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Secrets of the Self*

(English Rendering of Iqbal's *Asrar-i-Khudi*)

By

MAQBOOL ELAHI



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**IQBAL ACADEMY PAKISTAN**

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## PREFACE

During Iqbal's centenary celebrations in 1977, unfortunately for me, I remained confined to a hospital bed. Convalescence, however, provided me with opportunity to browse through some renderings of Iqbal. One of these was the celebrated prose translation of the *Asrar-e-Khudi* by Prof. R. A. Nicholson. A translation of a poem in prose, however accurate, does not reflect the poetic beauty and appeal of the original. A tendency to paraphrase is visible in such prose translations. But a translator into verse is always himself a poet. Earlier, I had attained some measure of success in capturing and conveying the spirit of the original Punjabi poetic compositions of Sultan Bahoo and Baba Farid. This spurred me to undertake a versified translation of the *Asrar-e-Khudi* before the centenary year of Iqbal ran out. Nine years later it has been through at least as many revisions at my own hands.

I would have changed the title of the book from 'The Secrets of the Self' but for the international acceptance of the word 'secret' for the word 'Asrar'. I would have preferred any of the words 'faculties' or 'potentialities' or simply the 'ways' — which would have served to convey the latent powers of the Self on the development of which Iqbal's entire philosophy rests. But I advised myself against a challenge to the old established.

I chose the Victorian verse form for two reasons. The first was the form of the unmatched Persian original. I wished to attempt to put across to the English knowing readers what I have been able to understand of



the Masnavi (or the long poem), retaining the taste of Persian and the oriental simile, metaphor, flourishes of language and its peculiar references, as far as possible. My second reason was that in the East the versified form still remains dominant by far despite present attempts at free-verse and prose-poems in Persian, Urdu and other oriental languages of the East. This is a tradition very deep rooted in the literary tradition of the East. It is only in the second half of the present century that versified form of poetry has lost currency in the West. But they, too, cannot disown the wealth of thousands of years of rhymed and balanced poetry. English is an international language. If the idiom has changed in a part of the world that part is smaller population-wise. My rendering is meant for the dominant part — both in form and content, for I know, they still care. For them and those others who may be the inquisitive type are meant the brief notes to the translation.

Prof. Nicholson, the first and the earliest translator, had the double advantage of reading the Masnavi with Principal Shafi of the Oriental College in Lahore and of consulting Iqbal himself. He wrote the following about the literalness of this translation:

“To European readers the Asrar-e-Khudi presents certain obscurities which no translation can entirely remove. These lie partly in the form and would not be felt, as a rule by any conversant with Persian poetry. Often, however, the ideas themselves, being associated with peculiarly Oriental ways of thinking, are hard for our minds to follow. I am not sure that I have always grasped the mean-



ing or rendered it correctly.”

And again:

“The artistic quality of the poem is remarkable when we consider that its language is not the author’s own. I have done my best to preserve as much of this as a literal prose translation would allow”.

Being an Easterner, I am not very much up against the peculiar difficulties of Prof. Nicholson. But my task is thrice more uphill. The language of the original and of the translation are not my own. I have attempted a versified rendering in an effort to convey as much of its literal merit, diction, metaphor as possible for me. Wherever I felt that my rendering falls short of the meaning, I have used words in brackets, scattered here and there, which though additional to the text are only explanatory. Instances of words put in brackets and used merely for rhyme scheme are barely half a dozen. Same is the case with archaic words. These are like old tried friends who can be summoned and relied upon in times of need.

The two rhyming lines of the original have been rendered by me in stanzas of four lines each, of which the second and fourth rhyme. Typed in two lines, the form would have accorded with the original. The metre, however, is not consistent. It varies. Somehow I varied it unconsciously as the tempo of the original took hold of me. Later, during revisions, when I became conscious of this, I let it remain as it had come. A little irregularity in this respect may be sufferable in



some quarters at a time when regular verse is not acceptable at all these days in some others.

This translation is meant more for the English knowing Easterner than for the Westerners. But even for the latter, lapse of nearly 70 years after the first appearance of the book has opened much wider vistas of understanding the Eastern languages and minds. The impact of the Second World War, the United Nations Organization and the breath-taking scientific advancements have built bridges across remotest of countries and brought man nearer to man. Chinese and Arabic languages stand shoulder to shoulder with English, French and Spanish in all the world forums. So the language as well as the thoughts of the Orient are no longer as complex for the West as these were to Prof. Nicholson and his contemporaries. Moreover, Iqbal is no longer merely an audacious thinker of the beginning of this century but a recognized philosopher-poet of world renown. His words and thoughts, therefore, require to be communicated in their literalness which carry nuances and shades of meanings worthy of serious notice. Prof. Nicholson's translation of the *Asrar-e-Khudi* is admirable. I leave it to the readers to judge for themselves how far my translation reflects Iqbal's thought, poetic greatness and the grandeur of his diction and style.

Maqbool Elahi



## INTRODUCTION

In my woods, there is no dearth  
Of timber – green or dry  
A pulpit if it would not shape  
I make of it a cross!

*Naziri Neshapuri*

As the world-illuming sun ambushed  
The night on its way  
My weeping sprinkled on the cheek  
Of the rose its dewy ray

Sleep from the eye of narcissus  
My tears washed away  
My passion wakened the foliage  
And made it grow and sway

The gardener tested the power of  
My poetry on the clay  
He sowed a hemi-stitch but reaped  
A sword, (not flowers gay)<sup>1</sup>

He, in the garden did not plant  
But one seed of my tear  
With warp and weft of my lament  
He wove the garden's wear

A particle am I, radiance mine  
The luminous sun envies  
A hundred dawns lie in my bosom  
Eager for release

My dust is far far brighter than  
 2 King Jamshid's famous cup  
 (For), it knows well yet-unborn things  
 In (this) world's whole set-up

Already hunted has my thought  
 And from my saddle slung  
 The deer that has not as yet  
 From non-existence sprung.

My garden stands embellished by  
 The foliage yet unborn  
 I carry flowers in my skirt  
 Yet branches don't adorn.

Musicians' concert scattered I  
 Their meeting did disperse  
 I struck the plectrum on string-veins  
 Of the Universe.

Because the lute of my genius,  
 Has in it melody rare  
 My comrade even of my song,  
 Is sorely unaware.

I am the sun that's newly born  
 In this world (old and vast)  
 I hav'nt learnt the ways and laws  
 Of skies (swirling fast).

The stars have not yet taken flight  
 Before my splendour great  
 My quick-silver is static yet  
 Its stirring does await



Deprived of dancing light of mine  
 Is ocean (vast and deep)  
 And mountain(s) from my henna's hue  
 At distance themselves keep

With me are not familiar yet  
 Existence and life's eyes  
 Fearing I may expose myself  
 I, shaking, trembling, rise.

My roof received the rays of the sun  
 And broke the (spell of) night  
 And fresh dew settled on the rose  
 (Making the world so spright.)

I lie in wait for votaries  
 Who rise at early morn  
 How happy shall be the worshippers  
 Of fire within me born.

I am the song indifferent  
 To any plectrum – strokes  
 I am the voice melodious of  
 To-morrow's poet, (folks!)

My age is sorely ignorant  
 Of the mysteries deep  
 My <sup>3</sup> Joseph is not meant for  
 This market which is cheap

Despaired am I of my friends  
 Who stood by me in the past  
 My Sinai's all akindle  
 That Moses may come (fast).



So calm and noiseless like the dew  
 Is the ocean of my friends  
 Whereas my dew is turbulent  
 Like the stormy ocean's (trends.)

My song('s inspiration) is  
 From different world than this  
 (My) bell on other caravans  
 (Confers for march a bliss.)

Full many a poet truly great  
 After his death is born  
 He closed his eyes but opened ours  
 (To strive for a better morn).

Drew forth again from nothingness  
 Coquetish fare and ware  
 So very like a rose's rise  
 From its own dark grave's layer.

Full many a caravan has crossed  
 Although this desert bare  
 Like camel's softly falling steps  
 They passed without fun, fair.

A lover am I and crying is  
 My very faith and creed  
 The din of Judgement Day is but  
 A minion mine, indeed!

A song am I the flow of which  
 Exceeds the range of the chord  
 And fear not I that lute of mine  
 Shall break up in discord.

The water drop may better remain  
 Aloof from flood of mine  
 And ocean deep be better mad  
 Than face its fury ('s line.)

My Oman is of such expanse  
 No river shall contain  
 And many seas to hold my storm  
 Shall have to fully strain.

Unless a bud with moisture  
 Blooms into a garden whole  
 It does'nt deserve the sprinkling from  
 My spring-cloud('s bounteous dole.)

And in my soul are lightnings  
 Restful and sound asleep  
 The mountains and the deserts are  
 Within my easy sweep.

A hold you try with my sea  
 If you are a desert ('s span)  
 If Sinai, then try, receive  
 My lightning if you can.

The Fount of Life is wholly mine  
 I drink from it at will  
 All mysteries of my life have been  
 Unfolded to my fill.

The spark of dust was made alive  
 By my enkindling song  
 It turned into a fire-fly  
 Unfolding wings (flew 'long.)



No one divulged the secrets  
 That I have dared to do  
 Like thoughts of mine did ever pierce  
 The pearl of meanings through?

Life Everlasting's mystery  
 You wish to seek, then, come!  
 If you desire the conquest of  
 Both, world and heaven, come!

The old revolving heaven has  
 These secrets to me told  
 It unbecomes of me to hide  
 From my comrades old.

Arise, O Saqi! Pour the wine  
 Into my (empty) cup  
 Vexations all heaped up by Time  
 From heart of mine clear up.

The sparkle of the water which  
 From <sup>4</sup>Zam Zam gushes out  
 Makes of the beggar-worshippers  
 Jamshid; (there is no doubt).

It makes the thinking faculty  
 (More sober), more alert  
 And wakeful eyes it makes to be  
 More watchful (and expert).

And mountain's status it confers  
 On mere weightless straw  
 And makes the weakling foxes  
 The strength of lions draw.



On humble dust it sure bestows  
 The height of Pleiades  
 Vastness of sea to a water-drop  
 It gives, if it may please.

The silence deep it turns into  
 The clamour of Judgement Day  
 The foot of partridge scarlet-red  
 With hawk's blood make it may.

Arise! And pour into my cup  
 This pure and sparkling wine  
 And let the full moon shed its beams  
 On thoughts' dark night of mine.

That I may lead to journey's end  
 Those who did wander away  
 Instil impatience in their sight  
 To see its scenic sway.

That I may be in hot pursuit  
 Of quest another, new  
 And be acquainted with the thrill  
 Of aim, desire new.

For people having taste and verve  
 Eyes' pupil I may be  
 And sink in ears of the Universe  
 Like voice, grant this to me!

That I may raise the value of,  
 The worth of Poesy  
 By sprinkling tears from my eyes  
 On its herbs dry that be

Inspired by the living bliss  
 Of Murshid mine of Rum  
 I may rehearse the sealed book  
 Of Secret Sciences' bloom.

His soul is like a magazine  
 Of ever bruning flame  
 Whereas I'm but a fleeting spark  
 That gleams only in name.

The burning candle me – the moth  
 Reduce to ashes did  
 And liquor led a raid upon  
 My goblet (, flask and lid).

My Preceptor from <sup>5</sup> Rum has turned  
 My clay into pure gold  
 While from my dust he raised aloft  
 Perspectives to behold.

A grain of sand from desert bare  
 Packed up and then set forth  
 To catch in hand the ray of the sun  
 (What aim! What daring worth!)

A mere wave, his ocean vast  
 My destination is  
 That I may dive to bottoms deep  
 For glistening pearl of his.

The (lowly) I, who drunken get  
 From (his liquor,) his wine  
 With only his breath I sustain  
 Entire life mine.



Last night, my heart was aching  
 To cry, to lament  
 The all-pervading silence was  
 With cries of "My Lord!" rent.

With sorrows sore of this world  
 I groaned and I complained  
 Bewailing emptiness of cup  
 (From eyes my tears rained)

(They flowed and poured and rained and rained)  
 Till eyes could bear no more  
 Bereft of all endurance then  
 In sleep they found their shore

My <sup>6</sup> Master – moulded – truth itself –  
 Exposed to me his face  
 Who in the Persian language  
 Rendered Quranic grace.

Said he: "O lover of men of love!  
 To madness's extent  
 Take just one sip of wine, pure  
 (Bubbling with love's ferment).

On your heart strike you should  
 The din like Judgement Day's  
 The goblet dash on your head  
 Into knife your eyes' gaze.

Your smile let be the capital of,  
 The source of laments' cent  
 And with you blood-red tears let  
 The hearts of men be rent.

How long will you be silent, mute  
 Like bud ('s unopened lips)  
 Sell for a song your sweet-smell  
 Like roses' (early nip)

Like (fragrance-yielding) rue seeds  
 You dance, when burnt, in pain  
 Tie your litter right on the head  
 Of fire, flaming plain.

And finally, much like a bell  
 From body's every part  
 The silent lament lying within  
 Finds tongue and tollings start.

You're fire itself, take courage  
 Set fire to the Universe  
 Like you are burning, burn others  
 (For better or for worse)

Proclaim aloud the mysteries of  
 The old taverneer  
 Be like the ripple of wine and then  
 The robe of crystal wear.

Be a shattering stone for the mirror of  
 False apprehension, fear,  
 Right in the middle of down-town  
 Smash goblet, (O my dear!).

From bed of reeds like a reed-flute  
 Proclaim the message clear  
 The message of the tribe of Hay<sup>7</sup>  
 To Qais, (their maiden's lover).



Invent a style entirely new  
 For giving vent to pains  
 Enliven this assemblage  
 With cries and piercing strains.

Arise! Bestow a life fresh  
 On every living soul  
 With "Qum!" Arise! Mere breathing ones  
 Make live life full and whole!

Arise and force your feet to walk  
 On paths (and pastures) new  
 Throw off your head past passions  
 Old melancholy eschew.

Acquainted be with the delight  
 Of lively lovely speech  
 O bell of caravan! Awake!  
 (Through tolling marching teach)".

This exhortation set aflame  
 My (body, soul and) cloak  
 Wine-like, my being swelled with  
 Emotions fain would choke.

I struck my chord and there emerged  
 A music soft and sweet  
 With it I furnished Paradise  
 For ears' joyous treat.

And then the veil I took off  
 The Mystery of the Self  
 Exposed have I the secret of  
 The miracle of the Self.

The imprint of my Being was  
 But (sketchy) incomplete  
 Repulsive – (ugly), worthless  
 With uselessness replete.

Love formed and shaped and chiselled  
 To mould me into a man  
 And thus I gained the knowledge of,  
 The Universe, (Allah's Plan).

The sinews which revolve the skies  
 Their movement I have seen  
 And also in the moon's veins  
 Blood coursing through so clean.

Full many a night for man-kind  
 My eyes have shed tears  
 That I may rend the veil of  
 Life's mysteries, (hopes and fears).

That from the very focal point  
 Of possibilities' workshop  
 I may draw forth the secret of  
 Life's fabric's weft and warp

I who have beautified this night  
 So very like the moon  
 Am but dust of the foot-steps  
 Of the <sup>8</sup> Radiant Nation ('s moon)

The Nation voice of which resounds  
 In every vale and dale  
 Whose newest song enkindles  
 The fire in hearts (frail).



It sowed an atom but it reaped  
 Heapful of (brilliant) suns  
<sup>9</sup>Attar and Rumi were but two  
 Of hundreds of its sons.

A mere hot sigh though I am  
 For the heavens I am bound  
 And even though a mere smoke  
 Off-spring of fire found.

My pen inspired by the courage  
 Of my lofty thoughts  
 The secret of my firmaments  
 Into the desert casts

So that a mere drop become  
 Co-equal with the sea  
 And speck of sand aspire  
 The desert's expanse to be.

Mere poetry, of this Mathnavi,  
 Is not at all the aim  
 Creating idols for worship  
 Is farthest from its claim.

An <sup>10</sup>Indian am I and, therefore,  
 Of Persian ignorant  
 My cup is empty, I remain  
 Much like the moon crescent.

The charm of exposition's style  
 From me you please not seek  
 Like the <sup>11</sup>Khansar and Isphahan-born,  
 I own, I cannot speak.

Although the Indian language  
 Is, no doubt, sugar-sweet  
 Yet Persian is far sweeter  
 (And for my purpose meet).

Enchanted by its lovely grace  
 Has mind of mine become  
 My pen has turned into the twig  
 From <sup>12</sup> Sinai's Tree out-come

The loftiness of my thoughts  
 And Persian stand at par  
 The nature of my thought it suits  
 (I must drink **at its** bar).

O man of sense! I ask of you  
 Don't criticize the flask  
 And cheer your heart, (by telling it):  
 "Taste wine – that is your task"

<sup>1</sup>That character, equality and effect of his poetry is different than that of others' is the import of this stanza. While ordinary poetry is sedative and luring, in his case the emphasis is on its action-arousing effect.

<sup>2</sup>This legendary Persian Emperor is reported to have been in possession of a miraculous bowl in which the whole world was reflected to him. On looking into it he could see and tell what was happening in any corner of the world.

<sup>3</sup>Prophet Joseph was sold as a slave-boy for a trifle.

<sup>4</sup>The perennial spring at Mecca. Its water has healing properties. It gushed forth miraculously when the prophet Ismail, son of Ibrahim (Abraham, the Patriarch) during his infancy, rubbed his heels on the ground due to thirst, while some distance away his mother, Hajira, ran between the two mounts of Safa and Marwa in search of water, both being extremely thirsty, in the uninhabited wilderness.

Drinking of water of Zam Zam is one of the musts of the Muslim pilgrimage to Mecca.



<sup>5</sup>Jalal-ud-Din Rumi, the universally known Maulana, author of the "Mathnavi Maulana Rumi." Born in 1207 A.D. at Balkh he died in 1273 A.D. and lies buried in Konya in modern Turkey. Hence known as Rumi as Anatolia was then known as Rum. He travelled to Baghdad, Mecca, Damascus and other renowned centres of learning till he finally settled down in Konya as a great scholar and professor. He turned to mysticism under the enchanting influence of Shamsuddin Tabrizi. He founded the Maulavi order of mystics i.e. of dancing dervishes.

His Mathnavi is reputed to be the "Quran in Persian". He expounded Sufism.

Iqbal is a great admirer of Rumi. He takes him to be his preceptor like Virgil did Dante. Besides reverentially quoting him in most of his works, Iqbal has given him the place of his mentor-guide through Heavens, in his book Javid Nama.

Rumi was the greatest mystic poet of the Persian language. He believed in Wahdat-ul-Wujud i.e. all things are a part of the same entity i.e. Allah.

<sup>6</sup>Maulana Jalal-ud-Din Rumi.

<sup>7</sup>Tribe to which Laila, the beloved of Qais or Majnun belonged.

They are two characters of the most famous romance in the Arabic language. The romance has been versified in almost all the languages of the Muslim world.

<sup>8</sup>The Muslim nation.

<sup>9</sup>Another world-renowned savant.

<sup>10</sup>Asrar-i-Khudi was written much earlier than the birth of Pakistan. Hence the dreamer of Pakistan called himself an Indian.

<sup>11</sup>Two cities of Iran, famous as the place of birth of a number of Persian poets and literary personalities.

<sup>12</sup>Sinai's tree "refers" to the sacred tree of the scriptures where Moses was shown the light.

# I

## EXPOSITION OF THE THEORY THAT ORDER IN THE UNIVERSE ORIGINATES FROM SELF AND THAT THE CONTINUATION OF THE LIFE OF INDIVIDUAL EXISTENCE DEPENDS ON THE SELF

The form of all existence is  
Effect alone of the self  
What ever you see all around  
Are Secrets of the Self.

When the Self itself decided to  
Arouse its consciousness  
It laid bare to open sight  
The world of thoughtfulness.

A hundred worlds lie hidden in  
Its (essence and) its being  
The Other-than-self is patent from  
Self's force in self-confirming.

Thus it has sown in this world  
Its opposition's seed  
Itself it thus imagines to be  
The Other-than-self indeed.

Out of itself it makes and moulds  
The forms of other than self  
So as to enhance pleasure from  
Perpetual strife with self.



It kills and slays with strength of  
 Its own sinewy arm  
 So as to be aware of  
 Its might ('s extensive storm).

Its self-deception means to it  
 The essence of very life  
 Like to a rose ablution with  
 Its blood means life is rife.

For just one rose, it lays waste  
 A hundred gardens' prune  
 A hundred lamentations makes  
 For one melodious tune.

For just one sky it brings forth  
 A hundred crescent moons  
 A hundred dissertations  
 For just one letter's (boons)

For all this wastefulness and for  
 This cruelty multiplied  
 Creation and perfection of  
 Soul's beauty is justified.

The loveliness of <sup>1</sup> Shirin is  
 The cause for Farhad's pain  
 For just one fragrant navel  
 Musk-deers of <sup>2</sup> Khutan are slain.

The fate of moths is constantly  
 Themselves to immolate  
 And for this sacrifice unique  
 The candles compensate.

The Self's pen laboured to draw  
 A hundred circles, lines  
 To bring into a bold relief  
 The dawn of Morrow's signs.

A hundred<sup>3</sup> Abrahams consumed  
 Its many sided flame  
 So that a lamp be lighted  
 Of one Mohammad's name.

For purposes of action  
 It dons so many a gauze  
 Of subject and of object  
 Of means and of cause.

It rises, instigates and flies  
 It glows and it runs  
 It burns, enkindles and it draws  
 It dies and breathes (in turns).

The spaciousness of Time  
 For it arena is  
 The sky is but a ripple of  
 The dust of path (of<sup>4</sup> his).

To its rose-culture owes the world  
 These flowers in button-holes  
 The night is caused by its sleep  
 Day by its wakeful goals.

Its flame it did split into  
 The littlest well-lit sparks  
 And worship of minute details  
 It taught to Reason ('s clerks).



It split into (invisible) bits  
 Did atoms thus create  
 It scattered for the wee-est while  
 To desert procreate.

Then it became so weary of  
 Self-scattering might and main  
 That it, unifying self again,  
 Turned into a mountain.

To manifest, expose itself  
 Is the nature of the Self  
 In every atom lies asleep  
 The might and main of the Self.

It is the power noiseless  
 For action ever keen —  
 But action which has chained by  
 Causes of action been.

As life of the Universe springs  
 From the power of the Self  
 So life rests in proportion  
 Directly to the Self.

When the drop of water learns by heart  
 One letter of the Self  
 Its indigent existence  
 Turns into the pearl itself.

And wine from weakness of its Self  
 Is formless and shapeless  
 For form it begs the favour of  
 The goblet's shapefulness.

Although the cup of wine assumes  
 Proportionate beautiful norm  
 It is beholden to our hands  
 To come to real form.

On losing its self-consciousness  
 Turns a mountain into sand  
 And then complains of ravages of  
 The flooded river's strand.

A wave is a wave as long as it  
 Hugs bosom of the sea  
 It makes itself the rider of  
 Seas' shoulders, (fast and free).

Light made a halo of itself  
 To make itself an eye  
 In search of beautiful forms and scenes  
 It scanned (this earth and sky.)

When foliage found in its own Self  
 The wish and will to grow  
 It rent open the garden's chest  
 Individual Self to show.

And candle also bound itself  
 In chains of the Self indeed  
 Atom on atom piled and piled  
 Itself it thus did knead

Self-melting when it practised  
 From itself it escaped  
 At last it trickled tear-like  
 From own eyes (in rain draped.)



Had bezel been more solid  
 In core and natural self  
 It would'nt have suffered cutting and  
 (Would'be its real Self.)

It makes a capital out of name  
 Of other than its own  
 Its shoulder's galled by burden of  
 The name by which it's known.

As the earth on its own being  
 Is firmly soundly based  
 The moon with ambulation  
 Perpetually is faced.

However the being of the Sun  
 Than the earth is stronger far  
 Hence the earth is mesmerised by  
 The eyes of the Sun afar

The glory of the red plane-tree  
 From eyes their batting robs  
 Its majesty lends grandeur  
 With which the mountain throbs.

The warp and weft of its raiment  
 Are spun from threads of fire  
 Its origin is one seed, alone  
 Itself which does admire.

As the Self arrays together  
 The strength and might of life  
 The little stream of life expands  
 Into an ocean ('s strife).

<sup>1</sup>The beloved of Farhad in the Persian romantic story of Shirin-Farhad.

<sup>2</sup>A province in China famous for its musk-deers.

<sup>3</sup>Refers to Namrod's attempt to kill Abraham by throwing him into burning blazing fire.

<sup>4</sup>I.e. the Prophet's who was the paragon of the Self.



## II

### EXPOSITION THAT THE LIFE OF THE SELF ORIGINATES FROM CREATION AND PROCREATION OF OBJECTIVES/IDEALS

Life owes its preservation  
To purpose (, goal and aim)  
Its caravan's tolling bell reminds  
Of your ideal's claim.

Life is latent in seeking  
Of postures ever new  
Its origin lies hidden in:  
"Desires' (golden hue!)"

Desires and ambitions keep  
Alive ever in the heart  
So that the handful of your dust  
Does not to grave depart.

Desire is the very soul  
Of the world of colours and scents  
It is for sure a trustee of  
The nature of all God-sents.

Desire makes the heart to dance  
In bosom, one and all  
And bosoms, with its glow reflect  
Like mirrors (small and tall).

And power of soaring it bestows  
 Upon the handful dust  
 And <sup>1</sup> Khizr it makes of Moses who  
 On sight alone did trust.

The heart, by burning desire,  
 Inspire life with zeal  
 And this zeal when it seizes life  
 All untruths' fate does seal.

When from the creation of desire  
 It indifferently refrains  
 Its pinion snaps and breaks (in bits)  
 It falls from flight (in pains).

Desire puts perpetual pep,  
 And zeal and zest in the Self  
 The crest of wave is restless  
 In the ocean of the Self.

Desire is the running noose  
 For hunting ideals, aim  
 The binder of the register  
 Of deeds (of fame, infame.)

Negation of desire takes  
 The life away from the living  
 Much like the lessening of the heat  
 Puts off a flame's being.

What really is the source of  
 These wakeful eyes of ours?  
 It is delight of seeing ourselves  
 In visible shape (for/hours).



The partridge owes its feet to  
 The gaiety of its gait  
 The nightingale its beak to  
 Its singing zeal innate.

The reed-pipe settled itself  
 Outside the beds of reed  
 So music got released itself  
 From its prison, indeed.<sup>2</sup>

What is the essence of our mind  
 Inventive and sky-searching?  
 Nothing is known to you about  
 The miracle of its being.

Life owes its richness, capital  
 To nothing but desire  
 And mind is but a baby born  
 From its womb, sole, entire.

What are a nation's orders,  
 Laws, customs, constitution?  
 What secrets of the novelties  
 Of scientific contribution?

It is desire which blossomed  
 By virtue of its strength  
 It bursts forth from the heart  
 And took shape – (breadth and length).

These hands and teeth, and (these) brains  
 (These) eyes and (these) ears  
 This thought, fancy and consciousness  
 Good memory, sense (sans peers).

When life rode its mount into  
 The battlefield's foray  
 For self-preservation it did  
 Invent these weapons' array.

Knowledge is not the objective  
 Of science and of art  
 Like buds and flowers don't display  
 A garden's every part.

Science is but an instrument  
 For preservation of life  
 It is the where-withal for the Self  
 To keep its vigour and strife.

For science and art are nothing else  
 Than fore-warners of life  
 The twain are nothing other than  
 Slaves born in the house of life

O you who are a stranger to  
 Mystery of life! Arise!  
 Intoxicated with the wine  
 Of ideal (life), arise!

An ideal radiant like unto  
 The brilliant bursting dawn  
 For other-than God like fire  
 Aflame to burn (anon).

An aim, an ideal higher  
 Than heavens on the high  
 That wins, enchants and captivates  
 All men (— he, you and I).



Ravager of the falsehood  
 Of ancient times and old  
 Embodiment of the Judgement Day  
 Whose pockets turmoil hold.

We are alive because of  
 Creating ideals new  
 We are aglow and radiate  
 Desire's rays to view.

<sup>1</sup>Quran Chapter XIII verses 64–66. Khizr is the seer Prophet whose apparent actions puzzled Moses who had promised not to question them but did not have the patience for long. Khizr explained his actions to Moses from whom he then parted company.

<sup>2</sup>When the reed was shaped into a flute, music was released from its prison.

## III

**EXPOSITION OF THE THEORY THAT THE SELF IS  
STRENGTHENED BY INTENSE LOVE**

The focal point of luminous light  
Known by the name of the Self  
Beneath our dust, in fact, is  
The spark of life itself.

By love it certainly becomes  
More lasting and more living  
More burning with desire —  
More radiating, glowing.

Love adds fuel to fire of  
The essence of the Self  
It opens up hidden avenues  
Of progress for the Self.

The nature of the Self obtains  
Its fire's store from love  
It learns illumination of  
The world from the light of love.

Love is free from the fear of  
The dagger and the sword  
For it is'nt born of water,  
Or air or earthly (hoard.)

Love is at the very root  
Of peace, of war in here  
Its furbished sword does also mean  
Fountain of life (so clear).



One glance of love splits to bits  
 The hardest of the stones  
 And love of God, finally  
 God Himself, Himself owns!

So learn to love and intensely  
 Beloved yours seek!  
 The eye of Noah, Job's heart  
 (Out of your loving eke.)

Handful of dust through alchemy  
 Transmute into pure gold  
 For this achievement kiss threshold  
 Of Man of Perfect Mould.

And Rumi-like enkindle  
 The candle of your Self  
 And Rum<sup>1</sup> reduce to ashes  
 With Tabriz-fire itself.

Right, in your heart, hidden,  
 Beloved yours lies  
 Come, I shall show his glimpse to you  
 If you have seeing eyes.

His lovers are more beautiful  
 Than the fairest of beloveds  
 More pleasing and more comely  
 Most lovable of beloveds.

The heart is rendered stronger  
 And stronger by his love  
 It makes this earth rub shoulders  
 With Pleiades above.

The soil of Nejd<sup>2</sup> adorned itself  
 By presence of his grace  
 With which it was enraptured  
 With skies stood face to face.

And every Muslim's heart is  
 The home of Mustafa<sup>3</sup>  
 Our glory is the reflection of  
 The name of Mustafa.

Sinai is but an eddy of  
 The dust of the house of his  
 For Ka'ba itself a Sanctuary  
 His dwelling place is!

Eternity is far far less than  
 A moment of *his* time-sense  
 Pro-longation it earns from  
 The purity of *his* essence.

A mat of rushes was obliged  
 To him for use as bed  
 Although on crown of Chosroe  
 His followers' feet did tread.

In night-abode of Mount Hera  
 He stayed in solitude  
 Welded an Ummah, gave it law,  
 Good government ('s beatitude).

Night after night his eyes remained  
 Deprived of wink of sleep  
 So that on the throne of Chosroes  
 His Ummah may rest, sleep.



In the thick of battle his sword  
 Melted the iron strong  
 While during prayers in his eyes  
 Tears welled up in throng.

During his prayers for help Divine  
 His sword would 'Amen' say  
 Exterminated race of Kings  
 (Terminated their sway).

He laid in the world foundation of  
 Laws, constitution new  
 Empires of antiquity  
 He did conquer, sub-due

By dint of key of religion  
 The world's door opened he  
 The like of him the womb of Time  
 Didn't give birth definitely.

All equal were in sight of his  
 The high and the low  
 With his own slave he partook  
 Of meals, (ne'er raising brow).

In a battle was brought before him  
 – High heavens were whose throne –  
 The daughter of Tai's chieftain  
 As prisoner (– lone, for-lorn.)

Her feet were chained in shackles  
 Her face without a veil  
 Her (graceful) neck was bowed down  
 (With) modesty, in shame (pale).

When the Prophet saw the girl like this  
 Without a veil on face  
 He drew before her face at once  
 His mantle (with full grace.)

More bare are we than that lady  
 Of Tai's tribe of old  
 Before the nations of the world  
 We have no sheet's fold.

On the Judgement Day will he alone  
 Sole trustee ours be  
 And in this world, here also,  
 Provides us cover he.

Be it his favour or his wrath  
 Are mercy his entire  
 That for his friends and followers  
 And this for foes need dire.

He opened for his enemies  
 The door of mercy wide  
 And gave to Mecca message of  
 4 "No penatly . . . Free abide"

We who from bonds of homeland  
 Are, have been, ever free  
 Like sight – though light of eyes two –  
 Is one, shall ever be!

We are from China, from Hijaz  
 We are from Persia, yet  
 Our smiling dawn in all these lands  
 From same dew we beget.



With the cup-bearer of <sup>5</sup> But-ha's eyes  
 Spell – bound are ever we  
 In this world, like the wine and flask  
 United ever are we.

Distinctions of all pedigree  
 He burnt to purify  
 This stubble and rubble's ashes  
 His fire made these fly

A hundred-petalled rose are we  
 Yet we have perfume one  
 Our Order's very soul is he  
 He only and else none.

We were a guarded secret  
 That in his heart did lie  
 Fearlessly he exhorted us  
 Revealing us thereby.

The throbbing music of his love  
 Lay silent in my reed  
 A hundred restless melodies are  
 From bosom keen to speed.

Devotion to him, shall I say,  
<sup>6</sup> Miracles it can perform  
 An absolutely dry-wood cried  
 At parting (from his form)

The beings of Muslims reflect  
 His celestial light  
 Many a Sinai springs up from  
 His path's dust ('s delight).

My image was created by  
 His mirror inherent bright  
 My morning is mere glow from  
 His bosom's sun ('s light).

In feverish burning momentarily  
 I rest and I repose  
 Than morning of the Judgement Day  
 My evening's more hot, close.

He is the cloud of Spring and I  
 The garden (thirsting rain)  
 My vine derives its moisture from  
 Its rain (in my terrain.)

My eye it is that I have sown  
 In Love's field  
 Harvested have I in the end  
 (My vision – a plenty yield.)

Than both the worlds is dearer far  
 Medina's soil to me  
 O happy cooling city where  
 My Sweet-heart's dwelling be!

Admire I with heart and soul  
 The style of great <sup>7</sup> Jami  
 His prose, his verse are remedy for  
 My immaturity.

His poetry ever over-flows  
 With meanings beautiful  
 In praise of our Master, he  
 Pearls threaded many a full.



“To the Manuscript of this Universe  
 He is the very preface  
 He is the Master, all the worlds  
 Are slaves of the Master’s grace.”

Spring many a spiritual mood from  
 Inspiring wine of love  
 Blind following and devotion are  
 Of attributes of love.

The perfect saint of <sup>8</sup> Bistam was  
 Unique so in devotion  
 A water-melon he abstained  
 From eating (due to caution).

If you are a lover, gain strength  
 From following your sweet-heart  
 So that you capture God Himself  
 Within your noose (smart).

Sojourn for a little while  
 In the <sup>9</sup> Hera of your heart  
 Abandon yourself so that you  
 Towards the Truth depart

Firmed up thus by the Truth then  
 Take steps towards yourself  
 Sensuality’s <sup>10</sup> Lat and Uzza’s heads  
 Hit, break, to save your Self.

A laskhar then you raise from  
 The might and main of love  
 In full glory reveal yourself  
 On <sup>11</sup> Faran’s top alcove.

So that the Lord of Ka'ba  
 Showers His favours on you  
 "I am appointing a Vicegerent"<sup>1 2</sup>  
 He moulds you-model true)

<sup>1</sup>Shams of Tabriz was the Mentor of Rumi who was a scholastic to begin with but whose books were burnt by his Mentor through sheer spiritual fire.

<sup>2</sup>Part of Arabia.

<sup>3</sup>Mustafa is one of the 99 names of Mohammad (Peace be upon him).

<sup>4</sup>At the time of conquest of Mecca, the Prophet gave amnesty to all by reciting this verse from the Quran, mere reference to which has been given here.

<sup>5</sup>The valley of Mecca.

<sup>6</sup>The Prophet used to lean against the dry trunk of a palm-tree. When he shifted to a nearby pulpit, the dry wood uttered cries.

<sup>7</sup>Mulla Jami – Maulana Noorduiddin Abdur Rehman (1414–1492 A.D.). The last of the poets of the golden era of Persia. His poems in love of the Prophet are very movingly devotional. He is the author of the mathanavi "Yusuf – Zulekha" also.

<sup>8</sup>Saint Ba Yazid of Bistam did not eat a water-melon all his life as he did not know the way the Prophet ate it.

<sup>9</sup>The cave in a mountain near Mecca where the Prophet used to mediate and pray and where he received the first revelation.

<sup>10</sup>The idols which were worshipped in Arabia before Islam.

<sup>11</sup>A mountain in the vicinity of Mecca.

<sup>12</sup>The Quranic verse regarding the creation of man as his Vicegerent on earth.



#### IV

### EXPLAINING THAT THE SELF IS RENDERED WEAK THROUGH ASKING/BEGGING

O you who wrested tribute from  
Tigers and lions fierce!  
In disposition fox-like turned you  
Neediness ('s pierce).

Your utter broken-ness is due  
To utmost indigence  
All pains and all your penuries  
From malady this commence.

It robs of dignity, loftiness  
Of high thoughts your own mind  
The taper of fancy's nobleness  
Whiffs off (to make you blind).

From the jar of being, existence  
Pour rose-red wine for self  
Snatch from the pocket of Time  
Your share of cash and pelf.

Like <sup>1</sup> Omar from the camel dismount  
To pick up your own whip  
Beware! Beware! Accepting  
Even obligation ('s tip.)

How long will you be begging  
For favour of office of state  
Like children making of a reed  
A horse (as a playmate)

A temperament which fixes gaze  
 On heights of heavens high  
 Falls flat, debased, dishonoured  
 Accepting favours (sly.)

Out-stretching hand makes poverty  
 More abject, more debased  
 The beggar due to begging  
 Grows poorer, self-defaced.

The stretching palm disintegrates  
 Components of the Self  
 And renders palm-tree of Sinai  
 Un-illumed of the Self.

Your dust, even a handful  
 From self, cast not away  
 Scrape own provisions from your side  
 As is the moon's way.

Even though in penury,  
 In clutches of wretchedness be  
 Even though all possessions yours  
 Wash off the stormy sea.

Seek not your sustenance from  
 Bounty of this, that, other  
 Seek not even a ripple from  
 The sun ('s gushing river)

So that, you may not feel ashamed  
 In the Holy Prophet's presence  
 On the morrow of the Day when souls  
 Shall melt-with dread of sentence.



To the moon its food is doled from  
 The table laid by the sun  
 So brand of the sun's favour on  
 Its heart it cannot shun.

So seeking courage from the Lord  
 Join battle with Fortune  
 Don't soil and sully the honour of  
 The radiant Ummah ('s boon).

From the premises of the Ka'ba  
 Who rubbish of idols cleared?  
 Called, earner with the sweat of brow  
 "God's friend" – to Him endeared?

Woe be on the acceptor of  
 The crumbs from other's table  
 Under the weight of favours mean  
 Who cannot keep head stable.

Himself he's burnt to ashes with  
 Other's favour's lightning  
 He threw away his honour  
 For a mean and paltry farthing.

How happy is the thirsty man  
 Right in the middle of the sun  
 For even a cup of water  
 To Khizr who does not run.

His brow does'nt carry the sweat of  
 A beggar's infame, shame  
 Retains thus he the shape of man  
 Is not mere clay, in name.

Beneath revolving heavens  
 That noble young man walks  
 Holding his head ever higher  
 Like pine ('s stately stalk).

Who during empty-handedness  
 Shows more of self-respect  
 His luck may be in slumber  
 He's awake (and circumspect).

An ocean gathered by begging  
 Is but a flow of fire  
 More agreeable is a dew-drop  
 (Garnered by self entire).

Live manly like a bubble<sup>2</sup>  
 In honour, self-respect  
 Right in the middle of the sea  
 Invert your cup erect.

<sup>1</sup>The Caliph Omar dismounted from his camel to pick up the scourge and did not accept even this very small obligation.

<sup>2</sup>A bubble is bowl-like in shape. Whereas a bowl is meant for receiving, a bubble is not and hence is self-dependent.



WHEN THE SELF IS RENDERED STRONG  
THROUGH LOVE AND AFFECTION IT CONQUERS  
THE PATENT AND LATENT FORCES OF THE  
ENTIRE UNIVERSE

By dint of intense loving  
When the Self is rendered strong  
Its power becomes the ruling force  
Of the world's short and long.

The Sage of Heaven with the stars  
Created this design  
Plucked buds from the twigs of  
The Self ('s plant benign).

The Lord Himself's hand –  
Its hand-hold gets to be  
<sup>1</sup> Its finger splits the moon in twain  
(With movement easy, free).

Becomes it the arbiterator  
Of squabbles, quarrels of the world  
<sup>2</sup> King Darius and King Jamshid  
Obey his final word.

Of <sup>3</sup> Bu Ali I'll tell you  
A story sound and true  
In India he is well-known  
In nooks and crannies too

That minstrel who sang unto us  
 Of rose-gardens of old  
 About a sprightly lovely rose  
 A fable us he told.

In a region of this territory  
 Which is of fire born  
 With the air of his fluttering skirt  
 In paradise rises morn.

A youngish disciple of his  
 Went one day to bazaar  
 Drunken with the discourses  
 From this Bu Ali's bar.

Of that city, the governor  
 Came riding on horse-back  
 Accompanied by his servants,  
 Staff-bearers, fore and back.

The fore-runner warned loudly:  
 "O senseless, foolish one!  
 Out of the governor's escort's way"! .  
 (For they shall tolerate none).

However with a drooping head  
 That Durvish went along  
 Drowned in the sea of his own thoughts  
 (Unmindful of the throng).

The staff bearer, drunk as he was  
 With cup of (pomp and) pride  
 On the head of the Durvish broke his staff  
 (With a loud-sounding chide).



The Durvish stepped in sorrow aside  
 From the governor's way  
 With a heart heavy and unhappy  
 And sad, (in deep dismay).

He told this tale of woe to  
 The pious Bu Ali  
 Releasing tears from the prison  
 Of eyes, flowing free.

Like lightning bursting suddenly  
 On mountain's (vales and peak)  
 The Sheikh opened the flood-gates  
 Of fiery words to speak.

From his very chord of soul  
 Strange fire he released  
 His secretary he called in  
 To bid do as him pleased

Take out your pen and write  
 At once the following matter:  
 "From a mere Durvish  
 To the Sultan, a letter –

Your Governor has struck with a staff  
 My follower on his head  
 And thus has placed on his own life  
 A live coal that burns dead.

Withdraw and put in chains you must  
 This wicked-natured governor  
 Lest I bestow your Kingdom, crown  
 Upon some one other".

Epistle this of the saint revered  
 Who had access to God  
 Filled every limb of the Sultan  
 With trembling; he stood awed.

His body was afflicted with  
 All malady and all pain  
 Like unto the departing sun  
 Pale he became and wane.

At once he (issued orders)  
 To handcuff the governor  
 Entreating Saint Bu 'Ali  
 Apology did he tender.

<sup>4</sup> Khusrau, the poet eloquent  
 Sweet-tongued, of colourful diction  
 Whose melodies emanate from  
 The conscience of creation.

Whose nature was as luminous  
 As brilliance of the moon  
 Was chosen as ambassador  
 By the King to mediate soon.

As he played softly sweetly  
 Before the saint his lute  
 The melting music, the glassy soul  
 Of Bu 'Ali, rendered mute.

The grandeur of the Kingdom  
 That was like a mighty mount  
 Was regained with the price of  
 One spurt from Poesy's fount.



Do not you wound the heart of  
 Durvishes with a knife  
 Do not you cast in fire ablaze  
 Yourself, your very life.

<sup>1</sup>Refers to the miracle performed by the Prophet.

<sup>2</sup>Two famous Persian emperors.

<sup>3</sup>Sheikh Sharafuddin better known as Bu Ali Qalandar ( —1325 A.D.) was a revered saint who lies buried in Panipat, India. He was a well-known mystic poet of Persian. His piety and straightforwardness stuck awe among the contemporary emperors and their courtiers.

<sup>4</sup>Amir Khusrau (1250 – 1325 A.D.) in whom blossomed all the best qualities of mediaeval Sultanates of Delhi was at the same time the greatest Persian poet that India produced, an unmatched prose-writer, a musician who invented most of the musical instruments played in the sub-continent, a composer of new ragas and melodies, a fighter, who was taken captive by the Mongols, a diplomat, the most devoted disciple of the great saint Nizam-ud-Din Aulia of Delhi, the originator of many genres of compositions in Urdu-Hindi etc. He lived through the reigns of as many as five emperors with most of whom he had close association. He was revered by saints, emperors and the common folks alike. His 1000th anniversary was celebrated in 1975 in Pakistan, India, Afghanistan, Iran, Russia and some other countries.

## VI

A TALE CARRYING THE MORAL THAT THE  
THEORY OF NEGATION OF THE SELF IS ONE OF  
THE INVENTIONS OF THE SUBJECT NATIONS OF  
MANKIND SO THAT THROUGH THIS METHOD  
THEY MAY WEAKEN THE CHARACTER OF THE  
RULING NATIONS

Have you heard the fable that  
In times ancient, old  
In a green and grassy pasture  
Lived sheep (grew manifold)

As they had abundant fodder  
They multiplied and grew  
Entirely free from fear of  
An enemy, (old or new).

But Ah! At last ill-fortune struck  
Their happy life content  
And by calamity's arrows  
Their breasts were all rent.

Some tigers from the jungle  
Appeared on the scene  
And carried out a night-raid  
On the sheep's pasture green.

To grasp, absorb and conquer  
Are might's characteristics  
And victory's secret manifests  
Itself in strength ('s statistics)



The fierce big male tigers  
 Beat their sovereignty's drum  
 The sheep they did deprive of  
 Their liberty, their freedom.

As tigers must and need must have  
 Their victims and their prey  
 The pasture with the blood of sheep  
 Turned into a crimson bay.

One of the sheep, who had a head  
 Wise, cunning, and astute  
 Who, worn by years, was as shrewd  
 As wolf, weather-worn acute.

Sorely aggrieved at the fate of  
 His progeny and his fellows  
 With tigers' depredations  
 His heart bled, (in the meadows).

Himself consuming, he bemoaned  
 Of fate's vicissitude  
 By crafty cunning planning sought  
 His affairs' rectitude.

For self-preservation  
 A man, who is weak  
 From worldly-wise intelligence  
 Devices learns to seek.

In bondage and in slavery  
 For repelling harm  
 The faculty of scheming  
 Gives him a shot in the arm.

As madness for revenge does  
 Grow rabid more and more  
 Intelligence in bondage plans  
 To even up the score.

Soliloquising, he uttered:  
 "Our knot is very hard  
 The ocean of our sorrows has  
 No shore, (O our Lord!).

By force of arm we cannot  
 Escape from tigers' hold  
 We've arms (and legs) of silver  
 And they of steel – so cold.

It is not ever possible  
 Through sermons perfect, wise  
 To turn a sheep's nature  
 To be in wolf's guise.

It is, however, possible to  
 Turn a tiger into a sheep  
 By making him unmindful of  
 His nature's cruel sweep".

He started acting as one  
 Inspired by revelation  
 To the blood-thirsty tigers  
 He began delivering a sermon.

Cried he: "O liars insolent!  
 Unmindful of the day  
 Of ill-luck that awaits you  
 For ever which shall stay!"<sup>1</sup>



Repository sure I am  
 Of all spiritual powers  
 Apostle sent by God for  
 Reforming all the tigers.

I've come as comes the light  
 To eyes which are dark  
 My mission is establishing laws  
 To my commandments, hark!

Repentance is your course, therefore,  
 For your blame-worthy deed  
 O plotters of own ruin!  
 Your benefit's counsel, heed!

The violent, the ferocious are  
 Hard-hearted, of luck bad  
 So through denial of the Self  
 To life real firmness add.

The soul and spirit of the righteous  
 Gets sustenance from the fodder  
 The vegetarian pleases God  
 Obeying thus His order.

The sharpness of your teeth brings  
 For you only disgrace  
 And renders your perceiving eyes  
 Dead blind to all His grace.

The paradise is reserved for  
 The weak, (the meek) alone  
 And might and strength are causes of  
 Loss, (sin-one can't atone).

The search for glory, grandeur  
 Is wickedness itself  
 Penury is far sweeter than  
 Richness and pomp and pelf.

The burning lightning does not lie  
 In ambush for one grain  
 If grain becomes a stack itself  
 It is'nt wise (but vain).

A sand-grain be, if you have sense  
 Rather than a <sup>2</sup>Sahra wide  
 So that with the sun's radiance  
 In light you ever abide

O you who revel in killing  
 The poor harmless sheep  
 Slay rather yourself; thereby  
 In honour yourself keep.

For life is made evanescent  
 Unsettled and unstable  
 Through cruelty, through oppression  
 Through vengeance, power's label.

Though trodden by the feet it is  
 Grass does grow time an' again  
 It washes away the dream of death  
 Its eyes it so does train.

Forget your Self (completely)  
 If you are (truly) wise .  
 If you do not forget your Self  
 You shall in madness rise.



<sup>3</sup>Close eyes yours, your ears close  
 Your lips you also seal  
 So that your thoughts reach lofty heights  
 Of heaven ('s revolving wheel).

This meadow of the world was naught  
 And naught shall ever be  
 O fools! Do not torment yourself  
 Pursuing phantoms free".

Exhausted as the tigers' clan  
 Was due to constant toils  
 And given as its heart was  
 To hedonistic foils

They liked and they welcomed this  
 Advice which was a dope  
 Stupidly they were duped by  
 This sheep's magic-hope.

They who were wont to prey upon  
 And have sheep as repast  
 Accepted the faith of the sheep  
 Contrasting their own past.

The diet alone of fodder  
 Became their favourite food  
 Their pearl-like nature was reduced  
 To earthen-pieces crude.

When the constant food of fodder had  
 Blunted teeth of theirs  
 The awe of their flashing eyes,  
 Was left without its glares.

Then stage by stage from their heart  
 Their courage ebbed away  
 Like sheen and shine of mirror  
 Deserts, to its dismay.

That zeal, that fire, that frenzy,  
 For utter most exertion,  
 That inner urge left their hearts  
 Which egged them on to action.

Gone, gone was their suzerainty  
 Resolve, determination  
 Their confidence and their honour  
 Prestigious elevation.

Their paws which were once iron-cast  
 Lost all their (sharpness,) strength  
 Their souls were rendered life-less  
 Their bodies, graves, (at length).

Their bodies' strength diminished  
 Their fear for death increased  
 With this increase in fear of death  
 Their courage's stock decreased.

A hundred maladies were born of  
 This lack of courage sore —  
 Like utter empty-handedness  
 Zestlessness, meanness's core.

The wakeful alert tigers  
 By sheep were lulled to sleep  
 Their own decline they styled as  
 The (moral) culture ('s leap.)



<sup>1</sup>These words have been borrowed from and carry the ring of the Quran.

<sup>2</sup>Desert.

<sup>3</sup>This is a quotation from the mathnavi of Maulana Rum.

## VII

### EXPOSITION THAT <sup>1</sup> PLATO, THE GREEK WHOSE THOUGHT GREATLY INFLUENCED THE MYSTIC- ISM AND LITERATURE OF THE MUSLIM NATIONS FOLLOWED THE SHEEP'S DOCTRINE AND THAT WE MUST BEWARE OF AND ESCHEW HIS THOUGHT (AND THEORIES)

Plato, the old philosopher —  
Ascetic of olden times —  
Belonged, in real, to the flock  
Of sheep of ancient climes.

<sup>2</sup> Pegasus his had gone astray  
In philosophy's gloom  
And dropped its shoe in the mountain range  
Of being ('s limitless-room).

The invisible fascinated him  
To such a great degree  
That trust of hand and eye and ear  
He did not have bit wee.

Said he: "The life's secret  
In death, is hid alone  
The taper's glories hundred  
By its whiff off are shown".

On our fancy, our thought  
He did, does dominate  
From world of senses weans us  
His cup is an opiate.



A sheep he, in reality, is  
 In man's clothing clad  
 The grip on Sufi's soul is firm  
 Of his philosophic fad.

Betook he to high heavens  
 His reason, intellect  
 To him this world of cause-effect  
 Was but a fable's text.

His sole pre-occupation was  
 Life's structure to dissolve  
 And cut the branches off from  
 Life's cypress's high (resolve)

For Plato's thought asserted  
 That loss was real gain  
 Said his Philosophy: nothingness,  
 Was real; Being, in vain.

Himself of drowsy nature  
 Created he a dream  
 His mind's eye created  
 Mirage ('s running stream).

Deprived, as he himself was  
 Of action's flair and taste  
 His soul was all enraptured by  
 Non-being (what a taste!).

Turned he a disbeliever of  
 Material universe  
 Became he the creator of  
 Invisible ideas terse.

A living soul feels happy with  
 The possibilities' world  
 A dead soul always revels in  
 Mere abstruse ideas' world.

So his gazelle has never known  
 The pleasure of movement's grace  
 Unlawful is to his partridge  
 The thrill of breezy-pace.

His dew drops are by birth deprived  
 Of power of silent flight  
 His birds are born with chests which are  
 Without a breath ('s delight).

His seed does'nt have in the least  
 Desire for any growth  
 His moth's entirely ignorant  
 Of immolations oath.

Our hermit had no option but  
 To seek escape from life  
 He did not have endurance for  
 The voice of this world's life.

His heart he wholly set on  
 The glow of petering flame  
 Depicted and described the world  
 Of lotus-eating fame.

Weighing his wings from his nest  
 Towards the heaven high  
 He never came to rest again  
 Inside his nest or night.



In the flask of heaven has been lost  
 His fantasy and his thought  
 I do not know, it means the dregs  
 Or the flask's pieces aught.

Full many a nation poisoned by  
 Intoxication his  
 Sank into deep sound slumber,  
 Lost thrill of action's bliss.

<sup>1</sup>Plato (430–347 B.C.). One the famous Greek philosophers, a pupil of Socrates and teacher of Aristotle. Taught in one of the academies of Athens. Author of a number of books, most reputed of which is Democracy. He held that reality does not lie in the apparent and the evanescent but in meditation regarding the existence of the first cause and that the aim of thought is goodness and virtue.

Nicholson credits him with having "Profoundly influenced the intellectual and spiritual development of Islam" and says that he "may be called, if not the father of Mohammadan mysticism, at any rate its presiding genius".

That he "profoundly influenced the intellectual" development of Islam may be partly true but the other conclusions drawn by Nicholson are highly disputable. The source of Sufism as well as its "presiding genius" was none else than the Prophet himself as is proved to the hilt by the chains of all the sufi orders of the Muslims.

<sup>2</sup>Pegasus: mythical winged horse that caused Hippoerene fountain to flow, with his hoofs. Figuratively used for poetic genius.

## VIII

### THE TRUE NATURE OF POETRY AND REFORM OF ISLAMIC LITERATURE

Man is warm-blooded due to  
Desire's branding stamp  
This dust is lit like fire by  
Desire's burning lamp.

It is desire which fills the cup  
Of life, up to the brim  
So that it grows up warmly  
Walks briskly and in trim.

Nothing is life if it is not  
The essence of conquest  
Desire is the talisman  
Always in conquest's quest.

Life preys, and, it hunts with  
The snare of desire  
From love to beauty it is it  
Which means the errand entire.

From which channel does momentarily  
Desire rise and flow?  
For life's music it provides  
High keys and notes low.



All that is good and shapely,  
 In forms beautiful  
 Is our guide in searches  
 In wastes and wilds full.

It is embossed indelibly  
 On your heart so  
 That in it, it ever creates  
 Desires' (ebb and flow).

Beauty is the creator of  
 The spring-time of desire  
 Its display and exposure  
 Nourishes desire ('s fire).

The bosom of a poet is  
 A hall lit bright with beauty  
 From its Sinai beams forth  
 Brilliance of radiant beauty.

It is his eye which renders  
 The fair into more fair  
 Through his enchantment nature grows  
 A sweet heart, lovelier.

It is from his and his breath that  
 Learnt songs the nightingale  
 It is his natural pink which  
 The rose-cheek got in sale.

It is his passions only which  
 The moths' heart inspire  
 He lends colour to tales of  
 Love (in the world entire).

The sea, the land are hidden in  
 His water and his clay  
 A hundred undiscovered worlds  
 Lie in his heart and lay.

Full many a tulip un-bloomed  
 Full many an unheard song  
 Full many a lament lain have  
 In mind of his for long.

His fancy dwells in company of  
 The moon and the stars  
 Creates he beauty all around  
 He knows no ugly scars.

He is the <sup>1</sup> Khizr, in his gloom  
 Flows full the Fount of Life  
 The Universe is livelier with  
 His eyes' sparkle rife.

We tread and trudge so heavily  
 Are crude, raw, simpleton  
 We trip, we fall, we stumble  
 On road of destination.

It is his nightingale which has  
 Played a (touching) tune  
 And in this manner it has  
 Furnished us with a boon.

So that perforce he draw us  
 To life's paradise  
 That (rain-) bow of our life is  
 Complete, circle-wise.



March on the caravans with  
 The tolling of his bell  
 March on they lured by tunes which  
 Up from his pipe well.

As his zephyr blows in  
 Our garden's corners, nooks  
 The tulip and rose equally  
 Its stealthy softness brooks.

His winning guile makes life  
 Always to be self-growing  
 It learns to analyse itself  
 Be impatient, self-knowing.

Invites he the entire world  
 To table spread and laid  
 His fire lavishly he shares  
 Like air-free, unpaid.

Woe be to a people who resigns  
 Itself to fate of dearth  
 Whose poet turns his head from  
 Life's fervour, flavour, mirth.

Whose mirror reflects ugliness  
 Beauty as if it were  
 His honey leaves a hundred stings  
 (Which pains in hearts stir).

His lightest kiss does whisk away  
 Freshness from (freshest) rose  
 He clips off nightingale's wings  
 Robs it of soaring pose.

Your nerves are lack-a-daisical  
 From his own opium's dose  
 You pay with your very life  
 For his content's repose.

He strangulates, he (surely) kills  
 Cypress's urge for height  
 His freezing breath puts a falcon male  
 Into a pheasant's plight.

He is a fish but chest to head  
 His body is like men's  
 In the wide expanse of ocean  
 Misleading like <sup>2</sup> Sirens.

With his song he enraptures  
 The pilot in mid-deep  
 His ship he swirls and whirls into  
 Bottom of ocean's sweep.

His songs and his melodies  
 Steal firmness from your heart  
 His magic lures you to believe  
 That death is life ('s sort).

He snatches away from your soul  
 Desire to exist  
 The scarlet ruby he extracts  
 From your mine ('s fist).

Like gain he dresses tightly  
 In guise and garb of loss  
 Each thing which is praiseworthy  
 He nails to blame's cross.



He throws you into the ocean of  
 The apprehensive thought  
 He renders you a stranger  
 To life with action fraught.

The sick amongst us by his words  
 Are made sick, more and more  
 The gathering, whole, is sicker far  
 With his cup's moving score.

In his month of April  
 There are no lightning streaks  
 His garden is but mere mirage  
 Of scents and hues (and peaks.)

His beauty has no truck with  
 Truthfulness and with truth  
 His sea has nothing else than  
 Pearls full of flaw, forsooth.

He reckons sleep far sweeter than  
 Alertness, wakefulness  
 Our fire has been sniffed out  
 By his breath ('s frozenness.)

His nightingale's melody  
 Has poisoned hearts all round  
 Beneath the pile of his roses  
 Deadly adders abound.

Beware of cask and of his flask  
 Beware of goblet his  
 Beware, O please! Beware of  
 Wine chrystal-clear his.

O you, who has been taken off  
 Your feet, by liquor, wine  
 Whose morning gets its light from  
 The East of his flask's shine.

O you, whose heart is dead cold  
 With his melodies chill  
 Gulped have you deadly poison  
 To your ears' fill.

O you, whose style of life is  
 Your degeneracy's proof  
 The strings of your instrument  
 From tune have come aloof.

To such extent down-trodden  
 Through laziness you've become  
 That in this world the disgrace  
 For Muslims you've become.

With the weakest vein of a rose  
 You can be tied and bound  
 With the slightest waft of zephyr  
 You get a stab and wound.

Infamy rank on love you've heaped  
 With lamentation yours  
 His fair picture has besmeared  
 The brush of<sup>3</sup> Behzad yours.

His rosy cheek has pale become  
 With your malady  
 Your chill has quenched the glow of  
 His fire's (melody).



It is your broken-heartedness  
 Which has made him heart-sick  
 It is your weakness, feebleness  
 Which turned him lean as stick

It's tears of childishness which 've been  
 Poured into his cup  
 His household has been furnished with  
 Distressing sights' show-up

Intoxicated does he get  
 Through bēgging in tavern  
 Steals he the beauty's glimpses  
 From lodge's lattices stern.

Not merely is unhappy he,  
 He's sorrowful and sad  
 And he is virtually dead with  
 The warder's beating bad.

With sorrow emaciated, thin  
 Like thinnest of the reeds  
 His lips are brimful with complaints  
 Of heavens' unkind deeds,

Of flattery, and of spitefulness  
 His mirror's essence made  
 And utter weakness (spinelessness)  
 Has been his old comrade.

Of lowly luck, an under-dog  
 And base by birth is he  
 So undeserving, so hopeless  
 Whose object, aim, none be.

Whose constant lamentations have  
 Hollowed your life entire  
 From eyes of his neighbours have  
 Robbed sleep's repose, desire.

Alas! for love whose fire  
 Stands petered out, dead cold  
 Born in the <sup>4</sup> Haram's precincts, died  
 In idol-house (, behold!)

O you! In whose own pocket  
 Love's poesy carry you  
 Rub it once on the touchstone  
 Of life yourself too.

Thought's clarity has always been  
 The guide of actions, deeds  
 Like flash of lightning always  
 The thunder's peel precedes.

Thought's purity is your first concern  
 For literature and lore  
 Then turn back to Arabia  
 For pure thought, O once more!

To the <sup>5</sup> Salma of Arabia  
 The heart in love must yield  
<sup>6</sup> Hijaz's morn blossoms thus  
 In Kurd's evening's (field).

From gardens non-Arabian  
 Roses gathered have you  
 Spring time of India and Iran  
 You have revelled in too.



A wee bit heat of desert  
 You must now also taste  
 And also sip the wine old  
 Brewed (tenderly) from the date.

For once, place your head on  
 Its warm and kindly breast  
 Your self expose for a moment  
 To its <sup>7</sup> semoom's crest

For long you have enwrapped yourself  
 In softnesses of silk  
 It's time your self accustom now  
 To cotton of coarse ilk.

For centuries you have treaded  
 Care free, on tulip tender  
 Like rose you washed your cheek with  
 The dew-drops (silky, slender.)

Yourself on sand scorching  
 It's time you also throw  
 And headlong then dive into  
 Zamzam's perennial flow.

For how long nightingale-like  
 Will you bemoan, bewail  
 For how long will you dwell in  
 Nests built in garden, dale

O you! whose nest auspicious would  
 The Phoenix honour do  
 Build for yourself a nest on  
 High mountain, (with ado).

A nest that is embosomed  
 In lightning and in thunder  
 A nest that's in its loftiness  
 Than eagle's eyrie yonder.

So that you may be well-equipped  
 For battle of this life  
 So that your body and your soul  
 Burn with the fire of life.

<sup>1</sup>Khizr is a Prophet who is credited with having discovered the Fountain of Life in the Domain of Darkness, drank from it and is alive. His mission is to guide the way farers who lose their way on land. He can appear and disappear at will.

Although not mentioned by name in the Quran, the commentators are agreed that Moses sought his guidance and company but could not remain patient with some of his actions which were performed by Khizr under order from God but which were ununderstandable to him.

<sup>2</sup>Sirens are mythical half-women half birds who lure unwary seafarers with enchanting music.

<sup>3</sup>Behzad was one of the two most famous painters of Persia.

<sup>4</sup>Haram: the holy precincts of the Ka'ba, the most sacred premises for the Muslims.

<sup>5</sup>Classical beloved of Arabic literature.

<sup>6</sup>Sheikh Hisamul Haq Ziauddin, a saint's utterance: "In the evening I was a Kurd but in the morning I woke up as an Arab".

<sup>7</sup>The extremely hot and choking wind that blows in deserts.



## IX

### THE TRAINING OF THE SELF HAS THREE STAGES NAMELY: OBEDIENCE, SELF-CONTROL AND VICEGERENCY OF GOD

#### The First Stage: *Obedience*

Service and toil incessant are  
A camel's natural trait  
Patience and perseverance are  
His job, his work, his fate.

Noiselessly fall his steps on  
The (hot and sandy) track  
Through deserts it takes caravans  
Like the ship, on its back.

The fate of every forest is  
His footprints to bear  
Although he little eats and sleeps  
Toils he without wear.

He trots along so merrily  
Under the litter's weight  
With measured steps he goes along  
To destination ('s gate).

Inebriated he is with  
The mood of his own speed  
In travel, than his rider  
More patient he's indeed.

You should not, likewise, shirk from  
 The burden of your duties  
 So that you make self worthy of  
 Lord's best-of-dwellings' bounties.

So toil and moil in obedience  
 O you, of heedless trait!  
 For (rank) compulsion gives birth to  
 Freedom of action straight.

Non-entity becomes an entity  
 Through obedience alone  
 Through disobedience fire even  
 Is turned to ash (unknown).

Who so subdues and conquers  
 The moon and the stars  
 Puts himself in the chains of  
 The laws, behind their bars.

It is the sweet-smelling rose  
 Which puts in prison the air  
 The navel of the musk-deer  
 Confines the perfume rare.

The star steadily moves its steps  
 Towards its destination  
 Head bowed in deep obedience  
 Before a constitution.

The grass grows up (so lush and green)  
 Under the law of growth  
 On deviation from this law  
 It is down-trodden (, loath).



The tulip is attuned to law  
 Of burning ceaselessly  
 So that its blood keeps coursing  
 Through veins so expressly.

Under the law of union  
 Rain drops into oceans turn  
 Sand grains observing union's law  
 Into a Sahara turn!

The core of everything is strong  
 Due to order and law  
 Why do you pass by this source  
 Heedless, in wisdom raw.

O you who are untrammelled of  
 (Islam's) laws of old!  
 Adorn your foot again with  
 Its chain-of-silver's hold.

Complain not of the harshness  
 Of the law, of the Faith  
 The limits set by Mustafa  
 Do not transgress (and scathe).

**The Second Stage:**  
*Self-Control*

In selfish aggrandisement  
A camel you resemble  
In self-willedness, self-worshipping  
On self to ride and amble.

Be manly, and, hold in your hands  
Its bridle to control  
If pottery's broken piece you are  
Become a pearl pure whole.

And every one who is'nt  
Under his own command  
Is forced to follow orders  
And meet the others' demand.

When the structure of your body was  
Kneaded and raised from caly  
With love did mix and mingle  
Fear also they.

Fear of the world of matter  
Fear of the next, of death  
Fear of this earth's misfortunes  
Of skies' (scalding breath).

The love of riches and of wealth  
The love of one's own land  
The love of nearest kith and kin  
The love of wife ('s hand).



Ease-loving is this compound  
 Of water and of clay  
 Is victim of all wickedness  
 Fain dies in evils' way.

So long as you hold sceptre of  
<sup>1</sup>“No-god-but-God” in hand  
 The spell of every fear you shall  
 Tear in shred and band.

Each one in whom dwells Allah  
 Like soul in body his  
 Shall never bow his head before  
 Falsehood and all it is.

Fear dare not penetrate into  
 His bosom (stout and strong)  
 Unawed remains his heart by  
 Other gods' (throng).

Who ever dwells in the domain  
 Of (simple pure) Negation  
 Finds, freedom from the bonds of  
 Wife's, progeny's relation.

Cuts off all the perspectives of  
 All others except of God  
 And places <sup>2</sup>knife on jugular vein  
 Of his own son, unawed.

Like the onslaught of a lashkar  
 Is he, all by himself  
 In his eyes this life is  
 Less cheap than air itself.

“No-god-but-Allah” is the shell,  
 Pearl: prayer in that cage  
 For a heart believing, prayer is  
 A mini – pilgrimage.

In the hand of a Muslim  
 'Tis like a dagger sharp  
 It kills the disobedient  
 The wicked, guilty, warp.

Fasting carries a night-raid  
 On hunger and on thirst  
 The <sup>3</sup> Khyber of sensuality's gates  
 Before it open burst.

Haj lits the innate qualities  
 In the nature of Believers  
 It teaches emigration,  
 Dismantles national barriers.

It is alone obedience which  
 Casts us in union's bond  
 It binds together, the leaves of  
 Our Holy Book (— our bond.)

Zakat to love of riches  
 Deals a deathly blow  
 Acquaints it with equality  
 The high and the low.

Firms up the heart with order of:  
<sup>4</sup>“Until you spend what you love”  
 While it increases riches, wealth  
 It decreases their love



All these, are the wherewithals  
 Of reinforcing you  
 If in Islam your faith is  
 Solid and strong and true

Draw main and might from litany  
 Of: "O Almighty One!"  
 So that the title: 'rider of  
 Clay-camel', you have won.

<sup>1</sup>The Kalema i.e. "La ilaha ill-Allah" which negates the concept of anyone worthy of worship except God.

<sup>2</sup>This refers to Abraham's readiness to sacrifice his only son at God's command.

<sup>3</sup>The stronghold of Jews which was stormed by Ali and its gates were single-handedly unhinged and opened by him.

<sup>4</sup>Refers to the opening verse of Chapter IV of the Quran – "You shall not attain goodness until you spend of what you love"

**The Third Stage:**  
*Viceregency of Allah*

Controlling this camel (of clay)  
 Means rule over the world  
 Adorning head with the crown of  
 King Solomon: (Take my word!).

You will be its embellishment  
 As long the world exists  
 The crowned king of a country  
 Where unmixed peace subsists.

To be the vicegerent of God  
 On earth, how sweet it is!  
 To rule over the elements  
 How proper and meet it is!

The vicegerent of God is  
 Of the Universe, very soul  
 His being is the canopy of  
<sup>1</sup> Magnificent Name's console.

He knows the secret, mystery  
 Of the part as well of the whole  
 And in the world establishes  
 Command of Allah sole.

In the length and breadth of the world  
 When he pitches the tent  
 This carpet spread by Time itself  
 He rolls up, (that moment.)



His nature is brimful, replete  
 To Self-manifest, it pines  
 A universe altogether new  
 To bring forth, it inclines.

A hundred worlds kindred to  
 This world of part and whole,  
 Like rose, spring from the garden of  
 His (fertile) fancy ('s soul).

And every nature immature  
 He causes to mature  
 And from the Haram exit of  
 All idols does ensure.

The chord of heart bursts into tunes  
 From touch of plectrum his  
 For the sake of Truth and Truth alone  
 He wakes, he sleeps, that is.

To the old in years he teaches  
 The melodies of the youth  
 He lavishes on everything  
 Hues from the youth, (in truth)!

To mankind he brings tidings  
 As well as warnings grave  
 All rolled in one – a soldier,  
 General and commander brave.

The aim and object is he of:  
<sup>2</sup>“He taught Adam all names”  
 The secret of: <sup>3</sup>“All praise to Him  
 Who took His servant” . . . 's aims.

His radiant <sup>4</sup> hand is stronger  
 Due to the staff he holds  
 His knowledge is matched only by  
 Nature's perfection's moulds.

As he, the bold cavalier –  
 Holds in his hands the reins  
 The steed of universal Time  
 Runs faster, more speed gains.

His aura and his awe are such  
 As dry up river <sup>5</sup> Nile  
 And out of Egypt lead away  
 The nation of Israel.

<sup>6</sup> “Rise!” Orders he and rises up  
 Dead body in the grave  
 And stand erect and stately  
 In vales like spruce-fir (brave).

<sup>7</sup> His person is the very cause  
 Of the world's entity  
 Salvation of all creation rests  
 In his grandeur and glory.

An atom vies with the sun  
 In his protection's shadow  
 To substance his alone does  
 Life precious values owe.

Through miracle of sheer action  
 Endows he zest to life  
 He modernises and revives  
 The ways and styles rife.



And pageants burst forth into view  
 From traces of his feet  
 A hundred Moses wander about  
 In his Sinai ('s beat).

To life's meanings gives he  
 An explanation new  
 This dream that is called life  
 He interprets anew.

The very secret of this life  
 Is his closetted being  
 The yet unheard-of melody  
 Of orchestra of being.

The Nature's poetic intellect  
 Turned blood-red, meditating  
 And only then could it compose  
 His person's verse equating.

This handful clay of ours  
 The very zenith reached  
 Out of its dust will sure appear  
 Cavalier, (long beseached.)

In slumber in the ashes of  
 To-day, of our present,  
 Lies our future's flame which will  
 Make this world luminiscent.

Our bud enfolds in itself  
 The garden's wide expanse  
 Our eyes are lit bright by  
 The dawn of morrow ('s romance).

Appear! O the rider of  
 The steed of whirling Time!  
 Appear! O the light of eye  
 Of possibilities' clime!

Be you the centrifugal point  
 Of clamour of things new  
 Come, come! And dwell in the black of  
 The eyes (waiting you).

Come, quieten, render silent  
 The din of nations all  
 Let paradise of your music  
 On our ears fall.

Arise and give the law that  
 Makes man the brother of man  
 The goblet of the wine of love  
 Pass round mankind again.

Bring back on earth the days of,  
 The nights of (unmixed) peace  
 To the warring nations message give:  
 "Peace please! My friends, O please!"

Man-kind is the field of which  
 You are the harvest whole  
 For the caravan of life  
 You are the very goal.

The autumn's fury having shed  
 The leaves of all the trees  
 Pass through our gardens desolate  
 Like spring ('s enlivening breeze.)



The homage of prostrations  
 Of children, men: young, old  
 Our downcast brows pay you  
 O please! Deign to behold!

It's due alone to you that  
 We hold our heads so high  
 And from the pains of this world  
 We suffer and we sigh.

<sup>1</sup>The real, original name of Allah, as distinct from his attributive names.

<sup>2</sup>The Quranic verse regarding the purpose of creation of Adam when the angels opposed it.

<sup>3</sup>The Quranic verse praising the Lord for taking the Prophet at night first from Mecca to Jerusalem and from there to Heavens.

<sup>4</sup>Refers to the miracle granted to Moses by God.

<sup>5</sup>Reference to the drying up of the Nile with a stroke of Moses' staff.

<sup>6</sup>Reference to Christ's miracle of raising the dead.

<sup>7</sup>Reference to God's saying about the Prophet: "Had I not created you I would not have created men or jinns".

X

COMMENTARY ON THE SECRETS OF THE NAME  
OF ALI MURTAZA<sup>1</sup>

The very first of Muslims  
King of the brave – 'Ali  
For deep devotion, intense love  
The treasure of Faith – 'Ali.

Inspired is my life by  
Deep love for family his  
So in this world my being  
Like a pearl shiny is.

Enraptured by my own sight  
Narcissus-like I am  
In avenues of his garden  
Stray perfume-like I am.

If Zamzam gushes from my earth  
Its source is he alone  
If wine oozes from my grapes  
The force is he alone.

The mere dust that I am  
His sun has mirror made  
It's possible to see the song  
Within my chest ('s shade).

From his mien the Prophet  
Drew many an omen fair  
The Nation of Truth gained glory  
From his splendour's glare.



His sayings tantamount to be  
 The strength of Islam true  
 The whole world gained its orderliness  
 From his House, too.

The Truth's Messenger<sup>2</sup> styled him as  
 The "Father of the dust"  
 While Allah Himself in His Book  
<sup>3</sup>"God's own hand" called him first.

Each one who is conversant with  
 This life's deeper meanings  
 Knows 'Ali's names' secret  
 What it is, (and its healings).

This dusky dust, in other words,  
 This body which is called  
 Due to its inequities  
 Our reason stands begalled.

It makes our heaven-soaring thought  
 On lowly earth trudge, trot  
 Our eyes utterly blind and  
 Our ears hear not.

And due to lust a double-edged sword  
 It holds in its hand  
 Wayfarers' hearts are split by  
 This (blood-sucking) brigand.

The "Lion of Truth"<sup>4</sup> did sub-due  
 This body made of clay  
 This dark dust he then transformed  
 Into Elixir ('s way).

Murtaza,<sup>5</sup> whose sword has lent  
 To Truth the splendour bright  
 Is 'Bu Turab'<sup>6</sup> for conquering of  
 The body's kingdom ('s fight).

A man conquers countries  
 Through continuous attacks  
 His jewel's lustre is because  
 No self-respect he lacks.

Who-so-ever in the universe  
 Gains mastery over the dust  
<sup>7</sup> Turns back the setting sun from  
 The West (- obey it must).

Whoever on the body's steed  
 Fastens the saddle, tight  
 Sets himself in sovereignty's seal  
 As a bezel bright.

Here, in this world, he tramples on  
<sup>8</sup> Khyber's magnificence  
 Hereafter distributes he  
 The <sup>9</sup> Kausar's munificence.

Through self-awareness acts he  
 As the very hand of God  
 Through hand of God's action  
 Becomes he emperor awed.

His person is the gate of  
<sup>10</sup> The city of knowledge all  
 Arabia, China and Greece  
 Are well under his thrall.



That you should wield authority  
 Over earthly self, is a must  
 So that you drink the sparkling wine  
 Brewed from your own vine first.

To burn itself to ash and dust  
 Is the creed of the moth  
 Be you the "Father of the dust"  
 This is the manly troth.

O soft of body, rose-like!  
 Become as hard as stone  
 So as to be the foundation  
 Of garden's four-wall own

From your very own clay  
 You should build up a man  
 And for this man then construct  
 A Universe – (you can!).

For if you do not build up  
 A wall or a door  
 Some other person will then mould  
 Bricks from your own clay's core.

O you who feel constricted by  
 Cruelty of heavens crooked!  
 You, whose goblet complains of  
 Injustice of stone wicked!

How long will you bemoan, complain  
 How long will you bewail  
 How long will you incessantly  
 Breast-beat, to no avail.

The quintessence of life is hid  
 In action, action alone  
 The law of life stands for  
 Joy in creation own.

Rise up and be creator of  
 A world, fresh and new  
 Acquire the fame of Abraham<sup>11</sup>  
 Whose body in flames they threw.

To yield to the dictates of  
 The world unfavourable  
 Means you accept defeat on  
 The field of (light) battle.

The self-respecting man who  
 Is well-versed in his work  
 To yield to his strong sweet will  
 The Times shall not shirk.

If the world of matter does'nt conform  
 To his temperament  
 He measures arms against the whole,  
 Entire firmament.

He would dig up foundations of  
 The universe entire  
 And mould from atoms order new  
 As his will would require.

The revolution of the times  
 He would subvert, upset  
 The azure firmament he would  
 Turned topsy-turvy get.



With his own prowess he will  
 Lay bare to open view  
 A new world which will gladly  
 Do what he bid it do.

If in the world is'nt possible  
 Life as behoves a man  
 To yield to death bravely  
 Means life's real span.

A man possessed of sound heart  
 Tries his prowess own  
 Of enterprises challenging  
 Takes up the gauntlet thrown.

How sweet it is to set love  
 To struggle against the odds  
 Like Abraham pluck flowers  
 From (grips of) flames' (pods).

The vistas of the prowess  
 Of men of action (brave)  
 Reveal and manifest themselves  
 In craving challenges grave.

The weapon of the cowardly  
 Is hatred, rancour alone  
 The guiding motive of their life  
 (To meanness is thus prone).

Naught else is life other than  
 The strength manifest  
 Its origin and its main spring  
 Lies in conquest's behest.

Forgiveness, mercy misplaced  
 Means chilled blood of life  
 Like a jarring break in the rhythm of  
 The well-poised verse of life.

Whoever lies sunk in  
 The bottom of disgrace  
 Reads writ large: 'contentment'  
 In weakness (— his ace).

Weakness is nothing else than  
 For life a highway-man  
 Its inside is so pregnant with  
 Falsehoods' and fears' (clan).

Of virtues and of qualities  
 Its soul all empty is  
 For meanness and for vices  
 Its milk so nourishing is.

Beware, therefore, O man of  
 Sound judgement! O beware!!  
 In ambushes lies this enemy  
 To catch you unaware.

If you are a man of wisdom  
 Do not be duped by it  
 Chameleon-like each moment  
 It changes colour each bit.

Its shape and form is not discerned  
 By even those keen-sighted  
 As on its face are veils drawn  
 With it they are so blighted.



Some time behind pity while  
 At others gentleness  
 Hides it; and wears the stole of  
 Humaneness, meekliness.

Sometime it wears the veil of  
 Compulsion, helplessness  
 At others it lies hid beneath  
 Excuses (' murkiness.)

Unveils it then, its face full  
 In self-indulgent brand  
 And robs the heart of a strong man  
 Out of his very hand.

Truthfulness is the twin of  
 Power, prowess – indeed  
 This is the cup of Jamshid, if  
 You know your thought and deed.

Life is the cultivation  
 And its harvest power is  
 The commentary on the mystery of  
 Truth, falsehood, power is!

If re-inforced with power  
 A claimant comes to the fore  
 His claim is not in need of  
 Plea, argument, furore.

Falsehood derives from power  
 Authority of truth  
 Deems itself to be the truth itself  
 By falsifying truth.

Its biddance: "Be!" Turns poison  
 Into the nectar sweet  
 It dubs virtues as vices  
 As such they themselves treat.

O unaware of the manner of  
 The <sup>1</sup><sup>2</sup>Trust in you reposed!  
 Esteem your-self far better than  
 The worlds – hidden, exposed.

Equip yourself with knowledge  
 Of life's mysteries all  
 Be steadfast, and, fully ignore  
 Claimants of godhood ('s call.)

Open your eyes, ears and lips  
 O man! Intelligent!  
 If you don't see the way of Truth  
 Scoff at me; (don't relent!)

<sup>1</sup>Ali was the Prophet's first cousin, son of his uncle Abu Talib who had brought him up and afforded him protection against the opposition and persecution by the Quraish. Ali was only nine years old when proclaiming himself to be a Muslim in response to the Prophet's call, he won the singular honour of being the first male convert to Islam. He was brought up and trained by the Prophet and moulded as a model Muslim. He was married to the Prophet's daughter, Fatima.

Ali had many titles befitting the qualities he possessed like Murtaza, Hyder, Bu Turab, Asadullah, Yadullah etc. He was extremely brave and to his credit got many a victory in the early battles of Islam. He was extremely learned and was a great mystic. He raised a model Muslim family. Barring only one or two, all the mystic orders of Muslims trace their origin through him to the Prophet.

He was the fourth of the Orthodox Caliphs. He was wounded mortally while leading prayers. His name is household all over the Muslim world for bravery. I have myself heard even non-Muslims of the Indo-Pak sub-continent invoking blessings from his name while entering the arena for sports.



<sup>2</sup>The Prophet of Islam.

<sup>3</sup>The equivalent of 'Yadullah'.

<sup>4</sup>Another title of Ali.

<sup>5</sup>One with whom Allah is-pleased.

<sup>6</sup>The Father of Dust.

<sup>7</sup>The Prophet made the sun turn back to enable him to offer his afternoon prayers which he would otherwise have missed having fallen asleep in Ali's lap.

<sup>8</sup>Khyber: The stronghold of the Jews which Ali stormed and conquered.

<sup>9</sup>Kausar: A spring in paradise.

<sup>10</sup>The Prophet said: "I am the city of knowledge and Ali is its gate."

<sup>11</sup>Abraham, the Patriarch Prophet, was thrown into a burning pyre by Namrod but escaped absolutely unscathed. The flames and live coals were turned by Allah into flowers.

<sup>12</sup>Refers to the covenant of man with Allah at the time of creation. Man offered and agreed to shoulder responsibilities of carrying the mission of Allah while the other creatures shirked from it.

## XI

### THE STORY OF A YOUNG MAN FROM MERVE WHO PRESENTED HIMSELF BEFORE SYED MAKHDOOM <sup>1</sup> ALI HUVIRI (MAY GOD HAVE MERCY ON HIM) AND COMPLAINED OF OPPRES- SION BY HIS FOES

The saint revered of Hujvir  
Master of peoples all  
Whose tomb was the sanctuary  
For s<sup>o</sup>: it of Sanjar's call.

He teared down with full ease  
The mountain-barriers, walls,  
Began in this sub-continent  
Islamic prayers' calls.

The (glorious) age of Omar Farooq  
His beatitude revived  
His words exalted fame of Truth:  
It flourished and it thrived.

The guardian of the honour of  
The <sup>2</sup> Fundamental Book  
The house of falsehood fell in ruins  
With his very look

The lowly tract of the Punjab  
Gained life from breath of his  
Our morning got its splendour from  
His radiant sun's bliss.



A lover was he as well as  
 Love's courier volatile  
 And glistened from his forehead  
 Love's mysteries (with their smile).

Narrate here I a story  
 Of his perfection (true)  
 A garden whole enfold I  
 In a single bud, too!

A young man, whose height was  
 Like that of a cypress-tree  
 From the town of Merve arrived in  
 Lahore – (the Saint's city).

Presented himself he before  
 The august master-saint  
 So that the sun may cast aside  
 His darkness, (deep and faint).

Said he: "I am encircled by  
 The forces of my foes  
 I am but like a frail flask  
 In the midst of stones' (throws).

Teach unto me, O monarch  
 Of heavenly abode!  
 How should this life be lived in  
 The midst of enemy's horde"

The wise preceptor, being whose  
 In beauty stood combined  
 With bond of kindly love and  
 With majesty refined.

Replied: "You! The stranger to  
 The secret of this life  
 So ignorant of its origin  
 And end of all the strife.

Please rid yourself of fear  
 Of others, who-so-be  
 You are a latent sleeping force  
 Rouse yourself, wakeful, (free).

When a stone in self-delusion  
 Deems itself to be a glass  
 It turns as frail as glass itself  
 And joins the breaking class.

If a wayfarer considers himself  
 In disposition weak  
 His cash of very life himself  
 To highway-man does leak.

How long will you consider yourself  
 Mere water, sheer clay  
 Out of your clay create yourself  
 Sinai's Flame you may

Why have a heavy head due to  
 Your rue for mighty men  
 Why you complain incessantly  
 Of enemies' attitude then.

Take it from me, your enemy  
 Is, also, your friend  
 Existence his shows your bazaar's  
 Hustle-and-bustle's trend.



Whoever knows reality of  
 The status of the Self  
 Considers it God's blessing  
 If the foe owns power, pelf.

For form of man, the enemy  
 Is like unto a cloud  
 From slumber deep arouses  
 Potentialities proud.

The blocking stone means water  
 If you in spirit are strong  
 For flood to wreck the ups and downs  
 Of paths, would it be wrong?

The stumbling-block is whetting stone  
 For resolution's sword  
 Its lacking furies, stage by stage,  
 To it its trials afford.

To eat, to slumber like the beast  
 Of what use? What avail?  
 If yourself you are'nt strong and stout  
 Your life is useless, (frail)!

Then when you strengthen yourself with  
 The Self's might and force  
 If you desire, you can upset  
 The world's entire course.

If decimation you desire  
 Become of yourself free  
 If life ever-lasting is your aim  
 In the Self inhabited be.

For what is death except to be  
 Oblivious of the Self  
 What do you think what death is?  
 Soul's flight from body itself?

In the Self create a place your own  
 Like <sup>3</sup> Joseph (did before)  
 Walk easily from captivity  
 To emperorship (of yore).

Think deep (and steep yourself in) the Self  
 And man of action be  
 Be man of God truly  
 That mysteries dwell in thee”

The deeper meanings I explain  
 With stories' help indeed  
 The bud I cause to blossom  
 With force of breath ('s speed).

“ 'Tis meet and proper, better that  
 Beloveds' secrets find  
 A mention in stories of  
 Others” (of their kind).<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup>Syed Ali Hujviri (Died 1078 A.D.) popularly known as Data Ganj Bakhsh lies buried at Lahore. One of the greatest saints of Islam. He was the author of the world-famous “Kashful Mahjub”, a treatise on Sufism. Khawaja Muinuddin Chishti (Died 1235 A.D.) of Ajmer originally of Sanjar in Persia visited his grave and remained closetted in a room close-by busy in worship in the spiritual vicinity of the saint.

<sup>2</sup>The Quran.

<sup>3</sup>Refers to Prophet Joseph's rise to emperorship of Egypt.

<sup>4</sup>Quotation from Mathnavi of Maulana Rum.



## XII

### STORY OF A BIRD THAT WAS RESTLESSLY FAINT WITH THIRST

A bird was faint with thirst (extreme)  
He tossed so restlessly  
Like waves of smoke the breath heaved  
In him so recklessly

He spied a piece of diamond  
In the garden green  
The thirst created 'fore him  
(The wished-for) water's scene.

Deceived by the piece which was  
Brilliant like the sun  
The foolish bird took the stone for  
Water (on its run).

He did not get the sought for  
Moisture from the gem  
He pecked it with his beak but  
No drop to the throat would stem.

The diamond said: "O greedy one!  
Prisoner of your desire!  
You've whetted on me your beak which is  
Full of greed entire!

A drop of water I am not  
Nor serve do I the wine  
Nor is my living for others meant  
Nor is existence mine.

If you intend to do me harm  
 You are, for sure, mad  
 To self-revealing life you are  
 So foreign, (in your fad).

My water, that's my lustre  
 Breaks many a beak of the bird  
 It also breaks the gem of soul  
 Of the man of the world!"

Failing in its desire to  
 Quench palate as he wished  
 The bird, turned then its face away  
 From the diamond (dished).

His chest became the dwelling of  
 Saddening deep despair  
 And from his throat there burst forth  
 A wail, plaintive, rare.

A dew-drop on the tip of  
 The twig of a rose-tree  
 Was shining like the tear that  
 In nightingale's eye be.

Its glitter it owed entirely  
 To munificence of the sun  
 Its body shivered in fear of  
 The sun (— it could not shun.)

A star, albeit, transient  
 And yet of heaven born  
 Which out of urge to self-reveal  
 For a moment stood, for-lorn.



A hundred times deceived by  
 The bud as well the rose  
 To it from life around it  
 No profit ever arose.

So very like the tear of  
 A lover, alone, love-lorn  
 For ever ready to drop from  
 Eyelash it does adorn.

The sorely distressed bird arrived  
 Beneath the branch of rose  
 Right in his mouth the dew-drop  
 Trickled (as healing doze).

O you whose sole desire is  
 To rid your life of a foe!  
 I ask you: "Are you a dew-drop  
 Or a diamond full of glow?"

As the bird was as though melting with  
 The fire of his thirst  
 Sustain itself it did, but  
 Another life it burst.

The dew-drop had no body hard  
 Nor gem-like nature had  
 The piece of diamond 'being' owned  
 The dew-drop sorely lacked.

Neglect not for a moment sole  
 Your Self's protection then  
 Be piece of diamond rather than  
 A dew-drop, (in a glen).

Be solid, massive, mighty  
 Much like a mountain is  
 Be bearer of a hundred clouds  
 Pour down the rivers' bliss

Salvage yourself, for sure, through  
 Affirming of the Self  
 Your quick-silver compress into  
 The silver-ore itself.

Produce a melody out of  
 The chord of your own Self  
 Unfold and expose fully  
 The secrets of own Self.



### XIII

#### STORY OF THE DIAMOND AND THE COAL

I open once again a door  
Of fact, of actual truth  
To you hereunder I narrate  
Another tale forsooth.

In a certain mine the coal addressed  
The diamond in words these:  
"O trustee of everlasting splendours!  
(Tell me, tell me, please!).

We have been comrades ever,  
Our past and present is one  
And in this world the origin of  
Existence ours is one.

I breathe my last in the mine itself  
In anguished worthlessness  
You perch on the crested crown of  
The emperors' worthiness.

Rated am I less than the dust  
So vile is stuff of mine  
Your beauty rends the heart of  
A mirror superfine.

My blackness only illuminates  
A censer with its peat  
Perfection of my substance lies  
In incineration's feat.

My head is trampled underneath  
 The feet of every one  
 On stocks of my existence  
 Heaps ashes every one.

On meanish lock, stock, barrel mine  
 Tears should be shed  
 The wherewithal of my being  
 Can you be to it led?

It is the wavelet of a smoke  
 Inextricably bound  
 Repository of just one spark  
 Transient and unsound.

While you are like the very stars  
 In features, nature alike  
 All your facets, resplendence  
 Beam forth, and eyes strike!

Some time you are the light of  
 The Kaiser's very eye  
 Another, you embellish  
 The hilt of daggers sly!"

Replied to him the diamond:  
 "Comrade caviller mine!  
 Dark dust, perfecting hardness,  
 Became a bezel fine.

It is in war perpetual  
 With its environment  
 The struggle turns it into stone  
 Hard and permanent.



My form due to this hardness  
 Has been endowed with light  
 My bosom is inhabited by  
 The splendour, shining bright

Debased you are because of  
 Your immaturity  
 You burn only because of  
 Softness of entity.

Live, shedding all the fears,  
 The sorrows and the whim  
 Acquire hardness of a stone  
 And live like diamond (trim)."

Who ever is industrious  
 Whose grip and hold is tight  
 From him derive this world  
 And the next, their shining light.

The <sup>1</sup>Black Stone's core is nothing but  
 A handful of this dust  
 Which out of Ka'ba's pocket  
 Its head, as if, has thrust.

Its rank is higher far than  
 The file of Mount Sinai  
 Recipient of kisses it is  
 From black, red, low and high.

It is, sure, in solidity  
 That life's honour lies  
 Weakness and worthlessness are both  
 Immaturity ('s guise).

<sup>1</sup>The sacred stone fixed in a corner of the Ka'ba's wall which the pilgrims kiss.

## XIV

### STORY OF THE SHEIKH AND THE BRAHMIN AND THE DIALOGUE OF THE GANGES AND THE HIMALAYAS TO BRING OUT THE MEANING THAT THE CONTINUATION OF NATIONAL LIFE LIES IN HOLDING FAST TO THE CHARACTERISTIC NATIONAL TRADITIONS

In the city of Benares lived  
A Brahmin, venerable being  
His intellect deep immersed in  
The ocean of Being, Un-being.

He had abundant knowledge of  
Philosophy (of old)  
Despite, to the seekers of God  
He was so well-disposed.

Possessed he was of a grasping mind  
He strived in avenues new  
His intellect rubbed shoulders with  
Pleiades (— high it flew.)

Like that of the Phoenix  
His nest was very high  
The sun, the moon, like rue itself  
His flaming thought did fry.

For long his flask beset itself  
In (labour, sweat and) blood  
Yet the cup-bearer of philosophy  
His cup with wine didn't flood.



In learning's, sciences' garden  
 Many a snare he set  
 His snare's eye the sight of  
 His ideal bird didn't get

That notwithstanding, nail of  
 His thoughts in blood was steeped,  
 The knot of Being, Un-being  
 Remained untied, indeed.

To his deprive and despair was  
 His sigh-on-lip witness  
 His countenance betrayed in full  
 His heart in sore distress.

One day he went to the presence of  
 A Sheikh – par excellence  
 Who in his bosom had brought up  
 A heart – (and rancour sans).

He lent his ear to the speech  
 Of that sagacious saint  
 He set the seal of silence  
 On his lips, (for him quaint).

Thus spake the Sheikh: “O ambler  
 Of heavens swirling high!  
 For just a little while pledge  
 Yourself to earth (so nigh.)

So that you may then roam about  
 In desert and forest  
 Your thought intrepid has traversed  
 The limits of heaven ('s crest).

Attune yourself to this earth  
 O rambler of the skies!  
 Waste not yourself in search of  
 The gem that in stars lies.

I don't advise: be weary of  
 These idols of your own  
 The infidel that you have been  
<sup>1</sup> Thread-girdle don't disown.

O you who are the trustee of  
 The civilization old  
 Turn not away from the fathers' path  
 To it you faster hold.

If a nation's life depends upon  
 Togetherness, unity  
 Then unity is also capital  
 Of infidelity.

You who in infidelity  
 Are not yet perfect so  
 Are unfit and unworthy  
 Around your heart to go

Far far have both of us strayed  
 From path of resignation  
 You're far from <sup>2</sup> Azar's, while, I  
 From Abraham's destination.

Our Qais is not in deep love  
 Of (Laila's camel's) litter  
 In madness of (heart-rending) love  
 Perfection lacks he bitter.



If flickers its last the candle of  
 The Self within its being  
 What is the use of fancy that  
 Goes measuring skies (' ceiling)."

In the skirt of the mountain range when  
 The harp touched music moist  
 The River Ganges said one day  
 To the Himalayas high hoist:

"O shoulders whose have carried snow  
 From the creation's dawn!  
 Form whose, of numberless rivers  
 The thread-girdle does don!

Co-sharer has God made you  
 Of mysteries of the sky  
 Deprived you but of feet which  
 In graceful gait might vie.

He snatched away from your feet  
 The power to tread and walk  
 This dignity, this loftiness  
 This sedateness? Mere talk!

The crux of life lies in  
 Perpetually moving on  
 The sheet-anchor of 'being's wave  
 Is from motion drawn.

From the river when the mountain  
 Heard this (sly simmering) taunt  
 He breathed in anger like is  
 A sea of fire's wont.

Replied he: "You, whose expanse  
 Is but my looking-glass  
 In bosom mine lie hidden  
 A hundred of your class.

This graceful gait of yours  
 Is death's own instrument  
 Who so ever for-sakes his Self  
 For death is fully meant.

In utter ignorance are you  
 Of station of your own  
 You gloat over your misfortune,  
 You fool! To self unknown!

O you, born of the womb of  
<sup>3</sup> Reveling heaven high!  
 Than you are far far better  
 Low coasts that fallen lie.

An offering of your being,  
 You've made to the ocean deep  
 Your cash of soul to a brigand  
 You've offered in a heap.

Like the rose in a garden  
 Guard your own self-respect  
 Don't run after the florist for  
 Perfume-spreading prospect.

Life stands for growth of the Self but  
 Rooted right in its place  
 And for picking of the flowers  
 From own flower-bed, with grace.



Ages have gone by but I stand  
 Foot-rooted to my soil  
 You guess that from my goal I  
 Am far away, re-coil.

My being, however, has grown  
 To reach the heaven high  
 That Pleiades under this my skirt  
 Is pleased in rest to lie.

While your being is traceless  
 In the ocean deep  
 Prostrate the stars on the crest of  
 My top, aloft and steep.

My eyes see so clearly  
 The mysteries of the heights  
 My ears are acquainted with  
 The sound of angel's flights!

Consume myself incessantly  
 With heat of toil I  
 Treasures of rubies, diamonds  
 And gems I have lain by

My kernel is of stone and  
 Inside the stone is fire  
 Across my fire dare not pass  
 Water (though roused in ire).

Even if a drop, you should not drip  
 On feet, be they your own  
 With the tossing waves toil,  
 Against oceans hold your own.

Desire the lustre of a gem  
 Be yourself jewel's piece  
 For ears of a beauty  
 Be pendants (eyes please).

Expand yourself to boundlessness  
 Or gain a limitless speed  
 Or be the cloud that lightning throws,  
 Pours rivers-full rain, indeed!

So that the sea solicits from you  
 For storms in a beggar's way  
 And sulkingly complains of  
 Its skirt ('s narrow bay).

So that it deems itself to be  
 Far lesser than a wave  
 And glides softly by your feet"  
 (It's led to so behave!)

<sup>1</sup>The Hindus wear a thread-girdle across the shoulder and groin.

<sup>2</sup>Azar was the father of Abraham. He was an idol-maker while Abraham was an idol-breaker.

<sup>3</sup>The Hindus believe that Ganges rises in heaven.



XV

EXPOSING THAT THE AIM AND OBJECT OF A  
MUSLIM'S LIFE IS TO EXALT THE WORD OF  
ALLAH AND THAT IF THE JEHAD IS MOTIVATED  
BY HUNGER FOR CONQUEST OF LAND, IT IS  
UNLAWFUL IN ISLAM

Soak deeply all your heart with  
<sup>1</sup> Allah's perfect dye  
To love give honour and chastity  
Which tell: it's time to die.

Through love the Muslim's temperament  
Learns to dominate  
If the Muslim is not loving  
He's infidel innate.

His seeing and not-seeing is  
Obeisance all to God  
His eating, drinking, sleeping are  
All for the sake of the Lord.

With his sweet pleasure merged is  
The (dictate), will of God  
'This saying to believe in  
To people may look odd'.

His tent is pitched in the field of  
"No-god-except-the Lord"  
In this world he's commissioned to be  
On man, witness of God.

The witness of his status true  
 Is the Prophet of men and jinn —  
 The witness most truthful  
 Shall be, is, and has been.

Pass from the stage of mere words  
 Knock at the spiritual door  
 The light of truth on darkness  
 Of your actions pour.

In the kingly robes of the Chosroe  
 Durvish — like you should live  
 With eyes ever wakeful  
 On God meditating live.

The nearness of God should be  
 The goal of every deed  
 So that in you be manifest  
 His Glory Great, indeed!

For peace becomes turmoil  
 If, its aim is, aught else  
 If seeking God its object is  
 War is virtue, naught else.

If Truth is not exalted by  
 Our scimitar, our sword  
 War brings with it for people  
 Misfortunes, (woe's horde).

His holiness <sup>2</sup> Sheikh Mian Mir  
 (That saint of eminent name)  
 With the light of whose (ennobling) soul  
 All hidden things earned fame.



On the path of Mohammed Mustafa  
 His feet did firmly plant  
 Impassioned song of his love  
 Reed-flute did ever chant.

His tomb is the very faith of  
 The dust of our city  
 The torch of the light of guidance  
 For the whole vicinity.

On his door even the sky its brow  
 Bows down in reverence  
 One of his many disciples was  
 Of emperor's eminence.

This emperor sowing in his heart  
 The seed of greed, ambition  
 Resolved in mind, some countries  
 To bring to his submission.

With avarice, with ambition deep  
 His soul was all aflame  
<sup>3</sup>“Are there any more left”  
 He taught his sword: ‘proclaim’ !

At that time in the Deccan  
 There was a turmoil great  
 His armies were in battle-field  
 There was a war-like state.

Repaired he to the Sheikh of  
 Rank, dignity true sky-high  
 To seek his prayers and blessings  
 To be re-inforced thereby.

A Muslim from the world towards  
 The Lord takes resort  
 With prayer he always strengthens  
 His strategy, planning's part.

On listening to the emperor  
 The Sheikh silence assumed —  
 The assemblage of durvishes  
 All ears became attuned.

With a silver coin in his hand  
 Disciple one did dare  
 To open up his lips and thus  
 The seal of silence tear.

Said he: "O please accept this  
 Poor lowly offering mine  
 O guider-by-the-hand of  
 Those strayed from God's line!

My body dived and delved in  
 The habit of labour hard  
 Before my skirt could tie a knot  
 On just one dirham odd."

Replied the Sheikh: "This money is  
 Our Sultan's rightful due  
 Who in the robes imperial  
 Is a beggar (and not new).

Although he holds under his sway  
 The sun, the moon, the stars  
 Our emperor is most indigent  
 Of mankind ( — hold no bars.)



His eye is fixed on food laid out  
On others' table indeed  
The fire of his hunger has  
Thrown people in great need

His sword is followed all around  
By famine and by plague  
His lust for building has laid waste  
Towns, countries, known or vague.

All folks are uttering wails and cries  
Because of poverty his  
Forces his empty-handedness  
To plunder the weak, that is.

His prowess is the enemy of  
The people dwelling this earth  
Mankind is the caravan  
That gives this brigand mirth.

Due to his self-delusion and  
His immature thought  
His pillages he is proud of  
Names them as conquests wrought.

His own imperial troops may be  
Or be they enemies' troops  
Are cut in twain by hunger of  
His sword — yes! both the groups

The fire that consumes him  
Is the beggar's hunger own  
While hunger of an emperor means:  
State, faith, before dogs thrown.

Who-ever draws his dagger for  
 Aught other than God's own cause  
 This very dagger in his chest  
 Shall come to rest and pause!"

<sup>1</sup>Refers to the Quranic verse: "What is better than the dye (baptism) of Allah".

<sup>2</sup>A saint of seventeenth century buried at Lahore.

<sup>3</sup>Reference to the Quranic Verse wherein hell has been forecast to ask "Are there any more" (of the sinners)?



## XVI

### ADVICE PENNED DOWN BY MIR <sup>1</sup> NAJAT ALIAS BABA-I-SEHRAI FOR THE MUSLIMS OF INDIA

O you! who like a rose have grown  
Out of this earth's soil  
Take it that from the womb of the Self  
You, too, are born (in toil).

Abandon not the Self, attain  
An ever-lasting end  
Be but a drop of water, which  
Has ocean – drinking trend.

You! who are radiant due to  
The Self's (brilliant) light  
Firm up the Self within yourself  
Attain e'er-lasting height.

All profit lies in the pocket of  
This very trade, transaction  
In guarding this commodity lies  
Masterly distinction.

You are Being and yet you are  
Of Un-Being afraid  
O you! My dear dear friend!  
All wrong 'fore you 'tis laid.

As I am fully acquainted with  
The harmony of life  
I shall impart to you what is  
The secret of this (strife).

It is diving within yourself —  
 Like ever does a pearl —  
 And thereafter from solitude  
 Your head outside to hurl.

It is to store the tiny sparks  
 Beneath the ashes cold  
 Become and rise up like a flame  
 Too dazzling to behold.

Be burner of the house built  
 With forty years of labour  
 Perambulate around yourself  
 Like a circling flame endeavour.

For what is life but weaning self  
 From circling around others  
 Regard yourself as the Ka'ba  
 (Have self-respecting covers.)

Your wings you beat and thus be free  
 Of gravity of this earth  
 Like unto birds be safe from  
 A fall back on this earth.

O you alert and sensible one!  
 If a bird you are not  
 Right on the top of a mountain's cave  
 You build your nest should not.

O you! who so much after  
 Acquiring knowledge are!  
 The (Script of) Rumi's message I  
 Deliver to you (at par).



“If knowledge you have wound around  
 Your body – it’s a snake  
 But if imbued your heart with it  
 A friend of you it’ll make”.

Of the Master of Rum’s story  
 You’ve heard, are you aware?  
 Who, in Aleppo city,  
 Discoursed on knowledge rare.

Bound by the feet with chain of  
 Logic of intellect  
 His boat was in the midst of  
 Dark storms of intellect.

A Moses entirely foreign to  
 The Sinai of love  
 Unknown to love completely  
 And to passion of love.

He spoke of <sup>2</sup>scepticism and he  
 Spoke of illumination<sup>3</sup>  
 A hundred pearls he strung of  
 Metaphysical notation.

He unravelled the skeins of  
 The <sup>4</sup>Peripatetics’ premise  
 The beam of light of his thought  
 Laid bare each light surmise.

Before him, all around him, were  
 Thick piles and heaps of books  
 And from his lips flowed commentaries  
 On books (like running brooks).

Directed by mentor <sup>5</sup>Kamal  
<sup>6</sup>Shams of Tabriz sought  
 The way to the college of <sup>7</sup>Jalal  
 Where he discoursed and taught.

Enquired he: "What noise is this  
 This reasoning, wrangling thus  
 Imagination, analogy  
 Deductive logic's fuss?"

The Maulvi ordered: "O you fool!  
 You better shut your mouth  
 On doctrines of old sages  
 Don't laugh, O you uncouth!"

Lift up your feet and out you go  
 Of the colleges' premises  
 This logic is too high for you  
 You've no concern with this.

Our discourses are too abstract  
 Beyond your understanding  
 Perception's glass is brighter made  
 (If they get proper listening)."

This utterance of the Mulla caused  
 Fervour of Shams to grow  
 The fire that hid in his soul  
 Began to openly glow.

On the earth, the lightning of  
 His looks, when he cast  
 The spark arising from his breath  
 From dust caused flame to blast.



The spiritual fire of the heart  
 Perception's stock-pile burnt  
 And clean consumed the library  
 Where that logician had learnt.

Rank stranger as the Maulvi was  
 To the miracle of Love  
 Completely unacquainted with  
 The orchestra of Love.

Cried out: (in utter disbelief)  
 "How did you light this fire  
 The library of philosophers  
 You have thus burnt entire?"

Spake thus the Sheikh: "O Muslim,  
 But in thread-girdle bound!  
 This all is verve and ecstasy  
 You should not fool around!

Our ecstasy is far higher than  
 Your intellectual thought  
 Our flame is this red alchemy  
 (Which all this state has brought).

With the snow of your philosophy  
 Your substance you create  
 From cloud of your intellect  
 Cold hail-storm (pours in spate).

Enkindle a fire yourself  
 From rubble of your own  
 Stoke up a flame yourself  
 From earth to yourself known.

Perfected is a Muslim's ken  
 By fervour of his heart  
 Islam means: renouncing everything  
 Ephemeral, whole or part.

As Abraham<sup>8</sup> did free himself  
 From bond of all things setting  
 Right in the midst of blazing flames  
 He was seen prettily sitting.

You've thrown behind and cared not for  
 The knowledge of Truth, of God  
 For the sake of just one loaf of bread  
 You've squandered Faith in God.

You are in search and hot pursuit  
 Of antimony pure  
 But with your own dark eye  
 You're un-acquainted, sure.

Seek the fountain of Life from  
 The sharp edge of a dagger  
 And from the mouth of a python  
 The Heavens' Kausar River.

The Black Stone you demand from  
 The door of idol-house  
 And the musk-deer's bladder in  
 A mad dog arouse.

But glow of Love you should not seek  
 In the knowledge of to-day  
 Nor nature of the Truth search in  
 This infidel's cup you may.



For long have I engrossed myself  
 In running to and fro  
 And I have learnt the secret of  
 New knowledge and (its flow).

Its gardeners all have put me to  
 Its trial and its test  
 And thus of this rose-garden  
 Imparted knowledge best.

It is'nt a roses' bed but is  
 Of tulips, of moral grave  
 Like a paper-flower which is  
 Perfume's mirage, you crave.

But ever since I've freed myself  
 From this garden's thrall  
 I've built myself a nest on  
 Heaven's <sup>9</sup> Tooba tall.

This so-called modern knowledge is  
 But the greatest veil  
 It moulds the idols, worships them  
 And lays them out for sale.

In the prison of phenomena  
 Its feet are tightly bound  
 From the limits of the sensible  
 It does not leap and bound.

It has lost its foot-hold  
 On life's thorough fare  
 On its own gullet it has  
 Placed a dagger bare.

It has a fire which is dead cold  
 Like that of a tulip's fire  
 It has a flame which is dead cold  
 Like a hail-stone (dire.)

Its nature remains free of  
 The touch of glow of love  
 In this discoveries-hungry world  
 It lies (in) joyless (cove.)

Love is the Plato heals which  
 All maladies of mind  
 Its lancet cures melancholy  
 Of mind (, so all will find).

The Universe bows, prostrates  
 Before Love, paying homage  
 Love is <sup>10</sup> Mahmood and intellect is  
 Somnath (he did ravage.)

The flask of intellect does'nt hold  
 In it that wine old  
 It's not the luck of its nights to  
 Resound with 'Lord! My Lord!'

The value of your box-tree  
 You did not realise  
 On cypresses of others  
 You placed a higher prize.

Like the reed you have emptied  
 Your own self of the Self  
 On musical notes of others  
 You've set your heart itself.



O beggar of mere crumbs from  
Others' tables' foods!  
Your own wares you are looking for  
From others' stalls of goods.

The banquet-hall of a Muslim is  
Burnt up by others' lamp  
His mosque reduced to ashes by  
A spark from a Convent ('s camp).

From the sanctuary of the Ka'ba  
No sooner a deer fled  
Than the arrow of a hunter  
Its sides did thread and shred.

The rose-petals are scattered  
Like unto its own scent  
O you who fled from your self!  
Come back to where you're meant!

O trustee of the wisdom of  
The Prototype of the Book!  
You are but a lost unity  
For it again you look.

We were the guardians of the gates  
Of the fortress of Islam  
Infidels have become, giving up  
The mottos of Islam.

The Saqi old at the hands of  
His own cup lies shattered  
Wine-party of the Hijazians  
Stands broken up and scattered.

The Ka'ba is inhabited by  
 The idols of our own  
 Mocks at us infidelity, for  
 The Islam we've shown.

The sheikh for lust of idols has  
 His Islam gambled away  
 And strung the beads of rosary  
 In the thread-of-girdle, yea!

Preceptors are preceptors now  
 Because of hair white  
 They have become the laughing stock  
 Of urchins, naughty, spright.

Their hearts are utter strangers to  
 Impress of "There's-no-god"  
 The idols of sensuality  
 Have made them houses odd.

Each long-haired person dons now  
 The Durvish-like robe  
 Alas for all these mendicants  
 Of religion (on this globe).

With coterie of their disciples  
 Travelling day and night  
 Unaware of the needs besetting Islam  
 Grave be or be these slight

Their eyes are but lack-lustre  
 Narcissus-like these are  
 Devoid of all the spiritual wealth  
 Their hearts and bosoms are.



The preachers as well mystics  
 Worship the wordly rank  
 The "radiant nation's" prestige  
 To lowest depth has sank.

Our preacher's gaze is fixed on  
 Pagoda, idol-house  
 The <sup>11</sup> Mufti of the Manifest Faith  
 Sells verdicts (and with grouse.)

What then, O friends! be after this  
 Our strategy, our plan?  
 Our Preceptor has set on course  
 To (break) the tavern ('s ban.)

<sup>1</sup>As Nicholson has noted, this appears to be a pseudonym assumed by Iqbal as enquiries from various knowledgeable persons and references to books have led to no clue of Mir Najat. Nor did Iqbal deny the assumption of Nicholson.

<sup>2</sup>Ancient or modern Pyerhonism, denying truth of religions and taking cynical view.

<sup>3</sup>The philosophy of Suhrawardy (Died 1191) who synthesised the Neo-Platonic and Persian philosophies etc. signifying light with goodness and darkness with evil.

<sup>4</sup>The followers of Aristotle who used to walk in Lyceum while teaching.

<sup>5</sup>Sheikh Kamal-ud-Din Junaidi.

<sup>6</sup>Jalal-ud-Din Rumi's mentor.

<sup>7</sup>Maulana Rumi.

<sup>8</sup>Abraham saw the star, the moon, the sun and took each in turn to be worship-worthy. But when he found each one setting, he cried out "I love not them that set". Quran, Chapter VI, V. 76.

<sup>9</sup>A tree in the highest of Heavens.

<sup>10</sup>Mahmood of Ghazni, an iconoclast king of Afghanistan and vast neighbouring territories including part of eleventh and twelfth century India who led an invasion to destroy the biggest and most famous idol installed in Somnath by the Hindus.

<sup>11</sup>Muslim jurist.

## XVII

### TIME IS A SWORD

May the holy grave of Shafiee<sup>1</sup>  
Remain lush green for ever  
A world remains so cheered up  
By his old vine's flavour.

His thought plucked the very stars  
From the heavens high  
He called Time: "The cutting sword"  
(In ages gone by).

What shall I say then what is  
The secret of this sword  
Its furbushing derives its all  
From life ('s spiritual hoard).

Its owner is imperturbable  
By hope as well as fear  
Than <sup>2</sup>hand of Moses hand of his  
Shines more in radiance sheer.

With just one stroke of his sword  
From stones <sup>3</sup>gush springlets out  
The sea turns into land dry  
Without a moisture's clout.

In the hands of Prophet Moses  
The sword was this, self same  
So what he wrought was higher than  
What men contrive and name.



The broad chest of the Red Sea  
 He clove and rent asunder  
 A very ocean he dried up  
 Like land itself (, no wonder!)

Hand-hold of <sup>4</sup> Haider which unhinged  
 Fortress of Khyber's gate  
 His power's source was also  
 This very sword's legate.

The revolution of the sky  
 Is worthy to be seen  
 Vicissitudes of days and nights  
 Intelligible have been. —

Captive of Morrows, Yesterdays!  
 Within yourself look!!  
 Another universe lies hid  
 In your own heart's nook.

In your own soil you have sown  
 The seed of deep darkness  
 And Time, you have taken for  
 A straight line (more or less).

Then with the measuring tape of  
 The night and the day  
 With thought of yours please survey  
 The length of Time's sway.

This line you have made into  
 Thread-girdle of your waist  
 You have become a trader of  
 Falsehood, like idols (waste).

You were alchemy but you became  
 A handful mere of dust  
 Born of the truth's own conscience  
 Grown into falsehood ('s crust).

If you are a Muslim, rid yourself  
 Free of this girdle-thread  
 Become the focal candle of  
 The feast where free men tread.

You who are unaware of  
 The origin of the Time  
 Completely ignorant you are  
 Of life ever-lasting ('s clime.)

Then how long will you thus remain  
 Captive of day and night  
 Learn of the Time's mystery from:  
 "With God, <sup>5</sup>I have a tryst."

Phenomena all arise from  
 The speed, the march of Time  
 Life is but just one mystery  
 Of mysteries of Time.

Time's origin does not lie in  
 Revolving of the sun  
 For Time is ever-lasting  
 There's sun ever-lasting none.

For, Time is joy and sorrow  
 It is martyr's day, it is <sup>6</sup>Eed  
 It is the moonlight's secret  
 Of the sun light, indeed!



You have extended Time, like  
 The space (in span, expanse)  
 Created a distinction in  
 The past and future ('s stance).

You who have fled like the fragrance  
 From your garden own!  
 With your own hands thus you have built  
 A prison wherein you're thrown.

This Time of ours which has'nt seen  
 The beginning or the end  
 In avenue of our conscience  
 Its sprouting does depend.

The knowledge intimate of it  
 The living, makes 'live more  
 Existence his, than the morning  
 More brilliant, shining more.

Life is of Time's origin  
 And Time of Life, indeed  
 "Do not abuse the Time" advised  
 The Prophet (in fact, in deed.)

A point may I make 'fore you  
 As brilliant as a pearl  
 Between the slave and freeman  
 Distinction to unfurl.

A slave is rendered idle  
 In Time's night and day  
 While in the heart of a free man  
 Time's idle (in decay).

A slave weaves his burial-shroud  
 With hands to him well-known  
 Warps he around his body ('s flesh)  
 The day's and night's thread own.

A freeman disentangles  
 Himself from soil and clay  
 And warps himself on the loom of  
 The night and the day.

A slave is like a bird caught  
 In the snare of morn and eve  
 The taste of flight from his soul  
 In this way takes leave.

The freeman's chest in which flows  
 His breath so fast and free  
 Makes it for bird of nights and days  
 A cage (as close may be.)

A slave's nature, however, is  
 To get his harvest's due  
 His life's incidents are  
 Without turns new.

His drowsy-headed awakening  
 Is always all the same  
 His wails and mournings, morn and eve  
 Unchanged – (O what a shame!).

Moment by moment creation new  
 Is freeman's handi-work  
 And harmonies flowing ever-new  
 Are his chord's, lyre's work.



His nature does'nt bear bother of  
 A repititious role  
 His path is not the circle drawn  
 By compass, whole and sole.

For the slave the Time is nothing else  
 Than shackle, that is all  
 From lips of his complaints of Fate  
 In mornings, evenings fall.

Ambition of a freeman  
 Becomes of death adviser  
 The events take their shape from  
 The hands of this deviser.

His past as well as future  
 Are present in his present  
 Delays as well postponements  
 His promptness makes unpleasant.

This purest poesy comes to me  
 Without a noise or voice  
 It does sink right into the mind  
 It's no perception's choice.

I speak and words – my own words  
 Fight shy of meanings clear  
 Complain the meanings, however, of  
 Words I must clear steer.

The living meanings, enter they  
 As soon a word, they die  
 And with the coldness of your breath,  
 With fire extinguished lie.

Secret of absence, presence  
 Lies in-side the heart  
 Secret of Time, its passage  
 Lies right within the heart.

A silent song sighs within  
 The symphony of the Time  
 Dive deep in the heart that you may see  
 The secret of the Time.

And, ah! The wishful memory  
 Of days the sword of Time  
 By dint of our sinewy arm  
 With us was well in rhyme.

The seed of Faith in the farm of  
 Full many a heart we sowed  
 Removed we from the cheeks of Truth  
 The veil: (behind it glowed).

Our nail untied the knot of  
 (The problems of) this world  
 Our bow to the dust of this earth  
 Brought to it lucky word.

From jar of Truth we caused this  
 Wine, rose-coloured, to gush  
 On ancient taverns charged by night  
 (The putrid wine to flush).

O you who hold the old wine  
 Now even in your flask!  
 Your wine's heat to the glass may  
 Perform the fire's task!



On account of pride and vanity  
 And arrogance, self-conceit  
 You hurl these taunts at us  
 In poverty's retreat.

Our goblet has also adorned  
 The banquets full of zest  
 A living heart once lively throbbed  
 In this our own broad chest.

The modern time embellished with  
 All of its splendours new  
 Has, in real truth, arisen from  
 Our own feet's dust-cloud ('s clue).

The farm of Truth was watered by  
 Naught else but our blood  
 The worshippers of Truth are  
 Beholden to our (blood).

It's we who taught unto the world  
 Exalting God the Great  
 From our (rewarding) clay it was  
 That sanctuaries earned their fate.

Commandment; <sup>7</sup> "Read" it was to us  
 That Allah taught us first  
 Through our hands His bounties  
 He distributed first.

Although from our hand are gone  
 The signet and the crown  
 At us — the poor beggars —  
 Contemptuously do'nt frown.

At Present, in your eyes  
 Whatever we do brings loss  
 Our thoughts are old, out-dated  
 Disgraced (we lost our gloss.)

We still sustain our honour from  
 "There-is-no-god-but-Allah"  
 We keep a watch on both worlds with  
 ("There-is-no-god-but-Allah").

Free are we from the sorrows of  
 To-day and of the morrow  
 We have pledged ourselves to the One  
 In love with lovers' vow.

We are the hidden mystery  
 In the Heart of the Truth!  
 We are the heirs of Moses  
 And of Aaron, forsooth!

The sun and moon are even now  
 Bright due to our light  
 And lightnings still lurk freely in  
 Our cloud (, however, slight.)

Our essence is the mirror of  
 The quintessence Divine  
 A Muslim's being is but one  
 Of myriad signs divine.

<sup>1</sup> Mohammad bin Idrees Ashshafiee (767 to 820 A.D.). Born in Ghaza, buried in Egypt. Studied in Mecca and went over to Baghdad and then back to Egypt. He was the first of the four well-known jurist Imams, the other three being Imam Hanbal, Imam Abu Hanifa and Imam Malik. Author of a number of well-known books among which is 'Kitab-ul-Um'. His followers are spread over North Africa and Indonesia.

<sup>2&3</sup> Refer to the miracles granted by God to be performed by Moses.

<sup>4</sup> One of the names of Ali

<sup>5</sup> This is the Holy Prophet's Tradition.

<sup>6</sup> Muslim festivals after Ramadan and Haj.

<sup>7</sup> The very first revelation of the Quran to the Prophet.



## XVIII

### AN INVOCATION

In the frame-work of this universe  
Like soul in body free  
You dwell in our souls yet  
From us You always flee!

Your Grace alone it is which breathes  
Music in the lute of life  
If it be for your sake alone  
Death is envy of life.

Once more grant pacification  
To hearts unhappy ours  
Once more within our bosom  
Inhabit for ageless hours

Once more, O please! demand from us  
Respect for honour, fame  
Once more strengthen hearts of  
These lovers only in name.

Often do we complain of  
Our destiny, our fate  
We are extremely indigent  
Yours is the highest rate.

The empty-handed that we are  
Hide not from us Your face  
Grant gratis to us love that was  
Bilal's, Salman's grace.

Give us those sleepless eyes  
 Grant us a passionate heart  
 Once more grant us the nature of  
 The quick-silver's own art.

Of signs manifest endless  
 Please, show us but one sign  
 So that the necks of enemies  
 Down earth-wards do incline.

Turn this, the chaff, into a mount –  
 Its crest spitting fire –  
 With the fire within us burn please  
 All other-than-God entire.

When the thread of its unity  
 The nation left from hand  
 A hundred knots developed  
 In our mission, our stand.

Scattered are we in this world  
 Like stars in the sky  
 Although we breathe in unison  
 Like strangers we pass by.

Once more, O please! bind us  
 The scattered leaves we are  
 Once more, O please! revive in us  
 The spirit of love (lost far!)

Once more, O please appoint us to  
 Be at Your beck and call  
 Let the carrying out of Your mission  
 On Your lovers fall.



To wayfarers provide with  
 The goal of resignation  
 Bestow upon us Abraham's  
 Faith's determination.

Teach love pre-occupation with  
 The crux of "La Ilah"  
 Teach it to be acquainted with  
 Secret of "Ill Allah".

I who so like a taper burn  
 Consume myself for others  
 My circle of friends, taper-like  
 I teach to weep for others.

O Lord! The (warm) tear that  
 Enkindles (every) heart  
 Is full of passion, restless  
 And pushes comforts apart.

Could I sow in the garden  
 To grow into a fire  
 So that it washes away the red  
 From the tulip's attire.

My heart is rooted in the past  
 My eyes are fixed on the future  
 Right in the midst of company  
 Alone I sorrows nurture.

Each person takes himself, to be  
 A friend of mine for sure  
 But from within me did not leak  
 My secrets (, simple, pure.)

In this whole world, O my Lord  
 O where my comrade is  
 Where is the tree of my Sinai  
 And where my Moses is?

Trangressor am I, on myself  
 Did perpetrate wrongs I  
 A flame in my own arm-pit  
 Have fostered myself I.

A flame reducing to ashes  
 All wares of awareness  
 It grew into a fire  
 In the (vale) of awareness.

To reason and to intellect  
 Pure madness did it teach  
 It set on fire (all that  
 Repairs) knowledge ('s breach).

Its blaze has raised the sun to  
 These high heights in the sky  
 And lightnings are perpetually  
 Encircling it on high.

Like that of the dew I have become  
 A tear-shedding eye  
 Till have become the trustee of  
 The hidden fire I

The taper I have taught to  
 Burn itself, not to spare  
 Myself I burn all hidden  
 From the world's eyes' glare.



At last from every hair-root mine  
 Flames sprouted out  
 From even veins of my thoughts  
 Fire sprang about.

My nightingale has picked out  
 The strain from very sparks  
 And given birth to a song that  
 A fiery temper harks.

The bosom of my age is  
 Devoid of a heart  
 At Laila's litter's emptiness  
 Pain of Majnun grows smart.

For a candle it is easy not,  
 To burn, consume alone  
 Would that I had just one moth  
 To share my pain and moan.

How long to wait for a kindred soul  
 To hear and share my grief  
 How long to search for a sharer  
 Of secrets (of belief).

O You from Grace of whose Face!  
 The sun and moon get light  
 The fire infused in my soul  
 Withdraw from me You might.

Take back this trust, that You have put  
 In (burning) bosom mine  
 This rankling thorn of essence  
 Remove from mirror fine.

Or else grant me the company of  
 A comrade old (sincere)  
 To the world-consuming love thus give  
 A mirror (crystal clear).

Within the ocean, a wave moves  
 Along side a wave  
 To share each other's emotion  
 By nature do they crave.

In heaven, one to the other star  
 A bosom-comrade is  
 On the very knee of the night rests  
 The moon fair head of his.

The day rubs its side against  
 The dark side of the night  
 To-day, itself, (mingles) with  
 To-morrow (hopeful, bright).

Existence of one brooklet  
 Loses its self in another's  
 The waft of wind gets also lost  
 In the sweet smell of others.

In every nook of wilderness  
 There is a (festive) dance  
 One madman with another is  
 Enjoying dance (and prance).

Although You in Your Essence  
 Are One, Uniquely One  
 A universe for Yourself  
 You have furnished, (all done).



I am, however, like unto  
 The tulip in a desert  
 In the midst of company, all around  
 Alone (— that is my desert.)

Of Grace of Yours I beg for  
 A friend, my alter ego  
 Who is fully acquainted with  
 My nature's secret (echo).

A bosom-friend who is at once  
 Devoid of sense yet wise  
 One who is utter stranger to  
 The phantoms' changing guise.

So that I may infuse in him  
 My frenzied exclamation  
 And see reflected in his heart  
 My face's presentation.

His form then I may mould from  
 This handful clay of mine  
 So that to him I am Azar  
 As well as idol ('s shrine!).

قبائل