BOOK III

IN THE NAME OF GOD THE COMPASSIONATE, THE MERCIFUL.

The sciences of Wisdom are God's armies, wherewith He strengthens the spirits of the initiates, and purifies their knowledge from the defilement of ignorance, their justice from the defilement of iniquity, their generosity from the defilement of ostentation, and their forbearance from the defilement of foolishness; and brings near to them whatever was far from them in respect of the understanding of the state hereafter; and makes easy to them whatever was hard to them in respect of obedience and zealous endeavour. And they are amongst the evidences and proofs of the prophets, giving information concerning the mysteries and sovereignty of God, bestowed on the gnostics exclusively, and how He causes the revolution of the Luminous Sphere appertaining to the Rahmán and the Pearl, which rules over the vapidous globular sphere, even as the intellect rules over the bodies of dust and their external and internal senses; for the revolution of that spiritual Sphere rules over the vapidous sphere and the gleaming meteors and the fostering winds and the outspread earths and the flowing waters. May God benefit His servants thereby and increase their understanding! Now every reader understands according to the measure of his intelligence, and the devotee practises devotion according to the measure of his power to exert himself, and the mufti decides questions of law according to the amount of judgement he possesses, and the alms-giver gives alms in proportion to his ability, and the donor is generous in proportion to his means, and the recipient of generosity obtains so much of his bounty as he approves. But he who searches for water in the desert will not be prevented from seeking it by his knowledge of what is in the seas, and he will be earnest in seeking the Water of this life ere he is cut off from it by preoccupation with the means of subsistence and hindered by illness and want, and ere objects come between him and that to which he is hastening, since none who prefers vain desire or is inclined to ease or turns back from his search or has fears for himself or feels anxiety about his means of livelihood will ever attain unto Knowledge, unless he take refuge with God and prefer his spiritual affairs to his temporal and take from the treasure of Wisdom the great riches, which neither lose their value nor are inherited like riches, and the majestic lights and noble jewels and precious estates, giving thanks for His bounty, glorifying His dispensation, magnifying His allotment; and unless he seek refuge with God from the wileness of interests and from an ignorance that he makes much of the little which he sees in himself and makes little of the much and great in others, and admires himself on account of that for which God hath not given him permission. But it behoves one who hath knowledge and is seeking that he should learn whatever he does not know, and teach what he knows already, and deal gently with those of weak intelligence, and heither be made conceited by the stupidity of the stupid nor harshly rebuke him that is dull of understanding. Such were you aforetime, but God has been gracious unto you. Transcendent is God and exalted above the sayings of the blasphemers, and the belief of those who attribute partners, and the imputation of defect by those deficient, and the comparison by the comparers, and the evil conceptions of the thinkers, and the descriptions by those who vainly imagine. And to Him be the praise and the glory for the composition of the Divine, Lordly Book of the Masnavi, since He is the Helper to success and the Giver of bounty, and to Him belongs the conferring abundant benefits and favours, especially upon His servants, the gnostics, in despite of a party who desire to extinguish the Lights of God with their mouths—but God will bring His Light to completion, even if the unbelievers are loth. Verily, We have sent down the Warning and verily We will guard it. And whoever shall alter it after he hath heard it, surely the guilt thereof is upon those who alter it: verily, God is Hearing and Knowing. And praise be to God, the Lord of all created beings!
In The Name of God The Merciful, The Compassionate

O Light of the Truth, Husamuddin, bring this Third Book, for “three times” has become a *sunna*.

Open the treasury of mysteries; in respect of the Third Book leave excuses alone.

Your power flows from the power of God, not from the veins which throb because of heat.

This lamp, the sun, which is bright—it is not by means of wick and cotton and oil.

5 The vault of heaven, which is so enduring, is not supported by any tent-rope or pillar.

The power of Gabriel was not from the kitchen; it was from beholding the Creator of existence.

Likewise, know this power of the *Abdal* of God to be from God, not from dishes and from trays.

Their bodies too have been moulded of the Light, so that they have transcended the Spirit and the Angel.

Inasmuch as you are endowed with the qualities of the Almighty, pass beyond the fire of the maladies, like Khalil.

10 To you also the fire will become *coolness and safety*, O you to whose complexion the elements are slaves.

The elements are the substance of every complexion, but this complexion of yours is superior to every grade.

This complexion of yours is of the simple world; it has now gathered up the attributes of Unity.

Oh, alas, the area of the people’s understandings is exceeding narrow: the people have no throat.

O Light of the Truths, through the keenness of your perception your sweetmeat bestows a throat on stone.

15 Mount Sinai in the epiphany gained a throat, so that it quaffed the wine; but it could not bear the wine.

Thereby the mountain was shattered and split asunder: have you seen a mountain amble like a camel?
Bestowal of mouthfuls comes from everyone to someone; 
bestowal of a throat is the work of God alone.

He bestows a throat on the body and on the spirit; 
He bestows a separate throat for every part of you.

This He bestows at the time when you become Majestic 
and become void of guile and deceit,

So that you will not tell the King's secret to any one 
or pour out sugar before flies.

The secrets of Majesty are drunk in by the ear of that one who, 
like the lily, has a hundred tongues and is dumb.

The grace of God bestows a throat on the earth, 
to the end that it may drink water and make a hundred herbs grow.

Again, He bestows on the creature of earth a throat and lip, 
in order that it may eat its herbage in desire.

When the animal has eaten its herbage, it becomes fat: 
the animal becomes a mouthful for Man and goes.

In turn it becomes earth and becomes a devourer of Man, 
when the spirit and the sight are separated from Man.

I beheld the atoms with their mouths all open: 
if I should tell of their food, it would become long.

Provisions have provision from His bounty; 
His universal grace is the nourisher of them that nourish.

He bestows gifts on the gifts, 
for how should wheat spring forth without any sustenance?

There is no end to the explanation of this matter. 
I have told a portion: you may know the portions.

Know that the entire world is eating and being eaten; 
know that those who have everlasting life are fortunate and accepted.

This world and its inhabitants are dispersed; 
that world and its travellers are continuing.

This world and its lovers are cut off; 
the people of that world are eternalized and united.

The noble, then, is he that gives to himself the Water of Life 
that remains unto everlasting.

The noble one is the good works which endure: 
he has been freed from a hundred banes and perils and fears.
If they (the noble) are thousands, there is no more than one: it is not like the fancies of him that thinks of number.

The eater and the eaten have a throat and windpipe: the victor and the vanquished have understanding and mental perception.

He bestowed a throat on the rod of justice; it devoured all those many rods and ropes;

And in it was no increase from all that eating, because its eating and its form were not animal.

To Faith also He gave a throat like the rod, so that it devoured every vain fancy that was born.

Hence the spiritual and intelligible things, like the concrete things, have throats, and the giver of food to the throat of the spiritual and intelligible things is also God.

Therefore from the Moon to the Fish there is nothing in creation that has not a throat in respect of its drawing sustenance.

The spirit’s throat is emptied of thought for the body, then its apportioned sustenance becomes Majestic.

Know that the necessary condition is the transformation of the nature, for the death of evil men is from evil nature.

When it has become natural to a human being to eat clay, he grows pale and ill-complexioned and sickly and miserable;

When his ugly nature has been transformed, the ugliness departs from his face, and he shines like a candle.

Where is a nurse for the suckling babe?—that with kindness she may sweeten the inner part of its mouth,

And, though she bar its way to her teat may open up for it the way to a hundred gardens?

Because the teat has become to that feeble a barrier from thousands of pleasures and dishes and loaves

Our life, then, depends on weaning. Endeavour little by little.

The discourse is complete.

When man was an embryo his nourishment was blood: in like fashion the true believer draws purity from filth.

Through being weaned from blood, his nourishment became milk; and through being weaned from milk, he became a taker of food.

And through being weaned from food he becomes like Luqman; he becomes a seeker of the hidden game.
If any one were to say to the embryo in the womb,  
"Outside is a world exceedingly well-ordered,  
A pleasant earth, broad and long,  
wherein are a hundred delights and so many things to eat,  
Mountains and seas and plains,  
fragrant orchards, gardens and sown fields,  
A sky very lofty and full of light,  
sun and moonbeams and a hundred stars.

From the south-wind and from the north-wind and from the west-wind  
the gardens have wedding-feasts and banquets.

Its marvels come not into description:  
why are you in tribulation in this darkness?  
Why do you drink blood on the gibbet of this narrow place  
in the midst of confinement and filth and pain?"

It, in virtue of its present state, would be incredulous,  
and would turn away from this message and would disbelieve it,  
Saying, “This is absurd and is a deceit and delusion,”  
because the judgement of the blind has no imagination.

Inasmuch as its perception has not seen anything of the kind,  
its incredulous perception would not listen;  
Just as in this world  
the Abdal speak of that world to the common folk,  
Saying, “This world is an exceeding dark and narrow pit;  
outside is a world without scent or colour”:

Naught entered into the ear of a single one of them,  
for this desire is a barrier huge and stout.  
Desire closes the ear from hearing;  
self-interest closes the eye from beholding,  
Even as, in the case of the embryo,  
desire for the blood which is its nourishment in the low abodes  
Debarred it from the news of this world:  
it knows no breakfast but blood
Story of those who ate the young elephant from greed and because they neglected the advice of the sincere counsellor

Have you heard that in India
a sage spied a party of friends?

Left hungry, lacking provisions, and naked,
they were coming from travel on a far road.

His wisdom's love was stirred, and he gave them a fair greeting
and blossomed like a rose-bush.

“I know,” he said, “that anguish has gathered upon you
from this Karbala in consequence of hunger and emptiness;

But, for God's sake, for God's sake, O illustrious company
let not your food be the young of the elephant!

The elephant is in this direction that you are now going;
do not tear in pieces the elephant's offspring, but listen.

The young elephants are on your road:
to hunt them down is what your hearts desire exceedingly.

They are very weak and tender and very fat,
but their mother is searching lying in wait.

She will roam a hundred leagues' distance in quest of her children,
moaning and making lament.

Fire and smoke issue from her trunk:
beware of those pitied children of hers !

O son, the saints are God's children:
in absence and presence well aware.

Do not deem absence to be the result of imperfection on their part,
for He takes vengeance for the sake of their spirits.

He said, “These saints are My children in exile,
sundered from dominion and glory;

Despised and orphaned for the sake of probation,
but secretly I am their friend and intimate.

All of them are supported by My protections:
you may say they are in truth parts of Me.

Take heed! Take heed! These are My dervishes;
they are a hundred thousand thousand and they are one body.”
Else, how should Moses have overthrown Pharaoh by means of one goodly rod?

Else, how should Noah have submerged East and West in his Flood by means of one evil curse?

One prayer of the generous Lot would not have razed their entire city in despair.

Their city, resembling Paradise, became a lake of black water: go, behold the sign!

This sign and this information lie in the direction of Syria: you will see it as you pass on the way to Jerusalem.

Hundreds of thousands of prophets who worshipped God truly there have been chastisements in every generation.

If I should tell on and if this narration should increase, not only hearts but the mountains would bleed.

The mountains bleed and again become solid; you do not see them bleed: you are blind and reprobate.

A marvellous blind man, far-sighted and keen-eyed, but sees nothing of the camel except the hair!

Man, from the frugality of greed, inspects hair by hair: like a bear, he keeps dancing to no purpose.

Dance where you break yourself and tear away the cotton from the sore of lust.

Men dance and wheel on the battle-field: they dance in their own blood.

When they are freed from the hand of self, they clap a hand; when they escape from their own imperfection, they make a dance.

From within them musicians strike the tambourine; at their ecstasy the seas burst into foam.

You see it not, but for their ears the leaves too on the boughs are clapping hands.

You do not see the clapping of the leaves: one must have the spiritual ear, not this ear of the body.

Close the ear of the head to jesting and lying, that you may see the resplendent city of the soul.

The ear of Mohammed draws out the hidden meaning in the words, for God says of him in the Qur’an, “He is an ear.”
This Prophet is entirely ear and eye; we are refreshed by him: he is the breast and we the boy.

This discourse has no end. Go back to those who had to do with the elephant, and start at the beginning.

**The remainder of the Story of those who molested the young elephants**

The elephant takes a sniff at every mouth and keeps poking round the belly of every man, to see where she will find the roasted flesh of her young, so that she may manifest her vengeance and strength.”

You eat the flesh of God’s servants: you backbite them, you will suffer retribution.

Beware, for he that smells your mouths is the Creator: how shall any one save his life except him that is true?

Woe to the scoffer whose smell shall be tested in the grave by Munkar or Nakir!

There is no possibility of withdrawing the mouth from those mighty ones, or of sweetening the mouth with medicinal ointments.

There is no water and oil to cover the face, there is no way of evasion to intelligence and sagacity.

How many a time will the blows of their maces beat upon the head and rump of every vain gabbler!

Look at the effect of the mace of ‘Azra’il, if you do not see the wood and iron in forms.

Sometimes too they appear in form: the patient is aware thereof.

The patient says, O my friends, what is this sword over my head? “

“We do not see it; this must be imagined.”

What fancy is this? For it is departure.

What fancy is this, from terror of which this inverted sphere has now become a phantom?
To the sick man the maces and swords became perceptible, and his head dropped down.

He sees that that is for his sake: the eye of foe and friend is barred from it.

Worldly greed vanished, his eye became keen: his eye became illumined at the moment of bloodshed.

That eye of his, from the result of his pride and his anger, became the cock that crows unseasonably.

It is necessary to cut off the head of the bird that rings the bell at the wrong time.

At every moment your particular spirit is struggling with death: in your spirit’s death-struggle look to your faith!

Your life is like a purse of gold: day and night are like him who counts the gold coins.

He counts and gives the gold without stopping, until it is emptied and there comes the eclipse.

If you take away from a mountain and do not put in the place, the mountain will be demolished by that giving.

Therefore, for every breath, put an equivalent in its place, so that by and fall to worship and draw nigh you may gain your object.

Do not strive so much to complete affairs: do not strive in any affair that is not religious.

at the end you will depart incomplete, your affairs marred and your bread unbaked.

And the beautifying of your grave and sepulchre is not by means of stone and wood and plaster;

Nay, but by digging for yourself a grave in purity and burying egoism in His egoism,

And by becoming His dust and buried in love of Him, so that your breath may gain replenishments from His breath.

A tomb with domes and turrets—that is not good on the part of the followers of Reality.

Look now at a living person attired in satin: does the satin help his understanding at all?

His soul is in hateful torment, the scorpion of grief is in his grief-laden heart.
Outside, on his exterior, embroideries and decorations; but within he is sorely lamenting from thoughts,

While you may see another in an old patched frock, his thoughts as the sugar-cane and his words (like) sugar.

Returning to the story of the elephant

...
She smelt the lips of every sleeper, and the smell was coming to her from each of those slumbering men.

He had eaten of the roasted flesh of the young elephant: the elephant quickly tore him to pieces and killed him.

At once she set about rending the people of that company one by one, and she had no awe of it.

She tossed each one in the air recklessly, so that he dashed on the earth and was cloven asunder.

O drinkers of the people's blood, leave the way, lest their blood wage war against you.

Know for sure that their property is their blood, because property comes into one's hand by strength.

The mother of those young elephants will exact vengeance: retribution will slay him that eats the young elephant.

O eater of bribes, you eat the young elephant: from you too the Master of the elephant will wring the breath.

The smell put to shame the deviser of fraud: the elephant knows the smell of her child.

He that perceives the smell of God from Yemen, how should not he perceive the smell of falsehood from me?

Inasmuch as Mustafa smelt from far away, how should not he smell the odour from our mouths?

The smell of pride and the smell of greed and the smell of lust will become, in speaking, like onions.

If you take oath, saying, "When have I eaten them? I have abstained from onions and garlic,"

The breath of your oath will inform and will strike upon the noses of those who sit beside you.

Many prayers, then, are rejected because of the smell thereof: the corrupt heart shows in the tongue.
The answer to such a prayer is “Get you gone”: the requital for every knave is the cudgel of repulse.

If your words be wrong and your meaning right, that wrongness of expression is acceptable to God.

**Explaining that in the sight of the Beloved a fault committed by lovers is better than the correctness of strangers.**

The veracious Bilal in the call to prayer used, from ardent feeling, to pronounce hayya as hayya,

So that they said, “O Messenger, this fault is not right now when it is the beginning of the edifice.

O Prophet and Messenger of the Creator, get a muezzin who speaks more correctly.

At the commencement of religion and piety, it is a disgrace to mispronounce hayy ala’l-falah.”

The Prophet’s wrath boiled up, and he gave one or two indications of the hidden favours which God had bestowed upon Bilal,

Saying, “O base men, in God’s sight the hayy of Bilal is better than a hundred ba’s and kha’s and words and phrases.

Do not stir me to anger, lest I divulge your secret—your end and your beginning.”

If you have not a sweet breath in prayer, go and beg a prayer from the pure.

How God most High commanded Moses, on whom be peace, saying, “Call unto Me with a mouth with which you have not sinned.”

He said, “O Moses, ask Me for protection with a mouth you have not sinned with.”

Moses said, “I have not such a mouth.”

God said, “Call unto Me by the mouth of others.”

170

175

180
When did you sin by the mouth of others?
Invoke by the mouth of others, crying, “O God!”

Act in such wise
that mouths may pray for you in the nights and days.

Ask pardon by a mouth with which you have committed no sin—
and that will be the mouth of others—

Or make your own mouth pure;
make your spirit alert and nimble.

Praise of God is pure:
when purity has come, defilement packs and goes out.

Contraries flee from contraries:
night flees when the light shines forth.

When the pure Name comes into the mouth,
neither impurity remains nor sorrows.

Showing that the supplicant’s invocation of God
is essentially the same thing as God’s response to him

One night a certain man was crying “Allah!”
till his lips were growing sweet with praise of Him.

The Devil said, “Please, O garrulous one,
where is the ‘Here am I’ to all this ‘Allah’?

Not a single response is coming from the Throne:
how long will you cry ‘Allah’ with grim face?”

He became broken-hearted and laid down his head:
in a dream he saw Khadir amidst the verdure.

He said, “Listen, you have held back from praising God:
how is it that you repent of having called unto Him?”

He said, “No Here am I is coming to me in response,
hence I fear that I may be driven away from the Door.”

He said, “That ‘Allah’ of yours is My ‘Here am I,’
and that supplication and grief and ardour of yours is My messenger.

Your shifts and attempts to find a means were My drawing,
and released your feet.
Your fear and love are the noose to catch My favour:
beneath every 'O Lord' is many a 'Here am I.'

Far from this prayer is the soul of the fool,
because to him it is not permitted to cry “O Lord.”

On his mouth and heart are lock and bolt,
to the end that he may not moan unto God in the hour of bale.

He gave to Pharaoh hundredfold possessions and riches,
so that he claimed might and majesty.

In his whole life that man of evil nature felt no headache,
lest he should moan unto God.

God gave him all the empire of this world,
He did not give him grief and pain and sorrows.

Grief is better than the empire of the world,
so that you may call unto God in secret.

The call of the griefless is from a frozen heart,
the call of the grieving one is from rapture:

To withdraw the voice under the lips,
to bear in mind origin and beginning;

The voice become pure and sad, “O God!”
and “O You whose help is sought!” and “O Helper!”

The moan of a dog for His sake is not void of attraction,
because everyone who desires is a brigand’s captive—

As the dog of the Cave, this was freed from carrion
and sat at the table of the emperors:

Until the Resurrection, before the Cave
it is drinking in Gnostic wise without pot the water of mercy.

Oh, there is many a one in a dog’s skin, who has no name,
yet is not without that cup in secret.

Give your life for this cup, O son:
how may victory be without warfare and patience?

To show patience for the sake of this is no hardship:
show patience, for patience is the key to joy.

From this ambush none escaped without some patience and prudence:
to prudence, indeed, patience is the foot and hand.

Exercise prudence in eating, for this is poisonous herbage:
to exercise prudence is the strength and light of the prophets.
He that jumps at every breath of wind is straw,
how should the mountain attach any weight to the wind?

On every side a ghoul is calling you—
“Hark, O brother, you wish the way, come.
I will show the way, I will be your kind fellow-traveller,
I am the guide on this intricate path.”

She is not the guide, and she does not know the way.
O Joseph, do not go towards that wolfish one!

Prudence is this, that you be not beguiled
by the fat things and sweets and snares of the World;

For she has neither fat nor sweet:
she chants spells of magic and breathes into your ear,
Saying, “Come in as my guest, O light:
the house is yours, and you are mine.”

Prudence is this, that you say, “I have indigestion” or “I am ill,
I am a sick man in this charnel-house”;
Or “ My head aches: take away my headache,”
or “the son of my maternal uncle has invited me”—
For she will give you honey with stings,
so that her honey will plant in you sores.

Whether she give you fifty or sixty gold,
she gives you, O fish, flesh on a hook.

If she gives, when does that deceitful one really give?
The words of the swindler are rotten walnuts.

Their rattling robs you of understanding and brain
and does not reckon myriads of understandings as one.

Your bag and your purse are your friend:, if you are Ramin, seek none but your Wisa.
It is your essential self that is your Wisa and beloved,
and all these external things are banes to you.

Know that their invitation is the bird’s whistle
which the fowler gives concealed in place of ambush:
He has put forward a dead bird,
that this is making this plaintive noise and cry.
And he would make an excuse, saying, “This year we have a guest who has come from such and such a district; every year he would say, “When will you set out on the journey?—for the month of December is come,”

The birds think he is one of their kind: they gather round, and he rends their skins. Except, no doubt, the bird on which God has bestowed prudence, so that it may not be fooled by that bait and enticement. Imprudence is assuredly repentance. Hear the following story in explanation of this.

The birds think he is one of their kind: they gather round, and he rends their skins. Except, no doubt, the bird on which God has bestowed prudence, so that it may not be fooled by that bait and enticement. Imprudence is assuredly repentance. Hear the following story in explanation of this.

How the countryman deceived the townsman and invited him with humble entreaties and great importunity.

In the past, O brother, there was a townsman intimate with a countryman. Whenever the countryman came to town, he would pitch his tent in the street of the townsman. He would be his guest for two or three months, he would be in his shop and at his table, And the townsman would provide, free of cost, everything that he wanted during that time.

He turned to the townsman and said, “Sire, are you never coming to the country for a holiday? Bring all your children, in God’s name, for this is the time of the rose-garden and the springtide; Or come in summer, in the fruit-season, that I may brace my belt to do you service. Bring your retinue and your children and kinsfolk, and stay in our village three or four months, For in spring the countryside is pleasant; there are sown fields and lovely anemones.”

The townsman was putting him off with promises, until eight years had elapsed since the promise. Every year he would say, “When will you set out on the journey?—for the month of December is come,” And he would make an excuse, saying, “This year we have a guest who has come from such and such a district;
Next year I will run to that part, if I can escape from the pressing affairs.”

He said, “My family are expecting your children, O benefactor.”

Every year he was coming back, like the stork, to reside in the townsman’s pavilion, and every year the Khwaja would spend his gold and wealth upon him and open his wings.

On the last occasion, that paladin set dishes before him at morn and eve for three months.

From shame he again said to the Khwaja, “How long promises? How long will you deceive me?”

The Khwaja said, “My body and soul are eager for the meeting, but every change depends on the decree of Him.

Man is like a ship or sail: to see when the Driver of the wind shall send the breeze.”

Once more he adjured him, crying, “O generous man, take your children and come and behold the pleasures.”

He took his hand three times in covenant, saying, “In God’s name, come quickly, make the utmost effort!”

After ten years—and every year the same sugared entreaties and promises—

The Khwaja’s children said, “O father, the moon and the clouds and the shadows too have their journeys.

You have laid obligations on him; you have taken great pains on his account, and he wishes to repay some part of that obligation when you become his guest.

He gave us many injunctions in secret: ‘Bring him to the country,’ said he, ‘coaxing him!”

He said, “This is true, but, O Sibawayh, be on your guard against the malice of him to whom you have shown kindness.

Love is the seed of the last breath: I fear that it may be corrupted by estrangement.”

There is a friendship like a cutting sword, as December in the gardens and cornfields;
There is a friendship like the season of spring, from which restorations and produce incalculable.

Prudence is this; that you think evil, so that you may flee and become quite of evil.

The surface of the plateau is level and broad, every step there is a snare: do not advance boldly.

The mountain-goat runs on, saying, “Where is the snare?” As it speeds onward; the snare lights on its throat.

O you who said “Where?” look and see! You saw the plain; you did not see the ambush.

Without ambush and snare and hunter, O cunning one, how should there be a sheep’s tail amidst the wheat field?

They that came along boldly on the earth—see their bones and skulls!

When you go to the graveyard, O you with whom God is pleased, ask their bones concerning that which is past, That you may see clearly how those blind intoxicated men went down into the pit of delusion.

If you have eyes, do not walk blindly; and if you have not eyes, take a staff in your hand.

When you have not the staff of prudence and judgement, make the eye your leader; And if there is no staff of prudence and judgement, do not stand on every road without a guide.

Step in the same fashion as a blind man steps, in order that your foot may escape from the pit and the dog.

He plants his foot tremblingly and with fear and precaution, so that he may not fall into derangement.

O you who have jumped away from some smoke and fallen into a fire, you who have sought a mouthful and become a mouthful for a snake,
You have not read the story of the people of Saba.
Or you have read it and seen nothing but the echo.

The mountain itself is not aware of the echo:
the mind of the mountain has no sense of the meaning.

Without ear and mind, it goes on making a noise;
when you are silent, it also becomes silent.

God bestowed on the people of Saba much ease—
myriads of castles and palaces and orchards.

Those ill-natured ones rendered no thanks for that:
in fidelity they were less than dogs.

When to a dog there comes from the door a piece of bread,
he will gird up his loins at the door.

He will become the watcher and guardian of the door,
even though violence and hard treatment befall him.

Still will he stay and abide at that door:
he will deem it ingratitude to prefer another.

And, if a strange dog comes by day or night,
the dogs there will at once teach him a lesson,

Saying, “Go to the place that is your first lodging:
obligation for that kindness is the heart’s pledge.”

They will bite him, saying, “Go to your place,
and do not any more leave the obligation for that kindness.”

From the door of the spirit and spiritual men
how long did you drink the water of life, and yours eves were opened!

Much food from the door of the spiritual,
of intoxication and ecstasy and selflessness, did you cast upon your soul.

Afterwards, through greed, you did abandon that door,
and you are running round about every shop, like a bear.

For the sake of worthless crust of bread (tharid)
you are running to the doors of those patrons whose pots are fat.

Know that here the “fat” is that the soul becomes fat,
and here the plight of the desperate is made good.
How the smitten would assemble every morning at the door of the cell of Jesus, on whom be peace, craving to be healed through his prayer.

The table of the spiritual is the cell of Jesus:
O afflicted one, beware, beware! Do not forsake this door!

From all sides the people would gather—
blind and lame and palsied and clothed in rags—

At the door of the cell of Jesus in the morning,
that he by his breath might deliver them from tribulation.

As soon as he finished his litanies,
that man of goodly religion would go forth at morningtide,

And would see troops of afflicted feeble folk
seated at the door in hope and expectancy.

He would say, “O you that are smitten,
the desires of all you here present have been granted by God.

Listen, set off and go without pain or trouble
towards the forgiveness and kindness of God.”

All, like tethered camels
whose knees you unbind with foresight,

At his prayer would begin to run on their feet,
hastening gladly and joyously to their homes.

You have experienced many maladies in yourself,
and have gained health from these kings of religion.

How often has your limping been turned into a smooth gait,
how often has your soul been made void of grief and pain!

O heedless one, tie a string to your foot,
that you may not become lost to yourself even, O sluggard!

Your ingratitude and forgetfulness
did not call to mind your drinking of honey.

Necessarily, that way became barred to you,
since the hearts of the “men of heart” were made sore by you.

Quickly overtake them and ask pardon of God;
weep lamentedly like a cloud,
In order that their rose-garden may open its blossoms to you, and that the ripe fruits may burst and reveal themselves.

Pace round that same door: do not be less than a dog, if you have become a fellow-servant with the dog of the Cave, because even dogs admonish dogs, saying, “Fix your heart on your first home, Hold fast to the first door where you did eat bones, and fulfill your obligation: do not leave that.”

They keep biting him, that from a sense of duty he may go thither and be prospered by his first abode. They bite him, saying, “O naughty dog, Go! Do not become an enemy to your benefactor. Be attached, like the door-ring, to that same door; keep watch and be nimble and ready to spring.

Do not be the type of our breaking faith; do not recklessly make disloyalty notorious.

Since fidelity is the badge by which the dogs are known, Go and do not bring disgrace and ill-fame upon the dogs.”

Inasmuch as unfaithfulness has been a disgrace to dogs, how should you deem it right to show unfaithfulness?

The high God has boasted of faithfulness: He has said, “Who but I am most faithful in keeping a promise?” Know that faithfulness with rejection of God is unfaithfulness: no one has precedence over God’s rights.

Your mother’s right arose after that Bounteous One had made her indebted for your embryo.

He bestowed on you a form within her body; He gave ease to her during pregnancy and accustomed her. She deemed you as a part joined; His providence separated that which was joined.

God has prepared thousands of artifices and contrivances, so that your mother has thrown love upon you. Therefore God’s right is prior to the mother: whoever does not recognise that right is an ass.

Do not even admit that He created mother, breast, and milk, and united her with the father!
O Lord, O You whose beneficence is eternal,
Yours is both that which I know and that which I know not.

You did command, saying, “Remember God,
because My right shall never grow old.

Remember the kindness which I did to you that morn
by protecting in the ship of Noah.

At that time I gave your fathers protection
from the Flood and from its waves.

Water, like fire in nature, had covered the earth:
its waves were sweeping away the highest peaks of the mountains.

I protected you; I did not spurn you,
in the bodies of the ancestors of the ancestors of your ancestors.

Now that you have come to the head, how should I smite
the sole of your foot? How should I let My workshop go to waste?

How are you becoming devoted to the unfaithful
and going in that direction from ill thoughts?

I am clear of negligence and infidelities,
you come to Me and think evil.

Think this evil thought against the place
where you cringe before one like yourself.

You got many powerful friends and companions:
if I ask you, ‘Where?’ you will say, ‘He is gone.’

Your good friend is gone up to the highest Heaven;
your wicked friend is gone to the bottom of the earth.

You are left in the middle so helpless,
like a fire from a caravan.

O valiant friend, lay hold of the skirt of Him
who is exempt from “above” and “below.”

Neither does He ascend to Heaven, like Jesus,
nor go into the earth, like Qarun.

He is with you in space and in the spaceless
when you leave house and shop behind.

He brings forth purity from defilements;
He takes your acts of wrong as faithful performance.

When you commit wrong, He sends chastisement,
to the end that you may go back from imperfection towards perfection.
When you have neglected a part of your prayers in the Way, there comes over you a painful and hot feeling of contraction.

That is the corrective act, meaning, “Do not make any change in the ancient covenant before this contraction shall become a chain, this which grips the heart shall become a fetter gripping the foot.”

Your mental pain shall become perceptible to the senses and manifest. See that you do not hold this indication as naught. The contractions in sins affect the heart; after death contractions become chains.

Whoever here shall turn his hack upon Our commemoration, We shall give him a straitened life and reward him with blindness.”

When a thief is carrying off people's property, contraction and tightening of heart prick his heart, He says, “I wonder what this contraction is”: “The contraction of the injured person who wept at your wickedness.”

When he pays no regard to this contraction, the wind of perseverance blows its fire. The contraction that grips the heart turns into the grip of the policeman: inevitably those ideas become sensible and display themselves. The pangs have become prison and the cross: the pang is the root, and the root produces boughs.

The root was hidden, it is revealed. Consider inward contraction and expansion as a root.

When it is a bad root, strike it quickly, so that an ugly thorn may not grow in the garden. You have felt the contraction: seek a remedy for it, because all heads grow from the bottom. You have felt the expansion: water your expansion, and when the fruit appears, give it to your friends.
The remainder of the Story of the people of Saba

Saba were folk given over to dalliance and foolishness; it was their practice to show ingratitude to the generous.

By way of illustration, it would be ingratitude to dispute with your benefactor, saying, “I do not want this kindness, I am annoyed by it: why are you troubling me?”

Do a favour, take away this kindness; I do not desire an eye: blind me at once!”

Hence the people of Saba said, “put a far distance between us: our blemish is better for us, take away our adornment.

We do not desire these palaces and orchards, nor fair women nor that safety and ease.

Townes near to each other are bad; the desert, where the wild beasts are, is good.”

Man craves winter in summer, and when winter comes, he likes it not, for he is never content with any state, neither with poverty nor with a life of plenty.

May Man be killed! How ungrateful he is! Whenever he obtains guidance, he spurns it.

The carnal soul is of this sort, hence it ought to be killed: that Exalted One has said, “Kill yourselves.”

It is a three sided thorn: however you may place it, it will pierce, and how will you escape from its stab?

Set the thorn on fire with renunciation of sensual passion, and cling to the righteous friend.

When the people of Saba carried beyond bounds, saving, “In our opinion, pestilence is better than the zephyr,”

Their counsellors began to admonish and restrain from impiety and ingratitude;

They sought to take the lives of their counsellors, and sowed the seed of impiety and ingratitude.
When the decree comes to pass, this world becomes cramped; by the decree sweetmeat becomes anguish to the mouth.

He said, “When the Decree comes, the expanse is narrow; when the Decree comes, the eyes are veiled.”

The eye is bandaged at the time of the Decree, so that the eye does not see the eye’s salve.

When the cunning of that Horseman has raised the dust, the dust keeps you off from calling for aid.

Go towards the Horseman, not towards the dust; else the cunning of the Rider will beat upon you.

God said, “He whom this wolf devoured, he saw the wolf’s dust: how did not he make piteous moan?”

Did not he know the wolf’s dust?

With such knowledge, why did he graze?

Sheep know the smell of the harmful wolf and creep away in every direction.

The brain of animals knows the smell of the lion and bids farewell to grazing.

You have smelt the lion of wrath. Turn back!
Consort with prayer and dread!

That multitude did not turn back from the wolf’s dust, and after the dust the wolf of tribulation came on in his might.

In wrath he tore to pieces those sheep which shut their eyes to the shepherd, Wisdom.

How oft did the shepherd call them! And they came not: they were throwing the dust of resentment in the eyes of the shepherd, Saving, “Go: we ourselves are better shepherds than you.
How should we become: followers? We are chieftains, every one.
We are food for the wolf, and we are not for the Friend; we are fuel for the Fire, and we are not for dishonour.”

A heathen pride was in their brains: the raven croaked disaster over the traces of their habitation.

They were digging a pit for the oppressed: they fell into the pit, crying “Alas!”

They tore the coats of the Josephs, and that which they gave they got, piece by piece.
Who is that Joseph? Your God-seeking heart, bound as a captive in your abode.

You have bound a Gabriel on a pillar; you have wounded his wings and plumes in a hundred places.

You set before him a roasted calf, you fetch straw and bring him to the straw-barn,

Saying, “Eat; this is a dainty meal for us,” for him there is no food but meeting God face to face.

On account of this torment and tribulation that afflicted is complaining of you to God,

Crying, “O God, deliver from this old wolf!”

He says to it, “Lo, the hour is come: have patience. I will demand justice for you from every heedless one: who gives justice but God, the Dealer of justice?”

It says, “My patience is lost in separation from Your face, O Lord.

I am Ahmad left forsaken in the hands of the Jews, I am Salih fallen into prison of Thamud.

O You that bestow felicity on the souls of the prophets either slay me or call me back or come.

The infidels cannot endure to be separated from You: he is saying, ‘O would that I had been dust!’

This is the state of him who in sooth belongs to that side: how should one that belongs to You be without You?”

God says, “Yes, O pure; but listen and have patience, for patience is better.

The dawn is near. Hush, do not wail! I am striving for you, do not you strive.”

The rest of the Story of the Khwaja’s going to the village on the invitation of the countryman.

It has passed beyond bounds: return, O valiant friend.

The countryman, mark you, took the Khwaja to his house.

Put aside the story of the people of Saba: tell how the Khwaja came to the village.
The countryman used blandishments in ingratiating himself, until he made the Khwaja's prudence crazy.

He was distracted by message upon message, till the clear water of his prudence became turbid.

On the same side his children in approval were joyously striking up “Let us frolic and play,”

Like Joseph, whom by the wondrous predestination “Let us frolic and play” carried off from his father’s shadow.

That is not play; nay, it is play with one’s life, it is cunning and deceit and contrivance of fraud.

Whatever would fling you asunder from the Friend, do not listen to it, for it holds loss, loss.

If the gain be a hundred hundredfold, do not accept it: do not, for the sake of the gold, break with the dervish, who is the treasurer!

Hear how many a rebuke, hot and cold, God addressed to the Companions of the Prophet,

Because, in a year of distress, at the sound of the drum they without tarrying made void the Friday congregation,

“Lest” “others should buy cheap and get the advantage over us in respect of those imported goods.”

The Prophet was left alone in prayer with two or three poor men firm and full of supplication.

He said, “ How did the drum and the pastime and a trading affair sunder you from a man of God ?

You have dispersed madly towards the wheat, and left a Prophet standing.

On account of the wheat you sowed the seed of vanity and forsook that Messenger of God.

Companionship with him is better than pastime and riches: see whom you have forsaken, rub an eye!

Truly, to your greed did not this become certain, that I am the Provider and the best of them that provide?”

He that gives sustenance from Himself unto the wheat, how should He let your acts of trust be wasted?

For the sake of wheat you have become parted from Him who has sent the wheat from Heaven.
How the falcon invited the ducks to come from the water to the plain

Says the falcon to the duck, “Come out of the water, that you may see the plains diffusing sweetness,”

The wise duck says to him, “Away, O falcon! The water is our stronghold and safety and joy.”

The Devil is like the falcon. O ducks make haste! Beware; do not come out of your stronghold, the water.

They say to the falcon, “Go, Go! Turn back and keep your hand off our heads, O kind friend!”

We do not accept your invitation: keep the invitation for yourself: we will not listen to these words of yours, O infidel!

The stronghold is for us: let the sugar and sugar-fields be yours! I do not desire your gift: take it for yourself!

While there is life, food will not fail; when there is an army, banners will not fail.”

The prudent Khwaja offered many an excuse and made many a pretext to the obstinate Devil.

“At this moment,” said he, “I have serious matters; if I come, they will not be set in order.

The King has charged me with a delicate affair, and because of expecting me he has not slept during the night.

I dare not neglect the King’s command; I cannot fall into disgrace with the King.

Every morning and evening a special officer arrives and requests of me a means of escape.

Do you deem it right that I should go into the country, with the result that the King would knit his brows?

How should I heal his anger after that?

Surely, by this I should bury myself alive.”

He related a hundred pretexts of this sort; expedients did not coincide with God’s decree.

If the atoms of the world contrive expedients, they are nothing, nothing, against the ordinance of Heaven.
How shall this earth flee from Heaven,
how shall it conceal itself from it?

Whatever may come from Heaven to the earth,
it has no refuge or device or hiding-place.

Is fire from the sun raining upon it,
it has laid its face before his fire;

And if the rain is making a flood upon it
and devastating the cities upon it,

It has become resigned to it, like Job, saying,
“I am captive: bring whatever you will.”

O you, who are a part of this earth, do not lift up your head;
when you see the decree of God, do not withdraw.

Since you have heard “We created you of dust,”
He has required you to be dust: do not avert your face.

“Mark how I have sown a seed in the earth:
you are dust of the earth, and I have raised it aloft.

Once more adopt the practice of earthiness,
that I may make you prince over all princes.”

Water goes from above to below;
then from below it goes up above.

The wheat went beneath the earth from above;
afterwards it became ears of corn and sprang up quickly.

The seed of every fruit entered into the earth;
afterwards it raised up heads from the buried.

The source of blessings descended from Heaven to the earth
and became the nutriment of the pure spirit.

Forasmuch as it came down from Heaven on account of humility,
it became part of the living and valiant man

Hence that inanimate matter was turned into human qualities
and soared joyously above the empyrean,

Saying, “We came at first from the living world,
and have gone back from below to above”

All particles, in movement at rest, are speakers:
“Truly, to Him we are returning.”

The praises and glorifications of the hidden particles
have filled Heaven with an uproar.
When the Decree set out to enchantments, the countryman checkmated a townsman.

Notwithstanding thousands of resolutions, the Khwaja was checkmated, and from that journey he fell into the midst of calamities.

His reliance was upon his own firmness, though he was a mountain, a half-flood swept him away.

When the Decree puts forth its head from Heaven, all the intelligent become blind and deaf;

Fishes are cast out of the sea; the snare catches miserably the flying bird.

Even genie and demon go into the bottle; nay, a Harut goes into Babylon.

Except that one who has taken refuge with the Decree: his blood no astrological square shed.

Except that you take refuge with the Decree, no contrivance will give you release from it.

The Story of the people of Zarwan and how they contrived that they should pick the fruit in their orchards without being troubled by the poor.

You have read the story of the people of Zarwan: then why have you persisted in seeking expedients?

Several men who stung like scorpions were contriving that they might cut off part of the daily bread of some poor folk.

During the night, the whole night, they were devising a plot; many an Amr and Bakr had put their faces together.

Those wicked men were speaking their inmost thoughts in secret, lest God should discover it.

Did the clay devise against the Plasterer?

Is the hand doing any work that is hidden from the heart?

He has said, “Does not He who created know your desire, whether in your secret conversation there is sincerity or cajolery?”

How should a traveller who has set out at morn be unheeded by One who sees plainly where shall be his lodging tomorrow?
Wherever he has descended or mounted,
He has taken charge of it and **reckoned up by number.**

Now purge your ear of forgetfulness
and listen to the separation of the sorrowful one.

Know that when you set your ear to his tale,
that is the alms which you give to the sad;

You will hear the sorrows of the heart-sick—
the starvation of the noble spirit by the water and clay.

One filled with knowledge, it has a house filled with smoke:
open a window for it by listening.

When your ear becomes a way of breath for it,
the bitter smoke will decrease from its house.

Show sympathy with us, O well-watered one,
if You are faring towards the most high Lord.

This vacillation is a prison and jail
that will not let the soul go in any direction.

This draws in one direction, and that in another,
each saying, “I am the right way.”

This vacillation is a precipice on the Way to God:
oh, blest is he whose feet are loosed.

He fares on the right way without vacillation:
you do not know the way, seek where his footprints are.

Cleave to the footprints of the deer and advance safely,
that from the deer's footprints you may attain to the musk-gland.

By means of this wayfaring you will ascend to the most luminous zenith,
O brother, if you will walk on the fire

No fear of sea or waves or foam,
since you have heard the allocution, “**Be not afraid.”**

Know that it is **Be not afraid**, when God has given you the fear:
He will send the bread, since He has sent the tray to you.

The fear is for that one who has no fear;
the anguish for that one who does not frequent this place.
The Khwaja's departure to the country

The Khwaja got to work and made preparations: the bird, his resolve, sped rapidly towards the country.

His kinsfolk and children made ready for the journey and threw the baggage upon the ox of departure,

Rejoicing and hastening towards the country, saying, "We have eaten some fruit: give the glad news of the country!

The place for which we are bound is a sweet pasturage, and our friend there is kind and charming.

He has invited us with thousands of wishes; he has planted for us the shoot of kindness.

From him we shall bring back to town the store of the countryside during the long winter.

Nay, he will give up the orchard for our sake; he will make a place for us in the middle of his soul.

Hasten, friends, that you may get gain!"

Reason from within was saying, "Do not rejoice!"

Be gainers by the gain of God: lo, my Lord loves not them that rejoice.

Rejoice moderately on account of what He causes to come to you: everything that comes and is a source of preoccupation diverts you Rejoice in Him, do not rejoice in anything except Him: He is the spring, and other things the month of December.

Everything other than He is the leading you gradually to perdition, though it is your throne and kingdom and your crown.

Rejoice in sorrow, for sorrow is the snare of union: in this Way the ascent is downwards.

Sorrow is a treasure, and your pain is as the mine, but how should this catch hold of children?

When children hear the name of “play,” they all run with the speed of a wild ass.

O blind asses, in this direction there are snares; in this direction there are bloodsheds in ambush.
The arrows are flying, the bow is hidden: from the Unseen World come upon youth a hundred arrows of old one.

You must set foot on the plain of the heart, because in the plain of clay there is no opening.

The heart is the abode of security, O friends; fountains and rose-gardens within rose-gardens.

Turn towards the heart and journey on, O night-travellers: therein are trees and a flowing spring.

Do not go to the country: the country makes a fool of a man; it makes the intellect void of light and splendour.

O chosen one, listen to the Prophet's saying: “To dwell in the country is the grave of the intellect.”

If anyone stays in the country a single day and evening, his intellect will not be fully restored for a month.

For a month foolishness will abide with him: what but these things should he reap from the parched herbage of the country?

And he that stays a month in the country, ignorance and blindness will be his for a long time.

What is “the country”: The Shaykh that has not been united, but has become addicted to conventionality and argument.

Compared with the town, Universal Reason, these senses are like asses in an ass-mill with their eyes bandaged.

Leave this and take the outward form of the tale: let the pearseed alone and take the wheatseed.

If there is no way to the pearl, come, take the wheat; if there is no way for you in that, push on in this direction.

Take its outward! Though the outward fly crookedly, the outward at last will lead to the inward.

In truth, the first of every human being is the form; after that the spirit, which is beauty of disposition.

How is the first of every fruit anything but the form? After that the delicious taste which is its real meaning.

First they make or buy a tent; afterwards they bring the Turcoman as a guest.

Deem your form to be the tent, your real essence the Turcoman; regard your essence as the sailor, your form as the ship.

For God's sake, quit this for a moment, so that the Khwaja's ass may shake its bell.
How the Khwaja and his family went to the country.

The Khwaja and his children prepared an outfit and galloped on their beasts towards the country.

Merrily they rode afield; they chanted, “Travel, that you may gain advantage”;

For by travelling the moon becomes Kay Khusraw: how should it become an emperor (khusraw) without travelling?

Through travel the pawn becomes a noble queen, and through travel Joseph gained a hundred objects of desire.

By day they scorched their faces in the sun, by night they were learning the way from the stars.

The bad road to them seemed good: from delight in the country the road seemed like Paradise.

From sweet-lipped ones bitterness becomes sweet; from the rose-garden thorns become charming.

Colocynth turns into dates from the beloved; the house is made spacious fields by the housemate.

Oh, many a dainty youth that suffers thorns in the hope of a rose-checked moon-like.

Oh, many a porter, his back torn with wounds for the sake of the moon-faced one to whom he has lost his heart.

The ironsmith has blackened his beauty, that night comes he may kiss the face of the moon.

The merchant, racked, on a bench till nightfall, because a cypress has taken root in his heart.

A trader is faring over sea and land: he runs for love of one who sits at home.

Whoever has a passion for that which is dead; it is in hope of one who has the features of the living.

The carpenter turns his face to wood, in the hope of rendering service to a fair one whose face is like the moon.

Do you exert yourself in hope of the Living One who does not become lifeless after a day or two!
Do not from meanness choose a mean person as your friend: that friendship in him is borrowed.

If your friends other than God possess constancy, where is your friendship with your mother and father?

If anyone but God is worthy to be relied upon, what has become of your friendship with your nurse and tutor?

Your friendship with the milk and the breast did not endure; your shyness of school did not endure.

That was radiance upon their wall: that sign went back towards the Sun.

On whatever thing that radiance may fall, you become in love with that, O brave man.

On whatever existent thing your love, that is gilded with Divine qualities.

When the goldenness has gone to its original source and the copper remains, nature is surfeited and proceeds to divorce it.

Withdraw your foot from that which is gilded by His qualities, do not from ignorance call the base alloy beautiful;

For in base coin the beauty is borrowed: beneath the comeliness is the substance uncomely.

The gold is going from the face of the false coin into the mine: do you too go towards the Mine to which it is going.

The light is going from the wall up to the sun: do you go to that Sun which ever goes in proportion.

Henceforth take the water from Heaven, forasmuch as you have not found faithfulness in the aqueduct.

The lure to catch the wolf is not the place where the sheep's tail came from: how should that fierce wolf know the place of provenance?

They imagined gold tied in knots; the deluded were making haste to the countryside.

Thus were they going along, laughing and dancing and meandering towards the water-wheel.

Whenever they saw a bird flying in the direction of the country, patience rent its garments;

They would kiss joyfully the face of anyone who came from the country, from his neighbourhood,

Saying, “You have seen the face of our friend, therefore to the Soul you are the soul, and to us the eye.”
How Majnun petted the dog that lived in Layla's abode.

Like Majnun, who was petting a dog and kissing it and melting before it:

He was pacing round it, stooping humbly in circumambulation; he was also giving it pure sugar-julep.

An idle talker said, “O half-baked Majnun, what hypocrisy is this that you are always displaying?

A dog’s muzzle is ever eating filth; a dog scrapes its ass with its lips.’’

He recounted the dog’s faults at some length: no one who perceives faults (‘aybdan) has got a scent of him that knows the things unseen (ghaybdan).

Majnun said, “You are entirely form and body: come within, and view it through my eyes; for this is a talisman sealed by the Lord: this is the guardian of the abode of Layla.

Look at its high aspiration and its heart and soul and knowledge; where it chose and made its dwelling-place.

It is the dog of blessed countenance, of my Cave; no, it is the sharer of my grief and woe.

The dog that stays in her abode, how should I give a single hair of it to the lions?

Oh, since to her dogs the lions are (devoted) slaves, there is no possibility of speaking. Silence, and farewell!”

If you pass beyond form, O friends, it is Paradise and rose-gardens within rose-gardens.

When you have broken and destroyed your own form, you have learned to break every form.

After that, you will break every form: like Haydar, you will uproot the gate of Khaybar.

That simple Khwaja was duped by form, for he was going to the country on infirm words.

Joyously towards the snare of that flattery, as a bird towards the bait of tribulation
The bird deemed the bait a mark of kindness, that gift is the extreme of cupidity and is not munificence;

In desire for the bait the little birds are merrily flying and running towards that imposture.

If I acquaint you with the joy of the Khwaja, I fear, O wayfarer, lest I make you late.

I will abridge. When the village came in sight, it was not in truth that village, he chose another road.

For about a month they were hurrying from village to village, because they did not well know the way to the village.

If anybody goes on the way without a leader, every two days’ journey becomes one of a hundred years.

Whoever speeds towards the Ka`ba without a guide becomes contemptible, like these bewildered men.

Whoever takes up a trade without a teacher becomes a laughing-stock in town and country.

Except it be singular, between East and West does a descendant of Adam put forth his head without parents?

He gains wealth who earns something; it is an extraordinary event when one hits upon a treasure.

Where is a Mustafa? Whose body is spirit, so that the Merciful should teach the Qur'an? For all those who are attached to the body He, in profusion of bounty, raised “He taught by the pen” as the means.

O son, every greedy person is deprived: do not you run like the greedy, more slowly.

On that journey they suffered pains and anguish like the torment of a land-bird in fresh water.

They became sick of the village and the country and of the sugared expressions of such an un instructed boor.
How the Khwaja and his kinsfolk arrived at the village, and how the countryman pretended not to see or recognise them.

When, after a month, they arrived in that quarter, themselves without provisions and their beasts without fodder,

See how the countryman, from evil intent, still inflicted calamities small and great,

And keeps his face hidden from them by day, lest they should open their mouths in the direction of his orchard

It is better that a face like that, which is wholly hypocrisy and malice, should he hidden from Moslems.

There are faces on which demons are settled like gnats, as guardsmen.

When you behold his face, they fall upon you: Either do not behold that face, when you have beheld, do not laugh pleasantly.

Concerning such a wicked, sinful face God has said, “Verily, We will drag by the forelock.”

When they had made enquiry and found his house, they hurried like kinsfolk to the door.

The people in his house bolted the door.

At this perverseness, the Khwaja became mad-like,

But indeed it was no time for harshness: when you have fallen into the pit, what is the use of being enraged?

Five days they remained at his door: the night in the cold, the day itself in the blaze of the sun.

Their remaining was not from heedlessness or asininity; no, it was from necessity and want of an ass.

From necessity, the good are bound to the vile: from sore hunger the lion will eat a putrid carcass.

He would see him and salute him, saying, “I am so-and-so, and this is my name.”

“Maybe,” he said; “ how should I know who you are, whether you are a dirty fellow or an honest gentleman?”

“This moment,” said he, “resembles the Resurrection, since a brother has come to flee from his brother.”
He would explain to him, saying, 
“I am he from whose table you did eat many delicacies.

On such and such a day I bought that merchandise for you:
every secret that goes beyond the two is published.

The people heard the secret of our affection;
when the gullet has received bounty, the face has bashfulness.”

He would say to him, “do you talk nonsense?
I know neither you nor your name nor your dwelling-place.”

On the fifth night there began such a cloud and rain
that the sky might be astonished at its raining.

When the knife reached the bone,
the Khwaja knocked at the door, crying, “Call the master!”

When, in response to a hundred urgent entreaties,
he came to the door, he said, “Why, what is it, my dear sir?”

He replied, “I abandon those claims,
I renounce that which I was fancying.

I have suffered five years’ pain:
five days my miserable soul amidst this heat and blaze.”

One injustice from kindred and friends and family
is in heaviness as three hundred thousand,

Because he did not set his mind on his cruelty and injustice:
his soul was accustomed to kindness and faithfulness from him.

Whatever is tribulation and sore grief to men, know for sure
that this is in consequence of its being contrary to habit.

He said, “O you the sun of whose love is in decline,
if you have shed my blood, I acquit you.

On this night of rain give us a nook,
so that at the Resurrection you may obtain a heavenly reward.”

“‘There is a nook,” he replied, “belonging to the keeper of the vineyard:
he keeps watch there against the wolf,

Bow and arrow in his hand on account of the wolf,
so that he may shoot if the fierce wolf should come.

If you will do that service, the place is yours;
and if not, have the kindness to seek another place.”

He said, “I will do a hundred services,
give you the place, and put that bow and arrow in my hand.
I will not sleep, I will guard the vines;  
if the wolf raises his head, I will shoot the arrow at him.

For God's sake do not leave me to-night, O double-hearted,  
the rain-water overhead and the mud underneath!"

A nook was cleared, and he with his family went there:  
a narrow place and without room to turn.

Mounted upon one another, like locusts,  
from terror of the flood into the corner of the cavern,

During the night, the whole night, they all crying,  
"O God, this serves us right, serves us right, serves us right."

This is what is deserved by him that consorted with the vile,  
or showed worthiness for the sake of the unworthy.

This is what is deserved by him that in vain desire  
gives up paying homage to the dust of the noble.

That you lick the dust and the wall of the pure  
is better than the vulgar and their vines and rose-gardens.

That you become a slave to a man of enlightened heart is better than  
that you should walk upon the crown of the head of kings.

From the kings of earth you will get nothing  
but the noise of a drum, O courier of roads.

Even the townsmen are brigands in comparison with the Spirit.  
Who is the countryman? The fool that is without spiritual gifts

This is what is deserved by him who, the cry of a ghoul came to him,  
without rational foresight chose to move.

When repentance has gone from the heart to the pericardium  
after that it is of no use to acknowledge.

The bow and arrow in his hand,  
he seeking the wolf all night to and fro.

The wolf, in truth, was given power over him, like sparks of fire:  
seeking the wolf, and unaware of the wolf.

Every gnat, every flea, had become as a wolf  
and inflicted a wound upon them in that ruined place

There was no opportunity even of driving away those gnats,  
because of dread of an attack by the rebellious wolf,

Lest the wolf should inflict some damage,  
the countryman would tear out the Khwaja's beard.
In this wise gnashing their teeth till midnight:
their souls were coming from the navel to the lip.

Suddenly the figure of a deserted wolf
raised its head from the top of a hillock.

The Khwaja loosed the arrow from the thumbstall
and shot at the animal, so that it fell to the ground.

In falling, wind escaped from the animal:
the countryman uttered a wail and heat his hands,

“O ungenerous, it is my ass-colt!”
“No,” said he, “this is the devilish wolf,

The features of wolfishness are apparent in it;
its form makes acquainted with its wolfishness.”

“No,” he said, “I know the wind that escaped from its arse
as well as water from wine.

You have killed my ass-colt in the meadows—
may you never be released from anguish!”

“Make a better investigation,” he replied; “it is night,
and at night material objects are screened from the beholder.

Night causes many a thing to appear wrong and changed:
not everyone has the seeing correctly by night.

Both night and clouds and heavy rain:
these three types of darkness produce great error.”

He said, “To me it is as bright day:
I know, it is the wind of my ass-colt.

Amongst twenty winds I know that wind
as the traveller his provisions for the journey.”

The Khwaja sprang up, and losing patience
he seized the countryman by his collar,

Crying, “O fool and pick pocket, you have shown hypocrisy:
you have eaten both dung and opium together.

In the midst of triple darkness you know the wind of the ass:
how do not you know me, O giddy-head?

He that knows a colt at midnight,
how should he not know his own friend of ten years

You are feigning to be distraught and a gnostic:
you are throwing dust in the eyes of generosity,
Saying, “I have no consciousness even of myself: in my heart there is no room for anything but God.

I have no recollection of what I ate yesterday: this heart takes joy in nothing except bewilderment.

I am sane and maddened by God: remember, and in such a state of selflessness, hold me excusable.

He that eats carrion, that is to say, date-wine—the Law enrolls him amongst those who are excused.

The drunkard and shit eater has not divorce or barter; he is even as a child: he is a person absolved and emancipated.

The intoxication that arises from the scent of the unique King—a hundred vats of wine never wrought *that* in head and brain.

To him, then, how should the obligation be applicable? The horse is fallen and has become unable to move.

Who in the world would lay a load upon the ass-colt? Would who give lessons in Persian to Bu Murra?

When lameness comes, the load is taken off: God has said, *it is no sin in the blind.*

I have become blind in regard to myself, seeing by God: therefore I am absolved from the small and from the great.”

You brag of your dervishhood and selflessness, the wailful cries of those intoxicated with God,

Saying, “I know not earth from heaven.”

The jealousy has tried you, tried you.

Thus has the wind of your ass-colt put you to shame, thus has it affirmed the existence of your self-negation.

In this wise God exposes hypocrisy, in this wise does He catch the quarry that has started away.

There are hundreds of thousands of trials, O son, for anyone who says, “I am the captain of the Gate.”

If the common do not know him by the trial, the adepts of the Way will demand from him the token.

When a churl pretends to be a tailor, the king will throw down a piece of satin in front of him,

Saying “Cut this into a wide undervest (*baghalaq*)”; from the trial there appear two horns on him.
Were there not a testing of every vicious person, every effeminate would be a Rustam in the fray.

Even suppose that the effeminate has put on a coat of mail: as soon as he feels the blow, he will become as a captive.

How will he that is intoxicated with God be restored to his senses by the west-wind? The God-intoxicated man will not come to himself at the blast of the trumpet.

The wine of God is true, not false: you have drunk buttermilk, you have drunk buttermilk, buttermilk, buttermilk!

You have made yourself out to be a Junayd or a Bayazid, “Go, for I do not know a hatchet from a key.”

How by means of hypocrisy, O contriver of fraud, will you conceal depravity of nature and sloth and greed and concupiscence?

You make yourself a Mansur-i Hallaj and set fire to the cotton of your friends, Saying, “I do not know Umar from Bu Lahab; I know the wind of my ass-colt at midnight.”

Oh, the ass that would believe this from an ass like you, and would make himself blind and deaf for your sake!

Do not count yourself one of the travellers on the Way; you are a comrade of them that defile the Way: do not eat shit!

Fly back from hypocrisy, hasten towards Reason: how shall the wing of the phenomenal soar to Heaven?

You have feigned to be a lover of God; you have played the game of love with a black devil.

At the Resurrection lover and beloved shall be tied in couples and quickly brought forward.

Why have you made yourself crazy and senseless?

You art conceiving a false opinion of your nearness to God, thinking that the Tray-maker is not far from the tray;

You do not see this, that the nearness of the saints has a hundred miracles, displays and powers.

By David iron is made a piece of wax; in your hand wax is as iron.
Nearness in respect of creating and sustaining is common to all; these noble ones possess the nearness of the inspiration of Love.

Nearness is of various kinds, O father: the sun strikes on the mountains and on the gold; but between the sun and the gold there is a nearness of which the bid-tree has no knowledge.

The dry and fresh bough is near to the sun: how should the sun be screened off from either?

From nearness to the sun let the dry bough get anything besides withering sooner!

O man without wisdom, do not be an inebriate of the sort that he comes to his wits he feels sorry; nay, be one of those inebriates on account of whom, while they are drinking the wine, mature intellects suffer regret.

O you, who, like a cat, have caught an old mouse, if you are so brave from that wine, catch the Lion!

O you who have drunk quaffed the cup of Nothingness from a phantom do not reel like them that are intoxicated with the realities.

You are falling to this side and that, like the drunken: o you on this side, there is no passage for you on that side.

If you find the way to that side, henceforth toss your head now to this side, now to that!

You are all on this side, do not idly boast of that side: since you have not the death, do not agonise yourself in vain.

He with the soul of Khadir, that does not shrink from death—if he know not the created, it is fitting.

You sweeten your palate with the savour of false imagination; you blow into the bag of selfhood and fill it:

Then, at one prick of a needle you are emptied of wind—may no intelligent man's body be fat like this!

You make pots of snow in winter: when they see the water how shall they maintain that constancy?
How the jackal fell into the dyeing-vat and was dyed with many colours and pretended amongst the jackals that he was a peacock.

A certain jackal went into the dyeing-vat, stayed in the vat for a while, and then arose, his skin having become multi-coloured, saying, 'I have become the Peacock of 'Illiyyin.'

His coloured fur had gained a charming brilliance, and the sun shone upon those colours.

They all said, “O little jackal, what is the matter, that you have in your head manifold exultation? Because of exultation you have turned aside from us: whence have you brought this arrogance?”

One of the jackals went to him and said, “O so-and-so, have you acted deceitfully or have you become one of those whose hearts rejoice? You have acted deceitfully to the end that you may jump on to the pulpit and by your idle chatter give this folk regret. You have striven much, you have not felt any ardour; hence from deceit you have exhibited a piece of impudence.”

Ardour belongs to the saints and prophets; on the other hand, impudence is the refuge of every impostor; For they draw the people's attention to themselves, saying, “We are happy,” though within they are exceedingly unhappy.

A person, who was lightly esteemed, used to grease his moustaches every morning with the skin of a fat sheep's tail and came amongst his companions, saying, ”I have eaten such and such.”
He would gaily put his hand on his moustache as a sign, meaning, “Look at my moustache!

For this is the witness to the truth of my words, and this is the token of my eating greasy and delicious food.”

His belly would say in soundless response, “May God destroy the plots of the liars!

Your boasting has set me on fire: may that greasy moustache of yours be torn out!

Were it not for your foul boasting, O beggar, some generous man would have taken pity on me;

And if you had shown the ailment and had not played false, some physician would have prepared a remedy for it.”

God has said, “Do not move ear or tail crookedly: their veracity shall profit the veracious.”

Ne recurvatus in antro dormiveris, O to qui passus es nocturnam pollutioinem: reveal that which you have, and act straight

Or if you tell not your fault, at least refrain from talk: do not kill yourself by ostentation and trickery.

If you have got any money, do not open your mouth: there are touchstones on the Way,

And for the touchstones too there are tests concerning their own states.

God has said, “From birth unto death they are tried every year twice.”

There is test upon test, O father: beware, do not buy yourself at the smallest test.

How Bal am the son of Ba`ur was secure, because the Lord had made tests and he had come through them honourably.

Bal'am the son of Ba'ur and the accursed Iblis were disgraced at the ultimate test.

He, by his pretension, desires to be rich; his belly is execrating his moustache,

ایمن بودن بلمع باعور که امتحانها کرد حضرت او را و آنها روی سپید آدمه بود

How Bal am the son of Ba`ur was secure, because the Lord had made tests and he had come through them honourably.

Bal’am the son of Ba’ur and the accursed Iblis were disgraced at the ultimate test.
Crying, “Reveal what he is hiding!
He has consumed me: O God, expose him!”

All the members of his body are his adversaries,
for he chatters of spring they are in December.

Vain talk repels acts of kindness and tears
off the bough of pity from the trunk of the tree.

Bring forward honesty, or else be silent,
and then behold pity and enjoy it.

That belly became the adversary of his moustache
and secretly had recourse to prayer,
Crying, “O God, expose this idle brag of the base,
in order that the pity of the noble may be moved towards me.”

The belly’s prayer was answered:
the ardecy of need put out a flag.

God has said, “Though you be a profligate and idolater,
I will answer when you call Me.”

Cleave fast unto prayer and ever cry out:
in the end it will deliver you from the hands of the goul.

When the belly committed itself to God,
the cat came and carried off the skin of that sheep’s tail.

They ran after the cat, she fled.
The child, from fear of his scolding, changed colour.

The little child came into the company
and took away the prestige of the boastful man.

It said, “The sheep’s tail with which every morning
you greased your lips and moustaches—

The cat came and suddenly snatched it away:
I ran hard, but the effort was of no use.”

Those who were present laughed from astonishment,
and their feelings of pity began to be moved again.

They invited him and kept him well-fed;
they sowed the seed of pity in his soil.

When he had tasted honesty from the noble,
he without arrogance became devoted to honesty.
How the jackal which had fallen into the dyer’s vat pretended to be a peacock.

That multi-coloured jackal came secretly and tapped on the lobe of the rebuker’s ear.

Please look at me and at my colour: truly the idolater possesses no idol like me.

Like the flower-garden I have become many-hued and lovely: bow in homage to me, do not withdraw from me.

Behold my glory and splendour and sheen and radiance and colour! Call me the Pride of the World and the Pillar of the Religion!

I have become the theatre of the Divine Grace; I have become the tablet on which the Divine Majesty is unfolded.

O jackals take heed; do not call me a jackal: how should a jackal have so much beauty?”

Those jackals came here en masse, like moths around the candle.

“Say then, what shall we call you, O creature of substance?” He replied, “A peacock as Jupiter.”

Then they said to him, “The spiritual peacocks have displays in the Rose-garden:

Do you display yourself like that? “No,” said he: “not having gone into the desert, how should I tread Mina?”

“Do you utter the cry of peacocks?” “Nay,” said he. “Then, Master Bu’l-’Ala, you are not a peacock.

The peacock’s garment of honour comes from Heaven: how will you attain thereto by means of colours and pretences?”

Comparison of Pharaoh and his pretence of divinity to the jackal which pretended to be a peacock

You are even as Pharaoh, who bejewelled his beard and in his asinine folly soared higher than Jesus.

He too was born of the generation of the she-jackal and fell into a vat of riches and power.
Everyone who beheld his power and riches bowed down to him in worship: he swallowed the worship of the idle mockers.

That beggar in tattered cloak became miserably drunk with the people’s worship and feelings of amazement.

Riches are a snake, for therein are poisons; and popular favour and worship is a dragon.

Ah, do not assume a virtue, O Pharaoh: you are a jackal, do not in any wise behave as a peacock.

If you appear in the direction of the peacocks, you are incapable of display and you will have put to shame.

Moses and Aaron were as peacocks: they flapped the wings of display upon your head and face.

Your foulness and disgrace were exposed; you did fall incapable from your height.

When you saw the touchstone, you became black, like adulterated coin: the leonine figure vanished, and the dog was revealed.

O foul mangy dog, through greed and exuberant insolence do not clothe yourself in the lion’s skin.

The roar of the lion will demand from you the test.

The figure of a lion, and then the dispositions of dogs!

Explanation of, and you will surely know them in the perversion of their speech.

God said to the Prophet in the course, “One sign of the hypocritical is easier:

Though the hypocrite is big, handsome, and terrible, you will recognise him in his perverse enunciation and speech.”

When you are buying earthenware pots, you make a trial, O purchaser.

You give the pot a tap with your hand: why? In order that you may know the cracked one by the sound

The voice of the cracked one is different; the voice is a chawush: it goes in front of it.
The voice comes in order to make it known: 
it determines it, as the verb the masdar.

When the subject of probation cropped up, 
the story of Harut at once came into my memory.

The Story of Harut and Marut and their boldness 
in encountering the probations of God most High

Before this, we had told a little of it: what, indeed, should we tell? 
We can tell only one of its thousands.

I wished to speak of the truths in it, 
till now they have remained on account of hindrances.

Once again a little of its much shall be told—
the description of a single limb of the elephant.

Listen to Harut and Marut, 
O you to whose face we are slaves and servants.

They were intoxicated with the spectacle of God 
and with the marvels of the King’s gradual temptation.

Such intoxication arises from God’s gradual temptation, 
so that what intoxications are wrought by the ascension to God.

The bait in His snare produced intoxication like this: 
what things, can the table of His bounty reveal!

They were drunken and freed from the noose: 
they were uttering rapturous cries in the fashion of lovers;

In their road there was one ambush and trial: 
it's mighty wind would sweep the mountain away like straw.

The trial was turning them upside down, 
how should one that is drunk have consciousness of these things?

To him pit and open field are one; 
to him dungeon and pit are a pleasant path to tread.

The mountain-goat runs up that high mountain 
for the sake of some harmless food.

While he browses, suddenly he sees another trick 
played by the ordinance of Heaven.
He casts his gaze upon another mountain: 
on that other mountain he espies a she-goat.

Straightway his eye is darkened: 
he leaps madly from this mountain to that.

To him it seems as near 
as to run round the sink of a house.

Those thousands of ells appear to him two ells, in order that 
from mad infatuation the impulse to leap may come to him.

As soon as he leaps, 
he falls midway between the two pitiless mountains.

He had fled to the mountain from the hunters: 
his very refuge shed his blood.

The hunters are seated between the two mountains 
in expectation of this awesome decree.

The capture of this goat is, for the most part, in this manner; 
else he is agile and nimble and quick to see the enemy.

Though Rustam have head and moustache, 
lust will certainly be the snare to catch his feet.

Be cut off, like me, from the intoxication of lust: 
look at the intoxication of lust in the camel!

Know, again, that this intoxication of lust in the world 
is deemed of small account beside the intoxication of the angels.

The intoxication of that one breaks the intoxication of this one: 
how should he show any propensity to lust?

Until you have drunk sweet water, briny water is sweet, 
sweet as the light in the eye;

A single drop of the wines of Heaven 
causes the soul to be rapt away from the wine and cupbearers —

So that what intoxications befall the angels and the spirits 
purified by the Divine glory,

Except, maybe, them that are in despair and far, 
like infidels hidden in graves,

Have lost all hope of both worlds 
and have sown thorns without end.
Therefore they, because of their feelings of intoxication, said, “Alas, we would rain upon the earth, like clouds;

We would spread in this place of injustice justice and equity and devotions and faithfulness.”

This they said, and the Divine decree was saying, “Stop! Before your feet there is many an unseen pitfall.”

Beware; do not run boldly into the desert of woe! Beware; do not push on blindly into the Karbala,

For because of the hair and bones of the perished the travellers’ feet find no way.

The whole way is bones and hair and sinews: many is the thing that the sword of Vengeance has made nothing.

God has said that servants attended by help walk on the earth quietly and meekly.

How should a bare-footed man go into the thorn-thicket save with halting and reflection and cautiously?

The Decree was saying this, but their ears were closed in the veil of their hotheadedness.

Eyes and ears have been closed, except for them that have escaped from themselves.

Who but Grace shall open the eyes? Who but Love shall allay the Wrath?

Truly, may no one in the world have toil without prospering! And God best knows the right course.

The Story of Pharaoh’s dream of the coming of Moses, on whom be peace, and how he took thought to relieve himself.

Inasmuch as Pharaoh’s toil was not blessed, whatever he would stitch, that was ripping asunder.

He had a thousand astrologers at his beck, and also a countless multitude of dream-interpreters and magicians.

There was shown to him in a dream the coming of Moses, who would destroy Pharaoh and his kingdom.
He said to the interpreters and astrologers, “How may the ill-boding phantasm and dream be warded off?”

They all said to him, “We will contrive something, we will waylay the birth, like brigands.”

Untill the night arrived on which the begetting took place; those Pharaoh’s men deemed it advisable,

Early on that day, to bring forth the King’s banquet and throne towards the maydan,

“Welcome, O all you Israelites! The King calls you from that place,

That he may show unto you his face unveiled, and do kindness unto you for the sake of the recompense”; For to those captives there was naught but distance: the sight of Pharaoh was not permitted.

If they fell in with him on the road, they would lie on their faces on account of the law.

The law was this: no captive in or out of season shall behold the countenance of that Prince,

And whenever on the road he hears the shout of the beadles, he shall turn his face towards a wall, that he may not see;

And if he sees his face, he shall be guilty of a crime, and the worst punishment shall befall him.

They had greed for the inaccessible countenance, since Man is greedy for that which has been forbidden.

How they summoned the Israelites to the maydan, as a device to prevent the begetting of Moses, on whom be peace.

The captives, hearing the glad news,

They swallowed the trick and hastened in that direction and made themselves ready for the unveiling.

53
Even as here the crafty Moghul said,
“I am seeking a certain one of the Egyptians."

Bring the Egyptians together on this side,
in order that he who is wanted may come to hand.”

Whenever anyone came, he said, “it is not this one:
oh, come in, sir, and sit in that corner,”

Till in this fashion they all were assembled,
and they beheaded them by means of this trick.

The ill-starredness of the fact
that they would not obey God’s summoner towards the call to prayer,
The invitation of the deceiver inveigled them.
O righteous man, beware of the deceit of the Devil!

Listen to the cry of the poor and needy;
lest yours ear receive the cry of a cunning rogue.

If the beggars are covetous and depraved,
seek the man of heart amongst the gluttons.

At the bottom of the sea there are pearls with pebbles:
glories are amidst shames.

The Israelites, then, bestirred themselves mightily,
running betimes towards the
maydan.

When he by cunning had brought them into the maydan,
he displayed his face to them, looking very fresh.

He showed fondness and gave presents:
that Emperor bestowed both gifts and promises.

After that, he said: “For your lives’ sake,
do you all sleep in the maydan to-night!”

They answered him, saying, “ We will do service:
if you desire, we will dwell here a month.”
How Pharaoh returned from the maydan to the city, glad at having parted the Israelites from their wives on the night of the conception.

At nightfall the King came back, rejoicing and saying, “The conception is tonight, and they are far from their wives.”

‘Imran, his treasurer, also came to the city in attendance upon him as his companion.

He said, “O ‘Imran, do you sleep at this door. Beware! Go not to your wife or seek to lie with her.”

He replied, “I will sleep at this portal of yours; I will think of nothing but your pleasure.”

‘Imran, too, was one of the Israelites, but he was heart and soul to Pharaoh.

How should he have thought that he would disobey and do that which the dread of Pharaoh’s soul?

He awoke and saw that his wife was fair and that she rained kisses from her lips upon his.

‘Imran said, “How did you come at this time?”

She said, “From desire and from the Divine ordinance.”

The man drew her lovingly into his arms; at that moment he did not rise to battle with himself.

Concubuit cum ea et depositum (semen) tradidit; then he said, “O wife, this is not a small matter.

A steel struck upon the stone, and a fire was born—a fire that shall take vengeance on the King and his empire.
I am as the cloud, you the earth, and Moses the plant. God is the king on the chessboard, and we are checkmated, checkmated.

Deem checkmate and victory from the King, O spouse: do not deem them to be from us, do not jeer at us.

That of which this Pharaoh is afraid came into being at the moment when I lay with you.

How after having lain with her Imran charged his wife to pretend that she had not visited him.

Do not reveal any of these things; do not breathe a word, lest there come upon me and you a hundred sorrows.

In the end the effects of this will be made manifest, forasmuch as the signs have appeared, O beloved.”

Forthwith from the direction of the maydan loud cries were coming from the people, and the air was filled.

Thereupon the King, in terror, sprang forth bare-footed, saying, “Listen, what are these tumults? What is the noise and uproar from the direction of the maydan, in fear whereof genie and demon are fleeing in dismay?”

‘Imran said, “May our King live! The people of Israel are rejoicing on account of you. Because of the bounty of the King they are making merry and dancing and clapping their hands.”

He said, “Maybe it is this, but it makes me very suspicious and anxious.

How Pharaoh was frightened by the noise.

This sound has marred my soul and aged me with bitter pain and grief.”

The King was pacing to and fro, all night he was even as a woman in the hour of childbirth.
Every moment he would say,
“O ’Imran, these clamours have upset me mightily.”

Poor ’Imran had not the courage
to relate his intercourse with his wife,

How the wife of Imran had stolen to his side,
so that the star of Moses appeared.

Whenever any prophet enters into the womb,
his star becomes conspicuous in the sky.

The appearance of the star of Moses, on whom be peace, in the sky
and the outcry of the astrologers in the maydan.

His star appeared in the sky,
to the confusion of Pharaoh and his plots and devices.

Day broke: he said to him, “O ’Imran, go,
inform yourself concerning that uproar and noise.”

‘Imran rode to the maydan and said, “What uproar was this?
The King of kings has not slept.”

Every astrologer, with head bare and garment rent,
kissed the earth, like mourners.

Their voices were choked with lamentation,
like mourners, and their guise.

They had plucked out their beards and hair; their faces were torn;
they had cast earth on their heads, and their eyes were filled with blood.

He said, “Is it well? What is this perturbation and emotion?
Does the unlucky year give an evil sign?”

They offered excuses and said,
“O Amir, the hand of His predestination has made us captive.
We have done all this, and Fortune is darkened:
the King’s enemy has come into being and has prevailed.

During the night the star of that boy became clearly visible,
our confusion, on the front of heaven.

The star of that prophet shot up in the sky:
we, from weeping, began to shed stars.”
Imran, with a right glad heart and from hypocrisy, was beating his hands on his head and crying, “Alas, all is lost.”

Imran feigned to be wrathful and grim; he went senseless and witless, like madmen.

He feigned to be ignorant and pushed forward and addressed to the company words exceeding rough.

He made himself out to be bitterly annoyed and grieved; he played reversed dice.

He said to them, “You have deceived my King; you have not refrained from treachery and covetousness. You roused the King towards the maydan; you let our King’s honour go to waste.

You put your hands on your breasts in warrant, saying, ‘We will set the King free from cares.’”

The King too heard and said, “O traitors, I will hang you up without quarter. I exposed myself to derision; I squandered riches on my enemies, To the end that to-night all the Israelites might remain far away from meeting with their wives.

Wealth and honour are gone, and all is done in vain: is this friendship and the deeds of the noble? For years you have been taking stipends and robes of honour and devouring kingdoms as you pleased.

Was this your judgement and wisdom and astrology? You are sycophants and deceivers and ill-omened. I will rend you to pieces and set you ablaze, I will tear off your noses and ears and lips. I will make you fuel for the fire, I will make your past pleasure sour to you.”

They prostrated themselves and said, “O Khedive, if one time the Devil has prevailed against us, For years we have warded off afflictions: the imagination is dumfounded by that which we have done.

It has eluded us, and his conception has occurred: his semen came out and entered the womb;
But pardon for this, we shall watch the day of birth, O King and Sovereign.

We shall observe the day of his nativity that this event may not escape and evade us.

If we do not keep watch for this, kill us, O you to whose judgement thoughts and intelligence are slaves.”

For nine months he was counting day after day, lest the arrow of the Decree that transfixes its enemy should fly.

Anyone who makes a night-attack upon Doom falls headlong and drinks of his own blood.

When the earth shows enmity to the sky, it becomes salty and presents a spectacle of death.

The picture struggles hand to hand with the Painter, it tears out its own moustaches and beard.

After nine months the King brought out his throne to the maydan and made a strict proclamation.

"O women, go with your babes to the maydan; go forth, all you of Israel.

Just as last year robes of honour were bestowed on the men, and every one of them bore away gold,

Listen, O women, this year it is your fortune, so that each one may obtain the thing she desires.

He will give the women robes of honour and donations; on the children too he will put miters of gold.

Take heed! Every one of you that has borne a child during this month shall receive treasures from the mighty King.”

The women went forth with their babes: they came joyfully to the King’s tent.

Every woman that had newly given birth went forth from the city to the maydan, unsuspicious of guile and vengeance.
When all the women were gathered around him,
they took away from the mothers whatever was male,
And cut off its head, saying, “This is a precaution
that the enemy may not grow up and that disorder may not increase.”

Imran’s wife herself, who had brought Moses,
kept aloof from that turmoil and fume.

That villain sent the midwives into the houses
for the purpose of spying.

They gave information of her, saying, “Here is a child:
she did not come to the maydan: for she is under suspicion and doubt.

In this street there is a comely woman:
she has a child, but she is an artful one.”

Then the officers came: she, by the command of God,
cast the child into the stove.

From that omniscient One revelation came to the woman
that this boy is of the stock of the Friend,
Through the protection of, “O fire, be cool,”
the fire will not be hot and untamed.

In consequence of the revelation the woman cast him amidst the sparks:
the fire produced no effect on the body of Moses.

Then the officers went away without having attained their object,
again the informers, who were aware of it,
Raised an altercation with the officers before Pharaoh
for the sake of some petty coins,

Saying, “O officers, go back thither,
and look very carefully in the upper rooms.”
How it was divinely revealed to the mother of Moses that she should throw Moses into the water.

Once more the revelation came: “Throw him into the water; keep your face in hope and do not tear your hair.

Throw him into the Nile and put trust: I will bring you to him happily.”

This discourse has no end.

All his plots entangled his legs and feet.

He was killing hundreds of thousands of children outside; Moses remained indoors in the upper part of the house.

Wherever were embryos, in his frenzy that far-seeing blind man was killing them by cunning devices.

The craft of the iniquitous Pharaoh was a dragon: it had devoured the craft of the kings of the world;

But one that was a greater Pharaoh than it came into sight and swallowed both him and his craft.

It was a dragon: the rod became a dragon, and this devoured that by the aid of God.

Hand is above hand: how far is this? Up to God, for unto Him is the end.

For that is a sea without bottom or shore: beside it all the seas together are as a torrent.

If devices and expedients are a dragon, beside except Allah they all are nothing.

Now that my exposition has reached this point, it lays down its head and expires; and God best knows the right course.

That which was in Pharaoh, the same is in you, but your dragon is confined in the pit.

Alas, all this is what passes in you: you would fain fasten it on Pharaoh.

If they say it of you, there arises in you a feeling of estrangement; and of another, it seems to you a fable.

What ruin is wrought in you by the accursed sensual soul! This familiar casts you exceeding far.

Your fire has not Pharaoh’s fuel; otherwise, it is one that throws out flames like Pharaoh.
حكايت مارگير که اژدهاى فسرده را مرده پنداشت و در ريسمانهاش پيچيد و آورد به بغداد

Story of the snake-catcher who thought the frozen serpent was dead and wound it in ropes and brought it to Baghdad.

LISTEN TO A TALE OF THE CHRONICLER, IN ORDER THAT YOU MAY GET AN INKLING OF THIS VEILED MYSTERY.

A SNAKE-CAUGHT WENT TO THE MOUNTAINS TO CATCH A SNAKE BY HIS INCANTATIONS.

WHETHER ONE BE SLOW OR SPEEDY, HE THAT IS A SEEKER WILL BE A FINDER.

ALWAYS APPLY YOURSELF WITH BOTH HANDS TO SEEKING, FOR SEARCH IS AN EXCELLENT GUIDE ON THE WAY.

LAME AND LIMPING AND BENT IN FIGURE AND UNMANNERLY, EVER creep towards Him and be in quest of Him.

NOW BY SPEECH AND NOW BY SILENCE AND NOW BY SMELLING, CATCH IN EVERY QUARTER THE SCENT OF THE KING.

JACOB SAID TO HIS SONS, “MAKE SEARCH FOR JOSEPH BEYOND BOUNDS.

IN THIS SEARCH EARNSTLY DIRECT EVERY SENSE TOWARDS EVERY SIDE, LIKE ONE THAT IS READY.”

HE SAID, “DO NOT DESPAIR OF GOD’S BREATH”; GO TO AND FRO AS ONE THAT HAS LOST HIS SON.

INQUIRE BY MEANS OF THE SENSE OF THE MOUTH, AND LAY YOUR EARS ON THE FOUR ROADS OF THAT (WHICH YOU SEEK).

WHENEVER A SWEET SCENT COMES, SMELL IN THAT DIRECTION, FOR YOU ARE ACQUAINTED WITH THAT DIRECTION.

WHENEVER YOU ARE AWARE OF A KINDNESS FROM ANY ONE, IT IS POSSIBLE YOU MAY FIND THE WAY TO THE SOURCE OF THE KINDNESS.

ALL THESE LOVELY THINGS ARE FROM A DEEP SEA: LEAVE THE PART AND KEEP YOUR EYE UPON THE WHOLE.

THE WARS OF MANKIND ARE FOR THE SAKE OF BEAUTY; THE GARNITURE OF UNGARNISHMENT IS THE SIGN OF THE TUBA TREE.

THE ANGERs OF MANKIND ARE FOR THE SAKE OF PEACE; RESTLESSNESS IS EVER THE SNARE FOR REST.

EVERY BLOW IS FOR THE SAKE OF FONDNESS; EVERY COMPLAINT MAKES AWARE OF GRATITUDE.
Smell from the part to the Whole, O noble one; 
smell from opposite to opposite, O wise one.

Assuredly wars bring peace; 
the snake-catcher sought the snake for the purpose of friendship.

Man seeks a snake for the purpose of friendship 
and cares for one that is without care.

He was searching round about the mountains 
for a big snake in the days of snow.

The snake-catcher was looking for snakes in the hard winter, 
he espied a dead dragon.

The snake-catcher catches snakes in order to amaze the people— 
behold the foolishness of the people!

Man is a mountain: how should he be led into temptation? 
How should a mountain become amazed at a snake?

Wretched Man does not know himself: 
he has come from a high estate and fallen into a low one.

Man has sold himself cheaply: 
he has sewn himself on to a tattered cloak.

Hundreds of thousands of snakes and mountains are amazed at him: 
why has he become amazed and fond of a snake?

The snake-catcher took up that snake and came to Baghdad 
for the sake of astonishment.

In quest of a paltry fee he carried along a dragon 
like the pillar of a house,

Saying, “I have brought a dead dragon: 
I have suffered agonies in hunting it.”

He thought it was dead, but it was living, 
and he did not see it very well.

It was frozen by frosts and snow: 
it was alive, but it presented the appearance of the dead.

The world is frozen: its name is jamád (inanimate): 
jámid is “frozen,” O master.

Wait till the sun of the Resurrection shall become manifest, 
that you may see the movement of the world’s body.
When here the rod of Moses became a snake, information was given to the intellect concerning motionless beings.

Since He (God) made your piece of earth a man, you should recognise the entire sum of the particles of earth:

From this standpoint they are dead and from that standpoint they are living; silent here and speaking yonder.

When He sends them from that quarter towards us, the rod becomes a dragon in relation to us.

The mountains too make a song like that of David, and the substance of iron is wax in the hand.

The wind becomes a bearer for Solomon; the sea becomes capable of understanding words in regard to Moses.

The moon becomes able to see the sign in obedience to Ahmad; the fire becomes wild-roses for Abraham.

The earth swallows Qârûn like a snake; the Moaning Pillar comes into righteousness.

The glorification of God by inanimate beings will become evident to you; the doubts suggested by interpretations will not carry you away.

Since your soul has not the lamps for seeing, you have made interpretations,

Saying, “How should visible glorification be the meaning intended? The claim to see is an erroneous fancy.

Therefore, inasmuch as it reminds you of glorification, that indication is even as uttering”

This is the interpretation of the Mu'tazilites and of those who do not possess the light of immediate intuition.
When a man has not escaped from sense-perception, he will be a stranger to the ideas of the unseen world.

This discourse has no end.
The snake-catcher, with a hundred pains, was bringing the snake along,

Till (at last) the would-be showman arrived at Baghdad that he might set up a public show at the cross-roads.

The man set up a show on the bank of the Tigris, and a hubbub arose in the city of Baghdad—

“A snake-catcher has brought a dragon: he has captured a marvellous rare beast.”

Myriads of simpletons assembled, who had become a prey to him as he in his folly.

They were waiting, and he too was waiting for the scattered people to assemble.

The greater the crowd, the better goes the begging and contributing.

Myriads of idle babblers assembled, forming a ring, sole against sole.

Man took no heed of woman: on account of the throng they were mingled together like nobles and common folk at the Resurrection.

When he began to move the cloth, the people in the crowd strained their throats,

And the dragon, which had been frozen by intense cold, was underneath a hundred kinds of coarse woollen cloths and coverlets.

He had bound it with thick ropes: that careful keeper had taken great precaution for it.

During the delay of expectation and coming together, the sun of ‘Iraq shone upon the snake

The sun of the hot country warmed it; the cold humours went out of its limbs.

It had been dead, and it revived: from astonishment the dragon began to uncoil itself.

By the stirring of that dead serpent the people’s amazement was multiplied a hundred thousand fold.

With amazement they started shrieking and fled en masse from its motion.
۱۰۵۰* The blind sheep awakened the wolf: unwittingly it went towards its ‘Azrá‘íl.  

The dragon made one mouthful of that dolt: blood-drinking is easy for Hajjáj.  

It wound and fastened itself on a pillar and crunched the bones of the devoured man.  

The dragon is your sensual soul: how is it dead? It is frozen by grief and lack of means.  

If it obtains the means of Pharaoh, by whose command the water of the river would flow, then it will begin to act like Pharaoh and will waylay a hundred Moses and Aaron.  

That dragon, under stress of poverty, is a little worm; a gnat is made a falcon by power and riches.  

Keep the dragon in the snow of separation; beware, do not carry it into the sun of Iraq.  

As long as that dragon of your remains frozen; you are a mouthful for it, when it gains release.  

Mortify it and become safe from death; have no mercy: it is not one of them that deserve favours;  

For the heat of the sun of lust strikes upon it, that vile bat of yours flaps its wings.  

Lead it manfully to the warfare and battle: God will reward you with access.  

When that man brought the dragon into the hot air and the insolent brute became well,  

Inevitably it wrought that mischief, my dear friend, too, twenty times as many as we have told.
Do you hope, without using violence, to keep it bound in quiet and faithfulness?

How should this wish be fulfilled for any worthless one?

It needs a Moses to kill the dragon.

By his dragon hundreds of thousands of people were killed in the rout, as he had designed.

**How Pharaoh threatened Moses, on whom be peace.**

Pharaoh said to him, “Why did you, O Kalím, kill the people and cause fear to fall?

The people were put to flight and rout by you; in the rout the folk were killed through slipping.

Necessarily, the folk have come to regard you as their enemy; men and women have conceived hatred of you in their breasts.

You were calling the people to you, it has turned out contrariwise: the folk cannot but resist you.

I too, though I am shrinking back from your malice, am concocting a plan to requite you.

Put away from your heart the thought that you will deceive me or that you will get any follower but your shadow.

Be not deluded by that which you have contrived: you have cast terror into the hearts of the people.

You may bring a hundred such, and you will be exposed in the same way; you will become despicable and the laughing-stock of the mob.

Many have been impostors like you, in our Egypt they have been brought to disgrace in the end.”

**The answer of Moses to Pharaoh concerning the threats which he made against him**

He said, “I admit nothing as co-partner with the command of God: if His command shall shed my blood, there is no fear.

I am content, I am thankful, O adversary: here disgraced, but with God honoured.”
In the sight of the people contemptible and wretched and a laughingstock: in God's sight (I am) loved and sought and approved.

I say this of words; otherwise, to-morrow God will make you one of the black-faced.

Glory belongs to Him and to His servants: recite the sign thereof through Adam and Iblis.

The explanation of God, like God, has no limit. Take heed, close your mouth and turn over a leaf."

The reply of Pharaoh to Moses, on whom be peace.

Pharaoh said to him, “The leaf is under my authority; the book and register of authority is mine at this moment.

The people of the world have chosen me: art you wiser than all, O fellow?

Have less regard for yourself, be not self-deluded.

I will assemble the magicians of the world, that I may exhibit your foolishness to the city.

This will not be done in a day or two: give me time till the forty days of Tamúz.”

The answer of Moses, on whom be peace, to Pharaoh.

Moses said, “This is not permitted to me: I am the slave: the giving of time to you is not commanded.

If you are powerful and I in sooth have no ally, I am subject to His command: I have nothing to do with that.

I will combat you with all my might so long as I live; what have I to do with helping? I am a slave.

I will fight till the decision of God comes to pass: He separates every adversary from an adversary.”
The reply of Pharaoh to Moses, and the coming of a Divine revelation to Moses, on whom be peace.

He said, “No, no, you must appoint a certain respite: do not give cajoleries, do not talk vain things.”

At once the high God made a revelation to him, saying, “Give him an ample respite: be not afraid of that.

Willingly give him these forty days that he may think of diverse plots.

Let him endeavor, for I am not asleep; bid him advance quickly, I have barred the way in front.

I will confound all their devices, and I will reduce to little that which they increase.

Let them fetch water, and I will make fire; let them get honey and sweets and I will make bitter.

Let them join in a bond of love, and I will destroy it; I will do that which they conceive not.

Have no fear, and give him a lengthy respite; bid him bring together his host and prepare a hundred devices.”

How Moses, on whom be peace, gave Pharaoh a respite, that he might assemble the magicians from the cities.

He said, “The command has come. Go, the respite is to you. I depart to my dwelling-place: you are delivered from me.”

He was going, and at his heels the dragon wise and loving, like the hunter’s dog.

Like the hunter’s dog, wagging its tail: it made the stones sand beneath its hoof.

With its breath it drew in stone and iron and visibly chewed the iron into small fragments.

In the air it was making itself above the zodiac, so that Greeks and Georgians would flee from it in panic.
From its palate it cast out foam, like a camel:
whomsoever a drop hit, he was smitten with tubercular leprosy.

The gnashing of its teeth would break the heart;
the souls of black lions would be distraught.

When that chosen one reached his kinsfolk,
he took hold of the corner of its mouth, and it became again a staff.

He leaned upon it, saying, “O wonder!
To me the sun, to my enemy night.

O wonder! How does this host not see a whole world
filled with the sun at morning tide?

Eyes open, and ears open, and this sun!
I am amazed at God’s eye-bandaging.

I am amazed at them, and they too at me:
from one springtime, they are thorns and I am jasmine.

I bore to them many a cup of pure wine:
its juice turned to stone before this company.

I twined a handful of roses and carried it to them:
every rose became as a thorn, and the honey turned to poison.

That is the portion allotted to the selfless:
since they are with themselves, how should it be shown?

With us, one must need be a waking sleeper,
that in the state of wakefulness he may dream dreams.”

Thought of created things is an enemy to this sweet sleep:
until his thought is asleep, his throat is shut.

Bewilderment is needed to sweep thought away:
bewilderment devours thought and recollection.

The more perfect he is in science, the more backward he is in reality
and the more forward in appearance.

He has said, “Truly, to Him we are returning”;
and the return is in the same wise as a herd turns back and goes home.

When the herd has turned back from going down to water,
the goat that was the leader falls behind.

And the lame hindmost goat is now in front:
the return caused the faces to laugh of them that were frowning.

How did this party become lame
and give up glory and purchase ignominy in vain?
This party goes on the pilgrimage with broken legs; there is a secret way from difficulty to ease.

This company washed their hearts of kinds of knowledge, because this knowledge does not know this Way.

One needs a knowledge whereof the root is yonder, inasmuch as every branch is a guide to its root.

How should every wing fly across the breadth of the Sea? The esoteric knowledge will bear to the Presence.

Why, then, should you teach a man the knowledge of which it benefits him to purify his breast?

Therefore do not seek to be in front: be lame on this side, and be the leader at the moment of return.

O clever one, be the bindmost and the foremost: the fresh fruit is prior to the tree.

Although the fruit comes last into being, it is the first, because it was the object.

Say, like the angels, “We have no knowledge,” to the end that “You have taught us” may take your hand.

If in this school you do not know the alphabet, you are filled, like Ahmad, with the light of Reason.

If you are not famous in the world, you are not deficient: God knows best concerning His servants.

A treasure of gold is, for safety’s sake, in a desolate spot that is not well-known.

How should they deposit the treasure in a well-known place? On this account it is said, “Joy is beneath sorrow.”

Here the mind may bring many difficulties, but a good beast will break the tether.

His love is a fire that consumes difficulties: the daylight sweeps away every phantom.

O you, with whom He is pleased, seek the answer from the same quarter from which this question came to you.

The cornerless corner of the heart is a King’s highway: the radiance that is neither of the east nor of the west is from a Moon.

Why on this side and on that, like a beggar, O mountain of Reality, are you seeking the echo?
Seek from the same quarter to which, in the hour of pain, you bend low, crying repeatedly, “O my Lord!

In the hour of pain and death you turn in that direction: how, when your pain is gone, are you ignorant?

At the time of tribulation you have called unto God, when the tribulation is gone, you say, “Where is the way?”

This is because: every one that knows God without uncertainty is constantly engaged in that,

While he that is veiled in intellect and uncertainty is sometimes covered and sometimes with his collar torn.

The particular intellect is sometimes dominant, sometimes overthrown; the Universal Intellect is secure from the hazards of Time.

Sell intellect and talent and buy bewilderment: take yourself to lowliness, O son, not to Bukhara!

Why have I steeped myself in the discourse, so that from story-telling I have become a story?

I become nothing and a fable in making moan, in order that I may gain influence over them that prostrate themselves in prayer.

This is not a story in the eyes of the man of experience: it is a description of an actual state, and it is the presence of the Friend of the Cave.

That “stories of the ancients,” which the disobedient applied to the words of the Qur’an, was a mark of hypocrisy.

The man transcending space, in whom is the Light of God—where is the past, the future, or the present?

His being past or future is in relation to you: both are one thing, and you think they are two.

One individual is to him father and to us son: the roof is below Zayd and above ‘Amr.

The relation of “below” and “above” arises from those two persons: as regards itself, the roof is one thing only.

These expressions are not similar to that: they are a comparison: the old words fall short of the new meaning.

Since there is no river’s edge, close your lips, O water skin: this Sea of candy has been without edge or shore.
When Moses had returned and he remained, he called his advisers and counsellors to his presence.

They deemed it right that the King and Ruler of Egypt should assemble them from all parts of Egypt.

Thereupon he sent many men in every direction to collect the sorcerers.

In whatsoever region there was a renowned magician, he set flying towards him ten active couriers.

There were two youths, famous magicians: their magic penetrated into the heart of the moon.

They milked the moon publicly and openly; in their journeys they went mounted on a wine-jar.

They caused the moonshine to appear like a piece of linen: they measured and sold it speedily,

And took the silver away: the purchaser, on becoming aware, would smite his hand upon his cheeks in grief.

They were the inventors of a hundred thousand such in sorcery, and were not like the rhyme-letter.

When the King’s message reached them, “The king now desires help from you, because two dervishes have come and marched in force against the King and his palace, they have nothing with them except one rod, which becomes a dragon at his command.

The King and the whole army are helpless: all have been brought to lamentation by these two persons.

A remedy must be sought in magic, that maybe you will save lives from these two enchanters—”

When he gave the message to those two magicians, a fear and love descended on the hearts of them both.

When the vein of homogeneity began to throb, they laid their heads upon their knees in astonishment.

Inasmuch as the knee is the Sufi’s school, the two knees are sorcerers for solving a difficulty.
How those two magicians summoned their father from the grave and questioned their father’s spirit concerning the real nature of Moses, on whom be peace.

Afterwards they said, “Come, O mother, where is our father’s grave? Show us the way.”

She took them and showed the way to his grave: then they fasted for three days for the sake of the King.

Those two men have brought him to sore straits and have destroyed his prestige with the army.

You are gone into the world of the righteous; though to outward seeming you lie in a tomb.

If that is magic, inform us; and if it be divine, O spirit of our father, also inform us, so that we may bow down and bring ourselves in touch with an elixir.

We are despairing, and a hope has come; we are banished, and Mercy has drawn us.”

How the dead magician answered his sons.

He cried, “O my dearest sons, it rests to declare this plainly.

It is not permitted to me to speak openly and freely, yet the mystery is not far from mine eye.

But I will show unto you a sign that this hidden thing may be made manifest to you.

O light of mine eyes, when you go thither, become acquainted with the place where he sleeps,

And at the time when that Sage is asleep, make for the rod, abandon fear.
If you shall steal it and are able, he is a magician; the means of dealing with a magician is present with you;

But if you cannot, beware and beware! That is of God: he is the messenger of the Glorious and is guided.

Though Pharaoh occupies the world, east and west, he will fall headlong: God and then war!

I give this true sign, O soul of your father: inscribe it:

God best knows the right course.

O soul of your father, when a magician sleeps, there is none to direct his magic and craft.

When the shepherd has gone to sleep, the wolf becomes unafraid: when he sleeps, his exertion ceases;

But the animal whose shepherd is God—how has the wolf hope or way there?

The sorcery which God practices is real and true: it is wrong to call that real thing sorcery.

O soul of your father, this is the decisive sign: even if he dies, God exalts him.”

Comparison of the sublime Qur’an to the rod of Moses, and the death of Mustafa, on whom be peace, to the sleep of Moses, and those who seek to alter the Qur’an to the two young magicians who attempted to carry off the rod of Moses when they found him asleep.

The Mercy of God made a promise to Mustafa, saying, “If you shall die, this Lesson shall not die.

I am exalting your Book and Miracle; I am defending the Qur’an from those who would make it more or less.

I am exalting you in both worlds; I am driving away the scoffers from your Tidings.

None shall be able to make additions or omissions therein. Do not you seek another protector better than Me.

Day by day I will increase your splendour; I will strike your name on gold and on silver.
For your sake I will prepare pulpit and prayer-niche:  
in love your vengeance has become My vengeance.

They, from fear, are uttering your name covertly  
and hiding when they perform their prayers;

From terror and dread of the accursed infidels  
your Religion is being hidden underground;

I will fill the world, from end to end, with minarets;  
I will make blind the eyes of the recalcitrant.

Your servants will occupy cities and power:  
your Religion will extend from the Fish to the Moon.

We shall keep it living until the Resurrection:  
be not you afraid of the annulment of the Religion, O Mustafa.

O My Messenger, you are not a sorcerer:  
you are truthful; you wear the mantle of Moses.

To you the Qur'an is even as the rod:  
it swallows up infidelities, like a dragon.

If you sleep beneath a sod,  
decom as his rod that which you have spoken.

Assailants have no power over his rod.  
Sleep, O King, a blessed sleep!

Your body is asleep;  
your Light in Heaven has strung a bow for your war.

The philosopher and that which his mouth does—  
the bow of your Light is piercing him with arrows”

Thus He did, and more than He said:  
his sleep, but his fortune and prosperity slumbered not.

“O soul of your father, when a magician goes to sleep,  
his work becomes tarnished and dim.”

Both kissed his grave and went away to Egypt  
for the purpose of this mighty struggle.

When they came to Egypt for the sake of that enterprise,  
they sought after Moses and his house.

It chanced that on the day of their arrival  
Moses was asleep under a palm-tree,

So the folk gave them a clue to him, saying,  
“Go, and seek over there in the direction of the palm-grove.”

When he came, he espied amongst the date trees a sleeper who was the wake fullest man in the world.

For pleasure’s sake he had shut the two eyes of his head, all Heaven and Earth were under his gaze.

Oh, many a one whose eye is awake and whose heart is asleep: what, in truth, should be seen by the eyes of creatures of water and clay?

He that keeps his heart awake—though the eye of his head may sleep, it will open a hundred eyes.

If you are not one of heart, be awake, be a seeker of the heart, and be in strife;

But if your heart has been awakened, sleep sound: your eye is not absent from the seven heavens and the six directions.

The Prophet said, “My eye slumbers, but when does my heart slumber in drowsiness?”

The King is awake: suppose the guardsman is asleep; may soul be sacrificed to the sleepers whose hearts are seeing!

The description of the heart’s wakefulness, O spiritual man, would not be contained in thousands of rhymed couplets.

When they saw that he was sleeping outstretched, they made preparations for stealing the rod.

The magicians quickly approached the rod, saying, “We must go behind him and then snatch it.”

When they prepared a little nearer, the rod began to shake.

The rod quivered upon itself in such wise that both on the spot became petrified by the shock.

After that, it turned into a dragon and made a rush: both fled, and pale of countenance began to fall on their faces from affright, tumbling panic-stricken down every slope.

Then to them it became certain that he was from Heaven, since they were seeing the limit of magicians.

Then at once they sent a man to Moses to excuse what they had done,
Saying, “We have tested you, and how should testing you occur to us unless there be envy? We are sinners against the King: do you crave pardon for us, O you that are the elect of the elect of the Court of God.”

He pardoned, and at once they became well; they were striking their heads upon the earth in the presence of Moses.

Moses said, “I pardon, O nobles: your bodies and souls have become unlawful to Hell.

Truly I did not see you; O two friends, make yourselves strangers to exculpation.

Come, even as you are, alien in appearance familiar, to combat for the King.”

Then they kissed the earth and departed: they were waiting in expectation of the time and opportunity.

How the magicians from the cities assembled before Pharaoh and received robes of honour and laid their hands upon their breasts, to subdue his enemy, and saying, “Write this down against us.”

Those magicians came unto Pharaoh, and he gave them robes of honour exceedingly precious.

He made promises to them, and also gave them in advance slaves and horses and money and goods and provisions.

After that, he was saying, “Listen, O you that are foremost, if you prove superior in the trial, I will scatter over you so many gifts that the veil of bounty and munificence will be rent.”

Then they said to him, “Through your fortune, O King, we shall prevail, and his cause shall be ruined. We are heroes and champions in this art: no one in the world can resist us.”

The mention of Moses has become a chain to the thoughts, that these are stories which happened long ago.

The mention of Moses serves for a mask, but the Light of Moses is your actual concern, O good man.
Moses and Pharaoh are in your being: you must seek these two adversaries in yourself.

The generation from Moses is till the Resurrection: the Light is not different, the lamp has become different.

This earthenware lamp and this wick are different, but its light is not different: it is from yonder.

If you keep looking at the glass, you will be lost, because from the glass arise the numbers of dualism;

But if you keep your gaze upon the Light, you will be delivered from dualism and the numbers of the finite body.

From the place of view, O kernel of Existence, there arises the difference between the true believer and the Zoroastrian and the Jew.

The disagreement as to the description and shape of the elephant

The elephant was in a dark house: some Hindus had brought it for exhibition.

In order to see it, many people were going, every one, into that darkness.

As seeing it with the eye was impossible, was feeling it in the dark with the palm of his hand.

The hand of one fell on its trunk: he said, “This creature is like a water-pipe.”

The hand of another touched its ear: to him it appeared to be like a fan.

Since another handled its leg, he said, “I found the elephant’s shape to be like a pillar.”

Another laid his hand on its back: he said, “Truly, this elephant was like a throne.”

Similarly, whenever anyone heard, he understood the part that he had touched.

On account of the place of view, their statements differed: one man entitled it “dal,” another “alif.”
If there had been a candle in each one’s hand, the difference would have gone out of their words.

The eye of sense-perception is only like the palm of the hand: the palm has no power to reach the whole of him.

The eye of the Sea is one thing and the foam another: leave the foam and look with the eye of the Sea.

Day and night the movement of foam-flecks from the Sea: you behold the foam, but not the Sea. Marvellous!

We are dashing against each other, like boats: our eyes are darkened, though we are in the clear water.

O you that have gone to sleep in the body’s boat, you have seen the water, look on the Water of the water.

The water has Water that is driving it; the spirit has a Spirit that is calling it.

Where were Moses and Jesus when the Sun was giving water to the sown field of existent things?

Where were Adam and Eve at the time when God fitted this string to the bow?

This speech, too, is imperfect and maimed; the speech that is not imperfect is yonder.

If he speaks from that, your foot will stumble; and if he speak nothing of that, oh, alas for you!

And if he speak in the likeness of a form, you will stick to that form, O youth.

You are foot-bound on the earth, like grass: you nod your head at a wind, without certainty.

But you have no foot that you should make a departure or perchance drag your foot out of this mud.

How should you drag your foot away? Your life is from this mud: it is mighty hard for this life of yours to go.

When you receive life from God, O dependent one, then you will become independent of the mud and will go.

When the sucking is separated from its nurse, it becomes an eater of morsels and abandons her.

You, like seeds, are in bondage to the milk of earth: seek to wean yourself by the spiritual food.
Drink the word of Wisdom, for it has become a hidden light, 
O you who are unable to receive the unveiled Light,

To the end that you may become able, O Soul, to receive the Light, 
and that you may behold without veils that which is hidden,

And traverse the sky like a star; 
no, journey unconditioned, without sky.

Thus you came into being from non-existence. 
Say now, how did you come? You arrived drunken.

The ways of your coming are not remembered by you, 
but we will recite to you a hint.

Let your mind go, and then be mindful! 
Close your ear, and then listen!

No, I will not tell, because you still art unripe: 
you art in springtime, you have not seen Tamúz.

This world is even as the tree, O noble ones: 
we are like the half-ripened fruit upon it.

The unripe cling fast to the bough, 
because during immaturity they are not fit for the palace.

When they have ripened and have become sweet— 
after that, biting their lips, they take a feeble hold of the boughs.

When the mouth has been sweetened by that felicity, 
the kingdom of the world becomes cold to Man.

To take a tight hold and to attach one’s self strongly is rawness: 
so long as you are an embryo, your occupation is blood-drinking.

Another thing remains, 
but the Holy Spirit will tell you the tale of it, without me.

No, you will tell it even to your own ear— 
neither I nor another than I, O you that are even I—

Just as, when you fall asleep, 
you go from the presence of yourself into the presence of yourself:

You hear from yourself, and deem that such or such a one 
has secretly told you in the dream that.

You are not a single “you,” O good comrade; 
no, you are the sky and the deep sea.

Your mighty “You,” which is nine hundredfold, 
is the ocean and the drowning-place of a hundred “you’s.”
Indeed, what occasion for the terms wakefulness and sleep?
Do not speak, for God knows best what is right.
Do not speak, so that you may hear from the Speakers that which came not into utterance or into explanation.
Do not speak, so that you may hear from the Sun that which came not into book or into allocation.
Do not speak, so that the Spirit may speak for you:
in the ark of Noah leave off swimming!
Like Canaan, who was swimming and saying, “I do not want the ark of Noah, my enemy.”

“Hey, come and sit in your father’s ark, that you may not be drowned in the Flood, O despicable one!”

He answered, “No, I have learned to swim:
I have lighted a candle other than your candle.”

“Beware! Do it not, for these are the waves of the Flood of tribulation; to-day hand, foot and swimming are nothing.
It is the wind of vengeance and the woe that extinguishes the candle. No candle but God’s is enduring. Be silent!”

He said, “No, I will go up that high mountain: that mountain will protect me from every hurt.”

“Beware! Do it not, for at this time the mountain is a straw. He gives safety to none except His beloved.”

He answered, “When have I listened to your advice that you should hope that I am of this family?
Your words were never pleasing to me: I am quit of you in both worlds.”

“Beware, baba, don’t do it, for is not the day for disdain. God has no kinship or partner.
Until now you have shown, and at this moment there is disdain: whose disdain is of any effect in this Court?
From eternity He is begets not, nor is He begotten:
He has neither father nor son nor uncle.

How will He suffer the disdain of sons?
How will He listen to the disdain of fathers?
‘I am not begotten: O old man, do not be proud.
I am not a begetter: O youth, do not strut.
I am not a husband, I am not connected with lust: here, O lady, leave off being disdainful.’

Excepting humility and slavishness and utter helplessness, nothing has consideration in this Presence.”

He said, “Father, for years you have said this; you are saying again: you are deranged with folly.

How many of these things have you said to everyone, so that oftentimes you have heard a cold answer!

This cold breath of yours did not enter my ear, especially now when I have become wise and strong.”

He said, “Baba, what harm will it do if you listen once to the advice of your father?”

On this wise was he speaking kindly counsel, and on that wise was he uttering harsh refusal.

Neither did the father become weary of admonishing Canaan, nor did a single breath enter the ear of that graceless man.

They were in this talk when a fierce billow dashed upon Canaan’s head, and he was shivered to fragments.

Noah said, “O long-suffering King, my ass is dead, and Your Flood has carried away the load.

Many times You did promise me, saying, ‘Your family shall be saved from the Deluge.’

I simple fixed my heart on hope of You: why, then, has the Flood swept my garment away from me?”

He said, “He was not of your family and kinsfolk: did not you yourself see you are white, he blue?”

When the worm has fallen upon your tooth, it is not a tooth: tear it out, O master.

In order that the rest of your body may not be made miserable by it, become quit of it, although it was yours.

He said, “I am quit of anything other than Your Essence; he that has died in You is not other.

You know how I am to You: I am as the orchard to the rain, and twenty times as much—

Living by You, rejoicing because of You, a pauper receiving sustenance without any medium or intervention;
Not united, not separated, O Perfection; no, devoid of quality or description or causation.

We are the fishes, and You the Sea of Life: we live by Your favour, O You whose attributes are excellent.

You are not contained in the bosom of any thought, nor are You joined with the effect, as a cause.

Before this Flood and after it, You have been the object of my address in colloquy.

I was speaking with You, not with them, O You that are the Giver of speech newly and of old.

Is it not the case that the lover, day and night, converses now with the ruins, now with the traces?

To outward seeming, he has turned his face towards the ruins, to whom is he saying that song of praise, to whom?

Thanks! Now You have let loose the Flood and removed the ruins which stood between.

Because they were vile and evil ruins, uttering neither a cry nor an echo

I desire such ruins to speak with as answer back, like the mountain, by an echo,

So that I may hear Your name redoubled, I am in love with Your soul soothing name.

That is why every prophet holds the mountains dear: that he may hear Your name redoubled.

That low mountain, resembling stony ground, is suitable for a mouse, not for us, as a resting-place.

I speak, it does not join with me: the breath of my speech remains without echo.

It is better that you level it with the earth; it is not in accord with your breath: you should join it with your foot.”

He said, “O Noah, if you desire, I will assemble them all and raise them from the earth.

I will not break your heart for the sake of a Canaan, but I am acquainting with states.”

He said, “No, no, I am content that You should drown me too, if it suits You.”
Keep drowning me every instant, I am pleased: Your ordinance is my soul, I bear it as my soul.

I do not look at any one, and even if I do look at, he is a pretext, and You are the object of my regard.

I am in love with Your making in thanksgiving and patience; how should I be in love, like the infidel, with that which You have made?”

He that loves God’s making is glorious; he that loves what He has made is an unbeliever.

Reconciliation of these two Traditions: “To be satisfied with infidelity is an act of infidelity,” and “If anyone is not satisfied with My ordainment, let him seek a lord other than Me.”

Yesterday an inquirer put a question to me, because he was fond of disputation.

He said, “This Prophet uttered the deep saying, ‘To be satisfied with infidelity is an act of infidelity’; his words are a seal.

Again, he said that the Moslem must be satisfied in every ordainment, must be satisfied.

Is not infidelity and hypocrisy the ordainment of God?

If I become satisfied with this, it will be opposition,

And if I am not satisfied, that too will be detrimental: between, then, what means is there for me?”

I said to him, “This infidelity is the thing ordained, it is not the ordainment; this infidelity is truly the effects of the ordainment.

Therefore know, sire, the ordainment from the thing ordained, so that your difficulty may be removed at once.

I acquiesce in infidelity in that respect that it is the ordainment, not in this respect that it is our contentiousness and wickedness.

In respect of the ordainment, infidelity indeed is not infidelity. Do not call God ‘infidel,’ do not stand here.

Infidelity is ignorance, and the ordainment of infidelity is knowledge: how, pray, should ḥilm (forbearance) and khilm (anger) both be one?

The ugliness of the script is not the ugliness of the artist; no, it is an exhibition of the ugly by him.
The power of the artist
is that he can make both the ugly and the beautiful.”

If I develop the investigation of this methodically,
so that question and answer become lengthy,

The savour of Love’s mystery will go from me,
the form of piety will be deformed.

A parable illustrating the fact that bewilderment prevents investigation and consideration.

A certain man, whose hair was of two colours,
came hastily to a highly esteemed barber.

He said, “Remove the hoariness from my beard,
for I have chosen a new bride, O young man.”

He cut off his beard and laid the whole of it before him, and said,
“Do you pick out, and for it happens that I have some important business.”

That “pick out” is dialectic,
for religious emotion has no care for these things.

A certain man slapped Zayd on the neck;
he at once rushed at him with warlike purpose.

The assailant said, “I will ask you a question
so answer me and then strike me.
I struck the nape of your neck, and there was the sound of a slap:
at this point I have a question in concord:
W as this sound caused by my hand or by the nape of your neck,
O pride of the noble?”

He said, “On account of the pain
I have no leisure to stop in this reflection and consideration.

Do you, who art without pain, ponder on this;
he that feels the pain has no such thought. Take heed!”
Amongst the Companions there was scarcely any one that knew the Qur’an by heart, though their souls had a great desire, because, inasmuch as its kernel had filled and had reached maturity, the rinds became very thin and burst.

Similarly, the shells of the walnut and the pistachio-nut and the almond—when the kernel has filled them, the rind decreases. The kernel, knowledge, increases, its rind decreases, because the lover is consumed by his beloved.

Since the quality of being sought is the opposite of seeking, the Revelation and the flashing of the Light consume the prophet with burning.

Every one that knew a quarter of the Qur’an by heart was hearing from the Companions, “Great is he amongst us.” To combine the form with such a deep meaning is not possible, except on the part of a mighty king. In such intoxication the observance of due respect will not be there at all; or if it be, it is a wonder.

To observe humility in independence is to combine two opposites, like “round” and “long.” Truly the staff is loved by the blind; the blind man himself is a coffer of the Qur’an.

He said, “In sooth the blind are coffers full of the words of the Qur’an and commemoration and warning.” Again, a coffer full of the Qur’an is better than he that is an empty coffer in the hand.

Yet again, the coffer that is empty of load is better than the coffer that is full of mice and snakes.

The sum: when a man has attained to union, the go between becomes worthless to him. Since you have reached the object of your search, O elegant one, the search for knowledge has now become evil.
Since you have mounted to the roofs of Heaven, it would be futile to seek a ladder.

After felicity, the way to felicity is worthless except for the sake of helping and teaching others.

The shining mirror, which has become clear and perfect—it would be folly to apply a polisher (to it).

Seated happily beside the Sultan in favour—it would be disgraceful to seek letter and messenger.

A certain man, his beloved let sit beside her, produced a letter and read it to her.

In the letter were verses and praise and laud, lamentation and wretchedness and many humble entreaties.

The beloved said, “If this is for my sake, this at the time of meeting is to waste one's life. I am here beside you, and you reading a letter! This, at any rate, is not the mark of lovers.”

He replied, “You are present here, but I am not gaining my pleasure well. That which I felt last year on account of you is non-existent at this moment, though I am experiencing union.

I have drunk cool water from this fountain; I have refreshed eye and heart with its water.

I am seeing the fountain, but the water is not there: maybe some brigand has waylaid my water.”

She said, “Then I am not your beloved: I am in Bulghar, and the object of your desire is in Qutú.

You are in love with me and with a state of feeling; the state of feeling is not in your hand, O youth.
Therefore I am not the whole of that which is sought by you;

I am part of the object of your quest at the present time.

I am the house of your beloved, not the beloved;

love is for the cash, not for the coffer.”

The beloved is that one who is single,

who is your beginning and end.

When you find him, you will not remain in expectation:

he is both the manifest and also the mystery,

He is the lord of states of feeling, not dependent on any state:

month and year are slaves of that Moon.

When he bids the “state,” it does his behest;

when he wills, he makes bodies spirit.

One that is stopped is not the end;

he will be seated, waiting and seeking the “state.”

His hand is the elixir that transmutes the “state”:

he moves his hand, the copper becomes intoxicated with him.

If he will, even death becomes sweet;

thorns and stings become narcissus and wild-rose.

He that is dependent on the “state” is a human being; at one moment

he is greater by the “state,” at another moment he is in decrease.

In similitude the Sufi is “the son of the time,” but the pure one (şafi)

is unconcerned with “time” and “state.”

“States” are dependent on his decision and judgement;

vivified by his Messiah-like breath.

“You art in love with your ‘state,’ you are not in love with me;

you are attached to me in the hope of the ‘state.’”

He that at one moment is deficient and at another moment perfect

is not He that was worshipped by Khalîl: he is one that sinks;

And he that is liable to sink and is now that and this

is not the beloved: “I love not them that sink.”

He that is now pleasing and now unpleasing,

at one moment water and at one moment fire,

May be the mansion of the Moon, but he is not the Moon;

he may be the picture of the Adored One, but he is not conscious.

The Sufi that seeks purity is ‘the son of the time’:

he has clasped the ‘time’ tightly as his father.
The pure one (ṣāfī) is plunged in the Light of the Glorious; he is not the son of any one, free from ‘times’ and ‘states’—

Plunged in the Light which is unbegotten:
He neither begets nor is He begotten belongs to God.

Go, seek a love like this, if you are alive; otherwise, you are a slave to the changing “time.”

Do not regard your ugly or beauteous form; regard Love and the object of your search.

In whatsoever state you be, keep searching; O you with dry lip, always be seeking the water,

For that dry lip of yours gives evidence that at last it will reach the springhead.

Dryness of lip is a message from the water that this agitation will certainly bring you to the water,

For this seeking is a blessed motion; this search is a killer of obstacles on the Way to God.

This search is the key to the things sought by you; this is your army and the victory of your banners.

This search is like chanticleer crowing and proclaiming that the dawn is at hand.

Although you have no equipment, be ever seeking: equipment is not necessary on the Way of the Lord.

Whomever you see engaged in search, O son, become his friend and cast your head before him,

For through being the neighbour of the seekers you will become a seeker, and from the shadows of the conquerors you will become a conqueror.

If an ant has sought the rank of Solomon, do not look languidly on its quest.

Everything that you have of wealth and a handicraft—was it not at first a quest and a thought?
Story of the person who in the time of David, on whom be peace, used to pray night and day, crying, “Give me a lawful livelihood without trouble.”

In the time of the prophet David a certain man, beside every sage and before every simpleton,

used to always utter this prayer:

“O God, bestow on me riches without trouble!

Since You have created me a lazybones,
a receiver of blows, a slow mover, a sluggard,

One cannot place on sore-backed luckless asses
the load carried by horses and mules.

Inasmuch as You, O perfect One, have created me lazy,
do You accordingly give me the daily bread by the way of laziness.

I am lazy and sleeping in the shade in existence:
I sleep in the shade of this Bounty and Munificence.

Surely for them that are lazy and sleeping in the shade
You have prescribed a livelihood in another fashion.

Every one that has a foot seeks a livelihood:
show some pity towards every one that has no foot.

Send the daily bread to that sorrowful one:
waft the rain-clouds towards every land.

Since the land has no foot,
Your munificence drives the clouds doubly towards it.

Since the babe has no foot,
its mother comes and pours the ration upon it.

I crave a daily portion suddenly without fatigue,
for I have nothing of endeavour except the seeking.”

Thus was he praying for a long time,
day until night and all night until morning.

The people were laughing at his words,
at the folly of his hope, and at his contention,

Saying; "Marvellous! What is he saying—this idiot?
Or has some one given him beng of senselessness?

The way of daily bread is work and trouble and fatigue;
He has given every one a handicraft and seeking.
‘Seek your daily portions in the means thereof: enter your dwellings by their doors.’

At present the King and ruler and messenger of God is the prophet David, one endowed with many accomplishments.

Notwithstanding such glory and pride as is in him, forasmuch as the favours of the Friend have chosen him out—

His miracles are countless and innumerable, the waves of his bounty are tide upon tide:

When has anyone, even from Adam till now, had a voice like an organ?

Which at every preaching causes to die?

His beautiful voice made two hundred human beings non-existent.

At that time the lion and the deer unite towards his exhortation, the one oblivious of the other;

The mountains and the birds are accompanying his breath; both are his confidants in the hour of his calling;

These and a hundred times as many miracles are to him; the light of his countenance is transcendent and immanent—

Notwithstanding all majesty, God must have made his livelihood to be bound up with seeking and endeavour.

Without weaving coats of mail and some trouble, his livelihood is not coming, notwithstanding all his winning.

A God-forsaken abandoned one like this, a low scoundrel and outcast from Heaven, A backslider of this sort, desires, without trading, at once to fill his skirt with gain!

Such a crazy fellow has come forward, saying, ‘I will climb up to the sky without a ladder.’

This one would say to him derisively, “Go and receive, for your daily portion has arrived and the messenger has come with the good news”;

And that one would laugh, “Give us too of what you get as a gift, O headman of the village.”

He was not diminishing his prayers and wheedling entreaties because of this abuse and ridicule from the people,

that he became well-known and celebrated in the town as one who seeks cheese from an empty wallet.

That beggar became a proverb for foolishness; he would not desist from this petitioning.
How a cow ran into the house of him that was praying importunately. The Prophet, may God bless him and grant him peace, has said, “God loves them that are persistent in prayer,” because the actual asking from God most High and the importunity is better for the petitioner than the thing which he is asking of Him.

Until suddenly one day, he was uttering this prayer with moaning and sighs at morningtide,

Suddenly a cow ran into his house;

The cow boldly jumped into the house;

Then he at once cut the throat of the cow without pause, without consideration, and without mercy.

After he had cut off her head, he went to the butcher, in order that he might quickly rip off her hide forthwith.

The Poet's excusing himself and asking help.

O You that make demands within, like the embryo—since You are making a demand, make easy

The fulfillment of this, shows the way, give guidance, or relinquish the demand and do not lay upon me!

Since You are demanding gold from an insolvent, give him gold in secret, O rich King!

Without You, how should poesy and rhyme dare to come into sight at eve or morn?

Poesy and homonymy and rhymes, O Knowing One, are the slaves of Your Command from fear and dread,

Inasmuch as You have made everything a glorifier—

Each glorifies in a different fashion, and that one is unaware of the state of this one.
Man disbelieves in the glorification uttered by inanimate things, but those inanimate things are masters in worship.

No, the two-and-seventy sects, every one, are unaware of each other and in a doubt.

Since two speakers have no knowledge of each other’s state, how will be wall and door?

Since I am heedless of the glorification uttered by one who speaks, how should my heart know the glorification performed by that which is mute?

The Sunni is unaware of the Jabri’s glorification; the Jabri is unaffected by the Sunni’s glorification.

The Sunni has a particular glorification; the Jabri has the opposite thereof in refuge.

This one says, “He is astray and lost,” unaware of his state and of the command, “Arise!”

And that one says, “What awareness has this one?”

God, by fore-ordainment, has cast them into strife.

He makes manifest the real nature of each; He displays the congener by the uncongenial.

Everyone knows mercy from vengeance, whether he be wise or ignorant or vile,

But a mercy that has become hidden in vengeance, or a vengeance that has sunk into the heart of mercy,

No one knows except the divine man in whose heart is a spiritual touchstone.

The rest hold an opinion of these two: they fly to their nest with a single wing.

**Explaining that Knowledge has two wings, and Opinion one: “Opinion is defective and curtailed in flight”; and a comparison illustrating opinion and certainty in knowledge.**

Knowledge has two wings, Opinion one wing: Opinion is defective and curtailed in flight.

The one-winged bird soon falls headlong; then again it flies up some two paces or more.
The bird, Opinion, falling and rising, goes on with one wing in hope of the nest.

When he has been delivered from Opinion, Knowledge shows its face to him: that one-winged bird becomes two-winged and spreads his wings.

After that, he walks erect and straight, not falling flat on his face or ailing.

He flies aloft with two wings, like Gabriel, without opinion and without peradventure and without disputation.

If the entire world should say to him, “You are on the Way of God and the right religion,”

He will not be made hotter by their words: his lonely soul will not mate with them;

And if they all should say to him, “You are astray: you think a mountain, and you are a blade of straw,”

He will not fall into opinion because of their taunts; he will not be grieved by their departure.

No, if seas and mountains should come to speech and should say to him, “You are wedded to perdition,”

Not the least jot will he fall into phantasy or sickness on account of the taunts of the scoffers.

Parable of a man’s being made ill by vain conceit of the veneration in which he is held by the people and of the supplication addressed to him by those seeking his favour; and the story of the Teacher.

The boys in a certain school suffered at the hands of their master from weariness and toil.

They consulted about stopping work, so that the teacher should be reduced to the necessity, “Since no illness befalls him, which would cause him to take absence for several days, so that we might escape from imprisonment and confinement and work. He is fixed, like a solid rock.”

One, the cleverest, planned that he should say, “Master, how are you pale?”

Mثال رنجر شدن آدمی به وهم تعظیم خلق و رغبت مشتریان به وی و حکایت معلم
May it be well! Your colour is changed: this is the effect either of air or of a fever.”

“At this he will begin to fancy a little: do you too, brother, help in like manner.

When you come in through the door of the school, say, ‘Master, is your state good?’

That fancy of his will increase a little, for by a fancy a sensible man is driven mad.

After us let the third and the fourth and the fifth show sympathy and sorrow likewise,

So that, when with one consent thirty boys successively tell this story, it may find lodging.”

Each said to him, “Bravo, O sagacious one! May your fortune rest on the favour!”

They agreed, in firm covenant, that no fellow should alter the words;

And afterwards he administered an oath to them all, lest any tell-tale should reveal the plot.

The counsel of that boy prevailed over all; his intellect was going in front of the flock.

There is the same difference in human intellect as amongst loved ones in forms.

From this point of view, Ahmad said in talk, “The excellence of men is hidden in the tongue.”

People’s intellects differ in their original nature, according to the Mu’tazilites they are equal and the difference in intellects arises from the acquisition of knowledge.
Experience and teaching makes them more or less, so that it makes one person more knowing than another.

This is false, because the counsel of a boy who has not experience in any course of action—

From that small child sprang up a thought the old man with a hundred experiences did not sense at all.

Truly, the superiority that is from nature is even better than the superiority that is endeavour and reflection.

Tell, is the gift of God better, or that a lame person should walk smoothly?

How the boys made the teacher imagine.

Day broke, and those boys, on this thought, came from their homes to the shop.

They all stood outside, waiting for that resolute fellow to go in first,

Because he was the source of this plan: the head is always an Imam to the foot.

O imitator, do not you seek precedence over one who is a source of the heavenly light.

He came in and said to the master “Salaam! I hope you are well. Your face is yellow in colour.”

The master said, “I have no ailment. Go and sit down and don’t talk nonsense, hey!”

He denied, but the dust of evil imagination suddenly struck a little upon his heart.

Another came in and said the like: by this that imagination was a little increased.

In like manner, until his imagination gained strength and he was left marvelling exceedingly as to his state health.
بيمار شدن فرعون هم به وهم از تعظیم خلقان

How Pharaoh was made ill by vain imagination arising from the people’s reverence.

The people are prostrating themselves—women, children, and men—smote the heart of Pharaoh and made him ill.

Every one’s calling him lord and king made him so tattered from a vain imagination,

That he dared to pretend to divinity: he became a dragon and would never be sated.

Imagination and opinion are the bane of the particular reason, because its dwelling-place is in the darkness.

If there be a path half an ell wide on the ground, a man will walk safely without imagining;

If you walk on the top of a high wall, you will stagger even if its width be two ells;

No, through imagination and from trembling of heart, you will be falling. Consider well and understand the fear that is due to imagination.

رنجور شدن استاد به وهم

How the teacher was made ill by imagination.

The master became unnerved by imagination and dread; he sprang up and began to drag his cloak along,

Angry with his wife and saying, “Her love is weak: I am in this state, and she did not ask and inquire.

She did not even inform me about my colour: she intends to be freed from my disgrace.

She has become intoxicated with her beauty and the display and is unaware that I have fallen from the roof, like a bowl.”

He came and fiercely opened the door—the boys at the master’s heels.

His wife said, “Are you well? How have you come soon? May no evil happen to your goodly person!”

He said, “Are you blind? Look at my colour and appearance: strangers are lamenting my affliction,
You, at home, from hatred and hypocrisy
do not see the state of anguish I am in.”

His wife said, “O sir, there is nothing wrong with you:
it is your vain unreal imagination and opinion.”

He said to her, “O strumpet, are you still obstinately disputing?
Don’t you see this change and tremor?

If you have become blind and deaf, what fault of mine is it?
I am in this pain and grief and woe.”

She said, “O sir, I will bring the mirror,
in order that you may know that I am innocent.”

“Go,” said he; “may neither you nor your mirror be saved!
You are always in hatred and malice and sin.

Make my bed at once, that I may lie down,
for my head is sore.”

The wife lingered; the man shouted at her, saying,
“O hateful one, quicker! This is worthy of you.”

The old woman brought the bed-clothes and spread them. She said,
“There is no possibility, and my heart is filled with burning.

If I speak, he will hold me suspect;
and if I say nothing, this affair will become serious.”

A man who has not suffered any pain
is made ill by a bad omen.

It is obligatory to accept the saying of the Prophet,
“If you pretend to be sick beside me, you will become sick.”

“If I tell him, he will cast up a vain fancy; my wife has a design,
for she is making arrangements to be alone.

She is getting me out of the house,
she is plotting and cajoling for the purpose of some wickedness.”

She prepared his bed, and the master fell down:
sighs and moans were arising from him.
The boys sat there, reciting their lesson with a hundred sorrows in secret,

Thinking, “We have done all this and we are prisoners: it was a bad building, and we are bad builders.”

The clever boy said, “O good fellows, recite the lesson and make your voices loud.”

When they were reciting, he said, “Boys, the noise we are making will do the master harm. The master’s headache will be increased by the noise: is it worthwhile that he should suffer pain for the sake of pence?”

The master said, “He is speaking the truth: depart. My headache is worse: go out!”

How the boys escaped from school by this trick.

They bowed and said, “O honoured sir, may illness and danger be far from you!”

Then they bounded off to their homes, like birds in desire of grain.

Their mothers became angry with them and said, “A school-day and you at play!” They offered excuses, saying, “Stop, mother! This sin does not proceed from us and is not caused by our fault. By the destiny of Heaven our master has become ill and sick and afflicted.”

The mothers said, “It is a trick and a lie: you bring forward a hundred lies because of your greed for buttermilk. In the morning we will come to the master, that we may see the bottom of this trick of yours.”

“Go in God’s name,” said the boys; “inform yourselves as to our lying or telling the truth.”
How the mothers of the boys went to visit the sick master.

At morning those mothers came; the master in bed like one who is gravely ill, Perspiring on account of the great number of coverlets, his head bandaged and his face enveloped in the quilt. He was moaning softly: they too all began to cry “La hawl.”

They said, “Master, we hope all will be well. This headache— by your soul, we were not aware of it.”

He replied, “I also was not aware of it; the whoresons made me aware, mark you. I did not notice, through being busy with discourse, within there was such a severe malady.”

When a man is busy in earnest, he is blind to the sight of his pain. It has become an oft-told tale concerning the women of Joseph’s Egypt that consciousness departed from them on account of their pre-occupation. They cut their fore-arms to pieces: the spirit is distraught, so that it looks neither behind nor before. Oh, many a brave man in battle whose hand or foot is cut by blows, And he bears that same hand into the combat, thinking that it remains firm. Indeed he will see that his hand has been injured much blood has gone from him unawares.

Explaining that the body is as a garment to the spirit and that this hand is the sleeve of the spirit’s hand, and that this foot is the shoe of the spirit’s foot.

That you may know that the body is like a garment. Go, seek the wearer of the garment, and do not lick a garment.
To the spirit the knowledge of the Unity is sweeter:
it has a hand and foot different from those which are visible.

You may behold in dream the hand and foot and their connection:
deem that a reality, deem it not to be in vain.

You are such that without the body you have a body:
do not, then, dread the going forth of the soul from the body.

Story of the dervish who had secluded himself in the mountains, with an account of the sweetness
of severance and seclusion and of entering upon this path, for, “I am the companion of them
that commemorate Me and the friend of them that take Me as their friend.

If you are with all, you art without all when you art without Me;
And if you are without all, you are with all when you are with Me.”

There was a dervish dwelling in a mountainous place:
solitude was his bedfellow and boon-companion.

Since the refreshing breeze was coming for him from the Creator,
he was weary of the breaths of man and woman.

Just as staying at home is easy to us,
so travelling is easy to another class of people.

In the same way as you art in love with dominion,
that worthy man is in love with the ironsmith’s handicraft.

Everyone has been made for some particular work,
and the desire for that has been put into his heart.

How should hand and foot be set in motion without desire?
How should sticks and straws go without any water or wind?

If you see your desire towards Heaven,
unfold the wings of empire, like the Huma;

But if you see your desire towards the earth,
keep lamenting, cease not at all from moaning.

The wise, indeed, make lamentations at first;
the foolish beat their heads at the last.

From the beginning of the affair discern the end,
so that you may not be repenting on the Day of Judgement.
How a goldsmith discerned the end of the affair and spoke in accordance with the end to one who wished to borrow his scales.

A certain man came to a goldsmith, saying, “Give me the scales, that I may weigh some gold.”

The master said, “Go, I have no sieve.”

“Give me the scales,” he replied, “and don’t stop to jest like this.”

He said, “I have no broom in the shop.”

“Enough, enough!” cried the other; “leave these jokes.

Give the scales which I am asking for; don’t make yourself out to be deaf, don’t jump in every direction.”

He said, “I heard what you said, I am not deaf; you must not think that I am nonsensical.

I heard this, but you are a shaky old man: your hand is trembling and your body is not erect;

And moreover that gold of yours consists of little tiny filings: your hand trembles, so the fragments will drop;

Then you will say, ‘Sir, fetch a broom that I may look in the dust for my gold.’

When you sweep, you will gather dust; you will say to me, ‘I want the sieve, Ō gallant man.’

I from the beginning discerned the end complete.

Go from here to some other place, and farewell!”

The rest of the Story of the ascetic of the mountain who had made a vow that he would not pluck any mountain fruit from the trees or shake the trees or tell anyone to shake them, either plainly or in veiled terms, and that he would only eat what the wind might cause to fall from the trees.

On that mountain were trees and fruits; there were many mountain-pears- numberless.

The dervish said, “O Lord, I make a covenant with You.

I will not pluck from the raised-up trees but the fruit that the wind has caused to fall.”

The story of the ascetic and the goldsmith is a moral tale that illustrates the importance of communication and understanding in resolving disputes. The goldsmith, who is depicted as wise and perceptive, uses his knowledge of the character to anticipate and respond to the ascetic’s arguments. This tale also highlights the importance of preparedness and foresight, as the goldsmith is able to anticipate the ascetic’s requests and reason through it, leading to a just resolution. The narrative underscores the value of patience and the wisdom gained from experience, as the goldsmith discerns the end of the affair, and speaks in accordance with the end to one who wished to borrow his scales.
For a while he kept his vow faithfully:
till the tribulations of Destiny came on.

On this account He has commanded, saying,
“Make the exception: attach 'if God will' to your promise.

Every instant I give to the heart a different desire,
every moment I lay upon the heart a different brand.

At every dawn I have a new employment:
nothing turns aside from what I have willed.”

It has come down in the Traditions
that the heart is like a feather in a desert, the captive of a violent blast.

The wind drives the feather recklessly in every direction,
now left, now right, with a hundred diversities.

In another Tradition,
“Deem this heart to be as water boiling in a cauldron from fire.”

At every time the heart has a different resolution: that is not from it, but from a certain place.

Why, then, will you trust in the heart's resolution and make a covenant, that in the end you should be shamed?

This too is from the effect of the ordinance and decree; you see the pit and cannot take precaution.

It is no wonder, indeed, for the flying bird not to see the snare fall into destruction;

The wonder is that it should see both the snare and the net-pin and fall willy-nilly.

Eye open and ear open and the snare in front, it is flying towards a snare with its own wings.

A comparison the bonds and snares of Destiny, though outwardly invisible, are manifest in their effects.

You may see a nobleman's son in a tattered cloak, bareheaded, fallen into affliction.

Consumed with passion for some ne'er-do-well, sold his furniture and properties

His household gone, become ill-famed and despised; he walks along like misfortune, to the joy of his foes.
He sees an ascetic, he will say, “O venerable sir, bestow on me a benediction for God’s sake,

For I have fallen into this ugly misfortune
and have let wealth and gold and happiness go from my hand

A benediction, so that maybe I shall be delivered from this
and maybe escape from this dark clay.

He is begging this prayer of high and low, crying,

“Release and release and release!”

His hand is free and his foot free and there is no chain,
no custodian over him, and no iron.

From what chain are you seeking release,
and from what imprisonment art you seeking to escape?

The hidden chain of fore-ordainment and destiny,
which none but the elect spirit may behold

Thus it is not visible, it is in ambush;
it is worse that prison and chains of iron,

Because that the ironsmith may break,
and the excavator may even dig up the bricks of the prison;

O wonder, this heavy hidden chain
the ironsmiths are powerless to shatter.

Vision of that chain belongs to Ahmad:
on the throat bound with a cord of palm-fibres.

He saw a load of firewood on the back of Abu Lahab’s wife
and said the carrier of faggots.

The cord and the firewood no eye beheld but his,
for to him every unseen thing becomes visible.

All the rest interpret it, for this arises from senselessness,
and they are sensible—

But from the effect of that his back has been bent double,
and he is moaning before you,

A prayer! A benediction! That I may be delivered
and that I may escape from this hidden chain.”

He who sees these signs clearly,
how should not he know the damned from the blest?

He knows, and by command of the Almighty he conceals,
for it would not be lawful to divulge the secret of God.

This discourse has no end. That dervish, through hunger,
became feeble and his body a prisoner.
How the dervish who had made the vow was reduced to plucking the pears from the tree, and how God's chastisement came without delay.

For five days the wind did not cause a single pear to drop, and on account of the fire of hunger his patience was fleeing.

He espied several pears on a bough, once more he acted with patience and restrained himself.

The wind came and lowered the end of the bough and caused his carnal nature to prevail for the eating of that.

Hunger and weakness and the strength of Destiny's pull made the ascetic unfaithful to his vow.

When he had plucked fruit from the pear-tree, he became frail in his vow and promise.

At the same instant God's chastisement arrived: it opened his eye and pulled his ear.

How the Shaykh was suspected of being in company with thieves and had his hand cut off.

In that place there were twenty thieves and more, dividing the things they had stolen.

The perfect had been informed by an informer: the prefect's men quickly fell upon them.

He cut off on the spot the left feet and right hands of them all, and a great hubbub arose.

The ascetic's hand too was cut off by mistake; he was about to make his foot also fall, just in time, a very elect cavalier came up and shouted at the officer, “Look out, O dog!

This is such-and-such a Shaykh and Abdal of God: why have you severed his hand?”

The officer rent his garment and went speedily to the prefect and gave him the information at once.

The prefect came bare-footed, begging pardon. “I did not know,” he said; “God will bear me witness.
Pray now absolve me from this foul deed,
O generous man and chief of the inhabitants of Paradise!"

He said, “I know the cause of this knife:
I recognise my sin.

I violated the sanctity of His oaths:
therefore His judgement took my right hand away.

I broke my covenant and knew it was evil,
so that that ill-omened audacity reached my hand.

May my hand and my foot and brain and skin be offered in sacrifice,
O governor, to the decree of the Beloved!

It was my lot. I absolve you from this.
You did not know: you have no guilt.

And He that knew He is the One whose command is carried into execution:
where is the power of struggling with God?”

Oh, many the bird flying in search of grain
whose gullet was cut by its gullet!

Oh, many the bird that, through its belly and pangs of hunger,
was made captive in a cage on the edge of a terrace!

Oh, many the fish that, because of its gullet’s greed,
was caught by a hook in water hard to reach!

Oh, many the chaste woman in a curtained bower
that was brought to open shame by the misfortune of lust and gluttony!

Oh, many the learned and honest judge
that was disgraced by greed and bribery!

No, in the case of Harut and Marut
that wine debarred them from ascending to Heaven

On this account Bayazid took precaution:
he observed in himself remissness in the ritual prayer.

That possessor of the marrow meditated concerning the cause, he
perceived that the cause was much water-drinking.

He said, “For a year I will not drink water.”
He acted accordingly, and God bestowed on him the power.

This was his least penance for the Religion’s sake:
he became a sultan and the Pole of the Gnostics.

Since the ascetic’s hand had been cut off by reason of his gullet,
he closed the door of complaint.

His name amongst the people came to be Shaykh Aqta:
the calamities of his gullet made him well-known by this.
A visitor found him in his hut, that he was weaving a basket with both hands.

He said to him, “O enemy of your own life, you have come putting your head into my hut. Why have you made such hot haste?”

He replied, “From excess of love and longing.”

Then he (the Shaykh) smiled and said, “Now come in, but keep this secret, O noble sir. Till I die, do not tell this to any one, neither to a comrade nor to a beloved nor to a worthless fellow.”

Afterwards other folk, through his window, became acquainted with his weaving.

He said, “O Creator, You know the wisdom. I conceal, You have revealed it.”

The Divine inspiration came to him: “There were a number of people who were beginning to disbelieve in you in this affliction, saying, maybe he was a hypocrite in the Way, so that God made him infamous among humankind.’ I do not wish that that party should become infidels and in thinking evil fall into perdition; We divulged this miracle—, that We give you a hand in your working-time— To the end that these wretched evil-thinking men may not be turned back from the Lord of Heaven

Formerly, indeed, without these miracles I was giving you consolation from My Person; This miracle I have given you for their sake, and on that account have I bestowed on you this lamp.

You are past being afraid of bodily death and dismemberment of the limbs.

Vain imagination concerning the dismemberment of head and foot has gone from you: there has come to you, for a defense against imagination, a shield exceeding strong.”

1705
1710
1715
1720
The reason why the magicians of Pharaoh had courage to suffer the amputation of their hands and feet

Is it not that the accursed Pharaoh threatened punishment on the earth,

Saying, "I will cut off your hands and feet on opposite sides, then I will hang you up: I will not hold you exempt"?

He thought that they were in the same imagination and terror and distraction and doubt,

So that they would be trembling and terrified and affrighted by the vain imaginings and threats of the carnal soul

He did not know that they had been delivered and were seated at the window of the light of the heart;

They had recognised their shadows from their selves, and were brisk and alert and happy and exulting;

If the mortar of the Sky should pound them small a hundred times in this miry place,

Since they had seen the origin of this composition, they were not afraid of the derivatives of imagination.

This world is a dream—do not rest in opinion; if in dream a hand go, it is no harm.

If in dream a pruning-fork has cut off your head, not only is your head in its place but your life is prolonged.

The sum: in dreams it is no harm for the body to be maimed or to be torn into two hundred pieces.

The Prophet said of this world, which is substantial in appearance, that it is the sleeper's dream.

You have accepted this conventionally; the travellers have beheld this clairvoyantly, without the Prophet.

You are asleep in the daytime: do not say that this is not sleep. The shadow is derivative; the origin is nothing but the moonlight.

Know, O comrade that your sleep and waking is as though a sleeper should dream that he has gone to sleep.
He thinks, “Now I am asleep,” unaware that he is in the second sleep.

If the potter breaks a pot, he himself will restore it when he wishes.

The blind man at every step is afraid of the pit: he walks on the road with a thousand fears;

The seeing man has seen the width of the road, so he knows the hole and the pit;

His legs and knees do not tremble at any time: how should he look sour because of any affliction?

“Arise, O Pharaoh! For we are not such as to stop at every cry and ghoul.

Rend our mantle! There is One who will sew; and if not, truly the more naked we are, the better for us.

Without raiment we would fain clasp this Beauteous One to our bosoms, O enemy good-for-nothing!

There is nothing sweeter than to be stripped of the body and the temperment, O stupid uninspired Pharaoh!”

How the mule complained to the camel, saying, “I am often falling on my face, while you fall but seldom.”

Said the mule to the camel, “O good friend, in hill and dale and in the obscure track

You do not tumble on your head but go happily along, while I am tumbling on my head, like one who has lost his way.

At every moment I am falling on my face, whether in a dry place or a wet.

Declare to me what is the cause of this that I may know how I must live.”

He said, “My eye is clearer than yours; furthermore, it is also looking from on high:

When I come up to the top of a high hill, I regard attentively the end of the pass;

Then too God reveals to my eye all the lowness and loftiness of the way,
I take every step with sight
and am delivered from stumbling and falling,
You do not see two or three steps in front of you:
you see the bait, but you do not see the pain of the snare.

Are the blind and the seeing equal
in their abiding and their alighting and their journeying?

When God gives a spirit to the embryo in the womb,
He implants in its temperament drawing particles together.

By means of food it draws the particles together
and weaves the warp and woof of its body:

Till forty years, God will have made it desirous
of drawing particles together in growth.

The incomparable King taught the spirit to draw particles together:
how should He not know how to draw particles together?

The assembler of these motes was the Sun:
He knows how to seize your particles without nutrition.

At the moment when you emerge from sleep,
He quickly recalls the departed consciousness and sensation.

To the end that you may know that those have not become absent from Him,
they come back when He commands them to return.

How by permission of God the particles of the ass of 'Uzayr were assembled
after putrefaction and recomposed before the eyes of 'Uzay

"Hey, 'Uzayr, look upon your ass
which has rotted and crumbled beside you

We will collect its parts in your presence—
its head and tail and ears and legs."

There is no hand, and He is putting the parts together
and giving a unity to the pieces.

Consider the art of a Tailor
who sews old rags without a needle:
No thread or needle at the time of sewing;  
He sews in such wise that no seam is visible.

“Open your eyes and behold the resurrection plainly,  
that there may not remain in you doubt concerning the Day of Judgement,  
And that you may behold My unitive power entire,  
so that at the time of death you will not tremble with anxiety,  
Even as at the time of sleep  
you are secure from the passing of all the bodily senses:  
At the time of sleep you do not tremble for your senses,  
though they become scattered and ruined.”

How a certain Shaykh showed no grief at the death of his sons.

Formerly there was a Shaykh, a Director,  
a heavenly Candle on the face of the earth,  
One like a prophet amongst religious communities,  
an opener of the door of the garden of Paradise  
The Prophet said that a Shaykh who has gone forward  
is like a prophet amidst his people.

One morning his family said to him,  
“Tell us, O man of good disposition; how are you hard-hearted?  
We with backs double are mourning  
for the death and loss of your sons:  
Why are not you weeping and lamenting?  
Or have you no pity in your heart?  
Since you have no pity within,  
what hope for us is there now from you?  
We are in hope of you,  
O guide that you will not leave us to perish.

When the throne is set up on the Day of Resurrection,  
it is that we are our intercessor on that grievous day.  
On such a merciless day and night  
we are hopeful of your kindness.

Our hands will cling to your skirt at that moment  
when security remains not to any sinner.”
The Prophet has said, “On the Day of Resurrection how should I leave the sinners to shed tears?

I will intercede with my soul for the disobedient, that I may deliver them from the heavy torment.

I will deliver by my efforts the disobedient and those who have committed capital sins from punishment for breaking their covenant.

The rightous of my community are, in truth, free from my intercessions on the Day of Woe;

No, they have intercessions, and their words go like an effective decree.

No burdened one shall bear another's burden, I am not burdened: God has exalted me.”

O youth, the Shaykh is he that is without a burden and is like a bow in the hand in receiving God.

Who is a “Shaykh”? An old man that is, white-haired. Do you apprehend the meaning of this "hair," O hopeless one?

The black hair is his self-existence: till not a single hair of his self-existence remains.

When his self-existence has ceased, he is “old”, whether he be black-haired or grizzled.

That "black hair" is the attribute of men; that “hair” is not the hair of the beard or the hair of the head.

Jesus in the cradle raises a cry, saying, “Without having become a youth, I am a Shaykh and a Pir.”

If he has been delivered from a part of the attributes of men, he is not a Shaykh; he is grey, O son.

When there is not on him a single black hair which is our attribute, he is a Shaykh and accepted of God;

If, when his hair is white, he is with himself, he is not a Pir and is not the elect of God;

And if a single hair-tip of his attributes is surviving, he is not of heaven: he belongs to the world.

گفت پیامبر که روز رستخیز
کی گذارم مجرمان را اشک رز
من شفیع عاصبان باشم به جان
تن رهانمشان ز اشکنجه گران
عاصبان و اهل کابر را به جهاد
وا رهاتم از عتاب نفس عید
صلحان امتم خود فاراغت
از شفاعت‌هایی از روز گزند
بله ایشان را شفاعتها بود
گفتند چون حکم نافذ می‌رود

هیچ وازر وزیر خیری بر نداشت
من نیم وزیر خدام بر فراشت
آن که بپوزر است شیخ است ای جوان
در قول ب حق چو اندر چک گمان

شیخ که بود پیر یعنی مو سبید
معنی ای مو ای بنان ای بی‌ایمی
هست وی موی سبیه هستی او
تا ز هستیا نماند تای مو
چون که هستی اش نماند پیر اوست
گر سبیه مو باشد او یا خود دو موست

هست وی موی سبیه وصف بشر
نیست وی موی ریش و موی سر
عبسیان مهد دارد نفی
که جوان ناگشته ما شیخوم و پیر

گر رهید از بعض اوصاف بشر
شیخ که بود پیر یعنی مو سبید
چون یکی موی سبیه کان وصف ماست
نیست وی شیخ و مقبول خداست
چون بود موهی سبید ای با خود است
او نه پیر است و نه خاص ایزد است
ور سر مویبیز وصف باقی است
او نه از عرش است او افاقی است

Who is a “Shaykh”? An old man that is, white-haired. Do you apprehend the meaning of this "hair," O hopeless one?

The black hair is his self-existence: till not a single hair of his self-existence remains.

When his self-existence has ceased, he is “old”, whether he be black-haired or grizzled.

That “black hair” is the attribute of men; that “hair” is not the hair of the beard or the hair of the head.

Jesus in the cradle raises a cry, saying, “Without having become a youth, I am a Shaykh and a Pir.”

If he has been delivered from a part of the attributes of men, he is not a Shaykh; he is grey, O son.

When there is not on him a single black hair which is our attribute, he is a Shaykh and accepted of God;

If, when his hair is white, he is with himself, he is not a Pir and is not the elect of God;

And if a single hair-tip of his attributes is surviving, he is not of heaven: he belongs to the world.
How the Shaykh excused himself for not weeping on the death of his sons.

The Shaykh said to her, “Do not think, O gracious one, that I have not pity and affection and a compassionate heart. I have pity for all the unbelievers, though the souls of them all are ungrateful. I have pity and forgiveness for dogs, saying, ‘Why do they suffer chastisement from the stones?’ I utter a prayer for the dog that bites, crying, ‘O God, deliver him from this disposition!’ Keep also these dogs in that thought, so that they may not be stoned by the people.’”

He brought the saints on to the earth, in order that He might make them a mercy to created beings. He calls the people to the Portal of Grace; he calls unto God, saying, “Give release in full!” He earnestly strives to admonish them in regard to this, and when it does not succeed, he says, “O God, do not shut the door!”

To the common belongs the particular mercy; the universal mercy belongs to the hero. His particular mercy has been united with the universal: the mercy of the Sea is the guide on the ways. O particular mercy, become joined to the universal: deem the universal mercy the true guide, and go.

So long as he is a part, he does not know the way to the Sea: he makes out every pool to be like unto the Sea. Inasmuch as he does not know the way to the Sea, how should he act as a guide? How should he lead the people towards the Sea? He becomes united with the Sea, then he guides to the Sea, like a torrent or river.

And if he calls, it is in a conventional fashion; it is not from vision and the revelation of any aid. She said, “Then, since you have pity on all, and are like the shepherd around this flock,
How mourn you not for your own sons, when Death, the Bleeder, has pierced them with his lancet?

Since the evidence of pity is tears in the eyes, why are your eyes without moisture and tearless?"

He turned towards his wife and said to her, “Old woman, verily the season of December is not like July.

Whether they all are dead or living, when are they absent and hid from the eye of the heart?

Inasmuch as I see them distinct before me, for what reason should I tear my face as you do?

Although they are outside of Time’s revolution, they are with me and playing around me.

Weeping is caused by severance or by parting; I am united with my dear ones and embracing them.

People see them in sleep; I see them plainly in waking state.

I hide myself for a moment from this world; I shake the leaves of sense perception from the tree.”

Sense-perception is captive to the intellect, O reader; know also that the intellect is captive to the spirit.

The spirit sets free the chained hand of the intellect and brings its embarrased affairs into harmony.

The senses and thoughts are like weeds on the clear water—covering the surface of the water.

The hand of the intellect sweeps those weeds aside; the water is revealed to the intellect.

The weeds lay very thick on the stream, like bubbles; when the weeds went aside, the water was revealed.

Unless God looses the hand of the intellect, the weeds on our water are increased by sensual desire.

Every moment they cover the water; that desire is laughing, and your intellect is weeping;

When piety has chained the hands of desire, God looses the hands of the intellect.

So, when the intellect becomes your captain and master, the dominant senses become subject to you.
He, without being asleep, puts his senses to sleep, so that the unseen things may emerge from the Soul.

Even in your waking state he dreams dreams and the gates of Heaven will open to you.

قصه‌ی خواندن شیخ ضریر مصحف را در رو و بینا شدن وقت قرائت

Story of the blind old man’s reading the Qur’an in front and regaining his sight when he read

Once upon a time a dervish Shaykh saw a Qur’an in the house of a blind old man.

He became his guest in Tamúz: the two ascetics were together for several days.

He said, “Oh, I wonder what the Book is for, as this righteous dervish is blind.”

In this reflection, his perplexity increased: “No one lives here except him.

He is alone, he has hung a Book.

I am not unmannerly or muddled to ask. Nay, hush! I will be patient, in order that by patience I may gain my object.”

He showed patience and was in a quandary for some time, it was disclosed, for patience is the key to joy.

How Luqman, when he saw David, on whom be peace, making rings, refrained from questioning him, with the intention that this act of self-control should be the cause of relief.

Luqman went to David, the pure of heart, and observed that he was making rings of iron,

That the exalted King was casting all the steel rings into each other.

He had not seen the armourer’s handicraft, he remained in astonishment and his curiosity increased—

“What can this be? I will ask him what he is making with the interfolded rings.”
Again he said to himself, “Patience is better: patience is the quickest guide to the object of one’s quest.”

When you ask no question, the sooner will it be disclosed to you: the bird, patience, flies faster than all.

And if you ask, the more slowly will your object be gained: what is easy will be made difficult by your impatience.

When Luqman kept silence; straightway that was finished by David’s craftsmanship.

Then he fashioned a coat of mail and put it on in the presence of the noble and patient Luqman.

“This,” he said, “is an excellent garment, O young man, for warding off blows on the battle-field and in war.”

Luqman said, “Patience too is of good effect, for it is the protection and defence against pain everywhere.”

He has joined sabr with haqq; O reader, recite attentively the end of Wa‘l-‘asr.

God created hundreds of thousands of elixirs; Man has not seen an elixir like patience.

The remainder of the story of the blind man and his reading the Qur’an

The guest showed patience, and of a sudden the difficult case was unveiled to him all at once.

At midnight he heard the sound of the Qur’an; he sprang up from sleep and beheld a marvel—

That the blind man was reading correctly from the Qur’an. He became impatient and sought from him that matter.

“Oh, wonderful!” he cried. “You with sightless eyes, how are you reading, seeing the lines?

You have touched that which you are reading: you have laid your hand upon the words of that.

Your finger, in motion, makes it evident that you have your eye resting on the words.”

He replied, “O you who have been separated from the body’s ignorance, do you feel this wonder at the work of God?”

The guest showed patience, and of a sudden the difficult case was unveiled to him all at once.
I begged of God, crying, 'O You whose help is sought, I am covetous of reading the Book as of life.

I do not know it by heart: at the time of reading it, bestow on my two eyes an untroubled light.

Give me back my eyes at that moment, so that I may take the Book and read it plain.'

From the Divine Presence came the cry:
'O man of work, O you that have hope of Me in every grief,

You have the good thought and the fair hope that at each moment bids you mount higher.

Whenever you intend to read the Qur'an or want the lection from copies,

At that moment I will restore your eye, in order that you may read, O venerable being.'

Even so He did, and whenever I open the Book to read,

That all-knowing One who never becomes forgetful of His work, that honoured Sovereign and Maker,

That incomparable King at once gives my sight back to me, like a lamp that makes an end of the night.”

On this account the saint has no objection: whatever He takes away, He sends compensation.

If He burns your vineyard, He will give you grapes; in the midst of mourning He will give you festivity.

To the handless paralytic He gives a hand, to the mine of grief He gives the heart of an intoxicated one.

“We will not submit” and objection have gone from us, since there is coming a great recompense for what has been lost.

Inasmuch as heat comes to me without fire, I am content if his fire kills me.

Inasmuch as He gives light without, any lamp—if your lamp is gone, why are you lamenting?
Now listen to a story of those travellers on the Way who have no objection in the world.

Those of the saints who make invocation are in sooth different: sometimes they sew and sometimes they tear.

I know another class of saints whose mouths are closed to invocation.

Because of the content that is subservient to those noble ones, it has become unlawful for them to seek to avert Destiny.

In Destiny they experience a peculiar delight: it would be infidelity for them to crave release.

He has revealed to their hearts such a good opinion that they do not put on the blue garb on account of any sorrow.

Buhlul said to a certain dervish, “How are you, O dervish? Inform me.”

He said, “How should that one be, according to whose desire the work of the world goes on?—According to whose desire the torrents and rivers flow, and the stars move in such wise as he wills; And Life and Death are his officers, going to and fro according to his desire.

He sends condolence wherever he will; he bestows felicitation wherever he will.

The travellers on the Way according to his pleasure; they that have lost the Way in his snare.

No tooth flashes with laughter in the world without the approval and command of that imperial personage.”
You are this and a hundred times as much, O veracious one; but expound this and explain it very well,

In such fashion that the virtuous and the man given to vanity may assent when it comes to their ears

Expound it in your discourse in such a way that the understanding of the common may profit thereby.”

The perfect speaker is like one who distributes trays of delicacies, and whose table is every sort of food,

So that no guest remains without provisions, each one gets his nourishment separately:

Like the Qur'an which is sevenfold in meaning, and in this there is food for the elect and for the vulgar.

He said, “This at least is evident to the vulgar, that the world is subject to the command of God.

No leaf drops from a tree without the predestination and ordainment of that Ruler of Fortune.

No morsel goes from the mouth towards the stomach till God says to that morsel, ‘Enter!’

The inclination and desire which is Man’s nose-rein—its movement is subject to the command of that Self-sufficient One.

In the earth and heavens not an atom moves a wing, not a straw turns,

Save by His eternal and effectual command. To expound is impossible, and presumption is not good.

Who may number all the leaves of the trees? How may the Infinite become amenable to speech?

Hear this much: since all action only comes to pass by the command of the Maker,

When the predestination of God becomes the pleasure of His servant, he becomes a willing slave to His decree,

Without tasking himself, and not on account of the reward and recompense; nay, his nature has become so goodly.

He does not desire his life for himself or to the end that he may enjoy the life that is found sweet.

Wherever the Eternal Command takes its course, living and dying are one to him.
He lives for God's sake, not for riches; he dies for God's sake, not from fear of pain.

His faith is for the sake of His will, not for the sake of Paradise and its trees and streams.

His abandonment of infidelity is also for God's sake, not for fear lest he go into the Fire.

That disposition of his is like this originally: it is not discipline or by his effort and endeavour.

He laughs at the moment when he sees pleasure: to him Destiny is even as sugared sweetmeat."

The servant whose disposition and character is this—does not the world move according to his command and behest?

Then why should he make entreaty and cry in prayer, "O God, avert this destiny"?

For God's sake his death and the death of his children are to him like sweetmeat in the gullet.

To that loyal one the death-agony of his children is like honey cakes to a destitute old man.

Why, then, should he invoke, unless perchance he see the pleasure of the Judge in invocation?

That righteous servant does not make that intercession and invocation from his own mercifulness.

He has burned up his own mercifulness at the moment when he has lighted the lamp of love of God.

Love is the Hell-fire of his attributes, and it has burnt up the attributes of self, hair by hair.

When did any night-traveller understand this distinction except Daquqi? So that he sped into this empire.
The story of Daquqi and his miraculous gifts

That Daquqi had a fair front; he was a lord who loved and possessed miraculous gifts.

He walked on earth as the moon in heaven: by him the spirits of the night-travellers became illumined.

He would not make his abode in any one place; he would not spend two days in a village.

He said, “If I stay two days in one house, love of that dwelling-place is kindled in me. I am afraid of being beguiled by the dwelling-place: migrate, O my soul, and travel to independence. I will not accustom my heart’s nature to locality, in order that it may be pure in the trial.”

During the day he was in travel, during the night in ritual prayer: his eye open on the King, and he like the falcon.

Severed from the creatures, not on account of ill nature; isolated from man and woman, not because of dualism.

A compassionate man to the creatures and beneficial as water; a goodly intercessor, and his prayers were answered Kind to the good and the bad, and a sure refuge; better than a mother, dearer than a father

The Prophet said, “O sirs, to you I am compassionate and kind as a father, Because you all are parts of me.”

Why will ye tear the part away from the whole?

The part is severed from the whole, it becomes useless; the limb is severed from the body, it becomes carrion.

Till it is joined once more to the whole, it is dead: it has no consciousness of life;

And if it moves, yet it has no support: the newly severed limb also moves.

If the part be severed and fall asunder from this whole, this is not the whole that is liable to defect.

Separation from it and conjunction with it are not predicable; the defective thing has been mentioned for the sake of comparison.
Return to the story of Daquqi.

He once compared Ali to a lion, the lion is not like him, though he used.

From comparison (mithál) and likeness (mithl) and the difference between those push on, O youth, towards the story of Daquqi:

That one who in giving legal judgments was the Imam of the people and in piety bore away the ball from the angels;

That one who checkmated the moon in wayfaring, while the Religion was jealous of his religiousness

Notwithstanding such piety and devotions and performance of the ritual prayer, he was always seeking the elect of God.

In travel his chief object was that he might come in touch for a moment with an elect servant.

Whilst he was going along the road, he would be saying, “O God, make me a companion of the elect.

O Lord, to those whom my heart knows I am a slave and one who has girt his loins and is ready to do good service;

And those whom I know not, do You, O God of the soul, make them kindly disposed to me who am debarred.”

The Lord would say to him, “O most noble prince, what passion is this and what unquenchable thirst is this?

You have My love; why are you seeking other? When God is with you, how do you seek man?”

He would answer, “O Lord, O Knower of the secret, You have opened in my heart the way of supplication.

If I am seated in the midst of the Sea, yet I have set my desire on the water in the jug.

I am like David: I have ninety ewes, and yet desire for my rival’s ewe has arisen in me.

Greed for Your love is glorious and grand; greed for any besides You is shameful and corrupt.”

The lust and greed of the manly is advancement, while that of the effeminate is disgrace and irreligion.
The greed of men is by the forward way, 
greed in the effeminate goes backward.

The one greed belongs to the perfection of manliness, 
while the other greed is a disgrace and disgusting.

Ah, there is a very occult mystery here 
that Moses sets out to go towards a Khizr.

By God, do not tarry in anything that you have gained, 
like one suffering from dropsy who is never sated with water.

This court is the Infinite Plane. Leave the seat of honour behind: 
the Way is your seat of honour.

The mystery of Moses seeking Khizr, notwithstanding his perfection as a prophet 
and as one nigh unto God

Learn from him with whom God spoke, O noble sir! 
See what Kalim says in his longing!

"Notwithstanding such a dignity and such a prophetic office, 
I am a seeker of Khizr, quit of self-regard."

"O Moses, you have forsaken your people; 
you have wandered distraught in search of a blessed man.

You are an emperor delivered from fear and hope: 
how long will you wander? How long will you seek? To what destination?

Yours is with you, and you are conscious of this. 
O sky, how long will you traverse the earth?"

Moses said, "Do not make this reproach, 
and do not waylay the Sun and the Moon.

I will fare as far as the meeting-place of the two seas, 
that I may be accompanied by the Sovereign of the time.

I will make Khizr a means to my purpose: 
that or I will go onward and journey by night a long while.

I will fly with wings and pinions for years: 
what are years? For thousands of years."

"I will fare," meaning, "Is it not worth that? Do not deem the passion 
for the Beloved to be less than the passion for bread."

This discourse has no end, O uncle. 
Tell the story of Daquqi.
Resuming the story of Daquqi

That Daquqi, God have mercy on him, said:
“I travelled a long time between His two horizons.

Years and months I went on my journey for love of the Moon,
unconscious of the way, lost in God.”

“Do you go bare-foot over thorns and stones?”
He said, “I am bewildered and beside myself and crazed.”

Do not regard these feet on the earth,
for assuredly the lover walks on his heart;

The heart that is intoxicated with the Sweetheart,
what should it know of road and stage or of short and long?

That “long” and “short” are attributes of the body:
the faring of spirits is another faring.

You have journeyed from the seed to rationality:
it was not by a step or stage or moving from one place to another.

The journey of the spirit is unconditioned in respect of Time and Space:
our body learned from the spirit how to journey.

Now it has relinquished the bodily manner of journeying:
it moves unconditioned, masked in the form of conditionedness.

He said, “One day I was going along like him that yearns,
that I might behold in man the radiance of the Beloved,

That I might behold an ocean in a drop of water,
a sun enclosed in a speck.

When I came on foot to a certain shore,
the day had turned late, and it was eventide.

The apparition of what seemed like seven candles in the direction of the shore.

He said, “I am bewildered and beside myself and crazed.”

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He said, “One day I was going along like him that yearns,
that I might behold in man the radiance of the Beloved,

That I might behold an ocean in a drop of water,
a sun enclosed in a speck.

When I came on foot to a certain shore,
the day had turned late, and it was eventide.
‘What kind of candles are these He has lighted, so that the eyes of His creatures are screened from them?’

The people had gone to seek a lamp in the presence of that candle which was surpassing the moon.

Wonderful! There was a bandage over their eyes: they were bound by He guides aright those whom He will.

How the seven candles became what seemed like one candle.

Then I saw the seven become one, its light cleaving the bosom of the sky.

Then again that one became seven once more: my intoxication and bewilderment waxed mighty.

Such connections between the candles as may not come on my tongue and my speech.

That which one look perceives, it is impossible during Years to show it forth by the tongue.

That which intellectual apprehension sees in one moment, it is impossible during Years to hear it by the ear.

Since it has no end, go to yourself, for, I cannot reckon any praise of You.

I advanced farther, running what thing those candles are of the signs of the Divine Majesty.

I was going, beside myself and dumbfounded and deranged, till I fell down from making haste and speed.

In this, senseless and witless, I lay fallen awhile upon the dust of the earth.

Then I came back to my senses and rose up: you would say that in my faring I had neither head nor foot.

How those candles appeared to the eye as seven men.

The seven candles appeared to the eye as seven men: their light was mounting to the azure vault.

Beside those lights the daylight was dregs: by their intensity they were obliterating lights.
Then each man assumed the shape of a tree:  
my eye was happy in their greenery.

On account of the denseness of the leaves no boughs were visible;  
the leaves too had become scant on account of the plenteous fruit.

Every tree had thrown its boughs above the *Sidra*: what of the *Sidra*?  
They had reached beyond the Void.

The root of each had gone into the bottom of the earth:  
assuredly it was lower than the Ox and the Fish.

Their roots were more smiling of face than the boughs:  
the intellect upside down by their shapes.

From the fruit that was bursting forcibly  
flashes of light would spurt forth, like juice.

More wondrous was this that hundreds of thousands of people  
were passing through the desert and plain beside them

Hazarding their lives (ready to sacrifice everything) in desire for shade,  
and making a parasol out of a woollen garment,

And not seeing the shade of those at all.  
A hundred spittings on distorted eyes!

The wrath of God had sealed their eyes,  
so that he should not see the moon, should see Suha.

He sees a more, not the sun;  
yet he is not despairing of the grace and loving kindness of God.

The caravans are without food, and these fruits are dropping ripe:  
*O* God, what magic is this?

With parched throats the people, having fallen pell-mell to plunder,  
were gathering the rotten apples,

Every leaf and bud of those boughs said continually,  
‘*Oh, would that my people knew!*’
From the direction of every tree was coming the cry,  
‘Come towards us, O ye folk of evil fortune,’

From jealousy there was coming to the trees the cry,  
‘We have bandaged their eyes; nay, there is no refuge.’

If anyone had said to them ‘Go in this direction,  
that you may be made happy by these trees,’

They all would have said, ‘By Divine destiny  
this poor intoxicated wretch has become mad:

Through long melancholy and through austerities  
the brain of this poor wretch has turned putrid, like an onion.’

He would have remained in astonishment, saying, ‘O Lord, what is the matter?  
What is this veil and misguidance that is upon the people?’

The people of every sort, with manifold discernment and understanding,  
do not move a foot in that direction.

By one consent the intelligent and acute amongst them  
have become incredulous of such a garden as this and undutiful.

Or have I become mad and crazy?  
Has the Devil cast something upon my head?

At every moment I rub my eyes,  
whether I am dreaming and beholding a phantom in time.

How can it be a dream? I go up the trees, I eat their fruit:  
how should I not believe?

Again, when I look at the incredulous ones  
who turn aside from this orchard,

Devoting their lives with the utmost indigence and penury  
because of their desire for half an unripe grape;

These destitute folk uttering grievous lamentation  
in their longing and greed for a single leaf;

These hundred thousand on thousands of people  
feeing from this tree and these fruits—

Once more I say, ‘Marvellous! Am I beside myself?  
Have I laid hold of a bough of phantasy?’”

Repeat until when the Messengers despaired  
down to they thought they had been belied (kudhibū).

Recite with this reading (kudhibū), for the omission of the tasbīd in kudhibū signifies that he deems himself debarred.
The souls of the prophets fell into misgiving through the concurrence of disbelief of the wicked;

Our aid came to them after doubting.

Take leave of them and climb the tree of the spirit.

Eat and give it to everyone that has an allotted portion: at each moment and each instant there are lessons in magic.

“The people are saying, ‘Oh, how wonderful! What is this cry?—since the wilderness is devoid of trees and fruit.

We have been fooled by the words of the madmen that beside us there are gardens and trays.

We rub our eyes, no garden is here; it is either a desert or a difficult road.

Oh, how wonderful! This tale is so long: how should it be vain? And if it really is, where?

I, like them, am saying, ‘Oh, how wonderful! Why has the action of the Lord put such a seal?’”

By these contentions Mohammed was astonished; Abu Lahab also remained in astonishment.

Between this astonishment and that astonishment there is a profound difference. What the Almighty King will do.

O Daquqi, advance more quickly. Listen, be silent! Inasmuch as there is a dearth of ears, how long will you speak, how long?

How the seven trees became one.

He said, “I, the fortunate one, pushed forward; again all the seven became one tree.

At every moment they were becoming seven and a single one: what I was becoming like, through bewilderment.

After that, I beheld the trees in the ritual prayer, drawn up in line and arranged like the congregation:

One tree in front like the Imam, the others standing behind it.

That standing and kneeling and bowing low on the part of the trees seemed to me very marvellous.
Then I called to mind the word of God: He said, concerning *the stalkless plants and the trees, ‘they bow down.’*

Those trees had neither knee nor waist: what is such a regulation of the ritual prayer!

The Divine inspiration came, saying, ‘O illustrious one, are you still wondering at Our action?’

After a long while those became seven men, all seated for the sake of God who is single.

I keep rubbing my eyes who are those seven heroes and what they have of this world.

When by the road I came near, I saluted them alertly.

The company answered that salutation, saying, ‘O Daquqi, glory and crown of the noble!’

‘Why,’ said I, 'how did they recognise me? They never set eyes on me before this.'

At once they knew of my unspoken thought, and looked covertly at one another, and smilingly answered, ‘O honoured one is this hidden from you even now? How should the mystery of left and right be hidden from the heart that is in bewilderment with God?’

I said, ‘If they are open to the realities, how are they acquainted with names of letters attached to the form?’

He said, ‘If a name vanishes from a saint, know that that is from absorption, not from ignorance.’

Afterwards they said, ‘We desire to follow your leadership, O holy friend.’

‘Yes,’ said I, but awhile— for I have certain difficulties from the revolution of Time—

In order that they may be solved by means of holy companionships; for through companionship a grape grows from the earth.
A seed graciously consorted
in solitary intercourse with the dark earth;

It effaced itself entirely in the earth,
so that no colour or scent or red or yellow remained to it.

After that effacement its constriction ceased:
it opened its wings and expanded and sped on its way.

Inasmuch as it became selfless in the presence of its origin,
the form departed and its real essence was displayed.'

They nodded so, 'Listen, 'it is for you to command,'
and from their nodding so a flame arose in my heart.

When for a while I had taken part with that elect company in contemplation
and had been separated from myself,

At that very hour my spirit was freed from hours;
because hours make the young old.”

All changes have arisen from the hours:
he that is freed from the hours is freed from change.

When for an hour you escape from the hours, relation abides not:
you become familiar with that which is without relation.

In this world of search and seeking
every set of people have been tied in the stable peculiar to them,

And over each stable a trainer has been appointed;
save by permission no recalcitrant comes.

If, from vain desire, he should break away from the stable
and intrude into the stable of others,

At once the nimble and goodly stablemen
seize the corner of his halter and drag.

O cunning one, if you behold not your keepers,
bhold your choice involuntarily.

You are making a choice, and your hands and feet are loosed:
why are you imprisoned, why?

You have betaken yourself to denying the keeper:
you have called it ‘threats of the fleshly soul.’
How Daquqi went forward to act as Imam.

This discourse has no end. “Run quickly! Listen, the prayer is come. Go forward, O Daquqi!

O unique one, come; perform the twofold kneeling, that Time may be adorned by you.

O clear-sighted Imam, the Imam must always be clear sighted.”

According to the religious Law it is objectionable, O worthy, to put forward a blind man in the office of Imam.

Though he knows the Qur’an by heart and be quick and learned in divinity, the clear-sighted man is superior, even if he be a fool.

The blind man has no abstention from filth: the eye is the source of abstention and precaution.

He does not see the dirt in passing by. May no true believer have blind eyes!

The man outwardly blind is in outward filthiness; the man inwardly blind is in inward filthiness.

This outward filthiness may be removed by some water; that inward filthiness increases.

It cannot be washed away save by water of the eye, when the inward filthinesses have become manifest.

Since God has called the infidel “filth,” that filthiness is not on his outward part.

The infidel’s outward part is not defiled by this; that filthiness is in disposition and religion.

The smell of this outward filth comes twenty paces; but the smell of that filth from Rayy to Damascus;

No, its smell goes up to the heavens and mounts to the brain of the hours and Rizwan.

What I am saying is according to the measure of your understanding: I die in grief for a sound understanding.

The understanding is the water, and the bodily existence the jug; when the jug is cracked, the water spills from it.
This jug has five deep holes: neither water nor snow will stay in it.

You have heard, too, the command, "Close your eyes tightly"; you have not walked right.

Your speech bears away your understanding by the mouth; your ear is like sand: it drinks your understanding.

Similarly, your other holes are drawing the hidden water of your understanding.

If you expel the water from the sea without compensation, you will make the sea a desert.

It is late; otherwise, I would declare the state of the case the entrance of compensations and substitutes,

Where comes to the sea those compensations and substitutes after expenditures

Hundreds of thousands of animals drink of it; from outside also the clouds take it away;

Again the sea draws those compensations—whence is known to the righteous.

We began the stories in haste; in this Masnavi they are left without the issue.

O Light of God, noble Husamu’ddin, a king whose like the sky and the elements have never brought to birth,

Seldom have you come into soul and heart, O you at whose advent heart and soul are abashed.

How often have I praised the people of the past!

Of necessity, you were my quest in them.

Truly the invocation knows its own house: attach the praise to the name of whomsoever you will.

God has set down these tales and parables for the purpose of concealing the praise from the unworthy.

Even if that praise is abashed before you, yet God accepts the exertion of one that has little.

God accepts a crust and absolves, for the sake of eyes of a blind man two drops are enough.

Birds and fishes know the ambiguous style, in which I have praised compendiously this person of goodly name,
To the end that the sighs of the envious may not blow upon him, and that he may not bite the idea of Husamuddin with the teeth.

Where should the envious man find even the idea of him?

When did a parrot rest in the abode of a mouse?

That idea of Husamuddin arises from cunning practice: it is the hair of his eyebrow, not the new moon.

I sing your praise outside of the five and the seven.

Now write “Daquqi went forward.”

How Daquqi went forward to lead that company.

In the salutations and benedictions addressed to the righteous praise of all the prophets is blended.

The praises are all commingled: the jugs are poured into one basin.

Inasmuch as the object of praise Himself is not more than One, from this point of view religions are but one religion.

Know that every praise goes to the Light of God and is lent to forms and persons.

How should folk praise except Him who has the right?—but they go astray on a vain fancy.

The Light of God in relation to phenomena is as a light shining upon a wall—the wall is a link for these splendours.

Necessarily, when the reflection moved towards its source, he who had gone astray lost the moon and ceased from praise;

Or a reflection of the moon appeared from a well, and he put his head into the well and was praising that same:

In truth he is a praiser of the moon, although his ignorance has turned its face towards its reflection.

His praise belongs to the moon, not to that reflection, that becomes infidelity when the matter is misapprehended;

For that bold man was led astray by perdition: the moon was above, while he fancied it was below.

The people are distracted by these idols, and they repent of the lust which they have indulged,
Because he has indulged his lust with a phantom and has remained farther away from the Reality.

Your desire for a phantom is like a wing, so that by means of that wing he may ascend to the Reality.

When you have indulged a lust, your wing drops off; you become lame, and that phantom flees from you.

Preserve the wing and do not indulge such lust, to the end that the wing of desire may bear you to Paradise.

The people fancy they are enjoying themselves: they are tearing out their wings for the sake of a phantom.

I have become a debtor for the explanation of this topic. Give me time, I am destitute; on that account I keep silence.

How the company followed the leadership of Daquqi.

Daquqi advanced to perform the prayer; the company was the satin robe and he the embroidered border.

Those kings followed his leadership, in a row behind that renowned exemplar.

When they pronounced the takbir, they went forth from this world, like a sacrifice.

O Imam, the meaning of the takbir is this: “We have become a sacrifice, O God, before You.”

At the moment of slaughtering you say Allah Akbar: even so in slaughtering the fleshly soul which ought to be killed.

The body is like Ishmael, and the spirit like Abraham: the spirit has pronounced the takbir over the noble body.

By lusts and desires the body was killed, by bismillah in the ritual prayer it was sacrificed.

Whilst performing the prayer drawn up in ranks before God, as at the Resurrection, and engaged in self-examination and prayers,

Standing in God’s presence and shedding tears, like one who rises erect on rising from the dead.

God will say, “What have you produced for Me during this term of respite which I gave you?”
In what have you brought your life to its end?
In what have you consumed your food and strength?

Where have you dimmed the lustre of your eye?
Where have you dissipated your five senses?

You have expended eyes and ears and intellect and the pure celestial substances:
what have you purchased from the earth?

I gave you hands and feet as spade and mattock.
When did those become of themselves?"

Even so hundreds of thousands of such sorrowful messages
come from the Lord.

At the time of standing (in prayer) these words return,
and from shame he is bent double in the genuflection.

From shame the power of standing remains not, and from abashment
he recites a litany of glorification while his knees are bowed.

Then comes the command,
“Lift up your head from the genuflection and tell over answer to God.”

The shamefaced one lifts up his head from the genuflection;
then that man whose works are unripe falls on his face.

Again the command comes to him,
“Lift up your head from the prostration and give an account of your deeds.”

Once more the shamefaced one lifts up his head,
and falls again on his face, as a snake.

Again He says,
“Lift up your head and relate, for I will inquire of you, hair by hair.”

He has no power to stand on foot,
since the words of awe addressed to him have smitten his soul;

So he sits down because of that heavy burden.
The Lord says to him, “Speak plainly!

I gave you bounty: tell, what were your thanks?
I gave you capital: come, show the interest.”

He turns his face to the right hand in the salutation—
towards the spirits of the prophets and those of the noble,

Meaning to say, “O kings, intercession, for this vile one’s feet and mantle are stuck fast in the mire”
Explaining that the salutation towards the right hand at the Resurrection indicates dread of being examined by God and seeking help and intercession from the prophets

The prophets say, “The day for remedy is past; the remedy and the strong implement were there.

You are an untimely bird. Leave, O miserable one, go, and do not wade in our blood.”

He turns his face to the left hand towards his family and kinsfolk: they say to him, “Be silent!

Listen, answer for yourself to the Creator. Who are we? Sire, keep your hands off us!”

No succour comes either from this side or from that: the soul of this desperate man is a hundred pieces.

The wretched personage loses hope of all; then he lifts up both hands in supplication,

Crying, “O God, I have lost hope of all: You are the First and the Last and the ultimate Bourn.”

Behold in the ritual prayer these goodly indications, in order that you may know these will certainly come to pass.

From the ritual prayer, which is the egg, hatch the chick; do not peck like a bird without reverence or propriety.

How during the ritual prayer Daquqi heard cries of distress from a ship that was about to sink

Daquqi made ready to act as Imam: he began to perform the ritual prayer on the shore,

While that company stood up behind him. Look you, a goodly company, and an elect Imam!

Of a sudden his eye turned towards the sea, because he heard “Help! Help!” from the direction of the sea.

He saw amidst the waves a ship in fate, and in tribulation and an evil plight.
Night, clouds and huge waves:
these three types of darkness, and fear of the whirlpool.

A fierce wind, like Azra'il, arose;
the waves tossed on left and right.

The people in the ship were faint with terror:
cries of woe had arisen,

And in lamentation they were beating their heads with their hands:
infidel and deist—they all had become sincere,

Making heartfelt promises and vows to God
with a hundred humble entreaties in that hour

Bare-headed in the prostrate attitude were those whose faces,
because of perversity, had never seen the qibla at all.

They said, “This worship of God is useless”;  
in that hour they saw a hundred lives therein.

They had entirely abandoned hope of all—
of friends and maternal and paternal uncles and father and mother.

At that moment ascetic and reprobate had become God-fearing
as a wicked man at the time of the death-agony.

Neither on the left nor on the right was there any help for them:
when expedients are dead, is the time to invoke God.

They were in invocation and lament and moaning:
a black smoke went up from them to heaven.

Then the Devil cried in enmity,
“Away! Away! O dog-worshippers, two maladies.

Death and woe! O unbelievers and hypocrites,  
this will befall in the end,

After deliverance you will rejoice
to become peculiar devils for the sake of your lust,

And will not remember that in the day of peril
God took your hands from His decree.”

This cry was coming from the Devil;
but these words are unheard except by a good ear.

Mustafa, the Pole and the Emperor and the Sea of Purity,
has told us truly,

That what the ignorant will see in the end
the wise see from the first step
If matters are hidden and secret at the beginning, the wise man sees at first, while that obstinate one at last.

The beginning thereof is concealed, and both the wise man and the ignorant will see the end in manifestation;

If you, O rebellious one, do not see the hidden event—when did the torrent sweep away your prudence?

What is prudence? To think ill of this world. He at every moment will see a sudden calamity.

The ideas of the prudent man

It is as when a lion has suddenly come up and seized a man and dragged him into the jungle.

At that carrying off, what will he think of? Consider, and think of the same thing, O you who are learned in the Religion.

The lion, Destiny, is dragging into the jungles our souls which are preoccupied with business and trades.

That is like that the people have fear of poverty, plunged up to their throats in the briny water.

If they should fear the Creator of poverty, treasures would be opened to them on the earth.

Through fear of affliction they all are in the very essence of affliction: in their quest for existence they have fallen into non-existence.

Daquqi’s entreaty and intercession for the deliverance of the ship

When Daquqi beheld that turmoil, his pity was stirred and his tears flowed fast.

He said, “O Lord, do not look at their deeds! Take their hands, O auspicious King!

Bring them back well and safe to the shore, O You whose hand reaches sea and land!

O Gracious One, O Merciful and Everlasting One, pass over this wickedness committed by devisers of evil!
O You who have given, free of cost, a hundred eyes and ears, and, without bribe, have dispensed intellect and understanding;

Who have bestowed the gift before the merit, having suffered from us the whole of ingratitude and transgression:

O Almighty One, You are able to pardon our great sins in privacy.

We have burnt ourselves from lust and greed, and even this invocation we have learned from You.

In reverence for Your having taught to invoke and for having lighted the lamp amidst darkness like this.”

Thus was the invocation running on his tongue at that time, like faithful mothers.

The tears were flowing from his eyes, and that invocation was going up to Heaven from him beside himself.

That unconscious invocation is, in truth, different: that invocation is not from him, it is spoken by the Judge.

God is making that invocation, since he is non-existent (fana): the invocation and the answer are from God.

There is not present the medium, namely, the created person: body and spirit are unaware of making that supplication.

The servants of God are merciful and long-suffering; they possess the disposition of God in regard to putting things right.

They are kind and honest ones, helpers in the hard plight and the heavy day.

Listen; seek this company, O afflicted one! Listen; hold them a prize before the affliction.

Through the breath of that hero the ship was saved, while the people in the ship thought by their own efforts,

That maybe in dread their arm had skillfully shot an arrow at the target.

Foxes, in the chase, are saved by their legs, but the foxes inconceivably deem that from their tails.

They play fondly with their tails, thinking, “These save our lives in the ambuscade.”

O fox, preserve your legs from brickbats; when you have no legs, what use is your tail, O bold-eyed one?
We are like foxes, and the noble are our legs: they save us from a hundred kinds of vengeance.

Our subtle contrivance is as our tails: we play fondly with our tails, left and right.

We wag our tails in argumentation and cunning, in order that Zayd and Bakr may remain amazed at us.

We have sought to excite the amazement of the people; we have eagerly grasped at Divinity,

That by means of guile we may gain possession of hearts; we do not see that we are in a ditch

You are in the ditch and in the pit, O scoundrel: keep your hands off the moustache of others!

When you arrive at a fair and beauteous garden, after that lay hold of the people's skirts and lead them.

O you, who dwell in the prison of the four and the five and the six, lead others also to a goodly place!

O you who, like an ass's servant, are the comrade of the ass's rump, you have found a spot to kiss: take us!

Since servitude to the Beloved has not been granted you, from where has arisen in you the wish for sovereignty?

In your desire that they should say to you “Bravo!” you have tied a bowstring on the neck of your soul.

O fox, abandon this tail, contrivance, and devote your heart to the lords of the heart.

Under the protection of the lion, roast-meat will not fail; O fox, do not hasten towards the carcass.

O heart, you will be regarded by God at the moment when, like a part, you go towards your Whole.

God says, “Our regard is on the heart; it is not on the external form, which is water and earth.”

You say, “I too have a heart”; the heart is above the empyrean, it is not below.

Certainly in the dark earth also there is water, but it is not proper for you to wash your hands with water, 

Because, though it is water, it is overcome by the earth. Do not, then, say of your heart, “This too is a heart.”
The heart that is higher than the heavens
is the heart of the saint or the prophet.

That has become cleansed of earth and purified;
it has come to growth and has been made complete.

It has taken leave of earth and has come to the Sea;
it has escaped from the prison of earth and has become of the Sea.

Our water has remained imprisoned in earth.
Listen, O Sea of Mercy, draw us out of the clay!

The Sea says, “I draw you into myself,
but you art vainly pretending to be the sweet water.
Your vain pretence is keeping you deprived of fortune:
abandon that fancy and enter into me.”

The water in the earth desires to go into the Sea;
the earth has seized the water’s foot and is dragging.

If it releases its foot from the hand of the earth,
the earth will be left dry, and it becomes absolutely free.

What is that drawing back of the water by the earth?
Your drawing the dessert and unmixed wine.
Even so every lust in the world,
whether it be riches or power or bread—
Each of these things produces intoxication in you,
and when you gain it not, it inflicts a headache upon you.
This headache of grief has become a proof
that your intoxication was caused by that missed object.

Do not partake of these but according to the measure of necessity,
lest they grow predominant and become rulers over you.
You scornfully refused, saying, “I am the owner of a heart:
I have no need of anyone else, I am united.”
That is as though the water in the earth should scornfully refuse,
saying, “I am the water, and why should I seek aid?”
You fancied this polluted was the heart;
consequently you averted your heart from those possessed of hearts.
Do you indeed think it possible that this heart
which is in love with milk and honey should be that heart?

The deliciousness of milk and honey is the reflection of the heart:
from that heart the sweetness of every sweet thing is derived.
Hence the heart is the substance, and the world is the form:
how should the heart's shadow be the object of the heart's desire?

Is that the heart that is enamoured of riches and power,
or is submissive to this black earth and water,

Or to vain fancies which it worships in the darkness
for the sake of fame?

The heart is not in hundreds of thousands noble or common;
it is in a single one: which is he? Which?

Leave a fragment of the heart and seek the heart,
in order that by means of it that fragment may become as a mountain.

The heart is not the Sea of Light:

Is the heart the place for vision of God—and then blind?

The heart is encompassing this realm of existence
and scattering gold in beneficence and bounty.

It chooses to lavish blessings derived from the Blessedness of God
upon the people of the world.

Whoever's skirt is right and ready,
the largesse of the heart comes to that person.

Your skirt is supplication and presence:
beware, do not put in your skirt the stone of iniquity,

In order that your skirt may not be torn by those stones
and that you may distinguish the sterling coin from the colours.

You have filled your skirt with stones from this world,
and also with stones of silver and gold, as children.

Inasmuch as from that fancy of silver and gold there was no gold,
the skirt of your sincerity was rent and your sorrow increased.

How should the stone appear to the children as stone,
till Reason lays hold of their skirts?

The Pir is Reason, not that white hair:
hair is not contained in this fortune and hope.
How the company took offence at Daquqi’s invocation and intercession, and flew away and disappeared in the Veil of the Unseen World; and how Daquqi was bewildered whether they had gone into the air or on the earth.

“When the ship was saved and attained to their desire, simultaneously the prayer of that company was finished.

They began to murmur to one another, saying, ‘O father, which of us is this busybody?’

Each one spoke in secret to the other, concealed behind Daquqi’s back.

And each one said, ‘I did not make this invocation just now, either externally or internally.’

He said, ‘It would seem that this Imam of ours, by grief, has meddled in offering a prayer.’

Said the other, ‘O you who are familiar with certainty, so it appears to me too. He has been meddlesome: by distress he has interfered with Him who chooses, the Absolute One.’

When I looked behind to see what those noble ones were saying,

I did not see one of them in their place: they had all gone from their place.

Neither on the left nor on the right nor above nor below: my keen eye was unable to find the company.

You might say that they were pearls had become water: there was neither footprint nor any dust in the desert.

At that moment they all entered into the tents of God: into what garden had the troop gone?

I remained in amazement as to how God caused this company to be concealed from mine eye.”

During Years he continued to grieve for them; during ages he shed tears in longing for them.
You may say, “How should a man of God bring into view the thought of human beings beside God?”

You are in a hole here, O so-and-so, because you have regarded them as flesh, not as spirit.

You have come to ruin, O foolish man, because like the vulgar you regarded them as these human beings.

You have regarded in the same way as the accursed Iblis: he said, “I am of fire, Adam is of earth.”

Bandage your satanic eye for one moment: how long, pray, will you regard the form? How long, how long?

O Daquqi with streaming eyes, come, do not abandon hope: seek them! Come; seek, for search is the pillar of fortune: every success consists in fixing the heart.

Unconcerned with all the business of the world, keep saying with your soul ku, ku, like the dove.

Consider this well, O you who are veiled, that God has tied “invocation” to “I will answer.”

Whoever’s heart is purged of infirmity; his invocation will go unto the Lord of glory.

Explain further the story of him who in the time of David, on whom be peace, sought to receive lawful means of livelihood without working or taking trouble, and how his prayer was answered favourably.

The story has come into my mind how that poor man used to moan and lament day and night, and beg of God a lawful means of livelihood without pursuit and trouble and movement.

We have formerly related a part of what happened to him, but hindrance intervened and became fivefold.

Too we shall tell it. Where will it flee, since wisdom has poured from the clouds of God’s bounty?

The owner of the cow espied him and said “Hey, O you to whose unrighteousness my cow has fallen a prey,
Hey, tell why did you kill my cow?
Fool! Pickpocket! Deal fairly."

He said, “I was begging God for daily bread and preparing a qibla of supplication.
That ancient prayer of mine was answered.
She was my portion of daily bread: I killed her. Behold the answer!”

He came angrily and seized his collar; having lost patience, he struck him in the face with his fist several times.

How both the adversaries went to David, on whom be peace.

He led him to the Prophet David, saying,
“Come, O you crazy fool and criminal!
Drop silly argument, O impostor;
let intelligence into your body and come to your senses!
What is this that you are saying? What is the prayer?
Do not laugh at my head and beard and your own, O scoundrel!”

He said, “I have offered prayers to God,
I have borne much toil and pain in this supplication.
I possess the certainty the prayer has been answered.
Dash your head against the stones, O foul-spoken one!”

He cried, “Hey, gather round, O Moslems!
Behold the drivel and raving of this imbecile!
O Moslems, for God’s sake,
how should prayer make my property belong to him?
If it were so, by means of a single prayer of this kind the whole world would carry off possessions by force.
If it were so, the blind beggars would have become grandees and princes;
They are day and night in invocation and praise, uttering entreaties and crying, ‘O God, give unto us!’

Unless You give, assuredly no one will give:
O Opener, do You open the lock of this?’

Supplication and prayer is the means whereby the blind earn their livelihood, they get no gift but a crust of bread.”
The people said, “This Moslem speaks the truth, and this prayer-monger is one who seeks to act unjustly.

How should this prayer be a means of acquiring property? When forsooth did the religious Law enter this on the roll?

A thing becomes your property by sale and donation or by bequest and gift or by some means of this kind.

In what book is this new statute?

Give back the cow or go to prison!”

He was turning his face to Heaven, “No one knows my experience save You.

You put that prayer into my heart, You raised dreams.”

Not idly was I uttering that prayer: like Joseph, I had dreamed dreams.”

Joseph saw the sun and the stars bowing low before him, like servants.

He relied upon the true dream: in the dungeon and prison he sought nothing but that.

Because of his reliance upon that, he cared nothing for servitude or reproach or more or less.

He relied upon his dream which was shining in front of him like a candle.

When they cast Joseph into the well, there came to his ear a cry from God—

“Oh paladin, one day you will become king, so that you may rub this wrong upon their faces.”

He who utters this cry is not visible, but the heart recognized the Speaker from the effect

From that allocution a strength and peace and support fell into the midst of his soul.

Through that majestic cry the well became to him a rose-garden and banquet, as the fire to Abraham.

By means of that strength he cheerfully endured every affliction that came to him afterwards—

Even as the delicious savour of the cry Am not I (your Lord)? subsists in the heart of every true believer till the Resurrection,
So that they do not rebel in tribulation or shrink from the commands and prohibitions of God.

The rose-jam digests the morsel, that is, the decree, which bestows bitterness;

He that does not rely upon the rose-jam vomits the morsel in disgust.

Anyone who has dreamed of the Day of Alast is drunk in the path of devotional works, drunken:

Like a drunken camel, he is bearing this sack without flagging and without questioning and without fatigue;

The froth round his muzzle, namely, his confession of faith, has become a witness to his intoxication and heart-burning.

Through the strength the camel becomes like a fierce lion; beneath the heavy burden he eats little.

In longing for the she-camel a hundred starvations on him; the mountain seems to him a strand of hair.

He who has not dreamed such a dream in Alast does not become a servant and seeker in this world;

Or if he does become, always changing and shifting in vacillation: he gives thanks for one moment and utters complaints for a Year.

He steps forward and backwards in the Way of the Religion with a hundred vacillations and without certainty.

I owe the exposition of this. Lo, the pledge; and if you are in haste, hear from Have not We opened....?

Since the explanation of this subject has no end, proceed to the litigant of the cow.

He said, “The impostor has called me blind because of this crime: O God, ‘it is a very satanic inference.

When have I been praying in the fashion of the blind? When have I begged of anyone except the Creator?

The blind man in his ignorance has hope of creatures;

That blind fellow has reckoned me amongst the blind: he has not seen my soul’s humble supplication and my entire devotion.

This blindness of mine is the blindness of love: it is Love makes one blind and deaf, O Hasan.
I am blind to aught other than God; I am seeing by Him: this is what Love demands, it is well. Say.

Do not You, who are seeing, deem me to be one of the blind: I am revolving round Your grace, O Axis.

Just as You did show a dream to the veracious Joseph, and it became a support to him,

To me too Your grace showed a dream: that endless prayer of mine was not an idle play.

Creatures do not understand my hidden thoughts and they regard my words as drivel.

They have the right, for who knows the mystery of the Unseen save the Knower of secrets and the Coverer of faults?"

His adversary said to him, “Turn your face to me! Tell the truth! Why have you turned your face towards Heaven, uncle?

Inasmuch as you are spiritually dead, with what face have you turned your face towards the heavens?”

An uproar arose on this account in the city, that Moslem laid his face on the ground.

Crying, “O God, do not put this servant to shame: if I am wicked, yet do not divulge my secret.

You know, and the long nights during which I was calling unto You with a hundred supplications.

Albeit this has no worth in the sight of the people, in Your sight it is like a shining lamp.”

How David, on whom be peace, heard what both the litigants had to say, and interrogated the defendant

When the prophet David came forth, he said, “Hey, what is this about? What is it?”

The plaintiff said, “O prophet of God, justice! My cow strayed into his house.

He killed my cow. Ask him why he killed my cow, and explain what happened.”
David said to him, “Speak, O noble one! How did you destroy the property of this honourable person? Take care! Do not talk incoherently, bring forward plea, in order that this claim and cause may be laid aside.”

He said, “O David, for seven years I was day and night in invocation and entreaty. ‘This I was seeking from God: ‘O God, I want a means of livelihood lawful and without trouble.’ Men and women are acquainted with my lamentation; the children describe this happening.

Ask whomsoever you will for information about this, so that he may tell without torture and without harm.

Inquire of the people both and secretly what this beggar with the tattered cloak used to say.

After all this invocation and outcry, suddenly I saw a cow in my house. My eye became dim, not on account of the food, for joy that the supplication had been accepted. I killed her that I might give (alms) in thankfulness that He who knows things unseen had hearkened to my prayer.”

David said, “Wipe out these words and declare a legal plea in this dispute. Do you deem it allowable that, without any plea, I should establish a wrong ordinance in the city? Who gave you this? Did you buy or inherit her? How will you take the crop? Are you the farmer? Know, uncle that the acquisition is like agriculture: unless you sow, the produce does not belong to you; for you reap what you sow: that is yours. Otherwise, this act of injustice is proved against you.

Go, pay the Moslem’s money, and don’t speak falsely. Go, try to borrow, and pay, and don’t seek wrong.”

How David, on whom be peace, gave judgment against the slayer of the cow.
“O King,” he replied, “you are saying to me the same thing as the oppressors say.”

He prostrated himself and said, “O You who knows ardour, cast that flame into the heart of David!

Put in his heart that which You have secretly let fall into mine, O my Benefactor!”

He said this and began to weep with loud cries of lamentation, so that David’s heart was moved exceedingly.

“Listen,” said he, “O demander of the cow, give me a respite to-day and do not search into these matters of dispute, so that I may go to a solitary place and ask the Knower of mysteries about these matters, in prayer.

During prayer I am accustomed to turn thus: the meaning of, ‘the delight I feel in the ritual prayer’.

The window of my soul is opened, and from the purity the Book of God comes without intermediary.

The Book and the rain and the Light are falling through my window into my house from my source.”

The house that is without a window is Hell: to make a window, O servant, is the foundation of the Religion.

Do not ply the axe on every thicket: oh, come and ply the axe in excavating a window.

Or do not you know that the light of the sun is the reflection of the Sun beyond the veil?

You know that the animals have seen the light of this: what, then, is “I bestowed honour on My Adam?”

“I am plunged in the Light, like the sun; I cannot distinguish myself from the Light.

My going to prayer and to that solitude is for the purpose of teaching the people the Way.

I put crooked in order that this world may become straight”: this is “War is deceit,” O brave knight.
There is not permission; otherwise, he would have poured out and would have raised dust from the sea of the mystery.

David went on speaking in this tenor; the understanding of the people was on the point of being burned up.

Then someone pulled his collar from behind, saying, “I have not any doubt as to His unity.”

He came to himself, cut short his discourse, closed his lips, and set out for the place where he was alone.

How David went into seclusion in order that the truth might be made manifest.

He shut the door, and then went quickly to the prayer-niche and the invocation that is answered.

God revealed the entire matter to him and he became aware of him that was deserving of punishment.

Next day all the litigants came and formed ranks before David.

Thus the questions in dispute came up again: the plaintiff at once uttered violent reproaches.

How David gave judgment against the owner of the cow, bidding him withdraw from the case concerning the cow; and how the owner of the cow reproached David, on whom be peace.

David said to him, “Be silent! Go, abandon, and acquit this Moslem of your cow.

Inasmuch as God has thrown a veil over you, O youth, depart and keep silence and acknowledge the obligation of concealment.”

He cried, “Oh, woe is me! What judgment is this, what justice? Will you establish a new law on my account?

The fame of your justice has gone so far that earth and heaven have become fragrant.

This wrong has never been done to blind dogs; rock and mountain are burst asunder of a sudden by this iniquity.”
In such fashion was he uttering reproaches publicly, crying, “Listen, it is the time of injustice, Listen!”

How David pronounced sentence against the owner of the cow, saying, “Give him the whole of your property.”

After that, David said to him, “O rebellious man, give the whole of your wealth to him immediately; Otherwise, your plight will become grievous; I tell you in order that your crime may not be made manifest through him.”

He put dust on his head and tore his raiment, crying, “At every instant you are adding an injury.”

Once more he went on in this reproach; then David called him to his presence, and said, “Since it was not your fortune, O you whose fortune is blind, little by little your wickedness has come to light. Cacavisti, then the high seat and the place of honour. Oh, may sticks and straw be withheld from such an ass as you are! Go! Your children and your wife have become his slaves. Say no more!”

He was dashing stones against his breast with both hands and running up and down in his folly.

The people too began to blame, for they were unaware of the hidden of his action. How should one that is subject, like a straw, to sensuality know the oppressor from the oppressed? He that cuts off the head of his wicked self—he finds the way to the oppressor from the oppressed.

Cacavisti, then the high seat and the place of honour. Oh, may sticks and straw be withheld from such an ass as you are! Go! Your children and your wife have become his slaves. Say no more!”

He was dashing stones against his breast with both hands and running up and down in his folly.

The people too began to blame, for they were unaware of the hidden of his action. How should one that is subject, like a straw, to sensuality know the oppressor from the oppressed? He that cuts off the head of his wicked self—he finds the way to the oppressor from the oppressed.

Otherwise, that oppressor, which is the fleshly soul within, by frenzy, is the adversary of every oppressed person.

A dog always attacks the poor; so far as it can, it inflict wounds upon the poor. Know that lions feel shame, not dogs, because he does not prey on his neighbours.

The mob, which slays the oppressed and worships the oppressor—their dog sprang forth from ambush towards David.
That party turned their faces to David, saying,
“O chosen prophet, who have compassion on us,
This is unworthy of you, for this is a manifest injustice:
you have abased an innocent man for nothing.”

How David, on whom be peace, resolved to summon the people to a certain plain,
in older that he might disclose the mystery and make an end of all arguments

He said, “O friends, the time has come
that his hidden secret should he displayed.
Arise, all, that we may go forth,
so that we may become acquainted with that hidden secret.
In such and such a plain there is a huge tree,
its boughs dense and numerous and curved.
Murder has been done at the bottom of that goodly tree:
this man of sinister fortune has killed his master.
The clemency, of God has concealed that till now, at last;
through the ingratitude of that scoundrel,
Who never a single day looked upon his master’s family,
not at Nawroz and seasonal festivals,
And never searched after the destitute with a single morsel of food,
or bethought him of the former obligations,
Untill for the sake of a cow
this accursed wretch is now felling his son to the earth.
He, of himself, has lifted the veil from his crime;
else God would have concealed his sin.”

In this cycle of woe the infidel and the profligate
rend their veils of their own accord.
Wrong is covered in the inmost thoughts of the soul:
the wrong-doer exposes it to men,
Saying, “Behold me! I have horns!
Behold the cow of Hell in full view!”
How hands and feet and tongue give evidence concerning the secret of the wicked, even in this world.

Even here, then, your hands and feet, in harm, bear witness to your conscience.

Since your conscience becomes an overseer to you and says, “Speak! Do not keep back your belief;”

And, especially at times of anger and quarrelling, makes manifest your secret thought, hair by hair;

Since wrong and injustice become your overseer and say, “Display me, O hands and feet,”

And since the witness to the secret thought seizes the reins—in particular at times of emotion and anger and revenge—

That One, then, who appoints this as overseer, that it may unfurl the banner of the secret on the field—

Then, He can also create, on the Day of Judgment, other overseers for the purpose of unfolding.

O you who have entered most recklessly upon injustice and malice, your true nature is evident: this is not needed.

It is not necessary to become celebrated for harm: they are acquainted with your fiery conscience.

Your fleshly soul every moment emits a hundred sparks, saying, “Behold me! I am of the people of the Fire.”

I am a part of the Fire: I go to my whole; I am not light, so that I should go to the Lord”—

Even as this unjust and ungrateful man wrought so much confusion for the sake of a cow.

He carried off from him a hundred cows and a hundred camels: this is the fleshly soul: O father, cut yourself asunder from it.

Besides, never once did he make humble supplication to God: never once did a cry of “O Lord!” come from him in sorrow—

“O God, content my adversary: if I have inflicted loss upon him do You bestow profit!

If I killed him by mistake, the blood-price falls on my kin: You have been my spirit’s kin from Alast.”

He does not give stones in return for the pearls of contrition, this, O noble spirit, is the justice of the fleshly soul.
How the people went forth to that tree.

When they went forth to that tree, he said,
"Tie his hands fast behind him,
In order that I may bring to light his sin and crime,
and may plant the banner of justice on the field

O dog,” said he, “you have killed this man's grandfather.
You are a slave: by this means you have become a lord.

You killed your master and carried off his property:
God has made manifest what happened to him.

Your wife was his handmaid;
she has acted unjustly towards this same master.

Whatever she bore to him, female or male—
all of them from beginning to end are the property of the heir.

You are a slave: your gains and goods are his property.
You demanded the Law: take the Law and go: it is well.

You killed your master miserably by violence,
your master was crying for mercy on this very spot.

In your haste you hid the knife under the soil,
because of the terrible apparition which you beheld.

Lo, his head together with the knife is under the soil!
Dig you back the soil, thus!

On the knife, too, the name of this dog is written,
dealt with his master so deceitfully and injuriously”

They did even so, and when they cleft
they found in the soil the knife and the head.

Thereupon tumultuous lamentation arose amongst the people:
every one severed the girdle from his waist.

After that, he said to him, “Come, O demander of justice,
with that black face receive the justice due to you!’
He ordered retaliation with that same knife:
how should contrivance deliver him from the knowledge of God?

Although God's clemency bestows kindnesses,
yet when he has gone beyond bounds, He exposes.

Blood does not sleep:
the desire to investigate and lay bare a difficulty falls into every heart.

The craving prompted by the ordinance of the Lord of the Judgment
springs up in the conscience of all and sundry

"How was it with such-and-such? What happened to him?
What became of him? "Just as the sown seed shoots up from the loam

Those inquiries, the pricking of beans and the investigation and discussion,
are the stirring of the blood.

When the mystery of his case had been divulged,
David's miracles became doubly manifest

All the people came bare-headed
and cast their heads in prostration on the earth,

"We all have been blind from birth,
we have seen from you marvels of a hundred kinds.

The stone came to speech with you overtly, and said,
'Take me for Saul's expedition';

You came with three pebbles and a sling
and did rout a hundred thousand men:

Your pebbles broke into a hundred thousand pieces,
and each one drank the blood of an enemy.

Iron became as wax in your hand
when the fashioning coats of mail was made known to you.

The mountains became your thankful accompanists: they chant
the psalms with you, as one who teaches the recitation of the Qur'an.

Hundreds of thousands of spiritual eyes were opened
and through your breath were made ready for the Unseen;

And that is stronger than all those, for this one is lasting:
you bestow the life that endures forever.!'
This indeed is the soul of all miracles, that it should bestow everlasting life on the dead.

The wicked man was killed and a whole world were quickened with life: every one became anew a servant to God.

Explaining that Man's fleshly soul is in the position of the murderer who had become a claimant on account of the cow, and that the slayer of the cow is the intellect, and that David is God or the Shaykh who is God's vicar, by means, of whose strength and support it is possible to kill the wicked and be enriched with daily bread that is not earned by labour and for which, there is no reckoning.

Kill your fleshly soul and make the world alive; it has killed its master: make it slave.

Listen! Your fleshly soul is the claimant for the cow: it has made itself a master and thief.

The slayer of the cow is your intellect: go, do not be offended with the slayer of the cow, your body.

The intellect is a captive and craves of God daily bread without toil, and bounty on a tray.

Upon what does its daily bread without toil depend? Upon its killing the cow: know the treasure in the cow, O you who dig in corners!

Yesternight I ate something; otherwise, I would have given the reins entirely into the hand of your understanding.

Yesternight I ate something,” is an idle tale: whatsoever comes is from the secret chamber.

Do you know what the daily bread without toil is? It is the food of spirits and the daily bread of the prophet.

But it depends upon sacrificing the cow: know the treasure in the cow, O you who dig in corners! Why have we fixed our eyes on causes, if we have learned from those with beauteous eyes how to glance amorously?
Over the causes there are other causes: do not look at the cause; let your gaze fall on the primary cause.

The prophets came in order to cut causes: they flung their miracles at Saturn.

Without cause they split the sea asunder; without sowing they found heaps of wheat.

Sand, too, was turned into flour by their work; goat’s hair became silk as it was pulled.

The whole of the Qur’an consists in the cutting off of causes: the glory of the poor and the destruction of Abu Lahab.

A swallow drops two or three pebbles and shatters the mighty host of Abyssinia:

The pebble of a bird that flies aloft lays low the elephant, riddled with holes.

“The intellect makes books entirely black; the Intellect of intellect keeps the horizons filled (with light) from the Moon.

It is free from blackness and whiteness: the light of its moon rises upon heart and soul.

If this black and white has gotten power, it is from the Night of Power that shone forth like a star.
The value of scrip and purse is from the gold: 
without the gold, scrip and purse are docked.

Even as the worth of the body is from the soul, 
the worth of the soul is from the radiance of the Soul of souls.

If the soul were now alive without radiance, 
would He ever have called the infidels “dead?”

Come; speak! For the Logos is digging a channel to the end 
that some water may reach a generation after us.

Although every generation there is one who brings the word, 
yet the sayings of them that have gone before are helpful.

Is it not that the Pentateuch and the Gospel and the Psalms 
have borne witness to the truth of the Qur’an, O thankful one?

Seek a livelihood without toil and without reckoning, 
so that Gabriel may bring you apples from Paradise;

No, a livelihood from the Lord of Paradise, without headache 
on the part of the gardener and without the toil of sowing.

Inasmuch as in that bread the benefit of the bread is His gift, 
He gives you that benefit, without making the husk a means.

The savour is hidden; the outward form of the bread is like a table-cloth: 
the bread that is without table-cloth is a portion for the saint.

How will you, notwithstanding endeavour and search, gain the spiritual 
livelihood except through the justice of the Shaykh who is your David?

When the fleshly soul sees your steps with the Shaykh, 
willily-nilly it becomes submissive to you.

Then did the owner of the cow become submissive, 
when he was made aware of the words of David.

The intellect, in chase, prevails over your currish fleshly soul 
at the time when the Shaykh is its helper.

The fleshly soul is a dragon with hundredfold strength and cunning: 
the face of the Shaykh is the emerald that plucks out its eye.

If you wish the owner of the cows to be abased, 
goad him in that direction as asses, O contumacious man!

When he approaches him who is nigh unto God, 
his tongue, a hundred ells long, is shortened.

A hundred tongues, and each tongue of him a hundred languages: 
his fraud and guile come not into description.
The claimant for the cow, the fleshly soul, is eloquent and brings forward hundreds of thousands of unsound pleas.

He deceives the city except the king: he cannot waylay the sagacious king.

The fleshly soul has glorification of God, and the Qur'an in its right hand; in its sleeve dagger and sword.

Do not believe its Qur'an and hypritical ostentation; do not make yourself its confidant and comrade;

It will take you to the tank to perform the ritual ablution, and will cast you to the bottom thereof.

The intellect is luminous and a seeker of good: how does the dark fleshly soul prevail over it?

Because it is at home, your intellect is a stranger: the dog at his own door is a terrible lion.

Wait till the lions go to the jungle and these blind dogs will believe there.

The common folk of the city do not know the deceit of the fleshly soul and of the body: it is not subdued save by inspiration in the heart.

Every one that is its congener becomes its friend, except, to be sure, the David who is your Shaykh;

For he has been transmuted, and whomsoever God has seated in the abode of the heart, he is no more the body's congener.

All the people are infirm by ambush: it is certain that infirmity associates with infirmity.

Every worthless fellow pretends to be David; everyone who lacks discernment lays hold of him:

He hears the bird's note from a fowler and, foolish bird; he keeps going in that direction.

He does not distinguish fact from fiction: he is misguided. Come; flee from him, even if he is spiritual.

What has grown and what has been tied on is one to him: though he may claim intuitive certainty, he is in a (great) doubt.

If such a one is absolutely keen-witted, when he has not this discernment, he is a fool.

Listen; flee from him as the deer from the lion: do not hasten boldly towards him, O wise man!
How Jesus, on whom be peace, fled to the top of a mountain from the fools.

Jesus, son of Mary, was fleeing to a mountain: you would say that a lion wished to shed his blood.

A certain man ran after him and said, “Are you well? There is no one in pursuit of you: why do you flee, like a bird?”

He still kept running with haste so that on account of his haste he did not answer him.

He pushed on in pursuit of Jesus for the distance of one or two fields, and then invoked Jesus with the utmost earnestness,

Saying, “For the sake of pleasing God, stop one moment, for I have a difficulty concerning your flight.”

From whom art you fleeing in this direction, O noble one? There is no lion pursuing you, no enemy, and there is no fear or danger.”

He said, “I am fleeing from the fool. Leave! I am saving myself. Do not stop me!”

“Why,” said he, “are not you the Messiah by whom the blind and the deaf are restored?”

He said, “Yes.” Said the other, “Are not you the King in whom the spells of the Unseen World have their abode?—

When you chant those spells over a dead man, he springs up like a lion that has caught his prey.”

Jesus said, “By the holy Essence of God, the Maker of the body and the Creator of the soul in eternity;

By the sanctity of the pure Essence and Attributes of Him, for whose sake the collar of Heaven is rent,

That the spells and the Most Great Name which I pronounced over the deaf and the blind were good.
I pronounced over the stony mountain:
it was split and tore upon itself its mantle down to the navel.

I pronounced over the corpse: it came to life.
I pronounced over nonentity: it became entity.

I pronounced them lovingly over the heart of the fool hundreds of thousands of times, and it was no cure.

He became hard rock and changed not from that disposition;
he became sand from which no produce grows.”

Said the other, “What is the reason that the Name of God availed there, it had no advantage here?

That is disease too, and this is a disease:
why did it not become a cure for this, since it cured that?”

He said, “The disease of folly is the wrath of God;
disease and blindness are not wrath: they are probation.”

Probation is a disease that brings mercy;
folly is a disease that brings rejection.

That which is branded on him He has sealed:
no hand can apply a remedy to it.

Flee from the foolish, seeing that Jesus fled:
how much blood has been shed by companionship with fools!

The air steals away water little by little:
so too does the fool steal away religion from you.

He steals away your heat and gives you cold,
like one who puts a stone under your rump.

The flight of Jesus was not caused by fear, he is safe:
it was for the purpose of teaching.

Though intense frost covers the world from end to end,
what harm to the radiant sun?

The story of the people of Saba and their folly, and how the admonition of the prophets produces no effect upon the foolish

I am reminded of the story of the people of Saba—how their zephyr (Saba) was turned into pestilence (waba) by the words of the foolish.

That Saba resembles the great big city you may hear of from children in tales.
The children relate tales, in their tales there is enfolded many a mystery and lesson.

In tales they say ridiculous things, in all ruined places do you ever seek the treasure.

There was a city very huge and great, but its size was the size of a saucer, no more.

2605 Very huge and very broad and very long, ever so big, as big as an onion.

The people of ten cities were assembled within it, but the whole three fellows with unwashed faces.

Within it there were numberless people and folk, but the whole of them three beggarly fools.

The soul that has not made haste towards the Beloved—if it is thousands, it is half a body.

2610 One was very far-sighted and blind-eyed—blind to Solomon and seeing the leg of the ant;

And the second was very sharp of hearing and extremely deaf—a treasure in which there is not a barleycorn’s weight of gold;

And the other was naked and bare, sexual organs patefacto, but the skirts of his raiment were long.

The blind man said, “Look, an army is approaching: I see what people they are and how many.”

The deaf man said, “Yes; I heard their voices what they are saying openly and secretly.”

The naked man said, “I am afraid they will cut off from the length of my skirt.”

2615 The blind man said, “Look, they have come near! Arise and let us flee before blows and chains.”

“Yes,” says the deaf man, “the noise is getting nearer. Come on, my friends!”

The naked man said, “Alas, from covetousness they will cut off my skirt, and I am unprotected.”

They left the city and came forth and in their flight entered a village.

In that village they found a fat fowl, but not a mite of flesh on it: abject—
A dried-up dead fowl, and its bones through being pecked at by crows had become bare like threads.

They were eating thereof as a lion of his prey: each of them surfeited, like an elephant, with eating it.

All the three ate thereof and grew exceedingly fat: they became like three very great and big elephants,

In such wise that each young man, because of fatness, was too stout to be contained in the world

Notwithstanding such bigness and seven stout limbs, they sprang forth through a chink in the door and departed.

The way of creaturely death is an invisible way: it comes not into sight: for it is a way with location.

Lo, the caravans are following one after another through this chink which is hidden in the door.

If you look on the door for that chink, you will not find it: extremely unapparent, though so many processions through it.

Know that Hope is the deaf man who has heard of our dying, has not heard of his own death or regarded his own decease.

The blind man is Greed: he sees other people’s faults, hair by hair, and tells them from street to street,

His blind eyes do not perceive one mote of his own faults, although he is a fault-finder.

The naked man is afraid that his skirt will be cut off: how should they cut off the skirt of a naked man?

The worldly man is destitute and terrified: he possesses nothing, he has dread of thieves.

Bare he came and naked he goes, and his heart is bleeding with anxiety on account of the thief

At the hour of death when a hundred lamentations are beside him, his spirit begins to laugh at its own fear.

Explaining the far-sighted blind man, the deaf man who is sharp of hearing, and the naked man with the long skirts
At that moment the rich man knows that he has no gold; the keen-witted man, too, knows that he is devoid of talent.

Like a child's lap filled with potsherds, for he is trembling for them, like the owner of riches.

If you take a piece away, he begins to weep; and if you give the piece back to him, he begins to laugh.

Since the child is not endued with knowledge, his weeping and laughter have no importance.

Inasmuch as the magnate regarded that which is a loan as property, he was quivering for that false wealth.

He dreams that he has wealth and is afraid of the thief who may carry off his sack.

When Death pulls his ear and makes him start up from slumber, then he falls to mocking at his fears.

Even such the trembling of these learned scholars who have the intelligence and knowledge of this world.

On account of these accomplished intelligent men, God said in the Qur'an, They do not know.

Each is afraid of some one's stealing: he fancies that he possesses a great deal of knowledge.

He says, "They are wasting my time," in truth he has no time that is profitable.

He says, "The people have taken me away from my work," his soul is plunged in idleness up to the throat.

The naked man is frightened and says, "I am trailing a skirt: how shall I save my skirt from their clutches?"

He knows a hundred thousand superfluous matters connected with the sciences that unjust man does not know his own soul.

He knows the special properties of every substance, in elucidating his own substance he is as an ass,

Saying, "I know permissible and not permissible." You know not whether you yourself are permissible or an old woman.

You know this licit and that illicit, but are you licit or illicit? Consider well!

You know what the value of every article of merchandise is; you know not the value of yourself, it is folly.
You have become acquainted with the fortunate and inauspicious stars; you do not look to see whether you are fortunate or unwashed.

This, this, is the soul of all the sciences—that you should know who you shall be on the Day of Judgment.

You are acquainted with the fundamentals (usul) of the Religion, but look upon your own fundamental (asl) and see whether it is good.

Your own fundamentals are better for you than the two fundamentals, so that you may know your own fundamental, O great man.

Description of the luxuriance of the city of the Sabaeans and their ingratitude

Their fundamental was bad:

those inhabitants of Saba were recoiling from the means to meeting;

He gave them so many estates and orchards and meadowlands, on the left hand and the right, for leisure.

Inasmuch as the fruit was falling from abundance, there was no room for anyone to pass on the road,

The scattered largesse of fruit would block the way:

the wayfarer in amazement at the plenty of the fruit.

In their groves, through the dropping of the fruit, a basket on the head would be filled involuntarily.

The breeze would scatter the fruit, not any one:

by that fruit a multitude of skirts would be filled.

Huge clusters, having come low down, would strike against the head and face of the wayfarer.

On account of the plenty of gold a bath-stoker might have tied a golden belt on his waist.

The dogs would trample buns underfoot;

the desert wolf would have indigestion from the food.

Town and village had become safe from robbers and wolves;

the goat was not afraid even of the fierce wolf.

If I explain the blessings bestowed upon the people, which were increasing day by day,

It will hinder from important matters. The prophets brought the command, namely, “Do you, therefore, be righteous.”
How the prophets came from God to admonish the people of Saba.

Thirteen prophets came thither:
all were ready to guide those who had lost the way,

Saying, “Come, the benefit has increased: where is the thanksgiving?
If the steed of thanksgiving lies down, set in motion.

In reason it is necessary to give thanks to the Benefactor;
otherwise, the door of everlasting wrath will be opened.

Listen; behold the loving kindness! And in sooth would anyone do this—
namely, be content with a single thanksgiving for such benefits?

He bestows a head and asks as thanksgiving one act of bowing;
He bestows feet and asks as thanksgiving one act of sitting.”

The people said, “The ghoul has carried off our thanksgiving:
we have become weary of giving thanks and receiving benefits.

We have become so disgusted with the bounty
that neither piety nor sin pleases us.

We do not desire benefits and orchards:
we do not desire means and leisure.”

The prophets said, “In your hearts is a malady
wherein there is a canker in the acknowledgment of obligations,

And whereby the benefit is wholly turned into disease:
how should food become (a source of) strength in the sick?

How many a sweet thing came to you, O persistent (in sin),
and they all grew sour, and their pure became turbid!

You became a foe to that sweetness:
on whatsoever thing you did lay your hand, it became sour.

Whoever became your familiar and friend
became despicable and vile in your sight;

And every one, too, that would be alien to you is, in your opinion,
very grand and venerable.

This also is from the effect produced by that sickness:
it poison pervades all associated.

It behooves quickly to remove that malady,
for with that sugar will seem filth;
Every sweet thing that comes to you grows sour: if the Water of Life arrives, it turns into fire.

That quality is the elixir of death and woe: thereby your life is at last turned into death.

There was many a food by which your heart was revived: when it entered your body, it became stinking.

There is many a dear one that was hunted with blandishments: when he became your prey, he became cheap in your eyes.

When from sincerity the friendship of intellect with intellect arises, every moment the devotion is increased;

Know for sure, the friendship of the carnal soul with any base carnal soul is momentarily diminished,

Because his carnal soul hovers round disease and soon corrupts the acquaintance.

If you do not wish your friend to be averse on the morrow, choose friendship with the intelligent and with the intellect.

Inasmuch as you are sick from the simoom of the carnal soul, whatever you may take you are the instrument for disease.

If you take a jewel, it becomes a stone; and if you take kindness of heart, it becomes hatred; and if you take a fine original saying, after your apprehension it has become tasteless and gross—

‘I have heard this many a time; it has become old: tell something else besides this, O trusty friend.’

Suppose that something else fresh and new has been said, again to-morrow you are surfeited with it and averse.

Remove the disease: when the disease is eradicated, every old tale will become new to you,

So that the old will bring forth new leaves: the old will cause a hundred clusters to blossom from the ditch.

We are the physicians, the disciples of God: the Red Sea beheld us and was parted.

Those natural physicians are different, for they look into the heart by means of a pulse.

We look well into the heart without intermediary, for through clairvoyance we are in a high belvedere.
Those are physicians of food and fruit:
by them the animal soul is strong.

We are physicians of deeds and words:
The ray of the light of Majesty is our inspirer.

*That a deed like this will be beneficial to you, while a deed like that will cut off from the Way;*

And that words like these will lead you on, while words like those will bring anguish to you.

To those physicians urine is evidence,
whereas this evidence of ours is the inspiration of the Almighty.

*We do not desire a fee from any one:*
our fee comes many a time from a God.

Listen; come hither for the incurable disease!
We, one by one, are a medicine for the sick.”

**How the people demanded miracles from the prophets.**

The people said, “O you company of impostors,
where is the evidence of knowledge of medicine and usefulness?

Since you are in bondage, like us,
to this same sleep and food are pasturing in the country—

Since you are entrapped by this water and earth,
how are you hunters of the Simurgh the heart?

Love of power and dominion
induces to reckon him amongst the prophets.

We will not put in our ears such vain boasts and lies
and fall into deception.”

The prophets said, “This arises from that malady:
the original blindness is the screen from seeing.

You have heard our call,
and you do not see this jewel in our hands.

This jewel is a test for the people:
we turn it about round eyes.

Whosoever says, ‘Where is the evidence?’ his words are evidence
that he does not see the jewel and is in thrall to blindness.”

*How the people demanded miracles from the prophets.*

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and fall into deception.”

The prophets said, “This arises from that malady:
the original blindness is the screen from seeing.
A sun has come to speech, “Arise! For the day has risen; jump up, do not dispute!”

You say, “O sun, where is the evidence?”—It will say to you, “O blind one, beg of God an eye.”

If anyone seeks a lamp in bright daylight, the very fact of seeking announces his blindness.

And if you do not see but have formed an opinion that it is the dawn and that you are in a veil, Do not proclaim your blindness by these words; keep silence and be in expectation of the grace.

To say in the midst of day “Where is the day?” is to expose yourself, O day seeker.

Patience and silence attract the mercy, whereas to seek this sign is a sign of infirmity.

Accept, “Be silent,” in order that the recompense of “Be silent” may come to your soul from the Beloved.

If you do not desire relapse in the presence of this Physician, dash to the ground your gold (zar) and your head (sar), O man of understanding.

Sell your superfluous speech and buy sacrifice of life and sacrifice of position and sacrifice of gold, That the grace of Him (Hu) may utter praise of you, so that Heaven will be envious of your high estate

When you have regard for the hearts of the physicians, you will see yourselves and will become ashamed of yourselves.

It is not in the power of created beings to remove this blindness, but the honouring of the physicians is from Divine guidance.

Become devoted to these physicians with soul, that you may be filled with musk and ambergris.

How the people suspected the prophets.

The people said, “All this is fraud and deceit: how should God make a vicar of Zayd and Bakr?”

Every king’s messenger must be of his kind: where are water and clay in comparison with the Creator of the heavens?
Have we eaten ass's brains that we, like you, should deem a gnat to be the confidant of the huma?

Where is a gnat in comparison with the huma? Where is earth in comparison with God? What relation to the mote has the sun in the sky?

What resemblance is this, and what connection is this, that it should enter into any mind and brain?

Story of the hares who sent a hare as ambassador to the elephant, bidding him say, 'I come to you as the ambassador of the Moon in heaven to bid you beware of this water-spring,' as is told in full in the Book of Kalila and Dimna.

This resembles the saying of a certain hare—

'I am the ambassador of the Moon and companion to the Moon.'

For all the beasts of chase were in woe on account of a herd of elephants beside that limpid spring:

All were deprived and far from the spring by dread: since strength was inferior, they made a plot.

From the mountain-top the old hare cried towards the elephants on the first night of the new-moon—

'Come on the fourteenth, O king elephant, which you may find within the spring the proof of this.'

O king elephant, I am the ambassador in your presence. Stop! Ambassadors are not subjected to imprisonment and violence and wrath.

The Moon says, "O elephants; depart!
The spring is mine, turn aside from it; And if not, I will make you blind.
I have declared the wrong and have thrown off my neck.
Depart from this spring and depart, that you may be safe from the blows of the Moon's sword."

Lo, the token is that the Moon in the spring will be disturbed by the water-craving elephant.

Come and be present on the such-and-such a night, O king elephant, in order that within the spring you may find the proof of this.'"
When on that night the elephant put his trunk in the water, the water was disturbed, and the Moon showed disturbance.

The elephant believed that speech of his, when the Moon in the spring showed disturbance.

O company, we are not among those stupid elephants who are terrified by the disturbance of the Moon.”

The prophets said, “Ah, spiritual admonition has made your bondage more grievous, O you fools!

How the prophets answered their sneers and uttered parables unto them.

Oh, alas that in your disease the remedy has become for you the poison of soul-wringing vengeance.

This lamp has increased the darkness of that eye, since God has set the veil of wrath.

What glory should the sea of pearls acquire from the ship—especially a ship that has been filled with shit?

Oh, alas for that eye blind and blear!

In an Adam who was without like or equal the eye of Iblis discerned nothing but a piece of clay.

The devilish eye showed his spring as winter: it moved in the direction where its home was.

Oh, many a fortune that comes now and then to the unfortunate one, and he turns away!

Oh, many a beloved who comes unbeknown to an ill-starred one, and he knows not how to make love!

This that misleads the eye is our damnation, and this that turns the heart is evil destiny.

Since to you the idol of stone has become an object of adoration, the curse and blindness have overshadowed you.
The dead gnat has become the consort of the *buma:* how is the living one not fit to be the confidant of the King?

Or, maybe, the dead one is fashioned by you, the living gnat is fashioned by God.

You are in love with yourselves and the thing manufactured by yourselves: to serpents’ tails the serpent’s head is a law.

In that tail there is no fortune or happiness; in that head there is no pleasure or delight.

That serpent’s tail is circling around the head: both those friends are fit and suited.

So says the Sage of Ghazna in the *Ilahi-náma,* if you will listen well—

“Do not behave as a meddler in the decree of fore-ordainment: the ass's shape is suited to the ass's ear.”

Limbs and bodies are congruous; qualities are congruous with souls.

Unquestionably the quality of every soul has congruity with the soul; for God fashions it.

Inasmuch as He has joined the quality to the soul, know that it is congruous, like eyes and face.

The qualities are congruous in the good and evil: congruous are the letters that God has written.

The eye and the heart are between two fingers like a pen in the hand of the writer, O Husayn.

are the fingers of Grace and Wrath, and between them the pen, the heart, is in a state of distress or ease by these fingers.

O pen, if you are one that magnifies, consider whose two fingers you are between.

All your volition and movement are by this finger: your head is on the crossways of the assembly-place.

These letters your states are of His writing: your forming a purpose and changing it is just from His forming a purpose and changing it.

There is no way but supplication and self-abasement: not every pen is conscious of this subjection to control.

The pen knows this but according to its measure: it manifests its congruity in good and evil.

That which they attached to the hare and the elephant, so that they confused eternity with tricks,
Explaining that it is not seemly for everyone to adduce parables, especially concerning Divine actions

How is it seemly for you to make these similitudes and cast them at that holy Court?

That use of similitudes belongs to the Lord, for He is the authority for the knowledge of the hidden and the manifest.

What do you know of the hidden nature of anything, that you, baldpate, should use a lock of hair or a cheek as similitudes?

A Moses deemed that a rod, but it was not: it was a dragon: its hidden nature was opening its lips.

Inasmuch as such a king knows not the hidden nature of wood, how should you know the hidden nature of this snare and bait?

Since the eye of Moses was at fault in the similitude, how should a meddling mouse find an entrance.

He will make that comparison of yours a dragon, that in answer it may tear you to pieces.

The accursed Iblis used this comparison, so that he fell under God's curse till the Day of Judgement.

Qarun from rebelliousness used this comparison, so that he sank down into the earth with his throne and diadem.

Know that this comparison of yours is like crows and owls by which a hundred households are laid low.

How the people of Noah uttered similitudes derisively at the time of his building the Ark.

Noah built an Ark in the desert: a hundred speakers of parables ran up to ridicule.

“He is making a ship in the desert where no well of water exists: what an ignorant fool he is!”

One was saying, “O Ship, run!” while another said, “Make wings for it too!”

He said. “This is by the command of God: this will not be defeated by jeers.”
Story of the thief who was asked, “What are you doing at the bottom of this wall at midnight?” and replied, “I am beating a drum.”

Hear this parable—

how a wicked thief was cutting a hole at the bottom of a wall.

Some one half-awake, who was ill,

heard the soft tapping of his,

And went on the roof and hung his head down and said to him,

“What are you about, O father?”

All is well, I hope. What are you doing at midnight? Who are you?”

He said, “A drummer, O honourable sir.”

“What are you about?” He said, “I am beating the drum.”

He said, “Where is the noise of the drum, O artful one?”

He said, “You will hear this noise to-morrow,
cries of ’Oh, alas!’ and ’Oh, woe is me!’”

That is a lie and false and made up;
moreover, you have not perceived the secret of that falsehood.

The answer to the parable which the unbelievers related concerning the hare’s being sent as ambassador with a message to the elephant from the Moon in heaven.

Know that the hidden nature of that hare is the insolent Devil,
who came as an ambassador to your soul,

In order that he might deprive your foolish soul of the Water of Life
whence Khizr drank

You have perverted its meaning, you have uttered blasphemy:
prepare yourself for the sting.

You have spoken of the moon’s being disturbed in the limpid water,
whereby the jackal (hare) frightened the elephants;

You relate the story of the hare and the elephant and the water,
and the elephant’s fear of the moon when it was disturbed:

O you half-baked blind men, pray, how does this bear any resemblance
to the Moon to whom lords and commons are subject?
What is the moon and what is the sun and what is the sky?
What are intelligences and souls and angels?

“The Sun of the sun of the sun”: what is this I am saying?
Surely I am asleep.

The wrath of the kings has overthrown hundreds of thousands of cities; O ye wicked who have lost the way.

At their beck the mountain splits on itself into a hundred fissures; a sun goes round like an ass-mill.

The wrath of men makes the clouds dry; the wrath of hearts has laid worlds waste.

Look, O you unembalmed dead, upon the place where the city of Lot suffered punishment!

What is the elephant even?
For three flying birds crushed the bones of those wretched elephants.

The ababil is the weakest of birds, and it rent the elephant irreparably.

Who is there that has not heard of the Flood of Noah, or of the battle of Pharaoh's host with the Spirit?
The Spirit routed them and cast them pell-mell into the water: the water was shattering them to atoms.

Who is there that has not heard what happened to Thamud and how the sarsar windswept the Adites away?
Open your eyes for once upon such elephants, who were killers of elephants in war.

Such elephants and unjust kings as those are always in excommunication under the wrath of the heart.

Unto everlasting they go from darkness to darkness, and there is no relief, no mercy.

Maybe you have not heard the name of good and evil. All have seen, and you are seeing not.

You feign not to see the visible, but death will open your eyes well.

Suppose the world is full of sun and light: when you go into darkness like the grave,
You become without share in that great light; you are window-shut to the bounteous moon.
You have gone from the belvedere into the pit: how are the spacious worlds to blame?

The soul that has remained in the quality of wolfishness, how should it behold the face of Joseph? Say!

The music of David reached rock and mountain, the ears of those stony-hearted ones heard it not.

Blessing ever be on reason and justice! — and God best knows the right way.

Believe noble Messengers, O Saba!

Believe a spirit made captive by Him who captured it.

Believe them — they are rising suns — and they will preserve you from the ignominies of al-Qari’a.

Believe them — they are shining full-moons — ere they confront you with al-Sabira.

Believe them — they are the lamps of darkness; honour them — they are the keys of hope.

Believe those who hope not for your bounty; do not go astray, do not turn others away.

Let us speak Persian: come, abandon Arabic. Be the Hindu of that Turcoman, O water and clay.

Listen, listen to the testimonies of the kings; the heavens have believed: believe you!

The meaning of prudence, and a parable of the prudent man

Either consider what happened to the former, or fly with prudence towards the latter end.

What is prudence? Precaution in two plans: of the two you will take that one which is far from craziness.

One person may say, “On this road there is no water for seven days, and there is foot-scorching sand.”

Another may say, “This is false: push on, for you will find a running fountain every night.”

It is prudence that you take water, so that you may be saved from dread and may be on the right.
If there be water, spill this;
and if there be none, alas for the obstinate man!

O children of the Vicegerent, deal justly:
act with prudence for the sake of the Day of Tryst.

That enemy who took vengeance upon your father
and dragged him from Illiyin to prison,

And checkmated that king of the spiritual chessboard
and made him, from Paradise, a thrall to calamities—

How often in combat did he seize him by sleight,
that he might wrestle with him and throw him in disgrace!

Thus has he done to that paladin:
do not regard him with contempt, O you others!

That envious one nimbly snatched away
our mother's and father's crown and ornament.

There he made them naked and wretched and despicable:
years did Adam weep bitterly,

So that herbs grew from the tears of his eyes:
why he was inscribed in the scroll of la.

Judge you of his impudent cheating
from the fact that on account of him such a prince rends his beard.

Beware, O clay-worshippers, of his malice:
smite the sword of la hawl on his head!

For he sees you from ambush,
so that you see him not. Take care!

The fowler scatters grain incessantly:
the grain is visible, but the deceit is hidden.

Wherever you see the grain,
beware, lest the trap confine your wings and pinions,

Because the bird that takes leave of the grain,
eats grain from the spacious field that is without imposture.

With that it is contented, and escapes the trap:
no trap confines its wings and pinions.
Again, a bird settles on a wall and fastens its eyes upon the grain in a trap.

Now it looks towards the open country, now its greed leads it to look at the grain.

This look struggles with that look and suddenly makes it empty of wisdom.

Again a bird that has abandoned that vacillation turns its gaze away from that and fixes it upon the open fields.

Glad are its wings and pinions: how goodly it is, since it has become the leader of all the free.

Everyone who makes it his model is saved and sits in the abode of security and freedom,

Because his heart has become the king of the prudent, so that the rose garden has become his dwelling-place

Prudence is pleased with him, and he pleased with Prudence: do likewise, if you would act with foresight and resolution.

Many times have you fallen into the snare of greed and given up your throat to be cut;

Again He that graciously disposes to repentance has set you free and accepted your repentance and made you glad.

He has said, “If you return thus, We will return thus: We have wedded the actions to the retribution.

When I bring one mate to Myself, the other mate inevitably comes running.

We have mated this action with the effect: when one mate arrives, another mate arrives.”

When a raider carries off the husband from the wife, the wife comes after him, seeking her husband.

Once more you have come towards this snare and have thrown dust in the eyes of repentance.

Again that Forgiving One has loosed that knot for you and has said, “Beware! Flee! Set not your face in this direction!”
Again, when the mandate of forgetfulness arrived, it drew your soul towards the Fire.

O you moth, do not show any forgetfulness and doubt: look once at your burnt wing!

Since you are saved, the thanksgiving is this, that you should have no inclination towards that grain,

In order that, when you say thanks, He may bestow on you the daily bread that is without snare and without fear of the enemy.

In thanksgiving for the bounty shown in setting you free, it behooves you to commemorate the bounty of God.

How often in sorrows and in tribulation have you cried, “O God, deliver me from the snare, that I may do such service and practice beneficence and throw dust in the eyes of the Devil!”

Story of the vow made by the dogs every winter that when next summer comes they will build a house for the winter

In winter the bones of the dog are drawn together: the blows of the frost make him so small

That he says, “Having such a little body, I must build a stone house.

When summer comes, I will build with my claws a stone house against the cold.”

When summer comes, his bones expand from the relief, and his skin grows sleek,

And, when he sees himself stout, he says, “In what house should I find room, O noble sir?”

He grows stout and slinks into a shady place—a lazy, full-fed, cowardly, self-opinionated!

His heart says to him, “Build a house, O uncle!”
He says, “How shall I find room in the house? Tell.”

In the hour of pain the bones of your greed shrink together and diminish in compass,
And you say penitently, “I will build a house: it will be a resting-place for me in winter”;

When the pain is gone and your greed has grown stout, the desire for the house departs from you, just as the dog.

Thanksgiving for the bounty is sweeter than the bounty: how should he that is addicted to thanksgiving go towards the bounty?

Thanksgiving is the soul of the bounty, and the bounty is as the husk, because thanksgiving brings you to the abode of the Beloved.

Bounty produces heedlessness, and thanksgiving alertness: hunt after bounty with the snare of thanksgiving to the King.

The bounty of thanksgiving will make you contented and princely, so that you will bestow a hundred bounties on the poor.

You will eat your fill of the delicacies and dessert of God, so that hunger and begging will depart from you.

How the unbelievers stopped the prophets, on whom be peace, from giving admonition and brought forward Necessitarian arguments.

The people said, “O admonishers, what you have said is enough, if there be any one in this village.

God has set a lock upon our hearts; none can prevail against the Creator.

That Artist made the picture of us to be this: this will not be altered by talking.

A hundred years you may tell the pebble to become a ruby, a hundred years you may tell the old to become new;

You may tell earth to assume the qualities of water; you may tell water to become honey or milk—

He is the Creator of the heavens and the heavenly ones, the Creator of water and earth and earthly beings.

To heaven He gave its circling motion and its purity; to water and earth its dark appearance and its growth.

How can heaven choose turbidity?

How can earth and water buy purity?

To everyone He has allotted a certain course: how should a mountain by any effort become as a straw?”
The answer of the prophets, on whom be peace, to the Necessitarians.

The prophets said, “Yes: He has created some qualities from which it is impossible to withdraw one’s self, and He has created qualities accidental, so that a hated person becomes acceptable. If you bid a stone become gold, it is futile; if you bid copper become gold, the way exists. If you bid sand become clay, it is incapable; if you bid earth become clay that is possible. He has given maladies for which there is no remedy, such as lameness, flatness of the nose, and blindness; He has given maladies for which there is a remedy, such as facial paralysis and headache. These medicines He has made for the sake of harmony: these maladies and medicines are not in vain. No, most maladies have a cure: when you seek in earnest, it will come to hand.”

How the infidels repeated the Necessitarian arguments.

The people said, “O company, this malady of ours is not one of those that admit of cure. For years ye uttered spells and admonitions of this kind, and by them our bondage was made sorer every moment. If this disease were susceptible of cure, some particle of it would at last have been removed. When hepatitis occurs, water does not enter the liver: if he should drink up the sea, it would go somewhere else; Consequently the hands and feet become swollen: that water-drinking does not defeat the thirst.”
How the prophets, on whom be peace, answered them again.

The prophets said, “Despair is wicked: the grace and the mercies of the Creator are infinite.

It is not proper to despair of such a Benefactor: cling to the saddle-strap of this Mercy.

Oh, many a plight became hard in the beginning, afterwards it was relieved, and the hardship passed away.

2925. After despair there are many hopes; after darkness there are many suns.

I grant indeed that ye have become stony and have put locks upon your ears and hearts;

We have nothing to do with any acceptance: our business is to resign ourselves and fulfill His command.

He has commanded us this service: we have not this office of proclaimer from ourselves.

We possess life for the purpose of the command of God: if He bid us in a tract of sand, we sow

2930. The prophet’s soul has no friend except God: he has nothing to do with the acceptance or rejection of the people.

The reward for delivering His messages comes from Him: we have become hateful and wear the aspect of enemies for the Beloved’s sake.

At this Portal we are not weary, so that we should halt everywhere because of the distance of the way.

Oppressed in heart and weary is that one who is in prison through being parted from the Friend.

The Heart-ravisher and Desired One is present with us: amidst the largesse of His mercy our souls are giving thanks.

2935. In our hearts is an anemone-field and rose-garden: there is no way for old age and decay;

We are ever fresh and young and gracious, unfading and sweet and laughing and debonair.

To us a hundred years are the same as a single hour, for long and short is a thing disjoined from us.
That length and shortness is in bodies: where is that long and short in the soul?

The three hundred and nine years of the Men of the Cave seemed to them one day without grief and woe;

And then did it seem to them one day even, when their spirits came back from non-existence into their bodies.

When there is no day and night and month and year, how should there be satiety and old age and weariness?

Since there is selflessness in the rose-garden of non-existence, there is intoxication caused by the goblet of Divine grace.

Any one that has not drunk has not tasted does not know: how should the dung-beetle conceive the breaths of the rose?

It is not conceivable: if it were conceivable, it would become non-existent, like objects of conception.

How should Hell conceive Paradise?

Does a beauteous face shine at all from an ugly pig?

Listen; do not cut your own throat! Take heed, O despicable one, such a morsel as this has reached your mouth.

We have brought the hard ways to an end; we have made the way easy for our own people.”

How the people repeated their resistance to the hope against the prophets, on whom be peace.

The people said, “If you bring good luck to yourselves, you are ill-starred for us and are opposed and rejected.

Our souls were free from cares: you have cast us into grief and trouble.

Through your evil omen the delightful concord and agreement that existed has been turned into a hundred separations.

We were parrots eating sugar for dessert; through you we have become birds that meditate on death.

Wherever is a grief-spreading tale, wherever is an odious rumour,
Wherever in the world is an evil omen, wherever is a monstrous transformation, a terrible punishment, an infliction of chastisement—

In the parable of your story and in your evil omen:
you have an appetite for rousing grief.”

How the prophets, on whom be peace, answered them once more.

The prophets said, “The foul and evil omen has its support from within your souls.

If you are asleep in a perilous place, and a dragon is approaching you from a spot close at hand,

And a kindly person has made you aware, saying, ‘Jump up quickly, or else the dragon will devour you’—

If you say, ‘Why are you uttering an evil omen?’
‘What omen? Jump up and see in the light of day.
I myself will deliver you from the midst of the evil omen and will take you home.’

He is one that acquaints with things hidden, like the prophet who has seen what the people of this world have not seen.

If a physician says to you, ‘Do not eat unripe grapes, for such an illness will produce trouble and mischief’;

And if you say, ‘Why are you uttering an evil omen?’—
Then you are making out your sincere adviser to be culpable.

And if an astrologer say to you,
‘By no means set about such an affair to-day;’

Though you see the falsehood of the astrologer a hundred times, it come true once or twice, you are eager to trust him.

These stars of ours are never at variance:
how does their truth remain concealed from you?

The physician and the astrologer inform from opinion, and verily we from clairvoyance:

We behold the smoke and fire rushing from afar towards the unbelievers.

You are saying, ‘be silent from these words, for the words of evil omen are hurtful to us.’”
O you who listen not unto the admonition of the admonishers, the evil omen is with you wherever you go.

A viper is walking on your back:
he sees it from a root and makes aware;

You say to him, “Hush! Do not vex me”:
he says, “Be happy! Truly, the words have gone.”

When the viper darts its mouth at your neck,
all your desire for happiness is made bitter.

Then you say to him, “O so-and-so was this all?
Why didn’t you tear your collar in outcry?
Or why weren’t you throwing a stone at me from above,
in order that that grave calamity and misfortune might be shown to me?”

He says, “Because you were annoyed”:
you say, “You have made me very happy!”

He says, “I bestowed counsel generously,
that I might deliver you from this sterile bondage.
From vileness you acknowledged no obligation for that:
you made a source of injury and insolence.”

This is the nature of base villains:
he does evil to you when you do good.

As for the fleshly soul, bend it double by means of this renunciation,
for it is vile, and kindness suits it not.

If you show beneficence to a noble man, it is fitting:
he will give seven hundred in exchange for every one;

When you treat a villain with violence and cruelty,
he becomes a very faithful servant to you.

The infidels in prosperity sow cruelty;
again in Hell their cry is “O Lord!”

Therefore Hell is the mosque where they perform their devotions:
a trap is the fetter for a wild bird.

The wisdom of having created Hell in the world hereafter and the prison of the present world to the end that they may be places of worship for the arrogant: “Come willingly or unwillingly.”
Prison is the cloister of the thief and villain, that there he may be constantly mindful of God.

Inasmuch as Divine worship was the object of mankind, Hellfire was made the place of worship for the rebellious.

Man has the power in everything, but this service has been the object of him.

\textit{I did not create the jinn and mankind.} Recite this.

Though the object of a book is the science, if you make it a pillow, it will become that too;

But this pillow was not its object: it was learning and knowledge and right guidance and profit.

If you have made the sword a tent-pin, you have preferred defeat to victory.

Although the object of Man is knowledge and to be rightly directed, every man has a particular place of worship

The place where the noble man worships is your treating him with kindness; the place where the vile man worships is your making him sick.

Smithe the vile, that they may bow their heads; give to the noble, that they may yield fruit.

Necessarily God has created a mosque for each of the two — Hell for those, and increase for these.

Moses built the Bab-i Saghir at Jerusalem, in order that the people tormented might lower their heads,

Because they were insolent and arrogant. Hell is that Bab-i Saghir and (place of) humiliation.
Explaining how God most High has made the bodily form of kings a means of subduing the insolent (sinners) who are not subject to God, just as Moses, on whom be peace, built the Bab-i Saghir in the wall of Jerusalem in order that the insolent (and wicked) men among the Israelites might bow low when they entered in, (according to the text), “Enter the gate, prostrating yourselves, and say ‘hittatun.’”

Likewise God has built a Bab-i Saghir from the flesh and bones of kings. Take heed!

The people of this world make prostration before them, since they are opposed to prostration before the Divine Majesty.

He has made a little dunghill their mihrab: the name of that mihrab is “prince” and “paladin.”

You are not fit for this holy Presence: holy men are the sugarcane; you are the empty reed.

These vile wretches grovel before those curs; it is a disgrace to the lion that they should be complaisant to him.

The cat is the overseer of every mouse-natured one: who is the mouse that it should be afraid of the lions?

Their fear is of the dogs of God: how should they have fear of the Sun of God?

The litany of those great ones is “my Lord the most High”; “my lord the most low” is suitable to these fools.

How should the mouse fear the lions of the battle-field?

No, those who have the speed and the musk-bag of the deer

O licker of pots, go to him that licks basins and write him down as your lord and benefactor!

Enough! If I give a far-reaching exposition, the prince will be angered; and besides he knows that it is.

The upshot is this:—“O noble man, do evil to the vile, that the villain may lay his neck.”

When he deals kindly with the villain, his soul, the wicked soul shows ingratitude, like the vile.

It was on this account that the afflicted are thankful, the fortunate are rebellious and deceitful.
The bey with his gold-embroidered coat is rebellious; the distressed wearer of a coarse woollen cloak (aba) is thankful.

How should thankfulness grow from possessions and riches?
Thankfulness grows from tribulation and sickness.

Story of the Sufis being enamoured of the empty food-wallet

One day a Sufi espied a food-wallet on a nail: he began to whirl and rend his garments,
Crying, “Lo, the food of the foodless! Lo, the remedy for famines and pangs!”

When his smoke and tumult waxed great,
every one that was a Sufi joined him.

They were shouting and shrieking;
several were becoming intoxicated and beside themselves.

An idle busybody said to the Sufi, “What is the matter?
A food-wallet hung, and it is empty of bread!”
He said, “Go, go! You are a form without spirit:
do you seek existence, for you are no lover.”

The lover’s food is love of the bread, without the bread:
no one that is sincere is in thrall to existence.

Lovers have nothing to do with existence:
lovers have the interest without the capital.

They have no wings, and they fly round the world;
they have no hands, and they carry off the ball from the polo-field.

That dervish who scented Reality used to weave baskets
though his hand had been cut off.

Lovers have pitched their tents in non-existence:
they are of one colour and one essence, like non-existence.

How should the sucking babe know the taste of viands?
To the Jinn scent is meat and drink.

How shall a human being scent his scent,
inasmuch as his nature is contrary to his nature?

That scent-inhaling Jinn gains from the scent:
you will not gain that from a hundred kilograms of sweet dainties.
To the Copt the water of the Nile is blood; to the goodly Israelite it is water.

By the Israelites the sea is a highway; by the ruffian Pharaoh it is a drowning-place.

How Jacob, on whom be peace, was privileged to taste the cup of God from the face of Joseph, and inhale the scent of God from the scent of Joseph; and the exclusion of his brethren and others from both these.

That which Jacob experienced from the face of Joseph was peculiar to him: when did that come to his brethren?

This one, from love of him, puts himself in the pit, while that one digs a pit for him in hatred.

In the sight of this one his food-wallet is empty of bread; in the sight of Jacob it is full, for he desires eagerly.

None with face unwashed beholds the faces of the houris: he said, “There is no ritual prayer without the ablution.”

Love is the meat and drink of souls; hunger, from this point of view, is the food of souls.

Jacob had hunger for Joseph; the smell of the bread was reaching him from afar.

He that took the shirt was hastening and was not perceiving the scent of Joseph’s shirt, while he that was a hundred leagues from that quarter he smelled the perfume, since he was Jacob.

Oh, there is many a learned man that has no profit of knowledge: that person is one who commits knowledge to memory, not one who loves.

From him the hearer perceives the scent, though the hearer is of the common sort, because the shirt in his hand is a borrowed thing, like a slave-girl in the hands of a slave-dealer.

The dispensation of God is a bestowal of the allotted portion: no one’s has access to another.
A good intention becomes that man’s garden;
an ugly intention waylays this man.

That Lord who has made from one fancy the garden
and from one fancy Hell and the place of melting—

Then who should know the way to His rose gardens?
Then who should know the way to His furnaces?

The sentry of the heart, while on his round,
does not see from what corner of the soul the image comes.

If he saw its rising-place,
he would contrive to bar the way to every unlovely thought;

How should the foot of the scout reach that spot?—
for it is the watchtower and mountain-fortress of Non-existence.

Blindly lay hold of the skirt of His grace:
this is the blind man’s taking possession the land, O king.

His skirt is His command and behest:
fortunate is he to whom piety is his soul.

The one is in meadows and water-brooks,
while the other one beside him is in torment.

He remains in wonderment, saying, “Wherefore is this man’s delight?”
and the other remains in wonderment, saying, “In whose prison is this man?

Listen, why are you parched?—for here are fountains.
Listen, why are you pale?—for here are a hundred remedies.

Listen, neighbour, and come into the garden!”
He says, “O soul, I cannot come.”

Story of the Amir and his slave who was very fond of the ritual prayer
and had a great joy in the ritual prayer and in communing with God

At dawn the Amir wanted the hot bath:
he shouted, “Ho Sunqur, rouse yourself!

Get from Altun the basin and the napkin and the clay
that we may go to the hot bath, O indispensable one.”

Sunqur at that moment took up the basin and a fine napkin
and set out with him—the two together.

There was a mosque on the road,
and the call to prayer came publicly into Sunqur’s ear.
Sunqur was very fond of the ritual prayer: he said, “O my Amir, O kind master,

Stay patiently for a while on this bench, that I may perform the obligatory prayers and may recite lam yakun.”

When the Imam and the people had come forth and finished the prayers and litanies,

Sunqur remained there till near the forenoon: the Amir awaited him for some time;

He said, “O Sunqur, why don’t you come out?”
He replied, “This artful One will not let me.

Have patience! Behold, I come, O light!
I am not heedless, for you are in my ear.”

Seven times in succession did he show patience and shout—till at last the man was reduced to despair by his trifling.

His reply was this—

“He will not let me come out yet, O revered.”

He said, “Why, there is no one left in the mosque. Who is detaining you there? Who has made you sit?”

He said, “He who has chained you outside has chained me too inside.

He who will not let you come in will not let me come out.

He who will not let you set foot in this direction has chained the foot of this slave in this direction.”

The sea does not let the fish out; the sea does not let the creatures of earth in.

Water is the original home of the fish, and the animal is of the earth: here device and contrivance are of no avail.

Strong is the lock, and the opener is God: cling to resignation and acquiescence.

Though the atoms, one by one, should become keys, this opening is not except by the Divine Majesty.

When you forget your own contrivance, you will gain that young fortune from your spiritual Guide.

When you are forgetful of self, you are remembered: you have become a slave, then you are set free.
How the prophets lost hope of being accepted and approved by the unbelievers, as God has said:

“Until, when the Messengers despaired...”

The prophets said to their hearts, “How long shall we continue giving exhortation and counsel to this one and that one? How long shall we misguidedly beat a piece of cold iron? Listen, till when to breathe into a cage?”

The motion of created beings is by Divine destiny and appointment: the sharpness of the teeth is by the burning of the stomach.

The First Soul pushed upon the second soul: a fish stinks from the head, not from the tail.

But, while recognising, still speed on like an arrow: since God has said, “Deliver,” there is no escape.

You do not know which of these two you are: strive so long that you may discern what you are.

When you put a cargo on board a ship, you are making that venture on trust, you do not know which of the two you are—whether you are drowned on the voyage or saved.

If you say, “Until I know which I am, I will not hasten on to the ship and the ocean; On this voyage I am saved or drowned: reveal to which party I belong. I will not start upon this voyage with doubt and in idle hope, like the others”— no traffic will be done by you, because the secret of these two aspects is in the Unseen.

The merchant of timid disposition and frail spirit neither gains nor loses in his quest; he suffers loss, for he is deprived and despicable: he that is an eater of flames will find the light.

Inasmuch as all affairs turn upon hope, the affair of religion is most worthy, for by this means you may win salvation.

Here it is not permitted to knock at the door; nothing but hope: God best knows the right course.
Explain how the faith of the conventional man consists in fear and hope.

The motive in every trade is hope and chance, even though their necks are, like a spindle, from toil.

When he goes in the morning to his shop, he is running in the hope and chance of a livelihood.

You have not the chance of a livelihood, why do you go? There is the fear of disappointment: how are you strong?

In earning food, how has the fear of eternal disappointment not made you feeble in your search?

You will say, “Though the fear of disappointment is before, this fear is greater in idleness.

At work my hope is greater: in idleness I have more risk.”

Then, O evil-thinking man, why is this fear of loss holding you back in the matter of religion?

Or have not you seen in what a gainful trade the people of this bazaar of ours, the prophets and the saints, are, and what mines have appeared to them from this going to the shop, and how they have gotten gain in this market?

To that one the fire became submissive, like an anklet; to that one the sea became submissive and carried him on its shoulders;

To that one the iron became submissive and wax-like; to that one the wind became a slave and subject.

Verily, God most High has friends who are concealed.

Another party go exceedingly hidden: how should they become well-known to the people of externals?

They possess all this, and no one’s eye falls upon their sovereignty for one moment.

Both their miracles and they are in the sanctuary: even the Abdal do not hear their names.
Or are you ignorant of the bounties of God
who is calling you to come yonder?

The whole world of six directions is His bounty:
wherever you look, it is making Him known.

When a generous man bids you come into the fire,
come in quickly and do not say, “It will burn me.”

The story of Anas, may God be pleased with him:
how he cast a napkin into a fiery oven, and it was not burnt.

It has come concerning Anas son of Malik
that a certain person became his guest.

He related that after the meal
Anas saw the table-napkin yellow in hue,
dirty and stained; and said, “O maid-servant,
throw it into the oven at once.”

Thereupon the intelligent maid threw it into the oven,
which was full of fire.

All the guests were astounded thereat:
they were in expectation of the smoke of the napkin.

After a short time she took it out of the oven,
clean and white and purged of that filth.

The party said, “O venerable Companion,
how didn’t it burn, and how too did it become cleansed?”

He replied, “Because Mustafa
often rubbed his hands and lips on this napkin.”

O heart afraid of the fire and torment,
draw nigh unto such a hand and lip as that!

Since it bestowed such honour upon a lifeless object,
what things will it reveal to the soul of the lover!

Inasmuch as he made the clods of the Ka’ba the qibla,
do you, O soul, be the dust of holy men in war.

Afterwards they said to the maid-servant,
“Will not you tell your own feelings about all this?
Why did you quickly cast it at his behest?
I suppose he was acquainted with the secrets,
Why did you, mistress, throw such a precious napkin into the fire?"

She answered, “I have confidence in the generous:
I do not despair of their bounty.

What of a piece of cloth?
If he bid me go without regret into the very essence of the fire,
I, from perfect confidence, will fall in:
I have great hope of them that are devoted to God.

I will throw myself in, not this napkin,
because of my confidence in every generous one who knows the mystery.”

O brother, apply yourself to this elixir:
the faith of a man must not be less than the faith of a woman.

The heart of the man that is less than a woman
is the heart that is less than the belly.

قصه ی فریاد رسیدن رسول عليه السلام کاروان عرب را که از تشنگی و بی آبی درمانده بودند و دل بر مرگ نهاده شتران و خلق زبان بیرون انداخته

Story of the Prophet’s, on whom be peace, coming to the aid of a caravan of Arabs who had been brought to sore straits by thirst and lack of water and had set their minds on death: the camels and the people had let their tongues drop out.

In that wadi a company of Arabs:
their water-skins had become dry from lack of rain:

A caravan amidst the desert in sore distress—
they had rehearsed their own death.

Suddenly he who succours both worlds, Mustafa,
appeared on the way, for help’s sake.

He saw there an exceeding great caravan on the scalding sand
and a hard and terrible journey;

The tongues of their camels hanging out,
the people strown everywhere on the sand.

He took pity and said, "Listen, go at once, some of your comrades, and run to yonder sand hills,
for a Negro on camelback will bring a water-skin,
he is conveying with all speed to his master.
Bring to me that Negro camel-driver along with the camel by force, if need be."

Those seekers approached the sand hills: after a while they saw it was even so:

A Negro slave was going with a camel, the water-skin filled with water, like one bearing a gift.

Then they said to him, “The Pride of mankind, the Best of created beings, invites you in this direction.”

He said, “I do not know him: who is he?”
He said, “He is that moon-faced sweet-natured one.”

They described to him the diverse qualities which exist: he said, “Perhaps he is that poet

Who subdued a multitude by magic:
I will not come half a span towards him.”

Dragging him along, they brought him there: he raised an outcry in revilement and heat.

When they dragged him before that venerable one, he said, “Drink the water and in addition carry it away .”

He satisfied the thirst of them all from that water-skin: the camels and every person drank of that water.

From his water-skin he filled large and small water-skins: from jealousy of him the clouds in the sky were distraught.

Has anyone seen this, that the burning glow of so many Hells should be cooled by a single water-skin?

Has anyone seen this, that all these water-skins were filled from a single water-skin without trouble?

The water-skin itself was a veil, and at his command the waves of bounty were coming from the Sea of origin.

“Water by boiling is converted into air, and that air by cold is turned into water.”

No; without cause and beyond these maxims of philosophy the act of bringing into existence produced the water from non-existence.

Inasmuch as you have observed causes from your childhood, through ignorance you have stuck to the cause.

With causes you are forgetful of the Causer: hence you are inclining towards these veils.
When causes are gone, you will beat your head and cry many a time, “O our Lord! O our Lord!”

The Lord will say, “Take yourself to the cause! How have you remembered My work? Oh, wonderful!”

He says, “Henceforth I will behold You entirely: I will not look towards the cause and that deception.”

He will reply to him, “Your case is, ‘they were sent back, they would surely return,’ O you who are weak in your repentance and covenant; But I will not regard that, I will show mercy: My mercy is abounding, I will be intent on mercy.

I will not regard your bad promise; I from loving kindness will bestow the gift at this moment, since you art calling unto Me.”

The caravan were amazed at his deed.

“O Muhammad, O you that have the nature of the Sea, what is this? You have made a small water-skin a veil: you have drowned (satisfied the thirst of) both Arabs and Kurds.”

How he miraculously filled the slave’s water-skin with water from the Unseen World and made the face of that black slave white by permission of God most High.

The Negro was astounded at his evidentiary miracle: his faith was dawning from non-spatiality.

He saw that a fountain had begun to pour from the air and that his water-skin had become a veil to the emanation of that.

The veils also were rent by that sight, so that he distinctly beheld the fountain of the Unseen.

Thereupon the slave’s eyes were filled with tears: he forgot his master and his dwelling-place.

Strength failed him to go on his way: God cast a mighty compulsion into his soul.

Then again he drew him back for good, saying, “Come to yourself; return, O you who will gain advantage.
It is not the time for bewilderment: bewilderment is in front of you; just now advance on your way briskly and speedily.”

He laid the hands of Mustafa on his face and gave many loving kisses.

Then Mustafa rubbed his blessed hand on his face and made it fortunate.

That Abyssinian became white as the full moon, and his night turned into bright day.

He became a Joseph in beauty and in coquetry; he said to him, “Now go home and relate what has befallen you.”

He was going along, without head or foot, intoxicated: in going he knew not foot from hand.

Then from the neighbourhood of the caravan he came hastening with two full water-skins to his master.

How the master saw his slave white and did not recognise him and said, “You have killed my slave: the murder has found you out, and God has thrown you into my hands.”

The master espied him from afar and remained bewildered: from amazement he called the people of the village.

“This,” said he, “is my water-skin and my camel: where, then, is my dark-browed slave gone?”

This man coming from afar is a full-moon: the light from his countenance strikes upon the daylight.

Where is my slave? Perchance he has lost his way, or a wolf has overtaken him and he has been killed.”

When he came before him, he said, “Who are you? Are you a native of Yemen or a Turcoman?”

Tell, what have you done to my slave? Speak the truth! If you have killed him, declare it! Do not seek evasion.”

He replied, “If I have killed him, how have I come to you? How have I come with my own feet into this blood?”

“Where is my slave?” He said, “Lo, I am: the hand of God’s grace has made me resplendent.”
“Eh, what are you saying? Where is my slave?
Listen, you will not escape from me except by the truth.”

He said, “I will relate all your secret dealings with that slave, one by one;
I will relate what has passed from the time when you did purchase me until now,
That you may know I am the same in existence, though a dawn has opened forth from my night-hued.
The colour is changed; but the pure spirit is free from colour and from the elements and the dust.”

They that know the body soon lose us; they that quaff the water abandon the water-skin and jar.
They that know the spirit are free from numbers: they are sunk in the Sea that is without quality or quantity.
Become spirit and know spirit by means of spirit: become the friend of vision, not the child of logic.
Forasmuch as the Angel is one in origin with Intelligence, they have become two forms for the sake of Wisdom—
The Angel assumed wings and pinions like a bird while this Intelligence left wings and assumed splendour—
Necessarily both became helpers: both the beauteous ones became a support to one another.

This discourse is now left like an ass on the ice, since it is not fitting to recite the Gospel to Jews.
How can one speak of ‘Umar to Shiites?
How can one play a lute before the deaf?
But if there is any one in a nook in the village, the hue and cry that I have raised is enough.
To him that is worthy to the exposition, stones and brickbats become an articulate and well-grounded exponent.
Explaining that whatever God most High bestowed and created— the heavens, the earth, the substances and the forms— He created all at the demand of need, and that one must make one’s self in need of a thing, so that He may bestow it; for “... Or He who answers the sorely distressed when he calls unto Him?” Sore distress is the evidence of worthiness.

It was Mary’s want and pain that made such a babe begin to speak.

Part of her spoke on her behalf without her: every part of you has speech in secret.

Your hands and feet become witnesses, O slave: how long will you set hand and foot to denial?

And if you are not worthy of the exposition and the speech, the rational soul of the speaker saw you and went to sleep.

Whatever grew has grown for the sake of the needy, in order that a seeker may find the thing he sought.

If God most High has created the heavens, He has created them for the purpose of removing needs.

Wherever a pain is, the cure goes there; wherever poverty is, the provision goes there.

Wherever a difficult question is, the answer goes there; wherever a ship is, the water goes there.

Do not seek the water, get thirst, so that the water may gush forth from above and below.

Until the tender-throated babe is born, how should the milk for it begin to flow from the breast?

Go; run on these hills and dales, to the end that you may become thirsty and a prey to heat;

After that, from the noise of the hornet of the air you will hear the noise of the water of the stream, O king.

Your need is not less than dry plants: you take water and are drawing it towards them;

You take the water by the ear and draw it towards the dry crops that they may obtain refreshment.
For the spiritual crops, whose essences are concealed, the cloud of mercy is full of the water of Kawthar.

In order that their Lord gave them to drink may be addressed, be thirsty! God best knows the right course.

A woman of the same village, one of the unbelievers, ran to the Prophet for the sake of testing.

She came in to the Prophet, with the veil:
the woman had a two months old infant in her lap.

The child said, “God give peace unto you, O Messenger of Allah!
We have come to you.”

Its mother said to it angrily, “Hey, be silent! Who put this testimony into yours ear?
Who taught you this, O little child, so that your tongue became fluent in infancy?”

It replied, “God taught, then Gabriel:
I am Gabriel’s accompanist in declaration.”

It replied, “Above your head: do not you see? Turn yours eye aloft.
Gabriel is standing above you:
to me he has become a guide in a hundred diverse ways.”

He is teaching me the qualities of the Prophet
and delivering me by means of that sublimity from this degradation.”

Then said the Prophet to it, “O sucking child, what is your name? Say forth and comply.”

“‘Abdu ’l-'Aziz,” said the child, “is my name with God;
Abd-i Uzza with this handful of reprobates.

I am clear and free and quit of Uzza,
by the truth of Him who gave you this prophethood.”
The two months old child, like the full-moon, pronounced the discourse of an adult, as those who occupy the seat of honour.

Then at that instant arrived balm from Paradise, so that the brain of child and mother drew in the scent.

Both were saying, “For fear of falling it is best to surrender one’s soul to the scent of this balm.”

As for that one whom God endows with knowledge, things inanimate and growing utter a hundred expressions of belief in him.

As for that one whom God protects, birds and fish become his guardians.

How an eagle seized the boot of the Prophet, on whom be peace, and carried it into the air and turned it upside down, and how a black serpent dropped down from the boot.

They were thus engaged, when Mustafa heard from aloft the call to the ritual prayer.

He asked for water and renewed the ablution: he washed his hands and face with that cold water.

That man of sweet address moved his hand towards the boot: a boot-snatcher carried off the boot.

And bore it away into the air, as the wind; then she turned it upside down, and a serpent dropped from it.

From the boot dropped a black serpent: on account of that care the eagle became his benevolent friend.

Then the eagle brought back the boot and said, “Come, take it and go to prayers.

I did this presumptuous act from necessity: I am abashed by reverence.

Woe to him that steps presumptuously without necessity because vain desire authorizes him!”

Then the Prophet thanked her and said, “I deemed this rudeness, but it really was kindness.
You carried off the boot, and I was perturbed: you took away my grief, and I was aggrieved.

Although God has shown to me every unseen thing, at that moment my heart was occupied with myself.”

She (the eagle) said, “Far be it from you that forgetfulness grew up in you: my seeing that invisible thing is your reflection.

I, in the air, see the serpent in the boot, it is not of me, and it is your reflection, O Mustafa.”

The reflection of the man of light is wholly resplendent; the reflection of the man of darkness is wholly a bath-stove ash-heap.

The reflection of the servant of God is wholly luminous; the reflection of the stranger is wholly blindness.

Know every one’s reflection: see, O my soul; ever sit beside the similar one whom you desire.

The right way of taking a lesson from this story and knowing with certainty that “verily, together with hardship there is ease”

That tale is a lesson to you, O my soul, to the end that you may acquiesce in the decree of God;

So that you will be quick to understand and will have good thoughts when you see a calamity of a sudden.

Others turn pale from dread of it, you laughing in the hour of gain or loss, like the rose.

Because the rose, though you tear it petal by petal, does not leave off laughing and does not become bent

“Why,” it says, “should I fall into grief on account of a thorn? Indeed I have brought laughter by means of the thorn.”

Whatever by destiny becomes lost to you, know for sure that it has redeemed you from affliction.

“What is Sufism?” He said, “To feel joy in the heart at the coming of sorrow.”

Regard His chastisement as the eagle which carried off the boot from that man of excellent disposition,

That she might save his foot from the serpent’s bite.

Oh, happy is the understanding that is undimmed.
He has said, “Grieve not for that which escapes you,” if the wolf come and destroy your sheep, For that affliction keeps off great afflictions, and that loss prevents huge losses.

How a certain man demanded of Moses the language of the beasts and birds.

A young man said to Moses, “Teach me the language of the animals, That perchance from the voice of animals and wild beasts I may get a lesson concerning my religion. Since the languages of the sons of Adam are entirely for the sake of water and bread and renown, It may be that the animals have a different care, that of taking thought for the hour of passing away.”

“Depart,” said Moses; “abandon this vain desire, for this holds much danger before and behind. Seek the lesson and the wakefulness from God, not from books and speech and words and lips.”

The man became more eager in consequence of the refusal which he made to him: a man always becomes more eager from being refused.

He said, “O Moses, since your light has shone forth, whatever was a thing has gained being from you. It is not worthy of your bounty, O generous one, to disappoint me of this object of desire. At this time you are the vicegerent of God: it will be despair if you prevent me.”

Moses said, “O Lord, surely the stoned Devil has subdued this simple man. If I teach him, it will be harmful to him; and if I do not teach him, he will become faint-hearted.” He said, “Teach him, O Moses, for We in our loving-kindness never have rejected prayer.” He said, “O Lord, he will feel repentance and gnaw his hands and rend his garments.
Power is not suitable to every one; weakness is the best stock-in-trade for the devout.

For this reason poverty is everlasting glory, since the hand that cannot reach is left with fear of God.

Riches and the rich are spurned because acts of self-denial are relinquished by power.

Weakness and poverty are security for a man against the tribulation of the covetous and anxious soul.

That anxiety arises from the wanton desires to which that prey to the ghoul has become habituated.

The eater of clay has a desire for clay: rose-flavoured sugar is indigestible for that wretched man.

**How Revelation came from God most High to Moses**

*that he should teach him the thing demanded by him, or part of it.*

God said, “Do you grant his need: let him have a free hand to choose.”

Choice is the salt of devotion; otherwise: this celestial sphere revolves involuntarily;

Its revolution has neither reward nor punishment, for free-will is a merit at the time of the Reckoning.

All created beings indeed are glorifiers, that compulsory glorification is not wage-earning.

“Put a sword in his hand; pull him away from weakness, so that he may become a holy warrior or a brigand,

Because *We have honoured* Man by free-will: half is honeybee, half is snake.”

The true believers are a store of honey, like the bee; the infidels, in truth, are a store of poison, like the snake,

Because the true believer ate choice herbs, so that, like a bee, his spittle became life;

Again, the infidel drank sherbet of filthy water: accordingly from his nourishment poison appeared in him.

Those inspired by God are the fountain of life; those allured by the enticements of sensuality are the poison of death.
In the world this praise and “well done!” and “bravo!” are in virtue of free-will and watchful attention.

All profligates, when they are in prison, become devout and ascetic and invokers of God.

When the power is gone, the work becomes unsalable. Take heed lest Doom seize the capital.

The power is your profit-earning capital. Listen, watch over the moment of power and observe!

Man rides on the steed of “We have honoured”: the reins of free-will are in the hand of his intelligence.

Once more did Moses admonish him kindly, saying, “The thing you desire will make your face pale. Abandon this vain passion and be afraid of God: the Devil has schooled you for the purpose of deception.”

How that seeker was content to be taught the language of domestic fowls and dogs, and how Moses, on whom be peace; complied with his request.

He said, “At any rate the language of the dog which is at the door and the language of the domestic fowl which has wings.”

“Listen,” said Moses, “you know! Go, it has arrived: the language of both of these will be revealed to you.”

At daybreak, in order to make trial, he stood waiting on the threshold.

The maid-servant shook the table-cloth, and a piece of bread, the remnants of last night’s meal, fell out.

A cock snatched it up as the stake.

The dog said, “You have done injustice-to me. Leave! You can eat a grain of corn, while I am unable to eat grains in my abode.

You can eat corn and barley and the rest of the grains, while I cannot, O jubilant one.

This crust of bread, the bread which is our portion—you are taking away from the dogs such a quantity as this!”
The cock's answer to the dog

Then the cock said to him, “Be silent, do not grieve, for God will give you something else instead of this.

The horse of this Khwaja is about to die:
to-morrow eat your fill and be not sorrowful.

The horse's death will be a feast-day for the dogs:
there will be abundant provender without toil or earning.”

When the man heard, he sold the horse.
That cock of his was disgraced in the eyes of the dog.

Next day the cock carried off the bread in the same fashion, and the dog opened his lips at him,

Hearing this, the man sold the horse at once and obtained deliverance from grief and loss.

On the third day the dog said to the cock,
“O prince of liars with your drums and kettledrums!”

He said, “He sold the mule in haste,” said he, “to-morrow his slave will be stricken down,
And when his slave dies,
the next of kin will scatter pieces of bread upon the dogs and beggars.”

He heard this and sold his slave:
he was saved from loss and his face was lit up.

He was giving thanks and making merry, saying,
“I have been saved from three calamities in the world.
Since I learned the language of the fowl and the dog I have pierced the eye of evil destiny."

Next day the disappointed dog said, "O stupid cock, where are the sundries?

How the cock became abashed before the dog on account of being false in those three promises.

How long, pray, how long your falsehood and deceit? Truly, nothing but falsehood flies out of your nest.”

He said, “Far be it from me and from my kind that we should become afflicted with falsehood.

We cocks are veracious like the muezzin: we are observers of the sun as well as seekers of the time.

We are watchers of the sun inwardly, though you may turn a basin upside down over us.”

The watchers of the Sun are the saints: in the flesh acquainted with the Divine mysteries.

“God gave our family as a gift to Man to call to the ritual prayer in preparation.

If a mistake be committed by us in the call to prayer at the wrong time, it will become the cause of our being killed.

To say at the wrong time ‘Come to welfare’ will make our blood of no account and licit.”

It is only the cock, the Soul of inspiration that is protected and purged of error.

His slave died in the house of the purchaser: that was the purchaser’s loss entirely.

He saved his money, but he shed his own blood. Understand well!

One loss would have prevented losses: our bodies and money are the ransom for our souls.

In the presence of kings, in dispensing punishment, you offer money and purchase your head:

How have you become, in destiny, a miser— withholding your money from the Judge?
“But to-morrow he will certainly die:
his heir, in mourning, will slaughter a cow.

The owner of the house will die depart:
lo, to-morrow a great deal of food will reach you.

High and low will get pieces of bread
and dainty morsels and viands in the midst of the street.

The sacrificed cow and thin loaves of bread
will be scattered quickly over the dogs and the beggars.”

The death of the horse and mule and the death of the slave
were bringing round the doom of this foolish deluded man.

He fled from the loss of wealth and from grief thereat:
he increased his wealth and shed his own blood.

These austerities of dervishes—what are they for?
That that tribulation on the body is the everlasting life of spirits

Unless a traveller gains the everlasting life of his self,
how should he make his body a sick and perishing?

How should he move his hand to altruism and work
unless he sees his soul in exchange for what is given (by him)?

That one who gives without expectation of gains—
that one is God, is God, is God,

Or the friend of God, who has assumed the nature of God
and has become luminous and has received the Absolute Radiance;

For He is rich, while all except Him are poor:
how should a poor man say “Take” without compensation?

Till a child sees that the apple is there,
it will not give up from its hand the stinking onion.

All these market-folk, for the sake of this object,
are seated on the benches in the hope of compensation:

They offer a hundred fine articles of merchandise,
and within their hearts they are intent on compensations.

O man of the Religion, you will not hear a single salaam
whereof the end will not pluck your sleeve.
I have never heard a disinterested salaam from high or low, O brother—and the salaam—

Except the salaam of God. Come; seek that from house to house, from place to place, and from street to street!

From the mouth of the man who has a good scent
I heard both the message and the salaam of God;

And in the hope of that I am listening with my heart
to the salams of the rest sweeter than life.

His salaam has become the salaam of God
because he has set fire to the household of self.

He has died to self and become living through the Lord:
hence the mysteries of God are on his lips.

The death of the body in self-discipline is life:
the sufferings of this body are everlastingness to the spirit.

That wicked man had lent ear:
he was hearing from his cock the news.

When he heard these things, he started running in hot haste:
he went to the door of Moses, with whom God conversed.

He was rubbing his face in the dust from fear, saying,
“Save me from this, O Kalím!”

He said, “Go, sell yourself and escape!
Since you have become expert, jump out of the pit!

Throw the loss upon true believers!
Make your purses and wallets double!

I beheld in the brick this destiny
which you became visible in the mirror.

The intelligent man sees with his heart the end at the first;
he that is lacking in knowledge sees it at the end.”

Once more he made lamentation, saying, “O you who have goodly qualities,
do not beat me on the head, do not rub into my face.

That issued from me because I was unworthy:
do you give good recompense to my unworthy.”
He said, “An arrow sped from the thumb-stall, my lad: it is not the rule that it should come back to the source;

But I will crave of good dispensation that you may take the Faith away with you at that time.

When you have taken the Faith away, you are living: when you go with the Faith, you are enduring.”

At the same instant the Khwaja became indisposed, so that he felt qualms, and they brought the basin.

It is the qualms of death, not indigestion:

how should vomiting avail you, O foolish ill-fortuned man?

Four persons carried him to his house:

he was rubbing leg on the back of leg.

If you do not listen to Moses's counsel and are disrespectful, you dash yourself against a sword of steel.

The sword feels no shame from your life:

this is your own, O brother, your own.

How Moses prayed for that person, that he might depart from the world in the Faith.

At dawn Moses began praying, saying,

“O God, do not take the Faith from him, do not carry it away!

Act in royal fashion, forgive him, for he has erred and behaved with impudence and transgressed exceedingly.

I said to him, ‘This knowledge is not meet for you, he deemed my words a thwarting and vain.’

That one lays hands on the dragon whose hand makes the rod a dragon.

To learn the secret of the Unseen is fitting for him who can seal his lips from speech.

None but the water-fowl is proper for the sea. Understand—and God best knows the right course.

“He went into the sea, and he was not a water-fowl: he sank. Take his hand, O Loving One!”
اجابت كردن حق تعالى دعاء موسى را عليه السلام

How God most High answered favourably the prayer of Moses, on whom be peace.

3390 He said, “Yes, I bestow the Faith upon him, and if you wish I will bring him to life at this moment;

No, I will at this moment bring to life all the dead in the earth for your sake.”

Moses said, “This is the world of dying: raise that world, for that place is resplendent.

Inasmuch as this abode of mortality is not the world of Being, the return to a borrowed thing is not much gain.

Strew a gift of mercy upon them even now in the secret chamber of assembled in Our presence.”

That you may know that loss of the body and of wealth is gain to the spirit and delivers it from bane.

Therefore be a purchaser of discipline with your soul: you will save your soul when you have given up your body to service.

And if the discipline comes to you without free choice, bow your head and give thanks, O successful one.

Since God has given you that discipline, render thanks: you have not done; He has drawn you by the command, “Be!”

Story of the woman whose children never lived, and how, when she made lamentation, the answer came—“That is instead of your ascetic discipline and is for you in lieu of the self-mortification of those who mortify themselves.”

That woman used to bear a son every year; he never lived more than six months;

Either three months or four months he would perish.

The woman made lamentation, crying, “Alas, O God, For nine months I have the burden, and for three months I have joy: my happiness is fleeter than the rainbow.”

That woman, because of the terrifying anguish, used to make this plaintive outcry before the men of God.
In this way twenty children went into the grave:
a fire fell swiftly upon their lives,

One night, there was shown to her
a garden everlasting, verdant, delectable, and ungrudged.

I have called the Unconditioned Bounty a garden,
since it is the source of bounties and the assembly of gardens;

Otherwise, no eye has beheld: what place is there for a garden?
God has called the Light of the Unseen “a lamp.”

It’s not a comparison; it is a parable thereof,
in order that he who is bewildered may get a scent.

In short, the woman saw that and became intoxicated:
at that revelation the weak fell into an ecstasy.

She saw her name written on a palace:
she who was of goodly belief knew that it belonged to her.

After that, they said, “This Bounty is for him who has risen up
with constant sincerity in self-devotion.

You must have done much service,
in order that you might partake of this repast;

As you were remiss in taking refuge,
God gave you those afflictions instead.”

“O Lord,” cried she, “give me such-like for a hundred years and more!
Shed my blood!”

When she advanced into that garden,
she saw there all her children.

She said, “They were lost to me, they were not lost to You.”
Without the two eyes of the Unseen, no one becomes the Man.

You did not let blood, and the superfluous blood ran from your nose,
to the end that your life might be saved from fever.

The core of every fruit is better than its rind:
deeam the body to be the rind, and its friend to be the core.

After all, Man has a goodly core:
seek it for one moment, if you are of that breath.
How Hamza, May God be well-pleased with him, came to battle without a coat of mail.

Whenever at the end Hamza went into the ranks, he would enter the fray intoxicated, without a coat of mail. Advancing with open breast and naked body, he would throw himself into the sword-bearing ranks.

The people asked him, saying, “O uncle of the Prophet, O Lion that breaks the ranks, O prince of the champions, Have not you read in the Message of God ‘Do not cast yourselves with your own hands into destruction’? Then why are you casting yourself thus into destruction on the field of battle? When you were young and robust and strongly-knit, you did not go into the battle-line without a coat of mail. Now that you have become old and infirm and bent, you are knocking at the curtains of recklessness, And with sword and spear, like one who heeds nothing, you are grappling and struggling and making trial. The sword has no respect for the old: how should sword and arrow possess discernment?”

In this manner were the ignorant sympathisers giving him counsel zealously.

The reply of Hamza to the people

Hamza said, “When I was young, I used to regard farewell to this world as death. How should any one go to death eagerly? How should he come naked to meet the dragon? But now, through the Light of Mohammed, I am not subject to this city that is passing away. Beyond the senses, I behold the camp of the King thronged with the army of the Light of God.
Tent on tent and tent-rope on tent-rope. Thanks be to Him who awakened me from slumber!”

That one in whose eyes death is destruction—he takes hold of the command, “Do not cast”;

And that one to whom death is the opening of the gate—for him in the Allocution there is, “Vie ye with each other in hastening.”

Beware, O you who regard death! Surpass one another! Quick, O you who regard the Resurrection! *Vie with each other in hastening!*

Welcome, O you who regard the grace! Rejoice! Woe, O you who regard the wrath! Be sorrowful!

Whosoever deems death to be Joseph gives up his soul in ransom for it; whosoever deems it to be the wolf turns back from right guidance.

Every one’s death is of the same quality as himself, my lad: to the enemy an enemy, and to the friend a friend.

In the eyes of the Turcoman the mirror has a fair colour; similarly in the eyes of the Ethiopian the mirror is an Ethiopian.

Your fear of death in fleeing is your fear of yourself. Take heed, O soul!

It’s your ugly face, not the visage of Death: your spirit is like the tree and death the leaf.

It has grown from you, whether it is good or evil: every hidden thought of yours, foul or fair, is from yourself.

If you are wounded by a thorn, you yourself have sown; and if you are in satin and silk, you yourself have spun.

Know that the act is not of the same complexion as the requital: the service is nowise of the same complexion as the payment given.

The labourers’ wage does not resemble the work, inasmuch as the latter is the accident, while the former is the substance and permanent.

The former is wholly hardship and effort and sweat, while the latter is wholly silver and gold and trays.

If suspicion fall upon you from some quarter, the person whom you wronged has invoked God against you in an affliction.

You say, “I am free: I have not laid suspicion on any one.”

You have committed another form of sin; you sowed the seed: how should the seed resemble the fruit?
The celibate committed adultery, and the penalty was a hundred blows with the stick. “When,” says he, “did I strike any one with wood?”

Was not this infliction the penalty for that adultery? How should the stick resemble adultery in secret?

How should the serpent resemble the rod, O Moses? How should the pain resemble the remedy, O doctor?

When you, instead of the rod, ejected semen into the uterus that semen became a fine figure

That semen of yours became a friend or a serpent: why is this astonishment at the rod on your part?

Does the semen at all resemble that child? Does the sugar-cane at all resemble the candy?

When a man has sown a prostration or a genuflexion, in yonder world his prostration becomes Paradise.

When praise of God has flown from his mouth, the Lord of the daybreak fashions it into a bird of Paradise.

Your praise and glorification does not resemble the bird, though the bird's semen is wind and air.

When altruism and almsgiving have grown up from your hand, this hand becomes on yonder side date-palms and herbage.

The water, your renunciation, became a river of water in Paradise; your love and affection is a river of milk in Paradise.

Delight in devotion became a river of honey; behold your intoxication and longing as a river of wine.

These causes did not resemble those effects: none knows how He installed it in the place of that.

Since these causes obeyed your command, the four rivers likewise showed obedience to you.

You make them flow in whatever direction you wish: as that quality was, such do you make it to be.

As your semen, which is at your command—the progeny thereof are ready to your command.

Your young son runs at your command, saying, “I am the part of you which you did deposit in my mother’s womb.”

That quality obeyed your command in this world: likewise those rivers flow at your command.
Those trees are obedient to you, because those trees are fruitful by your qualities.

Since these qualities are to your command here, so your recompense is at your command there.

When blows proceeded from your hand against the victim of injustice, they became a tree: the Zaqqum grew from them.

When in anger you threw fire into hearts, you became the source of Hell-fire.

Since here your fire was burning mankind, that which was born of it was kindling men.

Your fire makes an attack on the people: the fire that sprang from it rushes against the people.

Your words resembling snakes and scorpions have become snakes and scorpions and are seizing your tail.

You kept the friends waiting: you will be kept waiting at the Resurrection.

Your promise, “To-morrow” and “the day after to-morrow,” has become your waiting on the Day of Congregation: alas for you!

You will remain waiting on that long Day, in rendering an account and in the soul-consuming sun,

Because you were wont to keep Heaven waiting and sow the seed of “I will go on the Way to-morrow.”

Your anger is the seed of Hell-fire: take heed, extinguish this Hell of yours, for this is a trap.

The extinction of this fire is not save by the Light: “your light has put out our fire, we are the grateful.”

If you are devoid of the Light and do an act of clemency, it is evil: your fire is alive and is in the embers.

Beware! That is ostentation and masking: nothing will extinguish the fire except the Light of Religion.

Do not be secure till you behold the Light of Religion, for the hidden fire will one day become manifest.

Deem the Light to be water, and cleave to the water withal: when you have the water, be not afraid of the fire.

The water will extinguish the fire, because the fire by its nature burns up its progeny and children.
Go, for a while, to those water-birds, that they may lead you to the Water of Life.

The land-bird and the water-bird have the same body, but they are opposites: they are water and oil.

Each is devoted to its own origin; have a care: they resemble each other, just as both suggestion and Divine inspiration are intelligible, and yet there is a difference.

Both brokers in the market of Conscience extol their wares, O prince.

If you are a spiritual money-changer, one who recognises thought, distinguish the real nature of the two thoughts which resemble slave-dealers;

And if from opinion you do not know these two thoughts, say, “No deception!” and be not in a hurry and do not push forward.

The means of preventing one’s self from being swindled in sale and purchase.

A certain friend said to the Prophet, “I am always being swindled in commerce.

The deceit of everyone who sells or buys is like magic and leads me off the track.”

He said, “When you are afraid of being duped in a commercial transaction, stipulate for yourself three days to choose,

For deliberation is assuredly from the Merciful; your haste is from the accursed Devil.”

When you throw a morsel of bread to a dog, he smells, then he eats, O careful one.

He smells with the nose, we too with wisdom smell it with the purified intelligence.

This earth and the spheres were brought into existence by God with deliberation to six days;

Otherwise, He was able—“Be, and it is”—to bring forth a hundred earths and heavens.

Little by little till forty years that Potentate makes the human being a complete man,
Although He was able in a single moment to set flying fifty persons from non-existence

Jesus by means of one prayer was able to make the dead spring up without delay:

Is the Creator of Jesus unable, without delay, to bring men in manifold succession?

This deliberation is for the purpose of teaching you that you must seek slowly without break.

A little rivulet which is moving continually does not become defiled or grow fetid.

From this deliberation are born felicity and joy: this deliberation is the egg, fortune is like the birds.

How should the bird resemble the egg, O obstinate one, though it is produced from the egg?

Wait till your limbs, like eggs, hatch birds ultimately!

Though the serpent’s egg resembles the sparrow’s egg in likeness, the distance is far.

Again, though the seed of the quince resembles the seed of the apple, recognise the differences, O honoured.

Leaves are of the same colour to look at, fruits, every one, are of a diverse sort.

The leaves, the bodies, are similar, but every soul lives with a produce.

In the bazaar the people go all alike; one is in glee and another sorrowful.

Even so in death: we go all alike, half of us are losers and half are emperors.

How Bilal, May God be well-pleased with him, died rejoicing.

When Bilal from weakness became as the new-moon, the hue of death fell upon Bilal’s face.

His wife saw him and cried, “Oh, sorrow!” Then Bilal said to her, “Nay, nay! ‘Oh, joy!’
Until now I have been in sorrow from living: how should you know how delightful death is, and what it is?”

He was saying this, and at the very moment of saying it his countenance was blooming with narcissi, rose-leaves, and red anemones.

The glow of his face and his eye full of radiance were giving testimony to his words.

Every black-hearted one was regarding him as black; why is the man of the eye black?

The man blind is black-faced; the Man of the eye is the mirror for the Moon.

Who in the world, indeed, sees the man of your eye except the Man of piercing sight?

Since none but the Man of the eye beheld it, who, then, but he attained to its colour?

Therefore all except him are imitators in regard to the attributes of the sublime man of the eye.

His wife said to him, the parting, O man of goodly qualities.”

“Nay, nay,” said he, “it is the union, the union.”

The wife said, “To-night you will go to a strange country, you will become absent from your family and kindred.”

“Nay, nay,” he replied; “contrariwise, to-night in sooth from a strange country my spirit is coming home.”

She said, “Where shall we behold your face?”

He answered, “In God’s chosen circle.”

His chosen circle adjoins you, if you look upward, not downward.

In that circle the Light from the Lord of created beings is gleaming like the bezel in the circle.

“Alas,” she said, “this house has been ruined.”

“Look on the moon,” said he, “do not look on the cloud.

He has ruined it in order that He may make it more flourishing: my kinsfolk were numerous and the house was small.
The wisdom in ruining the body by death

Formerly, like Adam; I was imprisoned in grief;
now East and West are filled with my spirit’s progeny.

I was a beggar in this dungeon-like house;
I have become a king: a palace is needed for a king.”

Truly, palaces are the place for kings to take their pleasure in;
for him that is dead a grave is a sufficient house and dwelling.

To the prophets this world seemed narrow:
like kings, they went into spacelessness.

To the dead this world appears splendid:
its external is large, but in reality it is narrow.

If it were not narrow, for what reason is this lamentation?
Why has every one become doubled the more he lived in it?

When during the time of sleep the spirit is freed,
behold how it rejoices in that place!

The wicked man is delivered from the wickedness of his nature,
the prisoner escapes from thoughts of confinement.

This very wide earth and heaven becomes exceedingly narrow
at the time of lying down.

It is an eye-bandage: wide and mighty narrow:
its laughter is weeping, its glory is entirely shame.

Comparisons of these worlds, which is wide in appearance and narrow in reality, to a bathroom,
and comparison to sleep, which is the release from this narrowness.

Like a bath-room which is very hot,
you are distressed and your soul is melted.

Although the bath-room is broad and long,
your soul is distressed and fatigued by the heat.

Your heart does not expand till you come out:
what advantage, then, is the spaciousness of the room to you?
Or as though you should put on tight shoes, O misguided one, and go into a wide desert.

The spaciousness of the desert becomes narrow; that desert and plain becomes a prison to you.

Whoever sees you from afar says, “He blooms like a fresh anemone in that desert”;

He does not know that you, like the wicked, are outwardly in the rose-garden, your soul is in lamentation.

Your sleep is to put those shoes off, for your soul is free from the body for a while.

To the saints, O reader, sleep is a kingdom, as the Men of the Cave in this world.

They dream, and no sleep is there; they go into nonexistence, and no door.

“A narrow house and the soul within is cramped:
He ruined it in order that He might make a royal palace.

I am cramped like the embryo in the womb:
I have become nine months old: this migration has become urgent.

Unless the throes of childbirth overtake my mother:
in this prison I am amidst the fire.

My mother, namely, my nature, in consequence of its death-throes, is giving birth, to the end that the lamb may be released from the ewe,

So that the lamb may graze in the green fields.
Come, open your womb, for this lamb has grown big.”

If the pain of childbirth is grievous to the pregnant, it is, for the embryo, the breaking of prison.

The pregnant woman weeps at childbirth, saying, “Where is the refuge?”—but the embryo laughs, saying, “Deliverance has appeared.”

Whatever mothers there are under the sky—mineral, animal, or vegetable—

They are heedless, every one, of another’s pain, except those persons that are discerning and perfect.

How should the man with a bushy beard know of his own house that which the man with a few hairs on his chin knows of people’s houses?

What the man of heart knows of your condition you do not know of your own condition, O uncle.
Setting forth that whatever is heedlessness and anxiety and indolence and darkness is all from the body, which belongs to the earth and the lower world.

Heedlessness was from the body: when the body has become spirit, it inevitably beholds the mysteries.

When the earth is removed from the celestial atmosphere, there is neither night nor shade nor sunset.

Wherever shade and night or shadowy place exists, it is by the earth, not by the heavens and the moon.

Likewise, it is from the faggots that the smoke always arises, not from the resplendent fires.

The imagination falls into error and mistake; the intellect is only in acts of true perception.

Every state of heaviness and indolence, indeed, is from the body; the spirit, from its lightness is all on the wing.

The face is red from the predominance of blood; the face is yellow from the movement of the yellow bile.

The face is white from the power of the phlegm; it is from the black bile that the face is swarthy.

In reality He is the creator of effects, but followers of the husk see nothing but the cause.

The kernel that is not separated from the husks has no means from doctor and disease.

When a son of man is born twice, he plants his foot upon the head of causes:

The First Cause is not his religion; the particular cause has no enmity against him.

He flies, like the sun, in the horizon with the bride, sincerity; and form as a veil.

Nay, beyond horizons and skies he is without locality, like spirits and intelligences.

Nay, our intellects are the shadows of him: they fall, like shadows, at his feet.
Whenever the mujtahid (legist) knows a Statute, in that case he will not think of analogy:

In a case where he does not find a Statute, there he will produce an example from analogy.

**Comparison between Statute and analogy**

Know for sure that Statute is the Revelation of the Holy Spirit and that the analogy made by the individual intellect is under this.

The intellect is endowed with apprehension and enlightenment by the Spirit: how should the Spirit become subject to its supervision?

But the Spirit makes an impression on the intellect, and in consequence of that impression the intellect exercises certain governance.

If the Spirit has declared a belief in you, as Noah, where is the Sea and the Ship and the Flood of Noah?

The intellect deems the impression to be the Spirit, but the light of the sun is very far from the orb of the sun.

Hence a pilgrim is content with a loaf of bread (qursí), in order that by its light he may be thrown towards the Orb (Qurs).

Because this light which is below is not lasting: it is sinking day and night,

While he that has his abode and dwelling-place in the Orb is plunged in that Light continually.

Neither does cloud waylay him nor setting: he is delivered from heart-wringing separation.

Such a person's origin was from the heavens, or if he was of the earth, he has been transmuted.

Because a creature of earth cannot endure that its beams should strike upon it everlastingly.

If the radiance of the sun strikes upon the earth continually, it will be burned in such wise that no fruits will come from it.

The business of the fish is always in the water: how has a snake the power of accompanying it on its way?

But in the mountain are artful snakes that perform the actions of fish in this Sea.
Though their cunning makes the people mad,
still their aversion to the Sea exposes them;

And in this Sea are artful fish,
by magic turn snakes into fishes—

The fish of the deepest depth of the Sea of Majesty:
the Sea has taught them lawful magic;

Therefore through their illumination the absurd became a fact:
the ill-starred one went there and became auspicious.

Though I should speak on this topic till the Resurrection,
a hundred Resurrections would pass, and this incomplete.

The rules to be observed by listeners and disciples at
the emanation of wisdom from the tongue of the Shaykh

To the weary this is repetition,
in my eyes it is the bringing of repeated life.

The candle goes upward from repeated flashes;
earth becomes gold in consequence of repeated heat.

If there are thousands of seekers and a single weary one,
the Messenger will refrain from delivering his message.

These mystery-telling Messengers of the hidden Mind
require a hearer who has the nature of Israfil.

They have a haughtiness and pride like kings:
they require service from the people of the world.

Until you perform the observances due to them,
how will you gain profit from their message?

How will they deliver that deposit to you
till you are bowed double before them?

How is every observance acceptable to them?—
for they have come from the Sublime Palace.

They are not beggars, that they should be grateful to you,
O impostor, for every service.

But, O inmost consciousness, notwithstanding lack of desire,
scatter the Sultan’s charity: do not withhold it!

O heavenly Messenger, do not regard the disgusted ones
and let your horse bound onward!
Blest is the Turcoman who lays contention aside and whose horse gallops into the moat of fire—

Makes his horse so hot that it seeks to mount to the zenith of the sky;

Has shut his eyes to other and to jealousy; like fire, has consumed dry and wet.

If repentance find fault with him, he first sets fire to repentance.

Verily, repentance does not spring forth from non-existence, when it sees the ardour of him whose presence brings fortune.

How every animal knows the smell of its enemy and takes precaution.

The folly and perdition of him that is the enemy of that One against whom precaution is impossible, and flight is impossible, and resistance is impossible.

The horse, though it is an animal, knows the roar and smell of the lion except in rare instances;

Nay, every animal indeed knows its own enemy by sign and mark.

The little bat dare not fly in the daytime: it came out at night, like thieves, and pastured.

The bat was more damned than all, because he was the enemy of the manifest Sun.

He cannot be wounded in battle with him, nor can he drive him away by cursing.

The Sun who turns his back on account of the rage and violence of the bat—

It is the extreme of kindness and perfection on his part; otherwise, how should the bat prevent him?

You take an enemy, take within your limit, so that it may be possible for you to make prisoner.

When a drop of water contends with the Ocean, he is a fool: he is tearing out his own beard.

His cunning does not pass beyond his moustache: how should it penetrate the vaulted chamber of the Moon?
This was a rebuke to the enemy of the Sun,
O enemy of the Sun of the Sun.

You are not His enemy, you are the adversary of yourself:
what does the Fire care that you have become firewood?

Oh, marvellous! Shall He suffer defect through your burning,
or shall He become full of sorrow for the pain of your burning?

His mercy is not the mercy of Adam,
for sorrow is mingled with the mercy of Adam.

The mercy of the creature is anxious;
the mercy of God is exempt from sorrow and anxiety.

Know that the mercy of the Unconditioned is like this, O father;
nothing but the effect thereof comes into the imagination.

The difference between knowing a thing by comparison and convention
and knowing the essence of that thing

The effects and fruit of His mercy are manifest,
but how should anyone except Him know its essence?

None knows the essences of the attributes of Perfection
except through effects and by means of comparison.

The child does not know the essence of sexual intercourse,
except that you say, “It is like sweetmeat to you.”

How should the essence of the pleasure of sexual intercourse
be like the essences of sweetmeat, O master?

But, since you are childish,
that intelligent man offered you the analogy respecting the sweetness.

In order that the child might know it by comparison,
though he does not know the essence or essence of the matter.

Therefore, if you say “I know,” it is not far;
and if you say, “I do not know,” it is not a lie and a falsehood.

If someone says, “Do you know Noah,
the Messenger of God and the Light of the spirit?” —
And if you reply, “How should not I know?
For that Moon is more celebrated than the sun and moon:

The little children at school
and all the Imams in the mosques

Recite his name distinctly in the Quran
and tell plainly his story from the past”—

You, veracious man, know him by way of description,
though the essence of Noah has not been revealed.

And if you reply, “How should I know Noah?
One like him can know him, O youth.

I am a lame ant. How should I know the elephant?
How should a gnat know Israfil?”—

This saying is also true in regard to the fact
that you do not know him in his essence, O so-and-so.

To be unable to perceive the essence, uncle,
is the condition of common men: do not say it absolutely,

Inasmuch as essences and their inmost secret
are clearly visible to the eyes of the Perfect.

Where in existence is more remote from understanding and mental perception
than the consciousness and essence of God?

Since that does not remain hidden from familiars,
what is the essence and attribute that should remain concealed?

The intellet of the scholastic theologian says, “This is far and deeply involved:
do not listen to an absurdity without some explanation.”

The Qutb replies, “To you, O infirm one
that which is above your state seems absurd.”

The visions which are now revealed to you,
is it not the case that at first they seemed absurd to you?

Inasmuch as the Bounty has released you from ten prisons,
do not make the desert an oppressive prison to yourself.
How the negation and affirmation of one thing may be combined and reconciled from the standpoint of relativity and difference of aspect.

It is possible to deny and affirm the same thing: when the point of view is different, the relation is twofold.

you didst not throw when you threw is relative:
it is negation and affirmation: both are authorised.

You threw that, since it was on your hand;
you didst not throw, for God manifested power.

The strength of one born of Adam has a limit:
how should a handful of earth become the rout of an army?

“The handful is your handful, and the throwing is from Me”:
on account of these two relations the denial and the affirmation of it are right.

The prophets are known by their enemies, just as their children are not doubtful.

The unbelievers know them as their children by a hundred indications and a hundred signs,

But, from jealousy and envy, they conceal and attach themselves to “I do not know.”

Then, since He has said, “He knows,” how has He said in another place?—
“None knows them except Me, so leave off;
Verily, they are hidden beneath My tents.”
None knows them by experience except God.

Regard also by means of relation this which was opened, that you know and do not know Noah.
The question of the fana and baqa of the dervish.

The speaker said, “There is no dervish in the world; and if there be a dervish, that dervish is non-existent.”

He exists in respect of the survival of his essence; his attributes have become non-existent in the attributes of Him.

Like the flame of a candle in the presence of the sun, he is non-existent, existent in calculation.

It is non-existent: it gives you no light: the sun will have negated it.

When you have thrown an ounce of vinegar into two hundred kilos of sugar, and it has become dissolved therein,

The flavour of the vinegar, when you taste, is non-existent, the ounce exists surplus when you weigh.

In the presence of a lion a deer becomes senseless: her existence becomes a veil for his existence.

These analogies drawn by imperfect men concerning the action of the Lord are the emotion of love, not from irreverence.

The lover’s pulse bounds up without reverence, he lays himself on the scale of the King’s balance.

None is more irreverent than he in the world; none is more reverent than he in secret.

Know, O chosen one, that these two opposites also, “reverent” and “irreverent,” are reconciled by means of relation.

He is irreverent when you regard the outward aspect, for his claim of love is equality;

None is more reverent than he in the world; none is more irreverent than he in secret.

When you regard the inward aspect, where is the claim? He and claim are dissolved in the presence of that Sultan.

Mata Zaydun: if Zayd is the agent, he is not the agent, for he is defunct.

He is the agent in respect of the grammatical expression; otherwise, he is the one acted upon, and Death is his slayer.

What agent, since he has been so overpowered and all the qualities of an agent have been removed from him?
Story of the Sadr-i Jahan's Wakil, who fell under suspicion and fled from Bukhara in fear of his life; then love drew him back irresistibly, for the matter of life is of small account to lovers.

In Bukhara the servant of the Sadr-i Jahan incurred suspicion and hid from his Sadr.

During ten years he roamed distractedly, now in Khurasan, now in the mountain-land, now in the desert.

After ten years, through longing he became unable to endure the days of separation.

He said, "Henceforth I cannot bear to be parted any more: how can patience allay state of abandonment?"

From separation these soils are nitrous, and water becomes yellow and stinking and dark;

The life-increasing wind becomes unhealthy and pestilential; a fire turns to ashes and dust.

The orchard which resembled Paradise becomes the abode of disease, its leaves yellow and dropping in decay.

The penetrating intellect, through separation from its friends, like an archer whose bow is broken

From separation Hell has become so burning; from separation the old man has become so trembling.

If I should speak of separation, like sparks of fire, till the Resurrection, it would be one out of a hundred thousand.

Therefore do not breathe in description of its burning; say only "Lord, save! Lord, save!"

Everything by which you are rejoiced in the world—think at that time of the parting from it

Many a one has been gladdened by what made you glad: at last it escaped from him and became even as wind.

It will escape from you also: set not your heart upon it. Do you yourself escape from it before it escapes.
The appearance of the Holy Spirit in the shape of a man to Mary when she was undressed and washing herself, and how she took refuge with God.

Before the slipping away of your possessions, say to the form, like Mary, refuge from you with the Merciful.”

Mary in her chamber saw a form that gave increase of life—a life-increasing, heart-ravishing one.

That trusted Spirit rose up before her from the face of the earth, like the moon and the sun.

Beauty unveiled rose up from the earth such as the sun rises from the East.

A trembling came over Mary’s limbs, for she was undressed and was afraid of evil.

Such a form that if Joseph had beheld it plainly, he would have cut his hand in amazement, like the women.

It blossomed from the earth like a rose before her—like a phantasy which lifts its head from the heart.

Mary became selfless, and in her selflessness she said, “I will leap into the Divine protection,”

Because that pure-bosomed one had made a habit of betaking herself in flight to the Unseen.

Since she deemed the world a kingdom without permanence, she prudently made a fortress of that Presence,

In order that in the hour of death she should have a stronghold which the Enemy would find no way to attack.

She saw no better fortress than the protection of God: she chose her abiding place near to that castle.

When she beheld those amorous reason-destroying glances whereby hearts were ever being pierced by arrows—

King and army are enthralled by Him, the sovereigns of wit are made witless by Him;

Hundreds of thousands of kings are held in servitude by Him; hundreds of thousands of full-moons He has given over to wasting fever;
Zuhra has not the courage to breathe; Universal Reason, when it sees Him, humbles itself.

What shall I say? For He has sealed my lips: His furnace has consumed the place of my breath.

“I am the smoke of that fire, I am the evidence for it”—far from that King be their false interpretation!

Truly, there is no evidence for a sun except the light of the lofty sun.

Who is the shadow that it should be an evidence for Him? It is enough for it that it should be abased before Him.

This majesty in evidence declares the truth: all perceptions are behind, He is outstripping.

All perceptions are on lame asses; He is mounted on the wind that flies like an arrow.

If He flees, none finds the dust of the King; and if they flee, He bars the way in front.

All the perceptions are unquiet: it is the time for battle, not the time for the cup.

One perceptive faculty is flying like a falcon, while another, as an arrow, is tearing its place of passage;

And another is like a ship with sails, and another is turning back every moment.

When an object of chase appears to them from afar, all those birds increase their onset.

When it vanishes from sight, they become lost: like owls, they go to every wilderness,

Waiting, with one eye closed and one eye open, that the delectable prey may appear

When it tarries long, they say, “We wonder whether it was a prey or a phantom.”

The right course is that, for a short while, they should gather come strength and vigour by a rest.

If there were no night, on account of cupidity all people would consume themselves by the agitation.

From desire and greed of amassing gain, everyone would give his body to be consumed.
Night appears, like a treasure of mercy,
that they may be delivered from their greed for a short while.

When a feeling of (spiritual) contraction comes over you, O traveller,
it is your good: do not become afire in your heart,

For in that expansion and delight you are spending:
the expenditure requires an income of preparation.

If it were always the season of summer,
the blazing heat of the sun would penetrate the garden

And burn up from root and bottom the soil whence its plants grow,
so that the old ones would never again become fresh.

If December is sour-faced, it is kind;
summer is laughing, but it is burning.

When contraction comes, behold expansion therein:
be fresh and do not let wrinkles fall on your brow.

Children are laughing, and sages are sour:
sorrow appertains to the liver, and joy arises from the lungs.

The eye of the child, like the ass, is on the stall;
the eye of the wise man is in reckoning the end.

He sees the rich fodder in the stall,
while this sees his ultimate end to be death by the Butcher.

That fodder is bitter, for this Butcher gave it:
He set up a pair of scales for our flesh.

Go, eat the fodder of wisdom
which God has given disinterestedly from pure bounty.

God's provision in the stage
is wisdom that will not choke you at the last.

You have closed this mouth, another mouth is opened,
which becomes an eater of the morsels of mysteries.

If you cut off your body from the Devil's milk,
by weaning it you will enjoy much felicity.

I have given a half-raw explanation of it like the Turcomans' poorly boiled meat: hear in full from the Sage of Ghazna.

In the Ilahi-nama that Sage
of the Unseen and Glory of them that know explains this.
“Eat sorrow, and do not eat the bread of those who increase sorrow, for the wise man eats sorrow, the child sugar.”

The sugar of joy is the fruit of the garden of sorrow, this joy is the wound and that sorrow is the plaster.

When you see sorrow, embrace it with passionate love: look on Damascus from the top of Rubwa.

The wise man is seeing the wine in the grape, the lover is seeing the thing in the non-existent.

The day before yesterday the porters were quarrelling, “Don’t you lift, let me lift his load like a lion!”

Since they were seeing profit in that toil, each one was snatching the load from the other.

What comparison is there between God’s reward and the reward given by that worthless creature? The former gives you a treasure as your reward, and the latter a dime.

A golden treasure that remains with you when you lie under the sand and is not left as a heritage.

It runs before your hearse and becomes your companion in the tomb and in the state where all is strange.

For the sake of your death-day be dead, now, so that you may be with everlasting Love, O fellow-servant.

Through the curtain of the struggle renunciation sees the face like a pomegranate-flower and the two tresses of the Desired One.

Sorrow is as a mirror before the struggler, for in this contrary there appears the face of the contrary.

After the contrary, pain, the other contrary, that is, gladness and triumph, shows its face.

Observe these two qualities in the fingers of your hand: assuredly after the closing of the fist comes the opening.

If the fingers be always closed or entirely open, he is like an afflicted person.

His work and action is regulated by these two qualities: these two conditions are important for him as the bird’s wings.

When Mary was all at once dismayed, like those fishes on land,
How the Holy Spirit said to Mary, “I am sent to you by God: be not agitated and do not hide from me, for this is the command.”

The Exemplar of Bounty cried out to her, “I am the trusted of the Lord: be not afraid of me.

Do not turn your head away from the exalted of Majesty, do not withdraw yourself from such goodly confidants.”

He was saying this, and from his lips a wick of pure light was going up to Arcturus step by step.

“You are fleeing from my existence into non-existence: in non-existence I am a King and standard-bearer.

Truly, my home and dwelling-place is in non-existence: solely my form is before the Lady.

O Mary, look, for I am a difficult form: I am both a new moon and a phantasy in the heart.

When a phantasy comes into your heart and settles, it is with you wherever you flee—

Except an unsubstantial and vain phantasy which is one that sinks like the false dawn.

I am of the light of the Lord, like the true dawn, for no night prowls around my day.

Listen, do not cry La hawl against me, O daughter of Imran, for I have descended hither from La hawl.

La hawl was my origin and sustenance—the light of that La hawl which was prior to the spoken word.

You are taking refuge from me with God: I am in eternity the image of the refuge.

I am the refuge that was often your deliverance. You take refuge, and I myself am that refuge.

There is no bane worse than ignorance: you are with your Friend and do not know how to make love.

You are deeming your Friend a stranger: upon a joy you have bestowed the name of a grief.”

Such a date-palm, which is our Friend’s favour—since we are robbers, His date-palm is our gallows.
Such a musky object, which is the tress of our Prince—
since we are demented, this is our chain.

Such a grace is flowing like a Nile—
since we are Pharaohs, it is becoming like blood.

The blood is saying, “I am water. Beware; do not spill! I am Joseph;
you make me the wolf, O contentious man.”

Don’t you see that a long-suffering friend
becomes like a snake when you have grown hostile to him?

His flesh and fat is unchanged:
only in appearance he has become so evil.

How that Wakil, by love, made up his mind to return to Bukhara recklessly.

Leave the candle of Mary lighted,
for that ardent lover is going to Bukhara,

Mightily impatient and in the blazing furnace.
Go; make a transition to the Sadr-i Jahan.

This “Bukhara” is the source of knowledge;
therefore everyone who has that is a native of “Bukhara.”

In the presence of a Shaykh you are in “Bukhara”:
see that you do not look on “Bukhara” as lowly.

Save with lowliness, its difficult ebb and flow
will not give entrance into the “Bukhara” of his heart.

Oh, happy he whose carnal soul is abased!
Alas for that one whose recalcitrance destroys!

Separation from the Sadr-i Jahan
had shattered foundations to pieces in his soul.

He said, “I will rise up and go back there:
if I have become an infidel, I will believe once more.

I will go back there and fall before him—
before its kindly-thinking Sadr

I will say, ‘I throw myself before you:
revive or cut off my head, like a sheep!’

It is better to be slain and dead before you, O Moon,
than to be the king of the living in another place.
آزمودم من هزاران بار بیش
بی‌نتیجه به خویش عیش
غن لی یا منتی لحن النشور
ابرهیم‌یا ناقاتی تمسرور
ابلیعی یا ارذ دمی یک کفی
اشروبی یا نفس ورداً قد صفا
عدت یا عیدی الینا مرحبا
نعم ما روحت یا ریح الصبا
گفت ای پاران روان گشتم وداع
سوی آن صدری که میر است و مطاع
دیهدم در سور بریان می‌شوم
هر چه یا بادان یا میروم
گر چه دل چون سنگ خارا می‌کند
جان مان عزیم بخارا می‌کند
مسکن پار است و شهر شاه من
پیش عاشق این بود حب الوطن

How a loved one asked her lover who had travelled in foreign countries,
"Which city did you find the fairest, busiest, most magnificent, richest and most charming?"

گفت معشوقی به عاشق، کی فتی
تو به غربت دیده‌ای بس شهرها
پس کدام شهر از آنها خوشتر است
گفت آن شهری که در وی دل بر است
هر کجا پاشد شه مرا با بساط
هست صحرای گر بود سم الخیاط
هر کجا یک پوشی باشد چو ماه
جنت است‌ار چه که باشد قعر چاه

A loved one said to her lover,
"O youth, you have seen many cities abroad.
Which of them, then, is the fairest?"
He replied, "The city where my sweetheart is."

Wherever the carpet is for our King, is the plain,
though it is the eye of a needle.
Wherever a Joseph as the moon may be, it is Paradise,
even though it be the bottom of a well.

How his friends hindered him from returning to Bukhara and threatened him,
and how he said, "I don't care."

گفت او را ناصحی ای به‌خبر
عاقبت آدم‌یا اگر داری هنر
در نگر پس را به عقل و پیش را
همچون پرآوه مسوزان خویش را

A candid adviser said to him,
"O imprudent man, think of the end, if you have skill.
Consider reasonably the future and the past:
do not let yourself be burnt like a moth."
How are you going to Bukhara?
You are mad; you are fit for chains and the prison-house.

He is champing iron in his wrath against you;
he is seeking you with twenty eyes.

He is sharpening the knife for you:
he is the starving dog, and you the bag of flour.

After you have escaped and God has given you the road,
you are going to prison: what is the matter with you?

Had there been ten sorts of custodians over you, intelligence would have been needed in order that you might become quit of them.

Since no one is a custodian over you,
why have the future and the past become sealed to you?"

Secret love had made him captive:
the warner was not seeing that custodian.

Every custodian's custodian is hidden;
else, why is he in thrall to dog like nature?

The anger of Love, the King, settled upon his soul
and chained him to the office of a myrmidon and to ignominy.

It is striking him and saying, “Listen, strike him!”
Woe is me on account of those hidden followers.

Whomever you see going in a detriment,
he, though alone, is going along with a myrmidon.

If he were aware of him, he would cry out in distress
and go into the presence of the King of kings,
And scatter earth on his head before the King,
that he might find security from the frightful Devil.

You, O less than an ant, deemed yourself a prince:
hence, blind, you did not see that custodian.

You were deluded by these false wings and plumes—
the wings and plumes that lead to woe.

He keep his wings light, he journeys upward;
when he becomes defiled with earth, he makes heavinesses.
How the lover, impelled by love, said “I don’t care” to the person who counselled and scolded him.

He said, “O counsellor, be silent! How long, how long? Do not give advice, for the bonds are very grievous.

My bonds are more grievous than your advice: your doctor was not acquainted with love.

In that quarter where love was increasing pain, Bu Hanifa and Shafi’i gave no instruction.

Do not you threaten me with being killed, for I thirst lamentably for mine own blood.”

For lovers, there is a dying at every moment: truly, the dying of lovers is not of one sort.

He has two hundred souls from the Soul of Guidance, and those two hundred he is sacrificing at every instant.

For each soul he receives ten as its price: read from the Qur’an “ten like unto them.”

If that One of friendly countenance shed my blood, dancing I will scatter my soul upon Him.

I have tried it: my death is in life: when I escape from this life, it is to endure forever.

“Kill me; kill me, O trusty friends! Lo, in my being killed is life on life.”

O You that makes the cheek radiant, O Spirit of everlastingness, draw my spirit to Yourself and generously bestow on me the meeting.

I have a Beloved whose love roasts the bowels: if He wished to walk upon mine eye, He would walk.

Speak Persian, though Arabic is sweeter:

Love indeed has a hundred other tongues.

When the scent of that Charmer of hearts begins to fly, all those tongues become dumbfounded

I will cease: the Sweetheart has begun to speak, be ear—and God best knows the right course.

Since the lover has repented, now beware, for he will lecture, like the adepts, on the gallows.
Although this lover is going to Bukhara, he is not going to lectures or to a teacher.

For lovers, the lecturer is the beauty of the Beloved, their book and lecture and lesson is His face.

They are silent, but the shrill noise of their repetition is going up to the throne and high-seat of their Friend.

Their lesson is enthusiasm and the whirling dance and quaking agitation; not the Ziyadat and the chapter on “the chain.”

The “chain” of these people is the musk-dropping curls; they have the question of “the circle,” but it is the “circle” of the Friend.

If anyone asks you about the question of “the purse,” tell that God’s treasure is not contained in purses.

If talk of khul and mubara is going on, do not disapprove: mention is being made of “Bukhara.”

The mention of anything produces a particular effect, inasmuch as every quality has an essence.

In Bukhara you attain to the sciences: when you turn to lowliness, you are freed from them.

That man of Bukhara had not the vexation of knowledge: he was fixing his eyes on the sun of vision.

No one who in solitude has found the way to vision will seek power by means of the kinds of knowledge.

When he has become a boon-companion to the beauty of the Soul, he will have a disgust of traditional learning and knowledge.

Vision is superior to knowledge: hence the present world prevails in the view of the vulgar,

Because they regard this world as ready money, while they deem what concerns that world to be a debt.

**How that loving servant turned his face towards Bukhara.**

With throbbing heart the lover, who shed tears mingled with blood, set out for Bukhara in hot haste.

The sands of Amun seemed to him like silk, the river Oxus seemed to him like a pond.
To him that wilderness was like a rose-garden: he was falling on his back from laughter, like the rose.

The candy is in Samarkand; but his lip got it from “Bukhara,” and that became his creed.

“O Bukhara, you have increased understanding but you have robbed me of understanding and religion.

I am seeking the Full Moon: hence I am as the new moon. I am seeking the Sadr in this ‘shoe-row’.”

When he described that “Bukhara” looming black, whiteness appeared in the blackness of his grief.

He fell awhile senseless and outstretched: his reason flew into the garden of the mystery.

They were sprinkling rose-water on his head and face; they were unaware of the rose-water of his love.

He had beheld a hidden rose-garden: the raiding foray of Love had cut him off from himself.

You, frozen, art not worthy of this breath: though you are a reed, you are not associated with sugar.

The baggage of intellect is with you, and you are possessed of your wits, for you are unaware of armies which you did not see.

How the reckless lover entered Bukhara, and how his friends deterred him from showing himself.

Joyously he entered Bukhara near his beloved and the abode of security,

Like the man intoxicated who flies to heaven: the Moon embraces him and says, “Embrace!”

Every one that saw him in Bukhara said, “Arise before showing yourself! Do not sit! Flee!

For that Prince is seeking you in anger, that he may wreak a ten years’ vengeance on your life.

By God, by God, do not plunge in your own blood; do not rely on your artful words and wiles.

You were the Sadr-i Jahan’s constable and a noble; you were the trusted and master-engineer.
You did act treacherously and flee from punishment: you had escaped: how have you let yourself be caught again?

With a hundred devices you did flee from tribulation: has folly brought you hither or fate?

O you whose intellect jeers at Mercury, Destiny makes a fool of intellect and the intelligent.

Luckless is the hare that seeks the lion: where are your cleverness, intelligence and quick-wittedness?

The wiles of Destiny are a hundred times as many: he has said, ‘When Destiny comes, the wide field is straitened.’

There are a hundred ways and places of refuge on left and right, they are barred by Destiny, for it is a dragon.”

How the lover answered those who scolded and threatened him.

He said, “I have edema: the water draws me, though I know that the water too will kill me.

None afflicted with edema will flee from the water, even if it checkmate and ruin him two hundred times.

If my hands and belly become swollen, the passionate desire for the water will not abate from me.

At the time when they ask me of my inward state, I say, ‘Would that the Sea was flowing within me!’

Let the water-skin, my belly, be burst by the waves of the water: if I die, my death is acceptable.

Wherever I see the water of a stream, jealousy comes over me that I might be in its place.

Hands like a tambourine and belly like a drum, I am beating the drum of my love for the water, as the rose.

If that Trusty Spirit spills my blood, I will drink draught on draught of blood, like the earth.

I am a blood-drinker, like the earth and like the embryo: since I became a lover I am in this trade.

During the night I boil on the fire, like a kettle; day till nightfall I drink blood, like the sand.
I repent that I set contrivance afoot and fled from that which his anger desired.

Let him drive on his anger against my intoxicated soul: he is the Feast of the Sacrifice, and the lover is the buffalo.

Whether the buffalo sleep or whether it eats something, he nurtures it for the Feast and the slaughter.

Deem me to be the cow of Moses that gave life: each limb of me is the raising from the dead every one that is free.

The cow of Moses was one offered in sacrifice: her smallest limb brought a murdered man to life.

At its touch the murdered man sprang up from his place—at the words spoken, Strike him with part of her.

O my noble friends, slaughter this cow, if you desire to raise to life the spirits of insight.

I died to the inorganic state and became endowed with growth, and I died to growth and attained to the animal.

I died from animality and became Adam: why, then, should I fear? When have I become less by dying?

At the next remove I shall die to man, that I may soar and lift up my head amongst the angels;

And I must escape even from the angel: everything is perishing except His Face.

Once more I shall be sacrificed and die to the angel: I shall become that which enters not into the imagination.

Then I shall become non-existence: non-existence says to me, as an organ, Truly, unto Him shall we return.

Know death to be what the community are agreed upon, namely, that the Water of Life is hidden in the Darkness.

Grow from this river-bank, like the water-lily, greedy and craving for death as the sufferer from dropsy.

The water is death to him, and he is seeking the water and drinking it—and God best knows the right course.

Oh, the cold lover, clad in the felt of shame, who from fear of his life is fleeing from the Beloved!

O you disgrace to women, behold hundreds of thousands of souls clapping their hands towards the sword of His love!
You have seen the river: spill your jug in the river:
how should the water take flight from the river?

When the water in the jug goes into the river-water,
it disappears in it, and it becomes the river.

His attributes have passed away, and his essence remains:
after this, he does not dwindle or become ill-favoured.

I have hanged myself on His palm-tree
in excuse for having fled from Him.”

How that lover reached his Beloved when he washed his hands of his life.

Prostrating himself on face and head, like a ball,
he went with wet eyes towards the Sadr.

All the people were waiting, their heads in the air,
whether he would burn or hang him.

“Now” “he will show to this simpleton
that which Time shows to the unfortunate.

Like the moth, he deemed the sparks to be the light:
foolishly he fell in and was cut off from life.”

But the candle of Love is not like that candle:
it is radiance in radiance in radiance.

It is the reverse of the fiery candles:
it seems to be fire, while it is all sweetness.

Description of the lover-killing mosque and of the death-seeking reckless lover who became a guest there

Lend ear to a story, O well-conducted man!
There was a mosque on the outskirts of the city of Rayy.

No one ever slept the night there
but on the same night from terror his children became orphans.

Many naked strangers that went into it and went at dawn,
like the stars, into the grave

Make yourself very attentive to this!
The dawn is come, cut short your slumber!
Every one used to say that in it there were fierce Jinnis who killed the guests with blunt swords.

Another would say, “It is the magic and talisman, for this enchantment is the foe and enemy of life.”

Another would say, “Put an inscription conspicuously on its door—’O guest, do not stay here.

Do not sleep the night here, if you want to live; otherwise, death will unmask an ambush for you in this place.”

And another would say, “Bolt at night, a heedless person comes, do not admit him.”

**How the guest came into the mosque.**

A guest arrived at nightfall who had heard that marvellous rumour.

He was testing in order to put to the proof, for he was very valiant and surfeited with life.

He said, “I take little account of a head and belly: suppose that one grain is gone from the spirit’s treasure,

Let the bodily form go: who am I?

Is not the figure of small account when I am enduring forever?

Since by the grace of God the spirit was breathed into me,

I am the breath of God kept apart from the windpipe of the body,

To the end that the sound of His breathing should not fall in this direction

and that that pearl should escape from the narrow shell.

Since God said, ‘Desire death, O you that are sincere,

I am sincere: I will lavish my soul upon this.”

**How the people of the mosque blamed the lover-guest for sleeping the night there and threatened him.**

The people said to him, “Beware! Do not sleep here, lest the Taker of the soul pound you like the dregs of sesame-grain,

For you are a stranger and ignorant of the fact that anyone who sleeps in this place perishes.
This is not an occurrence: we and all those possessed of intelligence have often witnessed this.

To whomever that mosque gave lodging for a single night, poisonous death came to him at midnight.

We have seen this not once but a hundred times: we have not heard it at second-hand from any one.

The Prophet said, ‘The religion is sincerity (nasihat): that nasihat etymologically is the opposite of unfaithfulness (ghulul).

This nasihat is ‘to be true in friendship’: in an act of ghulul you are treacherous and currish.

We are showing this sincerity towards you, without treachery, from love: do not turn away from reason and justice!”

The lover’s reply to those who chide him

He said, “O sincere advisers, I have become unrepentantly weary of the world of life.

I am an idle vagabond, seeking blows and desiring blows: do not seek rectitude from the vagabond on the road.

I am not the vagabond who in truth is a seeker of provender: I am the reckless vagabond the seeker of death.

I am not the vagabond who gets small money into his palm, the nimble vagabond who would cross this bridge—

Not the one who cleaves to every shop; nay, but springs away from existence and strikes upon a mine.

Death and migration from this abode has become as sweet to me as leaving the cage and flying to the bird—

The cage that is in the very midst of the garden, the bird beholds the rose-beds and the trees,

Outside, round the cage, a multitude of birds is sweetly chanting tales of liberty:

At that verdant place neither food remains to the bird in the cage, nor patience and rest,

It puts its head through every hole that maybe it may tear off this fetter from its leg.
Since its heart and soul are outside like this, how will it be when you open the cage?

Not such is the bird caged amidst anxieties—cats round about it in a ring:

How, in this dread and sorrow, should it have the desire to go out of the cage?

It wishes that, from this unwelcome plucking, there might be a hundred cages round about this cage.

The love of Galen is for this present life, for only here does his art avail; he has not practiced any art that avails in yonder market: there he sees himself to be the same as the vulgar.
Even as the four elements in this world obtain a hundred supplies from the City beyond space.

If it has found water and seeds in its cage, those have appeared from a Garden and Expanse.

The spirits of the prophets behold the Garden from this cage at the time of their being transported and freed;

Hence they are free of Galen and the world: they are shining like the moon in the skies.

And if this saying from Galen is a fiction, then my answer is not for Galen, this is the answer to the person who said it, for the luminous heart has not been his mate.

The bird, his spirit, became a mouse seeking a hole, when it heard from the cats, “Halt!”

On that account his spirit, mouse-like, deemed its home and abode to be in this world-hole.

It chose the trades advantageous to it, which would be of use in this hole.

Inasmuch as it turned its heart away from going forth, the way of deliverance from the body was barred.

If the spider had the nature of the Anqa, how should it have reared a tent of some gossamer?

The cat has put its claws into the cage: the name of its claws is pain and delirium and gripes.

The cat is Death, and its claws are disease: it is striking at the bird and its plumage.

He darts from corner to corner towards the remedy. Death is like the cadis, and the disease is the witness.

This witness comes, like the cadis footman, who summons you to the place of judgment.

You, in flight, beg him a respite: if he consents, it is granted; otherwise, he says, “Arise.”

The seeking of a respite consists in remedies and cures, that you may patch the tattered cloak, the body.
At last, one morning, he comes angrily, saying,
“How long will the respite be? Now, please, be ashamed!”

O envious man, ask your pardon of the King ere such a day as that arrives.

And he who rides his horse into the darkness and altogether removes his heart from the Light

Is fleeing from the witness and his purpose; for that witness is calling him to judgment.

How the people of the mosque blamed the guest once more for sleeping in the mosque by night.

The people said to him, “Do not act with foolhardiness, depart, lest your body and your soul end up in pawn.”

From afar it seems easy, look well! For in the end the passage is grievous.

Many a man hanged himself and broke and at the moment of agony sought something for his hand to cling to.

Before the battle, the fancy of good or evil is slight in a man’s heart; When he enters into the fray, then to that person the matter becomes woeful.

Since you are not a lion, beware, do not step forward, for that Doom is a wolf, and your soul is the sheep;

But if you are one of the Abdal and your sheep has become a lion, come on securely, for your death has been overthrown.

Who is the Abdal? He that becomes transmuted, he whose wine is turned into vinegar by Divine transmutation

But you are drunk, pot and from opinion think yourself to be a lion: Beware, do not advance!

God has said of the unrighteous Hypocrites, “Their valour amongst themselves is a great valour.

Amongst one another they are manly, in a warlike expedition they are as the women of the house.”

The Prophet; the commander-in-chief of the things unseen, said, “There is no bravery, O youth, before the battles.”
The drunks make a froth when there is talk of war, when war is raging they are as unskilled as froth.

At the time when war is spoken of, his scimitar is long; at the time of combat his sword is like an onion.

At the time of premeditation his heart is eager for wounds; then his bag is emptied by a single needle.

I marvel at the seeker of purity who at the time of polishing shrinks from being handled roughly.

Love is like the lawsuit; to suffer harsh treatment is the evidence: when you have no evidence, the lawsuit is lost.

Do not be aggrieved when this Judge demands your evidence: kiss the snake in order that you may gain the treasure.

That harshness is not towards you, O son; no, towards the evil qualities within you.

The blows of the stick with which a man beats a rug he inflicts, not on the rug, but on the dust.

If that vindictive fellow lashes the horse, he directs the blows, not at the horse, but at its stumbling.

In order that it may be delivered from stumbling and may move well: you imprison must in order that it may become wine.

He said, “You have struck that little orphan so many blows: how were not you afraid of the Divine wrath?”

He said, “O soul and friend, when did I strike him? I struck at the devil that is in him,”

If your mother says to you, “May you die!” she wishes the death of that nature and the death of iniquity.

The folk who fled from correction dishonoured their manhood and men.

The jokers drove them back from the war, so that they remained so infamous and effeminate.

Do not you listen to the boasting and roaring of the driveller: do not go into the battle-line with such fellows.

Since they would have added to you corruption, God said, “Turn the leaf from pusillanimous comrades, for if they go along with you, the warriors will become pith-less, like straw.
They put themselves in line with you; then they flee and break the heart of the line.

Therefore, better a little army without these persons than it should be mustered with the Hypocrites.”

A few well-sifted almonds are better than a great many mixed with bitter.

The bitter and the sweet are one thing in respect of rattling; the defect arises from their not being the same at heart.

The infidel is of timorous heart, for, from opinion, he lives in doubt as to the state of that world.

He is going along the road; he does not know any stage: one blind in heart steps timidly.

When the traveller does not know the way, how does he go? He goes with hesitations, while his heart is full of blood.

If anyone says, “Hey! This is not the way,” he will halt there and stand still terrified.

But if his wise heart knows the way, how should every hey and ho go into his ear?

Therefore do not journey with these camel-hearted ones, for in the hour of distress and danger they are the ones who sink;

Then they flee and leave you alone, though in boasting they are the magic of Babylon.

Beware! Do not you request sybarites to fight; do not request peacocks to engage in the hunt and the chase.

The carnal nature is a peacock: it tempts you and talks idly, that it may remove you from your post.

How Satan said to the Quraysh, “Go to war with Ahmad, for I will aid you and call my tribe to help”; and how, when the two battle-lines confronted each other, he fled.
Satan espied a host of angels on a road beside the ranks of the Faithful.  
Those troops that ye saw not, drawn up in ranks; and from terror his soul became a fire-temple.  
Turning on his heel, he began to retreat, saying, “I behold a marvellous host”—
That is, “I fear God: I have no help from Him. Go! Truly, I see what you do not.”

Harith said, “Hey, O you that have the form of Suraqa, why were not you saying such-like words yesterday?”
He replied, “At this moment I see destruction.”
He said, “You see the puniest of the Arabs. You are seeing nothing but this; but, O you disgrace, that was the time of talk, and this is the time of battle.

You are seeing nothing but this; but, O you disgrace, that was the time of talk, and this is the time of battle.  
Yesterday you were saying, ‘I pledge myself that victory and Divine aid will always be yours.’
Yesterday you were the surety for the army, O accursed one, and now you are cowardly, good-for-nothing, and vile,
So that we swallowed those words of your and came, you have gone to the bath-stove and we have become the fuel.”

When Harith said this to Suraqa, that accursed one was enraged at his reproaches.

He angrily withdrew his hand from his hand, since his heart was pained by his words.

Satan smote his breast and fled: by means of this plot he shed the blood of those wretched men.  
After he had ruined so great a multitude, he then said, “Lo, I am quit of you.”

He smote him on the breast and overthrew him; then he turned to flee, since terror urged him on.

The fleshy soul and the Devil have both been one person; they have manifested themselves in two forms,
Like the angel and the intellect, which were one, became two forms for the sake of His wise purposes.

You have such an enemy as this in your inward part: he is the preventer of the intellect, and the adversary of the spirit and of religion.
At one moment he dashes forward like the Libyan lizard; then in flight he darts away into a hole.

Just now he has holes in the heart, and from every hole he is putting out his head.

The name that denotes the Devil's becoming hidden from souls and going into that hole is *khunús*.

For his *khunús* is like the *khunús* of the hedgehog: like the head of the hedgehog, he pops in and out;

For God has called the Devil *Khannás*, because he resembles the head of the little hedgehog.

The head of the hedgehog is continually being hidden because of its fear of the cruel hunter,

Until, when it has found an opportunity, it puts out its head: by such a stratagem the snake becomes its prey.

If the fleshly soul had not waylaid you from within, how would the brigands have any power to lay a hand upon you?

On account of the urgent follower, who is Lust, the heart is captive to greed and cupidity and bane.

On account of that inward follower you have become thievish and depraved, so that the way is for the followers to coerce you.

Listen to this good counsel in the Traditions—

"Your worst enemy is between your two sides."

Do not listen to the pompous talk of this enemy; flee, for she is like Iblis in obstinately wrangling and quarrelling.

For the sake of this world and for contention's sake she has made the everlasting torment easy to you.

What wonder, if she makes death easy?

By her magic she does a hundred times as much (as this).

Magic makes a straw a mountain by artifice; again, it weaves a mountain like a straw.

It makes ugly things beautiful by means of sleight; it makes beautiful things ugly by means of opinion.

The work of magic is this, that it breathes and at every breath transforms realities.

At one time it shows a man in the guise of an ass, it makes an ass a man and a notable.
Such a magician is within you and latent: truly, there is a concealed magic in temptation;

In the world in which are these magic arts, there are magicians who defeat sorcery.

In the plain where this fresh poison grew, there has also grown the antidote, O son.

The antidote says to you “Seek from me a shield, for I am nearer than the poison to you.

Her words are magic and your ruin; my words are magic and the counter-charm to her magic.”

How the fault-finders repeated their advice to the guest of the guest-killing mosque.

The Prophet said, “Truly, there is a magic in eloquence”; and that goodly hero spoke the truth.

“Hey, do not commit a foolhardy act, depart, O generous man, and do not make the mosque and us suspected on this account;

For an enemy will speak form enmity, and to-morrow the villain will rouse a fire against us,

Saying, ‘some wicked man strangled him, on the pretext of the mosque he was safe,

So that he might impute the murder to the mosque and, since the mosque has a bad name, might escape.’

Do not lay any suspicion upon us, O man of valiant spirit, for we are not secure from the craft of enemies.

Come now, depart! Do not be foolhardy, do not cherish vain desire, for it is impossible to measure Saturn by the ell.

Many like you have chattered of luck, they have torn out their beards, one by one, piecemeal.

Hey, begone! Cut short this palaver! Do not cast yourself and us into woe.”
جواب گفتن مهمان ایشان را و مثل آوردن به دفع کردن حارس کشت به بانگ دف از کشت شتری را که کوس محمودی بر پشت او زدنی

How the guest answered them and adduced the parable of the guardian of the wheat field who, by making a noise with the tom-tom, sought to drive away from the wheat-field a camel on whose back they were beating the big kettle-drum of Mahmud.

He said, “O friends, I am not one of the devils that my sinews should fail at a single la hawl.

A boy, who was the guardian of a wheat field, used to beat a tom-tom in order to keep off the birds,

So that the birds, at the tom-tom, were scared away from the field, and the field became safe from evil birds.

When the Sultan, the noble King Mahmud, pitched a great tent in that neighbourhood as he passed on the way

With an army like the stars of heaven, numerous and victorious, one that pierces the ranks and takes possession of empire—

There was a camel that carried the kettle-drum: it was a Bactrian, going in front like a cock:

Day and night he used loudly to beat the big kettle-drum and the drum on its back in returning and in setting out.

That camel entered the wheat field, and the boy beat his tom-tom to protect the wheat.

An intelligent man said to him, ‘Don’t beat the tom-tom, for he is well-seasoned by the drum; he is accustomed to it.

What is your little tom-tom, child, to him; since he carries the Sultan’s drum twenty times the size?’

I am a lover, one who has been sacrificed to Nothingness: my soul is the band-stand for the drum of tribulation.

Truly, these threats are a little tom-tom beside that which these eyes have seen.

O comrades, I am not one of those, that because of idle fancies I should halt on the Way.

I am unafraid, like the Ismailis; nay, like Ishmael I am free from head.

I am done with pomp and ostentation. ‘Say, come ye’: He said to my soul, ‘Come.’”
The Prophet has said that one who feels sure of the recompense will give generously beforehand.

Whoever sees a hundred compensations for the gift will at once give away this object.

All have become tied in the bazaar, to the end that when gain occurs they may give their money.

With gold in their money-bags, they are seated expectantly that the gain may come and that he who persists may begin to squander.

When he sees a piece of merchandise exceeding in profit, his fondness for his own goods becomes chilled;

He has remained enamoured of those, because he perceived no profit and advantage superior to his own goods.

Similarly, knowledge and accomplishments and trades: since he has not seen superior to them in excellence.

While nothing is better than life, life is precious; when a better appears, the name of life becomes a slippery thing.

The lifeless doll is as life to the child until he has grown up to manhood.

Imagination and fancy are the doll: so long as you are a child, you have need of them;

When the spirit has escaped from childishness, it is in union: it is done with sense-perception and imagination and fancy.

There is no confidant that I should speak without insincerity. I will keep silence, and God best knows the accord.

The goods and the body are snow melting away to naught; God is their buyer, for God has purchased.

The snows seem to you better than the price, because you are in doubt: you have no certainty,

And in you, O contemptible man, there is this marvellous opinion that does not fly to the garden of certainty.

O son, every opinion is thirsting for certainty and emulously flapping its wings.

When it attains to knowledge, then the wing becomes a foot, and its knowledge begins to scent certainty,

For in the tested Way knowledge is inferior to certainty, but above opinion.
Know that knowledge is a seeker of certainty, and certainty is a seeker of vision and intuition.

Seek this now, in *Alhakum*, after *kalla* and after *lau ta’lamún*.

Knowledge leads to vision, O knowing one: if it became certainty, they would see Hell.

Vision is immediately born of certainty, just as fancy is born of opinion.

See in *Alhakum* the explanation of this, that the knowledge of certainty becomes the intuition of certainty.

“I am higher than opinion and certainty, and my head is not to be turned aside by blame.

Since my mouth ate of His sweetmeat, I have become clear-eyed and a seer of Him.

I step boldly when I go home:
I do not let my feet tremble; I do not walk like the blind.

That which God said to the rose, and caused it to laugh,
He said to my heart, and made it a hundred times more (beautiful).

That which touched the cypress and made its stature straight,
and that of which the narcissus and wild-rose partook;

That which made sweet the soul and heart of the sugar-cane,
and that from which the creature of earth gained the form of Chigil;

That which made the eyebrow so ravishing
and made the face rose-coloured and the pomegranate-flower;

Gave a hundred enchantments to the tongue,
and that which gave the gold of Ja’far to the mine.

When the door of the Armoury was opened,
the amorous glances became archers,

And shot arrows at my heart and frenzied me
and made me in love with thanksgiving and sugar-chewing.

I am the lover of that One to whom every that belongs:
of a single pearl of His the bodyguard is Intellect and Spirit.

I do not boast, or if I boast, like water, I have no trouble in quenching fire.

How should I steal when He is the keeper of the treasury?
How should not I be hard-faced? He is my support.
Every one whose back is warmed by the Sun will be hard-faced: he will have neither dread nor shame.

His face has become foe-burning and veil-rending, like the face of the peerless Sun.

Every prophet was hard-faced in this world, and beat single-handed against the army of the kings,

And did not avert his face from any fear or pain, single and alone dashed against a world.

The rock is hard-faced and bold-eyed: it is not afraid of the world that is full of brickbats;

For those brickbats were made solid by the brick-maker, the rock was hardened by Divine art.

If the sheep are beyond count, how should the butcher be afraid of their numerousness?

‘Each of you is a shepherd’: the prophet is as the shepherd. The people are like the flock; he is the overseer.

The shepherd is not afraid of the sheep in contention, but is their protector from hot and cold.

If he cries out in wrath against the flock, know it is from the love which he has for them all.

New Fortune says into my ear every moment, ‘I will make you sorrowful, be not sorrowful.

I will cause your temper to be soured with sorrows, in order that the evil eye may be averted from your face.

You are not a hunter and seeker of Me; you are My slave and prostrate before My providence.

You are thinking of devices whereby you may attain unto Me: in quitting and in seeking Me you are helpless.

Your anguish is seeking a means for Me: I was listening yesterday to your heavy sighs.

I am even able, without this waiting, to give access and show unto you the way of passage,

That you may be delivered from this whirlpool of Time and may set your foot upon the treasure of union with Me;
But the sweetness and delights of the resting-place are in proportion to the pain of the journey.

Then will you enjoy your town and your kinsfolk when you suffer pains and tribulations from exile.”

Comparison of the true believer’s fleeing and his impatience in affliction to the agitation and restlessness of chick-peas and other pot-herbs when boiling in the pot, and to their running upwards in order to jump out.

Look at a chickpea in the pot, how it leaps up when it is subjected to the fire.

At the time of its being boiled, the chickpea comes up continually to the top of the pot and raises a hundred cries,

Saying, “Why are you setting the fire on me?
Since you bought me, how are you turning me upside down?”

The housewife goes on hitting it with the ladle. “No!” says she: “boil nicely and don’t jump away from one who makes the fire.
I do not boil you because you are hateful to me:
nay, it is that you may get taste and savour,
So that you may become nutriment and mingle with the spirit:
this affliction of yours is not on account of being despised.

You, when green and fresh, were drinking water in the garden:
that water-drinking was for the sake of this fire.”

His mercy is prior to His wrath, to the end that by mercy he may suffer affliction.

His mercy preceded His wrath in order that the stock-in-trade, existence, should come to hand;

For, without pleasure, flesh and skin do not grow;
and unless they grow, what shall the love of the Friend consume?

If, because of that requirement, acts of wrath come to pass,
to the end that you may give up that stock-in-trade,

Again the Grace will come in order to excuse it, saying,
“you have washed yourself and have leaped forth from the river.”

She says, “O chickpea, you did feed in the springtime:
Pain has become your guest: entertain him well,
That the guest may return, giving thanks, 
and may relate your generosity in the presence of the King,

So that the Bestower of favour may come to you instead of the favour, 
and that all favours may envy you.

I am Khalil, and you are my son: lay your head before the knife: 
lo, I see that I shall sacrifice you.

Lay your head before wrath, with heart unmoved, 
that I may cut your throat, like Ismail.

Yet your giving yourself up is the object of eternal purpose: 
O Moslem, you must seek to give yourself up.

If you have laughed in that garden, 
you are the rose of the garden of the spirit and the eye.

If you have been parted from the garden of water and earth, 
you have become food in the mouth and have entered into the living.

Become nutriment and strength and thoughts! 
You were milk: be a lion in the jungles!

By God, you grew from His attributes in the beginning: 
go back nimbly and fleetly into His attributes.

You came from the cloud and the sun and the sky; 
then did you become attributes and ascend to heaven.

You came in the form of rain and heat: 
you will go into the goodly attributes.

The existence of the animal arose from the death of the plant: 
“slay me, O trusty friends” is right.

Since there is such a victory for us after the checkmate, 
“truly, in my being slain there is a life” are true.

Action and speech and sincerity became the food of the angel, 
so that by means of this ladder he mounted to heaven,

Just as that morsel became the food of Man, 
it mounted from inanimateness and became possessed of soul.
As regards this topic, a wide explanation will be given in another place.

“The caravan is incessantly arriving from heaven that they may traffic and go back again.

Go, then, sweetly and gladly with free-will, not with bitterness and loathing, like a thief.

I am speaking bitter words to you, in order that I may wash you of bitterness.

The frozen grape is thawed by cold water and lays aside its coldness and congealment.

When, from bitterness, your heart is filled with blood, and then you will escape from all bitterness.

A comparison showing how the true believer becomes patient when he understands the inward meaning and the beneficial nature of tribulation

A dog is not for hunting, he has no collar: the raw and uncooked is nothing but the insipid.”

The chickpea said, “Since it is so, O lady, I will gladly boil: give me help in verity!

In this boiling you art, as it were, my architect: smite me with the skimming spoon, for you smite very delightfully.

I am as the elephant: beat and brand my head that I may not dream of India and gardens;

So that I may submit myself to the boiling, to the end that I may find a way to that embrace;

Because Man, in independence, grows insolent and becomes hostile, like the dreaming elephant

When the elephant dreams of India, he does not listen to the driver and displays viciousness.”

How the housewife made apologies to the chickpea, and the wise purpose in her keeping the chickpea on the boil.

The dame says to it, “Formerly I, like you, was a part of the earth.

An isti gudid and raha ke piches azzain
Men chho to boudem za ajarai zamin

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The dame says to it, “Formerly I, like you, was a part of the earth.
After I had drunk a fiery self-mortification, then I became an acceptable and worthy one.

For a long while, I boiled in Time; for another long while, in the pot of the body.

By reason of this double boiling I became strength to the senses: I became spirit: then I became your teacher.

in the inanimate state I used to say, ‘You are running to the end that you may become knowledge and spiritual qualities.’

Since I have become spirit, now boil once more and pass beyond animality.”

Beseech God continually that you may not stumble over these deep sayings and that you may arrive at the end,

For many have been led astray by the Qur’an: by that rope a multitude have fallen into the well.

There is no fault in the rope, O perverse man, inasmuch as you had no desire for the top.

That high-aspiring stranger to the town said, “I will sleep in this mosque at night.

O mosque, if you become my Karbala, you will be the Ka’ba that fulfils my need.

Listen, give me leave, O chosen house, that I may perform a rope-dance, like Mansur!

If in counselling you have become Gabriel, Khalil will not crave succour in the fire’.

Go, O Gabriel, for, having been kindled, I, like aloes-wood and ambergris, am better burnt.

O Gabriel, although you are helping and guarding like a brother, I am not that spirit that I should become more and less.”
The animal spirit is increased by fodder:
it was a fire and was consumed like firewood.

Had it not become firewood, it would have been fruitful:
it would have prospered unto everlasting and would have caused prosperity.

Know that this fire is a burning wind:
it is a ray of fire, not the essence thereof.

Assuredly the essence of fire is in the ether:
on the earth there is its ray and shadow.

Of necessity, the ray, on account of quivering, does not endure:
it is speedily returning to its source.

Your stature is normally invariable,
your shadow is now short, now long.

Inasmuch as no one finds permanence in the ray,
the reflections return to origins.

Listen, close your mouth: Mischief has opened its lips.
Dry up! God best knows the right way.

Account of the conception of evil fancies by those deficient in understanding.

Before this tale reaches the conclusion,
there comes from the envious a vapour of stench.

I am not pained by it, but this kick
may break the nerve of a simple-hearted man's mind.

Well did the Sage of Ghazna set forth the spiritual parable
for the sake of those who are veiled,

That if one see in the Qur'an naught but words,
this is not surprising on the part of them that have lost the way,

Since the eye of the blind is sensible of naught
but heat from the beams of the luminous sun.

Suddenly a great booby popped his head out of an ass-stable,
like a railing woman,

That this discourse, namely, the Masnavi, is low;
it is the story of the Prophet and imitation;
There is no mention of investigation and the sublime mysteries towards which the saints make their steeds gallop; from the stations of asceticism to the passing away, step by step up to union with God, so that by means of the wings thereof a man of heart should soar. When the Book of God came, the unbelievers railed likewise at it too, saying, “It is legends and paltry tales; there is no profound inquiry and lofty speculation; The little children understand it; it is naught but things approved and disapproved— The account of Joseph, the account of his curly locks, the account of Jacob and Zalikha and her passion. It is plain, and every one finds the way: where is the exposition in which the intellect becomes lost?” He said, “If this seems easy to you, say one Sura so ‘easy’ as this. Let the Jinn and mankind and the skilled among you produce a single verse of this ‘easy’ style.”

Commentary on the Tradition of Mustafa, on whom be peace, that the Quran has an exterior and an interior, and that its interior has an interior, to seven interior.

Know that the words of the Quran have an exterior, and under the exterior an interior, exceedingly overpowering; And beneath that inward a third interior, wherein all intellects become lost.

The fourth interior of the Quran none has perceived at all, except God the peerless and incomparable.

In the Quran do not you, O son, regard the exterior: the Devil regards Adam as nothing but clay. The exterior of the Quran is like a man’s person, for his features are visible, while his spirit is hidden. A man’s paternal and maternal uncles for a hundred years and of his state not see the tip of a hair.

تفسیر این خبر مصطفی عليه الصلاة و السلام که للقرآن ظهر و بطن و لبطنه بطن إلى سبعة أبطن
It is explained that the going of the prophets and the saints, on whom be peace, to mountains and caves, is not for the purpose of hiding themselves and on account of their fear of being disturbed by the people, but for the purpose of guiding the people in the right way and inciting them to abandon this world as much as is possible.

As for their saying that the saints are in the mountains in order that they may be hidden from the eyes of men, in the sight of the people they are higher than a hundred mountains and plant their footsteps on the Seventh Heaven.

Why, then, should he who is beyond a hundred seas and mountains become hidden and seek the mountains?

He has no need to flee to the mountains, he in pursuit of whom the colt, Heaven, has dropped a hundred horse-shoes.

The celestial sphere revolved and never saw the dust of the spirit; Heaven donned the garb of mourning.

If, outwardly, the peri is hidden, Man is a hundred times more hidden than the peris.

In the view of the intelligent, Man is indeed a hundred times more hidden than the peri who is concealed.

Since, in the view of the intelligent, Man is hidden, how must be the Adam who is pure in the unseen world!

Comparison of the form of the saints and the form of the speech of the saints to the form of the rod of Moses and to the form of the incantation of Jesus, peace be on them both!

Man is like the rod of Moses;
Man is like the incantation of Jesus.

For the sake of justice and for the sake of decorum, the true believer's heart is in the hand of God, between two fingers.

Its exterior is a piece of wood, but existence is one mouthful to it when it opens its throat.

In the incantation of Jesus do not regard the letter and the sound: regard the fact that Death turned and fled from it.
In his incantation do not regard the petty words: consider that the dead sprang up and sat down.

In that rod, do not regard the easy getting: regard the fact that it left the green sea.

You have seen from afar the black canopy: take a step forward and behold the army!

From afar you see nothing but the dust: advance a little and see the man in the dust.

His dust makes eyes bright; his manliness uproots mountains.

When Moses came up from the remotest part of the desert, at his advent Mount Sinai began to dance.

Commentary on, O you mountains, repeat in accord with him, and the birds.

The face of David shone with His glory: the mountains sang plaintively after him.

The mountain became an accompanist to David: both the minstrels drunk in love for a King.

The command came, “O you mountains repeat”: both joined their voices and kept the tune together.

He said, “O David, you have suffered separation: for My sake you have parted from your intimates.”

O lonely stranger who have become friendless, from whose heart the fire of longing has flamed up,

You desire minstrels and singers and boon-companions: the Eternal One brings the mountains unto you.

He makes minstrels and singers and pipers: He makes the mountain blow in measure before you,

To the end that you may know that, since the mountain is permitted to sing, the saint has plaintive songs without lips or teeth.

The melody of the particles of that pure-bodied one is reaching his sensuous ear every moment.

His companions hear it not, he hears:

oh, happy is the soul that believes in his hidden mystery.
He beholds a hundred discourses in himself,
while his companion has gotten no scent.

Within your heart a hundred questions and a hundred answers
are coming from non-spatiality to your dwelling-place.

You hear; the ears do not hear,
if he brings his ear near to you.

O deaf man, I grant that truly you hear them not;
since you have seen their emblem, how will not you believe?

Reply to him who rails at the Masnavi on account of his being deficient in understanding.

O railing cur, you are bow-wowing and practicing evasion
for the purpose of railing at the Qur'an.

This is not such a lion that you will save your life from it
or carry off your faith from the claws of its vengeance.

Who were deeming me to be an idle tale
and were sowing the seed of raillery and infidelity,

You yourselves have seen what you were scoffing at,
that you were perishable and an idle tale.

I am the Word of God and subsistent through the Essence;
I am the Food of the soul of the soul. And the Jacinth of purity.

I am the Sunlight that has fallen upon you,
but I have not become separate from the Sun.

Lo, I am the Fountain of the Water of Life
that I may deliver the lovers from death.

If your greed had not raised such a stench,
God would have poured a draught on your graves.”

Nay; I will accept the advice and counsel of the Sage:
I will not let my heart be sickened by every taunt.
Parable of the foal’s refusing to drink the water because of the bawling of the grooms.

As he has said in his discourse, the foal and its mother were drinking the water.

Those persons were bawling incessantly at the horses, “Come on! Hey, drink!”

That bawling reached the foal: it was lifting its head and refusing to drink.

Its mother asked, “O foal, why are you always refusing to drink this water?”

The foal said, “These people are bawling: I am afraid of the occurrence of their shouts.

Therefore my heart is trembling and jumping: dread of the occurrence of the outcry is coming on me.”

The mother said, “Ever since the world existed, there have been busybodies of this sort on the earth.”

Listen, do your own business, O worthy man: soon will they tear their beards.

The time is restricted, and the abundant water is flowing away: drink first, through being parted, you fall to pieces.

There is a famous conduit, full of the Water of Life: draw the Water, in order that verdure may grow up from you.

We are drinking the water of Khizr from the river of the speech of the saints: come, O heedless thirsty man!

If you do not see the water, artfully after the fashion of the blind bring the jug to the river, and dip it in the river.

Forasmuch as you have heard that there is water in this river-bed: the blind man must practise conformity.

Carry down to the river the water-skin that has thoughts of the water, so that you may find your water-skin heavy.
That some water has gone from the river into the jug; for this was light and it has become heavy and swollen with water;

“Because,” “every wind used to sweep me away, the wind does not sweep me away: my weight has increased.”

The foolish are swept away by every gust of desire, because they have no weight of faculties.

The wicked man is an anchorless ship, for he finds no precaution against the perverse wind.

To the intelligent man the anchor of intelligence is security: beg an anchor from the intelligent.

Since he has borne away the succours of intelligence from the pearl-treasury of that Sea of Bounty,

By such succours the heart is filled with knowledge: it shoots from the heart, and the eye too becomes illuminated,

Because the light from the heart has settled upon this eye so that your eye, having become the heart, is inactive.

When the heart too has come into contact with the intellectual Lights, it bestows a portion thereof on the eyes also.

Know, then, that the blessed Water from Heaven is the inspiration of hearts and the true explanation.

Let us also, like that foal, drink the water of the stream; let us pay no regard to the evil suggestions of the scolder.

You are a follower of the prophets, tread the Way: deem all the railing of creatures to be a wind.

When have the Masters who have traversed the Way lent ear to the clamour of curs?

The remainder of the story of the guest in the guest-killing mosque

Relate what appeared in the mosque to that self-sacrificing valiant man, and what he did.

He slept in the mosque, where in truth had he slept?

How should a submerged man sleep in the river?

Always, for the lovers beneath the flood of a passion, there is the sleep of birds and fishes.
At midnight came an awful voice, “I come, I come upon you, O you that seek advantage.”

Five times came such a terrible voice, and his heart was being rent piecemeal.

Commentary on the verse: “And raise the battle-cry against them with your horsemen and men on foot.”

When you earnestly resolve to be religious, the Devil in your nature cries out at you, “Go not in that direction! Bethink you, O misguided one; for you will become captive to distress and poverty.

You will become destitute, you will be cut off from friends, you will be despised, and you will feel sorry.”

From fear of the outcry of that accursed Devil you flee away from certain truth into error, saying, “Ho, to-morrow is mine and after to-morrow: I will run in the Way of religion, I have time.”

Then again you see Death killing your neighbours on left and right, so that the cry is raised.

Now, in fear of life, you resolve to be religious: for a while, you make yourself a man;

So you put on the armour of knowledge and wisdom, saying, “I will not shrink from any danger.”

Again he deceitfully cries out at you— “Be afraid and turn away from the sword of poverty!”

Once more you flee from the Way of Light and cast off that armour of knowledge and virtue.

Years, you are a slave to him because of a cry: you have laid down the blanket in such darkness as this!

Dread of the cry of the devils has bound the people and taken hold of their throats,

Till their souls have become as hopeless of the Light as the spirits of the infidels who dwell in the tombs.
Such is the terror of the cry of that accursed one: how must be the dread of the Divine cry!

Dread of the falcon is upon the noble partridge: the fly has no portion of that dread,

Because the falcon is not a hunter of flies: only spiders catch flies.

The spider, the Devil, has dominion over flies like you, not over the partridge and the eagle.

The cry of the devils is the shepherd of the damned; the cry of the Lord is the guardian of the saints,

To the end that, by reason of these two cries far distant, not a drop of the sweet sea may mingle with the briny sea.

Now hear the tale of the terrible cry, by which that good-fortuned man was not dismayed.

He said, “How should I fear? For this is the drum of the Festival. Let the drum fear, since blows belong to it.

O empty drums without hearts, your share in the festival of the spirit are blows of the stick.

The Resurrection is the Festival, and the irreligious are the drum: we, like the festive folk, are laughing as the rose.”

Now hear how, when this drum boomed, he cooks the pot containing the broth of felicity.

When that man of insight heard the drum, he said, “How should my heart be afraid of the drum of the Festival?”

He said to himself, “Beware, do not let your heart tremble, for the souls of the faint-hearted who lack faith have died at this.

The time has come for me, like Haydar, to seize a kingdom, or to quit the body.”

He sprang up and shouted, “O prince, lo, here am I: if you are a man, come on!”

At his voice that talisman instantly was shattered: the gold poured down, diverse sorts, in every direction.
So much gold poured down that the youth feared lest, from its abundance, it might block the doorway.

Afterwards that ready lion rose up, and till dawn he was carrying out the gold.

And burying it and coming to it once more with sack and bag.

That self-devoting one laid by stores thereof, to the confusion of the timidity of the backsliders.

This external gold has occurred to the mind of every blind, God-forsaken gold-worshipper.

Children break potsherds, give the name of gold, and put them in their skirts.

When in that game you mention the name of gold that crosses the child’s mind.

Nay, the gold stamped with the Divine stamp, which does not become obsolete, is everlasting;

The gold from which this gold gained lustre and derived sheen and splendour and brilliance;

The gold whereby the heart is made rich: it surpasses the moon in brightness.

That mosque was the candle, and he was the moth: that man of moth-like nature gambled himself away.

It burnt his wings, but it complied with him: his throwing was very blessed.

That man of happy fortune was like Moses who beheld a fire in the direction of the tree.

Since the favours were plenteously bestowed on him, he fancied it was fire, and really it was the Light.

O son, when you see a man of God, you suppose in him the fire of human nature.

You are coming from yourself, and that is in you: the fire and thorns of vain opinion are in this quarter.

He is the tree of Moses and filled with radiance: come, now, call him the Light, do not call him fire.

Did not the weaning from this world seem a fire? The pilgrims went, and that was really the Light.
Know, then, that the Candle of Religion is always mounting: this is not like the candle of flames.

This seems to be Light, it burns its friend, while that is fire in appearance, but is roses to visitors.

The former is like a complaisant, but it is a burner, while that is an illuminator of the heart at the moment of union.

To those present (with God) the appearance of the spark of pure and worthy Light is luminous, while to those far (from God) it is like fire.

The meeting of the lover with the Sadr-i Jahan

The man of Bukhara also cast himself upon candle: because of his passion that suffering had become easy to him.

His burning sighs went up to heaven: kindness (for him) came into the heart of the Sadr-i Jahan,

Said with himself at dawn, “O One, how fares that distraught wanderer of Ours?

He committed a sin, and We saw, but he was not well acquainted with Our mercy.

The sinner’s heart becomes afraid of Us, but in his fear there are a hundred hopes.

I frighten the unafraid by knowledge; I take away the fear of the afraid by clemency.

I am a tailor: I put the patch in place; I give drink to everyone in due measure.”

A man’s inmost consciousness is like the root of a tree; hence his leaves grow from the hard wood.

The leaves grow according to the root, in the tree and in souls and in minds.

From the trees of faithfulness there are wings to heaven its root is fast, and its branch is in the sky.
Since through love grew the wing to heaven,
how should it not grow in the heart of the Sadr-i Jahan?

Forgiveness of the sin was surging in his heart,
for as much as there is a window from each heart to heart;

For assuredly there is a window from heart to heart:
they are not separate and far, like two bodies.

The two clay lamps are not joined,
but their light is mingled in passage.

No lover, in truth, is seeking union
without his loved one seeking him;

But the love of lovers makes the body a bowstring,
the love of loved ones makes it comely and fat.

When the lightning of love for the beloved has shot into this heart,
know that there is love in that heart.

When love for God has been doubled in your heart,
without any doubt God has love for you.

No sound of clapping comes forth
from one hand of yours without the other hand.

The thirsty man is moaning, “O delicious water!”
The water moans too, saying, “Where is the water-drinker?”

This thirst in our souls is the attraction exerted by the Water:
we are Its, and It is ours.

The Wisdom of God in destiny
and in decree made us lovers of one another.

Because of that fore-ordainment all the particles of the world rehired as mates and are in love with their own mate.

Every particle of the universe desires its mate,
just like amber and the blade of straw.

Heaven says to the earth, “Welcome!
To you I am as the iron and the magnet.”

In the intellect, heaven is man and the earth woman:
whatever that casts forth this fosters

When it has no heat remaining, it sends it;
when no freshness and moisture remains, it bestows it.

The terrane sign is replenishment to the dust of the earth;
the aqueous sign produces freshness therein;
The aerial sign wafts the clouds towards it, that they may sweep away the pestilential vapours;

The fiery sign is the source of the sun’s heat, like a frying-pan red-hot, back and front, by fire.

Heaven is turning giddily in Time, like men around gain for the wife’s sake;

And this earth nurtures: it attends to births and to suckling that.

Therefore regard earth and heaven as endowed with intelligence, since they do the work of intelligent beings.

Unless these two sweethearts taste from one another, then why are they creeping together like mates?

Without the earth how should roses and *arghawan*-flowers grow?

What, then, would be born of the water and heat of heaven?

The desire in the female for the male is to the end that they may perfect each other’s work.

God put desire in man and woman in order that the world should be preserved by this union.

He also implants the desire of every part for another part: from the union of both an act of generation results.

Likewise night and day are in mutual embrace: different in appearance, but in agreement.

Day and night, outwardly, are two contraries and enemies, but they both attend on one truth—

Each desiring the other, like kinsfolk, for the sake of perfecting their action and work

Because, without night, the man’s nature would receive no income: what, then, should the days expend?

*How each element attracts its congener that has been imprisoned in the human constitution by the non-homogeneous*
It answers, “Yes: but I am fettered, although like you I am weary of separation.”

The waters seek the moisture of the body, saying, “O moisture, and come back to us from exile.”

The ether is calling the heat of the body, saying, “You are of fire: take the way to your origin.”

There are two-and-seventy diseases in the body, by the elements pulling without cord.

Disease comes to shatter the body, so that the elements may abandon each other.

These elements are four birds with their legs tied: death and sickness and disease loosen their legs.

When it has released their legs from one another, assuredly every bird-element flies away.

The pull between these originals and derivatives continually implants some pain in our bodies,

In order that it may tear these coalitions asunder each part, like a bird, may fly to its home;

Divine Providence hinders them from this hastening and keeps them together in health till the appointed term,

And says, “O parts, the term is not certainly known: it is useless for you to take wing before the term.”

Inasmuch as every part seeks support, what must be the state of the soul, a stranger, in separation?

How likewise the soul is drawn to the world of spirits, and how it craves and desires its home, and becomes severed from the bodily parts which are a fetter on the leg of the spiritual falcon.
The desire of the soul is for wisdom and the sciences;  
the desire of the body is for orchards and meadows and vines.

That exaltedness too has desire and love towards the soul:  
from this understand He loves them and they love Him.

If I explain this, it will be endless:  
the Masnawi will amount to eighty volumes.

The gist is that whenever anyone seeks,  
the soul of the object sought by him desires him.

Man, animal, plant, or mineral, every object of desire  
is in love with everything that is without the object of desire.

Those who are without their objects of desire  
attach themselves to an object of desire, and those desired ones draw them;

But the desire of the lovers makes them lean;  
the desire of the loved ones makes them fair and beauteous.

The love of the loved ones illumines the cheeks;  
the love of the lover consumes his soul.

The amber loves with the appearance of wanting naught,  
the straw is making efforts on that long road.

Leave this. The love of that thirsty-mouthed man  
shone in the breast of the Sadr-i Jahan.

The smoke of the love and pain of the fire-temple  
entered his lord turned into compassion.

But on account of glory and pride and magnificence  
he was ashamed to inquire for him:

His mercy had begun to yearn after that lowly man,  
his majesty hindered from this kindness.

The intellect is bewildered, wondering whether this one attracted him,  
or whether the attraction came from that quarter to this side.

Abandon presumption, for you are ignorant of this.  
Close your lips: God best knows the secret.

Henceforth I will bury this topic.  
That Drawer is drawing me: what can I do?

Who is he that is drawing you, O solicitous one?  
He who does not allow you to utter this word.
You make a hundred resolutions to journey:
He draws you to some other place.

He turns the bridle in every direction
in order that the untrained horse may gain knowledge of the rider.

The clever horse is well-paced
because it knows that the rider is on it.

He fixed your heart on a hundred passionate desires,
disappointed you, and then broke your heart.

Inasmuch as He broke the wings of that first intention,
how was not the existence of the Wing-breaker perfectly established?

Since His ordainment snapped the cord of your contrivance,
how was not God's ordainment perfectly established to you?

The annulment and destruction of resolutions in order to let man know that He is the Lord
and the Almighty; and His occasional non-annulment of his resolution and His carrying it
into effect in order that hope may urge him to form a resolution, so that He again may destroy it,
to the end that warning may follow on warning.

In the course of events
your resolutions and purposes now and then come right,

In order that, through hope of that, your heart may form an intention,
and that He may once more destroy your intention.

For if He were to keep you wholly unsuccessful, your heart would despair:
how would it sow expectation?

And unless it sowed expectation, how from its barrenness
would its subjection become apparent to it?

By their failures
the lovers are made aware of their Lord.

Failure is the guide to Paradise:
listen, O man of goodly nature, to, “Paradise is encompassed.”

That all that you desire is broken-legged,
then there is One whose pleasure is fulfilled.

Therefore the sincere have become broken before Him;
but where indeed is the abasement of those who love?

The intelligent are abased before Him from necessity;
the lovers are abased with hundredfold free-will.
The intelligent are bond-slaves to Him;
the lovers are like sugar and candy to Him.

"Come against your will" is the toggle for the intelligent;
"come willingly" is the spring-time of them that have lost their hearts.

How the Prophet, on whom be peace, looked at the captives and smiled and said,
"I marvel at folk who are dragged to Paradise in chains and shackles."

The Prophet saw a troop of captives being taken along,
and they were in loud lamentation.

That wary Lion saw them in chains:
looking askance at him,

So that each was gnashing his teeth and chewing his lips in anger against the veracious Prophet;

Notwithstanding that anger, they dare not utter a word,
because they are in the ten-kilogram chain of violence.

Their custodian is marching them along to the city:
he is taking them by force from the land of the infidels.

"He will not accept any ransom or any gold:
no intercession is coming from any prince.

He is called a mercy to the world,
and he is cutting the throats and gullets of a world."

With a thousand disbelief they marched along,
railing under their breath at the actions of the king,

"We remedied, but in this case there is no remedy:
truly this man's heart is not inferior to a rock.

We, thousands of men brave as lions,
with two or three feeble and half-dead naked fellows,

Are left helpless like this:
is it on account of wrong-doing or stars, or is it sorcery?

His fortune tore up our fortune;
our throne was overturned by his throne.

If his cause became mighty by sorcery, we too practiced sorcery:
how did it succeed?
Commentary on the verse, “If you ask for a decision, the decision has indeed come to you.
O critics, you were saying, ‘Give the decision and victory to us or to Mohammed, whichever is in the right’; and you were saying this in order that it might be supposed that ye were seeking the right disinterestedly.
Now We have given the victory to Mohammed, to the end that ye may see the champion of the right.”

We besought the idols and God, saying, ‘Destroy us if we are untrue.

Whichever is right and true, between us and him, give the victory to that one and desire him to be victorious.’

Often we made this invocation and prayer before Lat and 'Uzza and Manat,

Saying, ‘If he is in the right, make him manifest; if he is not in the right, make him subject to us.’

When we recognised, he was the one to whom victory was given:
we all were darkness, he was the light.

This is our answer what you desired; it has become evident that you are the untrue.”

Then, again, they were blindfolding this thought from their reflective faculty and banishing it from their memory,

Saying, “This thought too has arisen from our ill-luck, that his being in the right should be perfectly established in our minds.

What, indeed, does it matter if he has prevailed several times? Time brings everyone to predominance.

We also were made successful by the Days, and at times became victorious over him.”

Again they were saying, “Although he was defeated, it was not disgraceful and vile like our defeat,”

Because in defeat good fortune gave him underhand a hundred secret joys;

For he did not at all resemble one defeated, as he felt no sorrow or distress thereat,

Since to be vanquished is the mark of the true believers; yet in the true believer’s defeat there is goodness.

If you crush some musk or ambergris, you will fill a world with the exhalation of sweet herbs;
And if you suddenly crush the dung of an ass, the houses will be filled to the top with stench.

At the moment of the ignominious return from Hudaybiya, the empire of *Lo, We have opened victory* proclaimed itself.

The hidden reason why God most High gave the title of “victory” to the return of the Prophet, on whom be peace, from Hudaybiya without having gained his purpose: as, “Lo, We have opened victory”; for it was a locking in appearance, and in reality an opening, just as the crushing of musk is apparently a crushing, but really the confirmation of its muskiness and the exhibition of its virtues in their perfection.

From the empire came to him the message, “Go, be not saddened by the withholding of this victory, for in this present abasement of you there are victories: lo, such and such a fortress, such and such a town, are to you.”

Consider, after all, when he retreated in haste, what he did against Qurayza and Nadir.

The fortresses, also, round those two settlements submitted, and advantages of spoils.

And if that be not so, consider that this class are sorrowful and woeful and distraught and enamoured. They eat the poison of abasement, like sugar; they feed, like camels, on the thistle of sorrows.

for the sake of the sorrow itself, not for the sake of relief: in their eyes this lowliness is as a ladder.

So glad are they at the bottom of the pit that they are afraid of the throne and the tiara.

Every place where the Beloved himself is their companion is above the sky, not below the earth.
Commentary on the Tradition that Mustafa, on whom be peace, said,
“Do not declare me to be more excellent than Yûnus ibn Mattá.”

The Prophet said, “No preference is to my ascension as being superior to the ascension of Yûnus.

Mine was up to heaven, and his was down below, because nearness unto God is beyond calculation.”

To be near is not to go up or down: to be near unto God is to escape from the prison of existence.

What room has non-existence for “up” and “down”? Non-existence has no “soon” or “far” or “late.”

The laboratory and treasure of God is in non-existence. You are deluded by existence: how should you know what non-existence is?

The sum of the matter this defeat of theirs, O sire, does not resemble our defeat at all.

They rejoice in being abased and destroyed, just as we in the hour of success and honour.

The provision of lack is his entire domain: poverty and lowliness are his pride and glory.

One said, “If that adversary is such, how did he laugh when he saw us bound?

Since he has been transmuted, and his joy is not caused by this prison and this freedom of his, How, then, did he rejoice at the subjection of enemies? How was he puffed up by this victory and conquest?

His soul rejoiced because he easily gained the help and the upper hand and the victory over fierce lions.

Therefore we knew that he is not free, and that only on account of this world is he happy and glad at heart.

Else, how should he laugh? For the otherworldly are compassionate and kind to the evil and the good.”

Thus did those captives mutter to each other under their breath in discussing that, Lest the custodian hear and spring upon us and personally carry our words to the ear of that Sultan.”
How the Prophet, on whom be peace, became aware of their chiding him for his exultation.

Though the custodian did not hear those words, they entered into the ear that was from the presence.

The scent of Joseph's spirit was not perceived by its keeper, but Jacob inhaled it.

The devils on the high front of Heaven do not hear the secret of the mystery-knowing Tablet;

Mohammed went to sleep and reclined, the secret came and circled round him.

He whose allotted portion is open eats the sweetmeat, not he whose fingers are long.

The gleaming star became a watchman and drove the devils away, saying, “Abandon theft and receive the secret from Ahmad.”

O you, whose eyes from early are towards shop, listen, go to the mosque and seek the portion allotted by God.

The Prophet, then, apprehended their words and said, “That laughter of mine was not from hostility.

They are dead and rotted by decay: in my judgment it is not the part of a man to kill the dead.

Who are they indeed?

For the moon is split when I plant my foot on the battlefield.

At the time when you were free and powerful, I was seeing you bound, like this.

O you that pride yourself on your possessions and household, in the view of the intelligent you are the camel on the water-spout.

Since the bowl, the bodily form, fell from the roof, there has rolled before my eye ‘Everything that is to come shall come.’

I look on the unripe grape, and I see the wine clearly;

I look on nonentity, and I see the entity clearly.

I look on the inmost consciousness, and I see a universe hidden, Adam and Eve not arisen from the world.

You I have seen, fettered and overthrown and abject, at the time (when mankind was assembled in the shape) of ants on the Day of Alast.
That which I had known was not increased by the coming into existence of the unsupported heaven.

I have ever seen you headlong, before I grew from the water and the clay.

I did not see new, that I should rejoice thereat: I used to see this during your former prosperity.

Bound in invisible Wrath—and then what Wrath! — you were eating sugar wherein poison was contained.

If your enemy delights in eating such a poisonous sugar, what envy of him would come to you?

You were eating that poison with glee, Death had secretly laid hold of both your ears.

I did not make war for the sake of gaining victory and conquering the world,

For this world is a carcass and carrion and vile: how should I be covetous of such carrion as this?

I am not a dog that I should tear off the top-knot of the dead;

I am Jesus: I come to make him living.

I was cleaving the battle-ranks for the purpose that I might deliver you from destruction.

I do not cut men's throats in order that power and glory and followers may be mine,

I cut some throats in order that a world may obtain deliverance from those throats,

For you in your ignorance make a habit of rushing thus, like moths, at the fire,

I, as a drunk man, drive you away with both hands from falling into the fire.

That which you deemed victories for yourselves you were sowing the seed of your damnation.

You were calling one another most earnestly; you were riding your horses towards the dragon.

You were overpowering, while in the very act of overpowering you yourselves were being overpowered by the lion Time.”
Showing that the rebellious sinner in the very act of overpowering is overpowered, and in the very moment of victory is made captive

The robber overpowered the merchant and carried off the gold: he was just engaged in that, the magistrate arrived.

If at that time he had fled from the merchant, how should the magistrate have set the police on him?

The robber's overpowering was his being overpowered, because his act of violence took away his head.

Prevailing over the merchant becomes a trap for him, in order that the magistrate may arrive and take retaliation.

O you that have become mighty over the people and art steeped in warfare and victory,

That One has purposely caused them to be routed, that all the while drawing you on He may bring you into the net.

Beware, draw rein! Do not push on in pursuit of this fugitive, lest you have your nostrils pierced with a nose-ring.

When by this device He has drawn you into the trap, after that you will see the onset pressing in crowds.

When did the intellect rejoice in this victory, inasmuch as in this victory it saw ruin?

The intellect is keen-eyed, possessed of foresight, for God has powdered it with His own eye salve.

The Prophet said that the folk of Paradise are feeble in quarrels, because of accomplishments—

Because of the perfection of their prudence and thinking ill, not from deficiency and cowardice and weakness of faith

In giving the advantage they have listened in secret to the wisdom of,

To keep their hands off the accursed infidels became a duty for the sake of delivering the true believers.

Read the story of the covenant of Hudaybiya:

Even in victory he deemed himself subdued by the snare of Divine Majesty.
“It is not because I suddenly marched against you before dawn that I laugh at your chains;
I laugh because I am dragging you in chains and shackles to the cypress garden and the roses.

O wonder, that we are bringing you in bonds from the merciless fire to the place abounding in verdure;

With heavy chains I am dragging you from the direction of Hell to the everlasting Paradise.”

Every blind follower in this Way, be he good or evil, He is dragging, bound like that, into His Presence.

All go along this Way in the chains of fear and tribulation, except the saints.

They are dragged along this Way reluctantly, except those persons who are acquainted with the mysteries of the action.

Endeavour that your light become radiant, so that your travelling and service may be made easy.

You take children to school by force, because they are blind to the benefits;

When he becomes aware, he runs to school: his soul expands at going.

A child goes to school in sore distress because he has seen nothing of the wages for his work;

When he puts in his purse a single coin (dang) earned by his handiwork, then he goes without sleep at night, like the thief.

Endeavour that the wages for obedience may arrive: then you will envy the obedient.

“Come against your will is for him that has become a blind follower; come willingly is for him that is moulded of sincerity.

The former loves God for the sake of some cause, while the other has indeed a pure disinterested love.

The former loves the Nurse, but for the sake of the milk, while the other has given his heart for the sake of this Veiled One.

The child has no knowledge of Her beauty: he has no desire of Her in his heart except for milk,

While the other is, truly, the lover of the Nurse: he is disinterested, single-minded in love.
Hence he that loves God because of hope and fear reads studiously the book of blind conformity,

"While he that loves God for God's sake—where is he?
For he is apart from self-interests and causes"

Whether he be like this or like that, inasmuch as he is a seeker, God's attraction is drawing him towards God.

Whether he love God for something other than He, that he may continually partake of His good,

Or whether he love God for His very Self, for naught besides Him, in fear of separation from Him—

The quests and seeking of both are from that Source: this captivation of the heart is from that Heart-ravisher.

How the Beloved attracts the lover in such wise that the lover neither knows it nor hopes for it, nor does it occur to his mind, nor does any trace of that attraction appear in the lover except the fear that is mingled with despair, though he still perseveres in the quest.

We came to this point, that if the attraction of that lover had not been hidden in the Sadr-i Jahan,

How would he have been impatient of separation, and how would he have come running back to his home?

The desire of loved ones is hidden and veiled; the desire of the lover is with a hundred drums and trumpets.

Here is a story of consideration, but the man of Bukhara has become desperate from waiting expectantly;

We omit it, for he is in search and seeking, that before death he may see the face of his beloved, to the end that he may escape from death and gain deliverance, because the sight of the beloved is the Water of Life.

Any one the sight of whom does not repel death is not the beloved, for he has neither fruit nor leaf.

The matter, O intoxicated longing lover, is that matter in which death, if it you, is sweet.
O youth, the token of sincerity of faith is that in which death comes sweet to you.

If your faith, O soul, is not like this, it is not perfect: go, seek to make religion perfect.

Whoever in matter of yours has become death-loving without dislike to your heart, he is beloved.

When dislike is gone, truly it is not death: it is the semblance of death, and it is a migration.

When dislike is gone, dying becomes advantageous; hence it comes true that death is repelled.

The beloved is God and the person to whom He has said, “You are Mine and I am yours.”

Now listen, for the lover is coming whom Love bound with a cord of palm-fibre.

When he beheld the countenance of the Sadr-i Jahan, you might say the bird, his spirit, flew out of his body.

His body fell like dry wood: his vital spirit became cold from the crown of his head to his toes.

Whatever they applied of incense and rose-water, he neither stirred nor spoke.

When the King saw his saffron-coloured face, he dismounted from his steed and came towards him.

He said, “The lover hotly seeks the beloved: when the beloved comes, the lover is gone.”

You are a lover of God, and God is such that when He comes there is not a single hair of you.

At that look a hundred like you vanish away: I think, sir, you are in love with self-erasing.

You are a shadow and in love with the sun: the sun comes, the shadow is speedily erased.

How, in the presence of Solomon, on whom be peace, the gnat appealed for justice against the Wind.

The gnat came from the garden and the grass, and the gnat began to demand justice from Solomon,
Saying, “O Solomon, you deal out justice to the devils and the children of men and the Jinn.

Bird and fish are under the protection of your justice: who is the lost one whom your bounty has not sought out?

Give justice to us, for we are very miserable: we are deprived of the orchard and the rose-garden.

The difficulties of every weakling are solved by you: the gnat in truth is the similitude for weakness.

We are celebrated for weakness and frailty: you art celebrated for kindness and care of the lowly.

O you who have reached the limit in the stages of Power, we have reached the limit in failure and aberration,

Be just, relieve us from this sorrow, and take our hand, O you whose hand is the hand of God.”

Then Solomon said, “O seeker of equity, tell, against whom are you demanding justice and equity?

Who is the oppressor that in insolence has done you injury and scratched your face?

Oh, wonderful! Where, in Our epoch, is the oppressor that is not in Our prison and chains?

When We were born, on that day Injustice died: who, then, has produced in Our epoch an act of injustice?

When the light dawned, the darkness vanished: darkness is the origin and support of injustice.

Look, the devils are doing work and service; the others are bound in shackles and bonds.

The origin of the injustice of the oppressors was from the devil: the devil is in bondage: how did violence appear?

‘Be, and it was’ has bestowed the kingdom on Us, that the people may not cry out in lament to Heaven;

That burning sighs may not soar upward; that the sky and the stars may not be shaken;

That the empyrean may not tremble at the orphan’s wail; that no soul may be marred by violence.

We established a law throughout the kingdoms, to the end that no ‘O Lord!’ should go up to the skies.
O oppressed one; do not look to Heaven, for you have a heavenly king in the temporal world.”

The gnat said, “My appeal is against the hand of the Wind, for he opened the two hands of oppression against us.

Through his oppression we are in sore straits: with closed lips we are drinking blood from him.”

How Solomon, on whom be peace, commanded the plaintiff gnat to bring its adversary to the court of judgment.

Then Solomon said, “O you with the pretty voice, it behooves you to listen with soul to the command of God.

God has said to me, ‘Beware, O Judge! Do not hear one litigant without the other litigant.

Until both litigants come into the presence, the truth does not come to light before the judge.

If the litigant alone raises a hundred clamours, beware, beware! Do not accept his word without his adversary.’

I dare not avert my face from the command. Go, bring your adversary before me.”

It said, “Your words are an argument and sound. My adversary is the Wind, and he is in your jurisdiction.”

The King shouted, “O East-wind, the gnat complains of your injustice: come! Listen, come face to face with your adversary and reply to your adversary and rebut your opponent.”

When the Wind heard, he came very rapidly: the gnat at once took to flight.

Then Solomon said, “O gnat, where are you going? Stop, that I may pass judgment on both.”

It answered, “O King, my death is from his being: truly, this day of mine is black from his smoke.

Since he has come, where shall I find rest? For he wrings the breath out of my body”
Even such is the seeker of the Court of God: when God comes, the seeker disappears.

Although that union is immortality on immortality, yet at first that immortality (baqa) consists in dying to self (fana).

The reflections that are seeking the Light disappear when His Light appears.

How should the reason remain when He bids it go?

Everything is perishing except His Face.

Before His Face the existent and the non-existent perish: existence in nonexistence is in truth a marvellous thing!

In this place of presence minds are lost beyond control; when the pen reaches this point, it breaks.

How the Beloved caressed the senseless lover that he might return to his senses.

The Sadr-i Jahan, from kindness, was drawing him little by little from senselessness into clear expression.

The Prince cried into his ear, “O beggar, I bring gold to scatter over you; spread out your skirt.

Your spirit, which was quivering in separation from me—since I have come to protect it, how has it fled?

O you, who have suffered heat and cold in separation from me, come to yourself from selflessness and return!”

The domestic fowl, in the manner of a host, foolishly brings a camel to her house.

When the camel set foot in the hen’s house, the house was destroyed and the roof fell in.

The hen's house is our intelligence and understanding the good intelligence is a seeker of God's she-camel

When the she-camel put her head into its water and clay, neither its clay remained there nor its soul and heart.

Pre-eminence in love made Man overbearing: because of this desire for excess he is very unjust and very ignorant.

He is ignorant, and in this difficult chase the hare is clasping a lion in his arms.
How would he clasp the lion in his arms, if he knew and saw the lion?

He is unjust to himself and to his own soul: behold an in-justice that bears away the ball from justices!

His ignorance is the teacher to knowledge; his injustice has become the right way for justice.

He took his hand, saying, “This man whose breath has departed will then come alive when I give him breath.

When this man whose body is dead shall become living through Me, it will be My spirit that turns its face towards Me.

By means of this spirit I make him possessed of high estate: the spirit that I give sees My bounty.

The unfamiliar spirit does not see the face of the Beloved: except that spirit whose origin is from His dwelling-place.

Butcher-like, I breathe upon this dear friend, in order that his goodly inward part may leave the skin.”

He said, “O spirit that have fled from tribulation, We have opened the door to union with Us; welcome!

O you whose selflessness and intoxication is Our Self, O you whose being is incessantly from Our Being,

Now, without lip, I tell you the old mysteries anew: listen!

Because those lips are fleeing from this Breath; it is breathed forth on the lip of the hidden River.

At this moment open the ear of silence for the sake of the mystery of God does what He -wills."

When he began to hear the call to union, little by little, the dead man began to stir

He is not less than the earth which at the zephyr’s blandishments puts on green and lifts up its head from death;

He is not less than the seminal water from which at the bidding there are born Josephs with faces like the sun;

He is not less than a wind at the command “Be!” peacocks and sweet-voiced birds came to being in the womb

He is not less than the mountain of rock which by birthing brought forth the she-camel that brought forth a she-camel
Leave all this behind. Did not the substance of non-existence bring forth, and will it not bring forth continually, a Universe?

He sprang up and quivered and whirled once or twice joyously, joyously; fell to worship.

How the senseless lover came to himself and turned his face in praise and thanksgiving to the Beloved.

He said, “O ’Anqa of God, the place of the spirit’s circling flight, thanks that you have come back from yonder Qaf Mountain.

O Seraphiel of Love’s resurrection place
O Love of love and O Heart’s-desire of love,

I desire, as the first gift of honour you will give me, that you lay your ear on my window.

Although through purity you know my feelings, lend ear to my words, O cherisher of your slave.

Hundreds of thousands of times, O unique Prince, did my wits fly away in longing for your ear—

That hearing of your and that listening of your, and those lifequickening smiles of your;

That listening unto my lesser and greater, the beguilements of my evil-thinking soul.

Then my false coins, which are well-known to you, you did accept as genuine money;

For the sake of the boldness of one impudent and deluded, O you beside whose clemency all clemencies are a mote!

Firstly, hear that when I abandoned net the first and the last shot away from before me;

Secondly, hear, O loving Prince, that I sought long, there was no second to you;

Thirdly, since I have gone away from you, it is as though I have said, ’the third of three’

Fourthly, forasmuch as my wheat field is burnt-up, I do not know the-fifth from the fourth

Wherever you find blood on the sods, you investigate; it will certainly be from mine eye.
My words are the thunder, and this noise and moaning demands of the cloud that it should rain upon the earth.

Between words and tears I continue whether I should weep or speak: how shall I do?

If I speak, the weeping will be lost; and if I weep, how shall I render thanks and praise?

Heart’s blood is falling from mine eye, O King: see what has befallen me from mine eye!”

The emaciated man said this and began to weep that both base and noble wept for him.

So many ecstatic cries flowed from his heart the people of Bukhara made a ring around him.

Speaking crazily, weeping crazily, and laughing crazily: men and women, small and great were bewildered.

The city, too, shed tears in conformity with him: men and women were gathered together as the Resurrection.

At that moment the heaven was saying to the earth, “If you have never seen the Resurrection, behold it!”

The intellect bewildered, saying, “What is love and what is ecstasy? Whether separation from Him or union with Him is the more marvellous”

The sky read the letter of Resurrection it rent its garment up to the Milky Way.

Love bath estrangement with the two worlds: in it are two-and-seventy types of madness.

It is exceedingly hidden, and its bewilderment is manifest: the soul of the spiritual sultans is pining for it

Its religion is other than the two-and-seventy sects: beside it the throne of Kings is a splint-bandage.

At the time of the sama Love’s minstrel strikes up this: "Servitude is chains and lordship headache.”

Then what is Love? The Sea of Not-being: there the foot of the intellect is shattered

Servitude and sovereignty are known: loverhood is concealed by these two veils.

Would that Being had a tongue; that it might remove the veils from existent beings!
O breath of existence, whatsoever words you may utter, know that thereby you have bound another veil upon it.

That utterance and state are the bane of perception: to wash away blood with blood is absurd, absurd.

Since I am familiar with His frenzied ones, day and night I am breathing forth in the cage.

You are very drunk and senseless and distraught: yesterday on which side have you slept, O soul?

Beware, beware! Take heed lest you utter a breath! First spring up and seek a trusted friend.

You are a lover and intoxicated, and your tongue loosed! — God! God! You are the camel on the water-spout!

When the tongue tells of His mystery and coquetry, Heaven chants, “O You that art goodly in covering!

What covering? The fire is in the wool cotton whilst you are covering it up, it is more manifest.

When I endeavour to hide His secret, He lifts up His head, like a banner, saying, ‘Look, here am I!’

Despite me He seizes both my ears, saying, “O scatter-brain, how will you cover it Cover it!”

I say to Him, “Go! Though you have bubbled up, you are manifest and concealed, like the soul.”

He says, “This body of mine is imprisoned in the jar, like wine I am clapping hands at the banquet.”

I say to Him, “Go before you are put in pawn, lest the bane of intoxication befall.”

He says, “I befriend the day with delicious cup until the evening-prayer.

When evening comes and steals my cup, I will say to it, ‘Give back, for my evening has not come.’

Hence the Arabs applied the same mudam to wine, because the wine-drinker is never sated.

Love makes the wine of realization to bubble: He is the cup-bearer to the true lover (siddiq) in secret.

When you seek with good help, the water of the spirit is the wine, and the body is the flagon.
When He increases the wine of His help, 
the potency of the wine bursts the flagon.

The water becomes the Cup-bearer, and the water also the drunkard. 
Tell not how! And God best knows the right.

It is the radiance of the Cup-bearer that entered into the must: 
the must bubbled up and began to dance and waxed strong.

On this matter, ask the heedless, 
“When did you see must like this?”

To everyone who has knowledge it is without reflection, 
that together with the person disturbed there is a Disturber.


counts it a Confidant of Sorrow, and together with the person disturbed there is a Disturber.

Story of the lover who had been long separated and had suffered much tribulation

A certain youth was madly enamoured of a woman:
the fortune of union was not granted to him.

Love tortured him exceedingly on the earth:
why, in truth, does Love bear hatred from the first?

Why is Love murderous from the first, 
so that he who is an outsider runs away?

Whenever he sent a messenger to the woman, 
the messenger because of jealousy would become a highwayman;

And if his secretary wrote to the woman, 
his delegate would read the letter with tashíf;

And if in good faith he made the zephyr his envoy,
that zephyr would be darkened by a dust.

If he sewed the letter on the wing of a bird, 
the bird’s wing would be burnt by the ardour of the letter.

The jealousy barred the ways of device 
and broke the banner of the army of cogitation.

At first, expectation was the comforting friend of sorrow; 
at last, there broke him—who? Even expectation.

Sometimes he would say, “This is an irremediable affliction”; 
sometimes he would say, “No, it is the life of my spirit.”
Sometimes existence would lift up a head from him; sometimes he would eat of the fruit of non-existence.

When this nature became cold to him, the fountain of union would boil hotly.

When he put up with the unprovidedness of exile, the provision of unprovidedness hastened towards him.

The wheat-ears of his thought were purged of chaff: he became, like the moon, a guide to the night-travellers.

Oh, there is many a parrot that speaks though it is mute; oh, there is many a sweet-spirited one whose face is sour.

Go to the graveyard, sit awhile in silence, and behold those eloquent silent ones;

But, if you see that their dust is of one colour, their active state is not uniform.

The fat and flesh of living persons is uniform, one is sad, another glad.

Until you hear their words, what should you know, inasmuch as their state is hidden from you?

You may hear words—háy, háy; how will you perceive the) state that has a hundred folds?

Our figure is uniform, endued with contrary qualities: likewise their dust is uniform, their spirits are diverse.

Similarly, voices are uniform, one is sorrowful, and another full of charms.

On the battle-field you may hear the cry of horses; in strolling round you may hear the cry of birds.

One from hate, and another from harmony; one from pain, and another from joy

Whoever is remote from their state, to him the voices are uniform.

One tree is moved by blows of the axe, another tree by the breeze of dawn.

Much error befell me from the worthless pot, because the pot was boiling covered by the lid.

The fervour and savour of everyone says to you, “Come”—the fervour of sincerity and the fervour of imposture and hypocrisy.
If you have not the scent from the soul that recognises the face, go, get for yourself a brain that recognises the scent.

The brain that haunts yon Rose-garden—it is it that makes bright the eyes of Jacobs.

Come now; relate what happened to that heart-sick, for we have left the man of Bukhara far behind, O son.

How the lover found his beloved; and a discourse showing that the seeker is a finder, for he who shall do as much good as the weight of an ant shall see it.

That for seven years that youth was in search and seeking: from the phantasy of union he became like a phantom.

The shadow of God is over the head of the servant, the seeker at last will be a finder.

The Prophet said that when you knock at a door, at last a head will come forth from that door.

When you sit on the road of a certain person, at last you will see also the face of a certain person.

When, every day, you keep digging the earth from a pit, at last you will arrive at the pure water.

If you may not believe, all know this, one day you will reap whatever you are sowing.

You struck the stone against the iron: the fire did not flash out! This may not be; or if it be, it is rare.

He to whom felicity and salvation are not apportioned—his mind regards nothing but the rarities.

That such and such a one sowed seed and had no crop, while that one bore away an oyster-shell, and the shell had no pearl.

Balam son of Baur and the accursed Iblis, their acts of worship and their religion availed them not.

The hundreds of thousands of prophets and travellers on the Way do not come into the mind of that evil-thinking man.

He takes these two which produce darkness: how should ill fate put aught but this in his heart?

Oh, there is many a one that eats bread with a glad heart, and it becomes the death of him: it sticks in his gullet.
Go, then, O ill-fated man, do not eat bread at all, lest you fall like him into bale and woe!

Hundreds of thousands of folk are eating loaves of bread and gaining strength and nourishing the spirit.

How have you fallen into that rare, unless you are deprived and are born a fool?

He has forsaken this world full of sunshine and moonlight and has plunged his head into the pit,

Saying, “If it is true, then where is the radiance?”

Lift up your head from the pit and look, O miserable wretch!

The whole world, east and west, obtained that light, whilst you in the pit it will not shine upon you.

Leave the pit, go to the palace and the vineyards; do not wrangle here, know that quarrelling is unlucky.

Beware! Do not say, “Mark you, such and such a one sowed seed, and in such and such a year the locusts devoured what he had sown.

Why, then, should I sow? For there is danger in this respect. Why should I scatter this wheat from my hand?”

And he who did not neglect to sow and labour fills his barn, to your confusion.

Since he was patiently knocking at a door, at last one day he obtained a meeting in private.

From fear of the night-patrol he sprang by night into the orchard: he found his beloved, as candle and lamp.

At that moment he said to the Maker of the means, “O God, have mercy on the night-patrol!”

Unknown, You have created the means: from the gate of Hell You have brought me to Paradise.

You have made this affair a means, to the end that I may not hold a single thorn in contempt.”

In the fracture of a leg God bestows a wing; likewise from the depths of the pit He opens a door.

“Do not consider whether you are on a tree or in a pit: consider Me, for I am the Key of the Way.”

If you wish the rest of this tale, seek, O my brother, in the Fourth Book.