of milk and honey.

The peerless Beloved hugged him so much,

Took him in His arms; that he now smells  
Of the Beloved's smell.  
No smell of that soil is left on him.

He is such a morning that he has no whiteness;  
Such an evening that there is no color to paint it.  
He is such an individual that he has no side or back;  
Such a living being that he doesn't resemble this life.

Why should the sun borrow light from the sky?  
Why should the rose sapling  
Ask for smell from the jasmine?

Be silent like fish.  
Become pure and clean like sea water so you  
Will quickly obtain pearl and jewel treasures.

Let me tell you. Don't tell anyone.  
Do you know who has all these qualities?  
Shemseddin, the one who is praised by Tebriz.

86.

*Verse 3381*

My God, who is the one who  
Pulls us to himself with the trap  
Of the ones who plunge into silence in ecstasy?

O One who grabs and pulls us  
From the collar of our soul,  
From the group of the conceited,  
To the ones who become drunk  
And pass out of themselves!

O One who holds our ear,  
Scatters our mind and intelligence!  
O One who becomes Cupbearer to the mind,  
Gives peace and comfort  
To the one whose mind is not in his head!

You pull us without hands.  
Kill us without swords.  
Eyes and looks that kill lovers without reason  
Are the student of your eyes, your looks.

The fountain of life  
Is the shore of the martyr of Your love.  
Satisfy the thirsty with that blessing.

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It is the breeze of Your union  
That opens the knots of the heart.  
Send a breeze to the branch of hope.

The beauty in the world of existence  
Is at the motionless center.  
All the searches and actions, above and below,  
Originate from the One who sits motionless.

The goal of the passengers is to reach  
The one who sits some place.  
The purpose of the speaker  
Is to make the silent one hear him.

Fire is hidden in the water.  
When water boils it turns into fire;  
Makes noises because of the fire.

When you give up forms, you will reach soul.  
When you leave the one whose face is like a moon,  
You ascend to the sky.

Why do you leave your wallet with the penniless?  
Why do you throw your life at the feet of a wizard?

After the head of the gypsies took your hat and shoes,  
It doesn't matter if you are peasant or cavalry.

Knowledge is your weapon,  
Which is the sign of manhood.  
If you are not a man it is better to have no weapons.

Don't say anything now because words  
Are like sounds at the bottom of water.  
If you are not blind, if your eyes see,  
Lift your head and look at the sun.

87.

*Verse 3395*

☉ One who changes the soul, moment by moment,  
To different shapes inside of the body!  
O One who is closer to me than my  
Thought of these subtle points!

Why should I think of the past, the future?  
You are the taste of time, the Kible of time.

You are the soul of truth;  
At the same time, dreams of the dream,  
And of all these great big forms  
And shapes beyond description.

88.

*Verse 3398*

☉ Youth, drunkenness and love all came.  
Auspicious spring came  
And brought them all together.

They all cover themselves with different shapes.  
I mean, the thought that all were in mind  
Form different shapes. Just watch them.

Heart is the corridor for the eyes.  
Whatever comes from there goes to the eyes  
And turns into different shapes and forms.

"Hidden thoughts shall be searched out."[\[114\]](#)  
All hell broke loose in the garden and meadow.  
Those Chinese beauties show their hearts.

In other words, they are saying if you  
Have a heart, show it.  
How long will your heart be hidden under the dust?

In the winter the garden prays,  
"Thee alone we worship."  
In the springtime the garden prays,

"To Thee alone we ask help."

"Thee alone we worship." means,  
"I came to ask Your favor;  
Open the door of joy and pleasure.  
Don't leave us with sorrow and grief like that."

"Thee alone we ask for help." means,  
My branches are full of fruits.  
I am about to be broken.  
O One who helps, O One from whom help is asked,  
Help me."

The tulip says to the rose,  
"How funny, the narcissus is looking at,  
And constantly admiring, the jasmine.

The iris came to talk.  
"Shame on you O big mouth,  
Don't look down on anybody," says the jasmine,  
"Don't be bitter about anyone."

The violet bent down, but is was all pretense.  
He is a marvelous impostor.  
My friend, the water lily,  
Knows all about its deceits.

The head of the hyacinth was bending  
Left and right because of its drunkenness.  
Spring breezes are at the left side,  
Mints are at the right.

Grass is running after the cypress with bare feet.  
The bud is hiding its face from evil eyes.

The willow tree is admiring and wondering  
Why this fresh branch dropped its arm,  
Dancing on the mirror of the river.

In order to gather,  
It puts its hands down first.  
Then, when it opens its arms it dances  
And scatters whatever it gathered.

The Creator has set such a gathering  
In the garden and meadow that the bird,

Like a musician, starts singing all melodies.

That master of musicians,  
The one called the nightingale,  
The drunk of the rose,  
Is in love with the rose.  
That's why he is no nice, so beautiful.

The dove asks the partridge,  
"Where were you all this time?"  
He answered, "You know of a side  
Where there is no place and no time?  
That's where I was."

The falcon asked the peregrine,  
"Who hunted that beautiful prey  
From Absence and brought you here?"

A group of rose-faced ones,  
A group of charmers, who have just matured,  
Are like angels behind the curtain of absence.  
They were described as,  
"They are great, they write,"[\[115\]](#)

"We are only a few who came as a vanguard," they say,  
"An army of Beauties will come from hiding."

Joseph-faced beauties came from earth's Canaan.  
Sweet-lip charmers came from the sea of honey.

Now, their letter came to the date, the sugar cane,  
The pomegranate seed and the seedless fig.

What a beautiful valley that is.  
The apple got its color and smell there.  
The orange also received its smell and taste there.

The grape came later.  
Because it did not have a horse, it came late.  
It doesn't matter. It came late but is mature.  
You are an instigator and a traitor;  
At the same time, the greatest of the great.

O the first, which comes last.  
O first fruit that always comes at the end!  
O fruit that reached and grabbed God's "strong rope!"[\[116\]](#)

Your sweetness is wonderful.  
Your bitterness lets not talk about.  
You resemble the mind.  
Good and bad come from that.  
Faith and denial also come from that.

You look like sugar at the time of trouble.  
In good, happy times you taste like grass.  
You resemble manna at the top of the thistle;  
Your bitterness is that sweet trouble of yours.

O One who has reached the essence of things,  
Who has gone to the bottom of knowledge;  
Your hands and arms are long.  
Your power controls the whole. Time is in Your order.

The melon was put in such a house  
That there is no door, no window, by Your hand.  
Because You are Soul,  
I am just like I am; the way You see me.

The pumpkin escaped from You,  
Tried to climb the rope.[\[117\]](#)  
But how could that broken jug  
Be saved from the fountain?

They tied its neck because it did not listen to You.  
You would have pulled its ear if it had one.  
You would have made its ears ring.

"God tied her beautiful neck, with a rope  
Made from palm fiber,"[\[118\]](#) because it didn't  
Pay attention to the most important news.

It is the donkey's ear  
Which doesn't hear God's invitation.  
Hear every moment God's open, clear invitation.

Desires of lust and quarrels of food fill your being.  
you don't have an ear like the pumpkin.  
The artery down deep in your heart is all tied up.

Be a ring on the sultan's ear,  
So you will be freed from the halter on your neck.  
Humans grow and mature through the ear.

That sultan writes the rest of these words.  
That beautiful Chinese painter tells it.  
Don't get lost in the paintings.  
Look at the Painter.

I called real soul a Chinese painter.  
That's the way I praised the only sultan of Tebriz.

89.

*Verse 3436*

Beloved, you are Moses.  
I am your staff.  
Sometimes people lean on me.  
Sometimes I become your dragon.

I am a staff in your hand of kindness and favor,  
But when You put me in a different condition,  
I become a snake.

O Omnipotent God, there is no time, no place in You.  
My time and day fall in Your air.

If You offer me hundreds of days and times,  
They will all be sacrificed to Your love.

My eye told of Your unseen, peerless beauty  
To the heart, without tongue or lips.  
Heart became eye, from end to end.

My heart has been praying, thanking my eyes,  
Since my eyes carried the news;  
Begging for You, again and again, by saying,  
"Long life to the eyes."

The sky has been searching  
Your beautiful heart-catching eyes  
With hundreds of candles, day and night.  
Keep whirling.

If there is no bread left in the basket,  
If the purse is empty, it doesn't matter.  
Your face, which adds Souls to Soul,

Gives hundreds of hearts to us.

If my house, my family and my work  
Have been ruined on your way,  
Let it be.  
Your light is reflected to these ruins.  
You are the One who enlightened my ruin.

O my Soul, if my suffering is pleasing You,  
I will give hundreds of hearts to grief to satisfy You.

Crush and thresh me in Your grief's mortar.  
I become Your salve.  
I will be put on eyes, enlighten them.

What is the soul?  
A small, half-leaf from the garden of Your beauty.  
What is the heart?  
A flower that is opened in Your garden only.

I am not the One who speaks.  
Even so, I will be silent.  
Word is Yours.  
What do people say?  
It is only Your voice.

90.

*Verse 3449*

The image of Your face  
That resembles the rose garden,  
Came and gave sweet stories about Your lips.

I asked him, "How is the soul?  
Any news from him?"  
Soul knows neither anything about  
The universe nor this world.

Who are you?  
What is your origin?  
What kind of pearl are you?  
From what kind of mine are you?

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My guide was Love first.  
He is the one who pulled and took me to you.  
I am a servant, a slave of Him first, then you.

He reached to my heart, full of blood, and asked,  
"Whose heart is that?"  
I was embarrassed and said, "Yours."

His eyes have met mine.  
"What are they?" he asked.  
"O my moon-faced one, they are  
Your two, wet clouds that scatter pearls."

He saw my saffron colored face, stained by blood,  
Turned like a tulip garden. "O my rose-faced one,"  
I said, "All of these are your work and your trace."

Whenever he smelled me,  
He smelled his own perfume.  
"Look good and see," I said,  
"I made an oath to your soul."  
That's who I am.

O Shemseddin, O the one Tebriz praises,  
Our soul is at the circle of the ones  
Who drink your old wine.

## 91.

### *Verse 3458*

☉ one whose face becomes red because of shyness,  
Should I beware of you or your modesty?

The rose garden saw your face  
And turned into hundreds of colors.  
Why is your rose-face reddened?

I have sewn hundreds of mantles with love.  
I took different measures.  
But your bashfulness has ruined them all in one moment.

The clear, clean bashfulness of yours  
Is behind the curtain of Absence.

This apparent shyness is only the dregs of that  
That was poured on your face-like rose garden.

The heart that became a stove is melted,  
Turned into water, after seeing your bashfulness.  
My God, what is that?  
What did your modesty do to the sober one?

The mountain that is made  
Of rock and soil became blood;  
Was called ruby after falling  
Into your mountain of modesty.

92.

*Verse 3464*

*M*y beautiful, I saw my beauty in yours.  
I became a mirror to your image, completely.

It is so bizarre that;  
I can't close my eyes from your longing,  
Even though my eyes have wet dreams  
In the early dawn when they meet yours.

My mind, which resembles a woman,  
Has kept giving birth every moment;  
Pregnant by your light and your brightness.

In fact, nine months pregnant.  
How could he stop, hold out?  
How could he know  
The pain and suffering I go through?

O love, if my blood should grow fond of someone else,  
I'll sacrifice my blood before it reaches its desire.

I became the words of ecstasy, with love.  
My wailing reached the sky.  
I have been asking a formal question of you.

If a thousand worlds come to existence from Absence,  
They all resemble a mole on the cheek of your beauty.

For some time I have been submerged

In your sweetness, like a fly.  
But when I see your disposition,  
I turn into a moth and jump into the fire.

O sky, prostrate in front  
Of the Sultan of Tebriz, Shems.  
That's all you can do.

93.

*Verse 3473*

☉ moon-faced Turk,[\[119\]](#)  
Why don't you come to my room at morning?  
"Come here," you say.

You are a moon-faced Turk.  
Even if I am not a Turk,  
I know they call "ab"[\[120\]](#), "su"[\[121\]](#) in Turkish.

Don't do bad things to kill me because  
I made your fountain of life turbid.  
O Turkish-mannered beauty, spare my life,  
Don't shed my blood

O beauty who made layer upon layer  
Of a thousand kingdoms of prosperity,  
The length of our sustenance  
Is determined by your small eyes.

Don't draw your sword to shed my blood, O lion.  
Your love covered my body from hair to hair.

Your eyebrows which resemble beautiful bows,  
Are casting a spell for us.  
O one whose "Sozdesh"[\[122\]](#) is so scarce,  
Where is Sozdesh? Go ahead, search.

I called him Turk; but just to confuse the people.  
Because there are hundreds  
Of enemies jealous of that love.

You said, "Be quite".  
I heard. I became silent.  
But my smell and my color are enough

To tell tales about me to my love.

94.

*Verse 3481*

My fever doesn't calm down,  
Because God wants that.  
Don't look at it this way;  
The wish and desire are from the other side.

Don't blame the wetness of my shirt.  
The sea made that.  
If you are a pearl, look and see.  
What kind of sea do you desire?

Soul is a fish.  
Wish and desire is God's fishing line.  
What a beautiful thing is this desire;  
A fisherman that sacrifices souls.

There was God before this world was ever created.  
He was Great, Exalted.  
Why did He desire to bring us here?  
I don't know.

It is enough to hold tight, to desire straight.  
Even wishes are awry and crooked.  
No. Desire, in reality, is neither straight nor crooked.

That stately mine has a bad name;  
Is always remembered with a bad name.  
As the old saying goes, "Sit wrong but talk right." Just like that.

The ant doesn't have wings but wanted to fly  
And pierced the wall of love's palace.

Don't call him an ant because of ignorance.  
He is the Solomon of time.  
He wants a throne, a crown,  
Demands to be Sultan.

Desire is such a thing that, we are not it.  
But it is not different than us.  
O Shems, to whom Tebriz gives praise,

You untie this knot.

95.

*Verse 3490*

Come, a beauty of the charmer,  
Have a happy time.  
We are very happy with you.  
I hope you are the same.

Our situation and condition are nice.  
The same to yours. The wheel of fortune  
And destiny will also be well, I hope.  
We reached this condition because of them.

I make an oath on your soul, your head,  
That the wine which that happy moment  
Offered us with a big jar, is still in our head.

Even your glass is yelling  
Because of the power of your wine.  
The moment which you are in is also yelling,  
Because of the brightness of this joy.

The place where you stay is boasting so much,  
It cannot fit in any place.  
Your time pierces and goes  
Through the mountain, like Ferhad.[\[123\]](#)

96.

*Verse 3495*

He quit making a noisy uproar.  
There must be some reason for that.  
Either he hid his grudge,  
Or he became good and forgiving.

Either, when you have the chance,  
Quit your uproar or pull out the root of hatred,  
Layer by layer, from your heart.

Don't get hurt from bad friends;  
Be offended from your own faults.  
The enemy is yourself, your reflection.  
Don't think double.

Don't be offended by others boasting and stinginess.  
Be offended by yourself.  
Because the river is frozen only in the winter time.

The one who is heated by love  
Is not hurt by other's coldness.  
The one who is hot in July looks for snow.

The anger of the Prophet resembles  
The anger of the mother.  
It is full of gentleness toward  
The beautiful-faced children.

That anger also resembles parts of the earth,  
But that earth grows fruits of different kinds;  
Colors roses and irises.

There are also other parts which grow thorns.  
Both are the same color,  
But one is this. The other is different.

There is no snake in the grave.  
You are the basket of snakes.  
All the bad disposition you have,  
Every bit of it is your enemy.

Look at sperm.  
It doesn't matter if its from a Negro, a Hindu,  
The tribe of Kuresh, or from some higher family.  
They all have the same color.  
They all do the same thing.

Substance or attributes are all made of soil.  
But look and see;  
Some at a lower, the other a higher level.

Every particle resembles a beggar's cup on His road.  
He fills this one with gold,  
The other one with dirt and ashes.

He is such an artist, He has such an art,

That He makes good give birth to bad,  
From infidel to faithful;  
Then He brings good, again, from bad.

It is a pity, you say, feel sorry for me.  
You are spending too much, you say.  
What I spend is not mine.  
I expend His wealth.

You don't know this capital, the profit,  
The earning of both worlds cannot be gained by  
Working here and there;  
Can be obtained only by generosity.

Spend for yourself. Offer to your friend.  
Because your ambition and greed  
Never come to an end.  
Climb to the sky like pumpkin ivy;  
Without hands and feet.

Insist on generosity.  
Say no to greed.  
Open your hand, your palm  
Like Shemsheddin's hand,  
Which was grown at Tebriz.

97.

*Verse 3512*

☞ went to the hodja's [\[124\]](#) neighborhood.  
I asked for the hodja.  
They told me the hodja is in love.  
Hodja is drunk, wandering around the streets,  
From place to place.

I said, "I have business with him.  
I am his friend, not his enemy."

They said that the hodja had  
Fallen in love with that Gardener.

1.

*Verse 1*

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☞ wish, O brave one,  
That you were also a lover, like me.  
You spend all your days with that craziness  
And all your nights crying.

I wish the image of the beloved  
Wouldn't go away for even one moment.  
Two hundred glories would reach  
Both eyes from that.  
Eyes would have hundreds of  
Points of brilliance from that light.

I wish you would give up friends and family  
Stay out of both worlds.  
And say, "I slipped out of myself and surrendered to you,"

When I talk, or try to be with people,  
I am like water, they are like oil.  
I am with them outside, but inside  
I am separated from them.

I wish you would give up fancies and desires;  
Become crazy, insane, be chained.  
But, not the type of craziness  
Caused by changes in your blood  
Or personality problems that are  
Treated by a doctor.

If doctors should ever taste this trouble,  
They would be free from their boundaries;  
Tear up their books.

Give up all this.  
Search for the source of sugar.  
Find the mine of sugar.  
Get out of yourself.  
Melt in the sugar  
Like milk dissolves and disappears  
In the grain.

## 2.

### *Verse 8*

Open the door. Come in.  
Because You are the source of faithfulness.  
For the sake of drunken eyes, this is it.  
It is forbidden for us to live without You,

My words have been tied in knots.  
Scatter Your hair just once.  
I vow to the sun, to early dawn,[\[1\]](#)  
Your love has annihilated me.

I am the proof of love.  
I am a verse in the Koran.  
Read me to the people.  
O community of love,  
The ladder is in your hand,  
Ascend to the sky.

I have seen Him.  
He was passing by like a drunk.  
"O One," I said, "Whose face  
Is like a moon, where are You going?"  
"Don't talk," He answered, "follow me."

I followed Him.  
He started taking fast steps.  
He accelerated so much that  
The wind couldn't reach Him;  
Lightning couldn't catch Him.

I have been annihilated since I have seen Him,  
Undressed from my existence.  
There remained "I," right in the middle without "me,"  
Like a light in the glass lamp[\[2\]](#)  
That illuminates the earth and sky.

His grace fills and shines on the heart.  
Heart is purified, becomes the chosen one.  
Anything which shines from His light  
Shines like Him, illuminates everything.

Who could reach Him besides Him?

Whatever exists besides Him is nothing, nothingness.  
Come to Me without yourself.  
You are the one who is intimate with yourself.

I started, in the beginning, by praising Him,  
"O, one who adds soul to soul."  
At once He said, "Quit praising,  
Because praising is duality."

Close your lips from duality.  
Open the eyes of your essence.  
If a word comes out of closed lips,  
Keep talking, keep talking.

"Certainly it is for us to tell, to announce Him."[\[3\]](#)  
Don't come between us.  
When man sees the door of the house,  
If it is too small he takes his clothes off.

Doesn't your soul leave your body every night?  
Is there any unworthy attribute in your soul?

Your soul is not a heavy grain of sand  
Which can't come back in the morning.  
Haven't you reached the ocean  
Of purity by going all night long?

As long as man stays man, and God is God,  
Soul comes back again,  
Like counterfeit gold or silver  
Stays in the pocket of the body.

Put your soul in the hand of longing.  
Because desire is like secret chemistry.  
Stay with soul, when soul is separated from the body.

They empty the reed, make it hollow.  
But, they won't leave without sound.  
Go after the lion, hunt the lion,  
Because you are Ali-Murtaza[\[4\]](#)

You were absent.  
For centuries they read the Ayet[\[5\]](#) for you.  
"In truth, human was not anything to be  
Mentioned for a certain period of time."[\[6\]](#)  
The writing in the heart is God's writing.

Don't call it false.

You are "elif" folded in two and become "lam."[\[7\]](#)  
When you turn into "lam," wash  
Your hands and mouth because you  
Started the invitation by saying,  
"Come on now."

You give up water and soil  
When you are preoccupied with God.  
Reach this mantle if you become  
Handless and heartless.

### 3.

#### *Verse 27*

When your face is hidden like a moon  
The heart of the sky becomes confused.  
But when you give heart to the earth,  
Every heart is enlarged, becomes the universe.

When you please hearts both worlds become heart.  
All our hearts turn to earths.  
All hearts start to play, beat and flutter.

There would be such a fire in the sky  
That even angels would start screaming  
Because the pain and smoke of lovers  
Ascend to heaven.

The jealousy of Your love gushes  
Out blood from the veins of lovers.  
This blood appears like sunset in the sky;  
Turns all the sky into blood.

When is that time coming that the earth  
Will tremble because of You;  
This place become a placeless place?

When spring starts smiling  
With the image of my beloved,  
His face scatters roses.  
My eyes and my heart will become a rose garden.

Scatter roses, You are the rose garden.  
You are everybody's bright eye.  
If you would kindly favor and look  
At me once, what would you lose?

Even if I bend my head to the wind,  
Like trees, I am nice.  
Because my eyes, my sight are gardeners  
To the garden of Your Beauty.

If I become your drunk, pass out of myself,  
Act funny and cannot hold my head up,  
Who will be surprised at that?  
When the fruits of a tree are mature  
Branches bend down to the ground.  
I've become like that.

I bend down like a violet,  
Become faithless like jasmine.  
The heart of the tulip is also burned,  
Becomes dark with the pain of the juda tree.

My beloved's face resembles a rose garden.  
Mine is like saffron because of crying and wailing.  
If his face is like that,  
Naturally, the lover's face becomes like this.

All narcissus turn into eyes  
In order to see the rose garden.  
The newly bloomed rose becomes  
A mouth to kiss Him.

When the heart of the garden and meadow  
Start smiling because they have reached spring,  
Rivers cascade and flow like my tears  
With the sorrow of separation.

The heart of that world of emptiness  
Is so full of the Beloved that  
Even its trees turn into a tongue  
To give thanks to the Beloved.

When the trees raise their heads from  
The ground, a voice comes, saying, .  
"Whatever you hide will come to the surface."

Sweet basil opens its face  
Of obstinancy to the double rose.  
The rose says to the basil,  
"Wait. I'll tell you when the time of trial comes."

Seeds get out of the ground and start growing above.  
The one who is full of grace  
Will find the ladder to ascend the sky.

Look at this earth that eats souls and drinks blood;  
Decays seeds and, at the same time, nourishes them.  
How funny that this hungry wolf  
Keeps acting like a shepherd to this herd.

All the wolves changed into shepherds.  
Thieves turned into guards.  
Since God is the One guarding,  
What robber will steal from the lover?

Don't rush. The table is set in the garden.  
Lots of foods and favors are put on it.  
Soon the time will come for the meal.  
They will call you.

Don't stay away from the friends of the rose garden  
Because of the scratches of the thorns.  
An armed friend is needed at the caravan.

Be silent O heart.  
The one who wishes and desires  
Always stays silent.  
Their silence tells of the seriousness  
Of their wishes and desires.

4.

*Verse 49*

You are the sun and the moon.  
Sight and senses all come from You.  
Heart is looking at You.  
Sight is purified and enlightened with You.

You said, "Patience is nice, the best."  
But, patience is not possible.

We are sons of our time.  
God will have mercy in passing by.

The brave ones of love came.  
"O people, "I said, "what's new?"  
They scared me with their mischief;  
Ordered me to beware.

I said, "There is no harm in being killed by love.  
It is only good and prosperous."  
Love drew His sword. O people  
Who have their mind in their heart, be quick.

Anyone who lives after that,  
Wastes his time, his life, and others.  
In fact, youth is like a wind blowing past;  
A wind which extinguishes the sparks.

When fire and wind get together  
Nobody knows what will happen.  
They rejuvenate me now with the breeze of early morning.

Don't tell anything to that beautiful-eyed sultan.  
Even news is not secret for him.  
Don't be aware of anything  
When you are next to him.

My heart becomes a curtain to my heart.  
My eye and understanding become  
A cover to my understanding.  
O Beloved I said "If I have anybody besides You  
My soul and my head are all here.

Cut my neck with Love.  
I am not worth even a grain of barley."  
He said, "I am all different; different in man's form."

"Are you Soul?" I asked.  
"What do you mean when you say 'different'?"  
O beautiful sound of the reed flute,  
O wind that tears the curtains and blows with melodies!

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Go from ear to heart and see who is more drunk.  
Tear our purse of obstinacy of the One who makes purses.

If my gold is finished, there's no grief.  
I have a wine-like gold.  
It is alright to say it in Arabic  
But you'd better say it in Farsi, O son.

5.  
*Verse 61*

Remember the night you were in trouble?  
The night the doctor was with you  
And removed all the thorns,  
Which were stuck in the feet of your heart.  
Remember that night?

When you fell in the well  
Who gave you new life?  
Tell me, don't go away.  
Come to Him. Remember His favors.

Don't do it. Those favors were not few.  
I swear to God,  
There was no doubt about His favors. Come to your senses.  
Remember those favors. Remember.

Remember while you still have the opportunity;  
While there is still time.  
Once it is over it doesn't matter  
If you talk about the rose or mention the thorn.

He is the sun above.  
Appreciate His value.  
When you see that His face resembles the full moon,  
Mention that meeting.  
Remember that moment.

Appreciate his eyes, his looks.  
His time will come again.  
If you are sure of that,  
Never mind talking with others.

O doctor, the one who comes to help when he is called,  
If someone gives two loaves of bread,  
Is he worthy of thanks?

Once your heart shows the doctor is small and worthless,  
That his heart has been dead;  
From then on, it doesn't do any good to yell,  
"Remember this dead carcass"

Even if you become like that, don't give up.  
Remember the spring of Husameddin[8] and the rose garden,  
Like the seed in the soil in autumn.

Don't remember last year if your work  
Turned to pure gold.  
If your clothes were not pawned to  
The one who washed them.  
And, if this year of yours is a pearl.

Isn't it stupid getting involved with the rose,  
Knowing how temporary it is?  
That's the pity. Don't even mention it.

## 6.

### *Verse 72*

God makes your joy clean and eternal,  
And keeps us close to you.  
God is your witness to that condition.  
O uncle, turn your face to us.

When Cafer' s[9] hand left an imprint on the rock,  
The mountain became like a separated lover.

If that hand print had a language,  
It would tell of its trouble, saying,  
"Listen, O nice and graceful one."  
Saying it without a mouth or lips.

We are also the print of Cafer's hand,  
Separated from that hand. Feel pity for us.  
And make sure that our actions belong  
To us only in appearance.  
In reality He is the one who knows.

Because the shell moves  
When it contains the pearl,  
Be silent.

It is enough that those words kept coming  
Even after they had been repelled.

7.

*Verse 77*

The one who has lost all his patience  
Because of You, is the one  
Who reaches and stays with You.  
The one whose heart is hurt with your thorn  
Is the one who reaches Your rose garden.

The rose is Yours. The iris is Yours.  
All the rose garden is Yours.  
They become ruined from Your autumn;  
Sing and enjoy because of Your spring.

Everything which exists from sky to earth  
Is talking and silent at the same time.  
They become restless like the hearts of lovers,  
Because of You.

Everything is worshipping Your love.  
All the universe is in Your hand.  
In one breath they become drunk in Your temple.  
In another breath they fall in Your dreaminess.

Every being has turned upside-down because of You,  
Even if they are not aware of You.  
How strange it is to look at You and see with You.  
How nice to wait for You, to long for You.

What would the cypress and garden do  
If the raven had no eye, no perception?  
You hear the wail of the nightingale,  
He is the one who gives his will and choice to You.

I am the one who gave up work and business,  
Ignored the buyer and seller,  
Got involved in only Your work and Your business.

I gave up the sea and the bridge.  
I ran away from part or whole.

What do I do to the face of the rose?  
Your rose-face is not there.

What do I do with this dead life,  
This frozen body and soul,  
These two or three days of counted time?  
I have become involved with Your count.

Heart, eyes and ears eat Your honey  
And drink Your sherbet.  
They open flowers every moment  
Just to scatter them for You.

From now on, I will leave  
This soul in this body to the silence.  
But Your zeal, which gives soul and  
Attracts hearts, won't let me be silent.

It is impossible to hide like prey  
In the land of silence.  
Because neither prey nor hunter  
Can avoid being hunted by You.

Every existence grows with Your smell;  
Is purified with Your separation.  
The laughter of everything and everybody  
Is Your work, Your gift; so is their crying.

## 8.

### *Verse 90*

The pen is broken, and has fallen  
In love writing of Your attributes.  
My mind has lost its way because  
Of the intense sorrow of Your separation.

Who could hang around You?  
Who could be Your selected friend?  
Who could be saved from Your trap?  
Who could stretch Your hard bow?

My face turns into gold with Your love.  
I have thousands of signs and traces from You.  
O beautiful, just once, look and see my situation.

I am on fire like Abraham.  
I am happy and comfortable  
With the warmth of Your fire.  
I am not the man who will complain;  
Who will run away from Your merciless grief.

Help me on this difficult road.  
I lost my heart. Help me find it.  
My friend, my beloved, don't let me  
Settle anywhere but in Your rose garden.

My beauty, what else could come close  
To you except your smell?  
What other reason is there to search for you  
But to scatter roses to you?

Angel, human, fairy, man, general, army,  
Sun and Jupiter are all ashamed at Your door.

If you want to get the phoenix of soul in trouble  
It will fall in the yogurt on the first try, like a fly.

When every poor one becomes your interpreter  
With Your great order,  
Health-giving favors turn him into sultans.

All creatures run to Your harvest like ants.  
All the universe obtains their portion  
Of meals from Your table.

The soul who became a bewitching beauty  
Won't be satisfied with a portion.  
He expects to become Your guest.  
He has that ambition and greed;  
Waits for a chance from destiny.

So much relief comes to every disease and  
Every difficulty from Your endless treasure.  
Your world of Absence offers so many  
Favors and kindnesses to the world of existence.

Your favors, Your blessing;  
That's what a body expects.  
Your beauty and charm is the soul's expectation.  
The body looks for the bread You will give.

The Soul is waiting to be picked up  
And put in Your palm, that's what he wishes.