

# WHAT SHOULD THEN BE DONE, O NATIONS OF THE EAST!

&

## THE TRAVELLER

### WHAT SHOULD THEN BE DONE, O NATIONS OF THE EAST!

*To the reader of the book*

I raise a new army from the Kingdom of Love;  
for there is danger of revolt by the intellect  
against the Sanctuary.

The world does not know the real nature of  
Madness:

it is a garment that fits the intellect perfectly.  
Donning this garment, I attained to a station  
where it would be honour for the intellect  
to walk around my house (like a pilgrim).

Don't think that the intellect is exempt from  
the final reckoning:

one look from the believer judges it as if on  
Judgment Day.

*Introduction*

The Pir of Rum, the clairvoyant *murshid*,  
the leader of the caravan of love and ecstasy,  
whose station is far above the Moon and the  
Sun,  
for whose tent the Milky Way serves as pegs,

whose heart is effulgent with the light of the  
Quran,  
whose mirror is more revealing than  
Jamshid's cup.

That musician of Pure breed has  
thrown my being into tumult once again with  
his music.

Said he: The people have become aware of the  
secrets,

the East has awoken from its deep slumber;  
destiny has given it new aspirations,  
and loosened its age-old chains.

No one, O knower of the secrets of the West,  
has experienced the fire of the West better  
than thee.

Be God-intoxicated like the Friend of God,  
and help bring down every idol-temple.

It is ecstasy that imparts life to peoples,  
though the undiscerning call it madness.

No people under the azure dome of the sky  
has ever achieved anything without this  
ingenious madness.

The believer is strong through his will and his  
*tawakkul*;

if he lacks these two, he is an unbeliever.

He can distinguish between good and evil;  
a mere look from him can shake the whole  
world;

his blow can crush a mountain to pieces;  
and he has thousands of resurrections at his  
command.  
Having drunk wine from my tavern,  
you have removed all outmodedness from  
your vision.  
Live in the garden like smell, both hidden and  
manifest,  
live among colours, but be free from colour.  
Your age is not aware of the secrets of the  
spirit:  
its creed is nothing but love for the other-  
than-God.  
Little has the philosopher understood this  
point:  
his thought revolves only round matter.  
He has not illumined his eyes with the lantern  
of the heart;  
hence he sees nothing but blue, red and  
yellow.  
Fortunate is he who never bowed before any  
man,  
and who freed his feet from the chains of  
servitude to the other-than-God.  
What it means to be a lion is beyond the ken  
of cows and buffaloes;  
never reveal your secret except to lions.  
One should not drink wine in the company of  
a churl,  
though he may be king of Rum or Rayy.  
It is better that our Joseph be taken away by a  
wolf  
than be bought by an unworthy person.  
People of the world lack reason and  
imagination:  
they are weavers of mat and know nothing  
about satin.  
What a beautiful verse a Persian poet has  
sung,  
which sets the soul afire:  
"To the ears of the people of the world, the  
wailing of the lover  
is like the cry of the *azan* in the land of the  
Franks.

Reveal once again the significance of religion  
and politics,  
tell the devotees of the Truth what you  
understand by them.  
"Suffer grief (patiently) and do not eat the  
bread of those who augment grief;  
a wise man suffers grief while a child eats  
sweets.  
To the mendicant, even his patched-up  
garment is a burden.  
Like breeze you should carry nothing except  
the smell of roses.  
Are you an ocean? Then be constantly at war  
with your environment.  
Are you a dew-drop? Then drop yourself  
gently on a rose-petal.  
The Divine mystery is not hidden from the  
man of God;  
do you know what is the true nature of a  
believer's soul?  
It is a drop of dew which, out of desire for  
self-manifestation,  
unravelling its own knot with its own hands,  
which sat in the depth of its being by dint of  
self hood,  
which started on its journey from the stillness  
of the heavens;  
which did not turn towards the limitless  
expanse of the ocean,  
nor hid itself in an oyster;  
It palpitated in the lap of the morning for a  
moment  
and then dropped into the mouth of the new-  
born bud.

*Address to the world-Illuminating Sun*

O lord of the East, O shining Sun!  
thou illumines the heart of every mote of  
dust.  
It is through thee that Being has ardour and  
exhilaration;  
it is through thee that every hidden thing  
desires to manifest itself.  
Thy golden canoe in the silvery waters  
moves brighter than the hand of Moses.  
It is thy rays which give light to the Moon,

and provide sustenance to the ruby within the heart of the stone.  
The inner burning of the tulip  
and the coursing of blood in its veins are the result of thy bounty.  
The narcissus tears away hundreds of veils to catch a glimpse of thy ray.  
Welcome, with thee comes the morning of our heart's desire,  
thou hast transformed every tree into the Burning Bush of Mount Sina'i.  
Thou art the beginning of the morning while I am  
at the end of my days; light a lamp in my heart;  
illumine my dark earth from head to foot;  
cover me up in thy illuminations  
that I may bring the light of the day to the night of the Orient's thought,  
brighten up the heart of the free men of the Orient,  
give maturity to the inexperienced through my songs,  
and give a new turn to the events of the world.  
Thus may the thought of the Orient free itself from the Franks  
And gain lustre through my songs.  
Life comes not but through dhikr (meditation);  
(true) independence comes not but through purity of thought.  
When the thought of a people becomes corrupt,  
then in their hands pure silver turns into base metal.  
The pure heart dies in their breast,  
and to their eyes the crooked appears straight.  
From the battlefield of life they keep themselves safely away;  
for them life resides only in the stationary.  
Seldom do waves arise from their ocean;  
their pearls are as worthless as pieces of clay.  
It is therefore necessary that their thought should  
first be purified (of all dross);  
Reconstruction of thought would then be easy for them.

### *The wisdom of Moses*

As the prophet establishes God's decrees,  
he repudiates Caesar's law.  
In his eyes the royal palace is like an old idol-temple;  
his sense of honour makes him disobey the order of the other-than-God.  
The imperfect become perfect through association with him.  
He gives a new tumult to the age.  
His message is that Allah is sufficient and all else is meaningless,  
so that the man of truth does not fall into anybody's snare.  
His moisture imparts fire to the vine's twig  
and his breath gives life to this handful of earth.  
He is the meaning of Gabriel and the Quran,  
and he is the custodian of God's Law.  
His wisdom is superior to artful Reason,  
his spirit gives birth to a people (*ummah*).  
He is a ruler disinterested in throne and crown:  
sans crown, sans army, sans tribute.  
His look transforms autumn into spring,  
and through him the dregs of every pitcher become stronger than the wine.  
In his morning-lamentation lies life,  
and the universe is renewed by the morning of his manifestation.  
The sea and the earth are devastated by the intensity of his deluge,  
and in his eyes there is a message of revolution.  
He teaches the lesson of *they have no fear*;  
he puts a heart into the breast of man.  
He teaches man determination, submission (to the will of God) and willing acquiescence;  
and makes him radiant in the world like a lamp.  
I do not know what magic he practises,  
but he totally transforms the soul in the body.  
In his society a piece of clay becomes a pearl;  
and his wisdom gives abundance to the deficient.  
He says to the downtrodden slave:

Arise and break into pieces every ancient deity.  
 O man of God, break the spell of this old world  
 with these words: God is the highest of all.  
 If you wish to gain *faqr*, don't complain of poverty;  
 well-being depends on one's attitude and not on rank and wealth.  
 Truthfulness, sincerity, submissiveness, ardour and sympathy  
 these are needed and not gold or silver, nor red and yellow coins.  
 O living man, avoid these kings and nobles, walk around your own self and not around the palaces.  
 Thou hast fallen away from thy true station, thou art born of a falcon, do not follow the ways of vultures.  
 A bird in a garden grove builds his nest to his own liking.  
 Thou who hast a heaven-traversing imagination  
 should not think thyself inferior to a bird.  
 Rebuild these nine heavens and refashion this world according to thy own desire.  
 When he gets annihilated in God's will, the man of faith becomes God's decree.  
 The four dimensions along with the blue heavens  
 are born out of his pure bosom.  
 Annihilate thyself in the will of God like thy forefathers;  
 bring out thy pearl out of the oyster.  
 In the darkness of this world of stone and bricks,  
 illumine thy eyes with the light of thy nature.  
 Unless thou takest thy share of the majesty of God,  
 thou canst not enjoy Divine Beauty.  
 The beginning of love and ecstasy is majesty (*qahiri*);  
 the end of love and ecstasy is beauty (*dilbari*).  
 The man of faith is a symbol of perfect existence:  
 he alone is real; all else is mere appearance.

If he gains ardour and zeal from *There is no deity (but God)*,  
 the Sun and Moon will revolve only at his bidding.

### *The wisdom of the Pharaohs*

I have unfolded the wisdom of the people of faith,  
 now learn the wisdom of the people of malice.  
 The wisdom of the people of malice is deceit and artifice;  
 what are deceit and artifice? — they destroy the soul and build the body.  
 This is wisdom that has freed itself from faith's bonds  
 and has strayed far away from the station of Love.  
 The school follows in his (Pharaoh's) ways so that the servant learns to think in line with the master's desires.  
 The religious leader of the *millat*, in a charming way,  
 reinterprets religion to his (Pharaoh's) liking.  
 The unity of the people is sundered through his machinations;  
 nothing can withstand him except Moses' Staff.  
 Woe to a people that, prey to others' stratagems,  
 destroy themselves and build up others.  
 They gain knowledge of science and art, but remain unaware of their own self-identity.  
 They erase the Lord's impress from their signet,  
 aspirations arise in their heart only to die away.  
 They are not blessed with a progeny imbued with a sense of honour,  
 their children have souls in their bodies like corpses in graves.  
 Their old people lack modesty,  
 the young are busy decking themselves out like women-folk.  
 The desires that spring from their hearts are unstable,  
 they are born dead from the wombs of their mothers.

Their daughters are caught in the snares of  
their curling locks,  
bold-eyed, fond of display and carping;  
well-dressed, with exquisite make-up,  
coquettish;  
their eyebrows like two unsheathed swords;  
their white silvery forearms pleasing to the  
eyes;  
their bosoms showing like fish in water.  
A nation whose ashes are devoid of any live  
spark,  
whose morn is darker than its eve.  
It is always in search of material goods,  
its only preoccupation is anxiety for  
livelihood and fear of death.  
Its rich are miserly, pleasure-loving,  
intent upon seeking the shell, and neglectful  
of the kernel.  
The might of its ruler is the object of its  
adoration,  
in loss of faith and belief lies its gain.  
It never looks beyond its today  
and never creates a tomorrow for itself.  
It has the annals of its ancestors under its  
arms,  
but, alas! it only discourses on them without  
acting on them.  
Its creed is to offer loyalty to others,  
to build temples with the material of the  
mosque.  
Alas! for a nation which has cut itself adrift  
from God,  
which is dead, but does not know that it is  
dead.

*There is no deity except God*

I tell thee a significant point known only to  
the people of ecstasy:  
for nations, *negation* expresses power,  
*affirmation* expresses beauty.  
*Negation* and *affirmation* together signify  
control of the universe:  
they are the keys to the doors of the universe.  
Both are the destiny of this world of  
Becoming.  
Movement is born out of *negation*,  
stationariness, out of *affirmation*.

Unless the secret of *negation* is grasped,  
the bonds of the other-than-God cannot be  
broken.  
The beginning of every work in the world is  
with the word of *negation*:  
it is the first stage of the man of God.  
A nation which burns itself in its heat for a  
moment  
recreates itself out of its own ashes.  
To say *No* to the other-than-God is Life:  
the universe is ever renewed by its tumult.  
Not every person is affected by its madness;  
not every haystack is fit to catch its fire.  
When this ecstasy affects the heart of a living  
person,  
he makes sluggards sitting on the roadside to  
move on swiftly.  
Dost thou wish the servant to fight the master  
(for his rights)?  
Then sow the seed of *No* in his handful of  
dust.  
Whoever has this burning ardour in his heart  
is more awe-inspiring than the Doomsday.  
*No* is a succession of violent blows;  
it is the rumbling of thunder, not the piping  
tune of a flute;  
its blow changes every being into non-being,  
So that thou comest out of the whirlpool of  
Existence.  
I relate to thee the history of the Arabs  
that thou mayest know its good and bad  
aspects.  
Their strokes broke Lat and Manat into pieces;  
confined within dimensions, they yet lived  
free of all bonds.  
Every old garment was torn off by them;  
Chosroes and Caesars met their doom at their  
hands.  
At times deserts were overrun by their  
thunder showers;  
at other times seas were churned by their  
storms.  
The whole world, no more than a straw, was  
set afire by them:  
it was all a manifestation of *No*.  
They were constantly astir until out of this old  
world

they brought forth a new one into existence.  
The invitation to the truth (the call to prayer)  
is  
the result of their early rising;  
whatever exists is the outcome of their sowing  
(of seed).

The lamp of the tulip that has been lit up  
was brought from the banks of their river —  
They erased from the tablet of their heart the  
impress of the other-than-God;  
hundreds of new worlds therefore came into  
being at their hands.

You will similarly see that in the period of  
Western dominance  
capital and labour have come to blows.  
As the heart of Russia was sorely afflicted, the  
word  
*No* came out of the depths of her being.  
She has upset the old order  
and applied a sharp scalpel to the veins of the  
world.

I have closely observed her position which is:  
*no kings, no church, no deity.*  
Her thought has remained tied to the wind-  
storm of *negation*,  
and has not marched towards the affirmative  
*but*.

Maybe a day will come when through force of  
ecstasy  
She may extricate herself from this whirlwind.  
Life does not rest at the station of *Negation*,  
the universe moves on towards *but*.

*Negation* and *affirmation* both are necessary for  
the nations:

*Negation* without *affirmation* is their death.  
How can Khalil (friend) be ripe in love  
unless *negation* guides him towards  
*affirmation*?

O you who indulge in debate in your closet,  
raise the cry of *negation* before a Nimrod.  
What you see around you is not worth two  
grains of barley,  
be acquainted with the might of *there is no*  
*deity*.

He who has the sword of *negation* in his hands  
is the ruler of all the universe.

### *Faqr*

O slaves of material things, what is *faqr*? —  
a penetrating insight and a living heart.  
*Faqr* is to sit in judgment over one's own  
work,  
and to envelop oneself round the words there  
is no deity.  
*Faqr* is conquering Khyber and living on  
barley meal,  
kings and nobles are tied to its saddle-straps.  
*Faqr* is ardour, ecstasy and submission to the  
will of God.  
It belongs really to Mustafa; we are only its  
trustees.  
*Faqr* makes a nightly assault on the angelic  
hosts,  
and on the hidden forces of Nature;  
it transforms you into a different man,  
and turns you from a piece of glass to a  
diamond.  
Its whole equipment is derived from the  
Great Quran.  
a dervish cannot be contained in a blanket.  
Although he speaks very little in the assembly  
of people,  
yet this little enlivens a hundred assemblies.  
It gives to the wingless the ambition to fly,  
and the majesty of a falcon to a gnat.  
When a fakir falls out with kings,  
the throne trembles before the mat's majesty.  
He sets the whole town in tumult through his  
madness,  
and frees the people from tyranny and  
oppression.  
He does not settle but in places  
where a falcon runs away from before a dove.  
His heart's power flows from ecstasy and  
sobriety.  
His slogan before the king is *no kings*.  
It is through his dust that our fire glows and  
burns,  
the flame trembles before the meanest  
particles of his dust.  
No nation suffers defeat in the battle of life  
as long as it has a single dervish.  
Our honour is due to his lordly contentment,  
our yearning is due to his carefree zeal.

Look at yourself in this mirror,  
that God may bestow on you clear authority.  
The essence of faith lies in the graciousness of  
*faqr*;  
the might of faith flows from its  
highmindedness.

The King of the Faith said to the Muslims:  
"The whole earth is my mosque."

Seek protection from the revolution of the  
nine heavens,  
that the Muslim's mosque remains in the  
hands of others.

The person of pure faith tries hard  
to take back the mosque of his beloved Lord.  
O you who talk of renunciation of this world,  
don't talk of it,  
renunciation of this world lies in conquering  
it.

To be its rider is to free oneself from its  
bondage:  
it is to rise above the status of water and clay.  
This world of water and clay is the Muslim's  
quarry,  
would you advise a falcon to give up its prey?  
I am unable to understand  
why a falcon should flee from the skies.  
Alas! for a falcon that does not follow its  
nature,  
that recoils from inflicting pain on little birds,  
that remains confined to its nest, afflicted and  
depressed,  
and does not wing the azure expanse of the  
skies.

The Quranic *faqr* is a critical examination of  
Existence:

it is not mere rebeck-playing, intoxication,  
dancing and singing.

What is a believer's *faqr*? It is conquering of  
dimensions,  
the slave acquires attributes of the Lord  
through it.

The *faqr* of an unbeliever is flight to the  
wilderness,  
the *faqr* of a believer makes land and sea  
tremble;  
life for the former is solitude in caves and  
mountains,

life for the latter flows from a glorious death;  
the former is seeking God through  
renunciation of flesh,  
the latter is whetting one's *khudi* on the stone  
of God;

the former is killing and burning out of *khudi*,  
the latter is to illumine the *khudi* like a lamp.  
When *faqr* becomes naked under the Sun,  
the Sun and the Moon tremble through its  
fear.

Naked *faqr* is the warmth of Badr and Hunain,  
it is the sound of Husain's *takbir*.

When *faqr* lost its zest for nakedness,  
the Muslims lost their might (jalal).

Alas! for us and for this ancient world!  
neither you nor I possess the sword of  
negation.

O young man, free your heart of the other-  
than-God,  
and barter away this ancient world.

How long can you live careless of the plight  
of your faith?

O Muslim, this kind of life is as good as death.  
The man of faith renews himself;  
he does not look at himself except in the light  
of God;  
he measures himself by the standard set by  
Mustafa,  
and thus succeeds in creating a new world.

Woe to a nation that has fallen so low  
that it gives birth to kings and lords but not to  
a single dervish.

Do not ask me to tell you its story, for how  
can I describe what is indescribable?

Tears choke my throat;  
it is better if this commotion remains within  
the heart.

The Muslim of this land has lost all hope in  
himself,  
for a long time he has not seen a true man of  
God,

hence he has grown sceptical about the  
strength of his faith,  
and has started waylaying his own caravan.  
For three centuries the *Ummah* has been  
wretched and helpless,

it lives on without an inner (spiritual) fire and  
ecstasy.

Lowly in thought, mean of nature, vulgar in  
taste,

its teachers and religious preceptors are  
devoid of fervour;

its low thoughts have made it wretched,  
and lack of unity has made it sick of itself.

As he (the Muslim) is not aware of his true  
station,

the zeal for revolution has died in his heart.

For lack of contact with a man of knowledge,  
he has become

feeble and dejected, and incapable of  
accepting truth.

He is a slave who has been rejected by his  
Lord,

who has grown poor, indigent and absolutely  
careless.

He has no wealth which may be snatched  
away by a king,

nor has he any (spiritual) light that may be  
taken away by a Satan.

His religious leader is a disciple of the  
Frankish lord,

though he boasts of the station of Bayazid.

He says: Bondage gives splendour to religion,  
and life consists in being devoid of *khudi*.

He looked upon the enemy's political control  
as a mercy;

danced in adoration round the Church and  
died.

O you who are devoid of spiritual zest and  
anguish,

do you know what this age of ours has done  
to us ?

This age has estranged us from ourselves  
and cut us asunder from the beauty of  
Mustafa.

Since love for Mustafa departed from the  
breast,

the mirror lost its natural lustre.

You did not understand the real character of  
this age,

and have lost the wager in the very first  
move.

Since your mind got involved in its vortex,

no live desire appeared in your heart.

Subject yourself to examination and do not  
forget yourself;

be forgetful of the other-than-yourself for a  
while.

Why do you give in to fear, doubt and  
melancholy?

Realise your position in this country.

This garden (country) has many tall trees,  
therefore do not make your nest on a low  
branch.

O man unaware of yourself you have a song  
in your throat,

recognise your true stock and do not fly with  
crows.

Give yourself the keenness of a sword,  
and then hand yourself over to Destiny.

You have within you an irresistible storm,  
before which a lofty mountain is but straw.

The grandeur of the storm lies in restlessness;  
for it to rest for a moment is to die.

I am neither a theologian nor a jurist with an  
analytical mind,

nor am I acquainted with the intricacies of  
*faqr*.

For all my keen insight into the ways of faith,

I am slow-footed;

all my work is incomplete and what to me  
appears mature is unripe,

but God has given me a heart full of living  
passion

and thus enabled me to unravel one knot out  
of a hundred.

"Take your share of my fire and ardour,  
there may not come after me a *fakir* like me."

### *The free man*

The free man is strong through repetition of  
*Fear not*;

in the battlefield we are hesitant while he is  
daring;

the free man is clairvoyant through *There is no  
deity*,

he does not fall into the snare of kings and  
lords;

like the camel, the free man carries burdens:

he carries burdens but lives on thorny bushes.



He sets his foot so firmly on the ground  
that the pulse of the pathway begins to throb  
with his ardour;  
his soul becomes more everlasting through  
death,  
his call of *takbir* is beyond words and sounds.  
The dervish gets tribute from kings,  
who regards the stones of the pathway as  
mere glass.  
The warmth of your nature is due to his red  
wine;  
your stream is watered by his river.  
Kings in their silken robes  
are pallid from fear of that naked *fakir*.  
The essence of faith for us is report, for him it  
is vision  
he is within the house while we are outside  
the door;  
we are friends of the Church, we sell  
mosques,  
he quaffs cups from the hands of Mustafa  
himself;  
He is not indebted to the wine-seller, nor has  
he the cup in his hand;  
we have empty cups, while he is intoxicated  
since eternity.  
The face of the rose is red through his grace,  
his smoke is brighter than our fire.  
He has in his bosom a clarion call to nations,  
their destiny is inscribed on his forehead.  
We turn in worship sometimes to the Church  
and sometimes to the temple,  
he does not seek his sustenance from others'  
hands;  
we are all slaves of the Franks, he is His slave,  
he cannot be contained in this world of colour  
and smell.  
Our days and nights are spent in anxiety for  
livelihood;  
but what is our end?—pains of death.  
He alone has stability amidst this world of  
instability;  
death for him is one of the stations of life.  
The people of the heart feel frustrated in our  
company,  
but the grace of his company puts a heart  
even into dust.  
Our life is subject to doubts and misgivings,

he is all activity and little talk;  
we are beggars roaming the streets and  
destitute,  
his *faqr* is equipped with the sword of *There is  
no deity*;  
We are mere straw caught in a whirlwind,  
his stroke on the mountain brings out springs  
of water.  
Get acquainted with him and avoid us,  
destroy your present house and acquire a new  
one.  
Complain not of the revolving sky  
revive yourself through associating with that  
living person.  
Association is better than knowledge of  
books,  
companionship of free men is creative of men.  
A free man is a deep and shoreless sea,  
get your water from an ocean and not from a  
canal.  
His breast is in ferment like a boiling kettle,  
for him a solid mountain is like a heap of  
sand.  
In peace, he is the ornament of the assembly,  
like spring wind to the garden;  
on the day of battle, he, the knower of his  
destiny,  
digs his own grave with his own sword;  
fly from us like an arrow,  
and catch hold of his skirt with a frenzy.  
The seed of the heart does not develop out of  
water and clay,  
without the look of the people of the heart.  
In this world you do not count more than a  
piece of straw  
unless you attach yourself to the skirt of  
somebody.

#### *The essence of the Shari'ah*

I have learnt many things from the Master of  
Rum,  
especially have I burnt myself in (the fire of)  
these words of his:  
“‘If you carry money for the sake of the Faith,  
that money is a blessing,’ says the Prophet.”  
If you don't keep this point in mind,  
you are a slave and money is your lord.

The welfare of the nations is in the hands of  
the poor,  
while the rich man causes disruption to the  
nations.

In his eyes, novelty is something mean,  
he buys only old things;  
what is wrong he regards as right  
and is afraid of the upheavals of revolution.  
The capitalist usurps the portion of the  
labourer,  
and robs the honour of his daughter.

The labourer bewails before him like a reed,  
with constant cries issuing from his lips.  
His cup lacks wine;  
he builds palaces but is himself a homeless  
wanderer.

Praise be to the rich person who lives like a  
dervish  
and is God-oriented in an age like ours.

Unless people understand the significance of  
a lawfully earned food,  
life of society becomes miserable.

Alas! Europe is not aware of this principle,  
her eyes do not see through God's light;  
she does not know lawful from unlawful,  
her wisdom is immature and all her activities  
defective

One nation preys on another,  
one sows the seed, another takes away the  
harvest.

It is "wisdom" to snatch food from the weak  
and to rob their body of the soul.

The way of the new culture is to murder  
people;  
and this killing is done under the garb of  
commerce.

These banks, the result of clever Jews'  
thinking,  
have taken away God's light from the heart of  
man.

Unless this system is destroyed completely,  
knowledge, religion and culture are mere  
empty names.

In this world of good and evil, man seldom  
knows  
what is profitable to him and what is harmful;  
nobody knows the right and wrong of an act,

which path is straight and which crooked.  
The Shari'ah grows out of life's bosom;  
its light illumines the darkness of the  
universe.

If the world were to accept its judgment  
regarding what is forbidden,  
this system would endure for ever.  
It is not for the jurists to evaluate it, O son,  
look at it in another way;  
its legal formulations are based on justice and  
submission to Divine Will,  
its roots lie in the bosom of Mustafa.  
it is through "separation" (from God) that  
desires warm the hearts.

When "He" manifests Himself, you will cease  
to exist.

This separation is no doubt hard to bear,  
try not to seek union with Him, rather submit  
to His will.

Mustafa communicated His will to us;  
the injunctions of religion consist of nothing  
else.

The throne of Jamshid is hid under the mat (of  
a fakir),

*Faqr* and political authority are both stations  
of (submission to God's) Will;

accept the injunctions of the Shari'ah and do  
not complain,  
the field of battle is not the place to argue  
why.

So far as you can help, do not disobey its law,  
so that nobody may disobey your orders.  
Be of *the best make* through the Shari'ah,  
and inheritor of Abraham's faith.

O man of lofty attributes, what is Tariqah?  
to see the Shari'ah in the recesses of life's  
heart.

If you wish to see the essence of religion  
clearly,  
look but into the depth of your heart;  
if you do not enjoy vision, your faith is only  
compulsion;

such a religion is a veil between you and God.  
If man does not see God fully manifest,  
he cannot rise higher than (the polarity of)  
free-will and determinism.

Dive into your inner nature for a moment,

become a man of truth, don't rely on mere  
conjecture—  
that you may see the right and wrong of  
things,  
and know what secrets lie behind these nine  
veils.  
He who shares in the experiences of the  
Prophet  
gets close to the faithful Gabriel.  
O you who are proud of having the great  
Quran,  
how long will you sit (inactive) in cell?  
Reveal to the world the essence of religion,  
and the significance of the clear Shari'ah;  
none need be dependent on another (for one's  
primary needs),  
this is the sum and substance of the clear  
Shari'ah;  
the jurists and the theologians have spun long  
tales;  
the faithful have failed to grasp this point.  
A living nation met its death due to  
misinterpretations,  
her heart lost fire (of life).  
I have seen Sufis of pure heart  
and taken good stock of the teacher in school,  
my age produced a prophet too,  
who could see in the Quran nothing but  
himself;  
every one of them is fully conversant with the  
Quran and the traditions;  
but they are totally unaware of the true  
significance of the Shari'ah.  
Reason and tradition both have fallen prey to  
lust,  
their pulpit is a counter for the display of their  
wares.  
There is no hope of salvation from these  
reformers.  
What is the use of the sleeve when it lacks the  
White Hand?  
The problems of the nations cannot be set  
right by you,  
Unless you prove by action that you are the  
bearer of truth.

*Lament on the Differences among Indians*

O Himalayas! O Attock! O Ganges!  
how long shall we go on living sordidly like  
this ?  
The old lack insight,  
the young are devoid of love;  
East and West are free, but we are slaves of  
others;  
our bricks go to the building of others'  
mansions.  
To live according to the wish of others  
is not deep slumber; it is eternal death;  
this is not a death that comes from the sky;  
its seed grows out of the depths of one's soul.  
Its prey waits neither for the undertaker nor  
for the grave,  
nor for friends from far and near;  
no clothes are torn in grief over his death,  
his hell is not on the other side of the skies.  
Do not seek him among the crowd on the Day  
of Judgment,  
his tomorrow lies in his today.  
What use is there to produce before God  
one who has both sown the seed and reaped  
the fruit in this world?  
A nation that does not relish the prodding of  
desire  
is wiped off the face of the earth by Nature.  
It is through magic that the crown and the  
throne acquire authority;  
what is frail as glass becomes through magic  
hard as stone.  
Under the influence of this "clear  
enchantment,"  
Muslims abjured their faith and unbelievers,  
their unbelief.  
The Indians quarrel with one another  
having revived their old differences,  
until a Frankish nation from the land of the  
West  
assumed the role of a mediator between Islam  
and *kufr*.  
Nobody knows water from mirage,  
Revolution, O revolution, O revolution!  
O you who are always anxious for material  
sustenance,  
ask of God a living heart;

although its seat is in water and clay  
 yet the nine heavens are under its authority.  
 Do not think it belongs to the earth,  
 it really comes from the highest heavens.  
 The world is for it the Friend's abode  
 and gets the Friend's smell from the tulip's  
 tunic.  
 It is constantly at war with the world,  
 the stones on the path are broken to pieces by  
 its strokes;  
 it is familiar with the pulpit and the gibbet,  
 and keeps a strict watch over its own fire;  
 it is only a streamlet but has oceans in its lap,  
 its ripples bring tidings of storms;  
 it is not by bread that it lives,  
 it dies as soon as it loses its vision of the  
 Truth;  
 it is like a lamp in the dark chamber of the  
 body:  
 it illumines both multitude and solitude.  
 Such a heart, ever watchful of itself and God-  
 intoxicated,  
 is not achieved except through *faqr*.  
 O young man, catch hold of its skirt firmly,  
 you have been born in slavery, now live free.

### *Present-day politics*

It strengthens the chains of the slaves;  
 the inexperienced call it "freedom".  
 When it saw the people's agitation,  
 it drew a curtain over the face of imperialism.  
 It characterised State as multi-national,  
 and thus covered its trickery under this naïve  
 phrase.  
 One can hardly move about freely in its  
 environment,  
 no door can be opened by its keys.  
 It said to the bird in cage, "O sorrow-stricken  
 bird,  
 build thy nest in the house of the hunter;  
 he who builds his nest in meadows and  
 gardens  
 cannot be secure from falcon and hawk."  
 Under its spell, the self-deluding bird,  
 enamoured of grain,  
 choked its wailings in its throat.

If you desire (real) freedom, do not get caught  
 in its coils,  
 remain thirsty rather than pine for moisture  
 from its vine.  
 May God protect you from its speech and its  
 equivocal word!  
 The eyes (of the people), through its  
 collyrium, become more blind,  
 and the helpless are rendered more helpless  
 through its subterfuges;  
 may God protect us from the wine of its cup,  
 and from its gamester's tricks.  
 The free man does not neglect his ego;  
 protect yourself, do not take its opium pill.  
 Speak the word of (truth like) Moses before  
 Pharaohs  
 so that your stroke may split the river into  
 two.  
 My heart is grieved at the dishonour suffered  
 by the caravan,  
 I do not see the light of soul in its leader;  
 he is a worshipper of the body, ambitious of  
 worldly honour and short-sighted:  
 his heart devoid of the light of *la ilah*,  
 he was born a Muslim but is a disciple of the  
 church,  
 he rent asunder the veil of our honour;  
 to catch hold of his skirt is the height of  
 foolishness,  
 his breast is devoid of a shining heart.  
 In this path rely on yourself, for nobody  
 goes hunting deer with the help of blind dogs.  
 Alas! for the nation that shuts its eyes from  
 itself,  
 gives its heart to the other-than-God, and  
 breaks loose from itself.  
 When *khudi* died in the breast of the *millat*,  
 the mountain became a straw and was blown  
 away by the wind.  
 Although it has *la ilah* in its very constitution,  
 yet it gave birth to no true Muslim.  
 One who gives faith to the faithless,  
 whose self-prostration makes the earth  
 tremble,  
 who utters *there is no god* at the risk of his life,  
 from whose blood grows (the flower of) *there  
 is no god*;

that ecstasy, that ardour of longing, has  
disappeared,  
no longer is there such a man of heart in the  
sanctuary.  
O Muslim, in this ancient tavern,  
how long will you remain in the snares of  
Satan?  
Ask (of God) His blessing in your striving and  
delight therein,  
nothing is attained without midnight  
supplications.  
How long to live in the ocean like a floating  
straw?  
Become hard like a mountain through self-  
control.  
Although the wise do not reveal the state of  
their heart to anybody,  
I cannot hide from you my heart's grief.  
Being a slave and born in slavery,  
I have wandered away from the threshold of  
the Ka'bah.  
When I recite salutations in the name of  
Mustafa,  
my whole being suffers acutely through  
shame.  
Love says: "O slave of others,  
your breast is like a temple full of idols;  
so long as you do not have the colour of  
Muhammad  
do not pollute his name by your salutations."  
Do not ask me about my inattentive standing  
in prayer  
and about my prostration lacking in ecstasy.  
God's manifestation, although it may last but  
for a moment,  
is enjoyed by free people alone.  
When a free man falls down in prostration  
before God,  
the blue sky revolves round him ecstatically;  
we slaves are unaware of his might  
and of his beauty and grace.  
Do not seek the ecstasy of faith in a slave,  
even if he be a *hafiz* of the Quran.  
He is a Muslim but behaves like an Azar,  
his religion and gnosis are all *kufir* (unbelief).  
If you have life's ardour in your body,

you will know that the ascension of a Muslim  
is in his prayer.  
If you have no warm blood in your body,  
your prostration is but conformity to an  
ancient custom;  
the 'Id of the free people is the glory of State  
and religion,  
the 'Id of the slaves is but a congregation of  
Muslims.

*A few words to the Arab people*

May your land prosper till eternity!  
who raised the cry: no Caesars and Chosroes?  
In this world of near and far, fast and slow,  
who was the first to read the Quran?  
who was taught the secret of *la ilah?*  
where was this lamp (of knowledge) lighted?  
From whom did the world gain knowledge?  
for whom is the (Quranic) verse revealed: *You  
became?*  
It was due to the bounty of the one called  
*Ummi*  
that tulips grew out of the sandy desert of  
Arabia.  
Freedom (as a concept) developed under his  
care,  
that is, the "today" of the peoples is from his  
"yesterday";  
he put a "heart" into the body of Adam  
and removed the veil from his face,  
he broke all the ancient gods;  
every old twig, through his breath, grew a  
flower.  
The excitement of the battles of Badr and  
Hunain,  
Hyder, Siddiq, Faruq and Husain,  
the grandeur of the call to prayer,  
the recitation of the Quranic *Surat al-Saffat*, in  
the battlefield,  
the sword of Ayyubi and the look of Bayazid,  
the keys to the treasures of both the worlds,  
reason and heart intoxicated with one cup of  
wine,  
a mixture of *dhikr* and *fikr* of Rum and Rayy;  
knowledge and science, Shari'ah and religion,  
administration of State;  
ever-dissatisfied hearts within the breast,

al-Hamra and the Taj, of world-consuming beauty,  
that win tributes from the celestial beings—  
all these are moments of his time,  
a single lustre of his manifold manifestations.  
All these heart-pleasing phenomena are his  
outward aspects,  
his inward aspect is still hidden from the  
gnostics.

*"Limitless praise be to the Holy Prophet,  
who gave to this handful of dust true belief in  
God."*<sup>1</sup>

God made you sharper than the sword:  
He made the camel-driver the rider of  
destiny.  
Your *takbir*, your prayer and your war:  
on these depend the fate of East and West.  
How good this dedication and selfless  
devotion.  
Alas! for this grievous affliction and  
melancholy!  
The nations of the world are promoting their  
interests,  
you are unaware of the value of your desert;  
you were a single nation, you have become  
now several nations,  
you have broken up your society yourself.  
He who loosened himself from the bonds of  
*khudi*,  
and merged himself in others, met certain  
death.  
Nobody else ever did what you have done to  
yourself.  
The soul of Mustafa was grieved by it.  
O you who are unaware of the Frankish  
magic,  
see the mischiefs hidden in his sleeves!  
If you wish to escape his deceits,  
turn away his camels from your ponds.  
His diplomacy has weakened every nation  
and broken the unity of the Arabs.  
Ever since the Arabs fell into its snares,  
not for one moment have they enjoyed peace.  
O man of insight, look at your times,

<sup>1</sup> Iqbal's note—[From] Khwaja Attar with verbal alteration.

recreate in your body the soul of 'Umar.  
Power lies in the unity of the true religion,  
religion is strong will, sincerity and faith.  
As his heart knows the secrets of Nature,  
the man of the desert is Nature's protector.  
He is simple, and his nature is the touchstone  
of right and wrong,  
his rise means setting of a hundred thousand  
stars.

Leave aside these deserts, mountains and  
valleys,  
pitch your tent in your own being.  
Whetting your nature on the desert wind  
set your dromedary onto the battlefield.  
The modern age was born out of your  
achievements;  
its intoxication is the result of your rose-red  
wine.

You have been the expositor of its secrets,  
and the first builder of its edifice.  
Since the West adopted it as its own,  
it has grown into a coquette, with no sense of  
honour.

Although she is sweet and pleasant,  
yet she is crooked, saucy and irreligious.  
O man of the desert, make what is unripe  
mature  
and refashion the world according to your  
touchstone

*What should then be done O Nations<sup>2</sup> of  
the East?*

The West has put mankind in grievous pain,  
and, through it, life has lost all charm.  
What should then be done, O people of the  
East?—  
that the life of the East may once again  
brighten up.

A revolution has occurred in the East's heart,  
night has passed away, and the sun has risen.  
Europe has fallen prey to its own sword;  
it has laid the foundation of secularism in the  
world;  
it is a wolf in the garb of a lamb,

<sup>2</sup> We have changed the translator's 'People of the East' to the more well-known title.

every moment in ambush for a prey.  
The difficulties of mankind are due to it,  
it is the source of all the hidden anguish of  
man.  
In its eyes man is nothing but water and clay,  
and the caravan of Life has no goal.  
Whatever you see is the manifestation of  
God's light;  
the knowledge of things is a part of God's  
secrets.  
He who sees God's signs is a free man,  
the basis of this wisdom is God's order: *Look*.  
Through it the believer is more successful in  
life than the non-believer  
and more sympathetic towards others.  
When knowledge illumines his mind,  
his heart grows more and more God-oriented.  
Knowledge of things is like elixir to our dust,  
alas! its effect in the West is different.  
Its (the West's) reason and thought have no  
standards of right and wrong,  
its eyes know no tear, its heart is hard as  
stone.  
Knowledge, through it, has become a disgrace  
for all,  
Gabriel, in its society, has become Iblis.  
The wisdom of the Franks is an unsheathed  
sword,  
ever ready to destroy the human species.  
In this world of good and evil, intoxication of  
knowledge  
does not suit mean natures.  
May God protect us from the West and its  
ways,  
and from its secular thinking;  
the Westerners have changed true knowledge  
into magic,  
nay, rather into unbelief.  
A hundred mischiefs have raised their head  
on all sides,  
snatch away the sword from the hands of this  
highwayman.  
O you who know the distinction between  
body and soul,  
break the spell of this godless civilisation.  
Breathe the soul of the East into the West's  
body,

that it may afford the key to the door of  
Reality.  
Reason under heart's guidance is godlike;  
When it frees itself from the heart, it becomes  
Satanic.  
At every moment life is a struggle,  
the situation in Abyssinia affords a warning;  
the law of Europe, without any doubt,  
allows wolves to kill sheep.  
We should set up a new order in the world,  
there is no hope of relief from these  
plunderers of the dead.  
There is nothing in Geneva except deceit and  
fraud:  
this sheep is my share, that is yours.  
There are many subtle ideas of the West  
which cannot be expressed in words,  
a world of mischief and disorders lies hidden  
in them.  
O you who are enamoured of colour, rise  
above colour;  
have faith in yourself, deny the Franks.  
The strings of gain and loss are in your hands,  
the honour of the East depends on you.  
Bring all the ancient nations together;  
raise the flag of sincerity and rectitude.  
The life of the votaries of truth depends upon  
their possessing power,  
and the power of every nation depends upon  
unity.  
Wisdom without power is deceit and  
enchantment,  
power without wisdom is ignorance and  
madness.  
Ardour, harmony, sympathy and  
compassion—all come from Asia,  
both the wine and the cup are Asia's.  
We taught love the way of ravishing hearts  
and the art of creating man.  
Art as well as religion came from the land of  
the East  
whose sacred dust is the envy of the heavens.  
We revealed to the world all that lay hidden,  
the sun is from us and we are of the sun.  
Every oyster has its pearl through our spring  
rains,

the majesty of every ocean is due to our storms.  
 We have discerned our souls in the songs of the nightingale  
 and the blood of Adam in the veins of flowers.  
 Our thought, seeker of the secrets of Existence,  
 was the first to strike the note of life  
 We had in our breast a wound of passion,  
 made by us into a lamp to illumine the pathway of life.  
 You are the trustee of religion and culture,  
 bring out the White Hand from under your sleeve.  
 Rise and solve the problems of the nations,  
 put out of your head the intoxication of the West.  
 Set the pattern for the unity of Asia,  
 snatch yourself away from the hand of Ahriman.  
 You know the West and its deeds,  
 how long will you remain tied to its strings?  
 The wound, the lancet and the needle are all West's,  
 ours is the pool of blood and the expectation that incision will be stitched up.  
 You know that kingship is power to rule,  
 but power, in our times, is mere commerce.  
 The shopkeeper is a partner in political power,  
 trade brings in profit and political power brings in tribute.  
 If a ruler is also a shopkeeper,  
 you will find good on his tongue, but evil in his heart.  
 If you can assess him properly,  
 you will find your coarse cloth finer than his silk.  
 Pass off his workshop unmindful of everything,  
 do not buy his fur in winter.  
 His principle is: to kill without striking;  
 death lurks in the movement of his machines;  
 do not exchange your mat for his rugs  
 and your pawn for his queen;  
 his pearl is blemished, his ruby impure,

the musk of this merchant is from the navel of a dog.  
 Sleeping on his velvet will rob you of your eyes,  
 and its beauty will rob you of yourself.  
 You have made a muddle of your affairs,  
 do not build up your prestige on his basis;  
 a wise person would not drink wine from his pitcher,  
 and anyone who did would drop dead in the tavern;  
 while negotiating a business deal, he is all smiles and sweet word,  
 we are like children and he is a sweetmeat seller.  
 He fully knows the heart and look of the buyer,  
 O God! is this commerce or magic?  
 Those dealers in merchandise take away all the profit,  
 we buyers are all blind.  
 O free man, sell, wear and eat only that which grows out of your own soil.  
 Those pure of heart, who are aware of themselves,  
 have themselves sewn their simple garments.  
 O you unaware of the deeds of the present age,  
 see the skilfulness of the people of Europe.  
 They weave out of your wool and silk,  
 and then offer them to you for sale.  
 Your eyes are taken in by their appearances;  
 their colour and glamour turn your head.  
 Alas for the river whose waves did not fret,  
 and which bought its own pearls from the divers!

### *To The Holy Prophet*

*On the night of 3 April 1936, while I was staying in Dar al-Iqbal, Bhopal I saw in a dream Sayyid Ahmad Khan (on whom be God's mercy). He advised me to place before the Holy Prophet the state of my health.*

O you who are helper of helpless people like us,  
 free this nation from the fear of death.  
 You burnt down ancient idols



and renewed the old universe.  
In this world where men and genii are  
engaged in meditation and devotion,  
you are the morning prayer and the call to  
prayer.  
*La ilah* is the essence of ardour and ecstasy,  
it sheds light in the dark night of doubts.  
We did not make gods of cows and asses,  
nor did we bow our heads before soothsayers;  
we did not prostrate ourselves before ancient  
gods,  
nor did we walk in adoration round the  
palaces of kings and nobles;  
this is all the result of your benevolence,  
our thought has been nourished by your  
kindness.  
Our remembrance of you is the source of  
delight and rapture,  
and keeps the nation jealous of its honour  
even in poverty.  
You are the goal of every wayfarer,  
the ideal that everyone aspires to attain.  
We are a defunct musical instrument  
whose chords do not respond to the plectrum  
any longer.  
I have wandered through lands, Arab and  
non-Arab,  
Bu Lahab is everywhere, Mustafa nowhere.  
The so-called enlightened Muslim  
has no lamp to illumine the darkness of his  
heart.  
Even in his youth he is soft like silk,  
the desires in his heart are short-lived.  
He is a slave, son of a slave, son of a slave,  
who dare not think of freedom;  
the school has drained him of love for  
religion;  
all I can say about him is that he existed at  
one time;  
forgetful of himself and enamoured of the  
West,  
he begs bread of barley from the hands of the  
Franks.  
This hungry man bartered away his soul for a  
piece of bread  
and caused us great grief thereby.  
He picks up grain from the ground like  
domestic birds

and is unaware of the blue expanse of space.  
The teacher, lacking intellectual equipment  
and insight,  
did not inform him of his real stature.  
The fire of the Franks has melted him:  
this hell has totally transformed him.  
He is a believer and yet unaware of the secret  
of Death.  
His heart does not believe in the truth that  
None is supreme except Allah.  
As his heart has died in his breast,  
He does not think of anything except food  
and sleep.  
For one piece of bread, he bears the sting of  
yes and no,  
for a day's meal he begs favours from a  
hundred persons.  
He buys false gods from the Frank,  
though he is a believer, his mind is an idol-  
temple.  
Say: *Get up at my order and quicken,*  
revive in his heart the cry: *Allah is He,*  
We are all under the spell of Western culture,  
and are martyrs at the altar of the Franks.  
From that nation whose cup is now broken,  
produce a single man who is God-intoxicated,  
*so that the Muslim should learn to see himself  
again  
and look upon himself as the cream of the whole  
world.*  
O rider, rein in your horse for a moment;  
I cannot easily find words to express my  
mind.  
Should I give expression to my desire or not?  
Love is not restrained by etiquette;  
Love says: O grieved one, open your lips;  
etiquette says: Open your eyes and keep your  
mouth shut.  
The whole universe revolves round you.  
I entreat a look of mercy from you.  
You are my *dhikr* and *fikr*, my knowledge and  
gnosis;  
you are my boat, river and storm.  
Not even a lean, frail and weak deer  
could anybody tie to my saddle-strap.  
My shelter is the sanctuary of your street:  
I turn towards you with a hopeful heart.

No longer am I able to nourish song in the  
breast  
and open a hundred buds with a single breath.  
My song has broken in my throat;  
the flame no longer comes out of my breast.  
My words have lost their fervour  
and I have ceased to enjoy my morning  
recitation of the Quran.  
How could songs remain confined within my  
breast—  
songs that could hardly be contained in the  
mind.  
They need a limitless expanse--  
the whole breadth of nine heavens.

Ah! the pain that afflicts my body and soul,  
a look from your eyes is my remedy.  
These medicines no longer agree with this  
weak soul of mine:  
their bitter taste and smell are unbearable.  
My condition cannot be improved by these  
medicines:  
at the very sight of them I cry like a child.  
I deceive myself by sugar-coating them,  
the physicians laugh at me in their sleeves.  
I seek relief from you as did Busairi<sup>3</sup>,  
and pray that old days may come back again.  
Your kindness to sinners is great:  
it is forgiving like a mother's love.  
I am battling against the worshippers of  
darkness,  
replenish my lamp with oil.  
Your existence lends lustre to the world,  
do not deny my soul a reflection from it.  
*You know that value of the body is due to soul,  
and the value of the soul is due to the reflection of  
the Beloved!*<sup>4</sup>  
I have no hope from other-than-God,  
make of me either a sword or a key.  
I am quick in understanding the significance  
of religion;  
the seed of action, however, has never  
sprouted out of my dust.

<sup>3</sup> Iqbal's note—Busairi, the author of the famous *Qasidah Burdah*, a poem in praise of the Holy Prophet. It is related that his poem found acceptance and the poet was relieved of paralysis.

<sup>4</sup> Iqbal's note—[the italicised verses are from] Rumi.

Sharpen my axe all the more,  
for I have a task greater than that of Farhad.  
I am a believer and I do not deny myself;  
test me on the touchstone, you will not find  
me false metal.

Although the field of my life has remained  
barren,  
yet I possess a tiny thing called "heart".  
I keep it hidden from the eye of the people,  
for it bears the marks of your horse's hoof.  
For a slave who does not seek material means  
life without you is as good as death.  
You blessed a Kurd with fluency in the Arabic  
tongue,  
call your slave into your presence—  
a slave who bears like the tulip a mark on his  
heart,  
which his friends are unaware of,  
a slave who weeps like a reed,  
his soul almost burnt through constant songs.  
I am like a half-burnt piece of wood in the  
desert,  
the caravan has passed on, and I am still  
burning.  
In this vast world  
perhaps another caravan one day appear.  
My soul, afflicted with separation, cries  
within me:  
O my lament! Ah me! Ah me!

## THE TRAVELLER

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF A BRIEF VISIT TO  
AFGHANISTAN  
OCTOBER 1933

*In the Name of Allah Almighty, the Most  
Beneficent and the Most Merciful*

Nadir, the Afghan monarch, meek in the spirit  
like a dervish,  
blessings of God on his noble soul;  
affairs of the nation sound by his sagacity,

his sword protector of the luminous Faith;  
like Abu Dhar melting himself in prayer,  
his blow in fight shattering rocks.  
The time of Siddiq was renewed by his grace.  
the days of Farooq made afresh by his glory.  
Bearer of anguish for the Faith like a tulip,  
in the night of the East his person a lamp;  
in his sight the ecstasy of inspired men,  
the essence of his life charged with fervour.  
Kingship, a sword, and dervish-hood, the  
inner sight,  
both these are pearls from the sea of *la Ilah!*  
*Faqr* and kingship are twin incidences of the  
Prophet.  
these are but effulgences of his charismatic  
self.  
Both these powers spring from a believer's  
self,  
one is the Qayam and the other prostration.  
*Faqr* is all feeling, pain, scalds and aspiration;  
its glory lies in rolling in blood,  
Felicitations without end to the *faqr* of this  
martyr.  
O breeze, O traveller with high speed; my  
winged Hermes,  
blow softly in going round his grave;  
the King is asleep, lay your feet softly,  
open the knot of the bud even more gently.  
I received a message from his glorious self,  
which infused new life in me. It ran:  
"I was burnt sere O! by your fiery lay,  
how happy the nation which knows your  
intent."  
Our nation knows well your heart-ache,  
we know from where these notes arise.  
O you like lightning in the lap of our  
clouds,  
the East aglow and bright with your light,  
Shine awhile on our mountains,  
grant once again the same burning fever.  
How long will you remain bound in  
chains?  
You are a Moses, take to the path of Sinai."  
I passed over gardens and villas, plains and  
terrains, barren and dry,  
stopping over hills and mountains like the  
breeze.

Khayhar is not unfamiliar with godly men;  
Its breast is full of thousand stories.  
I have seldom seen paths more intricate and  
criss cross,  
the sight gets lost in their winding courses.  
Seek not grass in its barren crags,  
colour and scent arise not from its core.  
It is a land whose partridges have the temper  
of a hawk;  
in its clime white fierce falcons with sharp  
talons,  
the leopard starts trembling by their fear.  
But on account of lack of centrality, it is in a  
bad plight.  
Lacking order, it is imperfect and half-baked.  
No majesty of falcons in its people's flight,  
Which is less even than that of pheasants.  
Alas! this nation without the glow of life!  
Its time is devoid of happenings;  
one is lying prostrate and the other standing  
up,  
its condition is just like a prayer without an  
*imam*.  
Its flask shattered to pieces by its own stone;  
Alas! this parlous state — a today without the  
morrow.

#### *Address to people of the Frontier*

O you who are hidden to your own self,  
discover yourself.  
In the Islamic Faith concealment is taboo.  
Know you the secret of the Prophet's *Deen*?  
Seeing one's self explicitly is being right royal.  
What is the *Deen*? Finding out your self's  
secrets.  
Life is sheer death without beholding your  
self.  
That Muslim who keeps his self  
selects himself only out of the whole world.  
He knows the very nature of the universe.  
He is the sword yclept: *There is naught Existent  
except God*.  
Both space and hyper-space are full of this  
tumult;  
the nine skies are straggling in its expanse.  
So long as his heart is a secret out of the  
secrets of God,

alack if he sees not his own self!  
 The votary of God is heir to prophets,  
 he is not contained in the world of objects.  
 In order that he should create another world,  
 he shatters this old, weather-beaten one.  
 A live person is free from fealty to others than  
 God,  
 There is a lamp lighted in him by the ego.  
 His foot is firm in the strife between good and  
 bad;  
 his remembrance of God is the scimitar and  
 his contemplation the shield.  
 His morning is by a call which arises from the  
 depth of his soul, not by the light of the  
 orient sun.  
 His nature is sans directions in the midst of  
 dimensions;  
 his is the sanctuary round which the world  
 revolves;  
 A particle from his path is the sun;  
 the Book bears testimony to his lofty status.  
 His nature finds exposition by the millat  
 making his eye bright therewith.  
 His eye is lustrous by this corporate body.  
 Be lost a bit in the Quran and Traditions,  
 O ignorant one! Then plunge into your own  
 covert self.  
 Lost you are in the world bewildered and  
 confounded,  
 Losing your unity you are blown into bits.  
 The manacle of "other-than-God" binds your  
 feet.  
 Alas, this mark of bondage on your forehead!  
 Leader of the people, be afraid of this inner  
 mischief;  
 be afraid of the deterioration of the Afghan  
 spirit.  
 Let me kindle you with the fire of godly folk  
 teaching you by the precept of the master  
 saint Rumi.  
 "Seek livelihood from the Lord, not this  
 and that,  
 seek stimulation from Him, not from  
 hemlock and wine.  
 Seek not mud, eat it not and seek it not;  
 for the mire is foul and always pale in hue.  
 Seek the heart so that you always remain  
 young,

your face crimson with refulgence divine.  
 Be a man and move about the earth like a  
 steed,  
 not like a dead corpse carried on the  
 shoulders."  
 Complain little of the cerulean sky,  
 revolve not round anything except your sun.  
 Become aware of the lofty station of spiritual  
 ardour.  
 If a mere mote, become the hunter of the sun  
 and moon.  
 Take measure of the present world  
 and raise aloft your voice therein.  
 The coherence of this world is by unity alone,  
 life herein means unity in this subterranean  
 world.  
 Leave off these scents and hues old,  
 purge yourself of antiquated aspirations.  
 All this stuff is not worth even a barley grain.  
 Devise anew live aspiration, for life has its  
 base therein.  
 Develop your identity by this aspiratin of  
 yours.  
 The eye, ears and senses are all sharpened by  
 it.  
 A pinch of dust gives rise to tulips thereby.  
 He who does not sow the seed of aspiration in  
 his heart  
 becomes downtrodden by others like rocks  
 and stones.  
 Aspiration is the wherewithal of kings and  
 lords;  
 it is the discerning cup of a mendicant.  
 It is this turns water and clay—the physical  
 self—into a human being.  
 It is that which acquaints us with ourselves.  
 When a spark leaps up from our body's dust,  
 it grants a mote the vast expanse of the sky.  
 The son of Azar, Abraham, constructed the  
 Ka'bah,  
 thereby converting the earth to alchemy with  
 just a glance.  
 You too build a self in your corporeal frame  
 and convert a pinch of dust of your self into  
 alchemy.

*The traveller enters Kabul and visits the  
late Martyr King*

The city of Kabul, its clime resembling  
paradise;  
You get the Water of Life from the vein of its  
grapes,  
the eye of poet acquires collyrium from its  
precincts.  
Observe its jesamine beds in the darkness of  
night:  
you would say as if the dawn lolls on the  
carpet of its grass.  
That city with the lovely climes in that  
hallowed land,  
its breeze is better far than that of Syria and  
Rum.  
Its water so glittering and earth radiant,  
the dead earth springs into life with its  
pleasant draughts.  
Its excellence cannot fall into the grasp of  
words' expressions,  
suns upon suns lapped in sleep in its  
mountains;  
its inhabitants complacent and genial,  
unaware of their mettle like a sword.  
The royal palace named Dilkusha (Heart-  
Ease), the dust on its way  
is like alchemy for those who come to it.  
I met the king in his lofty palace  
— a poor fakir in the presence of a monarch.  
His courteous nature opened wide the partals  
of hearts,  
nothing in the way of ways and formalities of  
kings.  
This humble one in the presence of that noble  
king  
was like an insignificant person in the court of  
'Umar the great caliph.  
My heart melt with the warmth of his hand,  
I kissed his hand out of humility.  
A king pleasant of speech and plainly clad,  
hard in striving, mild of nature and warm-  
hearted.  
Sincerity and frankness apparent from his  
looks.  
Both Faith and realm firm in his person.

Of earth earthly but purer than angels  
luminous;  
cognizant of both modesty and kingship.  
In his sight the affairs of both East and West;  
his sagacity knowing their secrets alike.  
A king knowing subtle matters well like a  
sage  
knowing the causes of rise and fall of nations.  
He said, "with the fire that you have in mind,  
I hold you as dear as my own son.  
Anyone who bears scent and hue of love  
is like Hashim and Mahmud in my eyes."  
I presented a copy of the glorious Quran  
to this noble Muslim as a gift.  
I said this is the whole and sole substance of  
men and God;  
it contains the very essence of life in all its  
absoluteness.  
Therein is the endpoint of all beginnings.  
By virtue of it, Hyder threw open the gate of  
Khyber.  
The intensity of my words ran into his blood.  
and tears upon tears trickled from his eyes in  
serried train.  
He said, "I, Nadir, was a helpless one,  
bewildered because of the sad plight of the  
Faith and homeland;  
hills' arid tracts were unaware of my  
perturbation,  
ignorant of my boundless sorrows.  
I raised cries with the note of the nightingale  
mixing my tears with the stream aflow in  
spring.  
I had no solace except that of the Quran;  
its powers opened all doors to me."  
The words of that king of high lineage  
caused again an upsurge in me.  
The call of noon prayer arose awhile  
which rids a believer of all limits.  
The climax of ardent love is nothing but  
intense feeling,  
so I performed the prayer in his lead.  
The secret of that standing and prostrating  
cannot be told except to those who are close  
associates.

*At the tomb of the heaven-resting emperor  
Babur*

Come, for the harp of the West has fallen out  
of tune.  
There is no note in its chords but only a wail.  
Time has a thousand times adorned old idols;  
I have not swerved from the Harem because it  
has a firm foundation.  
The banner of the Ottomans has risen high  
again,  
I know not what has befallen the Timurids.  
How happy that your body has found rest  
here.  
For this land is free from the witchcraft of the  
West.  
Kabul is a thousand times better than Delhi  
which has been the bride of so many  
bridegrooms.  
I preserve the bloody tears in my eyes  
because I am a poor fakir and this is God-  
given wealth.  
Although the High Priest of the Harem keeps  
reciting *la ilah*,  
Where is the glance sharper than a steel  
blade?

*Visiting Ghazna and offering reverence to  
the sage San'ai*

By the favour of the martyred King,  
my mornings and evenings were as pleasant  
as those of Eid.  
Bard of the East, the Indian fakir,  
was guest unto that monarch with saturn as  
throne.  
Ever since I moved from the royal city,  
travelling became lighter for me than sojourn.  
I opened my breast to the breeze by which  
tulips had sprung up the past year in the  
mountains.  
Alas! Ghazni, the home of learning and art,  
the hunting ground of lion-hunters of yore,  
a beautiful bride of Mahmud's realm,  
of whose *henna*-dyed adorners one was the  
Sage of Tus.  
In it resting in eternal sleep the Ghaznavid  
sage too

by whose voice the hearts of men grew  
strong.  
That seer of the unseen, man of high station  
by whose iteration Rumi's passion rose to a  
climax.  
I exulted in the Present, he exulted in the  
Hidden,  
both having their wheewithal  
from zest for the sight of sights.  
He raised the veil from the face of Faith  
and my thought indicated the destiny of a  
believer.  
Both learnt their lesson from Quranic  
Wisdom.  
He speaks of God while I speak of godly folk.  
I felt afire in the tomb's atmosphere  
to such an extent that I became apprized of a  
cry.  
I said to him, "O you seer of the secrets of life,  
both this world and the other luminous to  
you,  
our age is infatuated by material things  
symbolised by water and clay,  
which raises problems without end for those  
godly.  
Leave aside what the believers suffered  
at the hands of Western nations,  
there has sprung up so much mischief in the  
Harem even.  
Since the believers sight was not disciplined  
by the heart,  
the glamour of the West bewitched his eyes.  
O you seer of the hidden, leader of the  
knowing once,  
by whose beneficence the rawness of the seers  
became mature,  
whatever is there hidden behind the veil, let  
me know;  
may be the wave once past should come back  
in the stream.

*San'ai's Spirit Speaks from Heaven*

I came to know the knower of good and bad  
by continence,  
I became alive and deep of sight by  
sublimation.  
I mean that austerity which knows the way

and beholds God with the light of the self.  
It seeks *la ilah* within itself, uttering it beneath  
the sword.  
Think of the inside and spin not around your  
body like women.  
Fling the ball on the ground like men.  
Rulership in this world of water and clay,  
is bought by one drop of blood of the heart.  
Believers under this azure sky live  
by ardour and regaling.  
Know you not where from ardour and ecstasy  
arise?  
These are but rays shot from the sun of the  
Prophet.  
You are alive so long as there is spirit in you.  
It is this that safeguards your faith.  
Become aware of the secrets of your water  
and clay  
and then apply the alchemy of the heart to  
both comprising your physical system.  
The art is the fountainhead of all power by the  
faith  
and faith is a miracle of miracles of *esprit de  
corps*.  
Seek not faith in books, O you ignorant one!  
Knowledge and wisdom come from books  
but faith arises from the heart.  
Bu Ali Sina knows only mere elements of the  
body;  
he knows not the ailments of the heart.  
Cast away the sweet and bitter of Bu Ali,  
the cure of the heart lies with the men of  
heart.  
The Prophet is an ocean with surging waves,  
arise and enclose this river in your channel.  
You have for years twined around its shore,  
but not seen the buffets of its lashing waves.  
Fling yourself in the river for a while  
so that the departed spirit should come back  
to the body.  
O Muslims, tread not any path save that of  
God  
and despair not of His general mercy.  
Leave off seclusion and seek manifestation.  
so that the earth should quake by your  
prostration.  
I saw restless Nature the other day,  
that moving spirit of all that happens;

her eyes riveted on the good and bad of the  
universe,  
the hidden things unfolded to her sight.  
I asked her what are you searching?  
in search of whose warp and woof?  
She said: By the order of the gracious Lord,  
I am fashioning out a new Adam from the old  
earth.  
She examined a pinch of dust in a hundred  
ways,  
turning over and over again, weighed and  
added to it.  
At last she imparted the hue and lustre of a  
tulip  
and cast *la ilah* in its core.  
Wait till you see another spring arise,  
more iridescent than the one bygone.  
Every time your antagonist resorts to  
machinations  
so that you should not come by this  
vegetating season.  
I keep my eyes on the inside of the rose  
branch,  
and have seen a stir therein.  
We cannot prevent the tulips from blooming  
in the meadows, vales, mountains.  
A man of sensitive type can hear  
the note that is still in the throat.

*At the Tomb of Sultan Mahmud*

Cries arise from my heart in spite of all  
restraint,  
Alas! that city we had in the times past.  
That city, those palaces, streets are all in ruin,  
That glory, splendour, magnificence a mere  
tale now.  
The cupola, circumambulated by the lofty  
sky,  
this is the grave of Sultan Mahmud.  
He whose name a babe when weaned of  
mother's milk,  
first pronounced in the cradle.  
A consuming lightning his unsparing sword;  
lands and climes aquiver on his onslaught.  
Under the sky his flag a sign of God,  
angels reciting the Quran on his grave.  
My nimble fancy took me off from myself

so that I did not remain in this world of late  
and soon.  
That sun arose in my breast by the effulgence  
of which  
the hidden became manifest.  
The sun on high prostrates before whose  
splendour;  
from his rays the past rises up.  
I was rid of this world of eyes and ears  
so that I clearly saw the past morning like  
today.  
The city of Ghazna, a paradise of colour and  
hue,  
with streams to aflow trilling out songs  
in the palaces and common streets.  
Its palaces ranged row upon row,  
the sky grazing with its cupolas.  
I saw the bard of Tus in the royal assembly  
and the army of Mahmud in the battlefield.  
My spirit strolled in the world of secrets  
till a frenzied one woke me up.  
That fervour, that intensity and poignancy of  
his,  
speaking like an audacious voluptuary.  
He sowed the seed of a tear in that  
wilderness.  
He was having a colloquy with God.  
Since I was not unaware of this secret,  
I was all afire with his voice's heat.

*Supplication of a frenzied one*

The tulip for getting just ray of the sun,  
has such curveting within a branch!  
When the spring brings it out in the open,  
it tells it to stay here for not more than a  
moment.  
Both life and death furnish gear to each other,  
I know not whether one is better than the  
other.  
Life is a perpetual strife between the  
unpleasant and pleasant.  
Today's hue and freshness spring from  
yesterday's blood.  
Alack this machination of morn and eve,  
alack!  
O God, the contriver of body and soul,  
this frenzied one has to say a word to You.

I saw mischief in this old abode;  
there are mischiefs there within and without.  
Did this world come into existence with Your  
device,  
or some other deity created it?  
Its inside all peace but the outside all strife.  
The hearts of sentient ones all shattered to  
pieces.  
There is no trace of sincerity and purity!  
Broken is the jar, and the saki no more!  
Your eye is on the tulip-faced ones of the  
West;  
man is bereft of freshness by whose sorcery?  
By what does this universe acquire order?  
O you infatuated by the charm of idols,  
the godly man with luminous spirit,  
was alone Your vicegerent in this world.  
He is bound fast in the love of silver, kith and  
kin.  
Shatter this idol-house if you can.  
This Muslim whom does he worship? There's  
not the least tumult in his soul.  
His breast without feeling and spirit without  
any clamour.  
He is an Israfil whose trumpet is dumb.  
His heart is unstable and soul palsied;  
his stuff is of no worth in this world.  
Infirm in the battle of life,  
bearing idols in his sleeves.  
Like the infidels he regards death as mortal.  
His fire is of little worth like dust.  
Raise again a flame from his inert clay,  
that very urge to search and search once  
more.  
Grant him again that inner verve,  
that very manifold zest and zeal.  
Make the East firm by his self,  
bring out a new morn from his cellar;  
split the Red Sea with his staff,  
let Caucasia Quake with his glory.

*Seeing the Prophet's garb at Qandhar*

Qandhar, that place of paradisiac charm,  
Its dust the heart's desire of men of heart.  
These hues, scents, waters!  
These waters glittering like mercury!  
Tulips in the coign of the mountains.



fires frozen within pomegranates.  
Its streets the streets of the friend for us,  
O camel-driver, set the litter for the beautiful  
one.

I sing again of the mates of Najd  
and bring the dromedary into ecstasy with  
my chant.

*Ghazal*

I come from the temple of Magians  
intoxicated with the passing of wine.  
I was inebriate with the wine of *illa* in the  
state of *la*.

I know his eyes perceive the capacity of every  
person,  
the saki has made me ecstatic by his  
blandishment and beckoning.

It is time I should again open the tavern of  
Rumi:

I have seen the custodian of the Harem  
intoxicated in the churchyard.

It is not the work of a philosopher, catch hold  
of the hem of a Moses, who conversed with  
God.

A hundred persons enrapt with the shore and  
but one tipsy with the river.

I took my heart to the garden where it became  
numb with the breeze

It dies in a park, this tulip stimulated by the  
desert!

From his delightful words, the secrets of the  
Harem shine out:

I saw a mini-infidel yesterday intoxicated in  
the valley of Bat'ha.

Is this Sinai or Faran? O God, what is this  
place?

Each particle of my dust is an eye lost in  
beholding the garment of that Interstice that  
cannot be crossed.

I behold in his saying—*For me two garbs*  
Continenence and Jihad;

Both his Faith and system expositions of the  
whole;

on his forehead inscribed the destiny of all.  
Intellect made him knower of secrets,

and love a matchless sword.

He is the destination of the caravan of ardour,  
we are but a pinch of dust and he the heart  
thereof.

To see his outside is our *asra'*,  
and in his inner self is our Aqsa.

From his garment I sensed his perfume;  
he gave us the shout of *Allah-hu*.

What did my reckless love do to my heart?  
Whatever tempestuous wine to the flask.

It leapt in the breast because of wild rapture  
till it rushed out of the eyes.

It said: I am Gabriel and radiant light;  
I never saw him like this before.

It recited lines from Rumi, laughed and wept,  
O God! who is this sage gone wild?

It talked to me so volubly in the sanctuary,  
talking of wine, Magian pages and wine cups.

I asked it what audacious words these be;  
close your lips for this is a solemn occasion.

I have nurtured you with my blood and made  
you fit

for raising a morning sigh.

Note again this point you who understand,  
the love of disciplined lovers is naught but  
restraint.

It said: Reason and restraint are a blight for  
the heart,

ecstasy and frenzy are its nature.

It raised shouts upon shouts till it fell into  
prostration;

there was only the flame of its voice but itself  
no more!

*At the Mausoleum of Ahmad Shah Baba  
Founder of the Afghan Nation*

The grave of that enlightened king  
from whose self a nation arose;  
its dome is regarded as a sanctuary by the  
sky,

like Fateh, conquerer of Constantinople,  
this stalwart fighter struck coins in the realm  
of poetry even;

angels invoke blessings on his grave.

By the munificent heart and pearl-scattering  
hand he had,

he acquired realms and gave them away

without taking any thought. A connoisseur, a  
 seer and wielder  
 of the sword, his soul fell into talk with me.  
 He said: I know where you stand,  
 your high station; your song is alchemy for  
 denizens of the earth.  
 Stocks and stones acquire a heart from your  
 bounty,  
 the Sinai of the heart is bright with your  
 speech.  
 O you knower of the Friend's street, come to  
 me,  
 and stay awhile, for you hear the smell of the  
 beloved.  
 Happy he who made the self his mirror  
 and in that recognised the world.  
 This earth and the sky have grown old,  
 the moon has become blind because of the  
 indifference of the sun.  
 There is need of the heat of commotion now  
 so that the pristine hue and scent should come  
 back.  
 A true believer acts like Israfil  
 whose trumpet shatters every thing old.  
 O you whom God has granted a restless  
 spirit,  
 you know the secrets of rulership and Faith,  
 tell, O tell the son of Nadir patently;  
 disclose what is in your mind to Zahir  
 unreservedly.

*Address to the King of Islam,  
 Zahir Shah  
 —may God bless him with help*

O you on whom the robe of kingship fits well,  
 your shadow is like alchemy for our dust.  
 Your self a standard for ruler-ship;  
 your majesty a fortress for the realm and  
 state.  
 Through you, O the wherewithal of Victory,  
 Ahmad Shah's throne has acquired new  
 glory.  
 Let the breasts without your love be barren;  
 bereft of heart and aspiration.  
 The bright sword you wear round your waist,  
 even midnight turns into morning with its  
 sheen.

I know well this rare sword is that of Nadir,  
 what shall I say, its nature is evident.  
 I have brought a word of love, accept it from  
 me.  
 learn from a fakir the secret of kingship.  
 O you whose sight is sharper than that of a  
 falcon,  
 look at the God-given land.  
 What we see is by whose dispensation?  
 What is it that ought to be but is not?  
 Days and nights are a reflection of our  
 endeavours;  
 these are the mirror of our destiny.  
 I tell you, O stubborn young man,  
 what is the future but a child of today  
 the sky fold upon fold revolves around him?  
 He is the glory of the world of hue and scent,  
 the day gone by, today and morrow, all are  
 his.  
 A votary of God is the soul and substance of  
 day and night  
 because he is the star governing his destiny.  
 A discerning person, chief of the nation,  
 no sword is sharper than his sight;  
 we are all quarries but he is not.  
 By the thought of this seasoned one  
 events quake in the womb of time.  
 Accomplished men befriend like your father,  
 and those who have a deep insight.  
 Like that departed one be wide awake,  
 striving hard, spirited and intrepid.  
 Do you know what is meant by Karrar (knight  
 veteran)?  
 It is one of the high stations of Ali.  
 For nations in this ephemeral world, life is not  
 possible  
 without this indispensable sterling quality.  
 Look at the annals of the Ottomans  
 who lapped at the bled hands of the  
 Europeans.  
 Since they possessed material spirit,  
 they flew their banner in the world once  
 more.  
 Why did the Mussulmans of India lose  
 ground?  
 Their mettle lacked the stimulus of fighting  
 spirit.

Their pinch of dust waxed so cold that my  
fiery muse bore no effect on them.  
The spirit and thought of Nadir are in your  
blood.  
Sternness with geniality pervades you.  
O you the lustre of the eyes of young and old,  
learn the knack of handling things from  
Hashim and Mahmud,  
as also from that man with whom the voice of  
truth  
rang aloud in hills and plains—Wali.  
We can be restless day and night and create a  
new age.  
There are a hundred worlds still in the Quran,  
burn yourself a little in the flames of its  
verses.  
Give again the Afghans a new fiery spirit,  
give their time a New Year's day.  
A nation lost in hills and cliffs.  
I have observed a new thing in its forehead.  
Since there was an intense feeling in me,  
God has made me aware of its destiny.  
I have carefully scanned its affairs  
and perceived clearly what is hidden.  
A man out in the field remains alive with  
*Allah-hu*,  
under his feet lies the world of four  
directions.  
A person who does not bind himself to other-  
than-God,  
can break a stone with his glass.  
He cannot be contained in this limited world  
of what and how much.  
Brand not this river by calling it a bank.  
When this masterly person removes the veil  
from his face,  
he is himself the reckoning, the reward, the  
chastisement.  
Our whole and sole is the Book and its  
wisdom;  
both these powers form the glory of the *millat*.  
The Book spells the victories of the world of  
ardent inspiration,  
this, the wisdom, determines the success of  
this world of above and below.  
Both are the bounties of the eternal God;

for believers one is all grace and the other  
majesty.  
The knowledge of things is not European in  
origin,  
its root is the zest for invention.  
If you see well, it owes its existence to the  
Muslims,  
this pearl has fallen from our hands.  
When the Arabs spread their wings in the  
West,  
they laid a new foundation for learning and  
knowledge.  
The seed was sown by these dwellers of the  
desert,  
but the harvest was reaped by the Europeans.  
This fairy sprang from the glass of our  
ancestors;  
win her again because she hailed from our  
Caucasia.  
But get away from a faithless civilisation  
because it is at war with men of God.  
This mischief-monger brings forth mischief,  
bringing back the idols Lat and Uzza to the  
Ka'bah.  
By its sorcery the eye of the heart is made  
blind;  
the spirit dies of thirst for lack of water.  
It takes away the joy of restlessness of the  
heart,  
nay, the heart itself from the body!  
An old thief, it loots with open hands, the  
tulip wails where is my dot?  
Let God grant you the zest for the Presence—  
I tell you again what I said in the *Persian  
Psalms*:<sup>5</sup>  
“Living and dying, O discerning one, are  
but arbitrary categories;  
A deaf person is dead in respect of sound,  
knowing not what it means.  
He is senseless to sound.  
A blind man goes into ecstasy on hearing a  
harp,  
but he is as good as dead before colour.  
The spirit is alive and endures with God;

<sup>5</sup> We have changed the translator's *Zabur* to the expression more well-known in English.

otherwise it is dead for this and living for that.

He who is Living without death is God; to live with God is life absolute.

He who lives without God is nothing but a corpse, although no one laments him."

Benefit from the Quran if you want to endure, I have seen the Water of Life therein.

It gives the message of *Fear not*, and takes us to this very end-point.

The power of the kings and chiefs arises from *la ilah*;

the awe of fakir arises from it.

So long as we had the sword of *la* and *illa*, we left no trace of other-than-God.

The East is bright with my flame;

happy he who lives in my age.

Have your share from my flaming self,

for no fakir like me will come forth after me!

I have strung the pearls of the Quran

and explained the meaning of *Divine Colour*.

I have imparted a feeling into the Muslims, providing moisture to an old branch.

My passion has the mark of life,

the intellect acquires lustre from my wine.

Who has said moving words to the Muslims?

I cried like a flute in hills and plains

until my position became clear to me.

I learnt the word of passion and became afire,

I lighted again the extinguished fire.

I have been given a sigh of the morning.

granting the might of a mountain to a straw.

I bear the light of *la ilah* in my breast,

my wine owes its bracing effect to it.

My thought is sky-traversing by conferment,

My stream is averse to the bank thereby.

Therefore take one or two cups from my

brew.

so that you should shine like an unsheathed sword.