Divan-e Shams

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Translations from Divan-e Shams



Brief notes on Divan-e Shams

Divan-e Shams is a masterpiece of wisdom and eloquence. It is often said that Rumi had attained the level of a "Perfect Master" and as such, he often dwelled in the spiritual realms that were rarely visited by others of this world. He attained heights that were attained by only a few before him or since.

In Divan-e Shams, he has used many images from the mundane world. Images such as the wine and the wine bearer, the pearl and the ocean, the sun and the moon, the night and day, the caravan, pilgrimage and many more. However, he has always expressed spiritual wisdom of the highest level through this imagery.

- While many other poets have a mystical vision and then try to express it in a graspable language, Rumi has never attempted to bring his visions to the level of the mundane. He has always expected, nay, demanded the reader to reach higher and higher in his or her own spiritual understanding, and then perhaps be able to appreciate what Rumi was saying.
- Perhaps this is why there are many layers to his poetry... not so much because of his writing, but because of our understanding. As we transcend in our understanding, we grasp more and more of what he conveyed to us.

Yet there is more. While many of the translations of Rumi's poetry have tried to convey the immense wisdom contained therein, often they overlook the musical and artistic beauty that they contain. Particularly in Divan-e Shams, Rumi has created such level of beauty through the use and mastery of musical rhythm and rhyme, that the reader not only can appreciate its wisdom, but also reach levels of ecstasy and mystical energy that is seldom found in other poems or any translations of his poetry.

The mastery of rhyme and rhythm is such that he often creates a new vocabulary, using the same old words, yet creating new feelings that are associated with them. Furthermore, often he has such mastery of play on words and puns, or at other times he uses the same word with a different accent or vowel twice or even thrice in the same verse, with a different meaning each time. One cannot help but marvel at the linguistic mastery he displays.

In any case, the end result is the same... the experience of artistic beauty, musical genius, rhythm and ecstatic energy, all in conjunction with the mental understanding of the wisdom conveyed. This is as close as one can get to the mystical experience itself, without actually being there with Rumi. In other words, His presence pervades his poetry, and one cannot help but be touched by such powerful and loving presence.

In translation from Farsi to English, it is inevitable that much of the intricacies are lost. However, the present translations have attempted to retain some of the rhythm and rhyme as well as the imagery and the core message of each poem, though often in feeble ways, only to attempt to present a glimpse of his mastery.

The translations are far from creating the ecstasy that Rumi creates and communicates, but it is hoped that they will point the reader in the same direction. And perhaps by using his or her imagination, the reader can have a glimpse of how Rumi would provide glimpses of ecstasy and mystical experience. And hopefully this will pave the way for the reader to connect with Rumi's all and ever-pervasive presence, and with time, be touched by that spirit.

مستحرمت بجه ايمان شدما باقتعين إدا بازآن بيان شد تا بادخين اد المفوارة ياران شد تابا دحنين بادا محمت سيرو ومشان شد آباد حيتين إدا مرکوشه چومیدان شد ، ادخین ^اد عالم شكرستهان شدتا بادحنين إدا خرسيت يددخنان مدآبا وحيني ادا آن سب رينبان ما ادين ا عيدا نه فراوان شد تما بادخنین ادا کان زمبره منزر شد تا با دخین ا دا بمكاسد سلطان شدتم بإدحنين بادا بالمامي درافغان شدتا بادحينين بادا محكف موسى تحران شدمابا وحينين بادا · بکت پیسف کسفان شکته با دخینین دا تهرز خراسان شد ما با د حنین بادا البيب سبلان شدتا بادحنين بادا اشخاص ممه جان شبدتا با دسنین مادا بمك صيسي كوران شدمابا وحيدين بادا فزتو فروزان شدتا با دخيين بادا ابرش شکرافشان به وجنین بادا این کا وجو قربات آبا دسین ادا خام میش که سرستم رسبت کمسی ستم ۱ ندمیشه برمینان شد ^تا با دچندی^{یا دا}

معثو وسبامان شد تابا وحينين بادا مکی *که پر*شیان شدازشوی شطا^{ن به} یا ری که د ما خستی در برخ کهتی هم با د و جدا خور دی بم صیر جران ا زا بطلعت شا درزان مشعدً خا زاختم در فسيت زان شو يتثيرن شب فت وصبوح أمرغم فتدفقون از دولت مجزومان فرجمت مجنومكن عيدآ مدوحيداً مدياري كمرميداً مد اى مطرب صاحبد ل دزير كمنبل د دیش فرید و ن شد بهم کمینه قارو ش آن با دہوارا میں زافسون تشیخ فرجون بدان شتى بآنهمه تدسختي والكرك بدأن زشتي إجرام قبتي شرابح تبرزي زببكه درآميري ا ز اُسْلَمْ سَسْيِهِ بِي شَدِينِسْ مِرْبِانِي آن ما د چر ما بان شد کونیر کجستان ب آن اشعث ناجيا بيا شده جرن قل برروح سرا فزو دی مآبو د جنیز بو بی فترش مدرمت رزبزم نترتيح ا ز کوخ چه رکستن وزشان شیستن

Beloved reached desired glow And so we say, may it be so All doubts towards faith did grow And so we say, may it be so

The devil's plot caused perturbation And the nation faced agitation; Once again was Solomon's nation And so we say, may it be so

Beloved who put my heart in pain Closed doors on my face once again Friends would console and entertain And so we say, may it be so

You drank wine on your own Lusted after all, alone Now lead the drunk upon a throne And so we say, may it be so

From your majestic bright face The flame lighting my place Each corner, a well-lit space And so we say, may it be so

From your fake anger and rage And the sweet turning of the page The world is a sugary stage And so we say, may it be so

Night replaced by the morrow Joy has conquered every sorrow Sun light, pervasive and thorough And so we say, may it be so

From mendicant generosity And lovers' pertinacity Revival and vivacity And so we say, may it be so

Celebrate this festivity Restored to compatibility Festivals abound in our city And so we say, may it be so

O masterful wise minstrel In the underworld do not dwell Finally Venus in Libra fell And so we say, may it be so

The mendicant reached kingly might In wealth attained unimagined height Partaking of courtly delight And so we say, may it be so

Consider the wind in the air Sweet lips' bewitching flair Wailing windpipe will not spare And so we say, may it be so

The Pharaoh with much hardship Misfortunes his life grip Of suffering, Moses strip And so we say, may it be so

Evil looking and ugly wolf Drowned in ignorance's deep gulf By Joseph's goodness now dwarf And so we say, may it be so

O Shams-e Tabrizi, you Compassionately blend and renew East and west through and through And so we say, may it be so

From submission to Satan's will Your prophetic soul emerged through this mill Satan himself, God's will fulfill And so we say, may it be so

> When the moon was shining its light Both worlds were garden of delight All souls for home then took flight And so we say, may it be so

> The ignorant and the blind With insight are now wise and kind Surpass Jesus, put him behind And so we say, may it be so

It was all for souls to grow May it always have been so Thy splendor brightly aglow And so we say, may it be so

All thy wrath was thy mercy Thy poison, sweet clemency Like dark clouds' sweet potency And so we say, may it be so

In his temple, colors remain Pulling by the horns will not disdain When this bull's blood floors stain And so we say, may it be so Silence! I am drunk, you know My hands are tied in this earthly show My disheveled mind moves to and fro And so we say, may it be so

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In such revealing nights I swoon Others crescent is my full moon The night when beloved is in our midst A night as revealing as a hundred high noon.

Around us impotent causality fails For I long for the day that First Cause unveils A mendicant poverty won't shun Others' hardships he proudly entrails.

God forbid such emblems under my gown In every town I wear such crown The pearl that outgrows both worlds Within the sea of my heart shall drown.

In this world attained our resurrection grade Till thoughts of the other & Judgement Day fade Settle for God's never ending grace Grace of all others try to evade. All the world like Shams-e Tabriz Is under the parasol shade.



I need a lover and a friend All friendships you transcend And impotent I remain

You are Noah and the Ark You are the light and the dark Behind the veil I remain

You are passion and are rage You are the bird and the cage Lost in flight I remain

You are the wine and the cup You are the ocean and the drop While afloat I remain

I said, "O Soul of the world My desperation has taken hold!" "I am thy essence," without scold, "Value me much more than gold."

You are the bait and the trap You are the path and the map While in search I remain

You are poison and the sweet You are defeated and defeat Sword in hand I remain

You are the wood and the saw You are cooked, and are raw While in a pot I remain

You are sunshine and the fog You are water and the jug While thirsty I remain

Sweet fragrance of Shams is The joy and pride of Tabriz Perfume trader I remain.



قراری ندارد دل وجان ما کرانی ندارد بی بان ما جمان د جب ن تشرمو*ت گر* م کدامت زین نقشا ^آن ما که فغطان رودسوی مبیدان ما چو در د سبسینی سرید و سری کز دمبشنوی ستر مغیبان ما ازد پر سس ز د پر سس سار ۱ براو طوق مست سلیا ن ما چر بودی که کیک مرفح تران شدمی چ بودی که کمین جشم سدا شدی بدبدی درختان سبتها ن م م کمرمار زان سیسه مآن ما جەبودى كەموجى يديد آيدى زجعت آسان کان زمرشت زیر ازان سومی فرشت جولان ما مجای موا و مشت د فلک بكزار وصلت سيران ما میکوز زمز د مرکد مت دم دم ريثان ترست^اين بريثيان ما شنيدى زمامغ مان چ بودى كريك كوش بداشدى چ کبکان و با زان *بهم می پ*ند میان ہوائی کہتیان ما که در اوج اکنت کیوان ما میان بوانی که ہفتر بونت چ کو بم جه دا نم که این _{داستا}ن فزونت از مذامکان ما ک برهم تکسته است مین ا ازین دامستان کمذراز مامیر صلاح المحق ودين نايد ترا جال شنث وسلطان ما

My desert is without end, My soul, my heart must rend. The world here out-pictured, In which picture I descend? If on the path you see a head Rolling itself around the bend Ask our secret from that head On its answers you can depend. What turned you to a flying bird Solomon's confidant and friend? How did you turn to a seeing eye To the trees in our garden attend? How did you become the tidal wave And pearls and jewels to the shores send? Not the seven skies below the heavens, Our abode, even heavens transcend Instead of the heavens and the world In the pastures of Divine Union we blend. How can I utter a sigh, for with each breath More perturbed, more agitated, my trend. How did this ear appear Which heard our feathered friend How birds of prev and game play And in the fresh mountain air ascend. The height of the seventh sky Saturn will gladly defend. What can I say, what do I know Limits of this story I won't pretend. Let go of this story and ask not My broken hands, I cannot mend You shall be worthy of the Divine If this is what our Beloved intend.



آین ول ماکت و کی ما مستغرى فآد 711 با و داد f, <u>ار د</u> 63 قساد می او مب د بی ما

I went on a journey without me There I found joy without me The moon that hid, could not see Cheek to cheek with me, without me For beloved set my soul free I was reborn without me Without spirit drunk are we Always happy without me Erase me from memory I remember, without me Without me with joy I plea May I always be without me Closed all doors, I could not flee Then I entered without me His heart enchained, on his knee I too am chained without me. By Shams' cup, drunken me His cup never stay without me.

Hail Love, hail Love, because Love is divine
It is tender, it is beautiful and benign

What passion, what passion, we are burning like the sun
It is hidden and obscure, it is an obvious sign.
We've fallen, we've fallen, it is hard to rise up
We know not, we know not, this complex chaotic design.
Hail the moon, hail the moon, it is curved like a cup
To the features and the world, it gave shape, shade and line
Dismounted, dismounted, his horse the King of Kings
Hail the dust, hail the dust, that his trail would define.
What picture, what picture, is drawn on the canvass of heart
How strange, how strange, with the heavens must align.
Be the silent jug, be the silent jug, that contains the secret
From the left, from the right, everyone is seeking that wine.
This brook has such a song, that turns our fortune's wheel

Not of fate, not of song, neither of this clay of mine Neither trap, nor of chain, then why do we feel encaged? What shackle and what rope is so strong yet so fine?

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The burning orb of the East Is our honored guest tonight And the bright moon in this feast With us will rest tonight.

Alert, vicious, stressed Heavens dissolve and arrest The fields of final rest Our final test tonight. Clap your hands in surprise Excited, with us rise Dance in our enterprise While at our best tonight.

O sweet singer of love Tell us the secrets of love Ecstatic music from above Is our quest tonight.

Like a lion brave the way Not like a fox run away, Wheel of Fortune as we pray Our lives has blest tonight.

Like new grapes be not sour Be sweet like nectar and flower In sugar and candy this hour We will invest tonight.

The shining jewel that we sought For which the whole world we fought Is in our own nest tonight In our treasure chest tonight.

> If you ask Shams-e Tabriz The reasons that are all his Union in his breast tonight At His behest tonight.



نېتىدى تورملو^اي 110 دكر دار دموداي بثب ت زوزی وتنا ی شب

When we enter the excitement of the night We'll amass gifts from the ocean of the night The night veils the unseen witness from sight We cannot compare the day to the night. Sleep will not want, from sleep will take flight He who has never seen the picturesque night. Many a pure soul and heart that is bright Employed in service to the demands of the night. Night is an empty pot, black, contrite, If never tasted delicacies of the night. This journey is long, God speed our plight As we traverse the length and width of the night. From worldly affairs my hands are tied tight Till twilight I am in the hands of the night. Commerce and trade are the work of daylight Of different taste are the trades of the night. Pride of Tabriz, you have reached solar height Sun jealous of you, while begs for you the night.

This day, at the tavern, with the drunk we sit This day, we let go of piety, prayer and holy writ This day, what can I say, what a feast and wine is it This day, the cup-bearer is kind and full of wit

This day, no sign of our passage, not even one whit This day, with the beloved I am a hit This day, the cup-bearer does not fret a bit This day, jugs and flowing wine and joy are closely knit

This day, from joy, night and morn cannot split This day, own senses, hour and time cannot fit This day, afire, passionately we are lit This day, this joyous feast, joy shall never quit

This day, torn from ourselves, worship of wine we admit This day, all we ask for, be in beloved's unit True Light of Tabriz showed his foes the way out of the pit This day, by divine wine, not by superstitious grit.

To the call of the tavern arise, arise Fear not separation, be wise, be wise A kingly feast is your prize, your prize Intoxicated souls don't despise, despise You too drink this wine, see the disguise Appearance of the Lord is a needed surprise. You are all drunk, and your watery eyes Like the shining sun, light up the night skies This place is all kindness, compassion Love, beauty, grace, goodness, passion Fear not, fear not, enter this realm of the Wise In this tavern for all sins, forgiveness with the Lord lies For every ailment, divine grace is medication The Judge of this tavern forgives every transgression.

> Praise emancipation Praise divine revelation Praise soul's coronation Praise joyous elation Praise the pride of a nation This symbol of adoration Who brought poetic inspiration To this house of intoxication.

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Each breath is a song of love From left and right, pass us by We'll return to the world above Such fate no-one can defy.

We have come from the skies Befriended angels in heaven To the same place we will rise To that city past skies seven.

We are above the skies And angels we transcend Why should we compromise? The House of Songs is our end.

With good fortune may we live Fate is contradictory, Gladly our lives may we give Worldly pride victory.

The sweet scent of this breeze Is from the curl of that hair Radiant fantasy on its knees Upon that face gladly stare.

People are like the loons Are born from the sea of soul Stay afloat many moons The sea the loon control.

On that sea came the wave While the ship was taking form From shipwreck no-one could save Returned to sea by that storm.

What seemed bad, was grace Kindness was in the wave's wrath Dawn of fulfillment is in place Lighting up that divine path.

> From Tabriz began to shine The Light of Truth, to me call Thy light is Light Divine Distinct, yet connecting all.

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You closed your eyes, meaning it's time to sleep It is not sleep, that upon your enemies heap.

You know that a close watch we do not keep Yet hurried are your eyes, drunken, deadly, deep.

You do me wrong, but that is your treat Your mistakes, like God's grace, I gladly greet.

Many heads are lost when those eyes meet By that blade, that drop of water, you defeat.

Alas, my eyes are a sea of blood Many worlds are destroyed by that flood

Sometimes bloodthirsty, some messenger of God sometimes a cup-bearer, some wine, red as blood.

What is cup-bearer and wine, if not divine God only knows, what for is this love of mine.

In the kitchen of heart we can wine and dine The whole town can smell such aromatic sign.

> Close your mouth like a diver in the sea Only under water can fish remain free.



Come along, come along, the fields are a-flower Come along, come along, it's the lover's hour. Come along, all at once, every soul and all the world Bathe yourselves in the sun's golden arrows' shower. Mock the crone who is left without a companion Weep for the lonesome he, who has left his lover. Everyone must rise up, and spread the news, Mad man has cut his chain and escaped the tower. Beat the drums without care, and remain speechless, Mind and heart fled long before the soul fled the bower. What a day, what a day, it feels like Judgement Day, Impotent is our life's book, has lost its very power. Be silent, be silent, keep the veil, keep the veil, Go for the sweet grapes, let go of the sour.

Hawk told the statue "over land I glide" Statue said, "I'm fine, enjoy your ride."

When I am glad, I can go to sleep But go for a walk when I'm sad and weep

If in the bottom of a dark well dwell For handsome Joseph, at least, must fare well. Where beloved is, is ideal place Bottom of a well, or high up in space.

In deep dark ocean the oyster will hurl All caution with joy, searching for pearl.

When God sweeps away all your greed Return to your soul, the sole guide you need.

In the divine light, a speck of dust Joyously dances, without need or lust.

You too can choose to dance in light divine Delight the stars and deep earthly mine.

Pride of Tabriz, King of the Wise Joy in company and solitude arise.



Upon which path did I tread So I return, all else I dread; From Beloved being apart In the creed of Love is being misled. If I find another in the whole town Ain't but a sign pointing to the Beloved. I said this is no easy path In each step a thousand traps spread O broken heart come not this way Stay upon your own tender bed. Seek that which increases the soul Ask for the wine that lightens your head; All else is shape and appearance Fame and shame's battle and wed. Be silent, be seated, and be still Drunken, with such wine break your bread. **O** Pride of Spirit, Shams-e Tabriz Enslaved to Thee my heart and soul instead.

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Look at the caravan, O guide, all the camels are lined up drunk King drunk, teacher drunk, friend drunk, all else drunk O Gardener, the musician's thunder brought forth the cloud of the wine-bearer Garden drunk, meadow drunk, rose drunk and thorn drunk O revolving skies how many times upon this path are wayfarer Dust drunk, water drunk, wind drunk, fire drunk The visible is in such state, questioning the invisible yourself spare Soul drunk, and mind drunk, imagination and thoughts drunk I cry out and sing for Beloved; for the Beloved much I care Voice drunk, and harp drunk, plectrum and strings drunk The lone spiritual monk and the wise mendicant Sufi dare Robes and gown tear, through the market place pass drunk Each drunk in his own way, in the limits of his own share O awake and observe how even every cloud is drunk.

> © Shahriar Shahriari Vancouver, Canada September 17, 1998

Anything but Love upon this path is idolatry Other than light of thy union is doubtful oratory Whoever sees but the Beloved, sees astray The lover's seeing eye can only see God's glory. Pass up all spirits, pick your cup from the divine tray Drink of the spirit of Love, the sole elixir in history. The soul of the lovers was woven of manly and earthly clay Follower of the path of Love, for the worldly will not worry. Through the highest wisdom in poverty secrets lay Choose detachment, this path is the prophets' story. To that unequalled essence even the angels will pray His throne and His court is outside the world's laboratory. O true Shams, Pride of Tabriz, fault me not, turn me not away Engulfed in fiery flames is my heart and soul's observatory.

فراز آن شارای متما می الدرآيد مد م وآزرابزن را لأمار يرديده چو مربا بی نبوی دام حق بر های قاف قربی ای براد

Separation from companions is unwise Treading the path without light is unwise If the throne and scepter have been your prize Descent from prince to pauper is unwise. For Beloved, the you in you is disguise To focus on the you in you is unwise. If once to heavenly abundance you rise Desperation and impotence is unwise. Hear the thief's greedy and fearful cries Fraudulent deception too is unwise. Able-body, chains & shackles unties Idleness of such a body is unwise. Your foothold gone, your soul freely flies Wingless & featherless flight is unwise; Given wings, reach only for Godly skies

Flying away from God's Will is unwise. To you, phoenix, demise is mere lies Phoenix running from fire is unwise.



In my work, all my time, idly spend I am in love, to the depths of love descend. The lion of thy longing hunted me down This same lion in my trap will find its end. On the shores of thy ocean is my hometown Kissed by waves, though depths upward won't send. In the heavenly spirits and wine I drown Worship of vine no more need I pretend; My patience by this spirit turns to frown Fault me not if pride is not of my trend. Like Father Sun, capture the world with my crown Without soldiers, scepter or knights can defend. Sugar, from Egypt to Rome, I bring down Though day and night can never make me amend. With thy rose mixed my essence, my very own, Why, the thorn upon my head, the rose will lend. O Pride of Tabriz, Shams of the spirit, renown In both worlds, where can I find a better friend?



Once again my beloved sought me and found Joyously in the marketplace sought me and found. I hid myself, at my feet that drunken rose, rose from the ground I escaped the House of Wine, sought me and found. How wondrous that so doggedly would hound What luck that such swindling lock sought me and found. Who would find me if with crowds myself surround? Knower of crowded secrets sought me and found. I have left a bloody trail; just look around And the one on my trail sought me and found. Run away to what avail, deathward bound Why hide, a thousand times sought me and found. I pulled the thorn from my side, yet one more round That oak towering flowerbeds sought me and found. Like a pearl at the bottom of ocean, drowned Pearl diver, with a string sought me and found. Shams-e Tabriz with piercing eyes and no sound In the light of insight sought me and found.



Tell me, is sugar sweeter Or He who makes sugar cane? Beauty of the moon is better Or He who makes it wax and wane?

Leave all the moons behind Put sugar out of your mind In Him another you'll find He makes another kind of grain.

O mind you may be wise In knowledge and insight may rise Or is it better to prize He who makes the mind insane?

Body, soul, mind and heart With power will make a start Yet in a drop, with art A hundred eyes will entertain.

O love, O tumultuous love O restless bleeding dove This fire from above Makes love in your heart reign.

With His love I am raw I am confused and in awe Sometimes my flames withdraw Sometimes consumed and slain.

The ocean of loving grace Traces the lover's face A drop of thought will replace A thousand pearls will remain.

O Shams-e Tabriz, my pain A hundred ways my heart would drain Sometimes a blade, cuts my vein Sometimes the shield I urge in vain.

> © Shahriar Shahriari Los Angeles, CA May 24, 1999



سروخوش مالا كمحاشد زم و ا لمطان بی ہمآ کھا شد شاخر کل رعنا کھا شد لرآن آہو در *یصحسہ اکھا* شد کو هر دری در کا کھا شد ت ا د آنجا کما شد

Alas that beautiful beloved where hence? Alas that graceful Goddess where hence? In our midst like a candle brightly shone Where hence, alas, without us where hence? Like a shivering leaf my heart constantly moan Beloved left at midnight, where hence? Ask wayfarers to have the path shown That soul-pleasing companion, where hence? In the garden ask the gardener alone That unequalled King has gone, where hence? In the watch towers ask the guards who have known That beautiful rose stem, where hence? In madness roaming the desert sand and stone That dear lost in this pasture, where hence? My eyes from tears into a river have grown In this ocean, that Pearl where hence? Although is with others, is our very own From us has flown, where to? Where hence?

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Spring is nigh, spring is nigh Beautiful spring has come by The whole world is green and fresh Tulips raise their heads up high.

Listen to the Lily, sweet Basil Lily in ten tongues speaks so well Watch the waters and the dusty fields How colors and shapes multiply.

Flowers try to understand How they were estranged in this land One claims to be joyously pleased From that land joys have come, why?

Jasmine asks Cypress with a glance Why such intoxicated dance? Cypress whispers in its ear With a gentle friend I now lie. Narcissus conveyed with a wink How thus smile and drink Flower said, yes I do laugh My beloved is nearby.

Spruce said the difficult path With King's grace has no aftermath Each leaf that has sprung up A lustrous blade, as I espy.

Poppy adorned the green field Truths clearly themselves revealed Elegant flower from sheer joy Scattered petals, with the wind fly.

Many, many came to such a feast Basil, Narcissus, flowers of the East To every fruit bearing tree A million blossoms themselves tie.

From Shams-e-Din-e Tabrizi Came the wine, refreshing, easy Like a dear royal mother-of-pearl Each drop of wine would satisfy.



آنهاکد بسره طلب کعبه و و پدند جرن ماقبت الام مبتعود رسيد اندر وسله وا دی بی زرع بدیدند ایستمن کی خاز املای تم بسار محببتند خدارا وندردنه رفتنذ دآن خانه كيميين فدارا ماكا وخلابي بمرازآن خازشنيذ جان بمكف فازشدا وسوكليت كامحا زبرشان بريستيد كوشبك آن ما زیرستید پاکار طبید خرم دل آمداکه در آن خانه خرید آن بنانه ول وخا زخدا والمطلق اكتناكه درين خا نه جركروه ن تخسيلا الندالف داست برفتند ركبيك خذلن بمكك براغيار تمشير برخلاآن شرومدت وكثقته چون مزب شيامين زدرجي ترييخ حربي كه سحر سك روازخا نه نديذ مركس كمدوريني زازان مازمان با وكعبه فردوسس ورا بازنديد وطوفيتين كعبدك نيكه واحرأ رفت دسرويا دتن ونغس بلي فتر آوجا يغدكز خاز بجزددست نبتند ايثان بمد دراسيان ما زكليذ امید طوافی برداز کوب مقفود 🚽 آناکه به بیغام ممبت کروید نر د کهبهٔ قرب بعلی رغم معاند سس کز هردوجان خاک فرد دستن پژ ازمنى يثان كك لموينكم بنج محتم كزخار مغيلان غش برشكغ بدخم خوثره قبيكماني كه جزشم كمحق تبرز درخا زنشت تبدوبيا بإن نبررند

Those to Mecca on pilgrimage When reached their destined stage Saw a home made out of stone Amidst the desert carnage. In that house they sought God Yet empty they found that cage; **Discharged their dutiful prayers** From the stone heard a message: "O idol-worshipers, why praise mud and stone Worship only the house that is praised by the sage. That House of God is the abode of the heart Blessed are those whom to the heart made their pledge; They walked their path upright and straight Unlike wheel of fortune's hunched revolving age. Those who landed in the state of singular intelligence No longer placed the other on a separate page The group who only saw the stony house Like a satanic cult, God disparage. Whoever found a glimpse of that House in this Not even in the heavens would seek tutelage Wearing pilgrims' garb, going around this house Leave body, head, heart, and soul to pay homage. The tribe that found God only in a friend, They are the keys to that House, upon the ledge. Hope and compassion reside in the Real House Those who turned to love, found their wage. In spite of obstacles, they are in the house of love, Who amidst both worlds, their bets on beloved hedge. Even the archangels are in awe Of resurrection after such rampage Blessed are those who like Shams-e Tabriz Remained within, far from desert's rage.

لمداركه وت

Version I

Two or three crooks in the streets are on the beat They will cheat even the moon, with their deceit. Charlatans, aware in mind, joyous of heart With their shouts shake firmaments from their seat Befriend that hidden face that all souls seek With those glaring eyes they just stare and mistreat Though with face, all faces they despise Though in this world, both worlds they defeat. Piously dressed, each other they always fight Though at war, each other they will complete. To your face kind, behind your back they are mean Rose like though appear, thorns are hidden at their feet. In their hands thorns will turn into the rose At night they sow barley, yet by day they reap wheat. Be humane, serving them seek, greet, entreat, Serving all else compassions will deplete.

> © Shahriar Shahriari Los Angeles, CA July 24, 1999
Version II

Take heed, take heed, take heed, Two or three crooks are on the loose Thoughtfully in deception they succeed Even the moon they will abuse.

Two or three vagrants have taken lead Joyous, aware, laughter they breed They shout, command, order indeed Will make the earth pay her dues.

They befriend that face unseen, Which every soul longs to have seen Like those eyes, lean and mean they glean Their own well being they refuse.

They have their own shape and face Yet faces they despise and displace; Their presence this world may grace Yet both worlds are but shades and hues.

They wear pious robe and gown Fight each other for a crown Yet much like the circus clown United they join and fuse.

Like lions they rip and tear Upon their lips smiles wear Though their enmity they share In truth friendship they choose.

To your face, they only praise Behind you talk of your craze Openly like flowers amaze Yet have thorns in hidden queues.

Alchemically they transmute Lead into gold, none can refute By day reap wheat, no dispute Yet by night sow barley, some accuse.

Be compassionate, kind and fair Serve these charlatans if you dare Because nobody else will care They abuse with every excuse.

أبناكه للسكا

You who seek God apart, apart, The thing you seek, thou art, thou art; Why then search for what you have not lost? Searching for what's not lost, distrust, distrust!

Thou art the letters, names and the book Prophets and angels your word undertook; Just sit still, this futile search let go You are the house, master and foe Essence and form, celestial and from earth Always eternal, in death and at birth.

If you want to see the beloved's face Polish the mirror, gaze into that space In these truths, the secrets you weave Are your punishments, yourselves deceive.

Shams-e Tabrizi, is the world Emperor Seekers of his grace are behind which door? This graceful King showers you with gifts Unbeknownst to you, your souls uplifts.

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O Pilgrims, thou art where, thou art where? The Beloved is neigh, come hither, come hither. Thy beloved is thy neighbor, behind the wall Lost in the desert, you are seeking and you fall; If that lovely faceless face you once see Pilgrim and shrine and house you know are all thee. From house to house, you sought for proof Yet never ascended up to the roof. If it is the house of soul you seek In the mirror see the face that's meek. If you've been to the garden, where is your bunch? And where your soulful pearl if at sea you lunch. With all this pain where is your gain? The only veil, yourself, remain. Hidden treasure chest, buried in soil Why let dark clouds full moon spoil? King of the World, to you will show Magical shapes, in spirit you grow.

For the love of God, no other love seek In the abode of Soul, no other task seek Other than the Beloved, never seek another mate Seek not to doubt, trivia make you weak. Another love, another task, is an impossible fate In thy Godly faith, seek not doubt's stench & reek In soul's territory, heart's courage is great With such courage turn from strangers and paths oblique. Half the world like vultures, half carcass-like wait Cast not vulture's eyes upon the dead and the meek. If seduces with looks, with features and trait Try to see the thorns in that rosy cheek. Upon temptations dwell not, nor debate Don't make a leader from every lost freak. Trust not the one who turns from love to hate Secrets of your heart with such do not speak. If the Light of Shams shone upon you of late Concern not yourself with this passing garden's state.

Go and die, go and die, For this love go and die, When in this love you die You will let spirits fly.

Go and die, go and die, Fear no death, don't be shy When in this dust you lie Your spirit will soar up high.

Go and die, go and die, Let this existence pass by This existence is your tie And prisoners you and I. With an axe cut the tie And this, your prison, defy When your chains you untie With Kings, identify.

Go and die, go and die, The handsome King satisfy For the Lord when you die Your glories multiply.

Go and die, go and die, Like the tearful clouds, cry When the cloud has run dry You are the light of the eye.

Silence try, silence try As close as you get to die All your life, you apply Your sigh and silence deny.

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That barbed wire on your path is the mind Cut the wire and your path clearly find.

Heart trickster, soul veil and mind bind To find the path you must put all three behind. When you transcend heart and soul as well as mind It is like giving sight to the blind. Make your chest like a target well defined That bow is strung, the arrow is well aligned Only that chest in complaint can open tongue On whose face hundred arrows have been flung To think love is for the feeble is just wrong Love is for the courageous and the strong. Self-expression to the needy don't belong Benevolent Love is the path for old and young. If like Enoch must follow the angelic song Will find Love on that ladder in every wrung Shams-e Tabriz is here, joyous and kind Gospel of Love in his being you will find.



Open the door to yet another initiate Offer some wine, his drunkenness accelerate You had closed the doors to the upper rooms Came the command from yet a higher estate. You who have fulfilled all my desires Yet another desire, my heart infatuate. Your beautiful face is another country The curl of your hair yet another state Such country and such state I shall seek Till government takes yet another trait. Every dawn the rising sun, Thy slave At your feet yet another time will prostrate With praises of Thee and those in Thy Court This world, itself yet another time elate. How joyous the time that I silence my voice Spirit's voice my soul with joy inflate. I shall pack my bags, leave this world for that Witness the order that Thou will create.



With all my soul I search and seek My environ my eyes do trick Where is it gone? Why is it missed? Nowhere to be found in this earthly feast

In every direction I glance and peek Yet its signs to me don't speak O pious men, where is that beauty That like a candle glows in duty. Affirm that name, whoever thus repeat To him even death will taste soft & sweet Whoever once that face has kissed His bones are blessed in gravely mist. Which do I praise? That face or hair? Whom both worlds enslave and spare. No wonder the earth falls out of sight Love transmutes all to celestial light. Praise Shams-e Tabrizi far and wide From seekers his face do not hide.



Once more I seek audience with my very own King Once again joyously I have spread my soul's wing. Once more fate and fortune will beseech That in this earthly camp, my tent I should pitch.

We gave credence to the angels as well as to the beast The soul's bird returned once more to Solomon's soulful feast. Intoxication by the Beloved has become my sweet abode Soulful Joseph's lock of hair is in an uncurling mode. Once a friend asked me, why thus engage your fate? Imagine how is the one who has found that soulful state! My determined Beloved unveiled his lovely face The canary of the soul sang his songs of praise The sweetness that is not found, even in dreams From my own very teeth, thank goodness, sweetly teems. Headless, footless, indeed, without retinue I lead In my own sweet land, sweetness to myself feed. My heart in search of shining Shams headed for Tabriz Go, go, my golden heart, your own gold seek and seize.



Like a candle I shine, reflecting the light Turn my fortune so I can shed myself candle-like The promise of the morning breeze, of joining Thee day and night Burning, yellow, shaking, crying and humble, candle-like. Thy flowing hair, like scissors sheer my soul at its height In this fire of separation burn me no more, candle-like. Pearls overflowing from the sea of my eye, fill my bosom in delight My burning heart sent its flames blazing upward, candle-like. Solar flares set in the celestial lantern, sooth the sight Every morn dam my tears and shed no more, candle-like. Thy face is spring like, thy fire sorrows fight How long burn in this solstice of separation, candle-like? From the memory of thy light, every night flames take flight If only my heart fire would burn, my soul desire candle-like. How long burn thyself Shams-e Tabrizi, thy love beaming bright We know of nothing other than burning up, candle-like.

I knocked on heart's door, for heart I crave Came, "who knocks?" I said, "heart's slave!" The bright beams of love shone through the door's crack Upon the passers by, and lit up that deep black

Wave upon wave of lovely beams, my heart was over-run Compared to this bright light, were pale the moon and sun. If the mind takes command, heart enslavement will demand Will put a leash on mind and all, and hold the end in its hand.

This excitement in the world, serves only to agitate And break loose every chain, for this joyous heartful state. His body brings forth light, enthroned upon the seat of might Soul at its door sits in delight, and reads much in that sight.

He is not a mendicant, who speaks little yet says much Reflect upon reflections, see all that is while "nothing" watch. All who have tasted this wine, are compelled to walk this line Every one of stars nine, with heart's design themselves align. From Tabriz one such as Shams, arrives for seekers of divine Nurtures in love's vineyard, gardener of thy soul's vine.



مردوئبهم زنده شدم كربيه ببرم خذقهم دولت خشق مدومن دولت يابشدهم ويده سيرست مراجان دليرست م زهره شيرست مرا زهره مابتدهم محميت كه ديوا زننى لايق ايرجا يننى رفم وديوا زشدم سلسله ذنتتوم رفعم وسرست شعه أدهرب كندفهم محغت ترمت نى دكدازين يتنى ممنت وكمشتذى والرب يغشي ميش خرز وكمي شته والمكتشوم ممنيتكه توذيركمي ستغيابي وتكى كول شدم مواشدم دز برر كركند مهم شمع نيم مجمع نيم دود پراکست شوم كغت كتوش شدى فبؤبرجم شك محمنيت كشيخي وسرى بيشرد والمهري شيخ نيم سيثين نيم امرترا بندشوم ممنت ، بال بري يدابيد در وس ال پرش بی برویرکشده) کنتم ری کمنم ساکن میا بید دشدم تحمست مراعشق كمهن أزبرمن نقلكن چٹر خوبرشید توئی سا یک بیدیم چونکه ز دی برسرمن سپت کلدا زشده ک اطلس نوبافت بلم وشمن برثن يشدم تأبش ببايت ولم واشد وثبخ فسطم صويت جاب فتسيحرلا فستجي ذونطر ببذه وخربنده شدم شاه وخد تبتدم شكركند كاغذتوا زست كرجيدتو کا مدا و در سرمن باری داننده م شكركند خاكند وژم زفلاست يعيج فخم م کر اثر کر <u>م</u>سش و نو ر پذیر ندش^و م شكركند ييرج وفلك أزكيك ملكتك محركرم وتغبش وروش وبتخشد شيعه شكركند عارف جن كزهمه برديم ق برزبر بمنت طبق اختر جنت بتدوم از تواملی شهر قردم و دخودتگر سس کزا تر ښد و توکلت خدند م يوسف بودم كنون يوسفرنا بشدم زبره بدم ما وشدم مريخ دوصد م باش ويتطريج كمناب خامش صخود حبارتها مستسحمز رخ آربشا وجها وفبرخ فومرخه شدم بنده بدم شاه شدم زهمه روبهماه شدم من جوسُف بودم مُكت محرد خشبة)

I was dead, became alive Was tearful, laughingly thrive With love survive, my only drive I have become eternal.

My eyes no longer seek Am courageous, no more meek Daring lion, far from weak Shine like Venus celestial.

Said, "madness is not thy code You don't deserve this abode." With madness my life explode Chains before me break and fall.

"Intoxicated, thou art not Art not from this divine cut." I drank my senses out Joyously roamed in life's hall.

"Thou art not yet slain Joy runs not in thy vein." Before life now I remain Slain, sacrificed and small.

"Thou art sly and cunning Thy thoughts are wildly running." My deception was stunning Then rejected the external.

Said, "Thou have been a candle light Crowds focus upon thy sight." Sight I am not, light without might Scattered smoke, wide and tall.

"Thou art guru and teacher Thou art leader, head, preacher." I am a mere creature Thy will is my only call.

"Thou have feathers, have taken wing Feather and wing I did not bring." In pursuit of flight of King Lost my feathers, now I crawl.

> My beloved, old and fair Said, "this story, me spare." I agreed to not share Peaceful and eternal.

Thou art the sun's source and spring While to shade my body cling Upon my head, hot rays sting I feel the heart infernal.

With light of my soul aglow My heart opened with loving flow Weaving a new cloth to show Against the tattered rags and all.

That divine face, at time of dawn Many deceptions would spawn Enslaved with a thorny crown Beloved upon throne install.

I, thy instrument, Thee praise Thy infinite sweet phase In my bosom came to raze And brought down my ignorant wall.

Praises Thee this drunken dust Praise the stars and earth I must Receive thy light with full trust From luminous orbiting ball.

The firmaments are in praise Of lords, lands, angelic gaze Gracefully love and amaze Compassionately, wisely, enthrall.

The wise praise the Lord well Thus surpass all and excel Upon the seven skies swell Give birth to light, maternal.

I am of Thee O famed moon, Gazing at me do not swoon Contagious joy in me bloom Laughs my every petal.

I was Venus, now am moon Wallowing like a gloomy lune Became Joseph very soon Pregnant with hope of renewal.

As if playing a game of chess Make your call while speechless King of the World my life will bless With a glance, existential.

From slavery to kingly might From Venus to satellite Was distant unknown point of light Am luminous orb of love, eternal!

Like a connoisseur I shall seek the bouquet of that wine Both worlds and their dignitaries I shall put out of line. I'll climb the tall mountain and of love raise the sign With a humble and clear heart I shall sigh and confess If for a year or so in the bottom of a pit confine The mad heart-stricken me, emancipation shall press. Since I have committed to climb that incline Upon any opposition my resolve shall impress. I and thou, heart and body, I myself do not define With head and heart stay away from this corporal regress. With your demands you also give the means and the design Wherever I look, all I see is your loving kindness. When I drink from the wine of love, every moment I silently resign I put on my armor, ready for war, in battlefield I seek success. Why, against the untimely and the dark night I am fearless Because even from the west you cause the moon rays to shine. O Shams-e Tabrizi this sapping separation of mine Has caused me to go into the marketplace, noisy and restless.

Away bitterness, keep my taste sweet My mouthful of wine, never deplete Unveil and disrobe my morning gown Naked come forth, and the dawn greet. In the house of efforts there is no chance He ceases not, my goals how can I meet? In that wine, I find, my treasures lie Seeing His face my soul will complete. Not enough room in the seven skies When He makes my garment his seat. From His essence I am Lion-Heart My sweet songs simply his roar repeat. He said, "you are the harp in my grasp I, your maker, play you to my beat."

I am your harp, and each vein is a string Pluck my strings, this of Thee I entreat. You are the sky and I am the earth From Thy grace grows my barley and wheat.

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روز ما فكرمن الينت وجمد شعم كهجرا غافل زاحوال ولتحشيتم ازکما آ مدام آ مدنم سبب مچیود بحجبا ميروم آحسب تتالى وطهنم ما نده ام مخت جب خ د سبب خدا ياحة بودست مراد وي ازيسا ختنم رخت برسبتد برائم كمبداني فكم أتجداز عالم علوسيت من أتسكويم مرمم ازانجاست جانجاتكم یامرا بر دخمانهٔ آن سف، برد بهوای سرکوسیش مرد بایی نزم خنك آبزوزكه برءازكم آبردو كميت أن كوش واو التح المؤداد یاکدامست سخن میکنداندر بهتم باج يتخصب تكوبي كمنش سريهم کیست قد دیدوکداز دیده برون می کدم آرام تمیزم منسی دم زم تاتبعتين مرا منزل وره ننمائي ازسرعربه ومستها زميم دشكمز می دستم بخیتان تا در زندان ابر يرجود آمرم اليخب كم بخود بازروم ستنکه آورد مر*ا* باز برد ت⁷ وطهم بآكه جهشيا رم وسيداريمي وخزنم تومسيبنداركه من شعر بخود وميكويم بإسراين قالب مردارسم در فكم شم تبریز کر روی من نها ی وقت آست که این مرده بکیو فکم درميان مربعتون تجييب يحاب که وجودم بهد اوکشت من این سرم بريين مى بدرم ومبد مازغايت ق بنيتم زاغ وزعن طوطي شيرين سختم مب<u>ش ازین</u> قالب مردا رجیکارسی^{را} مريخ باغ مكوتم نيم از مداماك چندروزی صنی ساخته امدازید نم بئرم صحبت بهندوكه زملك ختم ى*ىن ايارىكىرىم ك*رازىي كلميت ای سیم سحری بوی وصال من رز با من از شوق **من** اجمه در هم شکم

Everyday I meditate upon this, and every night I groan Why is my own existence to myself the least known?

Whence have I come, why this coming here? Where to must I go, when will my home to me be shown?

I am in desperate awe, why was I ever created? For this, my creation, whatsoever was the reason?

Whatever is of the celestial realm, of that I speak I am ready to go, my clothes are packed to be away thrown.

Why, take me to the tavern of that mighty King I am drunk of that aroma, only by that wind may be blown

Joyous be that day that in search of the beloved I take wing towards that land, upon that air I am flown.

Where is that ear that can hear my speech and song? Who is the one who puts voice in this mouth of dust and stone?

Who is in these eyes through which gazes out to see? Who is the one who wears this garment of flesh and bone?

Until I am lead without a doubt to my way home, I will hold my breath, will only complain and moan.

Let me taste the wine of eternal communion Cry out in drunkenness, intoxicated, broken, alone.

I did not come here on my own accord, nor will I thus leave He who brought me here, shall return me to my very own.

Think not that I write these verses in a sober state If sober, such seeds I could not possibly have sown.

Shams-e Tabriz, if you show not your face here and now My earthly corpse, by God, I shall surely disown.

Between my beloved and I this is the only veil It is time to unveil and disrobe the light that brightly shone

With extreme joy I tear and shred my earthly garment By casting of my clothes, into the glory of my soul I've grown.

I wear this earthly corps for what use, to what avail? I am not a cawing crow, of heavenly birds is my tone

I am a bird of Paradise, I am not of the earthy realm For a few days imprisoned in my cage of flesh and bone. My soul is my guide, for my soul is of that abode I will not speak of the earthly, I am of the unknown.

The fragrant morning breeze brings news of union With joy and with song I'll leave this cage, this earthly throne.

Why think thus O men of piety I have returned to sobriety I am neither a Moslem nor a Hindu I am not Christian, Zoroastrian, nor Jew

I am neither of the West nor the East Not of the ocean, nor an earthly beast I am neither a natural wonder Nor from the stars yonder Neither flesh of dust, nor wind inspire Nor water in veins, nor made of fire I am neither an earthly carpet, nor gems terrestrial Nor am I confined to Creation, nor the Throne Celestial

Not of ancient promises, nor of future prophecy Not of hellish anguish, nor of paradisic ecstasy Neither the progeny of Adam, nor Eve Nor of the world of heavenly make-believe

> My place is the no-place My image is without face Neither of body nor the soul I am of the Divine Whole.

I eliminated duality with joyous laughter Saw the unity of here and the hereafter Unity is what I sing, unity is what I speak Unity is what I know, unity is what I seek

Intoxicated from the chalice of Love I have lost both worlds below and above Sole destiny that comes to me Licentious mendicity

In my whole life, even if once Forgot His name even per chance For that hour spent, for such moment I'd give my life, and thus repent

Beloved Master, Shams-e Tabrizi In this world with Love I'm so drunk The path of Love isn't easy I am shipwrecked and must be sunk.

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Multi-layered existence I know not, I know not The magical artist of time I know not, I know not Hardship, struggle, confusion, I am taught, I am taught Congenial moodiness I know not, I know not

My soul is after joy Entertainers will employ This joy seeking existence I know not, I know not This lion in me instills fear The world is a herd of deer This lion and herd of deer I know not, I know not

I hear the warning of a friend, "your foes conspire and plot" Conspiracy, friend and foe I know not, I know not Earth is wife, sky man, being their child is my lot This man and wife and this child I know not, I know not

This hidden face, gorgeous lashes The arched brow, eye that flashes The moving brow and talking eye I know not, I know not Powerful arm, the nimble bow, Put in flight temporal arrow Bow and arrow and arm and time I know not, I know not

Shams-e Tabrizi, to you I'm brought With your hardness I am distraught That shining gem, this hard rock, I know not, I know not.

We today from strangers cannot divide So drunk that we don't know where we reside. In this love, we departed our very mind Madness and desperation we cannot hide. In this trap they said there is a hidden bait So trapped, we are the bait they implied.

Spare us the moral of this story Stories and fantasies our hearts deride. Your brush combed the fibers of my heart, Ecstatic, brush from the hair cannot divide. Flame of love unseen by the blind at heart To the flame, the moth must glide with much pride. Give us wine and ask us not how many cups In this love cup and wine are both denied. On the path bears and lions, vicious cougars, Courage our guide, on the path forward we ride. Shams-e Tabriz this flowing wine supplied Once again cup and keg ain't identified.



Go to sleep Leave me alone At nights I leap Up, on my own.

With waves of desire Day and night, all alone Compassion inspire Else vengeful fits are thrown.

From me run away Afflictions I've sown For wholeness must pray Else hardships are grown.

With my tearful eyes And melancholic groan Well of tears shall rise Waterwheels have known.

My beauty, my fill, Has a heart of stone Heartlessly will kill Yet remain on her throne.

My beloved and queen Deserves not her throne To her lover is mean Patient, kindly, my tone.

Death and another pain Incurable, we are prone; I, speechless remain Afflicted in this zone.

The dragon on the path Keeps treasures on loan; Defied the dragon's wrath When love's treasures shone.

Leave me alone in my state Spare me this debate You speak of skull and bone And punish the lover's moan.



زند دست دازو بام و در من ای فنت نهٔ من شور وشرمن در شخصر مراجان کوسسد من امثب نزيداين ييكيرمن برربك بخ هجون زرمن برموج این حسیشه ترمن خون بهمدرا درسا غرمن ورطالع منَ وَراخترمن تآا ويزود درمسهرمن جزخون نبود مفل مخدمن مرکبشتهٔ تو توحسیدر من جز نا در دای ای چا کرمن قربان شده برخاك ذكرن زنده تحمنت درمحت مرمن تاسش کرکنداز تو برمن ، ان تا نَرَمی انتخبس مین شدآب روان ازمنطرين اسما ق منى من والديو الم كى تجلمت المي كو مرمن م آہمستہ روی ای *سرور*ن النكاية رود درمست من تا ول *نبرد ا زمصدر من* خامثر كمر أكمر خامش كمني ورمبيث فتداس ذرمن

آن دلسب دمن آمد برمن كفتر تمغتى المشب تو مرا کفتا بردم کارمیت مهم كفتر تجت الحريقة بروى آخرنو سشببي رحمي بحني رجم بحند جشمر خوست تو محفتا بيحم جون رسخت قصا مرتجم دخب زخوني نبود حودي نشود مقبول خدا محترج ترامقدست كمان ترسر وكل ومن سائه تر محقبة نشؤد مستسه بابي من سماق بنی باید بودن من عشتم وجون ریز مرز توخون با مرک کمن تو روی ترش ، ن نظیی در پنجسبت من اين كغت وبشدجون بالجسبا كفتمرجه يودح كرتطفت كمخي كنباكمه نمش كاير تجتك فكك باقسیش کمو تا روز محکر

My beloved came to my side **Revived the place where I reside** I said tonight you are my fellow My temptress, my joy implied. Said, work of some import, dear I have now identified. I swear to God, if you depart I will not last, with you denied. At least for a night, show some mercy For the misery I cannot hide; Bestow your eyes' mercy upon The tearful waves my eves have cried. Said, fate has shed many man's blood I am powerless, though I've tried. Like Mars, there is naught but blood Even the stars to me confide. No incense will reach the Gods Till its aroma spreads wide; Since you demand no less than life Eating blood, I will abide. You are the shrub, and I, your shade I, sacrifice, and you my bride. Said, sacrifice worthy of mine Is a rarity, not all who died; Only the likes of Isaac can Towards my gate in death glide. I am Love and demand your blood **Resurrect your soul when I decide** Angel of death do not oppose I'll be glad to have you beside. Hark, your heartbeat stops in my hand Hark, my dagger will not be defied. Having said this, as the morning breeze Like flowing waters depart and divide. You are my Isaac, I your father I'll be by your side, with care and pride. I said, favor me O Master Go slowly, by my side ride; Said, behold this world in my sight Limping along with one leg tied. Say no more now, till another time Or I'll fall for love so magnified. Be still, and be extinguished Else your fire spreads untried.

O friend of mine, O friend of mine, O heedless lovely dread of mine Compassionate unwed of mine Thy grace, worrisome head of mine.

Most welcome is this soul of mine My cure, filling this hole of mine O faith and control of mine Thou rich ocean bed of mine.

Caring companion of mine Happy dominion of mine A thousand opinion of mine Union of this spread of mine.

To night-travelers, the light And to the disturbed, delight Where caravans stay the night Caravan guide and head of mine.

Thou leader and opposition Moon and Jupiter's position Thou reality and vision Thou precious bread of mine.

O thou soul spring of mine O king of mine, O king of mine O endless pearl string of mine Higher than lofty head of mine.

Thy ground is this sky of mine Thy poison, drug and high of mine This heartfelt sigh and cry of mine Joy of secrets, unread of mine.

I was asked to give account Of such worthless small amount Seek not deception, be blunt "My subject", this Thou said of mine.

Your head for treasures makes design For love put your life on the line Align yourself with the divine O brutal beastly friend of mine.



رزملای د

O Love, you brought forth a jug Filled with the ache that my heart clog I won't drink this wine, this drug! Drink but for my heart's sake!

From this wine poured me a cup Wisely his praises I brought up Bittersweet, pleasing to sup Like the praises my heart would make.

From the Wheel of Fortune and fate Stepped forth a Soul so great I ran forth to demonstrate The rewards my heart had at stake.

O Divine Secret, of Thee I ask Yourself for crowds do not unmask. Praised and thanked me for my task For my heart's sake, thus He spake.

I was pleased that my Beloved's face Towards my home its path would trace And opened up with much grace The veil covering my heart break.

If Love for blood may thirst Brave warriors are curst Mountains spontaneously burst In such place my heart quake.

O Thou the bringer of cure Pleasure and pain you endure Only in you I am secure Thou can cure my heartache.

Every fruit if only tries My heart's ache can realize Melancholic face, bloodshot eyes Streams form heart's bloody lake.

King of the World put away tears The Pride of Tabriz appears Light of Truth, Shams, now nears Thy light my heart will wake and take.



Lovers alas, lovers alas Whoever sees that faceless face Confusion in him amass Desperation will embrace.

For beloved cross every pass Worldly affairs slow their pace A flowing brook amidst the grass Flowing tears his face shall trace

His ego is shattered glass Self-estranged, himself deface Sense the Divine in spirit and mass If he is truly seeking grace Love can withstand molten brass Gives his own soul in this chase Through this trap lovingly pass And find himself beside that face

With love himself will embarrass Lost in time and in space There's no cure, potion, herb or grass For one who's lost his earthly base

And his prize, to reach that class In this futile endless race Until death too will come to pass And move him to that place.

The love that hurts will never pass It is a very special case Transcendent love has its own class The aching heart is wrapped in lace

Run out of sand many hourglass Many a dream lost in space If miracle shall come to pass Every magic shall displace

There is no king and no palace Facing that graceful faceless face Brave lions cry out alas Beside the dogs guarding that place.



The heart that you've lost, seek from your soul Your life's serenity seek from your soul Abdicate body's throne, and put on your soul's crown Traverse the skies, Saturn of your soul extol Sugar's incomplete, it only tastes sweet When between your teeth, on your tongue roll Prophetic message divine, people are golden mine Seeking your golden vein, should become your goal You who are still, for journey have no will Take that first step, pay your highway toll Thou who art divine, are without a sign Forgive my decline, with mercy control With lightning spears, set my heart in fears My flowing tears shall fill my life's bowl Purpose of both worlds, while your life unfolds Friend nor stranger holds, your soul knows your role Shams-e Tabrizi who art complete and whole With thy graceful word enthrall my soul.

ت دورم ودر

O blaze of the world you are dear, you are dear O beholding the beloved, keep near, keep near

I am the creation, I am the house I am the trap and the mouse I am wise and mad, stay here, stay here

I am the secrets you can't see Cloak and turban are both me I am the cloister and the monk, do appear, do appear

I am mortal, I am old Chains and shackles my feet hold I make plans, don't disappear, don't disappear
I am the noon, I am the eve Fire of love with my heart receive I am the candle giving light, stay clear, stay clear

I am the prayer and the angel in flight I am the fire, I am the light I am the Promised Land, so dear, so dear

I am here, I am to be Alpha and Omega are in me I am aware of the others, keep near, keep near

I am the acquaintance and the friend The lover and beloved in the end I am the flower and the thorn, don't fear, don't fear

I am the season and temporal train I am the minor, I am the main I am the mind and the story, be here, be here.

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وندردل تش درآ برداند شو برواند شو حيلت بكن باشقا ديواندشو ديواندشو وانكدسا ما عاشقان بمخا زشو بمحا يشو بهم خومی^{ر ا} ترکیا ندکن بهم خانه را ویرانیک روسينه الجون بناجفت شواتكمنية المتفجر شراب عثق رايعا يشويها زيثو بأ در معاصات وي لا يق الم ب شوي محمر توسوى متباث وثيتها مرتومت زمثو المركج شوارش بدان بمسجّت عارض شد المحكم كموش عايض بديت فمردا زشودر دأنتو فانى شودجون علشقا ليضانه شوافسانه چوب بق شد د بهوازاف ا نُشيرِن ا توليد القبري بروتاليد القدري ومي چون قدرمرا رواح راکاشا نیشوکات انديشات جانى رودانكم تراآنى ترو زاندسيم كمذرجون جنسا ببشياز شوميتياني متنى بوديل بوالبغب وركردلها مفتاح شومقباح شو دندا ندشو ذمانيشو وبزم المركرمي روى مردا زدوم داقة چون اشقان می ابه کی نکاستد ستر تورز النرميره ناردقتي دردا زشوه دأتر بفكر تجرك كرجوجرى اردكه حدها يحق كمترزجو بي نسيستي منازشو منادشو بنواخت فيرم للغر كي كي كي المستن شانه را دامی زنو مرغی ر مدر دو از شورداز - ا محمو يرسيدان مرترا بشواسان كميرا ورزامت تجث يرزهمون زشورتها ندشو ممرجره بنايه صغريتوازوجون آبينه ماکی دوشا**خرجون خ**لی کی جربید کم ماكى جوفرزين كجروى فرزا يشوفرزا يتو الال اجرد رابيه مكرايشوشكراني شكرانه دادى عشق ازات مجم ومالها کید مذتی انگان می کمین تورند ک كيسف تت يعالي بري ، زشوجا ، تر م منت زبان اترک کن بی انتوبی ا اي المتدبر بام روما کې روي بربام و ایش شرزی سا دجان جاب گری تدجا ج*ا*ن را نوانج**شا شعا شا؛ ن**ه شوشا؛ ن^{شو}

Let go of deceptions O heart Madness embrace, madness embrace Moth-like, go to the heart of the hearth Fire face, fire face

Make yourself a stranger Turn your home to a manger With the lovers of this danger Cohabitate in one place, in one place

Open your heart like a tray Vengeance wash away and pray The wine of love, when down you lay Your cup grace, your cup grace

You must become wholly a soul To be worthy of the Divine Whole If with the drunk you play your role Drinking chase, drinking chase

The bead from the ear-ring With cheek will speak and sing If cheek and ear you seek and cling Mother-of-pearl make your space

When your soul flies easy From this, our sweet fantasy Like lovers in mortal ecstasy Your story trace, your story trace

Go from this night of the grave And the Divine Night brave And like Divine, spirit crave Make that your base, make that your base

Your mind will first imagine Then will draw you therein Trade mind and fate in your within Onward race, onward race

A lock with an invisible bar Enchains our hearts, keeps us afar Become the key, the key you are Like saw teeth brace, brace!

Lovers their wine draw From cup of skull with bone straw In such a feast obey the law Yourself efface, yourself efface. To call this "accident" or "chance" Puts your essence out of balance In your earthly reign & kingly dance Choose staff or mace, staff or mace!

Christ graced the wooden cross Cross's gain was our loss Such compassion cannot emboss On wooden vase, on wooden vase.

Solomon spoke of right & wrong In the birds' language & tongue Soul's bird to body's trap don't belong Bird is your ace, bird is your ace.

If graced with Beloved's affection Like a mirror become reflection If naked made such selection Wrap in lace, wrap in lace.

How long crisscross like the rook? Or like a pawn easily forsook? Like a queen, obliquely look? Straighten pace, straighten pace.

To love you gave with much pleasure Every earthly weal and treasure Forget treasure, yourself measure For love's case, for love's case.

For sometime were mineral Some other time were animal Then human-like, erect & tall Soul don't debase, soul don't debase.

O tongue may you become still Not with speech egos fulfill Spirit leaves tongue null and nil No more disgrace, and nor deface.

O Shams-e Tabrizi come near In my soul your place is dear O King, my soul to joy steer With regal grace, with regal grace!

> © Shahriar Shahriari Vancouver, Canada July 21 & October 21, 1998

Version I

I am enslaved to fate, of all else say no more With a sweet tongue speak, else I plea say no more Speak not of troubles, of treasures tell me more And if of this you know not, be not troubled, say no more.

I have gone insane, Love found me, then whispered in my ear "I am here, cry not aloud, curse yourself not, say no more" I said "O Love it is other than Thee that I fear!" Said "it may thus appear, yet is not so, say no more I speak in your ear, to you brings secrets near Speak with your head, confirm a nod, say no more!"

I asked, "what do I see? Is it an angel or a man?" Said "no more an angel than a man, is another, say no more" "Tell me what is, why withhold? Why the flames of my torment fan?" Said, "just be tormented, confused, say no more! For leaving this colorful and false abode you've made no plan Rise up and just depart, leave this home, say no more!

Mevlana see only Shams, to none other your heart pour See the light of that divine glowing face, say no more!"

Version II

I am enslaved to fate Other than fate say not a thing Honey is sweet, tastes great Other than great say not a thing

Of pain speak nothing If joy not bring, say not a thing If for you this has no ring Joyously sing, say not a thing

I had once gone insane Love whispered when saw my pain, ''I've come and will remain Madness refrain, say not a thing.''

I said "O Love, I fear The things other than Thee here" Said "though may thus appear To me is clear, say not a thing

"I'll whisper in your ear Secrets to you bring near Nod your head and hold dear Silently hear, say not a thing"

"The face I see so well Angel or man? Pray do tell" Said "this is other than angel Nor with man dwell, say not a thing"

> "Pray tell, what do I see Else all my senses will flee" "From senses remain free And just be, say not a thing

"You reside in this abode Where color & falsehood explode; Rise up, take up the road Pick up your load, say not a thing "Other than Shams-e Tabriz If ever Mevlana please, Blow away with morning breeze His Light seize, say not a thing!"

 $\bigcirc\bigcirc\bigcirc\bigcirc\bigcirc$ ای مجاری را تو جان الإكان) <u>)</u> ای تسان را بی نشان ا**ی تر ب**کون <u>ار</u> دان ويرورايي ديركان

Why think this ethereal thing is the soul And a nugget of gold a treasured goal? In search of gold, digging deep, why? Thinking the earth to be the sky Why consider ghastly temptations To be the beauty of the nations? Why like a worm crawl with earthly lust And consider lovers lower than dust? Why drive love out with disgust Think are in love, while immersed in lust? Why let the smoke of ignorance fill the eyes with tears? Why consider godliness the result of ignorant fears? Submission to lust signifies a curse Then why insist this sign will disperse? All that I question, why, I asked of me Like others you thought I asked of Thee? Shams-e Tabrizi, show thyself, thy light Thou who considers eyes have no sight!

O God, give the players sweetness and weal And for the tabbla, give them hands of steel. For their love, they sacrifice every limb Of limbs O God, please give them a great deal. These messengers of love filled our ears Grant them seeing eyes and thy Royal Seal. These lovebirds sing and cry out their love Grace them with the patience that would heal. In thy praise, they have filled many ears You too praise their praise and their zeal. They quenched the thirst of heart's flower Let the full moon in their skies reel and wheel. I am silent, please speak to me thy will For they say you give thus, and thus steal. O God, all I ask for in both worlds Like Shams, let me shine, be and feel.

ودرك اككآ وأقراقه ببرعاب

My beloved I once saw Around the room pace & dance Plucking the strings in awe Singing in a state of trance Fingers fiery flame Playing a song of old fame Joyous, drunken, and tame The night spirits enhance

Stylishly would amuse Singing was the excuse Wine was the main news As the wine-bearers advance

A bearer of much beauty The jug was her duty From a corner mutely Made her grand entrance

She filled up the first glass A drink of molten brass; Has it ever come to pass Water on fire, per chance?

Put the glass in the hand Of the Lovers, on demand Prostrate, and then stand Kiss the ground with her glance

He withdrew his gaze Sipped from the wine in daze The flaming wine would raze His flaming head's resistance

Of his own grace was fed About good and evil said Neither lives, nor is dead Unlike myself, for instance

Shams upon the world hovers The Lover of all Lovers In each instant discovers Soul and Spirit in romance.

> © Shahriar Shahriari Vancouver, Canada September 22, 1998



I am drunk and you are mad Who'll take us home and make us glad? Said a hundred times, if you had Two or three cups less, won't be bad.

In this town I do complain Every person seems insane In this place madness like rain Washes wisdom down the drain.

In the tavern of my soul Carpet of joy will unroll My soul is out of control When trapped in a soulless hole

Gypsy minstrel who must play More drunk than me as I lay Beside such drunk, I dare say Mild is the story of my day.

I left my home in that state My drunken ways could not wait Every place I looked, looked great Saw my beloved, my soul mate.

I asked "where is thy land?" With laughter and a cold hand "Half from the Arabian sand And half a heavenly strand.

"Half made of water and clay Half soul and half solar ray Half on the shallow beaches lay Half from the oyster's pearly play."

I asked Thee to be my friend And change this dividing trend Replied that ''I transcend, All divisions in me end.''

I am without head or hand I am of this drunken band All things I understand Describe or silently stand.

> © Shahriar Shahriari Vancouver, Canada April 13, 1998



ن الأن كي

To this world you have brought the fragrance Yet perfume you have hidden from appearance A million excitements this aroma belies That you have thrown upon the earth and the skies. From thy own radiant light and heat You have set fire to the mind and soul's seat From taking thy life-giving jewel The mine and the ocean have lost their cool. Millions of souls with radiant faces Have been confined to dark spaces. You take the certainty of fools And give them doubt with mental tools. They ply themselves with their own hand And with sweetness take a bloody stand. The heartful find their hearts broken The heartless with cries of alas are woken. Shams-e Tabrizi from thy kindness To lovers have given this madness.

O heart, when the secrets themselves unveiled No more exerted yourself, nor travailed In your imagination and madness remain Why senses regain, why your mind hailed? Like Romeo in senseless chaos All orders before you failed. Ingesting spirits if you refrain Why in the market drunken wailed? Idleness and sitting brings you no gain If with the seafarers forward you sailed. Go to the desert and try to cross You've seen what these ruins entailed. Your neighbors of wine reek and stain Drunken fragrance of wine staled.

Follow this aroma to the tavern lane Light as the wind, the lanes brailled Go to Shams-e Tabriz's abode of loss Idle, unemployed, round the world trailed.

دن رمی کا<u>س</u> رقمی باشدسود چون یا کار رفتی

Alas that now from our midst you are gone In spite of the pain you resist, you are gone Once the circle of friends you blissed Now with the dust of ants and snakes blissed, you are gone. What of all the knowledge you endlessly list What of such mind, in the secret list you are gone. What of the helping hand the once would assist What of the feet that gardens assist, you are gone. Gentle and kind, people you charmed and wist Then earth's dust your dust wist, you are gone. Your sweet replies no more persist No more tongue that can persist, you are gone. Jealously repented, strove to desist Pilgrim of death, from living itself desist, you are gone. Whither to, can't see your dust nor your mist This bloody path, disappearing mist, you are gone. Silent O heart, tongue shackles your soul's wrist What use the flames that turn and twist, you are gone.

و زر دل د جان یا دیکی سلطان من سلطان من «من برمی من زند و شوم مان بی تومرا زم*رم* لرارزان مني باغ ومين وفردوس سرد دسمن خندان می لل من بم كان من بم شا د منی بم ا و زيرا يسخن كريان منى

Thou art my King, Thou art my King To my heart and soul faith Thou shalt bring With Thy loving breath infuse me with life Not just one single soul, my every soul Thou string. Without Thee taking bread, is of poison being fed Thou art water and bread to which with life I cling. Poison if Thou willed, into elixir will turn Thy abundant sweetness in my mouth sweetly sting. My grass and orchard, and my Paradise My herb and my tree, thy joy in me ring. Thou art my monarch, Thou art my moon too; Thou art the jewel and the mine that gave it wing. Silence I choose, best Thou givest the news Thou art the reason for which I speak and sing.

> © Shahriar Shahriari Vancouver, Canada July 20, 1998

ارامغان داما آنجا لن ษ

اي درا أ ابجرمأنه يجاجرهم كر ترزخاموش مشاط

O heart let go of your soul Until you see the soul maker Leave behind this deceptive faker So you reach your real goal.

Unless you pass through here You will never reach the beyond Free yourself from worldly bond Doubtless clear, to you appear.

If it is a sign that you seek In this path, my dear friend Yourself you must transcend And signs to you will speak.

Go past the four and five From six and seven look away Rise above this earth and clay Seven skies become alive.

When you've seen the seventh sky Go to the eighth sphere Step upon the things that appear You'll find the void nearby.

Within the void you shall see The souls of dear friends Disembodied floating heads In the spaceless roaming free.

Close the critical eye Appeal to the inner sight From yourself briefly take flight The beloved will appear nigh.

You who have never taken a pace On the path of misfortune To soul's treasure won't attune Unless this costly pain embrace.

O hear ye, Shams-e Tabriz Silently speak the word With your soul be in accord Which you'll see joyously frees.

> © Shahriar Shahriari Vancouver, Canada July 20, 1998

